It would be too much to expect of the South African Labour movement ideas still twenty years ahead of the English Labour movement. As we pointed out last week, however, the Labour leaders of South Africa have come nearer than any proletariat in the world to formulating their true demand, and one which will distinguish for ever the nation that first makes it. That demand, it is needless to say in these pages, is a demand for the ballot-box and not upon their jobs. They should it was with the final result that their instincts and their reason—

be remembered by clearer ideas than their own, liable to be influenced by more candid and discerning of whom realised that they must always appear to be the more reasonable until the latter has formulated its own aims and plans as clearly as the politicals have formulated theirs. Politically, as we have so often said, the case is simple enough to be understood by and to appeal to the most stupid. Use your votes to return Labour Members and leave them to do the rest. Against this clear conception the industrialists, on the other hand, can as yet set nothing, or nothing but the veriest haze of ideas. They can talk of striking, of sabotage, of capturing industry and all the rest of it; but how exactly to proceed they do not know, and what they should do if they succeeded in their strike they have no notion. In consequence, their efforts are throughout at the disadvantage of an incomplete idea. They fight for they know not what. Their hearts are in it, but their heads are not. At any moment, it follows, their heads are liable to be influenced by clearer ideas than their own, with the final result that their instincts and their reason—

arrive at cross-purposes. But no long time is required in these days to prove which of the two will survive—
is reason. Hence once more the collapse of the strike so soon as the strikers have found an entrance into the heads of the strikers. This conclusion, we say, will occur over and over again wherever the political and industrial sections come into collision until the latter are clear in their plan of campaign. Then, however, the end will be different.

Now what is the aim the industrial movement should set itself? It is not, of course, the return of Labour Members, for that is the business of the political section (if anybody's, with the formation of specific remedies for specific grievances; that is the business of the employers, and let them look to it in pain of seeing their profits reduced. To work of the industrial section that unique object, to make a plane as to include the smaller and subsidiary objects and to strive for it as if none of the latter were of any concern. But the only object which answers to this description is the abolition of the wage-system; and this, we say, should be the sole and single disinterested object of every federation of unions in the world on the occasion of a strike as well as during industrial peace. Utopian it may sound, impracticable and remote it may appear, but there is no other end worth a strike; and, in addition, it is the implicit aim of the other proposed means. What, for example, is the ulterior object of Labour's political action but emancipation from the wage-system? What, again, would a series of "reforms" lead to unless to the abolition of the need of reform, that is, to the end of the wage-system? In stating their object to be the abolition of the wage-system the industrialists would therefore be merely avowing openly the object which the other sections conceal under instrumental means. All the sections have presumably the same end; but only the industrial section can state this end without circumlocution. And both the means and the procedure are to our minds equally clear. There can be even less dispute about them than about the political apologists. Actually, it is defective policy on the part of the Press to allow it rests upon false assumptions. It assumes that the proletarians are in a majority, can be politically united, and can dispose of the capitalists of their property by merely voting them out of it. All these assumptions are ridicuously untrue. The arguments of the industrial theory of emancipation, on the other hand, will bear examination. They are, first, that any union is capable of creating a complete monopoly of its labour; secondly, that the possession by any union of this monopoly gives that union equal to the employers; thirdly, that under such circumstances any union could successfully offer its partnership as a union to the State or the employers. In either event, the wage-system, so far as that union is concerned, would be abolished. Hence it rests upon false assumptions. It is the business of the employer to voice some truth or doctrine? Not they. Do we expect the second baronet of the line to voice in clarion notes the policy and principles of the great British Press. Let us then quote his words in their naive and simplicity:

"There is no doubt that the advertiser realises that whilst our publications are read by all sections of the community, we comprise amongst our readers practically the whole of the people who have money to spend on things other than the bare necessities of life. For the purposes of our business, it is interesting to note that of the 400,000 who died in the United Kingdom last year, 355,000 left nothing, and that the other 45,000 left £275,000,000. I think I may say that practically every member of the class from which the 45,000 were drawn is a reader of one or more of our publications. Of course, numerically, the proprietors classes form only a small proportion of our millions of readers in all parts of the world, but they are a very important section of the public for the advertiser, who desires to reach those members of the community who have money to spend."

Here we have the mainspring of the British Press uncovered to our gaze by a publisher who knows a thing or two. The significance of this pronouncement lies in the frank recognition of the hitherto discreetly disguised fact that the Press is now the pimp of wealth and is no longer the guardian of liberty. The old protagonist of the Press, men who claimed to make public the truth as they saw it, are now a shadowy memory. Sir Frank Newnes, Bart, of "Tit-Bits," the "Strand Magazine," "Country Life," formerly part-proprietor of the Liberal "Westminster Gazette," knows a more excellent way. Whilst he is glad to take the pence of wagery, he prefers the pounds of profiteering. His first consideration is to keep in with "the advertiser, who desires to reach those members of the community who have money to spend." And "for the purposes of our business, it is interesting to note that of the 400,000 adults who died in the United Kingdom last year, 355,000 left nothing and that the other 45,000 left £275,000,000."

We confess that the candour of this publisher almost disarms us. What more can be said? Here in plain figures is the theory of "active" and "passive" citizenship, elaborated in our analysis of the wage-system, brought down to earth and commercially applied. Economic power resides in those "who have money to spend on things other than the bare necessities of life." In other words, the publisher depends upon the profiteers and dividend-mongers; there is no money in wagery, for it is the essence of wagery that it shall live only upon "the bare necessities of life. We are often reproached for a lack of generality towards other journals. In the case of our own publications, we can be ready answer that question by asking another: In what way does Newnes differ from Harmsworth or Hulton or Pearson? The methods and mechanism of these publishers are almost identical, so they start a journal to voice some truth or doctrine? Not they. Do they start a journal to strengthen some class or trade.
Advertisers will be forthcoming. If yes, yes; if no, no. Presuming an intention to start some publication, the first step is to secure competent management. Next, an advertising manager. Next, one or two advertisement canvassers. Next, an editor of some sort. He must be easy-going and always ready to meet the requirements of the business department—a frank puff here, a neutral business reference, and, on due occasion, a “write-up” (the term came from America, we think) in length commensurate with the size of the advertiser’s contract. Last of all, and of least importance, a few journalists are called in to do the special tasks, whilst the rest of the literary material is obtained from the various literary agencies, who charge the usual ten per cent. The organisation of the daily Press does not fundamentally differ from the weekly except in the more extensive “write-up” (the term came from America, we think) in length commensurate with the size of the advertiser’s contract. Last of all, and of least importance, a few journalists are called in to do the special tasks, whilst the rest of the literary material is obtained from the various literary agencies, who charge the usual ten per cent. The organisation of the daily Press does not fundamentally differ from the weekly except in the more extensive

The debate in the Commons last week on the maternity benefit is a fresh illustration of the anomalies into which the Insurance Act has led us. It was finally decided that a man could not give a clear receipt for the maternity benefit without the written consent of the mother. The man pays for the benefit, just as certainly as he pays for any other insurance, but the money goes, without reference to him, to somebody else. If any middle-class man were to effect an insurance for some particular purpose, and suddenly Parliament were to step in and divert the benefit without consulting him, there would be wigs on the green instantar. But the wage-slave is in quite a different category. With the consent of his own political leaders, a portion of his weekly wage is snatched away from him, supposedly in his own interest. With the compulsory payment of this money, he is entitled to certain benefits, and now Parliament steps in and calmly declares that thirty shillings of this benefit is not his at all, but is the property of his wife, who has a single farthing to do with it. When Mr. Lloyd George introduced the Insurance Bill he repeatedly affirmed that it was a strictly business transaction: for so much cash down, so much insurance benefit. He undertook to give ninetyninepence worth of value for fourpence. We are therefore entitled to regard this matter in a business way. John Smith has paid so much cash down, and, one of the conditions being fulfilled, becomes entitled to thirty shillings. Thanks to acclimatized and impatient young women like Mr. Snowden, this thirty shillings is now declared to be somebody else’s property, even though he has paid for it in coin of the realm. Without labouring the point further, we may as well come to the real purpose of those who engineered this little bit of robbery. In plain terms then, they are seeking to make wife-hood and motherhood an integral part of the wage-system. The man earns wages; therefore, say the feminists, a wife ought to have wages too. But as there is only one wage available, they want to charge a wage upon a wage. They will succeed, too, unless the plain man wakes up. We have times beyond number computed that the one great danger to be apprehended in this country was that woman would enter the wage-system just as men were leaving it. The conception of shallow and politically-minded feminists never sees beyond the bounds of wagyery and so, in this degraded fashion, they are quite willing to transform wives and mothers into wage-slaves—a wagyery within a slavery. The whole idea is so horrible that we have barely patience to deal with it. This at least is certain: If in the future marriage involves a legal partnership in wages, then we shall see the end of legal marriage and a new era of free unions. Apparently through the workers’ friends, but actually by its own processes capitalism thus destroys marriage.

The administration of the Insurance Act and of similar measures, including old-age pensions, with their innumerable anomalies and stupidities, only strengthens us in our belief that all this type of financial easement belongs properly to the Guild and not at all to the State. The economic requirements of the worker are obviously a problem for his own guild. Why, then, what can any bureaucracy know about it? The Guild can administer sanely and sympathetically and practically without administrative cost; the bureaucracy is expensive and clumsy and inefficient and unsympathetic. The State cannot pick and choose; it can only impose general
conditions that are of average application when, ex hypothesi, every one is equal to every one. It is better dressed and perhaps a trifle better educated, but we must remember that Bumble is still alive and going very strong. If we, however, visualise a Guild, how extremely complex become the problems of health and old age. One cash transaction with the Medical Guild and there we are. It is not necessary to put upon the whole transaction any than the abolition of slavery. When the great mass of British wage-slaves wake up to the possibilities of forming guilds by acquiring the monopoly of its labour, and making terms upon its demand, it is astonishing what a huge corpus of legislation will fall into desuetude. Truck Acts, Trade Boards, Factory Acts, Health Acts, Old Age Pensions, Sick Insurance, with their mountains of rules and regulations and orders in council and red tape and interfering bureaucrat acts, will all be flung incontinent upon the scrap heap. The abolition of wagery is not merely a revolution; it opens up a new era of scientific wealth production under human conditions. And what a funny, silly anachronism will the maternity benefit appear then!

**Mexico**

The strained relations between Mexico and the United States are only one phase of a great drama which was run up when the Republic of Panama, at the instigation of Washington, broke away from Colombia. This was followed by the Panama Canal enterprise and the attempted suzerainty of the United States over the whole basin of the Caribbean Sea. There is not the smallest doubt that the Panama revolution was engineered and financed by America. A revolution out there does not cost much. We shall endeavor to do it successfully for £50,000, but probably less would suffice. The amusing part of the episode is the anger and enmity with which President Roosevelt repudiated any privity or co-operation in the Panama revolution. Mr. Elhuyar exercised considerable legal skill in disowning it, but sensible men were not deceived. President Roosevelt felt very strongly that Mr. Root had not made out a convincing case, so he called in Mr. Philander Knox. That gentleman listened very carefully to Mr. Roosevelt's rhetoric and then delivered himself thus: "Mr. President, whatever may have been the genesis and exodus of the relations between Panama and Colombia, the stupendous success of the Canal is such that it is not necessary to put upon the whole transaction any superfluous taint of legality!" There can be little doubt that Central America is the predestined prey of the United States. Already, the American cartoonists picture Uncle Sam with one foot on Washington and one foot on Panama. That all that is merely a dream, gentlemen means to control, if not to govern. Most of the Central Americans would be all the better for it in a purely capitalistic way. Probably, Costa Rica is the only decently governed republic amongst them. America already practically owns Panama's banana plantations, and finances its coffee crops to a large extent. But it would take a large army to subdue it, probably as large as it took to subdue the Boers. San Salvador is harmless, Nicaragua is always liable to boll out with the least amount of sympathy, and Central America is going towards stability, so also is Honduras. All these Governments are staggering under debts too heavy to be carried and insidious in their origin. The majority of the bondholders in the British, and there is considerable sprinkling of French and Spanish. A few years ago, the British Minister accredited to Central America, Sir Lionel Carden, made proposals for the final settlement of these debts, and gained the assent of the Governments concerned. He was then backed by international finance house of Morgan was acting for the Government of the United States, and that if they wanted money they must send properly accredited representatives to New York. Meanwhile, the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan offered slightly better terms to the British bondholders, and were only too glad to deal with New York rather than with Guatemala or Tegucigalpa, or San José or any other miniature capital. In this way does international finance arrange matters. The British Ambassador was in this case, in co-operation with Washington, and so the way was prepared for the complete American hegemony of Central America. The only possible obstacle (apart from Mexico) to the completion of this programme would be the union of the Governments of Guatemala, Nicaragua, El Salvador and Honduras, and at the same time the politicians are striving to attain this, not because they love each other, but because they hate the Americans. There are, however, too many local jealousies. Now that President Bonilla of Honduras is dead, the one strong man in Central America, the President of Nicaragua, Cabrera of Guatemala. But he is not strong enough. Central American union remains a dream.

Mexico is quite another pair of shoes. It is strong enough to keep the American army busy for twenty years. It covers an immense tract of country, and is, despite its enormous indebtedness, immensely rich. American and British finance has poured into Mexico during the last thirty years. President Diaz, backed by international finance, maintained an outward semblance of order, crushing out remorselessly the least movement towards freedom of individual action. In doing this, he had the moral and material support of America and Great Britain, who, of course, ardently believe in liberty elsewhere. Madero, who finally drove out Diaz, was something of an idealist. He was murdered in cold blood because there is extremely small circumstantial evidence that the American Ambassador knew all about it and helped to hush it up. Be that as it may, Huerta, the present provisional President, is a brute and a blackguard, but he keeps his grip upon the army and so continues in his old position for the American Government to send an "adviser" to the American Embassy in Mexico City and yet to decline to recognise the Huerta tyranny is the last word in hypocrisy. It is not surprising that, in the circumstances, Huerta should intimate that this sham ambassador is not welcome. The moment it becomes known that Huerta has defied Washington and threatened force, the various factions, now warring amongst themselves, will close up in opposition to their common enemy. Thus it happens that President Wilson and Secretary Bryan are doing more, by declining to recognise Huerta, to consolidate Huerta's position than all the European ambassadors who have acknowledged him. The general conclusion is that, temporarily at least, dollar diplomacy has failed. It certainly cannot face a war with Mexico, for that would involve the destruction of hundreds of millions pounds' worth of invested property. And the war would be so difficult and onerous that British, French and German will have to hasten to come to Syria and Persian Gulf and the French to come to Syria and Central America to take the strain.
Recent returns indicate a numerical increase in the membership of the trade unions together with a marked disposition amongst cognate unions to amalgamate. It is reported, for example, that the National Council of General Labour Unions has come to an agreement to amalgamate all the general labour unions throughout the country. There are ten of these with a total membership exceeding a quarter of a million. If this be true—we do not vouch for it—it means a substantial advance towards that monopoly which is the condition precedent to the formation of guilds. But organised labour has still a long row to hoe before even an incipient guild would be practical politics. In our opinion, what is wanted is a constraining motive. These labourers' unions are very lightly consticted affairs, without special benefits, and with funds only equal to spasmodic strikes. This hardly constitutes a strong inducement to the non-unionist to join. We believe that the wise course for the men's leaders to pursue is to study and master all the implications of the wage-system, to realise the possibilities of guild organisation, and frankly to base their programme upon wage-abolition, labour monopoly, and the application of that monopoly to joint control with the State, with possible joint control. In a passing phrase, the movement is extremely interesting and encouraging to us to observe this growing reliance upon industrial action instead of parliamentaryism. We do not particularly claim any credit for it. We have all along contended that it was precisely these loose and amorphous guild organisation was inherent in the economic situation. These developments would be inevitable if we had never written a word upon the subject. Granted that the seeds have been sown, it is reasonably safe to prophesy the harvest. The words of this resolution, which he moved, did not signify the harvest. The curious thing is that THE NEW AGE is the only journal that has foretold the coming of this particular harvest, although everybody else has had access to precisely the same facts. We notice that, concurrently with this tendency to increase the membership of trade unions in political action instead of parliamentarism. We do not participate in the chorus of adverse criticism which greeted the fratricidal war, we will mercifully be- longing upon the exercise of political and industrial powers" and calling upon the workers to maintain political activities "since no great industrial dispute would be settled without Parliamentary intervention". We will therefore wrack the thought that Messrs. Wilkie and Hudson were competent union officials before they entered Parliamentary life. Their propagandist for Islam. Perhaps he is from the point of view of the outsider who may consider life from the standpoint of commerce, of industrial expansion and its correlative liberal creed whose basic demand is that all that interferes with exports and dividends must be swept off the face of things like some cobweb on the wall. Judged by this standpoint, this hard, soul-killing, system the line of action for the Turk is the very start; reaction is his crime, and he must suffer the full penalty that this unwritten law of economics pre- scedes factors for all with equal parcel of the power, and the centrifugal tendency. What is wrong with Turkey to-day is what was wrong with Spain not so many years ago. It is suffering from a political isolation arising out of intrinsic causes which have during the course of five centuries and more of military rule prevented intercourse with the more progressive States of Europe. During the last century beginning with Missolonghi, we have witnessed the gradual withdrawal of Turkish rule from three continents, and the formation of a number of States that were once tributary to the Ottoman Porte, but these. Instead of bringing about a closer intimacy between Europe and the Empire, served only the more to accentuate the centrifugal tendency. So that when the crisis arrived the Turk was rendered a transaction of greater facility than generally presumed.

The beautiful sunlit Bosphorus from the devastated plains of Thrace with their burnt villages, ruined cornfields, and death, and take a bullock araba beyond Tcham Lija, the Hill of the Pines, that looks towards Asia. Above us on the reverse, the serpentine line, the wheat and grass fields interspersed with patches of melon gardens and vineyards. The country roads are of the roughest kind, washed and we reach here by the winter road, and the rustic stone bridge is in such a state of repair that it is wiser to wade axle deep through the muddy waters of this particular harvest, although everybody else has had access to precisely the same facts. We notice that, concurrently with this tendency to increase the membership of trade unions, the Labour Party is conducting a campaign in favour of political action. Last Saturday, a Trade Union Conference was held at Newcastle (where was dot "programme" now?) at which Messrs. Wilkie, M.P., and Hudson, M.P., and Henderson, M.P., succeeded in getting passed a resolution "that the success and efficiency of trade unionism depended upon the exercise of political and industrial powers" and calling upon the workers to maintain political activities "since no great industrial dispute would be settled without Parliamentary intervention."

Mr. Laurence Morton, who has recently returned from Constantinople, writes to us:—

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The eastern opinion respecting the Turk has decidedly not been a favourable one of late years, and the recent disaster to Ottoman arms has, by tarnishing their ancient lustre, tended to add to the antagonism to the Osmanli race. Yet, so far as we can judge from the slight mention of such exceptions as we approach the Near East, is not far to seek nor difficult to conceive. In this deplorable state of things, Liberalism, with its "Bag and Bone" principles of home and foreign policy, the principle of Conservatism is hard indeed. Small wonder, then, that perhaps the most conservative of peoples should get more than their full share of opprobrium.

Now, the indictment against the Turk as an ethnical entity is that he is an obstacle in the path of progress, that he bars the way to Asia, and is an active propagandist for Islam. Perhaps the view of the outsider who may consider life from the standpoint of commerce, of industrial expansion and its correlative liberal creed whose basic demand is that all that interferes with exports and dividends must be swept off the face of things like some cobweb on the wall. Judged by this standpoint, this hard, soul-killing, system the line of action for the Turk is the very start; reaction is his crime, and he must suffer the full penalty that this unwritten law of economics pre- scedes factors for all with equal parcel of the power, and the centrifugal tendency. What is wrong with Turkey to-day is what was wrong with Spain not so many years ago. It is suffering from a political isolation arising out of intrinsic causes which have during the course of five centuries and more of military rule prevented intercourse with the more progressive States of Europe. During the last century beginning with Missolonghi, we have witnessed the gradual withdrawal of Turkish rule from three continents, and the formation of a number of States that were once tributary to the Ottoman Porte, but these. Instead of bringing about a closer intimacy between Europe and the Empire, served only the more to accentuate the centrifugal tendency. So that when the crisis arrived the Turk was rendered a transaction of greater facility than generally presumed.

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Current Cant.

"There is no reason why poetry should exist."—MARGARET L. WOODS.

"This is an age that lacks charity..."—DONALD ATTWATER.

"A democrat is one who wishes to boss his fellowmen."—JOHN BULL.

"Street preaching is being successfully resorted to in South London."—"The Tablet.

"We have to thank the Liberal Government for doing their best to bring down the price of food."—"Liberal Monthly.""

"Life after Death. Mysterious Message from Sir Oliver Lodge..."—DAILY MAIL.

"No one will understand our British politics who does not realise that on the whole and in the main the men who come to great positions in our public life are honestly seeking to serve their country."—AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"Evidence teaches us that the spiritual life, as we know it in our daily lives, did not exist among the early nations of the world, or they would never have been so completely wiped out."—LOUIS WAIN.

"Truly the answer to the question, 'Should a husband forgive an erring wife? raised afresh by the Hon. John Collie's picture at the Royal Academy, is not easy... It is all very hard and very puzzling."—"Evening News.

"It is more than likely that one day Mr. Alfred Noyes will write tragedies—a new 'Lear' or 'Othello.'..."—"The Academy.

"The desire to realise the beauties and wonders of the world has become more insistent..."—"The Observer.

"If one is ever to understand either the temperament or the lives of the Bronté, one must begin by thoroughly understanding their father..."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"If the plain woman of to-day were the perfect woman of to-morrow, let her push up her own vigorous growth in her own little hole."—S. P. O'CONNOR.


"One of the brightest features of our time is the enhanced love of colour, of landscape, of mountains, of flowers... Such tastes were unknown to the Romans..."—"Vane," in the "Referee.

CURRENT CLAP-TRAP.

"Oh, God! My God! Oh, Mother of my God!... I began to cry. I had not cried for months..."—HALL CAIN.

CURRENT SENSE.

"I have read Dr. Bridges, and do not understand him—that is, of course, due to sheer stupidity."—ARNOLD WHITE.

CURRENT COUNTY COUNCIL.

"The London County Council concludes a long sitting at five minutes past eight o'clock yesterday morning. About 3.30 a.m. Lord Haddo rose and asked the Chairman whether it was in order for members to play bridge during the time the Council was debating..."—"The Times.

CURRENT CIVILISATION.

"The Indian tribes in Elko, Nevada, have abandoned their ancestral chanting of weird songs and beating of tom-toms. The Indian to-day lets the band furnish the music, while he waits with impatience for the syncopated rhythm and the shoulder-shrugging shuffles of the Robert E. Lee."—"Daily Express.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

At the time of writing I do not know whether peace has been signed at Bucharest. But it was certainly not signed on Friday afternoon, although some of our evening papers said it had been—it had merely been "agreed upon"; and there's many a slip between agreeing upon peace and signing it. In any case, it will be well to remember that the Treaty of Peace drawn up and signed, whenever it is signed, in Bucharest, will be subject to the revision of the Powers; and this revision will be strict and sweeping. Austria has definitely made up her mind that Kavalla is to be given to Bulgaria and not to Greece, whatever may be decided by the Delegates now; and in taking up this attitude she has on her side Russia and Italy, who are equally strong against Greece coming into possession of Kavalla. Germany, too, will naturally support Austria. France is the only country willing to favour the claims put forward by M. Venizelos; but in view of the combination of Powers against her she will scarcely be able to press her point. France desires Kavalla to go to Greece in order that Italy's ambitions in the Mediterranean may be hindered—they cannot be checked altogether. The rise of the Italian and Austrian fleets is a matter of some concern to the French Government, the more so as this country can spare no ships worth talking about to counteract what is already a strong adverse force and is likely to become a still stronger one.

This Kavalla dispute is the main item in the Bucharest Treaty which Austria objects to; but there are others which, if of less importance, are nearly as troublesome. For example, the Enos-Midia line has been revised in favour of the Turks; but not to a sufficient extent to suit the views of Germany and Austria, while Russia, although willing to support Austria in the Kavalla question, is not anxious to see Turkey too powerful in Europe—that might interfere with her designs on Armenia. For the sake of saving their faces the Powers have ordered Turkey to leave Adrianople. But it is doubtful whether the Turkish army would obey the order to leave even if the Government gave it, which at the moment is hardly likely to do. The Turkish Government must at present be looked upon as a sort of buffer for registering the decrees of the army, and not as an independent force controlling the destinies of the State.

The attitude of this country is hard to discover amid much that is uncertain. There is no doubt in the minds of the far-seeing what that attitude ought to be. For the benefit of our Indian Empire, Turkey ought to be strong—not merely because we have so many Moslem subjects; but because a weak Turkey, like a weak Persia, is an everlasting menace to peace. So long as Persia is simply weak, without any definite steps being taken towards a Protectorate by England and Russia will jointly, so long will there be a feeling of uneasiness until the country is at last snapped up. A strong Turkey, in the opinion of very many diplomats who are not personally interested in the immediate outcome of the Balkan War, means that Adrianople should be left in the possession of the Ottoman Empire, that Turkey should station there a peace army of 150,000 men, and that, in addition, the undisputed right to the possession of Adrianople should be guaranteed to Turkey by the Triple Entente group of Powers. With half the Turkish Army (peace strength) at this point in Europe—or located, say, between Adrianople and Chatalja—and the other half at convenient points in Asia Minor, there would be no fear of sudden attempts on the part of the great Powers interested to seize and
Towards a National Railway Guild.—III.

Readers of a deductive turn of mind will already have formed some idea of the amount of national wealth (and potential wealth as represented by mental and muscular energy) which is dissipated through the existence of disintegrated companies which should naturally form one organic transit system. What causes, we may ask, have militated against the railway interests, powerful as they are, securing Parliamentary sanction to amalgamate the large trunk lines at least, seeing that concurrently with such sanction concessions in rates and fares must have been accorded, or the status quo preserved and labour demands met from income?

We can safely assume that if better and cheaper transport facilities were a real and pressing need of the trading community as a whole, economic power would so dominate political power as to secure its ends. But better and cheaper transit than that already supplied is not a vital necessity. So far as cheap travelling is necessary to business it already exists. Traders' contract tickets are issued at specially low charges upon the condition that the business passed by the firm over the line of the company which issues the ticket reaches a fixed annual value per ticket granted. Accredited firms only receive these tickets, and their credentials are "traffic."

All-round cheaper rates for goods (including minerals, livestock, etc.), would be of small advantage in that the percentage of reduction which could be made would be infinitesimal, and could not have an appreciable effect in the direction of improved trade or profits. In other words, the percentage of the selling price which is due to carriage is not great, and, though this cost does enter into all productions. Stability in railway charges is on the whole more essential to business purposes, and an all round reduction would carry many of the advantages to traders which accompany general increases such as the four per cent. advances recently made. Comprehensive reductions unsettle prices quite as much as advances.

The incidence of railway charges is, however, another matter, and everything here is favourable to the big concerns. They have seen to it in the past that the incidence shall fall as lightly as possible on those best able to bear heavy charges. Low rates obtain for large quantities and for staple trades. Goods from London to the provinces, and vice versa, delivered to the railway companies in the evening, are in turn delivered by them with precision to doors of the receivers early the day following. Goods trains between large towns are timed like passenger trains. In all these matters the biggest houses get the best attention. When it has been possible to play off company against company even to the point of receiving expensive and unremunerative services, is it to be wondered at that traders would oppose the building up of a private monopoly in railways which might ultimately be powerful enough to dispense a justice which is not wanted? Though the trading community is not one huge combination, it has its chambers of commerce and its associations, and in matters of policy there is always the fatal listening for wisdom from the men of the greatest wealth.

If stability in rates is a desideratum, precision in transit and deliveries is a necessity, and when this was in jeopardy, and, in fact, when transit had stopped altogether, traders were bound to see the logic of accepting increased rates to enable advances in wages to be given. Railwaymen's wages, low as they are in some
cases, can always be favourably compared with wages in other lines of business, whilst railway dividends do not exactly overshadow coal, cocoa, soap, alkali, wool, cotton, provisions, and other dividends. The greater the share of public plunder, the better the possibility of reasonable wages.

It is with railways as with smaller business concerns, prosperous times mean more generous treatment of staff. The more money out of the public wealth, the more unearned income to shareholders, the more wages to employees.

It should not be necessary to argue that amalgamation of lines would mean less cost of working. Anyone knows what would be the effect on the Stock Exchange of an announcement that several large lines were about to amalgamate with Parliamentary sanction.

The advantages are clear. Of what, then, do the disadvantages consist besides those to many of the trading community of which I have just spoken? The cry would be (to the public) violent displacement of labour. This is not a sound objection, as it would be easy to safeguard displaced labour by requiring compensation to be paid, and ensuring that labour economies should only be effected by such reductions in staff as arise by simple effluxion of time; and in this I am not overlooking casual labour.

The soundest objection is that private interests would be gratuitously presented with large ascensions in dividends for which not the least exertion had been made by them in the public good.

An unsound objection, and one which would be silent, is that a large section of the trading community is directly interested in and peculiarly benefited by waste. Contracts for materials would undergo a reduction in quantities needed to be supplied. Savings even of waste come out of some interest, and these are the interests to be "sacrificed." Again, prices do not rule contracts, as a railway company is bound to give the most tender consideration to the large houses who can give or withhold business from the company at their pleasure.

The objections I have indicated to private monopoly of railways are not exhaustive, but enough has been said to justify our consideration being next given to State ownership.

IV.

When anti-Socialists have comprehended the simple principles they combat and have been fair enough not to obscure the issue, they have revealed such a power of material at their disposal that in anticipating the probable effects of State ownership of railways one has unfortunately to assume that the commercial mind has few or no effective arguments to be openly put forward against nationalisation of industries in general or railways in particular.

Curiously enough as it may seem, however, socialists themselves may well object that their experience of State ownership has not accorded with socialistic principles.

Their avowed object is to secure to all workers the full reward of their labours, and it would be useless to blink the fact that in socialising (say) the post office, by the State, and the tramways or gas, or water, by the municipalities this object has not been achieved.

Labour incident to postal service, or to socialised tramways, gas, or water, has not been rewarded by its just share of the public wealth, and the "unrest" of the workers in these industries is merely less acute than in other businesses.

The cheapening of the postal service, street travelling, gas, water, etc., has appreciably reduced the working expenses of commercialism by contributing to the cheapness of labour; and the standard of comparison of labour's remuneration when State or municipal employees agitate for less irksome conditions, is always the wages paid by privately owned concerns.

If it even be conceded that the State or municipal worker is usually comparatively better circumstances than similar private labour this merely proves that a partial progress has been made; and the effect of the doles given to commercialism by means of cheap services or cash payments in relief of rates is lost sight of.

Penny postage might become universal with foreign countries and be of wide benefit, yet be quite the reverse to the postal employees themselves. Parenthetically, foreign penny postage will only become universal when it has first been found of some moment to trade, i.e., when the large foreign merchant houses see in it increased profits to themselves and have political influence enough to demand it.

It is the height of inconsistency for any party professing the doctrine of "the earth for the workers" to point, except within well defined limits, to cheap street travelling and doles in relief of rates as "benefits" conferred by municipalising tramways, or to universal penny postage as the outstanding "benefit" of the State post office, unless they mean benefits to interests which they profess to combat.

The unholy desire of the proletariat for cheapness in everything plays effectively into the pockets of the dividend pensioners.

It may be taken as a foregone conclusion that if nationalisation of railways could not be resisted by the trading community they would seek to turn it to account by demanding unreasonable concessions in charges and facilities with the certain knowledge that these would benefit their own pockets by contributing to maintain the wages of labour as near to subsistence level as possible, and the appetite of the proletariat for cheapness would ensure their willing and pathetically misguided support.

The conservative instinct of the propertied classes is against the restriction of their fields of operation by State enterprise, but the very tardiness of progress in extensions of State ownership gives them ample time to turn these almost entirely to private profit.

In a former contribution I have shown that amalgamation of privately owned lines would be a step forward, in the sense that saving of waste is increased national wealth. State ownership could not fail to show some advance upon this, encroaching as it would upon the fields of operation of private capital, notwith-standing the obvious disadvantages of placing a large commercial organisation such as the railways within the region of political influence.

The one bold step forward to a National Railway Would be easier, more effective, and, if established on sound lines from the beginning by a wise, enlightened people, of incalculable advantage, not only to railway workers, but to the workers in industries only remotely connected with transport.

In projecting a scheme for a National Railway I shall have more to say of both private and State ownership, and it would be by no means difficult for the Guild to conserve all that is good and worthy in both schemes whilst rejecting the false and artificial which is inseparable from private or pseudo State ownership.

HENRY LASCELLES.

O VITA! O MORS!

We eat : we drink : we loaf away
Our hours from dawn till close of day.
High! read light trash : the lucky sleep
(And so dodge boredom, sure and deep).
We, the unlicks, loll about
Finding boredom within! without!
Complete! entire! we ponder why
O'er the dull dead we waste a sigh.
We would, with one voice, willing sing
That Death, it has not any sting-
Finding boredom within! without!
Complete! entire! we ponder why
O'er the dull dead we waste a sigh.
We, the unlicks, loll about
Finding boredom within! without!
Complete! entire! we ponder why
O'er the dull dead we waste a sigh.

The Grave achieves no victory!

WILLIAM YOUNG DARLING.
The Folly of Anti-Semitism.

From time to time we see ominous indications of an anti-Semitic agitation. Should it happen that a group of Jews spring into notoriety, as, for example, in the Marconi affair, we may be certain that some journalist will seize the chance to attack the Jews as a race and Jewish finance in particular. These attacks, some open, some veiled, generally emanate from Catholics or Catholic sympathisers. It is fortunate that hitherto every attempt in this country at an anti-Jewish agitation has collapsed. An anti-Semitic movement, such as that engineered by French Catholics in France, can hardly be horrible and disgraceful, and as equally disastrous. The failure to exacerbate feeling against the Jews is not due to any want of race-feeling amongst Englishmen. It is a simple fact that in all essentials the Englishman is as nationalistic as a Frenchman or a Russian. Nor does the Englishman really like the Jew; on the contrary, the British and Jewish races are antipathetic. The collapse of anti-Semitism in Great Britain is due to an embarrassing absence of facts and data upon which to base such a movement. If the facts were available, British prejudice could be enlisted. But there are no facts of any consequence, and British prejudice, tempered by experience, luckily remains quiescent. We repeat that such a movement would be disastrous. Disastrous to whom? It would be a disaster to the democracy in its struggle for economic freedom, because it would divert our attacks upon private capitalism into attacks upon a group of individuals, most of whom are not only innocent of usury, but hate it as much as we do ourselves.

The anti-Jewish writers contrive the impression that if only our beloved country could, or would, cut itself loose from Jewish finance, we should soon all again be dancing merrily round the maypole. We are solemnly assured that everywhere in the British dominions, there, the Jews monopolise the gold supply and in consequence levy a tyrannous tribute upon commerce and industry.

It is odd that we never hear those complaints from British financiers, London lives to a large extent by supplying capital for every kind of enterprise. It supplies money to Governments to carry on war or pursue the arts of peace; it aids municipal coffers to build schools, construct harbours or lay down tramways; it finances mines, even equipping them with dynamo and steam plants. Everything is grist that comes to London's mill. Now it is certain that the overwhelming majority of men who frequent the City are pure-bred Englishmen. They are not exclusively Jewish; that was no matter of complaint, no loud complaints, no angry mutterings? The answer is simple: the Jews are not one whit more influential in finance than is justified by their numbers; as a race they are poor and not rich. Man for man, they do not compare financially with the Quakers or the Wesleyans.

There are historic and traditional reasons to explain the Jewish association with pure finance. Throughout Europe they were for centuries estopped from entry into the liberal professions: they were not allowed to practice law or medicine; the Universities were closed against them. They were driven from their pastoral pursuits and harassed and persecuted in industry. The only remunerative occupation open to them was money-changing. Not only was it profitable; it was safe. Before persecution they could flee, their capital intact. The tradition of finance, particularly in Catholic countries, was that money-changing and money-lending were ungodly occupations, fit only for Jews and men of low station. The result was that Governments arranged the finance through the agency of the Jews. This tradition to some extent survives in Austria and Spain, and, in less degree, in the Germanic States. In this way, it has happened that the Jews have become prominently identified with international finance. It is too readily assumed that, in consequence, the Jews control finance and cunningly butter themselves upon the needs and necessities of a suffering mankind. Such a conception is too grotesque to be seriously entertained by practical men. International finance—so far as it is confined to Government loans and official transactions—is a feasible commodity. Certain Jewish firms—notably the Rothschilds—have specialised in this class of finance and, as it is public business, their names loom large in the popular mind. As a fact, however, both in volume and profit, it does not compare with the financial business carried on by our great British banks. We have merely to conjure up the names of those banks to rectify any false notions as to the supposed dominance of the Jews in finance. The Bank of England, for example, is a far bigger institution than the whole consolidated Rothschild connection. But the Bank of England is a very small affair compared with such mammoth trusts as the London City and Midland, the London County and Westminster, Lloyds, Smiths, not to mention Parris, the London and South Western, the London and Provincial, and half a dozen Scottish and Irish banks. The capital, invested and deposited, at these banks is so stupendous that it could buy up every Jewish financial concern, not only in Great Britain but throughout Europe, without a tremor, regarding it as an important but not a particularly onerous task. It only requires a study of our banking system to show that an attack on Jewish finance is not based on any reasonable appreciation of the exact power and influence of Jewish finance, but rather on a deeply-rooted race prejudice against the Jews.

It must not be forgotten that finance is merely a regulation or safety valve of commerce and industry. It is part of a machine; and the whole is greater than any of the parts. The great staple industries—textiles, engineering, shipbuilding, coalmining, agriculture, foreign barter—these constitute the foundation of Great Britain's financial power. Every year they yield a sum varying between £250,000,000 and £500,000,000 for investment. This enormous sum is entirely—or at least almost entirely—controlled, not by Jews but by British profiteers and rent-mongers.

The annual Jewish sum available for the same purpose would not aggregate one per cent. of the smaller of these two sums. Any attack, therefore, upon Jewish finance is not merely hypocritical and mean but positively dangerous to the exploited classes, who ought to concentrate their attack upon profiteering and rent, and not be led into insane jealousy and so forget the real enemy.

So far as we can ascertain, it cannot truthfully be affirmed that the Jewish financier is more exacting than his British or French conferee. The price of any financial risk is much the same to Jew and Gentleman. Indeed there are many who would bear witness that both for integrity and moderation, they would be readily dealt with Jews as with London financiers. There is a story of two New York corporation lawyers, one Christian and one Jew, and business partners. After completing a law case for a wealthy corporation, the Jew asked his partner what fee they should charge. "How much do you think," came the question. "Five thousand dollars," suggested the Jew. "Shucks!" exclaimed the Christian, "fifty thousand, you mean." "Said the Jew, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." A certain kind of integrity is necessarily inherent in finance, and this integrity is found wherever finance is transacted—in the banks and on the Stock Exchange, or wherever it may be. It is neither a peculiarly Jewish nor English nor British virtue; it is merely a phase of the business. And so of the vices—greed, cunning, unconscious bargaining, callousness—they too are inherent in the occupation. Sometimes it is a Jew, sometimes a Christian, who betrays one or other of these vices. Always it is related that pays.
we survey the whole aggregate, we discover that whilst a certain small proportion of them are renegades or usurious or worse, the main body of them are hard-working, thrifty, and remarkably responsive to new and revolutionary ideas. The European Socialist movement to-day owes most of its doctrine to Karl Marx, the Jew, and derives much of its political inspiration from the example of Lassalle, another Jew. In Holland and Belgium the Jews play a prominent and an intellectually healthy part in the Socialist work of those countries. In Russia it has always been the Jewish Bund that was the real nerve of resistance to the autocracy. The American Socialist Party is largely dominated by Jews, who write and paint and lecture for their ideas with a wit and spirit entirely admirable. And we might incidentally remark that although one-third of the population of New York City is Jewish, it does not control a twentieth part of that city's finance. The Jews do not identify themselves in Great Britain with the Socialist movement mainly because that movement is so lacking in intelligence and is spiritually divorced from the world movement. Certainly we who advocate the abolition of the wage-system and the establishment of National Guilds have no reason to be ungrateful, for already a number of intellectual Jews, greatly in excess of their numerical proportion, have shown their knowledge and appreciation of these new ideas. We must not, however, be taken to approve generally of Semitic habits, influence or culture. There is much in Jewish life to be applauded, if not imitated; there is much that is properly the subject of adverse criticism. To be sure, they constitute a problem; but it is not a financial problem; it is a racial and ethical problem. The Oriental is in them and expresses itself in them in many ways. They are the children of long centuries of oppression, and that has bred in them the servile quality inevitable in subjugation. They are a race apart and probably it is better that they should so continue.

A Jew of ancient lineage recently said to us: "I trace my descent from Benjamin; who am I that I should marry into an upstart race?" If his arrogance amused us, we also admired it. We thought that we too be destined to "no mean city" longed to "no mean city" — an article in praise of England's Balkan policy, describing it as "characterised by the best kind of opportunism." I do not know in what the best kind of opportunism can differ from the worst; but I do know that the policy referred to, however splendid of its kind, has rested great indignation in the East. Throughout the Turkish Empire—I may say throughout the whole of Asia and a part of Africa—there is to-day a forward movement, an awakening. To hinder and distort that movement is an easy thing; to make about the present state of Turkey. I have held, and told the Powers that neither side would be allowed to hold its emigre's of the French revolutionary period—rich, well-educated people who, if reconciled, could be of endless service to the new regime. They are numerically feeble now, though the blunders of the young Turks gained them for a time the vote of the old-fashioned Muslims. The Young Turks returned to power—much soothed by the little period of reparation which many of them spent in prison in some peril of their lives—and anxious to repair their former errors. They returned to power upon the question of Adrianople—to save the place or die in the attempt. Though Adrianople fell in spite of them, their government was not overthrown, as the Kiamil Party hoped it would be. The grief was national, of Government and people. It is only fair to say the Opposition shared it. The feeling in the army was, I am assured, intense. Visiting the military school about that time, as a guest of some Arab students, I saw "Revenge for Adrianople" cut on desks and tables and stone walls. One heard the same sentiments expressed by common people in the streets. Many unwarlike persons swore to volunteer for the reconquest of the city on the first occasion. Even I took the vow, with the imam of our village mosque—a gentle student. We were to march together, side by side. But the movement came so unexpectedly as to defeat our purpose.

Finding that popular indignation did not turn and rend the Young Turk Government, some hot-heads of the Opposition plotted murder. I may here say that there is now hardly any political difference between the two parties. The programmes, as expounded to me, seem identical. The difference is now hatred between individuals, without an echo in the country as a whole.

Well, you know about the murder of poor Mahmud Shakket Pasha and his aide-de camp. The conspirators had meant to kill about five hundred other persons and practically extinguish the Union of Progress Party. This was regarded as fair vengeance for the much-regretted death of Nâzım Pasha in last January's revolution. The country was deprived at a most crucial moment of its thinking head—a man who looked beyond the troubles of the moment, and had a clear, consistent purpose for his country's good.

Twelve men were hanged for this affair, and many more were exiled, the city being, as it happened, under

The Significance of Adrianople.

A Speech by Marmaduke Pickthall.

I read last December in one of the daily papers—I think it was the "Telegraph"—an article in praise of England's Balkan policy, describing it as 'characterised by the best kind of opportunism.' I do not know in what the best kind of opportunism can differ from the worst; but I do know that the policy referred to, however splendid of its kind, has rested great indignation in the East. Throughout the Turkish Empire—I may say throughout the whole of Asia and a part of Africa—there is to-day a forward movement, an awakening. To hinder and distort that movement is an easy thing; to make about the present state of Turkey. I have held, and told the Powers that neither side would be allowed to hold its
martial law. This punishment seems excessive to us now. Remember, it would not have seemed so eighty years ago. Indeed, the Turkish revolution has been singularly bloodless, as compared with similar events in Christian lands. I say "so far" advisedly, for Turkey is still in revolution it must be remembered. The triumph of true progress is not yet secure, nor even the direction of true progress ascertained. It is most unfair to think of the Turkish revolution as a fact accomplished on a certain day; to pretend to judge of its results as if they were already visible. Think how many years France was in ferment, and do not be impatient with poor, harassed Turkey. Authority is still weak and too much to use harsh measures, opaquely is still murderous. If the Powers—as Mr. Asquith, I believe, has said they will—force Turkey now to give up Adrianople—which, if she fairly lost, she just as fairly won—all her internal enemies may spring from hiding to take advantage of the people's rage, and the anger of the army might increase disorder. Please do not think for a moment that I am referring to fanaticism. There is less of that to-day in Turkey than there is in England. I am speaking of a state of anarchy, of insurrection, perhaps, of a loss of life and fatal to the country's progress, which the British Government—if we may trust its protestations—has, or had, at heart. What Turkey now requires is a few years of peace-time for the revolution to work itself out, for the Opposition to grow used to new conditions, for the work of patriotic education, which has been so well begun, to bear a little fruit. That, and a little help from Europe. Is it much to ask?

In South Africa.

The second reading of the Natives and Land Bill (I take it for granted that everything concerning our native races is of interest to us) has been already reported. The Natives have been allowed to take over the land which has been set aside for them, and to build their houses and cultivate it. They are not to be allowed to make any improvements on the land without the permission of the Government, and they are to be paid for any improvements that they may make. The Government is to have the right to refuse to allow any improvements to be made, and to set aside the land for other purposes. The natives are to be allowed to keep their cattle and sheep, and to use the land for their own purposes.

Mr. Merriman, our doyen of politicians, after considering the question for thirty years, does not know how to be_do nonsense again. He wishes to gather more information, and he sympathises with his poor old friend, Sauer, because some inconsiderate members of the party have (fifty years before his ideas on the subject have matured) pricked him into giving a spasmodic kick at the air. For although the Government may appoint a commission (which will be costly in itself and in its findings), as far as any real relief to the country will result it is just a kick at the open air.

In the course of the discussion, a prominent Cape Member of Parliament strongly supported the Cape policy of granting the franchise to natives by claiming that politically the system has been a great success, although he was bound to confess (to the dire dismay of many of his friends) that socially it had proved disastrous.

Searce anyone will quote his words, Mr. Long, although his friends would far rather he had left the "social" confession out.

Politically, the system has been a great success! What is there in it? About the value of a hateful of credit, about the work of patriotic education, which has been so well begun, to bear a little fruit. That, and a little help from Europe. Is it much to ask?

With very few exceptions (these mainly from the O.F.S. Members) smugness, cant and hypocrisy ruled. The minister in charge of the Bill confessed that the measure had been hastily put together to meet outside pressure from a certain quarter; although for over twenty years he had been of opinion that the best solution of the native difficulty lay in segregation. His some-time leader, and particular crony, Mr. John X. Merriman has also carried that opinion about with him for twenty years and more, and now tells the House that he considers a lot more information is required before any definite steps should be taken.

Just as though the whole world was not clear on the point that a complete separation of the races on a mutually satisfactory basis would be the ideal situation. And all that is necessary to effect this is to clear away a few of the outstanding characteristics of human nature. Granted that our over-lordship and some correspondence would be insisted upon and not greatly objected to, this by no means simplifies the matter. We want all the best, and even good, ground the country possesses; we want the blacks to work for us and to work cheap; we want them to spend the money they earn from us with us again; we want to be good to them and civilise them and christianise them. Our segregationists generally want some of these things and others besides—but then the proportion of blacks to whites occasions them some fear as to the future, so that even at a little sacrifice to themselves they would like the native to be penned off in such a way that his encroachment on white preserves can be guarded against.
to a "Member for Natal, speaking with moderation, as indeed did almost all the Members" who "had another difficulty, that whereas natives were prevented from buying communally, the prohibition did not apply to Europeans. To this statement," he said, "in the past the natives did not occupy land communally. He was not there to discuss communal or individual tenure, but in his salad days read Herbert Spencer and Mill, who were rather in favour of communal tenure, and he was once infected by the idea, but experience had taught him the advantage of individual tenure." If Mr. Sauer had said in his honest days instead of salad days the House might have had a better rendering of the position, for to pretend that in this matter he is concerned with the interests of the natives is the rankest dishonesty. The clause is simply dictated through fear of them.

Coloured people are apparently excluded altogether from the operation of the Bill. They do not come under the heading of natives, and I have not heard that they are to be classed as white. I have before referred to the difficulty of defining the term "natives," and in this respect the Minister is in the loveliest hole imaginable with his present Bill. But this is to take the matter seriously again, and one must be ridiculous to be serious here. The Government, with the consent of the House, is simply fooling with the Labour Party. The Labour Party, when native affairs is the topic, is usually just a little less sincere in its public utterances than other parties. As a party, and for the most part personally as well, nothing would please it better than that a painless sleeping sickness should make away with every native in the land. There is nothing strange in this, and one would forgive them for confessing it. But just so much more is it nauseating to find the leaders supporting measures for separation of the races here. The Government, with the consent of the House, is simply fooling with the Labour Party. The Labour Party, when native affairs is the topic, is usually just a little less sincere in its public utterances than other parties. As a party, and for the most part personally as well, nothing would please it better than that a painless sleeping sickness should make away with every native in the land. There is nothing strange in this, and one would forgive them for confessing it. But just so much more is it nauseating to find the leaders supporting measures for separation of the races here.

Mr. Schreiner, who is supposed to be the particular champion of natives in the House, either had no views of his own or was afraid to express them. "At the first blush," he said, "the Bill did seem to be taking away rights and privileges which they had possessed in the past, and in the circumstances one could not wonder at the attitude taken up by the natives." He urged that the Bill be sent to a Select Committee.

Mr. Alexander, a Member for Cape Town, told the House bluntly that in his opinion the Bill was simply to enable farmers to get as much free labour as they wished.

For which relief, much thanks! - SEVOTA.

The Economics of Idealism.

Like Mr. Randall, I will here claim the license of an ordinary preacher, and class together under the name "idealists" all those whose quarrel with the actual leads them to advocate the substitution for it of a system of things more in accordance with the acknowledged principles of justice: knowing all the while that, especially since Nietzsche, the name "idealist" is disowned by many of those to whom I shall apply it. It is a feature of our time, distinguishing it perhaps from all other periods, and in particular from the time when Christianity first instructed its acolytes to render unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world, that our idealists insist on having their own laws on all mankind. The result is - for instance - that instead of going from his cradle to his grave with advices, directions, and admonitions. Education, commerce, sanitation, finance, government, they claim for their province, and no longer merely the things of the spirit. The question is - assuming it to be the aim of idealists to realise their solidarity and to conquer the world - whether in their policy of interfering at every point with the present system of things and of attempting directly to transform it, they are as well advised as the early Christians in their policy of abstention from all direct interference, of rendering without criticism unto Caesar the things which he claimed as his, and of welcoming even death and sepulchre as the surest prelude to the realisation on earth of the kingdom of heaven. Certainly, to achieve any success comparable to the mysterious and prodigious success of Christianity, our idealists would have to show themselves rather more indifferent to the tangible good things of this life than they are at present - rather more inclined to leave these good things to those who value them, and to content themselves in the possession of the one thing needful which we suppose them to have discovered for themselves. So long as our idealists proceed as they do at present, never realising their solidarity, and at feud with one another almost as much as with the world, the world will have little to fear from them. There is no 'idea,' however revolutionary, which the world will not know how to convert its own purposes. Indeed, it might almost be argued that in proportion as idealism succeeds in the application of ideas in the sphere of the mundane, it strengthens incalculably the forces against which it is arrayed. Is Nietzscheanism for or against us now? Is Tolstoi-ism? Is Bergsonism?

The great mechanical inventions which transformed industrial conditions in the north of England at the close of the eighteenth century, and afterwards throughout the world, were for the most part the outcome of the ingenuity and hard toil of humble village artisans such as Arkwright, Crompton, Arkwright, who devised these methods of simplifying their own toil. These were the Josephs who riveted upon the new Israel the conditions against which they now rebels. The result of the adoption by the world of these and various other ingenuous or humanitarian ideas has been the all-pervading impersonal overlordship of labour by capital, which, whatever may be said of it, has at all events an idealistic advantage in that it is impersonal and does not involve individually and directly the ownership of man by man, or at least permits indefinitely the modification of such ownership. The process is so vast, so unforeseen in its results from generation to generation, that if an idealist such as Jesus of Nazareth were to arise again we should hardly need to feel surprised if he refused to condemn it, and applied to it in some new form the doctrine of Providence. It would be a new thing in the modern world, however, if the new Jesus were to enjoin upon his followers the attitude towards the world, its wars and its oppressions, as did Jesus of Nazareth: the policy of abstinence from interference, the non-resistance to evil, as the surest means of overcoming the world. The difficulty would be persuading men to adopt this passive wisdom simply because it would ultimately lead to the overcoming of the world through the realisation amongst idealists of their own solidarity: idealists would require some present satisfaction. The greatness of Jesus appears in the manner in which he gave his followers this satisfaction in a "kingdom of heaven within them," calling it by the same name as the kingdom of heaven finally to be realised on earth.

We shall be accused of course of confounding two different things, the spiritual and the material: but that is exactly what we accuse our idealist friends of doing when they expect the whole of our sympathy to be with Labour in its doubtless justified attempts to get a bigger share of the good things of life. If it be a question, who has the best right to these good things, possibly the answer is, those who value them most. Only let us cease to drag in the Sermon on the Mount when we talk of the claims of Labour. The early Christians were very different from our Syndicalists and Socialists; and in nothing is the crass materialism of current thought more evident than in the common inability to see much more in early Christianity than a kind of equivalent to modern Socialism. The alleged Socialism of the Gospels was the mere by-product and outgrowth symptom of an attempt, probably unparalleled in history, to penetrate to a more secure and deeper hold on the meaning of life, and probably on that very account...
The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

DIFFICULTIES for English Government in Ireland were cropping up in all directions, which the Spurious Samarian tried to suppress with the aid of 40,000 troops and 15,000 police. But Parnell, almost in a casual kind of way, had forged an instrument, which, when used by a determined man, can bring the mightiest Government that ever existed to its knees. Parnell, speaking at Ennis, asked the people the following question: "Now, what are you to do with a tenant who bids you a farm from which a neighbour has been evicted?"

"Shoot him," roared the crowd.

"No," replied the Chief. "I wish to point out to you a much better way, which will give the lost sinner an opportunity of repenting. When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted you must show him on the road-side when you meet him, and you must show him in the streets of the town, you must show him at the shop where he visits you at the church and in the marketplace, and even in the house of worship, by leaving him severely alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry—by isolating him from his fellows like a leper of old—you must show him your detestation, he has been evicted, and you can depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to all shame as to dare the public opinion of all right thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of Laws."

Here was the famous doctrine of the Boycott. It immediately found acceptance and was adopted on a national scale. No man could long stand up against this terrible social weapon. Once the fatal order was given—boycott him—the object of the people's wrath was doomed unless he made restitution and purged himself of his offence. The servants quitted their masters, the farrier refused to shoe their horses, the shopkeeper to sell them food, the labourers to gather in the harvest, the congregation to hear Mass in the same church. At the fairs and markets no one would bid for their cattle. If it was sent over to England the sentence followed it, and cattle dealers were warned that the beasts carried the national damnation with them and they had to be left severely alone. Add to all this the exploits of Captain Moonlight and his gang. There was practically complete immunity for their operations, and it is easy to see that English Government in Ireland was at an end. Still, Buckshot hoped and struggled on, giving such assistance as he could to those landlords who opposed the national agitation and gathered in their harvests, often at the cost of a shilling a turnip.

All the peoples of the world were now watching the drama being played out in Ireland, and many of the Continental peoples showed their sympathy with the Irish in their fight for freedom by sending subscriptions and subscriptions. And there suddenly appeared a host of foreign opponents. The disinterested (?) foreign observer made his appearance in certain English magazines, and equally disinterested foreign commentators blossomed forth in the Continental Press. All these articles were, of course, reproduced in England, just to convince "Bull" what an exceedingly fine fellow he really was and how much he was entitled to the respect of mankind for his generous methods of government of the perverse Irish.

Said one of these impartial critics: "For the last quarter of a century I have had occasion to hear the views of all nationalities on the Irish question—Frenchmen, Germans, Hungarians, Belgians, Switzers, Americans and so forth, and they all had pro-English sympathies." How satisfying to a Parnellite to learn that he had the sympathies of all these peoples—and how generous of the disinterested foreigner to spend a quarter of a century going about the world to collect them. But—there was a very striking feature common to all these foreign productions. That was, they all agreed that the Parnell movement was being engineered from and in the interest of Rome. Wise people! It was really astounding to observe how many Continental writers had become, in a moment, as it were, possessed of every point of Irish history since the Flood. How familiar they were with all the "defects of the Celtic character"—and all the subtleties of "Bull." I often wondered at the time—who supplied them with their data? And how many pen-men the English secret service fund was then maintaining on the Continent? And, if all this was done simply to cover Errington's operations at the Vatican?

Anyway, it was all of no consequence so far as Ireland and the Irish were concerned. The national movement forged ahead regardless of all opponents, native or foreign.

But now there appeared upon the scene a more sinister figure than any: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had made up his mind that the Irish Secretary of State for Ireland through the destruction of his Cabinet co-
league, Buckshot Forster. To accomplish his purpose he first destroyed Forster's credit in the Cabinet, by charging him with being responsible, through his blundering, for the failure of the O'Connell affair in Ireland. Having undermined Forster in his own party, he next attempted to secure the support of Parnell and the Irish. For this purpose he drafted a Home Rule Bill of his own, and then employed an Irish resident of Walsall named Burke. Original plans carry it to Kilmainham Jail and submit it to Parnell. At the outset Parnell was inclined to be favourable to the Chamberlain scheme. But when he mentioned the matter to some of his colleagues, they declined to go on with it either with Chamberlain or his project. "He wasn't to be trusted," one declared. "He would do on them what he'd done on others, betray them," another one maintained. "He was only actuated by personal ambition, he simply wanted to show that he could succeed in an office where all others had failed," said a third. "Let him slide." Parnell accepted the view of his colleagues and the Chamberlain intrigue was carried.

Many years afterwards, speaking of this incident, Michael Davitt remarked: "He (Gladstone) had a rival in his own party in the person of Mr. Chamberlain, who had been coquetting with Parnell. Unwisely, I think, he underrated the power of Mr. Chamberlain. He refused to give him a place in his Cabinet which the member for Birmingham eagerly coveted, namely, the Colonial Secretariat or the Secretariat of Ireland. This was a fatal mistake by omission, for it is as certain as anything can be in history that had Mr. Gladstone given Mr. Chamberlain the position in his Cabinet he which he subsequently received from Lord Salisbury on leaving the Liberal Party, he would have been a Minister for the Colonies on the lines of his post-Matipha principles and a supporter of Home Rule."

When I was a boy I once heard Mr. Chamberlain make a speech for which he choose as text the phrase "Ambitious Littleness." In after years I was amazed to see how readily he overthrown the world to gratify his personal ambition, and I often wondered if there really was such a Nemesis waiting for the ambitious, as he had depicted in the speech referred to.

Wild Ambition, like a ravenous wolf pursued on by will, and seconded by power, must make a universal prey of all, and last devours itself.

How true! To-day he is a "Driveliver and a Show." The Conservative Party, thinking they scented their chance in the Irish difficulties of the Government, began to cry out against "coercion," and made a bid for the Irish vote in England by offering as an alternative to the present state of affairs, "a measure for facilitating the transfer of the ownership of the land to tenants who are occupying it; a measure which is just and reasonable to existing landlords." Here was victory with a vengeance. But while Liberal and Tory were indulging in the usual party game, the Chief sat in his prison cell, grimly watching the whole elaborate system of government which it had taken seven centuries to construct, going to pieces in as many months. "How is the no-rent manifesto working," some one asked Parnell in Kilmainham. "My own tenants, any way, are acting strictly up to it." We are the grim answer. Yes! that was the beauty of the Parnell movement, it was all embracing.

At last Buckshot was beat. The sham Samaritan, finding himself broken and abandoned by his Chief, resigned his office on May 2, 1882. On the 5th inst. his successor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, crossed over to Ireland to assume the duties of his new office. What occurred later in the evening of that awful day it is not necessary to detail here. On that eventful Saturday night, rumours of the awful tragedy passed from mouth to mouth. Rubbish! said the Irish. Burke! Well—possibly. Lord Cavendish? Never! They didn't know themselves. They were broken especially a stranger who it was well known had gone to Ireland with the kindliest intentions. Still; so long as there was any uncertainty no one could rest. The streets were full of people all night, waiting for daylight and confirmation or correction. At last when doors were opened by certainty, the Irish in Birmingham (and I should think the world over) were paralysed not with fear, but with shame. The horrid thing was so un-Irish, so devoid of point or reason that we simply looked at each other in silly astonishment. Remove Burke! Well, that might be considered an incident in the war. But the other? What harm had he ever done Ireland or the Irish that he should be struck down? The whole thing was incomprehensible. Who had done it? That became the sole consideration. There was only one power in Ireland so far as we knew who were capable of such a deed. Dublin Castle. What!!! Wait—oh, incredulous reader. Even darkers deeds than that can be placed to the credit of Dublin Castle.

Five years after the event, and while he was still alive, with his own knowledge and consent, the official life of Pope Leo XIII was given to the world. Page 433 contains the following note:—

It is still problematical whether the Phoenix Park murderers were not suborned by Dublin Castle officials.

Considering the nature of the publication where that suggestion appears I cannot suppose the astute men of the Vatican allowing such a thing to go forth unless they had some information in their possession which is not available to the outer world. Our original surmise may not be so far out after all. However that may be, the effect of the tragedy on the Irish in England was sudden and terrible. On Monday morning on hundreds of factory gates there appeared notices:—"Wanted, So and So: No Irish Need Apply." In a few days thousands of Irishmen were flung on the streets to starve. Then the battles began. They usually started with the children. A taunt from an English child, a blow from an Irish child in reply; and in two ticks, mothers, fathers, friends, relations on either side were fighting like mad. Of course the Irish got no police protection. We were in fact considered and treated as being outside the law. Wherever we had anything like equality in numbers this was of no great consequence as we could always hold our own; but where the Irish were isolated, as in many parts of the Black Country, they suffered terribly.

One result of this unfortunate affair was that a steady stream of emigration to America set in. Those who could afford it went at once, and those who had tried already in America asked to be assisted out. I went to Sheffield, where I remained some months. In the cutlery town I found, as usual, the slums occupied by the Irish; but I also discovered they were owned by their holy co-religionist the Duke of Norfolk. Here also, for the first time, I found the Irish poor eating horse-flesh. Every Saturday night a horse-flesh market was held in Pond Street, at which this meat was purchased for Sunday consumption. After a while I returned home, but could not rest. I had become bitter with the wander lust, and fancy suggested: try London.

One Saturday night in January, 1883, I stepped out of Eustion Station. When I got into the public street I stood transfixed. In a small radius there appeared the sign "No Irish Need Apply." The streets were full: of people all night, waiting for day-dissolve, but only to form again at another spot. At last I became conscious of what all the commotion was about. The fights had been to procure copies of the evening papers. Stopping a youth, making for the station, with paper in hand, I asked him what was the matter. "Arrest the Phoenix Park Murderers," he replied.

Shortly after, when passing up Saffron Hill, outside a gin palace, I came across a battle in which hundreds were engaged. Knives, bottles, pewter measures, glasses, stones, sticks, buckle belts, fist and foot were all being employed. What are they fighting about? I inquired. "The Phoenix Park Murderers," was the answer. I passed down Leather Lane, across Holborn into Drury Lane.
The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.

III.

Then Collectivists are in a quandary over the Fiscal Question. Finding themselves unable to accept either the position of the Protectionists or that of the Free Traders, the Fabian Society has formulated a scheme which is supposed to harmonise with the principles of Collectivism. In the tract entitled "Fabianism and the Fiscal Question," the Society suggests a solution for the present crisis, that the trading fleet between ourselves and the colonies be industrial, when the conveyance of goods might be made free to all. Surely this would not lead towards Collectivism; rather would it lead towards one of the worst evils of the present system which Collectivism proposes to cure—namely, the evil of cross distribution.

This brings me to the question of universal markets, while Collectivists generally assume to be a permanent factor in trade.

To some extent, of course, this will be so, and we must at the outset differentiate between a certain legitimate trade which in the nature of things must always exist, and its present abnormal development, which can only be regarded as symptomatic of disease.

That India should export tea to us appears quite reasonable, but why we should export cotton goods to India is not clear. The former is a natural trade, because climatic conditions will not permit us to grow our own tea. The latter, however, is not ultimately rooted in actuality, but owes its existence to the creation of artificial conditions, to the circumstance that machinery for the purpose was first invented in Lancashire, and that we can exploit foreign markets for our benefit in consequence. But this may not last. In the long run India must be able to manufacture cotton goods for herself, if the test to be applied is merely that of comparative cost, but when we remember that there are other factors in production which ought to be considered, and which will be taken into account when man re-awakens to the fact that profit is not the Alpha and Omega of production, the change is certain. The re-establishments of just standards of quality in production by the revival of art and the restoration of a sense of morality in trade demand the substitution of local for universal markets.

Of this there can be no question. For it is evident that one at least of the conditions of the restoration of the moral sense of trade is that the casher, as he is supplanted by the personal nexus in trade relation, and the restoration of a sense of morality in trade demand the substitution of local for universal markets.

Of this there can be no question. For it is evident that one at least of the conditions of the restoration of the moral sense of trade is that the casher, as he is supplanted by the personal nexus in trade relation, and the restoration of a sense of morality in trade demand the substitution of local for universal markets.

In like manner the necessities of Art demand the restoration of local markets. If beauty is ever to be restored, and the ordinary things of life are to be once more beautiful, it is certain that local markets will have to be restored. Art were healthy the wholesale importation of articles of foreign manufacture would not obtain. An artistic public would, for the most part, demand goods of local manufacture, the beauty of which reflected those experiences common to their own life. Thus the substitution of local for universal markets is desired, and the abandonment of the international ideal of the Renaissance and the acceptance of national and local traditions underlies much of the success of the present architectural revival.
A municipal tramway is not an asset, but a liability in the national ledger. It is true that the possession of a tramway by a municipality enables the community to intercept profits which otherwise would swell the pockets of the private capitalist, but this capital has not constituted such a tramway a public asset; it merely decreases the liability. A tramway is a liability because it is not one of the ultimate needs of human society, but an artificial one, arising through the abnormal growth of big towns and cross-distribution. If a man has to travel from New Cross to the City every day for employment he helps the tramway to pay its dividends, but he is the poorer for having to take the journey. He is perhaps richer by the time he saves as compared with the time he would have in having to walk. But the fact that a man lives in one part of the town and works in another is itself an evil—reduced to the terms of national finance it is a liability, and no juggling of figures can make it into anything else. Hence it is that while convenience may suggest the expediency of municipalities owning their own tramways, we are not justified in reckoning them as national assets, or in supposing that the change from private to public ownership is a step in the solution of the social problem. The same test may be applied to all the activities of Society—though the application of the principle will be very difficult. For exactly what in civilisation will constitute an asset, and what a liability, will often be most difficult to determine. Perhaps on due consideration it may appear that civilisation itself is entirely of the nature of a liability which man pays for by the sweat of his brow; that the secret of the present financial crisis is that civilisation has become so artificial that he cannot pay the price demanded. At any rate, the more we reduce the number of our wants the richer intrinsically we become as a nation. Hence it appears to me that granting, for the sake of argument, that the nationalisation of industry is possible, the proper course of action to adopt would be not to commence with the nationalisation of the means of distribution, but with production, beginning at the bottom of the industrial scale with agriculture, and building up step by step from this bedrock of actuality, taking care always to avoid the multiplication of works of a temporary character, and building for posterity. It is easier, because ever since the commencement of the era of commercialism, we have individually and collectively proceeded upon the principle of letting posterity take care of itself, that society has become burdened with an increasing number of institutions to satisfy the temporary needs of society, that we are becoming poorer. 3

Closely allied to the foregoing financial fallacy, and in some measure the cause of it, is the more or less unconscious acceptance by Collectivists of the opinion held by the Utilitarian Philosophers that the expenditure of surplus wealth upon Art does not operate in the interests of the community. This is an error—since from the point of view of national finance such expenditure provides a safety valve against which prevents internal complications. The cutting down of expenditure upon Art does not, as Political Economists appear to argue, benefit the people, owing to the direction of surplus wealth into new productive enterprises, rather in the long run has it proved to have the opposite effect of aggravating the problem. Let us take an illustration.

A hundred men are engaged in production; let us make an artificial distinction, and say that seventy-five are engaged in the production of physical necessities, and twenty-five in the production of Art (using the word Art to indicate those things which do not directly contribute to the maintenance of life). A man is invented which enables fifty men to do the work which hitherto had given employment to seventy-five. The balance of production is now destroyed, for there will be a hundred men competing for seventy-five places. It is evident, therefore, if production is not to be restored, one of two things must be done; either the hours of labour must be reduced all round, or the surplus profit created (be it in the hands of consumer or producer), must be used in employing the twenty-five displaced men upon the production of Art. Other factors may come in and modify the problem, such as the increased demand for utilities owing to their reduced price, but they are relatively insignificant owing to the fact that as it is not customary under such circumstances to raise the wages of the workers, the limit of the consumption of utilities is practically fixed. Neglecting this arrangement to provide employment for the displaced twenty-five men, disease is spread throughout industry by the destruction of the balance between demand and supply. They must find employment somehow, and so it happens under our commercial society they are used for fighting purposes, becoming travellers or touts in the competitive warfare for the trade which is now insufficient to give employment to all would-be workers. The benefit which the invention of the machine should bring to society is thus lost. The ultimate effect is not to cheapen but to increase the cost of commodities, since it tends to swallow up even the normal profits in fighting machinery, and prices have to be raised, or the quality lowered to make up the difference.

But the evil does not end here. For now, when the markets are filled to overflowing, there can be no mistaking the evil resulting from the practice to which an almost religious sanction has been given by our Political Economists, of systematically re-investing surplus wealth in new productive enterprises, since it tends to reduce wages by the over-capitalisation of industry in addition to raising the cost of commodities. The congested state of our markets makes it exceedingly difficult for new industrial enterprises to be successfully floated. Investment is consequently taking the form of converting private businesses into limited liability companies. Thus a private business with a real capital of say £50,000 is floated as a company with a nominal capital of £75,000; the extra £25,000 going in goodwill and promotion expenses. And now that the business has more Capital it will be apparent that to maintain the same number of operatives (necessary to maintain credit, if for nothing else), expenses must be reduced in every direction. Hence it generally happens that when a private firm is converted into a Company, unless a strong Trade Union exists, wages are cut down; if a Union prevents this, the old men are discharged to make room for younger and more energetic ones, while no opportunity is lost of increasing the price of commodities to the public or of adulterating the article to reduce its cost. This, it is safe to say, is substantially what is taking place to-day. Yet, on the whole, Collectivists, while incidentally regretting the reduction of wages, welcome the change as a step towards the nationalisation of capital. To me, however, this change wears a different aspect, for it is obvious that so long as we continue to accept the present principle of finance—that all capital should proceed to the least cost— and to harbour the utilitarian fallacy that expenditure upon Art is a dead loss to the community, the over-capitalisation of industry must tend to increase. The fundamental fact is that so long as the present principles of finance remain unchallenged, the mere transfer of capital from private to public ownership can have no appreciable effect on the problem, since a public body accepting these theories, must like a private manufacturer, put the interests of capital before the interests of life—and between these two there is eternal conflict.

3 Local taxation rose from £17,000,000 in 1869 to £40,000,000 in 1900, owing to increase of expenditure in Poor Law, Education, Police, Burial Boards, Street Improvements, Sewage, Isolation Hospitals, Port Sanitary Authorities, Lunatic Asylums, Baths, Washhouses, Road-making, Lighting, etc.—H. T. Muggeridge, Pamphlet on the Anti-Municipal Conspiracy.
Readers and Writers.

Under the impression that they were behaving in a very gentlemanlike manner, Press-men have been revealing in mawkishness on the subject of Charlotte Brontë's letters to Professor Heger. I do not know what virtue there is in treating a dead woman novelist differently from one's living friends; but assuredly no one of the writers whose opinions were expressed last week would have been an idealistic, mealy-mouthed, purblind partizan on the subject of the call-of-love-affair between Charlotte Brontë, aged 28, and her tutor, aged 56, married and with a family, if the former had been their sister or the latter their uncle. Dear uncle, they would have written, what are you now doing to encourage this unsophisticated country girl? At your time of life you ought to know better. And, my dear Charlotte, they would have said, for goodness sake don't make a fool of yourself. You are disgracing the family by behaving after an old goat. It is to be noted that in every instance her coy little heroine never committed herself on paper. The brute is bound to expose you sooner or later. He is a mere sensation-monger. That, I say, would, ten to one, have been the advice friendly given by any of the journalists whose comments on the letters I will now record. The "Pall Mall Gazette" (Mr. Garvin): "One of the most delicate and precious contributions to English biography and literature"; The "Star" (Mr. James Douglas): "A literary treasure"; The "Evening News" (Mr. Arthur Machen): "As it is, they are unique; the "Sphere" (C. K. S., the inoffensive): "Place Charlotte Brontë on a higher pedestal than ever before"; The "Daily Mail" (Office-boy or Mr. Fyte): "An event in English literature"; "Daily News" (Mr. Gardiner): "The secret of a heart-ache?"; "The Times" (Mr. Walter de la Mare): "Needs purity like her own to comment on them." What insufferable cant! The letters are not literature, they are no more delicate or precious than the hands being wielded by obscure spinster-to-day, they are not unique (I have received and instantly burned at least a dozen similar epistles), they do not "place" Charlotte Brontë's literary work any higher or lower than before; they have no significance in literary history, and comments on them cannot be too rambld to meet the case. For it is ridiculous to pretend that because Charlotte Brontë subsequently wrote novels of genius, she cannot have behaved like an ordinary silly and sexually infatuated woman at twenty-eight. The letters are better like (all and as I pronounce them the genuine article of sexual infatuation. What is more, Charlotte Brontë herself, however naturally she disguised her advances from the dubious minister, with a family by bleating after an old goat. Whatever you do, don't make a fool of yourself. You are disgracing the family by behaving after an old goat. Whatever you do, don't make a fool of yourself.

In the "English Review" M. Anatole France has been once again proving how hard it is for a foreigner to enter into the kingdom of another nation's literature. In the following passage he singles out Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of all men, for distinguished praise. "Je lis (he says) with les larmes de joie et de reconnaissance l'hymne de votre grand et genereux Rudyard Kipling, à qui je dois déjà les plus belles joies de l'esprit et qui remue toutes les fibres de mon cœur quand il célèbre la France comme l'amie de l'humanité." Two more completely contrasting propagandists than those of Anatole France and Rudyard Kipling it would be difficult to formulate. Their respective ideas are the ammunition of the two camps into which Europe is at present divided: Anatole France, cosmopolitan in spirit, humanitarian, Imperialist, jingo, primitive, journalist and gross. I do not say that they have nothing in common, for they are complementaries; and apparently have a common need each of the other. But apart from their personal relations, the association of the two names makes an incongruity. I shall have to make a fresh orientation of my view of M. France. He is capable, after all, of gaucherie.

For gaucherie, however, the editor of the "English Review," Mr. Austin Harrison, is unsurpassable. In an article on Francis Thompson, designed to be heavily critical, Mr. Harrison lays the charge at Thompson's door that he used too many fanciful long and out-of-the-way words. And this, if you please, is how he draws up his indictment: "Like a funambulist of words he is always trying to 'show off.' There is its constant and irritating sibilancy, its only too frequent cacophony, and again its turgidity, what I must call its stampetage. It is the diarrhoeic flux of language which mystifies, which shrieks and hisses by its persistent shock and turgidity, by its linguistic nodes and rugosities." Read those sentences and hear Satan rebuking sin! The value of Mr. Austin Harrison's judgment is indicated by his style. We can expect nothing better than his selection for a permanent place in future anthologies of this line from Thompson:

God send a mouth for every kiss.

The best I can say of it is that Mr. Richard le Gallienne might have written it; but I cannot say of it that no man could conceivably utter the words without feeling himself go hot all over—and not with pride.

The unnamed magazine I reported a fortnight ago to be about to become extinct was the "Blue Review." I have nothing to add now that the rumour is confirmed by my bookseller; but a question might be put to the "Daily News." Within a few days of the death of the magazine and when, in fact, it had drawn its last issue, the "Daily News" published a panegyric of the "Blue Review" as being quite a literary marvel of promising vitality. The question is: Did the "Daily News" know that the magazine had breathed its last? Or did Mr. Murry let concealment like a worm? I'll be damned if your damask cheek?

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the best i can say of it is that mr. richard le gallienne might have written it; but i cannot say of it that no man could conceivably utter the words without feeling himself go hot all over—and not with pride.

the unnamed magazine i reported a fortnight ago to be about to become extinct was the "blue review." i have nothing to add now that the rumour is confirmed by my bookseller; but a question might be put to the "daily news." within a few days of the death of the magazine and when, in fact, it had drawn its last issue, the "daily news" published a panegyric of the "blue review" as being quite a literary marvel of promising vitality. the question is: did the "daily news" know that the magazine had breathed its last? or did mr. murry let concealment like a worm? i'll be damned if your damask cheek?
The prospectus, I am sorry to say, of the new "New Witness" Company adopts the conventional city methods of appealing for capital. In a journal proposing itself to be Olympian ideals of purifying correction, it would have been better policy to err on the side of modesty and vandour in drafting an invitation to the public to assist in the work. Yet in the covering letter of the directors (among whom is Mr. G. K. Chesterton) we are informed in the usual spirit of touts' brags that "no other paper is so untramelled by Party considerations and so entirely free from the control of any caucus," as the "New Witness." Further than this, "no other paper has shown the same fearlessness or independence in its criticisms." It has "faced difficulties that none other journal has encountered." Nevertheless "the paper has found a host of zealous, active and determined friends." In still another letter, signed by Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the addressee is complimented on being "one of those who value the vigour and contributory criticism of public affairs." I take the compliment and proceed to prove my right to it as best I am able. In the first place, it does not appear to me to be scrupulously honest to claim for the "New Witness" a uniqueness that does not belong to it. The "New Witness" is not the only journal that is untramelled by Party considerations or entirely free from caucus-control. Other papers have shown quite as much fearlessness and independence of criticism. Other papers have faced difficulties quite as great as those faced by the "New Witness." Other papers—least, one other—have faced them too, without a host of friends, with, in fact, no more than a handful. Secondly, it does not appear to me to be absolutely candid to figure the prospective profits at a thousand pounds odd annually. The hypothetical balance-sheet of the proposed company is thus outlined:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Estimated Revenue</th>
<th>£4,512</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Advertisements at £50 a week</td>
<td>1,350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Costs</strong></td>
<td><strong>£6,072</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing, Paper and Stationery</td>
<td>£1,716 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editor’s Salary</td>
<td>£1,664 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advt. Commission and Expenses</td>
<td>£761 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office Expenses and Rent</td>
<td>£714 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Directors’ Fees</td>
<td>£210 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Estimated Annual Profit</strong></td>
<td><strong>£5,066 0 0</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I am not, of course, in a position to say that these figures are an over-estimate, but I can certainly say that the "Revenue" does not tally with my own estimate. Twenty per cent. of returns is a marvel of economic publishing, and an average of £50 a week for advertisements implies some good fortune in so fearless and untramelled a critical journal or some very able canvassing. As the contrast to this piece of arithmetic, I am permitted to state the corresponding facts concerning the *New Age*. They are here published, not as an appeal, but as a record for posterity—how soon to arrive I do not know:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Actual Revenue</th>
<th>£1,200</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Advertising at 5s. per week</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Costs</strong></td>
<td><strong>£1,213</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing and Paper Stationery</td>
<td>£1,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editor’s Salary</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steff, Literary, Secretarial, Publishing,</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accountancy</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rent, Office, Expenses, Legal Charges,</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Postage</strong></td>
<td><strong>£2,250</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Actual Annual Loss</strong></td>
<td><strong>£1,037</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

That, for anybody to see, is the best *The New Age* can offer to its "zealous, active and determined friends." I am afraid, however, a prospectus could not be made of it, save in a nation of gentlemen.

Henri Rochefort, who died an old man the other day at Aix-les-Bains, may have been incarnation Anti-State, but his sentiments were not affectations or mere deductions from his ideals, they were genuine. Mr. John Macdonald records, in the "Contemporary Review," an episode in his life which lifts him above the journalist, above even the publicist, into the kingdom of man. The object of his sympathy was Louise Michel, whom Londoners remember chiefly as an impossible enthusiast fury. As everybody knows, she never had or could keep any money, she never had enough to eat, or, at least, not anywhere to live, and she was always breaking down and miraculously rising up again. "Rochefort," says Mr. Macdonald, "sought her out in her attic. When she was travelling and lecturing abroad, Rochefort instructed his foreign correspondents to look after her. He bought her a country house, which she promptly sold; he gave her an annuity, which she mortgaged; he arranged that his tradespeople should serve her in his name: but house, annuity, provisions—everything went to the point of her not having anything with her." Rochefort once told me, "I believe the only time she takes food is when I insist upon feeding her myself. She is at once sublime and adorable and ridiculous! When I tell her she is killing herself, she replies, "Conversation is my life, my only life. But you yourself will die one of these days." A week later, Louise Michel expired suddenly, from exhaustion, at Marseilles, Sallow-faced, white-headed, red-eyed old Rochefort was the chief mourner at the funeral. What man in England to-day, as public as Rochefort was in Paris, dare make himself so splendidly ridiculous? Louise Michel in London would probably have been handed over to the C.O.S.

If the Booksellers’ Libraries’ Committee were as right as they were wrong in attempting to boycott Mr. Hall Caine’s latest novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" (Heinemann, 6s.), I should still feel disposed to resent their action. The only check that ought to be placed upon "literature" is criticism; and, for one, would have done my share towards counteracting by this means Mr. Caine’s poison. Unfortunately, however, the publishers will not tolerate criticism, which is the natural enemy of bad literature; by every device in their power they make honest criticism impossible; with the result that when they object to a work they have no other defence than to attempt to suppress it themselves. Mr. Hall Caine has been fortunately able to prove that they cannot succeed in this on all occasions; and I congratulate him on having escaped from their hands. But he must now expect to die at the hands of critics, for, in truth, his novel, which I have looked at, is pestiferous rubbish.

The renaissance of classicism now in slow progress in England must not be confused with a renaissance of the study of Greek and Latin. Form, which is the essence of the classic, is independent of any particular language, and may and should be sought in one’s own hands. Shakespeare’s "language, and may and should be sought in one’s own love of literature—first—in one’s own life first. To know Greek is not to be Greek, as Nietzsche said; neither is it to be Greek necessarily to know Greek, as Keats, for example, proved. Stendhal, one of the most "classic" of novelists, according to Nietzsche, started to learn Greek only recently. "T. P’s Weekly," out gave it up when he found that Shakespeare had managed very well without it. Ignorance of the "classic" languages, however, is no more a merit than a defect. They can be done without, but they can also be done with. The test is English. If a man writes good English I care not whether he learned Greek and Latin for the purpose. If he writes in a bad styk, all the languages of the world will not persuade me that he is a classic scholar.

R. H. C.
The Labour Ghost.

It was seldom that the mind of the managing director of Cumming’s Soap-Sud Powder was disturbed by anything other than purely business matters. William Hulker was not the man to worry or waste his time over such details as concerned the psychology of his slaves. One glance at the personal appearance of this man would be sufficient to convince an intelligent observer that the quality of his mind was not involved. There he sat, glancing swiftly through the morning correspondence, etc. Rather military in his appearance, his stiff, straight back dispensed with the curved rest of his swing chair. His head was bisected by a stern, merciless face, ornamented with a severe and well-clipped moustache, which jutted out at almost right-angles from his upper lip like a bunch of steel spikes. That he was thinking about something entirely removed from the present, was before, and beyond the hour, he possessed a stem, incisive look and walked into his office, bang-

He laughed and flung them upon the floor. He indicated the factory—"a sphere of sordid affair—one out of dozens? Hulker shuddered; he imagined a glass to dispage cartoon of a young and pregnant woman trampled beneath the car of Juggernaut. Leading articles bristling with fearful accusations—and then the subsequent inquiries. ‘Good God!’ Talbot’s face felt; ‘this paper must be exterminated.’ He folded his morning copy in four and placed it in his breast pocket, locked his desk, took up his silk hat, and went out into the larger office adjacent. He had made up his mind as to what he would do. ‘A very important job.’ He paused. ‘If he could, how things actually stood in the workshops between his ‘hands’ and the ‘Labour Herald.’ He passed over to Talbot, his assistant. ‘See here,’ he said, as Talbot rose to his feet, ‘I’ve got a job for you this morning—a very important job.’ He paused, whether or not he could, he only obtained ten? ’

Talbot nodded grimly. ‘A dangerous paper that, Sir—ruin the country, in my opinion.’ Hulker replaced the paper in his pocket. ‘I am of the same opinion, Talbot—in fact this rag is so dangerous that it must not be read by any of our ‘hands’; it will corrupt them—understand? Find out all those who read it and—sack ‘em on the spot. Tell them why, too. Good God! Talbot, they may be organised at this very moment; ready to strike at a moment’s notice. If they catch us down now for a week it would mean thousands of pounds loss for us—thousands of pounds.’ Talbot looked anxiously into his chief’s face. ‘What do you suggest, Sir?’ Hulker gripped the lapel of his coat and lowered his voice, ‘Send one of the lads round offering a halfpenny for every copy in the works. This afternoon will be a good time. Let the lad’s excuse be that he is collecting coupons or something—any excuse will do; they won’t suspect.’ He gave Talbot a meaning look and walked back into his office, banging the door. Talbot stood for a moment thinking, then sat down and wrote a note to the foreman.

Next morning Hulker was in a fever of excitement. He swung into his office and immediately sent for Talbot, who entered a minute later with an armful of ‘Labour Heralds,’ which Hulker seized ferociously and commenced to count. ‘One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—!’

Talbot looked puzzled. ‘Well, you see, Sir, it was like this. I sent the foreman’s youngster round in the afternoon, as you suggested, Sir, offering a halfpenny for every copy. ’ He paused. ‘Yes, yes, yes, yes—’ put in Hulker, impatiently, ‘and he only obtained ten?’
Talbot looked down at the papers lying upon the floor. "Yes, Sir, only ten—those ten; but it appears, Sir, that the night-watchman told him where to find them."

Hulk raised and lowered his eyebrows. "Where was that?" he demanded. "In the large waste-paper box, Sir—the general waste-box, where all our upstairs stuff goes."

Hulk bent down quickly, picked up the papers and examined them. "Why," he blurted out, "these are the ten copies I ordered—damn it. I marked certain libellous passages in the leaders—see here." Talbot stared at the pencil markings and smiled. "Well, Sir," he exclaimed, "if that’s the case there’s certainly no further necessity for any of us to worry about the 'Labour Herald'—since you are the only person on the premises who reads it."

Hulk swung his chair and felt for his pocket-handkerchief. "Thank God," he murmured, "Thank God," Talbot turned to go: "Oh, and Talbot—see here—burn those ten damned copies. . . ."

ARTHUR F. THORN.

Views and Reviews.

The controversy concerning vaccination is practically concluded, so far as vaccination against small-pox is concerned; and it has not been concluded in favour of the pro-vaccinists. It is true that vaccination is still compulsory; but compulsion that cannot compel is really farcical. The exemption clause is itself an admission that vaccination on a large scale is not possible against small-pox; and it is a tacit contradiction of the arguments for compulsory vaccination. On the other hand, the fact that there are, at Leicester, fifty-one distress warrants and eight commitment warrants not executed, and not intended to be executed, shows the absurd position into which the compulsory vaccinationists have allowed themselves to be driven by events. Leicester has made history in this respect. From being one of the towns in the kingdom with the largest proportion of vaccinated people, and also one of the worst sufferers from small-pox, it has become a town with a very small proportion of vaccinated people, and with very little small-pox. Some idea of the alteration may be obtained from the following figures. During the years 1871-2, before the "Leicester Method" of dealing with small-pox was known, Leicester suffered from an epidemic that so disorganised the authorities that no reliable record of the number of cases can be found. This was at a time when the authorities relied mainly on vaccination, and in 1870-1 the percentage of vaccinations to births was 90.8. But although the number of cases is unknown, the number of deaths was 360, which corresponds to a death rate of 3,673 per million living. The population at that time was about 90,000. In 1892-4, the population had increased to about 182,000, and the percentage of vaccinations to births was only 3.3. At this time, the "Leicester Method" was applied rigorously, with the consequence that the number of cases was only six more than the number of deaths during the previous epidemic, that is, there were 366 cases. There were only 21 deaths, which corresponds to a death-rate of 115 per million living. A subsequent epidemic in 1892-4 shows even more clearly the mitigating effects of the "Leicester Method," and the susceptibility to small-pox provoked by vaccination. By this time, the population had increased to 220,000, and the percentage of vaccinations to births had risen from 3.3 to 27.8.

The number of cases was 731, the number of deaths was 36, which corresponds to a death-rate of 16 per million living. It is clear from these figures that the lowest number of cases and of deaths accompanies the smallest proportion of vaccinations to births; and the absolute failure of vaccination as a prophylactic against small-pox is therefore most striking.

To anyone not acquainted with the history of govern-

ment, it would seem that a community that had reduced the mortality from small-pox from 3,673 to 115 per million living, by means other than vaccination, ought to have received some public honour; and that the persons responsible for the reasons of the 92.8 per cent. of the deaths were not being vaccinated, ought to have been held morally responsible for the deaths. But, of course, the reverse is the case. Leicester has been subjected to all the rigours of the law. From 1694 to 1884, over 6,000 summonses had been issued against parents, who were brought before the magistrates; and there were sixty-four commitments to prison, including three mothers, all of whom were put in goal; nearly 200 summonses were granted with costs, and between £2,000 and £3,000 were paid in fines and costs. The details of the agitation against vaccination in Leicester are to be found in Mr. Biggs's book; let it suffice here to say that by 1899, when the Vaccination Officer retired, the Guardians of Leicester had become so convinced of the downright harmlessness of vaccination that they refused to appoint a successor. There were other reasons as well; indeed, the Guardians of Leicester made an historic fight on behalf of local against central government, and against the imposition of officers beyond the law. The Local Government Board, on the strength of the 1867 Act, and of their own order in 1898, set up the preposterous claim that the Vaccination Officer could prosecute either on his own initiative, without the authority of the Guardians, and in the name of the very Guardians who were brought before the magistrates. The Local Government Board, this pretended and non-existent power is a serious menace to local self-government, and ought to be suppressed. It is therefore the case. Leicester has made an historic fight on behalf of local against central government, and against the imposition of officers beyond the law. The Local Government Board, on the strength of the 1867 Act, and of their own order in 1898, set up the preposterous claim that the Vaccination Officer could prosecute either on his own initiative, without the authority of the Guardians, and in the name of the very Guardians who were brought before the magistrates. The Local Government Board, this pretended and non-existent power is a serious menace to local self-government, and ought to be suppressed. In consequence of the Guardians refusing to appoint an officer who would be paid by them, but would not be subject to their authority, the famous "Mandamus" was issued. The Local Government Board, of course, won the case; and "a Vaccination Officer was appointed by the abetment of those who opposed the appointment, one vote being cast against."

If the facts and figures in this book of 754 pages, including appendices, related only to vaccination against small-pox, its publication would have been well warranted. But Mr. Biggs shows that the seven principal zymotic diseases, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, simple fevers, and diarrhoea, rise and fall synchronously with the amount of vaccination. "Indeed," he says, "the zymotic death rate was already falling when the more stringent enforcement of vaccination, in and about 1864, apparently caused a substantial rise in the mortality. It increased from 4,616 to 5,192 in 1864 to 1865, and in 1865 to 1866, and in 1866 to 1867, and that at a time when, owing to improving sanitation and conditions of life, there should naturally have been an appreciable and continuous fall. But it was reserved for the years 1868-72, when vaccination was at its nadir, and the death rate from these seven diseases. With vaccinations over 90 per cent. of the births, the zymotic death-rate rose to..."
the enormous figure of 6,852 per million. There is but little vaccination in Leicester now, no small-pox, and the death rate from the seventy odd principal zymotics has fallen in 1908-10 to the almost incredibly low figure of only 1,153 per million. What has achieved this astounding revolution? Certainly not vaccination. It is the direct outcome of active, persistent, and solid progress in sanitation, which, in its broadest sense, covers the entire exclusion of the absolutely insanitary and disease-diffusing practice of cow-poxing."

At a time when vaccines, and serums, and anti-toxins are increasing in numbers, and are hailed as the only prophylactics and remedies, this book is more than welcome. Had Mr. Biggs confined his attention only to the little vaccination in Leicester now, no small-pox, and the enormous figure of 6,852 per million. There is but a瑛ly adoption by the medical profession.

Our new genius chooses to exploit the hexameter for describing a train-journey. We can only say that we hope no train which ever may carry us will pull up with the horrid jerk of most of Mr. Davis' lines. And now we dart off unrestrained, with gluttonous hunger of speed.

Each halt hath more fully enrag'd us like a pack long checked in the lead. As runners, beset, swifter course—over obstacles faster we fly.

In matter and metre both it sounds uncommonly like the aftermath of the dining-car. Mr. Davis had another unforgettable adventure when he stared at a work-girl without finding in what he may excel. Our present author assures us that the poor tired creature was helplessly yearning with voluptuousness. But enough of Mr. Davis!

REVIEW.

Rhymes of a Rounder. By Tom McInnes. (Broadway Publishing Co.)

In a tolerably interesting essay Mr. McInnes gives us the story of this, his book. He was used to frequent the shop of an old bookseller who, says our author, almost on sight mistook him for a decadent, and assisted him in procuring the books of his supposed natural taste. It is very reassuring to learn from Mr. McInnes himself that his present passion for gasifying the old, bad, sad, mad verse forms of Villon and the other 'rounders' was superimposed. For at first glance at his ballades we might ourselves have fallen into the worthy bookseller's error. It is, to our mind, a sign that, darkly, I may glut desire more greedily. The bad refrains are:

Good women give themselves away.

Myself I go the easy way.

Youth is a splendid thing to spend.

Far away in the Golden Days.

There are several good pieces in the volume, notably "God's Kaleidoscope" and the villanelle entitled "Defeat." Mr. McInnes' rhymes do him small credit on the whole, and we notice that he spells "looked," "lose." We defy him to pronounce it so without strain.

The Night Ride. By Oswald H. Davis. (Constable, 3s. 6d.)

The Press has been very kind to Mr. Davis. It has bestowed upon him the thousandth lick at its eulogical height. It may show some of our reviewers how men with men's minds regard the proprieties of praise. "Horace has not hesitated to call Pindar inimitable, and this panegyric will perhaps not appear too offensive when we recollect that succeeding critics have agreed in extolling...his genius." We have in our museum divers pages of eulogical quotations from the Press on about three score modern poets. When a certain phrase, which has now come to Mr. Davis, has gone the round of the seventy odd we intend to scramble it. We are really very generous, for they are none too after all, but the long sleep. However, he has the manliness not to blame God, but himself and his fellows, for all bitterness. His verses have for burden despair of this life, yet no mean and sickly threat of quitting it before the tardy end. There is to be heard the howl, the curse, the groan of an indignant soul, but no whining. In fact, Mr. Fletcher's language is so gritty that we should not wonder if he fought through to the calm which certainly awaits long-lived men of spirit. We have been reminded of our recent review of the verses of a John Gould Fletcher. (Goschen. 2s.)

This very gloomy author seems to have a genuine hatred of his planet. He has sought for something and not found it here, and nothing seems worth wanting, after all, but the long sleep. However, he has the manliness not to blame God, but himself and his fellows, for all bitterness. His verses have for burden despair of this life, yet no mean and sickly threat of quitting it before the tardy end. There is to be heard the howl, the curse, the groan of an indignant soul, but no whining. In fact, Mr. Fletcher's language is so gritty that we should not wonder if he fought through to the calm which certainly awaits long-lived men of spirit. We have been reminded of our recent review of the verses of a John Gould Fletcher. (Goschen. 2s.)

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Bernard Miall. Map and Illustrations. (Unwin 2/s.)

The silent sphinx of song-creation: the God of heaven is but God of man. There is no peace in this book, but neither is there uproar, instability-these are the striking characteristics of the temporary booths of a provincial fair. Confusion, vertigo, the audacity, and all the lack of proportion that in the docks you will see the refined luxury of the plutocratic hotels, and, facing the majestic buildings of Broadway, the houses of the parallel avenues, which are like the atmosphere of the master. Yet, this atmosphere is native also to the disciple, so that he moves amidst it with a certain serious grace. Mr. Brooke, besides, is evidently a great patriot and Imperialist, but one would not expect him to do very much, and he does very little, with themes of coronation and allegiance.


To those who are interested in the everlasting struggle between two civilisations—between the Latins and the Teutons, between the ideas represented by Protestantism and the ideas represented by Catholicism—this book, by "a young Peruvian diplomatist," will be valuable and refreshing. The early history of the South American Republic has been written already, and in this regard the author adds little to the facts, not so very important, that we now know. But we must say in passing that his summary is skilfully well done; and the little character-sketches we find here and there are often excellent—for example, the paragraph about General San Martin on p. 67. Against, ch. 4, on the life of the early Spanish colonists in South America, their struggles, their adventures, their fanaticism, is very well written, and shows the reader the development of South America in a way hitherto hardly attempted. We see the gradual spread of European ideas, the influence of the Renaissance, and the influence on the colonisers of climate and intermarriage.

One noteworthy feature of the book is the emphasis laid by Mr. Garcia-Calderon on the differences in the modern civilisations of various South American, early Most Englishmen have a hazy notion that Brazil is Portuguese and everything else Spanish. The statement is true, but it does not take us far enough. When our author, however, casually refers to the "Spanish Republic of Chile" and the "Spanish Angle of the type" and elaborates his comparison we feel that we are in the hands of a very keen observer indeed. "No slaves, as in the tropics, but feudal serfs of territorial barons. The oligarchy is agricultural, and therefore static and profoundly national. In short, we have a copy of Anglo-Saxon society, or of the first Roman Republic; a false democracy governed by absolute overlords (p. 165)."

Although the earlier chapters are of great interest, and would by themselves have made a book of unusual value, the latter half of the volume makes a particular appeal to the psychologist. The emphasis laid by modern thinkers on race, the work of men like Gobineau, which is only now beginning to be appreciated, and the rising influence of the Latin races in European politics, are all factors which Mr. Garcia-Calderon has recognised; and he has applied the lessons they teach to South American problems. Here again we see Latin America in the early years, in the last century, of English ideas as conveyed by philosophers of the school of Herbert Spencer, the changing policy of the United States of America towards her sister-Republics in the South, and the gradual modification of the Monroe doctrine from a weapon of defence into a weapon of interference. Mr. Garcia-Calderon also emphasises the German peril, though he relegated it to its proper place, realising that the real peril is in the north. He would take several quotations to show all the sides of this peril, but the following paragraph, referring to the United States of America, will show that he can see more than the average tourist: "An octopus of a country, New York might be taken as the symbol of this extraordinary nation; it displays the vortigo, the audacity, and all the lack of proportion that characterise American life. Near the poverty of the Ghetto and the disturbing spectacle of Chinatown you may admire the wealth of Fifth Avenue and the marble palaces which plagiarise the architecture of the Tuscan cities. Opposite the obscure crowds of emigrants herded in the docks you will see the refined luxury of the plutocratic hotels, and, facing the majestic buildings of Broadway, the houses of the parallel avenues, which are like the temporary booths of a provincial fair. Confusion, uproar, instability—these are the striking characteristics of North American democracy. Neither irony nor grace, nor scepticism, gifts of the old civilisations, can make way against the plebeian brutality, the excessive optimism, the violent individualism of the people. All these things contribute to the mediocrity of the culture; the multitude of primary schools, the vices of utilitarianism, the cult of the average citizen; and in this vulgarity, which is devoid of all interest and dignity, a return to the primitive type of the redskin, which has already been noted by close observers, is threatening the proud democracy. From the excessive tension of wills, from the elementary state of culture, from the perpetual unrest of life, from the harshness of the industrial struggle, a national violence will be born in the future."

As will also be seen from this excerpt an author has for once had justice done him by his translator.
it would simply amount to encouraging his precocity, always to reply to his repeated "Why is that so?" and "Why is this so?" (p. 87). Finally, Kant says: "People are always talking about the necessity of setting every task before the child in such a manner as to make him feel conscious of possessing it. Very often this is certainly a good thing; but he should also be set many a task as a bounden duty. For this method may prove of infinite value to him in later life" (97).

All this sounds more like 17th century England than 19th century England. But in any case, it is quite dead now, and we go from absurdity into absurdity. Some people will even tell you now that children with a pencil in their hands should be left to express what they feel and that this freedom produces drawings of greater interest than those produced under the supervision of a teacher, and from a specified object. Such talk is utterly beneath contempt.

At all events one of the chief joys I experienced on entering the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, was the feeling that I was about to witness the work of a real school. With a premonition of the marvly luxuriarist amateurism, the lack of discipline and of good method I was about to see at the Albert Hall, I felt that, whatever the system here might prove to be, it was sure to show infinitely better results than the other system. And I was right. Once inside the galleries I was conscious of being at least in an atmosphere of orderly, well trained scholars. The walls were crisp and bright with clear, definite unmistakable lines, drawn with sure will-controlled hands, and guided by knowing brains. Here was the exhilarating performance of people who were not certain to botch everything they touched, and who attempted only that over which they had attained a certain mastery. If you have ever experienced the deadening sense of depression which comes from watching a tennis court of good players, or to a tennis court of bad players, you will be able to form some idea of the transition of feeling which took place in me that afternoon, when I went from the Royal School of Art to the Albert Hall.

By far the most interesting work on the first floor is C. F. Collin's "Flora" (No. 4). The whole composition is excellent and cheerful in the extreme. Clean and powerful drawing characterises every detail of the work, the figures are vigorous and full of life, and the man stooping at the stride to pluck flowers gives a spontaneous enthusiastic away to the rare as it is welcome. I saw from the original design that this stooping plucker of flowers was an afterthought. It is a pity, in my opinion, that this first study was ever exhibited. We know that the effect of spontaneity itself is also experienced on the first floor is C. F. Collin's "Life Study" (No. 13) is also a delicate and masterly piece of work; both the technique and the colour are wonderfully pleasant. G. C. L. Underwood's "Fragment of Panel" (No. 30). It appeared to me to be weak both in colour and design, and wanting in that grasp and mastery which are above all needed in decorative work. Before leaving Room P, I really must mention C. F. Collin once more. His "Decorative Panel: Youth" (No. 34) is truly delightful. Let us devoutly trust he will not lose the crisp, fresh beauty of his technique and the boldness of his ideas when he begins on his training.

There were many good things in Room C and, of course, many more poor ones. First of all, I would mention P. R. Paul's genial "Design for Mosaic" (No. 30).
The sculptors are:—B. Hancocks (No. 3), H. Brownsword (C. S. Jagger (No. 8), and Mary A. Chambers (No. 10). Brownsword is not so good in No. 17, and W. S. Wilkinson (No. 18) is among the mediocre.

I should advise no one to trouble to go into Room P unless they feel a certain amount of encouragement.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

A remark in my last article concerning the economic difference between "advanced" and "commercial" drama has brought a request that I should write an article on the class of drama. The suggestion, I think, prompted by the memory of Mr. Randall's article on "The Economics of Jesus"; and, considering the nature of the feelings roused by that article, I cannot regard the suggestion as being entirely friendly. Besides, I am no economist, as Mr. Randall is; but a plain, blunt man who finds modern drama uninteresting from a dramatic point of view, and is therefore compelled to talk without authority, but, I hope, with some pleasantry, of what may be termed, for the sake of simplicity, the nature of the drama as a series of acts that are stated but not expressed in our modern plays. But I may be able to indicate, by the allusive use of some of the phrases of The New Age, what I mean by saying that "on the stages of the repertory theatre, among the spectators, plays are seen that deal with the ordinary difficulties of life from the point of view of people who claim and obtain rebate on income tax; on the stage of the commercial theatre the same difficulties are dealt with from the point of view of the payers of super-tax." If I can, I shall be only too pleased to have made myself clear to myself and to my readers.

Every person who is in any way interested in dramatic art, at least, is something of a psychologist; and therefore, I may and do that those persons on the abolition of the wage-system were those most appealed to such people. Using the word "drama" to include all forms of theatrical production, one can easily find some rough analogies between the psychology of the wage-system and the psychology of modern drama. Musical comedy, for example, deals principally with the sex instinct, an instinct that is, of course, common to all classes. The end thereof is marriage, both on and off the stage, and on income tax; on the stage of the commercial theatre the same difficulties are dealt with from the point of view of the payers of super-tax." If I can, I shall be only too pleased to have made myself clear to myself and to my readers.

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continual debating of personal matters as though they were social questions, is manifest, behind the scenes another of their activities is displayed. Freedom for the wage-slave in theory, regimentation for him in fact, is revealed by "advanced" drama as the philosophy of the "backbone" of this country. All must be subsidiary to a system imposed by an employer, who is called a "producer," with reference to the economic meaning of the word; and the social nature of histrionic art is superseded by the organisation of the means of production by a person who believes in "units."

I have left myself little space in which to deal with the "commercial" drama, but there is little to be said about it that cannot be inferred from the preceding remarks. Marriage is not so obviously an economic question among the characters in this type of play; true, Lord Stonbury in "The Faun" said he could not afford to get married, but a man who could lose £70,000 over a horse-race was not really expressing an economic incompetency by the remark. One notices in this class of play the freedom with which financial difficulties are overcome; it is here that love, apart from any other consideration, is apparently the only reason for marriage, and lack or loss of it is the only tragedy. Throughout these three grades, the economics are really the same: but the "commercial" drama shows us the type of person who is usually above economics; the "advanced" drama shows us the type of person who cannot escape from them, and in musical comedy we see the form of entertainment that appeals both to those who are above and those who are below economic considerations.

**Pastiche.**

**PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN PROSYD BY A NOVICE IN THAT ART.** "Solvitur ambulando."

I.—MY FIRST BALLADE.

I've never written a ballade before, and somewhat charitably, lest I should stray, Do I begin to strum, but more and more I gain assurance on the slippery way.
The scheme of rhymes occasions some dismay, and so I watch them closely, not to fail.
My theme remains strange and magnificently coloured head-dress, As in the limerick, the end is all.
There's one bit done; eight lines of worry o'er.
But now I think I ought not to delay
In rummaging among my mental store To find a subject worthy of the fray.
And yet I need not find myself at bay If in my search I fail to make a way.
For in this giddy sort of rhymed display, As in the limerick, the end is all.

Sometimes the writers of ballades will pore And pine on this or that and its decay.
Sometimes they let their headstrong spirits soar And frolic and become exceeding gay.

**ENVOY.**

Prince (do not be alarmed at this, I pray).
For in ballades it's thought the thing to call You prince), I merely wish once more to say, As in the limerick, the end is all.

II.—MY FIRST VILLANELLE.

A villanelle's a villanelle.
That's what the fuss is all about, Tho' why it's done I cannot tell.
It seems to me a thing that's well Beyond the shadow of a doubt— A villanelle's a villanelle.
And anybody who could spell It could turn whole myriad of them out, Though why it's done I cannot tell.

If you deny it, I shall yell, Protest, vociferate, and shout, "A villanelle's a villanelle!"

The poets toss their rhymes pell-mell,
And this is how they prate and spout,
(Tho' why it's done I cannot tell).

II. MODERN METAMORPHOSIS.

There is no mistake. I myself encountered the phenomenon. On last Sunday evening, during my usually uneventful walk, I was suddenly faced to face with an unshapely mass of coalescing germs.

They had fastened themselves firmly around the edge of a new structure fashioned in what appeared to be a species of white satinwood. I could not remember having seen the structure before, and this surprised me, as I knew the neighbourhood so well. Anyhow, there it was, and there also were the germs.

I examined the whole thing thoroughly, and observed that one germ, a female, apparently, had been separated from the rest, and imprisoned in a curious white box which stood upon one side. Having read the brief notice which was inscribed above her head, and possessing the necessary qualifications, I did what the notice recommended, and then, with great difficulty, included my own body in the coalescing mass. (Henceforth to be called the "organism.") I then endeavoured to attach myself the same aspect of the resignation which characterised the whole. . . Now, as I arrived, and before I had been qualified for the metamorphosis, I observed that a severe spasm was agitating the "organism." It contracted and expanded itself violently, heaved forward, strained, twisted, and bulged itself; then an almost imperceptible tremor passed along it like a wave, and the organism became static. These contortions occurred about every two or three minutes.

I had now become, as it were, an essential part of the organism, and was soon called upon to experience the throes of re-birth. We, or rather it, were being re-born. There was no doubt about that. The preliminary symptoms were undoubtedly those of birth; I felt quite certain about this, having once witnessed the metamorphosis of a silkworm. The spasms were identical. But into what were we evolving? What manner of creature would come forth from us? I was speculating upon this point, when once more the birth-pangs became painfully evident. The "organism" almost dissolved itself in agony, heaved again and again, strained forward and contracted sharply; its feet, many hundreds in number, gripped upon the earth and strove to hold firm. Surely something must have happened this time! I endeavoured to breathe in a slow and rhythmic fashion. I had read somewhere that rhythmic breathing augments the creative energies and ensures easy birth. I was in a clutched hold of that portion of the "organism" which lay in front of me, with intense nervous strength, and waited. The next spasm affected the entire "organism" at once from head to tail. The tension, which was acute, seemed hours in duration, and when, at length, I found myself safely ejected upon the other side of the writhing mass, I almost collapsed.

A dim amber light glowed in the birth chamber, and from the distance came the sound of music. The atmosphere was fetid and heavily charged with smoke. Dazed somewhat, as, indeed, the newly born are liable to be, I was passed with outstretched hands into the darkness which lay beyond the solitary globe of light, and stumbled forward. I had proceeded some distance, slowly and cautiously, step by step, when I heard someone behind me—someone who had evidently followed me—and almost immediately a small circle of brilliant white flashed upon the ground at my feet, revealing four dusty boots upon a background of red plush carpet. I paused, but before I could do or say anything, my right arm was seized violently, and I was pulled back bodily by ten yards. The circle of white light now flashed into my face, and then, standing next to me, I beheld my captor. He wore a strange and gorgeously coloured head-dress of yellow and scarlet, and was clean shaven. He still clutched my arm, and, ignoring my protests, peers intently into the blackness before and behind, he seemed able to see in the dark, and was extremely perturbed.

He drew me still farther back, and flashed his torch indiscriminately hither and thither. Through the clouds of smoke I caught instantaneous glimpses of rows upon rows of densely packed heads and shoulders. My captor pulled me still farther back, and then, as one possessed of authority, called out in a loud voice: "Fullup—fullup—"
transfers to the shillin' seats—this way—pass erlong, please—sixpenny seats full-up—pass erlong—if you please! Don't let any more sixpennies through yet, Alf!" he cried. "'Old 'em back—we're bunged up in 'ere! Pass erlong, please—shillin' transfers on the right!" With this he shoved me through an aperture in what felt like velvet curtains, and once more I found myself in the birth chamber, face to face with the "organism," whose head was butted against the glass door which "Alf" was pushing with all his might. Despite his efforts, however, two or three were prematurely born, and these, with amazing dexterity, dodged "Alf" and plunged through the velvet curtains into the smoky darkness beyond.

I made my escape, eventually, through a side-entrance which opened out upon a mysterious back-alley, and there, in my haste, I dashed into the tail-end of the "organism." It contorted horribly as I turned the corner.

Arthur F. Thorn.

WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

Oh! I love Woman, and for all that makes My life more lasting than the light snowflakes I hunger at her side. In her cupped hands She holds the dewy essences of hope, Whence, drop by drop, as her heart understands, She makes sweet ambition's climbing slope. Look on the circling earth, As far as puissant eagle eye can see Past purple hill, o'er sun-enchaunted sea, By placid valleys where grey churches raise Their graceful spires, as if they sought to praise In hymns of chastened stone, as if to climb Still higher, higher in the sapphire sea— Mark the wide-bosomed girth, And say therein, or in the depth of Time, To which mine incompletion tends— Whither my soaring spirit wends As to its long-sought haven of delight. She is the jasper star In her full glory fresh on her forehead, Her eyes are full of her true, wistful soul.

O Woman! Jasper Star
On which I gaze afar,
They were content. Ah, me!
The hour that faltered like a dying wick.

AUGUST STRINDBERG: MY FRIEND AND I.

(Translated from the Swedish by P. Selver.)

You know We once were royal copyists, and then sir, Ideals had set our hearts ablaze.* We knew no whit of Zola or of Spencer, And idealism ruled only on quarter days.* You know How when we'd drawn a trifle, we began a Blow out with oysters and some tip-top wine. And when our thoughts were soothed by an Havana In unknown hues we saw our future shine.

You know We turned out plays for swagger houses, in a Fine language that would suit the stalls at least As well as coffee and liqueurs at dinner Or as dessert and cheese to end the feast. And now We're getting ancient; and you sing no longer. On fresh subscribers all your interests centre. The burden of your day is growing stronger. Pull well you know: Non canit plenum venter. And I, I've done with that fine language; I am twitted As being one who floats on the impure. My bettering powers against a world are pitted Where nobody from missiles is secure.

And now I eat stewed eels, and swell away at Burton, Get children, lounge about in bars no more. You still eat oysters with your flame—it's certain You have proved staunch to our ideals of yore!

* These changes of rhythm are in the original.
1 Swedish "skrivsmedler," a kind of fish. 2 Swedish "malsidricka." (I have given equivalents in terms of English diet.)
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THINGS SOUTH AFRICAN.

Sir,—I am sending you a few papers giving accounts of the happenings of last week (July 3-10). The "Chronicle" is probably the fairest-minded of the bunch here. I have not read it through, but think they will give a generally fair review of things. Happily a truce was called as a result of the negotiations between the Government and men last Saturday. The strikers won the day—but lost the fight absolutely, and only because they called the military in to fight for them. The whole business had grown so rapidly that strike leaders did not have time to grasp the full extent of it. The consequence was that roughs, stiffs, and blackguards generally jumped at the opportunity to have a gey look, and so could take the bent of one's inclinations. For this reason I would prefer not to have a truce called. When the next strike comes on (it may start this week), until it suits their book to let riot run loose, the workmen must remember to keep a firm hand on blacks, blackguards, and blacklegs—not to relieve Government of its responsibility in this respect, but for their own and the general good of the country. It must be borne in mind that the blacks here are still far from gentlemen-minded, and have small sense of proportion. Vail tout.

The railwaymen are out for rights now, and Government and magnates and masters generally are going rapidly grey in the endeavour to outwit them. If the Federation was won this time it is won through the world. The Parliamentary work of Labour members (and they were not bad members) was simply sneered at; they would have effected nothing in a hundred years if left alone to have a mandate generally for they would never have had controlling strength out here. The sympathetic strike wins the day. But it is doubtful whether other trades would have come out, had it not been for the exasperation caused by the introduction of the soldiers. One is really delighted to find employment—which would be a grand thing for the country in the long run—whereas without some such system he is doomed to have a hundred years, even if they had remained genuine, to render antagonistic, to be ruled by the masters, by the syndicates, and leaders are not, as far as I know, committed to Syndicalism or any other particular form of Socialism. If the idea strikes value (out of Africa comes ever, etc.), you would have to remember that the cost would be very considerable,—say, £50, for a man simply to come over here, and stay long enough to make speeches, meetings and preaching the gospel. Before taking any such steps, however, it would be necessary to have the articles you have printed on guilds and guilds put together and laid in the right hands here. While a lovely thing a miners' guild might be in this country—in partnership with the Government, the people—with its proper system of apprenticeship, syndicalism, etc., and commanding the gold supply of the world! Johanesburg. 

SOUTH AFRICAN.

Sir,—The Government is now considering as to the best way of circumventing the Labour people, and the mining authorities are doing their very damnedest to bring on a crisis. The Trades Federation has all the power of the Federation in the hands of the men the whites of the country to fight, and, I, personally, would think them wise to come to temporary terms with the Government and recognize their demands, if they could be obtained, and eight hours day, bank to bank, is agreed to with an understanding that sympathetic attention will be given to their other demands without loss of time. You see, the world is not the same as a generation ago, and none of the Ministers know anything about trade or trade disputes. This would be so much the better, as they could not help being sympathetic towards labour, if it was not that there is a split in their party (almost an irreparable one), and the Ministers, are anxious to keep on pretty good terms with the Unionists, who are, of course, some dozen or so heads of big financial concerns. The Government will certainly recognize that a general strike must affect the country, and they will know that their own position at the end of it cannot in any way be foretold, so that they will not lightly turn the Federation away but, on the other hand, the mining magnates will, in every way, endeavour to re-assure them, and I should not be surprised to hear that they have been promised a ten million loan on easy terms if they will only stiffen their necks and refuse to concede anything likely to satisfy the men. On the other hand, the Unions are not well provided with funds, nor have they had a chance to prepare for a general strike. Large numbers of men have joined the different Unions since the massacre here of three weeks back, and several new Unions have been formed. I should think, to be relied upon to make a very bold stand if they see the Government is determined to beat them, and food gets scarce for the families, the circumstances, no doubt, may have terms for the terms, and prepare for a big fight a little later. If the mines shut down, and the natives are sent away to their homes, it means, at least, about three months before they can be started up again, and what are the thousands of men and families to do in the meanwhile? The capitalists would go away and grin to think of the lesson they were giving the men and the Labour Party, and, later, would surprise the world with their generosity to the starving creatures who had so insolently defied them. They will be mind paying dearly (with shareholders' money) if they can make humble beggars of the men. The position must be such,—the men must be so strong that the Government has to offer some settlement, on behalf of the shareholders, of any mine which the managers or directors would shut down without full and proper notice. At present they are not nearly strong enough for this, and I hardly think the Government will take such a step voluntarily. The railwaymen have the sympathy of most of the independent people of the country. I believe, including the Dutch, but the stinking pride of the Minister, Sauer, and the inbred stubbornness and greed for profits of the heads of departments will now let them to grant a point which is not for the men. July 20.

EX-TOWN COUNCILLOR, Johanesburg.

Sir,—John Burns in his salad days, with the aid of some determined unemployed, put brimstone fear into the magnificent Mansion House fund at a tenfold accelerated speed. Mary Fitzgerald, in
Johannesburg, in like manner, in co-operation with
the miners is for the compensation to be increased to a level
which shows the agony of mind of the victim resulting
in death. The thing to be seen would be sufficient to convince him that capitalism has no com-
promise.

I see that one of the demands made on behalf of the
miners is for the compensation to be increased to a level
with the ‘age provision.’ That gentleman should see, as so
many Randlords have seen, the suffering of pitheads victi-
mised by the criticism of Mr. Hare. That gentleman should know, as so many Randlords have seen, the suf-
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In spite of my New Age, I believe in Parliamentary
force. Nevertheless, I know the value of force. It is
not because I want the latter that I mention it at any
time in discussion, but because contemporary events
compel me as much as history compels me to the con-
clusion embodied in a phrase of a speech delivered by the late
Marquis of Dufferin: “Force is a still dominant factor
in the world’s affairs.”

Sir,—I do not find that either Mr. Finn’s admittance
or criticism impairs the truth of my assertion that the
Twentieth Century Napoleon is merely a moneylender.
I took the main point of Mr. Finn’s objections to be
fully-contrived legislation, the conquest of the world—
economically and politically—has been achieved—secretly
by effective—false friends of mine—many of them
Jewish persuasion. The worship of the Golden Calf
has entirely superseded that of Christ, and its devices
comprise practically all the members of all the Churches
universally.

No such conquest, so vast and so complete was ever
accomplished by the sword since the world began. The
objectives raised by Mr. Finn are not so formidable
as to make criticism of a racial or national vice does not necessarily indicate
race hatred. When I hear Frenchmen, Germans, and
Americans criticise British snobbery—as I often do—I do.

But his astute nose is a well-known fact, that
 prevented the Russian Government from banning
every Jewish beyond the Pale. Had the rich Jews loved their
people as they loved gold, many of the pogroms which
had disgusted and sickened the world, would not have
happened.

I have the greatest admiration and respect for the
Jewish race, but I detest their vices as I detest the
hypocrisy of the so-called “Christian” Governments.

Many of my friends are Jews. I owe to one a debt of
gratitude I can never repay. Mr. Finn’s admonition is
quite uncalled for, and I fear he is suffering from an
attack of hyper-sensitivity.

Now, it is a rather notorious and interesting fact, that
professional moneylenders have conspicuous noses,
whether they be Jews or “Christians.” (By the way, I
know of nothing which indicates the degradation of
Christianity more than the generally held belief among
the Christian Churches that the greatest usurer of this
century was a Christian!!) This rule applied in the most
conspicuous degree to the late Pierpont Morgan. As to
Rockefeller, he has never figured as a moneylender,
although his money often helped Morgan to carry off
many of his “coup’s.” But even Rockefeller’s nose is not
to be sneezed at. What proportions it might have
attained had he devoted his life to moneylending, God
only knows! (This is not intended as a joke.) Mr. Finn
appears to doubt the fact that the Jews are largely
responsible for the infliction of the gold standard upon
mankind. Perhaps I may have misread history, but I do not
recall a period in which not some Jew or another
who maintained that capitalism was an “experiment”
made in or about the early nineteenth century. I opposed
this view at one time, but that which explains capitalism as a “conspiracy.”

In regard to me, your writer of “Notes of the Week”
adopts the same canon which has served Mr. Randall so well—“...an exercise in imagination”; the practical conclu-
sion he wishes to reach is to over-accentuate his libel
and I hereby challenge him to produce and print a single
sentence of mine, spoken or written, anywhere, at any
time, by which I advocated the philosophy of capitalism
entitles him to include me in the category of the people he
despises. In a word, let him prove or withdraw the libel.

[The “Writer of Notes of the Week” replies: Instead of
frankly withdrawing his imputation on my honesty in
the matter of the South African strike, your correspondent
made an attempt to show that he himself is not a money-
lender. Mr. Finn, I gather, is that he quoted a phrase from my
“Notes” at random to throw at Mr. Randall much as he
might take a stick from a bundle to beat a dog. His
attitude of suspension is too habitual to permit me to accept
this explanation unaccompanied by withdrawal as com-
plete. At bottom he is sceptical of any plot or conspiracy
or plan or other natural inclination of the capitalists
against the proletariat; and as a reputation for benevolent
guilelessness is a chief asset of capitalism, he must allow
me to continue to regard him as a capitalist’s friend.]
religions were condemning and endeavouring to suppress the practice of usury, the Jews were encouraging it to the best of their ability.

The Jewish propensity for "spoil[ing] the Egyptians" accounts far more for the economic convulsions inflicted upon them during the past ages than any religious or race hatred. Coming to more recent times, the enactment of the gold standard legislation in Germany, the United States, and France during the past forty or fifty years was certainly instigated by the Jewish international financiers. The mere fact that "Christians" of the severest sects were amongst those who even headed the movement, does not make it any the less Jewish. The victories of Napoleon's armies were essentially French, considering the fact that Napoleon happened to be a Corsican.

I judge that Mr. Finn is not very familiar with the world of finance, nor of the intricate relations existing between credit and production.

The monopolies existing are wholly legal, i.e., owe their existence to property laws, and with their abolition these monopolies would collapse. I have never claimed that "cheap" money—as Mr. Finn calls it—will solve our social problems. I am not advocate of either "cheap" or "dear" money—as these terms are generally understood. I believe that the one and only condition and cure for social and economic ills is Freedom, and when money would become what John Stuart Mill once defined it—the most insignificant thing in the Economy of Society, except as means for saving time and labour. But just as a tight shoe, by constricting the foot, will set up a blood-poisoning, ending in death, so by legally restricting the payment of debts to a costly commodity, the production of wealth in that country is impaired and emasculated, enterprise checked, and a whole volcanic mountain of evil created which threatens to overwhelm Society. There is one thing newer than anything else, and that is the cause of all our economic troubles. That word is USURY in its ancient sense, meaning the exacting of more payment for things of things, whether they be money, land, or capital. It is a system that feasts upon interest, and profits. Its roots are legal tender and land laws. Usury means property. In the eyes of legislators and rulers it is considered a tool of the State, and hence is the legal right and power to tax labour. Its true definition was given by Proudhon: "C'est le vol.

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THE GILBERT AND ELLICE ISLANDS.

Sir,—In a recent reply, Mr. Harcourt stated that the concession of the phosphates of the above islands to a private company took place so long ago that the correspondence relating thereto is not of sufficient public interest. Question will continue to be asked until the concession is annulled, or the admission is made by the Colonial Office that they dare not publish the facts of which they are aware until the guilty parties are all dead. For the last time to the side-tracking and "cut all the lines relating to John the Baptist" of the "New Witness," Mr. Belloc makes two statements which are more plausible than the other, but are as ashamed—of the one as an intellectual, of the other as a man of honour. The first is that he has not the least idea as to what direction the new positive policy of reform is coming; though he concedes that it comes from the "New Witness." He says, will desecrate the appellation of the nation's gratitude. But why? What has the "New Witness" done, what is it doing, to deserve such a reproach? As Mr. Chesterton, as well as Mr. Belloc, compliments the "New Witness" on being, above all, an organ of public conscience, I want to do one of two things: to refute and destroy a charge which is not only the "Morning Post" add that this plan, as well as its...
Mr. Maynard also says that he never said that Catholicism invented the Guilds. I never said that he said so. My exact words were, "The suggestion that the Guild idea is, in some way, indebted to Catholicism is unsupported by any evidence that I know of now." I only implied that Catholicism encouraged the Guilds, and produces no facts in support of his statement. I shall waste no more evidence on my adversaries. I imply that Mr. Maynard was so blind to the esoteric and exoteric idea of religion is about as old as religion itself. It is specifically stated by Christ himself in his parables, as well as the reason for speaking in parables; and I am really about to find Mr. Maynard, who is so concerned to correct me about John the Baptist, attributing to me the words and ideas of his Lord.

Mr. Maynard cannot tempt me to leave my "congenial thistles," the Gospels, and to consider the Epistles of Paul. I decline to follow any red herrings: the subject of discussion is the economics of Jesus, and Mr. Maynard has not yet said a word about it. I am waiting for the refutation.

Mr. Hare, in spite of his violent language, has really nothing to say. He says that he "did not write as a Christian, but as a critic." I happen to know that Mr. Hare is, or was, the editor of the "Quartely Review," or some such periodical; and, knowing this fact, I know the value and meaning of his vituperation. The statement, that if he could have found an "inner meaning for the phrase. This man corrected my wrong attribution of a phrase, but was so incapable of criticism that he never quoted a text that I might have refuted. The passage he quotes reads: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," might serve as a Christian definition of the meaning of the phrase. He only altered the phrase: it is only Paul's gloss on the esoterics of Christianity. Mr. Hare's claim to be a critic is based really on quite another text and quite another of Mr. Whedale's "artful exegesis." The subject is the economics of Jesus, and all that Mr. Hare can do in the way of refutation of my argument is to "ask the writers on Guild Socialism their opinion of Mr. Randall's artful exegesis." Mr. Hare's claim to be a critic is a flimsy one.

Mr. Hare tells me that the non-correction by Christ of a given judgment does not make him responsible for it; and, of course, tries to "side-track" the subject into a discussion of quite another kind. I hope we are talking about, for none of your correspondents dares to quote the Gospels. In my article I quoted the parable of the husbandman to show that Christ had "proclaimed" the awful consequences of Synecdoche: the literal translation of Synecdoche to Christ of the "proclamation" was an error, and I corrected it myself, with this addendum: "As Christ did not so understand it, we are not at liberty to do so in our leading question; we are justified in accepting it as Christ's judgment." But no reasoning of mine will avail with this correspondent, who seems to be as mad as a "Quaker Socialist" the subject into "the economic of Jesus," which he had relinquished, and had such an acid effect upon him that he turned from all his best friends, and, honestly, could not see in all their loving kindness to him anything but ill-will and malice. The intellectual of all men should be "full of health, candour, and sweet blood," for if he is not, and ill-humours intervene, he is still articulate, and his pains are reflected in his character and the intellectual actual work also suffers when it proceeds from an ill-balanced, crotchety disposition, and the cultivation of a well-balanced character is a factor in intellectual health, as in climate and weather, society and solitude, the state of the affections, and the progress of one's general activities. Roughly speaking, anything which lowers the vitality and depresses the spirit is bad for the intellectual.

ART CRITICISM.

Sir,—I beg to thank you for the rule for the cultivation of self-confidence. It is profoundly useful, and as reliable as the laws of nature. The intellectual diet for intellectuals is more important than the material diet, in which we are not more or less "Quaker Socialists." I think we should not be ignored, as it often is, being the mud of the lotus. Long-continued errors in material diet have upset the balance of character, and it is not surprising that judgment in the most pitiful way. An excessive indulgence in tea, for example, taken by Hazlitt habitually, to delay the craving for food, which he had relinquished, had such an acid effect upon him that he turned from all his best friends, and, honestly, could not see in all their loving kindness to him anything but ill-will and malice. The intellectual of all men should be "full of health, candour, and sweet blood," for if he is not, and ill-humours intervene, he is still articulate, and his pains are reflected in his character and the intellectual actual work also suffers when it proceeds from an ill-balanced, crotchety disposition, and the cultivation of a well-balanced character is a factor in intellectual health, as in climate and weather, society and solitude, the state of the affections, and the progress of one's general activities. Roughly speaking, anything which lowers the vitality and depresses the spirit is bad for the intellectual.

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F. WHELDALE.
Feminism and Common Sense.

Sir,—In the interval of considering what we may be when we are truly womanly, I may pass to yet another folly of women, which annoys me exceedingly—Drawing-room decline in marriage. I refer to the neglect of hospitality. I have been astonished to find that one's average English friends—I am laid in a little island—really fear to "intrude" upon one for more than two days together. Does one truly mean to stay for a week or two? But these are the pick of acquaintances. For London's part, the London lady is simply terrified at the notion of staying anywhere for longer than the shortest possible week-end. While professing to make the most shrinking of excuses, I find that all you young and all your young admirers of the first degree are frantically wondering what she may be missing elsewhere. She does not want to make a good old-formal visit, does not want even one scrap for founding a friendship; she takes all one's secret and gratuitous, will return one an invitation to tea as a sort of tip, supposes, for services rendered. She will wire you something about "weather permits," and leave you to order your extra cream and things "if fine." This typical London lady has always scores of mysterious engagements, and an even only half of them are not stupid little lies, she must never have time to exchange an agreeable, leisurely hour with a mortal soul, but must run from spot to spot like a mad hare. Does one really mean to stay for a week or two? ... One ought not to order your extra cream and things "if fine." This typical London lady has always scores of mysterious engagements, and an even only half of them are not stupid little lies, she must never have time to exchange an agreeable, leisurely hour with a mortal soul, but must run from spot to spot like a mad hare.

Anthony M. Ludovici.
SIR JOSEPH REID.