Notes of the week... 745
Current Cnt... 749
Foreign Affairs. By S. Verdel... 749
The State and the Guilds... 759
The Future of the Ukraine. By George Raffalovich... 753
A Pilgrimage to Turkey During War-time—VII. By Mr. Marmaduke Pethick... 753
The World Order of Socialists. By Sir Francis Vane, Bt. 755
An Ancient Manuscript. By Sir Dalvies... 756
Two Reviews. By Beatrice Hastings... 757
To the Dublin Masters. By Susan L. Mine or... 760

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Curzon Street, E.C.

Notes of the Week.

We do not know yet whether the appalling accident in the Senghenydd mine was due to causes over which men have at present control; but we are sure such accidents would not be allowed to occur if the class of their probable victims were not mere proletariat. It is said, with we know not what truth, that the "fiery dust" which is assumed to have produced the fatal explosion, offers a problem of mine-management still unsolved. But greater problems than "fiery dust" remained professionally unsolved until the fear of a loss of profits brought forth their solution. The case of miners' phthisis on the Rand, for example, was long declared to be beyond human ingenuity to deal with. It is probable, indeed, that but for the recent strike, the disease would have been allowed indefinitely to kill or disable its victims at the rate of one in two every three years with no more concern to the mine-owners than the payment of the burial fees. Within a month or two of the strike, however, means have suddenly been guessed from the rock of prejudice and wilful ignorance like water from the rock that Moses struck. The management of the Meyer and Charlton mines introduced some few weeks ago a system of electrical blasting, under which it is practically certain that phthisis will be abolished in the South African mines for good. It necessitates, it is true, a slightly larger expenditure of money; and also the substitution of single for double shifts of labour; but, in the end, as usually is the case with moral improvements, its economies will outweigh its costs. We have not the smallest doubt that our coal-mines, if they were run either intelligently instead of greedily for profit, or, better still, were run for their use-value to producers and consumers of coal, could be made in a few months as safe as any other class of workshop. But while public opinion charters profiteers to plunder our coal resources and to imperil the cheap lives of the proletariat with no other check than a fair average of deaths, our mines will remain what they are—places unfit for men to work in.

The recent railway accidents, on the other hand, owe their explanation less to material than to psychological causes. We are not in a position, we admit, to prove a direct connection between them and the "un-
or on somebody else's initiative. The strike of 1907 failed as did the strike of 1911. In actual results the effect of both has been merely to enhance money wages at all, to raise prices so as to balance the advantage. Finally, we are promised a greater strike than ever in 1914—a strike, it is announced, for an all-grades programme. We are only to squabble that is even smoking; but we are certain that on this programme the strike of 1914 will be no more successful than its predecessors of 1907 and 1911. To strike, as the National Union promises, for a minimum wage of 30s. and a 48-hour week with 1s. a week in its enterprise worth undertaking. From our point of view, however, defeat is not only certain, but ignominious by the bargain. For it is most eminently true that the main grievance of labour to-day, the spiritual grievance, is neither wages nor hours, but slavery. Though they should be granted their fullest material demands, yet without responsibility, co-partnership as unions with their employers, and all the privileges of masters, instead of commodities, of labour. They must for ever remain unsatisfied.

It follows, if we are anywhere within the truth, that the men's leaders would be better advised to drop their demands for another course of action and to substitute the demand for responsible liberty. We are convinced, indeed, that sooner or later this demand must be made and enforced if the industry is not to degenerate into anarchy or bureaucracy. Anarchy most certainly is what for the moment the public is faced with; and unless the men themselves very soon establish order by assuming managerial control, the public will insist on bureaucracy as the lesser of two evils. Nationalisation of the railways, in fact, is the present under the most practical discussion, both of the Cabinet and of the representatives of the stockholders. Nationalisation, we confidently prophesy, will be offered to the public if not next year then the year after. But what will nationalisation do for the railwaymen? They and their descendants might vote money wages at the will of the company. Is there any wonder that, so the price be high enough, the present stockholders will offer no resistance to nationalisation? But with the men the case is different. They must continue to produce as much Rent, and to organise their own labour for that purpose. If they have the advising of the Unions, we should formulate the following significant provision—"Any officer upon nomination. An unheard-of piece of impertinence, you say! So said the employers, and so, unfortunately, said many of the men's leaders. But it is precisely the serious and considered recommendation of this important principle, and one that is not merely desirable, but indispensable in the interests of Trade Unionism. For ourselves, if we had the advice of the Unions, we should formulate this demand first and foremost. It should be the Alpha and Omega of every strike ever counted. Every other ground of strike is trivial beside it. The Beehive dispute, however, under the control of the obdurate leaders of the Unions, has been suffocated—and before the rank and file have been able to detect how important were the issues at stake.

It is possible that the example of the Trade Unionists of Cape Colony may have some effect upon their English colleagues. We have just received the draft rules of the new Federation of Trade Unions in process of forming in the Cape. Among these rules are the following: To secure a thorough organisation of all workers, skilled and unskilled, irrespective of race, creed, or colour; and to initiate and assist new unions and to provide, if required, executive ability for the same. And among the rules of management is the following significant provision—"That the Trade Unions can continue to exist, much less to grow, merely as passive protective bodies. The world does not stand still; capital has cunning brains, and relatively even stability is retrogression. The principle, it is plain, that was involved in the Beehive affair was the right of the men to interfere in management. An unheard-of piece of impertinence, you say!

Labour situation on the Rand in particular, while temporarily calm, is beneath the surface a raging tumult of mingled stupidity and anger. What will be the result of it nobody dares to speculate. The opinion is held, we are told, by the mine-owners that South Africa is about played out. "Finished" is the word in most common use among both them and the general public. But if the South African workmen are content to accept this verdict on their country, to acquiesce in it and to take its consequences on themselves it will be the first time, we think, in history that an English work of colonisation has succeeded. What is meant by "played out" and "finished" in the phraseology of the mine-owners? No more, it is obvious, than that as a roulette table for their gambling South Africa is no longer serviceable. But it is at this stage, if the men and the State see the sense behind them, that South Africa may itself enter upon the scene and, ceasing to be merely an annex of the European financial market, become a commonwealth. What is needed? That the State should forthwith declare all the unworked mines of South Africa, or their immediate future, as the young State and, perhaps, the young State's wealth. The South Africans then proceed to charter the Miners' Union to work them and to organise its own labour for that purpose.

To-day unaware of its true nature. For them as for the remedy is Home Rule—Home Rule in every way. The answer is inevitable, responsible and certain. We have done our best to educate, their leaders and most of their rank and file are quite in the dark both as to the real nature of their disease and the real existence of the remedy. Nay, if by chance one of their number stumbles on this discovery, the rest of them behave as if they have seen nothing. Let us take, for example, the case of the Beehive factory, the strike at which was settled last week by agreement in principle, as the point out, involved in the Beehive dispute was the most vital principle and one on which the whole future of Trade Unionism depends. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Trade Unions can continue to exist, much less to grow, merely as passive protective bodies. The world does not stand still; capital has cunning brains, and relatively even stability is retrogression. The principle, it is plain, that was involved in the Beehive affair was the right of the men to interfere in management. An unheard-of piece of impertinence, you say!
tional exchange, we are assured that there is gold enough still in South Africa to supply the world for years to come. The Main Reef, it may be true, is almost exhausted; and will certainly cease very shortly to pay—and they can—the unreaped harvest of gold in South Africa is beyond computation. A Miners' Guild, with which the engineers are associated and of which the State is the sleeping partner, would quickly put an end to the present mine-owners' song of "played out" by playing them into

The "Daily Herald" on Friday pointed out a characteristic piece of treachery on the part of Mr. J. R. MacDonald. It is well-known that the "Daily Citizen" was established as a Labour organ, and at a ruinous cost to the trade unions, for the purpose of providing Labour M.P.'s and officials with a medium for their propaganda, and on the presumption that the general Press had failed them. We observed at the time that the appointment to a dishonest salary of one of Lord Northcliffe's papers and editors was precisely the way set to work to create a Labour organ. But it now seems that Labour M.P.'s in particular are more anxious to write in any other journal than in the medium maintained by their own propagandists. MacDonald, for example, by way of illustrating the need for the "Daily Citizen," must needs publish in the "Daily Chronicle" his views of Mr. Lloyd George's Land campaign. Why, we ask? Is it that the "Daily Citizen" does not pay this distinguished politician as much as the "Daily Chronicle" is prepared to pay him? Or that it is beneath the dignity of a Labour leader to write in a Labour organ? In either case, however, and whatever may be the explanation, it is undeniable that the fact is most distressing. The chief of them, we are told, is to sell strike news to the highest journalistic bidders, not of course, in the interests of the union's coffers (though that would be bad enough), but in their own personal and private interests. We can only suppose that it is the knowledge they possess of this and similar corruption in the trade unions that keeps the governing classes less in fear of the trade union movement than they ought to be. If the men's leaders can interrupt their campaign to scramble for the coppers of journals, what would they not do for larger sums offered by the plutocracy? We would suggest the immediate discovery of these scandrels and their drumming out from the ranks with every accompaniment of disgrace. If the Institute of Journalists likes to communicate their names, we will publish them with the greatest of pleasure.

If Mr. Murphy and his colleagues of Dublin were officers of an English regiment engaged in a war with the lowest savages in the world their methods, we are certain, would be driven out of the profession, by being recalled and dismissed, and the incident would be buried in the chronique scandaleuse of the British army. For it is obvious that Mr. Murphy is calmly engaged in starving the workmen of Dublin into surrender. Offers of compromise, discussion, reasonable and all the rest of it he and his co-employers steadily reject, having their eyes glued upon one conclusion only—the utter humiliation at the hands of the men by whose labour he is eating at this moment his three meals a day. Such a spectacle of callous brutality, we venture to say, has never before been presented so cruelly before the British people. Yet, such as it is, the British Press is probably the best because that barbarity is economic and not military, and the men, women and children starving in their hovels are civilians and not soldiers; it is regarded by the majority of the public as something only slightly out of the normal. From the standpoint even of the Press, we doubt whether there is a single word that is not a deliberate lie that can be said in favour of Mr. Murphy's tactics. Admitted that he may have received personal provocation, the mere existence of Mr. Larkin at the head of the Transport Workers' Union could not be held to constitute a casus belli to the death. What is Mr. Murphy thinking of, as an employer among employers, in shattering the carefully constructed defences of his class in this manner? And what are his fellows thinking of to allow it? The principle of Collective Bargaining on which they pretend to place a high value is gone; so too is their claim to submit disputes to arbitration; gone as well is the ground of their denunciation of the strike; gone also is their pretended toleration of trade unionism. Every one of these principles, we say, has been thrown overboard by Mr. Murphy for his class and on an occasion when almost nothing is at stake, when, indeed, the excuse is the worst imaginable. If it were the case that the Dublin workers were making extravagant demands beyond those of their fellows; if Dublin labour conditions were exceptionally good and Mr. Larkin were tyrannically demanding more than is usually conceded to Labour elsewhere; if, in short, Dublin were the highest instead of the lowest of the rate of wages in the country; that the resistance of Mr. Murphy might be regarded as excusable if at the same time unenlightened. But the timely Report of Sir Charles Cameron reveals Dublin as the very sink and cesspool of Labour in the whole wide world. The housing conditions forced on its inhabitants by Mr. Murphy and his fellows are such as have probably never prevailed in the lowest regions of mankind. Kaffir kraals and Patagonian mudhuts, Esquimaux ice-houses and Mongolian tents are palaces in comparison with the sink-holes and sewers in which tens of thousands of Mr. Murphy's profitable slaves entwine their limbs in waking and sleeping. That the facts can be recorded in the Press without endangering the life of Mr. Murphy is almost incredible; but that the public should continue to live his devilry does not even more so. Yet apparently he is still loose and at large, while food-ships are pouring in from trade union funds to reduce this maniac to reason.

The demands of Mr. Murphy are nevertheless interesting as blurring out in his ignorant fashion the thoughts of many employers elsewhere. We saw lately that in the opinion of men like Lord Dysart, Sir Gamage, and others, trade unions were admirable institutions provided they were "properly conducted." Their proper conduct, as we observed on that occasion, was to be weak enough to tolerate as many blacklegs as might break a strike devised by Mr. Murphy with even further than this in his definition of a proper trade union. It must be one that not only tolerates blacklegs, but forswears sympathetic striking and appoints its officials at the dictation of Mr. Murphy's own class. Given these conditions the Murphys would be gratified to invite his labourers to resume making profits for him. We do not doubt that what he says is in the mind of others; and we would most earnestly warn trade unionists that the trade unionists of the fact. But the reply on their part is not to walk more delicately in consequence of this attitude of the employers, but to transform their tactics from the defensive to the attacking. Servile prudence, we admit, would counsel the unions under these circumstances to measure their demands very carefully opposed to them; but this is infallibly the road to defeat. Moderation of demand at this moment is cowardice,
rank cowardice. The manly course is to raise the demands every time they are repeated. By so doing, not only is spirit maintained, but the chances of victory are increased. What, we may ask, has been obtained by demanding higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions, and so on? As regards none of these things, but contempt into the bargain. It is necessary now to ask more. We do not know how long Mr. Larkin's men can hold out. We do not know how long the English unions can continue to feed Mr. Murphy's late slaves; but Dublin should not stand with one stone upon another if the surrender is made unconditionally.

While the Trade Unions are breaking their teeth in trying to raise wages, most of the social and unofficial economists of capitalism are, of course, assuring them that it is possible. It may not, say these friends of the plutocracy, be possible to raise wages by trade union action directly, but indirectly and as a result of pressure put upon politicians, Wages Boards will be established in every industry and a Minimum Wage fixed. This particular piece of humbug is most closely associated with the name and personality of Mr. Webb and the "New Statesman." But Mr. Webb as a social reformer was one of the first, and has had a singularly unbroken career of broken promises. We do not remember, indeed, a single forecast of any kind or of any kind that has been fulfilled in the political or in the economic sphere. A mere statistics and reformer is Mr. Webb does not carry on his trade in England. When, therefore, Mr. Webb announces that this time he has discovered the panacea for poverty we may be pretty sure that it is no more than his latest attempt to bolster up his falling reputation. Un fortunately, for as many-nos tres as his inventive little brain can devise, there is always a sale in the political market. What Mr. Webb thinks to-day—if it only is, as it usually is, nonsense—the Government or the employers or both will put into operation to-morrow. That is what, if you please, Mr. Webb regards as permeating the governing classes with ideas; and what the governing classes call responding to the voice of democracy. Wages Boards, we understand, are now about to be introduced into the agricultural industry—a truly Fabian policy, comments Mr. Webb; and we suppose that they will shortly be instituted in every industry that is good enough to call for them. But ask, as we have asked, any employer what will be their effect, or what has been their effect? The more honest will assure you that their effect has been to raise wages individually, but to reduce them relatively to profits and in the aggregate they have been very trifling. At any rate, the increase of labour being subsistence only, wages can never rise above subsistence level. It indicates clearly that the good lady is "shockingly feminine," as Meredith used to say, to anything in the neighbourhood of sense. We state in all seriousness, though it may have seemed a piece of pleasantry, that wages in the main have no relation whatever to the quantity of production; in fact, that wages have varied very little since Noah's Flood. If wages are, as the master-economists know they are, the price of the commodity called labour, and are therefore fixed by the cost of the production of this commodity, it follows that, the cost of the production of labour being subsistence only, wages can never rise above subsistence level. Another of the fallacious hopes on which it built the belief that wages can be raised above the subsistence cost of the labour commodity was destroyed by Lord Milner in his speech at Birmingham a Saturday or two ago. It is poor Mr. Strachey of the "Spectator" who meets his second death on this occasion. His first, as we rely upon our readers to remember, met him in these pages, when, in answer to his wretched inspiration that wages would rise if only capital could be increased as to compete for labour to employ it, we replied that capital would never be so driven in this country until the demand for capital over the whole world had been satisfied. From that day to this Mr. Strachey may have been a wiser man, but he has also been a sullen man; and now, we fear, not even Lord Milner, that great statesman who offers to mankind what was meant for party, can rouse him to defend his last hope. Lord Milner, it appears, quite unaware of his deadly work, expressed the same views of capital in these pages six months ago. Far from there being, he said, any glut of capital in consequence of which two employers would be seeking one labourer instead of two labourers one employer, the supply of capital is incom measureably short. The demand of the demanders for capital is such, in fact, that he pronounced it to be a general "scramble for capital." Observation and common sense bear out his remark with what deduction to be drawn we leave Mr. Strachey to ruminate upon. We do not ourselves deduce from it the hope that wages will be raised as a consequence of a glut of capital.

[Next week's issue, being the last of the current volume, will contain the usual index and title page.]
Current Cant.

"Social barriers are slowly disappearing."—Sir Herbert Tree, in "The Daily Citizen."

"You regard Selfridge's, then," I said, "as an educative establishment as well as a money-making machine?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Selfridge. "It is money-making because it is educative."—Frank Harris.

"For some considerable time past Royalty has recognised the importance of the cinematograph."—"Woman's Life."

"Do I think the picture censorship for which I have been engaged beneficial? Yes. . . . I shall continue to draw the line at the exhibition of revolting cruelty."—George Alexander Redford.

"Novelists, too, have joined their brothers, the playwrights, and they, in the interests of common decency, common sense, and common morality, are doing the duty neglected by the churches, and are engaged in the business of real practical soul-saving."—"End," in the "Referee."

"Our country longs and cares that its central homes shall be thus pure and strong and simple."—Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Then the service began, the Archbishop of Canterbury in solemn tones pronouncing the hortation beginning, 'If require and charge you both, as we shall answer at the dreadful day of Judgment.' Bride and bridegroom plighted their troth in clear voices, and were well heard."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Have we reached the golden prime of the art of entertainment? It would seem so, for the Coliseum is to be a palace of gold."—"The Era."

"We may confidently reckon that part of the good fortune arising from the Royal wedding will be passed on to the nation at large."—"The Scotsman."

"The monopoly of the land is to be dealt with in the interests of national requirements."—"Cardiff Times."

"The Unionist policy, as outlined by Mr. Steel Maitland, is practical, and covers the whole ground."—"Birmingham Daily Post."

"The operative trade unions have played the part of peacemakers by inducing the local band of strikers to return to work, and Lancashire has been saved from disaster."—"Leeds Mercury."

"Bathing and Love."—"Daily Mirror."

"The policy of the Liberal Party is to change the system."—"News and Leader."

"Every Christian sailor who lands in a foreign port can do much to advance or hinder the cause of the religion which he professes."—"Morning Post."

"When is photography art?"—Holbrook Jackson.

"'Everyman' has conquered its public, not by virtue of its low price, but by virtue of certain definite principles and ideals. . . . We have assumed that our readers are anxious for truth, that they are eager for culture."—"Everyman."

"His Majesty shot a number of fine stags before going south to the Army manoeuvres, on one occasion bringing down three with consecutive bullets in about as many minutes. The Prince of Wales also took part in the sport, shooting many stags."—"Times."

". . . A party of East-Enders from London were shown over Magdalen College. One of the undergraduates whose duty it was to act as their guides was the Prince of Wales, who heartily entered into the task, and taught them the true principles of courtesy and sport."—"The Globe."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A COMMENTARY on the Australian demand for her own army, her own fleet, her own nationality, and so on, is provided for us in the developments during the last ten days of the relations between Turkey and Greece and between Servia and Austria. There may not at the first glance seem to be any very striking direct connection, but I think one can be pointed out.

** The dispute between Turkey and Greece is a dispute over minor points, and is simply an excuse for any drastic action which Turkey may see fit to take later on. The Porte demands, for instance, that the Greek Government shall respect the private property of the Sultan and other members of the Imperial Ottoman family, and the Greeks cannot give definite guarantees. There are also questions concerning the recognition of Muftis and the cost of the maintenance of the prisoners of war. Greece, feeling that she has France, Russia, and Great Britain on her side, does not feel inclined to settle any of these minute points; and Turkey, having entered into an agreement with Italy and Germany with regard to the allocation of the Aegean Islands, continues to press claims which hardly matter at all.

** Now, as has already been indicated in these columns, it is the intention of the French and English Governments to support Greece as against Italy; for it is hoped that the development of the Greek fleet may, later on, be of strategic assistance to the Triple Entente in the Eastern Mediterranean. Greece accepts this understanding. But it was never the wish of the British Foreign Office that Greece should be supported as against Turkey: for our Mahomedan interests are too vast for us to interfere in any way, unless we must, with the reorganisation of the Ottoman Empire.

Further, although the Triple Entente is, in general, prepared to support Greece for purposes wholly unconnected with friendship for Greece, it was not expected that this support would be demanded so soon. There is as yet no Greek navy at all in the Western European sense of the word. Hence it has been decided that if Turkey makes a move against Greece the Triple Entente will not interfere. If Italy were to take up a definite stand against France and England over the question of the Islands it is still doubtful whether the Triple Entente would be prepared to support the Greek claims at this juncture, whatever support may be extended in the course of the next two or three years.

** In other words, Greece, although willing to become the tool of three of the Great Powers in exchange for assistance, diplomatic and financial, is to be left to her fate until it suits the purposes of the Powers concerned to make use of her.

** The case of Servia and Austria is somewhat similar. Servia has all along been under the impression that Russia would stand by her in the event of a dispute with the Ballplatz; and the slowness of the Powers to decide what the new Albanian frontier shall be has given King Peter's advisers an excuse for occupying certain points in Albania which the Austrian Government insists shall be left to her protégés, Ismail Kemal Bey and his friends in Northern Albania. Italy, although opposed to Austria on many points, is equally determined that there shall be no interference by any of the smaller Balkan States in Albanian affairs; and Russia, being at the moment more interested in her strategic
railways in Turkestan and her interests in Mongolia than in European affairs has expressed, in diplomatic language, a wish that she shall not be bothered by Servia or any other country. Servia, then, although as willing as Greece to attach herself to a group of the Great Powers—the Triple Entente, of course, since Servian sympathies are as predominantly Russian as Bulgarian sympathies are predominately Austrian—finds herself, like Greece, left in the lurch for the time being until the Great Powers choose to make use of her.

It may be noted that these small States in the Balkans can do nothing to help themselves. They have, as armies go, well-equipped forces, only recently trained to actual warfare. But their armies are so vastly inferior to those of the Great Powers that the suggestion of a campaign against any of the latter is ridiculous.

The moral of all this is—it is a moral which the Balkan war should have helped to make clear—that the day of the independence of the small State is over for the time being. The large State may be a passing historical phase, just as the Trust may be a passing economic phase. We are not the first to observe that the Russian nobility, as the Trust system has grown with the growth of modern commerce, so has the modern Trust-State grown in the development of modern politics. The innumerable small German States, with their fifty-three distinct sets of customs, with their fifty-three railroads, marked in its wide sweep Cuba to the Philippines, including in its wide sweep Hawaii and Panama. Other instances, such as the unity of Italy and the fusion of South Africa, will readily occur even to a careless reader of history.

Australia, so far as one can judge, would like to escape this tendency, although she has not at any time escaped from it—her present dependence on this country is sufficient proof of that. But there are three factors in world-politics to be considered, and it will be enough to mention them to show that Australia will not for very many generations to come be able to think of definite independence. One is the growing power of Russia in the Far East—a factor with which the recent great improvement in Russian finances is not unconnected—another is the determined rise of Japan, and the third is the intense desire of Germany to secure suitable colonies. Supposing Australia did actually carry out the veiled threats of some of her publicists and cast off her allegiance to this country. What would the result be? This great Commonwealth, rightly or wrongly, has decided on a rigid exclusion policy, and an inadequate birth-rate. I do not quarrel with that. But I recognise, which most of the Australians apparently do not, that these things do not go with independence. The army of any Balkan State you may wish to name would be powerless against the army of any of the Great Continental countries. But the army of Bulgaria, of Servia, of Greece, or of Roumania would be a better fighting machine than any force which the Australians will be able to put in the field for many a long day. Nay, I would rather have the fifty thousand hardy troops which Montenegro can still put into the field. How foolish, then, all this vague talk of “Germany” in Australia, because John Bull remains, on the whole, the least power on earth to “have” Australia, in the same way as it suits the Triple Entente to “have” Greece. If Australia is dissatisfied with that, she will merely, if she makes any change, give up one state of dependence for another. For she will not be left alone.

The National Guilds System.

The State and the Guilds.

Although not unprofitable of spiritual values, we have hitherto necessarily been mainly confined to a consideration of the new industrial society, the sequential result of wage abolition. The specific determination of the proletariat to cease selling its labour as a commodity is primarily a spiritual change; but spiritual significance cannot be appreciated until we have realised its material concrete setting. This task we have completed so far as it is possible to us. We might conclude our argument precisely at this point, leaving to each reader his own conclusions as to the effect of these material changes upon the spiritual life of the nation. But we must be held responsible for the outcome, spiritual and material, of our own conception of a society reorganised upon our principles. Nor do we desire to shirk it. On the contrary, we are resolved that our reconstructed society will avail nothing unless it produce better citizens. The economies effected in the production and distribution of wealth by the elimination of rent, interest and profits are obviously of incalculable social value, but the social value of the conditions in which this new freedom will work itself in citizenship even more than in guild membership. We have now reached the point where we discover that these two functions may diverge in the affections and person of the worker. As a citizen he may prefer this or that policy; as an economic agent, his freedom will be sooner or later put into the field. How foolish, then, all this vague talk of Australia will like to escape the tendency, although she has not at any time escaped from it—her present dependence on this country is sufficient proof of that. But there are three factors in world-politics to be considered, and it will be enough to mention them to show that Australia will not for very many generations to come be able to think of definite independence. One is the growing power of Russia in the Far East—a factor with which the recent great improvement in Russian finances is not unconnected—another is the determined rise of Japan, and the third is the intense desire of Germany to secure suitable colonies. Supposing Australia did actually carry out the veiled threats of some of her publicists and cast off her allegiance to this country. What would be the result? This great Commonwealth, rightly or wrongly, has decided on a rigid exclusion policy, and an inadequate birth-rate. I do not quarrel with that. But I recognise, which most of the Australians apparently do not, that these things do not go with independence. The army of any Balkan State you may wish to name would be powerless against the army of any of the Great Continental countries. But the army of Bulgaria, of Servia, of Greece, or of Roumania would be a better fighting machine than any force which the Australians will be able to put in the field for many a long day. Nay, I would rather have the fifty thousand hardy troops which Montenegro can still put into the field. How foolish, then, all this vague talk of “Germany” in Australia, because John Bull remains, on the whole, the least power on earth to “have” Australia, in the same way as it suits the Triple Entente to “have” Greece. If Australia is dissatisfied with that, she will merely, if she makes any change, give up one state of dependence for another. For she will not be left alone.

The National Guilds System.

XVIII.

The State and the Guilds.

Although not unprofitable of spiritual values, we have hitherto necessarily been mainly confined to a consideration of the new industrial society, the sequential result of wage abolition. The specific determination of the proletariat to cease selling its labour as a commodity is primarily a spiritual change; but spiritual significance cannot be appreciated until we have realised its material concrete setting. This task we have completed so far as it is possible to us. We might conclude our argument precisely at this point, leaving to each reader his own conclusions as to the effect of these material changes upon the spiritual life of the nation. But we must be held responsible for the outcome, spiritual and material, of our own conception of a society reorganised upon our principles. Nor do we desire to shirk it. On the contrary, we are resolved that our reconstructed society will avail nothing unless it produce better citizens. The economies effected in the production and distribution of wealth by the elimination of rent, interest and profits are obviously of incalculable social value, but the social value of the conditions in which this new freedom will work itself in citizenship even more than in guild membership. We have now reached the point where we discover that these two functions may diverge in the affections and person of the worker. As a citizen he may prefer this or that policy; as an economic agent, his freedom will be sooner or later put into the field. How foolish, then, all this vague talk of
to useful work. Out of this Congress would also doubtless develop men capable of high statesmanship. They would naturally be entrusted with all negotiations with the State and, backed by economic power, they would be listened to with something more than polite politeness. They would be consulted with all negotiations with the State and, backed by economic power, they might almost certainly impose their will. We may reasonably assume that different schools of thought would spring up in the Guild Congress just as to-day (although more indefinitely) differing tendencies can be observed in the individual Unions. But it is stated, however, we may be certain that the men who go to the Guild Congress will speedily find themselves immersed in industrial problems and will not greatly concern themselves with affairs of State. In this connection, it is interesting to observe that the co-operative movement, transacting $100,000,000 of business every year, is managed by men whose names are almost unknown to the public. They concern themselves with their own affairs, although doubtless each man plays some part in the life of his own locality. However, forceful and influential the co-operative leaders may be in their own economic environment, they are extraordinarily unobtrusive in public affairs. This does not surprise us as it explains the fascination that large industrial affairs exercise upon the minds and imaginations of those engaged upon them.

And we doubt not that such will be the case with the vast majority of Guild administrators. It would, therefore, be a profound error to think that the economic organisations of the industrial State (or the Guilds and the organised State. We can easily imagine the Guild administrators will be content to be left alone to their tasks, a different man, with a different temperament, being attached to the task of trying to organise the general economic life of the country. That is, that when we have successfully disentangled the economic from the political functions, we shall evolve a purer form of politics, with politicians far superior to the type now prevailing.

We see that the problem, the problem that the modern State is to give free play in their appropriate environment to the economic and political forces respectively. We have seen that they do not coalesce; that where they are intermingled, they do not tend to nullify each other, but to elevate those finer passions and ambitions of man that ought properly to find expression and satisfaction in the political sphere. It is a quality inherent in private capitalism to dominate and mould State policy to its ends, precisely as it exploits labour. If the in- terests of private capitalism were synonymous with those of the community as a whole this danger might be theoretical rather than real. But we know that the assumption of unity of interest between private capitalism and the State is false. It exists not, precisely as it exploits labour. Employment of women and young persons, fencing of machinery and the like (clearly the affair of each Guild), sickness, accident, and old age (by hypothesis transferred to the Guilds). It may or may not be true that the Guilds would automatically do what the State does best, but it may be that the rights of individual members of the Guild may be given legal sanction; on such a point it would be futile to speculate. It is evident, however, that a considerable proportion of existing legal occupations would lapse. But against this we may fairly set the fact that the legal mind has its value in any community, and whilst the demand for it would necessarily change, the legal habit would prove its usefulness. It is to-day customary for large corporations to keep their own lawyers on the premises, so to speak, notably in the mills of profit. Perhaps in this may be seen the germ of the lawyer's future employment. But so far as the State is concerned, it is certain that it will still be concerned with law—law-making and law-administering.

The practice of medicine differs in many ways from that of the law. It pervades the individual and family life from birth to death. It is true that so does law, but not in the same intimate sense. It does not depend upon any particular legal interpretation of property; its interests are not bound up with property but rather with the person. Probably the doctors will be among the first to constitute themselves into a Guild; but as preventive medicine depends for its success both upon law and administration, the medical guild will become responsible to the State, and not to the Guild Congress.

iii. Without discussing the tangled problem of militarism, this at least may be affirmed: the strength and organisation of our military and naval forces are necessarily dependent upon State policy. We may further assume that our wars of aggression in the interests of the profiteers will automatically cease. But there is always the danger that the profiteering elements in States not developed to the guild stage may force war upon us in the future. We do not expect this, because we believe that the way out for other nations threatened by our superior guild organisation (which is based not merely upon efficiency, but rather with the person). Probably the doctors will be among the first to constitute themselves into a Guild; but as preventive medicine depends for its success both upon law and administration, the medical guild will become responsible to the State, and not to the Guild Congress.

iv. Nor can it be doubted that our relations with other nations will become more intimate, more complex, perhaps more difficult than under existing dynastic conli-
The Future of the Ukraine.

By George Rafalovich.

On April 10 of this year the Editor of The New Age was kind enough to print an article of mine called "The Ukraine," in which I set forth the problem, facing both Russia and Austria, of an enslaved nation of nearly forty million souls. That the problem is acute is shown by a Bill which has been laid before the Duma at the beginning of October by Bishop Nikone, a prominent Orthodox dignitary and a member of the Duma. The problem is very old, and is an aspect of a whole question as it now confronts the Muscovite Government. It is, moreover, a categorical denial of the work of English writers, such as Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A., and Mr. Nevill Forbes, M.A., Ph.D., of Oxford, who have both written that the Ukrainians were not a nation, their language but a dialect, and their demands, says Mr. Birkbeck, instigated by the Jesuits. I have no wish to compare myself with Bishop Nikone, but neither he nor I myself can be described by any stretch of imagination as the tools of the Jesuits. But let me give the gist of the Bill now before the Russian Parliament—:

"We, the undersigned members of the Duma, who are neither Social-Democrats nor Constitutional Democrats (Cadets), propose to the State Duma as follows:

"(1) To allow the use of the Ukrainian language in elementary schools; that all teaching be given in that language, at least, during the first two years.

"(2) That teachers in such schools should be Ukrainians and persons who know the language of the Ukrainians.

"(3) That in Ukrainian public schools the Ukrainian language and history should be taught, besides the Russian language and history.

"(4) No longer to persecute or search for transgressions of the Association 'Prosvita' and other educational institutions which are spreading knowledge by means of brochures and books written in the Ukrainian language. We submit that the suppression of such associations should be effected in future only after a decision of a court of law and not by the way of administrative decision—which is often a pure matter of arbitrariness.

"We are convinced that a fairer attitude to this fine race will bring unified Russia not to ruin and impotence but to power and expansion. The Mazeppanite movement should be regarded as a case of State treason, and it should be put down by all means. The leaders of the movement should be arrested and exiled from Russia."

"We beg that this Bill be considered and laid before a qualified committee."

The readers of The New Age are sufficiently acquainted with Russian ways to appreciate all that the bringing forward of this Bill means. The progressive Finn, attacked on all side by the Muscovite Government, is in great danger of losing all his liberties. So is the Pole, Finns and Poles owe this to the unfortunate strategical situation of their country. Finland is at the very gate of St. Petersburg, and is still to a large extent led by her Swedish nobility. Poland is a strategic centre against both Germany and Austria. Both these nations are numerically weak, while the Ukrainians of Russia number, according to the last official figures, 29,300,000. The vast area of the Ukraine, its command of the Black Sea, call for conciliation. Bishop Nikone and his party consider it therefore good policy to give the Ukrainians the satisfaction to the Ukraine in order to consolidate it and to proceed with renewed energy to the Russification of Finland and of Poland. When that is accomplished we should not give much for the chances of the Ukraine retaining the benefits which will accrue from Bishop Nikone's Bill, provided it becomes law, which is possible, but hardly probable. Russian promises are wont to hang fire.

Paragraph 4 of the Bill mentions the "Prosvita."
This is an association with branches throughout the Ukraine. It aims at teaching the peasant the elementary rules of self-reliance, and the co-operative system and of a strengthening of the national bond. This association can be seen at its best in the Austrian Ukraine, especially in Eastern Galicia, but, even in Russia, it has made considerable progress, and, in spite of the arbitrary closing of branches and of trumped-up prosecutions of all kinds, it has grown sufficiently powerful to make the present Bill to be brought forward.

That Bishop Nikone wishes to see the Mazeppane movement put down and its leader exiled is not surprising. Mazeppa did his best to emancipate his country, and his name is curiously immortal in the Orthodox churches. Every Ukrainian who wishes to see his people free once more is, of course, a Mazeppane, and rejoices in the name. They will welcome the Bill, for they worry very little about exile. It does not matter to them how the people of the Ukraine are awakened. As Nietzsche said to his Convalescent: "When once thou shalt be awake thou shalt remain so for ever. It is not my habit to pull antiquated grandmothers out of their sleep in order to tell them—to go to sleep again."

Many sins have been laid at the doors of the Balkan Allies. The wars they waged have at least achieved this result: that the larger issues of world-politics have compelled Austria and Russia to sink their differences for a time. And millions of Ukranian subjects who are better treated in every way than their kin in Russia, although they still suffer much from the oppression of the Polish landlords. Therefore, quite apart from Russia's domestic problems, it was necessary that she should by the grant of some slight concessions, prevent her Ukranian subjects from looking too much towards Austria.

Of course the Austrian Ukranians cannot yet boast of very important achievements, but they are less hampered. Their separation of church and state is chiefly due to the hostile attitude of the Poles, who gained unfairly and retain without right a power and an influence which is utterly out of proportion to their numbers. Austrian Ukranians can, however, be congratulated on their attainments in the scientific, educational, and economic fields.

There has been in Lemberg for a long time a "Scientific Shevchenko Society," which is very active. It has published hundreds of works well known in the scientific world; it runs a large library; it has established a museum; it has its own well-equipped printing press and book stores up and down the country. Private enterprise is also at work. Two years ago the Metropolitans Archbishops initiated another museum in Lemberg, known as the National Ukranian Museum.

Apart from schools, education for the masses is effectively carried on by the "Prosvita" Association, which publishes a great deal of popular literature, has branches with reading-rooms and libraries in almost every city and town of Eastern Galicia, and exerts great influence over hundreds of thousands of the population.

During the last few years, the Ukranians have opened many secondary and private schools, which they support by very small but voluntary contributions from even the poorest of peasants. They were compelled to take such a course and to establish these private schools because the Galician Diet, which is even now in the hands of the Poles, refuses to give the Ukranians the same educational facilities as for the higher schools, which they have a legal right. The Poles have about fifty higher schools financed altogether by the State, and Ukranians have only seven—in spite of the fact that there are as many Ukranians as there are Poles. The reason is, of course, that "the State is the State!" But this also is changing. The Ukranians must support privately their own schools but they enjoy this advantage for which I longed at school: they can choose their own masters. All the Ukranian youth State-educated and the Ukranian youth privately educated, often self-supporting on the school benches, there is little doubt as to who will win the political battles of to-morrow.
tians have the candour or the curiosity to take for a moment an objective view of Christendom, to stand outside its confines and admire it with the Eastern world?

Ever since the historic interview of Peter the Great with Cantimyr, Voivode of Wallachia, when the latter told the Czar what profit might with patience be derived from a close study of the prevailing degree of self-government enjoyed by Christians in the Turkish Empire, Russia has been steadily at work to ruin Turkey by tampering with Turkish Christians and arousing their fanaticism. Except in two cases—when massacres were performed by savage Kurds at the direct command of Abdul Hamid II—a Sultan whom the Turks themselves deposed with ignominy for his cruelty—every massacre has been deliberately provoked. The Eastern Christians, schooled by Russia, know the mind of Western Europe, and the use of massacres to waken sympathy; and have used them as a political weapon as ruthlessly as did Abdul Hamid. Take the instance of the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876 to which the attention of England was first called by the fervid letters of the "Daily News" correspondent in Constantinople. They were committed by wild bashi-bazouks when engaged in putting down a general rising planned by Russia, which had begun with the massacre of Muslims. Mr. Calvert, vice-consul at Philippopolis, wrote on August 29 of that year: "The Christian Commissioners, one of whom, Yovantcho Effendi, is himself a Bulgarian, state themselves to be satisfied that deeds of the most monstrous kind were committed everywhere and that cruelties were designedly committed by the insurgents as being the means best calculated to bring on a general revolution in Bulgaria by rendering the situation of the Christians, however peaceably inclined, so intolerable under the indiscriminate retaliation which the governing race was sure to attempt as to force them in self-defence to rise."

It is the history of Muslim fanaticism. If Russia had never existed, one least had never interfered in Turkish politics, Ottoman Muslims and Ottoman Christians might long ere this have formed a happy and progressive nation. This is why the Turkophile has always felt a little nausea when decent English people called for the destruction of the Turks upon the score of massacres; and this is why I was so anxious to obtain evidence sufficient to convince my fellow-countrymen (if that were possible in face of so robust a prejudice) that the worst of Christians were at least as bloody as the worst of Muslims.

Rifaat was, as usual, even better than his word. On the Friday following that conversation, he came to fetch me to a friend's kiosk, where one of the most sensible and kindly faces I have ever seen. I explained that an important person in the Government had promised me specific information, but had failed to send it.

"How long have you been waiting?" he inquired.

"Six weeks."

At that his Excellency flushed with anger, and wished to take me off at once to see the malapert in question.

From such hot action I dissuaded him, protesting that I had no grievance, and did not see that anything but unpleasantness could come of force-sessions with one who had already failed me. He then held consultation with some kohjas seated on his other hand, who expressed strong indignation upon my account; and turning towards me once again, inquired if I had anything to say to him. "Nothing," he said that one of the kohjas would call for me at eleven o'clock next morning and escort me to Stamboul, to a meeting of the Council of State. The kohja chosen for my guide saluted and said in a friendly manner, "I returned the compliment. So it was settled.

Wistaria, the chosen flower of Asiatic Turkey, was in riot. It tumbled over garden walls, swung down from balconies on to the road, and rolled above the roofs of humble dwellings in such masses as perfectly set off the wooden houses, whose tint is a delicate dove-grey, a little shiny; while its habit suited the Mongolian style of most of them. The vision of an outdoor cafe roofed with it, with great festoons of hanging flowers, I led the way with the great man, who, being as I said before, exceeding stout, proceeded at a dignified slow pace, which was observed religiously by his retainers. This was quite a long one and imposing, to judge from a digested slow pace, which was observed religiously by those behind us. He often paused to mop his forehead (for the day was hot), and took a snuff from a little pot that was brought out at us, which was filled with a light mixture from the hanging flowers.

"One of the worst of Christians," he said, and went on, smoking and conversing pleasantly. All rose at our approach. The host, whom I had already knew, advanced to meet us, and introduced me to the lion of the day. Chairs were brought out for us; coffee followed; cigarettes were offered by a dozen hands.

While Rifaat was expounding me to the large circle, I had leisure to observe the types composing it. They were all old-fashioned Turks; only Rifaat and my left-hand neighbor, a great Frenchman, and they were all Unionists. My Liberal friends, who were quite French in education, spoke always of the Unionists as anti-Turkish. Here was matter for reflection!

The great man, having heard what Rifaat had to say, turned round to me and asked what exactly it was that I required. He was a very portly individual with one of the most sensible and kindly faces I have ever seen, and that important person in the Government had promised me specific information, but had failed to send it.
in the lake, only they feared that he might cause the take to overflow and flood the garden, not to speak of poisoning the frogs and goldfish. What rapture it would be, one of these days, to go and see those bodies swaying gaily on gibs on the Bridge. That day was near at hand, they begged to tell me.

Their tone, though mocking, had a snarl in it that much surprised me, for those ladies were the gentlest souls imaginable, and the men of whom they showed such bitter hatred had impressed me as straightforward and benevolent. I treated the whole matter as a joke; and, when they sought to know how I had fallen into such bad company, invented several fairy tales before confessing that my aim was to get information on the Macedonian horrors, which might enable me to silence certain anti-Muslims. When that confession came at length, they all acknowledged I was justified.

"But we could get you better information," someone cried. Much curiosity was expressed about my expedition on the morrow. Returning from it, I was pelted with eager questions. But as those questions seemed to indicate a wish to ridicule men who had shown me kindness, I merely stated that I had been satisfied. In fact, I had learnt nothing that I had not known before, nothing at least to justify a fresh campaign; but I had been shown enough to prove beyond a doubt that neither the Turkish Government nor any individual Turk had invented, or even knowingly exaggerated, anything in the reports of massacres which had been issued by the Committee for the Education of the Balkan Atrocities.

"The World Order of Socialists.

By Sir Francis Vane, Bart.

On a scorching day this summer at Viareggio on the sands near the place where Shelley's body was burnt, the writer had been playing hide and seek with two little girls and one boy—all possessed of monstrous energy.

He then retired to his capanna (cabin) to write, an action passionately resented by his young friend Yolanda, who came to him saying, "I will not have you wasting your time scribbling, take off those horrid spectacles."

Yet I was writing and thinking, more especially as within two days of the time I had entertained two friends, the one a Socialist professor from America, the other a Jesuit priest of some distinction, and in many hours of friendly talk had come to the conclusion that in ultimate political aims these two excellent men differed not by a hair's breadth the one from the other. Each had his own way of arriving at his destination—the one through Education and the other through a Catholic Church, yet both professed that passionate belief in the ennobling of a World, this present World—which is the Socialist's ideal. Both condemned in the strongest terms the cut-throat commercialism (of the strong) which is the Socialist's ideal. Both condemned in the strongest terms the cut-throat commercialism of the period, that policy of the devil take the hindmost and this is to rear a nobler race than an which we have known in the past or the present.

Moreover, if this is to be done well it must be done through the education of the old and the young, it must be done not only as an earnest faith, but as a coloured adventure, it must be a world crusade. The Order of Socialists will do this, not by wrangling over political or other methods, but by uniting men into a brotherhood of service, into a fraternity in which all are welcome whatever methods they may adopt, so long as they walk the great high road towards our ennobling goal.

The men who have already joined us, professors, artists, literary men, ecclesiastics, and actors, are in a great number of cases belonging to no recognised society of Socialists. They have come in because we appear to them to be keeping the doors wide open for all to take part in an adventurous crusade, and whereas we have representatives of all the leading societies and parties, we feel convinced that the support of these comrades who have not heretofore taken an active part in the battle will enormously strengthen the Socialist and Labour Parties as a whole. They come to us with the chivalrous instinct to fight for the under dog, to help to create a juster world, and with them and those engaged in the excellent political societies, we are going to create a wider enthusiasm for our principles, by making them understood, one which they have always desired but so far failed in attaining. Like Kim, we are the friends of all the world, of all those who are determined to carry out the scheme of Socialism which is embodied in our fundamental principles.

SOLILOQUY.


Purporting to have been written by Mr. John Masefield from his office in the Bye Street—"The English Review" having failed to "discover his genius." I used to imagine with rue and with rhyme I'd earn enough money to take my own time. But when the damned stuff brought me in not a dime—Why! I chucked it! Then what? He slipped from the path to Paranasus!)

Of novels I knew I could write quite a lot All I required was an undisturbed spot (Heart singing with PASSION)—to work out the plot... But I muffed it! (He what?) He staggered before anticlimax!)

Comedies, dramas and aesthetic plays Seethed in my brain, till lost in amaze, I withered in genius—another "last phase"

Then I snuffed it!

(He what?) Fame's flickering candle expired!

FRED KAY.
An Ancient Manuscript.

In that library, one of the largest in the metropolis, there is an old custom to collect and burn periodically all the torn books and mouldy manuscripts. But, for the benefit of the curious and antiquarian (of which class I have lately become a member), they are left in a corner of the building for several days before they are consigned to their final doom.

Standing the other day knee-deep in such a pile, searching and rummaging about for some literary curiosities, I chanced upon a yellow and dilapidated manuscript which has not a little attracted my attention. It was written in strange characters, which, to me, being ignorant of any of the foreign tongues, ancient or modern, seemed as so many hieroglyphics. I therefore went up to a gentleman in the reading-room, whom I guessed, by his long hair and bushy eyebrows, to be a great scholar, and asked him if he understood the language it was written in. He had no sooner adjusted his spectacles and thrown a cursory glance upon the manuscript than I observed his cheek began to glow with interest and enthusiasm. "You have discovered a valuable document," said he "which, if rightly interpreted, may be found to contain matter of the greatest historical interest." We arranged he should take it home for translation. When he brought the following version, which he assured me, was rendered as nearly literal as possible, except leaving out such portions as were absolutely illegible:

"... was an island in the north-west of ..., whose inhabitants became so mighty and powerful that they were feared and respected by all the nations around."

"They were a happy people. For many ages they lived in peace and plenty, free from attacks from without or discord within—free from all kinds of worry and care. There exist, it is true, many accounts to the contrary. But these seem to have been written by the enemies of this great and mighty people; for a reference to economics and statistics written at the same period show there was a great superabundance of all things in the land. Indeed, so rich and plentiful have their products been that, not knowing what to do with them, they were known on occasions to squander their money on the merest trifles, such as bread, potatoes, or even cheese. It was therefore decided by these true friends and benefactors of mankind to take away periodically part of their earnings, to be used for the maintenance of a large staff of doctors and others appointed to look after the health of the people. This decision was universally hailed as an act of the highest wisdom, for the people then could not, with what they had left, indulge to any extent in those luxuries mentioned above.

"Besides these beneficent and ingenious provisions were elaborated a considerable number of minor ones, hardly less useful and ingenious. Such, for instance (to mention only a few), as the number of meals to be consumed daily by each individual, according to age and occupation; the hour of rising and going to bed; how and what to speak; the precise manner of delivery; the number of people that may meet together in any place; the exact day on which to pare the nails; the length of the hair to be worn by males and females respectively.

"When these measures were at last made public, they were everywhere received with the greatest acclamation and enthusiasm. For no one failed to perceive how essential they were to the happiness and well-being, and particularly to the freedom and independence of the people, of which last they were reputed, since time immemorial, to be greatly enamoured. Such, indeed, has been their enthusiasm, that they entered upon a period of rejoicing and festivity, and the whole country was ablaze with the most extravagant.

"Some difficulties, however, were experienced when the above reforms were put into practice. But these, by the application of a few clever devices, were speedily overcome. Thus, if anyone neglected to take the requisite number of meals, or so neglected the care of their health that they were unable to cope with the ordinary difficulties of life, they were known on occasions to be guilty of extravagance, which was clearly inexcusable.

"The problem that occupied them most was not so much how to remedy the existing ills as how to improve the race—to produce a people perfect both in mind and body, while at the same time adopting such measures as should prevent any further relapse in the future."

"Thus they conceived the happy idea that, being of the two individuals chiefly concerned in the production thereof, none should be allowed to mate except the most perfect; and these must agree in every respect. It was therefore imperative that, prior to... thorough and minute examination of their bodies, particularly certain of the more important parts, their strength tested, their skulls measured, their limbs carefully compared. In order to guard against the possibility of any deviation from the standard of absolute perfection, it was further laid down that every child must undergo a strict medical examination immediately after birth; and, in the event of the least deformity being detected, it should forthwith be taken from its mother and disposed of in a way that couldn't but be considered as an act of charity to itself, and of kindness and relief to the community.

"Nor was the question of disease overlooked in this grave scheme of regeneration. In view of their extreme carelessness and extravagance, it was clear that this couldn't be left to chance. Indeed, so extravagant were they that they were known on occasions to squander their money on the merest trifles, such as bread, potatoes, or even cheese. It was therefore decided by these true friends and benefactors of mankind to take away periodically part of their earnings, to be used for the maintenance of a large staff of doctors and others appointed to look after the health of the people. This decision was universally hailed as an act of the highest wisdom, for the people then could not, with what they had left, indulge to any extent in those luxuries mentioned above.

"Besides these beneficent and ingenious provisions were elaborated a considerable number of minor ones, hardly less useful and ingenious. Such, for instance (to mention only a few), as the number of meals to be consumed daily by each individual, according to age and occupation; the hour of rising and going to bed; how and what to speak; the precise manner of delivery; the number of people that may meet together in any place; the exact day on which to pare the nails; the length of the hair to be worn by males and females respectively.

"When these measures were at last made public, they were everywhere received with the greatest acclamation and enthusiasm. For no one failed to perceive how essential they were to the happiness and well-being, and particularly to the freedom and independence of the people, of which last they were reputed, since time immemorial, to be greatly enamoured. Such, indeed, has been their enthusiasm, that they entered upon a period of rejoicing and festivity, and the whole country was ablaze with the most extravagant.

"Some difficulties, however, were experienced when the above reforms were put into practice. But these, by the application of a few clever devices, were speedily overcome. Thus, if anyone neglected to take the requisite number of meals, or so neglected the care of their health that they were unable to cope with the ordinary difficulties of life, they were known on occasions to be guilty of extravagance, which was clearly inexcusable.

"The problem that occupied them most was not so much how to remedy the existing ills as how to improve the race—to produce a people perfect both in mind and body, while at the same time adopting such measures as should prevent any further relapse in the future."

"Thus they conceived the happy idea that, being of the two individuals chiefly concerned in the production thereof, none should be allowed to mate except the most perfect; and these must agree in every respect. It was therefore imperative that, prior to... thorough and minute examination of their bodies, particularly certain of the more important parts, their strength tested, their skulls measured, their limbs carefully compared. In order to guard against the possibility of any deviation from the standard of absolute perfection, it was further laid down that every child must undergo a strict medical examination immediately after birth; and, in the event of the least deformity being detected, it should forthwith be taken from its mother and disposed of in a way that couldn't but be considered as an act of charity to itself, and of kindness and relief to the community.

"Nor was the question of disease overlooked in this grave scheme of regeneration. In view of their extreme carelessness and extravagance, it was clear that this couldn't be left to chance. Indeed, so extravagant were they that they were known on occasions to squander their money on the merest trifles, such as bread, potatoes, or even cheese. It was therefore decided by these true friends and benefactors of mankind to take away periodically part of their earnings, to be used for the maintenance of a large staff of doctors and others appointed to look after the health of the people. This decision was universally hailed as an act of the highest wisdom, for the people then could not, with what they had left, indulge to any extent in those luxuries mentioned above.

"Besides these beneficent and ingenious provisions were elaborated a considerable number of minor ones, hardly less useful and ingenious. Such, for instance (to mention only a few), as the number of meals to be consumed daily by each individual, according to age and occupation; the hour of rising and going to bed; how and what to speak; the precise manner of delivery; the number of people that may meet together in any place; the exact day on which to pare the nails; the length of the hair to be worn by males and females respectively.

"When these measures were at last made public, they were everywhere received with the greatest acclamation and enthusiasm. For no one failed to perceive how essential they were to the happiness and well-being, and particularly to the freedom and independence of the people, of which last they were reputed, since time immemorial, to be greatly enamoured. Such, indeed, has been their enthusiasm, that they entered upon a period of rejoicing and festivity, and the whole country was ablaze with the most extravagant.

"Some difficulties, however, were experienced when the above reforms were put into practice. But these, by the application of a few clever devices, were speedily overcome. Thus, if anyone neglected to take the requisite number of meals, or so neglected the care of their health that they were unable to cope with the ordinary difficulties of life, they were known on occasions to be guilty of extravagance, which was clearly inexcusable.

"The problem that occupied them most was not so much how to remedy the existing ills as how to improve the race—to produce a people perfect both in mind and body, while at the same time adopting such measures as should prevent any further relapse in the future."

SOL DAVIS.
The Opinions of Jerome Coignard. By Anatole France. Trans. by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. (Lane. 68.)

M. Anatole France writes to M. Octave Mirbeau by way of preface to "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard. Instead of explaining to the reader, M. France explains to his reader through M. Mirbeau as if a visitor showed himself more partial to his fellow guest than to his host, the guest, moreover, being of his own inviting. The thing has been done so often that it is not remarked unless done badly. M. France does it somewhat badly. His style does not take much account even of the preferred guest. He describes Coignard's disciple and biographer, Jacques Tournebroche—"Observant, exact and charitable, he drew a consideration of the preferred guest. It is a work that makes one think of those portraits of Erasmus by Holbein, that one sees in the Louvre, at Bâle, or at Hampton Court, the delicacy of which never wearies the sense of appreciation. In short, he left nothing to chance, nor to mere dogmatical and mediocrity. The future will bury all alike in oblivion. M. France, is, however, not absolutely certain about this oblivion. Certainly, there are many survivors! Nevertheless, even survival can be only a mockery. We shall be tortured out of their real memories—pedants and aesthetes will see to this: the modern Iliad is, we may be sure, not as the Iliad of Homer.

But M. France continues to write. It is difficult not to see that he strives to continue. He searches for every scrap of matter to make up his book on Coignard. He adopts even very old devices to make one believe Tournebroche not merely a real writer of real memories, but an uncommon real writer. His literal and open pass for a real man even though oblivion lurks at the next book-stall open to the rain and the sun. M. France, declaring himself no more than the mere editor of Tournebroche on Coignard, evidently does not shrink from personalizing the work. He will edit Tournebroche's memoirs of Coignard, this man of "unfettered understanding," and M. France will write of that optimist Robespierre, who "believed in good" and was "no monster," but not too much of such twiddlings with psychology.

M. France assumes a favourite and honoured rôle in these our times. He is the unprejudiced expounder of Coignard's opinions, the which are professedly not his own, are even opposed to his own. He is to be considered eliminated of passion, prejudice, adherence—a cool, impartial judge, as the current cant has it. The living world goes to death on matters of opinion. It allows no judge the grand impartiality on vital questions—questions having to stand active tests. But authors may assume what they please. M. France, even of M. Wilfrid Jackson, is, in this passage at least, not below the original. Many times a month just such a weary test with psychology! But authors may assume what they please. Does Coignard's disciple and biographer, Jacques Tournebroche, who, perhaps, is so lucky as to be named amongst the philosophers rather than the novelists is a romantic sanction and a shield. Here is a writer with philosophical tone, but picturesquely negligent of philosophical exactness, professing nothing or everything in a thoroughly nargisized, fictionalized, didactic fashion. M. France frightens nobody with a truth, with any downright declaration of the thing to be thought, said and done under fit circumstances. And that manner of "democratic" toleration suits a dozing world, under the pretence that the eternal tides make it move. It sweep it out of its motionless back-wash where the mud alone keeps human monsters inactive. Nowadays we almost speak of our poor, dear fiends, our dear Robespierre, so pious and only too pious; our poor Marat, who, may wish for something sterner than such sympathies to fight the fin de siècle. M. France is a thoroughly educated mob, and undoubtedly the Robespierres, are content to feel soft with M. France's Coignard who "would not have signed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, because of the unfair separation it establishes between man and the gorilla." No writing is too silly to pass with the crowd that sees its modern Robespierre, at present, a simple lawyer practising piously upon those incorrigible criminals who repeatedly do all a sane man would not do, and are yet sane! Robespierre keeps his hand in while the community chats with Coignard; and Robespierre will always chat with the community, to the last not above a beneficent word with his victims. He would be greatly obliged to Coignard, who mentions so many things without prejudice.

It does not take long for us to be assured of the cool impartiality of M. France. He edits, without suppression, even the insinuations of Coignard. "I refrain from calling man a ridiculous animal," says Coignard, "for the sole consideration that Jesus Christ ransomed him with His precious blood." One has to remember, and to be convinced of, those "sincerities" of Marat and the rest, not to name Coignard among common, would-be blasphemous jokers. On search, there fails to appear anywhere enough sign that Coignard is serious about this so precious blood; but there is plenty of sign that he does regard men as ridiculous animals. Here is a witty possibility, at least, for your lively atheist—"the precious blood shed for an absurd sort of monkey! Coignard is so lucky as to be opposed frequently by only a very fatuous devotee of things, and especially of Governments, as they are, a Monsieur Roman. "I conclude that it is well-nigh immoral," says Coignard, "whether we be governed one way or another, and that statesman are only noteworthy by reason of their coats and their coaches."

"Can you talk like this," replies Roman, "on the day following the death of a statesman who took such a prominent part in affairs?" By the tumult around his bier you may judge the result of his work." Coignard, you see, needs not to advance evidence or reason before a Monsieur Roman! And by way of reply, indeed, he irrelevantly attacks the conscience which all audiences of all Coignards keep against oppressions abroad. Without directly branding the foreign policy of the defunct statesman, Coignard depletes "the way the Europeans deal with the peoples of Africa and America." He pours out a little superior oil to heal Roman, who certainly failed to transfix his tormentor. Coignard will agreeably leave mentioning anything that annoys the poor fool. "It is all but a game, an empty show; really, people and princes are both, one and the other, directed by this or that statesman, who are both, one and the other, directed by an unseen force." Lasselle, Monsieur Roman, mon cher!—he says in effect. Coignard, who, perhaps, would not be offensive to his
equals, will madden an honest ass. He means as much now as later on, when he will be exciting the flesh of Catherine who sits beside him on an outdoor bench while he describes his refuge of "Divine Grace" as then no more than "a little white spot above those rocks, where, on the tiles, the cats make love." Where all is promiscuous and loose-ended, one does not pinch, of head and my breast," he goes on. "My desires would be for Venus, his mother." Since nothing matters, it matters him along most often. The sight of a cheap-jack will climb to it (and this is the time to publish such inclinations in whatsoever hero), but—people will be showy in their accounts, and their bite will seem sweet to you." He concludes by her, are entirely admirable). He happens to mention justice and thereupon floats away with a display of English uncouthness. "That may be, Monsieur Tournebroche," says Coignard, "and it is a matter to discuss with confec- tioners." Hoity-toity—when one so often at the cook's expense—is not ordinarily above a crack! But how touched to the life is this abbé! He will pass still further for a man and one of the world.

One, Shippin, is introduced, a comic Englishman who declares that "everything that happens in England is important." Coignard engages him; he proves as easy as his French prototype, the egregious Roman and goes out with a display of English uncoyness.

Coignard delivers himself to his disciple, the cook's son, on the subject of popular government. He in- clines to it (and this is the time to publish such inclina- tions in whatsoever hero), but—people will be much the same as always, mob will be mob, tyrants, peculators, bad rhetoricians, scandals—all will be no different. Coignard begins this discourse with some agreeable remarks on the chance of catching fleas from open-air benches—"but you, my son, may believe they are Jeannette's or Catherine's; and their bite will seem sweeter to you. He concludes in this vein of the lascivious which is forever freely throbbing. "Come, we risk frightening away the lovers of Jeannette and Catherine." He rarely—that is too much—never achieves a moderately long speech without wit of this sort: it seems meant to make things lively.

Even books, he thinks, are of no account, or of bad account. No man can retain his innocence and love flowers and apple trees if he has studied books. And intercourse with virtue and thereupon floats away from mil- tarism to discourse upon justice. "My son, you would seat justice on sentiment, but one engine last on this petty spot you merely raise some humble, domestic howel." No, there is nothing in justice—until Coignard remem- bers his God, partner with that Divine Grace, that Christ of precious blood: God's justice is "terribly expressive. Enflaming this appropriateness to human nature, "that it never thinks, and clearly we are not made for thought." The word thought again suggests a discourse on thought, so we get—"thought is a malady," and so on. Coignard, moreover, is aware of and moralizes upon truisms: poverty causes more carnage than war: we honour a prince who steals a province whereas we punish common thieves: seditions are usually born of the wretchedness of the people. However the wretched people might as well save themselves the trouble of con- spiring against the great; it is no use. Coignard was clearly a great reader; he draws out historical facts, undeniable even by a schoolboy, six, seven, eight to the page. Another strange cliche marks scenums. "Bethink you, my son," he says, "that when two armies are in sight of one another, one of them must be conquered; from which it follows that no nation may be victorious without its chief in command having all the qualities of a great commander." He knows that there are lucky commanders as well as clever ones. He knows, though he lived so long ago, that "the increasing size of arma- ments" is the "presage of universal peace." The military frog will universally burst. Coignard might have been writing in this year of grace. His tongue is as the tongue of 1913; yet his date is Monmouth's.

Coignard addresses an Academician—"Happy is he who knows that it is equally a vanity to be an Academ- ician, or not to be an Academician formed exclusively of great men, he thinks, "would be rather depressing." Rockstrong, a second comic Englishman, an exiled rebel, allows Coignard some platitudes—"I annoy you, Mr. Rockstrong, by telling you that one is rebel when one is vanquished. Yet when it happens to you to climb to power, you will not suffer rebellion." It is to Rockstrong, a very rude, crude boor, that Coignard in the intervals of thirst, declares his reasons for not de- siring any change in governmental matters. He says that they do, are silly sheep; to fight people in office is folly, unless it is a way of earning one's bread and getting on in the world. Give me something to drink! . . . Men taken in the mass are one like another, average in evil as well as in good. . . . A society formed exclusively of people [by changing Governments], that is quite impossible, for that does not depend upon Ministers but on the earth, industry, commerce . . . we must leave to the care of a conscious person, the chang- ing of eras and the making of laws. . . . Mr. Rockstrong, I am very thirsty."

History comes under notice. It is no use relying on history. "There are few truths in history. . . Tacitus floats all the world under a pretence of gravity." Mon- sieur Roman urges that all he asks from history is a collection of facts about man. Alas, he stopped not at this—"I flatter myself that, in the future, history will rival in exactitude the natural science." Coignard seizes him—"Do not reckon on that"—and of course Roman cannot prove a mere hope. So the acute Coign- ard scores again. And here is all that history can tell us about men—"They were born, they suffered, they died." It is not enough to guide one in even the selection of a burial site well to remember all the facts, like the Patagonians or, at most, novels, our modern parsons. Coignard on the nude would be expected to deny its provocation; moreover, objection to bare stomachs in the grey daylight seems to have served even in his day as just excuse for assault on one's "indecent" prudery. Coignard, "who should have been kept by a grateful Republic!" earned his bread by writing letters for servant-girls. The word suggests stories of servant-girls: one who was hanged for stealing and, passing the cook-shop on her way,
spoiled our abbé's dinner. One story of horror naturally suggests another; and we have the history of Hélène, condemned to execution for infanticide, showing how bad people are at all times; and then Coignard returns to the fate of the servant. He comes to me as a personal and perpetual thing: this sight of this handsome girl led her to death contracts my throat to the point of refusing passage to this little fish. Coignard is evidently a humane being. And, in fact, he is somewhat positive for the first time in our acquaintance. And no doubt Mr. Anatole France edited him here with a very light hand, for Coignard suggests a conclusion we have many of us come to—"The notion of pure revenge attached more commonly to the punishment of malefactors, although hard and hidden in itself, is less terrible in its consequences than the overweening virtue of ingenious philosophers." I have looked vainly along the page for a better statement of this thesis; the argument having been put scores of times during recent years, everyone will, no doubt, read into Coignard's propositions what he actually succeeds in stating. Yes, perhaps this is clearer: "To pretend that we owe expiation to criminals is to fall into my own sphere, touch my sense of humour and reality naturally suggests another; and we have the history of how bad people are at all times."

Coignard speaks henceforward with much feeling. He comes near to a denunciation of law as we have it. He declares that only the heart can correct the head in imposing laws and penalties beyond man to keep or endure. I almost forget, reading, that this Coignard has disquieted me on a point that is haunting, long, world-weary, fainéant Coignard. It will not do, all the same! I would as soon trust Coignard as that dear, sentimental, sudden-changing Robespierre. And how should one who found nothing worthy in the whole thesis that we owe expiation to criminals is to fall into my own sphere, touch my sense of humour and reality? One who has my admiration Mrs. J. G. Frazer, has written a little text-book of organised by the spectacle of women writers and complemental male writers filling the daily press and the novel market with all species of spiderish woman-thymes. Peccavi! for one youthful burst of my own. And a great deal of masculine right has been eaten up during this last few years while men were vainly trying to accustomed themselves to the sight of women dabbling in "freedom." The word "freedom" is hard to deny to anybody who seems able to pronounce it, and women made positive small thunder with the word. There is nothing in this but discontent with natural facts. Man has only survived hitherto by disregarding the ineradicable feminine discontent. He will, no doubt, survive the present grumble. When men refuse to be employed in useless labours, when all trivial and adulterating manufactures are abolished, when workmen are worn out instead of wage-slaves, women will quite naturally return to their own sphere, and scribbling semi-women will be obliged to cease writing, or to what the average woman can endorse as common sense.

And now, having, I hope, persuaded or quelled these critics who would compel me on to an impossible pedestal, I may go on to discuss the book of a woman who has my admiration. Mrs. J. G. Frazer, the wife of Professor Frazer, has written a little book of "First-Aid for the Servantless." This problem of servants, now quite hopeless to solve except by doing largely without them, will probably as quickly as anything else bring women to the end of their present resources for making trouble. There are so many thousands and hundreds of thousands of wives who experience most miserably the effect of the suffrage movement on domesticity. Unaccustomed to the old-fashioned manner of practical direction of a household, let alone to her actual handling of stores, broom and candle, the average wife to-day has come to know the horror of being at the mercy of a giddy female servant inflated by scraps of suffragistical bombast.

Frazer draws all female servants into one composite figure called Imogen. Imogen is a senseless, cooed-over, slovenly, and even malignant creature. She hates, by reason of her unintelligence, any labour-saving device; and I am sure any mistress who has heard these snortings—"Oh, I couldn't be worried by those steamers—oh, I 'ates them Rissels."

For my part I am convinced that a woman-artist is an accident, often a most unhappy one; when she is not unhappy she possesses, also, the true gifts of women, the sense of beauty, the enjoyments and that humorous resignation to fact which, almost as much as beauty, reconciles men to the duty of protecting us.

The humorous truth about me has become quite clear to myself whatever the conception of others may be. I am a minor poet of the first class. I have never created anything; but my work is dutifully sound after the traditions of the creative artists. It would have been incredible impudence in my artistic opinion, if it had ever occurred to me, to pretend to inventive rivalry with men of supreme genius—such rivalry as is assumed by the little men of the "Georgian School," who have not a first-class minor poet among them, but are one and all feeble novelty traders. Now I am the unacknowledged writer of a high-spirited romance, fresh as the day, for it was truly inspired, but again, in scheme, a copy. I am a formidable critic—because I consider the matters of criticism; my consistent taste is my only title to apply the canon of these masters. The same taste permits me to engage in satire safely even on subjects where I am not profoundly grounded. Also I can parody with anybody, a feminine talent, this, and quite proper.

Now, to be so, is very freakish in a woman. And since I live in a female body, and have had experience of all female weakness and disability, have felt life as a woman, I bless Nature that did not omit a humble humdrum from my nature. I know how easy it is for a woman to become bombastic, just as feeble men swell when times are comfortable; but, since a woman has occasion, even under the most favourable circumstances, to read ten times a week how dependent she is, I am moved to especial contempt of a female boasting independence: she knows the jellified lie upon which she stands! It is certain that women who would otherwise have lived more or less happily have been disorganised by the spectacle of women writers and complemental male writers filling the daily press and the novel market with all species of spiderish woman-thymes. Peccavi! for one youthful burst of my own. And a great deal of masculine right has been eaten up during this last few years while men were vainly trying to accustomed themselves to the sight of women dabbling in "freedom." The word "freedom" is hard to deny to anybody who seems able to pronounce it, and women made positive small thunder with the word. There is nothing in this but discontent with natural facts. Man has only survived hitherto by disregarding the ineradicable feminine discontent. He will, no doubt, survive the present grumble. When men refuse to be employed in useless labours, when all trivial and adulterating manufactures are abolished, when workmen are worn out instead of wage-slaves, women will quite naturally return to their own sphere, and scribbling semi-women will be obliged to cease writing, or to what the average woman can endorse as common sense.

And now, having, I hope, persuaded or quelled these critics who would compel me on to an impossible pedestal, I may go on to discuss the book of a woman who has my admiration. Mrs. J. G. Frazer, the wife of Professor Frazer, has written a little book of "First-Aid for the Servantless." This problem of servants, now quite hopeless to solve except by doing largely without them, will probably as quickly as anything else bring women to the end of their present resources for making trouble. There are so many thousands and hundreds of thousands of wives who experience most miserably the effect of the suffrage movement on domesticity. Unaccustomed to the old-fashioned manner of practical direction of a household, let alone to her actual handling of stores, broom and candle, the average wife to-day has come to know the horror of being at the mercy of a giddy female servant inflated by scraps of suffragistical bombast.
and chattels has worn though she washes visitors. In short, she is an enemy in the house instead of a help. She spends her life going from house to house; and when the novelty of inspecting one's goods and chattels has worn off, she works up to a month's wages in lieu of notice, and if the mistress is sensitive about having a most unwelcome relationship continued, she goes off with her money in certainty of finding another house willing to have any servant rather than none at all. Mrs. Frazer is silent about one fault in her summary of Imogen's shortcomings, namely, dishonesty. I think we may take it that Imogen is not to be considered dishonest. My own experience is that servants, with every other conceivable vice to their unsavoury name, are on the whole, honest.

Some of the labour-saving devices recommended in this book were previously unknown to me, and I made further inquiries about them. The patent washer-up proved to be too expensive at present. Two pounds and ten shillings for the least convenient of these articles will be beyond the purse of most housewives; and for such a sum it should be possible to offer a machine lacking in the saving contrivance, since very little labour can be saved. The prospect of a perfectly clean plate, innocent of dish-cloth, is, however, alluring. The "Grip-All," price ninpence, is a treasure to me, though this article, which savant of house-having has placed absolutely tabu to my useful creature, who continues to burn herself and my clothes together every time she lifts a dish from the oven. Mrs. Frazer mentions various other devices and patents, including a small vacuum cleaner; but there is now on the market a much smaller cleaner which looks almost exactly like a Bissel broom, and is easier to handle than the other kind. But even this needs two persons to use it effectually, and the adequate cleaner must be used single-handed.

Mrs. Frazer advises servantless housewives to do away with all mere ornamental chattels. It is almost superfluous advice. One instantly does the thing the moment one dares. Imogen is miserable in a position suffering for it. Things improve, however, and I lately heard a man, whose wife slyly declares she simply cannot get a servant, sigh with satisfaction that there wasn't a "gimcrack" left in the house. Mrs. Frazer is quite right in suggesting that a woman be as firm as not insist on their women having some or other unskilled female; it is partly from terror of being asked to do something, and partly from fear of the poor dear modern wife breaking down under the terrible strain. I never knew a serviceable woman break down under ordinary domestic strain. The work is too perfectly suitable to the female body and mind for such a catastrophe to be brought about except by ill-will. The first necessities for women are opportunity for privacy, for a few minutes' rest at desire, for work not strictly routinial. All these things are to be had in one's own home and practically nowhere else. I found during six months when I had only very occasional help indoors that my bills for cleaning—stores, Monkey Brand, and so on—almost disappeared! For one thing, there was not half the cleaning to be done. I agree with Mrs. Frazer that Imogen makes much of the dirt she has to clear up. I have watched this natural fool make, as if deliberately, a gradual portentous mess. I never employed an occasional cook without having half-a-day's work to get the kitchen and scullery salubrious again. Lately, I have given in, having a great deal of literary work to do, and supported the presence of Imogen. Horrors increase every hour. I leave them nameless. The kitchen is one muddle. I can never lay hands on a match or a candle. I am chased by kitchen smells and kitchen words by poisonous decoctions, and when I complain it always turns out to be the fault of the cabbage or the fire, or some other respectable thing. And what with incessant noise, and answering silly questions, and being called "Queen Victoria" (simple food from becoming complex, I begin to plot my way back to my own abode to be again) clean, fresh, quiet, orderly palace of a kitchen, where a book was not in the least out of place. The problem for me as a literary woman is not perfectly simple to solve for me as a wife it would never exist. No Imogen should darken my door! I return to Monkey Brand, etc., estimable enough products, but in the hands of servants, robbers of many, many pence, as Mrs. Frazer says, though only experience might understand her truly. Every sort of improved manufacture magically decreases! And as Imogen is honest, it is clear that her silly extravagance has the results of chronic dishonesty.

If Mrs. Frazer's book does not coincide exactly with everyone's experience, it must be said that she makes no claim to infallibility. The charm of domesticity is that each home is unique and adventures are plenty to engage one's ingenuity. The grand nerve-saving rule is not to be too routinial about anything but certain instruments. The old-fashioned woman is often represented as a slave in her house, but the ideal is to have a play-house. This is not possible while an Imogen is in it! She makes every servant love her less and less. Mrs. Frazer's comments upon the absurd plague, instead of pleasure, commonly made of visitors, and the comic aspects of men too lordly to clean their boots, read most forcibly, and her pages upon "The Ritual of the Front Door" are in excellent style. I cannot say much for the verses at the end except that they are shocking bad. The rest makes a very gay book.

TO THE DUBLIN MASTERS. They took the pay you flung them, you didn't care a hair What kind of food it bought them, nor if each had his share. You took the wealth they made you, you took the gauds it bought, And to the men who made it you scarcely gave a thought. But when the dumb ass Labour by miracle found voice, You were surprised and listened. You had no other choice.

You had to pay more wages, the Unions gave the law. It's nasty now since Labour gripped you in its dirty paw! You fling it off, when Labour strikes, you strike with batons, too. You chase it off the Dublin streets. You know not what you do.

Batoned, they meet Death in the street and when, their courage spent, They fly for home, Death meets them in the tottering tenement— The only homes you gave them—the homes your wage supplied. They see your motor-cars, your clothes, your luxury and pride, They feel the hired blato blow that is their only share. Of wealth their toiling hours have made. Is this all you can spare? Will you deny to them the right to band in brotherhood? You'd have them faithful to their pay and faithless to their blood.

They claim the right to stand beside their brothers and you'd bring Troops of the Crown to mow them down. You do a shameful thing. Make peace, O Dublin masters. Delay saw once before Weak cries, like mine, for justice drowned in the rabble's sea.

I fling the cap of Liberty, although I know full well Who were the first to perish when France went down to hell. Make haste for peace, O Masters, I bid you not to wait, I see a change in Dublin and kindness turned to hate. See fiery revolution bring what has been. You know what filled the tumbrils, what fed the guillotine. SUSAN L. MITCHELL.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Pound has, I think, allowed himself to be provoked into more extreme statements than in couplings he would have felt to be truly, in my experience—much too ready in fact—to look everywhere but at home for literary marvels. Paris, in particular, as I have often said, is something of an authority for our belletrists; and nothing Paris finds interesting can be utterly indifferent to us. Thus it was with no unconquerable prejudice that I, for one, commenced to follow Mr. Pound's reports of his Parisian discoveries. As the list extended, however, and my own senses, assisted by the brilliant light of "T. K. L.," showed me that each successive star was little more than a candle or a bog-light, I confess that my exalted idea of Paris dwindled and my respect for Mr. Pound's judgment with it. Had his quotations either in original or in translation come anywhere near bearing out his estimates of these poets I would gladly have supplied the context to supplement the impression. But in no case, to my mind or to my ear, did Mr. Pound produce the evidence or even a convincing scrap of his claim that "T. K. L." -s of to-day are better than the English writers of to-day. My readers know that I am no more partial, so to say, to modern English writers than is Mr. Pound himself. But then I am not partial either. Mr. Pound, on the other hand, despires English writers but almost makes idols of their French contemporaries. Balancing the two, and with no great admiration of either, I myself conclude that our English writers have, for the present, nothing to learn from the French; that, in fact, the whole London is at present the one-eyed king of Europe.

In concluding his series with a number of heraldic challenges, I remarked that Mr. Pound had allowed himself to be provoked into indiscretion. I am compelled, for instance, to ask him a few straightforward questions. Deferring for a moment the question of the comparison itself, what qualification, I may ask, has Mr. Pound revealed for making such a claim? If English writing as compared with French? His critical knowledge of French I will take for granted—it does not much concern me; but his critical knowledge of English we-English-writers are entitled to demand evidence of, and not evidence of that evidence? As "T. K. L." has shown in a series of critical parodies constituting a tour de force of amazing cleverness (where is Tailhairde now?) Mr. Pound's own English style is a pastiche of colloquy, slang, jargon, and pandemonium. Of the sense in Nietzsche's sense of the word—a unity of style—it bears no sign. It is as if in writing the series Mr. Pound incorporated in his articles the tone and style of his various moods as they came higgledy-piggledy on him. But that, I need not say, is not the way to write English.

Again, it would have given me, at any rate, more confidence in Mr. Pound's title to dismiss English writers as inferior to the Parisians if I could turn to his English judgments with the certainty of finding them even well-considered. But we know that he thinks nothing of Milton, either as a poet or as a prose-writer, and admires Mr. Yeats and Mr. Tagore. I confess that, after this, Mr. Pound's disgust with modern English writers rather pisces than surprises me. Once more, I see no sign, even in the "T. K. L." that Mr. Pound has ever read—the words of the examples he care to say read—any modern English writers save the two just mentioned and perhaps his fellow countryman, Mr. Henry James, and the Pole Mr. Conrad. A series of critical articles on living English writers might convince us that Mr. Pound has paid as much attention to English as to Parisian literature; but he has written no such series to my knowledge. Finally, I will risk saying what I have now for some time differed thinking (and, be it remembered, that a faux pas in judgment is a serious thing for a critic even if he should never express it). It is this, that around Mr. Pound's articles in The New Age belauding the Parisian writers at the expense (largely) of London were articles in a style not only superior to Mr. Pound's as English and as criticism, but superior in every worth, by every quality to that of the foreign writers before whom he was on his knees. I naturally have no intention of attempting to argue my claim, since it is not within my province to make the necessary detailed comparison; but I submit the thesis as a subject for my readers' next literary exercise.

* * *

My most general opinion, perhaps, of the condition of modern English literature is this: that as good writers exist, potentially to-day as at any time, save the greatest in our history; but that our critics are, without exaggeration, the worst ever known in any world of letters. I do not explain, let it be noted, that our critics do not praise enough; they praise far too much. Praise is so cheap to-day that any fool can buy it by the column in almost any journal. Nor do I complain that there is not enough distributed by the critics of the Press. Up and down there is plenty of it. The real charge to be brought against the dispensers of censure and encomium is that they distribute these precious wares with no respect for the established laws of literature; in short, their criticism is ignorant. Now, say what you like about the stimulus of praise, a poor reader is as safe when he knows that its author simply pours it out by the bucketful. And the same applies to blame when it is distributed by no discernible principle. What I should like to see is reasons given for every judgment. When the judge shall have been shown to be a selector, his comments summing-up on the evidence actually before both court and jury; and his principles of judgment should be the established principles of the world's literature. This may seem a Utopian demand, but actually it is no more difficult in the case of literature than in the case of law. To many of the law's best judgments very few juries could come by their own accord, and certainly never by the way taken by the judges themselves; nevertheless, when delivered and in a manner compelling the reader to accept these judgments commend themselves to the common sense even of the average jury. Similarly, I believe, any average body of readers could be brought to appreciate the justness of every sound literary judgment, provided they could be induced to follow the evidence. The justness of certain judgments likewise might as easily be brought home to them. I appeal for a more careful reading and for a more careful judgment. Above all, the judge should like to see is reasons given for every judgment, and for such evidence as an honest though plain man cannot reject.

* * *

The letter by "A. E.," reproduced in last week's issue of The New Age, is worth as much study for its style as for its ideas. In fact, when I read contemptuous references in the Socialist press to the trouble taken by certain propagandists with their literary style, implying that the time spent upon style is a luxurious waste, I am tempted to reply that style and idea are inseparable. You cannot be sure that the idea is clear unless you are sure it is expressed in a style that easily be brought home to them. I appeal for more careful reading and for a more careful judgment. Above all, the judge should like to see is reasons given for every judgment, and for such evidence as an honest though plain man cannot reject.

* * *

The letter by "A. E.," reproduced in last week's issue of The New Age, is worth as much study for its style as for its ideas. In fact, when I read contemptuous references in the Socialist press to the trouble taken by certain propagandists with their literary style, implying that the time spent upon style is a luxurious waste, I am tempted to reply that style and idea are inseparable. You cannot be sure that the idea is clear unless you are sure it is expressed in a style that easily be brought home to them. I appeal for more careful reading and for a more careful judgment. Above all, the judge should like to see is reasons given for every judgment, and for such evidence as an honest though plain man cannot reject.
the seriousness of the subject and the style. I cannot imagine it being read except as it was written, for it is a genuine utterance. Shall I be told, on the one hand, that analysis proves the sentence to be most carefully constructed—perhaps written and re-written a score of times; or, on the other, that the subject and the style is unmediated? I care for none of these things. How men write, the technique (as the apprentices call it), the idiosyncrasies of the author's workroom, are of no concern. What matters is then: when a sentence is completed it is a living organism, as simple as life and at the same time as complex. I would invite students of English to try their critical instruments (mind, ear, and voice) on the whole of A.E.'s' letter. There are flaws in it, but the writer could certainly remove them if he chose. The manifesto, nevertheless, remains a noble piece of English.

Since Mr. Nevinson confessed that his livelihood as a war correspondent required blood to be shed in the Balkans, and complained that there was nothing doing in his line, my estimate of his humanity is not the lowest possible. There is, however, with his disgusting trade that he should review Mr. Masefield's Horrible poem; "The Daffodil Fields," and in the "Daily News." Both he and that journal are somewhere near in spirit the mildest butchers of the French Revolution. I cannot myself understand how men, professing to be adult males of some degree of civilisation, can publicly preoccupy themselves with the subjects of last and murder. Certainly, if you like, Shakespeare did it—the more fool Shakespeare; he is least to be admired when he writes an "Othello," and most when he writes "The Tempest." Mr. Masefield, as we know, appears now to be incapable of writing a simple story that has tears in blood. Let that pass; time will bury him. But Mr. Nevinson must needs make a wonderful mystery of Mr. Masefield's literary crimes. They are problems, he says, for the psychologist. One of these mystic wonders is the problem whether "an honourable, affectionate, and hard-working man can be brought by jealousy to kill his wife's lover by an act of the vilest treachery." Do such men do such things, asks Mr. Nevinson, and pauses for a reply. "One hardly knows what to say about it," he answers. "It appears one is not good enough to understand the thing." I will reply for him, since he treads in these regions like a fool. Yes, men, hard-working, honourable, affectionate, etc., do these things repeatedly. Every village is full of husbands who have done it. Every second husband known to Mr. Nevinson would do it to-morrow as readily as he did it yesterday. Murders by the vilest treachery are the daily occupation of honourable husbands. Lest Mr. Nevinson should mistake irony for assertion, I will reply to his question with: "No, Mr. Nevinson, they do not."

It is not to say much, but I find the late Richard Middleton's essays ("Monologues," Unwin, £s. net) somewhat better than his stories or verses. The last were high-falutin almost without exception; and the essays contain a good deal of it—"threading the stars like beads," etc.; but in the intervals he sometimes writes good sense. For example:

There are ugly books enough, and there are a multitude of ugly writers to swell their numbers, but our critics, when they are honest, can render their work vain. Among the essays in this volume are several dealing with suicide, and the effect it has on artists. I should say, who believe, as Middleton did, in art for art's sake, or some such abstraction. Personally, he says, "I should have no more sympathy with mutilating artists if they killed themselves when they were very, very happy, in order to avoid anti-climax...

The simplest study of the epistolary literature left behind by these persons will convince anyone that they are, as a class, the vainest of creatures." I am not disposed to condemn them overmuch after the fact, but before the fact nothing too severe can be said of them. Of Middleton, had I known him better, I would gladly have made myself the mortal enemy. Hatred of me would then, perhaps, have kept him alive, since the love of nothing was sufficient to inspire him. The cult of art for art's sake is a symptom of decadence of which the friends of young writers should be warned. In essay after essay Richard Middleton utters this warning, though none of his companions was wise enough to hear it: "To mind there is no more striking token of our national disenchantment than the abandonment by our artists of the belief in beauty for beauty's sake." But to my mind, there is no better sign of health. We are slowly ceasing to fiddle at art while the world is burning.

Mr. Wells' lecture to the Royal Institution ten years ago has been republished by Mr. Fisher ("The Discovery of the Future," is. net). I have read it again, for the purpose of testing its durability as an idea. Alas, it has not worn well at all. The assumption made by Mr. Wells that Science was providing materials for prophecy unknowable by the antique sages has proved to be without foundation, so far as the inmost essentials of humanity are concerned. That Mr. Wells was himself a brilliant prophet in the region of mechanics, I readily admit. A score, nay, a thousand engineers with his gift of words, would produce you forecasts of the probable inventions of the next few years. But what is mechanics to the soul of man? In a peroration—very shabbily in the cold dawn after ten years—Mr. Wells appears to have confused then as he confuses still with material with spiritual progress: "All this world, he declares, 'is heathy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, shall stand upon their feet as a footstool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amid the stars." A loud applause from the gallery in which I do not join to-day as perhaps I joined a decade ago. Not, believe me, that I reject the optimism which inspires it as ridiculous, but because I know now that such optimism is a light and easy mood too flimsy to afford a base for the task it sets itself. To begin reaching out hands to the stars there is necessary something more than aeroplanes, something more, indeed, than any machine or mechanical power ever to be invented: the development of the latent powers of the mind. But mechanical progress, in which Mr. Wells superseded Jules Verne as a popular prophet, is almost, if not quite, a substitute for, and teratological from, intellectual progress. So, likewise, I believe, is the eugenics progress Mr. Wells appeared to have in mind. The Superman—if I may be sententious for a moment—will not be born of woman, but of man.

I take it to our credit that The New Age was the first journal to dispute the claim of Maeterlinck to the title of Mystic. So many of our contemporary critics are ill-read or not at all read in mystical literature that they are prepared to accede to anybody's claim to mysticism provided the vocabulary of the document is starred with mystical terms. But mysticism, if it means anything, means immediacy of knowledge as distinct from mediacy or knowledge through a medium. It connotes, comparatively, knowledge at first hand as against knowledge at second hand; and second hand here includes knowledge by reasoning, by observation, by deduction, by, in fact, every progressive method known or unknown. For example, if the survival of the soul after bodily death the psychic researcher may possibly establish the fact by observation and experiment in course of time. I say may, though I do not believe he will. The mystic, on the other hand, knows the fact, and it is his claim that he knows not only by acting upon it, but by being unable to act as if he did not know it! A little reflection will show that the negative test is best of far more importance than the positive. Any of us, blind worms that we are.
A Holy Terror.

By Vance Palmer.

He came down the track one evening with a pack-horse trotting in front of him and a mangy barb bringing up the rear. In that wilderness of mulga a horseman was a welcome sight, for there was no one to talk to but the handful of blacks who worked among the cattle by day and by night gathered round the fires on the opposite bank of the creek to quarantine with their women or give expression to their emotions in the corroboree. They were a humorous and pleasing lot, but their vocabularies were limited to a few crudely offensive words, and they resented any intrusion or the privacy of their own gunyahs as a breach of rights. In the evenings, therefore, there was nothing to do but sit on the verandah of the white pesa homestead and listen to the pepperina-trees trilling their ghostly fingers along the tin roof.

Thus, the appearance of the stranger with his pack-horse and his mangy barb was an event. He ambled down the track quietly, whistling to placate the cattle-dogs that came nosing round his horse's heels, and when he dismounted and unsaddled at the gate it was with the air of one who took hospitality very much for granted. It was only after a long discussion on the dryness of the ridge, the points of his horse, and the habits of cattle-dogs that he gave any reason for his visit. Even then he was casual and a trifle apologetic, as if business could very well wait. Were there any young colts to be broken? He was (as all men along the Warrego could testify) an adept at handling horses, on the ground or in the saddle, and his fee was a pound a head.

Of course there were horses to break for any man who could ride, and he seemed to have that ability in full measure. He was a little man with short body, the flat thigh, and the outcurved knee of a horseman, and his fingers moved as deftly among saddle-straps as a sailor's among ropes. Yet somehow he did not fit in with his environment. He was not wind-wrinkled and tanned like a bushman, nor did he talk with a drawl. The mystery of the wide spaces of Mulgo from which he had come was not reflected in his quick eyes. His complexion was a blotchy red, his manner fussy and alert, and he chatted on with a curious suggestion of innocence about the antipathy of his dog for strangers and the number of blankets he liked when the nights were cold. Altogether he appeared to belong more ap-
insight. The windows of his observation became automatically opaque when he looked at his own kind, but with horses it was different. He had handled many in his time, and he had characterized each with as much exhaustive care as is expended on the hero of a modern psychological novel. Listening to him one got a deep sense of the varying moods of the chestnut he had ridden five years before or the black colt that had carried him eighty miles after it was broken. Men shrank in stature and ceased to count except as a background against which these proud beasts moved.

In his other likes and dislikes he was affected by an ingenuous simplicity. He confessed to a weakness for cats and was a protector of small birds. He would say, "won't likely have much luck in handling horses. You can take it from me that they know what a man is."

Perhaps it was only human to make success in his own art the test of all virtue! The little blackboys who crowded round the yard, pushing their impish faces through the rails, thought him possessed of some trick of sorcery, and followed him to the saddle-room at night, keeping at a safe distance and whispering. Thus it was that some mystery began to grow up around, in spite of his naïveté and his quiet domestic little ways. For one thing his careless chatter did not quite conceal his inherent reticence. In a fortnight I intimately knew his inherent reticence. In a fortnight I intimately knew his other likes and dislikes he was affected by an ingenuous simplicity. He confessed to a weakness for cats and was a protector of small birds. He would say, "won't likely have much luck in handling horses. You can take it from me that they know what a man is. . . ."

And so it was not possible to refrain from speculations about the history of the horse-breaker. The necessity was removed one morning after we had gone to bathe over the bank toward the water. It was of no use however. Cold and dripping he was brought back and forced to resume his dressing with manacled hands.

To tell the truth he did not seem to be unduly conscious of the indignity of it all. When the first shock was over he accepted his defeat with equanimity and was cheerfully precise when the trooper asked him where he had found the horses. We walked back to the saddle-room, a sorry trio, chatting constrainedly of everything but the obvious reality, and it was only when we were alone together an hour later that the trooper was disposed to expand.

"Jim's a holy terror," he said. "He moves as quickly as a snake in green grass. One moonlight night I waited for him at a gate along one of the stock-routes, but when he came up I slings his coat quickly as a snake in green grass. One moonlight night I waited for him at a gate along one of the stock-routes, but when he came up I
didn't know what to do. He stayed over the wires of the fence so that his horse can notice where to jump and then rushes him over. . . . Somehow I'm glad none of my shots got home!"

He went on to talk about horses innumerable that had been lifted and thrown there, and how thieves that had been faked in secret gullies. He was a big, slow man and spoke of his prisoner with quiet enthusiasm. Meanwhile Jim, a handkerchief decorously draped over his steel cuffs, sat on the floor of the saddle-room inside playing euchre with a heavy-eyed black-tracker. It was quite six years since he had been taken before, so he could afford to be resigned.

A holy terror! I remembered his sentiments about small birds and his peculiar weakness for cats! A little later I watched him ride away beside the trooper, talking genially about the state of the roads, and striving to conceal his humiliation that the old crock they had placed him on should not be able to keep pace with the big bay without the continued use of a switch. There was a queer pride about him. Yet sometimes I wonder whether there was not a touch of priggishness in the honesty that made them tend back (by two relays of casual drovers and a blackboy) the shifting he owed me for some bad tobacco.

### Views and Reviews

If we needed proof of the unreasonable nature of the demand for the enfranchisement of women, that proof would be furnished by the reception of Sir Almroth Wright's book. Sir Almroth Wright says in his introduction: "And when I venture to attempt a generalisation about woman, I endeavour to recall to mind without distinction the different women I have encountered, and to extract from my impressions what was common to all—omitting from consideration (except only when I am dealing specifically with these) all plainly abnormal women." This omission of the abnormal is apparent throughout the book; but the very thing that he has not done is the very thing charged against him, by the women. Miss Nina Boyle, of the Women's Freedom League, says: "He is a person whose peculiar forms of study have brought him so much in contact with the abnormal that he is hardly fit to make those great generalisations which he considers so important." If this means anything at all, it meant that Sir Almroth Wright's professional experience of abnormal women precludes him from any understanding of normal women, such as those who belong to the Women's Freedom League. I do not pretend to know the nature and extent of Sir Almroth Wright's practice: he may be a gynecologist or a mental and nerve specialist, for all I know, and thus have an extensive professional knowledge of abnormal women. But the work that made him famous had nothing to do with women; he was the inventor of the "opsonic" technique, by means of which the effect of each dose administered can be measured. He is quoted in most medical works known to me, as an authority on bacteria and the chemistry of the blood; such studies would not bring him in contact with the abnormal, by which term Miss Boyle plainly means abnormal women.

Whether I am right or wrong on this matter of fact is not really important: Miss Boyle, in denying Sir Almroth Wright's ability to generalise about women, has generalised about men. She has practically said that no man who knows abnormal women can know normal women; an absurd contention against a medical man, who quite plainly cannot know what is abnormal unless he knows what is normal. That is the mind that has been quoted with disparagement by the feminist Press is seen to be true of Miss Boyle. "Woman’s mind," says Sir Almroth Wright, "attends sometimes not at all—to what is predicated in the statement.” What was predicated in the statement was that the abnormal was excluded from consideration; but Miss Boyle's attention was not given to that. Sir Almroth Wright was speaking of the case against Woman Suffrage; therefore, Miss Boyle said that his “position is an absolutely impossible one, and no man of any sense or discretion will be found to take it up.” Sir Almroth Wright has stated the case against

* "The Unexpurgated Case against Woman Suffrage." By Sir Almroth E. Wright. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
Woman Suffrage; there is no case against Woman Suffrage; therefore, Sir Almroth Wright is a fool. Such are the results arrived at by Miss Boyle's mind, the workings of which are true to the type described by Sir Almroth Wright. "Woman's mind," he says, "arrives at conclusions on incomplete evidence; has a very imperfect sense of proportion; accepts the congenial as true, and rejects the uncongenial as false; takes the imaginary which is desired for reality, and treats the undesired reality which is out of sight as non-existent—building up for itself in this way, when confused by predilections and aversions, a very unreal picture of the unreal world." It is clear that Sir Almroth Wright has described Miss Boyle to a nicety, for Miss Boyle had built up her "unreal picture of the external world" when she said: "I have never considered him a very dangerous opponent. . . . We even consider him a very great asset to the cause." If Sir Almroth Wright cannot generalise about normal women, he can at least particularise about abnormal women; and Miss Boyle quite clearly understands the bounds of definition. She may take her choice of the words "normal" or "abnormal" as descriptive of herself.

It was urged against the book by Professor J. Arthur Thomson that Sir Almroth Wright had "brought forward opinions with no proof." I say nothing of the morbidity implied by the use of that word "accusations" in connection with a logical demonstration; let us turn to the book again. The "dogmatism" of the book was objected to by Sir Francis Galton: "Here is Sir Almroth Wright's own instruction to the reader: "Although I have from literary necessity employed in my text some of the verbal forms of dogmatism, I am very far from laying claim to any dogmatic authority. More than that, I do not consider it a logical procedure to state such a claim. . . . It is far from my thoughts to claim a right of dictation, it is equally remote from them to take up the position that I have in my arguments furnished which I do not consider him a very dangerous opponent. . . . We even consider him a very great asset to the cause." If Sir Almroth Wright could not generalise about normal women, he can at least particularise about abnormal women; and Miss Boyle quite clearly understands the bounds of definition. She may take her choice of the words "normal" or "abnormal" as descriptive of herself.

Sir Almroth Wright is a fool. It accused Sir Almroth Wright of incompleteness of proof; everywhere else we base our reasoning on premises, with a frankness at least equal to their own when reviling the male sex. That these methods will be unacceptable, may be admitted; but woe to the women who provoked the unseemliness by their refusal to lay down the reason. The matter is not settled, one way or the other, by Sir Almroth Wright's book; but the methods of the public discussion of the subject have been revised, and it is clear from the quotations that I have made that the women and their sympathisers have adopted the new methods. So much the worse for their case.

A. E. R.

Art.
The Psychology of Inspiration and the Craftsmen Galleries.

By Anthony M. Lubowicz.

Coqulin Aix and Redon are both marvellous craftsmen—seem different enough in all conscience, in so far as the spirit of their work is concerned, and I, who have known them, can vouch for the disparity of their external appearance. Yet there is one thing, one peculiarity, that united them strangely—and that was their conviction that inspiration as a general artistic performance was not to be trusted.

Let us see what inspiration actually means. Every artist will understand me when I say that the state of salvation, elation and of apparently overflowing strength. It is akin to the state known as "being in love," in this, that it is a possession—a condition that makes a man feel sanguine, confident, audacious, beyond his normal powers. It is the converse of the chivalrous reticence of public men. That way of escape is no longer open, and, unless they take exception to these on the ground that there would be no generalisations which would hold true of all women; that generalisations when reached possess no practical utility; and that the element of sex does not leave upon women any general imprint such as could properly be brought up in the controversy. Sir Almroth Wright begins his preface with these remarks: "It has come to be believed that everything that has a bearing upon the concession of the suffrage to women has already been brought forward. In reality, however, the influence of women has caused men to leave unsaid many things which he ought to have said. Especially in two respects has woman restricted the discussion. She has placed her taboo upon all generalisations about women who enjoy their own sex treated with a frankness at least equal to their own when reviling the male sex. That these methods will be unacceptable, may be admitted; but woe to the women who provoked the unseemliness by their refusal to lay down the reason. The matter is not settled, one way or the other, by Sir Almroth Wright's book; but the methods of the public discussion of the subject have been revised, and it is clear from the quotations that I have made that the women and their sympathisers have adopted the new methods. So much the worse for their case.

A. E. R.

The Psychology of Inspiration and the Craftsmen Galleries.
Now Rodin would say of this condition of inspiration: "A work of art is a serious and arduous task, before undertaken which one should do well to think both seriously and deeply. All its difficulties, all its possibilities, all its technical complications, ought to be approached in a sober, collected and serene condition of mind. The state of inspiration that knows nothing of soberness, collectedness and serenity, is the very last state in which to set about producing a work of art, just as the state of love is the very last state in which to take so serious a step as matrimony. No rational individual, however, self-reliant, ever takes any really serious step in life for a moment when his brain is at its clearest, and when all his senses are in their most perfect normal working order, so that he may weigh pros and cons, and balance advantage against disadvantage. This holds good of the signing of all contracts, agreements and deeds, as also of the concluding of all business arrangements. He is a fool who allows himself to be drawn from the banqueting hall into the bank or from the drinking saloon into the Stock Exchange. Likewise he is a fool who allows himself to be led from the state of love into the state of matrimony. Whatever the merits or demerits of a business transaction or the matrimonial state may be, the wise man prefers to face them with his angle of vision disturbed by no physical excitement, or vasomotor disturbance."

Very well! The work of art is a thousand times more important than any business transaction, or any matrimonial contract; therefore the maxims which apply to these, apply to it, though in a much greater degree.

Now what precisely does this age ask on this subject? Or, at least, what do we in England think? This age believes both in inspiration for performance in art, and in love for ruling the matrimonial contract.

If you want a proof of this visit our modern galleries and examine our English home life. Let us then take the point of view and inquire what exactly is the sort of man who before he undertakes any arduous or difficult task, feels that he must derive some extraordinary unwonted strength from somewhere? What is the man who before he can make any ordinary remonstrance or administer an ordinary rebuke, either to a dog, a child, or an adult, must wait until temper helps him—until, that is to say, temper helps him to go far beyond the required needs of the case? We know him. He is of the kind which in its normal make-up is not very serious. He is a person utterly devoid of strength until he is blinded by the violence of his swollen blood-vessels and gives vent to outbursts of impotent rage.

Catch this man in a quiet moment!—a lamb could not be more timid or more incapable! He is weakness incarnate.

The modern art performer who believes in acting under the power of an inspiration is no better than this man, and he and his art lie as flat as pancakes until they are both galvanised into activity by the excitement of a momentary outside stimulus. This constitutes inspiration to him. This alone is what he knows as inspiration. The noisy child at whom he angrily flings a book or a slipper is just as much an "inspiration"; but he does not recognise it as such.

Seven-eighths of our modern pictorial art is of this nature. Our modern galleries demonstrate this fact beyond dispute. Note the slap-dash nature of the work of art. How well it betrays the excited "inspired" mind behind. The very idea of impressiveness is inspiration in this.

Rodin, however, like the careful craftsman that he is, does not depreciate inspiration as a generative factor in the history of the work of art. I have insisted on the point that he deprecates it only as a factor in performance, just as a fool distrusts the moment of inspiration to the strong man—to the man who does not need actually to work under its influence, and who has enough strength to strike out with his mallet and chisel when his mind is as cool as that of a trained financier in his office? To such a man it is nothing but a sudden budding of his genius—a sudden intoxicating feeling of a distended calyx, of a sundering of sepals. A fine bloom will be the result if only the proper time be allowed. There must be no violent tearing away of the outer cover, no clumsy unfolding of the tender petals below. And the strong man waits—until the ecstasy of bursting is over. For it is then that the serious work begins. He deceives himself into believing that this moment of inspiration is not his own, because he is not himself. Something greater than himself has breathed into him! Therefore he does not trust himself. He accepts the suggestion that was wafted into him by the breath; but knowing that he alone will have to work it in that exhilarating magic of the voice has died away, before he begins. "Let us have no self-deception," he says to himself, already self-deceived, "this is a big undertaking; am I or am I not able to do it?"

Wheas Mosaic was inspired to see his people he had deep misgivings. He said, "But behold they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, 'The Lord hath not appeared unto thee.'" This is the hesitation of the strong man, while he still feels that his inspiration is perhaps deceiving him as to the exact limit of his powers. And with real and speak man who has already dashed ahead and perhaps long ago bungled their task, elated at the thought of feeling for once stronger than usual; he, the strong man, waits until his hand has ceased to shake and until his palpitations have subsided.

It is when one turns from modern work, to the work of the old masters, that one realises the full significance of these two opposite attitudes towards inspiration. In one case it is the man of meagre training rushing in whose angels fear to tread, simply because he is momentarily excited into a state beyond his usual dead level of impotence and incompetence; in the other, it is the strong, well-equipped man, performing his task with sober diligence and experience, with his inspiration well mastered. Should it not be possible to see a certain experiment made by some enterprising art-dealer with a gallery? I should like to see men like Sargent, Lavery and the rest of the brethren of sickness mingling side by side with these masters of the past. Even the rest of Gainsborough did not prove too much for them at one Historical Show I visited at the White City, but what would they look like beside Velasquez's "Portrait of Philip IV of Spain," and Goya's "Duchess of Alba" (No. 151), and "Portrait of Juan Carreño de Miranda" and even El Greco? It is alarming to think.

These old Spanish Masters make a noble show at the Grafton Galleries, and all those who are interested, not only in Old Art but in old Virtues, should go to see it. We moderns are still drawing our cheques on this capital of the old-world virtues. We are still exploiting and benefiting from the virtues implanted in man in the past. But has anyone ever tried to imagine what the world will be like when it is filled with people who are the pure products of this age, or our age? We have succeeded in building up a dangerous state of civilisation, only because we had old reliable virtues to build upon. But what will happen when these can no longer be reckoned with?

Examine Velasquez' "The Angels Appearing to the Shepherds" (No. 44) at the Grafton Galleries—one of the most beautiful things in the exhibition, as also "A Lady with a Mantilla" (No. 53), "Portrait of Pope Innocent X" (No. 59), "Portrait of Philip IV of Spain" (No. 61), "Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman" (No. 62), and "Queen Mariana of Austria" (No. 64) by the same artist. That is the real man of taste in these wonderful pictures, is still their magnificent craftsmanship and the tremendously living and sober interest of the artist in his subject. Among other excellent works, reminiscent of old virtue are, Sanchez Coello's "Portrait of a Spanish Lady" (No. 151), and Goya's "Duchess of Alba" (No. 181), and "Portrait of a Spanish Lady" (No. 185)—the latter in my opinion, by far the better of the two. And
for those who like such things there are also some interesting examples of the "Early Catalan School" in the Octagonal Gallery, especially the "Altar Front" (No. 9).

I have mentioned the best of a rich and interesting show. Among the repulsive pictures are at least two-thirds of El Greco. In the Pinacoteca (No. 155), the only one that seemed at all tolerable, José Antolínez' "Assumption of the Virgin" (No. 155), Ribera’s "Astronomers" (No. 161), Pray Juan Kiz’s "The Madonna of Monserrat" (No. 162), Alonso Cano’s "The Tomb of the Virgin" (No. 163), and Antonio Peredés’ "The Story of Tobit" (No. 164). Old or young masters, nothing would induce me to hang these on any part of an abode belonging to me.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

Why do people mislead me? I should never have seen a Barrie play if I had not been told that he was the very man for whom I was looking. His gift of sentiment, his stagecraft, combined to make him a competent dramatist, although restricted in scope; at least, so I was told. I had not seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell for years and years, so, as I cherished some pleasant memories of her acting, I risked everything and went to see "The Adored One." But even Mrs. Patrick Campbell has developed a full figure; the slim body that used to write like the serpent of the old Nile has disappeared, and in its place there is real flesh and blood, obviously corseted, and clothed by a dressmaker. The change from a woman who used to look as though her clothes grew on her was remarkable; it reminded me that even I am middle-aged, and developing in girth. If I begin to find grey hairs in my head, it will be because I cannot find drama on the stage.

I can imagine the young and impatient readers of this journal exclaiming: "What is the old fool doddering about? What has his age to do with drama?" But a discerning reader will know that such moralising are really the most potent criticism of the play. If the effect of Sir James Barrie's play is that I am conscious of the passage of time, and am wondering whether the years have left as many traces on me as they have on the play and the actress, obviously Barrie is not a dramatist for whom I am looking. For the spirit of Art is timelessness; it is technique that has its days and can be dated. I can remember that when Mrs. Campbell played in "The Canary" (by George Fleming, I think) the critics told me not to play comedy; now it is certain that she cannot play the psychological melodrama that exercised all her gifts in time past. I am by no means sure of her comedic gifts even now: Barrie's comedy only exercises her technique on the plane of physical attraction, but the spirit of Comedy does not permeate the adipose tissue. Everything combined to produce the impression that She, It, the Author, and I, were all middle-aged; it was all so fatally easy that I feel myself putting on flesh.

Enough of Mrs. Campbell; I am disillusioned. Let us talk about the play. Sir James Barrie calls it "a legend in three acts." Exactly what he means by the word "legend" I do not know: the play conforms to none of the ordinary definitions of the word. But we know that the word "legend" is derived from the Latin word "legendus," which means something to be read. At the outset, we discover that Sir James Barrie confuses literature with drama; he puts on the stage something that should be read, something that quite obviously does not require action and personality for its best expression. The difference between drama and literature is not the difference between dialogue and description; a play is not made by making people say in their own persons what the author would say of them if he were writing a novel. Yet this fallacy underlies not only Sir James Barrie's play, but most other plays now being performed. It is a commonplace of artistic life that the author of a successful novel is asked to write a play, and sometimes the successful playwright "essays a novel" (I think that is the proper cliché). Mr. Stanley Houghton, I believe, has just joined the latter class. The inference is, of course, that the two forms are interdependent, and that with certain modifications, such as the absence of soliloquies and long passages of description. But the necessity of making a character express itself by rhythm, epithet, and image in speech relating to the action of the play, never occurs to the modern playwright. Take, for example, the famous "Mortimer" speech of Hothspur, from which the following is an extract.

Wor.: Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot.: Nay, I will; that's flat. He said he would not ransom Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay, I'll have a startling shall be taught to speak To keep his anger still in an encloser.

The rhythm alone would characterise that speech, but the images are even more characteristic of the rash, choleric man of action. In his remark a little later about the "sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales," he would have him poisoned with a pot of ale," the idiom alone would express the man, but the intention is no less characteristic. The difference between dramatic and colloquial speech should be apparent. Dramatic speech has always the purpose of furthering the action of the drama by expressing the characters, and thereby defining the issue; but colloquial speech neither affects the action nor expresses the characters. It is really a spiritual disguise.

I have wandered very far from "The Adored One," which, by definition, is excluded from drama. Putting aside such cynical speculations as that Sir James Barrie wrote it to give Mrs. Campbell an opportunity of recommending herself to the playgoing public, we may ask why Sir James Barrie chose the stage instead of the study, as the proper place to unfold himself on this subject, without finding a satisfactory answer. All that happens is that a middle-aged widow with a family becomes engaged to be married to a middle-aged bachelor who has become famous as an explorer. Personally, I see no need for acquainting Dionysos with that fact, or for using his rites for its expression. Such a fact would come within the purview of the Registrar-General, or with that statistician who calculates a woman's chances of marriage. But to us, who are neither, what does it matter? There are no lyrics to be sung about a woman who says that her glorious days of love are past, and who begins the period of her engagement by shaking pears with her lover. The temple of Dionysos is desecrated by the exhibition of domesticity.

It has been remarked that, in dealing with drama, I habitually ask: "Why?" which is supposed to be a philosophical question; while the artist, so I am told, only asks: "How?" and confines his criticism to the method and manner of treatment. Such a critic would admit that the subject of Sir James Barrie's play was a stock one. A few years ago, as old as the hills, I describe in a cursive of imagination, as one of the eternal verities. "But look at the art of its presentation," he would exclaim; "the novelty of its treatment. What a colossal joke to lure a man into marriage by pretending that seven women were engaged to him and leaving him to discover that the seven were one! And then the subtilety in implying the sub-conscious development of his desire for the lady by making him dream that one of her jests was a fact, from the consequences of which he was defending her. This is the magic of art, the art of Aladdin, to make the old, new," etc. The only objection is that there is no such transformation. The delightful fancy, etc., of the dream is shattered by the crude awakening. If there is humour in the proposal of marriage made in
Pastiche.

THE VIRGIN.

From out the world beyond this earth, one morn,
A silent and a gloomy child was born,
Upon whose visage lay a ghostly white,
And dumb of voice and also deaf of ear,
Upon whose form all lovingly I gazed
When in my arms she was my daughter born.

When she and I so famously had met,
I hugged my mammet bathed her in my tears,
For while before she cast me all her scorn,
I learned the hours of day
And from the light which in my soul did blaze
Observes with fun their simple mental toys.

Egotistic as an adult showed,
As I did them my princely grace bestow,
Where all the mongers bowed before me
And from its depths did many goblins rise,
Of horridness as evil could devise,
While after peacefully I slept at night.

And wide awake
The evil town and smiling hills of green.
Behind whose back was porch all blazing light,
Of which I fled to upper country field,
Where fearful demons all around did lurch,
In darkness by God's light the Devil darts,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
A mental pit appearing in her room;
So in my native village in fair Kent,
And from the light which in my soul did blaze
Observes with fun their simple mental toys.

A stream of music caught my soul on high,
And senses heard it in its rapture sigh,
From Heaven's gate reluctantly it crept,
And entering body ragingly it wept.
To this low human earth I was returned,
For fire within my soul right out was burned,
Destroying all my inward vision's sight,
Who learned from him to be a fool,
And having learnt from him to be a fool,
I left him then with all I knew at school,
Whose low commercial lust was unappeased,
And dragged the race man down full diseased.
Within its ranks the pedagogue
Who read of kings in many history books;
And wide awake
The evil town and smiling hills of green.
Behind whose back was porch all blazing light,
Of which I fled to upper country field,
Where fearful demons all around did lurch,
In darkness by God's light the Devil darts,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
A mental pit appearing in her room;
So in my native village in fair Kent,
And from the light which in my soul did blaze
Observes with fun their simple mental toys.

A stream of music caught my soul on high,
And senses heard it in its rapture sigh,
From Heaven's gate reluctantly it crept,
And entering body ragingly it wept.
To this low human earth I was returned,
For fire within my soul right out was burned,
Destroying all my inward vision's sight,
Who learned from him to be a fool,
And having learnt from him to be a fool,
I left him then with all I knew at school,
Whose low commercial lust was unappeased,
And dragged the race man down full diseased.
Within its ranks the pedagogue
Who read of kings in many history books;
And wide awake
The evil town and smiling hills of green.
Behind whose back was porch all blazing light,
Of which I fled to upper country field,
Where fearful demons all around did lurch,
In darkness by God's light the Devil darts,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
A mental pit appearing in her room;
So in my native village in fair Kent,
And from the light which in my soul did blaze
Observes with fun their simple mental toys.

A stream of music caught my soul on high,
And senses heard it in its rapture sigh,
From Heaven's gate reluctantly it crept,
And entering body ragingly it wept.
To this low human earth I was returned,
For fire within my soul right out was burned,
Destroying all my inward vision's sight,
Who learned from him to be a fool,
And having learnt from him to be a fool,
I left him then with all I knew at school,
Whose low commercial lust was unappeased,
And dragged the race man down full diseased.
Within its ranks the pedagogue
Who read of kings in many history books;
And wide awake
The evil town and smiling hills of green.
Behind whose back was porch all blazing light,
Of which I fled to upper country field,
Where fearful demons all around did lurch,
In darkness by God's light the Devil darts,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
A mental pit appearing in her room;
So in my native village in fair Kent,
And from the light which in my soul did blaze
Observes with fun their simple mental toys.

A stream of music caught my soul on high,
And senses heard it in its rapture sigh,
From Heaven's gate reluctantly it crept,
And entering body ragingly it wept.
To this low human earth I was returned,
For fire within my soul right out was burned,
Destroying all my inward vision's sight,
Who learned from him to be a fool,
And having learnt from him to be a fool,
I left him then with all I knew at school,
Whose low commercial lust was unappeased,
And dragged the race man down full diseased.
Within its ranks the pedagogue
Who read of kings in many history books;
And wide awake
The evil town and smiling hills of green.
Behind whose back was porch all blazing light,
Of which I fled to upper country field,
Where fearful demons all around did lurch,
In darkness by God's light the Devil darts,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
And like a bird flew on Gehenna's tree,
A mental pit appearing in her room;
So in my native village in fair Kent,
Where Quaker said she bath’d in my pain.
Alas, she stepped out from her swim as nude
As any wanton wench who would be rude,
Which drew a blush upon my modest face,
And caused a fire along my nerves to race.
When, seeing that my chastity was burned,
She on me all her carnal body turned.
Before this obscene sight a picture came,
For which my youthfulness I have to blame:
I saw myself before a naked whore.
Whose arms would not have found me clothed more;
But from her presence I in joy went.
My strength of mind I would have own less lent;
I came again with now my jacket on;
Her nakedness set all her hand upon;
And joyously I kissed her on the brow,
When she my chastened wife did love me now.
Alas, again, she’d vision pass by:
“Awake, thou fool,” I heard my mistress cry;
“Look thou upon me, no longer boy;
A woman stands here once a maiden coy.”

And manly age had I attained the day
The common mode of life banechead my way,
Which simpler far than men’s complex’d thought,
Had more of noxions ways than that I sought;
For I had moved where ease was always law:
I through my eyes as by intuition saw;
But when I walked tradition’s twistéd path,
Each cumbrous turn excited all my wrath.
And as I stumbled with my dainty load,
She cursed me more than this unlucky road.
“Get on, O fool, and save me all my bones!”
So sounded in my ears her grumbling tones.
“Why cannot walk ye as the flocks above,
And if one latter fall from of his cart,
Then dozen scrambled up for seat or part,
But while each one contended for a place,
As soon as up he tumbled in disgrace,
That, though the struggling people onward moved,
Not one amongst the crowd his grace he proved.
And when I saw “his mob I called aloud,
“Oh, why, my brothers, follow not the cloud?
See, then, it rides the Heaven thick and fast;
The foremost flock doth lead in ease the last,
Which when it overtakes the one before,
But means for man to be a storm in store.
Why cannot walk ye as the flocks above,
And step behind within each brother’s cart?
Or share with him his easy, mounted seat,
Than all his gentle ‘body try to beat?’
“Good fellow, mine,” my inward comfort spake,
“Such words so wise from me the soreness take.”
But wisdom of this kind stayed not the fight
Which onward went with men both day and night.
They stopped not answer with scornful scorn;
I heard no harder word since I was born:
“Why speakest thou, thou simple dreaming fool,
Who has not long been driven from thy school?”
Expend thy thoughts upon the earless dead,
And know a storm us threateneth overhead.
The Spirit of this life controls the winds
Which move the elements of all our minds,
Beneath whose bane we meet all mad in strife
Until a prophet points the Way of life.”
“Rejoice, my altruistic lad, and try
To free mankind,” I heard the dams’d cry.

Beside this multitude of men who fought,
Two fields did skirt the road, which each one sought,
On left in family peace relieving rage,
While on the right he passed his social age.
The curious sight of each one minding all;
Who in the middle road did fight and fall,
And midst the flowers, where, in communion mixed,
The sons of man their eyes had kindly fixed,
All gathering happinesses from the earth,
Brought tears of mirth in me for wisdom’s dearth.
“Laugh not here, big fool,” my master exclaimed,
And gave a kick: I thought my head was maim’d.
“Go, take thy voice, and call them from the pass:
Say Mammon dies for want of casted brass.”
Now stand within the gate of family field,
And show these fools the power of sense you wield.”
But to my lonely cry the answer came:
From slavish labour, each as Nature's guest.
And now my dame led loved gallant knight,
So proud was she to watch his fearless fight,
For while my words much moved my brothers all,
On hearing them the others feared to fall.

Through my conceit I caught my wench's smile,
But thought it more a counterfeit guile;
For I from matter took a hearty meal,
And tasted logic for the truthful real,
And as I dined too much heavy food,
So all confused was my mental mood.

"Now gentle knight," my inward lady cried,
Whose magic form I hazily espied,
"Do rest awhile in search of truth to-day,
And though she vanished iawoke as well,
When she vanished she awoke as well,
Then when she vanished she was as well.

"See here, ye folks," I called the mob,
"You must not blame your own lords you rob,
But laugh at all their tricks, and lie in their tomb.
The while they come, and show them such a bait
Which in the spirit universe doth run,
That is, whatever happens happens then,
If they had all been by magnet fine
Set regular and in a line by line.

For now I talked, and people gathered round,
Who loved to stand where wisdom did abound,
And ento them I preached a thing profound,
That fate it was what any fool could sung
A kind of witch who did not then exist,
Though through the abstract world she did persist,
While on me presently a dream did creep,
Before her charms I fell then fast asleep.

For I from matter took a hearty meal,
And tasted logic for the truthful real,
My eyes breathe odium from their very place.
And as I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
And thoughtful are of that awful kind
Whose mighty bodies all before me rise,
Who build upon subjective plane of space
Vast cities of supernal shape and sight,
Emotion springs from out my soul's delight,
Poetic voices sing within my ears,
And as I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,

My inner image now was waning fast.
And my lively look no longer cast
From out my mind upon the march of men,
Who forward went through foul politic fen,
From out my mind upon the march of men,
Who forward went through foul politic fen,
Who did them from the depths of sorrow raise;
Who did them from the depths of sorrow raise;
And if upon this earth there meets my eye
A thing or man or sign beneath the sky
That speaks of filth or meanness or the dead,
A dreadful nausea rises in my head,
My voice disgorges wrath upon them all,
And as I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,

And as I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
As I look upon all earthly things,
I laugh aloud to see those comic kings,
My brother men, in faith who follow me,
Sir,—If I may be pardoned an interruption of your discussion with the Syndicalists, may I ask one of them why we have heard so little lately of the famous glass-workers of Italy, Mr. Wilshire, I think, published in his journal a glowing account of the marvellous achievements of the Italian Syndicalists. They had assumed their own industry, they had organised their own industry without the assistance of any frock-coated officials, State or managerial, and they had beaten most of the capitalist firms out of the trade. I have looked in vain for the sequel to this story in Mr. Wilshire's magazine and elsewhere. Alas, I have not found it! This good gentleman spends his square right foot or two out of London miles of his travels at home and abroad. Is it not possible that he is no better than an invertebrate convict? I have no information whatever about the "proletariat," except what I have picked up from The New Age or in Fleet Street. They are sure of this because I have "never set foot more than twice out of London during the last six or seven years." And, according to them, all articles on professional knowledge, and without authority of any kind? Meanwhile, to press on with Lord Somebody else. Won't he really publish the evidence for it. Failing his reply in these columns, we shall lay this correspondence before the editor of the "Nineteenth Century." ———

SYNDICALISM IN PRACTICE.

Sir,—If I may be pardoned an interruption of your discussion with the Syndicalists, may I ask one of them why we have heard so little lately of the famous glass-workers of Italy, Mr. Wilshire, I think, published in his journal a glowing account of the marvellous achievements of the Italian Syndicalists. They had assumed their own industry, they had organised their own industry without the assistance of any frock-coated officials, State or managerial, and they had beaten most of the capitalist firms out of the trade. I have looked in vain for the sequel to this story in Mr. Wilshire's magazine and elsewhere. Alas, I have not found it! This good gentleman spends his square right foot or two out of London miles of his travels at home and abroad. Is it not possible that he is no better than an invertebrate convict? I have no information whatever about the "proletariat," except what I have picked up from The New Age or in Fleet Street. They are sure of this because I have "never set foot more than twice out of London during the last six or seven years." And, according to them, all articles on professional knowledge, and without authority of any kind? Meanwhile, to press on with Lord Somebody else. Won't he really publish the evidence for it. Failing his reply in these columns, we shall lay this correspondence before the editor of the "Nineteenth Century." ———

SYNDICALISM IN PRACTICE.

Sir,—If I may be pardoned an interruption of your discussion with the Syndicalists, may I ask one of them why we have heard so little lately of the famous glass-workers of Italy, Mr. Wilshire, I think, published in his journal a glowing account of the marvellous achievements of the Italian Syndicalists. They had assumed their own industry, they had organised their own industry without the assistance of any frock-coated officials, State or managerial, and they had beaten most of the capitalist firms out of the trade. I have looked in vain for the sequel to this story in Mr. Wilshire's magazine and elsewhere. Alas, I have not found it! This good gentleman spends his square right foot or two out of London miles of his travels at home and abroad. Is it not possible that he is no better than an invertebrate convict? I have no information whatever about the "proletariat," except what I have picked up from The New Age or in Fleet Street. They are sure of this because I have "never set foot more than twice out of London during the last six or seven years." And, according to them, all articles on professional knowledge, and without authority of any kind? Meanwhile, to press on with Lord Somebody else. Won't he really publish the evidence for it. Failing his reply in these columns, we shall lay this correspondence before the editor of the "Nineteenth Century." ———
Concerning the State, Mr. Wilsbook, as your readers learned last week, is more or less indifferent, as if the subject were a mere trifle. But his colleague, Mr. GwyBowman, in the last Wednesday's "New Statesman," preaches as the pure doctrine of Syndicalism the propaganda of Smash that State. We must, he says, do something or accept of amasshing the State and of establishing a free association of producers and distributors, both being the consumers. The disparity between the two evangels towards their common gospel we will not press. It is enough to remark that with neither of them do we agree, since our opinion the State is not properly an institution of no importance, nor is it an institution susceptible of being "smashed."

On the subject of Sabotage it is evident also that the same contradictory opinions prevail among Syndicalists. Mr. Wilshire does not it, true, mention the subject in his present letter; but he cannot be unaware that the subject is the cause of much division in France, the home of Syndicalism. Quite recently M. Jaurès, after a tour of Syndicalist conferences, talks with leading Syndicalists and a study of Syndicalist literature, came to the conclusion that Syndicalism and Sabotage are in direct opposition. According to M. Jaurès, the most familiar idea of the militant Syndicalists is that production should be the interesting of the proletariat no less than of human civilization. He pleads that an "organised, active, imperceptive and ambivalent" proletarian, organsing production even immediately, are a stimulant to production; their agitation acts as a spur to profiteers, who, in consequence, organise production much more efficienfly. However, then, he asks, can Syndicalist action which has the economic effect of stimulating production be compatible with the doctrine of Sabotage? He denies, in fact, that they are compatible. M. Jaurès, on the other hand, replies to M. Jaurès that Sabotage is a necessary factor in Syndicalist propaganda. We do not propose to attempt to reconcile these opinions, but we are entitled to point out that they exist; and our conclusion from them is no more than that at present Syndicalism is an amorphous creed, with no clear ideas.

The Writers of the Articles on the National Guild System.

The Teachers' Guild.

Sir,—To a member of the N.U.T. your remarks about teachers are most interesting. You say, with some truth, "They are depressed beyond stimulus, devoid of self-respect, and in consequence desperately irresponsible." But supposing they are entrusted with the whole responsibility of education, would that in itself be sufficient stimulus to make them virile as is to be wished? In the absence of any coherent philosophy of education, it would surely be dangerous to entrust one clearly not the right (or the intelligent) with the duty of educating for the whole. For the most part, the problem of the end of education is unsolved, and is by its very nature one that the really advanced is a failure for Individualism and a monumental triumph for Collectivism. Individualism, whether in engineering or in finance, is a failure. The motive of private profit ignominiously broke down, and world-capitalism threw up the sponge. Not till the United States put into its task the power of collective authority and resources of the people as a whole could this biggest bit of the world's work be accomplished. Not even the "private venture" engineers, with all their presumed initiative, were found competent. The United States Government, after dismissing several, had to fall back on a Collectivist product, an Army engineer not serving for profit at all, and he has done the job. And he has done it, characteristically enough, in a Collectivist way, relying not at all on the efficacy of the "cash nexus." From the first he has regarded his labourers as an army, which could be efficient only if it was properly provided for . . . The Panama Canal is a triumph for the Socialist conception of work, not for profit; and the deliberate organisation of a human army for service and efficiency, instead of, as the common contractor would have done, merely buying 'labor power' at so much a day.

I imagine you will not dispute that this is a fair paraphrase of your article and notes. The singular thing is that, with Timaeus and the "New Statesman," you go furiously to the necessarily limited imagination and narrow views of a section. Education is not a producible commodity, but not ends. The latter is a question for the best and most intelligent) with the duty of educating for the whole. For the most part, the problem of the end of education is unsolved, and is by its very nature one that the really advanced is a failure for Individualism and a monumental triumph for Collectivism. Individualism, whether in engineering or in finance, is a failure. The motive of private profit ignominiously broke down, and world-capitalism threw up the sponge. Not till the United States put into its task the power of collective authority and resources of the people as a whole could this biggest bit of the world's work be accomplished. Not even the "private venture" engineers, with all their presumed initiative, were found competent. The United States Government, after dismissing several, had to fall back on a Collectivist product, an Army engineer not serving for profit at all, and he has done the job. And he has done it, characteristically enough, in a Collectivist way, relying not at all on the efficacy of the "cash nexus." From the first he has regarded his labourers as an army, which could be efficient only if it was properly provided for . . . The Panama Canal is a triumph for the Socialist conception of work, not for profit; and the deliberate organisation of a human army for service and efficiency, instead of, as the common contractor would have done, merely buying 'labor power' at so much a day.

I imagine you will not dispute that this is a fair paraphrase of your article and notes. The singular thing is that, with Timaeus and the "New Statesman," you go furiously to the necessarily limited imagination and narrow views of a section. Education is not a producible commodity, but not ends. The latter is a question for the best and most intelligent (or the intelligent) with the duty of educating for the whole. For the most part, the problem of the end of education is unsolved, and is by its very nature one that the really advanced is a failure for Individualism and a monumental triumph for Collectivism. Individualism, whether in engineering or in finance, is a failure. The motive of private profit ignominiously broke down, and world-capitalism threw up the sponge. Not till the United States put into its task the power of collective authority and resources of the people as a whole could this biggest bit of the world's work be accomplished. Not even the "private venture" engineers, with all their presumed initiative, were found competent. The United States Government, after dismissing several, had to fall back on a Collectivist product, an Army engineer not serving for profit at all, and he has done the job. And he has done it, characteristically enough, in a Collectivist way, relying not at all on the efficacy of the "cash nexus." From the first he has regarded his labourers as an army, which could be efficient only if it was properly provided for . . . The Panama Canal is a triumph for the Socialist conception of work, not for profit; and the deliberate organisation of a human army for service and efficiency, instead of, as the common contractor would have done, merely buying 'labor power' at so much a day.

The Teachers' Guild.

Sir,—To a member of the N.U.T. your remarks about teachers are most interesting. You say, with some truth, "They are depressed beyond stimulus, devoid of self-respect, and in consequence desperately irresponsible." But supposing they are entrusted with the whole responsibility of education, would that in itself be sufficient stimulus to make them virile as is to be wished? In the absence of any coherent philosophy of education, it would surely be dangerous to entrust one clearly not the right (or the intelligent) with the duty of educating for the whole. For the most part, the problem of the end of education is unsolved, and is by its very nature one that the really advanced is a failure for Individualism and a monumental triumph for Collectivism. Individualism, whether in engineering or in finance, is a failure. The motive of private profit ignominiously broke down, and world-capitalism threw up the sponge. Not till the United States put into its task the power of collective authority and resources of the people as a whole could this biggest bit of the world's work be accomplished. Not even the "private venture" engineers, with all their presumed initiative, were found competent. The United States Government, after dismissing several, had to fall back on a Collectivist product, an Army engineer not serving for profit at all, and he has done the job. And he has done it, characteristically enough, in a Collectivist way, relying not at all on the efficacy of the "cash nexus." From the first he has regarded his labourers as an army, which could be efficient only if it was properly provided for . . . The Panama Canal is a triumph for the Socialist conception of work, not for profit; and the deliberate organisation of a human army for service and efficiency, instead of, as the common contractor would have done, merely buying 'labor power' at so much a day.

The Teachers' Guild.

Sir,—To a member of the N.U.T. your remarks about teachers are most interesting. You say, with some truth, "They are depressed beyond stimulus, devoid of self-respect, and in consequence desperately irresponsible." But supposing they are entrusted with the whole responsibility of education, would that in itself be sufficient stimulus to make them virile as is to be wished? In the absence of any coherent philosophy of education, it would surely be dangerous to entrust one clearly not the right (or the intelligent) with the duty of educating for the whole. For the most part, the problem of the end of education is unsolved, and is by its very nature one that the really advanced is a failure for Individualism and a monumental triumph for Collectivism. Individualism, whether in engineering or in finance, is a failure. The motive of private profit ignominiously broke down, and world-capitalism threw up the sponge. Not till the United States put into its task the power of collective authority and resources of the people as a whole could this biggest bit of the world's work be accomplished. Not even the "private venture" engineers, with all their presumed initiative, were found competent. The United States Government, after dismissing several, had to fall back on a Collectivist product, an Army engineer not serving for profit at all, and he has done the job. And he has done it, characteristically enough, in a Collectivist way, relying not at all on the efficacy of the "cash nexus." From the first he has regarded his labourers as an army, which could be efficient only if it was properly provided for . . . The Panama Canal is a triumph for the Socialist conception of work, not for profit; and the deliberate organisation of a human army for service and efficiency, instead of, as the common contractor would have done, merely buying 'labor power' at so much a day.

Sir,—To a member of the N.U.T. your remarks about teachers are most interesting. You say, with some truth, "They are depressed beyond stimulus, devoid of self-respect, and in consequence desperately irresponsible." But supposing they are entrusted with the whole responsibility of education, would that in itself be sufficient stimulus to make them virile as is to be wished? In the absence of any coherent philosophy of education, it would surely be dangerous to entrust one clearly not the right (or the intelligent) with the duty of educating for the whole. For the most part, the problem of the end of education is unsolved, and is by its very nature one that the really advanced is a failure for Individualism and a monumental triumph for Collectivism. Individualism, whether in engineering or in finance, is a failure. The motive of private profit ignominiously broke down, and world-capitalism threw up the sponge. Not till the United States put into its task the power of collective authority and resources of the people as a whole could this biggest bit of the world's work be accomplished. Not even the "private venture" engineers, with all their presumed initiative, were found competent. The United States Government, after dismissing several, had to fall back on a Collectivist product, an Army engineer not serving for profit at all, and he has done the job. And he has done it, characteristically enough, in a Collectivist way, relying not at all on the efficacy of the "cash nexus." From the first he has regarded his labourers as an army, which could be efficient only if it was properly provided for . . . The Panama Canal is a triumph for the Socialist conception of work, not for profit; and the deliberate organisation of a human army for service and efficiency, instead of, as the common contractor would have done, merely buying 'labor power' at so much a day.
pulverising, these ideas, although by so doing they might be giving a free access to the infant mind.

That was the gist of my letter. What reply did I get? in the column for replies to correspondents in the following week's issue appeared the following: ""We have not seen the articles you mention."

My first impulse was to write again in the manner of the lawyer, "That, gentlemen, is my case." But I was too disgusted.

I still take the "Clarion"—it was my early love. But they had better not raise the price. I shall willingly pay the sixpence for The New Age.

**PRAGMATIC PATRIOTISM v. WORDS.**

Sir,—I hesitate to suppose that a contributor to The New Age has been mastered by words, but having now read Mr. Crafter's article under its back-wards, forwards, and futuristically, I am bound to say it beats me. What on earth—I had almost said the blazes—make out. As a guess at his meaning, which, perhaps, is the man talking about? It seems to be something of words kill each other about, like old Caspar, take a back seat, and be satisfied to be merely one of the pares; dominions; that she aught damned well to sing small, Crown; that the Crown should cease thinking of England in which the Words have won in a canter.

Sentences and interludes on the banjo; but on looking at them, than personal and local import, and you may consider it surely have been revealed to minds clarified by your wonder. By leaving you splen account of acute observation, they have let through the hard bones behind the symmetrical exterior of wage-slavery who are compelled by necessity to seek existence level, is chattel slavery without its palliative prickings of conscience.

I am sure, gentlemen, that you, as responsible Guardians of the Poor, would not wish me to look at this matter from one whit a narrower standpoint. And for the record, I believe, the private and official interpretation is that the Crown; that the Crown should cease thinking of England as its main affair, but should be a sort of movable feast, shining equally in local promotion, and viewed within the dominions; that, finally, we should drop the purely local idea of the word national as applied to England alone, and employ it exclusively to represent the whole British race wherever situated. I have dug out, or think I have, these meanings from Mr. Crafter's hotchpotch of demi-semi-sentences and interludes on the banjo. How locking them, I doubt whether I did not, after all, invent them. They appear to me to be Pragmatic Patriotism v. Words, in which the Words have won in a

**AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS.**

Sir,—It seems to me that the enclosed letter is of more than personal and local import, and you may consider it worthwhile while to print extracts from it. I have often wondered at the laxity of your readers in remaining from presenting individual aspects of wagy which must surely have been revealed to minds clarified by your Herculean analysis of having you splendidly isolated with your principles, though these be the result of acute observation, they have let through the sophists and sceptics who cannot, will not, discern the hard bones behind the symmetrical exterior of an abstract idea. But Realism has discarded his sober, fitting fineries of our leading reviews, of which my mother is one of a million in—

Exaggerated? By George, I try to to understand that any pecuniary benefit accruing from the responsible guardians of our asylum, as it was on the occasion of her official giving a free advertisement to their rivals. On the other hand, I was given to understand that any pecuniary benefit accruing from that labour would be given her on leaving, but this matter was conveniently overlooked.

Again, during the past twenty years my father's contribution to the rates, via rent, in proportion to his earnings (and this is the only fair method of calculation) has been exorbitant—in fact, a perpetual drain on his scanty resources.

Finally, I ask you, gentlemen, not merely to exonerate my father, but to press the responsibility on the matter, but, more than that, any other emaciate victims of wage-slavery who are compelled by necessity to seek temerate existence. Even the old chattel slaves re- cognised that they were responsible for the physical well-being of their slaves. And wage-slavery, when a man's earnings is a dignified, universally respected company like the Singer Sewing Machine fall regularly below subsistence level, is chattel slavery without its palliative prickings of conscience.

I am sure, gentlemen, that you, as responsible Guardians of the Poor, would not wish me to look at this matter from one whit a narrower standpoint. And for the record, I believe, the private and official interpretation is that the Crown; that the Crown should cease thinking of England as its main affair, but should be a sort of movable feast, shining equally in local promotion, and viewed within the dominions; that, finally, we should drop the purely local idea of the word national as applied to England alone, and employ it exclusively to represent the whole British race wherever situated. I have dug out, or think I have, these meanings from Mr. Crafter's hotchpotch of demi-semi-sentences and interludes on the banjo. How locking them, I doubt whether I did not, after all, invent them. They appear to me to be Pragmatic Patriotism v. Words, in which the Words have won in a

**WOMEN IN PUBLIC.**

Sir,—Mr. Douglas Sladen and another woman supply me with some cynical amusement. The pair have collected copy about unskilled female labour and run it into a novel. I hastily disclaim any more knowledge of this work of art than is supplied by a review. The reviewer is cut to the heart by the following stupendous day's labour demanded of a nursery governess. "Here is her programme," says the "Daily News," "Who can it say is exaggerated?"

Before breakfast.—Give boys their tonic in hot milk on waking.

Boys to be dressed and taken down to dining-room. Dust same and lay cloth for breakfast.

8.30 to 10.30.—Lessons.

10.30.—Give boys hot milk and dress them for walk.

1.0.—Lay cloth for luncheon. After lunch do needle-work or finish silver.

2.30.—Clear silver in hall (including umbrella handles).

3.30.—Preparing tea for luncheon. Ask children to put their beds away from week and turn out toy-boxes.

4.30.—Nursery tea. Fetch same from kitchen. Keep boys' clothes tidy and assure children. Slavers are necessary for dealing with the refute and offal of female labour in the capitalist machine. Without these cleaning-houses for waste humanity, the machine would clog and break down, and then we should not have regulated wages, as that recently given by the responsible guardians of our welfare in the Marconi affair, since, without the even working of the labour machine, profligating, even by astute lawyers in Parliament, would be impossible.

To a Board of Guardians.

Dear Sir,—I cannot see the justice in your compelling either my father or myself to contribute out of our meagre means to my mother's upkeep during her confinement at Cane Hill Asylum. My mother's condition—now much improved—which culminated in her being taken away was directly and indirectly the result of the narrow and circumscribed life she, and we, have been compelled to live for years past, owing to my father's consistently small earnings—earnings even below the average of the usual wage-slave. I use this latter term because I can see only too well that my father for long been the victim of the industrial system which is rampant in this country, and which is plainly sanctioned by the Ministers of the State—acute wage-slavery on the one hand, and, the extortion of profits, rent, and interest on the other by means of dividends and monopolies. For the facile working of this inhuman system, institutions such as asylums, prisons, workhouses, charity organisations, and "ninepence for lourpence" are necessary for dealing with the refuse and offal of female labour in the capitalist machine. Without these cleaning-houses for waste humanity, the machine would clog and break down, and then we should not have regulated wages, as that recently given by the responsible guardians of our welfare in the Marconi affair, since, without the even working of the labour machine, profligating, even by astute lawyers in Parliament, would be impossible.
women want everything for nothing. I suggest that the
restricted programme of independence
revenge—I suppose it must be revenge—they neglect their
need every trick of the board to get even pin-money
yet they have the sacred and all-compelling vote.
Their husbands. In fact, they are left to be as indepen-
dent as they possibly can. They have all heart's delight of
independence: but the men are stingy! The women
need every trick of the board to get even pin-money and
yet they have the sacred and all-compelling vote. In
revenge—I suppose it must be revenge—they neglect their
children, who are rude (I quote), sensational, hysterical,
dishonourable; and boys and girls alike all gamble! A
pleasing picture of harmonious family life, is it not? No
female honours domestic work, and teachers and typists
are badly paid. Miss Ackerman (or the reviewer) omits
to mention that the code all round has gradually been
turned against women in Australia, so that they are per-
force narrowly conventional in behaviour, and ferocious
mutual rivals. Miss Ackerman represents the "humper
suikels" as a rowing, horse-racing crew. The truth is
that she must have observed the swell crowd—which
counts nowhere. The average respectable Australian
woman is a model of one's grandmother without the old
lady's "spunk."

Mrs. Fethick Lawrence provides a laugh when she
criticises the literary style of Sir Almroth Wright.

Sir,—In the "Freewoman" Miss Rebecca West refers
to me as a contributor to your journal. I fear that
"Press-cutter," if he comes across the cutting may not
share my interest, my amused gratitude for this mention.
It seems that I am counted among "us intellectuals," or,
least, that any news about me, even if not quite cor-
rect, is of personal appeal to that creative band who are
so busy under the New Renaissance of the Greek Alphabet.
"To us intellectuals," writes Miss West, "The Woman
Thou Gavest Me" has a personal appeal, for the heroine is
undeniably drawn from Mrs. Beatrice Hastings of
The New Age. Her incapacity for forming friendships
with her own sex and her extraordinarily rich emotional
life constantly remind us of "Pages from an Unpublished
Novel."
It is something to be written about even in
journalse of this sort, so hot and hasty as to leave time
for nothing original except a canard. The facts that
Miss West has never spoken to me, and, as I suppose,
ever seen me, and the probability that I should be quite
a fish out of water among "us intellectuals," must, how-
ever, be set against the alleged "personal appeal." As
for the evidence of the "Unpublished Novel," which Miss
West assumes to be an autobiography—the few Pages
published exhibit the heroine only too often forming
what women call friendships. I form what I call a
"THE NEW FREIWOMAN."

SIR,—In the "Freewoman" Miss Rebecca West refers
to me as a contributor to your journal. I fear that
"Press-cutter," if he comes across the cutting may not
share my interest, my amused gratitude for this mention.
It seems that I am counted among "us intellectuals," or,
least, that any news about me, even if not quite cor-
rect, is of personal appeal to that creative band who are
so busy under the New Renaissance of the Greek Alphabet.
"To us intellectuals," writes Miss West, "The Woman
Thou Gavest Me" has a personal appeal, for the heroine is
undeniably drawn from Mrs. Beatrice Hastings of
The New Age. Her incapacity for forming friendships
with her own sex and her extraordinarily rich emotional
life constantly remind us of "Pages from an Unpublished
Novel."
It is something to be written about even in
journalse of this sort, so hot and hasty as to leave time
for nothing original except a canard. The facts that
Miss West has never spoken to me, and, as I suppose,
ever seen me, and the probability that I should be quite
a fish out of water among "us intellectuals," must, how-
ever, be set against the alleged "personal appeal." As
for the evidence of the "Unpublished Novel," which Miss
West assumes to be an autobiography—the few Pages
published exhibit the heroine only too often forming
what women call friendships. I form what I call a
friendship about once every seven years, presumably at
the progress of these love affairs with a merciless in-
comprehension which invariably goaded the enamoured
youths to open hatred. But I never lost a girl friend
through these feuds. My revolutionary views, my scorching
tongue in battle, but, above all, my rhapsodical
adoration of beauty attached girls to me. But in the
nature of things social, they were sure to be called home
and to leave me desolate, and a truant again, until some
other schoolfellow seized me by some resemblance to my
lost darling."

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

THE NUISANCE OF DOGS.

SIR,—May I suggest to your correspondent whose por-
tion of the countryside seems about as agreeable as a
sick kennel that he secures his misgivings into a rea-
dent. I gave and exacted absolute allegiance, excepting
my other schoolfellow seized me by some resemblance to
my lost darling.

AMATEUR VET.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH the commencement of the fourteenth volume of "The New Age" on
November 6th next, the price of the weekly issue will be SIXPENCE.

Subscriptions are at the following rates—

United Kingdom; Abroad.

s.    d.
One Year ...... 28 0
Six Months ...... 15 0
Three Months ...... 7 0

THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.,

CARICATURES

BY "TOMT" of "The New Age"

(John de Rositzewski)

Uniform with "The New Age" Volumes.

Priced 5/- Net.

New Age Press, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

VALUATIONS FOR INSURANCE OR PROBATE.—Inventories prepared. Included in fee quoted.—The Valuation and Inventorv
Association, 14, Jeffrey Street, S.W.

BOOKS.—SECOND-HAND BOOKS in Various Branches of
LITERATURE. Catalogue post free.—H. DAWSON, 16, Camden St., N.W.

ASHLETT : SCHOOL-HOME, Addiscombe, Surrey. Re-
formed Diet, Individual Instruction, Careful Preparation for Public
Examinations. Full, tuition. LITERATURE. 0. T. P. P. and Grammar.