NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Since we last wrote our Notes another discussion on food prices has taken place in the House of Commons. It is a tribute to our national placidity, though not at all to our common sense, that the debate was talked out; and the nation stands, in consequence, in very much the same position as it did last week. As the Board of Trade returns show, the cost of the necessaries of life has advanced by over twenty per cent. since the war began, and wages, even when we take recent increases into account, have advanced by an average of only five per cent. No attempt was made in the House of Commons to dispute any of the figures. The distress to ten per cent. No attempt was made in the House of

Mr. Tootill, the Labour Member for Bolton, referring to food prices, asked that the Government should "prevent this continuing increase" by employing the shipping and railway facilities necessary to put the required supplies on the market, by fixing maximum prices, and by acquiring control of commodities and supplies and demand should be set aside. "The scarcity of home-grown wheat," he added, "is in a large measure due to our present land system." And that was the end of the latest parliamentary hope of the Trade Unions. Both Mr. Henderson and Mr. Tootill, in urging its adoption, said that it was the first Labour amendment to Mr. Ferens' motion; and Mr. Tootill, in urging its adoption, said that it was the duty of the Government to prevent the exploitation of the poor. "If the Government confessed impotence in the matter, then it remained for the Labour party to take the initiative on the question of a wheat supply, and, as Mr. Tootill, the Labour Member for Bolton, referring to food prices, asked that the Government should "prevent this continuing increase" by employing the shipping and railway facilities necessary to put the required supplies on the market, by fixing maximum prices, and by acquiring control of commodities and supplies and demand should be set aside. "The scarcity of home-grown wheat," he added, "is in a large measure due to our present land system." And that was the end of the latest parliamentary hope of the Trade Unions. Both Mr. Anderson, echoing Mr. Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In the midst of this war, in fact, as in the midst of the internal economic wars of the last decade, the Labour leaders, in Parliament or out of it, have been distinguished by ideology, sheer ignorance, and an entire lack of adaptability. We propose to examine the discussion in the House generally, and to justify both our own criticism and the taunt of Sir Alfred Mond.

Notes of the Week

CURRENT CANT

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdak

LETTERS TO A TRADE UNIONIST.—VIII. By Rowland Kenney

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM. By Percy Cohen

A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOUR. By Marmaduke Pickthall

LETTERS TO MY NEPHEW. By Anthony Farley

AFFIRMATIONS.—VII. By Ezra Pound

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS. By Alice Morning

LETTERS FROM RUSSIA

Drama. By John Francis Hope

READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS: INITIATIVE. By A. E. R.

CARRUTHERS' DIABOLICAL EXPERIMENT. By Arthur F. Thorn

REVIEWS

PASTICHE. By P. Selver, Langdon Everard, Morgan Tud, Edward Moore, A. F. T., Herman Scheffauer


THE EDITOR from S. G. H., Arundel
son and Mr. Tootill were dumb when Mr. Runciman elaborated the Government's policy. Mr. Runciman taunted Mr. Anderson with relying upon the State in time of peace as well as in time of war; and when he was dealing with that point, and the general average of food prices... in 1915

Mr. Chiozza-Money, as we have seen, refers to the Socialism of the Government's dye scheme. But this is not Socialism. The Government, to put it bluntly, is proposing to go into partnership with an unusually keen and exorbitant pack of capitalists; it is no control in the management and is simply a large shareholder. Is this Socialism according to Mr. Money's definition? Or Mr. Anderson's? And how, in the name of international finance, does Mr. Anderson or Mr. Money imagine that the banks have been dealt with from a Socialist standpoint? Does the nation now own the banks? Is the Government even a shareholder in the banks? Does the Government control the banks as it controls the Army and the Navy? Of course it does not; and it is quibbling with words to suggest for a moment that it does. At an early stage of the war Mr. Lloyd George threatened—oh, very fiercely!—that if certain banks he had in mind did not at once lend money to embarrassed tradesmen he would have all the banks overthrown. Now, if the State is to be prohibited from discharging the liabilities of those banks which did not follow his suggestions. The banks, however, did not lend money with much greater expenditure than before; and they have not yet been taken over by the State. Nor are they likely to be nationalised soon. Furthermore, the Government's "Socialistic" experiment with the railways has not profited either the men or the public. In many cases excursion fares have been stopped, the price of season tickets from what was one of the best advantages of railway travel, and the men had almost to strike to secure a slight increase of wages—about half what the additional cost of living would represent to them.

It would serve no purpose to go on labouring this point. All the criticism we have set down, and are going to set down, could and should have been made by Mr. Tootill and Mr. Anderson on the floor of the House of Commons and consequently in the country, instead of to the Nonconformist chapels.

We say that the retort as to State Socialism might have been made, though we are very far from agreeing that the measures undertaken by the Government are an example of Socialism under any definition. It is quite ludicrous to say that the railways have been taken over by the nation in a Socialist or Communist sense. The Government have simply appointed a central committee of managers so as to eliminate duplicating, and with the object of course of earning trains to be run to the best advantage when troops have to be moved from one part of the country to another or sent abroad. The ordinary dividends are guaranteed to the shareholders on the basis of the dividends paid for the dividend-paying period last year, and income tax will be paid on them as usual. This is an important point; for the income tax payable on railway shares, which would have been paid in any case, is all the benefit in a financial sense which the State derives from the transaction. Whose Socialism is this? Not ours, not Marx's; not even Mr. Sidney Webb's bantering. It may be the Socialism of Mr. Money and of Mr. Anderson, but, if so, it would be of no little interest to hear what their latest definition of Socialism is. Mr. Ander-
the Commons. They never pointed out, for instance, that Mr. Runciman was skipping over difficulties and of grain, chilled meat, coal, and the like. Let us take coal as an instance. Mr. Runciman denied that coal had gone up very much, and in cases where it had gone up in price a great deal he suggested vaguely that it was owing to inconvenience caused by the war. It remained for a Liberal Member, Sir A. Markham, to point out that the coal difficulty would have been solved if the Government had forbidden coal-owners to sell their product at prices of more than one or two shillings a ton above those for the twelve months preceding the war.

It is quite possible that this price might have resulted in less destruction of life and property. The Government could have guaranteed the difference, if necessary, as it guaranteed the difference in railway receipts under what a few critics appear to regard as a Socialistic scheme of ownership. But nothing of the kind was done, as we know, with the result that coal, in many of the poorer districts, has doubled in value. Why should not Mr. Lloyd George appoint one of his official receivers to a coal-mine or two? Why could not Mr. Runciman have been reminded that, earlier in the war, the Government interfered in an even more serious instance than that of coal, viz., in the matter of Stock Exchange prices? Surely it would have been an easy matter for intending speakers to turn to the regulations governing the re-opening of the Stock Exchange. And there is, of course, the instance of the official purchase of sugar. If, as Mr. Runciman said, Governments can never buy half so well as private individuals, why did the Government buy sugar and not wheat? Are there any factors governing the world-price of sugar which do not affect the world-price of wheat? Let us suppose that the Government had ascertained from its financial advisers precisely what would have been a fair price for United States wheat, taking into consideration the German seizure of the French and Belgian harvests and the consequent Continental demand, the difficulty of securing exports from Russia, and the failure of the Australian crop. Such a price, we feel convinced, would have been far below the prices now being asked and given for wheat in the Chicago wheatpits. And supposing, as we may well suppose, that the Americans had refused to sell to us at that price. There cannot be an unlimited demand for wheat, for none can enter Austria and Germany. But, if the Government had refused to bid a penny more, and the Americans had deliberately chosen to send their wheat elsewhere—say to Africa or China or Peru—how could they have carried out their purpose? We have often recalled our httle struggle against the powers now at the disposal of the Government, and done so without committing anything like an act of war. Wheat will not keep indefinitely, either in the United States or in any other country, and we could have checked the export of the bulk of it. Would the Americans have held out? Not for an instant.

This would have been a drastic and effective plan; but it is not the only one which might have occurred to the Labour Party if they had known anything about international finance and international economics. An alternative plan was suggested by Dr. Gilbert Slater, the principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, on the morning of the 17th of May. The Labour Members would have had all day to study it before making their way to the House of Commons in the afternoon; and as the alternative plan referred to appeared in the “Daily News” there is no excuse for their neglect of it. Dr. Slater, in a brief, suggested that wheat could be attracted to those shores where the Government was not in a position to prevent the export of wheat, and that the Government, therefore, could well afford to offer a bounty of, say, ten shillings a quarter on the first twelve million quarters imported. This would have been an incalculable boon, and would have cost only six millions sterling—a mere trifle in the great and practically inexhaustible wheat-growing, and little more than half of the recent ten-million Russian Treasury Bond issue, which was over-subscribed by our patriotic City men before noon on the day of issue. But this plan, too, good or bad as it might have been in practice, was equally unknown to the Labour Party. We have laid continual stress upon the attitude of the Labour Party because its members are in the House of Commons, if they are there for anything, to see that Government proposals and actions are at least thoroughly and adequately criticised. By themselves alone the Labour Members are powerless; and they cannot expect Conservative and Liberal members to pass, at all times, the criticisms which the working classes would like to see passed. Sir A. Markham’s suggestion regarding coal would have been, no doubt, the Anderson-Tootill group over an embarrassing obstacle; but such assistance may not always be forthcoming.

But nothing, as Bacon said, doth more hurt in a State than that cunning men pass for wise. What are the general characteristics of Labour Members of Parliament? Is it their cunning or their wisdom that has led them to the House of Commons? There is no doubt as to the answer. If you scratch a Labour Member you find the intriguer, the wirepuller, the man whose opinions are ill-formed and vague, the ideologue—the mixture, in short, of the knave and the fool. That political power is merely a reflection of economic power has never occurred to these pseudo-politicians; nor do they even realise, we venture to say, in what cause to be advanced by two score sheep who piously move resolutions and let platitudes slip off their tongues for the benefit of six hundred wolves; and yet that is exactly the position of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. They seem always to have been either philistines or politicians. When the Labour Party had decided that the war was “just,” and that Mr. Henderson, a typical Stiggins, was a fit and proper person to lead them in Parliament as successor to Mr. MacDonald, who might almost have passed as Mr. Sam Weller’s mother-in-law, they were so far as intelligence goes, they found that, without their assistance or suggestions, society had been largely reorganised. Petty men, walking under the legs of the Parliamentary Colossus! But perhaps, in view of the relative unimportance of political and Mr. Tootill’s observation, we are dangerous to the workmen in the House of Commons than at the head of Trade Unions.
Current Cant.

"Why women should love soldiers."—"Science Sittings."

"God's secret of success."—"New Zealand Outlook."

"The humour of James Hassall."—JAMES DOUGLAS.

"Slack workmen. How they are helping the enemy."—Daily Mail.

"Nothing is too good for musical comedy."—ROBERT COURTSNEIDER.

"The British public has never shown more common sense than it has since this war began."—St. John G. Ervine.

"Men who fall in the trenches go straight to heaven, while those young bloods who fall in night clubs go to the other place."—Father Bernard Vaughan.

"The 'Blücher's' death agony. The 'Daily Mail' will publish the most wonderful photo of the war, occupying a whole page. It will show the huge German cruiser at the very moment of capsizing, with scores of sailors clinging to her upturned side."—Daily Mail.

"The moss is blossoming on the wall, the exultant song of the birds is heard in the woods—and the poets send their verses to the 'Evening News.'"—Arthur Machen.

"Progress is the life-force of the human mind, and the concrete expression of human minds called business. The mighty force has always been more than welcome at Selfridge's."—Selfridge & Co., in the "Full Mail Gazette."

"There is only one act of this kind, and Morelle has it. The moss is blossoming on the wall, the exultant song of the birds is heard in the woods—and the poets send their verses to the 'Evening News.'"—ARTHUR MACHEN.

"The money maker. Photograph."—Daily Mirror.

"What is the Femastine, or Sleep of Death? Thousands of people are yearly buried alive, mistaken for dead, yet still alive. Medical men baffled. What is it? The sensation of sensations. For fullest particulars refer to the Great Morelle advert.: The Money Maker. There is only one act of this kind, and Morelle has it. Shipped from Mexico."—The Performer.

"Following the example of their Majesties the King and Queen. Theatre-goers supporting the stage in wartime."—Sketch.

"The Allies tossing the Prussian pancake."—John Hassall.

"In spite of every set-back, Europe is becoming more Christian."—Dean Inge.

"Wife's plea for another chance. Warm enough to bathe. Keep the flag flying, daddy. Husband's temper cured by wives. No time for pastry. After a woman is thirty, War's beauty experts. Shot 27 Uhlans."—Daily Mirror.

"Why discharge a man for flat-foot when he can march equally well if wearing Holland's instep supports? Many highly-placed officers are using Holland's supports on active service. Many recruits can be saved to the country if recommended an adequate support before being discharged."—British Medical Journal.

"The successful owner, Mr. Wernher, is a young man of vast wealth, left him by his father, Sir Julius; but, in spite of the possession of all this money, he is helping to beat the Germans. Good luck to him!"—Robin Goodfellow in the "Daily Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I have been usually content to record facts and to leave my readers more or less to guess at my own convictions. If it were a matter of my personal reputation only, I should be well content to continue to fill my modest role and to allow my correspondents to put such interpretations on my facts as suit their particular motives. But the situation of affairs demands that even the least of us, however neutral we may be normally, should deliver his opinion and, perhaps, his advice, in the discharge of his duty as a publicist. For, as matters now stand, two things are clear: first, that the existing Allies were materially insufficient to this end, it is not desirable that they should conclude the war without the cooperating decision and approval of the rest of the world.

Various correspondents have from time to time taken me to task for belittling, as they say, the influence, actual or potential, of the International Socialist Movement. I am far from wishing to decry any genuine and serious movement in favour of peace; and it is more in sorrow than in derision that I have criticised the International Socialist Bureau and its works. But facts are facts, and it is not to be denied that the Movement, though formidably in words and on paper before the war, proved as powerless to prevent war as if its members were mere ciphers. Are we not entitled to poke a little fun at an organisation that talked last spring of stopping war and in summer saw its members marching to the trenches without so much as a protest? But I would not stop, like the Filipinos of the capitalist Press, at derision; but would beg my readers to consider how the collapse of a great ideal has come about. What is wrong with the International Socialist Movement? Why has it failed. How can it succeed?

To begin with, it is not sense to precipitate into the world an ideal that is not practical. Individuals, it is true, may indulge in the idealist pursuit of the moon, but so soon as they associate as a party in practical affairs their business is to define a practical aim. With Tolstoy, for example, I have no quarrel. He cried beautifully for the moon, and cried for the most part alone. But a Tolstoyan party at this period of the world is an absurdity. Now the International Socialist Party was not only a party of Tolstoyans, but a party of particularly ignorant and unphilosophical Tolstoyans. They not only pursued a world-peace that is unattainable, but they pursued it without a comprehension of the problem to be solved and without even a reasonable solution of the problem to offer. Worse than this, they failed to realise that the beginning of the solution of the real problem already existed and required their support as much as it received only their indifference.

What is the germ of the international force which they have in mind? It is not, I venture to say, in the international organisation of labour. The union of the proletariat of the world will never be as strong as the union of the proletariat of a single nation; and hence it is folly to count upon the international labour movement to oppose effectively a national movement in any of its parts. This is a case in which the part will always be greater than the whole. But a union for a particular purpose of the various nations as units is, on the other hand, quite feasible, and not only feasible but already partially in being. The despised Hague Tribunal is, in fact, the germ of the true organ of internationalism. Its constituent parts are nations and not classes in nations. In other words, its foundations are right.
Unfortunately, however, the Hague Tribunal started with a wrong premise as to its object, though with right units as its constituents. It started with the assumption that its object was to abolish war. Never was there a more idealistic notion or one that history has so often delighted to confute. War, we may safely say, is as eternal an institution as the character of human nature. The Hague Tribunal, however, reckoned without this trait of human nature, and failed to understand that such a pride could be eliminated. Around its portals were pacifists who encouraged the false notion; with the result that the Hague Congress became the laughing-stock of the practical world and, in its errors, the despair of philosophers.

But though the Hague Congress could not ingenerate a world-peace—this being beyond human power—it could and did contribute towards the civilisation of war. The comparison may be made with revenge and legal justice. Revenge, said Bacon, is a kind of wild justice; from which it follows that legal justice is a kind of regulated revenge. Similarly, the Hague Congress, though it could not abolish war, but courts could abolish the passion of revenge, could still hope to regulate war, and has, in fact, partially accomplished this purpose. Let nobody laugh at the idea that war becomes in reality less terrible when it is regulated than when it is unregulated. Such is the nature of men that what is murder without rules becomes dwelling when under rules, what is revenge without ceremony becomes justice when legally pursued, and what is a degrading war of extermination—a mere rat-fight—when unregulated, becomes an honourable war when conducted under rules mutually agreed upon. What, in fact, raises the eternal necessity of war above its animal origin is just the element of reason and regulation which the Hague Tribunal, intent upon abolishing war, incidentally gave it. The Hague Tribunal, we may say, came like Balaam to curse and remained to bless. It came to abolish war and it succeeded in polishing war. By attempting to eradicate the causes of war it has stumbled upon the means of ennobling war. Its rules would dignify war and make it once more the sport of over-proud nations.

Now it is the commonly accepted doctrine of every civilised nation that every citizen must be prepared to defend the law of the land. The most Tolstoyan of us can, in fact, be called upon by the police to assist in preserving the regulated revenge we call law and justice. Equally, however, it seems to me, the signatories of the Hague Conventions—the object of which was to regulate national aggression and revenge—can morally be called upon to preserve what they agreed to regard as the law of the world. No nation, it follows, ought to be neutral in a war such as the present. Germany, it is clear, has broken the law solemnly defined by practically every nation to join with the Allies in the opening week of the war. Those nearest the criminal when the crime was first attempted had the immediate duty of prevention thrust upon them; and only as the task of handcuffing the offender proved beyond their power were the remoter nations called upon to intervene. But at this stage I do not hesitate to say that every signatory of the Hague Conventions has failed in its duty. The Hague Tribunal, on the side of the Allies is a traitor to the world. We cannot, it is true, compel them to assist us: any more than the police, struggling with a gang of ruffians, can compel the bystanders to come to their aid. But we shall not forget their indifference and the long arm of the world-law will one day reach them. On the other hand, consider what would be gained by the whole world if the Hague signatories were now to join en masse to put Germany in her place. First, the issue of the war would be certain and speedy. Secondly, Germany would be defeated with dignity and with no long remnant of bitterness; against the world not even Treitschke could be regarded as right. Thirdly, the world, and not the present Allies alone, would have the proud consciousness of having established the law of nations. Fourthly, immense respect would accrue to the Hague Tribunal as the more than professed, the actual, seat of judgment of the world. Finally, we should be well on the way to the establishment of international chivalry. That movement, I say, is on a wrong tack, because it not only assumes that war can be abolished and that a union of discrete proletarian classes can prevent war, but it ignores or, at any rate, does not identify itself with the only existing institution—namely the Hague Tribunal—which can conceivably accomplish the one practical object the International Socialist Movement has in view. The practical and immediate conclusion in regard to the war itself is that we should do all in our power to induce, persuade, cajole, compel or bribe the nations now neutral to join the Allies against Germany. The continued neutrality of America in particular is an offence for which the world (including, I dare to prophesy, Germany herself when she has recovered her senses) will find it hard to forgive the American people. Signatories like the Allies, to the Hague Conventions, should, like us, of their breach by Germany, it behoves America in the long run, quite as much as ourselves, to uphold the world-laws to which we set our hands in common. Given the adhesion of America to the Hague Conventions in deed as well as in word, I should confidently look forward to an era of regulated war and an epoch of human justice. My Socialist critics had better, for their own cause, address America than piffle at Amsterdam. And now to turn to the diplomatic events of the past few days.

Four or five weeks ago, when the British Press did not seem to be aware of the existence of an Italian ex-Premier named Giolitti, I gave a brief account of him in relation to the intrigues of Prince Buelow. It remains for me to carry this story a little further on than has recently been done by the newspaper correspondents. As I stated in my previous note on this point, it was not merely Signor Giolitti, but the whole of Italy which appeared to have been deceived with regard to what Italy might expect from Austria by remaining neutral. There were many Italian newspapers which were not well informed, or indifferent. These papers, urged on by the ‘interests’ to which a war would have been unfavourable, took the side of Signor Giolitti and emphasised his plea that it would be foolish to resort to war when all that was wanted could be had through diplomatic negotiations.
A great many arguments of this nature appear to have been published in the Press all through Italy. It was only last week that the Austrian newspapers—I refer more than the Italians could side with officials and semi-official organs—took up their Italian colleagues seriously. An article in the Vienna “Fremdenblatt” has put what we may call, I think, a definite end to the talk of Italy’s being recompensed as the result of diplomatic pourparlers—recompensed, at all events, in territory. The substance of the remarks made by the “Fremdenblatt” is that, unless Austria finds herself reduced to the position of a fifth-rate Power, she will not yield even an inch of territory to Italy. The immediate result of this categorical and obviously inspired statement was the complete cessation of the pro-neutrality campaign in the Italian Press; and even the “Stampa” felt itself obliged to eat its own words.

It need not be assumed that the Italian war parties—and there are several groups of them, from the most reactionary Conservatives to the most rabid Progressives—are planning a war of conquest similar to the German raid on Belgium. If part of England had been overrun by, say, Germans in the middle of the last century, would the people of Northern and Southall populated almost entirely by English-speaking people, were ruled over by the enemy, we might cherish feelings similar to those of the Northern and Central Italians when they think of their “unredeemed” provinces. The advocates of small nationalities and their rights have always earnestly advocated the restoration of Trieste and the Trentino, if not part of Dalmatia, to Italy; but the Austrian Government, supported, of course, by the German Government, has invariably refused to consider such proposals as practical politics. The Italian-speaking provinces of Austria were taken by the sword; and if they are to be re-taken it must be by the sword. That is the clear answer of Vienna to the efforts of those who wish to see a peaceful restoration of territory. No amount of discussion will settle the question. No reason why the Austrians propose to remain where they are. The Romans, I think, at later stages in their history, have always looked anxiously towards Trieste and Dalmatia, if not part of Dalmatia, to Italy; but it has only just become

As to Italy’s intervention, I should recommend the reader to make a careful study of Italian exchange in the Wall Street market. At present it is unfavourable to Italy; but it has only just become so. This position of the Italian exchange rate reflects the views (and perhaps also the private information) of American financiers.

When on this subject of finance, again I think it worth while mentioning a fact which ought to be borne in mind when we speak of Roumania. It is true that we have made what we regard as satisfactory arrangements with Roumania, and they will no doubt be carried into effect very shortly. The campaign in that part of the world depends upon the climate. It is also true that we have lent Roumania five millions sterling in the form of war credits. We are justified in assuming that we have not lent her this amount for nothing. But we must not on that account proceed to form the impression that we have made this small if important Balkan State dependent upon us, for we have not. The financial relations of Roumania and Germany have been discreetly hidden from us by the journalists who have commented upon Roumania’s intervention. Let me remind them, therefore, that the Roumanian Public Debt amounts to sixty-five million sterling (I exclude the newly-lent five millions), and that of this amount nearly sixty millions is held in Germany. If consular reports be consulted it will be found that the nominal exports from Germany to Roumania annually are valued at almost exactly six times the worth of the commodities (chiefly oil and wheat) nominally sent by Roumania to Germany. The balance against Roumania has to be made up somehow; and it is made up very largely—in fact, almost wholly—of the interest on the German loans to Roumania. In this connection mention of Austria should not be omitted, for a fair proportion of the Roumanian public debt is held in Vienna.

While still on the subject of finance, what of China? Even the war need not prevent us from remembering that Japan has formulated certain demands which the Chinese Government is supposed to be considering, and plenipotentiaries appointed by both countries were understood to be discussing until a week or two ago.

These demands are based almost entirely on purely financial considerations—we are told, for instance, that China shall henceforth purchase at least half her supply of arms and ammunition from Japan. Every railway con-

This is an aspect of the question upon which, of course, no emphasis has been laid openly in recent times. The Italians, being members, nominally, of the Triple Alliance, could not discuss the matter in public, though it has given their naval and military experts many an anxious moment.
The change that came over me after that collapse in the tunnel was one which I have never understood, which I probably never shall understand, but which affects me even to this day. For the rest of my time on that job I was a different individual. Previously I had taken a certain pride in mere physical endurance and power. To me there had been a wondrous joy in being able to wield a tool of some kind for a full shift and to know that every stroke had told; that no blow had fallen that had not had behind it a full measure of energy; that no effort had been made without a definite result. I had been able to look back on the completed job with pleasure, no matter who else had not. As I have already indicated, I became a machine. I never "old soldiered," so I was never pestered by the ganger. (I commend that phrase "to old soldier" to my fellow writers, both as a description of a workman and as an expression of the contempt in which he held the job.) And then there was no need to old soldier. I noticed for the first time that many—or most—of the men were the same as myself. Whilst some of them attacked every piece of work as if they had something of spirit in their bodies, the majority simply waded in as a matter of no interest but of bare necessity. And so it went on for a long time. Whatever had happened to me was permanent and enduring; that is, some of the basis of a certain part of me had been removed for good. I saw no need to go on; I was there. Four years after the tunnel job, I remember, I was working on some buildings in the country. I was in excellent form, and it was one of my joys occasionally to indulge in that extra confidence and to climb the ladder two steps at a time. Swagger! Perhaps! But notice it was four years after my tunnel experience and then that natural strength and exuberance of spirits came very seldom. Generally, I went about my work steadily, sometimes stoically, and never missed a chance to rest. Mind, I do not want to suggest that as a boy I had gloried in nothing but work. The natives of our village would have told you that I learned nothing at school, and that was an overstatement of the matter. But I had gloried in my physical strength, in its possession, and when it had to be used, in using it well. After the break, I scarcely ever gloried in it. I had a continual feeling of having gone an immense time without a sleep; that this period of sleep I had missed might indeed have made me feel well again; and that, no matter how long or how soundly I slept, I never could make it up. And, I assert, that period never has nor never can be made up. Explain it how one will, something broke in me that can never be repaired. And I am as sure of this as I am sure that my pen is tracing these words, that in millions of workers the same thing happens, but with more disastrous consequences.

Here, then, is the explanation of the workers' fear of power; of their lack of initiative. They have lost control of their own wills, their limbs have to learn to move without initiative. They have no will to responsibility because their will has been broken. Some strain has been imposed upon them that was too strong for the man just enough to do for the rest of their lives to keep slogging along on one beaten path. They want nothing more; they dare not face anything more. They are trying to catch up with something that must lie, if it lies anywhere at all, in the grave. In former days I was so bad as that, as you know. I was idiot enough at times, I was a worse idiot than I care to say for taking on that tunnel job when I did, but at other times I was nasty enough and obstinate enough to keep some shreds of will—will enough, at any rate, to see work at the devil for awhile before I would tackle it. But most of the workers are not like that. They go dragging on through life either without the sense or thepluck to throw everything over and go on the spree, or on tramp, or merely be "lazy good-for-nots."

This break in their lives is not, as a rule, so sudden as in my case. It comes more gently. A boy of eleven or twelve is put to some sort of factory work. For a time he likes it. He does indeed! In Lancashire many of the children are anxious to leave school and take to the trade. But later, as time goes on, the keenness wanes, and for a while after they enter the mill they are pleased and proud to be there. But the long hours, the noise, the thick, warm atmosphere, and the continual concentration of their attention upon the machines tell. They do not need to be driven to bed at night; they do not have to be dragged out in the morning. They have never had quite enough sleep. Their faces become sallow, and their appetites fail. (Factory districts for pills and pickles!) They are being broken in, but the process is so gradual that no one notices it. Perhaps one day somebody remarks that Johnny's or Sarah's roses have gone and that they're not half so funny or noisy as they used to be. They are being ground into the approved factory pattern. Any initiative or will to power or responsibility they may have had is but of steadily ground out of them, and any mental activity that may have graced them as children is being checked and choked by the eternal, inert, blanket of machinery, and the call of the loom or other machine that claims their undivided attention.

Let me deal with the point as it more directly affects "Romney's" contention. Take Lancashire factories again. Before the industrial revolution the Lancashire workers who combined farming with hand-loom weaving formed quite a different type. (See "Romney's" contention.) On the Lancashire and Yorkshire border hills you can still find a few of the old type, but, of course, they have not such strongly marked characteristics as the old ones had. But the point is this: In pre-factory days the Lancashiers in their countryside were as independent as the sheep were. They used to be. They are being broken in, but the fact is that the type re-fuse to have a master or to be one, a much better type than the dragooning military superman. If anyone who had indulged in his own fancy and carried out in his own way. He was always independent. One or two men have been credited with inventing the wonderful machinery now used in cotton spinning and weaving; they were mere innovators in one or two special fields. At the end of the eighteenth century every village in Lancashire was full of inventors. They had invented the mill for one, and the loom and the call of the loom or other machine that claims their undivided attention.

A century ago the typical Lancashire worker would cheerfully have commanded a little work that he liked, and he would not face anything of the sort now. It is a positive fact that, some few years ago, managers of mills offered vacant overlooker's posts to every spinner in their employ in turn, and every man refused the job. All they wanted was of wills to be powerful or responsible, because the men were not of that type; they were of the type that re-fuses to have a master or to be one, a much better type than the dragooning military superman. They would trade up the social ladder of a people through modern industrialism, let me recommend a study of the Lancashire and Yorkshire border hills you can still find a few of the old type, but, of course, they have not such strongly marked characteristics as the old ones had. But the point is this: In pre-factory days the Lancashiers in their countryside were as independent as the sheep were. They used to be. They are being broken in, but the fact is that the type re-fuse to have a master or to be one, a much better type than the dragooning military superman. If anyone who had indulged in his own fancy and carried out in his own way. He was always independent. One or two men have been credited with inventing the wonderful machinery now used in cotton spinning and weaving; they were mere innovators in one or two special fields. At the end of the eighteenth century every village in Lancashire was full of inventors. They had invented the mill for one, and the loom and the call of the loom or other machine that claims their undivided attention.

A century ago the typical Lancashire worker would cheerfully have commanded a little work that he liked, and he would not face anything of the sort now. It is a positive fact that, some few years ago, managers of mills offered vacant overlooker's posts to every spinner in their employ in turn, and every man refused the job. All they wanted was of wills to be powerful or responsible, because the men were not of that type; they were of the type that re-fuse to have a master or to be one, a much better type than the dragooning military superman. If anyone who had indulged in his own fancy and carried out in his own way. He was always independent. One or two men have been credited with inventing the wonderful machinery now used in cotton spinning and weaving; they were mere innovators in one or two special fields. At the end of the eighteenth century every village in Lancashire was full of inventors. They had invented the mill for one, and the loom and the call of the loom or other machine that claims their undivided attention.

Let me deal with the point as it more directly affects "Romney's" contention. Take Lancashire factories again. Before the industrial revolution the Lancashire workers who combined farming with hand-loom weaving formed quite a different type. (See "Romney's" contention.) On the Lancashire and Yorkshire border hills you can still find a few of the old type, but, of course, they have not such strongly marked characteristics as the old ones had. But the point is this: In pre-factory days the Lancashiers in their countryside were as independent as the sheep were. They used to be. They are being broken in, but the fact is that the type re-fuse to have a master or to be one, a much better type than the dragooning military superman. If anyone who had indulge
An Open Letter to Mr Stephen Graham.

Sir,—Since the outbreak of the war you have written copiously about the position of the Jews in Russia. As you have not troubled much about the feelings of those who are akin to Russian Jews by race and sentiment, I have the less compunction in saying, if I am permitted, what I think of your despicable anti-Jewish propaganda. Not that I hope to persuade you to discontinue your writings on the subject. That would be too much to expect. The world would miss the obiter dicta of the 'super-tramp.'

The signal of war was for you the signal of mendacity. You rejoiced in the re-establishment of the Pale of Emancipation in Russia and Poland. You rejoiced that the antagonism between the Poles and the Jews was deep-seated and permanent; that the former, to realise their legitimate wishes, must be rid of an alien race; that there was nothing left for the Jews but to emigrate en masse; and, when the land was free of the interlopers, the way would be clear for a holy reconciliation between Russia and Poland. You retailed malevolent gossip about the lack of patriotism of Jews to Russia, but forgot to mention that well over a quarter of a million of the people that you urge should be exported from Russia, in the same unemotional manner as you suppose, were worthy fighting Russia's battles. You repeated the tithe-tattle and the mean and libellous accusations about a subject race which has suffered, martyr-like, the most abominable treatment ever meted out to human beings with a history of their own. It was a base occupation to so flatter yourself that you have told the truth. You have looked through a glass darkly. You have given us a caricature—a hideous, inhuman portrayal. 'What concern have Jews in Russia with political and human rights?' you seem to have asked yourself. And the purport of your answer is: 'They have been pariahs in the past; if they remain in Russia, they must be pariahs in the present and the future.'

This is a war of liberation. To you it is a war of liberation for everybody and anybody except Russian Jewry. It is at such a time as this, when the statesmen of the Allied Powers interpret the idealism of the war in noble and moving language—the war for the protection of the weak and oppressed against the brutal aggression of the strong, the urge to preserve the integrity and individuality of little peoples—it is at such a time that you have chosen to add to the already staggering burden of Russian Jewry. You are guilty of either incredible malice or incredible folly. Perhaps on second thoughts it is a combination of both.

Take your article in the February number of the 'English Review.' It is full of innuendo, carefully embroidered by a thin veneer of unctuous sympathy which deceives nobody. You have surpassed yourself. A more mendacious document, a more figment of the imagination, has never been written. Of course, you profess intellectual disgust with the antics and projects of the exponents of extreme and crude anti-Semitism. Of course, you cannot accept all the frenzied theories of the learned Jew-haters. You reject the extreme but court the medium. It is as though you absolve a people of a charge of murder only to convict them of manslaughter. Do not come to the hasty conclusion, I pray you, that I am not deeply grateful for your moderation.

When you tell us that the 'Russian patriot cannot tolerate the Jew—he sees in him the whole instinct of materialism and Westernism and commercialism, you really mean that the Russian patriot cannot tolerate the Jew because the latter is so material, so Western, so commercial as to desire equality of economic oppor-


tunity. The Pale of Settlement, political, educational, and commercial restrictions, are the answers of Russian patriots to the Jews' insolent and intolerable demand for fair treatment. By the way, in Western nations the complaint is sometimes that the Jews are too Oriental in their outlook. Evidently the Jew is rather a complicated compound.

You aver that if freedom were granted to all the peoples the Jews would overrun Russia and all the secular power would fall into their hands. Six millions of people overflowing one hundred and sixty millions! You do not possess even a sense of humour. Your argument is painfully reminiscent of the lament cited in this country when the admission of Jews to Parliament was proposed. It was said, seriously, that such a concession would de-Christianise the Legislature. Vain alarm, indeed! Is Russia so invertebrate, so defenceless, that she cannot contemplate the freedom of Jews without nightmare visions of a Jewish hegemony? Tolerance towards the Jews does not seem to have upset the equilibrium of the Western Powers, with whom Russia is now linked; so why should it create internal chaos in Russia?

You rake up the hideous Beiliss trial in order to give relief to your pseudo- impartiality. 'Beiliss was certainly involved in the murder.' 'The probability is that a Jew did actually commit the murder.' 'If among the dilletante and savage Jews that have roused parts of the Pale there should exist dark sects in whose rites child-sacrifice, Moloch-worship, and the like are practised—it is merely a curiosity among religions of contemporary Europe.' 'Russia does not hate Jews because they occasionally murder a Christian child, the You either know a great deal about Jewish religious rites or you know nothing. I incline to the latter view. Every man of common sense knows that there is not a scintilla of evidence in support of the allegation of child- murder or ritual murder. Russian Jewry is not involved in the existence of murderous secret sects among Russian Jews—or any community of Jews throughout the length and breadth of the world—is preposterous nonsense. But it is good pabulum for you. Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is your enlightened motto. I accept your analysis of Russian opinion when you say: 'There are two parties in Russia—an enormous one that distracts the Jew and believes evil of him; a small one that protects him.' The child-murder lie is a figment of the imagination. You have no right to impugn the integrity of the Jews. They believe what they want to believe. Why not admit it? Why not cultivate a sense of candour—and, I plead again, a sense of humour? You say apropos of the war: 'Jewry has made up its mind that, though it has not been promised anything, it intends to get something out of it all.' From the sentences which follow you apparently regard the aspiration as illegitimate. Serbia may be encouraged to resist an encroachment on her independence; France may desire to set free the conquered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine; Italy may aspire to restore the nationality of Trentino and Trieste; but Russian Jews must not hug the thought of the restoration of their human rights. That would be monstrous. That would be a grasping and extortionate demand. If they plead: 'Is not any reward due to us on account of our willing sacrifice of manhood?' all you can reply, with soulless logic, is: 'Of course, the Jew is compelled to serve—he has no say in it.' You have not even recognised Jewish manhood by sacrificing it. Really, when all is said and done, this is a more genuine ritual murder than the other.

You make a proposition: 'I believe there may be something in the possibility of the re-establishment of the Jewish Palestine as a nation.' Anything but a mitigation of the rigours of Russian rule. 'Anything but Liberalism, tolerance, sympathy, justice or humanity. It may or may not be practicable to establish Palestine as a Jewish State; but, in any event, Jews must have the right to go there as freemen, not with the brand of Russian serfdom stamped on their foreheads. There are
in Russia. Your proposition is a studied evasion of the problem.

I am writing no "ad misericordiam" appeal to you or beholding the sweepings of the iron hand on your soul. The Jewish tragedy to you is but a peg on which to hang solemn avowals of libelism, strongly flavoured with mediæval arrogance. Elsewhere you have asked Englishmen to love Russia. Which Russia—a Russia of "pogroms", a Russia of political reaction and fiendishuperstition, or a Russia of liberty, equality and fraternity? The Russia of the davn cannot be a country which perpetuates the monstrous inanities with which Jews are at present saddled. I am prepared to love Russia, but it must be a Russia that can be loved.

A Troublesome Neighbour.

There must be somewhere in England somebody who is convinced that Russia has outgrown her lust for territory, and is honestly devoted to internal progress and reforms. So much is being written to persuade the British public of Russia's civilising and pacific tendencies that one would be sorry to know that no one on this earth believed in the existence of those tendencies. Indeed, I have heard in my inquirit, I have heard that one of those men—a man reputed clever in the region of diplomacy—who (according to his friends, who laugh at him) does honestly indulge in this fine orgy of credulity. To such a man my fear of Russia would, of course, seem

He would not hesitate to give Russia all that she wants of her re-construction according to the opposition offered to the will of Russia, which is in partition. The arrangement would probably take the form of a number of autonomous States covering the territory now marked "Turkish Empire" on the map. But an autonomous State may mean practically anything. It might mean a "protected" State, to which the Turkish Empire into a series of States each "protected" by a Power of Europe would be no better than the project of the partition. The recent action of our unknown rulers with regard to Egypt may indicate, perhaps, their way of dealing with the Ottoman dominions. In one sense, Egypt may be said to have autonomy, as apart from and opposed to independence. On the analogy of Egypt, we may see an "autonomous" protected State set up in Mesopotamia. Its ruler would most likely be one of those Indian Muslim notables who do have so assiduously played the toady to the British Government, with the title of Sultan as in Egypt; though personally I should prefer the appointment of one of our own dear time-servers with the title of Kaiser, also Pope of Rome. Russia and France would then be called upon to deal in like manner with their share of the spoils. We may thus behold a goodly crop of bogus sultanates, principalities and kingdoms, designed in some mysterious way to minister to the pride of the native inhabitants of the various countries and make them more amenable to exploitation; designed too, in a way still more mysterious, to stave off the great day of Armageddon.

The arrangement would not bother Russia in the least. She would speedily absorb the new States as she has absorbed other emergent States and guaranteed some measure of autonomy. We presumably, meanwhile, should "play the game" to some extent, so that our "protected" Arab States would be more vulnerable than would an actual province of our empire. I have had some opportunity for observing Russia's methods of advance in peaceful times, and I have no hesitation in declaring her to be a most undesirable neighbour. A neighbour who will throw stones surreptitiously through your window, and then rush in and claim the house or a particular room in it; a destructive man who has no hesitation in declaring her to be a most undesirable neighbour. A neighbour who will throw stones surreptitiously through your window, and then rush in and claim the house or a particular room in it; a destructive man who has no hesitation in declaring her to be a most undesirable neighbour. A neighbour who will throw stones surreptitiously through your window, and then rush in and claim the house or a particular room in it; a destructive man who has no hesitation in declaring her to be a most undesirable neighbour.

100,000 Jews in Palestine; there are still 6,000,000 Jews. Your proposition is a studied evasion of the problem.

I am writing no "ad misericordiam" appeal to you or beholding the sweepings of the iron hand on your soul. The Jewish tragedy to you is but a peg on which to hang solemn avowals of libelism, strongly flavoured with mediæval arrogance. Elsewhere you have asked Englishmen to love Russia. Which Russia—a Russia of "pogroms", a Russia of political reaction and fiendishuperstition, or a Russia of liberty, equality and fraternity? The Russia of the davn cannot be a country which perpetuates the monstrous inanities with which Jews are at present saddled. I am prepared to love Russia, but it must be a Russia that can be loved.
Letters to my Nephew.

III.

The Choice of a Profession.—(Continued).

My Dear George,—Since you reject law and teaching, I am curious to know whether you have thought of journalism. A young man with £700 a year has an excellent chance to achieve a striking career in journalism. You could mount high. But there is a proviso or two. You must have something to say; or, alternatively, you must have considerable literary adaptability to write what somebody else thinks. But you did not come to St John's to learn how to be a journalist. Therefore, having regard to the dignity of your own soul, I presume that you will leave journalism severely alone unless you have a sense of some essence, some levelling within you, that will ultimately call for utterance. To advance with this “inner light” by your Quaker ancestors, you must “feel drawn.” Your father lived and died a Quaker; I was “disowned.” But I think the Quakers are in the right of it when they lay such stress, both in theory and practice, upon the “inner light.” This “inner light” is your conscience. It was a different quality. Conscience always seems to me to be a negative thing; it makes you feel uneasy when you have done wrong; but it is a poor guide when you rejoice to be assured that something you are about to do is right. It is as though you stubbed your toe against a stone whilst walking in the dark. The “inner light” would not only have lit your way, so that your person was safe; you would not have started on your journey unless certain that it was God’s will. Thus, you may reason yourself into a course of action, your conscience being perfectly quiescent, yet unless this Divine wire within you incandesces in response to current issues of the “Times,” he cut out the leading article, headed it: “What Does the ‘Times’ Mean By This?” and, thereby, the proprietor must be considered. Did you ever hear of the leader writer who, when we think of the great war in which he was the chief protagonist) but he, like all living things, which are not physically impaired, unfractured by a comma. Do not tell me that there are thousands of clergymen, who live harmless and fairly useful lives, to whom the finer points of the creed are remote, just as there are thousands of decently minded journalists who do not feel the issues of truth-telling, it has never sunk so low. Its infidelities are obscured in its mechanical efficiency. Not by design but by convenience its thousand falsehoods nullify each other. I ascribe this spiritual decadence to two main causes: the invasion of the sanctuary by commercial interests and the debasing theory of the paid advocate. Let me again remind you of your Quaker ancestry. Your forefathers would have sacrificed anything to preserve their belief that a paid ministry and the free utterance of truth were incompatible. If any man or woman was moved by the Spirit of God to utter some truth, some hope, a doubt, some prayer, then let him do it. Nay, more: he must do it. Imagine their horror at the modern journalistic conception that this should be done at so much per speech, so much per prayer! “A counsel of perfection,” you may say. Not a bit of it. We must, of course, consider the writing habit in relation to life.
In many parts of Europe, notably in Italy and Austria, in a little cubby-hole, generally near some cathedral or church, you will find a discreet old man, who, for a small consideration, writes letters for illiterates. Young men and women, through this medium, send impassioned missives to their lovers; older men and women communicate on more material topics. The same things are found in Central America. Some time ago, a negro in Puerto Cortez asked me to give him a job on the estate. I told him to go there and work would be found for him. A week or two later, I received the following letter, written in a very clerically hand:

Sir,—I beg to advise you that I shall reach your estate next Thursday, on board the schooner 'Corozal' (Captain Gardner, 25 tons).

I trust it will be convenient for you to receive me at your pier.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ALOYSIUS FERGUSON.

A few weeks later he asked me to write a letter for him to his wife. He insisted on beginning “Beloved and honest spouse.” Nowadays we write our own love letters, at least I always do. If I can assist you at any time, pray command me.

Very good; we do our own writing. But is it to be confined only to the heart or the body? In other days every gentleman was expected to be proficient with sword, rapier or pistol. I think that now he ought to be equally proficient with his pen. Some of the best writers of recent years have been plain business men: Bagelot, Clodd, Graham, Hodgkin and several others. When the habit of serious writing spreads, depend upon it, the paid advocate’s day will be over. We shall, of course, have professional journalists. To edit and sub-edit a paper requires experience, knowledge and skill. Even more important, flair. If journalism is to recover its good name, the element of sincerity must be re-introduced. And the more sincere writing, in the region of ideas particularly, must be done by men who write because they must, because they are truly moved by the Spirit. Most assuredly not because they are paid for it.

It is evident, too, that journalists must learn to respect themselves and their profession. I notice that any writer who calls himself a journalist, as many women before the magistrate used to describe themselves as actresses, so to-day it is not unusual for any adventurer or failure to claim journalism as his profession. Did I ever speak to you of Thomas Smithson? Probably I haven’t thought of him for years. He came to me with a letter of introduction from Jack Hurley. “Dear Tony,” it read, “the bearer of this letter, Mr. Thomas Smithson, has been until recently the Minister of the Unitarian Church which I am wrongly supposed to attend. I would go with pleasure, but the morning meeting clashes with my golf and the evening meeting with dinner. When Father died I continued his subscription. I wish now I hadn’t. From what I can gather from Adeline, Smithson seems to have been preaching the most subversive rot. Anyhow, all the decent members of the fraternity or congregation, or whatever they call themselves, got up on their hind legs and kicked wp Pandemonium. The working-class members, most of whom are employed at our works, rather liked it. Personally I didn’t care a brass farthing. Adeline said that it was only my subscription that kept the show going. It didn’t seem quite cricket to put the poor devil on his beam ends, so I called him up the other day and suggested that probably a year’s rest and earnest thought would restore his jangled nerves. Luckily he jumped at it. Adeline and her prig of a husband are quite perky about it and are busy looking round for some ass with a degree—I think they are rather keen on a B.D. writing to London, and if he is, he will be probably gobbled up by you clever blighters. Give him a le--up. Yours, in the service of God, Jack.”

As I read this ingenious letter, Mr. Thomas Smithson sat awkwardly on the corner of a chair. I told him that anything I could do for a man so deeply respected, I might also say revered, by my friend Mr. Hurley, would most readily be done. Then he told me how that he had risen from the lowly position of an insurance collector; that always his heart had bled for the people; that the wealthy members of his congregation were deeply unsympathetic, except Mr. Hurley, to whom he always went for support; that finally his conscience had led him to seek a wider sphere of labour in London. I asked him what he proposed to do. “Why, sir,” said he, “I wield a ready and facile pen.” My sense of humour was too much for me. Putting on a look of consternation, I said “Don’t!” He sprang up, his eyes flashed through his spectacles, his moustache and beard stiffened like porcupine quills. “I see, sir, that you also are cynical and worldly minded.” Smooching him down (I had clearly treated a guest discourteously) I gave him tea, took his address and promised to write to him. Just then, as luck had it, a semi-sincere job turned up and Smithson got it. He writes in obscure magazines, sometimes getting 2s. 6d. or 5s. He has a new baby with distressing frequency, and I am godfather to his eldest son. On his letter-head you will read: “Thomas Smithson, Author and Journalist.”

Affirmations.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

The Non-existence of Ireland.

“CELTs! There are no Celts,” said the voice contemptuously, “they were entirely obliterated by the early Dravidian races. That was six years ago, when I came up to London, a provincial, the pilgrim in search of literary shrines, etc. The first man I asked about the Celtic Renaissance was a large man with an abnormally large red moustache. “Irish Renaissance,” he said; “there is no Irish Renaissance. Mr. Yeats has carelessly collected every scrap of reclame which accrued to that movement, and taken it back with him into Ireland.” The second man of letters of whom I inquired, made me the above reply about Dravidians, and I thought them hard men of the world, devoid of all finer feelings. Since then who knows if want of a better name we must call the “progress of letters,” and during this half of a decade I am compelled to say that I have seen no adequate proofs of the continued existence of Ireland.

Colin, whose work I admire, has almost stopped writing. When I meet an elderly member of the “Irish Literary” society he runs over a catalogue of names which are precisely the same set of names I heard before I came up to London. At that time they were “going to write” or had written verses of promise. I suppose they are still in that position, as one looks in vain for further achievement. One still hears the same myths about Ireland making ironclads and having developed stage-plays in the fifth century of our era. One still hears that the Gaelic bards were very contrary, be impostors from Arran or Skye. We know that Napoleon read Ossian, which came out of Scotland. We know that a similar wave of enthusiasm, like in kind, but considerably less in degree, spread from a more recent bevy of Irish writers, who have apparently no part in the present decade.

I accept Ireland, then, as the creation of certain writers; I can even accept the peasant as a passing but pleasant fiction. Here is a charming prose book by one Joseph Campbell. It is called “Mearing..."
Stones," and purports to be notes on a walking journey. It interests me largely because Mr. Campbell has been content to present a series of brief pictures in prose. He has cast over the attempt at continuous narrative which has spoiled so many books of walking since Heine.

Mr. Campbell says he talked with peasants. He gives snatches of talk which have something of Synge's richness about them, but nothing of Synge's abundance. Mr. Campbell has written a book he has seen, but he also writes that he has seen and talked with a leprechaun, so I do not know how far we can rely on his evidence.

Careful study of modern print leaves me convinced of two things, first, that there are a few dozen worthy and entertaining writers of fiction who call themselves Irish, and secondly that there is an incredible bog or slum or inferno of blackness somewhere in swamps off Liverpool which produces the "Irish Papers." For example, I take up a sheet purporting to come from a place called "Belfast" and read: "The vulgarities, and blasphemies of the late decadent Mr. Synge—suffice to present a series of brief pictures in dialects which have spoiled so many books of walking since Heine."

Mr. Joyce writes the sort of prose I should like to write were I a prose writer. He writes, and one perhaps only heaps up repetitions and epithets in trying to describe any good writing; he writes with a clear hard- nosed, accepting all things, dear to ornament. So far as I know there are only two writers of prose fiction of my decade whom anyone takes in earnest. I mean Mr. Joyce and Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Of these two the latter is undoubtedly a writer of some power; I have never envied Mr. Lawrence, though I have often enjoyed him. I do not want to write, even good stories, in a loaded ornate style, heavy with sex, fruited with a certain sort of emotion. Mr. Lawrence has written some short narrative poems in dialects which are worthy of admiration.

Mr. Joyce writes the sort of prose I would like to write were I a prose writer. He writes, and one perhaps only heaps up repetitions and epithets in trying to describe any good writing; he writes with a clear hard-nosed, accepting all things, dear to ornament. So far as I know there are only two writers of prose fiction of my decade whom anyone takes in earnest. I mean Mr. Joyce and Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Of these two the latter is undoubtedly a writer of some power; I have never envied Mr. Lawrence, though I have often enjoyed him. I do not want to write, even good stories, in a loaded ornate style, heavy with sex, fruited with a certain sort of emotion. Mr. Lawrence has written some short narrative poems in dialects which are worthy of admiration.

Mr. Joyce writes the sort of prose I would like to write were I a prose writer. He writes, and one perhaps only heaps up repetitions and epithets in trying to describe any good writing; he writes with a clear hard-nosed, accepting all things, dear to ornament. So far as I know there are only two writers of prose fiction of my decade whom anyone takes in earnest. I mean Mr. Joyce and Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Of these two the latter is undoubtedly a writer of some power; I have never envied Mr. Lawrence, though I have often enjoyed him. I do not want to write, even good stories, in a loaded ornate style, heavy with sex, fruited with a certain sort of emotion. Mr. Lawrence has written some short narrative poems in dialects which are worthy of admiration.

Mr. Joyce writes the sort of prose I would like to write were I a prose writer. He writes, and one perhaps only heaps up repetitions and epithets in trying to describe any good writing; he writes with a clear hard-nosed, accepting all things, dear to ornament. So far as I know there are only two writers of prose fiction of my decade whom anyone takes in earnest. I mean Mr. Joyce and Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Of these two the latter is undoubtedly a writer of some power; I have never envied Mr. Lawrence, though I have often enjoyed him. I do not want to write, even good stories, in a loaded ornate style, heavy with sex, fruited with a certain sort of emotion. Mr. Lawrence has written some short narrative poems in dialects which are worthy of admiration.

Let us presume that Ireland is ignorant of Mr. Joyce's existence, and that if any copy of his works ever reaches that country it will be reviled and put on the index. For ourselves, we can be thankful for clear, hard surfaces, for an escape from the softness and mushiness of the neo-symbolist movement, and from the fruiter school of the neo-realists, and in no less a degree from the phantasists who are the most trivial and most wearying of the lot. All of which affords the existence of Mr. Joyce, but by no means the continued existence of Ireland. The south will, I suppose, rise against me for quoting Sir Hugh Lane. But the south was no more open to Synge than is Belfast. Dublin is, I suppose, no better than Belfast. It is only chance or politics that brings either place to one's notice. And even the politics may, for all one hears to the contrary, be cooked up in England or in Germany or in my own country. Still Dublin did get its name into print as "The Maid's Comedy"—which I have unfortunately never read.
whom it pictures by painters the value of whose
Hugh Lane offered to that city of its ignorance and stupidity. They clamoured in
for making so many words for pictures like "those beautiful
which we see in our city art shops." (Pears' Annual,
we presume.) They refused the Lane collection with
insults. It seems strange that Dublins claim,
or aspirations, to be the capital of a nation. There is no city even in America so small or so provincial that it would not have welcomed these pictures. I say this to get into focus. There is no State, no recently promoted territory in the Union, which has not more claim to being a nation in itself than has this "John Bull's Other Island," this stronghold of ignorance and obstruction. Ireland is judged so little from the outside and so little save by its own facts that it seems a good while for me to set down these statements, seeing that I am a stranger who had once a predisposition to respect the Irish nation, and who has certainly nothing but the most kindly of feelings towards every Irishman whom I have ever met. I cannot remember needless to offer more comment, however. I usually enjoy their conversation, until they become aged and glue their
soever I usually enjoy their conversation, until they
emerge. He has given us one intense scene in the farce
of the boy and the girl and the waiter in "You Never Can
hit your own
Should Mary go to bed at ten o'clock or eleven. Mr.
Shaw is the genteel type, the type of middle-class
writer we
can find no proof of continued Irish existence.

Impressions of Paris.

A hour of muggy warmth, a shop-window full of drawings, a woman, a man, and me. The woman points to a sketch of the Kaiser bombastically donning the hat of Napoleon. "Ah, my faith, that doesn't suit the barbarian!" The man, in Russian-French: "Why not, madame? The hat of one brute to serve for another."
"But, monsieur—Napoleon!" "Oui, madame—Napoleon!
"Napoleon! You venture to say that to me only because I am a woman! I am a woman!! That's why you dare." "Madame, we are not indoors, and you invited my opinion." "You [shrewishly] are very amiable!" "Ah, you have assured me that you are a woman and now... No doubt you have perfect reason."

They went their different ways after this, probably the sole and single inter-communication destiny may arrange for them. I remembered once having seen a squabble between two coster women, at the end of which, one, defeated, suddenly began to shriek: "I'm only a woman, I'm only a woman!" The other, an old crone, stood astounded for a moment, and then replied with an air of only half believing herself: "Why, so am I!" Squabbles between the French vulgar are very differently conducted from ours, much more reserved if equally intellectually dishonest. The socially convenient manners thoroughly taught in the Lycees last the lifetime of most French, even the lowest. Very bitter is the discussion when we arrive at—"Monsieur, you are not polite!" Voulez-vous etre poli? One must hear that to know how nearly the human voice can be made to suggest the guillotine—"Sir, you are n't polite!" I heard a butcher remark after the departure of a lady who required an explanation of the sudden rise in cutlets, "Ah, you save, it is not a well-educated person who argues such matters." Voulez savey is also a guillotine phrase, and very savage it can sound. An Englishman would look round for a quarter-staff, hearing it thus-enuunciated on a dark night.

Whatever was Diderot attempting in his "Neveu de Rameau"? The French critic informs me that this book is a "stinging satire on the times which too often resemble our own"; and I have heard people who professed to believe the nephew of Rameau was a living study, and some who thought him an heretic. It seems to me that there never was any such person, that Diderot tried to imagine what man would be like if he had evolved without the moral sense, that the study failed because, outside the madhouse, there is, naturally, no type without the moral sense, and that he fell away from his fantastical ideal, produced a pedantic rascal of a small order, but published the book all the same. The nephew of Rameau reasons; to reason, so reasonable men say, is to be incipiently moral, and to be moral is to will the progress towards human perfection. Diderot cannot avoid allowing him to reason—otherwise he would have had simply to present a madman. Rameau not only reasons, but reasons on all subjects save morality, like a highly developed philosopher, say Diderot himself; on the subject of morality he reasons, also, with unfailing consequence—to justify his unsocial acts of the most ordinary feebleness, cheating, pandering, flattering, and so on.

The rogue does nothing to prove himself incorrigible. His reiteration of his own incorrigible naughtiness is no proof of it. This reiteration constructs what there is of his figure. The rest of his discourse is Diderot's summary of the best ideas of the period; and it is small mark of a great mind to put them into the mouth of an absurd vagabond whose notion of grandeur was to wave his arms inconveniently to the world while talking to someone in the Palais Royal. Every petty rascal may find support in Rameau for his knavery and ill-manners, and may fane himself an unmoral phenomenon past the power of gods or men to alter, a regular devil in human form. Feeble people love to believe that the devil exists in human shape and may be Themselves.

Had the study been attempted in romantic form instead of in dialogue, the unreality of Rameau would have been impossible to hide. Without falsifying the whole world of men no adventures could have been invented for him which did not show him checked either by animal suspicion, by contempt or by ridicule at every turn. A very few years or days of attempting to play the unmoral devil would suffice to make a man at least morally reasonable enough to imitate morality.
Letters from Russia.

By [C. E. Bechhofer].

HOLY KIEV—Jerusalem of Russia, Mother of all Cities—has now sixty-two cinematographs! Barely had Beiliss gone home than the Cossacks were called out for the Shevchenko processions; Stolypin was assassinated in the theatre; the Fatal Princess of Kiev passed the Venetian judges—but now there are sixty-two cinematographs! What an advance; it is like the steam-roller! How changed since Lermontov said that nobody advanced in Russia but he that goes back! The steam-roller has advanced already forty miles from Warsaw—oh! give me Dostoevsky's teaching, the adoration of Russia, "which cannot be understood by reason, but which is a matter of faith." And the patriotism! Red-hot! It costs £500 to speak German in the streets of Kiev, and we've all got our eyes on the Jews.

You thought the Revolution of 1905 was provoked; no, no, no—it was the Jews! You thought the Beiliss case was most idiotic chicanery—my dear sirs, the ritual murder was a fact! Russians have told me so, Russians, real Russians, and ladies—women, the sort of people who cannot be deceived. Gentlemen, the Jews—are devils. Mr. Raffalovich is a Jew; hence the Little Russian partisans are demons—but I will postpone them. Stolypin's murderer was a Jew, and he was well hanged (illegally) two days after. It was the Jews—but let us talk about the weather.

There is no fun about it now. A few days we had nothing to do but watch the floods in the thawing streets. There are persons known as dvorniks who are compendia of institutions. They are responsible both to the police and to the householders. They have to see that all our passports are in order, and they have to clean the street and pavement in front of the house. They sleep outside the street-door, and one finds them slumbering in twenty degrees of frost with stalactites of snow hanging from their beards. Our interesting specimen had to clean the street and pavement in front of the house. He scratched his neck and looked very valiant and distinguished. They have reason for pride; in Kiev one driver is ample for three barges. Of course it is a policeman. Nobody else would have dared! He made up for his large feet by clapping the snow across, and, after that, the cold has set in. Ten degrees Celsius below zero—we shall soon be off the Fahrenheit scale. The dvornik still sleeps outside and is scarcely recognisable as human in his fur and beard. When it thawed, the sledges looked like boats; now the horses wear white snow-drifts on their chests and look very valiant and distinguished. They have reason for pride; in Kiev one driver is ample for three sledges. He leads the way and the other two horses follow up of their own accord. When the driver falls off into the snow asleep, or, if he has been lucky enough to find drink nowadays, drunk, the horses do not stop for him. He scratches his neck and walks home to meet them.

A few stories come from the war to remind us that it is going on. Two Russian officers forced an entrance (in all courtesy) upon some peasants in Galicia. They commandeered a meal, when lo! enter a devil, i.e., a Jew. The peasants crowded round the Jew and kissed his hand, and then roped him. He was the local middleman, his nephew and sister were killed and himself injured in both legs. The poor child does not know that his mother is dead. Ah, dear, this reminds me that my good friend, the hostess of the Hotel Blos, Rue Vavin, has lost her eldest son. Twice wounded, he went to the trenches for the third time and was killed. She will never again be the same bright creature, but she does not cease any the less to console the rest of the world.

P.S.—I am quite blind with sudden influenza and shall have to pass two or three unimpressionable weeks.

Alice Morning.
asked for his money back, with interest; and the local poor Jews are subscribing again. But thank the Lamb! the brutes will soon have nothing to subscribe with—except pogroms!

I cannot resist the remark a coloured gentleman from Lagos made to me recently in a café. "De Austrians," he said, "in de Galicee are being blown to atoms."

When I get out again—but there, I have given the show away. The truth is, I am in bed. I went to see the Blessing of the Waters, the beautiful Blessing of the Waters, as Mr. Stephen Graham would undoubtedly say. It was very slippery going down to the Dnieper, and everybody slipped up half a dozen times and lost his temper. A few enthusiasts cut holes in the ice and took a bath; they will surely die, thought I—but like the dog, it was I that got influenza. So here I am with my fevers and my bruises, and for amusement I have the local yellow press, which bears the unique reputation that every contribution from its "own correspondents" is false. In case sympathisers should bewail my lot, let them see the sort of life we lead in Kiev, the sort of adventures we have in the Mother of Cities.

The following is a strictly literal translation from one of yesterday's local papers:—

"CARRYINGS ON OF CHINAMAN ON KRESHATIK." (Kiev's main street).

"To-day in town much of discussion about sufficiently sensational carryings on of Chinaman, which accompanied themselves with following detail:

To-day about six o'clock of morning to one out of automobilists on Nicholas Street, Hans Lej, went up unknown decently dressed gentleman with bicycle in hands and asked carry off him on Good-News-Mary Street. Chauffeur agreed himself.

In this same time having passed against house No. 20 on Kreshatik beat(-)policeman suddenly to astonishment to his saw that in shop of bicycles of Torkler broken in window great plate-glass. Policeman raised alarm, called night-watchman, but appeared itself that nobody nothing not seen and not heard noise of smashed glass, etc.

"Sound of broken glass attracted attention of not far having been standing beat(-)policeman suddenly to himself round to policeman and having been witness of proceeding at shop of Marshak, accommodating itself, as Chauffeur Leus [sic!] went up Rhed (policeman) to Torkler in window great plate-glass and raised alarm, called night-watchman, but appeared itself that nobody nothing not seen and not heard noise of smashed glass.

"Between that unknown person managed carry off on automobile bicycle into house No. 129 along Good-News-Mary Street, and returned himself on automobile back on Kreshatik and ordered to stop himself and being witness of proceeding at shop of Torkler he engaged room. What like were motives of kidnap of Chinaman Lee-Kwee-Syan until not settled."

"At house No. 22 Kreshatik in this time collected itself sufficiently large crowd of workmen looking at broken pane in shop of Torkler! Having noticed running away covered with blood man, chased with policeman, some out of crowd, dvorniks, etc., threw themselves on criminal and seized him. But criminal lightly scattered off having thrown themselves on him ten of man and ran further.

"At search of Lee-Kwee-Syan appeared itself that nobody nothing not seen and not heard noise of smashed glass. Policeman betook himself his alarm, but as how street was empty and help arrest criminal to nobody was, policeman after warning compelled was to open on him shoot out of revolver."

"Between this on Kreshatik and in radius of Palace station alarm continued itself. Produced themselves energetic researches of having hidden himself criminal, in which took part staffs of two stations. But suddenly completely unexpectedly, unknown criminal appeared himself on Town-hall Square.

"Having been standing here on beat, policeman Masor recognised him according to marks as how was warned about unavoidableness of arresting of him."

"But until policeman approached him, unknown not having noticed constable, speedily sprung up in window of manufacturer's shop of Reisman (Town-hall Square, 3) and in same manner as in shop of Marshak with fist smashed glass, splinters of which with sound began scatter themselves on pavement. Evilthinker began feverishly grasp goods out of window. But in this moment policeman Masor seized him by shoulder and began give alarm signal, calling up dvorniks. However, arrest criminal appeared itself not so easy.

"With one strong movement he threw off policeman in side, throwed himself to run along Kreshatik. Policeman not lost himself having seized out sword, he throwed himself behind unknown, reached him and dealt him blow on head."

"But having possessed with unbelievable strength, criminal turned himself round to policeman and having seized him threw him on earth, and himself dashed himself along Kreshatik. This was about seven o'clock of the morning."

"At house No. 22 Kreshatik in this time collected itself sufficiently large crowd of workmen looking at broken pane in shop of Torkler! Having noticed running away covered with blood man, chased with policeman, some out of crowd, dvorniks, etc., threw themselves on criminal and seized him. But criminal lightly scattered off having thrown themselves on him ten of man and ran further. Alert done itself general! Whistles and cries filled with sound street, behind strong one ran whole various-haired crowd and at last on corner a street when to him barred way group of workmen, dvorniks, beat(-)policemen. Criminal was bound and arrested. In accompaniment of large crowd of folk him delivered in Old Kiev station and began interrogate.

"From beginning criminal to name himself refused himself, but having recognised him one out of inspectors speedily unmasked him. He well famous to Kiev wrestler-athlete, Chinaman Lee-Kwee-Syan, having stepped out in the circus of Krutikov two years to that behind."

"With furthermost research was stopped that Lee-Kwee-Syan arrived in Kiev in end of December and seized himself in 129, Good-News-Mary Street, where he engaged room.

"In latest time he not with anything not occupied himself. What like were motives of kidnap of Lee-Kwee-Syan until not settled."

"Explain his carrying on he categorically refuses himself."

"At search of Lee-Kwee-Syan appeared itself that with shot of policeman Ponomaref he wounded in palm of left hand, and with sword of Mason in head and right shoulder. Doctor having laid on to him bandages announced that danger for life wounds not threaten."

"Is producing itself inquiry.

"Pygmalion," also, has arrived and young enthusiasts try to persuade me that Shaw is a philosopher and, like any other native prophet, is hated by the English bourgeoisie!"

Meanwhile I feverishly wait for Mr. Wells' war to break out—you know the one he prophesied, between Germany and America, with the yellow races and the Magyar Slavs all joining in with airships! Talking about the Magyar Slavs, it is now sixty-seven years since Russia preserved the Austrian Empire by suppressing the Hungarian revolt; and one hundred and fifty-five years since the Russians entered Berlin. The people who imagine Russia to be now entering European life might remember these two facts. And please remember, Kiev has sixty-two cinematographs!
You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, nor an old playwright to write new plays. The blatant policy of "revivals" is at least honest, but the "new" plays are simply the old ones with a little something about the war added to make them topical; and, really, when one thinks of what this war means it does seem absurd to use it as the deus ex machina of a sentimental comedy. My acquaintance with modern dramatic literature forbade me to agree with Mr. H. G. Wells when he made one of the characters in his last novel say that men will always marry, no matter how onerous the conditions may be. But Mr. Horace Annales Vachell, in his play, "Searchlights," goes beyond in his postulate of male misogamy; for, to compass the marriage of one silly "knut," he has not only to invoke the aid of the Great War, but has to afflict his hero with fever and sunstroke. The cause and effect are not really commensurate; and what Mr. Vachell secures by the toxic action of fever would have been more fittingly obtained by the use of a love-philtre, such as stout and oysters. There is a story of a girl who went to see her engaged who, when the clergyman refused to perform the ceremony because the bidegroon was drunk, cried out: "But he won't come when he's sober." Had Harry Blaine been only wounded, Phoebe Schmaltz would probably have never succeeded in "trading with the enemy"; and that Mr. Vachell should have had to soften his heart by turning his head with sunstroke only adds indignity to the incompetence of Phoebe Schmaltz.

The rest of the play deals with the theme of Strindberg's "The Father" in the English way. The skeleton in the cupboard of this household is Harry Blaine, and in the last act he looked like nothing but a bag of bones; and Robert Blaine and his wife, when they want to create a little hell upon earth, take this skeleton from its hiding-place (usually the billiard-room) and argue the question of its paternity. There is no doubt that Mrs. Blaine was its mother, nor is there any doubt that she was Mrs. Blaine when she became its mother; but the boy is so unlike his putative father, in appearance, temperament, and habits, that Robert Blaine has doubted the authentic source of the offspring. He doubts for twenty-five years or so, because Mr. Vachell wanted to drag in this war, before he obtains confirmation of his doubts; and when Mrs. Blaine express the pleasures of married life so described in Vanbrugh's "A Journey to London:"

"It seems that long, long ago, somewhere about 1880, Mrs. Blaine (who was then, I believe, a Miss Boyle) fell in love with Captain Arthur Trevor. Unfortunately for her happiness he only had about £1,200 a year, and he was too noble to ask her to share his life in barracks. So they met, they killed, they parted, as many have done before"; and then Robert Blaine, who at the age of twenty-five was earning £1,200 a year and was determined to earn more, came along and an alliance was made between the Boyles and the Blaines. For five years, it seems, they lived together happily; but while Blaine combined finance with felicity, he met Captain Arthur Trevor again. She begged her husband to take her away; he could not, as he was making a profit from a banking crisis; she felt herself neglected, threw herself into the arms of her lover, and named the child Harry. Captain Trevor, being not only a charming but poor man, but also a hero, went to the Boer War (The Boer War] exposed himself recklessly, won the V.C. and was killed, leaving Harry, like a cuckoo's egg, in the nest of a more domesticated bird.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that Harry had no protective resemblance to his putative father, and that his mother exercised all her influence to make him like his real father. But so it was: women were always per-
Readers and Writers.

CONVERSATIONALISTS ought to be added to our title, since without good conversation it is unlikely that there will ever be good readers and writers. Many witty and true things are said, however, in conversation that are forgotten for want of record. It is not perhaps that people are too idle to make notes, but, like one of Lincoln's secretaries, they are not awake to the merit of what they hear. This poor fellow, discovering after Lincoln's death what a market there was for recollections, solemnly excused his own neglect on the ground that he did not know at the time that Mr. Lincoln was a great man! Even so have I known fellow-guests at a party complain afterwards that they never heard the bon-mots reported by me. Not with their attention with a view to remembering them certainly; but I swear I did not invent them. Be gee. The following remarks I picked up at a recent evening spent together by some contributors to The New Age. I record them here as evidence that one, at least, of the company was quick in the uptake and not ashamed to play Boswell.

* * *

Discussing the relation between idealism and realism, someone said that these were desire and will writ large or abstracted. Desire is of the undefined and perhaps of the unattainable. Will is of the defined and the attainable. For instance, one can desire the moon and even cry for it; but one cannot will to have it. Circumstances are thus the determinant. Change circumstances and the idealist becomes the realist and the realist the idealist. * * *

It was remarked that the apathy of the "people" was not of necessity due to their having been "broken in" by industry. A nation with a competent governing class is disposed to leave authority in the hands of those who have used it well; thus a people under able rulers tends to become servile and thus to nourish the seeds of the ruin of the nation. A people with a corrupt governing class, on the other hand, becomes self-reliant, obstreperous to authority and revolutionary: thus nourishing the seeds of the nation's renaissance.

* * *

The retort was made on somebody who complained that The New Age treated Germany as if she were an honourable enemy: No, but as if England were.

* * *

The neighbours of a celebrated philanthropist once petitioned God that He should grant the first requests of the man they so greatly admired. The prayer was answered and the philanthropist promptly proceeded to put an end to every man, woman and child in the place. This story was told apropos of Mr. John Galsworthy, who had been described as "good upon second thoughts."

* * *

Shaw was discussed. The conclusion arrived at was that the "Quintessence of Ibsenism" was his best work, since, when writing it, he felt himself, for the only time in his life, in the presence of a superior mind. It was Shaw's first propaganda in the Fabian Society. Henceforth he became such a lion among the Fabians that he conceived it his duty to slay everybody for his young.

* * *

This is Wells' war, yet he has let Le Queux and Bigbie run off with most of the credit of it.

* * *

There are two kinds of classics: national and world.

Of the eighteenth century writers it was said that they thought like scholars and wrote like men of the world.

* * *

You fear pedantry? Not the reality, but the appearance of it.

* * *

Emerson saw England with the eyes of a primitive American puritan. Almost with his eyes England looks at America to-day.

* * *

Be popular with the best minds first, and, afterwards, if God wills, you may safely be popular with the rest.

* * *

The modern movement is likely to land us in a series of marital disasters. On the one side, men are aiming at the synthetic man typical of the Renaissance; on the other, women are specialising in fragments. Very soon it will take seven women to balance a man, and polygamy will be talked of. But even a fragment of a woman will insist on the rights of a whole.

* * *

Only a half-truth is never forgotten.

* * *

Reversing an epigram of Wilde's, it was said of The New Age that it had not a friend in the world, but its enemies loved it.

* * *

Few people can see greatness at less than a hundred miles or years off.

* * *

Another reversed epigram was addressed to the pacifists who have so often been the harbingers of war: "If you wish for war, prepare for peace."

* * *

England before the war was going to sleep on her Imperial bed.

* * *

The Germans have made a religion of the State and naturally embarked on patriotic proselytism.

* * *

Of someone who excused his vices by the experience he derived from them, it was said that "it was a queer way of getting the best out of himself."

* * *

One can have characteristics without a character.

* * *

The soldiers' letters from the front have made very small beer of all the war-realists of fiction.

* * *

A certain journal, notorious for its combined scurrility and incompetence, was described as burning the scandal at both ends.

* * *

Apropos of a recent letter in the "Times" by the headmaster of one of the public schools, the remark of Queen Charlotte was recalled "who was surprised to find the headmaster of Eton quite a gentleman in his manner." She would not be surprised to-day.

* * *

Speaking of bathos, someone quoted an instance from a current article by the Bishop of Carlisle, who wrote of "the unparalleled crime of the Crucifixion."

* * *

The praise of King Albert of Belgium was declared to be a democratic criticism of monarchs, for it implied how little a king was expected to act like one.

* * *

Even the most vicious may be suspected of indulging in secret virtues.

* * *

Talent is the search for genius.

R. H. C.
Views and Reviews.

Initiative.

The fundamental inconsistency between Socialism and Democracy of which Professor Dicey speaks in the last edition of his "Law and Opinion in England" is becoming manifest even in the pages of The New Age. "Romney," by reporting certain facts observed by himself, has brought the usual horrid's nest of protesters about his ears, the Democrats persisting in their childish practice of idolising the people. Yet the facts reported by "Romney" have long been known, and are capable of many explanations, the historical being not the least important. The classic pages of Thorold Roger's "Work and Wages" contain many a reference to the subject, and show the legislative and administrative measures that were employed to rob the working classes of initiative. Take this passage as an example: "I can conceive nothing more cruel, I had almost said more insolent, than to have men, employed in the lowest points of industrial labour, wages on which life may be sustained, by an Act of Parliament, interpreted and enforced by an ubiquitous body of magistrates, whose interest it was to screw the pittance down to the lowest conceivable margin, and to inform the stinted recipient that when he had starved on that during the days of his strength, others must maintain him in sickness or in old age. Now this was what the Statute of Apprenticeship, supplemented by the Poor Law, did in the days of Elizabeth. And if you go into the streets and alleys of our large towns, and, indeed, of many English villages, you may meet the fruit of the wickedness of Henry and the policy of Elizabeth's counsellors in the degradation and helplessness of those born in misery.

It will, of course, be protested that these historical causes are not operative now, although it will be difficult to show any development of working class initiative comparable in degree or extent with the crushing blow inflicted on many in the days of the Queen of Elizabeth. The working classes, in spite of Household Suffrage, have not recovered the control of their own lives, which is a necessary condition of initiative. For the rigours of the wage-system forced them into the factories in the eighteenth century, and machine production did its deadly work in depressing the vital energies, the over-flow of which into action we call initiative. I have quoted this passage before, but it will bear re-quotiation. Emerson, in his "English Traits," published in 1856, said: "It is an old Saxon custom that when a man takes to the Leicester stockinger, to the imbecile Manchester spinner—far on the way to the spiders and needles. The incessant repetition of the same hand-work dwarfs the man, robs him of his strength, wit, and versatility, to make a pin-polisher, a buckle-maker, or any other speciality; and presently, in a change of industry, whole towns are sacrificed like anthills, when the fashion of shoe-strings supersedes buckles, when cotton takes the place of linen, or railways of turnpikes, or when commons are enclosed by landlords. The lower society is admonished of the mischief of the division of labour, and that the best political economy is care and culture of men; for, in these crises, all are ruined except such as are proper individuals, capable of thought, and of new invention and the appreciation of their talent to new labour."

When "Romney" writes of the lack of adaptability to new conditions among men whose profession, he says, is so often that of "machine-minder," he has only observed in another sphere of life facts which are known and which it is absurd for the Democrats to deny. Machine-minding calls for the exercise of no mental faculty but that of attention; and Dr. A. E. Bridger, in his study of Neurasthenia, has said: "The classes of work that are most agreeable, even in that keep the individual out of active communion with his fellow man, or that actually deprive the brain of work; such are routine employments, and those that offer no sufficient prize as stimulus to individual thought and enterprise, and those which necessitate the long, habitual use of one or only a few of the mental faculties. To the deadening effect of unsuitable work, even more than to the want of physical exercise, breakdowns are due. That the breakdowns occur, there is no doubt; Mr. J. A. Hobson, in "Work and Wealth," says that "the growing prevalence of cardiac neuritis and of neurasthenia in general among working-people is attested by many medical authorities, especially in occupations where long strains of attention are involved." It has even been noted by the careful Germans that the highest rate of accidents is during the fourth and fifth hours of morning work, and again in the late afternoon, when the attention of the worker and his muscular control are both weakened by fatigue. Initiative for centuries; they are born to it, bred to it, fed to it. Until one of their class rises beyond their control, they will rather pity the elected foremen of the Guilds unless, by that time, the habits and traditions of the working-classes have undergone a change.

It ought not to have been necessary to insist on these quite elementary facts, but the folly of the Democrats seems to be incurable, and is, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to Democracy. A Democracy can be no better than the men who compose it, and no Socialist, at least, will blind himself to the demerits of the working-classes. That the demerits do not outweigh the merits the admission; but the practical man, deciding the thing to be done at the moment, has to deal with things as they are, and utilise the powers that exist. The formation of new armies has given plenty of opportunity for the exercise of old and adapted talents and capacities; we could not have had too much of these qualities; and "Romney" has testified to a well-known fact that the working-classes have not shown a sufficiency of initiative and command for centuries; they are in their miserable surroundings, a little more nerve-force and some organisation, and the course of history might be changed." When "Romney" says that eighty per cent. of the commissioned officers have some capacity for handling men, and that the non-commissioned officers do not show anything like the same proportion, it is idle to pretend, as one correspondent does, that the facts are otherwise. The class from which they are drawn is a class that has been exercising initiative and command for centuries; they are born to it, bred to it, fed to it. But I speak from my own experience when I say that among the working-classes initiative is not encouraged, until one of their class rises beyond their control, they have little respect for his merits. It is common knowledge that in the Army, for example, a private is only good enough for regimental duties; waiting for promotion is not usually encouraged by his fellows; and, when he gets his lance-stripe, the whole squad will set to work to make his life impossible until he is reduced to the ranks or he has beaten the members of his squad into obedience. I rather pity the elected foremen of the Guardians, unless by that time, the habits and traditions of the working-classes have undergone a change.

February 25, 1915
Carruthers' Diabolical Experiment.

"So you're absolutely determined to go through with it?" I directed the query at Carruthers, who stood in front of the fireplace with an indifferent expression upon his face. He nodded emphatically. "If there's one thing in this world," he replied stolidly, "that I was ever really determined to go through with, it's this." Westham, who sat mutely at the other end of the table, gave me a pleading glance as if to implore me to continue my attempt to persuade Carruthers from his mad idea which he had conceived. But I knew Carruthers too well, and realised that my only chance of preventing him from going any further with the matter was by an appeal to his sentiment.

"Is it quite fair?" I continued. "Don't think for a moment that I want you to go back on your word to Bell. Nothing of the sort; I understand Bell's motive, though perhaps you don't believe it. But old age,—damn it all, that's where it's inhuman. As I've tortured it all out; don't you want it, old age, as you suggest, does command respect? There is something noble—something fine about the personality of a very old man." He paused, and Westham leaned forward suddenly across the table. "Especially when the old man happens to be your own grandfather," he exclaimed. "Think of it! Your mother's father!—Carruthers, it's inhuman." Westham leaned back in his chair and drummed his fingers upon the table. "It's inhuman," he repeated. "I can't think of a better word. Carruthers and I stood for the past. Which will ultimately survive? That is the vitally question, and I decide."

Westham shifted his feet noisily. Carruthers gave a swift glance. Bell lowered his head and stared at the table and shook his hand. "I'm with you," he said. "We shan't need all the papers into two files. 'I particularly want the newspapers.' Carruthers divided the papers into two files. 'I particularly want the newspapers. We shall need only those which specialise in the cinematograph. No, the tendency, I feel convinced, is towards a newspaper composed entirely of photographs.'" He spoke in a quiet and confident voice; Bell drank in his words eagerly and turned to us with a look of silent admiration. "How's the old man?" he inquired when Carruthers had finished sorting the papers. "He's still down at Chelsmford. Living alone with a caretaker. He was born in the house and will probably die in it." Westham shuffled his feet noiselessly. "Carruthers gave me a swift glance. Bell lowered his head and stared at the carpet. "How old is he?" I inquired in a low voice. "Eighty-nine this November," answered Carruthers. "Never been to London, has he?" asked Westham. Carruthers shook his head. "Never," he replied. "In some ways the old man is a fanatic. He's still down at Chelsmford. Living alone with a caretaker. He was born in the house and will probably die in it."

Westham whistled. "I should jolly well think you were doing a very great thing."

"Of course," I replied Carruthers grimly. "Besides, Bell is just as decided about it as I am. You chaps needn't get in a panic. Whatever happens, you're responsible. I take the whole of the responsibility upon myself," Westham whistled. "I should jolly well think so," he exclaimed, "considering it's your grandfather."}

Ten minutes later Bell let himself in with a latchkey. There was a mad look in his eyes, and he carried an enormous pile of newspapers which he flung triumphantly upon the table. We eyed them apprehensively. Carruthers turned them over after another and counted them carefully. "Twenty-five," he said quietly. "We shan't need all of them. I particularly desire only those which specialise in photographs." Bell turned an anxious face towards us. "Why not the lot?" he exclaimed. "There's only about half of them illustrated by photographs." Carruthers divided the papers into two files. "I particularly want the illustrated ones," he replied, "because the modern tendency is undoubtedly towards a newspaper which is all photos. For proof of this I would draw your attention to the increasing popularity of the cinematograph which eliminates the necessity of reading printed matter. People won't be bothered to read what they can understand with less trouble and in a photograph. For example, they will not trouble to read the verbal description of a murderer's personal appearance when special photographs of the murderer, in a dozen different positions, are available; or even a moving picture of him upon the cinematograph. The tendency, I feel convinced, is towards a newspaper composed entirely of photographs." He spoke in a quiet and confident voice; Bell drank in his words eagerly and turned to us with a look of silent admiration. "How's the old man?" he inquired when Carruthers had finished sorting the papers. "He's still down at Chelsmford. Living alone with a caretaker. He was born in the house and will probably die in it." Westham shuffled his feet noiselessly. Carruthers gave me a swift glance. Bell lowered his head and stared at the carpet. "How old is he?" I inquired in a low voice. "Eighty-nine this November," answered Carruthers. "Never been to London, has he?" asked Westham. Carruthers shook his head. "Never," he replied. "In some ways the old man is a fanatic. He's still down at Chelsmford. Living alone with a caretaker. He was born in the house and will probably die in it."

Westham whistled. "I should jolly well think you were doing a very great thing.

"As a matter of fact, it is just because we realise that your method will be effective that we cannot grasp them—I want to make sure of the tendencies—bring forward some tangible and obvious proof that we are on the wrong track. I claim that my idea will make this proof manifest. Nobody will take any serious notice of Carruthers' eyes. That's just where you make a mistake," he said. "The tragedy will be sufficiently inhuman to create a storm of controversy in all the papers—" Westham interrupted him with a laugh. "Then your experiment is a paradox," he exclaimed. "The mere fact that the result of the experiment will be thrashed out in the newspapers proves the futility of your idea."

"And that moment the telephone rang. Carruthers stepped across the room and lifted the receiver. "Hello! Hello! Bell? Yes, we're all here—waiting for you—coming round? Right! O!" He replaced the receiver and took up his old position in front of the fireplace. "So it's no use trying to make you realise the inhumanity of your idea?" I asked. "Nothing short of sudden death would stop me now," replied Carruthers.
For a week after this last interview I went about haunted by the mental picture I had created of the old cultured country gentleman receiving that horrible parcel of concentrated civilisation which Carruthers had posted. I was too nervous to call on him to ascertain the result of his experiment, and Westham, whom I saw daily, shared my apprehension. A week later, however, we forced up sufficient courage to ring the bell at Carruthers’ flat. Carruthers handed round a box of cigars and drew the blinds. “Well,” repeated Westham, lighting his cigar.

He did not, however, look very pleased with himself, and with an irritable gesture led us into the sitting-room. Bell was there smoking moodily. “Well,” exclaimed Westham anxiously, as he removed his hat. “What’s happened? You both look pretty rotten.” Bell flung the stump of his cigar into the dark corner with the whisky and soda

“Apotheosis,” I exclaimed. “What’s happened? You both look pretty rotten.” Bell flung the stump of his cigar into the dark corner with the whisky and soda. “MRS. HEATH.”

Pense. What happened?

I exclaimed: “For heaven’s sake get us in suspense. What happened?” Carruthers switched on the electric light, crossed over to a bureau, and produced a letter which he handed to me. “Read that,” he said. “It ran as follows: — “Dear Mr. Carruthers, Your grandfather asks me to write reminding you that your wishes are a little school, and the back, “Eke it not with fancy vain, But ask to hear it o’er again."

Arthur F. Thorn.

REVIEWS.

Labour War Chants. Albert Allen. (National Labour Press. td.)

The idea appears to be that the rich are militarist, raging, conscienceless, and over-sexed, whereas the poor are pacifist, calm, considerate, and merely human. This is not quite so. Vices and virtues are not parcelled off in this fashion. But if they were, Mr. Allen’s chants should rather be addressed to the wicked rich than the virtuous poor, unless he intends to influence the latter towards imitating the former. His language is excessive, to put it mildly, and a little luscious when the subject is of women. The poor might be led away. Labour chants let us have it by all means, but unless they are of the order of tragic genius the fact (far better express that humorous common sense of the world which is indicative of his reserve force.

Labour Songs. Dorothy Hollins. (Rydel Press td.)

In one “song” there is an approach to poetical feeling. — “A Mother—and War.” The rest is mostly the usual square-brick verse, stuck with sentimental putty, of propaganda. Worse—it is literary and annotated.

The Jangles of Jazed. (Rickinson, 3, Winchester Street. 18.)

We have read the jangles with interest. With a little more skill the author might give pleasure to many people who, like himself, prefer a little universe, and consolation in the fact that man has the seeds of reason and honesty within him. The verses “A Prayer” are spoilt for the ear by the repetition of the word “Father.”

I would not ask for shelter from wind and wave, But a bold true heart, and a strong right arm Of thee I crave.

I do not seek To fathom thy hidden plan, But thou hast shown that Man alone Can be saved by Man.

Prefix “Father” to the first and fourth lines and the music is all gone. The author has a notion of a “St. Mammon’s Day”—the Feast of Well-to-Do Christians:

To meet the poor at Jeast’s board, We can’t refuse, but we are able To shut them from Thy altar Lord, As fast as from—our dining table.

Two love-songs included are no great matter. “A Father’s gift” is pretty rotten, very clever, probably indicates the direction of the author’s real talent.

Litttleman’s Book of Courtesy. H. Caldwell Cook. (Kibble, 18, Berners Street. 6d.)

This little volume is the author’s farewell message to the Perse School. It begins:

Look this is what you are to do When an elder speaks to you: Bear yourself with seemly grace And keep your eyes upon his face. Give good heed to every word, And if somewhat you have not heard Eke it not out with fancy vain, But ask to hear it o’er again. Show neither haste to be away, Nor make pretences for delay.

The book is full of the little rules of conduct which all together produce that “seemly grace” which might appear somewhat hard to produce at a moment’s notice. Some of the couplets are thoroughly delightful, and the imagery is taking for youngsters; some inversion might have been avoided.

Your wishes are a little school Of imps who must be brought to rule.

Smite no fellow upon the back, They only do so who nurture lack, And he goes about no thanks to win Who startles another man out of his skin.

Care little for the toe that you forward put, Walking is the trust of the hindmost foot.

And sometimes in these ill days one must Take a knife to sunder a pastry crust.

We could find it a brave way of passing the evening of our days in academic quarrel with the author on the proper position of a table-knife in hand action. The present writer maintains, in opposition to Mr. Caldwell Cook and all kind friends and relations, that the knife should be held like a pen, as easily graceful. This may be a mania, but less has occupied centuries of ravishing dispute.

Poetry. December. (Monroe, Chicago.)

Miss Alice Corbin flatters the Creator. He has done his work—well. If she were he, she would not have built it “nearer to heart’s desire.” Overleaf she twaddles that: “To some the fat gods give money, to some love,” but to her not enough of either! Mr. D. H. Lawrence is choco-bloc of queens with black hands which are red, he wallows in bleeding words, and says, Take away my missal, it do not speak. “With what result?” I asked.

He asks why his cigarette-smoke troubles him and his work—well. It she would not have built it “nearer to heart’s desire.” Overleaf she twaddles that: “To some the fat gods give money, to some love,” but to her not enough of either! Mr. D. H. Lawrence is choco-bloc of queens with black hands which are red, he wallows in bleeding words, and says, Take away my missal, it do not speak. “With what result?” I asked.

The author has a notion of a “St. Mammon’s Day”—the Feast of Well-to-Do Christians:

To meet the poor at Jeast’s board, We can’t refuse, but we are able To shut them from Thy altar Lord, As fast as from—our dining table.

Two love-songs included are no great matter. “A Father’s gift” is pretty rotten, very clever, probably indicates the direction of the author’s real talent.
me.” Mr. Seumas d’Sullivan had an old passion that was Splendid and Terrible, “like a flame”—lacy! Mr. John Rodker bought some studs of a hawk, “his look,” . . . and—his verses. The dots are not ours. How much for the studs and how much for the dots and verses? If less than the studs, Mr. Rodker would clearly do better to hawk, and hawk, and afterwards turn his own gazes into rhyme, “me=fatuity,” and so on. We hate these pretentious wretches who go about buying studs and looks of unosuspicious, honest hawkers: to name them, the Flint School; and they make a hobby of misery, as the Davies school makes a hobby of ecstasy. Both schools are hard as nails. A specimen of Mr. Rodker:

Oh! but the bubble wears me
And the lights . . .

Mr. Scharmel Iris contributes something like an imitation of the poets. He has, occasionally, rhyme and rhythm, but nothing to say save about the usual graves, martyrodmons and mad women. Kabir. Trans. by R. Tagore and E. Underhill. (India Society. 7s. 6d.)

“In these poems a wide range of mystical emotion is brought into play.” This sounds a little flat; but we believe that they have so trimmed Kabir that nothing remains visible of the original. If, indeed, this is the original, they have found their mystic right enough, all hoarse parrottings and pretty fancies. In their next lives all these people will be flower-sellers on eternally wet days.

Jessie Pope’s War Poems. (Grant Richards. 1s.) An epitome of the national vulgarity. Should be sent at once to Messrs. Begbie and Co. with the inscription: “Wake up! A woman leadeth ye!”

The Rubaiyat of William the War Lord. St. John Hammomd. (Grant Richards. 1s.) Some Englishmen, indeed, contrive “To spatter glory [by comparison] on the conquering Hun,” while they believe themselves to be throwing good stickfast mud.

Women of the Revolutionary Era. By Lient.-Col. Andrew Haggard. (Paul. 16s. net.) Colonel Haggard continues his self-appointed task of saying well-known things about well-known historical personages. This bouquet of balderdash deals with the Popemagogues, Jeanne de Valois, Marie Antoinette, Théroigne de Mericourt, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Charlotte Corday, and some others; all familiar figures familiarly treated by Colonel Haggard. The volume does not need criticism, for Colonel Haggard does no more than recount summarily of these people what is already known to readers of French history. He has neither a philosophy of history, the art of biography, nor even literary skill to make these sketches more than the most commonplace of hackwork; and we need do no more than announce the fact of their publication.

The Theatre of Max Reinhardt. By Huntly Carter. (Frank Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Huntly Carter has yet to learn to write a book. Voluble he is, particularly in vituperation; but where he begins, where he ends, what he says, and what he intended to say, are questions that cannot readily be answered by reference to this volume. Digression has always disfigured his writing; and the fault is due entirely to Mr. Carter’s ignorance of the meaning of the material he has before him. At the half of this book is digression: certainly, the whole chapter on Reinhardt’s “Materials” is; because Mr. Carter is content only to describe or quote without making clear the relevance of the matter quoted to the subject in hand. There is, for example, a long passage giving the Chinese and Japanese stages, which may or may not have some relevance to the work of Max Reinhardt; but Mr. Carter only quotes it without comment. Everybody and everything comes into this book at some length: there is even an unflattering reference to guild-socialism (without capital initials), and a wrong attribution of this doctrine to Mr. Granville-Barker. But Mr. Carter also relegates it to “the political dust-heap,” but it would be as misplaced there as it is in Mr. Carter’s book. Perhaps Guild-Socialism may be the stone which the builders rejected; for, as Mr. Carter says in one of his same sentences: “In my view, this mania for developing stage mechanics before we know what the new drama is going to be ought to be taxed,” he is not so far from the political dust-heap himself. If “it is the shorest nonsense to talk about building a new theatre in the belief that a new drama will be born when nobody is looking,” as he also declares, it may well be that the new drama will have to wait until some such revolutionary change in the economic foundations of existing society has been made. Mr. Carter’s momentary flash of sanity, although not directed against Max Reinhardt, has put him out of court, and, with him, all the theatre reformers, including Mr. Carter. What Mr. Carter is really playing with, although his knowledge of political and economic theory is not sound enough to make him conscious of it, is the idea of Syndicalism in the theatre. With that hatred of reality (or, shall we say, that love of phrases that has always characterised him) Mr. Carter talks of “The Will of the Theatre” (capitals for this). He repudiates Gordon Craig’s “Dictator of Manifold Genius” idea, and falls back on the common sense and axioms of experts, each of whom is allowed to interpret the prevailing impression in his own way, through the medium of his own art. Put quite simply, this is “The Theatre for the Artists” idea, which is comparable with the communal form of Syndicalism popular in Italy. That it has another derivation, is true; it is only Wagner’s idea of the union of the arts in the theatre hushed up again. Wagner’s experiment certainly killed drama, and did not do much service to music; nor, if Mr. Carter is to be believed, did it do much service to the reformaion of the theatre. Nietzsche reacted against this idea to the extent of insisting that “the theatre shall become the master of art”); and we know where Mr. Carter is, artistically, when he invents “The Will of the Theatre.” It is Syndicalism, pure and simple, forcing its will upon the community for one corner of the “intimacy” idea the audience is compelled to become part of the drama. Behind it all is an idea that is pre-Greek and pre-dramatic: the idea of the dromenon, the communal celebration in which the drama was born. But drama differs from dromena in precisely this respect, that it is aloof from, and not intimate with, the spectators. At some time or other, the spectators said to the actors, like the old Irishwoman who was asserting her dignity: “I don’t want to be great with you”; and the chorus was driven out of the arena, the apron was torn off the stage, and the actors were carefully confined in the three-sided box with the picture-frame proscenium that is so detested by Mr. Carter. Until the new drama is written, the efforts of Max Reinhardt, and the whole crew of Continentals, to find new methods of interpreting or decorating plays, are as useless as would be the building, by Colonel Goethals, of a replica of the Panama Canal in the Sahara desert. It needs no great imagination, no illimitable resources of stage mechanics and lighting, to produce “The Doctor’s Dilemma” or “The Importance of Being Earnest”; and if Max Reinhardt, or even Mr. Carter, turned his attention to inspiring dramatists to write plays, instead of trying to impose “The Will of the Theatre” on works that have no relation to it, so much the better. Art must be rendered. But dramatic salvation is not to be found in any system of lighting, or in any structural alterations in the theatre, or even in any improvement in the dressing of costume plays; and there really have been, even within the quarter of a century, revolutionary ideas forming on the stage, and it is by no means easy to discover them on the improved stages of our reformers.
Pastiche.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Alfred Binns, a young man of twenty-seven, with a pimply, but otherwise uninteresting face, and in re-
spect of that which was said of him in the Strand, a
noble languid person. He was one of the dry-salting
firm of Battledore, Snell and Co., was
glorifying Saturday afternoon with a one and threepenny
table de glorification, if, as sometimes happens, an inexperienced
might delude you into supposing that you are confronted
Charing Cross Road with the Strand. A cursory glance
hutches where carmen are counselled to pull up. More-
with an insurance office, the headquarters of a feminist
agent. So overwhelming is the magnificence of the Ingle
automatically usher visitors into the ground floor saloon
from noon till midnight. The vestibule is gorgeous with
stands the terminus of two lifts, whose activities play
several efficiently equipped cash-desks, a tank containing
fountain, and, nearer the curtained swing-doors that
blandishments, was returning wink for ogle with
contents of this infamous print suited the temperament
of
Mr. Binns ascertained by a judicious and
somewhat furtive craning of the
on the part of
Mr. Binns, a great believer in the principle of keeping
people in their place, was outraged. So much so, in
fact, that he could only toy listlessly with the
merlan frit, which oozed opulently over a decorative layer of
frilled paper. The whole brazen episode was, morally
impressive scene. Marble pillars upheld the vaulted and
imposing, seen by the Ingle
of
eating. Mr. Binns
had been removed with all
necessity, select, decorous.

Mr. Binns, a great believer in the principle of keeping
good natured, was, therefore, much concerned at observing that they were in serious
danger of being rudely violated. He had just removed
from his mustache the final traces of the
consonant
which formed prologue to the five
furnishing drama of whose merits he was to be sole and
final arbiter, when he became aware of a disquieting
phenomenon. A young woman (the charitable vocab-
ulary at the disposal of Mr. Binns stopped short at any
more exact designation) had begun to lavish pining
glances at some distant object ahead of her; which
object, Mr. Binns, entranced by its indescribable beauty and
unflappable, was a stout, rubicund gentleman, who, in spite of his middle age, was
chuckling over an impatient journal. It was clear that the
content of this infamous print suited the temperament of
the reader as precisely as its colour scheme matched
Mr. Binns led to the discovery that the rubicund student
of
Mr. Binns, whose straw-coloured locks were brushed
with amazing regularity and glossiness over an abbreviated
forehead. His lips were connected by two straws to
a glass of some cinnamon-coloured liquid. He was not
alone, but his subtle flavour no longer enthralled him.
The cognisance of this blantly illicit gallantry poisoned
each single morsel in the eating. Mr. Binns
almost felt that he was an accomplice to this unbridled
interchange of amorous signals.

Mr. Binns was altering his diet to a multi-coloured slab of
poulet roti when he made the startling discovery that the racing
periodical and its owner had vanished. That worthy's mantle, however, had fallen on a quaintly
garbed youth, whose straw-coloured locks were brushed
with amazing regularity and glossiness over an abbreviated
forehead. His lips were connected by two straws to
a glass of some cinnamon-coloured liquid. He was not
slow to acknowledge the meretricious message by pun-
tuating his vacant gaze with a series of amiable
grins, repeated at odd intervals. Mr. Binns, not to see all this,
because he was not so ill-mannered as to stare, but what
he did see enabled him to draw general conclusions about the
degradation of what was good in him. He felt very
out to think that such things should happen at the Ingle
Nook. It was like seeing a Methodist chapel defiled by an
exhibition of jujutsu.

Mr. Binns was now approaching the end of his meal, if so commonplace a word may be applied to so
dignified a proceeding. He took a final gulp at his "Lohengrin"
light lager (especially included in the one-and-threepenny-
schedule) and mechanically nibbled at a stray remainder
of his complexion. Further investigations
had soon developed far beyond the rudimentary
stage. And it reached the natural limits of its progress
as Mr. Binns arose, drew nearer with stumbling gait, and,
in a voice which was like unto no voice he had ever
heard before, stammered: "Good afternoon, sir."

F. SELVER.

NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH: HIS MARK.

[The famous revolutionary journalist, Bourtseff, having
returned to Russia to offer his services to the Tsar in
connection with the war, was promptly arrested and has
now been sent to Siberia for life-majesty.]

So, Nicholas, they thought to find thee changed:
Less coward, and less cunning, and less cruel!
The fools did homage, when they saw you ranged
Ready to fight for Freedom—that fair jewel.

When little Belgium faced the wicked Hun,
(As Finland might have done, if we had backed her!),
You marched (by proxy), Shouldering a gun.
For Liberty, 'gainst Wilhelm, who'd attacked her.

This son of yours, who really had behaved
Towards your gracious rule uncommon badly,
Forgot himself
when he made the startling discovery
that such things should happen at the Ingle Nook. It was like seeing a Methodist chapel defiled by an
exhibition of jujutsu.

Mr. Binns was altering his diet to a multi-coloured slab of
poulet roti when he made the startling discovery that the racing
periodical and its owner had vanished. That worthy's mantle, however, had fallen on a quaintly
garbed youth, whose straw-coloured locks were brushed
with amazing regularity and glossiness over an abbreviated
forehead. His lips were connected by two straws to
a glass of some cinnamon-coloured liquid. He was not
slow to acknowledge the meretricious message by pun-
tuating his vacant gaze with a series of amiable
grins, repeated at odd intervals. Mr. Binns, not to see all this,
because he was not so ill-mannered as to stare, but what
he did see enabled him to draw general conclusions about the
degradation of what was good in him. He felt very
out to think that such things should happen at the Ingle
Nook. It was like seeing a Methodist chapel defiled by an
exhibition of jujutsu.

Mr. Binns was now approaching the end of his meal, if so commonplace a word may be applied to so dignified a proceeding. He took a final gulp at his "Lohengrin"
light lager (especially included in the one-and-threepenny-
schedule) and mechanically nibbled at a stray remainder
of his complexion. Further investigations
had soon developed far beyond the rudimentary
stage. And it reached the natural limits of its progress
as Mr. Binns arose, drew nearer with stumbling gait, and,
in a voice which was like unto no voice he had ever
heard before, stammered: "Good afternoon, sir."

F. SELVER.

NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH: HIS MARK.

[The famous revolutionary journalist, Bourtseff, having
returned to Russia to offer his services to the Tsar in
connection with the war, was promptly arrested and has
now been sent to Siberia for life-majesty.]

So, Nicholas, they thought to find thee changed:
Less coward, and less cunning, and less cruel!
The fools did homage, when they saw you ranged
Ready to fight for Freedom—that fair jewel.

When little Belgium faced the wicked Hun,
(As Finland might have done, if we had backed her!),
You marched (by proxy), Shouldering a gun.
For Liberty, 'gainst Wilhelm, who'd attacked her.

This son of yours, who really had behaved
Towards your gracious rule uncommon badly,
Forgot himself
when he made the startling discovery
that such things should happen at the Ingle Nook. It was like seeing a Methodist chapel defiled by an
exhibition of jujutsu.

Mr. Binns was altering his diet to a multi-coloured slab of
poulet roti when he made the startling discovery that the racing
periodical and its owner had vanished. That worthy's mantle, however, had fallen on a quaintly
garbed youth, whose straw-coloured locks were brushed
with amazing regularity and glossiness over an abbreviated
forehead. His lips were connected by two straws to
a glass of some cinnamon-coloured liquid. He was not
slow to acknowledge the meretricious message by pun-
tuating his vacant gaze with a series of amiable
grins, repeated at odd intervals. Mr. Binns, not to see all this,
because he was not so ill-mannered as to stare, but what
he did see enabled him to draw general conclusions about the
degradation of what was good in him. He felt very
out to think that such things should happen at the Ingle
Nook. It was like seeing a Methodist chapel defiled by an
exhibition of jujutsu.

Mr. Binns was now approaching the end of his meal, if so commonplace a word may be applied to so dignified a proceeding. He took a final gulp at his "Lohengrin"
light lager (especially included in the one-and-threepenny-
schedule) and mechanically nibbled at a stray remainder
of his complexion. Further investigations
had soon developed far beyond the rudimentary
stage. And it reached the natural limits of its progress
as Mr. Binns arose, drew nearer with stumbling gait, and,
in a voice which was like unto no voice he had ever
heard before, stammered: "Good afternoon, sir."

F. SELVER.
THREE TALES.
By MORGAN TUD.

III.—A PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Croton was wholly to blame. Full of the kindness of our times was he, although a doctor. "The medical profession," he would say, "are stick-in-the-muds. Like their private virtues they crawl. They cannot palate to the throbs of an aeroplane. They know not the visions of the upper atmospheres. Bah!" So we went.

The tiny hall was nearly full. Figures in black ushered us into our seats as the delicate chimes tolled. Surely we had strayed? I looked around at the congregation. People were grinning and chatting: weird panemtic women, some in trousers, some in skirts. "Let's begone," cried D'Arcy. "Croton is a fool." And then the hub-bub ceased. A strange, eager hush! A queer expectancy! Suddenly, a little man appeared on the platform before us, and immediately a hoarse cry of welcome rose in the hall, as of a flock of ravens a-croak.

A dapper little man was he, wide-shouldered, wasp-waisted, slick and active, with white hands and a white face, a narrow forehead, from which the dark hair was brushed flat back, a pair of fierce black moustachios, a pointed chin, prominent molars, and a pair of old-rimmed spectacles. But his voice—mellow, and broad, and deep, trained to the note of the boom of the falling of many waters: yea, like unto the Niagara in all its glory was that voice.

"Dearly beloved brethren," it began. "Men and women of the Faith, I am here to declare, to exhort, to lecture, as you know, upon 'The Superman.'" For three-quarters of an hour it exhorted, exhorted and extolled, extolled and exhorted: "Brethren, quit ye like men, be strong," "My brethren, only the holy bone become hard!" Dearly beloved brethren, hear what comfortable words our Lord and Master, Dionysos, saith unto all that truly turn to him!; and listening to that voice one forgot the frail hands, and the weakling face, the long thin nose, the pointed chin, the gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Look at these superfluous," it thundered forth. "They steal the works of inventors, and the treasures of the wise; their theft, their putrid theft, they call—Education. Diseased are they, and know it not; strumous, Iuetic; nor raised my eyes above. Nor raised my eyes above.

"But now her sceptre is fallen, Her faithless knights are fled, And traitorous merchants triumph Over her abased head.

"In the populous mart at noonday Her price they loud proclaim, And traffic upon her honour, And brand her brow with shame.

"Ah, proudly, proudly she bears it, The furtive laugh obscene, And folds her shamed arms about her Like the rich robes of a queen.

"The brave, the pure, and the haughty, With scornful men pass by, The shallow and faithless rabble Loud mock her misery.

"But I, though worthless, and feeble My hand, and faint my heart, Shall never desert my princess Nor from her side depart.

"In the ringing mart, at noonday, Alone, I'll stand by her side, And be the poor and the laughter, In anguish and lonely pride.

"And when, in the sorrowful darkness, She weeps disconsolate, I'll cheer her with happy legends Of her ancient royal state.

"And speak high words and dauntless Of the sure approaching day When her chains, like leaden vapours, Shall melt and roll away.

"And, 'mid her well-loved people, A queen again she'll reign . . . Also to the shame and the torture The gyve's hard, chilling pain!

"But know'st thou then, this princess, Whom all men scorn and shun? She's called the Princess Forsaken. This fair, forsaken one.

A THING OF THE PAST.

Where once stood Gillman's Pianoforte Factory and Furniture Depository has now been erected the "New Queen's Cinema," an enormous hall, accommodating nearly two thousand people. The prices range from threepence to a shilling, every seat being plush-covered and tip-up. A first-class orchestra is engaged. On the other corner of the road is situated the Church—a cold, white stone building, adjoining a vivid contrast to the "New Queen's," with its brilliant blue and gold façade.

Week by week the crowds which lined up outside the "Queen's" increased in size, and on Sundays it was only by waiting in the long queue that one could get inside at all. But at the Church on the other corner only a few sombre figures could be seen. That Church stood outside the circle of light which shone from the Cinema upon the roadway, and was shrouded in darkness. Before the service commenced the Rev. Cyril Black would stand for a few moments in the gateway of the little churchyard and contemplate the great crowds of people who struggled to get inside the Cinema. He also noted the new branch of "Gayland," which had been opened opposite next to the Boots Chemists. This was also crowded, mostly by happy young people who participated in all the fun of the fair. Some were shooting at coloured celluloid balls, which danced upon water-jets: others were fixing rubber pipes into their ears and listening to the latest rag-time melody upon the gramophone. Two young women, with golden hair, were in charge of the shooting range. At the entrance it was possible to try one's weight for a halfpenny. A large electric piano provided the music in penn'orths.

The Rev. Cyril Black stood watching the scene with a frown. The old verger, a man who had been attached to the church for forty years and who could remember the High Street when it was a country lane, commenced to ring the bell. Its monotonous sound was drowned by the noise of motor-cycles, trams, buses, and the continual cracking of the rifles from "Gayland." In a momentary hush the Rev. Cyril Black heard a few bars of music from the Grand Electric Piano which sounded the Cinema. A Commissionaire, in a scarlet and gold uniform, was fixing a large board above the entrance. Upon it was the sign, "House Full!"

The Rev. Cyril Black turned suddenly and entered the empty church.
I walked within what before was inchoate and obscurantist. Political, or the war."

From windows. Of the roofs were falling, the reddened ashes of a perished star, and leaves from trees. And then I knew that all that lives, or sings, or weeps aloud, or stammers—

The town that means, the beggar-child that clamours—is but as sculpture broken by the hammers.

The years upon the hollow world let fall.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Sir,—Although the movement towards a Guild organisation of society contains elements unique of itself, it is, broadly considered, a development from the earlier Socialist writings of the Fabian Society. What before was inchoate and obscurantist. Political, or the war."

Prominent Socialists. Of the roofs were falling, the reddened ashes of a perished star, and leaves from trees. And then I knew that all that lives, or sings, or weeps aloud, or stammers—

The town that means, the beggar-child that clamours—is but as sculpture broken by the hammers.

The years upon the hollow world let fall.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM.

Sir,—Although the movement towards a Guild organisation of society contains elements unique of itself, it is, broadly considered, a development from the earlier Socialist writings of the Fabian Society. What before was inchoate and obscurantist. Political, or the war."

Prominent Socialists. Of the roofs were falling, the reddened ashes of a perished star, and leaves from trees. And then I knew that all that lives, or sings, or weeps aloud, or stammers—

The town that means, the beggar-child that clamours—is but as sculpture broken by the hammers.

The years upon the hollow world let fall.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.
ITALIAN DALMATIA

Sir,—It was, I believe, an English diplomat who once said, "First comes a lie, then a lie, and lastly Austrian statistics." The Imperial Royal Government has, however, set great store by this branch of statesmanship, and has used it to blind the eyes of the people of Bosnia, as also in Trieste and Dalmatia.

As I have said in this paper on another occasion, Dalmatia has been wrongly assimilated as an Italian area, not naturally, but by force of arms. So late as Campoforno, Napoleon, while robbing Venice of her liberty, for strategic and political reasons incorporated Istria and Dalmatia into the newly founded kingdom of Italy. The tradition is clearest, unassailable, from whatever point of view one may look at it. Dalmatia was first conquered by Rome in the second century B.C., so as to free the Adriatic from the Illyrian pirates who occupied it, and were called respectively Illyrians, the north and Liburnians in the south. These Illyrians had nothing whatsoever to do with the Slavs, and had been completely absorbed by Latinity when the Slaves broke into Dalmatia in the seventh century B.C. This invasion pushed the native population to the coast and the islands, where they definitely settled as Latin municipality under the nominal supremacy of Byzantium. It is the successor of Rome in the Adriatic, and its place was later taken by the Republic of Venice. About the eleventh century, Doge Pietro Orseolo II conquered all of the coast north of the Zermanya as far as Le Brindisi, di Cattaro, with the exception of the territory of the Republic of Ragusa, to protect the Adriatic from the pirates of the Narenta. In 1409 Venice acquired all the right of the States of Naples and King of Hungary claimed over Dalmatia.

During the whole of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the inhabitants between the Zermanya and Scutari were of a friendly nature, the cities of the latter being considered as equals and sovereign States. The collections of statutes and ordinances were written in Latin or translated into Italian, and were essentially Roman in character. These covered a period of six years (until 1888). One case alone has been found of a statute inserted into the civil and criminal law bearing traces of Serbo-Slav law. This is that of the little mountain Republic of Fuzina, where many Serbs and Croatians died during the Turkish invasion. Each and every detail of the life, the language, the customs, the place-names, the religion, and the arts of Dalmatia, as well as its people, prove it to be Latin and Italian, just as are the cities and the people on the other side of the Adriatic.

There are many, however, who will question this statement as not being true at the present, though it may have been in the past. Dalmatia, they say, is Serb; the Italians are in a great minority. Furthermore, Serbian and Croatian is spoken at the expense of the language and the traditions of the Italian, and, in order to accomplish this, it started, among other things, to prove the Slav character and origin of Dalmatia by uttering and even endlessly misrepresenting the documents and remains in the archives. It attempted further to Slavicise Italian culture by assuming that Illyrian names and elements of the Romance race, such as Flora Zuzzero (Zuzzere), Giovanni Gundulich, who happened to have translated several Italian classics into Croatian, were ipso facto not Italian but Illyrian. According to this theory, Had they lived to-day, they would doubtlessly have been counted as Croatians in the census of Dalmatia. I know personally of cases in which families who are wholly Italian even in name, and violently anti-Austrian to wit, but who happen to occupy important Government posts, are put down as Serbs. It is frequently stated in Dalmatia to find families of Italian parents whose children are put down as Croatians or Serbs.

The official statistics of 1910, duly tampered with by the Croatian communes of Dalmatia, gave only 20,000 Italian inhabitants, whereas the actual figures were at least to 0,000. In support of this statement Prof. Dalmatini pointed out that during the last general election (1911) with universal suffrage, the Italian candidates in the eleven electoral districts of the province received 57,000 votes, the percentage of voters being 50 per cent., so that the voters may roughly be taken to be 120,000. As in Austria each voter under universal suffrage is registered as voting for five inhabitants (women, children, and men up to 24 years of age), the total of Italian inhabitants would amount to 600,000. Another striking instance of Austrian malpractices is given by the Island of Lesina. In 1880 it had 314 Italian inhabitants per 1,000. Ten years later the whole island had only 27 Italians left, and this without any epidemic or other cause. The actual figures. The total population of Dalmatia is 600,000 inhabitants. Of these, 400,000 are totally univilised, and live in the Carnia, as well as the villages of Istria and Dalmatia. Any one who has written a book about the Italian language, or who has said, "First comes a lie, then a lie, and lastly Austrian statistics," has been a powerful ally in the work of dehumanisation. But whereas in Bosnia it tried to destroy the Orthodox Church and so strike at the heart of the Serbian nation, in Dalmatia it has attempted to create a schism in the Church. Until very recently the parish priests and the bishops were Italians; but conversely, the population from the Zermanya to the Boyana, over 90 miles long, which is infested with mountains, forests and huge territory, is inhabited by Slavs.

Since 1883 the Slav invasion in Croatia has been successfully met by the Austrians, who have enlarged schools and commercial enterprises; Italian, too, were the ideals and aspirations of the people to whom the Adriatic was, and is, not a border, but a link. The life of the coast towns of the Bosnian and Venice is in constant and immediate touch with those on the coast of Dalmatia. The boundaries of Italy lie across this, that might be compared to an Italian lake in the Dinaric Alps and the Carnas. Nor is it a physical and technical frontier, but a natural one. Without Dalmatia, the whole coast-line from the Congo to the Adriatic is lost to Serbs. The inherited tradition, it is a case of a wrong done to the Slavs, and no part in the life of the country; 100,000 are mixed Slav and Italian in equal degree. As regards the remainder, 300,000 are pure Italian and 400,000 pure Slavs and Croats.

There is, however, another and direct way of ousting the Italians from Dalmatia: the forced importation of Serbs and Croats in the country, stimulated by the Imperial Royal Government, has been a powerful ally in the work of destinationalisation. But whereas in Bosnia it tried to destroy the Orthodox Church and so strike at the heart of the Serbian nation, in Dalmatia it has attempted to create a schism in the Church. Until very recently the parish priests and the bishops were Italians; but the population from the Zermanya to the Boyana, over 90 miles long, which is infested with mountains, forests and huge territory, is inhabited by Slavs.

The official statistics of 1910, duly tampered with by the Croatian communes of Dalmatia, gave only 20,000 Italian inhabitants, whereas the actual figures were at least to 0,000. In support of this statement Prof. Dalmatini pointed out that during the last general election (1911) with universal suffrage, the Italian candidates in the eleven electoral districts of the province received 57,000 votes, the percentage of voters being 50 per cent., so that the voters may roughly be taken to be 120,000. As in Austria each voter under universal suffrage is registered as voting for five inhabitants (women, children, and men up to 24 years of age), the total of Italian inhabitants would amount to 600,000. Another striking instance of Austrian malpractices is given by the Island of Lesina. In 1880 it had 314 Italian inhabitants per 1,000. Ten years later the whole island had only 27 Italians left, and this without any epidemic or other cause. The actual figures. The total population of Dalmatia is 600,000 inhabitants. Of these, 400,000 are totally univilised, and live in the Carnia, as well as the villages of Istria and Dalmatia. Any one who has written a book about the Italian language, or who has said, "First comes a lie, then a lie, and lastly Austrian statistics," has been a powerful ally in the work of dehumanisation. But whereas in Bosnia it tried to destroy the Orthodox Church and so strike at the heart of the Serbian nation, in Dalmatia it has attempted to create a schism in the Church. Until very recently the parish priests and the bishops were Italians; but conversely, the population from the Zermanya to the Boyana, over 90 miles long, which is infested with mountains, forests and huge territory, is inhabited by Slavs.

There is, however, another and direct way of ousting the Italians from Dalmatia: the forced importation of Serbs and Croats in the country, stimulated by the Imperial Royal Government, has been a powerful ally in the work of dehumanisation. But whereas in Bosnia it tried to destroy the Orthodox Church and so strike at the heart of the Serbian nation, in Dalmatia it has attempted to create a schism in the Church. Until very recently the parish priests and the bishops were Italians; but conversely, the population from the Zermanya to the Boyana, over 90 miles long, which is infested with mountains, forests and huge territory, is inhabited by Slavs.
spoken, while, on the other hand, the Government has suppressed and as far as possible prohibited Italian schools, even though self-supporting.

The cloak of nationalism violates the elementary principles of the rights of nationality.

THE UKRAINE AND PRUSSIA.

Sir,—Professor Rohrbach has recently published an interesting article in “Das Grossere Deutschland” under the title, “Us and Russia.” The article was applied to those fat-headed but efficient dolts—the semi-Polish, semi-Lettish Prussians who led the German nations into trouble.

But I really am not challenging you to precipitate anything on so sacred a matter as sportsmanship, especially now we have grown accustomed to credit this particular quality to the scions of your great “beergear and peerage” class. Rather I am referring to an item which may have run foul of the Censor, and thus was denied you, simple trusting eyes. It seems that a long and delightful series of “junkets,” of exciting week-ends at the front for the great ladies of London must continue to occupy a “place in the sun” to green them.

While you are “fighting for existence,” the great ladies of London must continue to occupy a “place in the sun” to green them.

It seems that a long and delightful series of “junkets,” of exciting week-ends at the front for the great ladies of London must continue to occupy a “place in the sun” to green them.

The open desire of Prussia shows how well Austria can be like German Poles and Alsatians.

The argument in support of anti-typhoid inoculation become more interesting as they develop. In his article in the “Times” of February 10, Sir Almroth Wright said: “An army going out on active service goes from the sanitary conditions of civilisation straight back to those of barbarism. It goes out to confront dangers which have, in settled communities, been so completely extinguished as to have passed almost out of mind.” It was precisely for this reason that Sir Archibald, the right-handed Englishman, asserted by Sir Almroth Wright as the prime and principal cause of the “complete extinction” of typhoid in civilised life.

The open desire of Prussia shows how well Austria can be like German Poles and Alsatians.

The open desire of Prussia shows how well Austria can be like German Poles and Alsatians.

I have endeavoured to make the British and American public acquainted with what was before the British public a “dished” by her ally. Like Turkey, she has been strangled inch by inch by an artificial force which under the cloak of nationalism violates the elementary principles of the rights of nationality.
Asylum Board Hospitals of London was 21,882, and the mortality . . . the incidence of typhoid fever is now very low, as compared with that in former years, these figures show that all our vastly improved measures of treatment in respect of care, nursing, and medicine in any way affected the mortality in those attacked. It will, of course, be instantly inferred by most people that the case-mortality of our troops, therefore, as Dr. Hunter says, "under the most appalling conditions of exposure, discomfort, and physical endurance to which troops were ever subjected—conditions, moreover, specially favouring those under which typhoid fever was most likely to prevail," would be higher than the civilian case-mortality; but the inference is wrong. The strong and robust succumb more readily to it, but it is not under the most suitable conditions for recovery than it is under the most suitable conditions for recovery.

We are thus faced with the fact that under "the most adverse conditions," the case-mortality is 5 per cent. lower than it is under the most suitable conditions for recovery, and it cannot be pretended that this reduction of the case-mortality is due to inoculation, for 34 out of the 35 deaths occurred among the un inoculated. What may be the explanation of this curious fact, I do not pretend to know; it cannot be inoculation, and it does not seem that previous good health will explain it, for Dr. Hunter says: "Another factor than fact relating to previous good health or station in life affects this mortality. For it has long been observed that the strong and robust succumb more readily to it than the weak and feeble; and the disease is probably more fatal among the upper classes than among the very poor." Altogether, to be a most it is hardly a disease, contradicting everybody who expresses a definite opinion about it. The strong and robust succumb more readily to typhoid: Our troops are the physically best of the nation.

Therefore, the case-mortality is 5 per cent. lower than among civilians. This does not seem to be a logical syllogism; but try another.

The sanitary conditions of civilisation are inimical to typhoid: Our troops are living under conditions amid which typhoid is likely to prevail.

Therefore, the number of cases is astonishingly small,

This is no more satisfactory than the other syllogism; but I suggest that all the facts are not before us. Surely, as your editorial writer has suggested, there may be a large number of naturally immune men, or the sanitary conditions cannot be so deplorable as Sir Almroth Wright supposed it would be; or perhaps, the measure of truth in both hypotheses. But if the latter hypothesis has any validity at all, it ought to be possible to narrow the sphere of inquiry. If we knew that the cases of typhoid occurred in a limited area, and that the sanitary conditions of that area were, for whatever reason, abominable, and it was also proved that only a few men in those regiments had been inoculated, the value of the figures as an argument for inoculation would be nil; for the fact would be that a large proportion of uninoculated men had been exposed to infection. Some of the sort has been suggested, not only in relation to our Army, but to the French and Belgian Armies. Statistical evidence says, only valuable when its application is precise, and it cannot be precisely applied when none of the concomitant facts are known. The figures quoted by Sir William Leishman in connexion with the troops in India were different; for there are no facts of degree of immunity, natural or acquired, possessed by our men, I venture to think that they will only convince themselves that inoculation has reduced the case-mortality of uninoculated troops to 5 per cent. less than the civilian rate.

Sir,—Does your correspondent Mr. Frederick Dillon mean to suggest that if it could be proved that 200,000 men went out in the Expeditionary Forces inoculated, while less, say, than 100 were inoculated, and the majority of cases of typhoid occurred among the former number, the ratio of cases to class would not matter? Sir William Leishman, admitted at a meeting at the Royal Sanitary Institute that the figures without percentages were valueless to establish a correct scientific conclusion, and since he had made the statement he had proceeded as far as he could, as far as he was able, as far as he could forward, as part of a strenuous campaign, the same kind of figures.

Let me say at once that I do not altogether trust the statistics of Mr. Dillon, I would suggest that his figures are not worth considering. We have had one case in England of a man dying from inoculation, and so described in the death certificate, pneumonia being given as the cause. The medical man told the relatives that the pneumonia was of a "septic" form, arising from the inoculation. Sir William Osler has stated that "this is evidently the disease of the pneumonias from exposure, such as might happen to anyone." Here the wish surely was father to the thought; and I ask—is the wish ever likely to dictate the recording, as typhoid? I do not know in what was the secondary cause was contributory? How is it that Sir Frederick Treves, whose figures have been quoted over the length and breadth of the land, omitted all reference to the typhoid case recorded by the "British Medical Journal" of January 9?

This thing ought to be judged scientifically, not statistically. The basis of theory that the one attack is disease is protective against another, and experience proves that that is false. Reason is outraged by the assertion that 5 per cent. of the un inoculated were inoculated, and allowed to travel, "lest he bring back infection" to the camps. What proof is there that typhoid is infectious at all? How is it that, Sir, Dillou has been undoubtedly asserted that, had this not been so, typhoid would have decimated our forces? The incidence of typhoid depends on conditions; and the number of persons attacked (whether out of a certain number or without such percentage rate) depends upon the actions and habits of the individual. The figures given by Mr. Dillou can be contradicted by others, in which it was the inoculated and not the uninoculated who suffered most from typhoid.

Mr. Dillon appears to have confused two issues when he accuses me of contradiction. I remarked that there was no evidence to show either way this was the secondary cause was contributory; but I had definite evidence of an attempt to minimise the failure of inoculation to protect; the figures have been so given to the man in the street that he would unhesitatingly quote, for the "unprotected," those which Sir Frederick Treves includes under the term "uninoculated." He wrote, "Of these, 201 were unprotected men; 173 had not been inoculated at all, while 28 had received one inoculation or had not been inoculated for a period of over two years." I say that the inclusion of these 28 among the "unprotected" is a method of playing with statistics which cannot appeal to any intelligent statistician. By putting them back into the class of "protected" we could alter the percentages, were any percentages given. But as they are not given, the whole of the statistics are valueless.
cost of a year’s golf? If one does a thing at all, one may as well do it well, and I need not explain to your military critic the stimulus to smartness and efficiency given by the wearing of uniforms and the carrying of arms.

As to competition with the State for clothing and equipment, “Romney” may leave the State to see to that. It has done so by, very properly, placing an embargo on the supply of service clothing material, and service weapons as well do it well, and I need not explain to your military critics what has been done by, very properly, placing an embargo on the supply of service clothing material, and service weapons. The permitted clothing to anyone not in the Regular Forces. The permitted rifle is serviceable, and the permitted rifle is

The authorities are quite right to give no encouragement to the movement. They want all their energies for more urgent matters. All the Volunteers ask for is provided a force of Regulars and Territorial troops outnumbering the shoddy defences of their soul. The last delectable strong non-commercial position. It has often been able to make its opponents eat their own words, or lay bare

THE COTTON AGREEMENTS.

Sir,—If, in my article on Cotton Trade Agreements, I merely succeeded in scoring a verbal point, I am sorry. I have no time to waste on such vanities, and I know that that department can be left safely to theorists, experts, and lawyers.

Messrs. Cole and Mellor claimed that the recent agreements are a substantial victory for the operatives. I, an operative, subject to these agreements, believe that not only is there no advance in the letter of these agreements, but that there is a reactionary spirit behind them.

I did not accuse these writers of ignorance because of what I read into one of their sentences, but because of what they wrote into that sentence. If they were so familiar with the Brooklands agreements as to quote the last issue, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any point of importance, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attacks.

Sir,—If, in my article on Cotton Trade Agreements, I merely succeeded in scoring a verbal point, I am sorry. I have no time to waste on such vanities, and I know that that department can be left safely to theorists, experts, and lawyers.

Messrs. Cole and Mellor claimed that the recent agreements are a substantial victory for the operatives. I, an operative, subject to these agreements, believe that not only is there no advance in the letter of these agreements, but that there is a reactionary spirit behind them.

I did not accuse these writers of ignorance because of what I read into one of their sentences, but because of what they wrote into that sentence. If they were so familiar with the Brooklands agreements as to quote the last issue, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any point of importance, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attacks. But were not men? If they, the employers, could wriggle out of the Brooklands, they can wriggle out of this more recent one, because the wording of the Brooklands is just as difficult to understand as the wording of the last issue implies, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any point of importance, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attacks. But were not men?

The New Age, too, was first to warn us against the charlatanism of the much-beboomed H. G. Wells. I once enjoyed his pseudo-scientific fictional hash, and even thought it superior to the works of Jules Verne. I once thought the man really had a mission or a message. But the hurricane of the war has not only unmasked him—as it has so many other vulgar and inflated minds—but it has literally unroofed and unseated him. We used to watch him stand like a Bengal firework or set-piece upon the shaky walls that separate the domains of sex and sociology, and right torquently he kept his squibs and sparklers going according to his favourite and hackneyed diagrams. And now? Instead of admonishing him, shall we be instructed by his mock-Olympian pose of aloofness he was wont to make in the market-place of the fiction-mongers, he appears in the blood as he so often did in the field of international hate and tribal passion. A pitiful backslider on his own Socialistic principles, his published pro-German convictions and his "scientific" deductions as to the superiority of the British race. "But let not the example of that mock-Olympian pose of aloofness he was wont to make in the market-place of the fiction-mongers, he appears in the blood as he so often did in the field of international hate and tribal passion. A pitiful backslider on his own Socialistic principles, his published pro-German convictions and his "scientific" deductions as to the superiority of the British race.

"We in Great Britain are now intensely jealous of Germany. We are intensely jealous of Germany not only because we are the only people who can have a much larger and more diversified country than ours, and lie in the very heart and body of Europe, but because in the last hundred years, while they have been dying out of the spirit of adventure and vanuity, they have had the energy and humility to develop a splendid system of national education, to toil at science and art and literature, to develop social organisation, to muster andng wealth and skill, and to clamber above us in the scale of civilisation. This has humiliated and irritated rather than chastened us."

Let H. G. Wells proceed perspiringly to prove that white is now as green as black. —Harv. F. Fenwick.

* * *

BEFORE AND NOW.

The New Age has a long memory, as well as a strong non-commercial position. It has often been able to make its opponents eat their own words, or lay bare the shoddy defences of their soul. The last delectable instance of this occurs in its treatment of the Harrison-Levy episode, in which the Harowsworth office-boy editor of that widely read and Masefieldian ringing stands self-damned not only by his treacherous would-be patriotic letter to the press, but also by his utterances before the war, and, most of all, by the very words and spirit with which he defends his scurrilous action. Was ever retort more puerile—more congested with impotent and possibly sincere words of his which I read into one of their sentences, but because of what they wrote into that sentence. If they were so familiar with the Brooklands agreements as to quote the last issue, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any point of importance, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attacks. But were not men? If they, the employers, could wriggle out of the Brooklands, they can wriggle out of this more recent one, because the wording of the Brooklands is just as difficult to understand as the wording of the last issue implies, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any point of importance, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attacks. But were not men? If they, the employers, could wriggle out of the Brooklands, they can wriggle out of this more recent one, because the wording of the Brooklands is just as difficult to understand as the wording of the last issue implies, then it was bad policy to choose the illustration of bad spinning to show that the employers could always shelve a discussion on any point of importance, when there were a couple of amendments devoted entirely to this matter of bad spinning. Messrs. Cole and Mellor state that if they had given instead the instance of the Ram Mill dispute, a dispute that turned on whether the particular grievance came under the terms of the Brooklands, I should have had not even a verbal justification for attacks. But were not men?
But this was not the agreement that Messrs. Cole and Mullen were alluding to in their "Herald" article. They were dealing with the recent agreements that are to utilise the machinery of negotiation of the Brooklands, the very agreements that they had been criticising in the hopes that the opportunities it afforded for delay. Evidently, to them, the Brooklands existed as something apart from its machinery of negotiation.

I had no desire to give a false impression of these writers on the question of sectionalism. What I did wish to convey was a true impression of the national spirit behind these agreements, and the fact that this spirit had been overlooked, or ignored, by them, just as they had overlooked the working of the old agreements in the machinery of the new one. As for the belief that these agreements have taken away from the employers all chance of wriggling, that is a "dream out of the ivory gate" under the present system of production. They have got the mills and can always stop them, on one or another pretence, when it best suits their purpose, agreement or no agreement. The faith that they are now powerless to interpret "all," in the matter of disputes, to suit their convenience, may be touching but it is not scientific.

ALICE SMITH.

** * **

 DEMOCRACY AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—"A. E. R." really cannot have everything both ways. I write a series of articles; at once "A. E. R." accuses me of democratic, intent on suppressing all authority. I reply that I am a doctrinaire democrat, that this does not involve the suppression of reasonable authority; at once "A. E. R." accuses me of "contempt of the people". Moreover, the same examples to confute me in both cases : apparently the official will have no authority over his subordinates, and at the same time the electors, through their elected representatives, will be unable to control the official. Moreover, if I follow "A. E. R.'s" reasoning, the Guild President will be at the same time a nonentity (according to "A. E. R.'s" first article) and an incognito (according to his second article). It puts me in a very difficult position to have to argue with a dual personality that has only one authority — mine. Moreover, the subordinates must grow. If I had the smallest knowledge of the working of Mr. Hyde. I will convince his readers that I have, in at least one instance and another, the resurrection of the old agreement that Messrs. Cole and Mullen said about the disaggregation of atoms. If it is individualism to demand that phrases like the common good and national welfare shall not remain mere abstractions, but find expression in the lives of the people, that is surely not a "dream out of the ivory gate" to which dissection of the old agreements and explanation of the new is addressed.

Sir,—In spite of "A. E. R.'s" chatty reply, I refuse to lose my head. The issue is, I conceive, whether we don't object to the superior people of The New Age suggesting to the Trade Unions a new way of life, nor do I object to Sidney Webb telling the workers what to do in war-time. Discussion is essential to democracy. But what I do object to is a state of affairs in which the superior people are not only able to advise but to force their advice upon Tom, Dick, and Harry. These latter may be fools not to take the advice, but the risk of their being fools is preferable to the risk (I might almost say the certainty) of their being forced into folly.

An aristocracy, in my opinion, is a State or association where a few are held to be the "best" can force their will on the many who are. He who can answer my question "What is the "best" to be chosen?" By heredity, co-option, election, and even State-appointment," says "A. E. R." God help me.

Aristocracy can be assailed on two grounds. (1) That it doesn't work; (2) that it is spiritually obscene and abominable. The first can be argued out of lines of history and would take volumes. The second must be either seen directly or not at all. If "A. E. R." really imagines that state of industry desirable in which the common good is not only recognized but ruled and controlled by hereditary cliques and State officials, then he must love his England of to-day. I do not, because I am a patriotic Democrat, and believe that the essence of man's life (was the meat extract joke worth it?) is to choose.

As for the accusation about individualism, I am not in the least concerned if my head can or cannot choose what is said about the disaggregation of atoms. If it is individualism to demand that phrases like the common good and national welfare shall not remain mere abstractions, but find expression in the lives of the people, that is surely not a "dream out of the ivory gate" to which dissection of the old agreements and explanation of the new is addressed.

Ivy Brown.

** * **

SURVEY OF THE WOMAN WORKER'S WORLD.

Sir,—As one of the experts upon the employments of women who has consistently pointed out the danger of
new bodies of inexperienced ladies constituting themselves as women employers and wasting large sums of money in such artificial schemes as toymaking and the rest, whilst so well equipped an organisation as the Central Bureau from in any women who have from information that the Bureau has received a large grant public.

I have received a great deal of criticism of the Central Bureau from many women who have from time to time applied to it, but my own conclusion is that of exception—stress and pressure for all departments—I shall not for the present, at any rate, make their strictures, and in some cases very severe criticisms, public.

But one point I must emphasise, and this is, in view of the big Government grant and the substantial subser- vices the Bureau has received, that fees mentioned by correspondents, though it does not myself believe that it has a foundation of rending matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by leaving the compiling of leaflets and pamphlets to the.

A Bureau of Women's Work that will investigate is as urgently needed to-day as it was fifteen years ago, when, owing to an article in mine, the late Walter Besant took steps to start this very Bureau. It is wanted, as I then pointed out, and have never ceased to do everything in my power to get it. But by this means, some woman expert upon this subject of the remuneration that would be paid her by the weekly journals—property of the big firm of publishers—if they wished to give their readers this sort of reading matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, has no need of the advice of weekly editors on free information upon women's employments, if the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by supplying "copy" on war topics.

When the war is over, I hope that Miss Spencer and her able assistants will endeavour to go more deeply into the questions underlying the work of women who are genuine proletariats than they do at present, and leave the compiling of leaflets and pamphlets to the many capable experts who should not have to face this sort of competition on the part of the Bureau.

A Bureau of Women's Work that will investigate is as urgently needed to-day as it was fifteen years ago, when, owing to an article in mine, the late Walter Besant took steps to start this very Bureau. It is wanted, as I then pointed out, and have never ceased to do everything in my power to get it. But by this means, some woman expert upon this subject of the remuneration that would be paid her by the weekly journals—property of the big firm of publishers—if they wished to give their readers this sort of reading matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, has no need of the advice of weekly editors on free information upon women's employments, if the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by supplying "copy" on war topics.

When the war is over, I hope that Miss Spencer and her able assistants will endeavour to go more deeply into the questions underlying the work of women who are genuine proletariats than they do at present, and leave the compiling of leaflets and pamphlets to the many capable experts who should not have to face this sort of competition on the part of the Bureau.

A Bureau of Women's Work that will investigate is as urgently needed to-day as it was fifteen years ago, when, owing to an article in mine, the late Walter Besant took steps to start this very Bureau. It is wanted, as I then pointed out, and have never ceased to do everything in my power to get it. But by this means, some woman expert upon this subject of the remuneration that would be paid her by the weekly journals—property of the big firm of publishers—if they wished to give their readers this sort of reading matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, has no need of the advice of weekly editors on free information upon women's employments, if the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by supplying "copy" on war topics.

When the war is over, I hope that Miss Spencer and her able assistants will endeavour to go more deeply into the questions underlying the work of women who are genuine proletariats than they do at present, and leave the compiling of leaflets and pamphlets to the many capable experts who should not have to face this sort of competition on the part of the Bureau.

A Bureau of Women's Work that will investigate is as urgently needed to-day as it was fifteen years ago, when, owing to an article in mine, the late Walter Besant took steps to start this very Bureau. It is wanted, as I then pointed out, and have never ceased to do everything in my power to get it. But by this means, some woman expert upon this subject of the remuneration that would be paid her by the weekly journals—property of the big firm of publishers—if they wished to give their readers this sort of reading matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, has no need of the advice of weekly editors on free information upon women's employments, if the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by supplying "copy" on war topics.

When the war is over, I hope that Miss Spencer and her able assistants will endeavour to go more deeply into the questions underlying the work of women who are genuine proletariats than they do at present, and leave the compiling of leaflets and pamphlets to the many capable experts who should not have to face this sort of competition on the part of the Bureau.

A Bureau of Women's Work that will investigate is as urgently needed to-day as it was fifteen years ago, when, owing to an article in mine, the late Walter Besant took steps to start this very Bureau. It is wanted, as I then pointed out, and have never ceased to do everything in my power to get it. But by this means, some woman expert upon this subject of the remuneration that would be paid her by the weekly journals—property of the big firm of publishers—if they wished to give their readers this sort of reading matter. The Bureau, in its favoured position, has no need of the advice of weekly editors on free information upon women's employments, if the officials at the War Office would have the right to deprive the expert military journalist of his place by supplying "copy" on war topics.
milling processes, coarse or wholemeal bread was the rule, digested, though it should not be bleached. The doctor presents bread is a serious item. I am sorry to see that repeats the tarradiddle about coarse, standard, or wholemeal rider:

question of good and bad bread is that at a time like the that he represents, my protest is littered in all good amiably and some.) We feed our pigs on millers' offals, and if they the skin. In the old days, when they had not our fine premium, the agent deducts the amount from the sickness It might have been a matter of vital importance. It

It might be that he was not feeling well at the time. There was a contract existing between the doctor, the patient, and the public, and they looked to the doctor for proper attention, when required. If Dr. Poole was not well, he should get someone to do his duty for him. If he did not understand the message he received, he could have asked to have it explained. It might have been a matter of vital importance. It was an extraordinary thing that no less than eight doctors should have failed to attend in this case. As he had said, doctors could refuse to attend at night, if their consciences allowed them but, in the case of a panel doctor, it was his legal duty to go.

P.S.—Prophet and Priest.

That article is ungenerous and against the article, "Prophet and Priest," in your Why. I suspect that Monsieur J. of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.

P. S.—Does Miss Morning really think I shall do any harm to this from the heart of nature to which I have returned and of her than she did, and regarded himself as betrayed and of his seventy years. The personality of a peace-maker surely deserves considerable consideration.
Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>United Kingdom</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.