NOTES OF THE WEEK.

After the first day's conference between Mr. Lloyd George and the representatives of the Trade Union Executives the latter issued a press report announcing that "many of their number were still not completely reassured." We do not wonder at it, but, on the contrary, we are surprised than any of their number can feel in the least degree assured that Mr. Lloyd George means Trade Unionism well. It is true that at the Bristol Congress Mr. George declared himself a Trade Unionist of the straitest sect; but his actions are more the crucial subject of management; and on both occasions he shirked the matter. No amount of shirking, however, will surmount the difficulty which is the only obstacle left between the desire of the nation for efficient production and the will of the Trade Unions to ensure it. We have had rises in wages, representation on number, disciplinary Acts and threats of more, and all is even possible that in some instances Mr. Lloyd George's various blandishments have had the effect of reducing production. It follows that none of these remedies was really properly prescribed proved, responsibility-the association of the Trade Unions with the State and with the employers in co-operative management and industrial control.

There are particular reasons why Mr. Lloyd George should be hostile to this application of Liberalism to industry. In the first place, the author of the compulsory Insurance Act is by nature a kind of Prussian Tory—a Welsh Bismarck, let us say. Independently, therefore, of any ulterior design, his first impulse is always to oppose any collective organic movement that appears to threaten the autocratic monopoly of the State. And, in the second place, as an amateur financier, the friend of moneylenders and money-exchangers, he is better aware than the Labour leaders of the peril that lies ahead in the debts the nation is accumulating. For what, in effect, will be the position after the war? The State, it is clear, will be compelled to act the part of official receiver on behalf of a practically bankrupt nation. Thirty-nine out of every forty of us will be in hopeless debt to the remaining fortieth, and the State must be the authority to see that we pay in full. But Labour is the efficient cause of all production and will therefore owe the whole sum. And how can Labour be made to pay except under compulsion? The conclusion for a politician like Mr. George is irresistible that Labour must under no circumstances be manumitted until the colossal war-debt is paid off. Thereafter, perhaps, Pharaoh will let the Israelites go; but until the tale of bricks is complete, the very suggestion of industrial freedom is repugnant to him. This, if our readers can believe it, is the true motive of Mr. Lloyd George's dealings with Labour at this moment. While the war lasts Labour must be placated, it is true; but never at the risk of losing absolute control of it. Hence his evasion of the questions submitted to him; and his annoyance when they are persisted in.

As shy as Mr. Lloyd George is of listening to Labour's proposals for joint responsibility, Labour, it goes without saying, ought to be bold in making them. Tactically it is obvious that the place to attack your enemy is where he fears it most. If, therefore, the suggestion to assume joint managerial control of industry is peculiarly distasteful to the Government, the deduction should be made that Trade Unions will be wise to lay peculiar stress upon it. And let there be no fear, either, that the public will resent it, however much Mr. Lloyd George may. The nation can, at a pinch, do without
Mr. Lloyd George; but under no circumstances can it do without Trade Unions. On the contrary, the nation will need them more and more. The attempt on their part to assume a share of responsible control will therefore appear to the public as an earnest of the coming period of re-construction in which Trade Unions will be expected to play a positive part. At present, it is evident, the public is alternately bewildered and disgusted by the Trade Unions. At one moment they are denouncing profiteering and at another they are striking for war-bonuses. Now they are complaining that the management of their industry is bad; and again they are refusing to undertake management themselves. Their general attitude, indeed, is remarkably like that of the dog in the manger. They will not assume responsibility themselves and they take care that nobody else exercises the privileges corresponding to the duty. But this is an impossible attitude to maintain. The work of the world must be done, and must be done under responsible management. If the Trade Unions are too morally decrepit to insist upon responsibility, they must be firmly set aside and their responsibility given to others. The choice before them is between joint control by the State and the Unions and industry jointly controlled by the State and capitalists. We shall not complain whichever choice is made. The issue has been clearly stated. But there is no doubt that now is the moment for the Trade Unions to make it.

While, however, Trade Union leaders play into Mr. Lloyd George’s hands by bowing upon strikes for status, strikes for higher wages must be expected. The existing trouble on the railways is a case in point. Nobody need doubt that if, at the outset of the war, when the railways were nationalised in a night, the Government had included the Railwaymen’s Union officials with the shareholders’ managers in a joint Board of management, there would not be no trouble to speak of. Nothing, in fact, would have been easier (or cheaper) than to make the Union responsible for the management of Labour while maintaining the responsibility of the directors for high control. As it is, however, not only has the Union no responsibility of the directors for high control, but the officials have little control over their members. Wage-agitation follows wage-agitation, and each with increasing menace to the Union Executive. With the claims of the latest, moreover, it is impossible for us not to agree when once the assumption is allowed that wage-strikes are ever justified. Food prices, as the men point out, have been permitted to rise while wages have been relatively fixed. Rents, also, we may observe, are everywhere being steadily increased. But if normal and more profits are granted to the shareholders who are really doing no service to the State whatever, how much more just it would be to take a proportion of the land of every great estate in the country and sell it to pay off the war-loan. No pacifist nonsense about the rights of private property! Inspired by its wealthy backers, the “Times” has a plea for landlords. Tax everybody, it says in effect, but do not put a finger upon the great landed estates. There is, we fear, no hope of it; but the justice is past the need of discussion. Consider—take only one example—the case of Lord Cowdroy, whose Norman conversion of a good part of a farming county into a deer-forest is comparatively recent. As things are, this man will find at the end of the war that not a yard of his land has been lost to him and his heirs. Others will have suffered irreparable loss in business, in profession and in life itself. The nation will be up to its neck in debt. Everywhere a yard of good land will be worth its area in gold. Yet Lord Cowdroy, who has never done the State a service for which he has not been paid, will emerge from Armageddon with all his thousands of acres intact. And the “Times” says we are on no account to put a burden upon him! Our own idea of the proper procedure is to take a proportion of the land of every great estate in the country and sell it to pay off the war-loan. No pacifist nonsense about the rights of private property! Tax everybody, and in things should delay the re-appropriation of national land at national need.

Replying to the Headmaster of Shrewsbury, who had advocated the abolition of war-profits, Mr. Thomas Lough put in a plea for the distressful shareholders who live upon dividends. “It is from profits,” he says, “that the owners live; who must starve if they were totally abolished. How would it help the war if all the banks, carrying companies, and great firms of the country were bankrupt?” Apart from the fact that the successful profiteering of these persons and corporations does not seem to be helping us much to win the war, the conclusion of thought is almost startling. What in the world does it matter, in comparison with winning the war, whether a few thousand human parasites starve for want of their nutrition of profits? The question is simply an easy way in favour of reducing even parasites to this extremity; there is such a device known as a compassionate allowance. Indeed, who can pocket profits during the eclipse of civilisation. A variation of the same plea, a little more specious, is made in the “Times” on behalf of the legatees of the estates of soldiers killed in the war.
It would seem that property is more than life to some people! While we are not asked to make compensation to the survivors for the loss of the life of their friends, the nation is asked to spare their property the deduction of death-duties. "Mutiling the estates of our dead heroes," the "Times" says, as if our dead heroes were in the least concerned. What we see in the proposal to exempt such estates from the usual duties is not the "body-snatching" of the Government, but in the resistance to it the employment of patriotic pathos as a means of securing the duty of the tax. But if soldiers do not hesitate to lay down their lives for their country, it is not decent that beneficiaries under their wills should hesitate to lay down a part of their legacy.

Speculation is useless on the very eve of the introduction of the Budget; but in general we may repeat what we have said on many occasions since the outbreak of the war. The brunt of the cost ought to fall and must be made to fall upon the wealthy classes: upon those, that is, whose social efficiency towards the common ends would not be impaired by the sacrifice. Any attempt, by direct or by indirect means, to compel the poor to pay is not only a breach of the understood condition under which wealth in the past has been allowed to be privately accumulated—namely, that it could be called upon by the nation in an emergency; but it involves our whole industrial future in slow suicide. The utmost efficiency of the working-classes will not be too much to enable us to recover more speedily than our rivals from the consequences of the war; and, in addition, it is imperative, if industry is to be stimulated, that demand or purchasing power should be widely distributed. To throw any part of the cost of the war upon the working-classes (and we include the salariat) is not only to starve the goose that lays us golden eggs but it is to narrow our market and unemployment. No statesman above a politician would so much as dream of it, especially in view of the fact recently repeated by Sir Leo Chiozza Money that we have amongst us men whose past savings amount to sixteen thousand million pounds and whose foreign investments total over four thousand millions. Are we a Commonwealth or are we not? Is all this money "ours" or national service, belong to Germans as to Englishmen? If these accumulations are ours in anything more than a Pickwickian sense, let us take them after paying due regard to the social needs of their present steward. If they are not, let us make them so or cease bragging about them.

The agitation for conscription has naturally broken out again after the inconclusive debate at the Trade Union Congress. The vote there, as we pointed out last week, was indeed all one way, but the opinion of the leaders was either contrary to it or prepared to be persuaded. But it is as plain as a pikestaff that what is in the minds of the authors of the campaign is not so much military as industrial conscription. Militarily Kitchener has either as many men as he can do with, or he can have them for the plain asking. But industrially there is undoubtedly a shortage, at any rate of men amenable to proletaires' discipline. That this and not the other is the true cause of the conscription agitation is observable from a comparison of the personnel of the heads of the campaigns is sufficient in itself to raise a doubt of their military intentions. Mr. Lloyd George is among them. But Mr. Lloyd George is notorious for having, from the outset, concentrated his venom upon the workers in industry. At first they were drunkards; then they became slackers; yesterday the Trade Unions were in his way; to-morrow it will be something else. Always, it will be observed, it is the industrialists who are to blame. Are we now to conclude that he has suddenly become aware of the military

need of men, two or three days after he announced that he needed another 300,000 workpeople on munitions? Mr. Lloyd George is not stable for a week at a time, except in his detestation of the working classes. The last man but one to commend conscription to the workers is hirerence; and the other, and last is Mr. Churchill. This Anglo-American really seems to have the vices of both nations: the "swank" of the one and the pomposity of the other. More than a couple of months ago he was promising us an early passage of the Dardanelles and the ferreting out of the German fleet. Because neither has occurred, the "situation is worse than expected"; and we must have conscription to fulfil Mr. Churchill's silly prophecies. Of the rest of the conspirators the less said the better. The point is whether these men are to be trusted either to report faithfully upon our military needs or to employ conscription for military purposes only. We do not think they are. We would indeed rather be defeated with Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey and Lord Kitchener than victorious with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. Our very victory they would turn to our ruin.

Now we have never opposed compulsion in principle, for the simple reason, as the Press has often pointed out, that we shall need to employ compulsion ourselves one of these days. But the conditions of its just exercise are such as scarcely prevail yet. In the first place, we are not a Commonwealth—no, not even in the crisis of the most serious situation our country has ever known. The State is not therefore the true spokesman of a united nation. In the second place, as has been already observed, the compulsion is to be brought in for one purpose and employed for another. In short, it is thimble-rigging. Finally everything indicates that, if established, its incidence will be so arbitrary that the country will deserve to be defeated for adopting it without better guarantees. Why, we should like to know, must only those be conscribed who chance to be of military age or possess particular forms of industrial skill. Admitted that these are the men of whom the country stands most in need, it does not follow that the rest of us have not possessions almost as precious that should go into the common pot. As well as men, the nation needs money, land, machinery, and a score of other things. If we nationalise the lives of a class, the least we can do in equity is to nationalise the property of the other. Why? How is the money that is to carry the war and levy upon the lives? Why risk for a mere pension a man's life and guarantee another man's property with interest? It will be observed that in denouncing the voluntary system the conscriptionists do not extend their criticisms beyond the Army and the workshops. But has it not failed more elsewhere than here? At this moment we are trying to float a national loan in America for no other reason than that our voluntary system of home loans has broken down. Except at a still higher rate of interest than 4½ per cent. our conscripting moneylenders will not advance us another penny. Do Mr. Lloyd George and his new colleagues propose the conscription of capital? Not at all. It is in the same, as we shall see, with land. Land was needed for camps and factories; much will be needed to settle our soldiers after the war. All will have to be paid for. Houses for troops well or sick—all must be paid for. Goods, raw and manufactured, imported and exported by the war—to be paid for and, what is more, voluntarily exchanged! Only one thing is to be conscribed, it appears, and that is the labour of men. Under these circumstances, we say that conscription would be worse for England than defeat. Conscription by all means if all round. None can complain if all are treated equally (not equally). But the conscription of life and labour without the simultaneous conscription of land, capital, rent, interest and profits, is an injustice which no necessity can excuse.
Foreign Affairs.

By Sir V. Byrd.

What is the most essential factor in winning the war? Some people may say money; others may say munitions. We have, however, the ironclad assurance of one of these great men, a man who has always been known as a craftsman. The war would be lost, nevertheless; for its most important goal would not have been achieved—namely, the casting out of the delusion of militarism from the minds of the German people. While, therefore, we devote great attention, and rightly so, to men, money, and munitions, let us remember, day and night, that the one factor which we have got into the habit of taking too much for granted must be maintained. The Allies must hold together, for if they do not their vast expenditure of lives and money will be fruitless.

The maintenance of the Alliance, even if the public and the newspapers take it for granted, must be, on the contrary, think the first object of a statesman's solicitude. Whatever our internal quarrels—and all the Allies, in fact, if the next two or three generations are to live in peace. It is painful for an Englishman to have to confess that the war will never be won if the Grand Alliance collapse. The only steps taken to thwart the plans of the Alliance by introducing dissensions have been taken in this country. True, they have been taken by a Welshman: the Welshman who has led our country into more evil ways and greater dangers than any Minister of the Crown since the time of Strafford and Laud. I need not identify the man further than by referring the reader to his collection of war speeches, entitled, with all the melodramatic emphasis of an unbalanced Celt, "Through Terror to Triumph." I am not concerned with the speeches—indeed, I have not read them in their collected form. I am concerned only with the extraordinary, and, I dare to say, almost treasonable preface which Mr. Lloyd George wrote for his collected speeches and hurled into the newspapers on the day before Parliament assembled after the short autumn recess.

The object of the preface, clearly enough, is to lay stress upon the importance of a vast supply of war material, to indicate that the Allies have not yet enough, to show that, in consequence, the enemy is making considerable progress, and to prove, finally, that England must resort to compulsory national service, both for the workshop and for the Army, before she can be said to be doing her best to win the war. I think Mr. Lloyd George's arguments ludicrous, but I am not concerned with that part even of his preface. I am concerned with passages of it which cannot but be regarded as direct insults to our Allies—insults of which he is unfortunately a member, from a piece of preposterous blundering.

And then the reference to Russia! It is true that Mr. Lloyd George wrote his preface while the Russian armies were slowly retreating—fighting, however, every inch of the way, and from time to time inflicting severe defeats on the enemy at suitable points. But did Mr. Lloyd George imagine that the Russian retreat was to last for ever? And, if he did, why did he refer to it so tactlessly? The Russian fortresses did not "fall," they were evacuated. As for the "resistless tide of Teutonic invasion," it was "stemmed" and more than stemmed in Galicia before Mr. Lloyd George's ink was dry on the paper; and the Tsar had put himself at the head of his forces. As for the French, they will simply resent the suggestion that they cannot do more than they have done. Ask them; consider what they did towards reorganising themselves long before Mr. Lloyd George was appointed Minister of Munitions! It is indeed despicable for a man in the Minister's position to depreciate the credit of the Alliance in this country has done. We have swept the seas clear of enemy craft, and we have even countered the submarine menace; we have enlisted three million men—an army exactly twenty times larger than any Expeditionary Force we ever promised to send abroad—we have lent our Allies, as Mr. Asquith stated last week, two hundred and fifty millions sterling; and we have provided them with huge quantities of war equipment and supplies. Above all, we have made ourselves responsible for the credit of the Alliance in the international money-market. What more does Mr. Lloyd George want? The Premiership?
Current Cant.

"It is only by creating more wealth that we can employ more labour."—'Daily Mail.'

"By far the most important speech yet delivered to the Trades Union Congress came from Mr. Ben Tillett."—'Everyman.'

The value and temper of the Army are superb and constant: shall it be said of Labour that its patriotism and endurance are less?—'Daily Telegraph.'

"Lord Northcliffe would be glad to go to prison if it would help to win this war."—COLONEL ARTHUR LEE.

"Fifty scholarships without entrance fee for 'Herald' readers in commercially applied art."—'Herald.'

"The importance of being frivolous."—SHIRLEY KELLOG.

"A voice in the wilderness."—AUSTIN HARRISON.

"I sometimes tremble at the thought of the greatness of Britain, and I yearn that I may live to play some part in its unfolding."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

"I solemnly entreat the Government to let Lord Kitchener speak."—A. M. THOMSON.

"Socialism would mean a policy opposite to that of the Trades Union today. They are energetically excluding the unfit."—HUGO MUNSTERBERG.

"Mr. Frederick Higham is famous for the fact that he has built up a clientele among the greatest business houses of the kingdom by persistently advertising himself. He takes the business remedy he prescribes—advertising. He is one of the experts who assisted the Government in the successful advertising for Recruits and the War Loan."—'New Days.'

"The Voluntary System has broken down long ago. It was obvious that in a prolonged war the Voluntary System could not be relied upon to give us in an orderly and businesslike way the numbers which we should certainly require."—FREDERICK S. OLIVER.

"I seem to see at the outset of the war the real soul of the modern woman in its birth throes . . . at liberty now, feeling her wings for the first time . . ."—MARY BATEMAN.

"At the Factory—your daily work can be better and more specify done with the aid of a guaranteed Ingersoll watch."—'Herald.'

"The New Age. This clever and influential (if somewhat poisonous) journal."—'The Looker-on' in 'London Opinion.'

"You can leave the employers to me!"—MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

"The willingness of women to undertake any work required by their country, and their eagerness to submit themselves to the necessary training, need no demonstration."—'The Englishwoman' for September.

"Some day, perhaps, music will again be international. We are all trying to make it so."—EDWIN EVANS.

"The presence of Germans outside of the German Empire both now and in the future, in war or peace, must be strictly limited if not entirely prevented."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"The old method of managing men on the Prussian system has come to an end."—MR. HERBERT CASSON.

"When you buy advertised goods you buy from the man with a reputation at stake."—ADVERTISMENT MANAGER.

"Gone. The assumption that the population of Great Britain is divided into classes and masses, antagonistic to each other, with an impassable gulf between them."—'New Days.'

The Prospects of the Guild Idea.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

III.

"The difficulties in establishing the Guild system will be great, but they will be less than the difficulties encountered in establishing the wage system, for the latter runs counter to men's nature, but the former with it." With these words the Guild writers bring their book to a close; nowhere does it contain a sentence more fundamental or more essentially true. Upon it must be founded all the prospects of the Guild idea. The opponents of Socialism have always denounced it as "contrary to human nature," and not without some justice, seeing that for most part they have had no one but the Collectivist to deal with. And the Collectivist, with his guilty bureaucratic conscience, shrunk from the "tu quoque," and, confusing human nature with its aberrations of avarice and callousness, defiantly replied that human nature must be trimmed and conformed to fit into the framework of the Socialist State. But the Guildman is driven to no such unworthy shifts for an answer, for he may—and he must—convict the apologist of Capitalism of the very charge which he seeks to fasten upon the Socialist. For Capitalism and its corollary, the Wage System, are not merely contrary to human nature; they are fatal to it. Like Circe, they degrade their victims till they no longer realise the toils in which they are caught. The profiteer partly creates and partly subjugates public opinion. A super "economic man," he imposes upon society a wage-slave morality. He would have himself appear, indeed, as "beyond good and evil," a necessary stage in economic evolution, a condition of economic progress, indispensable and inevitable.

This huge superstititon—for it is no more—has so impressed itself upon the mind of the great majority that the real truth that Capitalism is contrary to human nature is thereby obscured. Admitted that the wage system goes against the national grain, to kick against it is to kick against the prods of progress. So argues the "public opinion," and turns for relief to the "practical reformer" who, accepting the wage system, can claim to have the "forces of progress" on his side. But the "forces of progress" are an army in which the "captain of industry" holds the commissions, with his foremen and managers for subalterns, while the workers march at their orders in the ranks. But it is upon the N.C.O.'s that the efficiency of an army ultimately depends; their defection from the purpose to which that army is committed would render its accomplishment impossible. The N.C.O.'s of the industrial army must be the Trade Union leaders in whatever cause that army may be enlisted. To-day they are all too often the N.C.O.'s of Capitalism. Let them desert the cause of "Progress" for the cause of Freedom, and we should see the abandonment of the great assault upon human nature. In place of an army of industrial mercenaries we should have a nation really organised for national service. This superstition of the inevitability of Capitalism will only be destroyed in the public mind when it is falsified in spirit and in practice by the workers themselves. At present it is more often fortified than undermined by their actions and their general policy. "To think profits and to make them: that is the business mind." True, but it cannot be denied that to dream wages and to seek them has been all too often the limit of the aspirations of the working class. Such a servile acceptance of wage-slave morality will never gain for the worker even the interest, far less the approval, of public.
opinion. And there is such a thing as public opinion, for all the ludicrous misrepresentation and distortion to which it has been subjected by the Press and the public. It may be that the Capi-

tists are at least not blind to the fact. They have organised in their favour a Press unrivalled in its lack of scruple and unexampled in its servility; they have claimed that their cause is the cause of culture against a mob seeking to destroy it, they have denounced the worker in revolt as an enemy of society. It is time that the workers themselves made clear to the world for what it is that they are fighting. They have the best case in the world; had they but the courage to embrace it. Not only are they indispensable to society as indi-

In writing thus of “society” one is open to the old foolish one. It is easy to denounce a mob seeking to destroy it, they have denounced the worker in revolt as an enemy of society. It is time that the workers themselves made clear to the world for what it is that they are fighting. They have the best case in the world; had they but the courage to embrace it. Not only are they indispensable to society as individuals, but their industrial associations, the Trade Unions, are indispensable to its deliverance from a Capitalism which is otherwise “inevitable” indeed. It is a mistake to suppose that opinion favours this Capit-

II.—CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

Why has Charlie so tremendously held triumph in the land? Is it one more instance of artificial stimula-

tion transcending even the Guild, as life, even in its restricted sense of “public life,” transcends work. There appear until question of “supremacy” here, nothing but a just recognition of function. The Guildsman must not be content to improve upon the Syndicalist simply by “remembering the consumer” and setting out to provide for him. Even the Syndicalist would erect his creaking fabric in a Central Statistical Bureau. But the Guildsman has no need to create fresh associations; his task is to harmonise them. Society is more than a mere horde of consumers; its past memories and its future destinies, all that concerns its public life, centres in the State—and the State is born, not made.

Gilders of the Chains.

By [Ivor Brown]
But sex-feeling is not only the prisoner. Humanity does not only desire to love and to be loved: it desires to be futile and fatuous. Horace remarked in a good way that it was well to "desipere in loco"; and Cockneys think it funny to change hats. So it is, for it is a quite pointless action. To do the absolutely useless and futile thing, to reverse all order, and to behave like a lunatic, is frequently pleasant: man cannot overcome the urge to keep alive, and purpose. Therefore man has repressed his desire for being silly and jovially idiotic, and kept such amusements for his holidays: he has always enjoyed the purposeless and laughed at it. But with the growth of capitalism the struggle for existence has become in many cases more fierce and always more avowed: the waste of energy, of money, of time, of picture, is the Great Release. And that is why Charlie Chaplin has conquered the world. Charlie is the supreme idiot. He never acts with a purpose or does a thing in the efficient or economical way. To get about quickly, he will walk and the complete fool, and therefore humanity, driven madly on by external forces, has fallen in love with revenge, and the yearning for absurdity will find its eager, is the appeal to get on. Everywhere is grimness, purpose, concentration. Patent medicines, Clark's College, memory systems, industrial psychology, scientific management—of these is the twentieth century system. And so humanity, feverishly driven to concentration, seeks relief in eccentricity. Insanity is the obvious cure of a crushing sanity. More than ever it is fascinated by the attractive insanity. Conformity, discipline, and satirical and never far removed from reality, it will not touch. But farce, superbly unreal, eccentric, alien to any purpose or order, farce of the tumbling body and creation of nonsense, farce of emotion and of picture, that is the Great Release. And that is why Charlie Chaplin has conquered the world. Charlie is the supreme idiot. He never acts with a purpose or does a thing in the most efficient or economical way. To get about quickly, he must walk straight and let his limbs move freely. Charlie always zig-zags, always jerks his arms and legs. If a normal man wishes to succeed, he must make no slip twixt cup and lip. Whenever Charlie seems likely to achieve his purpose, he falls over; and if he meets love, he makes a mess of it. He is the complete bungler and the complete fool, and therefore humanity, driven madly on by external forces to a spuriously efficient and a bitter success, has fallen in love with Charlie, and revered and acacknowledged him. He releases all our suppressed yearnings for the utterly nonsensical. The essence of farce is the same thing as the essence of tragedy; it is waste. Waste is misdirected effort, failure to achieve a desired end. If the waste be of things great and treasured, we are sad: if the waste be of the trivial we laugh. The waste of Hamlet and Othello and Lear are waste of the valuable, and so the tragedy is almost unbearable. But the waste of a clown's activity is petty and ridiculous. We shed a tear for broken lives, but we roar with laughter at broken plates. Charlie Chaplin then is not original, but he is a clever exponent of the age-long farcical tradition, waste. We find mention the place in the eighteenth-century of those long, catastrophic pursuits which destroyed so much crockery and so many street-barrows, shop-windows and top-hats. The rage for Charlie may not last: we may tire of the tooth-brush moustache, the swallow-tailed coat, the tights, the Laurie Lee of the absurd will never die and we shall never tire of the broken crockery and the tumbled clown. For as the world demands more effort and purpose from its citizens, and as every activity is speeded up and no rest is possible, human nature will take its own revenge, and the yearning for absurdity will find its own release. Charlie has a million predecessors: and he will have a myriad successors.

The Mediaeval Guildswoman.

The chief evidence of the constant and active presence of women in the Guilds, before that, is the extant Guild Ordinances. These are very numerous, and there is hardly one where the "Sisteren" are not mentioned, while in every branch of Guild life we hear of the "Bretheren and Sisteren." And further, several Guilds were founded jointly by men and women. At Kingston-upon-Hull, in 1357, the Guild of the Blessed Virgin was founded by ten men and twelve women, nine of the latter being wives of the founders, and three not so. Again, in 1348, of the forty-three founders of the Corpus Christi Guild, eighteen were women.

Girls were apprenticed as freely as boys, and when in 1412 the Corporation of London wanted to raise money for new work on the Guild Hall, it ordered that every apprentice, male and female, should pay certain fees at the beginning and end of the period of apprenticeship. In certain Guilds the sons and daughters were to be admitted without payment, but whether this was an autocratic act or an act of humanity, is not clear. In London, there were special rules regarding the apprenticeship of "les femmes couvertes ye usent certeynes craftes deizn par eux mesmes saunz loure barrons."

There were various regulations regarding the fees to be paid by Guildswomen. In most instances they were identical with those paid by the men, "and if a single woman come in to the brotherhood, she schal paie no less than a brother that acteth together.

On the other hand no married woman could make any apprenticeship bindings, nor could any woman give testimony in a court of law. Women laboured under a considerable number of legal disadvantages, and their work was hardly ever recognized as such. For instance, at Kingston-upon-Hull, in 1413 the Corporation of London wanted to raise money for new work on the Guild Hall, it ordered that every apprentice, male and female, should pay certain fees at the beginning and end of the period of apprenticeship. In certain Guilds the sons and daughters were to be admitted without payment, but whether this was an autocratic act or an act of humanity, is not clear. In London, there were special rules regarding the apprenticeship of "les femmes couvertes ye usent certeynes craftes deizn par eux mesmes saunz loure barrons."

In one of the Digby Plays, for instance, we find mention the case of "Maria," "Anna," a "virgyn," and four women, while during the performance "Virgynes as many as a man wyll, shall holde in a court of law. Women laboured under a considerable number of legal disadvantages, and their work on the whole was not so well paid as men's.
An act of 1365 leaves women unrestricted freedom of competition in trade, and mentions several kinds of women artificers. "Braceresces, Pesteresces, Tisteresces, Fileresces, et Oevresces si bien de Leine come de Leigne, Toile et de Soie, Broudesters, Kardesters, Pyneresces de Leine, et toutes autres que usent et evoient overaignes manuelles."

Moreover, whereas a man was expected to follow one calling, a woman might pursue many. One gets the impression that their work was much more casual and less specialised than that of the men. Under Edward III we get the following enactment: "It is ordained that artificers Handicraft people hold them everyone overent overaignes manueles. All Handy Work may freely use and work shares.

Among the drapers, Langland tells us of "Cesse the Souteresse" and "Rose the Dissheres." We find women particularly active as bakers and brewers, and in all branches of the textile trades. As early as 1213 in the Customs of Newcastle-on-Tyne, special provision is made for women who infringe the Assize of Bread or Beer. "Si femina sit in suo forisfaci de pane vel de cerva, nullus debet intromittere nisi praepositus. Si bis foris fecerit, castigetur per . . . forisfacium. Si tertio forisfacierit justitia de ea fat."

We read how, in 1426, John Credy leaves to his wife his "bachous in Wodestrete." It was a trade for which strict ordinances were issued both by the Guild and the Crown. The baker was obliged to stamp his or her name on the loaf, so that inferior bread might be detected and stopped.

The woman who kept a Tavern, and belonged to the Vintners' Guild, came in for more than her fair share of abuse. The ale-wife might merely sell drink, or might also keep an Inn, but in either case she seems to be the object of pretty widespread animosity. Carved on one of the miserere seats of Ludlow Church, we see the end of the deceitful ale-wife. The devil is carrying her to Hell, and in her hand she bears her false measure.

It was at once easy and profitable to cheat in the ale trade, and there were numerous regulations concerning what was known as "good ale" which was to have but one gallon of "rest" to every thirteen gallons of clear ale. Inferior ales known as "hostell, long, red, and rope" ale were forbidden. "Penny-ale" was drunk by the poor at a penny a gallon, while the best ale was found to cost fourpence a gallon.

In Piers Plowman the ale-wife tempts Glutton to drink: "I have gode ale, gossh!" quod she "glotoun wiltow assayven"?

"I have pepper and piones" quod she "and a pounde of garlike, Aferthyngworth of fenel-seel / for fastyngdayes."

This Guildswoman appears a mild and honest person beside "Rose," who mixed good and bad ale, and gave false measure.

"I boughte heri barly malte / she brewe it wel sele, Penny ale and podyng ale / she powed togidere. For laboreres and for lowe folks / that lay by hymselfe. The best ale lay in my bote / or in my bedchambre, And who so hamed (tasted) ther-ot / bought it ther-after, A galoun for a grote / god wote, no leese; And yit it cam in cypmata / this was how she used. Rose the regratere / was hir righte name; She hath holden hokkerye / all hire lyf tyme."

Such an ale-wife would be liable to the fate that in 1364 overtook John Penrose who had sold bad wine. He was to "drink a draught of the same wine which he sold to the people, the remainder to be poured on his head, and he to forswear the calling of a Vinter in the city of London forever."

Under Edward IV, in 1476, we get a case of a woman being put in the pillory. "Ages Deyntie was also there punnysshed for sellyng of false myngyd (mixed) beer."

We find women especially busy cloth making. Piers Plowman speaks of the weavers who stretched the cloth: "My wyf was a webbe / and wol-lin cloth made; She spake to spinneses / to spynne wyll he vote."

This woman was fraudulent, not only to the public, but to her journeywomen, cheating them of their wages. "Ac the pounde that she payed by / poisd a quarteron more, Than none owne auncere / who so wycched treude."

Edward III paid a hundred marks, a big sum in those days, to the wife of a London citizen for embroidering a choir cope.

Of the Wife of Bath we read: "Of cloth-making she hadde swich an haunt She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt."

We find in this trade an interdependence of work between the men and the women, the latter doing the less skilled tasks. So we find the following entry: "Alys Heweryng hat sponne and cardydv and twystyd tweynty pounde of zerne for the aras man, for everey pounde howeynd 2d."

From the middle of the fifteenth century we begin to hear of "silk-throwers," women who made all sorts of narrow goods, such as ribbons and girdles. To such a one apparently the Pastons owed money: "... and sey William that of Jenett Lauton be not payd for the krymson cort whence Alson Crane wrote to hyr for hyr owyn name, that than he pay hyr, and see Alson Crany's name strekyn out of hyr boke, for the seith the wyll aske no man the money but Alson Crane."

The silk trade was particularly in the hands of women. In 1355 they petitioned the Crown that the importation of wrought silk goods might be stopped.

"And where upon the same craftes, before this tyme, many a wrchivefull woman in the said citee have lyved full honourably, and therwith many good households kept, and many gentilwymmen and other in grete noumbe like as there powe be moo than a thousand, have be drawn under them in lernyng the same craftes and occupation."

We hear, pretty frequently, of women doing laundry work, but whether they were regulated by any Guild or not cannot be ascertained. It was probably in the Middle Ages a fairly casual type of labour and one difficult to control. We read of washerwomen who were also seamstresses. In Edward IV's wardrobe accounts we get the following entry: "To Alice Shapster for making and wasshing of 24 sherts and 24 stomachers, 5 dozen hand-couvechiefes and 12 combeye-couvechiefes, for making and wasshing of every covertchief twelve-pence, for making of every covertchief twopen."
third year he is unable to earn back, beyond what is his own, the ten shillings with an increase, then the money shall be released to him.”

The Guilds, moreover, were lavish in providing for young girls who were too poor to get married: a type of charitable act that ranked in the mediæval mind with the repair of roads and the mending of bridges. These girls were generally apprentices, members or daughters of members. Traditionally, in their letter to Rowland, the merchants that they must: “Marien maydes / or maken hen nonnes.” This does not mean that they should do it in person, but simply that they should do it. Nor did they evidently take his words to heart, for few Guildsmen but a peculiar mixture of people.

In London, in 1379 in the Guild of the Anonime at Cambridge, we get the rule that “no parson, nor baker, no women were to be set to work in the Trade with the fullers to the occupa- tion of weavers, because by it many and divers of the kynges liege people likkely men to do the kyng servis and with the exception of the master’s wife or daughter. Soon the prohibitions became more definite. In 1381, at Bristol, the Guild forbade the weavers to “put on hire . . . wofe, daughter or maid . . . to the occupa- tion of weaving, because by it many and divers of the kynges liege people likkely men to do the kyng servis in his warris and in the defence of this his lond . . . gathe vagrant and unoccupied.” Further the weavers at Hull said “ther shall no woman worke in any worke conserning this occupacion with in the toon of Hull, unpon payn of xl shillings.”

Mona F. Ever

Letters from Russia.
By C. E. Behnöhöfer

The Russian censor is really irritating. It is not so much his absolute existence that must annoy all intelligent readers, but his disgraceful lack of discrimination. For him the sense is nothing, the word is all. If I wrote, for instance, in Russian this sentence: “Comparing the soul of man in government and the soul of man in revolution, I am struck by the base inferiority of the latter;” it would be amended thus by the censor, “Comparing the soul of man in government and the soul of man in . . . . . . . I am struck by the base inferiority of the latter.” A journalist may have toiled a weary two columns to produce a prose article, and at last draws his conclusion and an unlucky word causes the whole last paragraph to be struck out. This leads to cleverness, you say; to write round the censor is a good exercise in literary art. But the censor is a man and a brother, and he is more too diffuse or too circular for him will be too diffuse and circular for other readers. There is only one way of judging the censor in Russia, somewhat as Orpheus evaded Cerberus. Not with sweet music, but with dulness you baffled him to sleep. This is the explanation of the fat stodgy Russian monsthrles. Their readers know that the dullest of dull articles may be conveying a revolution- ary idea in its hull. The censor presents to me the very essence of agents provocateurs. When I read that, “He was so much a man of . . . . . . as of . . . . I am ready for anything. Lord! he is irritating, the censor.

The “Nevski Almanack” has brought itself out again, after its arrest by the police. The apparent culprit, as I suspected, is Merezhkovski with his article upon the Decabrist Bulatof. It has been censored in four places, as follows.

(i) This mad idea [of murdering the Tsar] disappeared together with his infant malady, but something remained of it which he could not express in words . . . .

(ii) For the Tsar against the fatherland—was this possible? And if it were, how to distinguish them? How to choose? . . .

(iii) Why did he not say [in reply to the Tsar]? “I am not one of you”? Because he could not answer conscientiously either Yes or No, he could not decide, and felt with horror that the more inevitable the decision the more impossible . . .

(iv) He almost lost his senses in the embraces of the emperor . . .

And that was why the “Nevski Almanack,” was arrested! It is not worth its three shillings. The description of Bulatof is interesting enough. He was an amiable young man, a typical Puritan, homely, unassuming, defenceless, faithful found, Among the faithless, faithful only he; Among the unamiable, false, unfeeling, Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.

And yet he was a Decabrist. Strange phenomenon. His office and fatherland, his father and Vaterland, the new Tsar, Nicholas, was bad for the fatherland, the poor man was tortured by the splitting of his ideal. For Tsar or for fatherland? His decision was tragic and comic. He enrolled himself among the con- sulators, but took no part in the conspiracy; he obtained an audience with Nicholas and betrayed not them but himself. “I am a criminal, have me shot,” he announced and the emperor embraced him. He was confined to a fortress, probably as much for his own protection as for punishment. Tortured eternally by his dilemma, he demanded death. The emperor refused his wish and he commenced to starve to death. The daintiest dishes and wines were placed before him but he refused them all, and when his thirst grew too terrible he hit his hands and sucked the blood. After twelve days’ agony he evaded the guards and beat out his brains against the door of his cell. The last words of the poor feverish gallant man (he had done brave deeds in the war of 1812) were these: “Every Christian has his cross and must bear it, for the Saviour Him- self bore His cross given Him by His Father.”

One is reminded of Dumas’ portrait of Felton, the murder of Villiers, but Bulatof was not a Puritan or a murderer. That which drove him into the conspiracy was the unjust degradation of his father, but he did not avenge him and to history he can be no more than a brave tortured suicide. Andreev, if you please, prints an act of his newest play in the Almanack. This is the plot, in the author’s own words.

“In a provincial city lives the good and happy family of Mantsev: the father, a bank official, Nicholas Andreievich, his wife, Alexandra Petrovna, and three children. The youngest, Vasca-Vaceuk (I) is in a girls’ preparatory school, the modest and lovely daughter Nadia is finishing the upper school, and the eldest, the student Voevodol, is a serious, handsome and melancholy youth. Wearying of the obscure struggle and with youthful doubts, the reason of life, he decides upon suicide; his father, the officer Nechiav, handsome, little cultured, but romantically noble joins him in his decision in the name of friendship and in disgust of his own life. Almost on the eve of the double suicide. Voevodol’s father dies unexpectedly and this death upsets the friends’ gloomy plan; the horror of death and the suffering of relatives, brought home to the young men from their own circle, give birth to a consciousness and feeling of a firm and unbroken connection with
people and the world, awaken a feeling of devotion before enigmatical but beautiful life. It is the end of youth with its troublesome weariness and calls, and there comes a time of conscious intellectual labour. The scene given here seals the fate of Neschów, to decide to commit suicide; the ununderstood and deep beauty of the moonlight in May only strengthens their obscure weariness. They both do not understand that the feeling which they consider strife and despair in only a passionate thirst for life and its joy. Did life want any more? Would you like a translation of the whole scene, or the whole play? Once upon a time, so they say, drama was a school of life, now it is a Wiederkindergarten.

In the Almanack I find that Sologub the fiery has contributed a little to it. The arch-futurist Ceveranin has what-do-you-call-it and Gorodetski has nothing at all. He did send a poem but it was refused on the grounds, so he says, that he referred to Pushkin as You and not as Thou. There appeared some indignant letters from this old-young poet, rudely interrupted by one of the sarcastic people so common now in Russia who suggested that this was only the pretext for turning down a very inferior piece of verse. Collapse of Gorodetski and Yazova of pastiches, with this notice, exception all the regular poets, poetesses and publicists have their little shares in the Almanack. There are the usual new discoveries in Tobstoyan and Chehovian correspondence, amusingly resembling the letters you write to your bestest gal. The Jews have not become usurers all the times before the new age. Russian literature, I ask my readers once again to look over Merezhkovski’s ‘War and Religion’ that appeared last December in The New Age. He has been rash enough to wish to reprint it in ‘At the Rear’ and this is the result. The whole introductory portion of the article has been excised, to the table of St. Kasian and St. Nicholas. Ceveranin say that we shall look back upon war as upon cannibalism. Another long excision occurs after the phrase, ‘We will not fire upon our own aeronaut,’ and phrases are cut out in almost every paragraph. And did you ever read a range-answer article? That’s Christian official Russia of to-day. Two or three more articles there (including a ‘religious’ interpretation by Merezhkovski) upon the Jewish question raise it for discussion. It is so much easier to be a pro-semite than an intelligent anti-Semite that we have left anti-Semitism to those super-Jews, the Catholics. Their case against the Jews is that they form a solid aggressive body to capture the State—so differently from the weak and mild Catholics. But we cannot dismiss anti-Semitism as a body, for with notable the Catholics use every intellectual means to power, the Jews have not become usurers all the time before the new age. Their case against the Jews is that they are a school of life, now it is a Wiederkindergarten.

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placed it; you would have thought that he wished to promise her that this crown should lie lightly!"

Madame D'Abrantès (who is still merely Madame Junot) wears at the coronation a dress made of black velvet heavily embroidered with many diamonds. Napoleon notices it, and some days later scolds her for the colour, "sombre and almost sinister." She bursts into tears, and replies that black velvet is all the fashion, that there were many others there like it, and that she, not being of the very highest rank, had been given no command as to what she should wear. "Is this an indirect reproach?" asks Napoleon. "Are you like the maréchale S., the maréchale D., the maréchale B., who sulk because I have not made them all ladies of the palace? I do not like sulks and bad humours." She defends herself, but he is afraid of the women around him, and with reason; Madame Junot, herself, plotted against him later! "Ambitious women are all intriguers. Remember this, Madame Junot." She reassures him, and goes so far as to say that she would be unhappy at the palace where "your Majesty would be sure to organise the service of the Empress according to a military code." He smiles at this little irreverence and begins to talk of her husband and the old days. But he was then all together and he was merely General Bonaparte. Junot comes home one day very heavy and sad. He is to be sent as ambassador to Portugal and also with a mission to Spain. Madame confesses to have seen only the brilliant side of the affair. He explains that the Powers are all ready to turn against France, and wonders however he, a soldier, is to lie quiet in Portugal while cannon may be thundering all around. They depart at length, and Napoleon gives her some advice. "An ambassadress is a more important department in an embassy than she is usually held to be. She is so everywhere, but above all in the embassies, on account of the prejudice against France. You must give the Portuguese the right idea of the ways of the Imperial court. Do not be haughty or vain, but do not mock. Remember that sovereigns never measure your words in answering. The intimacy you have about the Empress, about the princesses. Measure your words in answering. The intimacy of your family may be exposed to all regards. But I do not wish my sisters to be tittle-tattle. The Queen of Spain will ask you how she gets on with the Emperor's family women, 'some things true, some false, which all Europe set about reading. The first which reached Napoleon drove him into such a violent state of mind that one dared not translate the whole of the second... They hailed in thousands on the coasts of France.' Madame thinks Napoleon wrong to continue this war of pamphlets with Pitt, "who was not a great man. No doubt he has served his country, but England... owes much to the faults of the Emperor."

In reply to Napoleon's vengeance, which attacked the private life of Pitt, the latter published biographies of the Emperor's family women, some being quite false, which all Europe set about reading. The first which reached Napoleon drove him into such a violent state of mind that one dared not translate the whole of the second... They hailed in thousands on the coasts of France. Madame thinks Napoleon wrong to continue this war of pamphlets with Pitt, "who was not a great man. No doubt he has served his country, but England... owes much to the faults of the Emperor."

Interesting is her remark that Bordeaux and Bayonne and other towns which wanted above all things to get on with business as usual rejoiced at the death of Pitt, hoping that Napoleon would easier come to agreement with a new minister. Madame returns to France—"I felt my eyes fill with tears upon seeing my honoured country, venerated in the persons of the Empress Josephine, French and bearing the name of one of the brave sons of France." She is finally placed as lady of honour in the palace of Madame Bonaparte, but before this she takes her little daughter to see the Empress. "I took more pains with her little toilette than with my own, for Josephine was a ravishing child with her cheeks of rose, her great, black, silken curls and her charming manners. When I arrived in the great yellow salon, I saw a young lady whose grace, freshness, and face altogether charming really surprised me. She came towards me smiling, although she did not know me, and, stooping down to the height of Josephine, cried: 'Oh the enchanting creature! Will you come to me, my angel?' She picked her up and carried her right down the room. Josephine, who was not at all a shy person, was delighted with this welcome; she replied at her best, and in a few minutes the acquaintance was complete." The Empress arrives, embraces Madame, and introduces her niece Stéphanie, the new friend of the baby, who runs up and attacks all the baby's playmates. Madame, however, was exhibiting lofty libels on the personages of the Imperial family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Bonaparte were especially represented under odious colours and most false. But the Emperor knew all these pamphlets and they affected him not at all, and the secret of Prussia was by the secret order of Prussia and by the intriguers of the Russian cabinet. Napoleon was vulnerable on this subject to a point incredible by those who did not know him. In speaking to me about it, he studied my eyes, my smile, my reply to know whether I would answer him.

"Receive a great deal," he said to me. Also, "Let your house be agreeable to Lisbon as it was at Paris when you were madame la commandante. But let your amusements be dignified and seemly. What you have seen here should guide and preserve you. Live in harmony with your diplomatic companions, but make no especial friends to them. Do not draw in their husbands. It may easily happen that two Powers set about destroying each other because two Hussies have squabbled—and the squabble may have been about a hat." I laughed. "Do not think I am jesting, and be very careful in these sort of relations! It seems that this Lady Fitz-Gerald at Lisbon is a drum-major in petticoats and a kind of fish-wife. Leave her in the position she has chosen. She is ridiculous, and that is enough for the Powers set about destroying each other because two Hussies have squabbled—and the squabble may have been about a hat."
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

When Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, after the production of "The Big Drum," altered the fourth act and provided a happy ending for his play, some at least of the dramatic critics protested in the name of psychology and of art. What the original ending was I do not know, for I did not see the first performance; but in whatever respect it differed from the present one it was hopelessly wrong. Pinero's technical skill must have failed him in the construction of the original fourth act, as it failed him when he wrote the first act, which is still retained. It is hard to believe that the mind which conceived the perfect farce of the second act, and provided the unalteringly dramatic third act, invented that feeble first act which gave me the impression of senile decay, enlivened only by the charm of Miss Irene Vanbrugh's acting. In this act Pinero has all the tediousness of a king, and, as gratefully as with remarkable subtlety, he has invited the important when it is raised again, the guests are saying good-bye.

Then some ladies appear and chit-chat with talented Collingham Green about his duty and derelictions of it; and the whole party proceeds to luncheon. The curtain is lowered to denote the passage of time; and, and the conversations between Mackworth and Roope, and between Mackworth and Ottoline, are instructive enough concerning the Talents. These people had wanted each other years before, and a fault of temper had parted them again. Both of them were normal in their psychology—that is, they were capable of a reaction from their mistakes; and there is not a shadow of reason why they should have condemned themselves to unhappiness even in the name of psychology. After all, he had wanted the book to be popular so that he might marry her without the reproach of being a fortune-hunter; she had wanted the book to be popular for exactly the same reason. If she took steps to secure the popularity it was only for the purpose of securing the marriage; and if the means offended, the end must have gratified any same man.

The next morning Mackworth made all these excuses for her, reproached himself for having behaved, once again, like a bully; and, at the instigation of Roope, wrote the only sensible message: "Forgive me. I forgive you. When may I come to you?" That is, she should arrive before the note reached her house, was psychologically, the proper thing to happen, if we are to credit her with any genuine feeling. That is, she was, once before, postponed what they believed to be necessary to their happiness by standing on their dignity; both of them had regretted it; and why they should be expected to do exactly the same thing again passes my comprehension. It is not the softness or the hardness of the right man. Of course, the last to go, and his restraint fails him at the moment, and he kisses her. Roope, with wonderful tact, has letters to write, that he had to do was to provide a meeting between all the tediousness of a king, and, as gratefully as with remarkable subtlety, he has invited the important audience to lead the public to suppose that they were people of consequence. That is, he should have reproached the Comte de Chaumont in her fit of pique was equally natural. But marrying the wrong man only served to increase the influence of that act; and when, in her widowhood, she returned to her parents, it was to regard with disdain their surreptitious use of the Press as a means of rising in the social scale. She had developed into Mrs. Mackworth before Robble Roope blundered so clumsily out of the room to write letters.

When, in the third act, her attempt to obtain popularity for Mackworth's last novel (in the success of which their marriage depended) by surreptitiously buying up the editions was exposed, Mackworth, naturally enough, was dealt an even more severe blow, and bade her farewell with the utmost dignity. It had been merely an intellectual proposition, that would have been the end of the play; but psychology, particularly dramatic psychology, as I understand it, does not recognise that emotion as at least as powerful a motive as reason. These people had wanted each other years before, and a fault of temper had parted them again. Both of them were normal in their psychology—that is, they were capable of a reaction from their mistakes; and there is not a shadow of reason why they should have condemned themselves to unhappiness even in the name of psychology. After all, he had wanted the book to be popular so that he might marry her without the reproach of being a fortune-hunter; she had wanted the book to be popular for exactly the same reason. If she took steps to secure the popularity it was only for the purpose of securing the marriage; and if the means offended, the end must have gratified any same man.

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Readers and Writers.

We must not complain of the number of Russian translations now appearing. It was inevitable that they should be many. One publisher is so much like another that the ice has only to be broken in one place for the whole lot to fall in. Besides—to mix the metaphors—while the sun shines is the time to make hay. By the end of the war everything worth translating from the Russian will have appeared, and we shall know the worst or the best there is to be known. Among the books I have just received are two translations: “Oblomov” by G. Moore (Allen and Unwin, 6s.), and “War and Christianity” by Solovyov. The name of the former has (or perhaps not!) been made familiar by an exquisite fragment of translation by Mr. Bechhöfer; the latter has been known here longer. Oblomov is certainly a store-worth reading once for the character of Oblomov himself. Mr. Maurice Baring classes him with Tartuffe and Pecksniff, but this is to rob Russia of her right to his monopoly. Oblomov, if I do not mistake, is the essential Russian. He may almost be said to be Russia. He has a genius for suffering with almost scented for justly incurred. Good nature, he accepts any amount of evil—and most easily wrongs him. How to awake it— that is the question. And another is what will happen when the Russian will do awake. We imagined once upon a time that Japan’s awakening would open a new era in the world; Lafcadio Hearn, the sentimental romanticist, assured us of it. Instead of this—well, Japan is on the move. Will the awakening of Russia, if ever it should occur, be similarly disappointing; and will future Readers and Writers call Mr. Baring a sentimental romanticist? I do not think so. We have too much of her literature to make the mistake we naturally made about Japan. As the English character of to-day is fundamentally what it was in the first Anglo-Saxon poems extant, the Russian of the future is implicit in her literature dating from Pushkin. “Oblomov” is our guarantee that Russia will never be on paper. The famous line of “will” of Peter the Great, which Mr. Norman (who is not a literary critic) loves to rustle in our ears is not the will of Russia; for Russia has no will, but only the power of endurance. When the meek inherit the earth will Russia become really formidable, but not before.

Solovyov’s “War and Christianity” is a horse of another colour from Goncharov’s “Oblomov.” “Oblomov” I recommend my readers to read; but “War and Christianity” (Constable, 45. 6d. net) was only worth translating to prove that it was not worth it. In the form of three drollish dialogues Solovyov’s “replies” to Tolstoy’s Tolstoyism. But at dialectics, particularly in literary dialogue form, Solovyov is no better than the rest of his countrymen. No philosophy that I know of has been created in Russia; and the naïveté of the Russian genius is foreign to it. Tolstoy was bad enough, but his special pleading, his single idea, but Solovyov’s reply is worse. One point only he makes, and it is purely debating. It is all very well, he argues, to accept non-resistance when the evil is directed against oneself; but it is moral to non-resist evil when it affects others? The reasoning is ultra-Tolstoyan as, of course, my readers instantly perceive; for I assume that the wrongs of others may and ought to be more intimate than our own wrongs. I do not say that it is not so. The point has been argued too often. But that Solovyov thought it a reply to Tolstoy is evidence that in Russia the discussion of ethics has not proceeded far. The translation, by the way, of the present volume, though or because edited by Mr. Stephen Graham, is bad.

One of the most discouraging phenomena of the war in Fleet Street is the number of new papers being started. “New Days” is the very latest of them, but, I fear, not the last. Journals started before the war have, perhaps, a right to live through it if they can; but the issue of new journals during the war ought to be forbidden like the issue of new capital. “New Days” has, moreover, absolutely to condemn its writers who have anything to say—such as Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton—have already either said it elsewhere or are saying it; and its writers who have nothing to say were, might be a plum for in making munitions. I cannot understand the craze Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have for figuring in the first issues of new journals. None appears able to hatch out without them. Their responsibility, in a time of war, is to see that the war is over, as Mr. Belloc says, before ore.

In “New Ireland”—another new journal but with a mission—Mr. St. John Ervine is writing his recollections of the late Mr. Rupert Brooke. Mr. Ervine is one of the clever young Irishmen of whom England seems to be made to be the dupe. With no genuine sentiments of his own (the Irish are the most unsentimental race in the world), he can yet simulate sentiment to deceive our “poor old country,” and express it as no Englishman dares. Mr. Rupert Brooke or any other gifted young man killed in the war, might be a planet to us and we should still not dare to grieve in public. But young Irishmen will keen over him to draw guineas down our cheeks, as if he were their whole world. Mr. Ervine says indeed that “the death of Rupert Brooke was the death of a myriad men.” Now he is just Rupert, then he is Rupert Brooke, anon he is Brooke. These are the “common touches” carefully calculated to imply loving familiarity. But do they? For myself I disown any tears on the present occasion. All I know is that one of the terrors of my own death is the thought that young Irishmen may write about me in the same strain. Let this paragraph save me! (A word to dramatists and novelists. The modern young Irishman is a character not yet drawn in fiction. He offers a rich reward for satirical comedy.)

Rupert Brooke’s last sonnets were well advertised even before his death by the reading of one of them in public by a Bishop who remembered Rugby better than English poetry. Mr. Ervine says of this sonnet, the fifth, that it will move men while love of land lasts. I will take the liberty of quoting it:

If I should die, think only this of me; That there’s a corner of a foreign field That is for ever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed; A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware. Give, once, their flowers to love, her ways to roam. A body of England’s, breathing English air, Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home. And think, this heart, all shed away, A pulse in the eternal mind, no less, Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given:

Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day; And laughter learnt of friends; and gentleness, In hearts of peace, under an English heaven.

No great critical ability is needed to discern that the thought of the poet continues to a line in the end. All the rest is verbiage.

R. H. C.
A woman who has been made distrustful by misfortune is not liable to these upheavals of the soul. Nothing is so favourable to thunderstrokes as praise lavished in advance, and by women, on the person who is destined to be their object.

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prosaic soul would have made considerable headway. The proud and tender soul cannot be eloquent in the presence of the beloved; the call of passion is too strong, and the pain of failure would be too bitter. The soul of common fibre, on the other hand, calculates to a nicety the chances of success, and never stops to think of the agony that defeat would entail. Proud of the attributes that make it common, it scoffs at the impressionable soul, which, with all the intelligence at its command, has no free play, we say things which we think apt, but of our lives, is a burden that we lay upon ourselves be-

cause we have read novels, for if we were our natural selves we should never undertake so painful a task. Instead of telling the truth, or trying to express the peculiar feeling we have at the moment. As it is we do ourselves extreme violence, with the only result that we cease to be ourselves, and we speak so foolishly that we shall not be bold enough to speak to her in this way; but on

hidden by its very excess. One of the simplest and have most chance of success. The impressionable soul, far from being able to grasp anything by force, must resign itself to gaining nothing except by the charity of the beloved. If the words we love really have finer feelings, we are always liable to repent of having sought to do violence to ourselves in order to speak to her of love. We have an air of shame, of falsehood, yet passion betrays itself by certain unmistakable signs. To express what we feel so vividly and so definitely, at every moment of

constraint that we put on ourselves is to waken up and realise what we are talking about. The nicety the chances of success, and never stops to

say a great deal without thinking of what we are saying; sometimes we say just the opposite of what we mean. We enter upon discussions which we are obliged to give up, and on the other hand, calculate to mere perfunctory speeches, to express what we are saying about the

consciousness of our statements, and our memory has no free play, we say things which we think apt, but which merely cover us with ridicule.

When, at last, after an hour of stumbling, we succeed in this painful effort to quench the enchanted gardens of the imagination, in order simply to enjoy the presence of the beloved, we often find that we have to leave her.

All this may seem extravagant, but I have seen cases where the process goes even further. One of my friends had a mistress whom he idolised. Pretend-

him not to see her more often than twice a month. When, at last, after an hour of stumbling, we succeed in this painful effort to quench the enchanted
gardens of the imagination, in order simply to enjoy the presence of the beloved, we often find that we have to leave her.

THE INTRODUCTION.

When I see the acumen, the sureness of judgment with which women grasp certain details, I am struck with admiration. A moment later I see them praise some booby to the skies, let themselves be moved to tears by some mawkish sentiment, or seriously regard some shallow affectation as a trait of character. I simply cannot understand such imbecility. It must come under some general law of which I am ignorant.

Attractive to one merit in a man, and carried away by one detail, they are vividly conscious of it, and have no eyes for the rest. All their nervous fluid is concentrated on the enjoyment of that one quality, they have none left to realise the others.

I have seen some most remarkable men introduced to women of great intelligence; it was always a touch of presentiment that decided the effect of the first encounter.

The amiable Colonel L. B. was going to be presented to Frau Struve of Königsberg; she was a woman of rare distinction. We said to ourselves: "Will he create a great impression?" A wager was laid. I went up to Frau Struve and told her that the colonel wore his cravats two days running; the second day he turned them inside out;* she might notice the vertical pleats in the one he was wearing. Nothing could have been more obviously untrue.

When I had finished speaking, the charming colonel was announced. The most insignificant cockcomb in Paris would have made more impression on her. Observe that Frau Struve was in love; she is a virtuoso of the expressive idiom faire la lezarde du Gascon..."to get one's things washed in Gascon fashion."... 

* [One must apologise for this comparatively feeble rendering of the expressive idiom faire la lezarde du Gascon... "to get one's things washed in Gascon fashion."... Translator's Note.]
views and reviews.

our exemplar.

it is not so very long since the British working man, misrepresented by teetotal fanatics as reeling in the last stages of intoxication, was exhibited to look at Russia. Russia had become famous for doing things with a stroke of the pen; she abolished serfdom in that way, for example; so that the world was not too much astonished when the Tsar prohibited the sale of vodka, and renounced all the profits from his monopoly of the sale of it. Drunkenness was thus abolished at a stroke in Russia; and France followed her Ally's example with a prohibition of the sale of absinthe. Unregenerate England played with the idea of total prohibition for a week or two, became scared with the alternative proposal of a State monopoly of the drink traffic; and finally charged the working-man a little more for his beer. It was difficult to look at Russia just then; her virtues were too dazzling, and the mere Englishman, like the publican in the parable, could only stand afar off, beat his breast, and say; "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Russia was a shining example to the Western nations. England postponed the operation of the Home Rule Act, but Russia promised autonomy under a vice-roy to Poland; and the Poles would perhaps have been free at this moment if the brutal Germans had not pushed the Grand Duke out of Poland. Now says the President of the Council, "Poland awaits first the emancipation of her soil from the heavy German yoke." The Russians never shelled the churches, or, if they did, they spared the crucifixes—but I need not multiply examples. Russia rose triumphant from the man, in all the glory of a mystic resurrection and we could only marvel at her transformation, and avert our eyes from the splendour of her transfiguration.

But time is a veil through which we may peep even at the most brilliant phenomenon; and Mr. Sherwell's pamphlet* gives us a few facts, and puts us on the track of a few more, which enable us to look at Russia as she is, and to form some opinion of the merits of the proposals of monopoly and prohibition. Russia, so far as vodka is concerned, has tried both methods of dealing with its "greatest enemy, Drink." Exactly what the State monopoly of the sale of vodka effected for the cause of temperance it is a little difficult to discover from Mr. Sherwell's pamphlet. The paradox of providing counter-attractions, financed by the profits of the vodka monopoly, seems to have resulted, since 1904, in an increase of the consumption of vodka per head of the population. Concurrently with the provision of these counter-attractions, the "kabaks" were altered in character, and were made less attractive, were reduced in number, were not permitted to sell on credit, and had to charge increased prices for the vodka. The result of the State monopoly may thus be summarised; the less attractive and the more expensive the habit of vodka-drinking was made, the more it increased; while side by side with this peculiarity, the development of counter-attractions which, in Petrograd at least, were surprisingly comprehensive, was very successful. Whether or not the monopoly brought any net profit to the Imperial Treasury seems to be a disputed point; and if the Tsar's renunciation begins to seem a little hollow, we must yet record the fact that the monopoly did not have the effect of arresting the drinking habit.

But if monopoly failed, surely prohibition would succeed in making Russia sober. In America we know that, concurrently with a constant and considerable extension of prohibition territory, there has been a marked increase in the consumption of alcohol per head. But Russia has to be an example to the world; prohibition must show the expected result in that country favoured of God. It does: just as the drug habit increased in the prohibition States of America, so the habit of taking

* "The Russian Vodka Monopoly." By Arthur Sherwell, M.P. (The Temperance Legislation League. 4s.)
substitutes is increasing in Russia. In the first month of the war in Russia, 266 people died of delirium tremens in Petrograd. This was only about half the number that died during the previous month; but there has since been a regular and persistent rise in the mortality from this cause until, in February of this year, it reached the number of 66. It is true that the total number of deaths during this period is not so high as that registered during the corresponding period of the previous year; but Dr. Novoselsky draws our attention to the peculiar nature of these statistics. "Till the liquor prohibition, the mortality statistics showed sharp fluctuations, but according to data from the Petrograd Obukhovsky Hospital, it is seen that among confirmed drinkers of methylated spirit and varnish, whereas since the prohibition they have betrayed a steady upward tendency. Prohibitive measures in Petrograd have been continuously strengthened. At first the sale of vodka was forbidden everywhere save in first-class restaurants, then the prohibition was extended to the latter, but they were permitted to trade in wine and beer; but finally there ensued a complete and universal prohibition of the free sale of all spirituous and malt liquors. Yet mortality from drunkenness in Petrograd has developed in inverse proportion to the intensity of prohibitive measures. Another peculiarity of prohibition may be quoted from the same source. "From an interesting article by Dr. N. V. Kunzetros concerning poisoning by methylated spirit and varnish, according to data of the Petrograd Obukhovsky Hospital, it is seen that among confirmed drinkers of methylated spirit received in the hospital were persons of all ages (principally between 20 and 30) and professions, a fact which also contradicts the assertion as to the use of methylated spirit only by habitual drinkers." The illicit distilling of vodka is negligible compared with this result of prohibition.

The Russian Minister of Finance declared on August 1: "By command of his Imperial Majesty all State wine-shops are now closed, and here we see what a sober Russian people means; the country is unrecognisable; shirking has diminished in the mills and the working capacity of the employees has increased; in families where not infrequently the reek of intoxication used to manifest itself in the most horrible forms, the inmates breathe freely; crime has diminished; an entire revolution has taken place in the popular psychology. The first discount of this panegyric is the fact that millions of men are under military discipline, and their offences are not recorded as crime; secondly, the wife and child of a soldier (and any relative who previously supported him) are assured of their sustenance; thirdly, "the tendency on the part of employees to stay away from work has been modified by the curtailment of working hours, which in its turn has lessened the earnings of the employees and forced them to reduce slacking to a minimum" (the total decrease of slackening is 19 per cent, and the total increase of production is 7 per cent.); fourthly, the increase of popular savings which prompted this panegyric of M. Burek is not a reliable test, for at the beginning of the war the maximum limit of deposit in the people's banks was abolished, and Mr. Sherwell assures us "that many capitalists who formerly kept their money in private banks now deposit it in the people's savings banks."

In the city of Kursk before the war, seventeen restaurants and three clubs paid licence duty amounting to £2,200; to-day, the same sum is paid by two first-class restaurants and three clubs. Mr. Sherwell says that one of the restaurants has become democratic, and is open to all classes, including cabmen. The police had to step in, making arrests for drunkenness, but the prisons were full. Another consequence of prohibition is the sale of a so-called grape wine, which Mr. Sherwell calls a "poisonous liquid." Really one must be a mystical Russian to be able to say that Russia is unrecognisable as the country familiar, as are also the "precautions taken to check any possible manifestations of public opinion in the towns." A. E. R.

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**REVIEWS**

### The Admirable Painter: Leonardo da Vinci

By A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

In dealing with the Coleridge of the Quattrocento, the man of vast attempts and usually inadequate performance, Mr. Anderson has a more than usually arduous task. He had to write on the life of Botticelli, and we observe that he does not call this a "romance," but a "study." The man who, having received a commission for a picture, began to experiment with varnishes, thought of "finishing his picture before he began it," as the writer of a novel was not a homogeneous character. Leonardo was, indeed, so strange a compound of artist and man of science that he was always "sudden to start off cross-wise"; and creative biography, of the kind that Mr. Anderson has made of the scene wherein Leonardo was commissioned to paint his Virgin of the Rocks is admirably done; and, following it, is the explanation of Leonardo's success in painting this picture. "Leonardo's first impulse was towards creation, his second impulse was towards reason; his first impulse would come with its instinctive certainty of what was right, and a sketch would result; his second impulse would follow, and reason take the stage; when reason took the stage the sketch would be altered, the curves would be made more symmetrical, the composition more perfect. The living model, so far as each figure would be reasoned out; consequently, although the finished picture would form a well-considered theme, which Leonardo could afterward reason out in his treatise on painting, the original inspiration and spontaneity would have been lost. But here, in this picture, Il Moro's hurry kept the painter's first great creative impulse working at its full power, without pause or hesitation, until the painting was completed." This may seem rather like passing judgment on Leonardo, but we do detect occasional irreversibility in Mr. Anderson's treatment of his subject. Leonardo's perpetual jumping off to something else, his love for the "other thing," could only be made tolerable by success; and over the whole of the latter part of his life hangs the shadow of his stupendous failure with the Sforza horse. No wonder that, at last, Mr. Anderson creates a scene wherein Michelangelo taunts Leonardo with his failure; if there were a good deal of Browning's Waring, with his "certain first steps" achieved and already, which had well set out who'er believed in more to come," in Leonardo, there is a touch of Browning's impatience in Mr. Anderson; and although Leonardo was not a "hedge-side chance-blade," yet he was rarely successful himself and was not the least interested in the work of Leonardo, as an unutterable heat of inspiration, but the formula to which the academicians will always attach his faith; and although he arouses our sympathetic interest, he does not hold it
long. The vision of reality fades and a theory of relations follows; and the process is so constant that Leonardo at last comes near to irritating us. It is a triumph of the theory of Mr. Anderson that he should have so clearly conveyed his judgment of the man.

Bohemia's Claim for Freedom. (Published on behalf of the London Czech Committee by Chatto and Windus: 10s.)

Of all the Slav races whose claims to liberation from a foreign yoke have been brought into special prominence by the present crisis, the Czechs, by reason of their remarkable progress in social and artistic matters, are most justly in seeking complete independence. In less than a hundred years they have emerged from the deepest obscurity and toil to the Twenty Years War, and have brought their national culture to a degree of perfection that, with good cause, has aroused the alarm of their German antagonists. They have, in fact, secured at least semi-independence. It is therefore only proper that these facts should be impressed upon the intelligent classes in England, a country for which the Czechs have so sincerely an esteem. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton says at the beginning of his rambling preface, "It is to be feared that the average educated Englishman knows very little about Bohemian affairs. (The remainder of his preface strikingly confirms this assertion.)"

The booklet itself is divided into sections in which various Czech writers deal with the chief aspects of Czech civilisation, history, literature, art, etc. These brief essays, without, of course, claiming to be exhaustive, contain much useful information in a concise form. At the same time, to one who through personal knowledge of the Czechs and their achievements has a profound respect for them, and complete authority of the Czechs that these facts should be impressed upon the intelligent classes in England, a country for which the Czechs have so sincerely an esteem. As Mr. G. K. Chesterton says at the beginning of his rambling preface, "It is to be feared that the average educated Englishman knows very little about Bohemian affairs. (The remainder of his preface strikingly confirms this assertion.)"

The Fighting Chance. By Robert W. Chambers. (Constable: 2s. net.)

Pooh! No man has a fighting chance with a novelist; he is as helpless in a novel as he would be in a dentist's chair; the author, like the dentist, can do just what he will and he will do just what he will, and he is as helpless in a novel as he would be in a dentist's. The "Popular Novelist" feels obliged to explain how the "Popular Novelist's" idea of local colour it is hideous vandalism, for Shakespeare attempted nothing Italian in his plot. A similarly important correction is made with that intensely English institution, the watch; when Shakespeare made Dogberry ask: "Who thinks you the most desartless man to be constable?" he also made the "first watchman" reply: "Hugh Osacke, sir, or George Seasol." But this does not suit the "Popular Novelist's" idea of local colour; so he says: "I am Giovanni Sanci, messenger for Beppe Manserini"; as though we were reading Boccaccio instead of Shakespeare. In like manner, the "Popular Novelist" feels obliged to explain how Borachio could make love to Margaret in Hero's chamber; and a pretty kettle of fish he makes of it. Shakespeare tells us that Hero has been the bed-fellow of Beatrice for twelve months; but why Hero went back to (and also out of) her own bedroom for one night, so that Borachio's scheme might succeed, he does not tell us. To secure this end, the "Popular Novelist" has to credit Hero with superstition, to exhibit a knowledge of Leonato's house that Shakespeare did not claim, and to create a witch. The witch is, of course, a confidante of Borachio; and she prophesies what will happen to Hero if she does not consult with the "Popular Novelist" and the man of thousands who can do nothing with her but kill her. She never appears in the ruined chapel, for Borachio stays her to avoid payment of the money promised to her. Of all the lame devices for catching up a lapse in Shakespeare, this seems to us to be the most lame; and not even a few exclamations of "Ecco" or "Ecomi" quite reconcile us to the innovation. The book has a couple of illustrations in colour which are in keeping with its method.
Pastiche.

A TRIBUTE.

(R espectably dedicated to the World of Fashion and the Pictorial Press.)

George and grizzle and prate;
Heed not the news from afar;
Prittle that noon or
"We shall win the war."

Drink, since you cannot dance;
File up flags in your car;
Give the wounded a chance
To see how brave you are!

Pass about work to do—
This is your duty—
Tell us a thing or two
That "no one really knows."

Crowd to your darling shows;
Push, for you can sometimes;
All your gay world goes,
You might miss your moments.

Get your picture about:
Still you can advertise.
What should we do without
Your fine hair and eyes?

You with your dogs and gown—
You have just the touch
For the dully slumber of town,
Which helps us so much.

Don your nurse's dress:
That we all expect!
Give us in time of stress
Your fine brain to direct.

Bully the workers well;
Keep them in their place;
Should they not go to hell?
For your all-famous face?

What if the many die?
What of wound and scar?
You're in the public eye;
You're in the public eye.

What of wound and scar?
You're in the public eye;
You must believe me, asked—
Would she finish it that afternoon?

"No, I don't hold much with these knitting gilds and teas and the like.
Too much gossip and fuss—I went to one—and was enough, my dear. Such a chatter as there was—and the fumbling and giggling! One young lady—a pretty little thing with no more use in her fingers than if they were threads—came and begged me—would I start a gentleman's sock for her, and then, if you'll believe me, asked—would she finish it that afternoon? No, my dear—give me plenty of ammunition, and I'm content enough to sit here with my old foot on the footstool my dear old mother worked fifty years ago."

In each muffler I sew a little message—just a 'God bless you, dear lad'—with a packet of Keating's powder. Then every Friday I pack them up and take them myself to the centre here... Three mufflers a week, and I'm proud of it, my dear. Nothing like wool..." said Mrs. Brown.

"Nothing like wool," said the sentry in the grey-black cold of the winter's night, snuggling his chin into his muffler.

PETER PASCHIE.

W ar Poem in the "Westminster."

Autumn!
The blackberry blushes
And the leaves shiver, groundwards fainting
A child wanders,
His handkerchief crushed in his hand
Like a little dead bird.

Refrain:
Follow along to Flanders
To hound a hundred Hussars
Men, horses and transport
And grim grey guns!

Night!
A child, dauntless,
His tiny white handkerchief waving
A flag of truce!
"Paps the Zeppelins will see it
And not dwye on our new baby."

Refrain:
Hey Lads! for Flanders
To hound ten hundred Hussars
Men, horses, transport
And grim grimm guns!

NINON DE LONGCLOTHES.

From the Sublime

W hen at the Agency and in his prime,
Lord Cromer sat,
'Is said that he not one but many a time
Squashed Kitchener flat.
But K. to Curzon, Lord of India then,
Passed on the 's-chmery,
Who, later, with his dire translation pen
Squelched poor Commercy.

P. T. K.
SIR,—Since Mr. van Stuwe has clearly indicated his intention not to take any further notice of Mr. Howard Ince's vagaries about the neutrality of Holland and the States of the Scheldt, perhaps I may say a few words on the matter. It is no doubt unpleasant arguing with a man who adds calumny to calumny, repeats exploded charges, and never troubles to adduce proofs for what he has merely asserted. But it would perhaps be wrong to leave THE NEW AGE readers under the impression that there is any difficulty in disproving the assertions of this adept in "Foreign Affairs" as to Holland's obligations with regard to the Scheldt. As to his gossip about the reasons which led to the foundation of the Netherlands Guarantee Trust, and about Krupp's alleged presentation of guns to the Flushing fortifications, I trust the fairness of English readers to dispose of dark innuendoes.

Mr. Ince says that his opponent "is careful not to dey, in set terms, that when the Kingdom of Belgium was formed, the Great Powers which guaranteed its neutrality reserved for it an equal control with Holland over the waters of the Scheldt, and that the fortification of Flushing by the Dutch destroyed this equal control, and left Belgium dependent on Dutch permission for its passage to and from the sea. This is perfectly moonshine. Mr. van Stuwe said, quite rightly, that the only article in the Treaty of 1839 which deals with the Scheldt (Art. IX) says that the navigable rivers of the Netherlands shall be applied to the Free Navigation of navigable Rivers, shall be applied to those navigable Rivers which separate the Belgian and the Dutch territory then which also both (the latter being, of course, the case of the Scheldt)."

Now I shall quote Article CIX of the Vienna Treaty, being the most important of the eleven to which the Treaty of 1839 refers:

"The navigation of the Rivers along their whole course, referred to in the preceding Article, from the point where each of them becomes navigable, to its mouth shall be entirely free, and shall not, in respect to Commerce, be prohibited to anyone."

Since Article IX of the Treaty of 1839 takes more than two pages in the text, the eleven articles on the navigation of rivers of the Vienna Treaty take another two or three, it is impossible for me to quote them in full. Perhaps Mr. Ince will, in his next letter, give us a clear idea of what he understands by "the right of Belgium to equal control of the waters of the Scheldt" is laid down. He is free to do so, but he will, I am sure, not carry me with him, unless he quotes it, and I defy him to do that.

Perhaps he will quibble about the meaning of the article. But I have already stated, although it is clear to anyone who can read, but he may understand that the best thing for him to do is to devote his activities to some other part of Foreign Affairs, if I give him just two more facts. He does not seem to attach much value to the opinion of the English Government, who have acknowledged that the Scheldt below Liefkenshoek is Dutch territory, as much as Amsterdam or Utrecht are Dutch territory, since they never so much as asked the Dutch Government for permission to send transports thorough the mouth of the river, or that part of it which forms a highway to the Belgian domain, and they, far from claiming "equal control," acknowledged Dutch sovereignty over the lower Scheldt in 1883, and again in 1903 and 1905. Mr. Ince might see this for himself if he reads the first paragraph of Article IX of the Dutch-Belgian Treaty of April 5, 1865, about the illumination of the Scheldt (Netherland Staatsblad 1865, 116), and the second Article of the North Sea Fisheries Convention of 1883 (Staatsblad 7a).

And after this it is well to remind the reader that Mr. Ince has not given any evidence for his assertion that the Dutch, by the fortification of Flushing in 1911, "took up the scrap of paper as effectively as did the Germans by their march in August, 1914."

One word more. If Mr. Ince has at any other time to make a public reference to a Dutchman, he had better not call him Herr Blank. Herr is German, and there is no earthly reason why one should prefix a Dutch name with a German title.

P. GEYL.
London Editor "Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant."
scheme, it was suggested, should be in the hands of the Dock Labour Board and its assistant, Chairman House Committees. Thus was the principle of joint control at least recognised. The object of the proposal was, on the one hand, to make the employers—i.e., the shipping trade—responsible for the adequate maintenance of all needful dock labour, even though there might not at a given moment be actually enough work to go round, and, on the other, to ensure that the dockers themselves could, through regularity in the proceedings of the dock labourers themselves.

It may, of course, be said that, prima facie, the offer did not amount to much. But consider how little was required to make of it a genuine step towards a desirable goal: that only registered dockers were to come under the scheme, that dock labourers were to be given the opportunity to alter the status of dock labour radically, and for doing this, they should be, as he pointed out, be in the scheme in the corporate capacity, the obvious reply was that the dockers also should act in their corporate capacity; the fact that maintenance was to depend simply on regular offer of services on the part of a registered docker involved a position and revolutionary change in the status of the labourer, and, with a little manipulation, could have been translated into dock guild policy. The present writer knows from personal acquaintance with the employer who made the offer that what he really wanted was direct dealing with the organised body of dock workers, and that they should be, as Buck said, in corporate capacity, with the dockers, no man of intelligence and vision equal to that of the employer concerned, and able to take advantage of a promising situation by meeting the employer half-way, showing what was really implied in the offer made, and bringing forward complementary suggestions. Nothing has been heard of the offer since June, 1914; in place of its promising sanity we have to-day the absurd notion of dockers' battle—of the leaders of the dockers who are in their power to restrict the output, chiefly owing to their incompetence. They are past masters in the art of irritating the men with contemptible methods, and this, I contend, is not the way to increase the productive capacity of any workshop. Here is an example of what is going on at present in two controlled establishments doing exactly similar work. One establishment works piece work, and the job is done in 72 hours; the other works day work, and the job is done in 150 hours. And the dockers would like to know who is at fault here. Nor is that all that can be said in connection with the establishment where a job takes so long and consequently costs so little. It is apparent that if the conditions of trade were normal, and the firm had no more work on hand than at present, a very large percentage of their hands would have to look else where for work. The firm will not permit any man to leave his situation and go to another, where his labour would be of more national value in the present crisis. Men are generally what is termed in the shops "led up," what with the continuous work and the perpetual cant of the political acrobats of the day. They have no confidence in the actions of the men in the controlled establishments... Whatever confidence they ever had in the Minister of Munitions has been shattered by the Conscript Workers' Act. It is not a question that more work could be done in the ordinary working week than is being done now in many shops if they were properly managed. If Mr. Minister of Munitions' charges against the employers be true, the Government ought to bring to the attention of the employers the causes and not blame the medium of the effect. Speeches like that delivered by Mr. Lloyd George at the Trade Union Congress simply fill the time with drudgery, and they are sick of the endless prattle of Labour men who have been at the front.

THE BIRTH RATE.

SIR,—In a recent issue of one of the important provincial papers there appeared an article in the "University Man's Life in a Doss House," which has a passage that cannot be allowed to pass without comment by anyone interested in the moral welfare of the community, or the vital question of the birth-rate and re-population. It asks why "people who could and did earn between twenty-five and thirty shillings a week are content to live in such miserable surroundings" and then goes on to say that in the majority of cases I found that "the cause was a domestic heavy sentence, or the working man or woman to sue for a divorce which has to be heard before the High Courts in London.

Such a statement as this shows the dire necessity for at least one of the recommendations of the Majority Report of the late Royal Commission, and all who know of the work of the Divorce Law Reform Union are aware of the opinion that divorce cases be heard locally and cheaply. In other words, that it is, even with the poor man's legal aid in operation, quite impossible for the working man or woman to see for a divorce which has to be heard before the High Courts in London.

When will the Churches realise that recognitions in such cases, are, and will always be, exceedingly rare, even among the working classes, and that by making a fresh union possible to these people they are saving them for the State, and not driving them to the "doss" houses of the country, to add to the criminal classes.

In view of the continuous discussion going on around the birth-rate and re-population question, the subject of the vast number of separated couples throughout the country who are potential parents becomes urgent.

In a large number of cases they are of the class most desirable for propagation purposes, but even where they contract irregular unions they are reluctant to bring into being children branded with illegitimacy.

Thus the existing separation system tends to sterilise four persons.

The present Divorce Laws give no relief to such people, many of whom it is obvious that the opportunities of a healthy life with another partner, would, in all probability, bear healthy children in a wholesome atmosphere.

The work of the Divorce Law Reform Union is to promote legislation on the wise recommendations of the Majority Report of the Royal Commission, and all who have the moral welfare of the community at heart will rejoice to it that the work of the Commission is not shelved, the too-well-known fate of the bulk of the Royal Commissions.
The enormous expense of these Commissions, the work put into the collection of evidence, and the time spent in sifting, all waste of the nation's money, brains and spirit, if nothing comes of their labours.

May L. Skaton Tildenman.

Sir,—I was glad to see in a recent number of The New Age your spirited defence of Mr. Ludovici from the unwelcome embraces of Malthusians and Neo-Malthusians. Mr. Ludovici's recommendations for the government to take care of the reliable working of the law of heredity ("A Defence of Aristocracy," pp. 374-377) is clear and emphatic. "The Royal Psalms' maxim ('Happy is the man who hath his quiver full of children') is, "deeper and truer' than most people think; and in order to carry on a great tradition, in order even to have an ordinary chance of bringing up a large family, which is also, by the bye, the healthiest and happiest family, must be regarded as a necessity, as a duty, as a privilege.

Let all Malthusians, Neo-Malthusians, and Post-Malthusians, stick to their own prophecies, and preach their doctrines of decomposition to the decayed vegetables of humanity, who are their proper diet, and let Mr. Ludovici look for those who deserve to be given a clean conscience in their love of life and desire for its multiplication.

Sir,—So many human beings are now in the process of being slaughtered that it is not surprising that persons endowed with what has been called "the poet's long sight" are very apprehensive of the modern state.

As it appears exceedingly likely that the Human Race will ever effectively succeed in steering itself against the rigours of peace for more than very short periods at a time, the amiable fear that "the food for powder" will fail, perhaps at a critical moment, is, therefore, not altogether unfounded. Gentlemen having such disputing visions are, with a free public spirit, stirring up their fellows, especially such as are not single; for, in the ominous words of the "Evening News" of the 18th ultimo, "this is a matter which deserves the attention of all married people.

I am loathe to place in juxtaposition with the exalted rhetoric of the manager a modest piece of prose penned by a Hebrew publicist. The passage in question deals, however, with a set of conditions not unlike that which inspired the gifted leader-writer of your before-mentioned contemporary. I reluctantly state that the author in question does not come to the same conclusion as a necessity, as a duty, as a privilege.

Sir,—I have just seen the current New Age with "A. E. R."'s desultory remarks on my letter. I can only conclude that "A. E. R." knows very little of either the theory of economic Malthusianism or the methods of birth control. The sentence beginning, "Let all Malthusians, Neo-Malthusians, and Post-Malthusians, stick to their own prophecies, and preach their doctrines of decomposition to the decayed vegetables of humanity, who are their proper diet, and let Mr. Ludovici look for those who deserve to be given a clean conscience in their love of life and desire for its multiplication," is a matter which deserves the attention of all married people.

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W. H.

The Sweated Clerk.

Sir,—I have read the article of "Caliban" in your current issue with entire sympathy, but with a good deal of surprise that, in a "half-a-century" as you say, we are still being called for the "formation of a Clerks' Trade Union." If "Caliban" had been a regular reader of your correspondence columns he must have been aware that there is already formed the National Union of Clerks, having precisely the objects which he so well describes. True, the Union is not yet more than 10,000 strong, and can, therefore, hardly claim to have a "water-tight" organisation in the banking, insurance, or general commercial

A. E. R. (and the Editor) for "Apocalyptic"; it's superb, and makes up for the disappointment in "P.R." last letter. Thanks also, for "Selver on Northcliffe.

P. D. Stella Brown.

P.S.—In my letter on the birth and death rate which you published in your issue of the 16th, there is a printer's error which was not so bad, "The high relative infantile mortality" should read "the high selective infantile mortality." We have yet to learn in what sense it is selective, and may well try a selective birth-rate instead. And the neo-Darwinian enthusiasts, who are so scornful of "humanitarian sentimentalism," and so convinced of the selectivity of mortality, should have the courage and consistency to apply the winnowing process to the children of their own class.

GERMAN AND EUROPEAN.

Sir,—In Dr. Levy's exceedingly interesting dialogue between the German and the Europan, which recently appeared in your paper, the European confesses that it is not easy to say why the most powerful nation of Europe is also the most middle-headed; why, for instance, the Germans claim to reverence both Bismarck and Goethe. Might I attempt to offer an explanation? Not only to a certain extent, a sign of want of development. A really cultured people or person stands above nationality. They do not think that when half of their nation is the best merely because they belong to it better than to other nations. They stand above nationalities. In Germany these divisions are well seen. There are three Germans who stand out prominently as great Nationalists, whose eyes were always turned to Germany: Hegel, Bismarck, and Treitschke. There are three who stand out as great Europeans, or great men of mankind generally, Goethe, Heine, and Nietzsche. Their eyes were turned to France, Greece, and the Orient, rather than to Germany. The great Nationalists of Germany believed that the world would be better if Germany had not the belief. Germany, as the youngest division of the continent, has followed her great Nationalists, and rejected her great poet. Similarly, England, there has been a rejection of her one great poet, Lord Byron, and there has been, and still is, a firm belief on the part of the majority of Englishmen that the world would be better and happier and better, a view that greater thinkers, like Meredith Townsend, can easily counter. But a nation is great as a nation according to the measure of its national faith. No European nation has so great a national faith as Germany. Hence, her greatness as a nation. Hence, also, her extraordinary ability as a nation. And there has been a rejection of her great poet. Lord Byron, and there has been, and still is, a firm belief on the part of the majority of Englishmen that the world would be better and happier and better, a view that greater thinkers, like Meredith Townsend, can easily counter. But a nation is great as a nation according to the measure of its national faith. No European nation has so great a national faith as Germany. Hence, her greatness as a nation.

O. T. Wernich.

DOMESTIC WORKERS' UNION.

Sir,—I notice that Miss McCrossan, a correspondent in your issue of September 9, suggests the formation of a Guild for General Women Workers, including Domestic Workers.

She will, perhaps, be interested to learn of the existence of our Domestic Workers' Union, so that the nucleus of such a Guild is ready to her hand.

We also enrolled married women as members.

65, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

G. F. Cracke. N.E. A.
worlds, but in view of its youth, and the description given by "Caliban" of the characteristics of too many clerks, it has really made surprising headway, and as far as its organisation has extended it has been able to bring a measure of security and protection to its members. The purpose which we have in common will be better served by a concentration of effort on the enrolment of all clerks in the ranks of the National Union than by the formation of new clerks, Insurance Clerks, and other sections ad infinitum.

We shall be glad to have the co-operation of "Caliban," and the encouragement of those who have any interest or influence with clerks.

FRED. HUGHES.
Assistant General Secretary.
The National Union of Clerks,
13, Brunswick Square, London, W.C.

INFANT WELFARE AND INSANITARY SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

Sir,—In face of the fact that 200,000 babies die annually in England, it is highly gratifying to find that those sitting in high places are beginning to realise that something must be done in the direction of lessening the appalling rate of infant mortality. We hear of a Mansion House meeting to be held. Let us hope that really effective proposals will be put forward. But when we have saved the lives of the infants, we must also see to it that, when they are old enough to go to school, they shall not be subjected to the insanitary conditions prevailing in the schools like the 124 denominational schools in London (counting for an accommodation of 34,263 children) which have been condemned by the Board of Education. In passing, I may state that I fully realise that there are publicly supported schools in an equally disgusting condition to be found also in many other parts of the country, and yet no Mansion House meeting has yet been held or proposed to discuss a possible remedy.

There are not want of indications that the means of meeting the cost of the war, there is to be a vicious economy in education—an economy which, with our already wretchedly low standard of education in England we cannot afford to have. During the ravages of this terrible war, the children who come after us will have a sufficiently hard task, even if they have the best educational equipment, and those of us who care not—so it seems to me—be prepared for a stiffer fight for the children than ever we have fought before. We must realise that a high standard of school life for the workers' children is necessary, if we are to prevent a lowering of the standard of life for their class as a whole. For this high standard of school life we must have decent school buildings, altogether different from those described in the official L.C.C. report (No. 33) which was issued on May 23, 1914. May I therefore request readers of THE NEW AGE to study this report? It will give an abundance of sickening material for the hard slogging educational work and file, which Mr. Arthur Henderson saw to see, that if he would justify his position as a Labour Minister of Education, he must take his hands off this educational scandal will be wiped out from the richest city in the world. I grant it is not a small thing to ask. For, in taking such a course, Mr. Henderson must defy the politically powerful, because enormously wealthy, ecclesiastical forces behind the condemned schools; he must defy the permanent officials of his own department—those who dominate our public education and are ever on the side of privilege, ecclesiastical and other. He must defy the elected persons and the great committees of the Board of Education, and challenge the protecting silence on this matter of such powerful bodies as the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress and the Management Committee of the Board of Trade. Last, but not least, he must be prepared for a cold "no" by the executives and leaders of the Socialist organisations. Still he would be supported by many earnest members of the rank and file of the Trade Unionist and Socialist movements who have for months past been working to bring about what he is about to undertake, with a view to organised action in the direction of securing the rebuilding of insanitary schools, not only in London but also throughout the country. Will all those who dominate our public education and are ever those who have lived in the States and imbibed their forward-looking theories and methods, accept this challenge and say they cannot or will not do what Mr. Henderson would be called upon to do? We know that too much of dislike and contempt in their history; nevertheless, not incapable of feeling the claims of those who have lived in the States, and we shall be left to indulge cultural phantasies in lofty penury.

We Anglo-Canadians have to acknowledge, nevertheless, a nasty prejudice against our southern neighbours, not because they neglect their spiritual duty to themselves, but rather that thegeoetically expressed "fault of the Dutchman" is to be lifted, with the admission that there is too much of dislike and contempt in their historical attitude to the British people. But our population is vastly smaller than that of our neighbour's, and we, also, are feeble creatures of environment.

The national idea cannot survive, in my humble opinion, "association with superior intellectualism which abominates "business"; the coming State must encourage business and control it; stimulate production and protect the producer; and organise, with whatever necessary complexity, the country and its social relationships. The world will have been viewed through a glass darkly, and I aver that nobody who has lived in the States and imbibed their forward-looking theories and methods, and who has lived in the States, and imbibed their forward-looking theories and methods, can deny them their claim to be the peer of any community in the world. These many indictments of a nation are a sorry performance and a denial of the admirable constructive character of New Age journalism. Moreover, the Guild idea cannot survive, in my humble opinion, "association with superior intellectualism which abominates "business"; the coming State must encourage business and control it; stimulate production and protect the producer; and organise, with whatever necessary complexity, the country and its social relationships. The world will have been viewed through a glass darkly, and I aver that nobody who has lived in the States and imbibed their forward-looking theories and methods, and who has lived in the States, and imbibed their forward-looking theories and methods, can deny them their claim to be the peer of any community in the world. These many indictments of a nation are a sorry performance and a denial of the admirable constructive character of New Age journalism. 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Press Cuttings.

"If it is patriotic for a poor man to surrender his life which is all he has to give for his country, it cannot be too much to ask the rich man to surrender his wealth, which is only a part of his possessions. I am sure that Lord Northcliffe, who is such an authority on patriotism, would hold his money to the National Exchequer."—ARTHUR MOORE.

"The churches of to-day should translate their message into the terms of to-day and give to the world a theology which will comply with the reasonable claims of intelligence, an organisation which will be capable of serving adequately the spirit and life of our age, an ethic which will satisfy both the individual and social needs of a New Age. For a New Age is coming speedily upon us, and whether it is to come in light or in darkness depends on the clearness of vision and singleness of purpose of the Stewards of Faith. The one thing which seems certain to be the case is that it is drawing to an end. Our children will inherit a New Age: will it be an age of light or of darkness?"—Professor KIRBOPH LAKE (Harvard).

"At the present time the Army, the Navy, the School children and the school and university teachers in Germany are all practically servants of the State for the sake of Socialism in its most complete form is thus established to be of Germanic origin Rystander."—GRAHAM L. PATEL.

"...why harmless individuals who are in favour of 'democratic control' in foreign, as in home, policy should be the victims of these urchin-like attacks from Grub Street."—The Bystander.

"One of the stupidest of all the stupid campaigns conducted by our super-stupid newspaper press is now in full blast against an organisation known as the Union of Democratic Control. I have had the literature of this organisation which was founded some years ago by Lord Northcliffe, who is such an authority on patriotism, and I do not see why harmless individuals who are in favour of 'democratic control' in foreign, as in home, policy should be the victims of these unchristian-like attacks from Grub Street."—The Bystander.

"I presume, by the way, that my old friend The Globe is still as proud as ever of its feat in initiating the agitation which brought about the fall of the man who really did the 'Louis of Jutland'-because he happened, like the rest of our Royal Family, to be of Germanic origin:"—The Bystander.

"The past twelve months have teemed with instances where individual profit or convenience has been sacrificed to the wider question of the national welfare. Not in the hundred miles from the Blyth and Tyneside section of the N.E.B. one of these lessons has recently been furnished. There are some hundreds of men from the district working on munitions at the Elswick works, who have been compelled to lodge in town, but no sooner was it pointed out that facilities ought to be provided for these men to travel, and in a few days this fault was also corrected, and a train put on for the purpose of men travelling on Sunday, and in a few days this fault was also corrected, and a train put on for the purpose of men travelling on that day. The point is that there is all the difference between maintaining interests of the public and the nation and in the interest of private enterprise and dividend. The one factor considered has been the public and national interest and the trains referred to will not yield a profit, not by any manner of means, and this would have been an insuperable bar to any such concession from a purely managerial standpoint. But when the executive of the railway company turn to the Treasury, for use and not for profit' has brought about the change silently and surely. The interests of the nation required it, and it was done. When it is stated that for twenty years the energies of public men and public bodies in the same district have been devoted to an effort to secure just as simple a public concession from the N.E. company the point is obvious."—The Railway Review.

"The strength of a nation resides, not in its ability to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, which is the paradise of the middleman, but in its power to produce real things."—Morning Post.

"Having fully discussed the influence of 'The Munitions Act' upon the whole Trade Union movement, this meeting of the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades for the Clyde District are convinced that the Act as it has been used by the employers has been to further their own interests at the expense of munitions and armaments for the nation. The Trade Union movement is aware of the national crisis and have responded magnificently to the demands of the Government, but in supporting the resolution they have the right to demand their share (with the employers) in the management of the concerns, which is all they have to give for their country, it cannot be too much to ask the rich man to surrender his wealth, which is only a part of his possessions. I am sure that Lord Northcliffe, who is such an authority on patriotism, would hold his money to the National Exchequer."—The Bystander.

"Working men are strongly organised and were before the European war broke out quite frankly bent upon a class war, in which they intended to overthrow Parliament and law alike. Now as a body they are in alliance with Government as against the Germans; but it is to them just as free an alliance as the Confederation of England with Spain, and they will take orders, if at all, only from their own leaders, who are more nearly represented by the Trade Union Congress than by any other body. They object to National Service in this country as an attempt to enlist them in the service of capitalism. But if the income-tax payers (for these are the class which to them constitutes capitalism) are prepared to sacrifice their property, then (they say) they will be prepared to contribute their lives for the common cause. Their help cannot be secured except through their sentiments. The way, then, in which the upper and middle classes can best promote their cause is to grapple with the problems of national finance, and give up the unsound method of large war loans. The abolition of war profits, a national census of movable property and income, heavy war taxation so adjusted as not to create actual distress or unemployment, are measures essential to a clear conception of the position."—Professor EDWARD V. ARNOLD in the "Times."

"Easy critics of the patriotism of South Wales miners—and comfortable dwellers in towns—wander across these wales of labour: regard the shanties of Tonypandy and the scarified hillsides: wonder how life can be tolerated in these conditions: look into the faces of the women: see the bare-footed, half-dressed children: observe the hard-driven countenances of the men, who never smile, whose eyes are screwed to admit the intermittent light of day, and whose very beings are enslaved to the dull task of winning coal. And as you glance across the hillside of Tonypandy you discern that it is the realities of these things that have put iron into the souls of the men who aspire to be leaders. Do not lightly blame: but rather consider their position. These Welsh coalfields are not like similar districts in England and Scotland. Here there is nothing homely, nothing settled, little even respectable to the town and suburban mind in the bigger world beyond. Good feeling and common life have here no traditional basis. There is an undercurrent of bitterness everywhere—in these unattractive, almost repellent, valleys—the bitterness of hopelessness."—Evening Standard.

"The greatest scandal of all in connection with the treatment of the manual workers is the substitution of men's labour by that of women, which in some cases are working ten hours a day for 1s. 4d. a week. There is a movement to lower the age at which children may go to work."—Postal and Telegraph Herald.