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The "Times" does well to doubt the wisdom of the formation of the Employers' Defence Union. Perhaps from its own point of view, it would have done better not to publish the information. Everybody knows that such a union exists by the tacit agreement of employers, and that its operations are all the more effective for being apparently spontaneous and unconcerted. To form a public body entrusted with the duties hitherto undertaken privately, will certainly be to weaken in many ways the class of which it is composed. In the first place, many employers who would be and have often proved themselves to be willing to co-operate with their class against Labour so long as they imagined their union spontaneous, will refuse to support a body openly and avowedly designed to accomplish by force what could more safely be accomplished by stealth. Several employers, indeed, have already notified the new union of their intention to decline official membership. In the second place, it is obvious that the arguments of the employers and their Press against trade unionism will now be taken out of their mouths. Not even Professor Flanders Petrie, whom we imagine has had his fist in the pie, can in future scowl upon Trade Unionism and prophesy calumny from its methods, when his own union is in all essentials no better than a trade union. As we have very often said, and as the new organisation will prove in time, there is not a trade union doctrine, whether of theory or practice, that has not been or will not be adopted under another name by any union of employers. True, our half-witted population, ruined by cheap reading, will fail for some years to see the clear perception of the nature of their enemy. The prospect so opened up of a civil war of industry is certainly not beautiful. The twentieth century, indeed, will be eternally disgraced by it. But since our times have so few brains, the sooner the conflict comes the better. Not much intelligence, we feel sure, will be engaged on either side.

To repeat our own contentions they are mainly these. On every ground that can be called a ground at all, the necessity for a revolution in our industrial system is imperative. Quite apart from humanitarian, aesthetic, or spiritual considerations, and on the lowest ground of national industrial welfare a change is needed in view of events just coming to birth in America and elsewhere. The world-system on which England under the international system absolutely depends for a large part of her profit is relatively shrinking; and at the same time that it is relatively shrinking, other nations, and America in particular, are stripping to compete with us in it on unequal terms. We prophesy with the confidence of President Wilson—supported, be it observed, by Lord Haldane—that under her new tariff and its sequential legislation, America will in fifty years' time be miles ahead of this nation in the world's commerce. But what can we do to prevent such a fate befalling us? If even for ourselves we have no personal concern in the matter, nationally the effect upon this country will be disastrous. Heine said there was no worse creature on earth than an English shopkeeper losing his trade. Imagine our million of shopkeepers losing their pre-eminence in trade! Yet that is what must happen unless, as we are driven out of the back-door of the world-market, we prepare to come in again by the front. Quantitatively, we affirm, we are as good as beaten. Not perhaps for some decades will this defeat become undeniable; but to economists it has already occurred. On the other hand, there is as yet no rival in the field with us in qualitative production. In commodities requiring character, personality, temperament, the English have still a lead over every other nation. But it is precisely this precious gift that we are throwing away when we need it most. The organisation of industry for quantitative production not only leaves the immense stores existing in the national genius of qualitative ability, but it leaves them to atrophy. We do not, egocentrically speaking, breed for quality; we do not encourage quality; we do not give quality even a chance of surviving. And with this inevitable effect, as we see it, that by the time America is ready to play her ace we shall be without a trump in our hand. From long-sighted prudential motives alone, therefore, such a change is immediately necessary in our industrial system as will liberate and develop the

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qualitative abilities of our artisans. But this change can only come as a revolution of the prevailing system. Hence the revolution in industry is the price we must pay to ensure the continued pre-eminence of England for even the current nature.

The other grounds we have named are, however, in our opinion much more important. Unless the leading men of the nation are sunk in the pig-philosophy of material and immediate utility, the appeal to them to amend the present system of industry for the sake of the soul of man ought not to be made in vain. At the most moderate estimate of the powers of the human mind, as revealed by art and philosophy as well as by science and industry, the most advanced condition of existing nations displays and exercises no more than a fraction; and that fraction, if we may say so without levity, is one of the most vulgar. Humane and enlightened observers of our civilisation confess that if no better nature exists in man than is revealed in our industrial system, from the employer down to the casual labourer (for they are all much alike), the race of man is truthfully described by Swift. But what we may learn, if we choose to examine the matter, is that it is our industrial system which exercises these qualitative abilities to a far greater extent than the industrial system is created by them.

Far, indeed, from being a casual labourer (for they are all much alike), the race of men is truthfully described by Swift. But what we may learn, if we choose to examine the matter, is that it is our industrial system which exercises these qualitative abilities to a far greater extent than the industrial system is created by them. Who is happy under it? Who feels himself to be born for it? Not one, we should say, in every hundred engaged in it. But it is a monstrous and devilish superstition that a system that satisfies only a small minority of the race, or a small minority of its desires must nevertheless be maintained and prevent the exercise of the majority of human desires, most of them of an infinitely more pleasurable as well as of a higher character. The octave of human qualities, we repeat, the whole scale and range of human nature. For the octave of powers.

We do not say that the proletarian trade union movement has any clear idea of the foregoing mission in its mind. It is quite probable, indeed, that the evolving force in them is as blind as it appears to be in the world in general. Not even the most moderate of the members of the capitalist trade unions are aware that they are actually engaged in fighting against a change necessary to progress and desirable by admission on every conceivable ground. Nevertheless, as we see it, these two classes are engaged in a battle against each other. On the one side we have the wage-earners, knowingly or unknowingly engaged in attempting to abolish the wage-system by making it impossible. On the other hand, their employers are hardening their hearts, like Pharaoh, and will not let their slaves go. It is in vain, so far, that we have urged that if union in one class is strength, union between two classes must be greater strength. It is in vain, so far, that we have urged that the solution, the only problem is the spirit of partnership subordinate to the State. The reply of the employers is to found a union amongst themselves undisguisedly for the purpose of challenging the trade unions to proceed a step further in their advance to a more humane status. Sir John Hope, we observe, denies on behalf of the New Unionism that its object is to crush the old unionism; but, sincerely said or not, the denial has no value. Collision between the two bodies may not be the ultimate object of the employers' union (though it has every appearance of being), but collision is inevitable sooner rather than later. On the occasion, we predict, of the next great strike, if the employers' union is formed to the specifications just published, the union will find itself at war with the unions. There is no escape from this catastrophe. But, for the reasons we have given, the end we must desire is the defeat of the employers' union; for its victory would mean not only the perpetuation of the wage-system and the perpetuation of the proletariat struggle to escape from it, but the perpetuation of the present pause in the advance of mankind.

Whatever else, therefore, may be said or done, it is certain that the old Trade Union movement must go on. Retreat for it is impossible; and since its objects are not, as unfortunately many of its leaders suppose, the elevation of the wage-earning class above the other classes, but the abolition of all classes as we know them, retreat on it part would be treason. But another is still possible. It is useless to look back upon the Trade Union Act of 1875 or upon the Trades Disputes Act of 1904 and to suppose that these can be regarded as either final or safe. Already indeed in its prospects the Employers' Union has declared war upon the Act of 1904. Several of the ablest employers' hacks are also engaged in devising means of undoing the work of 1875. The only security for the retention of such powers as the Trade Unions have is earnest preparation to take more. Again we may use a leaf out of the book of the Imperialists. The best guarantee of peace, they say, is readiness for war. Be it so, and let us apply it to Trade Unions. Their best guarantee for the preservation of their rights is the ability to defend them; and to this we would add that the bigger the defence is attack. In our opinion, Trade Unionism is not merely not safe, it is not maintaining its ground, while it is not struggling to win more ground. The more advanced its demands, the more certainly will its present victories be secured and further victories added to them. We are sorry to have to write in this platitudinous style, but the truth is that the danger to trade unionism at this moment lies in its neglect of platitude. Distracted by the lying tongues of the Press and confused by their equivocations, the simplest rules of common sense are being most easily forgotten.

Take, for example, the recent discussion in the "Morning Post" of the question: Do Strikes Pay? Though on the surface a rational enough question, the problem is really an insult to intelligence. Firstly, strikes, in the army of the emancipation of wage-slaves, were never expected to pay in the literal meaning (or the any meaning) all the correspondents attached to the word, namely, in coin. Provided that a principle could be given another hammerstroke, whether to fasten it or to fasten it more securely, the failure of the strike to produce immediate monetary advantage was a matter of indifference to the early pioneers. We well remember a Northern strike-leader saying to his men after they had been beaten to their last shilling: Men, the lesson we have learnt and taught was worth the money. And we remember the cheer of approval that went up. On the assumption—which we have never made—that a strike is every motivated by wages alone, we can well believe that one in two of the strikes that occur is a failure. But as moral efforts after the moral object of raising the moral status of the wage-earners, we go so far as to say that the bigger and more numerous the strikes the greater their success, whatever their material results may be. Again, striking is, in all seriousness, the only dignity of which wage-earners as such are capable. As men and citizens they are, of course, to be compared with the rest of the community; but as the proletariat their virtue is the precise opposite of that of the pretending classes. The latter must learn to command; the former must learn to disobey. The profiteer must preserve and conserve; the wage-earners must be prepared to destroy. The profiteer must never rebel; the wage-earner must never submit. But it is in striking that the proletariat as a class as a class that they have not yet submitted, are prepared to destroy, and will disobey. In other words, striking is their only means of obtaining respect and of retaining self-respect. To ask whether this assertion of manly self-respect pays is, as we say,
an insult to intelligence. Both respect and self-respect to be won have to be paid for. We ourselves would think the sacrifice of a generation of wage-slaves a small price to pay for the emancipation of their class.

Not much to our surprise, though greatly to our disgust, several trade union leaders joined in the "Morning Post" discussion, some arguing that strikes did pay, others that they did not, but all that their success could be measured by whether they paid or not. This, we say, is one of the instances of the leaders of the proletariat being confused by the doctrines of their enemies. This, indeed, is to have already suffered something of a defeat. The confusion follows, however, the low view such leaders have formed of the objects of their movement. Believing, no doubt, that all would be well if wages were a little higher, they conclude that strikes subserve no other purpose and fail if they do not raise wages. On some such vulgar and ignoble grounds, we believe, M. Norman Angel of that sort is the organ of the higher patriotism, the "Daily Mail," believes that war does not pay; as if anybody save a brute believed that wars are undertaken by a people in pursuit of profit. War, of which in Europe we hope and believe we have seen the last great one, has been undertaken with motives far deeper than "Daily Mail" reporters can understand. The exaltation of a people by a righteous war on behalf of liberation or of defense was as surely the effect of war as the cost in money and life. Nothing, we say, that exalts man ever pays or ever will pay. To pitch the object of strikes beyond the computation of wages, and to fix it as the raising of the status of the proletariat, are therefore the only means known to counter the demonstrations of the Press that strikes never pay, or to support our contention that strikes always pay.

As a reply to the formation of the employers' union the dispatch by the trade unionists of a vessel containing food to their comrades in Dublin must surely have struck the imagination of the most dull. We received the news with delight as the most notable act of trade unionism in recent years. The relief of Derry is, we feel, an event of small significance by the side of the relief of Dublin. The latter may not stand out in history as the former does, but assuredly it will if we could have the writing of it. And there are several circumstances to give it a value over and above its immediate mission. It offers such a contrast to the action of the employers' union (announced by chance upon the same day) that the spiritual differences between the two movements could not well be better symbolized. Here was a vessel dispatched by poor men to feed the starving strikers; and there was a body of men preparing to defend a system which actually keeps men starved. The battle we spoke of was fought in the two symbols and won, for every unionist, by the proletariat. It should also be observed with what swiftness when their hearts were in it, the men engaged in loading and unloading the "Hare" carried through their job. We have not the precise figures showing the difference between the normal and the abnormal conditions; but we understand that the men established a record beyond even the emulation of any profiteering concern. The deduction to be drawn from this is so plain that few can miss it: it is that under the wage-system the leakage of labour is so enormous as to make the system the most unconomic, next to chattel slavery, ever devised. On the other hand, how productive labour is shown to become so soon as the element of profit is eliminated and pride and purity its place! We hope our readers will examine the incident from this point of view, for our arguments for the Guild System are all contained and exemplified in it. The last feature we shall name is the co-operation of the Co-operative Society with the trade union movement. It is, perhaps, from a practical standpoint the most significant feature of all. The co-operative societies, as the commissariat department of the proletariat war on capital. . . We need say no more on this head. The less said the more may be done.

Current Cant.

"The average man dreads marriage."—Compton Mackenzie.

"Vitality of the Empire——Lord Northcliffe's rebuke to Pessimists."—"The Times."

"It has always been the principle of Conservative Social reform to advance by degrees."—F. E. Smith.

"The new policy of militarism in Trade-Unionism will certainly ruin the movement if it is not subdued."—Philip Snowden, in the "Morning Post."

"The mines are not getting the utmost efficiency because the white man does not like work. . . I was shocked at the white man's disinclination to do anything."—Sir Lionel Phillips.

"Our noble calling."—Sir J. Forbes-Robertson.

"Rudyard Kipling knows well the Empire of which he is the acknowledged Laureate."—"Daily Express."

"Individuality is to be the keynote in women's newest fashions."—"News and Leader."

"The Daily Citizen. The latest and liveliest of London Halfpenny Dailies. For the men in the Street—For the wife and kiddies—For the Sportsman—for the worker. Capitalism is running amok. . . ."—"Daily Citizen."

"By comparison with our aims, our achievements may seem small. It is not so. . . We have made ourselves obnoxious to the Lords."—"Daily Citizen."

"Wages of Socialism—Lowered birth-rate in France."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Mr. F. E. Smith, in the passage referred to, reminded his hearers that 'it was the voice of the people which crucified the Saviour of the World.'—Arnold White.

"What a man of sixty can do. . . I am asked to publish in these columns a remarkable challenge by a gentleman who has passed his sixtieth year."—George R. Sims.

"The world is so arranged that the skulkers get the worst of it."—Professor Jacobi.

"The Remedy is not in Parliament" says the 'Daily Mail' whose leading articles have recently been full of sympathy with Labour."—"The Star."

"If the Church were really out of touch with the masses . . . then, it is not a little extraordinary that those who are about to address the most representative gathering should be eager to speak on the very subjects which are most occupying public attention."—"Daily Telegraph."

"With regard to 'Joseph and his Brethren' I am quite sure that Sir Herbert Tree had no idea of the box-office, but set out to break down the prejudice which St. James's Palace has so long held towards Scriptural plays, and to put an end to the Puritan régime."—J. R. Mulholland.

"Weary Willies of both sexes have enjoyed the time of their lives since the inception of the Insurance Act."—"Daily Bulletin."

"The immense advantage of the King's position is that he is outside the party rivalries which divide the nation."—"Daily Graphic."

"M. Maeterlinck's charge of dullness rebutted through remarkable challenge by a gentleman who has passed his sixtieth year."—George R. Sims.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdal.

There are two good reasons why there should be a rising in Albania: and when these reasons are understood it will be seen why the rising is, for the time being, confined to that portion of Albania bordering on Servia. It is true that a small force of Albanians made short work some days ago of a body of Montenegrins, and that there have been disturbances on the Greco-Albanian frontier also. The main rising, however, is confined to the north-east and the east.

We have heard so much recently about the Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek atrocities that the crimes committed by the Servians against the Albanians have been left out of the reckoning. Instances of the ferocity of King Peter’s army were reported in the Press at the time; but just then, at the beginning of the war, no one here would believe that the Balkan States could be wicked. When, later on, the circumstantial reports of the Bulgarian atrocities convinced even the most staunch upholders of the Balkan Christians that their favourites were not altogether saints, the Servian atrocities were forgotten—forgotten, that is to say, in Western Europe, but not by the Albanians who had suffered under them. Forgotten by the Albanian Moslems, whose relatives had been exterminated without mercy, or by the Albanian Catholics, who had the choice of becoming “Orthodox” or of being ruthlessly butchered on the spot.

When the Albanian harvests, such as they are, had been gathered; when, rather, the mountaineers felt that they might safely begin, Servia was practically invaded by an Albanian army. There was no definite leadership and little order; but there was enough of both to drive the Servians back and to lead the Cabinet in Belgrade to order the immediate mobilisation of 30,000 troops to put down the outbreak. And even 30,000 troops have proved to be insufficient, now that the rising is well under way. Let us, however, leave this aspect of the outbreak for the time being and consider the second of the two reasons I have referred to.

At the conclusion of my article last week I mentioned that Greece might well fear Turkey. The sudden preparations for war by the Bulgarian army and King Constantine from our shores is not unexpected in the circumstances of the military party at Constantinople, and the insecurity of Greece’s present position. Italy has firmly refused the concessions asked for by the Athens Government in south-eastern Albania, and Servia is now stronger than ever to help her southern ally. It is clear, then, that a Turco-Bulgarian combination might easily drive the Greeks back from territory to which they have hardly yet had time to become accustomed. Further, such a combination could also deprive Servia of as much territory as it felt inclined to seize.

These new factors in the Balkan situation were not overlooked by M. Venizelos and M. Pasitch, who prepared for them in a typically Balkan way. It occurred both to Servia and to Greece that their inevitable losses in Macedonia and Thrace might be recouped in Albania. They therefore brought to bear on the members of the Provisional Cabinet, with the result that Essad Pasha was “detached” and began to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations. The original objects of the intriguers was to cause trouble by a series of demands and proclamations.

Nor was this the only part of the plan that miscarried. It was thought by the Greeks that they could rely upon the support of France and England in their disputes with the Boundary Commission; for it was generally understood that these two Powers not wishing to see the Triple Alliance too strong in the Mediterranean, would help Greece to form a fleet—indeed, some of our most experienced naval officers have just left for Athens to continue the work of reorganising the navy. While the Entente Cordiale is prepared to help Greece in this way, however, it is felt in London as well as in Paris that it is premature to support Greece diplomatically, for there is nothing to be gained by doing so; and the mere fact that the Queen of Greece is the sister of the Kaiser will not prevent Germany from coming to the assistance of Italy, diplomatically and otherwise.

There were yet two more shocks for the Great-Serbian combination to suffer. One was that Russia, after having considered the matter, warned Belgrade that no help other than the customary diplomatic support might be expected from St. Petersburg—presumably Russian financiers, too, are tired of the continued uncertainty which the Balkan wars have brought with them. The other was that Austria, having vainly tried to detach Roumania from her new friend, Russia, approached Bulgaria with a proposal which there is good reason for believing will be accepted. It is that Bulgaria, in return for Austria’s good graces, will, if called upon, despatch a force westward in case Serbia should get the best of the fighting and demand more of the northern end of Albania than Austria is willing to grant.

The desire for revenge, “inducements” of sorts; these are the causes of the uprising. We need no official statements from Belgrade—though we have them—to tell us that this particular campaign against the Albanians is to be conducted mercilessly; all the Belgrade papers are calling for the extermination of the enemy. But, try as you may, you cannot exterminate two million people. Furthermore, it would not suit Austria and Italy, particularly Austria, if too many Albanians were murdered by King Peter’s troops. Once more, then, unless she is very careful in her actions, Servia will find herself menaced by Austria, and this time she will not have the support of Russia that she had before.

The moral of this affair is that small States must give way to large States. The small Balkan Powers have had their fling; they have come back home with huge losses in men and in money. There can be no doubt that there are largely interested in the Yang-tse Valley, and they are naturally indignant that Japan should demand from Yuan-Shi-Kai’s government the concessions granted by the rebels. This, nevertheless, is precisely what Japan is doing. And it will not be forgotten that we are the ally of this rising Power, our agreement not expiring until 1921.
Military Notes.

By Romney.

We are face to face with the military renaissance of the French nation, and in a few years shall have to deal with its fruits. These fruits will not be those of peace. This is not the first time that the French have had these fits of patriotism. They have always resulted in war before, and they will do so again. For it must be clearly understood that the national character of France is what it was in the time of Francis II, Louis XIV, and the first and third Napoleons: that is to say, warlike to the backbone. The peacable intentions which followed 1870 and remained until recently were not the results of any reformation of temperament. France has not been, and never will be, 'born again' in a pacifist sense. A nation whose anti-militarists are most easily distinguishable by the possession—and, upon slight provocation, the use—of knife and revolver, will never be pacifist in the sense that nations are, whose very soldiers are deeply imbued with a conviction of the wickedness of violence, and the bulk of whose population will suffer any injury or indignity rather than turn and fight. The French appeared to be pescable mainly because they were terribly afraid of the Germans. The last dozen years have proved these fears to be ungrounded. Their real character has therefore reasserted itself.

Both soldier and politician will find that character worthy studying. Although we are brought into such intimate contact with it, it is one which we find it impossible to sympathise with and difficult even to understand, for it differs fundamentally from our own. It values that which we despise and despises that which we value. Not being French or half French I cannot make the smallest pretence of explaining it, and can only enumerate a few points that strike every intelligent person who has had dealings with the French and read their history.

The first thing that strikes one is their caution. It resembles the caution of that other military people, the Scots. Personally I have remarked it chiefly in commercial affairs. It certainly does not make itself very apparent in French military history, and its presence in business may be due to the fact that your Frenchman, not being naturally a business man and therefore not feeling himself at home in business, proceeds with the natural timidity of the unskilful. Certain it is, however, that any Englishman or American who has had commercial relations with the French will complain to you of the stickiness and hopeless lack of enterprise: their tendency to tie and fetter their agents by the letter of agreements: their inhuman suspicion. They seem to have no sense of adventure, at any rate in commercial things. They are as drearily realistic as a Chinaman.

The same spirit of hopeless rationality seems to pervade their treatment of sexual relations. The least principled of Englishmen will shudder at the unromantic and mercenary institution in which the French youth approaches marriage. Wives are engaged like partners—for cash—and generally by the letter of agreements. Here, it may be said, the masters are wrong, there the men. And so you laboriously strike a balance and declare your sympathy for the side you deem aggrieved. After a few days I saw clearly that the Dublin strike was outside the category of ordinary labour disputes; that there were inherent in it deeper problems. It is safe to affirm that in Great Britain, an organised and continuous strike by men habitually hungry, whether employed or unemployed, is unknown. The Dublin strike is unique in this: hunger is the men's daily food. This strange and forbidding spectacle raises the ghosts that have lurked in Dublin's slums for over half a century.

The City of Perpetual Hunger.

I was prepared to examine closely into the details of the Dublin strike. Granted that want is still the system, that both sides accept it as the necessary basis of the existing economy, then it follows that there are probably rights and wrongs on both sides when a strike or lock-out occurs. Here, it may be said, the masters are, in the men. And so you laboriously strike a balance and declare your sympathy for the side you deem aggrieved. After a few days I saw clearly that the Dublin strike was outside the category of ordinary disputes, that there were inherent in it deeper problems. It is safe to affirm that in Great Britain, an organised and continuous strike by men habitually hungry, whether employed or unemployed, is unknown. The Dublin strike is unique in this: hunger is the men's daily food. This strange and forbidding spectacle raises the ghosts of Ireland's agricultural renaissance has been drummed into British ears since Wyndham's Land Act was passed. We naturally inferred that all Ireland shared in the harvest, including Dublin, the capital. Thousands in Dublin reaped where the Irish farmers had sown, but the submerged population, hungry and helpless, slept in their slums and rookeries, unouched by Wyndham's magic wand and Pilkington's wholesome witticisms. Here was I in Dublin trying to glean hope out of a wonderfully sustained industrial struggle and all I could see was the stupefying fact that Dublin staggered to its fate carrying an absolutely superfluous
population of 160,000 people always in a state of chronic hunger. The City with its surrounding townships numbers 360,000, who wastefully and wistfully do clumsily the work that ought to be done efficiently by 200,000. The result of this bad human economy is seen in the dreadful poverty and starvation that mark Dublin as the nearest approach to Hell in all the broad and ugly expanse of capitalist civilisation.

I naturally concluded that the Irish Literary Movement, finding expression in the Abbey Theatre, would have something to say about this unspeakable tragedy. The Abbey Theatre is almost next door to Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Transport and General Labourers' Union. Thousands of strikers pass by to their daily rendezvous in Beresford Place, where they wait and starve and wait, their dreary tedium occasionally relieved by the sight of a young man and woman. They have just been married. They have not a stove between them and the cupboard is bare. After kissing, she is going into service and he to the nearest town, to save enough to buy a donkey and cart and so grow rich. There comes to the door a blind fiddler, who asks for food and shelter. The young couple whisper to each other. The young man says there is not enough food to go round, but this is the first visitor to her very own home and welcomed he must be. So they invite him in and offer him their poor fare. The fiddler holds out a plate for money for himself and they all gladly give, some copper and even gold. 'Tis the fiddler hands the proceeds to the young bridegroom and strangely disappears. 'Where has he gone?' they ask. A late-comer then tells the startled company that he has been present at the fiddler's funeral three days ago. The second play, 'The Country Dancer'-may be twice that number, but it is obvious that Dublin people have been in a condition of positive hunger.

How easy it is to write these words, but who can measure the sum of awful human misery their meaning imports? In its early stages hunger gnaws; as the vitality sinks, Nature mercifully brings its own strange anodyne, the pangs disappear, leaving behind a numbness of sense, a physical inertia, that marks the lowest ebb of vitality consistent with continuing consciousness.

This is Dublin's problem. Its employers have reduced Dublin's working population to that low vitality point, when hunger no longer gnaws. With this human material they have vainly striven to maintain Dublin's industrial status. Is this an exaggeration?

In one of Dublin's clubs, after lunch, a number of us sat and discussed the strike. "What beats me," said one man, "is why the men let the police ride over them. They outnumber the police five or ten to one." They are they: "They want feeding," said another. I remarked that perhaps it might be good business, if a fight was on the tapis, to give the men a good square meal. "Good God!" came the reply, "you don't know what you are saying. If you gave them a big meal, in three hours half of them would be writhing in indigestion." In Liberty Hall one of the leaders told me that they could hold out a long time. "The men," said he, "are inured to hunger."

In this population of 360,000, I cannot discover 10,000 men engaged in productive industry. There may be twice that number, but it is obvious that Dublin's economic basis is dangerously slender. It has its official population; there are many old-established families with incomes from investments; there is a small army of annuitants. Apart from these, it is a distributive centre, moving goods about from one railway to another, from boat to rail or from boat to boat. There is a gigantic brewery and a few trades parasitically living upon it; there is a biscuit factory, a match factory, and one or two other small undertakings.

If I exaggerate, I am in good company. Mr. T. M. Kettle, Professor of National Economy in the National University, himself a citizen of Dublin, thus describes the city he loves:

In average wage-level, in previous lack of organis-
tion, and consequently of skill and productivity, labour- 
ing Dublin is the blackest scandal of that Empire with 
which we are associated. As the Irishman I read my 
garments and cry for forgiveness at the word. The mansion-slums of Dublin go as close as 
any material fact to the root of our distress. You can walk through broken street after street of 
this proud capital, and as you absorb into your eyes—and your nose, the reek that almost assuages you will 
understand the degradation to which this city has condemned 
the Caryatides of labour. . . . If you seek for a parallel 
to the houses in which so many of our fellow-citizens are 
endavouring to erect the Ten Commandments on, its tenants a shilling a week, you must go to some city in the 
Balkans. Chimney-stalks shattered by the wreck of war, 
underclothes-strewn walls, pictures hung haphazardly 
with rags, squallor, hunger, drink, disease, lunacy—that is the common picture.

Scourged by a disease so deeply rooted as this, so 
disastrous in its long continuing effects that even the 
San Francisco earthquake compared with it is transient 
and insignificant, what have the leaders of the Irish 
think to say? The Irish Literary Movement seeks to 
fill the men's empty bellies with stories of ancient days 
told in the lingo of the nursery—truly a valuable and 
enduring contribution. The City Fathers of Dublin at 
every election speak sympathetically and hopefully of 
great housing schemes. Professor Kettle on this 
point is terse but inconclusive: "We ought all of us 
to be ashamed to talk again of the twenty-one thousand 
single-room tenements of Dublin. Since I was a boy, I 
have heard them talked about, and, in the region of 
action, from January election to January election, all 
was a rhetorical zero . . . . Syngue used to say that if 
you want to gather a flower in its full significance, you 
must track its root down to the clay and the worm. In 
the bedraggled purlieus of working-class Dublin you will 
find the fetid stench of springtime beer; for, as the weed that is now strangling us." But Mr. Kettle, 
Professor of National Economics in the National Uni-
versity, ex M.P., and man of affairs, whilst emphatic 
that the Dublin workers ought to be better housed, is 
strangely silent when it comes to the hard question how 
these men are to pay the increased rents that inevitably 
follow large housing schemes. They live in one-roomed 
tenements, in squalor and hunger (please do not forget the hunger) because they have not enough money to live in 
better ways. A large purchase of bread must be increased to meet the increased cost of living and to 
realise in some degree the necessities imposed upon 
them by modern ways of life. The Irish Transport 
and General Labourers' Union has reached the alarming 
conclusion that, though they have the money to wish 
more wages, Dublin opinion favours some increase in wages, but it must not be done by Larkin. 
Dublin opinion favours the old-fashioned and staid 
trade-unionism that does not press for more wages too 
emphatically or too hurriedly. Dublin opinion calls for 
calm thought and deliberation. Dublin opinion asks 
that the distressing situation of the masters shall be 
sympathetically considered. Dublin opinion feels deeply 
for the hungry proletariat but thinks that as it has been 
chronically hungry for half a century no great harm 
will be done if it remain hungry yet a while longer, whilst 
the unfortunate masters habituate themselves to new 
conditions. Dublin opinion has oceans of sympathy 
for the workers, but any sudden demand for 
more food is in the nature of irresponsible clamour to 
be sternly resisted. With Dublin opinion so reason-
able and sympathetic, reflecting the great Christian 
qualities of kindness and charity, there seems no reason 
why the leaders of Irish thought should make any pro-
motion to do so would be embarrassing, and at 
this critical moment in Irish history from liberty like this coming along, it were foolish to embarrass 
the situation by any considered policy to cure hunger. 
Besides, the hunger is chronic. How absurd then to 
attempt to cure what seems to assuage it. Accordingly, 
our fearless leader, Mr. John Redmond, is away up in 
the Wexford hills shooting little birds and hoping to 
reduce his own rather pronounced corpulence. Mr. 

Devlin, whose heart is known to palpitate with poig-
nant sympathy for labour, is motoring in the West. 
Mr. John Dillen, the disciple of Mazzini, is reserving 
his strength for the great and final campaign. We 
know, however, that his go-between heart throbs; he 
sees the situation clearly. He knows that it were indis-
creet to go. The noble cause of Ireland, for which our 
fathers suffered and bled, must be paramount. Hunger 
are distressing (as Mr. John Dillon knows because 
he actually has a doctor’s diploma) but in a year or two, 
after the next Parliamentary Armageddon, something 
must be done. Perhaps some sane Labour men will be 
turned to the Irish Parliament. Dublin's army of 
hunger-stricken can gloat over the prospect. Mean-
time, yet a little more hunger, a little more folding of 
the hands in silent protest.
An Examination of the National Guild System.

By H. Belloc.

I wish to ask the Editor of The New Age for the hospitality of his columns to discuss that "Guild Socialism" which he and those that follow him have advocated so powerfully and successfully during the last few months.

Perhaps he will allow me at the outset of such an examination to propose that I do not pretend myself to be a student of any full scheme so expounded. I have read the articles which have been presented in this paper; for, like most men who are interested in what is left of living journalism, I read The New Age regularly and set my course to explain that I do not pretend myself to be a student of any full scheme. I shall only attempt, for what that attempt may be worth, an examination of what I understand this solution of the grave English crisis to be, and in what that solution seems to me subject to criticism.

The conception that industry is best regulated upon a co-operative model, and that such a model is most human and therefore best when the ultimate human interests of each particular trade are expressed externally and politically by a Guild, to which is confided the conduct of that trade, is as old as civilisation. Amid all the work which the Editor of The New Age has accomplished, nothing stands out with greater force than his resuscitation of this doctrine; nor will it be possible for his contemporaries to ignore for long the constructive value of what he has put forward.

Now I am interested in that idea because I recognise it in a piece of historical reality, by which I mean something consonant with what I know the men of my race to have done whenever they were free to do anything at all. To speak of Guilds as normal to human economic activity is something sound and real just as it is sound and real to consider the State as composed of families, rather than of individuals, and just as it is sound and real to allow in human life for a certain proportion of hours to be spent in sleep; just as it is sound and real to presuppose leisure as a necessary condition of good art.

To put it briefly, at the outset of my examination, I would say that the men of our race, I mean Europeans, left really free to produce, to distribute, and to exchange would certainly organise themselves in Guilds; just as they would certainly organise themselves for intimate life in families; just as they would certainly demand and procure leisure for the Fine Arts, abhor and restrict intensive commerce therein. Unfortunately, to state this general truth in the ruined English society of to-day is no more than to tell a man with a cancer in the stomach that if he was healthy he would have a good appetite.

I am not pretending that the proposal for Guild Socialism put forward in The New Age is thus vague and out of touch with our terrible social disease. On the contrary, it has been thoroughly worked out even to details, and it is acutely in touch with the actual conditions of modern England. But what I mean is that the proposal to re-establish Guild control over economic activities through the modification of existing institutions (such as the English Trade Unions) and along the lines which Capitalism has established, does not finally solve our riddle. It does not solve it because, to use the very excellent terminology of The New Age itself—the "spiritual" solution still remains in doubt. Unless we can say what the families composing the Guild are to own we have no scheme, and unless we are right in judging what scheme will satisfy the soul of man we have no solution.

The kernel of the whole matter is Property. Shall men in families own, or shall they not own? For between that doctrine and all its opponents there is the same sort of gulf which lies between the doctrine of marriage and all its opponents, or between the doctrine of patriotism and all its opponents. It is fundamental to any society.

Now it is evident that a Guild could be a true Guild no matter what the nature of the ownership exercised over its means of production, that is, over the material objects necessary to its particular form of production. Qua Guild its essence is the co-operative organisation and control of the human agents composing it; the setting out of their labour; the making and enforcing of rules for that labour.

But the spiritual effect of such Guilds, the effect they would have in satisfying the intimate needs of men— or at any rate of men of our race—would differ utterly according to the way in which the instruments with which they worked were controlled.

From this point of view there seem to be four possible types of Guild and four only, each representing one possible arrangement for the control of the means of production available to the Guild.

I say four only, because, first, there must be a two-fold division into the type of Guild in which the workers are owners and the other type in which they are not owners but proletarians; and in each of these divisions there must be a two-fold division again, for of the proletarian Guilds the means of production may be owned by a capitalist class; or by the State; while of the possessing Guilds the property may be owned either collectively, a member of the Guild only owning property in the sense that he is a member of a corporation so owning, or distributively, members of the Guild being owners of property no matter where situated, and finding their economic freedom in such several possession.

So analysed we obtain, then, these four types:

1. The Guild which is but one unit in a Collectivist State: the State owning its material means of production and the Guild controlling the hours, activities, and hierarchy of its human members.

2. The Guild which controls the proletarian humanity within an industry, making of that proletariat a sort of Commonwealth in alliance with the capitalist possessors of its means of production, who shall still remain possessors.

3. The Guild a corporate owner of the material objects and means of production in its own industry; the State having over it no more than the political power common to every State over its citizens.

4. The Guild co-ordinating men organised to control the labour of a particular industry, but these men normally possessed of individual property vested indifferently in their own industry or elsewhere.

I propose to examine that of the four types the last is the only stable and satisfying one; and that only the Guild arising from the co-operation of free men (that is of men possessed of several properties without which no civic family is wholly free) is reasonable and consonant to man. I propose to show that between it and the three other types lies the line of cleavage, and that the three other types do not satisfy the soul of man as we know it, or at any rate the soul of our kind of man.

First let me premise that these four types, logically distinct, cover the whole field.

It will be said of so rigid a division that it may be susceptible to endless modification through combinations of the various principles involved; and that therefore so exact an analysis is useless. It may be said that the field is covered not by four distinct types of this kind, but by an indefinite number of possible types, and that to deduce conclusions from such abstractions is waste of time.

For that kind of pragmatic "reasoning" the French have an excellent word. They call it flou. I may translate this by the English "wobbly-stuff." It is self-evident that human society will always consist of complex organic arrangements and not of simple mechanical divisions, but you cannot think of anything at all, nor come to any conclusion about it, nor grasp its reality, until you have established some definite categories.
To give a concrete example: The State may be the legal owner of a steam trawler used by the Fishermen's Guild. But in practice the Fishermen's Guild will be using the steam trawler with precious little interference from the State; while the pier which the Fishermen's Guild also uses, they rely on the property of the State, is much more under the active control of the State than the steam trawler is. The fisherman of the Fishermen's Guild can do pretty well what they like aboard the steam trawler, but they often have to put up with what they do not like in connection with the pier. "There"—will say an objector of the type I mention—"is the way things really pan out, and therefore your wretched categories are useless."

To this I answer that precisely in that concrete instance you will get your proof of the value of categories. Some fine day—or rather some dirty one—the Fishermen's Guild will decide that the steam trawler can risk a cruise in spite of the weather, and the State will forbid it. The Fishermen will win; and if they can maintain their victory they will be the owners in future of the trawler, not the State.

Conversely, the Fishermen in their local wisdom want an extension of the pier to run in a certain direction, and if the State were the nominal owner of the pier, taking the expert advice of its hydrographical department, will insist upon the extension going differently. The State, the nominal owner of the pier, taking the expert advice of its hydrographical department, will insist upon the extension going differently. The State wins, and thereafter there is no doubt that its control of the pier is not only nominal but real.

With a few more such tests one soon establishes what the mixed type of guild has here become: how far it belongs to type No. I, how far to type No. III, and which is the predominant type.

Tests of this sort are perpetually recurring in ordinary life in the case of other categories with which we are familiar. They enable us to say clearly to what type a particular form of ownership belongs and explain how much it is admixed with another type, and which type predominates.

For instance, it is no idle abstraction to distinguish Peasant Proprietorship from the system of Large Estates, and to deduce certain social consequences from the nature of either type. A man might point to the case of Irish land and say that its confusion proved the valuelessness of such a method. It does nothing of the kind. One can say in the case of that example: (1) Up to such and such a date you had the system of the Large Estates enforced by the law. The tenant was only a tenant. The landlord owned. (2) After that date, when rents were reduced and their limit fixed by law, you had a mixture of Peasant Proprietorship and the landlord system; an examination of the proportion of advantage received by either party clearly shows that after the change the landlord type predominated. You conclude, therefore, of a particular patch of Irish land, that at a particular date after the establishment of the Fair Rent courts it was still under the system of Large Estates with an admixture of Peasant Proprietorship. The two types were mixed, but the first type predominated. Knowing this you deduce your conclusions as to the satisfactory or non-satisfactory solution thus reached, and you say (if you are in favour of Peasant Proprietorship) "This is not a good solution, it is on the bad side and will not satisfy the human needs of the people." If you think large estates the right thing then you will say: "This mixed type though not wholly satisfactory is a tolerable solution of the difficulty, and will more or less meet the needs of the people."

You can in every social question establish these types, and you must establish them if you are to reason upon your matter at all.

You will, therefore, postulate my four types and ask how far each satisfies our receipt, qualifying so rigid a method by the admission that if ever a tolerably democratic society is reached by industrial England—which I doubt—the Guilds composing that society will every one of them be of mixed type, and those mixed types very varied and numerous.
—nothing but kindness both from rich and poor—among these people whom the Christians were now bent upon exterminating. She had nursed the wounded in a local hospital, and wished I could have seen how good they were, and patient. The Western peoples, she referred to them. She had been the only woman in that hospital, the other nurses were all Turkish gentlemen; and she had been treated with the finest courtesy. Her fellow-workers had become her friends for life. How much lies about the Turks believed in Europe; in whom? She had to leave me presently, being still in much concern about the comfort of my room. I then put on a fez and went out into the garden to a shady seat. It was an afternoon of summer heat, contrasting with the wintry bareness of the chestnut grove which stretched before me, aisle on aisle. A tentative, half-wakened croak of frogs came from the little lake upon my left, hidden from view behind a mass of shrubbery. Real Eastern crises were wafted from the distant road-way. I felt entirely comfortable and in place for the first time since leaving my own Sussex farmhouse. The twigs and branches of the chestnut trees cast a mystery of shade upon the ground. I was contem-
plating this and smoking peacefully when the intrusion of a broader shadow caused me to look up. A very stately personage had joined me silently. His snowy turban and black flowing robe announced him as a kâja (Muslim clergyman). With his right hand saluted gravely, touching lips and brow. I rose and did the same. He handed me a visiting card of Rifaat Bey's, with my name and some imagined dignities written on it in Turkish. Having read it, I saluted once again, profoundly, took his hand and led him to the seat upon my right. On sitting down we both half rose again and did the same salute, this time with smiles. To my immense relief my visitor then uttered words of Arabic—the best Koranic Arabic, pro-
ounced with many hesitations and much search for words, precisely as a classical scholar of the Church of England would speak Latin, if obliged to do so, for the first time. I began to answer glibly in the Syrian language. Our conversation was thus stilted, but we understood each other perfectly. He was, I learnt, a keen progressivist, a noble old-fashioned Muslim. Indeed, there has always been a number of devout Moham- edans who regarded an unbridled despotism as of nature irreconcilable and disastrous to Islam.

Learned doctors of religion had a large hand in drawing up Midhat Pasha's constitution, and the theological study was its chief support. It is, therefore, a mistake to speak of European Islam as unprogressive save by force of circumstances. My visitor dwelt much upon the need of patriotic education, of encouragement of every local effort for self-government, as tending to relieve the Porte of the enormous burden left to it by the old tyrannical regime. The work had been mapped out, he said, and, as regarded education, well begun. Rifaat had told him that I knew Arabic, and was a lover of Islam, and he had eagerly expected my arrival in order to enjoy a talk with me about the future of the country. He was one of the Deputies of Constantinople in Parliament, and a theological authority, I afterwards discovered. When I told him what the object of which I was a party was the largest of which I was. He was the object of which I was, the extermination of the European Muslims, at a time when Turkey had espoused that very progress with which so many people were so concerned, him as the one thing needful? I told him my opinion: that the Christian Governments were paralysed by mutual fears, thus giving Russia's ancient hatred of the Turk the lead which resolution has in an assembly of the hesitating; Western peoples by their crusading spirit, now as in old days, was due to utter ignorance. He asked a lot of other questions which I answered to the best of my ability. Meanwhile, without the need of any bidding, a damsel brought out coffee and some appetising cake of which we both partook.

While we were talking I had more than once a sense of being spied on from the house. No sooner had my visitor departed than the feeling was explained; for Misket Hanum hurried out, preceding, in order to introduce, two Turkish ladies wearing the head-dress and the loose white cloak which is all that is considered necessary in the country for informal visits, and two young men, their relatives. They had come to bid me welcome to the village, to the visitor, and, looking at the stars, make my acquaintance, had been listening to us. Conversation from a window, looking daggers at the kâja, thinking he would never go. Of course they dared not “come out”—that is, show their faces to a man—while he remained. Two very pretty girls bowed to me, blushing, and held out their hands as soon as their male relatives had shaken mine. “Welcome to our country” was the burden of their greetings, which had a small point of hostility, it soon appeared, for they immediately expressed regret that owing to the wicked, cruel war, I saw it quite unlike itself, immersed in grief. But it was not to blame for that, I must remember. I was to blame for it, seemed to be implied, as representing the West. Two pairs of great blue eyes, half-frightened, half-defiant, searched my face for evidence of anger or fanaticism. The youths, more diffident, left to the girls the task of opening conversation. Again I was asked why England hated them and ignored them, for the subject, this time in French, which the elder of the girls spoke almost perfectly. Misket Hanum, flushed as she was with business upon my account, soon ran back into the house, leaving us to stroll about the garden for an hour, by the end of which my visitors had lost their shyness; both boys and girls were chattering quite gaily, and I was being teased for too fanatical a Muslim. Like all the Turkish ladies whom I subsequently had the privilege of knowing, the girls were absolutely frank and easy, with no foolish airs, no giggles and side-glances. What we esteemed the finest breeding would seem to be the heritage of the whole race, for rich and poor alike possess it. That, and personal beauty are the rule, in my expe-

ience.

When the visitors had departed, Misket Hanum came out again, her hospitable labours ended, and showed me round the garden as the sun set. Her embarrassment in my society was still great; observing which, I hazarded a question which was in my mind: would she be willing to receive my wife, supposing that the latter could come out and join me in a few weeks' time? How her eyes brightened! How her tongue was loosed! I was besought to say exactly who they were, and she Did she love the Turks as I did, or might she not object to wearing Turkish dress? Misket Hanum fell at once to planning fresh arrangements in the house and expeditions to be made when she arrived. As we passed by the shed where the gardeners, and other Lazas, friends of theirs, abode in harmony, she cried to her head man: “Madama da gelekjet!” (Madame also is coming.) And when the chill of night drove us indoors, she told me the news to Eudoxia the Greek handmaid, who curtseyed and expressed grave satisfaction.

But at the evening meal we were again embarrassed. The mistress and the maid in waiting watched my face for signs of anger, as each dish appeared. The crucial test to be applied to me, it seems, was “dolmâs”—leaves stuffed with rice and chopped up meat, with rage. As the food was of European origin, it was thought, might fling it from him. When this was set before me I cried out for joy, in-

forming them that they had hit upon my favourite dish; whereas to both mistress and maid exclaimed in one breath: “Praise be to God.”

Though I have no evidence upon the point I do not fancy that the gardener was asked to bring his pistols and his rusty scissors and sleep outside my bedroom door that night.
A Visit to the Doctor.

By Harold Lister.

Since it is the legal custom of the youth of Intelligencia to visit a consulting psychologist, after passing through their majority, we will give a brief description of one such visit.

This particular appointment being by special arrangement, our visitor was greeted on his arrival by the doctor himself. "Well, old man, you are six months past the specified time, and as you know, you are liable to a fine of five pounds." "Hum, I suppose so. But how the deuce do you know I am precisely 21 years and 6 months?"

"That," said the doctor, "is the deduction simplicity itself, my good-father. I was your godfather. On your 21st birthday I presented you with an enamelled cigarette-box. In fact I made it myself, and I was rather proud of my handiwork." And there was just a suspicion of a grin as he lit his cigarette. "Not just now, thanks." "My memory," said the young man, "gets worse. I forget the simplest of things imaginable." "You needn't worry about that. Yours is the imaginative-creative temperament. Think of the thousand and one stupid little things you can do so as to make our visitor was greeted on his arrival by the doctor himself. "Well, old man, you are six months past the specified time, and as you know, you are liable to a fine of five pounds." "Hum, I suppose so. But how the deuce do you know I am precisely 21 years and 6 months?"

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the good things of the body, but with the prudence which makes them subservient to order. A pleasure enjoyed in accordance with Nature is better than a privation she does not require: and the most immaterial action of our life is less harmful than the struggle of those superfluous virtues which check the spread of wisdom.

There is for us no other morality than that of man's own heart, no other knowledge or wisdom than the recognition of its needs and a true estimate of the means of happiness. Have nothing to do with useless knowledge, supernatural systems, and mystic doctrines. Leave to other intelligences of a higher order or a different type what is remote from yourself. What cannot be clearly discerned by your intelligence was never intended for it.

"Comfort, enlighten, and support your fellows. The part you are to play is fixed by the place you fill, in the vast scale of being. Recognise and follow the laws of manhood, and you will help other men to know and follow them. Ponder and show them the end and object of things; let them see the cause of what astounds them, the instability of what disturbs them, the nothingness of what allures them.

"Do not hold aloof from the rest of the world; always take account of the Universe, and be mindful of justice. You will have spent your life worthily and played the man."

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

DURING the life of Cardinal Manning, the Irish in England who form the bulk of the Catholic body, received some consideration; but when, after the death of the "Radical Cardinal," the Church was captured by the Vaughan family, and the other English Catholic aristocrats, it became one of a religious institution into a purely political machine. Anything that could give offence to Irish sentiments, or injure Ireland, found ready adoption.

The aim and object of the heads of the Church in England is to construct, by any means, an "English Catholic Party," which shall enter politics and imitate the part played in the German Reichstag by the Catholic Centre. By obtaining the balance of power (like Parnell), they hope to erroneously concessions from either party, Liberal or Tory, which will help towards the great purpose—the regaining of the "Dowry of Mary," and in the meantime, enjoy the free run of the Empire.

Now it is singular, but true, that since the coming of the Irish sixty-five years ago, the Church has made practically no impression on the democracy of England. The mass of the people are not so openly hostile to her as they were, but they are worse—they are indifferent. Converts in plenty she has made from the middle and upper classes at the expense of the Established Church, who are growing to dislike an institution whose foundation is associated with the name of Henry VIII. But from the working-classes, from whom she was most anxious to gain adherents, Rome has obtained practically none. Owing to her failure in this respect, the pace of the Church towards her grand object has been slow and irksome. She could not freely use, as she desired, the Irish vote in England, because of the Irish national question. She, therefore, set about in a more protracted but subtle manner to attain her object. This was nothing less than the destruction of all national sentiments in the Irish in England. On the ruins created in this direction she eventually hopes to construct her English Catholic Party.

I described in one of the early articles of this series how the movement was begun in Birmingham over thirty years ago, by the free distribution of anti-Irish newspapers at the church doors, from funds supplied by the Duke of Norfolk and other Catholic aristocrats. Afterwards we saw how the Errington intrigue was conducted at the Vatican and how the Papal Rescript against the Parnell tribute was defeated by the Irish people. The temper displayed by the Irish in England towards these efforts to injure Ireland, set the clerics working on other lines.

They now directed their attention to the school children. It was a longer, but more hopeful prospect. There was a time when I myself carried home all the songs and stories taught to Irish children were Irish. To-day they are of the most flagrant Jingoism.

The effect of this treatment of the Irish child has already made its appearance in political affairs. A few years ago during a Parliamentary contest, a meeting of the Catholic electors of the division was called to decide who should take the place of the Tory. Then was witnessed, for the first time, the strange sight of young men, the sons of Irish parents, referring to those Irishmen, who were the contemporaries of their own fathers, as the "Hickies." This incident called forth a well merited rebuke from the late Michael Davitt, but that in no way shamed the clergy. They still proceeded in their dastardly course, and eventually produced results which they had never bargained for. They soon discovered that those whom they had taught to look with contempt on the race from which they had sprung, went a step further and viewed with hatred those who had detached them from their own people. You can never make a good Englishman out of a bad Irishman.—Sample—Garvin!

Another plan adopted by the clerics to dazzle the Irish was to trail the Duke of Norfolk around the country from one Catholic function to another, like a prize "Bull," with the object of impressing the people how grateful they should feel that God had permitted them to share the same faith with the great Earl Marshal of England. It was notorious throughout the world that the whole Irish race were opposed to Chamberlain's crime in South Africa; and yet Cardinal Vaughan determined to involve us in it by trying to create the impression that the Irish Catholics in England gave their countenance to that infamous war. For this purpose the world was called to witness that grotesque piece of blasphemy, the blessing of the sword of his Nob's of Norfolk in Westminster Cathedral. Fortunately a wise horse in Cape Town refused to carry the despicable burden which the Cardinal had attempted to place on the backs of the Irish in England, and deposited his grace in the gutter in Adderley Street.

A most fitting receptacle. In relating the story of his own people. You can never make a good Englishman out of a bad Irishman.—Sample—Garvin!

"When I stand up to fight I do not object to a knock-down blow, but I'll keep on slogging. It was the priests who beat me. It has been my aim in Ireland to persuade the people to be a power outside the priests, either with them or without them, but not through them. When I started the Land League I started it without the priests, and they never joined me till it was an absolute success. I have been trying to do without them. Now they can do without me they have turned against me. It appears to me that the political ecclesiastic is the mistake of history; he is always a politician and almost always a bigot. The priests have ever gone so far as to refuse the sacraments to some of my supporters. You don't know how helpless an Irish peasant is when he is against his priest. Poor fellow, poor fellow."

To meet the assault on the present day and still enjoy the cover of Holy Church, the Parliamentary patriots have had to put up a very wary fight. Mr. John Redmond, speaking on the present situation, declared that:—"English Catholics in this country have always been the bitterest enemies of Ireland; why, I don't know, unless it be that they are jealous of a race who has always maintained its faith against persecution. We have fought their battles, we have emancipated them in spite of themselves, and whenever
any Catholic issue in which they are concerned arises we are always to the front to defend them, but not-willingly that, it is true that not even the Orange-men of Liverpool and Catholic. I say—the clergy are more bitter opponents to the cause of Irish freedom than the average English Catholic in this country. I say the man—I don't care who he is—who deliberately sets out on a policy of dividing the Irish vote in England is doing a deadly work. But the clerics continue at their deadly work, un-heeding the weighty admonition of Mr. John Redmond.

For all that, the priests in a body did support Mr. Doyle, but finding the national sentiment too strong for them, on the occasion to which the above extract refers, they have broadened their field of operation and are now running a Catholic Trades Union. Here they are manufacturing thousands of potential "Osbornes" with the object of getting the labour move-ment at a moment chosen to suit themselves. We have already seen in the cotton trade two attempts to split the workers on their own well-being. But the miners are forced to live; and the cause of the decimation of the infants will stand revealed.

To draw these articles to a close. I will now come nearer to my own home and describe the condition of affairs which I observed daily in my travels. Readers of The New Age are familiar with Mr. Bello's particular bugaboo, "The Servile State." But contemplate the state to which the Irish workers in the Durham and Northumberland coalfields have been reduced by clericalism. On the fortnightly pay-sheet of the Irish miners is an item—priest's money—showing a deduction from their wages on behalf of the parish priest. If the matter began and ended with the stoppage of the money and handing it to the cleric, it might be justified on account of its convenience. But, unfortunately, it does not stop there. The colliery owners look for a quick pro quo, and this they obtain in the shape of the Catholic vote. Consequently we find Irish electors returning colliery-owners to the County Councils and colliery managers and other officials to District Councils. The results for themselves and the mining committees are most disastrous. The owners through the Irish vote are able to get possession of the Assessment Committees and rate themselves to suit themselves. But even worse than that, their officials, by dominating the District Councils, which are the local health and sanitary authorities, are able to prevent all improve-ments in the housing conditions.

All the world has heard, with horror and disgust, the name of Wallowbridge in Northumberland; but, who has heard of Newbottle in Durham? And yet one is the very "marrow" of the other, and they both exist owing to the same influence. The Local Government Returns, recently published, showed the appalling infantile mortality in certain parts of the country. In Lancashire they ascribed it to the mothers working in factories. But the mothers on the Durham coalfields do not work in factories; there are no factories nor workshops for them to be employed in, they are purely a domestic class. Yet the infantile mortality is equal to that of the cotton centres. Why?

Take a tram ride from Sunderland, through Rhyhope, Silksworth, Newbottle to Haughton-le-Spring, and see the conditions under which the miners are forced to live; and the cause of the decimation of the infants will stand revealed.

Recently we had a national coal strike, the miners demanding better pay and better conditions of living. At that time many suggestions were made in the Press as to the lines on which a settlement should be reached. Amongst others, there were two Catholic suggestions. The first was made in the "Observer" by that very plious papist, Mr. J. L. Garvin, who suggested that "The pit villages should be surrounded by troops, and the miners driven back to work at the point of the bayonet."

The other solution of the problem was provided by the "Tablet," the official organ of the Catholic Bishops and aristocratic class. All the beauties of this suggestion can be gathered at a glance. It was: "Import Chinese coolies, send them down the pits to work, supplant the villages with troops and keep the miners out." As I related in the first of these articles, the Irish came here sixty-five years ago, home-less, friendless, and penniless. They took refuge in the slums and kept body and soul together by under-taking menial work. In the present century the Irishmen were loth to perform. There were no churches or clerics then, from whom they might receive the consolations of religion, but out of their poverty they soon provided both. In the sixty-five years cathedrals, churches, convents, schools, and chapels have been erected at their expense. But the slums are still their own portion. While the Church has accumulated vast wealth and property, the people from whose meagre portion it has been extracted find themselves today worse off than they were twenty years ago.

Why? For the simple reason that neither priest nor politician has ever taught their people that there is a world and a better world outside a slum area. "The nearer the gutter, the nearer to God," sums up not inaptly the attitude of the cleric. Regarding the politician I was simple enough at one time to think that they regarded the position with sheer indifference. But when I began to induce the people to agitate for a more open and better life I quickly discovered that I was interfering with a vested interest. Behind this apparent indifference to the tragedy of the people there lies a deep political purpose. A slum is generally found in one ward, where the people are crowded together in one or two-roomed tenements. And every tenement has a vote! There's the secret of the ghostly thing.

Massed in a small area, the people can be more easily manipulated when they are required for a Parliamentary or municipal election. For the remainder of their lives they are kept in slavery and ignorance. The Irish workers in England are nominally represented by the politician on the other hand will be shouting for a new departure? If we remain upon the old track, we are in danger of being robbed of the Irish vote. But when elections are on the cleric presents himself and declares: "Vote as I direct you for the honour and glory of God and the salvation of your own souls." And then the paid patriot, the man with a "Catholic face," will come along and declare: "Vote for me and the honour and glory of Ireland and your social salvation." But in sober truth, neither of this pair of rascals cares a tinker's curse either for the social or spiritual salvation of the people. While they desire the power, for their own profit, to sell the people's franchise to the people's enemies.

"There is treachery at headquarters," declare the London priests of T. P. O'Connor's organisation for luring the Irish vote in England. Well, according to the placard which is bestowed upon the political electors, it is the Irishmen who have been "matchless mendicants" after "raining capital" on the Irish vote in England for twenty years, is now going to be elevated to the Cabinet. There he will be able to meet his bosom friend Mr. Lloyd George, and they will be able to arrange in greater convenience and with complete satisfaction of the people. But they desire the power, for their own profit, to sell the people's franchise to the people's enemies.

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Now, as all parties in the State are making prepara-tions to accommodate themselves to the new position which will be created by the passage of the Home Rule Bill, why should not the Irish workers in England make a new departure? If we remain upon the old track, the old cries to which we were either led or driven, will be used to our destruction. The cleric on the one hand will be shouting: Follow me for "Faith," the politician on the other will be bawling: Follow me for "Fatherland." My suggestion is that these two be kept to their bawling and shouting, and the Irish workers fall in line and follow their own class. The labour movement in England to-day lacks three things—wit, grit, and a talent for fighting. All these elements can be supplied by the Irish in England. And then, in the fight for freedom which looms ahead, the pluto-crats faced by men of the fighting race, would learn all that is comprehended in the one word—FARRAGH.
The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

V.

If Vildrac has laid himself open to the charge of almost professional kindliness, there are I think few who would bring such an accusation against M. Laurent Tailhade.

If the crowd of men who gather about "L'Effort Libre" have set about clarifying the poetic diction it is equally certain that the author of "poèmes Aristophanes" writes in accordance with a tradition of speech which has no need of clarification.

Täglich geht sie dort spazieren, -
Mit zwei hübsch alten Damen-

wrote Heine with his eye very much on the object.

Carmen est maitre—un trait de bistre . . .

wrote Gautier. I think this sort of clear presentation is of the noblest traditions of our craft. It is surely the scourge of fools.

It is what may be called the "prose tradition" of poetry, and by this I mean that it is a practice of speech common to good prose and to good verse alike. It is to modern verse what the method of Flaubert to modern prose, and by that I do not mean that it is not equally common to the best work of the ancients. It means constatation of fact. It presents. It does not comment. It is irrefutable because it does not present a personal predilection for any particular fraction of the truth. It is as communicative as Nature. It is as uncommunicative as Nature.

The presentative method is equity. It is powerless to pervert a thing from its true use by trying to ascribe to it alien uses.

The presentative method does not attempt to "array the ox with trapping." It does not attempt to give dignity to that which is without dignity, which last is "rhetoric," that is, an attempt to make important the unimportant, to make more important the less important. It is a lie and a distortion.

The presentative method is equity. It is powerless to make the noble seem ignoble. It fights for a sane valuation. It cannot bring fine things into ridicule. It will not pervert a thing from its true use by trying to ascribe to it alien uses. It is also the scourge of fools.

Les femmes laides qui déchiffrent des sonates
Sortent de chez Erard, le concert terminé
Et, sur le trottoir gras, elles heurtent Phryné
Offrant au plus offrant l'or de ses fausses nattes
Elles viennent d'onir Ladislas Talpoint,
Pianiste hongrois que le Figaro vante.

This is what is called "rendering one's own time in the terms of one's own time." Heine wrote in this manner, and so did Catullus, and so for that matter did Aristophanes for whom M. Tailhade names the present volume. M. Tailhade has translated Petronius; it is what one would expect him to do.

He invokes "panurge daube et Sannio craquhte" very as much as one has cried out in holy fervour.

Sweet Christ from hell spew
in "Paralipomeni." Tailhade enjoys himself as Cer-vantes enjoyed himself with the "Diana" of Monte-mayor. It is a pleasing and erudite irony such as should fill the creative artist with glee and might well fill the imitator with a species of apostolic terror. That is to say, he is a satirist, he does not imitate a form merely for the sake of imitating. He plays with his old authors as easily as Lorenzo de Medici played with the cadences of the "primi secoli" poets, as easily as Leopardi when he writes—

Tutti desti cantando erano i galli.

E porporina i sempiterni calli, etc.

Dans l'omnibus aucunement blasphematoire
Mentent force nonnains, coffes et caneon,
Et c'est un air de deuil en les boutiques oú
Sorrit la pire du Bienheureux Peyrhoire.

Quelques petits enfants—dira je masturbés?
Vers Saint-Sulpice, et leurs maitres, larges abês,
Du goguenot prochain, éjouissent la vue.

He is one finds, full of tricks out of Rabelais and out of Villon, and of mannerisms brought from the Pléiade. He is a gourmand of great books; he is altogether unabashed and unashamed.

Entre les sièges où des garçons volontaires
Entassent leurs chalans parmi les boulingrins,
La famille Peyssard, avec des airs sereins,
Discute longuement les tables solitaries.

La demoiselle a mis un chapeau rouge vif
Dont s'honore le bon faiseur de sa commune,
Et madame Peyssard, un peu hommasse et brune,
Forte une robe loutre avec des retifs d'if.

He is equally vivid in his—

QUATIER LATIN.

La statuette au culte du drapage,
Dans le bar où jamais le parfum des brevas
Ne dissipait l'odeur de quoi la navire
Frisonne ses appas de la mère Cadaver
Dont le nom est fameux jusque chez les Howas.

Brune, elle fut jadis vantée entre les brunes,
Tant que son souvenir au Vaux-Hall est resté.
Et c'est toujours avec becs et de digne
Qu'elle rente le zine et détails des prunes.

The Louvre itself is versified with no less aptness—

Ces voyageurs ont des waterproofs d'un gris jásse

Avec des brodequins en allé en bateau;
Devant Reubens, devant Rembrandt, devant Watteau,
Ils s'arrêtent, pour consulter le Guide Joanne.

When M. Tailhade parodies the antique is considerably more than a parodist. He writes to his subject and the "snatches of ancient psalmody" are but a part of the music. The cadence and the rhymes are sufficiently ridiculous, and these also are a mockery. Par example, this ballade "de la parfaite admoni-

tion," how uncomfortable for those writers who think that a derivative mysticism is valid excuse for bad verses.

BALLADE

Voici venir le Buffle, le Buffle des buffles—le Buffle!
Lui seul est buffe et tous les autres ne sont que des boeufs.

Voici venir le Buffle, le Buffle des buffles—le Buffle!

Le verbe sesquiquédalier,
Le discours mitré, la façonde
Navarroise du Chevalier,
A Poesy comme dans Golconde,
Essorillent le pleutre immon
droblesquoir.

Mais, loin de tout bourgeois nigaud,

E porporina i sempiterni calli,

Hurler la palabe féconde:
Sois grandiloque et bousingot.

DE REGNIER.

If Laurent Tailhade has sought to follow the fashion of Aristophanic Greece, Henri De Regnier has contended himself with the tradition of vase-painters. The reader will, I suppose, be much annoyed with me for praising a man after he has been made a member of the French Academy, but I cannot bring myself to reject the "Odelettes" merely because misfortune has fallen...
upon their author since the date of their composition. Their "souplesse de rythme" has not grown stiff during the sixteen years that have passed since their publication.

Un petit roseau m'a suffi.
Puir faire frémir l'erbe haute
Et tout le pré
Et les doux saules
Et le ruisseau qui chante aussi;
Un petit roseau m'a suffi.
A faire chanter la fôret.

These lines and the rest of this odelette have long been recognised as M. De Regnier's declaration of his intention. Almost any of the poems of this sequence beautiful fineness it is of no importance—save to the serious critics, or at the least the last one who counts. His verse is of no interest save to the least observant dilettante that M. De Regnier could find.

But all France is not Paris, and if anything were the time of this present writing any body of serious criticism whatsoever, but it is obvious that this doubt exists only in the mind of a very young man, one not yet competent to write for the graver reviews.

But as a serious critic I mean one reasonably conversant with the practices and bases of the art, both during the several thousand years of the known past, and in the present, both in Britain and beyond her borders. Of course a "serious" critic is not necessarily competent; to be a competent critic one should be possessed both of insight and of intelligence. It is thus to be seen that a serious critic would be able to tell what part of a man's work is original and what part derivative. He should be able to tell what things are in accord with the most vital tradition and what part are innovation. A competent critic would be able to tell whether the innovations were significant or trivial, and whether the traditional part were able to stand comparison with the earlier resembling performance.

As touching innovations in the specific art of metric, I think De Regnier has given us little that we might not have had from the author of lines, "Sopra un basso relievo" or of the "Ultimo canto di Saffo." Still he has given us something. On the other hand, there would be a great advance in the standard of English verse writing and the poets north of the Channel would learn to write with such limpidity of syntax as De Regnier uses in his passage about the centaur—

Il s'atmène de quelques pas dans les roseaux,
Fait bien le vent, hennit, repasse l'eau.

Nevertheless, I do not believe that any man should need two thousand odd pages to say that he delights in gardens full of statues and running water and that Greek mythology is enchanting.

This is the characteristic French limitation, we go to the work of these authors and there is scarcely one from whom we might not learn something to our advantage as craftsmen, but it is nearly impossible to find a volume of French poems that one wants to read entire. From a dozen or so of compositions, you get a flair of personality, of something new and entertaining, and then you simply cannot be bothered to go on cutting the pages.

It would seem as if the French versifiers had become so engrossed in matters of craftsmanship as to forget that the first requisite of a work of art is that it be interesting. It is of no use to aim an empty gun correctly. It is equally useless to fire a perfectly loaded gun unless you point it at precisely what you want to hit. By this pleasing allegory I mean to speak of style as the perfect aiming and of "what the man has to say" as the powder.

It is certain that the method of constatation drifts off imperceptibly into description and that pages of poetic description can have no interest save for those particularly interested in the things described, or for those interested in language as language.

III.

CORBIÈRE.

But all France is not Paris, and if anything were needed to refute these generalities it could be found in the work of Corbière. Tristan Corbière is dead, but his work is scarcely known in England, and for all his having been a contemporary of Verlaine his work can hardly be said to have been "published" until the 'nineties. He has left only one book and this alone would set him apart from the French poets and place him in that very narrow category which contains Villon and Rimbaud. He was intimate Breton and had about as much affiliation with his Parisian contemporaries as had J. M. Syngle with the London aesthetes.

Because his versification is more English than French, because he was apparently careless of all versification, I think that his one volume will lie half open on the tables of all those who open it once. They said he was careless of style, etcetera! He was as careless of style as a man of swift and maraud speech can afford to be. For the quintessence of style is precisely that it should be swift and mordant. It is precisely that
I feel at present as if I had found another poet to put on the little rack with Villon and Heine, with the poets whom one actually reads. This is, I dare say, an enthusiasm of the moment, a thing of no critical value. I tell it for what it is worth.

Readers and Writers.

A CORRESPONDENT TO THE NEW AGE has made it almost unnecessary for me to mention that a monument to Heine is shortly to be erected in Hamburg. (He did not, by the way, state the name of the artist—Hugo Lederer.) Still, the event deserves more than a mere casual notice. I am reminded, for instance, of Dr. Oscar Levy's book on this very subject, in his volume "Aus dem Exil." Generally speaking, I should say that this decision of the senators of Hamburg reflects as much credit on them as on Heine himself. It may be wondered why the monument is not to find a place in Berlin. An answer will be found in the twelfth poem of the first "Nordsee" cycle. Under the title "Frieden," Heine evokes a vision of piety and calm, ending "Praised be Jesus Christ!" So far, so good. But then follow three asterisks, and the poem continues thus:

If you had devised this vision
You would have given a lot,
My dear old fellow! You
Who are so weak in head and loins
And so strong in belief,
And who honour the trinity meekly

There are over twenty lines more in this style, the "dear old fellow" being a worthy citizen—

In the pious city
Where sand and religion flourish
And the holy Spec's patient water
Cleanses souls and weakens the tea.

That is one reason why there is no monument to Heine in Berlin.

It is further noteworthy that certain German editors of Heine have performed, so to speak, an operation for appendicitis on this poem. They discreetly let it end with "Praised be Jesus Christ!" Dr. John Todhunter must have followed one of these editions in his version of Heine's poems—which is a pity. Leland and Edgar Bowring both include the complete poem in somewhat wooden translations. But it must be admitted that the rendering of the final portion is not to be undertaken lightly. That pleasing word "hinaufgefrömmelt," for example.

Suicide among poets appears to be on the increase. Last year we had the Middleton episode. About the same time a young student named Ernst Goll threw himself from a window at the University of Graz. Now Oscar Levy's poem on this very subject, in his volume "Aus dem Exil," has made it almost

Mein Leben war ein Schönheitslobgesang
An einer Sehnsucht bittende Gebarde,
Dumpfer, und trübe, und traurig
Gefühl der Zeit, der Traurigkeit,

It was he who called Hugo "Garde national épique" and Lamartine
Inventeur de la larme écroute, Lactymatoire d'abnémé!

He is more real than the "realists" because he still recognises that force of romance which is a quite real and apparently inextricable part of our life, he preceded and thereby escaped that spirit or that school which was to sentimentalise over ugliness with a more silly sentimentality than the early romanticists had shown toward "the beauties of nature."

In short, I go on reading him even though I have finished my article.
Listen to this; it is from his hymn "Fanatics" in the last volume:—

But not even in the glowing mistiness of the remotest worlds

Have we lighted on peace; we have envied the dead

their mute wisdom;

Above every region of beauty whither our gaze has

reached in conquest.

The tokens of thy sovereign sway in all infinities.

Before us in dark menace loom up as citadel-guarded

by loftiest spirits.

From the azure of a thousand azures flashed up

in gigantic orbits

Tier upon tier of thy structure, ever more clarified, with

boundless perspective;

From star to star, as if throning to new abodes, in the

igniting June of thy will

Hierarchies of spirits arise, a mystical bee-swarm from

a single hive

Intent on their sweet task with a riddling song of

melancholy.

That is but one phase of Brezina's work. In the

cadences of his first book he speaks a different dialect.

The American authorities have decided to revise the

tariff on imported books. Those in English will pay

a 15 per cent. duty (previously 25 per cent.), while foreign

books, which hitherto have been untaxed, will also pay

15 per cent. These changes have met with un-

favourable comment in the German Press. It is urged

that they put an additional handicap on the books

which are being made to preserve the German element

in America. As these efforts have not met with

remarkable success even under present conditions, there

is a wagging of heads among the Chauvinists. They

point to the laudable example of Russia, who levies

no duty on German books, and even grants special

railway rates for their import. But if the German

language is to be preserved in America (and from the

specimens of American German I have seen and heard.

I sincerely trust it will not), surely a paltry import of

15 per cent. ought to make no difference.

However, they are doing something in America on

behalf of German literature. Professor Kurt Francke,

of Harvard, is projecting a series of translations from

German authors of the nineteenth and twentieth cen-

turies. From Goethe and Schiller the way will lead

via the Romanticists and the mid-century epigones, to

such recent writers as Hofmannsthal and Rilke.

The collection will not confine itself to belles

lettres merely, but will contain also works of a more

general nature. There will be introductions; there will

be biographies; these are the usual things, these are,

that and the other. All of which is very pretty,

but who are the translators? Unless they are more

competent than the usual run of their class in America,

this laudable undertaking will turn out to be a whitened

sepulchre.

The American "Review of Reviews" has a column or

so on "The Modernness of Bulgarian Literature,"
derived from the Stockholm paper, "Ord och Bild.

I am glad to see that a fair amount of credit is given
to Alfred Jensen, the author of the original article, for
his attainments as a Slavonic scholar. But even more
might have been said without over-praising him.
Jensen's books have the accuracy of academic treatises,
without their dullness. His detailed study of Jaroslav
Vrchlicky, for example, is the standard work on the
subject. It has been translated into Czech, and is used
by native Bohemian students. Yet with its numerous
verse-translations it has value as a book for the general
reader. And the Swedes are to be envied for having
such travel books as his "Slavina," which may be com-
pared with Louis Léger's studies on Slavonic subjects.
Of all Jensen's ten books perhaps the most interest-
ing are those in his anthology of Russian poets from
the earliest times to the present day. He has also
translated a large number of Czech and South Slavonic
poets, and I believe that, like myself, he has in his

and, at the same time, some interesting discoveries.
The "New Popular Encyclopedia" published in 1904,
knows naught of Multatuli (who died in 1887). Nelson's
"Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia" has a short article
on him, so has Harmsworth. There is perhaps nothing
extraordinary about this, except that the two articles
agree word for word. Schoolboys have been whipped for cribbing on far less convincing
evidence than this. I wonder whether Nelson took a
deeply pious over Harmsworth or whether Harmsworth
snapped Nelson's exercise. Or can it be that they both?
It seems to me that the collaboration of encyclopediads ought to prove a pleasant pastime for
the long winter evenings.

However, there is quite a good article of Multatuli
(signed E. G.) in the "Encyclopedia Britannica." It
is not over-enthusiastic, and many, I think, would
dispute E. G.'s assertion that Multatuli's "Ideals" are
"hard, fantastic, and sardonic, and seldom offer
any solid satisfaction to the foreign reader." And is
it fact that his play, "The School for Princes," has
never held the stage? I have heard a different account
of its success.

This year an edition of the complete works of
Otakar Brezina has appeared in Prague. If I were
given to prophesying I should say this event will
in time find its way into the text-books of literature.
Anxiously, I think I may venture, without being accused of
compiling, to give some purely chronological details
about Brezina, for even the omniscient "Britannica"
knows him not. He was born forty-five years ago in
Southern Bohemia, and he has published the following
volumes of poetry:—"The Mystic Distances" (1895);
"The Dawn in the West" (1896); "The Polar Winds" (1897);
"The Temple Builders" (1898); "The Hands" (1901).
In 1903 appeared "The Music of the Springs," a
volume of prose essays. Brezina's real name is
Václav Jevavy, and he is a school teacher in Moravia.

All this means very little, perhaps, yet behind these
few data lies the record of a unique poetical develop-
ment, unique, at all events, as far as my knowledge of
contemporary European poetry reaches. I do not
hesitate to write myself down as one of the "brethren
for whose hives the planted lime-trees" (to use his
own phraseology). And this, in spite of the fact that
Brezina is a mystic. Probably of all the poetical
manners, the mystic is (after the decadent) the easiest
and most imposing. But a careful study of Brezina
has convinced me that the mystical

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and most imposing. But a careful study of Brezina
has convinced me that the mystical
desk a collection of unpublished versions from Vrchlicky. When he last wrote to me, he spoke in very enthusiastic terms of the Bulgarian poet Pentjo Slavejkov (1860-1912), whose epic, "The Song of the Blood," he was translating into Swedish.

A week or two ago the "Sunday Times," with acknowledgments to the "Globe," printed some extracts from a new, unpublished German version of Fitzgerald's "Omar," by Walter Zerner. Apart from the actual interest of the matter, it seems worth recording as a rare literary item in an English newspaper. From the examples given, this new translation seems quite good. The stanza, "There was a Door to which I found no Key, thus:-"

Ich sah das Tor zu dem kein Schlüssel nah,
Den Schließer dann, durch den kein Aug' noch sah,
Ein wenig Wesens dann von Dir und mir--
Und dann--wo blieben Du und ich dann da?

It is interesting to compare this with an earlier version by R. C. Gittermann:

Das war die Tür, die keinem Klageln wisch,
Das war der Schließer, undurchdringlich!
Ein wenig Reife war von "dir" und "mir"-
Und dann nichts weiter über dir und mich.

Still, I do not think the new version so superior to this as to justify publication, especially as there are already other German Omars on the market.

A whole volume might be written on English poetry and its German translations. The Germans possess remarkably good versions of English poets (those of Shelley and Tennyson, for example) and some incredibly bad ones. Last year, for some mysterious reason, a group of writers decided to issue a new series of translations from 18th and 19th century English poets. The first volume to appear contained the poems of Keats, attended to by Alexander von Bernus, who is, I believe, connected with the Stefan George circle of symbolists. This gave him the great advantage of being able to copyright German and misunderstand English. It would hardly be credited that this translator, who claims to be a poet himself, would turn the line--

Or emptied some dull opeate to the drains,
as though the word "drains" were used in its sanitary meaning ("in Röhren," he puts it). And his notions of euphony must indeed be strange when he begins the very ode with "Mein Herz schmerzt." Compare that with "My heart aches!" one is a snort, the other a sigh.

But the brightest cluster of jewels is presented by Herr Siegfried Trebitsch, who is Mr. Shaw's German interpreter. In the first edition of the plays, the curious may find such triumphs of translation as this:--"Unternehmer" for "undertaker," "ein öffentliches Haus" for "public house," "benutze ihn für dein Buch" for "bring him to book" (!), "wenn ich mich setzen soll, muss ich zuerst den Vorhang herablassen," for "I really must draw the line at sitting down" (!?), "Was haben die für ein Glaubensbekkennis?" for "What's the subscription?" This is really a close rival of the notorious "New Guide of the Conversation in English." Unfortunately, most of these gems were removed from their settings in the next edition, as meanwhile, certain persons with a greater love for philology than for humour had been at Herr Trebitsch in the public Press. But perhaps, after all, that first edition was only another joke of Mr. Shaw's, for perversions of the type I have quoted abound in every scree.

Otherwise, things have not changed much since Lessing's time, as readers of his "Briefe die jüngste Literatur betreffend" will recall. About the middle of the 18th century the Germans were translating Pope, Gay, Thomson, Bolingbroke, and some of them were already anticipating in a mild degree the linguistic feats of Herr Siegfried Trebitsch. "Unsere Uebersetzer" says Lessing on January 11, 1759, "verstehen selten die Sprache; sie wollen sie erst verstehen lernen; sie übersetzen, sich zu üben, und sie sind klug genug, sich ihre Uebersetzung zu lassen." Allen this, and a good deal more, might be said of the man who translated "The Devil's Disciple" by "Ein Teufelskerl."

Recently I have been looking through Norman Allis-
ton's "Reflections of Lichtenberg," to which a corre-
respondent drew my attention shortly after I mentioned that writer in these notes. The book gives so excellent a notion of Lichtenberg's personality, that it becomes unnecessary for me to translate any further extracts in the New Age. It also presents a disquieting ex-
ample of a really valuable piece of work elbowed aside by the rag, tag and bobtail of the bookmakers.

Max Geissler's "Führer durch die deutsche Literatur des zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts" (Weimar, Alexander Duncker. Price about 8 marks?) is an essentially tedious undertaking (I thank Mr. Ezra Pound for teaching me that epithet). But although it attains a tedeskan bulk, it is by no means carried out in a typically tedeskan manner. In fact I found this podgy lexicon quite entertaining enough even on a warmish afternoon in mid-
September. A good many of the articles might have been reprints of The New Age reviews. Geissler's pet bugbear is the decadent school. "Artistentum" is a word that he frequently has in his mouth, and no less frequently spits out in disgust. He hears several reputa-
tions to ribbons, he dances about on several highly re-
spected caricases, but he also breaks several butterflies on a very active wheel of his own invention.

"Jeder Autor bekommt zu dieser Zeit soviel Kriti-
ken, als er persönliche Bekannte unter den sog. Kriti-
kern hat." That is Geissler's text, and it has not in-
creased his popularity among scribes. One or two
t gentlemen appear to have been intensely annoyed, judg-
ing by their language. (I imagine Masefield, for in-
stance, having a few words with "Present Day Critic," somewhat beyond the stage of the retort courteous.)

As an example of Geissler's method of dealing with the decadents, I will mention his treatment of Max Dörrmann, the author of "Neurotica," "Sensationen," and other diverting and unedifying volumes. He quotes a critic who says that in the works of the giddy Felix, "Die Wollenkraft, im Durst nach Sensationen zer-
scant, hat eine hartengetriebene Exis-
tionsbedürfnisse eingegangen zu rühmterer Geschlecht-
lichkeit." "That," remarks Geissler, "is, of course, absolute nonsense," (it is!) "but it applies admirably to Dörrmann."

Equally drastic is his attitude toward such authors as Peter Altenberg (of whom he says enough for several liberal actions), Wedekind, Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Stefaa George. I hope on some future occasion to say more about Stefan, the revered head of the German symbolist kindergarten and of his pupils, for I was once selected to become their devoted chronicler and analyst. I had a narrow escape, but one interview with a crony of Stefan's, and we both realised that it was not to be.

In preparing these notes, I manage to sift a goodish amount of very scattered material. But as I have neither the optical equipments of Argus nor the linguis-
tic baggage of Mithridates, it is very likely that certain European items, which ought to receive com-
nent, escape my notice. I should therefore be indebted to readers who would call my attention to anything of this sort. In particular, if anybody is doing a similar series of paragraphs for any other paper (abroad, of course, for there is none in England), I should be glad to propose some scheme of exchange.

P. SELVER.
A False Alarm.

By Duxnia.

The Home Secretary was waited upon yesterday afternoon by a large and influential deputation composed of some of the very best people, with a request for further information relative to Sir Oliver Lodge's recent startling discoveries upon the subject of Hell, and a demand that the Government should take immediate steps to meet the novel and alarming situation thereby created.

In answer to the request of the spokesman (Sir Oatley Wilde) that the deputation might be furnished with the very latest news on the subject, the Home Secretary stated that unfortunately the further researches of Sir Oliver placed the existence of Hell beyond any possible doubt. The most careful examination of their minds to that effect. Uncertainty did still exist as to the sins punished and the precise degree of punishment attaching to the various delinquencies, but he could tell them definitely that phenomena had been observed of a very terrible character, including gramophone records of the cries of the damned. Amongst these, he was shocked to say, competent persons had distinctly recognised the voice of his old friend and colleague, Baron Geldstümer, whose efforts in propagating the gospel had done much for the Church. When such distinguished persons were not exempted none of them could feel quite safe. The Government was doing all that was humanly possible, and a departmental committee had been formed to investigate and report upon any still extant survivals of Christianity, whose existence as a means of avoiding eternal punishment had again been brought into prominence by Sir Oliver's discoveries. In addition, Prof. Puffenjammer was at that very moment engaged upon researches with the object of discovering a special God-proof material, and as soon as the experiments had been carried to a satisfactory conclusion, steps would be taken to roof the experiments in London, or at any rate the West-end and some of the wealthier suburbs, so that God could not see what went on in them. For the meantime he could only advise them to put their houses in order and take care to keep alive until science should have discovered, by inoculation or any other method, some way of securing immunity from this new and terrible peril.

Sir Oatley Wilde, in replying, thanked the Home Secretary for his speech, the information contained in which was a matter of the deepest concern to all of them. He proposed that the Press be excluded. They did not want any printed records lying about for recording angels and others to use against them. For his part, he did not mind admitting that he was thoroughly frightened, and he thought that the more careful they were the better it would be for all of them.

The Marquis of Bloxidge complained of the gross negligence of the Government in not discovering Hell before. He did not wish to make additional trouble at this crisis, but he could not help observing that the Government had let them go on for years and years and years in the secure conviction that Hell did not exist, and now all this was sprung upon them! He thought it revealed gross carelessness on someone's part. And what made it so much the deeper concern to all of them? He had always been led to believe that it was only figurative fire (which would not have mattered so much) —but to burn for ever in real flames! The Government had got them into the mess and the Government should get them out of it. For his part he did not mind admitting in company with the previous speaker that he was thoroughly scared.

The Bishop of Smoothamover remarked that he felt he owed the deputation an apology. Like many other dignitaries of the Church he had been largely responsible for the prevalence of those optimistic doings upon the subject which were now being so rudely disproved. The truth was that they had been mistaken in God. They had pictured him to themselves and others as quite an harmless sort of person, whereas the fact appeared to be that none of them were safe. He fully sympathised with the Marquis of Bloxidge in his resentment at the way he had been so dreadfully disappointed. He had been led to believe that after the life he had been leading, he must now find himself in a very unfortunate position. He was afraid, however, that he could suggest no remedy.

Mr. Scrogge, of the firm of Scrogge and Gradgrind, chain makers, Cradley Heath, proposed that negotiations should be opened up with God with the object of coming to some arrangement for pooling profits on an equitable basis. As a business man of thirty years' standing he could not help feeling that terms could be arrived at somehow. There was no reason why the upper classes should not work in concert, and he personally was willing to make considerable sacrifices to obtain the Almighty's valuable co-operation. He suggested that they should lead angels and others to use against them! For his part, he did not mind admitting that he was thoroughly scared, and he thought that the more careful they could do so later, but he thought an offer of fifteen per cent. was quite enough to start. He could not help thinking that this Hell business was simply an attempt on God's part to bring them to terms, and he was quite sure they would have no further trouble once God was admitted to the ring.

Professor Karl Pearson observed that the most serious defect in Hell as he understood it, was the absence of any distinction between the good and the bad, whereas the fact appeared to be that poor Baron Geldstümer was correct (and he sincerely hoped that it was not so), God was burning fit and unfit together. It seemed to him that this was biologically wasteful, and probably resulted from an ignorance of eugenics on God's part, with not the most useful portions of the races could not but have a superior value in the next world as this. He, therefore, recommended strongly that steps be taken to place Hell upon a sound eugenic basis by separating the sheep from the goats here on earth, and marking off the ten per cent. unfit in some unmistakable manner for damnation. There were quite enough poor, weak persons to fill Hell a dozen times over without drawing upon the cream of the community.

Mr. Purtle said that she agreed with all that the dear Professor had said. All this dreadful talk about Hell was making her feel quite ill. She did not think that God could be so inconsiderate as to burn really nice people, although of course some of the suburbs, and those who were not properly in society, might possibly get caught. She felt that in any case they ought to keep the discovery to themselves and not let any of these nasty labour agitators get hold of it. The common people were already so ungodly, and she didn't know what would happen if once they learned that their betters were burning for ever and ever.

Lord Levi said that he had an important question to ask. Of course he took it that none of them believed the superstitious rubbish they used to be taught when he was young, but since the Hell scare began he confessed he had been looking into things a bit, and he had found an old book in which it said that "grinding the face of the poor" was one of the "four sins crying to Heaven for vengeance." He rather wanted to know if this was the case, and if so, what the punishment was. If there was no reason why God and the superstitious rubbish they used to be taught when he was young, but since the Hell scare began he confessed he had been looking into things a bit, and he had found an old book in which it said that "grinding the face of the poor" was one of the "four sins crying to Heaven for vengeance." He rather wanted to know if this was the case, and if so, what the punishment was. If they had to go on higher, they could do so later, but he thought an offer of fifteen per cent. was quite enough to start. He could not help thinking that this Hell business was simply an attempt on God's part to bring them to terms, and he was quite sure they would have no further trouble once God was admitted to the ring.

Lord Devonport said the same point had occurred to him.

Mr. G. F. Masterman asked if there was any special punishment for traitors.

A similar inquiry upon the fate of liars and breakers of trust was received from Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George.

Before the Home Secretary had time to answer:

A message was received in writing from Sir Oliver Lodge to the effect that he was not sufficiently convinced of his conclusions being mistaken, and that what he had seen and imagined to be Hell was in reality only his native town of Birmingham. The cries...
which several persons had recognised as belonging to Lord Goldstümer turned out to be merely those of a common porter undergoing execution in a neighbour-
yard. He regretted any trouble or alarm he might have caused the public, and as the only satisfactory
method of arriving at exact knowledge upon the subject, he was going to commit suicide at once. If as
the result of that step he obtained any information of
importance, his ghost would be present at the meeting
within half an hour from the receipt of this message.
The deputation having waited that time and nothing
ghostly having put in an appearance, the matter was
declared at an end. Satisfaction was visible on every
countenance.

Ithabod.

By C. E. Bechhofer

As well expect justice from a judge as wit from
Kashmir when the June thunder is lying over it. I
regret it. I am appalled, too, at the materialism in
the description of my recent journey into the snows,
but there is little detachment possible for the energetic
traveller with his aching thighs and blistered feet, and
above all, the insistent demands of that imperious god-his belly.

His soul is nearer home than heaven, and the greatest
ing, and ungrammatical device; pile them on, perhaps the
masses of bleak, brown rock, as ugly as our own Lake
District. Who ever really loves mountains, save when
forbidding the approach of the sweeter air in Heaven.

No, not they at once seek his ruin? His last affairs are
raised upon a Kshattriya woman. I hope it is

Not, for instance, allow their women-folk to sit in the
boatman's places and paddle a shikara, with little cries
of torment, as three silly women are doing at this
moment outside my window. (I wish they could understand
what careless young Abdulla, squatting on his heels outside my door, is chanting over his shoulder:
to gazing old Habib, the cook!)

Nor should it be permissible for the Baseel mission-
aries in the Madras Presidency to exploit their converts
as cheap labour in their weaving and tile factories.

Now, it is never suggested, but who can doubt that the big (not great) capitalists who rule England have
looked upon India and found it good? What a field for
labour at fourpence a day, were it not for the passive opposition of the ruling Brahmins! Were that to decay, there could be a thousand factories in each little town where are now perhaps one or two.

It is, I believe, still denied by many deluded people
that the capitalists rule England, and yet proof is so
easy. These fools point to the lawmaking of Mr.
Lloyd George; it is all directed against capital, say
they. Does not the "Daily Mail" affirm this, and is
not that undoubtedly the capitalists' spokesman? Were
Mr. George, then, really a foe to the capitalism, would
not they at once seek his ruin? His last affairs are
notorious; were the "Daily Mail" but to put in print
the dirty little facts of which all of us are aware, the
Welschman's career would instantly be shattered.

But the capitalists' spokesman is silent—the Welshman
then must truly be his personal enemy, but their secret
ally. Q. E. D.: "What rubbish you do talk!" says
the anti-Socialist.

We, at any rate, know who govern England; is it to
be believed that these bloodsuckers have not made a
campaign to smear the wealth of India? A Sassoon is buried in
Poona; could his soul rest in an unexploited land?
Baron Maurice de Rothschild was quite recently the
only Jew in Kashmir, and he was first the President's,
then, till the very day he died, the President. Baron
how came you to this fertile land? Was it
only to visit Martand, which some suppose to have been
built by your ancestors from Jerusalem, or had you

his big white almond-shaped turban and little golden
slippers tripped at the wicket, while hundreds of
English visitors and even his friends—the British officers administering the country—and their
womenfolk giggled and guffawed at his folly.

It was perhaps a little consolation that the polo
tournament the following day was won by a team of
little young princes from Mayo College, including,
indeed, the heir-apparent to the throne of Kashmir, the
Maharajah's nephew, in honour of whose wedding
these festivities were taking place. And yet it is
certain that the lives of the young princes now in
Kashmir would rather play with an English whore
than commune with a Brahmin saint. There are, by
the way, plenty of the former in Srinagar now, doing
a brisk trade, in spite of American and native
competition. But there is always this balm: Tradition
declares that all the Kshattiyas were slain by Rama,
and that all since are the bastard seed of a Brahmin
raised upon a Kshattiy woman. I hope it is so.

If the English are to become the new Kshatitya
caste of India, it is essential that their dignity should
not be allowed to be defiled in the dust. A most
unpleasant and numerous class of Anglo-Indian is made
up of privates who have bought themselves out of the
army and settled down as small shopkeepers, horse
dealers, auctioneers, and what not. In their struggle
for a livelihood they trample under foot all the credit
that the gentlemen-rulers of India have won for their
country. The Englishman, on the other hand, possessing the true warrior instincts, are most careful
to preserve their dignity before Oriental eyes; they do
not, for instance, allow their women-folk to sit in the
boatman's places and paddle a shikara, with little cries
and screams, as three silly women are doing at this
moment outside my window. (I wish they could understand
what careless young Abdulla, squatting on his heels outside my door, is chanting over his shoulder:
to gazing old Habib, the cook!)

Nor should it be permissible for the Basel mission-
aries in the Madras Presidency to exploit their converts
as cheap labour in their weaving and tile factories.

These unhappy prosclytes, debarred by the stern laws
of caste from all intercourse with their families and
former friends, are housed and cared for and employed
by the shrewd Germans. In fact, they exchange a
hereditary position of social inferiority for that of
Christian wage-slavery.

Now, it is never suggested, but who can doubt that the big (not great) capitalists who rule England have
looked upon India and found it good? What a field for
labour at fourpence a day, were it not for the
passive opposition of the ruling Brahmins! Were
that to decay, there could be a thousand factories in each little town where are now perhaps one or two.

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only Jew in Kashmir, and he was first the President's,
then, till the very day he died, the President. Baron
how came you to this fertile land? Was it
only to visit Martand, which some suppose to have been
built by your ancestors from Jerusalem, or had you
heard how Jewish the Persian Kashmiris look and how Jewishly behave? Their proficiency in petty mercenary vices would go well with the larger devilry of your own family.

I have pointed out before that the only continuous policy in British India is the concealed attempt to break down the ancient barriers of caste, by humbling the proud Brahmin to release the low-caste men from there are now no Kshattriyas to uphold the Brahmins, for their descendants, bastards as they are, are playing polo and cricket, while their guests cast beastly eyes over the country. Rothschild! Rothschild! how came you to be a guest at the Residency and the Palace? Is it possible that you, a banker, red as your name with the stain of wage-slavery, as on terms with the Government of India? But avuant, wandering Jew! I herald the New Kshattriyas. Hail! white warriors! Hail! Brahmin sages!

Humanititism and the New Form.

By T. K. L.

One announces a supreme Frenchman; introduced, he needs to give way for yet another. Monsieur de Gourmont has the notion to write his “Poesie is Prose,” he means to progress to “Prose in Poesie.” He is too late by a wink—Vildrac does the thing on the drop of De Gourmont’s eyelid. There are persons with leisure to argue that prose has an absolute value, prosie an absolute value. Let it never be said of me that I attempted to order people’s leisure. I say merely that Vildrac has re-valued prose. Personally, I value his revelation. Vildrac finds in prose a demand for metric line; it urges to be printed like poesie. Someone, tired of the nagging of precise souls, has created a name for this form of literary art. He calls it Prosie. I accept the term. Prosie is thus clearly distinguished from prose. Attendez!

A man sat on the kitchen stove; it burned him severely.

Not Prosie!

A man sat on the kitchen stove; it burned him severely.

Prosie!

I take an example from my friend Vildrac. He is describing a beautiful wind-spoak who drifted into a poor French restaurant, having evaded Yeats and Ireland, and delectated the drab woman at the counter when she wopt like a true Parisian for regret of her sixteenth year, her cold bed and colder veins. “Il ouvrait déjà la porte”—but I traduct—He was just opening the door to return into the wind, but, when he learned why my tears fell, he shut the door again.

Not Prosie!

He was just opening the door To return into the wind. But when he learned why my tears fell, He shut the door again.

Prosie!

You may dislike the subject. What you have to consider is the method. It might have been written straight along. But it is not written straight along! Voilà la Prosie! You may call this union by Vildrac of a handsome young spook with a dried-up drab a sentimental notion! You may call it something stronger. You may talk of incubi and succubi. Nothing of this is my concern. It interests me to see it done in Prosie. Vildrac is an artist, he is also a Humanititist. All subjects are one to him. I won’t say that he happens not to use sentimental or morbid material. He happens to use both, as he happens to use the commonplace. In a prosie I shall quote he employs all three. The point is that this material serves him well for Prosie! Some persons of a sort will be found protesting that Vildrac’s art will cost editors as much as a picnic. This is not quite so. Something is saved on the actual printing, though not on space. Vildrac tells a short story in verse with about one-fifth of the words that a good writer of sketches would have needed for the narrative. I mean to make his living! He absolutely cuts all adjectives or almost all. I abhor the adjective. What do I care?—

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot Of beechen green and shadows numberless, Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Or, How charming is divine Philosophy!

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools’ suppose,

But musical as is Apollo’s lute,

And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Or, whether

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself

And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets

Nothing of this

I love to feel myself feeling.

I think I thought of Jones to shudder.

I really cannot say.

On the window.

I shuddered to think I thought of Jones.

I was seated before my table,

What connection this had with Jones

Don’t take so much trouble! Just read and translate Vildrac’s “Visite”—then you will believe you have actually done the thing! In English, needless to say, the Prosie comes out somewhat flat, but by substituting the first personal pronoun for Vildrac’s third, you will find the thing lift a bit.

VISITE.

I was seated before my table,

Dreaming into the lamp,

And I heard the snow-flakes

On the window.

What connection this had with Jones

I really cannot say.

But suddenly I thought of Jones,

And felt sad and also somewhat annoyed.

For he symbolises my broken promises.

I shuddered to think I thought of Jones.

I think I thought of Jones to shudder.

I love to feel myself feeling.

And I had not felt nothing all day—

It was now eleven at night!
"Poor old Jones!" I said quite spontaneously. "And Mrs. Jones! Poor Mrs. Jones!"
After I had said "poor" twice, the lump rose.
I warned myself to take notes.

At a rough estimate I had promised to visit Jones. On forty occasions, Broken promises! How wrong of me! I determined to compel myself to go and see Jones, though it was so late—perhaps because it was so late. There is Drama in strangenesses!

Once or twice I screamed—"Oh, I can't go and see Jones!" It made things horribly real. Things were horribly real.
The comfortable thing was to stay away from Jones.

Jones and I had nothing in common. I would as soon have invited a tame rabbit as Jones. I knew that the visit would be hopeless. But I had now the impulse to visit Jones, just as I had before the impulse not to visit him! I made a few notes of my sensations, and got on a 'bus for Jones's. That was rash—'buses endanger one's moods. I might have had another impulse to go and see somebody else! I can't think why I didn't.
The Joneses were surprised to see me, and obviously thought I must have some particular errand. The conversation waited about, and then the conversation talked about.

For someone to lead it. The Joneses were bewildered, to see me in their house. I was certainly touched by such unconscious humility. They could not believe that I had spontaneously there, just to see them! It was awfully hard to know all this and yet procure feeling. But that is Art! Suddenly I had the impulse to leave. At once I obeyed it. I had a cowardly temptation to reveal nothing to the Joneses—
To say good-bye and avoid further complications. I mastered it. "Jones," I said, "dear old boy, what a pleasure this has been!" He gasped, and so did she.
Perceiving now that I had really come for absolutely nothing, but because I had told my friends I would. I feared they would spoil the moment by keeping me too long. They all but wept with pleasure; and I myself went very deep. Staring at Jones, his hat, his chair, Mrs. Jones, and the clock on the shelf, things I knew I would never see again. I felt that I felt desperate at parting with my poor friend Jones and his happy family.

How pleased I am that I insisted upon seeing the thing through, and telling Jones of my spontaneous impulse to visit him. It made us all so glad! I promised to go again, but, of course, I shall not! Yet I may! No doubt I shall, sometime. Though my parting sensation was that I should not. I had a fear at the bottom of my heart that I should never go back.

There! Note the assonance of had and back and love it and be regenerated—if you like.

**Views and Reviews.**

There are not many stimulating writers on economics, but "A Rifleman" must be regarded as one of the most vigorous and exciting on this subject. His "Struggle for Bread" was a masterly reply to the pacific economics of Mr. Norman Angell; for, by showing that the production of manufactured goods had increased in greater proportion than the production of foodstuffs, and that the process was continuous, he made plain the increasing necessity for new markets. As the supply of new markets is not unlimited, it is obvious that the most efficient producers of manufactured goods will be compelled by economic pressure to force their wares on existing markets, to the exclusion of native manufacturers; and war is the only method by which this can be successfully done. In "The Gathering Storm," he states a similar argument, but with wider issues. He attempts to explain the rise and fall of civilisations as a necessary consequence of what we call, for brevity, capitalist economics; he suggests rather than states that capitalism is inherent in the very nature of man, and therefore, that Labour cannot even emancipate itself from Capital; he foresees a period of wars which will precede the inauguration of what Mr. Joseph Finn calls "The New Capitalism," which will really coincide with the extreme development of industrial efficiency; and from that complete triumph of what "A Rifleman" would call a "natural evolution" will proceed the degeneration of a whole civilisation, which will be swept away by a barbarian invasion, and the whole process will begin again. Obviously, if "A Rifleman" is right, the attempt of The New Age to state an alternative to capitalist economics is futile; the "iron, inexorable economic laws," of which "A Rifleman" speaks, are emphatic against such an alternative, and society must continue its regressive progress through the Formative Period to the Period of Maturity, and rot of its own ease and success into the Period of Decadence.

There is just one fallacy underlying this argument, and I refute it in the words of Husley because "A Rifleman" has adopted the evolutionary explanation of the habitable world and its inhabitants. "And what is this dire necessity and 'iron' law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an 'iron' law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know, and can know, about the latter phenomenon? Simply that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these circumstances; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, 'a law of Nature.' But when, as commonly happens, we change will into must, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematise the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?onsense. For instance, as "A Rifleman" refuses to believe that any alteration in the factors of a problem can effect a change in its solution, he is introducing the idea of Necessity into a consideration of economic facts. He is assuming, without real warrant, that there is a quality of inevitability inherent in the economics of capitalism, and that nothing can stay its progress until capitalism reaches its destined end in decadence.

I may, and do, agree with "A Rifleman" that if the present process continues unchecked, the end will be
as he foresees; but I do not share his necessitarian view that the process must continue unchecked. For example, he says: "Economics says to the unit of the commodity of human labour-power, the exchange value of your labour-power is so and so much, neither more nor less; you may rave and you may rant, you may agitate and you may educate, you may talk about your 'soul' and your desire to lead a sweeter, holier life to your heart's content, but whatever you may do will not raise the exchange value of your labour-power by one farthing!" This is very true, and I am pleased to quote a passage of the New Age which confirms the doctrine of capitalist economics; but "A Rifleman" overlooks the psychological reactions of such a doctrine.

He is assuming, in the first place, that the capitalist is the economic man. Now, it is quite certain that the economic man never existed, although the modern monopolist approximates closely to the type; but even the economic man would learn psychology through economics. Sir Henry Maine said: "You may take the heart and spirit out of your labourers to such an extent that they do not care to work. . . . Jeremy Bentham observed about a century ago that the Turkish Government had in his day impoverished some of the richest countries in the world far more by its action on motives than by by, and it has appeared to me that the destruction of the vast wealth accumulated under the Roman Empire, one of the most orderly and efficient of Governments, and the decline of Western Europe into the squalor and poverty of the Middle Ages, can only be accounted for on the same principle. It is clear, then, that economics alone is bad economics, that too complete a reliance on the "iron, inexorable economic laws" results not in an increase, but a decrease of industrial efficiency, and of the production of wealth, and that the profit for which the capitalist works is thereby diminished. As recently as September 4 the writer of "Notes of the Week" referred to the effect of the crushing defeat of the railway men in these terms: "The strike which we foresaw as inevitable specifically appeared; the spirit of the men was bruised if not broken, with the further economic consequence that their work has suffered in precise correspondence with the ignominy of their defeat." Within the last fortnight, I have read of an employer who has discovered that it pays him to keep his laundry girls happy while at work; and although his attempts at amusement have so far resulted in nothing more material than a temporary improvement in the appearance during business hours, such a psychological discovery may well have considerable results.

But if economics is complicated by Psychology, as I have suggested, the difficulty of prophecying the latter end of things is manifest. A new psychological factor may be introduced into the problem at any moment, as "A Rifleman" says: "The unit of the commodity of human labour-power replies: I don't care a damn for Economics or whatever you like to say about Economics! I say that the exchange-value of my labour-power is worth so-and-so much; it is for me to fix the figure, and I'll get that figure or I'll know the reason why." Economics being only an abstraction, and knowing no psychology, can say what it pleases; we have to deal with real capitalistic life, as I have suggested, are compelled to learn psychology through economics, and the difficulty of answering such a demand point-blank would be manifest. If Labour refuses to accept the commodity-theory of labour, if it refuses to be bound by considerations of exchange-value, Economics may say what it likes, but the problem is no longer a purely economic one; it is complicated by a psychological factor.

I refrain at the moment from tracing the possible reactions of psychology on economics, largely because I should have to enter the sphere of prophecy, which would be too far away from my present subject. But it is clear that from the moment that such a consideration does complicate an economic problem, it will no longer be possible to speak of the "value" of the "prices" of the manufactured product, of the prices of the raw materials to be used in industry will be determined by the same laws which fix the exchange-value of the manufactured product, it follows that it is with regard to one commodity only that the capitalist can make any material reduction in costs of production: the commodity of labour-power." If men refuse to be cheapened for the sake of a phrase like "Industrial Efficiency," then it is obvious that the capitalist cannot make his only possible reduction in the costs of production; and if the progress of capitalism depends on this factor, then it is obvious that the limits of that progress will be soon be reached, In other words, if "every increase of industrial efficiency is made ultimately at the expense of labour," then, unless we are to contemplate a considerable reduction in the human population of the civilised world, it is clear that industrial efficiency is likely to be slowed in its march.

Whether Labour will accept or reject its status as a commodity in the economics of capitalism, is largely a matter of prophecy. I hope that it will not. "A Rifleman" argues that it cannot help but do so. But there can be no doubt that if capitalist economics is to be for us the unchanging law, the eschatology of it here propesied by "A Rifleman" is inevitable. That the uncomfortable conclusions to which "A Rifleman" comes are possible is no reader can deny; for in the process of the development of industrial efficiency the economic man tends to be developed. The dehumanising of industry proceeds pari passu with its development; the joint stock companies, for example, have produced an economic man has no heart, nor will an employer who has discovered that it pays him to keep his laundry girls happy while at work; and although his attempts at amusement have so far resulted in nothing more material than a temporary improvement in the appearance during business hours, such a psychological discovery may well have considerable results.

The plague of novels is again upon us. However, the authors must have suffered something. Mrs. Sidgwick appears to have spent her summer delving into the regions of the copper. One is glad to be advised that she has emerged without bias for servants or against them. "A Rifleman", a pitilessly deducting the consequences from the premises, disturbs, at least, the equanimity of the reader. If the working of economic law is not complicated by other factors, there is no escape from the conclusions of "A Rifleman"; evolution will be the death of us all that we learn to control it.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Below Stairs. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Methuen. 6s.)

The plague of novels is again upon us. However, the authors must have suffered something. Mrs. Sidgwick appears to have spent her summer delving into the regions of the copper. One is glad to be advised that she has emerged without bias for servants or against them. "A Rifleman", a pitilessly deducting the consequences from the premises, disturbs, at least, the equanimity of the reader. If the working of economic law is not complicated by other factors, there is no escape from the conclusions of "A Rifleman"; evolution will be the death of us all that we learn to control it.

The Lure of the Little Drum. By Margaret Petersen. (Methuen. 6s.)

This novel won a prize of many guineas, which was awarded by Mr. Joseph Conrad and two ladies. Miss Petersen, whose style (save the word) is a dull slaphdash medley, that might be mistaken for one long stage-direction—"a dingy, small room in a back slum of Soho"—catalogues all India, trying to amuse us with the help of a sensual, mesmerising native prince and a poor dear little mesmerised dove of a white female. We are not amused, as the queen said to the courtier who had made a faux pas. But fancy such stuff enlivening Mr. Conrad's old age.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen. 6s.)

Five quotations from good artists preface Sir Gilbert Parker's novel wherein he presents us with a well-worn dark distinguished bearded man of Grecian profile and a rather-worn girl-of-childlike-nature who is yet conscious, etc., and, by the way, already has her eye on "something only less than a diadem." In fact, we are asked to be interested in some absurd spooks or
puppets who will play the usual old sexual game for six
shillings. The third is the big, bronzed, clean-shaven,
strong-faced man, awfully wealthy, who will, of course,
marry the damaged damsel after she has had her child-
like thing.

(Latham. 6s.)

More dainty for the suffragists. Equal sex rights for
all parties, with instruction given with your first
pinafore. Written only to do us good! Once more—
fancy!

The Second-class Passenger. By Percival Gib-
bon. (Methuen. 68.)

Really, this book is a testimony against the arbitrary
methods of the libraries. It is simply filthy. A young
Englishman gets lost in Mozambique and in the course
of fifteen minutes sinks to lust and bloodshed.

But such are the dreams of so large a number of our
novelists; and effective censorship must be practically
impossible.

The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu. By Sax Rohmer.
(Methuen. 6s.)

A fair imitation of Boothby's "Dr. Nikola," is herein
frustrated in his evil pastimes by a shadow of Sherlock
puppets who will play the usual old sexual game for six
shillings. The third is the big, bronzed, clean-shaven,
strong-faced man, awfully wealthy, who will, of course,
marry the damaged damsel after she has had her child-
like thing.

6s.)

Man, ambling nicely along the road to operatic fame
is overtaken and whipped up to regain "my artistic freedom." The scene is of farce, and suggests that vaudeville artists are neglecting a rich field in sensational scenes from modern novels. The music-hall mob is quite well enough up in the
jargon of modern novelists to be able to see all the points. "Hi!" says the Great Artist, "you've unmade meh! I've been weak and com-
temptible enough to let you unmake meh! From

to-night I've got to build on ruins-a. I've got to build in
the following morning." The pang of deadly cold at her heart must
be conveyed; then: "What do you me-can?" she says.

"That I take back my complete artistic freedom! I
must have it as I had it before I ever saw you!" Wifely
suspicion is indicated by an ugly face—"features horri-
ably salient"—Mr. Hichens directs. She gets slo-o-o-wly up from the sofa. "Is that—all you me-can?" she says. "All! Isn't it enough?"

The gallery will probably take this for a purple joke.
To get the audience in hand again, the lady should
forward against him. The actor should here forget he has
his own. Seven chapters (dealing with trivial in-
ten to apply itself next to the incidence of a rise in the
amount of income diminishes. Thus the proportion of income paid in taxes upon food, alcohol and tobacco is 7.10 in the case of a family earning eight shillings a week, and 1.27 in the case of a family earning 5 pounds a week. In other words, the poorer the family the more, proportionately, of its in-
come is spent in taxation. We believe that Mr. Harrison belongs to the band of American novelists who have tacitly pledged themselves to drive out the salacious novel. It would be a pity to
weaken the attack by putting too many eggs in one basket or whatever the proper metaphor is.

Notes on Taxation. By F. W. Kolthammer, M.A.
(Ratan Tata Foundation.)

The first of the "Memoranda on Problems of Poverty"
published by the Ratan Tata Foundation deals statistical-
ically with the incidence of taxation on wage-earning
families. Table X on p. 15 gives the result in the most
convenient form. The author shows—what would in
case be clear—that the proportion of taxation to in-
come increases as the amount of income diminishes.

A Wife out of Egypt. By Noma Lorimer. (Stanley
Paul. 6s.)

A plea for miscegenation. A series of flirtations ends
in a general matrimonial mix-up of English and Copts.
The scenes are a muddle of savagery, conventionally,
and silliness.

Sandy Married. By Dorothea Coney. (Methuen.
6s.)

A tale of hunting circles, field and its adjacent draw-
ing-rooms.

Swirling Waters. By Max Rittenberg. (Methuen. 6s.)

A tale of modern finance. Soul-weary capitalist
having made his pile, decides that he will "attune him-
self to the message of the stars." Married to a dis-
agreeable wife who takes morphia, he begins his re-
generation by falling in love with some girl. Wife puts
up a fight, but is murdered by shipwreck. Very fashion-
able this, and so the girl romps home with the up-to-date
warwhoop—"Oh, Clifford, I'll share you with your work,
your big work." He had a fancy for science.

V.V.'s Eyes. By H. S. Harrison. (Constable. 6s.)

You see this kind of eyes rather frequently in America. You never know whether the owners intend to
murder you outright or merely hypnotise you on the
pocket. It says nothing against those speculations that
Mr. Harrison's hero makes a great success with every-
body by reason of certain reformatory passions—this
was his particular way of using the eyes. The novel is too
long and the detail of it portentous. However, the author
himself appears not to flag, and for readers who want
to know everything about everybody, here is their man.
We believe that Mr. Harrison belongs to the band of
American novelists who have tacitly pledged themselves
to drive out the salacious novel. It would be a pity to
weaken the attack by putting too many eggs in one basket or whatever the proper metaphor is.
Pastiche.

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

Translated by André B.

In the Circus Maximus a great combat of wild beasts was being held for the people. This event says Aulus Gellius: "I witnessed myself, when I chanced to be in Rome. There were many fierce animals—great numbers of splendid beasts, the like of which had never been seen in shape or in ferocity. But above everything else the monstrous size of the lion was marvelled at, and of one especially. This one lion by his violence and great strength, by its terrifying growl and roar, by the shaggy mane which waved about its neck, drew the attention and eyes of all. Among many others brought in to fight the beasts was a slave named Androclus, a low-born slave, called Androclus. When the lion saw him from afar, it stood still suddenly, as if in amazement, and then gently and quietly approached the man as if wishing to be recognised. Then, moving its tail softly and placidly in the manner of a fawning dog, it leaned against the man (who was now half-dead with fear) and gently licked his legs and hands. At these attentions from a beast so ferocious, Androclus began to recover, and presently gazed at the lion attentively; then, as if in mutual recognition, both man and lion became joyful. At such a marvellous occurrence (he goes on) a great clamour rose from the people. Androclus was summoned by Caesar, and questioned as to the reason why that terrible lion had spared him alone. At this Androclus narrated a wonderful and amazing tale.

"When," he said, "my master obtained a province in Africa as proconsul, I was driven to fight by unjust and daily foggings: and as my master, who was governor of those parts, I withdrew to the solitude of the plains and the seashore, resolved to seek death by some means or other. If I had no luck here, Under the searching and parching midday sun, I chanced upon a cave sheltered in a remote spot, and, entering, hid myself there. But not long after, this lion came to the same cave, with one foot wounded and bleeding, growling and whining with the pain and torment from its hurt. And then in truth," said Androclus, "I was terrified at the sight of the approaching lion. I crept away, and the hair, it saw me hiding, and, approaching quietly and tamely, showed me its uplifted foot, holding it out as if seeking help. So I pucked out a large thorn which had entered the sole of its foot, squeezed the congealed blood from inside the wound, and without much fear dried it thoroughly and wiped away the blood. Soothed by my efforts, the lion lay down and rested, its foot in my hands. Three whole years from that day the lion and I lived in the same cave and on the same food. For, whatever beast it caught, the fattest limbs were carried to the cave for me: and I, having no means of kindling fire, scorched them in the midday sun before eating them. But I grew weary of this wild life, and one day, while the lion was away hunting, left the cave. After a journey of nearly three days I was seen and seized by some soldiers and carried out from Africa to my master at Rome, who immediately caused me to be condemned for a capital crime and to be thrown to the animals. And it seems that the lion, captured in my absence, is paying back the debt for my care and doctoring."

Apion reports Androclus to have spoken thus, and affirms that all this was written down and published on tablets for the people; that Androclus, at the request of all, was dismissed after having been acquitted of all charges, and that the lion was given to him by the will of the people. Afterwards (he states) we saw Androclus leading the lion by a thin leather strap, making his way round all the inns in the town: Androclus was loaded with money and the lion covered with flowers. And almost all who saw them said: "This is the lion who is the friend of a man; this is the man who is doctor to a lion."

A TALE FOR INSURED PERSONS.

John Jackson Inter.B.Sc.,

Height 5 feet 9, age 35.

Secretary to a man

Who made with money—6 as men can
In many English country towns—
By selling linen, lace, and gowns,
And butter, eggs and teac.
And glass and ironmongery,
And bedsteads, tables, sideboards, chairs,
And carpets for the floors and stairs.
To folk of high and low degree

Who lived at Slipgates on the Sea.
And John's employer sold as well
A lot more stuff than I can tell.
He famous as the local Whiteley,
If rather coarse, was brisk and a sprightly fellow.
Jackson had drifted to the place
Like others of the human race,
With no lack of material resistance,
Follow the line of least resistance,
And draw a wage or salary
As payment for their liberty.
The local Whiteley's name was Dunn,
A married man without a son,
But having one dear daughter, Jane;
Vivacious but, who could she be?
Jane had a friend, a Miss Carlisle,
A London lady full of style,
Whose father was an engineer.
With thirteen hundred pounds a year.

One day, when she had come to stay
With Jennie for a holiday,
John Jackson Inter.B.Sc.
Went home with Mr. Dunn to tea.
And Mr. Dunn, devoid of tact,
Discussed the New Insurance Act.
He laid it down the Act was good,
But not yet fully understood;
And, at such with "John, old pard,
You have a nice Insurance card."
And John, who always thought it queer
That he, with one three five a year,
Should have to pay fourpence a week,
Was thunderstruck and couldn't speak.
(He'd never advertised that he)
Without Lloyd George's rotten show.
He's quite enough to do, you know,
Such practice wouldn't make him fat.
He's quite enough to do, indeed,
With Jennie for a holiday.

There is no moral to this tale;
Though such the speaking of each word
The Act, of course, is splendid biz.
"I'm so surprised that Mr. J.
The weekly fourpence has to pay."
And John, who always thought it queer
That he, with one three five a year,
Who, lacking talent and persistence,
Was thunderstruck and couldn't speak.
(He'd never advertised that he)
Without Lloyd George's rotten show.
He's quite enough to do, you know,
Such practice wouldn't make him fat.
He's quite enough to do, indeed,
With Jennie for a holiday.

The Act, of course, is splendid biz.
So let us join in hearty praise
Of Liberals, and their liberal ways.

W. R.

Honoured Sir,—It is known to me in these regions that the New Act flourishesh. Such a paper finds favour in the counsel of the wise. There also comes to mine ears many sounds of strife, and much noise of the braying of politicians. Out of the tumult I hear the silver voice of J.

T. Vectis.

A NOTE FROM THE UNDERWORLD.

The following letter was picked up in Curstior Street; it was somewhat scoured, a fact rather remarkable in view of the recent proceedings. We hope that its publication will not lead to any undue displays of anger from the underworld.

NOTE FROM THE UNDERWORLD.
Honoured Sir, to that little State of Wales. How shall the crooked walk straight? He whose mind wanders in devious paths of the Law cannot have the light of Apollo. My heart would rejoice if I could hear the people cry: "Away with you, heretics to God and me, you who had in your bosom, a chilly spotted snake, on whose head stands the seal of nine." Also do I hear that the ignoble suite, Shipbuilders, Iron merchants and former priests of the tabernacles, whose business has fallen into disrepute. These, I hear, are your appointed legislators. Beware of them! These sons of Janus all (Juvenal is down here) are worshippers of Mammon; the Ship of State will founder with their hands on the tiller. Farewell!—thou mayest hear again from me in the future. Pluto permitting. THEOGNIS.

THE CONSTANT LODGER.

(Being a distressing episode in the life of a gentleman with no talent for arithmetic.)

You see this room? Rejected of the builders Who shaped it in aloofness, it became This dwelling's pivot since I sojourned here; Which now I must surrender.

This ceiling with its mildew patches merge And now my exodus invests it with Who shaped it in aloofness, it became— with no talent for arithmetic.)

Abbreviated epics, scraps of song,--- Battens on books and bills and inky reams, Others to swell the bulging of this trunk When, in requital, I received a key,— The fabric of my dreams has coloured it— And laid four shillings on the tablecloth, Amid these gimcrack chattels. Through the panes I see this room? Rejected of the builders Whose very breath would desecrate the fane Its pristine dearth.

Farewell :-thou mayest hear again from me in the future.

Mr. Peel, who took with him from England to Swan River, Australia, means of subsistence and of production to the amount of £4,000. Mr. Peel had the foresight to bring with him 500 donations bearing on the working class—men, women, and children. Once arrived at his destination, Mr. Peel was left without a servant to make his bed or dress his table. "Unhappy Mr. Peel," says Marx, "who provided for everything except the
import of English modes of production to Swan River!" But what peculiarity of English modes of production was it that Mr. Peel had not exported to Swan River? He had exported £3,000 worth of capital and 3,000 persons of the working class and children. Why, then, did he not use his capital to exploit the labour of those working people as he might have done in the case of the man who had only one answer, and it is conclusive. It was because those wage workers were now in the midst of free land. The one feature, the only feature of "English modes of production" which this Mr. Peel had not exported to Swan River, was land monopoly.

You contend that "the only obstacle to the use of land is the provision of capital" as Giddings Green says. Capitalists to-day cannot get the use of land; smallholders backed with the public credit are denied independent living and are driven into the hands of farmers at 12s. a week; a firm like Camnell, Laird, and Co. were driven from Newport; builders at Wembly were shown the other road when they offered £32,000 for land on which only £15 were paid in rates.

Rent, you say, is "simply a device." Two weeks ago you said rent was due to manuring and rotation of crops. Two weeks hence you will probably rather than accept the perfectly clear fact that one piece of land naturally gives a greater return to labour and capital than another piece of land, the difference being "rent." This difference can be magnified up to the utmost possible limit by withholding land from use, and exorbitant rent is the result. It is absurd to deny that the taxation and restriction of free land will do use, and, doing so, will provide much land that can be had free of rent, where "earnings" will not be the "cost of labour," for rent. For all a land farmer at 12s. a week; a firm like Camnell, Laird, and Co. were driven from Newport; builders at Wembly were shown the other road when they offered £32,000 for land on which only £15 were paid in rates.

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income tax and other confiscatory taxation. By continually increasing these taxes, and by again and again taking huge slices off every great estate, on the death of its successive owners, the State would in four or five generations be the unencumbered owner of the railways, mines, large estates, and great industries of the country and would be able to give the workers in these industries the full product of their labour, subject only to deductions for recompensing the instruments of production, and for the care of the young, the old, and the sick.

You, however, reply that it is impossible by political action to bring sufficient force to bear to accomplish these results. I maintain that it is quite possible. I readily admit that the working class could not do it by its own unaided strength, but I say that it can get sufficient assistance from the small property class, the professional class, and "men of goodwill" among the rich, to furnish supplies to do the necessary work in the interest of democracy. As a general rule, the small middle class is very favourable to State and municipal ownership of industries. This has been the case in England, where the small middle class and the farmers owning and working their own land constitute a powerful and independent body of men, very strongly opposed to the plutocracy both by interest and by natural feeling. The whole history of American politics since the Civil War has consisted in a fight between the small owners and the plutocracy. Nearly all the small owners are strongly in favour of Government ownership of railways, of public ownership of natural monopolies, and so on. In many countries the Government owns the railways and other industries under pressure from the small owners, and Canada is now building an independent Government railway to Hudson Bay, to the enormous delight of the farmers.

As a rule, the small proprietors are also very much in favour of vigorously taxing the idle rich. The man who works hard and earns his own living does not care for ever for the man who struts about in fine clothes without working at all. Nothing is more delightful to such a man than the idea of putting a 95 per cent. death duty on the estates of the small proprietors, the working class, the professional class, and the independents.

Perhaps, however, you will say that the combined force of the small proprietors, the working class, the professional class, and the independents is not sufficient to overthrow the plutocracy. If you think so, I advise you to study the recent history of American politics. The great fact of the past two or three years is that the American plutocracy has lost its political power. Roosevelt and the Progressives frankly and openly stand for the idea of putting a 95 per cent. death duty on the estates of the rich. Perhaps, therefore, you will say that the small proprietors, the working class, the professional class, and the independents can, by their own unaided strength, bring sufficient force to bear to accomplish these results. I maintain that it is quite possible. I readily admit that the working class could not do it by its own unaided strength, but I say that it can get sufficient assistance from the small property class, the professional class, and "men of goodwill" among the rich, to furnish supplies to do the necessary work in the interest of democracy.
October 2, 1913

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things. Such a boy may be patted on the head; but if his shouting continues a whole evening, it must be reprimanded. And the shouting of Mr. Grant Hervey (P.F.A.D.Y.A.M.) has lasted an unconscionable while. Mr. Hervey, moreover, uses little. He really has something to say about Australian internal politics, but since he is the President of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Young Australian Movement, he must not only justify his claim to the title and drag in Sir Edward Grey and Germany. And so the shouting becomes braying.

Mr. Hervey wishes, it appears, to introduce some new form of state policy into the Australian Commonwealth. Good; we wish him every success. And if he could so work upon the Australian public as to persuade them to adopt some kind of Guild Socialism, our English people (and also, I believe, the English Government) would not raise a murmur of protest. But Mr. Hervey will keep threatening us with an Australian allegiance to Germany if we do not do something; what is not quite clear. Now, does Mr. Hervey seriously think that, in a choice between England and Germany, Australia could gain any satisfaction in attaching herself to the latter? England has produced the freest and most independent system of colonies yet known; Germany has made ghastly errors whenever she has tried to colonise. The spirit of martinet discipline which prevails in Prussia is not the spirit to propitiate colonists—especially when there is also a difference of race and language. Mr. Hervey knows that spirit not at all if he imagines that one-tenth the freedom would be allowed to a German-protected Australia which is now allowed to the present English-protected Commonwealth.

Let Mr. Hervey even try to write a genuine German word for "Commonwealth"—and where the word to express an idea is missing, the idea itself is missing too. To leave in English her to imagine that the action of a foolish girl who, out of pique at some internal politics, but since he is the President of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Young Australian Movement, he must not only justify his claim to the title and drag in Sir Edward Grey and Germany. And so the shouting becomes braying.

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Country," which is signed with my initials. Towards the end of that review, I said: "The governing class, what he would call the superior horizontal division of Society, needs no exhortory to adhere to Mr. Hare's Christian doctrine; translated into economic terms, Christianity means either communism or capitalism. The communists failed to establish their interpretation of the Christian revelation, but the capitalist faction failed to maintain their interpretation, no exhortation to be stultified in the faith will save them from the consequences of organised Christianity." It is, I think, fair to assume that I am as little minded of what Paul said of some of the apostles: "But of these who seemed to be somewhat (whatevery they were), it maketh no matter to me: God accepteth no man's person." For, they are the sort of people who think they can improve me in conference added nothing to me." My italics.

But Mr. Hare is not content with telling me what I already knew, and by what means; let us see what else he has forgotten. His No. 2 is this: "Another parable shows Christ deliberately preparing the way for the present system." Taken by itself, this phrase might seem to prove that I am either a liar, or that sort of idiot who does not know what he means, is this passage which, according to Mr. Hare, speaks for itself. "I contend that [Christ] meant that the wage-system was just and admirable." This would not prove that Christ was the founder of capitalism (which is what Mr. Hare wants me to say), if it spoke for fifty selves; but I want to remark here on the deliberate dishonesty implied by this quotation. It is in the memory of your readers that I made a wrong attribution of a phrase, and Mr. Hare's first quotation is an inference drawn from that phrase. In your issue of August 14 I said: "Cut all the lines relating to John the Baptist, and the argument still stands untouched." It is a simple rule drawn from that phrase. In your issue of August 14, Mr. Hare was attempting to make a point that Christ regarded himself as the founder of capitalism is not equivalent to saying that he was the founder of capitalism. It is this kind of thing that I should have been compelled to use the historical method of proof to support the statement. I am not proposing to fail this in his first attempt. But the Hare dice him at last. "I've beaten him," said the Hare in his first letter, despising his antagonist; but the tortoise has won the race. For my thesis was simply this: "I hope to show that, throughout the Gospels, the wage system is postulated as the basis of society, and that the remedies for its evils are stated and are never of the economic kind (for charity, as Paul's Hare has taught us, is not good economics). Let it be remembered that the first of the Beatitudes is: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; or as Luke puts it, more aptly for my argument: Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God." When Mr. Hare talked to the correspondent who wrote to you saying that "a book should be criticised upon its proper place; it followed the introductory passage" and Mr. Hare's attempt to make abstractive sense of the historical method, and anybody but a Hare might have inferred that I could not be maintaining a thesis that required the use of the historical method. But Mr. Hare did the same thing (as happened in the fable) he thought that he might sleep by the wayside. "I've beaten him," said the Hare in his first letter, despising his antagonist; but the tortoise has won the race. 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These figures, says he, "establish the fact of a progressive decrease in the marriage-rate amongst these women." Really! On the assumption that girls out of college (on an average) for five years—(1900-1905) the date of the Census—have an equal chance to get married with girls out of college for a period of 65 years, they do.

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The women who have on an average been out of college 65 years, and are now, therefore, 50 years old or thereabouts have managed in these 65 years to get married to the extent of 85 per cent., but on the assumption that women marry in equal proportions at every age above 20, they should have married at the rate of 312 per cent., which is absurd. As they stand, the figures prove nothing, absolutely nothing. If the Census had shown that in 1860 or 1870 or 1880 more than 24 per cent. of those women who had graduated during the preceding decade had married, we might deduce that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade. If the Ubisoft had shown that in 1860 or 1870 or 1880 more than 24 per cent. of those women who had graduated during the preceding decade had married, we might deduce that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade. If the Ubisoft had shown that in 1860 or 1870 or 1880 more than 24 per cent. of those women who had graduated during the preceding decade had married, we might deduce that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade. If the Ubisoft had shown that in 1860 or 1870 or 1880 more than 24 per cent. of those women who had graduated during the preceding decade had married, we might deduce that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade.

W. E. R.'s other case—the "Daily Citizen's" issue of August 13, 1913—this issue, we are told, proved that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade. If the Ubisoft had shown that in 1860 or 1870 or 1880 more than 24 per cent. of those women who had graduated during the preceding decade had married, we might deduce that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade. If the Ubisoft had shown that in 1860 or 1870 or 1880 more than 24 per cent. of those women who had graduated during the preceding decade had married, we might deduce that the working classes had increased their wages by $30,000,000 since 1905, but that the cost of living had increased by $171,000,000, and, therefore, the working classes were not any magic source of income, which $87,000,000 is too big a shive not to affect both the working classes and the women who have had an equal chance to get married with women who had graduated during the preceding decade.

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