NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AMID all the surprise everywhere expressed at the multitude of measures taken by the Government to re-store industry to its senses after the first shock of war, no surprise that we can recall was expressed at the necessity itself. The world has been so familiarised with the notion that national trade must always be in a delicate condition that the mass of men must rather have wondered to find the milkman at the door on the morrow of the declaration of the war than been shocked to learn of the store industry to its senses after the first shock of war, legs. At the same time, however, they allow the claim how many devices were necessary to keep trade on its natural organisation is misleading and fallacious? If, of our profiteers that trade as a whole was never so flourishing in the world’s history as it is in our day. It is organised locally, nationally and internationally down to its bootlaces. And yet, strange to say, though it comes apparent to everybody, we hope, in the vivid light thrown upon our condition by the circumstances of the emergency measures, but of ordinary legislation. We openly doing what they have always done secretly. Our times translation during peace and special legislation during war is not so healthy as its authors suppose. Not too fine a point upon it, the whole system is rather a disease than a healthy organ. It is not as if, either, our present industrial system was never so flourishing in the world’s history as it is in our day. It is organised locally, nationally and internationally down to its bootlaces. And yet, strange to say, though it is so far from being an organisation to a permanent condition of semi-starvation and of constant State assistance, the small class that profits by it could not maintain it for a single year. This be-

From another point of view, however, the public has been right to feel no surprise at the emergency measures taken by the Government on behalf of trade during the war. Loudly as our commercial classes may protest that these measures are exceptional, they differ in reality from measures taken during peace only by being a little bolder and a little more numerous. Our profiteers are disposed, no doubt, to believe that in times of peace they can get along without the aid of the State; and that it is only when war or some similar calamity arrives that they must needs have recourse to the State’s assistance. Thus, indeed, they buoy themselves up in the superstition that they are independent of the State except in periods of crisis. The facts, nevertheless, are against them; for not only, as we have seen, is State help proved to be indispensable to profiteering in the time of war, but during peace, with less ostentation but with equal pertinacity, the State is perpetually engaged in assisting trade. What are our thousand and one Acts of Parliament in favour of Social Reform but props designed to maintain the pyramid of profiteering upon its apex? Relax for a single year the vigilance of the State over the welfare of Rent, Interest and Profit, and it is morally certain that the whole tottering edifice would fall to the ground. The wage-system, with its anti-natural condemnation of four-fifths of the population to a permanent condition of semi-starvation and of total exclusion from sharing in the advance of production in general, is in essence so artificial, so contrary to common sense and common humanity, that, without constant State assistance, the small class that profits by it could not maintain it for a single year. This becomes apparent to everybody, we hope, in the vivid light thrown upon our condition by the circumstances of the war. We see to-day the various trades that yesterday were protesting their independence of the State going cap in hand to the very authority they have always maligned. Openly and unashamed they do this to-day, as if it were no disgrace to beg favours of a source they have persistently belittled. Secretly, however, and with just a touch of shame, they employ the same power in doing what they have always done secretly. Our times translation during peace and special legislation during war is not so healthy as its authors suppose. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the whole system is rather a disease than a healthy organ.

It is not as if, either, our present industrial system were so nationally advantageous that its obvious defects might be overlooked. Certainly we are prepared to make allowances for all things human and to be satisfied with a reasonable approximation to efficiency. But only the most stupid or the most interested can contend
that a system is reasonable that condemns four out of five of its nominal partners actually to have neither concern nor share in its success. Think what our Army in the field, now engaged in the national industry of maintaining liberty, would be if, instead of feeling themselves joined in a common task for a common benefit, the men of it knew they were risking their lives in the financial interest of their officers alone. It is not very rash to say that under such circumstances the war would be not only not heroic, but infinitely more of a madness than it is. Sir John French, has not been satisfied even with the knowledge that the men under him are as well aware as he is of what they are fighting for. As well as being reasonably assured of their own initiative that the war is a national enterprise, the rewards of which will be national, and not individual to the officers engraed in it, our men have been taken by Sir John French (all honour to him!) into the confidence of his plans and strategy. At regular intervals, we are told, our men are informed by their officers of the meaning of the movements in which they will play their part; and thus the consenting intelligence of the most private private is enlisted in this amazing war. But why should civilisation against our modern system of industry that meanest and vilest of the nations.

The measure, in fact, of the demands made for it by the State during war, or the weakness of industry in areas where weakness has least commonly been admitted. It was to be expected that for the class of wage-earners, always living, as they are, upon emergency rations, much would need to be done. A week or two of industrial dislocation and the whole class is as hungry and as helpless as horses employed in a city when their allowance of fodder ceases. Their imminent destitution, we say, was taken for granted as part of the nature of things. But who that has listened to their self-praise in times of peace was prepared to see the financiers and business men flocking in crowds, like an army of unemployed, to the officer of the State to beg public charity? The rascals know very well, too, that the State has nothing of its own, but only a right to tax in the future. After all, our profiteers have seen to that; and while they have been binging their own pockets have taken care that the State should never be wealthy in its own right. And yet, with the accumulated profits of years of private exploitation in their pockets, they have not had the decency even to maintain their own industry or mutually to ensure each other's survival, but must come as mendicants to the State they have deliberately kept poor! Organised even amongst themselves, with no more honour than prevails in a gang of thieves, any one of the great industries, it might be thought, would have been ready to co-operate in a time of common difficulty. The Stock Exchange, for example, the Banks, the Cotton industry, the Sugar industry—why had none of these sense enough to support each other without recourse to the State? Can it be said that they are really a source of strength to us when, not only during peace they sap our population, but in a national emergency they claw and scramble, even more violently than their victims, for public support?

This general debility, however, is not the smallest price the nation pays for maintaining the profiteering system. As well as living upon us, modern industry discharges our economic functions with the minimum of consideration for our actual and progressive needs. Once more we may contrast it with the system under which our national arm carries on its work. Suppose, for instance, that in conducting a campaign the War Office were to leave the various duties of the Army to allocate themselves according to their attractions, with no special rewards for onerous tasks and with no penalty for neglect. For neglect, it could be imagined, that the campaign would break down in its weak parts to the frustration of the whole purpose of the war. But this mad procedure is precisely the course we take with our national industry. Those parts, to which special attractions of immediate profit, are recruited and fulfilled beyond reasonable need; but those parts, requiring more unselfishness, intelligence or public spirit, are left unfilled or comparatively neglected. What has the war not revealed of these defects in our civil system? A host of the most vital functions of the nation were suddenly discovered to be either atrophied or working so badly that they threatened to cease altogether. As for becoming more active and more efficient as a consequence of the stimulus of the war, it was more than they could do, without artificial aid, to carry on in their usual fashion. Great talk has been indulged in concerning the capture of German trade. But where is the sense in grasping at this shadow when even the substance of our profiteering trade is beyond our capacity? Take, as the most recent example to come under our notice (though scores have emerged during the war), the aniline dyeing industry—one, assuredly, of the necessities of our trade and eligible, therefore, for intelligent attention. It can be proved that this industry, essential even to far-sighted profiteering, has been neglected in the past, the inference is plain in regard to other departmental industries, equally necessary but less obviously indispensable. Their neglect must not be attributed merely to the ignorance of the man in the street. It is well known that dyeing has been disgracefully abandoned by our profiteers to mere chance, but the fact is now generally admitted, nay, blazoned abroad. With all the first-fruits of these chemical discoveries in our hands, our marvellous business men throw them away because they did not promise immediate personal profit. Look at Lord Moulton's indictment of the manufacturers in this industry. Addressing them last week he said that it was to be deplored that they, in common with the holders of capital in general, had always shown so little sympathy with the research necessary to efficient industry: the knowledge they did not themselves possess was contemptible in their eyes! But we can conclude from this just how much obligation we are under to our business men for conducting our industry for us. Not only do they ruin our population with low wages, but they regard by their narrow brains the stream of our national industry.

The good opinion of neutral countries is not to be ignored in preparing our case for the war; but we can easily purchase it too dearly. American opinion, in particular, is likely to ask too much for itself, since its spokesmen are accustomed to buying and selling honour like any other commodity, and naturally sell in the dearest as they buy in the cheapest market. It is too much, we think, for America to ask us to degrade our voluntary military system into conscription as a first condition of her continued benevolent neutrality. Even on the lowest ground, what have we to gain that we do not already possess by a reactionary revolution of this
kind? If we were even disposed to sell our liberties we should want a good deal more for them than the good opinion of America. The "Saturday Review," however, treats us towards us as towards the United States, informs us that America is not thinking much of our victory in the war as of the share in it taken by our proletariat. "If," says some American journalist, quoted with approval by our meanest contemporary, "if the escutcheon of the British democracy be proved as stainless as the escutcheon of the British Army," then compulsory service must be voluntarily self-imposed! What does America know of escutcheons and class consciousness? And how comes the "Saturday Review," the professed organ of gentlemen, to quote America as an authority against the evidence of common sense, common knowledge and Lord Kitchener? The Army on service in this country and abroad is not manned, to the number of close upon two millions, by the aristocracy alone. We gladly pay our tribute to the old-fashioned aristocracy of England for their gallantry, and their patriotism; but we really cannot admit that they number two million young men. The vast bulk of the Army, in fact, is composed of wage-earners, of that mass of humanity the "Saturday Review" calls alternately canaille and democracy. No fewer than a quarter of a million of our soldiers are actually members of trade unions; and in some instances as many as one in three of the membership of a union is at the front, while the other two are earning for their employers at home profits as usual. Both Lord Kitchener and the commanding officers are, it appears, satisfied with the numbers no less than with the spirit of our present soldiery. The "Saturday Review" that maligns their class makes a sort of merit for itself out of their astonishing bravery. At the same time, because for other reasons the "Saturday Review" wants conscription, necessary or not to the present war, the class from which our "heroes" are drawn may be beaten with a dirty stick imported for the purpose from America!

American opinion, however, is not in all respects an echo of the most degraded English opinion. On occasion there are Americans even who can form conclusions for themselves upon evidence and contrary to the conclusions arrived at by the bank assistants who inspire the policy of the "Saturday Review." The "Case for Belgium," for example, is a document about which the opinions of America and of our contemporary differ widely. The "Saturday Review" and most of its fellow journals were disposed to swallow without examination this official report upon Prussian atrocities drawn up by a Belgian Commission for presentation to neutral judgment. Some American opinion, however, has paused (like our own Government, by the way) before engulping it whole to the irritation of the spleen. And the result of the examination has been somewhat as follows: In the first place the testimony of the various witnesses is in no case givenverbatim, but is summarised and edited. In the second place, of the eighty witnesses, eighteen give only hearsay evidence without any reference whatever, several are anonymous, several more communicated by letter only, and forty-eight admit having derived their information reputedly but at second hand. And finally, of the five witnesses to the atrocities in Louvain, the chief is anonymous, the second is hearsay, the third and fourth contradict each other, and the fifth admits civil provocation. Now we do not say, any more than American opinion concludes, that there have been no Prussian atrocities. And we ever, affirm our belief that the vulgar stories of atrocity have been mainly the invention of journalists and fools. And we add this comment that if the "Saturday Review" is disposed to be influenced by American opinion in the matter of conscription, in the matter of war, in the matter of the leasing of land for a wireless station at Sumatra, which the "Emden" found to be very useful; the negotiations with the leaders of the South African rebels, which enabled them to surprise the loyalists at short notice; and, above all, the practical annexation of the Ottoman Empire.

These preparations are positive. Only a nation bent on war would have thought them worth entering upon and perfecting little by little. But, even if it be still professed that France, Russia, and England were preparing for war, it must be admitted—for the fact is there for all eyes to see—that their preparations were of a negative order. To express it plainly, if the Allies had really wanted war, their arrangements for beginning a campaign and carrying it through were criminally negligent. As every naval, military, and diplomatic expert well realises, no nation in the condition of France, Russia, or England would have dreamt of going to war at any time within the next four or five years; much less in the autumn of this year. It has already been stated in some of the newspapers that many French generals were cashiered shortly after the campaign began because, to use the pleasant phrase attributed to General Joffre, their physical courage on the field of battle was not proportionate to the technical knowledge they had acquired in time of peace. There are still people in this country who believe that if the French were almost ready for war, but that they were caught at an awkward moment, and that, once a few generals had been dismissed and a few uniforms made, all was well.

Far from it. In 1911, when the Agadir affair was startling us (by the way, the pro-Turcos have never explained the unnecessary provocation of the German Government's sending a warship to Agadir), I stated that the French Army was highly efficient; but, a year or so afterwards, I had to chronicle the fact that this efficiency was falling off. It was not merely a matter of generals. The fighting efficiency of the French is as good as ever it was, whether we take the officers or the rank and file; but the civil control of the army has in recent years been of the worst possible description. I am not able, at this moment, to give all the facts at my disposal; but I think I ought to give some. To begin with, when acts of war were actually committed on the frontier, certain members of the General Staff believed that the German advance on Belgium was really a feint, and that a more serious attempt to conquer France in this direction. Every French military critic who wrote books or articles on the subject had been saying for years that the Germans, if they ever tried their hand at another invasion of France,
would certainly make the north-eastern frontier their objective, via Belgium.

As a matter of fact, the French General Staff thought so; but at the last moment they received information which caused them to change their minds. At a later date I may be able to say how they got it—the story would be rather funny. Well, the Germans came through Belgium. "But," said the experts beforehand, "even if they do come through Belgium there are plenty of fortresses where they can be held up on their way to Paris—Maubeuge, Lille, Laon, La Fère, Rheims; to say nothing of the elec- tions in Brittany. The Belgian forts put up a very plucky defence; and for that defence none of the Allies can be too thankful. But they all fell before the German sixteen-inch howitzer. They were all short of ammunition and small arms. Even if the German advance had been delayed it would have been impossible to hold the forts, or on armament of any sort. It was sent on the pre and sous-préfets who lay at the disposal of the General Staff. It was not spent on political rewards and bribes of various sorts, but on the expenses of hush-money. French politics have always been corrupt, and the corruption has always taken the form of filching money from one essential defence service or another. At one time the navy was starved or provided with inefficient powder; or the ships were simply not built. At another time expenditure on the army was cut down. During the last two or three years, it would seem, it is the forts which have been neglected.

I have mentioned five great fortresses. At the outbreak of war not one of them had a modern gun. They were all short of ammunition and small arms. Even if the German advance had been delayed it would have been impossible to provide these places with new guns; for there were very few guns available, and they had all to be sent to the Verdun-Belfort line. And the German advance, as we well know, was not delayed for a moment. At Lille and Laon alone 35,000 French ter- ritorials had to surrender without firing a shot. The Maubeuge forts were a joke. They were well-built forts; but they hadn't any weapons. The story of Ver- dun, Toul, Nancy, Epinal, and Belfort was very differ- ent. The German army got fairly close to Verdun on two occasions; but the forts there would have smiled at the thunderbolts of Jove, almost. The Germans were so cocksure at one time that they announced the fall of Verdun, and the rumour was even spread in the City of London. But Verdun had not fallen.

Some other time I will give further instances of lack of preparation on the part of the Allies. The various groups of French Radicals who have been in power for the last few years will have to stand a great deal of fierce criticism; but the case would have been the same had the Royalists or the Unified Socialists been in their place. There are very few French politicians worthy of trust, no matter to what party they belong.

Defence

The controversy between "A. E. R." and myself has reached a point beyond which it was futile to continue, the difference between us being one of judgment. In "A. E. R.'s" judgment the Russian rumour was unreasonable and unbelievable except by persons with reasons temporarily distorted from excitement; in mine it was a tale which events indeed have since proved false, but which was at no time inventive but merely a normal man. I would only remark that to prove the rumour unreasonable "A. E. R." has to do something more than merely prove it incorrect, or even impossible. There are hundreds of things which a close examination reveals as impossible, that appear perfectly reasonable and possible at the first glance, and a belief in which, therefore, whilst it may justly expose a man to the charge of carelessness, cannot convict him of temporary insanity. Thus, if I were to tell "A. E. R." that I had served in the South African War as a captain, he might, by a Holmes-like investigation into my record, discover that I was actually two or three years too young at the moment to have held that rank; but there is nothing so inherently absurd as the notion as to make him reject it at first sight as contrary to all probability and reason. All the evidence which "A. E. R." has collected to show that a Russian army corps could not possibly have been in France by September 6 may or may not be convincing, although when he talks with such glib assurance of what army corps can and cannot do I would remind him that nobody even on the French General Staff believed it to be remotely possible that the Germans could throw three-quarters of a million men against the French left wing and roll it up in the astonishing way they did. The man in the street and even the well-informed soldier saith, "These tales of Russians from Archangel seem a little wild, but after all there are plenty of reliable persons to vouch for them; we have seen with our own eyes that the railways have been held up for days, and if Russia could maintain half a million men at the end of the long single line to Siberia, there is no reason why she should not send fifty thousand to Archangel. After all, it is impossible to be cocksure one way or the other; but the chances are that the tale is true. And then, as I said, all the liars in the country gambled on it." It seems clear by this time that the Serbians have succeeded in holding up the Austrian invasion at Valievo—which is as good as to say that they have defeated it. There is a tendency in this country to neglect Serbia; her flag, for example, is seldom included in the bouquets of flags which one sees about the streets, and she is usually considered as forming one outside the circle of the Allies proper. Against such an attitude I earnestly protest. Proportionately Serbia has given and suffered more than any other combatant, not excluding even Belgium. After a bloody war with Turkey, and a yet bloodier war with Bulgaria, she found herself involved when bankrupt and exhausted in a life and death struggle with a great military power. She faced the ordeal with courage, and with conspicuous success. There are few things more heroic in European history; and when the division of the spoils occurs, it will be the duty of every decent man to see that her weakness—after such a fight she should be waited upon, and not deprived of her due; the annexation of the Serbian provinces of Austria. Of that due she cannot be deprived without not only a gross injustice, but a grave menace to future European peace.

The Turkish adventure appears to have failed already. The Armenian campaign seems as good as lost, and what is to be expected from the absurd raid on E£'gypt none but its originators know. The truth is, that when God made the Turk he left out the brains: the Turk
appears by all accounts to be a dear, amiable thing enough, but man cannot exist without the reason, and it really does appear certain that in the case of the Turk the reason has been neglected. The same appears true of the Khedive, who is reported with a Turkish army corps in Syria. There is about as much chance of it really does appear certain that in the case of the Turk the reason has been neglected. The same appears true of the Khedive, who is reported with a Turkish army corps in Syria. There is about as much chance of

It is the old tale of the parvenu wearing himself out against the quiet contempt in that quarter has fallen short of obtaining the requisite up the Paris, the successive right, these alone are examples of an almost Napoleonic and well managed concentrations against the Russian army. And yet if ruthless

The astonishing fight which the Germans are putting up in Poland does not conceal the fact that their attack in that quarter has fallen short of obtaining the requisite degree of success, and that within a short time the Russians may be expected in Silesia. And yet if ruthless energy could win, the Germans would have done it. The truth is that they have been beaten all along by the exercise of a quality not provided for in their scheme of things—the quality of sitting still and waiting. They have thrown themselves against Europe and its vis inerter has exhausted them. It is the old tale of the parvenu wearing himself out against the quiet contempt in that quarter has fallen short of obtaining the requisite of

The duty of the works' manager will be the co-ordination and supervision of the various productive departments. Under the general manager, he will be the head of the manipulative side of the works; but he will have nothing to do with the clerical or business side. His election should therefore be the business of the workers directly engaged in production, and not of the clerical staff. Similarly, the workers in the various clerical departments will combine to elect the clerical manager, who will be the head of the "business" side of the works, under the general manager.

(c) The General Manager of the Works will be elected by the Works' Committee. The business of the general manager will be the co-ordination of the productive and the clerical sides of the works. In a wider sense than either the works' or the clerical manager, who will be mainly engaged in carrying out decisions and devising ways and means, he will be concerned with questions of policy. By making him the nominee of the Works' Committee, which represents the various shops within the works, the democratic control of the whole enterprise will be secured, and at the same time it will be possible to avoid the danger of erecting two distinct supreme authorities, each depending on a direct mandate from the whole body of the electors.

(d) The District Secretary will be elected by the District Committee. The district secretary will not be an officer of the same importance as the foregoing. His functions, as far as can be seen, will be in the main statistical; he will have to play an important part in the co-ordination of supply and demand within the district, especially in those industries which produce mainly for a local market. It is therefore probable that his powers will vary widely from Guild to Guild, and from district to district. In the main, he will have throughout to act under the control of the District Committee, much as the secretary of a ring or cartel of employers acts under capitalism. His selection by this Committee seems to follow as a matter of course.

The General Secretary of the Guild will be nominated by the Executive Committee, but this nomination will have to be ratified by the Delegate Meeting. The general secretary will occupy much the same position in relation to the National Executive as the district secretary in relation to the District Committee. But, as his work will be very much wider in scope, he will require the assistance of a large staff, which will fall under the two divisions we have already noticed in the case of the works. He must, in order to avoid a conflict of authority, be chosen by the Executive Committee; but, as his post is one of great responsibility, and one which directly affects the freedom of the subordinate units in the Guild, there must be some check upon this election. Such a check seems to be provided by a power of veto in the hands of the democratically chosen delegate meeting.

The Assistant Secretaries, who will be the heads of the various departments in the Central Guild offices, will be chosen by ballot of the workers
One of the most difficult of the minor problems of Guild organisation is the giving of adequate self-government to the clerical workers employed in the administrative offices of the Guild. Generally speaking, the Clerical Section should be provided with its own organisation the structure of the clerical side of the single workers. The clerical workers should choose their own departmental officers, and only at the top should they be controlled by an authority elected on a wider franchise. The sanction of the Executive Committee may not be essential in these assistant secretaries; it is put in here in view of the close co-operation there must be between them and the general secretary.

To counterbalance the indirectly elected secretaries and the sectionally elected Executive Committee there should be some one officer chosen by direct ballot of the whole Society. His functions will be to preside over the Executive Committee and to act as the official figurehead of the Guild on public occasions.

So far we have been dealing with the distinctively administrative staff of the Guild; let us now turn to the more special question of the expert staff. These, again, will be of several distinct types.

(b) *Works' Experts will be elected by the Works' Committee.*

It might seem natural, at first sight, that the election of works' experts should be the business of the various crafts. In certain cases, where the function of the expert is clearly connected with a single craft group, he may no doubt be elected by that craft; but, as a general rule, the works' expert has a more general task to perform. Not only does his work cover in many instances the spheres of several distinct crafts; he may be concerned with questions that belong to another industry. Thus, in a textile factory, there will be needed an expert on textile machinery, but the making of such machinery will be the work of the Engineering Guild. The expert will have to pass a qualifying examination, which will no doubt be in the charge of a professional institute of the type now represented by the Chartered Accountants or the Institute of Civil Engineers. These professional associations will assure the consequence and co-operation with the Guilds, and beside them will spring up similar bodies representing the unity of technical interest in the various manual-working crafts. In this way an additional safeguard will be placed in the hands of the Executives, who will be able to speak with the authority of the Engineering Guild. Experts will probably hold, in most cases, at the pleasure of the Committee which controls them. But the whole question of length of tenure is a matter of detail of which it is not necessary to suggest dogmatic solutions at the present stage.

In most cases the qualifying examination will probably play an important part. No candidate will be eligible for election to any position of trust unless he has passed certain tests, ranging from the simple tests of the competence needed in a foreman to the severe examination imposed by a professional institute of the type now represented by the Chartered Accountants or the Institute of Civil Engineers. These professional associations will assure the consequence and co-operation with the Guilds, and beside them will spring up similar bodies representing the unity of technical interest in the various manual-working crafts. In this way an additional safeguard will be placed in the hands of the Executives, who will be able to speak with the authority of the Engineering Guild. Experts will probably hold in most cases at the pleasure of the Committee which controls them. But the whole question of length of tenure is a matter of detail of which it is not necessary to suggest dogmatic solutions at the present stage.

We have heard enough and to spare of Bernhardi and the exceeding wondrous hatred which the Germans bear for treacherous Britain; we have seen the translations of their Hate-hymns just as we have seen Harold Begbie, Maurice Hewlett, and Horatio Bottomley. And we like none of them. But, while we regard this ecstatic and hysterical form of loathing with contempt, we must not let ourselves be blinded to other great manifestations of the Prince of Wales' 'Clarin,' 'Clarion,' 'just to see what the Socialists are saying.' We do not refer to our hatred of Germany or to Germany's hatred of us. I refer to the rich man's hatred of the poor, which is growing more bitter and intense as the days move on. 'What?' cries the benevolent plutocrat with the 'Westminster' on his knees, and perhaps the 'Clarion,' 'just to see what the Socialists are saying.' 'Why, the war is drawing us all closer together: the rich are joining the ranks: look at the Prince of Wales' fund: look at all that public spirit: there never was a time in which the classes understood each other better.' In answer to such superficial cant I wish to point out that the great hatred of the rich for the poor, which finds expression in a violent distrust, has become far more conspicuous than ever since the outbreak of war.

Indisputably the whole basis of recent legislation in this country has been benevolence tempered or saturated with suspicion. More and more we have our governing
classes shown their inherent distrust of the workers. It is calmly assumed that the rich know how to behave while the poor do not. The Children's Charter was an insult to every poor mother with its implication that the workers have to be watched and bullied into the possession of material instincts and common humanity. The Mental Deficiency and Insanity Act was an admission that the workers were direct threats to the weak, and in the Insurance Act we have a candid dichotomy of society into the rich who can be trusted and the poor who cannot. But far more serious even than this new statism has been the indirect assaults on the poor. The charity-mongers, and all the despicable touts who call themselves social workers and whose sole idea is their own colossal capacity for telling the poor "how to manage." The rich now take it for granted that they are not only cleverer but morally better than the poor.

For instance, I have heard it said not only by the firesides of suburbia, but by the most progressive of Liberal club-crawlers, that it would be monstrous to give the soldier's widow a pound a week; she would spend it in drink. Now, apart from the mauling idiotic of suggesting that drink is bad in itself, apart, too, from the intolerable belief that the wage or salary payer should dictate to the recipient a correct method of expenditure, this statement reveals a notion which is typical of modern feeling. We are told by this statement that the poor are incapable of virtue. We are to trust the rich with the money; the officer's wife will never think of dissipating her pension in bridge playing; but give an ordinary soldier's wife a pound a week and she will drink herself to death in a month or two. And so the War Office under our democratic Government propose to treat the soldier's wife as a criminal or alien, while they leave the officer's wife to do as she pleases. We curse the Germans for their dirty spying and set a precedent that the dispossessed are rather scurvily treated. Of these ghouls discussing the fate of the poor, I have heard a most excusable: it is not limited to Surbiton and the Liberal National Club. The Collectivist breathe fury, the Fabians anoint at the whisper of freedom. Everyone who had the misfortune to hear these ghouls discussing Mr. Cole's address on Guild Socialism a few weeks ago will know what I mean. Of course, they are very sorry that people should be so poor and so miserable, but far better it is to be sorry than sorrows. The Fabian funk lest the poor should have any real power. Political democracy the workers may have 'to their hearts' content, because every one knows how much that has helped them: and, perhaps, in one of Mr. Davies' gatherings they may have a representative on the State board of control. But economic freedom in the full sense! The very thought makes them sweat and shudder. Miss Lawrence, the only Socialist on the L.C.C.—God help us—was quite straightforward and said that it was ridiculous to let people manage their own business: but she is a recent capture and perhaps when she has drunk the Fabian milk a little longer she will learn not to be so honest. The Webbs are much more careful. But, whatever the language, the idea is there—the eternal "I suspect." Over it all is spread the veneer of humanitarianism. Whereas the old tyrant thundered out his "Let them hate as long as they fear!" the new tyrant whispers, "Let them love, as long as they fear." The Collectivist likes to chatter about brotherhood; but the poor are to be the younger brothers.

We may reasonably ask, "Why do the rich distrust the poor?" One can imagine them despising the poor for a lot of spiritless nincompoops who will neither realise nor use their own power. But why this eternal suspicion of the harmless creature in the fine word "common" to mean something mean and nasty? Why do they sneer at the public-house and glorify the private hotel? Why do they think golf and racing good and football very wicked? Why is it always assumed that the payment of income-tax means the assumption of a higher morality? Psychologists, whose task it is to invent clumsy words for plain processes, use the term "rationalisation" to describe the invention of reasons to justify a complex or a body of desires. May it not be true that the rich are who are called by the half-formed wish that the poor should be wicked? The capitalists sometimes feel (with varying intensity) that the dispossessed are rather lucratively treated. Of course, they cannot admit this openly and have to beat down the idea of their minds because it makes them uncomfortable. It is unpleasant for an honest man to find out that, however guiltless he may be of creating industrialism, his ancestors were responsible for collaring the common land, smashing up the medieval land tenure, and "setting free" the proletarian hordes in nice time for the Industrial Revolution. Accordingly the rich man tries to repress the idea of injustice by making excuses, and the most obvious thing to say is that the poor are poor because they are wicked. It really isn't our fault, they like to think, for these people are perfectly hopeless and cannot be trusted for a moment. It is quite comforting for the sweater to imagine that he is benefiting humanity by giving work to incorrigible wasters.

This kind of rationalisation is to be found everywhere. In South Africa the same thing has occurred. After the discovery of the gold the first essential, if civilisation was to go forward, was an adequate supply of cheap labour. The Kaffirs lived on their land, often with a system of communal tenure, and were used to enjoy comparative peace and prosperity. But this did not suit the white man, who had come with his Burden to teach black devil's thing or two. So he taught him that individual ownership was a far better thing than common ownership: he smashed the kraals and introduced a system whereby the acquisitive could acquire and the careless lose. Hence came a dispossessed proletariat which could be starved into the mines. Then perhaps the White Man, forgetting his Kipling for a moment, felt a pang of conscience and he started to make excuses. The Kaffir with his simple needs had been able to keep himself and his dependents by working for an hour or two every day: for the rest of the time he lolly'd in the sun. Here was a chance to call the nigger lazy. People ought not to loll in the sun: it is immoral. They ought to wear a wage and see the White Man, who had come with his Burden to teach the white man's rule, have not only said "No drink," but even proclaimed that "This cigarette business must stop." This increase of hate and suspicion is perhaps due to the fact that the rich have had a sudden shock and have realised more clearly than before the intolerable nature of the poor man's life, the lack of security, and the utter subjectio to merciless economic law. The sudden shock is upsetting: the old pretexts of conscience crop up and bring discomfort. They must be repressed. Therefore rationalise! Suspect the poor more than ever, prove their untrustworthy nature aforesp, spy on them, harangue them and see all the things that everything you can to show that they are down because they deserve to be down. Thus we reach the rather strange position that the more the conscience of the exploiter is aroused about
social and industrial affairs, the more will he tend to denounce and hate the exploited. Not always, for some will be honest enough not to repress their feelings with false excuses, and will admit that the whole vilè system must go. But those who have not this honesty and desire the continuation of wage-slavery, whether of the Individualist or Collectivist brand, will be driven, unconsciously perhaps, but inevitably, to malign the proletariat. There are two kinds of hatred—the hatred of the victim for the aggressor and of the aggressor for the victim who reminds him of his offence. The first is natural and may be ended by a blow; the second is abominable and can never be wiped out until the whole status of the combatants has been altered for good and all.

**Six Years.**

IV.

We have seen how, in less than two years from the Young Turk revolution of July, 1908, Germany had regained the predominant influence in Turkey which the reformers had wished England to assume; and how the reactionaries had begun to wave the banner of the Triple Entente. From that time onward till the month of July, 1912, the party of reaction grew in numbers and in strength. The reforms which the Committee of Union and Progress instituted, being of a drastic nature, were bound to anger many individuals. The officers in the Turkish army fell into two categories—the mektebli (i.e., the officer who before obtaining his commission had studied in a military school or mekteb) and the alaïli (i.e., the officer whose whole military knowledge was derived from actual service with the regiment or alaï). The Young Turks gave a decided preference to the former, thus offending the illiterate officers, most of whom could not hope to rise again by merit. The reactionaries, in their first four years of power they spent much money as Macedonians and Albanians. The party of reaction assumed threatening proportions, and its propaganda was supported by the British and the Russian Embassies. This forced the Young Turks to place all their hopes in Germany. A proposal to give Germany some special rights over a port in Turkish North Africa precipitated the Italian raid on Tripoli, as I am told; that raid being the protest of the Entente Powers against the said proposal which was in the wind. Germany failed to stop it or to help the Turks effectually. The Young Turk Government, without a friend among the Powers, was irretrievably isolated. The Young Turk leaders sprang from thence.

There are two kinds of hatred—the hatred of the victim for the aggressor and of the aggressor for the victim who reminds him of his offence. The first is natural and may be ended by a blow; the second is abominable and can never be wiped out until the whole status of the combatants has been altered for good and all. The Young Turks altered that, and so made enemies. Men of the calibre of Hasan Riza Pasha recognised the justice of a measure which appeared iniquitous to those who could not hope to rise again by merit. The removal of the parish dogs from Constantinople, though a sanitary measure, was resented, and their lingering death upon an island in the Sea of Marmora regarded as a crime by many Turks. The wealthy favourites of the despotism resented the suppression of their hired bravoes; the bravoes sighed for the old days of licensed brigandage. Two hundred thousand spies were out of work. An attempt to bring the various Christian schools throughout the empire into a general scheme of patriotic education, though the scheme was excellent, caused the Churches to set up a cry about their ancient privileges. The Young Turk scheme for Ottomanising the whole empire, although some movement of the sort was needed, was inadvisably conceived and far from tactfully announced. The first step towards its realisation was the forcible disarming of the Macedonians and Albanians.

That was a serious mistake of policy. But the men who made it were not animated by brutality. They had a great idea, and wished to realise it hastily. Haste was imperative in view of the European menace. The state of provinces where everybody carried arms was most disorderly. That of Macedonia was peculiarly wretched owing to the savage strife between armed bands of brigands, Greek and Bulgar, from both of which the Muslim peasantry had much to fear. The question of disarmament here was complicated by the fact that the Bulgarian brigands had been strong supporters of the Constitution which now set out to rob them of their cherished rights. Albania too had been a stronghold of the revolutionaries, and its inhabitants were much aggrieved at being treated as enemies by a government which they had helped to put in power. Men peaceably inclined objected that good men like themselves would deliver up their arms when called upon; wicked men would keep them, and thus gain the mastery. The Albanian tribesmen, like the Druzes of the Hauran and many other peoples of the Turkish Empire, regarded themselves as allies, not subjects of the Porte and, far from paying taxes to the Government, expected subsidies. When they found that they were not only to be reduced to the status of tame, tax-paying subjects, but were also to be robbed in some degree of separate nationality, they resisted fiercely until overcome by the Young Turk Government's force of arms.

That campaign was ruthless, but not murderous. Its worst rigours were not necessarily when we recollect that the Revolution had its origin in Macedonia, and that many of the Young Turk leaders sprang from thence. During their first four years of power they spent much money upon public works and much attempt at much at once. They were much aggrieved at being treated as enemies by a government which they had helped to put in power. They tampered with the army, persecuting Young Turk officers; and boasting of the support of England, France, and Russia, neglected military preparations at a moment of immense national danger and, by their stupid trust in the assurances of the aforesaid Powers, made possible the great disaster of the Balkan War.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
Patriotism and Music

It is to be regretted that the series of articles by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, which so largely into the composition of Mr. Holbrooke's articles that we are not surprised, although we regret, that our correspondents fixed their attention on it to the exclusion of the main issue. That Mr. Holbrooke has a personal interest in the fight that he is making against British prejudice need not, we think, be denied; he would be a poor sort of musician if he did not want other people to hear and to understand his music. But we must insist on the fact that he is the spokesman of a fairly large and growing group of musicians in this country, most of whom suffer far more from the prejudice against and the boycott of British music than does Mr. Holbrooke. As Mr. Holbrooke says, he, personally, is doing very well; but there are others less fortunate than he, and, so far as this is a personal question, it is mainly on their behalf that he speaks. But we must protest against the idea that this is, in fact, a personal question. Let us admit what some of our correspondents assume, that the English school has as yet no peculiar idiom; the fact remains that its development is, as a peculiar idiom, an idiom as native to Britain as the idiom of the modern Russian school is native to Russia. This is a laudable ambition; it means that Britain is attempting to express itself in music, and the attempt should win the support, even if it does not, at present, merit the applause, of all who profess to care for music.

We must insist on the fact that Mr. Holbrooke is not asking anyone to boycott the music of Continental composers. It must be remembered that Mr. Holbrooke is not a literary man, and is therefore likely to convey an impression different from that which he intended. But a sympathetic reader will cut all Mr. Holbrooke's patriotic cackle (which is apparently derived from the Tory Press), and notice the positive suggestions made. They are modest enough, in all conscience. He asks for a little prejudice in favour of British music; he wants us to believe that some good thing in music may come from Britain. It is pitiful to think that such a request should have to be made at this time of day, to people acquainted with the history of art. Surely a lover of art should be willing to give a sympathetic hearing to any new development of it! Grant, if you like, that German music is sweeter; is it only sweetness that we demand from music? Is it not rather the fact that art is a life of spiritual adventure, which should yield new experiences, face new dangers, achieve new victories? Beethoven is good; but Beethoven did not sit for ever at the feet of Mozart, nor did he manifest any prejudice against Schubert. If music is to be for us an art, instead of a pastime, it can only be by keeping the mind free from prejudice, by being willing to consider the new men and their work.

Mr. Holbrooke, we repeat, is not asking anyone to forbear to like what they derive from German music; his positive suggestion is that British works should be played by British orchestras, "one in every orchestral programme, at least, and then more, let us hope." It would be easier, of course, to bow to a patron, or for the formation of a society similar to the Société des Concerts Français, for the purpose of playing nothing but British music. But he appeals to no clique, he asks to the general musical public of England; he asks that British works should take their chance with the works of Continental composers in the programmes of our orchestras; and that they should be played more than once. Is it unreasonable to ask those critics whose "knack" of understanding all British music after a single hearing Mr. Holbrooke so justly derides; but to those of us who remember how Sir Henry Wood, for example, made us familiar with Strauss, Tchaikowsky, and some of Debussy, it will not seem strange. Modern music is so complex in its polyphony (to say nothing of the experiments in tonality) that the ear is not capable of appreciating it without training. We remember how the critics at first decried Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" because of its complexity; and how, when it was well played some years later, they really heard it for the first time, and found it easily audible. First impressions of modern music are nearly always unreliable, because the ear does not hear it, and the mind really remains blank concerning it. When our correspondents ask Mr. Holbrooke to be "patient," they forget that it is their duty to be patient, to be willing to hear even British music again and again until they really "hear" it; then their opinion of it may be worth having.

Mr. Holbrooke, then, is primarily concerned to let the British people know that British music does exist, and to combat their prejudice against it. His onslaught on the musical critics is really an attempt to make them do their duty, and criticise, instead of ignoring or pooh-pohing, British music. But musical critics are melancholy men; anyone who has sat in the back seats of a concert hall, and watched these depressed pedestrians dropping in to hear one song, or a movement from a sonata, and then climbing their weary limbs to the next concert hall, must have felt critically. The Press could do much in this matter, but not, we think, in the way of ordinary musical criticism. Musicians themselves are not often competent to express themselves in words; if they were, they would probably not be musicians; but surely there should be someone capable of stating their relations to, their differences from, the music of their predecessors or Continental contemporaries. Besides audition, music needs interpretation; for we are not a people to whom music is a native language, and even if we were, modern music speaks in such technical terms that it really needs translation. We are not asking for a programme with each work; but we think that if the British school could find someone capable of stating the historical, technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, thetechnical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the technical, or personal sources of its inspiration, the nature of its aims, the
Nietzsche and the Jews.

(A Paper read before the London University Zionist Society.)

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

It is a sad but well-known fact that poets and philosophers, historians and novelists of all the ages have only paid scant courtesy to the character of the Jew. Horace and Tacitus, Shakespeare and Goethe, Schopenhauer and Dostojevski, and many others are in agreement—on one point: in the depreciation of our race and its salient psychological features. This universal condemnation begins with the pagans, who despised and ridiculed the Jews; it swells into a mighty and threatening roar in the Middle Ages, which persecuted them as sorcerers, usurers, or infidels; and it reaches in somewhat subdued strains the Nineteenth Century, which considers them as aliens and outsiders or as unpatriotic cosmopolitans, who take no interest in the welfare of their respective communities. But when we come to the end of the Nineteenth Century we are suddenly confronted with one strange exception to this distressing rule; we suddenly discover in the picture gallery of frowning celebrities one face beaming upon us in kindliness; we suddenly hear one voice speaking gently to us, pouring balm upon our sores, deadened as they are by the curse of two millenniums. This voice, this face is that of the German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche.

This statement may cause you some surprise, for you have all heard that Nietzsche was not one of those somewhat dreamy admirers of Israel who belong to the puritanical strata of the various countries and who have extolled us and are still extolling us as the "torch-bearers of Humanity." You have all heard that Nietzsche's attack on Christianity did not stop at the morality, which it brands as "evil"; he had in mind the type immediately preceding the rise of Christianity. For it must not be assumed from my words that Nietzsche disliked all the types of Jewish history. For the old Jew, the Hebrew, the psalmist and even the prophet (apart from his morality) he had a great admiration, and this for the simple reason that Nietzsche himself was a great poet and a great prophet and could not help knowing another poet and prophet when he saw him. Thus his literary taste and conception told him that the Old Testament was a wonderful book, and he has often compared it with the New Testament, and he has often compared it with the New Testament when he saw the Empire of the Caesars—it was a super-Jew: the Christian. For Nietzsche, Christianity is an even more pernicious religion than Judaism. The Jews at least still kept up a remnant of government in their priesthood. The Christian tried to do without it and consequently degenerated into a society of socialists and anarchists. The Jews at least asked the rich and the powerful to be good to the poor; they recommended justice and mercy to those who had already something to give and something to bestow. The Christians implanted the ideas of justice and charity in the minds of the nobodies and the have-nots, into the minds of those who could never practise but only demand justice and charity, and who consequently degenerated into a set of clamorous revolutionaries. The Jews at least remained faithful to the patriarchial view about women; they never renounced their rights of mastery; they knew that women needed guidance as much as children do. The Christians offered them freedom, freedom to become a nuisance to themselves and others, freedom with disastrous consequences, as may be read in the Corinthian epistles of the apostle Paul. The Jews at least did not spread their decadent doctrines beyond the boundaries of their own race, they still retained a sensible view of patriotsim and nationality; they still upheld the idea of the chosen people. The Christians, on the other hand, were unhealthy cosmopolitans; they adapted themselves to all kind of minor people; they talked over to themselves everything base and slavish, everything resentful and envious, everything that was bungled and botched and degenerate in the ancient world. Thus is the Christian in all respects a caricature of the Jew, even of that type of Jew which Nietzsche most disliked, the type immediately preceding the rise of Christianity. For it must not be assumed from my words that Nietzsche disliked all the types of Jewish history. For the old Jew, the Hebrew, the psalmist and even the prophet (apart from his morality) he had a great admiration, and this for the simple reason that Nietzsche himself was a great poet and a great prophet and could not help knowing another poet and prophet when he saw him. Thus his literary taste and conception told him that the Old Testament was a wonderful book, and he has often compared it with the New to the detriment of the latter.

"In the Jewish Old Testament," he says ("Beyond Good and Evil," ahor. 52) "the book of divine justice, there are men, things, and sayings on such an immense scale that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to compare with it. One is struck immediately by the idea that before those stupendous remains of what man formerly was, and one has sad thoughts about old Asia and its little-outpushed peninsula Europe, which would like, by all means, to figure before Asia as the 'Progress of Mankind.' To be sure, he who is himself only a slender, tame house-animal, and knows only the wants of a house-animal (like our cultured people of to-day, including the Christians of 'cultured' Christianity), need neither be amazed nor even sad amid those ruins—the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to 'great' and 'small'; perhaps he will find that the New Testament, the book of grace, still appeals more to his heart (for there is much of the odour of the genuine, tender, stupid beadsman and petty soul in it). To have bound up this New Testament (a kind of rococo of taste, even higher than Judaism) in the Old Testament into one book, as the 'Bible' as 'The Book in Itself,' is perhaps the greatest audacity and 'sin against the Spirit' which literary Europe has upon its conscience.

In the "Genealogy of Morals" Nietzsche even becomes more outspoken:

"You have already guessed it, I do not like the 'New Testament'; it almost upsets me that I stand so isolated in my taste so far as concerns this valued, this
over-valued Scripture; the taste of two thousand years is against me, but what does it matter? 'Here I stand! I cannot help myself. God help me! Amen,' were Luther's words before the Reichstag at Worms.

"Of thy mercy cut off mine enemies and destroy all them that afflict my soul" (Psalm 143, 12).

It must likewise not be forgotten that Nietzsche owed something to the Jews, who were among the first to recognise his importance. Was it not in the Jewish type that he was able to find a people. In the New, on the contrary, just a host of petty sects, pure roccoco of the soul, twisting angels and fancy touches, nothing but conventicle air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (and the Roman province), and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl; an emotional garrulousness that almost deafens; passion, but no passion; painful pantomime; here manifestly every one lacked good breeding. How dare people make so much fuss about their little ailments and failings as do these pious little fellows! No one cares a straw about it, let alone God. Finally, they actually wish to keep "the crown of eternal life," do all these little provincials? In return for what, in sooth? For what end? It is impossible to carry insolence any farther. An immortal Peter! Who could stand him?

Thus Nietzsche knew how to distinguish between the different types of Jewish history. The Jewish type he dislikes most is the pre-Christian, the moralised, the spiritualised, the decadent, the Hillel type of Jew. He has an heroic and tragic note in these cases, the manly Jew, the warrior Jew under his kings, the Jew who, though he be in misery, manfully bears his fate with noble dignity and is even capable of expressing his sufferings in majestic and imperishable poetry. There is an heroic and tragic note in these fortunates of the great in Israel, such as naturally would appeal to the innermost soul of Nietzsche, as it has appealed before to the innermost souls of such heroic and tragic artists as Handel and Michael Angelo.

Fortunately, Nietzsche's admiration does not, like that of a modern art collector, stop at old things. True connoisseur of human nature that he is, he has an eye even for modern achievement, for living art, for art not yet approved by the public opinion of centuries. It is thus that Nietzsche has found beauty where nobody else ever found it, has found signs of promise where no one ever sought for it; it is thus that he has discovered amongst the heap of human rubbish—which he strongly condemned—a few hopeful exceptions, and amongst these, the modern Jew. Praise from others, as we all know, is sweeter than honey—but sweetest of all is it for the Jews, who have never been spoiled overmuch in that direction. I cannot therefore abstain from quoting some of Nietzsche's fine sayings to you, but in doing so, I would only ask you to take their remarkable with the necessary grain of salt. Schopenhauer once called the English nation "the most spiritual nation in the world"; but, when I repeated this remark once to an intelligent English friend of mine, he drily remarked: "How that fellow must have liked the Germans." We ought to be on our guard like this Englishman, and we should not forget that Nietzsche may have indulged in a somewhat exaggerated praise of the Jew, that he may have been somewhat too rash in finding excuses for him, because he loathed the modern Christian; he loathed him with all that perfectly great and passionate hearts can ever experience. Nietzsche, no doubt, felt towards his contemporaries as our own King David towards his foes, and had he been a believer he too would have prayed as did the "sweet" bard of Israel:

"Here I stand! I cannot help myself. God help me! Amen," were Luther's words before the Reichstag at Worms.

"Of war, O Khan, the direst curse, Is Bheg-Bhe straying into verse."

—From the "SZU-NDHI-O-BSZE-HKVA," an ancient Tibetan epic.

Deceit is in his hectoring preambles, That bloody gluton filled with loathsome carbages: For fire, cathedrals, wine, antique engravings: Lives are the stakes for this fiendish gambles. This line, you may be sure, will end with shambles; Treaties to him are nothing more than shavings. And now for Huns, Kultur, and Nietzsche's ravings: My goodness me, but how this sonnet rambles.

This is the sort of balderdash that pleases The curs who write in puddles of infective: As pat as winking, when you know the phrases— The double rhymes are specially effective.

Then take this drivel, print it, sing it, about it:

"The matter's done with—write no more about it!"

P. SELVER.
Impressions of Paris.

We were philosophising about its not being any use hiding from life any part of oneself because someone is bound to find you out and deal you, when the restaurant-keeper pricked up his ears—"Ah, lots of people have hidden their money away," he agreed, "that's what makes trade so bad. As for me, I don't care about money. I wonder if he does? I gave him a bad two-franc piece; at least, two days after this he said that I did so. I thought about that false piece. But philosophy petered out somehow!

I don't know what we are going to do for flannel in Paris. There is practically none left. Every woman worth her salt has bought it and made garments for her petit soldat. I came across a very shocking instance of how bad for trade things are. A lady sent me from London some money for the wounded. I hated the idea of throwing it into a society of any kind—they are mainly awful frauds. So I went about looking for a wounded soldier. In looking, I came across a friend of mine, who has a wounded son. Except for this happy chance of meeting, the poor lad would have returned to the line without a waterproof sack. And these people were very comfortably off before the war.

Still, we are going to be gay enough here to go to the theatre. Only the very fittest will survive the performances which menace one inexorably with the Allies' national anthems. I would at any time sooner hear them all played together than, as I have now on one thousand occasions, one after another. There's a killing band arrives to my court. Nothing like its God Save the King was ever heard. I loathe England when I think of that hymn.

An article in the New Statesman concludes: "In any case, who believes that the policeman's eye is going to result in an improvement of the morals of these women? [Soldiers' wives.] It is because Paul Pry is an inefficient moralist and, therefore, a sham moralist, that so few honest people have a good word for him. All the same—"

Eloquent! Well, yes! All the same, Paul Pry, which his other name is Webbism —— Mario, who is in the motor-cyclist corps, returned from the front the other day and sounded his horn outside the café. I was sitting on the terrace. The garçon standing near dashed open the door and cried "Mario!" Ten out shrieking "Mario!" And Mario was kissed from head to foot on the Boulevard Montparnasse while the gendarme from the corner in vain tried to get in a hand-shake. There are Paul Pry's of French extraction, I suppose, and some man has a good joke on the Pry's. I know of here are all American. One lot runs a cantine for the distribution of soup and macaroni to "artistes-peintres et sculpteurs!" I fancy not a single artist now sets foot in the place. I know the story of the last survivor, who was ejected. The wretch received two pounds. He spent it. And when it was all gone, two days after, he had the cynicism to return and expect to be given some more soup. Not even war and starvation for three months had chastened the depravity of his temperament. America cast him forth. His other name is Pry. Of his temperament. America cast him forth.

What could be clearer? When they shall have been beaten at war—and courage will not be enough to win with—they will behave themselves for a long while. The only real enemy they have confessed to fear is the Allies' national anthems. I would at any time sooner hear them all played together than, as I have now on one thousand occasions, one after another. There's a killing band arrives to my court. Nothing like its God Save the King was ever heard. I loathe England when I think of that hymn.

An article in the New Statesman concludes: "In any case, who believes that the policeman's eye is going to result in an improvement of the morals of these women? [Soldiers' wives.] It is because Paul Pry is an inefficient moralist and, therefore, a sham moralist, that so few honest people have a good word for him. All the same—"

Eloquent! Well, yes! All the same, Paul Pry, which his other name is Webbism —— Mario, who is in the motor-cyclist corps, returned from the front the other day and sounded his horn outside the café. I was sitting on the terrace. The garçon standing near dashed open the door and cried "Mario!" Ten out shrieking "Mario!" And Mario was kissed from head to foot on the Boulevard Montparnasse while the gendarme from the corner in vain tried to get in a hand-shake. There are Paul Pry's of French extraction, I suppose, and some man has a good joke on the Pry's. I know of here are all American. One lot runs a cantine for the distribution of soup and macaroni to "artistes-peintres et sculpteurs!" I fancy not a single artist now sets foot in the place. I know the story of the last survivor, who was ejected. The wretch received two pounds. He spent it. And when it was all gone, two days after, he had the cynicism to return and expect to be given some more soup. Not even war and starvation for three months had chastened the depravity of his temperament. America cast him forth. His other name is Pry. Of his temperament. America cast him forth.
Readers and Writers.

Wm. "Plain Tales from the Hills" is two volumes (as. 6d. net each) Messrs. Macmillan have just begun a "Service" Edition of Kipling. I thought at first that it was a cheap edition; but actually it is a little more expensive than the Pocket Edition recently published. However, these volumes are convenient in size and excellently produced. "Plain Tales" contains, as everybody knows, the earliest stories written by Kipling and contributed by him to some magazine in India. In them may be seen the extraordinary puppyhood of this remarkable writer. At a stroke I should have cut out the Anglo-Indian Society. No wonder all the publishers declined to publish the volume containing them; they came with a new talent; a quality publishers look to hate. —

Messrs. Duckworth have just published a volume of Tchekhov's "Stories of Russian Life." Tchekhov is the first of modern Russian writers to come under the influence of Paris instead of Germany. His stories remain Russian in character, but in the writer's attitude they might be late French. There is a grace about them which even Gogol's "Dead Souls" lacked. It is as if the western windows of Europe were opened upon the dark Russian soul, and we could laugh as well as look and shudder. The grimmness is there, even in Tchekhov, as of yore in Russian stories; but the light of humour is there as well. Tchekhov began the process which I should expect to see Russian literature now continue, of criticizing itself as it goes along. Hitherto, Russian writers have been the fanatics of realism with a naïve indifference to the existence of relative fact. The facts are recorded. Their imagination, I should say, was the lowest form possible among men. They could observe and record, but any other conclusion, dependent upon an interior mental process, was beyond them. Tchekhov, however, is the pioneer of the new age. He knows, at least, what imagination is.

If my readers wish to compare modern Tchekhovian Russia with old Russia, let them read with attention any sketch by Tchekhov published in these pages, and contrast it with the Russian stories; but the light of humour is there as well. Tchekhov began the process which I should expect to see Russian literature now continue, of criticizing itself as it goes along. Hitherto, Russian writers have been the fanatics of realism with a naïve indifference to the existence of relative fact. The facts are recorded. Their imagination, I should say, was the lowest form possible among men. They could observe and record, but any other conclusion, dependent upon an interior mental process, was beyond them. Tchekhov, however, is the pioneer of the new age. He knows, at least, what imagination is. —

INVINCIBLE! ETERNAL!
The winds of the spirit are free winds, free winds, winds through the golden air.
The ribs of those towering castles That stood so invincibly fair.
Invincible, though in ruins, Unfallen, though mocked with despair!
The winds of the spirit are salt winds And bitter with tang of the foam; Where once old, desolate shipwrecks Fitfully and mournfully roar.
Seek a way 'mid the wandering ice-floe, Grope blindly, eternally home!' —E. H. VHSAK.
tive of present Ruthenian thought, I could contemplate the continued subservience of the Ukraine to St. Petersburg with the utmost pleasure. It would be, in fact, the duty of Russia to hold the Ukraine until its peasants had become civilized. For the story is not nauseating as it is terrible; the horrible, after all, is the terrible rendered disgusting; it is, on the contrary, disgusting only. The peasants assembled to do the burglar to death are in no sense terrifying; a crack of a dog-whip would send them flying or howling; they are merely repulsive. To watch them stupidly torturing each other is to behold a sort of nightmare of pre-historic monsters, fumbling for each others' vitals, and in the midst of a bloody melee to sleep or to eat. That, if you please, is what Russia has begun to escape from. That, they, and not of many, for Germany would regard "The Burglar" as romantic! And the escape is most clearly to be seen in Tchekhov. Tchekhov is a post-diluvian, almost a good European. Vasil Stefaniak is an antediluvian, a monster, a powerless revolting troglodyte.

While our Oxford Professors are looking about for scapegoats upon whom to lay the crime of Prussia, they may as well direct themselves to Gobineau as to Nietzsche. Gobineau, a Frenchman who brought Germany the bee she has got in her bonnet—loudly and no doubt would have laughed, like Nietzsche, to see the effect. I have just been re-reading Dr. Oscar Levy's long Introduction to the English edition of Gobineau's "Renaissance" (Heinemann, 1905); for I recollected that Dr. Levy had had something to say with regard to the "Burglar" as romantic! And the escape is most clearly to be seen in Tchekhov. Tchekhov is a post-diluvian, almost a good European. Vasil Stefaniak is an antediluvian, a monster, a powerless revolting troglodyte.

say that I have less confidence in you than in the goodness and justice of our Father in Heaven.

Upon this fundamental difference of feeling, afterwards, as we now know, to be discussed without dialectics, Dr. Oscar Levy comments: "In spite of Tocqueville and Christianity, it (the views of Gobineau) will be felt more and more; and one day the decision between the two different creeds will have to be made—a decision, not of Parliament, but of the battlefield: for the sons of the Europeans of to-day—unlike their fathers, who fought for markets—will again fight for ideas." Dare I proceed in my inquiry? Would it not reveal the Dr. Levy of this Introduction as on the side of Gobineau and hence of—? For to Tocqueville, Dr. Levy tells us, "Gobineau did not listen, and so he found the way to his truth." To his truth! Then even Gobineau's is not the truth any more than Tocqueville's. What, then, is the value of a decision between two—in? And why is Dr. Levy on the side of Gobineau rather than upon the side of Tocqueville? I pause not to reply! R. H. C.

Danielizing.

By H. Caldwell Cook.

Having been invited by the English Association to open a discussion upon the subject of English Pronunciation (at University College, Gower Street, on January 9), I should like to give notice of the occasion to readers of The New Age, many of whom must have read with interest the articles upon this subject under Present-Day Criticism in July, 1913.

It is now well known to the world that Mr. Daniel Jones has written several books on English Pronunciation in which passages are given in phonetic transcript. I need not say that this work represents a careful and almost scientific inquiry into the sounds of speech, and is therefore to be commended of those who countenance careful and almost scientific investigations into traditional arts. The trouble, however, is this. In recording the speech of the present day, Mr. Jones records the common, slip-shod pronunciation. It is true that he gives several styles of "standard pronunciation," e.g., careful conversational style, rapid conversational style and declamatory style. But the best of these tends the ear; and not one of them comes up to the everyday speech of some of our younger olds in the third form of this school! If the intention of Mr. Jones is to show up the careless way of speaking into which very many English people are falling, then he is to be commended as a satirist of the first order. (I have not room here to quote examples; but they are to be found in great numbers on any page of his transcriptions.) But it happens to be the case that Mr. Jones's work is being used and his transcriptions imitated, not only by poor foreigners hoping to speak as we do, but even by teachers, and the very trainers of teachers. Who, then, shall compute how much damage is being done to our language by this ingenious worker in glottal stops, plosives and bi-labial fricatives? In my belief, the more success to Mr. Jones, the more damage to our spoken English. The language, believe me, only needs proper pronunciation; the which is to be learnt one man from another, and not through the strange gins of Mr. Jones and his accomplices.

Therefore in my classes at school, to use such a pronunciation as Mr. Jones calls standard is regarded as a misdemeanour—and is known as danielizing. To say op' or op'n is danielizing; to rime (in speech) chapel with apple, or label with able, is danielizing; to say erite for alive, sverest for suggest, yeuher or usual, is danielizing.

I suggest that, since language is primarily the spoken thing, we speak it as well as we can first of all—rather than adopt semi-scientific phonetic systems, or the unspeakable tomfooleries of the Noo Sping Sokol (I
cannot keep pace with their frequent change of title and so beg to forestall the possible variant for next month.)

Our chief guide must be the traditional spelling. Instead of respelling our words to accord with the careless, unlovely pronunciation to be heard at the present day, we should speak more carefully and endeavour to preserve, or restore, as many as we can of the sounds recorded in our traditional spelling. Present spelling does not record present speech for three reasons: (1) Some spellings, such as the notorious "b" in doubt and debt, are relics of some Noo Spling Sokiti in the past, and others were "bad shots" at a past rendering; (2) Sounds are continuously undergoing modification (it is reasonable to propose modifications of spelling to keep pace with this); (3) We are not pronouncing our words properly. In this third point lies the case against all these modernisers. They will put all to spell as the worst of us pronounce. But our present spelling, chaotic as it is, does represent a good pronunciation far more closely than these quack reformers realise. When someone can bring forward a pronunciation traditionally correct enough, and also beautiful enough, to be "standard" and also a system of spelling accurate enough, and also beautiful enough to record our pronunciation, then it will be time enough to talk of making the change. Let us first reform our speech and our spelling will then be found not so bad after all.

The pronunciation, then, which is practised daily in my English classes is at once a determined opposition to the Noo Splers and a contribution in aid of intelligent reform.

The case has been stated by Dr. Bridges in his "Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation," and by others. Our only claim to be contributing anything new is that, while others are discussing reformed pronunciation, we are practising it. There is only space to describe one element of our reformed pronunciation, but that is by far the most important element: Pronounce the vowels in unaccented syllables.

No more than this is required by way of direction. But the Littlemen would not understand this—so I do not say it. With Littleman it is always better to show the thing first, and to discuss it afterwards, if at all. The sole teaching required, then, is to pronounce carefully some dozen words or so, as they are spelt—and then the game's afoot. A deliberate endeavour to speak well with all the knowledge requisite for doing so, is thus set up in five minutes.

If but one reading lesson be now given over to a trial of this new toy a surprising difference will be heard at the end of half an hour. At first the class (and the teacher too) will spot only the more obvious unaccented syllables. They will rightly say silence instead of silnce, garden instead of gard'n, and devil instead of devle—if, indeed, children are yet allowed familiarity with this amiable goblin. But soon it will occur to them to throw out many more, and they will say occur instead of 'cur (or er-cur); there is yet no way of representing this indeterminate short er sound, without standing on your head), they will say about instead of erbout, and before long they will be glibly pronouncing differences (not difference nor dif'rence, nor yet difference, but actually difference), and particularly in stead of 'tickly; for though rather heavy-sounding it is certainly preferable.

After a few days' practice even the most chuckle-witted will no longer say, as though they were rimeless pairs: Boil and royal, tool and cool, bread and sausage, mudge and carriage, fas and roses, men did and mended, full and substantial, deller and colour, garden and parden.

A distinct pronunciation of all these words will not be an effort. After a fortnight's practice the slight-shod pronunciation of such words seem as offensive to the ear as the saying lake and like, as though they rimed, or rekermise for recognize, or the frequently heard pronunciation.

Once having started (not started) the restored pronunciation we have never dropped it. Throughout every English lesson of mine we all speak in this "new" style. Visitors mark it at once, and if any of them disapprove it must be in their fear of a novelty. The speech is far more distinct and undeniably more beautiful than the grunt, burble, and jumble of the sounds new boy fails "even to the mark." So, the hammer-boy fails "even in the estimation of a hair!" There are many hands thrown up. "Change the danielizer," says the boy-producer and nodts to indicate which of the attentive listeners shall take over the hammer. I have known the hammer change hands over the distinction between lo and low.

You might fear that good reading and particularly extempore speaking, would be impossible under such Danelized conditions. You may be sure, I have found it so. The best of these play-boys are now proficient enough to require no more correction for danielizing than an ordinary schoolboy of their age requires for misreading words! That we have really attained a restoration of pronunciation is proved to us by the following:

A new boy arrives. The new boy is given a part in the play to read in the ordinary course, but as soon as he begins the hammer-knocks come fast and frequent—often four or five times in one line. Usually the new
boy has to abandon speaking in public until he has absorbed something of the restored pronunciation. When a speaker makes a real "howler," such as lecthcer (which, by the way, is authorised by the "Concise Oxford Dictionary"), the danielizer scorns to give him the correct form, but simply raps and repeats with emphasis, "Lecthcer!" quotha. This is very effective.

Of course, in my lessons I am subject to the hammer, just as the playboys are; and, on the whole, I must confess to being danielized more often than several of the best boys. Even playboys have sometimes to be called to order by the master, but that they remain free playboys even under the severest chiding is proved in this—which, though in a more elaborate form, is nothing unusual:

Master: If you cannot conduct this less'n—

Playboy (with hammer): Lesson!

Master: ——lesson more quietly I shall have to call for absolute sil'on.

Playboy (more vigorously): "Sil'on!" quotha.

Master: Silence.

Teachers who are still pretending to educate on the system of spoon-feeding under repression will scarcely be in a position to adopt hammer-danielizing! That is why I said I must leave it to you to devise your own method of keeping the boys up to the mark. I fear you will scarcely find a method so effective as this. It arises quite naturally out of the Play Way.

There remains no room to deal with details, but an "appendix of exercises" may be useful: Carol, carriage, standard, engagement, substantial, suggestion, villain (with us, said frankly villiyn), choler, collar, soldier, vegetable, mystery, minute, lettuce (the y in mystery and the u in minute and lettuce we say as the u in the French chicory, etc.); this sound appears usually as y, e.g., in sympathy, mythology, but also as i in methinks. Pages, garlands of roses, landed, station, patience. The last two words on this list call for explanation. In every-day speech we say stashon (pardon the spling) and pashence. But as words of this class, when used by Shakespeare, require as often as not that the i should be sounded—as indicated by the scansion, which most teachers tend to ignore—the Littlelmen hold themselves free to choose between stashon and stashion. This ion, I confess, is difficult to say without apparent affectation, but when said rapidly by a proficient Littlemate it is undoubtedly more beautiful than _-shm or_shun.

So far there are only two words in every-day use which sound unconvincing, do what we may. They are _often and purpose_. The Littlelmen know that we have left these words undecided, and so it is their great delight to speak under hammer-correction, to rap upon whatever attempts he makes to say these two words! I am afraid I cannot hope to have made good my case in these notes. In print one cannot yet put forth a good English pronunciation. If I must have _emph_ of an _industrial_ self-governing democracy* must be ad-

**Views and Reviews.**

A Dream.

The purpose of this book is threefold, we are told by the publisher; first, to analyse the modern progressive democratic movement in America, and to discover whether there is any real issue between American progressivism and American conservatism; second, to reconstruct the historical background of the movement and to see what roots or lack of roots it has in the American political and economic tradition, and finally to trace what may reasonably be expected from the progressive movement. The pretence of impartiality even in this definition of the purpose of the book is characteristic; really, Mr. Croly is an advocate of progressive democracy. He is not genuinely an historian, nor is he genuinely a prophet; he is that midway type that Napoleon derided as the ideologue. What progressive democracy really means is stated in his concluding passage, and it differs not at all from the political dreams that have afforded an apparent goal for political activity. It is the hope of civilization to come, it is the hope that has inspired every revolution, and that really expressed itself in the American Constitution, which, we are told, is now in urgent need of amendment; it is the lure of the future, it is the dream of heaven.

If I understand him rightly (and it is always difficult to understand a visionary, and a prophet, who attempts to be judicial, and is therefore vague), progressive democracy differs from every other sort of democracy in this respect, that it asserts that not only the political power but the direction of that power must come from the people. But the only way in which the people can learn to direct their political power is by being citizens (instead of leaving the interpretation to the Supreme Court) the spirit of the Constitution, and to amend the Federal and State Governments in accordance with that interpretation. It will no longer be governed by the Incarnate Word of the American Constitution (interpreted by the Supreme Court), it will not be governed by elected legislatures or by administrations; it will be governed by itself and by itself alone. If it places the initiative in the hands of the Governor of the State, and there is between him and the legislature (both elected) a dispute concerning the legislation, the people will express their will through the referendum; and, if they do not like the legislation of the Governor, they will exercise the recall, and that will be the end of the Governor.

This is all very well as a dream; if I must have dreams, I prefer them to be rose-coloured, and Mr. Croly's dream is tinted a most beautiful colour. But *The New Age* has a maxim to the effect that "economic power precedes political power," and I look for some demonstration of the economic power of the people of America. Mr. Croly has a chapter on "Industrial Democracy" which ought to be illuminating. Mr. Croly says that "modern civilisation [does he mean American?] in dealing with the class of wage-earners is dealing with an ultimate economic condition." That "the wage-system itself will have to be transformed in the interest of an industrial self-governing democracy" must be ad-

* "Progressive Democracy." By Herbert Croly. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
skilfully chosen and permanent defeat is never ad-
employment), "they would obtain as the result of col-
and difficulties of its management." Then some
an increasing knowledge of the business and of the pro-
conditions under which they worked. Their observation of
lective bargaining effective control of some of the con-
cess of re-organisation while still holding their own in

Croly continues

work." Then we shall have

of its workers. They must be able to carry on this pro-

But the menace of syndicalism is not forgotten by Mr. Croly. The syndicalist ideal is "noble," but the proposed methods of its establishment "might be fatal
civilisation." How, then, can we establish syndical-
without revolution? By educating the wage-earners in

Having thus "become actually less dependent on their employers" (Mr. Croly does not tell us how, for they would still be dependent on their employers for their employment), "they would not obtain as the result of col-

"Science" must be gradually extorted from their employers by a series of conflicts in which the ground is "skilfully chosen and permanent defeat is never ad-

As a consequence of this warfare, "practically all of the wage-earners as a group should be unionised, and they should be unionised because of the

The wage-earner is now a dependent because the law definitely recognises his status; and if the "progressives propose to in-

"The destruction which this war has brought. Those of you people who have criticised the Suffragettes for destroying property—well, don't talk again, that is all.

The British Navy is intended to harm nobody.

We can afford to exclude no nation from the sisterhood of nations.

Our military and naval forces are kept in their proper places in relation to the civil authority.

Did difficulty ever baffle a woman?

Over and over again, hundreds and hundreds of times, I was asked by strangers, by all sorts and conditions of French people: "Will England fight? Will England help us?" and I could only say: "I do not know. I hope she will."

Women! Our responsibilities at this time in the world's history are enormous. When this war is over, we, as enfranchised citizens, must hold the nations of the world together in friendship. We must prevent the growth of fresh antagonisms.

We cannot be bullied by birth-rates.

I believe that in the Russian people there lives a spirit of rebellion against injustice, a willingness to live and serve, and, if necessary, to die for freedom, that at the present day is, perhaps, more effective, more highly tuned, than it is in any other country in the world—unless you speak of the militant Suffragettes in Great Britain.

I tell you what we call Belgium: we call it the Suffra-

Gette country.

If, instead of watching the offices of the W.S.P.U., the Government had paid more attention to spies and the fortresses disguised as factories which Germany was erecting in our midst; if, instead of torturing British women, they had been attending to preparations for national defence, perhaps this war might have been less long drawn out and tragic than it is.

Can you not understand that I say with pride this after-

noon: I am a British citizen.

This is not the first war in the history of the world. There was the Franco-Prussian war in 1870.

The Russian Government did what no other Govern-
ment has ever done—abolished serfdom by one single
stroke of the pen.

Remember there is the Eastern question. It has to be

faced, and women have to face it.

We will not allow a male nation to dominate the earth.
Current Cant.

"God, in Christ, has taken the field."—"British Weekly."

"Do we hate the Germans?"—"Evening News."

"Max Pemberton has a peculiarly happy way of writing of War."—"Daily Mirror."

"Lord Reading... one of the fiercest and most humane souls in the country."—T. P. O'Connor.

"Gone for ever is the White Man's snobbery."—Arnold Bennett.

"We are sometimes reproached for taking the war too lightly."—Harold Begbie.

"My Heart's Right There. Is Florence Barclay?"—"Gone for ever is the White Man's snobbery."—Arnold Bennett.

"If only the fiery zeal that is flaming so brightly in Christ we possess... ."

"Amongst the cloud of War Books one of the most useful is 'Scaremongerings' issued by the 'Daily Mail.'"

"How so. Oxy, buys a Ton of Coal. British Aristocracy setting splendid example."—"Everyman."

"I am not a Party man."—Robert Blatchford.

"Are you British?"—"Daily Express."

"OxO for the wounded."—"Daily Sketch."

"Keep your kiddies well fed. Give them Pearks' Margarine. 6d. per lb."—"Daily Mail."

"How so, Oxy, buys a Ton of Coal. British Aristocracy setting splendid example."—"Everyman."

"If, for one, believe the time has arrived when we must raise men by compulsion."—Duke of Bedford.

"The real protectors of the Nation, of the People..."

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Fables for the Times—II.

The Man with the Gold Spade.

Now the Philosopher came, in his travels, to a land wherein he found a Gardener digging the soil with a golden spade. Whereat he marvelled greatly, for the Gardener seemed a poor man, though an industrious. "But tell me," said he to the man, "for I am curious concerning the laws and customs of men, why do you use a golden spade, seeing that one made of wood and steel would do the work as well, or even better?"

"But the Man, having touched his cap in homage of the Philosopher's black coat, gazed on his implement, and seemed at a loss for an answer. However, at this moment came up a Man with a wagon and horse, and the Man, a merry, good-humoured-looking fellow, bade the Philosopher good-day. Having returned the salutation, "But can you tell me," asked he, "why it is that this Gardener digs with a golden spade?" "Why, what else would he dig with than a spade?" replied the Merry Fellow. "Would you have him dig with a brush, or a gun, or a fishing-rod, or—if?" "No, no!" interrupted the Philosopher. "What I mean is, why is his spade a golden one, instead of being made of wood and steel?" "Why," said the Wagoner, "spades are made of gold, are they not?" "Really, this is very extraordinary!" exclaimed the wise one. "Is gold, then, so cheap and plentiful in this country that gardeners can afford to use it for spades?" "Cheap, indeed!" laughed the Wagoner. "Why, men will sell their souls and bodies for it! Surely you do not imagine that this old fellow's spade is his own? His spade belongs to my master, and I am here now to collect his share of the man's garden stuff." "But why, then," asked the Philosopher, "does not the Gardener get a spade of steel, which would do the work as well, and which he would not need to hire?" But the Wagoner laughed loudy. "How, then," he asked, "would my Master live, and pay me and his other servants their wages? And, besides, if a Gardener were caught making or using a false spade, he would soon find himself in gaol and serve his term. But," he added, pointing up the road, "here comes my Master; perhaps you would like to talk to him while I get on with my work. Now, chap," said he, addressing the Gardener, "out with your stuff, and load up my wagon." A Fine Gentleman now rode up,
upon a seeker of knowledge and wisdom, and am much in-
of gold to dig with."

"Course it is not," replied the Gentleman.

"Have spades made of iron or wood or stone, or any
them would be possible. I myself own over a hundred
and to allow every Tom, Dick, and Harry to make his
our workmen are too intelligent and hard-headed
it is the Gold Spade and nothing else that has made us
up all the Gardener's produce, he rode
word. The Philosopher watched his retreating form, saw
spade."

"Yes," acquiesced the Philosopher. "Still, I understand the function of a spade to be primarily, at least, to assist the man who uses it, and if a steel spade would be as good for this purpose as a golden one—"

"Enough!" exclaimed the Fine Gentleman, "I am afraid
you are one of those scheming theorists who are never content unless they are setting class against class. Happily, our workmen are too intelligent and hard-headed to fall away with sophisticated nonsense.奚
that is the Gold Spade and nothing else that has made us
minds making the Hunnish atrocities in that devastated
country a certainty with a people such as the Germans
are, as seen by Heine. What is it if the Germans are accused of doing? Simply carrying out the instructions
given before the whole world by their Kaiser? They were to create a reign of terror by acting as Turks. But they have not been to shedding as he wished, as he told them to give no quarter, and take no prisoners; they have given quarter and taken many prisoners. Yet for saying they have carried out his instructions, Mr. Fenwick foams at the mouth, and would drown us under a flood of mud and falsehood..."

"Yes," the Gentleman continued, "I see," replied the Gentleman, "and I think that is a legitimate inquiry."

"I have had several letters from German-singers born not too soon but much too late!"

"I see," acquiesced the Philosopher. "But which of you will teach us that fair truth, Giants of many a past have voiced their age. The law "You-are-no-less-than-I" the new

"Good heavens! what will he be when he has his war-

Sir,—The letter by Mr. Harvey L. Fenwick is a most interesting psychological study, as he gives the pro-German case away abjectly! If this is his "neutrality," good heavens! what will the rest of us be after this? Fenwick doing with his pen exactly what the Germans are accused of doing in Belgium? For concentrated venom and destructive ferocity his letter out-Huns the Huns.

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As for the lying; the fundamental lie which is proclaimed throughout Germany to work us under a frenzy of hatred against us, is that England is solely responsible for the war; the people who can utter such a ridiculous falsehood are capable of anything, and should not be believed.

Sir,—Like Mr. Kenney, I think that the least said:
among the general applause. Our justification for holding persons whom we have subjugated, I resist the German claim to the last extremity; but I do not think that cant is a useful weapon in such an emergency.

G. R. MALLOCH.

WAR OR WORK.

Sir,—A new danger looms on the horizon. It is no less a strike in the trenches—and on both sides, too.

Everyone will have read the account given by the Times' correspondent of his visit to the front, and will have learnt that, by degrees, the hours during which they would consent to slay would get shorter and shorter until at last they would be doing almost nothing to earn their wages. Think what the loss would be to industry, if these huge armies were being paid and supported for nothing.

The only way to avoid this is to strike at between the French and German soldiers. These men, in spite of the fact that they have been engaged to kill each other night and day, without intermission, have now agreed between themselves to limit their hours of work, and do not commence to slaughter before 3.30 a.m., and they also starve in or out of work. Is there any Trade Union idea creeping into armies so awkwardly situated are ever likely to be.

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the victory of the French and Belgian troops, with the help of the British, I am less hopeful of advance. In the words of one of the members of the Russian Duma, who was arrested and court-martialled recently, it would be a Russian defeat. I am well content to leave it at that in so far as Russian Russia is concerned. The lie is thus given bluntly to the knaves who would have us believe that all is well in Russia to-day. All is not well: terrorism is not abated anywhere in the whole of the Empire. Our unfortunate and gallant Allies are the worst governed nation of the whole world.

Well, terrorism has begun in Galicia. And I am going to prove it with no other information than that given by the Petrograd correspondents of our leading newspapers. If their reports are not honestly communicated, ignorant mortals they would see to it that such information is withheld from us, as they know so well how to withhold it usually. To one who knows Galicia and the situation in Galicia, his grace said that all his efforts to communicate with other Latin or Greco-Ruthenian Catholic bishops were vain, and the reports circulating about their condition most alarming.  

With my knowledge of the Russian question and of Galicia, his statement. The archbishop has gone to Rome to complain to the Pope about the conduct of the Russians in Eastern Galicia. The River San divides Galicia in two parts: Eastern Ukrainian, Western Polish. They are as two worlds. The Eastern part, which is the only one with which I am concerned, and, roughly speaking, the part which the Austrian Government, as it was compelled to evacuate before the Russian invasion, is populated by Ukrainians, or Ruthenians. These are, in a proportion of 97 per cent., Greco-Catholic in religion. The Archbishop of Lemberg, Mgr. Count Shtepitszky, is the Metropolite. He belongs to a family older than that of the Habsburgs, and, if wealthy, at least as charitable and open-handed as rich. He is not unknown in this country and has been in Canada and the States to study the conditions of his folk who have known the misery and the sufferings of the Ukrainians of Galicia, he did his best to group them together and took full advantage of the Nationalist revival to effect that purpose. "Nothing radical was ever too real for him" is the saying in Russia. The Russian Government authorised all religions in the Empire, with one exception, i.e., the Greco-Catholic Church, the only Church which had any cause to fear. When the Russian armies approached Lemberg the Archbishop was urged to leave, but he refused. He was arrested and taken to Kiev. Scores of priests and nationalist peasants followed him.  

Russian "missionnaires" were sent to Eastern Galicia. The new Governor was a certain Count Bobrinsky, a cousin of that most notorious and infamous Count Vladimir Bobrinsky, the corruptor of the Galician peasants, the arch-enemy of the Ukrainians of Russia, perhaps the politician who has most entirely deprived of scripture in the whole of Russia, a descendant (by Catherine II) of one of the Orloffs. He was promptly appointed by his cousin to supervise "relief." That is exactly what he had been doing for several years. The Byzantine meaning of the word "relief" is well known. I repeat, all my countrymen, with all possible deference to the "relief" given by the Russians to the Ukrainians, who prefer to seek freedom of conscience and of language as far afield as possible from the tentacles of the Muscovite octopus.

DISTRIBUTE "THE PEOPLE."  

Sir,—H. G. Wells has spoken. And, again, all is "Professors Hearnsword," said, among others, "A Believer in Lord Kitchener," rejoice in his (Wells') "patriotic heroism"; while the "Observer" observes, somewhat unnecessarily, "The Germans shall get no delectable extract from our dumbfounded Allies, if the hitherto comparatively free, than I honestly hope that hundreds of people in the British Empire will help and facilitate the revolution which will arise in the whole of the Ukraine. In the meantime, it is too much to ask the United States Government and that of Canada to facilitate to any great extent the exodus of the Rusyns who prefer to seek freedom of conscience and of language as far afield as possible from the tentacles of the Muscovite octopus.  

Sir,—Heard that intriguing "about the slackness of recruiting?"  

We are getting all the men we want. . . .  

Well, let the Russians burn houses, convert the Ukrainians, and teach them their own language. Let them, as they are doing, arm and enrol by force the population of the conquered territory. We have, for the present, no control over the apparently much-needed Alliance. When the peace negotiations are in progress, do we intend to allow Russia to annex to her Empire a population that is not of her own blood, even though it might be of the same blood as her 33,000,000 subject Ukrainians? The Bulgarian Government has, I understand, promised to support the Ukrainian claims. If we object to them, we shall be committing a crime, although very likely one of ignorance on our part. If the crime is perpetrated and we allow England's signature to be affixed to the treaty that enslaves another people, ignorant mortals they would see to it that such information is withheld from us, as they know so well how to withhold it usually. To one who knows Galicia and the situation in Galicia, his grace said that all his efforts to communicate with other Latin or Greco-Ruthenian Catholic bishops were vain, and the reports circulating about their condition most alarming.

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national British State. The wisdom, for that matter, of the Executive of the mother State, might most properly be supple-}
that the ballets and operas produced at Covent Garden and Drury Lane have created some interest in modern Russian art, introducing the work of Bakst, Benois, Gоловин, Soudekine, and Roerich, the latter (designer of the settings for "Prince Igor" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," and also, if I remember rightly, of the delightful curtain which was exhibited during the playing of the prelude when Scherazade was first performed at Covent Garden) worth special attention for the intensely Russian spirit which pervades his work, some examples of which were an element of the Second Post-Impressionism Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1912, which also included paintings by Stelletsky, Chourliani, and Von Amer (who is responsible for one of the mosaic mosaics in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster). In addition to these artists do we know anything of Levitan, Vere, Suvoroff, Seroff, Nestoff, Somoff, Wrubel, Malavine, Grabar? Go beyond Russia, and there are many Slavs whose work we have yet to study, and think of Bilek, Uzkpa, Filipowicz, Grohmann, Jama, and Vidovic have exhibited here (Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court, 1906), these men and others such as Vlastimil Hofmann, Wyspianski, Kandinsky (who exhibits with the " Allied Artists " and whose book, "The Art of Spiritual Harmony," has been translated by Mr. Michael Sadler, and published here recently), Plecnik, who have not received the attention even from critics. Unhappily there is very little enthusiasm among us for contemporary art, and many critics who are not wanted in a controversy over the inferior examples of Post-Imagination and the like which have been foisted on us, when they might have made an attempt at systematic study of European art and its evolution, something towards which we are bad in need of to revivify our own productions. After the war we may perhaps realize that, if we would be worthy of ourselves in painting and the like which have been foisted on us, when they might have made an attempt at systematic study of European art and its evolution, something towards which we are badly in need of to revivify our own productions. After the war we may perhaps realize that, if we would be worthy of ourselves in painting and sculpture, we should go fearlessly into the European arena and invite candid criticism which cannot destroy good work, but will soon find flaws in bad. Our critics particularly might take warning from that ludicrously ill-informed appreciation of Rodin which the "Times" printed, in its lead of August 13 last, in its desire to give thanks for a very generous gift. The Slavs can teach us much, and in conclusion I would direct attention to some of those artists who exhibited in the Servian Pavilion at Rome in 1911, Raki, Krtzmann, Rosandic, and the master-sculptor, Ivan Mestrouvic, who towers to-day over the artists of the world; this may seem extravagant to our lake-warm enthusiasts, but I am not alone in thinking that this young man, sprung from a people alternately bullied and patronized, but who are more alive than some of their neighbours, stands in the direct line of the greatest artists by reason of the technical quality of his work, the organic nature of his inspiration, and by the divine fury of mind which characterizes those images he has set up on earth to lift us to the gods.

ERNST H. R. COLLINGS.

* * *

AN APHORISM.

SIR,—"R. M." should think his aphorisms out more deeply before committing them to print. "War will not cease till people would rather be shot than shoot." This appears on the surface to be a very neat summary, but it is evidently intended to convey the converse, viz., that when people would rather be shot than shoot, war will cease. Which is not true.

The day is long gone by, if indeed there ever was such a time, when we believed war was to deprive people of their lives. What the aggressive nation wants is to deprive people of their liberties, to make them keep their lives (for their masters) in the same attitude as the human race assumes towards horses. And the penalty for disobedience is not shooting, but torture. Let "R. M." rewrite his aphorism and write "prefer being tortured to prefer being shot." And even suicide is not a remedy, for the aggressor has learnt the effect of holding the children as hostages. Read the tale of the son which Mark Twain sold to his "Lord of Canterbury," and the strong man trying to keep alive under the rack in order to prevent his family from starvation.

No, war will not cease till men learn to be strong enough to resist aggression, poor enough not to invite it (the lean, wiry dogs of Plato's Republic), and virtuous enough to express their own passions with moderation and revenge.

A QUIPPELAR.

THE NIEZTSCHEAN OBSESSION.

SIR,—"The Daily News and Leader's" standing dish of diluted omniscience, Mr. William Archer, recently drew a comparison with a designer of the "Prince Igor" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," and also, if I remember rightly, of the delightful curtain which was exhibited during the playing of the prelude when Scherazade was first performed at Covent Garden) worth special attention for the intensely Russian spirit which pervades his work, some examples of which were an element of the Second Post-Imagination Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1912, which also included paintings by Stelletsky, Chourliani, and Von Amer (who is responsible for one of the mosaic mosaics in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster). In addition to these artists do we know anything of Levitan, Vere, Suvoroff, Seroff, Nestoff, Somoff, Wrubel, Malacine, Grabar? Go beyond Russia, and there are many Slavs whose work we have yet to study, and think of Bilek, Uzkpa, Filipowicz, Grohmann, Jama, and Vidovic have exhibited here (Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court, 1906), these men and others such as Vlastimil Hofmann, Wyspianski, Kandinsky (who exhibits with the " Allied Artists " and whose book, "The Art of Spiritual Harmony," has been translated by Mr. Michael Sadler, and published here recently), Plecnik, who have not received the attention even from critics. Unhappily there is very little enthusiasm among us for contemporary art, and many critics who are not wanted in a controversy over the inferior examples of Post-Imagination and the like which have been foisted on us, when they might have made an attempt at systematic study of European art and its evolution, something towards which we are badly in need of to revivify our own productions. After the war we may perhaps realize that, if we would be worthy of ourselves in painting and the like which have been foisted on us, when they might have made an attempt at systematic study of European art and its evolution, something towards which we are badly in need of to revivify our own productions. After the war we may perhaps realize that, if we would be worthy of ourselves in painting and sculpture, we should go fearlessly into the European arena and invite candid criticism which cannot destroy good work, but will soon find flaws in bad. Our critics particularly might take warning from that ludicrously ill-informed appreciation of Rodin which the "Times" printed, in its lead of August 13 last, in its desire to give thanks for a very generous gift. The Slavs can teach us much, and in conclusion I would direct attention to some of those artists who exhibited in the Servian Pavilion at Rome in 1911, Raki, Krtzmann, Rosandic, and the master-sculptor, Ivan Mestrouvic, who towers to-day over the artists of the world; this may seem extravagant to our lake-warm enthusiasts, but I am not alone in thinking that this young man, sprung from a people alternately bullied and patronized, but who are more alive than some of their neighbours, stands in the direct line of the greatest artists by reason of the technical quality of his work, the organic nature of his inspiration, and by the divine fury of mind which characterizes those images he has set up on earth to lift us to the gods.

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