NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Owing to the holidays these notes are being written just as the cables announce the conclusion of the threatened general strike in South Africa. Nevertheless, enough information has been received in this country since last week to enable us to add some comments of more than passing interest. It is not of much concern for the present whether the general strike in South Africa is declared or is deferred. Perhaps a whole generation will pass before anything like a general strike on the scale necessary to revolution can take place. But we are now sanguine that not much more than that period will be required to develop both the power and the intelligence in the proletariat to challenge the existing order and to threaten it with extinction or revolution. Apart from the actual indications of fact to which we shall shortly recur, the assumptions on which we proceed are these: First, the system of wage-slavery is immoral and must be abolished before civilisation can take a single real step forward; secondly, the class to initiate this step and to take it is the proletariat class itself. Members of other classes to the extent of their far-sighted and unprejudiced intelligence will assist the proletariat; they will, indeed, prove indispensable to the reconstruction which must proceed simultaneously with the destruction of the old ideas; but the initiative cannot, and will not, come from them. Thirdly, in so acting as to abolish the wage-system the proletariat will in fact be contributing as great an idea to humanity as was contributed when Christianity abolished chattel-slavery. With these assumptions, which more and more of us are beginning to make and to hold, the present, though black and discouraging, is shot with hope. Sooner or later the challenge we throw down must be taken up. Within the present century, at the furthest, the issue of wage-slavery will be determined.

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Turning now to consider the assumptions upon which rests society as it is, we can see them most plainly in the dispatches and correspondence and home comments on the labour troubles in South Africa. A priori, it would seem the most inevitable thing in the world that a nation that spent ten thousand lives to defend its citizens from the mere suspicion of Boer injustice, should be up in arms to spend a million lives, if need be, to defend its own flesh and blood against the certain injustice of cosmopolitan financiers. It is almost incredible that the unpopularity of Kruger should not be a thousand times intensified in the unpopularity of the mining magnates whose crimes against English citizenship stand to Kruger's in just about that relation. However, we have seen the stories of the mine-owners' doings in South Africa published and reprinted in this country; we have seen complete evidence of their collusion with their paid governments both in that country and in this; we have seen English citizens and British citizens struggling against the mine-owners and the Imperial forces and troops in manifest defence of their bare rights—and all without a single corporate movement in any part of our national opinion, of protest, still less of threatened forcible intervention. Those who recollect the days in this country before the Boer war will not need to be reminded that things were far different then. The Press was full of incitements and comments, public meetings were universally held, the war was actually fought here before even it was begun in Africa. Today, however, with a national grievance so great as to be almost vital, with an attack upon our integrity, manhood, government, and society, the more impudent for its being, apparently, ignorantly directed, the nation, save for a few groups and in scattered places, is calmly awaiting the development of events or watching only to applaud the defeat of their own side. What can be the reason of this strangely different attitude? Admitted that now, as then, the Press and the governing classes are on the winning side. They brought about the Boer war, and they are now about to procure
abolish wage-slavery, must sacrifice and risk a good deal. We contend that the proletariat, if they are ambitious to ensure their future freedom. They must, in fact, take the accumulated wealth of the moment, are all to be sacrificed, precisely as an ambitious man may sacrifice his present to the future, or, at least, to risk more than they demand of themselves. Nothing is more compelled to yield. Slaves by definition, by status, and in actual fact, responsibility is not theirs for society in the present, but that they owe a duty to the latter class. This class has a tenure of life upon the will of another class cannot be improved and that the proletariat in its present elevated and powerful position. Consequently, the greatest consternation, to take but one example, the Wars of the so-called Commonwealth in this country. They were as certainly economic in character as any strike now proceeding, though it is true that they were not fought to emancipate labour, but to emancipate capital. Capital, indeed, won a great and a so far permanent victory when it determined at Dunbar that the Crown should not be even the symbol of the community. On that occasion and during that war did Capital consider society, did it even consider the existing England? Believing itself to be in the right, believing its emancipation to be necessary to the future welfare of England, Capital not only fought, but risked everything to win. And the morality of victory has justified itself in the subsequent history of England and England was not destroyed. Capital has been triumphant. We certainly would not urge Labour to ignore present society and its conveniences on behalf of something we do not believe in. If we thought that England would suffer or that society would not be improved by the abolition of the wage-system, we should regard as crimes the strikes of workmen. But we believe, indeed, we know, as well as any idea can be known, that England and the whole world would be waiting to forward in civilisation until the wage-system is destroyed; and since it appears that only the proletariat can destroy it, their first duty is to do it and their second is to adopt such means as will enable them to do it, be the immediate effects upon existing society what they may be.

All this, it may be said, is theoretical, and has no practical application to any existing problem. Let us take, then, two examples from the South African episode: the question of the proposed use of the natives by the Labour unions, and the proposed establishment by the men's leaders of a Provisional Government. Before dealing with these, we may say that since the opening phases of the miners' strike in England, no facts have been published which disprove what we have said. Very properly too. The idea which must also be challenged is that the proletariat in th'e light of the considerations we have already stated, to take but one example, the Wars of the so-called Commonwealth in this country. They were as certainly economic in character as any strike now proceeding, though it is true that they were not fought to emancipate labour, but to emancipate capital. Capital, indeed, won a great and a so far permanent victory when it determined at Dunbar that the Crown should not be even the symbol of the community. On that occasion and during that war did Capital consider society, did it even consider the existing England? Believing itself to be in the right, believing its emancipation to be necessary to the future welfare of England, Capital not only fought, but risked everything to win. And the morality of victory has justified itself in the subsequent history of England and England was not destroyed. Capital has been triumphant. We certainly would not urge Labour to ignore present society and its conveniences on behalf of something we do not believe in. If we thought that England would suffer or that society would not be improved by the abolition of the wage-system, we should regard as crimes the strikes of workmen. But we believe, indeed, we know, as well as any idea can be known, that England and the whole world would be waiting to forward in civilisation until the wage-system is destroyed; and since it appears that only the proletariat can destroy it, their first duty is to do it and their second is to adopt such means as will enable them to do it, be the immediate effects upon existing society what they may be.

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Again, it is obvious that in demanding of the proletariat a consideration for the existing society, the governing classes are demanding more of their slaves than they demand of themselves. Nothing is more common amongst governments than the advice to sacrifice the present to the future, or, at least, to risk the present. The ease and comfort of the moment, even the accumulated wealth of the moment, are all to be held as light in comparison with the ease and wealth of the future. Society's life cannot be known, that England and the whole world would be waiting to forward in civilisation until the wage-system is destroyed; and since it appears that only the proletariat can destroy it, their first duty is to do it and their second is to adopt such means as will enable them to do it, be the immediate effects upon existing society what they may be.
their masters until their last healthy breath. The race-superiority of white over black wage-labour is an affec-
tation for which, in economics, at any rate, there is no
ground. The white miners of South Africa have much
more in common with the proletariat of the nations than
they have with their common masters. A further reflec-
tion is that if the men were hitting below the belt in
contemplating the use of the blacks, the mine-owners
had already begun the game against the rules by actually
using the Imperial troops. The mine-owners of course
may be said to have balanced one another. If it is not fair
to use the one, it was equally not fair to use the other.
Nobody can read the men's case without realizing that the actual use of the English Army against the natives was as
understandable a use of the natives was as
credible to the mine-owners. The one, however, was
assumed quite naturally to be justified. The Govern-
ment could do no wrong even in employing the English
Army to foment and suppress a civil dispute. The
other, nevertheless, was held to be criminal in the ex-
treme; under no circumstances might the men employ
the natives to assist them. The cant of this position, we
hope, is obvious. We do not say that natives should
have been used, but we do believe that the English
military should not have been employed. But since the
military were employed and, as we know, not by the
compulsion of emergency, but by design, the bolder
leaders of Labour were entirely justified in our opinion
in threatening to use, and would have been justified
in doing, the services of the natives. Chaos it might have
been, and chaos for a while it probably would have
been; but out of that chaos a new order would have
arisen, whereas now the old order is re-established.

* * *

Lord Gladstone makes it an item in his panic that the men
had actually drafted a Provisional Government in
anticipation of victory. We can scarcely believe
such good news, but if true, what conclusions are to be
drawn from it? In a civil war, such as Lord Gladstone
himself admitted the dispute might be, it argued extra-
ordinary pre-emption and a statesmanlike grasp of the
significance of the event for the men to anticipate
victory and to prepare for it, no less than defeat and to
prepare for that. The exaggeration, of course, of Lord
Gladstone is natural under the circumstances, for he
has to justify his use of English troops at the dictation
of a semi-foreign power against English citizens—an
act that requires nothing less than a civil war to support
and would even then fail of sufficient support. We do
not believe that the war was even intended by the men,
and still less by their leaders. The notion is a bogey of Lord Gladstone's devising for
the purpose of frightening the home public out of its
sense of justice. But let us suppose that the war
were a civil war—the war of Labour against Capital;
a war the skirmishes of which are strikes and the battles
of which will be general strikes. On this
supposition, no better testimony to the orderly
character of the men could be offered than Lord Glad-
stone's complaint that they had prepared a Provisional
Government. For if they did not look for an
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place, we now know that there would have been no
Lord Gladstone to order the Imperial troops to
employ our troops, he affirms that the strike took
place, we now know that there would have been no
strike. Does he take the whole of England for an
asylum? It is probably true that the troops did not re-
ceive specific instructions to act as blacklegs, and to
shoot the leading strikers, but no other action than break-
ing the strike could come of sending them; and the mag-
nates, of course, would have been in the same position
always made that troops are not sent to break strikes,
but only to protect property and blacklegs; but what is
this but to break a strike in the most effectual manner?
We do not deny the right of a capitalist Government to
break a strike; but why should they lie about it? They
are powerful enough, in all conscience, to speak the
truth. And in their acts, at least, the truth is spoken;
for we observe that Lord Gladstone's Government
"compensated" the blacklegs and non-unionists out of
the public purse! If a government not only protects
blacklegs, but pays them, the defence of non-unionists
Provisional Government and the proposed Ulster Pro-
vincial Government of Sir Edward Carson. Of this
latter, to their discredit (for they are committing
suicide with it) the Unionists of this country approve,
and even the Government utters no word of condem-
nation. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the
gander. If it is merit, or at least not criminal, of
Ulster to threaten civil war and to propose a Pro-
vincial Government, how can it be treason for British
citizens in South Africa to attempt to dis-establish a
cosmopolitan government and to set up their own in its
place? Yet Lord Gladstone ordered the Imperial
troops to shoot down the latter. The former the whole
English Government dare not so much as threaten
with imprisonment. Well, Sir Edward Carson will
provide the proletariat of the world with many lessons
before he is done. We hope our trade unionists are
taking note of him.

* * *

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to break the strike is an insult to intelligence. In brief, it is an official statement. The justification for the massacre in the Square we have still to hear attempted, for Lord Gladstone's statement is ridiculous on the face of it. To "proclaim" a public meeting within an hour or two of its assembly and by an Act of such moment, as Kruger's No. VI was not to prepare a justification for the ensuing and consequent massacre, but to pre-determine it. No meeting of white men in the world, called under such circumstances, but would have started rioting on finding themselves thus treated as if they were natives. The natives themselves, in fact, were far more impressed by the proclamation of the meeting to contempt for the whites than by the rioting that took place. The shooting there of whites by whites merely added to their contemptuous bewilderment. We should like to ask what the thoughts of the natives must be on returning to the mines to obey the orders of men whom they have seen shot at by white soldiers. The solidarity of the whites will not appear so impregnable after all.

* * *

The conclusions to which we can come on the facts at our disposal are not, however, final. There is, we believe, a good deal more to be known and a good deal more to be learned. In time, for example, we shall discover more complete evidence of the provocation of the strike by the mine-owners. The Press, even at trial, and thereby to put an end to the ruinous self-nations in we have ground for assuming. This, in fact, is what we believe that the South African miners to the wage-system and substitute the conception of pay in the industrial army after the pattern of pay in the military army, the inferior status of the wage-slave is abolished and the wage-system with it. We certainly believe that the South African miners have come nearer to it than any union of labourers in the world. Our own unions have much to learn from them—but chiefly in the region of spiritedness and ideas.

UP TO DATE.

(Translated from the Swedish of A. Strindberg.)

The poet gave her anxious thought.
The publisher wooed sanely.
The poet, he paid her court.
The poet sought her vainly.
The poet was a needy wight.
His love was left unsated.
The publisher reached heaven's height
Where man and wife are mated.
The poet's toil now helps to feed
His former star of beauty.
The publisher, from worry freed,
Fulfils a husband's duty.

Current Cant.

"I find that the 'Daily Mirror' is of splendid service in broadening the mind and enlarging the outlook."—Mr. Sidgwick, Headmaster of St. Thomas's Schools.

"Materialism is crumbling away. . . Man is recovering, with indwelling spiritual urge of life."—Dr. Perly Draper.

"The cult of the cinema . . ."—Everyman; "Literary Notes."

"Mr. Kipling has more poetry in his little finger than Dr. Bridges has in his whole body."—"The Star."

"The English stage has never been more flourishing, more vigorous, nor in a more hopeful condition."—Violet Vanbrugh.

"As the King crossed the sacred threshold, the Abbey became suddenly filled with music. Through the golden pipes of the organ floated the strains of the Psalm, 'Let God arise.' At the conclusion the King proceeded to his exquisitely carved stall."—"Daily Mail."

"The best evidence that religious movements are succeeding is that they make men live longer. A steady increase in the length of life has followed the spread of Christianity."—Professor Patten.

"The more the vote is a device for the perpetuation of slavery, the more necessary it is that it should be given to the woman as well as to the man."—Laurence Housman.

"The beauty of the human body and its potentialities are being realised as never before."—Edith M. Frost.

"I first appeared before you as a Free Trader. I would hardly say so much by conviction as by custom. I have become, I have remained, a hardoiled Tariff Reformer . . . The great thing is that one should be true to one's ideals."—Austen Chamberlain.

"The demand for votes for women is an attack upon everything that is represented by the Piccadilly Flat Case."—Christabel Pankhurst.

"Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me.' A love story for the world and for all time. To some it will inevitably recall 'Jane Eyre,' others will cite Mary and Martin, for the greatness of their love, with Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca. Romantic, tragic, and humorous, brilliant, caustic, and intense, this book reveals the relations of man to woman from the cradle to the grave."—W. Heinemann's advertisement in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"The beautiful girl who wears the modern, well-cut, close-fitting skirt . . . does resemble the figures on archaic Greek vases . . ."—Mrs. Arthur Strong.

"Did Debs do right? Have you any comment to offer on the Socialist leader's action in sheltering a fallen girl under his roof? Let us have your opinion on a postcard."—Daily Herald.

CURRENT CHILDREN.

"I think the 'Daily Mirror' is very useful because it tells us if there are wars about. . . It tells us about men going up in aeroplanes and getting killed. . . ."—Master Ernest Lock (aged eight).

"I think the 'Daily Mirror' is to be read. . . The 'Daily Mirror' shows us all the accidents. I think it is very kind of the people who print the 'Daily Mirror.'"—Miss Nellie Parsons (nine years of age).

"The Mirror" MORTUARY.

"Children's bodies found in a cellar. . . Where the bodies were found? . . . The 'Daily Mirror' photograph."

CURRENT COMPOSITION.

"In 1720, the year of his (Ambrose O'Higgins) birth, the race and the religion to which he belonged were in a miserable position. By the Penal Laws they were excluded from public employment, from owning property, and from education."—T. P. O'Connor.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdud.

In The New Age of last week I gave it as my opinion that although peace in the Balkans was practically assured for a generation, it was not a permanent peace, and would be due to the exhaustion of the combatants rather than to any other factor. The proceedings at the Bucharest Conference, and the comments on them, public and private, would seem to bear out this opinion. Even the optimistic Dr. Dillon speaks of the peace as merely a "long truce"; and the semi-official newspapers in France, Germany, Austria, and Italy show considerable uneasiness, though it is generally admitted that the war cannot go on.

The various "races" in Macedonia and Thrace cannot, as I have previously said, be neglected if anything like a "permanent" peace treaty is to be drawn up; but it is precisely these numerous ethnic groups which all the Governments concerned seem to have omitted from their consideration, except occasionally to support an argument for the cession of territory. One instance, typical enough, may be given. On the first day of the Bucharest Conference settled down to business Bulgaria put forward her claim to Kavala, pleading that Kavala was the natural outlet for the commerce of the new Bulgarian country; and it was the "natural outlet" plea that, for the sake of peace, she had previously agreed to let Bulgaria have Kavala; that Bulgaria had nevertheless waged war against her former allies; that the Greek troops had defeated the Bulgarian forces and captured Kavala; and that public opinion throughout the Kingdom of Greece would not tolerate the giving up of such a valuable port. And all this is true enough. But two far more important declarations were omitted by both sides. One is that the land in the Kavala-Drama country is the most valuable in the Balkan Peninsula—I have seen a statement by one enthusiastic correspondent somehow to the effect that it is the "most fertile in the world." This is why the port is so desirable; the "natural outlet" plea is a mere subterfuge. Another, the more important, is that the population in and around Kavala consists almost entirely of Greeks and Turks—chiefly Greeks—and there is hardly a Bulgarian among them. But even the Greek representatives had forgotten this, and it was not until a subsequent sitting that they put forward a claim to Kavala, based on the principle of national rights.

Negotiations carried on in this way would be difficult enough even if there were no other factors intervening. It is not merely notorious, however, but openly admitted, that the sittings are being held in an atmosphere of international intrigue. For "strategic" reasons Russia and Austria have decided that Bulgaria is to be neglected if anything like a "permanent" peace treaty is to be drawn up; except occasionally to support an argument for the cession of territory. One instance, typical enough, may be given. On the first day the Bucharest Conference settled down to business Bulgaria put forward her claim to Kavala, pleading that Kavala was the natural outlet for the commerce of the new Bulgarian country. Greece opposed this demand, stating that Dedeagatch and not Kavala was the "natural outlet," that, for the sake of peace, she had previously agreed to let Bulgaria have Kavala; that Bulgaria had nevertheless waged war against her former allies; that the Greek troops had defeated the Bulgarian forces and captured Kavala; and that public opinion throughout the Kingdom of Greece would not tolerate the giving up of such a valuable port. And all this is true enough. But two far more important declarations were omitted by both sides. One is that the land in the Kavala-Drama country is the most valuable in the Balkan Peninsula—I have seen a statement by one enthusiastic correspondent somehow to the effect that it is the "most fertile in the world." This is why the port is so desirable; the "natural outlet" plea is a mere subterfuge. Another, the more important, is that the population in and around Kavala consists almost entirely of Greeks and Turks—chiefly Greeks—and there is hardly a Bulgarian among them. But even the Greek representatives had forgotten this, and it was not until a subsequent sitting that they put forward a claim to Kavala, based on the principle of national rights.

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Journals Insurgent.

It is curious to observe how unexpected are the influence and effects of serious journalism. From a tolerably long and varied experience, we may safely affirm that no editor can accurately appreciate the temper and idiosyncrasies of his readers. Every established journal has, to be sure, its special circle of understanding and perceptive readers; but the main body of subscribers are actuated by motives alien to the scope and intent even of their favourite journal. The editor who claims to know the mind of his readers is an impostor. It is the simple truth that most newspaper "scoops" are inadvertent. The experienced editor does not say "this is a scoop"; he only venturesthe opinion that it may be so. Nine times out of ten he is wrong. If this be so with veterans in the sensational, how much more true must it be with publicists whose appeal is actually intellectual or, at worst, pseudo-intellectual? Generally, we may say that the reasoned appeal to preserve existing conditions is better and quicker understood than any argument that makes for revolutionary change. Other things being equal, it is easier to defend the fort than to attack it. Those inside have clearly together. They realise that however various may be the confidence to its readers has not yet learnt his business.

The work of insurgent journalism is, unfortunately, vastly more difficult. To the harmony of defence is opposed the discord of attack. There are those outside who want to get in, not because they hate the system, but rather because they resent exclusion. The obstacle that keeps them out once removed, they join the defence against those who au fond are opposed to the existing order. Inevitably, the reformers finally ally themselves with the conservatives against the revolutionists. Thus we discover that the attacking army is moved by widely differing motives, with the result that insurgent journalism is penned to discordant notes, to the puzzlement of the rank and file. The "Nation," for example, superficially regarded, would seem to be insurgent, but to the knowing it is as certainly and as cleverly conservative as the "Spectator" or the "Saturday Review." Nor does the "New Statesman" differ fundamentally from the "Nation." Outwardly insurgent, spiritually they are all united in their determination to maintain wage-slavery as the basis of modern society. Reforms of a book or a newspaper are in a word, and in stringency they all advocate, but to each and all of them, labour remains a commodity to be bought and sold at a profit. Yet to the average man, they appear heretical and subversive, even though in fundamentals they ask for nothing that need disturb the slumber of a banker or a bishop.

Another type of attacking journal takes the ground that the real trouble is the personal peculiarity of those in authority. They are for ever in search of scandal; they revel in rumour. Occasionally they strike near home, and are, in consequence, acclaimed as true leaders of the revolution. They may, in theory, be as authoritarians as the Pope; they may thrive on the Briton's innate distrust of the Jew; they may be utterly innocent of any working principle in economics or politics. No matter, a campaign of slander and innuendo will be speedily and cheaply a reputation as "the friends of the people." The "New Witness" is the best of this type.

In the din of contending reform factions, of noisy personal attacks and of blind iconoclasm, it is difficult for the revolutionary journal to be heard, much less to be understood. Consider how stupendous is the work of the real revolution. Personal hatred of those in political power avails nothing, whether they be simple-minded as Cincinnatus, or as tricky as Walpole. Class hatred does not suffice; it is only a factor in the problem. The most brilliant, constructive analysis and criticisms are futile unless backed by a knowledge of what a new society can and ought to do. No sane body of men will willingly travel out of existing conditions, hell though they be, into either anarchy or nihilism. Not only must we see as it is and through and through, but we must contrast it with a new scheme of life that theoretically sustains analysis and is practically possible. We must not destroy unless we can rebuild to well considered plans.

The tragedy of the last thirty years is now known to be this: a propaganda assumed to be revolutionary was not revolutionary, but merely reformatory. Many thousands of men and women thought that emancipation must come through the medium of politics, and were unmindful of the fact that we do not live by politics, but by industry. They accordingly organised them-
In South Africa.

There are several important points in "Native affairs," as in every other question of magnitude, upon which perfectly honest differences of opinion (in some cases exact opposites) are held and maintained; such questions as education and the control of justice, for example, are often argued, by people who have studied and had personally much to do with the native, from totally opposite points of view—each one yet convinced that he is actuated by no selfish motive, but is considering the truest welfare of the native himself.

In this paper I propose to deal with the fundamental question of "native chiefs." Should chiefs be confirmed and supported in the control of their people by the Government, or is it in the best interests of the country that the power of the chiefs should be broken, no recognition granted them, and their people encouraged to move away from the reserves and squat on farms to work or settle in locations close to towns as they may choose?

It need surely not be emphasised here that in absolutely no instance is it possible to be serving the best interests of the country if the means employed entail committing an injustice to the nates. This is a truth which is, in some quarters, simply not accepted, in others openly declared to be of little importance, and that the natives were placed here to be hewers of wood, etc., and that the white man must make the best use he can of the means and advantages which God has given him; or, it being contended that the white must maintain his position at whatever cost and that if the black suffers in consequence, it is only in the natural order that he should do so.

Where, here, then, "best interests of the country" is written it must not be read as meaning welfare of the white inhabitants only.

The right of capital punishment, the power to kill and destroy where he sees fit to do so, is the only true test of chieftainship! How often have I heard this expressed, in varying ways, by chiefs themselves. One powerful head of a large tribe I remember seeing fall from being in a mighty rage to a shamefaced, beaten demeanour, as he looked round upon his councillors, and muttered: "Let me go, they have drawn my teeth." He had been insulted by the head of a petty faction in a way which only force and audacity, could wipe out; but there was the Commissioner, the white man! and the chief felt himself to be as an old woman in the eyes of his people and of the world. A younger generation of chiefs has now grown up which does not feel the degradation of its position so keenly, but even these young chiefs occasionally strain at the curb, and many strange things take place, especially at the more outlying kraals, of which the white officials hear nothing or merely rumour.

However, leaving the person of the chief out of the question, it is claimed by those who favour the extended Government support and recognition of chieftainship, that the people under their chiefs live their natural life, which is, of course, the most healthy one for them, and that they progress along their own unbroken line. While they are influenced by the proximity of our white civilisation they will assimilate only such of white life and custom as grafts readily upon their own root. Being unforced, they progress naturally. In matters of law and dispute natives are able to accept the rulings of their chiefs and indunas as justice, and, generally, equity, whereas the law of the whites bewilders them, and in its administration often appears to be, and is, the height of injustice, it being the outcome of totally different tradition and custom.

Natives, further, have a sense of dignity and responsibility while able to look to a head, a chief of their own people and chosen by themselves, which becomes veiled in a spirit of looseness when their chief is removed or reduced to a simple figure-head.

It is far simpler, less expensive, and more satisfactory.
in every way for the minister to be able to hold the chief responsible for the good conduct of his people than for it to be necessary to police the district and attend to matters of even minor importance—matters which he can never hope really to understand. This is merely an annoyance to all parties except the native police, who, by the way, almost invariably abuse their position.

Then it is asserted that where the ties of tribal life are loosened the people drift towards white towns, and that the transition of the native from the simplicity of his tribal life to the weird complexity of our present-day civilisation has, as a rule, the effect of somewhat upsetting his mental balance; that the white is unable to recognise or make proper allowance for this, the consequence being misunderstanding, for which the native is made to suffer, this often resulting in his complete debasement.

Finally, that by destroying the native's homogeneity and sense of home life, we act wantonly and for selfish ends, and that we cannot hope that the result of such action will be good.

It is contended by those who would do away with chiefship that the influence of the chief is mainly directed to the upholding of tribal customs, these generally designed expressly for the purpose of strengthening a chief's hold upon his people, and that these ancient rites and customs are most often of a disgusting and morally degrading character. It is impossible to make the people progress, and so they will remain barbarians.

The rule of a chief is a tyrannous one, and even in cases of the greatest cruelty and injustice, his victims are afraid to complain to any outside authority. By depriving the chief of power the people are made free either to remain where they are or to go where they please, and society becomes independent and the gress individually and rapidly. Polyganym will also die out.

The breaking up of native reserves greatly minimises the possibility of native risings; and, where at his kraal the black man does practically no work at all, depending upon his wives, when abroad he soon appreciates the dignity of labour, and is all the better for it.

Children growing up in a white neighbourhood attend school and become useful members of the community.

Generally, that where the natives come into regular contact with the whites they have more and more to approximate to the twentieth century standard—in matters of food, clothing, housing, schooling, etc.—and so they advance themselves and become better citizens of the world at large. And so it goes on.

Natives themselves, in the pure state, feel very keenly every indignity put upon their chiefs; it is, in fact, the tribe that suffers. On the other hand, it is no uncommon thing to meet native families settled on farms or in towns who could not on any account be induced to return to their chiefs and the old tribal life. The women especially prefer the new conditions obtainable where the white people rule. They are the first to be in- quiet, happy, and on the high road to prosperity, quite indifferent to the clamour of the "political middlemen," as the "Irish Homestead" has termed the politicians.

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clauses of the Bill, students of human nature may be interested in the evolution of "Ulsteria," but the majority of people this principle has been accepted, are content to leave the details to experts, real or imaginary, and to turn their minds to the things which they have so long neglected.

 Everywhere there are signs that the intellectual ice is breaking up and that Irishmen are beginning to group themselves around ideas, and not to be content to leave the details to experts, real or imaginary, and to turn their minds to the things which they have so long neglected.

 The problem of the agricultural labourer untouched, and in the towns, it is nevertheless impossible to refuse to recognize all the good work that is being done by the Irish Co-operative Movement. A glance at the "Homestead" is sufficient to prove how far the movement is from being merely an agricultural association.

 It is a centre of ideas, political and social, of a kind which Ireland needs more than ever, now that she is, and for the first time, able to walk between two camps of armed fanatics offering eternal life to one another, and is now awaiting the moment of constructive phase, and is now awaiting the moment of constructive phase, and is now awaiting the moment of constructive phase.

 Some of them have gone to Ireland apparently expecting to work among the people and the other. They have simply vociferated their respective creeds, which excluded all finer shades of opinion. The Roman Catholic Nationalist, having no real intercourse with the Protestant Unionist, knew nothing of opinion, except on an abstruse question of theology and an obscure point of history! All that is now undergoing a change, and there is a healthy under-current of heresy perceptible in the most unexpected quarters. The land question is, of course, still unsolved, but for the moment imaginary, and to turn their minds to the things which they have so long neglected.

 It is difficult to conceive of a more misleading, injurious and artificial unity than that which is based on negation. For more than a century identity of negation has been the sole lever in Irish politics. It is satisfactory to notice already the beginnings of an affirmative principle, which must develop more powerfully as the weary period of political obstruction approaches its close. Political thinking in Ireland is entering upon the constrictive phase, and is now awaiting the moment of application. It is this pause which has been hastily interpreted as the mark of inertia and indifference. But the intelligent Irishman is none the less a Home Ruler because he no longer reiterates the official creed of the Nationalist Party.

 The Sovereign Sawbones.

 By T. H. S. Escott.

 The readers of this journal have already rubbed shoulders with one among the reputed masters of the medical calling, Sir Emiliius Placebo, though incidentally, from a fortuitous and indirect acquaintance with the great vivisectionist "vet.," Professor Hiatrokyn. Doctors, however, have a way of hunting in couples.

 Placebo's professional confederate as well as Hiatrokyn's most esteemed customer and patron is Sir Rufus Rasper, a knight of the knife, whose glory should be his shame, with hangman's humanity and a butcher's gentleness. The talk for which he is famous, both with his patients and his fellow craftsmen is seasoned with pseudo-scientific saws and up-to-date instances. "We can only hope," so runs an aphorism constantly on his lips like a sort of oracular refrain, "to conquer nature and acting on her initiative. The ways of nature are not kind, but what sentimentals call cruel. To discover how we can alleviate suffering, we are not to shrink, if necessary, from giving pain." If, therefore, by torturing the pet dog of a suburban household, Rasper thinks he can confirm his views about the cause of un easiness in the left lobe of a lady of quality's liver he can ply his scalpel with the air of a benefactor to his species. Not, indeed, that Rasper resembles the Old World fashionable practitioners whom he despises, like, for instance, the late lamented Sir Hippocrates Toad, in servile adoration of rank, fashion, or even fame. It is in the best houses of Belgravia and Mayfair that he delivers his sternest lectures to well-born offenders against the laws of physical righteousness—another of his stereotyped phrases.

 To one of the most highly placed of these sick sinners, promising better behaviour for the future, he severely says: "A truce to these deathbed repentances. You deserve nothing; expect now. We may perhaps help you to go through what remains to you of life with some approach to comfort; but nature never forgets, never forgives; her laws are inexorable and, when violated, enforce automatically their own penalty. This you must be prepared to pay." Such is a literally transcribed and entirely unexaggerated speci-
men of the verbal chastisement administered by this twentieth century Abernethy, especially to the titular heads of smart households, not run on the Darby and Joan principle, in which he perceives the grey mare to be the better horse, having independent means and position of her own. For providence is not more surely on the side of the big battalions than Rasper unfailingly allies himself with the domestic faction which he thinks the stronger, and which is generally the feminine one.

The mere men is apt to retain a poor sort of prejudice in favour of the medical science that does not present itself under so rough and severe a guise, but the new now advanced on its window-smashing justice in favour of the medical science that does not insist, should be drummed out of the profession. Alas, Sir Rufus, has been asked by a victim of locomotor ataxia, who saw nothing before him but hopeless years of a living death, "receive as you asked, in advance, special fees that were to cover everything in the particular treatment you recommended? And now, I am told the full benefits of your system cannot be received without this further very serious disbursement. Really, Sir Rufus, stern stepmother as nature, in your own phrase, may be, without the purse of Fortunatus, I fear I shall be compelled to trust her harsh mercies, rather than the science of one so eminent as yourself in counteracting her cruelty and supplying her defects." "That came the great man's rejoinder, "is, of course, for you to decide." The sick man, so far from being exhausted by the heavy burden he had to support, a controversy in which the conversation had taken, began to be conscious of the pulsation of life returning to his languid frame. He plucked up courage, refused to write the fresh cheque, bade Rasper good morning and, to the great medicine man's infinite disgust, by slow degrees reached health.

This method of bouncing double fees in the case of nervous disorders was brought to perfection by no English practitioner before Rasper. We borrow our heat waves or cold snaps, like our smart colloquialisms or improvements on our own native Anglo-Saxon, from America. Nor beneath the Stars and stripes only, but with the average sawbones of the European Continent has a pleasant way of fee forcing long been the fashion. It is known in the jargon of the trade as "holding rich Cresus to ransom." The most impetuous of our political philosophers knew not the way of indicting a people, it would be the height of folly to let indignation wax hot over a type of the time. That, nothing else is Sir Rufus Rasper. Lord Morley of Blackburn, in his literary days, said the journalist had replaced the prophet or priest as teacher of mankind. In all the relationships of life are daily multiplying signs of the despotism of doctors, entering into all the privileges of the tyranny of caste. During the earlier years of the Victorian age the faculty was ceasing to complain of inequality with other learned or liberal vocations in drawing-room and club. Between 1865 and 1867, personified by its most amiable and accomplished member then living, it was invited by Disraeli to promote a political alliance of himself and Lord Granville. To-day the leech most in favour runs a dead heat for the dining-room or boudoir stirs with the pet ritualistic director of the hour. The two indeed flourish together like the mistletoe on a Devonshire apple tree, or the ivy encircling a New Forest oak. Yet, while at the present height of apparently sustained success, Rasper secretly shares the misgivings of less confident spirits, lest a reaction should be on the cards, which, like our political party, still takes him and the priestly rival, to some extent now secured as his ally, at their own valuation of themselves. He is yet powerful to satisfy a personal grudge by marring the peace of families by sending for health's sake, his literary days, even husbanding to some Old World provincial capital that has been a sleepy hollow of shabby genteel life since the nineteenth century's first half. The new reign had no sooner opened, than, at the medical word of command, the place began to swarm with all the signs of modish reawakening. Its disused tanks were reprieved by rambunctious bathers. To-day its Assembly Rooms hum and dazzle with the revival of Georgian gaieties. Fortunes are many companies; here and there agent's half the plutocracy of the four kingdoms on their books. The sovereigns of the sawbones line have made the transformation complete. Of course, they share in the harvest, the sowing of whose seed had to wait for them. Not far from the place thus splendidly resuscitated is another town, supplied by nature with a spa of equal virtue. There, however, the local managers have proved less amenable to certain details of medical dictation. It is therefore still, and till it learns wisdom must remain, an obscure, even deserted market town.

Such are the triumphs of the cloth as regards localities. The profession exercises quite as decisive an authority in the case of individuals. The retired warrior wishes to supplement his pension by the secretarieship of the best Country Club. The presiding Galen, one of the members, knows, of course, the candidate and all his family belongings. The appointment lies practically in his hands; it is made or withheld according to the favour enjoyed with him by not only the applicant himself, but by the various members of his household. It is well known, that before Lord Lacland's nomination to a Colonial Governorship quite recently, the great professional panjandrum of Cavendish Square, who knew the nobleman's constitution from childhood, was consulted about his suitability to the climate, and his general habits. The oracle gave a favourable reply. Had there been any hummimg, hawing, or significant shake of the head, the titled occupant, instead of dispensing the stately hospitalities of a certain "Chvernment House" would, at this moment, with his family, be hard put to it to keep the wolf from the door in a shabby quarter of a Belgian town, as dull as it is cheap, or in the economical suburb of a faded West End. A sniffing down the heat waves over a representative, even for so responsible a sovereign as Sawbones, to possess. Would that crowned heads were always equally conscientious in the use made of really an analogous power.
The Mechanism of an Epidemic.

In a previous paper—the Psychology of Consumption—we have seen how a faulty dietetic habit can set up a disease affecting a whole family, so much so that this has given occasion for the common belief that one member has infected the others. We have a very similar state of things in the feeding of cows. To meet the public demand for fat meat cows are artificially fed (overfed); and in this we have a definite interference with function, since a cow when fattened has its bodily mechanism in a more or less sluggish condition. The excesses of eating and the effects of such feeding the cow has the double advantage of chewing its food and living in the open air.

An underfed animal is practically immune from fermentation because then the horse can more easily cope with impurity in food. Explorers have been known to eat carrion when ravenously hungry without ill-effects, yet such carrion would probably kill a well-fed man. Therefore, we may establish this axiom: that when there is excessive fermentation, there is excessive germ life. It was from this correlation that Pasteur jumped to the conclusion that it was this germ life that was the cause of all disease. After that was it not natural enough that the majority of medical men, thinking that disease was an entity, should imagine that they had only to discover the microbe of a given disease, and then exorcise that particular microbe, and—that we had discovered the philosopher's stone? That which has not been the case, and that disease is almost as rampant as ever, is enough to discredit the microbe theory to anyone not obsessed by it.

To put the whole matter at its plainest, let us see how the horse feeds. The horse is a very dainty feeder. If some farmer thinks that out of a dirty pail, nor will he eat musty hay. If bad hay has been chopped and mixed with oats the oats will be eaten and the hay left. A cow does not so discriminate, and the cow suffers from consumption; the horse does not.

But let me state the case for segregation. A person suffering from consumption is sent to a sanatorium. He lives on good, wholesome food, and plenty of fresh air. We will say that he recovers and is discharged as cured. If he fall back into his old habits the cure can be but temporary. Reversion to the old life is too great; and when again and again he fails, recurrence is due to the reversion to the old life. To tackle consumption by such means is simply to fasting the empty stable door. When the helpless victim is discharged as a cure it is confidentially believed that the consumptive germ has been exorcised. The farmer's planting of infertile cattie at one time, but there was no attempt at witchcraft. The cows were given a plain, home-made physic, and it was usually quite sufficient. The cow did not go back to a bad dietetic habit, plus a stuffy room, and it kept well, until by some oversight—farmers are net fools—musty hay or bad potatoes were again given it. Other times other methods. We do not do much in the way of dosing and segregating cattle nowadays. Our ignorance of the mechanism of an epidemic is such that we can still see no connection (in cattle at least) between a contaminated food supply and a subsequent outbreak of consumption; and what the microbe has done for us, intellectually and morally, can be seen in the panic-disturbed emigration of foreign cattle, and the wanton, wholesale destruction of the home herds.

This gives us a pretty clear indication of what these people would do with human beings could they have their way. If our efforts to cure can do better, we devote the rest of this article to consideration of the mainspring of such actions.

To go back a bit. Once upon a time the death-rate in surgical operations was abnormally high. Presently there came along a man who saw that the filthy habits, dirty hands and filthy nails—and the less said about the instruments the better—were not exactly conducive to success. By getting the surgeon to stop chewing and spitting, and to wash his hands and instruments, there was soon an appreciable difference in the increasing successes of surgical operations. This, of course, was the antiseptic treatment, and the great discoverer was Lord Lister. Listerism was pooh-poohed first, as a new fad. Illness is pooh-poohed in all ages, but Listerism won. Even now we seem to be going back on this treatment in regard to social conditions. Instead of, logically, more breathing space, soap and towels, we have a squad of fools going about, notebook in hand, collecting statistics. They are like the old man who could read Chinese but not the clock!

Pasteur and Darwin were contemporaries of Lister, but of the three the latter alone possessed any imagination. The others were grub-hunters. Pasteur would discover nothing; and it rests to his credit as a reminder of his appalling patience in research cut the ground from under him; and when again and again he denied the power of environment his word was enough. Lord Lister, however, disavowed, in set terms (at Liverpool, on September 16, 1896), both the carbolic spray and the antiseptic washing and irrigation, with an expression of regret for the former. "I feel ashamed," said he, "that I should ever have recommended it for the purpose of destroying the microbes in the air.

We have already seen what domestication has done for the cow. If we are going back to the unblemished instincts of the horse, much less is there any likelihood of our going back to a primitive religion of the "I believe" order. We are now so far advanced on the plane of "consciousness" that it is actually possible for us to acquire healthy habits based on a knowledge of function.

Contemporary with Pasteur and Darwin were the Manchester School economists. It never rains but it pours; and so them Darwin, with his denial of environment, was a godsend. To this combination of circumstances is due the retardation of "consciousness" as a factor in daily life. To this conflux, then, is due the backwardness, if not the total ignorance of what should have been the religion of the twentieth century—the facts bound up in evolution. New religions are not hatched by some old woman in a dressing-gown, or by some Cassius in a cassock. They are of the nature of things—of life itself. Instead of evolution lighting the mystic candle of common sense—the only rational mysticism—it became, in the hands of the social reformers of the Webb stamp, an inquisitorial searchlight. In their imaginative and colourless belief that God is manifested but once, and in one only dispensation, the educated mob to-day stands self-condemned as the real atheists; and I would remind them, in the inspired words of Mr. Chesterton, that "atheism is the most priggish form of humility."

Christianity serves a useful purpose in that it satisfies the aspirations of a primitive type of mind. No philosopher in his senses can countenance a belief in the wholesale regeneration of a people. Yea this is the underlying belief of modern education and democracy. We are all to love one another, drink out of the same cup, and, one fine day, go to heaven in a body. Democracy says in effect: "There shall be none other god but me. The Christian Socialist may prate about the kingdom of heaven being within, but his act betrays him. No one so vicious as the educated scum at the top and the dregs at the bottom in their opposition to real superiority.

Christianity is still no more than an attempt to graft a religion originating from an abstruse, pietistic, and very ancient civilization, on to a young, very raw, and lusty race of men; and the fact is significant—hopefully so—of the soundness of the morale of the English people in that they refuse, and have always refused, to put the morality of action in practice. The Greeks also, it should not be forgotten, declined to adopt unreverently the religion of an older civilization.

To the Manchester School, then, and their Frankenstein monster, is due the atheistic aimlessness of life
to-day—the sterilisation of agriculture, the industrial unrest, the hysteria of woman, and the everlasting "social problem," which is wrapped up in their hellish politics. To-day, in the dirt of the normal life; and to that insane credo, the division of camaraderie of craftsmanship. Instead, we have a pandering to which is never more than skin deep in any of us, and which only the healthy discipline of enjoyable work done under enjoyable conditions can keep in check, and without which we have the tout, the toady, and the social reformer.

HAROLD LISTER.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

Even before his election to the chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Parnell had realised what an enormous political power resided in the Irish in England; and now, being in command, he determined to utilise it in the national cause. In fact, he wished the Irish in England to take the lead in the national movement. But the Irish was due also the burking of the hysteric of woman, and the everlasting politics. To them is due also the burking of the pandering to that itch to meddle which is never more than a fraud—a game of humbug played by the Irish in England to take the lead in the national movement. All he asked for was a platform on which to place his views before the Irish in England.

Nothing good for Ireland was to be obtained from such institutions, the leaders of the I.R.B. So they objected to Parnell deferring the minds of the people from the physical force movement. "If you are in earnest, join us," they demanded. "No," replied Parnell. "Preserve your own organisation, but give me a chance to try my plan with an open movement. I don't say I shall succeed; but I believe I can see my way to a measure of success. I know the difficulty of keeping a Parliamentary party together. The atmosphere of the House, the lure of London society, are all against it. Still, have patience and give me a chance for a few years. Then, if there is no change, we will consider the situation afresh." And that was practically all the I.R.B. ever got out of Parnell. All he asked for was a platform on which to place his views before the Irish in England.

The Birmingham meeting, mentioned in a previous paper, was one of a series in England and Scotland planned for that purpose. Wherever Parnell appeared the Irish rallied to his standard and hailed him chief. Soon, wherever there was an Irish Colony, there also was a branch of the Land League. All were affiliated and in weekly communication with the head office in Dublin. It was the same throughout America and the British Colonies. By 1882 the "Sea-divided Gael," by the common bond of nationality, were bound together by a single idea—to free Ireland from the British yoke. The world had never before witnessed such a combination.

To show the resources placed at the disposal of Parnell it will be enough to quote the financial statement of the treasurer in 1882. "In the three years of the League's existence subscriptions amounting to £44,000 had been received, of which only 30,000 had been subscribed in Ireland." These results were due in a large measure to Parnell's tremendous battle in the House of Commons against the Coercion Act of 1881. The effect of this contest could be seen in the weekly meetings of the League in Birmingham. Massed together at the back of the school-room would sit the men of the I.R.B., grim, silent, taking no part in the proceedings, other than subscribing; but always there in case of need. But even stranger than this were some of the speakers. The Rev. John O'Neill, Baptist Minister, whose church was in Newhall Street, used to come and speak at our meetings. Nothing could be more conclusively to the extraordinary position of the I.R.B. at the presence of a Baptist minister in a Roman Catholic school-room, justifying the Irish National Movement on a Sunday evening.

The Habeas Corpus Act being suspended and all the powers of the Coercion Act placed in his hands, Buckshot Forster thought he might proceed to crush the National movement by consigning the most active members to jail. On October 12 he ordered the arrest of Parnell. The reply of the Birmingham League to this action was to invite Parnell's sister Fanny to address a public meeting in the Town Hall. The League made the usual application to the Corporation for the use of the Hall. The application was refused. Then came the announcement that Mrs. Annie Besant was going to speak in the Town Hall. The Irish declared that if the sister of Parnell was not allowed to speak in a public building, neither should the partner of Charles Bradlaugh speak there. We determined to smash up the meeting of the joint author of the "Fruits of Philosophy" if an attempt were made to hold it. The Town Council cancelled the meeting.

Later in the year, in their customary manner, Bright and Chamberlain came down to render their annual account of their stewardship. In the previous year, when Bright had addressed himself as the famous divine and the partner of Charles Bradlaugh, he had pronounced his famous dictum, "force is no remedy," we had cheered him to the echo. But now! About a hundred of us young fellows made up our minds to teach him a lesson for his backsliding. On the night of the meeting we massed together at one of the side doors of the Town Hall which we knew gave on to the floor immediately below the platform. In case of accident we had taken the precaution to arm ourselves with loaded sticks. We secured the seats we desired and then sat silent till Bright was called on. As he rose to his feet so did we. We assailed him with cries of "traitor," "force is no remedy," "one hundred and eleven," "one hundred and eleven"—this being the number of times he had voted for coercion during this session. Bright looked down at us in amazement. Well he might. To be assailed on his own midden in this manner was a new experience. But it was not lost upon him. The apathetic faces of a hundred Irish youths, blanched with passion, yelling imprecations and flourishing loaded sticks is not a pretty sight. I think Bright only realised for the first time that night what the Parnell movement really meant. Before that night he had spoken as if it were really English who was the injured party and had cause to complain. But when he spoke in Glasgow some time afterwards, he showed that he had been doing some thinking between the two meetings. Said he: "In reading the account of the Ascension of William III to the throne and the expulsion of James II, you will remember that James II carried on for a time a little war in Ireland in the hope of retaining his throne. About the very last transaction of that war was the siege of Limerick in 1691. At that time, and by the Treaty of Surrender, the Catholic population of Ireland was promised the free exercise of their religion. The Treaty was not only never carried into effect, but it was immediately violated. Instead of having the free exercise of their religion there was imposed upon them for a whole century afterwards the most odious, cruel, galling and unjust system of laws, which I think, one Christian people ever inflicted upon another." If the English people generally, and politicians in particular, had failed to gauge the real nature of the Irish movement, there was one public man who was under no misapprehension as to its character and intent. Addressing his constituents at Newcastle, Mr. Joseph Cowan remarked:—"The English people have not yet realised the new power which has arisen in Irish politics.
There have been agrarian, ecclesiastical and national agitations often before, but there has been nothing so broadly democratic as this last one. And all their strife the Irish people have hitherto shown a certain submission to their social superiors. But now the landlords' power has lost its lustre. The people have secured a partnership in the soil and they think they will shortly secure ownership. The men who hug the delusion that the Irish peasant is still the deferential will have a rather rude awakening some day. All right government rests upon consent and the Irish people will never consent to be ruled by a corps of English magistrates - scurrilous editors from Dublin Castle. The Government is the most concentrated and the least national in Europe. We ought to make it both the duty and the interest of the people to maintain law and order, and this can never be done till administration of the law is entrusted to them in Ireland.

There were not going well with "Buckshot." The more men he arrested, the more they desired arrest. Instead of agrarian crimes decreasing, they increased a hundredfold. The suppression of the Land League and the imprisonment of Parnell, who treated "Buckshot" with icy contempt, let loose the Ladies' Land League, and Fanny Parnell, who attacked Forster with cyclonic fury. The Land Bill, offered as a kind of make-weight to the Coercion Act, was received by Miss Fanny in the following gentle strain:—

"THE LAND BILL OF 1881." "To England."

Tear up that parchment lie! Scatter its fragments to the hissing wind! And hear again the People's first and final cry

For this the dogs have licked our Sores outside your gate. Was it for this we chose to suffer, starve, and wait? Call Waste not your mouthing guile! We will not crouch, but we can die.

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A police has breathed on toptip tongue and darkened eye: We will not drone to fill your tills—but we can die! Tear up your chartered lie! We will not crouch, but we can die.

Call off your quacks of State! Your names prinked out in Brummagem reform. Fought we a landlord's greed by newer plans to save? To gorge the suckers of the lawyer swarm? Was it for this we chose to suffer, starve, and wait? For this we faced the nakedness and storm?

For this the dogs have licked our Sores outside your gate? For this you claim our love and marble at our hate? Call off your imps of State! We cannot love, but we can hate.

Waste not your mouthing guile! We know our friends, and we know our foes; You weep for the crocodile; One hand you reach to help—the other stuns with blow; Damn not your soul too deeply! 'twere not worth your while;

Since we have looked behind your rare-shows; We dread not your frown, we trust not your smile; Waste not your clacking guile! We scorn your frown, we boast your smile.

Hands off! O cruel nurse! Red-fanged and clawed!—alone we'll stand or fall; Too long you've coined our blood and brains to swell your purse; Call off your sham Sivartians, and all Your crew of ghouls that wait to gird our country's hearse! Take them away—she is no more your thrall; Take them away, ere yet the coming days he worse; Take them away—and with them take a nation's curse; Hands off! O bloody nurse! We cannot bless, but we can curse.

 Tear up that parchment lie! You, Gladstone, bowing Raja, a mean old satyr, sodden with champagne and cherry brandy. And he, too, is the descendant of a usurious banker, and not a Kshattriya
at all.) No need, they say, to ask the condition of the third caste. There is not a rye, an artisan, or a shopkeeper in India who is not in the clutch of the Bunia money-lenders. And as for the lying shopkeepers themselves, and the Sahibs' own thriving servants—but why dwell on the results of self-deception? These are the unvarying comments of the Anglo-Indians, and they are confirmed by the judgment of English globe-trotters. Now, the American tourist, too much damned, knows just what he wants to see. He photographs it and compares it with the to Samud Valley, and his labour is over. The English visitor, on the other hand, is not so decided. Seeking to traverse an impenetrable maze in a thick fog, he pesters his guide, probably a Mohamedan, to disclose to him the mysteries and traditions of Hinduism. He always makes two great discoveries, the first, that Shiv's lingam is a phallic symbol, a thing to be secretly grinned at when the guide has to explain it away to a cuspid lady; the second, that the modern Indians, the carriage-drivers, coolies, curio-dealers, and hotel touts are also known to carry with them nearly as much native virtue as the Anglo-Indians: Hinduism is degraded, and the Hindu nation decayed.

It seemed to me, when I first came to India, that this was true. I journeyed all over Hindustan from Cape Comorin to Peshawar, to see the reputed hundreds of temples. Many a time I wandered through the winding stone alleys of Benares—the holiest and most delightful of all cities—peered through latticed shutters at the sacred fire and garlanded images, and, unshod, entered temples little worse than the houses that had stood. And yet, of all the priests I met, not one would admit that the ornaments of the images were symbols or the legends of his gods myths. To any quotations from their sacred books, they assented vaguely, and left the matter to the guide-books. But at last, by one of those strange chances that the wise know to be design, the veil was lifted, and I could see with my own eyes what I had fought and yet dared to set it at nought.

Men should believe their religion dead than know it to be and yet dare to set it at nought. For who is there now to revenge an insulted ascetic? The present policy of the British Government is this: to destroy the Brahmins and give justice to the people. The Kshattriyas never beseech any man; that is eternal morality." The British Government has forbidden native princes to leave India without first requesting permission. Thus, the Rajput kings, disdaining to beseech, remain always in India, and naturally prize the independence of their territories, as the Government desires. But the low-caste prince has no such scruples. The drunken Maharajahs of Cooch-Behar, whose touch is pollution to a Hindu, blossom in Bexhill. This very week, that unspeakable cowherd, the Gaekwar of Baroda, leaves Bombay for England. His has always been the face of caste; he, whose every action declares his base birth! The Gaekwar's daughter is to marry a young Cooch-Behar—thus fitting a union as ever there was.

The truth is the history of their fall. In 1001 Mahmud of Ghagni marched through the Khyber to Peshawar and defeated Jaipal, the King of the Punjab. The latter, promising to pay tribute, was set free, and returned to Lahore, where he set his son, Anandpal, upon the throne. The new prince betrayed him, and the descendant of grey-feathered Rohilla bird was but a shadow. After some years Anapadal called together the Kshattriyas of the famous nations of Kanouj, Ujain, Delhi, and Ajmere, and gave battle to Mahmud at Peshawar, but his elephants, the symbol of Kshattriya might, threw the letters into confusion, and the lately victorious defeated him. Again, after some years Mahmud determined to sack the famous shrine of Somnath. He succeeded, after a terrible battle on the little isthmus that leads out to the temple, but when he was returning the Rajputs of Ajmere drove him into the fiery Sindh desert, where the greater part of his army perished; only a few returned to Ghagni. Seventy years later Hindustan was invaded by the Afghan conquerors of Mahmud's sons. Mohamed Ghori marched through the Khyber to Delhi, but was routed there by the Rajputs, and barely escaped into Afghanistan. And now, when the Kshattriyas had twice nobly saved their religion and their people, came their destruction.

The Maharajah of Kanouj, considering himself the chief of all the kings, announced the Swayamvara of his daughter, and summoned all the Rajahs to take their places in her wedding bower. The Rajah of Delhi, who was secretly in love with the princess, as Nala with Damayanti, was called to be the doorkeeper at the festival. He alone of all the Rajahs, refused to attend, and the Maharajah in anger had an image made of him and placed it at the door. The Swatamara began and the princess entered the palace with a garland of blossoms which she was to throw over the head of him whom she chose for her husband. She glanced round at the assembled Rajahs, then suddenly clasped the neck of the image at the door. The Rajah sprang into the hall from a hiding-place and fled away with her to Delhi. The Maharajah sent envoys to the Mohammed Ghori, the Afghans reached into Hindustan and sacked Delhi, killing the Rajah in the fight, while his widow leaped into her pyre. Shortly afterwards the Afghans, the most treacherous and vengeful of all nations, attacked and killed the Maharajah of Kanouj, and became the masters of Hindustan.

Since that year, 1094, the Hindu Kshattriyas have never recovered their strength. The merest bubbles of their glory remain, but even they can put the lowly born to shame. "I would be the new Kshattriyas, upholding the Brahmins and giving justice to the people! The present policy of the British Government is this: to destroy the Brahmins and give justice to the people. The Kshattriyas never beseech any man; that is eternal morality." The British Government has forbidden native princes to leave India without first requesting permission. Thus, the Rajput kings, disdaining to beseech, remain always in India, and naturally prize the independence of their territories, as the Government desires. But the low-caste prince has no such scruples. The drunken Maharajahs of Cooch-Behar, whose touch is pollution to a Hindu, blossom in Bexhill. This very week, that unspeakable cowherd, the Gaekwar of Baroda, leaves Bombay for England. His has always been the face of caste; he, whose every action declares his base birth! The Gaekwar's daughter is to marry a young Cooch-Behar—thus fitting a union as ever there was.

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The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.

The Collectivist Formula.

II.

This commercial notion of Government solely in the interests of consumers leads the Collectivist into strange company. It leads him to acquiesce in such a pernicious system as the division of labour. Ruskin claimed that the subjective standard of human happiness, not the objective monetary standard assumed by previous political economists, was the final test of the social utility of production. If we accept Ruskin's position, surely we must consider man primarily in his capacity as producer. From this standpoint a man's health, mental and moral, must depend upon the amount of pleasure he can take in his work. But we deprive the worker of this means of happiness and strive to replace it by such institutions as free libraries and popular lectures, which all lie outside the sphere of his real life. This policy of liberty to build on, demonstrates that man should live a conscious double life. In the first place he must submit to any indignity he may be called upon to suffer by the prevailing system of industry, and secondly, he should aim in his leisure time at self-improvement. He can only by so doing discover what he has built overnight. A mad sculler who pulls both ways at once he describes a rapid circle, and giddily imagines he is making immense progress forward. To unite these warring forces in man and to make him once more simple, harmonious and whole, is a task which must again be regarded first and foremost in his capacity as producer.

Another reason for the primary consideration of the producer, which should be interesting to the democrat, is that to legislate on the basis that all are consumers, while only some are producers, is obviously to put a premium upon idleness, for only the idle consume without producing. This fundamental defect of reasoning presupposes the degradation of the craftsman, which should be interesting to the democrat. The Collectivist Formula. In "Fields, Factories and Workshops," he says: "The petty trades at Paris so much prevails in the factories that the average number of workmen employed in the 98,000 factories and workshops of Paris is less than six, while the number of persons employed in workshops which have less than five operatives is almost twice as large as the number of persons employed in the establishments. In fact, Paris is a great beehive where hundreds and thousands of men and women fabricate in small workshops all possible varieties of goods which require artistic finish and rapidity of work are so much praised, necessarily stimulate the mental powers of the producer, and we may safely admit that if the Paris workmen are generally considered, and really are, more developed intellectually than the crowd, so many economists, who have studied figures and not human beings, are ready to maintain?"

Kropotkin here lays his finger on the weak point of modern sociological theories. They are based upon estimates of figures rather than estimates of men. The correct statement of this issue is perhaps to be found in the dictum that organisation on a large scale secures efficiency up to a certain point, which varies in each industry, and when that point is reached, degeneration sets in. On the one hand the quality of the work declines, while on the other administrative expenses show a tendency to increase out of their proper proportion, owing to the fact that personal control gradually disappears; and this is probably one of the causes which oblige many large firms gradually to adopt sweating practices. Expenses must be cut down somewhere, and the workers have to suffer.

And now that we have found Collectivist prognostications respecting the future of the Factory system to be based upon insufficient data, let us turn to Collectivist opinions respecting the future of machinery, in this connection we observe that Collectivism teaches that machinery will be used more in the future than at having been obtained is the main at the expense of true efficiency; while again, the growth of large retail houses is in no sense due to a reduction of prices, rather has it been due in some measure to the same causes which brought the large building firms into existence, and to the system of advertising which leads an ignorant public to suppose they are getting a superior article for their money.
present. The circumstance that many who identify themselves with Collectivism hold to the idea of William Morris, and quote him on sundry occasions, in no wise affects the Collectivist position, which is antagonistic to that held by Morris. Morris’s opposition to machinery was based in the first place upon the preception that there is no temperament in work produced by machinery, and in the next upon a recognition of the principle that its use tended to separate the artist and craftsman more widely than ever, whereas the restoration of industry to health demands their reunion.

But how is a reunion possible under a Collectivist régime? Surely if social evolution has separated the artist and craftsman, further progress along present lines must tend to separate them still further, and not to draw them together. Hence it is we feel justified in identifying Collectivism with the mechanical ideal of industry.

It may be said that the solution of our problems is to be found in a further development towards mechanical perfection, and this contention would be perfectly reasonable if the object of man’s existence was to make cotton and buttons as cheaply as possible; but considering that man has a soul which craves some satisfaction, and that the progress of mechanical invention degrades and stuflifies it by making man more and more the slave of the machine, we feel justified in asserting that real progress lies along other lines. Up to a certain point it is true that mechanical invention is for the benefit of the community, but such inventions must be distinguished from the mass of mechanical contrivances which are the humble slaves of commercialism, and witnesses to the diseased state of society. To invent a machine to reduce the amount of drudgery in the world may reasonably be claimed as an achievement of Science; but to reduce all labour to the level of drudgery, to exploit Science for commercial purposes, is an entirely different matter. Machinery being a means to an end, we may test its social utility by considering the desirability or otherwise of the ends it is to serve. And what are the ends which have determined the application of machinery to modern industry? Not the satisfaction of human needs, or the production of beautiful things, but primarily the satisfaction of the money making instinct, which, it goes without saying, is undesirable. There are very few things which machinery can do as well as hand labour, and so far as my personal knowledge extends, there is nothing it can do better. Hand rivetted boilers are preferred to machine rivetted ones, while the most delicate scientific instruments have to be made by hand. In fact, wherever careful fitting extends, there is nothing it can do better. Hand machinery is valueless, except for heavy work, such as sawing timber; though even here, where timber is exposed to view, it suffers in comparison with hand sawing and hewing, which has more temperament about it. In production, therefore, the ultimate use of machinery to the community is that in certain heavy work it saves labour, which, considered from the point of view of the development of the physique of the race, is of very questionable advantage; or that it reduces the cost of production. This again, however, is a doubtful advantage, since the increase of material possessions beyond a certain point is extremely undesirable. Without machinery there would be plenty for all and to spare, if it were not for the greed of individuals; and machinery, by facilitating the production, of goods in immense quantities, so far from eliminating the spirit of avarice by satisfying it, appears only to give it a cumulative force. Machinery has erected the most effective class barrier yet devised, in relation to locomotion the benefits of mechanism are very doubtful. If railways and steamboats have brought Chicago nearer to London than commonplace in consequence, and it is very much open to question whether the romance, the beauty and the mystery of the world which mechanism seems so happy in destroying, may not in the long run prove to be the things most worth possessing, and the hurry and dispatch which are everywhere welcomed as the heralds of progress, admitted to be illusory. We take this week the words once, self, less, hazy, cavalry; these selected from numerous examples submitted to us, for the purpose of considering mainly the sibilants and the hard c. By the way, the new spellers write once as wuns, but the sound is not at all double w, but c-a-n combined as rapidly as thought can fly. Our learned ancestors knew amazingly how to spell.

It must always be remembered that sounds have each their own unalterable place on the breath. We do not make their positions; these are decided by the nature of the sound; so that we may s as often as you please, but if we pronounce once as wuns we are saying wuns and not once. The position of the c is close against the upper teeth; s, as in self, is produced lower in the mouth upon a free s, a very breath sound, which tries to expand our jawbones. Try to say s where you say c, and note how it will protest, disfiguring your face for your pains. Try to say s where you place s, and note how much unnatural it sounds. The reason is that s needs a much stronger volume of breath for its easy enunciation than s, which may be said on a half-spent breath; c may be said on breath almost expended. We need not, in this conversation, trouble about these breathings, for, as it were magically, they guide themselves; breath is, from all we know of it, a magical phenomenon. Double s, as in less, is still quite distinctly placed lower than c. The natural tendency is to lean slightly upon the breath for double s, and hard and harder for s and z. In singing the amount of breath required for every sound is exactly calculated, but singers and singing teachers are exceedingly jealous of their secrets, and you will not learn these secrets even though you pay, unless your gift warrants your initiation. For ordinary speech Providence endows us with a self-controlling breath apparatus, only dependent for perfection upon our state of health. As we know, corrupt language is a sign of decadence, for as the mentality of man makes meaning sounds, he remains scrupulous in his use of these only so long as his mind remains vigorous. Sluggish minds make sluggish tongues. "In this age," prophesied Vyasa, "pronunciation will become unhallowed." It is with a hard c, inclining naturally to the original form, has = grey—though we must remember that some philologists still dispute this origin on behalf of the Icelandic házer = grey. The person who can accomplish hazy as written without slowing effort will rarely be a pure Englishman, for we are not natively at ease with z. The difference between hard c and k seems to us very clear, although these letters have by more than one correspondent been offered as indistinguishable. The letter c, hard or soft, is still c, not k. Hard c tends to close strongly whatever vowel comes next to it. There are thousands of people who would as soon be heard saying sofer as cavalry. The tightening of the a in this latter word is perfectly correct, and when a man exaggerates the true sound into cavalry, he is still nearer to the correct sound than he who pronounced kavalry. We have not a single common English word commencing with ka, every word so prefixed being either technical or a foreign noun. On the other hand there are many common words beginning with c, and an error of five exceptions, the a is pronounced very short, the shorter the better for correctness. In preferring the general k to the finer hard c, the new phoneticians are as usual going directly against the English tongue, and incidentally, justifying outraged sneers at their foreign origins.
Readers and Writers.

Since my last month’s comment on the French parodies by Reboux and Muller, I have seen a newly issued collection of German “Parodien und Travestien.” If I mention the book here it is chiefly as a protest. Compiled by David Haek, it appears as number 5,398 of Reclam’s Universal-Bibliothek, a series which is surely familiar to all readers of German. But among these five thousand or so volumes of standard literature there is a strange want of evenness—the same lack of discrimination which I have previously noted as a failing of many German editors. I am unwilling to pick holes in a collection which has led me into literary places where I otherwise could not have wandered. Still, here we have Shakespeare’s dramas and—“The Passing of the Third Floor Back” (under the title “Der Fremde”); “Tom Jones” and—“A Seaside Flirtation” by John Strange Winter; the olistations of Demostenes and—

the sayings of Roosevelt. Such examples of batheros could be increased from every page of Reclam’s catalogue. Of course, the German publishers would probably retort that these are instances of their breadth of culture. I am certain, in that their breadth of view, but an eye which includes Jerome K. Jerome in drama, John Strange Winter in fiction, and Roosevelt in oratory, and goes to the trouble of having them translated, is clearly suffering from some serious defect.

Well, to return to our parodies. I have never been greatly impressed by David Haek or his work as an author, compiler, and translator, although he has edited a passable collection of German epigrams. One or two of the parodies in his latest compilation might possibly raise the ghost of a laugh at a German Stammtisch, but the rest are on a level with the parodies of the “Charge of the Light Brigade” or “Excelsior,” that may be heard recited at Band of Hope entertainments. The only pieces that are really worthy of print are the Friedrich Hagedorn’s “Versuch Einer Nachahmung,” an eighteenth century parody which is a literary document, and the famous parody by Matthias Claudius on “Das Distichon”

—:

Im Hexameter zieht der ästhetische Dudelsack Wind ein,
Im Pentameter drauf läst er ihn wieder heraus,
which is, of course, a hit at the couplet in the “Xenien” of Goethe and Schiller:

—:

Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells melodische Säule,
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab,
translated by Coleridge thus, if I remember rightly—

In the hexameter rises the fountain’s silvery column,
In the pentameter, ay, falling in melody back.

But as these examples are already well-known (Herr Haek himself included the Claudius in his “Deutsche Sinngedichte” years ago), they do not reconcile me to the production of six volumes, cheap though it may be. It is not as if the Germans had no good parodies.

Curiously enough, it was in this very collection that I read some excellent German skits. They are by Rudolf Presber, and the best are contained in “The Squirrel,” although “The Underman” has some amusing things in it. In “The Squirrel” Presber makes fun of Maeterlinck’s dramatic methods, and follows it up with scenes in the manner of Wilde and Hauptmann, among others. I remember how well he takes off the mediaval jargon that Hauptmann employs in his historical plays. “Potz Speikatz” is one of the Wardour Street oaths that has stuck in my memory from Presber’s amusing book.

I suppose that the most famous collection of German parodies—a kind of German “Rejected Addresses”—is Fritz Mauthner’s “Nacht berühmten Mustern,” a book which has deservedly run through many editions since it first appeared about thirty years ago. Mauthner is no fumbling imitator of style, for has he not written a work in three volumes on the philosophy of language? I once glanced through it on a warm afternoon at the British Museum, but my next perusal of it shall be in the winter.

A writer in the “Zvon,” a Czech literary weekly, has had a novel idea. “Certain of our papers,” he says, “deal from time to time with the contents of the Czech reviews. We intend to reverse the process and record at regular monthly intervals, what the Czech daily Press contains in the shape of original news about our literature.” He then tabulates all the literary articles that have appeared during Czech dailies, and announces that they amount to fifty-five columns, while the same papers during the same period devoted 201 columns to sport. I wonder how the proportion would work out with English papers. The result would, I almost think, suggest some piquant comparisons between the average intellect of the English newspaper reader and a nation of whose very existence he knows nothing. Most people I meet ask me whether they speak Austrian in Bohemia, and probably seeing my pained expression, hasten to rectify their error by adding: “Oh, of course, it’s a kind of German, isn’t it?”

Truly, a man who has illusions about the present intellectual standard in England, would do well to avoid reading Continental papers. For the “Nacht berühmten Mustern,” for instance. In the copy I find in addition to the ordinary book reviews, a remarkably well written essay on Boccaccio, by Felix Salten, a novelist of some repute. Then in the same number there is a study of the Irish theatre by Marianne Trebitsch-Stein. Some will say that it was hardly worth while to write about W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Edward Martyn, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge in a German paper. But granted the subject, how admirably it is done! Here are quotations from George Moore’s “Hail and Farewell,” from “Samhain,” from the “Contemporary Review.” The whole thing gives one the impression of competence, of workmanship; the writer is obviously at home with the subject. Imagine a competent article in the “Times” or the “Daily Telegraph” on, let us say, the Viennese school of poetry, or the modern German novel in Austria. Imagine it, I say, but do not ask for it.

There was one detail in the German article with which I did not quite agree. It seems that Synge’s “Well of the Saints” was performed some years ago in Berlin without success. The writer expresses her opinion that the Irish peasant dialect with its Celtic turns of speech can scarcely be rendered into German. But I venture to suggest that an equivalent type of German is spoken by Polish and other Slavonic peasants in certain bilinguial districts. If, therefore, Synge is to be translated into German, let it be done by somebody who has made himself familiar with this variety of speech, such as myself have heard, with its double negatives, its curious use of reflexive pronouns, and its curt vowels—all clear reflections of the Slav idiom from which it is merely a rough transposition.

The Irish literary movement seems to have aroused considerable interest in Germany. “Die Grenzbote,” a Berlin weekly, has an article by Befa Frilli on “The Irish Renaissance and George Moore.” Here, again, I find that obvious mystery of the subject, which, in spite of all personal opinions, I cannot help admiring. Again I make comparisons, and with the same result. What English paper publishes essays like this? This particular article has a pleasing sentiment about A. E., “the very sympathetic personality of George Russell, who has enriched the world’s literature with some wonderfully emotional collections of poems, signed A. E.”
So the French Academy has awarded its grand prix of 10,000 francs for the best novel published in the last two years to Roman Rolland for the ten volumes of his "Jean Christophe." Emile Clermont and Ernest Pschari both ran Rolland very close. I suppose that if such awards have to be made, nobody will grudge them to a poet of the sort. Like "Jean Christophe," the plan of issuing trilogies. (But it is a far cry from having skipped a few passages in the life of the German conqueror" by Andersen Nexo, while Holland's "Aeschylus to Arnold Bennett! The idea has caught on abroad as well. Denmark is supplied with "Pelle the Conqueror" by Andersen Nexo, while Holland follows with bated breath the career of Johannes, by "Spring Song" translated some time ago in THE NEW AGE. Tine two books referred to at the beginning of this paragraph are the poetical works of Handri Zeyer and the "Serbske Zynki" (Wendic Strains) of Jakub Cisinski. Without entering on a tedious discussion of the "Serbske Zynki" (Wendic Strains) of Jakub Cisinski, who was born in 1856, and as far as I know, is still alive, continues this work. He puts the language through its paces by adjusting it to such poetical forms as the sonnet, the canzone, the triolet, the rondel, and even the ghazal. The part he plays in Wendic literature corresponds almost exactly to the position of Preserin in Slovenian, or, to take a more striking example, that of Vrchlicky in Czech literature. In other words, he is doing much the same as Chaucer did for English in the fourteenth century. That is the charm of the remoter literatures, as of more primitive races. The two dialects) has, like most of our out-of-the-way tongues, a remarkably copious grammar. One of its specialties consists of a dual number.

Zejer, who lived from 1804 to 1872, was the pioneer. His poems are mainly of the folk-song type, varied by a number of hymns. The numerous translations of German hymns and folk-songs were probably made for the purpose of breaking in a somewhat unruly language. Cisinski, who was born in 1856, and as far as I know, is still alive, continues this work. He puts the language through its paces by adjusting it to such poetical forms as the sonnet, the canzone, the triolet, the rondel, and even the ghazal. The part he plays in Wendic literature corresponds almost exactly to the position of Preserin in Slovenian, or, to take a more striking example, that of Vrchlicky in Czech literature. In other words, he is doing much the same as Chaucer did for English in the fourteenth century. That is the charm of the remoter literatures, as of more primitive races. The two dialects) has, like most of our out-of-the-way tongues, a remarkably copious grammar. One of its specialties consists of a dual number.

The sevenpenny book is quite the most wonderful thing in the world of books. Speaking as one who lives half his life in foreign countries, I say that there is nothing to compare for one moment with the British sevenpenny book in any other part of the world. And so on. I fully expected to see this drivel pilloried in THE NEW AGE under the heading of "Caine-like." However, I have the melancholy satisfaction of performing the office myself. It appears that Mr. Hall Caine has been unburdening himself at a booksellers' dinner (grisly feast!) and there is some of the burden. I do not know which foreign countries the Manx Shakespearean in prose has selected for his domicile, but whichever they may be, it is clear that he pays his attention to matters other than literature. Of course, the fact is, that Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, and Russia, to say nothing of other countries, are simply overstocked with cheap editions of fiction. And even though stray novels of Mr. Caine himself may be found here and there in various translations, these foreign collections will compare quite favourably in most other respects with the English sevenpennies. And some of them were started years before the cheap English editions were even dreamt of. * * *

Those who are still lamenting the loss of Alfred Austin, may console themselves by reflecting that other countries have been, if possible, even more grievously smitten. Earlier in the year Norway lost an important novelist in Thomas P. Krag. Towards the end of May Arturo Graf died at Turin (where he was professor of Italian literature). Graft, critic, literary historian, and poet, was born in Athens of German parentage, spent his early years in Roumania, and finished his education in Italy. (It is not surprising to find that the sum total of all these great names is a strong and rather striking personality.) Then, in the middle of last month, Camille Lemonnier passed away. Lemonnier, who produced eighteen volumes of stories, thirty novels, five volumes of art criticism, and four plays, revealed that type of Flemish grossness, represented in the paintings of Rubens and in some of the earlier poems of Verhaeren. On the strength (or weakness) of this quality he has been dubbed, rightly or wrongly, the Belgian Zola.

On June 16 the "Times" issued a "Russian Supplement." No less has some passing interest in matters Russian, so I turned to this bulky sheet of 28 pages with a glad anticipation. Alas, for my guiltless simplicity. Advertisements, Russian Gold Reserve, Changes in the Uniforms of the Russian Army, Commercial Defaulters, The Breeding of Fur Animals, St. Petersburg Motor Show, Horsemanship in Russia—the whole thing simply reeked of Mammon, Petrol, Live Stock and its Accessories. At last, a modest column headed "English Literature: Influence on Russian Ideas, by Z. A. Vengerova." This had, at least, some interest, although it disclosed nothing particularly new. It is no secret, for example, that Byron and Shelley have very strongly influenced the Russian, and, in fact, many of the Slavonic poets; and I think we all know what a vogue Dickens has had on the Continent. But those who think of turning their attention to the Russian literature of to-day are warned (not in the "Times," of course), that "at the present moment English fiction has an enormous following in Russia. Nearly every author is translated into Russian, from Conan Doyle to Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett and Hall Caine. I believe, too, that any English authors in Russia to-day is Jack London!" This explains why the Russian novelists themselves are turning out such sorry stuff. Andreyev was bad enough; then came the foul Artsibashev, followed by the equally unsavoury Kuprin. I suppose these obscene little mud-larks imagine that, like Baudelaire, they have invented a new shudder. In reality, they have merely produced the old, old boredom.

P. SELVER.
Two Memories.

By Beatrice Hastings

I was roaming among the Sussex ways. Down a path I had sauntered beside a field of early corn, and, turning to tiptoe at a hedge of blackberry blossom, I looked down into a Nature garden.

A sunken road, long abandoned, had used to lead through a spinney. Its near bank bristled with the blackberry thicket, in the corners of a clump, a barricade of giant thistle reared, purple-turreted against the blue. Between these flowery encampments lay a paradise of wild florescence. Red sorrel, buttercups, and orange trefoil overspread the lush-green foot, and the grasses around a dark gorse palace, golden-roofed. Stripling ash trees sentried up the slopes. Convulvulus and clustering rose, foxglove and daffodil, were there—and a gleaming eye, a pool.... I ran down the path of the corn upland and climbed a stile, seeking a way into the spinney. There seemed to be no way, but I slipped between two thistles and leaped below upon the yellow lawn. And then I beheld narcissus beside the pool.

Magic and glamour were here at home. I kneeled, still as the breathless earth, still as the heavy bees and the shell-winged butterflies asleep upon the pearled narcissus. Only the sunrays moved, weaving among the grasses pictures of nameless things. On a sudden, a bird chirped, hid in the spinny. It sang, but ever broke its music on a whistling sign, and now and then complained in murmurs like the echoes of farewell words, as if it once had listened to friends parting, and never having heard since any truer notes, must keep repeating these.

And now a pebble rolls and the gleam of its curving fall dies off the back of a crystal elf, a-rolling with it.

The gold sun-fingers spread like a fan where the rock hangs over the pool, and between the spaces, out from the grom of the water moss, gaze solemn, sad eyes of a thing which moves not—nor is any more when the fingers move away. Rock and pool and black moss—nothing else is there.

But in a tree, a band of beams alight on the hair and the hundred hands and the swords and the sword-slashèd robes of a tawny giant; he rears, and is now not there; nothing is save leaves and branches and the bark of a haunting tree.

The bird whistles. I run out of the place, and I follow the cornfield path until it ends beside a vale which goes down to the shimmering sea.

We are out already at six of the morning upon the road that goes up from the town between Table Mountain and the Lion’s Head. On our left is the titanic front of rock with slits that are vast shadowed gullies; the purple stretches of heath are soft and dewy on the lower slopes, but the brow of Table gleams in one golden line to where the rays round over the green shoulders of the Peaks of the Winds and leap the leagues of plain to the mountains called Hottentots Holland, a dyke to defy Trojan Neptune! But close beside us as we are climbing—I scarcely able to begin slowly according to my friend’s advice—all above our path the silver trees shimmer to the base of the Head upon our right, a bare gigantic rock, yet so buoyantly poised that you might almost believe it lived. And so we come to the being where the land stands like a temple of mountains above the golden shore of the sea. This miracle of creation made my mind cease from thought and my eyes close as against a sacred mystery. It seemed that God was not long gone from this place. And so we go down where the twelve hills encompassing the sea buttressed the Table Mountain, the town governors had built a prison. And if you go now to this bay, you will not see even what we of this late day saw, or hear the tones we heard. You will see the beginnings of a red-brick Brighton; you will be murdered by the roar and creak of huge and incessant trams, and by the gramophones and hurdy-gurdies and by the bawlings and songs of persons, white and black, who were too indifferent to walk there, but who ride in thousands to make a new sweetening Benjamin. And, however late you may linger, longing for an hour of the divine silence, you will never get this, for the town governors have set up a colossal clock on their town hall, which mocks out by day and by night the tune of a hymn. You will hear that slow-grinding iron tongue of Birmingham when the Sun is rising, and you will hear it while the Hours are leading up the Moon. And if you are one of us who knew the loneliness that has been destroyed, you will shudder, as we shudder, at the blind daring of men.

The Wild Rabbit.

A Fantasy of the Future.

By “Mouche.”

It was a fine day of late spring in the not far-distant future. Miss Parthenia Judd had spent the week-end with her friend Ondilia Brown in the country, and this was the last day of her visit. On the morrow she would return to her home in the Central District, which was about a twenty-mile radius from old Charing Cross, a district surrounded throughout by the moving causeway or Trottoir Roualt system, whilst the “country” of Ondilia’s home lay out beyond Wendover, where the London municipal trams ended and what was known as open country began.

Parthenia was essentially city-bred; this was the first time she had left the Central District for more than a day’s excursion.

“I had no idea I should love the country so much,” she said, as they sat in the garden on this last afternoon. “When you invited me to Wendover, I loved the thought of being with you, dearest, yet I confess my heart sank a little at the thought of being so far out. But I absolutely love it! The stillness is so wonderful. From two to four this morning I lay awake listening to the silence. The trains had entirely ceased. For two hours, I assure you, not a sound!”

“I was terribly afraid the stillness might get on your nerves,” Ondilia confessed.

“On the contrary, it appeals to me. How mysteriously refreshing is the absence of sound!” exclaimed Parthenia.

“Sparrows I have seen,” mused Parthenia, recalling her rustic experiences, “cows, sheep and two starlings. ‘Darling, there is a rabbit in a hollow near Buttercup Glen,’ cried Ondilia, ‘there is a rabbit in a hollow near Buttercup Glen, which used to be the favourite pasturing place for cows. Our gardener tells me he has seen it many times. It is the last one left in this neighbourhood. Quite a venerable creature, I believe.’”

“‘Oh!’ exclaimed Parthenia, ‘perhaps I could get a moving picture of it! Would it let us approach sufficiently near?’”
"I fancy this is rather a shy animal, especially now it is growing old, but if we take some food it may be enticed from its lair."

"Are wild rabbits at all . . . fierce?" inquired Parthenia, naturally unaccustomed to the fauna of her native land.

"Oh, no! One of the smaller rodents," replied her friend carelessly. "We'll look up its favourite food in the Encyclopedia. Better still, the gardener knows all about it. I have a vague idea of lettuce, radishes, potatoes, perhaps nuts."

"Cooked?" asked Parthenia. "Our cat eats cooked vegetables."

"I fancy not," said Odilia dubiously. "But we'll ask James.

James, the old gardener, was very wise on the subject of rabbits, had trapped them many a time in his youth, pronounced this the last rabbit in that part of the country, and gave particulars as to its age and sex. He provided the young ladies with succulent lettuce and parsley, negative suggestions of meat and bread and discouraging the assistance of Barking, the fox terrier, on the expedition.

"Dogs used to worry rabbits," he told them, and Barking remained at home.

Then, in the cool of the evening, bearing the lettuce is a paper bag and unwashed (the lettuce)—this last a discouraging fact—across the midnight vault of heaven. A strange and unknown old woman came before the Town Band played there his last performance, at which she set down before him a lighted brazier and burnt three of the nine books. She was desirous of selling. On Tarquinius asking the price, she proclaimed to be divine oracles, served for ever as a wilderness, a refuge for beast and bird which would otherwise become extinct. She immediately destroyed three other books, and quietly asked the same question once more. It is said that the woman then left Tarquinius, and was never afterwards seen.

It is said that the woman then left Tarquinius, and was never afterwards seen.

Aylus Gellius.
Views and Reviews.

I suppose that the land "campaign" will begin at some time or other, and I take this opportunity of stating a few facts which are more likely to be heard now than when the full flow of oratory is upon us. I am not likely to be accused now of being a defender of landlordism if I say that, in my opinion, the land question is not the most presssing one for us. The landlords do not exact the largest tribute from the producers of this country. Mr. Chiozza Money has shown that, of a total income of £1,840,000,000, as much as £234,000,000 is in the hands of a small group of persons numbering 280,000, or with their families, 1,400,000. Before I reveal the exact amount of the landlord's share of the national income, I want to state some figures which give a very clear idea of the extent of land monopoly. In 1873, says Mr. Chiozza Money, "it is impossible for any man to say precisely how many persons own British land. No Blue-Book on the subject has been published for thirty-five years. The figures I think give a very clear idea of the extent of land monopoly." But there is no reason to suppose that the numbers are, to any considerable extent, inaccurate. Writing in 1856, Emerson said that in 1852, and is forgotten by the present generation, although it created much interest and controversy upon its publication."

Again, of the figures I think, give a very clear idea of the extent of land monopoly in this country and kingdom. We have now to consider how much the landlords made by it. Mr. Chiozza Money has collected and tabulated the figures:

- From farm lands: £35,000,000
- From lands bearing dwelling-houses: £7,000,000
- From factories, business premises, etc.: £7,000,000
- From sporting rents: £1,000,000
- From mines, quarries, etc.: £7,000,000
- From other property: £6,000,000

The smallness of this total is not to be attributed to any generosity on the part of the landlords; they would take more if they could get it. But what I want to get quite clearly stated is the fact that the landlords are not the worst enemies of the producers. Mr. Chiozza Money says: "The people of England who owned 27,473,848 acres, average 719 acres each; 934,797 people owned 5,526,502 acres, averaging six acres each. Again, of the 934,797 small owners 703,289 people owned 151,148 acres, average one and a half acres each." While for the United Kingdom, Mr. Bateman's analysis showed United Kingdom land ownership, 1873, total area, 77,000,000 acres; owned by 2,530 persons, 40,426,000 acres.

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The value of this argument is determined by the description of the land tax; and I am safe in saying that no more pertinent judgment on our existing system of taxation is to be given. For the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, in their twenty-eighth report (1885), (I quote Mr. Chiozza Money), said that the impost was "in fact a Property and Income Tax, and consequently that personal estate was quite as much the object of the charge as land." The Commissioners after considering the provisions of the Act of 1692, which was "An Act for granting to their Majesties an aid of four shillings in the pound for one year for carrying on a vigorous war against France," continued: "It was not until 1697 that the tax was imposed precisely in the form which has been preserved to the present day, that is to say, as a fixed sum to be raised in the kingdom and to be paid to the Exchequer."

The words are: "And to the end the full and entire sums by this Act charged upon the several counties, etc., may be fully and completely raised and paid; be it enacted that all lands, etc., shall be charged by a pound rate towards the said several sums by this Act imposed."

There is nothing here to justify the "commutation rent" argument of Cobden; if the landowners made any bargain at all, it was a better one than he supposed, for they were only called upon to make up deficits. But the history of the tax refutes the too facile conclusion of Cobden that the landowners were really escaping the payment of their just dues.
For the Commissioners continue: "How the duty on personal estate was levied, or what was its proportion in the quotas, we have no means of knowing. All that we do know is that in Mr. Pitt's time it had dwindled nearly to nothing; and that in 1750 it was actually voted under the name of Land tax, and had become a Land-tax in reality. Thus we find in an assessment for the Tower Division in 1799 that the sum charged for personal estate was only £227, while the charge for lands, etc., is £29,954; and in one of the few accounts of later transactions which remain to us, that for the year 1823, we are presented with a return of £5,446. 10s. od. as the ludicrous result of a tax at one per cent. on the capital value of the personality of Great Britain. Far from the history of the "Land-Tax" proving that the landlords had shifted their responsibilities on to the ordinary tax-payers, it proves that the income-tax-payers had evaded the payment of their share, and burdened the land with it.

Cobden of course could not have known these facts; but they destroy the value of such exhortations as this: "Now you gentlemen of the middle-classes, whose windows are counted, and who have a schedule sent you every year, in which you are required to state the number of your dogs and horses; and you who have not wine, nor dog duty to pay, who pay the revenue for the support of that body which pays the money, because they are not taxed, but who have wine, and dogs, and tea, and sugar, and coffee, and tea, and who pay a tax on every pound you consume—I say to you remember that the landowners have never had their land re-valued from 1660 to the present time." That this does not necessarily imply an escape from taxation, our Income Tax shows. Schedule A, says, Mr. Money, "taxes the income from all manors, messuages, lands and tenements, and all quarries, mines, etc., tithe, rolls, etc." Indeed, the position now is exactly the reverse to what it was in 1662; for Mr. Money says: "It is also remarkable that whereas Land and Houses are placed in Schedule A, the first batch of our Income Tax of 1662 placed lands and houses in its third category. The Act of 1692, moreover, as we have seen, made the taxation of personality its first aim, and brought in a charge on lands, houses and other fixed property to make up any deficiency. . . . It is still true that a great deal of personal income evades taxation, while it is impossible for fixed property to elude the present moment. At the present moment the owners of land contribute fourteen pence in the pound of its annual revenue to Imperial Taxation under Schedule A." These facts put Cobden out of court, so far as the coming discussion is concerned. If we are only going to tax, a Single Tax, on income will be more productive than a Single Tax on land. In neither case will the taxation destroy the monopoly; for the problem of abolishing monopoly is not unlike that of catching a weasel asleep.

REVIEW.

James Hurd. By R. I. Prowse. (Heinemann. 6s.) "Mrs. Hurd and I sat on in the dining-room after Hurd had left us. Our talk at dinner had been unusually light and bright. Our talk had not been. Their talk was all addressed to me. Mrs. Hurd, however, talked on after James left us. What a wonderful night, she said. Do come for a stroll. I should like a stroll. We strolled in the starlight. It was a night of strange—a night with magic. It was a night of early summer. I paid my tribute to the night. Between Hurd and his wife had come some estrangement." And that maners on. Then the night again: "The night grew oppressive. . . . The depth of the night. . . . The night is variable. . . . something in the night is a breath of air that woman cannot write better than this has no claim to publish a line.

A Tour Through South America. By A. S. Forrest. (Paul. 10s. 6d, net.)

This is more interesting than the average travel-book because South America is not quite so well known as, say, the South of France. The volume contains some historical matter which is not unfamiliar; but, for the rest, it is made up of Mr. Forrest's personal experiences and impressions. The Panama Canal is dealt with at some length; and among other places visited and described by Mr. Forrest, are Columbia and Cartagena, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, Paraguay and Brazil. The volume is plentifully illustrated by Mr. Forrest, and really is quite readable, although Mr. Forrest could not omit the wholly unnecessary episode of the drunken negro. It is to be regretted that Mr. Forrest, "although profoundly impressed with the magnificence of South America's destiny, has not attempted to forecast the lines along which that destiny will shape itself"; he chose the comparatively trivial task of recording his less profound impressions, with the consequence that our conclusions of his efficacy are only imaginary. The book that ought to be is the one that Mr. Forrest did not write.

That Which Was Written. By Sybil Smith. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Two men "come to grips in the fight for a woman's soul." She has had an illegitimate child, whose abscending father turns up again, but is killed by accident; so she marries the new lover. There are no grips at all. The Gunn family is an illustration of things as easily as possible. A marvellously pretty girl is introduced as sister to the above lady, apparently for no purpose but to show what bold little hussies pretty sisters are and what vague bad ends they come to. That which was written was only a note concerning the child business.

Unpath'd Waters. By Frank Harris. (John Lane. 6s.)

Mr. Frank Harris once published some good short stories, but that is no reason why he should now publish some very bad ones. "Unpath'd Waters" is a poor and disagreeable book, with just sufficient bright spots in it to prove that Mr. Harris could do better if he would take more trouble. Unfortunately a quite fatuous amateurishness is always coming in to spoil his good effects. Fancy making Palestinian peasants of the time of Christ talk as though they were Englishmen of today, and put the matter of an undergraduate such a sentence as this: "I chaff a bit, but there's no harm in me, at least so the dear old mater says." (Lord Woodstock in "An English Saint"). Could anything be more shockingly farcical? Of the nine stories collected here perhaps the best are "The Holy Order" and "Mr. Jacobs' Philosophy," which are also two of the shortest. They are clever studies, but they certainly don't deserve that exaggerated praise which is apt to be poured upon Mr. Harris' work. Our leading master of the short story had better look to his laurels. They won't survive many more books like this one.

These tales deal with Christ, finance, Jews, magic, scoundrelism, and for the most part they leave an unpleasant taste in one's mouth. A good many of the characters are offensive, but the most offensive of all is the disgusting Gerald Lawrence of "An English Saint." There is certainly some real power in the writer who can make one so much as one dislikes Gerald Lawrence. Of all corrupt humbugs he is absolutely in the first rank, together with Oscar Wilde's Dorian Grey. But the story itself is hopelessly tiresome, and is no work of art. That is the worst of Mr. Harris. He is interesting in flashes, and he has a bookish idea of characterisation, but he has no unity, no sustained driving force, and, in this particular book, little creative ability. It is not enough to go about with an air of innocence just because "Unpath'd Waters" is a failure because Mr. Harris appears to have no convictions and a defective sense
of form, he can achieve a dramatic and moving clarity, but he can be astonishingly long-winded and dreary. His style is simple but unpleasing, and his dialogue is frequently as stilted as Ouida's. "Unpath'd Waters" is a bad book.

Capture at Sea. By Earl Loreburn. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Our readers will remember a short controversy in these columns a couple of years ago in connection with the celebrated Declaration of London. Earl Loreburn's volume recalls one of the features of that measure, viz., the proposal for abandoning the right of capture. This is not a particularly complex subject, but is largely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; and the reform may yet come about, as the author shows other such reforms have come about, in spite of the opposition of naval experts. The British proposal at The Hague in 1907 for the entire abolition was a bold and adequate proposal; but the twenty-six States which supported Great Britain were less weighty than the five that voted against her: Germany, France, Russia, the United States, and, to a certain extent, Turkey. Even if we assume that Turkey is now out of the way, the remaining four countries are sufficiently formidable. The London Conference of 1909 was no more successful in coming to an agreement about the ultimate fate of contraband; and the Declaration of London was not adopted, ratified at all. Earl Loreburn, confining himself, as he explicitly states, to the point of view of our material national interests, and not to considerations of ethics, makes out a very good and clear case for the abolition of the right of enemy capture, which, as he holds, is bad not only for foreign nations, but for ourselves as well. It is impossible to manipulate elementary statistics; and the figures quoted tell a tale which is equally intelligible to capitalists and statesmen.

One point made by the learned author is worth quoting:--

Supposing we are at war with Germany. It is commonly supposed that in such a case we could make no greater play with the right of blockade. It is thought by those who are uninstructed that we might close the Baltic to neutral trade with Germany by stationing cruisers at the entrance to that sea. We could not do so. Any neutral ship bound, say, for a Russian port could enter the Baltic if that were her immediate destination. She might have an undeclared load or a destination to a German port, and with complete impunity might go there with such part of her cargo as was intended for Germany. But, it is said, we could at all events blockade the North Sea ports of Germany. Look at the map. A neutral ship could go without interference to Antwerp, and if we wished to forbid her from proceeding thence to the adjacent German coast we should have to establish a blockade quite near inshore to bar access from the Belgian territorial waters to the German territorial waters. Naval experts must say, therefore, this could be safely and effectively done. Even if it could be done, we should still be face to face with the same problem as before. Antwerp and Rotterdam and all the other neutral ports accessible by rail to Germany could still receive seaborne merchandise and forward it to that country in spite of the blockade. Germany could go on sending her exports for shipment at Antwerp and receiving her imports at Antwerp in neutral vessels.

This is a very important point; and it is questionable whether the British Fleet, powerful as it is, would be equal to the task suggested here. It is not denied that the practice of blockade has been of great value to British interests in the past; but an examination of modern conditions makes it very doubtful whether we can still say that the practice is desirable from the point of view of our national interests at the present day. The reforms advocated by Earl Loreburn are now seen by naval experts themselves to be almost inevitable, and it may be that the publication of this calm and reasoned arguments will have the effect of hastening them.

Verses. By K. M. H. S. (The Holywell Press. 1s.)

It is a great pity that this singer should not have waited yet awhile before committing himself to print. His verse is unutterably crude, as his most obsessing thoughts. He is dashing about among the problems which so upset the immature, and seems to long for nothing so much as to take the Creator and shake him. We should feel inclined to laugh and have done with K. M. H. S., were it not for a sonnet which promises the attainment of manly, modest maturity as well as artistic power--

There is no greater human agony
When than a moving mouth is filled with words
It cannot voice into reality.

It is as though a group of fluttered birds
Were imprisoned in a chasm of the wind
And held by unseen agencies from flight
Through the unbarred air; or when they find
Their day-desires in fleeting dreams at night
There is in me some quick, chaotic thing
Which seeks creative fingers and a form;
But I am all unmanned and weak to bring
A calm hand to the spiritual storm;
Who might have been a beater rock that wrought
A sea of passion into form of thought.

The Red Horizon. By E. Rynes. (Elkin Mathews. 5s.)

The title verse sets forth a too lengthy dialogue between a Wanderer and a Day-dreamer. Miss Rynes has not poetry enough to justify her in writing such a long piece. The rhymes are very odd, duller than the two talkers; these, with tremendous solemnity, discourse upon the subjects which bring so much lively comfort to frail man when it is a great sage who explains them. Miss Rynes evidently believes in reincarnation. We hope that she will outlive many of her pretensions in this life, for she has written one of the two very heartfelt verses. "The Song of the Gull's Ghost" in the present volume is a creditable piece of work.

Fire and Wine. By John G. Fletcher. (The Riverside Press. 2s.)

Some terribly raw love verses of the press-kiss-upon-kiss-upon-lips order, almost all ending with a hint that she has not really got him though she thinks she has, agreeably give place to some amusing addresses to an editor and a publisher who refused "to publish my poems." The author warns the foolish editor how hopeless it all is to try and keep him out of things:--

Who knows in acid-bitten copper
His thought he need not fear to die unknown:
His immortality he cannot 'scape;
He rests, as rests the steel-grey granite stone.

There are many ridiculous outbursts in this volume, yet sometimes appear suggestions of truer moods, though few persons will care to seek for these amongst so much nonsense.

A Symphony. By Arthur E. J. Legge. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.)

The style of the title verses is what the ancient critics used to call licentious, a mixture of the serious and the comic, the formal and the uncouth, the beautiful and the vulgar. There happens not to be a line of poetry in the whole fifty-six pages, but one feels sure that this is a mere oversight on the part of the compiler who has borrowed everything else from Nature to tourists. The "Symphony" is not amusing, but perhaps it was not meant to be. Commonplace verses fill up the book.

Maytime Songs. By Annie Mathieson. (Goschen. 2s.)

Verses of a most curiously naive grandiosity, not at all oppressive, but composed in the approachableness of God, hence, as we think, her trusting temerity. She builds her verses almost in the shapes of the Cross and the Altar, and is not afraid. From another pen we might have abhorred the notion of the supreme being as the Supreme bridegroom, but, if we go on in this strain some of our readers will be charging us with Jesuitry!
Pastiche.

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Twenty more minutes!

The Young Man and the Girl were still sitting in their room—their round room with its round windows and its round harmonious wall was painted flimsy grey—like an evening mist—the chairs were slate-blue, and the carpet was an apple-green. Somewhat cold in effect it was, but just now by little splashed colour, by the bronze-tint of their divan, by the amber of the soft roses, by the daring aurora of her hair—aurora as autumn leaves and by the distant blue of her eyes which were as serene as a winter sky.

They lived in this Harmony of Colours because the whole world was living in a great Colour Scheme. The very roof outside the grey-stoned house was coloured greyish-blue, and dappled by the pale brick-red of silent, swifly-moving cars. For this was the Golden Age—the real and ultimate Golden Age—which had begun ten years ago, Anno Hominis Two Thousand. And now there were only twenty more minutes.

The Young Man mused with half-closed eyes and a faint cynical smile twitching at his lips.

"So Man at last was perfect... perfect in mind and body—were not His diseased or lunatic babies painlessly killed? Perfect in spirit—died His hideous sons commit suicide? And He was perfect in that artificial existence, Society... There was Equality, real Equality of Social Being. The balance of a fit long past, when some Fools had cried "Equality," while Nature was making some men wise. But now Equality was real, for those whom Nature blessed, Man had his... the irony of it—the face of it—tickled his subtle humour, and he laughed. Then his face became sad and solemn.

And Society was at peace! How different it was in these days! He had heard of a struggle to live in those over-populous times, centuries ago, before the coming of the Eugenists who had destroyed the family. Ever since then, indeed, excess of babies had been branded as a social evil: and in these days even the few who troubled to produce themselves had only ugly to do in the World Colour Scheme. The problem of life indeed was different. It was no longer the struggle to live: it was the struggle to die... It amused the Young Man hugely.

Yes, he thought, it all began with the Perfection of the Art of Living which took outward shape in this gigantic Colour Scheme. Everything on earth harmonised. Everything was one vast rhythmical blending of colours. Everything was pure to behold, pure to hear, pure to do. That was why they called it the licence of Movement. No one was to have restful change for the mind—there was no relaxation, no restful change for the mind: there was no freedom of movement—you might move on to the wrong colours, you might change the wrong colours. Yes, it was intolerable, this Colour Scheme. But you could not abolish it; you could not violate Man's Perfection. Retrogression was the one unpardonable sin. There was only one thing to be done—to eabolish Life. Again the face of it all brought a smile to his serious face.

The Girl seemed to be sleeping. Her auburn lashes had closed upon her dreary eyes. She was strangely beautiful in sleep, he thought.

"Ten minutes! How long it seems!"

"I knew it would come to this," he went on. "I remember saying a few years ago, when we had only just reached Perfection in Sound, that Perfection in Colour would be fatal. You see, we could go on with our wool in our ears, but we can't go about with cotton-wool in our eyes. We could avoid hearing harmony; but we can't avoid seeing this in the World Colour Scheme. At least, we are going to at last: we are going to die."

And he laughed again.

There was a pause, and they looked strangely at each other.

"Will you be sorry to leave me?" he asked. "We shall never meet again."

"Is it annihilation after death, then?" she asked, wearily.

"My dear, its centuries ago since we parted with the idea of a 'soul' to know us only reached social peace and happiness when we gave up the restless struggle to perfect the 'soul' for the restful and simple task of perfecting the body." And he mouthed the sarcasm in "simples."

"Yes." She looked at him sadly and discontentedly. She, like the rest of womankind, had taken this Golden Age as it came, without comment. But she had not been prepared for this Universal Suicide.

"Shall we kiss before we die?" she asked. "It's rather pugan. But let's pretend we are Man and Wife. Centuries ago, you know, they used to call themselves Husband and Wife. Shall we?"

"I was waiting," was all she said.

They rose, and together they sat down upon the bronze-coloured divan. Their lips drew near; their pale eyes flashed light for a moment into each other, and they kissed. Her auburn hair, the amber of their clothes, and the dull bronze of the divan, were a wonderful blending of colours.

"Good-bye," he said. "Another minute, and the Poison Gas will be diffused."

"Good-bye!"

Midnight chimed in low harmonious chords. As the last chord died away, through the open window crept in the Poison Gas. And into every house, over every field and hill, through every isle and land, poured out the deadly fumes from millions of gasometers, and curled and wreathed, and twined and killed. Not a human being escaped. Some men died by the streets, some died sleeping in their beds, some died singing in their baths. The Young Man and the Girl were kissing as they died. They had fallen hand upon hand. The Young Man seemed to be struggling for breath. Suddenly he raised his head from hers, and a ghostly smile phleated at the corners of his mouth.

"I have won!" he cried, in hideous, gasping laughter.

"It was my idea—this Suicide. I discovered the Poison Gas. And I have tricked Him... after all these ages... But he is tricked now! We are all dead... Ha! Ha! He has no more sport with... no one to play with... Ha! I have sold Him!"

"Who? Who?" cried the dying Girl.

"Why, GOD!" And falling back into each other's arms, they died. And a faint, ghostly wailing, like summer wind about the trees, softly echoed from the four quarters of the earth. It was the dying World's Sigh of Relief. E. H. Davenport.

THE BATH OF PSYCHE.

Oh, on a windy morn to-day I walked,
When beat my face the uncouth breeze unbaulked,
Bathed me in a much too primitive stream,
For up before my mind arose Supreme.
To Him who strung my heart was here,
Where college folk I saw a long and green,
Appeared he in shining brass was clad;
Although before he was an armed beast,
In all the world that wretch with may knee,
I bowed my head and then adored Him free;
But He at me did look just then and smile,
And down he went to drink the living stream.
A rustic cottage stood; from the vasty moor,
Sprang up before the door a woman's form,
Which disappeared at once before my eye.
The raging tempest stopped, and then a change
Came on the spot, a movement passing strange;
All signs of man had vanished, peace was now;
Where woman stood before there was a cow.—

The damsel proud, ethereal whose eyes,
Who glanced me up and filled a wretch with sighs,
I passed on, and entered college porch,
Where there majestic porter stood with torch;
As small as bug was I beneath the door,
While college folk I saw a long and green,
Appeared he in shining brass was clad,
Who when they saw me did not deign to doff.—

The raging tempest stopped, and then a change
Came on the spot, a movement passing strange;
All signs of man had vanished, peace was now;
Where woman stood before there was a cow.—

THE NEW AGE

AUGUST 7, 1913
At night I wandered home with thorny heart.
If all of about me saw I only part;
A lighted ball before me walked the sky;
I could not see through how near it lay;
A rain of light before me dropped fast.

My hand it could not reach, though out it cast,
I felt a mellow light behind my head,
But caught a sky-colour with the mind.

In their seats before me travellers slept,
Like in a moving mist the dead with wept.
To life again they came in fumes of Hell,
And brought to me the tears of Hell as well.

The sleep of death descended on me then
I dreamt I slipped the presence of these men,
And brought to me the tears of Hell as well;
Thou, those psalm-singing deacons of the damned Statesmen lands where lunacy, at least, is less apparent.

Moments, they mistake for the sighs of civilisation. For contented dwellers in the Soft Job State. He is being leaders in revolt, who are fast betaking themselves to the S.I.C. They have sprung forward, fully versed in their anxious care, and loving kindness. How that out of the banjo. And have they not also provided him with his daily picture paper, not to speak of the picture of the Chrysanthemum is in finding that he can no longer all-successfully compete with the new fields to devour. Not only did he steadfastly de-cline to think, but he set up a lugubrious howling lest it should be known he was making more than a bare living.

Along with the other dwellers in the Soft Job State, he despised nothing more than to be alone, with the result that by the exercise of his native prerogative, the grunt, he has reduced the noblest profession in the world to the level of gomme greenriders.

However, retribution is at hand. With contracting markets abroad, and the sympathetic strike beginning its rehearsals at home, it is more than ever necessary to the continued well-being of the M. L., Co., Ltd., that fresh blood should be drawn into the urban heart of the S.I.C.

At least yes, our Sidesmen, and the would-be Sidesmen, both have their country's affairs at heart. The minimum wage will close the land-hog's eye even tighter than now is, small ownership will tie him with a small holder's mit and strand him most effectually; and the steady stream off the land will become a stampede.

Agriculture being the Way Out of the Seventh Industrial Circle, may fairly trust its Sidesmen to see to the death of agriculture. The dwellers will rest content, and the Sidesmen will remain happy a little longer when buried in the sand.

Let us sing the virtues of Mutual Aid. MINCUS.

ADONIAS IN KENSINGTON.

They might have looted bargains at the sales (They really had a lot of time to spare). They might have practiced Carlyle's mirror scales,

Or sauntered in the Park to take the air. They might have read the journal that regales us with the latest German scare.

But in a drawing-room they took their seats to hear a paper on the Odes of Keats. You figure them (as H. G. Wells would say) Ranged stiffly round a sofa by the wall. An ancient gentleman in rusty grey Began a discourse in the fractious drawlWherein our clergymen are wont to pray— Which is make lack of thought.

He spouted verse, he quoted yards of prose (They really had a lot of time to spare),

Wherein our clergymen are wont to pray— Which is make lack of thought. (They were out of practice); they might have chuckled at the latest coon,

"Two lumps, with milk." "In town it's nice."

"Another slice ice." "Well, it's time now."

"How nice" that poem sounded, and that she was so much grieved to hear that Keats was dead. A whisper then was round concerning tea: Two ladies yawned, three coughed—all looked depressed—

Then tea was brought, and they fell to with zest.

The tongues began to wag: "How very nice!" "And only six-three of mine! Does her husband know?"

"Oh, such a frightful hat!" "Another slice?"

"Two lumps, with milk." "In town it's very slow."

"Don't breathe a word! I wish I had an ice."

"And how's the country?" "Well, it's time to go."

"So good of you." "His uncle is on earl."

"At least ten thousand." "What a clever girl."

The ancient gentleman in rusty grey Was purring compliments in mincing tones, Whereat a lady, waxing very gay, Tempted him with a dish of buttered scones—

He swallowed five before he came away, Stillish a rumble of digestive grunts, But yet unfinishingly he bore this ache—

Was not the cause of Poesy at stake?—

"Yes," they might have chuckled at the latest coon, Or let the cinema improve their mind; They also might have read the "Blue Lagoon"— Or some such fiction of the flea kind—

"Or else we might have gone to see "Typhoon."

"It is so soothing after one has dined."

But this I must confess: it really beats me why they went to hear the Odes of Keats. P. SELVER.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—The discussion of the National Guild System is provoking many questions in my mind, and leads me to request the publication of the articles to add articles on the following subjects:—

(a) An historical description of the social functions of an actual guild with modifications to show how it could adapt itself to modern conditions. I charge this appeal as the logical counter-criticism to test the first stage of the elaborated thesis. The phrase "counter-criticism" does not mean any Hegelian dialectic, of which I am innocent, but merely to turn from analytical description to historical perspective, from the machine to the process. Further, pedagogically considered, my mind (not unique in this particular) elaborates the thesis bottomed from the concrete, or historical illustration, than from the bare abstract analysis. Few of your readers are able to observe any large tracts of society at first hand. I would suggest an analysis of the historical and geographical evolution of various guilds, from the concrete form. My conviction has come to be that "value" cannot be reduced to equivalent terms of "labour power," but is a social element distinct from it, and is a product of society operating through the "market" or processes of trade. Of course, the most permanent element of value is quantitative labour-power. This goes without saying. The correct theory of value has a bearing on the concepts of "justice," "reality," etc.

(b) Further discussion of political action. I had discarded the common notion that "voting" is an exercise of "power" before reading the discussion in THE NEW AGE. But I still believe that it is worth while voting, if you have any idea what for. Without denying the cogency of your argument for economic power as preliminary to political power, I feel that your analysis is unimpressive. Is not the suffrage an exercise of that social function, which is an element in every contract or agreement? The psychological, as well as the legal, nexus that holds society together, that constitutes its social cement, and that gives virtue to social coherency, is that universal sentiment which is most elaborately and formally exhibited in the varying forms of the contract.

Government has always been by "consent." But, obviously, the consent has emanated from an exceedingly inert and "passive" majority. It is an unqualified with Rousseau's "Social Contract," I do not know how far the idea hinted at here is similar to his. But I am sure that any modern adaptation of an eighteenth century idea must be applied by much more mobile principles than Rousseau could have formulated. I do not believe that we can find our map of society for modern use in Burke, Rousseau, or any other observer, howsoever useful the study of his writings may be.

The most obvious defect with modern political institutions is the ignorance of the electorate of their use. Society has elaborated all this machinery without developing adequate intelligence to use it. Consequently, just as the priests easily arrogated religious functions to themselves, so that no one could be oficially religious contrary to the dictates of the priestly Syndicalists, so human society has become so complex, and politics so deviously abstract, that the unskilled layman is utterly confused by the whole technique.

Modern States are so delicately constituted that some sort of authorised consent is essential to their financial undertakings. Peaceful industry must earn the interest even on war bonds. Consequently, war must be limited to the recuperative power of peaceful industry. Contentment, political consent, and industry are equivalent terms in political technology. Should the electorate or even the disfranchised proletariat with consent be by refusing to vote, or by boycotting public functions, that alone would presage revolution.

(c) An article defining the political status of those not eligible to National Guilds.

(e) A discussion of the question whether mothers should be organised in a guild. You have recently emphasised the fundamental usefulness of agriculture, regardless of its "profitableness," and have also called attention to the necessity of the Army and Navy. If these have fundamental social functions, much more has motherhood.

May I interject the impression that most of the writers for THE NEW AGE are extremely well supplied with donor's libraries, art galleries—anywhere but in a "home." However that may be, two long periods of my own life have been spent at home, with an interval of fourteen years' scholastic sojournings. Consequently, my conviction is that of all human institutions, the "home" is the most badly in need of revolution and re-adaptations. A woman never made a "home," and cannot do so, under any hitherto existing conditions. Both men and women use the "home" for various utilitarian purposes, and under many conditions on all sorts of occasions. Some "home bodies" love it, more often from quiet habits than from any appreciation of its possibilities and real functions.

You manipulate some Nietzschean notions about women, but do not seem to have bothered your heads to examine their nature and social functions.

The elementary principles of the education essential to the establishment of the guild system. Most of our discussion of social questions fails to deal with education. Some assume that man is an ideal animal with magical abilities to adapt himself to any imaginary environment. Others assume that he is incapable of performing any other functions than those he now happens to perform, according to the vicissitudes of his class, opportunity, or individual ability. My own view is that a far greater revolution is possible for culture than for material welfare. The ignorance of the electorate of their use. Society can find our political principles ready-made for the recuperative power of peaceful industry.

Hoping that the writers of the articles on a National Guild System will interpret all my categorical statements in the form of questions, and find them within the scope of their present thesis.

New York.

T. J. LLOYD.

The Writers of the Articles on National Guilds reply:

(a) This is scarcely our province, but we note, with much interest, that many writers are now investigating the subject and publishing their researches. As these appear, we hope to make full use of them.

(b) We agree with you that "value" can be defined, apart from any concrete form, as a certain relation between society and the trade. In practice, we see no difficulty in the interpretation of a contract, between the State and the Guild. All the elements involved would be taken into account, and the final schedules of the deeds of partnership would indicate the relative "value" placed by society upon the various classes of work. If, for example, the State entered into a contract with the Guild of Railwaymen, the "pay" of the latter would be regulated on the scale of the social value of their services. This might conceivably be less or more than the pay of a Medical Guild, or of a Guild of Agriculturists.

(c) The function of the suffrage is obviously the right of every citizen. Given a nation of citizens politics is the duty of each corporate member. But our contention is that the present would-be citizens were the serfs of former days. If they were all Epicurean women, they would still be as subject economically to their masters: and political consent would be ordinarily taken for granted.

(d) An article on this subject has already appeared.

(e) Motherhood is not a public industry, and we should be sorry to see it developed to the extent to which the correspondent might as well suggest a National Guild of Sweethearts. Our articles deal with the organisation of industry, and are gratified to be assured that no private "home-note" has crept into them. Home is our personal affair, and we hope it will always be.

(f) An article in preparation on the subject of Education under the Guild System. We have already given hints of our views. They do not differ much, we think, from those of your correspondent.
THE EMPIRE AND ENGLAND.

SIR,—Reviewing Mr. Bryce's "University and Historical Addresses," I find, in the year issue of July 24:—"Our English Common Law . . . is the English Constitution . . . is not based on any written principles . . . we make up as we go along." The customs of Peckham may not be the customs of England, but the Common Law (usage), and the Constitution of the English is solely, I submit, of the sovereign British nation, of which both the English and the French are part. The Crown also is British, not English. Or, if the Crown, the Common Law, the Constitution, and the sovereign National government in Canada is either subject (i.e., inferior) to the English, or a foreigner. Personally, as matters are in this country, barring equitable conditions, I would prefer alienation rather than subjection. It is just possible that then the other un-English 30,000,000 Britons would join an English-speaking federation in the most progressive, and coming new commercial, centre of the world in the Pacific—a federation of the States, Australasia, Canada. England, and the English, could then crown across to Belgium, but there is really no reason, only idioxy, in this chortling over the British, upon whom they, and the British, depend.

But I had answered this, before I received your paper, in the enclosed letter (letter rejected as I expected) by the British Constitution Association's publication. A. G. CHAPMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "CONSTITUTION PAPERS."

SIR,—It is a common experience to men who think and write their own thoughts to find themselves barred from expression by the only authorities of popular orthodoxy. Perhaps I am wasting my time; but, perhaps again, you may permit me to briefly comment on what seems to me "Index's" article on "Parliament and the Constitution," both in your last number. "Index" appears to suggest that Parliament (i.e., means St. Stephen's) has no authority to change the Constitution. I agree. Yet "Index," who, for all I know, may be an Irishman, probably unacquainted with the English Constitution, as a Constitution, I understand it, should predicate the fundamental principles, though not the unchanging laws, of the whole nation and its governing administrative and legislative bodies. A national Constitution must be national. The British Constitution is nationally British, including all the British nation. But the Constitution, though of the nation, is, like the Crown, less than the nation, dependent on the nation. Sovereignty, in other words, expressed by the Crown, resides ultimately, wholly and solely in the nation. The Constitution must conform to the nation, among other reasons, this nation is of the British Empire, of over 8,000,000 square miles of territory. Hence, if this and the foregoing is true, the British Constitution, like Parliament, like the government of the nation, is greater than its empire; the mother state is impossible without inter-State co-operation. Imperial (empire) and National defence must follow an equitable representation of each State in foreign and in defensive affairs. Finally, may I point out that Parliament (any British Parliament) has no authority or power to change the British Constitution by Act, for the very simple reason that none of His Majesty's five State autonomous Parliaments can now claim to represent British national sovereignty. There is no National Parliament.

I have left myself no time or space to deal with Sir Graham Bower's theoretical deductions from the mass of quotations which constitute his letter. In one way one could print both of these, and say:—"Population flows to (high) wages." "Capital attracts population:": "Security attracts capital," and so on—"the wages of the money-easers of this country should increase. The same, for the other States of their kingdom. And, of course, his conclusion that a smaller yield per acre is conclusive evidence of a poorer soil is just the kind of chimeras that inexpertise would logically deduce. Nevertheless, what Sir Graham Bower terms the "poorer lands of Canada," which, so far, are still the least selected among, can be a matter of common knowledge, in their natural state are generally richer than any lands in England, in their natural state.

If one cannot consider the best welfare of the mass of Britain's inhabitants, then, I say, that this Land Question, as well as practically every other considerable problem before the nation, is an Irish problem, as a State question, but also, and predominantly, in its isolation, as well as the end of the Empire. But, after all, the British of the Dominion States are really not in any sense inferior to the English. They are only more British than the English.

For the above reasons, for other generally suppressed (for the Money-Power—its Press, its Parties) economic and political reasons, for historic reasons, and for reasons of fact, I claim that both the British Constitution and British Parliamentary authority have devolved to the Dominion States, and five Parliaments. Today, National sovereignty (the Crown is based on the Nation) is split up between five, both independent and inter-dependent, States. Thirty years from now the bulk of her overseas investments are, is relatively retrogressive. Empire is a matter of prestige, not of imperial—the Nation is greater than its empire) resources. There is no boundary, without British national cooperation in British national (five States) resources. German trade and real wages exceed Britain's. Her foreign trade also is probably less than Britain's next year. Britain's trade, where the bulk of her overseas investments are, is relatively retrogressive. Empire is a matter of prestige, not of imperial co-operation, I think. Of the sovereign Power's National prestige, English, Canadian, prestige is of little moment, if British National prestige remains intact. The sovereign Power is, perhaps, of the sovereign Power's National prestige, English, Canadian, prestige is of little moment, if British National prestige remains intact. The sovereign Power is, perhaps, as is that for the foreigner, a national Constitution.

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inter-State relation to British National resources and tendencies. Capitalism, to its sole profit, does this. But the Press and the pseudo-economists, and Parties, of this kind, do not encourage their public to think nationally. Who has not heard the phrase, "the bread of England"? to the wealth (or poverty) of the people of England? Both the nation, and its empire, are indubitably rich in illimitable resources. How does it profit our public? It does not. Empire is only a tax on this poorest, most glorious State of the Nation. Yet it could, and should, become a source of profit to the meanest of its citizens.

** MR. NORMAN AND "A. E. R." **

Sir,—Had "A. E. R." criticised my book in the most virulent way of which he is capable, instead of reviewing to misstate the contents of a book, I might as well reply by commenting upon the personal question, but one of truthfulness.

In his reply, "A. E. R." shows the condition of his mind in several points, the blind, faithless trust that Mr. Norman himself informs us is now out of date. I have never used a single language of "self-importance," which cannot really be relevant. The justification of the re-publication of a correspondence and should, become a source of profit to the meanest of its citizens. I am sincerely obliged to Mr. Potts for his correction in this letter, and not to the signatory to this letter.

C. H. NORMAN.

"A. E. R." replies: Mr. Norman is entitled to his opinion of me, but I do not come within that category. Apart from those personal matters (these natural antipathies are to be deplored: they obscure sense, and degrade style), Mr. Norman has very little to say... In his first letter, he said that I had made "several grave mis-statements of fact." I replied in detail, and I suppose that Mr. Norman has dropped that charge, as I am now impugned only on what I said in my second letter. It is true that I did say that Mr. Norman’s attempts to misunderstand me. For example, I said in my review that Mr. Norman’s correspondence with Lord Morley’s was not regarded as public affairs. I may also say that Mr. Norman did not extend an admission from Lord Morley’s secretary that Mr. Norman’s Indian correspondence had been officially tampered with; on the contrary, we were told that Lord Morley “has now ascertained that the Government of India have given no authority by which any letter posted at Calcutta could be lawfully intercepted by any postal or other official of Government. Any such action, if taken in this case by a postal official, was, therefore, totally unlawful may have been a case for suspicion, but we, the public, have no interest in his suspicions. If his purpose in re-publishing this correspondence was to refute the Indian postal service, I can only retort that Mr. Norman himself has told us that the reform had already been accomplished. In his last letter, he said: “Our statement of the correspondence with Lord Morley led to an abandonment of that policy of interfering with letters addressed to Englishmen in India.” I say that is a preposterous claim; Mr. Norman is not the man to make that change its public purpose and, in this case, Mr. Norman’s assertion is directly countered by the declaration of Lord Morley’s secretary. But if the publication of the correspondence had resulted in a change of policy (which is absurd), what possible object could be served by re-publishing the correspondence? As I said before, nothing but Mr. Norman’s self-importance could have prompted the literary value of the correspondence is nil. It should be clear from this statement that Mr. Norman himself has informed us that the correspondence is now out of date; if the Indian Government is no longer doing what it never admitted doing, no public purpose can be served by this re-publication.

Mr. Norman certainly did not say that he was acquainted with much greater persons than himself, and I did not say that "he assured" us of the fact. He told us that "it [the correspondence] was some measure of the methods adopted against much greater persons"; and it was a fair inference from that statement that Mr. Norman was acquainted with these persons. His reference to Lord Stanmore in his last letter supports this inference, although Mr. Norman’s reference to Lord Stanmore was curiously enough, was favourably noticed in The New Age, and I shall always be glad of having written it because it first brought me into touch with the present editor of THE NEW AGE. "A. E. R." is welcome to his greater persons. He also remarks: "The history of the imposition of the poll-tax on the Zulus is told twice: in 'A Letter' it occupies two pages, in 'The Honour of Liberalism,' it occupies 3½ pages. The former is the only authoritative, whereas the meaningless sentence is that the re-statement is repetition. This is quite false. "The Letter" has facts in it about the Zulu rebellion of 1879, whereas the other edition opened by the important news that "A. E. R." regards Mr. T. C. T. Potts as the authority on this subject, but not to the signatory to this letter.

THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Randall is incorrigible but marvellously adroit. When I point out that it was John the Baptist, and not Christ, who told the soldiers to be content with their wages, he angrily answers, "Never mind; Christ would have said it had it occurred to Him." Now, if Mr. Randall wishes to know the meaning of John’s remark, I taught that the soldiers should not add to their wages by pilage. This is all it taught. His words never had any application to the wage system. Do I mention Guilds? Then Mr. Randall is ready to prove:

1. That medieval guilds and "National Guilds" are not identical. (I never said that they were.)
2. That Catholicism did not invent them. (I never said that it did.)

And neither did Catholicism invent chasity or humility, but it encouraged them—as it did the guilds. Protestantism, however, went carefully to work, and liberately smashed them.

Then somebody wrote to you, sir, saying something (or so I gather from Mr. Randall, for I did not see the letter) about the communism of the primitive Church. "But," blandly explains Mr. Randall, "the primitive Church contained any number of cranks." Mr. Randall has a new christological theory. It is that...
Christ had an exoteric doctrine for the working classes and an esoteric one for His "disciples." This is really to say: "Christ had two systems of teaching; and to this day it is not understood by the working classes that Christ was preaching the wage system, although His disciples have not been in doubt about it." The italics are mine. The fact had been made public, but even the common denunciations of riches are only artful attempts to get the rich to renounce their possessions in favour of His disciples. Thus the parable of "a man who gathered priceless pearls" would explain why so many jewellers are Jews; while the undeniable liking that many Christians have for mustard all springs (vide Mr. Randall) out of the parable of the mustard seed.

I suppose, sir, that I cannot tempt Mr. Randall to leave his congenial thistles.

To go and browse on Paul's Epistles! If he has time, he may give food for an article on the economics of St. Paul, let him read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews—of those "who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt... They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, with fire; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, and naked, and hungry, \\

Mr. Randall's first answer is extremely ingenious. "The Gospels are full ofChrist: pick the one you like best." There is an answer to this, but I shall not give it now.

The Strindberg Boom.

Sir,—The boom was already in the air when I was on a visit to the States last year. Strindberg, they told me, was "coming": he was bound to come: he had come. I bowed before the prophetic insight of the critic, Mr. Randall. And I picked up another book. It bore the imprint of his age, whom we were prepared to honour. And in a moment the situation was explained to me. The contents' table, too, confirmed this supposition. Strindberg had come into another firm, and, as it was published by an English publisher with one only object—to be sold. Now this was possible only on one condition—that they were issued on such terms as made it possible for their publication to be equally remunerative to the publisher and 'the trade.' How could this be effected? Or how could any English publisher be certain that he would be warranted in speculating to the extent of translating, printing, and binding on his own account even such an author as Strindberg—here in poor, belated Britain, where translations, and everything else were in such a depressed state? No; the best and only practicable arrangement that could be made was this: I speculated, and I took it into the hands of the philanthropic publisher with one, only one object—to be sold. Now this was possible only on one condition—that they were issued on such terms as made it possible for their publication to be equally remunerative to the publisher and 'the trade.'

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—I cannot crave space to deal with all the points raised by your reviewer ("A. E. R."), on my book entitled "A Plea for a New Investigation into the Christian Science," but I must protest against the suggestion of any desire on my part to mislead my readers as to whether I am a Free Churchman or a Christian Scientist. I have stated very clearly my exact position, viz., that my own reading has led me to the conclusion that the philosophy of Christian Science is indefensible, and that my own experiments have proved to me the fact of Christian Science healing, and so far
confirmed the truth of its philosophy. Surely, I am not the less a Free Churchman because my endeavours to investigate the subject have brought me to this point, or because I do not feel competent to decide the issues involved?

I have presented a clear statement of the philosophy of Christian Science. I have shown that the philosophy is not contradictory, but absolutely logical from the assumed basis that God is perfection, and have pointed out the great issues that Christian Science raises. Your reviewer's remarks would go a long way to help me to organize the courage to face those issues, and had he shown that he possessed the mental capacity to deal with them adequately.

I venture to think that I am more than justified in assuming the general ignorance of an accurate knowledge of both the philosophy and the evidence of Christian Science, as there is evidence of this in nearly every reference to the subject by the writers to whom your reviewer alludes. I have given a list of notable members of both the clerical and medical professions whose writings on the subject clearly show that they have not understood it, and, judging from his article, I think I should be doing a disservice to Mr. Lea if I did not admit that there is a lack of comprehension. If, as he states, the fact of Christian Science healing is so generally acknowledged, it is sure to be known. For Mr. Lea's "last statement" cannot be understood by me, who am not ignorant of the subject, then no statement of it can be understood by him.

But Mr. Lea forgets that science uses an inductive as well as a deductive process of argument. If the Christian Science cures prove the truth of Christian Science philosophy, then the Roman Catholic cures prove the truth of Roman Catholic philosophy, and so on. But we reach a point when cures happen without any obvious relation to a philosophy; take this case from Dr. Bernard Hollander's "Hypnotism and Mesmerism," for example. "My first experience in private practice was of such practical value that I may be allowed to relate it. I was about to remove a supposed strangulation in the windpipe on the left side of her body, as if by a "stroke," consulted me, accompanied by her husband. I could find no organic cause for the affection, and the woman directed me to perform an operation which other physicians had either not inquired into or thought of no importance. When in child-bed, her room had caught fire, and she was rescued with difficulty. From that time developed the weakness and ultimate complete loss of power of movement of her left arm and leg. The diagnosis of functional paralysis and my hopeful prognosis surprised, startled, and awakened the woman, and it was not the opinion of other experts in nervous diseases. I had an interview with the family physician, and said that I did not believe paralysis could be caused by hypnotism. The patient was accepted, and, when hypnotised, not only did the patient walk normally and lift her left arm, but by encouraging suggestions she developed such power of resistance in it, that her husband had to use some force to paste the arm down. After a few sittings, with post-hypnotic suggestions, the lady recovered control over her limbs completely." What does that case prove concerning the nature of the universe and its controlling Spirit? Obviously, nothing. But if the cure had been performed by a Christian Science practitioner, we should have Mr. Lea saying: "Obviously, if the philosophy of Christian Science cannot be proved to be unsound, and cures are obtained in response to that teaching, and on the assumption that it is sound, then such cases are prima-facie evidence of the correctness of that assumption." Here is a case that is in no way connected with any philosophical assumption. If anything is essentially of the same nature as those quoted by Mr. Lea in his book; it obviously does not prove the truth of Christian Science. Further, is the only question is, has it any relation to the cures performed by Christian Science practitioners? The only difference is a difference of terminology, and that difference is not essential, for the cure was performed by the fact that a cure was performed. Obviously there is a power resident in the human body that can restore the human body to health; and the fact that Dr. Hollander, who is not a Christian Scientist, can utilise that power successfully destroys the fundamental assumption of Christian Science. For it was his "mortal mind" that restored the unity of God and man, and the lady's spiritual consciousness of that perfection, to use the Christian Science terminology; it was not his unconsciousness of that perfection that restored the unity of God and man. The suggestion "evil" that enabled him to destroy the illusion that was its cause. When we find that cures occur with particular accuracy and persistence, we may appropriately admit that the accessions to the cures. That we do not know the exact nature of the force proves nothing except that the nature of reality always escapes us, and we know nothing of electricity, for example, except as it is transformed into some form of force known to us; but we are none the less able to use it to do good and to understand it. I therefore cannot formulate the laws of its working. If we say, with Hudson, that "suggestion is the all-potent factor in the physical phenomena of the mind," we also say that nothing to our knowledge of an unknown force, nor have we conferred any power on anybody to perform miracles; but we have given that force a name, and it is in a formula, an essential factor of both hypnotic and Christian Science cures. But the Christian Science philosophy is thereby ruled out of court as an unnecessary factor. This, of course, only means that I do not understand Christian Science.

FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

Sir,—In replying to Mrs. Bertha Morley's criticism, I find myself obliged to say that the very description she sets out to ridicule is precisely the letter as opposed to the spirit of comradeship. "It is the comradeship," writes Mrs. Morley, "who would walk, ride, talk, study, and be a brother or sister instead of an ornamental adjunct." I am sorry if I have given the impression that women should be no more than this last—they should be no more than their husbands. Not so. I am willing to admit that the woman who is really what Mrs. Morley calls a "vital part" of her husband's life is she who cooks, sews, preserves, secures him leisure from the children, entertains, dresses, with good taste according to her station and apparent age, and never contracts a debt beyond her means to pay at the proper time. She cannot be ordering a household of five or more, but she can order a tea, a day of outdoor exercise, a country excursion; and she can be a comfort to her husband. Two-thirds of all the children are born on the night of the politique, the time of these is hampered by the warnings, the opinions, the classes of men are living beyond their incomes, men whose power and success are secured by an appearance of decent respectability; in fact, the class that is the"".
There is no question in my mind—no woman can prefer to walk, ride, and study with a man, no, not for the promise of his immortality! He would want too much in return. He would want too much in return. He would want too much in return.