NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is no very great consolation for us to be told that, although prices are admittedly high now, they will in all probability decrease before some time in June; and that, in effect, is what Mr. Asquith told the House of Commons last Thursday. Nor were the explanations given on behalf of the Government entirely satisfactory. Too many general admissions were readily made which do not stand the test of particular application. We propose to point out one or two of our own; but before doing so we may mention an example given by Mr. Bonar Law, whose speech on this occasion, we are told, was much more practical and to the point than that of the Prime Minister. In dealing with the question of the rise in the cost of wheat, Mr. Asquith mentioned that between July, just before the war, and last month, wheat had risen by approximately twenty-two shillings a quarter. Of that amount, he added, eighteen and sixpence was due to the increased price in New York, and only three and sixpence to freightage. But, as Mr. Bonar Law pointed out, this was an erroneous statement so far as the Argentine crop was concerned—and our imports of wheat from the Argentine, as we all know, are heavy. In this instance, of the admitted rise of twenty-two shillings, more than half was due to the rise in freightage.

With respect to shipping, it became clear in the course of the debate, as it had already become clear to the business community, that the Government had been behindhand. It was only very recently that expert advice was asked for and shipowners called in for consultation. It was only very recently, again, that a few important enemy merchant ships were freed for coastal service. And it appears to have been only a week or two ago, when the Russian Finance Minister came to London, that the question of wheat imports from Russia was seriously considered—and considered then, we believe, more for the purpose of rehabilitating the exchange value of the rouble than of easing the situation of the British householder. Mr. Law, early in August, suggested to the Government the necessity of buying wheat supplies, as the Government afterwards bought sugar. The suggestion was not adopted; and this, as the Opposition Leader showed, was an opportunity lost. Another opportunity was lost when the Government also failed to move before Turkey joined in the war against us and closed the Dardanelles. Now why did the Government buy sugar and fail to buy wheat? We could have dispensed with sugar more readily than with wheat. Was it because our supplies of sugar came chiefly from Germany and Austria? We will ask our readers to bear a few facts in mind.

It was admitted in the House that the large amount of wheat now held up in Russia owing to the closing of the Dardanelles—in business circles it is calculated that there must be as much as from fifteen to twenty million quarters—would have had a very considerable effect on the price. It was stated by the Prime Minister himself that, while the Australian crop had failed, and the Indian Government had temporarily prohibited the export of wheat, the real cause, "first and foremost," of the rise in price was the stoppage of Russian wheat. What was the immediate effect of this? High freights and freightage in New York and Chicago. A study of the progressive figures of wheat prices in the American markets for the last six or seven months will convey a lesson even to the inexperienced. Wheat "ranged," as they say, round the price of $1.45 in July; and the price of options was normal enough until it was definitely seen that the Russian market was to be closed to English buyers. Then there came a series of extraordinary leaps in the price of American wheat; and the scenes on the Chicago wheat market aroused the attention, we do not hesitate to say, of the whole world. At a period when prices normally advance or decline by quarter or half cents, they rose by five, eight, and even ten cents at a
bound. Early in February the price of May wheat was $1.57; last week it was $1.70; and traders were then confidently predicting "Two-dollar wheat and a rise in bread." Even American financial critics were beginning to consider in their studies the "acute hardships" which were to be suffered by the poor. "In Washington," said the financial correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," "the general opinion is that some one is intent upon cornering the market, and that speculators speculate more. If any other factor is responsible for the record high figures at which wheat is now selling... There is no famine, or any prospect of it in the United States. The total exports since July 1 on the present crop of 900,000,000 bushels are over 800,000,000 bushels, and it is estimated that the country can export 100,000,000 bushels more without feeling it unduly."

You cannot speculate, however, without money—without what our financiers, when they have starved an industry or two, call a "surplus." Americans have always taken advantage of market conditions to speculate in wheat, copper, and cotton whenever they had an opportunity; and yet, as we can see from the experiences of foreign financiers in the United States, it is only with the passing of the new Currency Law last year that the Americans have begun to entrench upon the Anglo-Franco-German monopoly of the export of credit. Where, then, did the people of the United States find the rate of financial clearance among them, get the "surplus" capital wherewith to speculate for the last eight or nine decades? They had to find money somewhere, and they found it in Europe, though this is an important fact for an illustration of which the reader will seek vainly in any of the usual books of reference—American least of all. We do not propose to weary any student of international finance with rows of figures, showing the French, German, English, Belgian, Swiss, and Dutch investments in the United States of America, especially as it would require a whole syndicate of economists to prepare such figures. On the basis of our own investigations we are prepared to estimate the amount of English money now invested in the United States of America at not less than fifteen billion sterling pounds; and this is probably an under-estimate. It includes amounts invested in United States Government loans, State loans, City loans, and in large businesses of the Trust order. If we assert that the Americans are speculating in wheat with our money, that prices are being raised against us, the investor—whether it be a German or a Frenchman—and the fractional result will necessarily be distributed among several classes, of which the investing class may be considered as consumer and producer may become evident.

We have said that the English working classes are subject to economic exploitation in two ways. At home they are exploited as producers. Wages are ground down to the lowest subsistence level; and it has happened in recent times that wages have been paid in kind as well as in money, despite the Truck Acts—we have only to quote the instances of National Insurance and the unemployment sections of the Tract Acts in connection with the provision of "free" education, and so on. The employing classes in this country, as is now admitted by their own organs, find it to their interest to maintain in flatulent idleness a large body of permanent unemployed so that wages may be kept low. The establishment of Labour Exchanges, the close application of the unemployment sections of the Insurance Act, the underhand attacks on the stability of the Trade Unions: these are all so many ways, and we mention only the more important, by which the proletariat are kept ever from succeeding actively and real economic power. But it may happen that the ingenious starvation of industry after industry, as of workmen after workmen, may result in this amount of money, or rather credit, which is falsely termed a surplus; and here again the financier has his opportunity. When money is lent to the United States, or to Canada, or to the Argentine, the interest comes to us in the important form of the respective commodities of those countries, and our chief import from them are food-stuffs, both wheat and meat.

What happens then is so obvious that it is not necessary for the blindness of even so refined an economist, a Church Liberal, we should not think it necessary to point it out. When we deduct what is necessary to pay for our exports to these countries, a considerable surplus remains—we use the word in one of its proper senses—and this surplus is the entire wages, which is the basis of the complete export. The prime cost of Argentine wheat, for example, is determined by price-factors which are based on internal taxation; and the taxation of the State cannot be determined by price-factors which are based on internal taxation. When money is lent to the United States, or to Canada, or to the Argentine, the interest comes to us in the important form of the respective commodities of those countries, and our chief import from them are food-stuffs, both wheat and meat.

It will be seen from this that Free Trade has its advantages for the financier. It is the larger English can be raised at all, clearly it is better for the investor for, say, a shilling a quarter to go on the prime cost in Argentina or Canada than for the shilling to be charged in the form of a duty at a home port. In the former case the rise goes to the investor, or at any rate to the investing class—in the latter case the shilling goes to the State, and the fractional result will necessarily be distributed over several classes, of which the investing class may not be the most important. On this point there are several hints in Fuchs, if we may be forgiven for venturing to refer to a well-known economist who happens to be a German. As Fuchs mentions in his book on the trade policy of England during the latter part of the nineteenth century, there were Liberal financiers and economists in the sixties who, though profoundly Free Traders, hardly knew which side to take up over the question of the sugar bounties. To Fuchs as to us, in fact, Free Trade was simply an expedient and not a principle—an expedient to be used, or thrown aside in favour of Protection, say, in accordance with financial requirements of the time. It is purely for this reason that Cobden's predictions with regard to the general adoption of Free Trade were falsified; for foreign nations examined and even in some cases approved of his commercial principles without sharing his sentimentalism. Laissez-faire was not, like Free Trade, a principle; it was merely an expedient; and it did not suit the interests of other nations to have recourse to it. If we want a European instance of the exact contrary of Cobden's teaching—i.e., Liberal teaching—we should not think it necessary to point it out. When money is lent to the United States, or to Canada, or to the Argentine, the interest comes to us in the important form of the respective commodities of those countries, and our chief import from them are food-stuffs, both wheat and meat.
any conceptions of the powers of the State held by our own Tories of a century and a half ago.

* * *

But the effects of the laissez-faire policy are now seen to be, not merely national, but international, in their range. It is useless and dangerous for our English Labour M.P.'s and Socialists of all descriptions to assert, as they have consistently done, that their main quarrel is with the capitalist at home and that everything which concerns a laissez-faire policy or the foreign relations of the country must wait until the home problem is settled. However that argument might have served the Labour Party if it had been in existence in the reign of Elizabeth, it is of no use to it now. We wish, indeed, that the Labour Members had taken the trouble to make themselves more familiar with their subject before lounging down to the House to quiz the Prime Minister on the food question. When Mr. Asquith referred to Vladivostock and Archangel, no one seemed to be able to offer a comment. Yet "Vladivostock wheat" had been in the air, and comments had already been offered upon the suggestion in circles which should have been easy of access to the Labour Party. It is true that freights from Vladivostock, far too much for granted—to be taken for granted to an extent which events have certainly not justified. We have not yet seen it stated, for instance, that when war broke out a "ring" of Australasian sheep-farmers at once put up their prices. One or two patriotic farmers among them objected and wished to let their frozen sheep be sent at the old rates. But they were overruled, for they found that if they persisted in their attitude it would be made impossible for them to send their sheep to England at all. Again, it is notorious that a coal "ring" exists in this country; that prices in various Yorkshire pits—and pits not only in Yorkshire—were raised by a hundred per cent, before there was any necessity for this; and that railway trucks laden with coal frequently appear on sidings outside the large towns so that the speculators might take advantage of the rise in prices which they were themselves manipulating.

Nor is Mr. Asquith wholly correct in maintaining that if they persisted in their attitude it would be made impossible for them to send their sheep to England at all. Again, it is notorious that a coal "ring" exists in this country; that prices in various Yorkshire pits—and pits not only in Yorkshire—were raised by a hundred per cent, before there was any necessity for this; and that railway trucks laden with coal frequently appear on sidings outside the large towns so that the speculators might take advantage of the rise in prices which they were themselves manipulating. Nor is Mr. Asquith wholly correct in maintaining that if they persisted in their attitude it would be made impossible for them to send their sheep to England at all. Again, it is notorious that a coal "ring" exists in this country; that prices in various Yorkshire pits—and pits not only in Yorkshire—were raised by a hundred per cent, before there was any necessity for this; and that railway trucks laden with coal frequently appear on sidings outside the large towns so that the speculators might take advantage of the rise in prices which they were themselves manipulating.
**Current Cant.**

"To Naval and Military Officers. The 'Daily Mail' pays much more than any other illustrated newspaper for photographs and sketches connected with the war. The names of scramblers are treated as strictly confidential."—Art Editor, "Daily Mail."

"The great battle of Bazra has been fought under my eyes."—Ferdinand Twyman, in the "Daily Mail."

"Everlasting coal, 3s. per packet."—"British Weekly."

"Profitable truth-telling. Advertising is wanted for the new markets."—Practical Correspondence College.

"The Church has a fivefold task."—Archbishop of Canterbury.


"A talk with John Hassall is as good as a visit to Skegness."

"Our soldiers want more Zam-Buk."—"Cartoon."

"I wear more old clothes than any man in London."—Sir George Alexander.

"Edwards' soups in the trenches. Warm up the Queen's eyes."—"Evening News."

"Don't butter bread—better it. 'Roco' margarine."—"Evening News."

"We have to overcome the initial apathy and ignorance of a nation carefully lulled. . ."—"Daily Express."

"Black Cat cigarettes link three nations."

"I want to see the night clubs done away with. They are disgraceful places, into which men are trapped when they should be preparing for war."—Bishop of London.

"In attacking the drink traffic we are attacking an enemy more deadly than Germany could ever be."—Bishop of Willesden.

"Freedom circulates the blood in the veins of the British Empire."—Arnold White.

"Along the lines the message passed—the last five minutes. Men took the hint, prayed, sought forgiveness, prepared for death, then charged the foe. We have fifty-seven Scripture-readers preparing our lads in khaki for the last five minutes."—Army Scripture Society.

"'Punch' is the organ of democracy in a far more real sense than some of the journals that definitely claim to that august position."—Eric Young, in the 'Sheffield Daily Independent.'

"Democratic America has not hesitated to make inoculation compulsory."—Referee.

"Great Britain believes in the efficacy of rightfulness."—George R. Sims.

"This is the real thing in hare and hounds. Giving their rifles a warm bath. Even a donkey has sense. I want my honour and my baby. Pathetic plea of sausage on legs. Premier hopes for cheaper food."—"Daily Mirror."

"Equal to butter. Lipton's margarine overweight."—"People."

"Bottomley's second battle-cry."—"John Bull."

"Like the British Army, the 'Clemak' safety razor has firmly established its ascendancy."—"Cartoon."

---

**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdaz.

The Merchant Shipping Act makes it quite legal for a belligerent merchant vessel to hoist the British flag if by doing so she can save herself from being captured and sunk by the warships of an enemy country. We reserve to ourselves, naturally, the same right as we grant to others, and there is consequently every justification for the 'Lusitania's' use of the American flag on her last trip from New York. It is true that the flag was not run up until the Irish Sea was reached—it will be recollected that a German submarine was known to be in those waters—and that it was taken down again before the 'Lusitania' entered the Mersey. In ordering the American flag to be hoisted, the Admiralty, it is surmised, had in mind the large number of American passengers on board; and out of courtesy to a neutral Power the wireless message ordering the use of the Stars and Stripes was dispatched. That the Americans on board appreciated this action of the Admiralty is clear enough from the remarks made by the American passengers when they landed; but there are other points of view from which the matter may be regarded.

It was a blunder, accentuated by carelessness in one important respect. In the official German bulletin circulated in this country by the Wireless Press on Friday evening a reference was made to "the order" of the British Admiralty that merchant ships were to make use of neutral flags if the presence of enemy warships were suspected. So many items of completely false information had been distributed by the German authorities since the war that this reference was not heeded; and the newspapers that printed the bulletin were disposed to treat "the order" as only another example of Berlin mendacity. These wireless messages from Berlin, it should be mentioned, pass through the Censor's hands; and I know positively that the message circulated on Friday evening went to the newspaper offices without any comment. It was not until Monday that the Admiralty acknowledged that the suggestion had been made regarding the use of neutral flags; so that the German reference, far from being inaccurate, was thoroughly justified. This was stupid. The newspapers had to let down their readers, if I may use the expression, on Monday, having prepared them only a couple of days before for a denial.

As for the order itself, while it is legal enough, it should not be made to apply to British vessels. The "Daily Express," with which for once I find myself in agreement, probably summed up the average feeling well enough when it said that the new order left a nasty taste in the mouth. The Germans, reduced by this time to a sad state, are prepared to stoop to any trickery, any outrage; and their definite statement that even merchant vessels flying the British flag are to be torpoded is only another example of their contempt for international law—a contempt which has been shown ever since the end of July in public, but which had always been shown in private. Was it not Treitschke himself who said sneeringly that Holland and Belgium had always been keen advocates of international law because they were too weak to devise any other kind of protection? It was. So far as Germany is concerned, Hague and Geneva Conventions are no more. But to say that we should imitate these tactics is absurd. We are at a disadvantage, certainly; but it will be to our eternal credit if we go on fighting like gentlemen.

Our fleet vastly outnumbers the German fleet. Mr. Churchill has himself said that there are only four German warships unaccounted for beyond the confines of the North Sea. No provision whatever can be made against submarines—if we possessed a million of them—stray merchant vessels would still be liable to attack. If we have command of the sea, why had we to lower
our own flag and to run up the flag of another country? I would personally choose to sink under the British flag rather than survive under the American. Most of the Englishmen of my acquaintance who know America share this view with great heartiness. But, having admitted the blunder, let us see what the Admiralty had in mind.

It has never been denied here, least of all by myself, that there is a strongly feeling in the United States in favour of the Allies. I have confined my efforts to pointing out that there is an equally strong feeling there in favour of our enemies, a fact which our licksip Press has been trying to gloss over in the erroneous belief that the Americans are our cousins. The use of the flag coupled with the bitter German declaration of a new form of naval war to the knife, put the feeling of sympathy with us in America to the test and severely strained the feelings of German sympathisers there. Americans are very touchy, as all countries naturally are, about the safety of their nationals abroad. And here was Germany threatening to sink even ships flying the American flag if she thought they were British vessels in disguise, and needless of the suffering that might be inflicted accidentally a good that such a barbaric point of view exasperated the pro-British Americans and led to a Press outcry. The pro-German Americans tried to save themselves by pointing out that in this case the provocation had come from England; and here they were on safe ground. But not even they, and certainly not the American Government, could deny that we were within our legal rights in action as we had done, and Germany was once again threatening to violate the law of nations—as she did a few days later in the week, deliberately trying to provoke a vessel, presumed to be British, flying the Dutch flag not far from Ymuiden.

It was on the basis of the legal side of the case that the Washington Government had to act; and we certainly cannot quarrel with the tone of the Notes dispatched, one to England and one to Germany. The one to England points out the risk that neutral ships may be compelled to run if the practice of flying neutral flags is habitually adopted. Milder language we could not have expected; stronger language would have been legally unjustifiable. On the other hand, the Note to Germany was emphatic: it spoke of unprecedented acts, and referred to the German threat as "an indefensible violation of the laws of nations," and declared that it would have to reconcile with the friendly relations now so happily existing between the two Governments." What else, short of a declaration of war, could we have wished for?

Beyond that, of course, little is expected; and the Americans are hardly prepared for a war. They could, nevertheless, cause a great deal of inconvenience to Germany, and the Berlin naval authorities will hesitate before irritating Washington. Since they must not hesitate, however, half our battle has been won. If American interference causes neutral flags to be respected, we shall be entitled to fly neutral flags ourselves—just as the Germans hoisted English flags when sowing mines in the North Sea last autumn. I repeat, however, that the thing is not to our liking; and the average Englishman would prefer to risk a ship, and even to lose a ship, to risking the indignity to the British flag which the use of a neutral flag presumes.

The attitude of Bulgaria will be conditioned by the advance of three millions sterling from Germany, exactly as Roumania's attitude will be conditioned by the loan from London. It is true that Bulgaria arranged for a loan of three millions from Germany which the war began; but, in view of Germany's straits, no money would have been advanced at this stage without an object. The object is to keep Roumanian and Greek troops within their own borders.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

I cannot let this week pass without animadverting upon the appalling tomfoolery that goes on under the pretext of Volunteer Corps and National Guards. These forms of activity have two great disadvantages from the point of view of the public. They waste money and they waste time. At a moment when hundreds of thousands of troops in the Territorials and the New Army are literally going short of the necessities of life—let alone of soldiering—in the shape of boots, shirts, and socks, thousands of wealthy men are wasting anything from ten to twenty pounds apiece upon equipping themselves with useless uniforms and obsolete rifles for the purpose of attacking an enemy who will never come—and who, if he did come, would not be met by them until he had already wiped out odds of six to one against him in Regular and Territorial troops. At a time also when it is essential to the national safety that those men whose trades and occupations do really keep them from enlisting should pay double attention to their jobs, that the business of the nation may be carried on, thousands of skilled and middle-aged gentlemen are neglecting their businesses to play the fool with dummy rifles and drill books on every common up and down the country. All this idiocy must be paid for in the shape of money, time, boots, clothing, and equipment; and every one of these articles is required by the State elsewhere.

It has been well observed by Mr. Belloc in last week's "Land and Water" that the Turkish attempt upon Egypt is by no means so harmless or so scatter-brained an adventure as several journalists would have us believe. It is true that it is quite improbable that we shall see an invading force across the Suez Canal; but the aim of German strategy is less to cross that waterway than to render it unsafe for passage, or at any rate so risky as to interrupt our trade and the passage of troops from the East; and it is quite possible that this end may be attained, at any rate partially, by the emplacing of heavy guns in positions among the dunes to the east of the canal from which they could only be dislodged after a serious and prolonged offensive on the part of our troops. In the meantime the interruption to traffic would have become serious. By schemes of this sort the Germans have nothing to lose and everything to gain. If they can conquer Egypt it will be with such ease that they will be enabled to send the Turks and not the Germans will bear the brunt of any failure—the Germans and not the Turks will reap the fruits of any success.

Another point well made by the same writer is that the loss of wealth occasioned by war is by no means to be measured by the cash expenditure. The greater part of this expenditure is upon the housing, clothing, feeding and paying of troops—in other words instead of the destruction of property that may occur by the firing into space of costly projectiles, the sinking of expensive battleships and so forth; and by the diversion from productive to non-productive activities of the millions of men engaged in soldiering. This loss is of course great loss—is occasioned by the increased income tax going into the pockets of rich, people to buy motor-cars, it was now going into the pockets of poor, thin people to buy beer. Such economic loss as there is—and it is of course great loss—is occasioned by any actual destruction of property that may occur; by the firing into space of costly projectiles, the sinking of expensive battleships and so forth; and by the diversion from productive to non-productive activities of the millions of men engaged in soldiering. This loss is of course great loss is occasioned by the increased income tax going into the pockets of rich, people to buy motor-cars, it was now going into the pockets of poor, thin people to buy beer.
Letters to a Trade Unionist.

VII.

It was my intention to deal this week with the activities of labour in the past. I wanted to get on with the question of what labour has attempted and accomplished and, still more important, what labour has failed to accomplish and failed to attempt. But I am prevented from dealing with these questions at this juncture because, in view of what "Romney" stated in his "Military Notes" last week, I can no longer base unanswered my question with regard to the reasons for the wage-earners' position. If you read "Romney's" charges carefully, and I hope you did, you found that they amounted to this: The British workers are incapable of ruling in any way; they are afraid of power; they have neither tactical ability nor administrative capacity; and they are incapable of initiative. Compare these charges with my question as to whether it is possible to explain the position of the wage-earning class in any other way than by saying that it is composed largely of men who are either serfs at heart or intellectually too lazy to consider their position. It is a strange thing that "Romney" should have been brought up against exactly the same question—for it is the same question—at the time I was writing; but perhaps it is not a strange thing that he should have decided, as apparently he has decided, that there is no other explanation of his mind, that the "class called gentle-men" is fitted to rule, to initiate, to control the class of workers. The workers themselves are in their present position because they are incapable of doing anything but what they are told. And, on the face of it, "Romney" has so much evidence to support his position, he has not all the evidence, and it is just that piece of evidence on the other side, and the explanation that I claimed to have, which I must now put forward.

For if "Romney" were right, if there were no possibility of further explanation, then it would be our business to accept the servile State as inevitable and try to make the chains of labour as smooth as possible.

Some years ago—ages ago it seems—I did a forty-mile tram one winter's day with an empty pocket. I was sixteen or seventeen at the time. At five o'clock in the evening I came to a big public works, saw the walking ganger, and got a job to start on the night-shift. One of the fellows gave me a chunk of something to eat, an hour in which to rest, and attend to my feet. You must note here that I was new to the game. It was my first long tram, as I had never been so "hard set" before, and I was really too young and immature to put too much strain upon my physical frame. Besides that, the job was a "killer." At six o'clock I checked on and was put in a gang that was working at a heading a thousand feet of the shaft bottom—we were tunnel-driving—and the shaft was about eight hundred feet deep. This meant that the day was foul and we had to live on compressed air—horrible stuff—and breathing compressed air for a ten or twelve hour shift is enough to knock a youth over even if he does no work at all. The worst of all, perhaps, was the fact that we were driving all the time into solid rock. Part of the shift was spent in drilling and breathing the rock-dust, charging and blasting—during which period we had to clear and cut off even the compressed air; and the rest of the time was filled in with pick and shovel work and running the skips of muck to the bottom of the shaft. Well, I worked the shift of twelve hours through. It was pure Hell. If anybody wants to know what WORK is, let him do a full shift on a rushed tunnel job where green hands are pressed and watched as if they were "old soldiers." Talk about will-power! Every movement of every limb and muscle was only accomplished by a heart-breaking effort of will. Every move of my blistered feet had to be imagined and forced in my mind before I could make it. At supper-time I had to force myself to eat the supper that the heading ganger gave me. I wanted nothing but—to lie down and not rest, but—ache it out. I wonder if "Romney" knows what I mean! Remember, I had done forty miles during the day; I was stumped up for coppers, and I was put to a job harder than I had ever tackled before, under bad conditions to which I was not accustomed, and I had to will myself through it—-to make what seemed a separate act of will for every second of every one of the twelve hours. And then I went to my lodge in the standing-ganger's hut at six in the morning, a walk of two miles. Mark this, also, there was no complaining on my part, not because I did not want to complain, but because I dare not. It would not have been playing the game. All I could do was to swear, and that was a totally inadequate comfort then.

There the story should end, but it does not. When we got to the hut I took a long drink of tea, played for a few minutes with a tremendous dish of meat, and then turned in to my bunk. For two hours I lay on that bunk, listening to the other fellows as they came in, undressed, and promptly started to snore, and then I got up. I simply could not sleep, I was too tired, and the bunk seemed to be pressing every nerve and every aching muscle. It was unbearable. The huts were situated in a lovely district of woods and fields, and I went for a walk! Went for a walk! I was so tired that I could not keep still. Then I could not walk, so I lay down in the fields and found that the easiest thing of all. And, then, coming to some breathing or other, I was dug out and told that the night-shift had to go on at noon. So, after six-hours' rest, I was again dropped down the hole and set to work, and the same ache and agony of strain of will went on. It went on for I do not know how many hours, till it might have been six, perhaps nine, and then there was a change, and I want you to notice this change. I was forcing my protesting feet along behind a skip of muck to the shaft foot when I stumbled over a broken rail and fell. Whether the fall had anything to do with it or not I do not know, but just at that moment it seemed as if something broke in me. I might say it seemed to break in my head, but that would not be strictly correct; it was a feeling that pervaded my whole physical frame and checked my mental action. My body was mentally tortured as well. The first effect of this snapping of some invisible and intangible cord was to make me careless of appearances or results. I simply wanted to lie there and "moon"—you know what I mean: not think, not dream, not even lazily speculate, but simply to—moon. How long I actually did lie there I know not, but at last I got up and pushed the skip along with much less pain than formerly. Mind, it was still painful; my limbs still ached and my lips and eyelids still had a tendency to twitch; my feet wore still heavy and sore; but these things did not distress me so much. I did the work more mechanically and—horrible thought—I did not care a hang what anyone might think of me or my condition. I was simply a machine that had got hot in its bearings and needed a general overhauling, owing to the fact that it had been run for too long a period without attention. There was a common expression—we use it about horses generally—"breaking one in." I was broken in. Somehow it did not seem necessary to will my limbs to work for the rest of the shift; had it been, I could not have accomplished it; but neither could I have willed myself to do anything else. I seemed robbed of all volition. I went on with my work, but in a different way. My pick fell because, in some strange way, I had raised it, and not because I was putting live, conscious force behind it, driving it to some point with some definite object. And, worst of all, if I missed some definite object. And, worst of all, if I missed my mark and, say, hit my boot-toe, I did not care. Now you will begin to see what I am driving at, and next week I will carry the matter to its logical end.

Rowland Kenney.
On Marx and Wealth and Power.

By Ramiro De Maeztu.

As the centuries of the Middle Ages were spent in discussing, both by word and by sword, the question of the primacy of the spiritual or the temporal power, so have the political thinkers of the last few decades devoted their attention to establishing the primacy of military or economic power.

The problem has been formulated by thinkers of every intellectual school, but it has particularly interested those who have set out to seek remedies for the social injustices arising from the abuse of power. This is, generally speaking, the manner in which the problem has been set forth: they start from the assumption that the greater proportion of men are exploited and oppressed by of the remainder; and they ask whether men are exploited because they are oppressed, or whether they are oppressed because they are exploited. Those who believe that the roots of the evil lie in oppression deduce from this that not only exploitation, but the excesses of authority; and they thus inspire the programmes of the Liberal parties of men, who call themselves Radicals, Syndicalists, or Anarchists. Those, again, who believe that the origin of injustice lies in exploitation come to the conclusion that not only injustice but oppression, would disappear with the excesses of authority; and they thus urge the supporters of the Socialist Parties to concentrate their attention, in the first place at least, on the economic problem.

Controversy becomes obscure when, instead of speaking of military power, which is a definite thing, it deals with political power, which is confused and composite. Political power is nowadays a mixture of spiritual power, which is only an influence on the mind, and of economic power, with the aid of which a body of plutocrats can make themselves masters of the machinery of one or more political parties; and of the implicit military power possessed by the leaders of large groups of men, since it is always possible for such leaders to make use of their followers, more or less, in defending their interests by means of physical force. As political power may always be resolved into its three component parts of spiritual power, material economic power, and material military power, the question of the primacy of one material power over the other may be simplified and reduced to its elements if we regard it as the primacy of economic or military power.

First people, without troubling themselves over much about the controversies of the intellectuals, endeavour to solve the problems of the abuse of power by their own common sense as these problems arise, without investigating their real origin. Thus the Socialist Parties, taking their stand on the ideological supposition that the origin of human oppression lies in exploitation, and being confronted in the last few years with the problem of increasing military expenditure, have proposed as a solution, in France and Germany, the plan of a democratic citizen army, in which the officers would be elected by the soldiers, as the only means of safeguarding the liberty of the people in the face of aggression from abroad and militarism at home.

This plan is an excellent one; at any rate, in its general lines. But there is not the slightest probability of carrying it into effect so long as the German military caste retains its power—that military caste which, “holding Germany in its grip, had resolved to make war upon Europe,” to use Mr. Hyndman’s expression. For the reader must note that, as the title of his theory suggests, political power for Dühring is military power. “The prime factor,” said Dühring, “must always be military power.” And he illustrated his thesis with an allegory in which the exploitation of man by man began on the day that Robinson Crusoe, dagger in hand, made a slave of Man Friday.

The problem has been formulated by thinkers of every intellectual school, but it has particularly interested those who have set out to seek remedies for the social injustices arising from the abuse of power. This is, generally speaking, the manner in which the problem has been set forth: they start from the assumption that the greater proportion of men are exploited and oppressed by of the remainder; and they ask whether men are exploited because they are oppressed, or whether they are oppressed because they are exploited. Those who believe that the roots of the evil lie in oppression deduce from this that not only exploitation, but the excesses of authority; and they thus inspire the programmes of the Liberal parties of men, who call themselves Radicals, Syndicalists, or Anarchists. Those, again, who believe that the origin of injustice lies in exploitation come to the conclusion that not only injustice but oppression, would disappear with the excesses of authority; and they thus urge the supporters of the Socialist Parties to concentrate their attention, in the first place at least, on the economic problem.

Controversy becomes obscure when, instead of speaking of military power, which is a definite thing, it deals with political power, which is confused and composite. Political power is nowadays a mixture of spiritual power, which is only an influence on the mind, and of economic power, with the aid of which a body of plutocrats can make themselves masters of the machinery of one or more political parties; and of the implicit military power possessed by the leaders of large groups of men, since it is always possible for such leaders to make use of their followers, more or less, in defending their interests by means of physical force. As political power may always be resolved into its three component parts of spiritual power, material economic power, and material military power, the question of the primacy of one material power over the other may be simplified and reduced to its elements if we regard it as the primacy of economic or military power.

First people, without troubling themselves over much about the controversies of the intellectuals, endeavour to solve the problems of the abuse of power by their own common sense as these problems arise, without investigating their real origin. Thus the Socialist Parties, taking their stand on the ideological supposition that the origin of human oppression lies in exploitation, and being confronted in the last few years with the problem of increasing military expenditure, have proposed as a solution, in France and Germany, the plan of a democratic citizen army, in which the officers would be elected by the soldiers, as the only means of safeguarding the liberty of the people in the face of aggression from abroad and militarism at home.

This plan is an excellent one; at any rate, in its general lines. But there is not the slightest probability of carrying it into effect so long as the German military caste retains its power—that military caste which, “holding Germany in its grip, had resolved to make war upon Europe,” to use Mr. Hyndman’s expression. For the reader must note that, as the title of his theory suggests, political power for Dühring is military power. “The prime factor,” said Dühring, “must always be sought in immediate political power and not in an indirect economic power.” And he illustrated his thesis with an allegory in which the exploitation of man by man began on the day that Robinson Crusoe, dagger in hand, made a slave of Man Friday.

The economics of Robinson Crusoe we know only what a novel tells us, and there are varying opinions
regarding what took place in primitive societies; but in the case of modern Germany it could not happen that Mr. Hyndman would, when he tells us that she is in the grip of a military caste. What has become of Herr Ballin? The motto of the Hamburg-Amerika Line said proudly, six months ago, "The world is my field. But (mein Feld ist die Welt!)." But now humbly waiting until the English Navy permits them to sail the seas again. What has become of the great German industrial and banking magnates? The generals in the field ask the Berlin Government for permission to start raising a Navy, and the Government asks the bankers and industrialists. The German Government has put an end to the economic exchange—so far as wheat is concerned—and consequently to the reciprocal action and reaction of different powers it is logical enough that each of them should appear to us to be conditionally the others. But there is no logical necessity for affirming the primacy either of the economic power or of the military power. We think of both powers as primary and elemental, as all those powers are which cannot be decomposed into the others—the religious power, for instance, or the moral, the scientific, the artistic, or the erotic. All elemental powers are primary.

It is not a theoretical necessity, but a practical necessity—perhaps it is only a practical illusion—which leads a certain type of thinker to unify problems. It is the type of thinker that cannot imagine a field of speculation. And all the monkish hypotheses are at bottom, nothing but coups d'etat with which the will chooses the free course of ideas.

The Project of Partition.

What will be the fate of the Ottoman Empire when this war is over? The war is far from ended at this moment, so that the time may seem premature. But everybody will admit that it is of great importance to us English to obtain a settlement which shall not further weaken the defences of our Empire. Russia is our enemy of the future in respect of every bit of territory we possess in Asia. We shall be wise to fortify our new position against her while we may; for Armageddon, as it seems to me, is yet to come. Two buffer States, Persia and Turkey will be gone, Afghanistan is fast going, Orenburg Cossacks within twenty-three versts of our frontier. But what will the consequences be of this war? Things that were in hand for their improvement dropped, since Lord Hardinge went to India; while great attention has been paid (the Lord knows why) to the defences of our frontier against China! Six years ago we could have counted, in a war with Russia, upon the active sympathy of every Asiatic race. It is more than doubtful whether this is still the case; and I am not sure that the victory by the Allies, or something in the nature of a treaty of partition between the partitioners can be avoided forever.

Our own rulers seem, so far as I can learn, to contemplate a full partition of the Turkish Empire in accordance with a project which has been for some years in existence. Russia will have Eastern Anatolia, Northern Mesopotamia and, almost certainly, Constantinople; although S. Verdad assures that the British Government would rather hand the key of Asia to a small Power like Bulgaria. England will have Southern Mesopotamia and probably all the territory southward, roughly, of a line drawn on the map from a point a little to the north of Samara on the Tigris to a point a little south of Jaffa on the Coast of Palestine. The whole peninsula of Arabia will be included in her sphere of influence for gradual absorption. The Malayan States will have much of Syria. The disposal of the Holy Land will be the subject of negotiations which, as a student of contemporary Christianity, I would give much to witness; but I imagine that in the end an autonomous State of some kind, made as small as possible, will be set up there. The same will be the case in other regions where war between the partitioners can be avoided (for the moment) by no other means. Italy will obtainCrete and some small territory; Greece, perhaps, the same. Germany—are you surprised that I should have included her in the list of Powers? When, therefore, Marx sets up a map of a more practical spirit than that of Dühring, he sets himself to investigate the dynamics of oppression it is natural that he should trace its roots to exploitation. It is equally explicable why Dühring, who was more of a theologian than Marx, sought the origin of exploitation in a time when the history of ships are now humbly waiting until the English Navy permits them to sail the seas again.
Impressions of Paris.

Whoever can have shown the Vorticists Rameses II? As Arnold said—ideas shape the world all the better for maturing a little, and no doubt this criticism applies to all ideas, including the ideas of the 'new art form'. Certain—arrangement of masses in relation.' Old Rameses is the oldest sculpture I can remember at the moment—an arrangement of masses in relation. The Vorticists might well begin now really to shape things. I think their idea of the new art form is quite right. Certainly, they will be a long while yet in grasping all that is to be noted in the statue of Rameses, at least, judging by their works! Rameses, a mass, sits upon a mass in a position possible to the human form. His skull is not twisted so as to oblige you to search for it underneath his shoulders; but most different from all Vorticist arrange-ments of masses, out of relation, he has a face, and a face the arranged masses of which express remarkable human intellectual force. But no, I do remember long enough old statuary—there was a Sphinx, bless me, two thousand known years before Rameses. She was, indeed a quaintish animal, but even her legs were assuredly sculptured where they would be in relation to the rest of her, not, like the legs of Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska's 'Stags,' where you may please to believe they are. If the Vorticists, any one of them, had ever shown us a sculpture of a truly human head of intellectual force (a human head, of course, because intellectual forces exist in the mass of men, and in the heavens) we might believe Mr. Pound that they have learned all there is to be known and, moreover, are capable of executing according to their knowledge; but, since there is not one single great modern sculpt-ure approaching Egyptian monumental, it must be concluded that the Vorticists' grasp of the idea of the arrangement of masses in relation has not yet drawn them to experiment in anything more subtle than geometrical lines and curves; which, to their creative delight, results in masses far more perfect in all the forms of men and animals without, however, any emotional or intellectual expression. No man can make a work greater than himself, a work outside his limit of conception. The Vorticists have got as far as to feel lines and curves, and no doubt they will be able presently to make intellectual works according to their natural limits. Their very talented warming-pan, Mr. Pound, will have the world all ready for them, and by the time they are able to surpass the art of the past, I suppose we won't mind much what Mr. Pound may do with the old masters. I think, however, that he might have got more 'push' into his great announce-ment. Annotated au grand serieux it would go better—for instance, like this, though, of course, I myself might have got more 'push' into his great announce-ments. It is energy cut from the stone. It is an arrangement of masses in relation. It is not an empty copy of empty Roman allegories [Angel'o's Medici Tombs] which are themselves copies [The Arch of Trajan] of copies [The Temple of Wingless Victory]. It is not a mimicry of external life [Niobe]. It is energy cut into stone. It has regard to the stone. It is not something stable for plaster or bronze transferred to stone by machines and underlings. It regards the nature of the medium.

If the sculptor who made the Venus de Milo had only understood his medium! He would have made the thing in plastic. He would have known that sculpture is brought to dust, and we should have been spared all this trouble of transporting her from the Louvre to save her from the German guns! But, it must be admitted that one of the Vorticists is a very fine craftsman and can polish a stone to perfection, even though all the others seem to think that all of his work would go easily under the apropos of one of Michael Angelo's underlings. A creature said that all he knew about love was from his friends and that he supposed it to be a business of eating from the same plate—perhaps to prevent each other being first to get it as a weapon.
We picked enormous holes in this theory, but he stuck to it that they do eat off the same plate and break it on each other's head afterwards. I never did anything myself with a plate exactly, but what is love? Believe me, we argued it for several pages but I have crossed them all out. All that came to was that love is not what remains after the plates are all gone. Beauty neither could be defined. All that came to was that a little imperfection is very supportable in a world like this, and that the more beautiful a woman the more distasteful her person in a crowd. The woman had reminded us of the lady who on being reproved for being so ugly, excused herself, saying that it was so handy for travelling. Paris is telling everywhere a tale of London suffragettes (perhaps they were not, but Paris can all meddle so). This he asked his name and condition by the sergeant, he explained that he was a naval lieutenant on two days' leave because his ship had been sunk in an engagement.

Paris gave itself over to Garibaldi yesterday. My tram was hours in passing the Gare de Lyons where the crowd gathered or other I took a wild fever to set off for Italy. I am sure I shall wake up in Florence one of these mornings. And why not? I'm no longer impressed by Paris and you see how instead of trying to evoke what impressions there may be, I sit reading and writing and enjoying myself in a thoroughly selfish way, and then job you off with what I've been reading instead of touting the town to tell you how many Boy Scouts passed me from here to the Châtelet I still can't keep my fingers off the Memoires office. As he hesitated, they stuck white feathers all they could be defined. All that came to was that a little imperfection is very supportable in a world like this, and that the more beautiful a woman the more distasteful her person in a crowd. The woman explained that he was a naval lieutenant on two days' leave because his ship had been sunk in an engagement.

Paris gave itself over to Garibaldi yesterday. My tram was hours in passing the Gare de Lyons where the crowd gathered or other I took a wild fever to set off for Italy. I am sure I shall wake up in Florence one of these mornings. And why not? I'm no longer impressed by Paris and you see how instead of trying to evoke what impressions there may be, I sit reading and writing and enjoying myself in a thoroughly selfish way, and then job you off with what I've been reading instead of touting the town to tell you how many Boy Scouts passed me from here to the Châtelet I still can't keep my fingers off the Memoires office. As he hesitated, they stuck white feathers all they could be defined. All that came to was that a little imperfection is very supportable in a world like this, and that the more beautiful a woman the more distasteful her person in a crowd. The woman explained that he was a naval lieutenant on two days' leave because his ship had been sunk in an engagement.

As he hesitated, they stuck white feathers all they could be defined. All that came to was that a little imperfection is very supportable in a world like this, and that the more beautiful a woman the more distasteful her person in a crowd. The woman explained that he was a naval lieutenant on two days' leave because his ship had been sunk in an engagement.

It was a long cry from all this to "René." The French took their Revolution and the murder of their king harder than we took ours. The artists, moreover, suffered far worse shock, for the guilt was more national. You remember De Musset's lament for the time of his birth, a time when exhaustion was avenging on the innocent the orgy of ferocity, when the people dared no more be idealist and there was no courageous arisosity to dare be gay and forgetful. Châteaubriand, a young man already at the time of horror, never passed from its shadow. With him notably began the suspicion of life which took all the profoundly poetic men of his time and for long after, and which affected the sensitive part of the nation. Hear René: "I am accused of inconstancy in my tastes, of being unable to enjoy even my chimeras for any length of time, of being the prey of an imagination that only wants to hasten to plumb its pleasures as they are about to be blunted and lopped in their turn. I am accused of passing always the end I might attain. Alas! I seek only for some unknown good towards which my instinct pushes me. Is it my fault if I find the limits of everything, if what is finished has no value whatever in my eyes? I do not blame my imagination for being like the monotony of sentiments, and if I were still so foolish as to believe in happiness, I would seek it in habit." There is too old a head on young shoulders. And after the frightful recital of the tragedy of René's life, his sister's incestuous passion, the severe monk Souël endeavours to restore René to youth and activity.

"Nothing in your history merits much pity. I see a young man carried away by chimeras, whom everything displeases, who has fled society in order to be free for useless dreamings." He succeeds in sending René back to the world, but no solace comes. In this unromantic conclusion to a tragedy of temperament which no external activity or prosperity might change, Châteaubriand is once more a true artist. The story is set in his own times, and his own times, burdened with horrible memories, offered as the only refuge its sensitive from futile despair either a life of monotonous, disciplinary habits or a life of prodigious labour. René was not one of those labourers, nor was he fitted for a life of discipline. He wanted joy and self-contentment in circumstances in which only the traffickers and the profiteers with its accompaniment of public advertise-
Letters to my Nephew.

II.

The Choice of a Profession.

DEAR GEORGE,—When you wrote that you wanted to follow some useful occupation and expressly excluded the law and the academy, you inferentially condemned both these professions as useless. You probably meant that they were more ornamental than useful. I, of course, understand that you did not include the general teaching profession, such as a schoolmaster or a teacher. You meant becoming a don. Teaching is almost the oldest and certainly the most noble of all the professions. It is the foundation of law, medicine and priestcraft. The English attitude towards education puzzled and irritated me. Throughout Europe, the teacher is not only immensely respected but ranks high. In Scotland and Wales, it is properly regarded as an honourable and eminently useful profession. In Ireland, too, I have heard old men speak of such an occupation as a useful and dignified profession. In England, we put our teachers upon the same financial level as our policemen. We segregate them in very inferior colleges, isolated from university life, and generally treat them as a negligible factor in our social economy. The team increasing female ponderance, are partly to blame for showing such a shocking lack of backbone; but the true cause lies deeper and will be found in our national conception of education as an instrument of discipline rather than an awakening and emancipating force. In England, I am told that the formation of the Teachers' Register may lead to more unity of purpose amongst the teachers and an excess of power, both economic and political. For the life of me, I cannot understand why the teaching profession does not constitute itself into a trust or a guild, and run the whole educational machine. Andrew Carnegie could teach them how to do it in ten minutes. He could; but he wouldn't. He knows better. Anyhow, we have put pedagogy to sleep or to death and, pending its sure and glorious resurrection, we may dismiss teaching as an occupation quite unfitted for a gentleman.

I have read somewhere that, legally, a gentleman must belong to one of the liberal professions, or possess £500 a year without working for it. By this token, my boy, your £700 makes you a gentleman. You could become doubly a gentleman if you went to the bar. I do not suppose that you would expect me to give you a double tail to your name, Esq., Esq., but, as you decline to be a barrister, my little conceit is superfluous. But don't run away with the idea that the legal profession is useless. Where would your £700 a year be if we had neither law nor lawyers? When Parnell's divorce case stirred the virtuous public, a cynic remarked that now was the time for all adulterers to stand shoulder to shoulder. And if I do not mistake the signs of the times, when the more intelligent labourers are openly adopting the heresy that labour is not a commodity to be bought and sold like pots and potatoes, that it is a human and therefore a sacred thing, it will soon be high time for the possessing classes to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of their possessions and their hereditary and accumulated wealth. Let the unfortunate widows and orphans whose little lost legacies will subject them to all the horrors of the Populous under the law of conspiracy. The next step will be a carefully conceived and almost universal lockdown. If that fails (as it will) then riots will be engineered—in your innocence, do you suppose that our governing classes are incapable of employing agents provocateurs?—and so we shall walk to war.

Thus far I have written with glib certainty. First, the lawyers; next the police; finally, the military. But will the military respond? I wonder! Will they fire on old comrades? Will they not rather fire upon their own officers? They and we imagine that the lawyer's attitude towards education puzzles and irritates me. In my own experience, I have always found lawyers more susceptible to ideas than clergymen. They are more human. The true confession of our little Empire is, that it has been, and may be, an instrument of oppression, of despotism and of torture. Let us see to it that it does not become the monopoly of bullies and mercenaries. The advocate, even to-day, is not permitted to take a "petty"; nor may he sue for his "honorarium." You might do worse, my boy, than go to the bar.

I do not forget, too, that our Empire, if not founded on law, is maintained by law. As a Colonial, of sorts, I certainly ought to remember it. Wherever our flag flies, we impose our law. In the little tract of tropical territory from which I derive my poor sustenance, six thousand miles from your snug study, we insist upon rigid obedience to law. It reminds me of the little epic of Eleuterio Hernandez. About a mile from my plantation, is the little wooden house that is at once our police station, post-office, telegraph and telephone station. There, as magistrate, I sometimes dispense justice. If the local prison is full, I am very merciful. If we want the prison labour, then, oddly enough, I am impressed with the necessity of vindicating the majesty of the law. There still hangs on the wall a soiled and frayed print, announcing the paper which first denounced, the commodity theory. The next step will be a carefully conceived and almost universal lockdown. If that fails (as it will) then riots will be engineered—in your innocence, do you suppose that our governing classes are incapable of employing agents provocateurs?—and so we shall walk to war.

Thus far I have written with glib certainty. First, the lawyers; next the police; finally, the military. But will the military respond? I wonder! Will they fire on old comrades? Will they not rather fire upon their own officers? They and we imagine that the lawyer's attitude towards education puzzles and irritates me. In my own experience, I have always found lawyers more susceptible to ideas than clergymen. They are more human. The true confession of our little Empire is, that it has been, and may be, an instrument of oppression, of despotism and of torture. Let us see to it that it does not become the monopoly of bullies and mercenaries. The advocate, even to-day, is not permitted to take a "petty"; nor may he sue for his "honorarium." You might do worse, my boy, than go to the bar.

I do not forget, too, that our Empire, if not founded on law, is maintained by law. As a Colonial, of sorts, I certainly ought to remember it. Wherever our flag flies, we impose our law. In the little tract of tropical territory from which I derive my poor sustenance, six thousand miles from your snug study, we insist upon rigid obedience to law. It reminds me of the little epic of Eleuterio Hernandez. About a mile from my plantation, is the little wooden house that is at once our police station, post-office, telegraph and telephone station. There, as magistrate, I sometimes dispense justice. If the local prison is full, I am very merciful. If we want the prison labour, then, oddly enough, I am impressed with the necessity of vindicating the majesty of the law. There still hangs on the wall a soiled and frayed print, announcing the paper which first denounced, the commodity theory. The next step will be a carefully conceived and almost universal lockdown. If that fails (as it will) then riots will be engineered—in your innocence, do you suppose that our governing classes are incapable of employing agents provocateurs?—and so we shall walk to war.

Thus far I have written with glib certainty. First, the lawyers; next the police; finally, the military. But will the military respond? I wonder! Will they fire on old comrades? Will they not rather fire upon their own officers? They and we imagine that the lawyer's attitude towards education puzzles and irritates me. In my own experience, I have always found lawyers more susceptible to ideas than clergymen. They are more human. The true confession of our little Empire is, that it has been, and may be, an instrument of oppression, of despotism and of torture. Let us see to it that it does not become the monopoly of bullies and mercenaries. The advocate, even to-day, is not permitted to take a "petty"; nor may he sue for his "honorarium." You might do worse, my boy, than go to the bar.

I do not forget, too, that our Empire, if not founded on law, is maintained by law. As a Colonial, of sorts, I certainly ought to remember it. Wherever our flag flies, we impose our law. In the little tract of tropical territory from which I derive my poor sustenance, six thousand miles from your snug study, we insist upon rigid obedience to law. It reminds me of the little epic of Eleuterio Hernandez. About a mile from my plantation, is the little wooden house that is at once our police station, post-office, telegraph and telephone station. There, as magistrate, I sometimes dispense justice. If the local prison is full, I am very merciful. If we want the prison labour, then, oddly enough, I am impressed with the necessity of vindicating the majesty of the law. There still hangs on the wall a soiled and frayed print, announcing the paper which first denounced, the commodity theory. The next step will be a carefully conceived and almost universal lockdown. If that fails (as it will) then riots will be engineered—in your innocence, do you suppose that our governing classes are incapable of employing agents provocateurs?—and so we shall walk to war.

Thus far I have written with glib certainty. First, the lawyers; next the police; finally, the military. But will the military respond? I wonder! Will they fire on old comrades? Will they not rather fire upon their own officers? They and we imagine that the lawyer's attitude towards education puzzles and irritates me. In my own experience, I have always found lawyers more susceptible to ideas than clergymen. They are more human. The true confession of our little Empire is, that it has been, and may be, an instrument of oppression, of despotism and of torture. Let us see to it that it does not become the monopoly of bullies and mercenaries. The advocate, even to-day, is not permitted to take a "petty"; nor may he sue for his "honorarium." You might do worse, my boy, than go to the bar.
obtained by bleeding the sapodilla tree. It oozes out, a thick, sticky, repulsive looking stuff. The Belize merchants take it to ground the bush to get it into chicle. They advance money to these men who are known as "contractors." They, in their turn, engage a gang of assistants on monthly wages and rations. No light task, I assure you. The bush is almost impenetrable. You cut your way, yard by yard, with machetes. Snakes lurk at the roots. Tread on one and say your prayers. "What happens, happens," say these chinequeros; they shrug their shoulders and press forward. Mosquitoes impregnate them with fever. "What happens, happens." The dry season was not too quickly; there is yet much to be done. Press on! All too soon come the torrential rains. "What happens, happens." Let us get back to see how much we have earned. There are girls and rum waiting for us.

In this way, Hernandez lived. Flour and bacon and beans; beans and bacon and flour. Sometimes they catch a deer or a picary. Debt. Come, pay up! They meet him with long faces. Impassive, he waits. Time is on her side; Hernandez will not always remain invisible. Mercedes brightens. There is a bridle track over the Guatemalan mountains. It is watched night and day. Policemen are known to sleep on duty. Zigg-zagging to the north-west is another track into Mexico. Quien sabe? But the tired eyes of Hernandez look not west but east. He longs for the embraces of his Mercedes. And he waits, with revenge's untried patience, for any one or two, or more, of those Belize thieves to come to Cayo. He hides near the river, so near that he can hear the almost silent swish of the paddles. Along the river is a narrow turf road. He thinks he hears the muffled pad-pad of ponies' hoofs. He looks out. Yes; three ponies and three riders canter towards him. The middle man, Dios! what luck! is one of them. His gun rests on a branch. The riders draw level with the rifle's sight. The bullet flies to its billet. Hernandez moves back into the thick bush. He hears a violent galloping and smiles happily. Mercedes provides the power. In a dimly moonlit night, he creeps into Cayo. Mercedes, sleeping under her mosquito net, feels a hand stealing up to her cheek. She seizes it and passionately kisses it. He moves in beside her. The sun is up. Quick! Hernandez, quick! Too late! He looks down the barrel of a rifle. At the other end is a grinning negro. He holds up his hands. The policeman approaches him and foolishly lowers his gun to get the handcuffs. Swift as a startled lizard, Hernandez draws his revolver and another officer of the law has paid the price of fumbling a sure capture.

We next hear of Hernandez leading a gang of desperadoes; sometimes on the Guatemalan side, sometimes on the Belize side, sometimes he is aboard an old schooner. He is solemnly outlawed with bell, book and candle. Then the Authorities bethink them of Mercedes. A message thither, shouting through the telephone, frenziedly demanding reports, Hernandez seeks the shelter of the sombre forest. There is a hue and cry. He instinctively senses it. Mercedes, her eyes no longer bright, nostrils tightly drawn, lips curving downwards, comes to Cayo. Mysterious parcels of food and cartridges reach the fugitive. The days grow into weeks. Justice, still outraged, now slackens her paces. She still gasps, running hither and thither. The Authorities bethink them of Mercedes. They, in their turn, engage a gang of assistants on monthly wages and rations. No light task, I assure you. The bush is almost impenetrable. You cut your way, yard by yard, with machetes. Snakes lurk at the roots. Tread on one and say your prayers. "What happens, happens," say these chinequeros; they shrug their shoulders and press forward. Mosquitoes impregnate them with fever. "What happens, happens." The dry season was not too quickly; there is yet much to be done. Press on! All too soon come the torrential rains. "What happens, happens." Let us get back to see how much we have earned. There are girls and rum waiting for us.

In this way, Hernandez lived. Flour and bacon and beans; beans and bacon and flour. Sometimes they catch a deer or a picary; sometimes they shoot a pigeon. Thus did he arrive on his last journey, thinking perhaps of that back-yard where he was photographed standing beside the chair with the antimacassar. More likely was he thinking of the girl inside, who was waiting for him, pondering subtle questions to probe her fidelity. For a few days. Hernandez hears of our coming and, near that he can hear the almost silent swish of the paddles. Along the river is a narrow turf road. He thinks he hears the muffled pad-pad of ponies' hoofs. He looks out. Yes; three ponies and three riders canter towards him. The middle man, Dios! what luck! is one of them. His gun rests on a branch. The riders draw level with the rifle's sight. The bullet flies to its billet. Hernandez moves back into the thick bush. He hears a violent galloping and smiles happily. Mercedes provides the power. In a dimly moonlit night, he creeps into Cayo. Mercedes, sleeping under her mosquito net, feels a hand stealing up to her cheek. She seizes it and passionately kisses it. He moves in beside her. The sun is up. Quick! Hernandez, quick! Too late! He looks down the barrel of a rifle. At the other end is a grinning negro. He holds up his hands. The policeman approaches him and foolishly lowers his gun to get the handcuffs. Swift as a startled lizard, Hernandez draws his revolver and another officer of the law has paid the price of fumbling a sure capture.

We next hear of Hernandez leading a gang of desperadoes; sometimes on the Guatemalan side, sometimes on the Belize side, sometimes he is aboard an old schooner. He is solemnly outlawed with bell, book and candle. Then the Authorities bethink them of Mercedes. A message thither, shouting through the telephone, frenziedly demanding reports, Hernandez seeks the shelter of the sombre forest. There is a hue and cry. He instinctively senses it. Mercedes, her eyes no longer bright, nostrils tightly drawn, lips curving downwards, comes to Cayo. Mysterious parcels of food and cartridges reach the fugitive. The days grow into weeks. Justice, still outraged, now slackens her paces. She still gasps, running hither and thither. The Authorities bethink them of Mercedes. They, in their turn, engage a gang of assistants on monthly wages and rations. No light task, I assure you. The bush is almost impenetrable. You cut your way, yard by yard, with machetes. Snakes lurk at the roots. Tread on one and say your prayers. "What happens, happens," say these chinequeros; they shrug their shoulders and press forward. Mosquitoes impregnate them with fever. "What happens, happens." The dry season was not too quickly; there is yet much to be done. Press on! All too soon come the torrential rains. "What happens, happens." Let us get back to see how much we have earned. There are girls and rum waiting for us.

In this way, Hernandez lived. Flour and bacon and beans; beans and bacon and flour. Sometimes they catch a deer or a picary; sometimes they shoot a pigeon. Thus did he arrive on his last journey, thinking perhaps of that back-yard where he was photographed standing beside the chair with the antimacassar. More likely was he thinking of the girl inside, who was waiting for him, pondering subtle questions to probe her fidelity. For a few days. Hernandez hears of our coming and, near that he can hear the almost silent swish of the paddles. Along the river is a narrow turf road. He thinks he hears the muffled pad-pad of ponies' hoofs. He looks out. Yes; three ponies and three riders canter towards him. The middle man, Dios! what luck! is one of them. His gun rests on a branch. The riders draw level with the rifle's sight. The bullet flies to its billet. Hernandez moves back into the thick bush. He hears a violent galloping and smiles happily. Mercedes provides the power. In a dimly moonlit night, he creeps into Cayo. Mercedes, sleeping under her mosquito net, feels a hand stealing up to her cheek. She seizes it and passionately kisses it. He moves in beside her. The sun is up. Quick! Hernandez, quick! Too late! He looks down the barrel of a rifle. At the other end is a grinning negro. He holds up his hands. The policeman approaches him and foolishly lowers his gun to get the handcuffs. Swift as a startled lizard, Hernandez draws his revolver and another officer of the law has paid the price of fumbling a sure capture.

We next hear of Hernandez leading a gang of desperadoes; sometimes on the Guatemalan side, sometimes on the Belize side, sometimes he is aboard an old schooner. He is solemnly outlawed with bell, book and candle. Then the Authorities bethink them of Mercedes. A message thither, shouting through the telephone, frenziedly demanding reports, Hernandez seeks the shelter of the sombre forest. There is a hue and cry. He instinctively senses it. Mercedes, her eyes no longer bright, nostrils tightly drawn, lips curving downwards, comes to Cayo. Mysterious parcels of food and cartridges reach the fugitive. The days grow into weeks. Justice, still outraged, now slackens her paces. She still gasps, running hither and thither. The Authorities bethink them of Mercedes. They, in their turn, engage a gang of assistants on monthly wages and rations. No light task, I assure you. The bush is almost impenetrable. You cut your way, yard by yard, with machetes. Snakes lurk at the roots. Tread on one and say your prayers. "What happens, happens," say these chinequeros; they shrug their shoulders and press forward. Mosquitoes impregnate them with fever. "What happens, happens." The dry season was not too quickly; there is yet much to be done. Press on! All too soon come the torrential rains. "What happens, happens." Let us get back to see how much we have earned. There are girls and rum waiting for us.

In this way, Hernandez lived. Flour and bacon and beans; beans and bacon and flour. Sometimes they catch a deer or a picary; sometimes they shoot a pigeon. Thus did he arrive on his last journey, thinking perhaps of that back-yard where he was photographed standing beside the chair with the antimacassar. More likely was he thinking of the girl inside, who was waiting for him, pondering subtle questions to probe her fidelity. For a few days. Hernandez hears of our coming and, near that he can hear the almost silent swish of the paddles. Along the river is a narrow turf road. He thinks he hears the muffled pad-pad of ponies' hoofs. He looks out. Yes; three ponies and three riders canter towards him. The middle man, Dios! what luck! is one of them. His gun rests on a branch. The riders draw level with the rifle's sight. The bullet flies to its billet. Hernandez moves back into the thick bush. He hears a violent galloping and smiles happily. Mercedes provides the power. In a dimly moonlit night, he creeps into Cayo. Mercedes, sleeping under her mosquito net, feels a hand stealing up to her cheek. She seizes it and passionately kisses it. He moves in beside her. The sun is up. Quick! Hernandez, quick! Too late! He looks down the barrel of a rifle. At the other end is a grinning negro. He holds up his hands. The policeman approaches him and foolishly lowers his gun to get the handcuffs. Swift as a startled lizard, Hernandez draws his revolver and another officer of the law has paid the price of fumbling a sure capture.
HISTOIRE D'ENFANT.

By Augustus John.
Readers and Writers.

WRn the publication of Mr. Austin Harrison's letter last week the incident, as the diplomatists say, is closed: but The New Age has received so many communications concerning the title of the original article that I am set to wind up the discussion. "Friends," said Socrates, to talk with you about the thing which has come to pass. Stay, then, a little, for we may as well talk while there is time." If it were the case that the title was hastily adopted or its effect upon perhaps a majority of readers unforeseen, there would, indeed, be nothing to say, nor would even the justification afforded by Mr. Harrison's final letter be more than exquisitely fortunate. The contrary, however, is the fact. The title was chosen after deliberation and published after considerable reflection. Right or wrong, for better or for worse, our judgment was represented by it. It remains only to explain the grounds.

Now what was it, I ask, that shocked so many readers in the word so chosen? That it was rude, that it did not become these columns and that the epithet should have been left to be rather concluded than forced upon the eyes. All these, are legitimate complaints and ought to receive their full weight; but are they necessarily conclusive? Cannot circumstances be imagined when the common good manners of public discussion are no longer good manners, when, in fact, their breach is more really a good-natured and well-intentioned observance? And was not the particular occasion exactly one of them? To begin with, it was not as if the two persons concerned, Dr. Oscar Levy and Mr. Austin Harrison, were dragged into these columns to be judged of, as the diplomatists say, is closed. But Mr. Austin Harrison—what has he ever attempted to do for us? Nay, what could he do with the most wretched of assailants if you are to believe the story? But among the literati conceit that prevented him from ever going to any school but the successful Northcliffe's? His editorship of the "English Review" has been one long gauderice in a province where the finest taste might still be timid. The "idea" of the "English Review," as Mr. Harrison found it, was to adventure taste in the region of new work—always a task of the greatest delicacy. But, as these columns have observed dozens of times, instead of advancing, as Goethe said such pioneers should, upon his knees, Mr. Austin Harrison has pranced on all fours. Far from raising the standard of current literature Mr. Austin Harrison has lowered it to the best of his ability until the "English Review," of proud title and of not an undistinguished past, has become the monthly companion of the "Mail" and the "Observer." That a man such as this should attack a man such as Mr. Kennedy, were dragged into these columns to be judged of, is exactly one of them? To begin with, it was not as if the two superior replies that were con- consideration, Mr. Harrison being what we thought him, that he would take neither; and he has not; but the fact is that the national crops of the nation may no longer suffer. What if, as has happened so often, the unprinted word should also have been unspoken? Our beating the bush would have been in vain and a pest would have escaped.

Then, too, it does not seem to me to be the part of a journal like The New Age never to take risks. Other journals play for safety as if their self-preservation were of infinitely greater importance than the accomplishment of any public service involving danger to themselves. Unlike the soldiers they profess to admire and call upon the world to emulate, they live themselves dangerously neither more nor precariously—as if it were possible to do any great good without the least risk of suffering great harm! The dangers to which The New Age exposed itself in publishing the article in question were three at least: its readers might be offended to the final ruin of its circulation; Mr. Austin Harrison might have proved us wrong; or in his reply he might have exhibited a greater politeness than ours. Any one of these, I am free to say, would have been a severe but not an unjust punishment for an error of taste so deliberate as ours would have been. And none of them, moreover, was so improbable as to be beyond reasonable fear. Our readers, for example, include a drifting minority of some of the most queasy minds of our time: minds that have had a surfeit of newspaper, perhaps, and now pick about in these columns with all the niceness of the barely convalescent. It only required a few hundred of them to take offence at our unpleasing edges. But would it not have been sufficient to indicate the words as "The rudest word, the rudest letter, that the national crops of the nation may no longer suffer. What if, as has happened so often, the unprinted word should also have been unspoken? Our beating the bush would have been in vain and a pest would have escaped.

Finally, it remains to be said that words are the only actions open to us. We are Brahmans by profession to whom the usual forms of action are forbidden. We cannot set on a member of the Government, or a political party, or a commercial ring or even the forces of the law to carry out our judgments. Such forces are used against us in the light as well as in the dark. The liberty of words may well, therefore, be accorded us who forgo the use of any other weapon. R. H. C.
Extracts from Unpublished Volumes.

By Max Jacob.

Vol. I.

Personal renunciation threatens the interests of the mass. There are many reasons for suppressing one who practises renunciation. But moral progress can have no other cause than personal renunciation for the discovery of the morality concerning any given epoch. How, otherwise, would there be any moral progress, seeing that the mass has every interest in not seeking for it? It could only be an involuntary consequence of other progress.

For a century we Northerners have wished to oppose an antiquity pagan and gay to a modernity Christian and sad. This idea was born at a period when few travellers knew the Midi. Religions, which all have similar principles, have not more influence than climates on civilisations.

The coarseness of modern men may be remarked in the fact that they choose their holiday time not at the most agreeable time of year, but just when they perspire most.

The Lenten fast is, for Catholics, the moral purification of the spring-time. The body of Christ, which is flesh—that is, Venus, or Increase—is veiled in the churches. Is this to signify that men should return upon themselves in view of new growth?

What surprise in finding that the thoughts of even the greatest minds are less complicated than the expression, less embarrassing, and less original! The causes are several: Firstly, on the part of the reader; his effort to understand is a simplifying movement towards the banal, and this, even, when the reader is superior to the writer—because the banal is common to all, and the comprehensible, therefore, must tend towards the banal. Secondly, on the part of the writer; his expression tends to be more complicated than his thought—because each mind has its own language more or less hieroglyphic, whereas thought is always more or less communal; and because the number of thoughts is more limited than the modes of expression; and because, above all, the expression bears the traces of work, and to work at a thought is to clear up many accessory thoughts in attaining the satisfying one.

Women regard the war through their tears, children like a reading from the biographies of illustrious men; almost all men regard it like the children.

A woman said to me: "I prefer the great sorrows to the little contrarieties. Both equally occupy and hinder one, but it would be absurd to talk about the latter and to show how they touch us, while the others give us the right to deplore them." I asked her if she had had a great sorrow, and she confessed not. I corrected her phrase thus: "I prefer the great sorrows of others to my own little contrarieties because I have the right to deplore those."

It is annoying to see men turn their stupidities to account, and women can hardly do otherwise. Are there several beings in one being, several kinds of intelligence in one man?

One woman in a society of men gives and maintains a good tone; several women, to-day, have the contrary effect.

A man who does not show a gallant manner towards a young woman is, at bottom, indifferent to her; a man with this manner may be odious to her. If one happens not to have taken life by the amorous side, one were wise to avoid the hatred of young women. Some such men force respect by astonishing; this respect is the lightning-conductor of the hatred and gives polite form to indifference.

The need to please, which is a veritable passion, is none the less strong because it has its origin in a weakness—namely, the fear of not being the equal of others; example: young artists have a good deal of this fear.

One remarks among artists and scholars a taste, or, rather, a necessity, for solitude. It springs from their incapacity to live sociably. This incapacity has formed many an artist and scholar; it is a cause, then, not an effect: they were too stupid to serve anything but art or science, and often they have dis-served both.

If the world had been created in the state of civilisation at which it may one day arrive, what a number of beasts, of plants, of men, would have been deprived of life! Each species has the right to exist, and the more slowly perfection comes the more creatures there will be to participate in the joy of living close to the sun. The ichthyosaurus had its claim to life as much as mankind. Each man in each race, each nation, has the right to live with all the good acquirable; and if the means of civilisation of any one were too powerful, the world would be spiritualised too quickly for everyone to obtain his share.

Praise of the absent in conversation seems a reproach to those who are present. The habit of detraction may have its origin in courteous intentions.

Vol. II.

I took him for ruined, but he still has a slave or two and a house of several chambers.

On the rocks the singing women were half naked in tights. At evening one jumped in the wagons and the little train glided under the pine-trees.

I took him for ruined! he has even found me a publisher. The publisher has given me a tortoise with a pink, varnished shell. The smallest ducat would do my business better.

In Belgium, in the tobacco-shops, the clay pipes are threaded on fan-like mounts which reach to the ceiling. A Belgian child told me that the devil's wings were like that.

When one paints a picture, at each touch it changes entirely, it turns like a cylinder, and it is intolerable. When it ceases to turn it is finished. My last represented a tower of Babel in lighted candles.

The binding of the book is a golden network which cages cockatoos of myriad colours; and there are boats with sails formed of postage stamps, and queens of the East carrying whole paradises on their heads to show how rich they are.

The book imprisons heroines who are very poor, boats of steam which are very black; and some poor, grey sparrows. The author is a head confined behind a great white wall. (I mean the front of his shirt.)

Before the dawn a dog barks. The angels begin to whisper.

In shape of an eye is the atmosphere and of the colour of clear soup. In the background, upon a too light bouquet of white roses for young ladies, there falls to the left the glare of an invisible gas-jet. Far, far away in the night, around the little white skeleton of a minia
ture church, vague heads of cherubs.

But I could regard nothing save the two grey pearls in your ears, the two pearls, pear-shaped, which lengthen your expressive features, O Marguerite!

Title: Boredom. Dedication: Picasso.
One never bathes twice in the same stream, says Heracles. However, they are always the same who come up the steep street at the same hour.

Each evening I see them, gay or sad. I, who watched from behind the window, with the science of the past amid the present—I have given names of the historic dead to all these passers-by. See, here is Agamemnon, there Madame Hanska. Patroclus is at the bottom of the hill, Clytemnestra close by me. Talleyrand is a beggar, Ulysses is a milkman. Castor and Pollux are the genteel ladies of the fifth floor. Louis XIII is a barber; Pharaoh, a tripe-seller.

But thou, old rag-picker, thou that comest with the fairy morn—when at last I put out my good lamp—to sort the box of débris, débris still fresh—thou, unknown, mysterious and wretched rag-picker, I name thee Dostoievsky.

Descending the Rue de Rennes, I gnawed my crust with such emotion that it seemed to me my heart that I tore.

On voyage in Algiers with his Egeria, the Empress, Napoleon III had to escape in full dress across the mango swamps. What made things worse was that the Emperor wore badly fitting boots.

I have seen my old professor of rhetoric, and with a woman. I only saw their heads, eating chocolate éclairs from laughing by way of vengeance: the revenge, here, of the humanities on humanity.

Her white arms become all my horizon.

The works of Spinoza are the justest monument for exhibiting the feebleness of the human reason.

When one has rendered a service, but omitted to take precautions not to weary the recipient, he owes you a grudge for your presence, he is more annoyed than grateful. The reason is that enui is the result of physiological causes, whereas gratitude is intellectual.

It is neither the horror of the white twilight, nor the war dawn which the moon refuses to illumine; it is the sad light of dreams where you float, spangle-tressed, Republics, Defeats, Glories, nor in the horror of the white twilight, nor in the wan dawn that the moon refuses to illumine.

A tear lies on his pale cheek, so interesting is the march-past of phantoms.


A great calm is in the air, and Napoleon hears the music of the silence on the plain of Waterloo. O moon, let thy horns protect him! A tear lies on his pale cheek, so interesting is the march-past of phantoms.

"Salute to thee, salute! Our horses' manes are wet with dew; we are the cuirassiers; our helmets shine like the stars, and in the shadow our dusty battalions show like the divine hand of fate. Napoleon, Napoleon, we are born and we are dead."

"Charge! Charge!, Phantoms! Charge! I command you to charge!"

The light chuckles; the cuirassiers salute the sword and chuckle; they have neither bones nor flesh. Napoleon hears the music of the silence and repents—for where are the armies God gave him? But, listen, a drum beats! It is a child with a drum; on his great hat of skin is a red flag, and this child is very much alive. It is now neither here beside the plain of Waterloo in the sad light of dreams that you float, spangle-tressed, Republics, Defeats, Glories, nor in the horror of the white twilight, nor in the wan dawn that the moon refuses to illumine.

Title: Poem in a style thus is not mine.
The hail is on the sea; and night falls: "Light up the beacon for the bovines!"
The old courtesan lies dead at the inn; there is only laughter in the house. It hails; and the cinematograph functions for the sailors at the school-house. The school-master has a handsome face, I am in the country, and there are two men watching the beacon for the bovines.

"At last you arrive," says the school-master to me. "Go and take notes during the performance, this little group here will give up their table."

"Notes? What notes shall I take? On the subjects of the films?"

"No. Mingle the rhythm of the cinema, of the hail, and also of the laughs of those that wake the dead courtesan—in order to have an idea of Purgatory."

When the Lord of Framboisy returned from the war, his wife scolded him bitterly at the church. At last he said to her: "Madame, here is the key of all my goods. I leave you for ever." The lady, by way of delicacy, let fall the key on the pavement of the temple. A nun in a corner was praying because she had lost the key of the convent and no one could get in. "See if this key fits your lock." But the key was no longer there. It was already in the Cluny Museum. It was an enormous key in the shape of a tree-trunk.

The two boots and the man behind the door. Am I about to be murdered? It is nine o'clock at night, and I am on the sofa. I come never to an end of my sufferings. The sun never finishes setting. At this hour so blue a sky! The domes and the clocks are grey though the evening is still bright. I have passed the day in seeking the meaning of a term in electricity occurring in an eighteenth century book. The phrase was there at least if I have not dreamed it. A dream—ah!—no more than the tips of thy boots, enemy, thou who watchest my death in the dim corridor.

Voyages. I shall never get off; I run to say goodbye to my aunt. I find the family under the lamp; one keeps me to give me a thousand advices. My bag is packed, but my suit is still at the cleaner's; I arrive at the cleaner's; I hardly know my own costume. It is not mine, someone has exchanged theirs for mine! no! it is it! but fearfully swollen, mutilated, dragged, sewn, bordered with black. Outside, in the street, two delicious Breton women laugh beside a narrow of linen; why have I not the time to follow them? Bah! They take, through the shadow of night, my road. I notice that the names of the streets have changed; there is now at Lorient one called the Street of Lyric Energy. What astonishing municipal council gave such names to the streets to-night? At the hotel, I got the idea of examining the cleaner's bill: 325 francs. It will be sent on. Am I going mad? The café is full of curious eyes; I meet a Parisian painter. However shall I get rid of him? He adores me here although we hardly speak anywhere else. I am so late that I forgot embracing him and take a cab. While looking for the vehicle, some friends of my childhood implore me to break my journey at Nogent. No, not at Nogent, at Nogent! No, not at Nogent because we are very bad for the ... ah, Monsieur! ... I lose the thread of everything. I finish by extorting a promise from a vehicle, some friends of my childhood implore me to break my journey at Nogent. No, not at Nogent, at Nogent! No, not at Nogent because we are very bad for the ... ah, Monsieur! ... I lose the thread of everything. I finish by extorting a promise from a
Views and Reviews.

The New Spirit.

This volume of essays has already been called the "best book on the war," and I have no intention of differing from that estimate of its value, except, indeed, to remind my readers that the standard of comparison is necessarily low. The authors, who have dedicated their work to the Workers' Educational Association, have been more concerned to convey information than to take part in any of the controversies that this war has occasioned; and their "guiding idea throughout has been the sense of the great new responsibilities, both of thought and action, which the present situation lays upon British Democracy and on believers in democracy throughout the world." The book contains essays on "The National Idea in Europe, 1789-1914," "Germany," "Austria-Hungary and the Southern Slavs," "Russia," "Foreign Policy," "The Issues of the War," "Social and Economic Aspects of the War," and "German Culture and the British Commonwealth." The political and historical exposition is ably made; but the "authors seem to suffer, from Professor Dicey's facts, the disease of faith in parliamentary government, which is "visible in every civilised country." Certainly, the author of the definition does not pin his faith to any form of government, but only to a spirit; but if we accept his definition, and Professor Dicey's facts, there is not a single democratic country in the Triple Entente or the Triple Alliance.

This fact minimises the value of the suggestions made for the re-drawing of the map of Europe. Accepting "the visible hand of nationalities, and re-distribution of armaments (as distinguished from general disarmament)" as "the three foundation stones of the new era," Mr. Seton-Watson proceeds to the distribution of constitutions among the nationalities of Europe, in the sure and certain hope that thus will be eliminated one of the defects hardly suspected by the Liberals or reformers of Europe, or at any rate of England, between 1832 and 1880. We bow now for certain that wrong popular government may or may not be wise leadership a good machine for simply destroying existing evils, it may turn out a very poor instrument for the construction of new institutions or the realisation of new ideals.

We know further that party government, which to many among the wisest of modern constitutionalists appears to be the essence of England's far-famed constitution, inevitably gives rise to partisanship, and at last produces a machine which may well lead to political corruption, and may, when this evil is escaped, lead to the strange but acknowledged result that a not unfairly elected legislature may misrepresent the permanent will of the electors.

But although the authors think that the victorious Allies will be generous and geographical, in their distribution of constitutions, they give us no real reason to hope that the Allies will do anything of the sort, nor do they lead us to suppose that the proposals they make will really secure the result desired. We are told, for example, that "if Great Britain is to lead the way in promoting a new spirit between the nations," she needs a new spirit also in the whole range of her corporate life." If this statement has any validity, it postpones the ideal settlement of the European question until the millennium, and we become rather doubtful about this "new spirit" when we discover that Germany also needs a "new spirit," with the addition of some new institutions, and "whence this will come, we cannot divine," say the authors. "Only, as democrats as we can say with confidence the true spirit of the German people is to be liberated from its long imprisonment, its freedom must be won, not from without, but from within. Russia does not need a new spirit; for Mr. Goebs, and Mr. Rothe Reynolds, and Mr. Stephen Graham are quoted to prove that Russia is a genuinely Christian country, and will naturally do the thing most agreeable to the Brotherhood movement. The grant of Polish autonomy satisfies the Russian nation, and the recognition of the special position of the Ukraine or Ruthene language and cultural traditions, the relaxation of linguistic restrictions among the lesser races of the Empire, and the adoption of a humane attitude towards the Jews of the Pale, the graces will flow naturally from the proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and indeed from the alliance with the Western Powers." Russia, then, will lead the way by taking under her care the Dardanelles and Constantinople, according to Mr. Seton-Watson; and, by expelling the Turk, will make Europe a truly Christian confederation. Perhaps, as a consequence, we and the Germans may be converted to Christianity.

Russia, perhaps, will solve the difficulties of the authors with regard to the maintenance of European peace. She was always a peaceful country, although Trepnik did write an essay to explain "Why Russia is a Conquering Country." It was her Tsar who called the first Peace Conference, and since then Russia has only fought two wars and suppressed one revolution. Mr. Dover Wilson even suggests that the revolution was rightly suppressed, because the revolutionists were idle, dirty, immoral and inconsistent in political ideas and behaviour; and, therefore, quite unlike the industrious, clean, moral, and democratic peasantry whose manner of life seems to be ideal, "because they have discovered the secret of existence, which is to want little, to live in close communion with Nature, and to die in close communion with God." Nearly all the authors agree that the revival of the European Concert is as premature as the creation of the European State; although they admit its value as an ideal, they seem to fear that England, for example, might not be willing to bow to the decisions of matters entrusted to the British Navy. But if we were to give our Navy and the German Navy to Russia, no such question could arise; we should remove the cause of the mutual suspicion between England and Germany, and really contribute to the maintenance of the world's peace. This suggestion is no more fantastic than the assumption made by the authors that it is England's part to give and not to receive; for the book may be read from cover to cover without finding the answer to the question that most Englishmen will ask: "What are we going to do of it?"

FEBRUARY 18, 1915

THE NEW AGE

433

A. E. R.
Pastiche.

EUPHEMISME; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

"My friend," said Obadiah Pence, "I must announce my conversion to the doctrine of Mr. Ezra Pound, that I should never be enthusiastic about the Arts until I found the Abbey of Thelema, Rabelais' Utopia, in England and the United States. Martin had been enthused by the profundities of Mr. Pound's last article, and he spoke eloquently of the Arts and Life for the period of ten glasses; the result was that I, too, became a Futurist.

"And what are your arguments for Vorticism?" I asked.

"Euphemism, you mean. Certainly, we are all related, you and I. But, by our example, we may separate us by the final 'es.' Jack, I've had my eyes opened. Modern England and Thelema are one.

"Energy creates everything. How it does it is no matter. Ah, let's push not, don't talk of Drake and Shakespeare."

"But Obadiah, I am sure neither Mr. Pound nor any other Futurist ever suggested such a comparison. You confuse mechanical energy with spiritual and human energy."

"Oh, don't confuse me with Mr. Pound. I was a logical and consistent thinker before I became a Futurist, and I'll remain one. When confusion arises, then the difference between a man and a machine is that man is a self-starter. Even Mr. Pound says that; but I go consistently further. Spiritual Energy? Why even the 'Daily Mail' knows the oneness of Energy. When Pierpont Morgan died, the 'Mail' proved in a leading article that the American was exactly what Bonaparte would have been in modern life. The same Life Force impelled them."

"Though the 'Daily Mail' is ignorant, I would have thought that you had read of Obadiah Pence, the financier of Napoleon's day. Morgan lived then, but Bonaparte does not live now," I remarked.

"Rubbish!" cried Obadiah. "There cannot be several Life Forces or qualitative Energies. That would suggest that something of the nature of Pattern or Form had conditioned the all-creative Life Force. But, listen. What does it matter how it expresses itself? I see as much in Rockefeller's bank book as in 'Don Quixote.' The Energy for the creation of the first is the greater. 'Quixote' is only a sort of European 'Arabian Nights,' a cold dream record, mere emotionless pattern."

"Energy is the thing, my boy. Pattern is a subsequent accident. But, to touch the Arts more delicately. In Art, Creative Energy——" "Woo, there surely you are speaking of one sort of Energy now?"

"Not at all. There's no difference. Creative Energy is to do a thing once, Energy, to do it twice or more times. Surely, that is clear.

"Not very. I suppose you mean the Imagination——"

"Never use that word. It implies the pre-existence of images. Emotion, that is the nickname we give Energy when we are more familiar, creates images—sometimes, that is, when it does not express itself. I see as much in Phileus' book as in 'Don Quixote.' The Energy for the creation of the first is the greater. 'Quixote' is only a sort of European 'Arabian Nights,' a cold dreamless emotionless pattern."

"British." Obadiah paused to observe the admiration I did not share, and in a fit of insanity he cut the bars of his window, escaped, and returned to nature. Miserable clown!"

"That's very amusing, Obadiah. But tell me, did you discover Thelema?"

"What's the good of going into things deeply with you, and logically expose your opinions you cannot understand? I'll tell you a little history which will suit your simple mind. Martin tells me that this tale, framed in scintillating sandpaper, is hung in Mr. Pound's bedroom, above his statue of the primitive man with a rabbit—or is it a cabbage? This is the tale:"

"Of two prisoners who were confined in dungeons, the lowest and vilest in Picardy, one, a one-time toymaker, possessed a genius wherewith he annihilated the prison. He did not raze the building to the ground. His genius played upon a new gambit of perceptions, and his prison was transformed to an Eden. Where this onxy sunbeam struck his bread tin, which was a pure cube, in the illuminations and shadows he saw delicious planes and patterns, and he was ecstatically impressed when he viewed the texture of a gnawed bone or the angle which a rusty nail in the wall formed. Thus did the emotion of his soul create a new universe."

Obadiah paused to observe the admiration I did not show.

"But what of the other prisoner, Obadiah?" I asked.

"Oh, he, poor dog, dreamt of his home in a stark, natural valley where grass and trees weedy grow and in a fit of insanity he cut the bars of his window, escaped, and returned to nature. Miserable clown!"

"Very wonderful," I said. "That is the clearest thing you have uttered. But tell me, Obadiah, where is Thelema?"

"Oh, anywhere you will, but the one I like best is in Widnes. The chemical works are epic."

"Good-night, Obadiah. I hope you will be well again when we next meet."
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT AND THE WAR.

Sir,—As a delegate at the Conference on the Rise in Prices held at the Memorial Hall on Saturday, February 13, I feel bound to record two remarkable incidents. When Mr. W. C. Anderson referred to Mr. Asquith's statement that the Navy had swept every German merchant ship off the seas, the reference was received with dead silence, but when a delegate, quite incidentally, remarked that he was one of those who opposed the war, the audience applauded for fully two minutes, and the Chairman had to appeal to order in an effort to desist from the applause before the speaker could continue. I observe these facts have not been mentioned in either "Reynolds' " or the "Daily Telegraph". I was one of those who opposed the war, the audience was close upon four millions of constituents.

C. H. NORMAN.

DEMOCRACY AND COMMAND.

Sir,—Your contributor, "Romney," is one of those heroic "straight-looking" men who believe that they have hit the nail on the head, when in reality they have hit the nail on the thumb. Lect, for all his straight-mindedness, "Romney" has missed his thumb as well as the nail, give me leave over the knuckles. Like his colleague, S. Verney, he divides all men into—we aristocrats, and you others—democrats.

An aristocrat says a thing is filthy bad, a democrat says it is filthy good. A democrat is one who, if unmarried, claims the right to look after his mother; an aristocrat must stay at home to look after his wife. On the other hand, a democrat usually drinks more than is good for him, and is too much married; while an aristocrat, especially if he is an army officer, is noted for his sobriety and continence. An aristocrat is one who, having powers of punishment over his subordinates, gets his orders carried out. A democrat is one who has to get his orders carried out by using his brains.

Your Hair Cut" in the hearing of the adjutant. The same long-haired youth on another occasion had a discharge and was communicated to the rest of the regiment, and have your name published in the papers? "I shall be pleased to pay the cost of inserting your name," said the adjutant, very aristocratically, "to be dismissed from the service."

Forth comes the soldier at the review on the Field of May, in the same way that the said soldier had "smashed the vase at Soissons" when not allowed to carry it off as his share of the spoil. It was about a year after the event, but Clodwig had had it in for his "little un" all the time.

Then, again, it was King Pepin, or Pepin le Bref, or Little Fippin, who descended into the arena and slew a mighty bull with his own sword. This, to show his nobles why "a little un" could do, for the monarchy, in those days, was elective.

Cromwell likewise quelled a mutiny by drawing his pistol and putting out the light of the leader. These three instances relate to the aristocratic principle by force of personality alone among "volunteers."

The noble Romans had expelled their kings, but when the Ambassador of King Louis maintained his camp, he reported that the Roman Senate appeared to consist of "a mob of kings," supermen all for Roma's sake—that is, I suppose, the ideal at which we must aim—but, in modern times, we seem to fall somewhat short of it. I once heard of a mob of shepherders in Australia who objected to the taste and quality of the "dough-boys" supplied by the cook; so when men sat at meet this individual appeared at the high table, and, pointing with a fore-finger, gnarled and knotty as the branch of an oak, at the dough-boys on the plate of the most inoffensive looking guest, he demanded to know if he had any fault to find with them. The answer was in the negative. The cook then added if a gentleman had anything to say about dough-boys. The rest was silence. That cook was a superman. Again:—Scene: A railway carriage in Egypt; a gang of English navvies, a ganger, and a chaplain attached to the forces. Comment on the military, or "aristocracy," of character, and supporting their "initiative to rule."

The same traits may be observed among the Banda Log. True, there is a "Code of Honor" and a "Code of Death"; but when the old man monkey becomes "too much the monkey," his fellows, the young monkeys, assert their independence of character, take the initiative and proceed to put him out of action. Even so, among democrats.

The Will to Power must be supplemented by the power to enforce the will. Let us not make the fatal mistake of thinking that aspiring to power is a new thing.

Le roi le veault and Louis Quatorze used to enter his council chamber with his riding whip in his hand; but as President Wilson proceeds with the aid of his Democrats?

Democracy, a mob of kings: why, mankind in the mass do not so readily hand himself over to the enemy as he has done in The New Age of

Sir,—I am to be hoped that the gallant "Romney," when he goes to the war, will not so readily hand himself over to the enemy as he has done in The New Age of
THE PRIEST AND SOCIAL ACTION.

Sir,—In reply to the letter of Mr. F. M. Salmon in last week's New Age, Miss Stone asks if certain idealists in Hoxton, who have the "will" to grab land in Venezuela "with the will to State is the greatest common factor. Of course, they have a perfect right to say that their nationality is Scotch. But the political thinker ought to know that they do not actually give to their nation a political meaning, but a sentimental, or historical, or folklorical one.

I must thank Miss Constantia Stone for giving me an occasion to repeat a definition, which, thin as it may appear at first sight, holds good after reflection. I do not expect that it will be long talked about. If my definition were only a half-true witticism it would perhaps tickle the surface of consciousness, is quickly digested, assimilated, and forgotten. And this is the just punishment that awaits the man who abandoning himself to the inordinate pleasure of thinking on things that are not difficult.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

DEMOCRACY AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—It is about time that someone besides Mr. Cole uttered a protest against the AERONAUTICs of aristocracy. Let "G. D. H. C." and "A. E. R." wrangle about the Works Committee and the details of Guild management. As scarcely one Trade Unionist in a hundred has ever heard of Nation, I am a Democrat and because I believe that the Irish are certainly a nation, although it may happen that they will in time resign themselves to be British.

I know that many Scotch speak of themselves as if they were to-day a nation. But they stick to the word nation for more of its sentimental associations than for its political contents. I did not try to define the popular meaning of the word nation. You can get this nominal definition in any good dictionary. Mine was a real definition of nation as a political concept, to be used by the people who believe, for instance, that in this war the Allies uphold the principle of nationality, or by those who connect the two heterogeneous principles of liberalism and nationality.

So long as there prevails among the Scotch the will to maintain their part of sovereignty in the British State they will be Scotch; politically speaking, as a nation. But the Irish are certainly a nation, although it may happen that they will in time resign themselves to be British.

I must thank Miss Constantia Stone for giving me an occasion to repeat a definition, which, thin as it may appear at first sight, holds good after reflection. I do not expect that it will be long talked about. If my definition were only a half-true witticism it would perhaps tickle the surface of consciousness, is quickly digested, assimilated, and forgotten. And this is the just punishment that awaits the man who abandoning himself to the inordinate pleasure of thinking on things that are not difficult.

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.
A. E. R. is says that industrial democracy is meaning-
less, and would, I suppose, agree with those who call
democracy a failure. The "Morning Post," grown in its
violence like the people, and the Procurator of the Holy
Synod, who called Democracy in its violent hatred of the
people, quotes Pobiedonostseff, less, and would, I
suppose, agree with those who call the greatest lie of the
Nineteenth Century. Is this good
Atheistocracy?

No one in his senses pretends that political democracy
has been a practical success. It may or may not have
been less unpleasant than the systems it has replaced.
And if choice is the prime factor in political life, it must
not be denied in industrial life. The Collectivists admit
that "A. E. R." does not treat this dangerous path best
with either logic or charity. But I must plead in my
defence that I am not so young as to be dogmatist,
be dogmatism, but that does not terrify me. And I be-
ing the promotion of certain states of consciousness
promotion of individual well-being. Well-being is a state
of consciousness, and, therefore, exists, locally and philo-
sophically, in every individual. This right of superior people
and of hereditary or co-opted cliques to be the arbiters of the individual's fate.

If the end is the promotion of certain states of consciousness in
people alone can pass judgment on the measures proposed for their own
good. They may blunder and fail as well as succeed everywhere. I cannot prove that the essence of man's life
choice. That is my ultimate position, and I am not
atoned to a dogmatist.

(a) The object of associated life in a community is the promotion of individual well-being. Well-being is a state of
consciousness, and, therefore, exists, locally and philo-
sophically, in every individual. The object of any considerable number
of Guilds to democratize,

"A. E. R."

replies: Mr. Brown's fears seem to me to be exaggerated.
My experience of readers of The New Age does not lead me to suppose that they will
necessarily agree with me, and I have no reason to expect the former with great generosity, but, seeing that the
crucifixion of the maters lies in the latter and being distraught of the proposal to stand out as an
impossible to temper harmless joint committees. I sincerely trust
that "A. E. R." does not treat this dangerous path best
with either logic or charity. But I must plead in my
defence that I am not so young as to be dogmatist,
be dogmatism, but that does not terrify me. And I be-

Sir,—In her article on the Cotton Trade Agreements, Miss Smith scored a verbal point. We knew, of course,
that bad spinning was nominally covered by the Brooklands Agreement, or rather by the supplementary paragraph added to clause 6 in 1906, and by a separate clause signed in 1912 by only the Masters' and the Spinners' Amalgamation.

The refusal to deal with "bad spinning" consisted in the master cotton spinners' unwillingness (a) to shorten the time in which grievances were to be dealt with and the question of wages "or any other matter." Miss Smith knows as well as we do that the card and blowing room operatives found that bad spinning complaints were continually being shelved and that the masters took every advantage of the possibilities for delay. Our view of the matter comes to this: Any agreement to be effective must satisfy both parties; where one party is dissatisfied, and the other refuses to consider their objections, or to compromise, the situation is best described as a refusal to deal with the matter in dispute.

The amendments of 1900 and 1906 did not deal with the question of time, except in an entirely futile manner, or with the adoption of a breakage test, and made, therefore, no essential difference in the method of coping with the difficulties. The amendments of an agreement by which the masters were pledged to deal with the matter in dispute, and that is a "substantial victory," when one takes into account the attitude consistently maintained by the masters until direct action had taught them wisdom. Had the workers also won the "breakage test," the victory would have been complete.

Miss Smith then accuses us of ignorance, because she has chosen to read into one of our sentences a meaning that it was not meant to convey when we said that now the masters refused to deal with every dispute and used bad spinning as an example, we did not mean that bad spinning had not been "dealt with" under the Brooklands Agreement. What we meant was that the old agreement was so loosely worded that the masters were able continually to refuse prompt treatment of grievances; whereas there is now no such ambiguous wording of the new agreement and no power is left to the masters to interpret "all" to suit their convenience.

Miss Smith knows as well as we do that the card and blowing room operatives asked their members in 1912, before the spinners withdrew, to consider the advisability of scrapping the agreement because of the Ram Mill dispute, and that this dispute turned on whether the particular grievances were to be dealt with under the terms of the Brooklands Agreement.

The masters, by means of the ambiguous wording of clause 6, wriggled out of their undertaking to consider disputes in a reasonable time, and at a reasonable expense, to consider grievances "or any other matter." Under the new agreement there is no question of "any other matter." Had we given the definite instance of the Ram Mill dispute instead of the ambiguous wording of the agreement, Miss Smith would have had no carte blanche to prove that the masters did not "dealing with" the matters that they were bound to deal with. Miss Smith's own showing, does deal with the question of time, and that is a "substantial victory," when one takes into account the attitude consistently maintained by the masters until direct action had taught them wisdom. Had the workers also won the "breakage test," the victory would have been complete.

The amendments of 1900 and 1906 did not deal with the question of time, except in an entirely futile manner, or with the adoption of a breakage test, and made, therefore, no essential difference in the method of coping with the difficulties. The amendments of an agreement by which the masters were pledged to deal with the matter in dispute, and that is a "substantial victory," when one takes into account the attitude consistently maintained by the masters until direct action had taught them wisdom. Had the workers also won the "breakage test," the victory would have been complete.
ideas we get the Holy Ghost. Plainly I intend that at the time of the social revolution the Holy Ghost, content Thompson. See how much no longer merely to hover, produces an egg which is Mr. Thompson. See how much content Chinese ideographist, and I am after Mr. Pound's of Eve. Yet, though I am Mr. Pound's spiritual sister, comprehend them? I am disheartened. To-day I form comprehension of the "Neo-Luminists." We are primitives inasmuch as we take for our cliché the first recorded word of Almighty God, "Let there be light." We ask Mr. John Duncan to join in order to clarify his prose.

* * *

CONSTANZA STONE.

NIETZSCHE AND WOMEN.

Sir,—"R. H. C." in his notes on Nietzsche, February 11, says it is a reproach to women that Nietzsche never found a "woman-servant-pupil-friend." Is this a reproach to women? Nietzsche expressed himself fully. Since he was a true intellectual—this is what he wanted. It was his supreme spiritual good—may we not judge the process by the result?

Nietzsche may be assumed to have got what he wanted from women since he was able to do what he wanted with himself. Had the ideal woman-servant-pupil-friend presented herself, he would probably have got in the way, or would have had such a tranquillising effect on the philosopher that he would have gone to sleep. Does not a woman who helps him in his activities with judgment? I know a woman whose young son is dead because she gave him four times too much milk, and I have seen mothers who were double mothers, and I have seen them only eat part of the Jews. They are a race of enormous vitality! Diasraeli is the exception which proves my rule.

JOSEPHINE SHILMAN.

"R. H. C." AND MR. FRANK HARRIS.

Sir,—"R. H. C." is inaccurate when he writes that The New Age has consistently warned the public against Frank Harris. He printed such long and enthusiastic reviews of "The Man Shakespeare" and "The Bomb" as those which appeared in your columns under the signature of Jacob Tomson. Against this you can only set, if I remember aright, two short reviews and a few references in "Current Cant." Of the Sunday papers, we can see by the Hippodrome scandal that they are not entitled to justice even, but now they appear to have become so degraded in the eyes of the middle class that they are even refused medical assistance. The Hippodrome strikers have displayed fine courage in risking all for the show and rolls, or at all show rise, and "Music Hall Artiste" has put the case in an unanswerable way.

Whatever the cause of this friendliness, and however sketchy, contained one two fine sonnets by Mr. Sterling, quoted in THE NEW AGE. Can you not perform the same task for the writers of the Sunday papers, we can see by the Hippodrome scandal that they are not entitled to justice even, but now they appear to have become so degraded in the eyes of the middle class that they are even refused medical assistance.

The true advice in all young poets who have the misfortune to live in America is—DON'T.

GO TO EUROP. California.

GERTRUDE DIX.

THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

Sir,—We know that actors are legal vagabonds, we know that they supply "copy" for the divorce columns of the Sunday papers, we can see by the Hippodrome scandal that they are not entitled to justice even, but now they appear to have become so degraded in the eyes of the middle class that they are even refused medical assistance.

The true advice in all young poets who have the misfortune to live in America is—DON'T.

GO TO EUROP. California.

GERTRUDE DIX.
Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Period</th>
<th>UK</th>
<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>15s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.