THE ILLUSION OF ANARCHISM.

By DORA MARSDEN.

Anarchists are an interesting body of people whom governments take too seriously and who, unfortunately, do not take themselves seriously enough. Governments fear them as hostile, bent on mischief: whereas they are harmless, after the disconcerting harmless manner of infants. For the People indeed: for Humanity, they conceive themselves filled with an ardent passion: but towards the ways of human beings—when they, as men, emerge from out the blurred composite mass of "Humanity"—they are averse in the thoroughly implacable way possible only to people who frame their dislikes on principle. Doubtless, if one were to search the world over for the bitterest-sounding opponents of the theory that we are all "born in sin" with our natural bent inherently set towards "evil," one would fix upon the anarchists: but this is their idiosyncrasy: a foil to contrast with their main tenets. Their opposition penetrates no deeper than a dislike for the phrase, because perhaps more commonplace persons than themselves have espoused it. In substance it forms the body of anarchism, and anarchists are not separated in any way from kinship with the devout. They belong to the Christians' Church and should be recognised as Christianity's picked children. Only quality distinguishes them from the orthodox: a distinction in which the advantage is theirs. As priests administering the sacraments they would not be ill-placed.

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At the birth of every unit of life, there is ushered into existence—an Archist. An Archist is one who seeks to establish, maintain, and protect by the strongest weapons at his disposal, the law of his own interests; while the purpose of every church— institutions all teaching anarchism as the correct spirit in conduct—is to make men willing to assert, that though they are born and inclined archists, they OUGHT to be anarchists. This is the true meaning of the spirit of renunciation—the rock on which the Church is built. The "OUGHT" represents the installation of Conscience, that inner spiritual police set in authority by the will and the skill of the preacher. Its business is to bind the Archistic desires which would maintain and press further their own purposes in favour of the purposes of whomsoever the preacher pleases: God: or Right: or the People: or the Anointed: or those set in Office. Whether the preacher or the individual's desires will prevail will pivot about the strength of the man's individual vitality. If the man is alive, his own interests are alive, and their importance stands to him with an intense assertiveness which corresponds with the level of his own vitality, of which the strength of his own interests alone can provide a sure index. Being alive, the first living instinct is to intensify the consciousness of life, and pressing an interest is just this process of intensifying consciousness. All growing life-forms are aggressive: "aggressive" is what growing means. Each fights for its own place, and to enlarge it, and enlarging it is growth. And because life-forms are gregarious there are myriads of claims to lay exclusive hold upon any place. The claimants are myriad: bird, beast, plant, insect, vermin—each will assert its own sole claim on any place as long as it is permitted: as witness the pugnacity of gnat, weed, and flea: the scant ceremony of the housewife's broom, the axe which makes a clearing, the scythe, the fisherman's net, the slaughter-house bludgeon: all assertions of aggressive interests promptly countered by more powerful interests! The world falls to him who can take it, if instinctive action can tell us anything.

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It is into this colossal encounter of interests, i.e., of lives, that the anarchist breaks in with his "Thus far and no farther. Lower interests may be vetoed without question, or with a regretful sigh, but MAN
must be immune. MAN as MAN must be protected: his Manhood is his shield; to immunity his Manhood creates and confers his Right. The lower creation stands and falls by its might or lack of it: but Manhood confers a protection of its own." Who guarantees the protection? "The conscience of him who can infringe does not hold in awe the Rights of Man, who does not be held to be not of the community of Man but a monster other name is "Humanitarian." His creed explains monsters." That is the creed of an Anarchist, whose anarchistic fashion one towards another. They are friendly and affectionate animals in the main: but interests are as imperious with them as with the tiger and the ape, and they press them forward, deterred only by the calculation of the hostility they may arouse by disturbing the interests which they cross, as cross they must, since by extending the tentacles of interest is the way by which it is expedient to be thenceforth able to see if men had single interests (as some men have, and then it is all plain enough). But men have many, and what might be expected to be a straight course is a zigzagged line. And interests lead not only by way of oppositions; by wresting for possessions: in love, for instance, they lead to a seeming commingling of interest. It is only seeming: the love interest is as archistic as any other. Into this stimulating clash of powers the anarchist introduces his "law" of "the inviolability of individual liberty." It is feasible to pursue the time of the satisfaction of certain elementary needs: of earth-wants:—since being born into life and sin they will not wholly renounce them—but only to the lengths where the satisfaction of certain elementary needs: of earth-wants will work out perhaps, and probably merely to inviolability of individual liberty." "It is feasible to powers the anarchist introduces his "law" of "the inviolability of individual liberty." It is feasible to pursue the time of the satisfaction of certain elementary needs: of earth-wants:—since being born into life and sin they will not wholly renounce them—but only to the lengths where the satisfaction of certain elementary needs: of earth-wants will work out perhaps, and probably merely to inviolability of individual liberty." "It is feasible to powers the anarchist introduces his "law" of "the inviolability of individual liberty." 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The initial shock of invasion having been parried, the passage of time, and especially the course of events, will begin to make clear to what extent this first apparent community of interest with the defensive was due to mere alarm, and how far it represented something more enduring. Moreover, in the account of the development of Public Opinion it is to be recognised that the very dash and daring andpicturesqueness of the aggressive may actually give birth to an interest in which the non-combatants will find themselves involved by sheer fascination: to such an extent even it may be that to be permitted to share in the general risk of the fight will appear a high privilege. A great aggressor will find he can always count on this. The conquerors have been the well-beloved. Napoleon had the admiration of the men whose lives he was "wasting." They would have called it a glorious opportunity enabling them to spend themselves lavishly with a correspondingly lavish return in pleasure. It is indeed a most ludicrous error to assume that interests are all "material." There are interests that are of pleasure, interests of spiritual expansion, interests of heightened status, quite as compelling as these of material profit; and it is indeed doubtful, even among the meaner sort, whether the "material" interests have so strong a pull as the others. Moreover, "kinds of interests are very unstable, and will develop from one form to another with extreme rapidity under the influence of threat or challenge. So, at the appearance of a great personality who can give body to more spacious interests, even the most intimate interests—those of nationality and kinship—will suffer a sea-change:

"If my children want, let them beg for bread, My Emperor, my Emperor is taken."

There is bespoken the influence of one Emperor: a second has welded spirited, jealous and antagonistic
States—even indeed the younger generations of the subdued provinces into a homogeneous unit under the influence of a fantastically adventurous yet living dream. By interests of a different sort England soothed Scotland into unanimity as she is engaged in soothing the Dutch in South Africa. Other interests—those of status and prestige—are the forces which have won for England all the concessions in the long and laborious war which is implied in a friendly American Opinion. That Americans share a common language and in a measure all the prestige of the English tradition, literary and military, implicates the status of Americans with the maintenance of British States: they would have hated England readily enough had she not injunction just now that she was on the point of lowering it.

At the present time, it is true, England is blushing with the embarrassment of the unfamiliar, by allowing a parrot-like press and pulpits to persuade the world that she is now a disinterested fighter in a great and holy Cause. She appears to be beginning to feel herself infected with the preacher's own liquid emotions as she listens how soothing the Dutch are engaged in soothing the Dutch.

The explanation is the promptness—haste almost—with which she entered into the war. It was because she was on the point of lowering it. Now that she was on the point of lowering it. Now a disinterested fighter in a great and holy Cause.

The cause of the war is German disparagement of English spirit: both as to its fire and its intelligence. The Germans believed that, average for average, they were better quality: that English anarchists were in an immediate state of over-saturation, and already sunk to a relic bequeathed from a spiritual past, from whose strength modern England has fallen off: that the nation was devitalised, and as interests can only be held in proportion to the vitality of those who represent them: always the world is for the Archists, who disperse their own interests against a powerful aggressive interest, which is the first stage of Public Opinion, is a manifestly impartial affair, intended to parry the attack of a force which is feared because its strength is unknown. The reverse side to this temporary hostility of Public Opinion towards the aggressor is the favourable acceptance of the doctrine of non-pushfulness: of anarchism proper. But the friendliness is as shortlived as the hostility: since fear of the unknown is not a permanent feature of the public temper: rather is an accommodating adjustment to strong forces emerging out of the unknown, its permanent characteristic. Friendliness to, and admiration for, strong interests is the permanent attitude of Public Opinion. And that is, if they excelled themselves, and were convincing the world—

So, to return to our anarchists, embargoes, humanitarians, culturists, Christians, and any other brand of verbalists: the world is to the Archists: it is a bundle of interests, and falls to those who can push their own furthest. The sweep of each interest is the vital index of him who presses it. And interests have this in common: the richness of the fruit they bear grows as they push outwards: the passions they excite are then stronger; the images called up—the throb, the colour, vividness—intenser. For this, a man has the evidence of his fellow-men who, in the world outside, have even desert their own gayer interests: gayer because less matured: when lured by the fascinating vividness of another's interests far-thrown: the great lord can always count on having doorkeepers in abundance. To keep the door has become their primary interest: because so, they live in the vicissitude of a bright-glowing strength. Neglect to analyse the meaning of friendly Public Opinion has misled anarchists as to its real nature and as to what attitudes towards their fellows, men can be persuaded to adopt. Combination of interests against a powerful aggressive interest, which is the first stage of Public Opinion, is a manifestly impartial affair, intended to parry the attack of a force which is feared because its strength is unknown. The reverse side to this temporary hostility of Public Opinion towards the aggressor is the favourable acceptance of the doctrine of non-pushfulness: of anarchism proper. And that is, if they excelled themselves, and were convincing the world—

So, opposition to the "State" because it is the "State" is futile: a negative, unpursuing fruitless labour. "What I want is my state: if I am not able to achieve that, it is because since once established: my business was and still remains the establishing of my own. The world should be moulded to my desire if I could so mould it: failing in that, I am not to imagine that there is to be no world at all: others more powerful than I will see to that. If I do make such an error it will be to malcontents at home, as in the world outside. And that is, if they live in the vicissitude of a bright-glowing strength. Neglect to analyse the meaning of friendly Public Opinion has misled anarchists as to its real nature and as to what attitudes towards their fellows, men can be persuaded to adopt. Combination of interests against a powerful aggressive interest, which is the first stage of Public Opinion, is a manifestly impartial affair, intended to parry the attack of a force which is feared because its strength is unknown. The reverse side to this temporary hostility of Public Opinion towards the aggressor is the favourable acceptance of the doctrine of non-pushfulness: of anarchism proper. And that is, if they excelled themselves, and were convincing the world—

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vulgar Archist: formulating his Laws and maintaining his State, until some franker Archist arrived to displace and supersede him.

The process seems so obvious, and the sequence is so unfailing, that one wonders how the humanitarian failacies gain the hearing they do, though the wonder diminishes when one reflects how the major proportion of the human species holds it a just grievance that we walk upon our feet and not upon our heads, and that the tendency of falling objects is down and not up. According, one might argue, it is because it is the human way for men to push their interests outwards that humanitarians step forward and modestly suggest that they should direct them backwards. Object that outwards is the bow that arches and the return is that which rounds it; the divine one—and better, higher. And there may be something too in a customary confusing of an attitude which refuses to hold laws and interests sacred (i.e., whole, unquestioned, untouched), and that which refuses to respect the existence of forces, of which Laws are merely the outward visible index. It is a very general error, but the anarchist is especially the victim of it: the greater intelligence of the Archist will understand that though laws considered as sacred are foolishness, respect to any and every law is due for just the amount of re-taliatory force there may be involved in it if it be flouted. Respect for “sanctity” and respect for “power” stand at opposite poles: the respecter of the one is the ver-balist, of the other—the Archist: the egoist.

WHY we English fight: Lord Rosebery: “To maintain the sanctity of international law in Europe.” The international law presumably “should be” immutable and eternal: that, at least, is what the noble lord means to fet off on the encouragingly woolly minds of his hearers. He would not waste the time—or his opportunity—to add that the present international law of Europe is in the English favour: or that the Germans fight precisely to change the international law of Europe into their favour. Whereafter they, too, would fight to maintain, immutable and eternal, the sanctity of the international law of Europe. Law remains such an excellent conjuring property with the crowd: “Mumbo-jumbo, Law and Mesopotamia” can always be relied upon to work all the tricks, and cloak all the spoof. It will only be after the “Enlightenment” which is to follow the war that one will be able to make the purple-faced indignants realize that “law” are merely indices: dependent in all their variety and change upon the fortunes of the interests of which they are mere indices: that their “sanctity” depends solely on the might of these interests to keep them sanctus, holy, i.e., “unbroken.” The “maintenance of the sanctity of the (present) international law of Europe” happens to be our interest, and whether it remains sacred or not depends upon the power which we hurl against the power of those whose interests would encourage to its violation. The “good” odour of “good faith” is due to the status of those among whom its exercise may be gracious and yet lordly. Good faith is in fact the outward visible index of the topmost rider: it is a proud convention among those who can afford it. “Bad faith” is the necessity of the next to the topmost. It is not a grace or an ornament: it is a weapon: it, too, is limited to those who can afford it. Good faith, in short, is in place when evinced towards equals and inferiors: it is a gracious power and to miss it is to lose so exquisite an opportunity argues lack of imagination in our great friend, the Autocrat. The championing of democracy against autocracy forsooth! What’s a democrat? And what is an autocrat? A democrat is one who is ruled by everybody, every Jack’s subject. An autocrat has at least the dignity of pretending to rule himself: how many more he rules is at least not his concern, but the concern of those who fail to do likewise: democrats and alienally governed of all sorts. Of course there is the tag about democracy and “the will of the people,” but, unfortunately, it won’t fit in here, at this crisis. Because, judging of the two sides engaged in this war, the one which was animated by the will of its people happens to be the German one. It is provoking, no doubt, but it is true. For many years the Kaiser’s people have concurred in, co-operated with, and sacrificed for, the propagandising of the notion of this war; whereas, in England, the war was arranged by a mere handful: its announcement left the majority of Englishmen gasping for words. No, “democracy versus autocracy,” won’t do on this sean: you must acquire more sense and have fewer stereotyped phrases, mes amis!

Russia, and Britain. Why not tell true things to the people, oh noble Earl!

And next the issue is balanced as between “autocracy and democracy.” What an orgy of empty word-slinging for the unthinking scribblers and sabbath orators! How seductive are these catch-phrases which paralyse the mind! If one were an autocrat with the powers of our Ally, the great Autocrat of all the Russians, how one could gratify a fiendish lust. All the popular writers might be put into the pillory and twelve keen wits turned loose on them to prick them with questions about the words they use. To have a great power and to miss so exquisite an opportunity argues lack of imagination in our great friend, the Autocrat. The championing of democracy against autocracy forsooth! What’s a democrat? And what is an autocrat? A democrat is one who is ruled by everybody, every Jack’s subject. An autocrat has at least the dignity of pretending to rule himself: how many more he rules is at least not his concern, but the concern of those who fail to do likewise: democrats and alienally governed of all sorts. Of course there is the tag about democracy and “the will of the people,” but, unfortunately, it won’t fit in here, at this crisis. Because, judging of the two sides engaged in this war, the one which was animated by the will of its people happens to be the German one. It is provoking, no doubt, but it is true. For many years the Kaiser’s people have concurred in, co-operated with, and sacrificed for, the propagandising of the notion of this war; whereas, in England, the war was arranged by a mere handful: its announcement left the majority of Englishmen gasping for words. No, “democracy versus autocracy,” won’t do on this sean: you must acquire more sense and have fewer stereotyped phrases, mes amis!

A. G. G. in the “Daily News” reflects musingly how a disaster makes evident that all things tend for their solution towards Communism, and in a Communist anarchist journal—“Freedom,” P. K. discourses triumphantly on precisely the same subject. He says that prophetic anarchist dogma, in contrast to the bourgeois economist teaching of “To everyone according to his services,” has been all these years “To each according
to his needs," and that at long last Time has given ver-
dict in the Communist favour. He illustrates by quota-
tions:

"Now, Western Europe is living through a period of calamity, and we see how the idea of Communist kitchens is rapidly spreading everywhere, as a first small step towards a Communist conception of organization."

He winds up with:

"Many comrades are quite right in seeing in such kitchens the means to prove to the working men that in constructive work Anarchists can be practical, and even more so than those who pretend to be practical, simply because Anarchists are not actuators of solutions thought. A good propaganda of the Communist idea is already being made by this supply of food, and the communalisation of housing and clothing may follow very soon,"

which shows how even anarchists when they can will work up the speed and take their hobbies. Well: to smooth forth again like insects after rain, units, each bent on activity of the collectivist direction, and there is no need to pucker one's brow and excite one's curiosity without replying to his challenge. The collective impulse which seizes on individuals from among its non-respected members. Yet it is otherwise.

Classification has fallen into contempt because of bad measured, the depleted members. This is the inevitable correction giving up their all in its service. The character of these vast "bodies-corporate," and the wise among the non-respected members will recognise this well in advance, and, while drawing from the "great body" what pleasure they are able, they will prepare to look to themselves for all that is vital to them. They will not be deluded by verbal expressions of Love and Recognition Approval, extracted from the "great body" while it was in need of them, and while they were meditating giving up their all in its service. The characteristic which has developed into a consummate art with "corporate-bodies," is a fine forgetfulness of its non-powerful servers.

Lord Curzon was confiding to an astonished audience the other evening that never in the history of the Empire had such a condition of opinion as existed at present, been witnessed: that there existed no dissentient voice. "None is for a party, but all are for the State," he told them. He meant, of course, that the old orthodox parties' lights were for the moment burning dim. It is otherwise.

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A note on some correspondence in the last issue of The Egoist.—A correspondent protests against the validity of recognition of "classes," and says "For the true egoist there are no classes." He might just as well say there are no orange-boxes or pigeon-holes, or define that he is the "class" of anyone's identification. Classification is an inevitable proceeding with the potentiality of vast usefulness: a thing is "classed," for instance, merely by naming it, which shows how even anarchists when they can will work up the speed and take their hobbies. Well: to smooth forth again like insects after rain, units, each bent on activity of the collectivist direction, and there is no need to pucker one's brow and excite one's curiosity without replying to his challenge. The collective impulse which seizes on individuals from among its non-respected members. Yet it is otherwise.
ing criterion, and then proceeding to swear that all things coming under the division are possessed of a thousand and one features which were never indicated or intended in the grouping of the class. If, for instance, one were to make a "class" of "men acceptable for service" out of all able-bodied males of ages ranging from 18 to 30, and then were to proceed to press in for a wider field, and then again narrow it down with the inclusion of these latter speak English, as do the able-bodied men aforementioned, one would get a partial hang of the trick which has made "classification" a suspected mental activity. "One-eyed" men is a sound classification: the nature of the odious process which has brought classing into contempt is that which would insinuate into the class the assumption that "they are all therefore treacherously inclined." So: the classification of wage-earners is as sound as that of "apples" or "one-eyed men": it brings under a division all such as work for an arbitrary return upon enterprises for whose initiation and direction the responsibility has been assumed by others prior to their engagement on them. The descriptive-label of "defective initiative" attached to wage-earners is as pertinent and essential to their designation as the description of a certain kind of fruit is to the designation of the class. In short: a wage-earner, or one of the classification. The remark of the correspondent to the effect that a particular wage-earner shows initiative by entering the correspondence columns of this paper, while it may be true, is yet wholly beside the point. The defective initiative of wage-earners extends no further than the area of his activity of wage-earning: which is quite sufficient to make clear the fact we intended to make clear, i.e., the difference of status—of class—between an "employer" and those whom he "employs." D. M.

FIGHTING PARIS

August 5.—Some of the newspapers this morning announce that England has declared war on Germany, others that Germany has declared war on England. Whose is the "Great Illusion" now? The Foreign Office at the Chamber yesterday where the speech pronounced by M. Viviani (Minister of Foreign Affairs) at the Chamber yesterday where he describes the events which have given rise to the present situation. The chorus he has, or may be started by himself. Let us turn to the men to whom we owe the decision. "This war," he writes, "will bring about the correspondence columns of this paper, while it may be true, is yet wholly beside the point. The defective initiative of wage-earners extends no further than the area of his activity of wage-earning: which is quite sufficient to make clear the fact we intended to make clear, i.e., the difference of status—of class—between an "employer" and those whom he "employs." D. M.

August 6.—Not much news in the morning paper. The rule that no war news may be published except such as is supplied by the Foreign Office (or the Ministry of Commerce) on paper may appear until the War Office has revised the final proof, moreover that no street-cries will be allowed, was received with applause at the Chamber of Deputies, and notably from the press gallery, the day before yesterday.

The War Office has been occupied with house-work this morning, being without assistance, and H. S. C. set order in his papers, books and drawings. Rather a painful task, and it is sad to see all the work begun and interrupted, having been on foot for a whole life's activity. This moment when their delivery is not assured. Met Mme. R., whose husband, an officer, is at Troyes, and her son, a soldier, at Chartres, each with his regiment, waiting to advance. In the afternoon to Paris to Dr. C.'s who is organizing employment for the "unmobilisable," that is, women, and men who are "reformed" (i.e., exempt from service by the medical examination); and then to Mlle. O'B.'s the Polish painter. Find her in distress at tumbres for a legal document. At the post office notices inform the public that no money orders are received for Belgium, no letters, telegrams or money orders for Germany, Austria and dependent countries, that all telegrams including inland must be written in plain, unambiguous language and in French or English only. At the post office notices inform the public that no money orders are received for Belgium, no letters, telegrams or money orders for Germany, Austria and dependent countries, that all telegrams including inland must be written in plain, unambiguous language and in French or English only. The French officer is, usually, an attractive man, extremely intelligent and cultivated (his examinations are of class—between an "employer" and those whom he "employs." D. M.

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had taken him from Sunday till this Thursday to travel September 15, 1914. On the walk home we broke into conversation with a his left arm to show he does his duty on railway service. features, blue eyes and a fair moustache, says, in a cafés and wine-shops but none are drunk. In fact us he is leaving to-morrow. He collects his fares no less by military. No trams after eight o'clock so we walked which were written the words "Vichy-Etat"; we also country drawl: "Je ne sais pas où c'est que je vais; je to deal with." A good many foreigners on the It is strange how the misfortune of these becomes the each of the three editions, morning, noon, and evening. man—killed his child, wounded his wife and killed him- two nights ago at an hotel-restaurant quite near us at B., a man—a French­ man—killed his child, wounded his wife and killed himself at the prospect of having to go to the front and leave them to it. The young man, whose four years were all bearing arms, quaintly remarked to the dying woman that her husband might have chosen another place in which to perpetrate his deed. We went to a café on the Boulevard Saint Michel which we found almost as animated as at usual times. Every one looked cheerful, discussed the war without as much anxiety as we might indeed we are only given favourable news and by minute doses—three little items doled out one at a time for each of the three editions, morning, noon, and evening. It is strange how the misfortune of these becomes the fortune of those. Thus a little paper published at luncheon-time, which has dragged out a precarious and very obscure existence up to now, is having the time of its career. No train for civilians at the Gare Montparnasse and as we have more than an hour to wait before we leave our other edition if we do we shall have the "Territorial Artillery," which says, among the cobbles of which we found one of the older expatriated ones was a poor little Austrian painter who earned his living by cobbling shoes. By the way, two nights ago at an hotel-restaurant quite near us at B., a man—a French­ woman decked out in loud clothes eating like a famished one said that to laugh in the presence of a German officer was an insult to him and if he smiled again he would be shot then and there. This French consul had told him that in Germany it was said that Paris was in revolt and M. Poincaré had been murdered. The young man who told us these things was a well- English recently furthering "cordiality" with France, had put his services at the disposal of the French government and it has not been possible to distribute uniforms to all yet and a middle-aged man in civilian's clothes wearing eye­ glasses, whose only military accoutrement was a gun, was sentinel on our railway bridge to-day. Many men men­ drolling in this way the number of men who would have been the German wounded and prisoners in Belgium. He said the Belgians is as magnificent as the methods of the day. He had seen no papers since August 7.—This is the first anniversary of the day the law for three years' military service was carried, and only just in time to fell a fair number. Herve and other socialists had the way the number of the flags now would have been less by some 300,000, and where should we have been? It fell upon General Pau, now commander of one section of the army, who is said to be a hero in the field, to explain the expediency of three years' service in the presence of a most hostile House. It is the opponents of practical measures—all unanimously patriotic to-day, of course—who have armed the Germans against us and who should be put as near as possible the range of German guns in the place of the guiltless ones there now. They are much worse enemies to a country than foreigners. And there is only just carried, for had Jaurès, Hervé and other other class of no less dangerous traitor. Did not a German paper say just before hostilities broke out: "From a country where justice is exercised in such fashion (referring to the Caillaux case) we have nothing to fear." France knows how to command respect in moments of great crises—such as the present one—but it would be to its advantage if at other times it could manage to keep its scum under. The neglect has to be paid for sooner or later. If you look a little impressive people do not insult you; if you look "easy-going" you have to be put in charge of the German military force as a the "auxiliary" employment to which he is entitled when his turn comes. The post brings a letter saying Dr. De N. joined his regiment on Monday and a card, posted yesterday, from England. But no news from M. or N. I wonder how long I shall be cut off from them. The station-master in the "tooting crier is calling for the territorial artillery. The older men of the locality have assumed the policing of the place. Miss Isadora Duncan has offered the large house she occupies here to the Red Cross Society as a hospital. The paper speaks of another suicide in the part of a German resident in Paris. On the drawn
shutters or windows of closed shops one may read: "Closed because the patron and his employees have gone to fight for their country." A little red, white and blue label shows the words "Maison Française" specially printed for the occasion and used particularly where the owner's name may seem foreign. Words reminiscent of Germany and Austria are blotted out. Our Belgian told him the people in Germany are terror-struck by this war and asking themselves into what trap they are being led. This morning's paper says there was not a single case in the capital yesterday of insubordination or delinquency in connection with the mobilisation. To my question as to whether the mobilisation had never heard before howled most piteously; it howled just before the declaration of war. My German servant, I remember, observed that there surely must be some one dying. To-day H. S. C. brought the painter R. V. home to lunch, and for the first time for a fortnight we talked "shop." H. S. C. and Mr. R. V. went to see the official as to whether the latter could not be employed in map-drawing, for if he is not accepted for active service he may as well make himself useful in some branch where he is competent, instead of in potato-peeling or pan washing. A notice at the post-office announces that it is illegal to circulate indiscriminately without having been primarily examined by the police commissary. The censorship on soldiers' letters is such that a lady here on opening a letter she thought from her son found in the place of it a slip of paper on which was written in a strange hand, "I am at Dijon," obviously a substitute for the original communication. H. S. C. returned with the disappointing news that no map-designing is being done just now at the War Office. At M. he saw a house on which three flags had been painted, the French, the British and the Russian. On returning through the village, he saw a man on a ladder adding a fourth flag: the Belgian. Around us there was disorganisation in the commands, vice he may as well make himself useful in some branch for forbidden, to-day commanded—Marseillaise to evoke enthusiasm! Too rapid joys make you tremble and cause you to anticipate a turn in fortune! And you are right. My old heart, too ready to throb, must not be quick to call its order or napping. Some had washed their clothes and hung them out to dry. In Paris we saw a woman tram-conductor. She wore a cap and neat black dress, and the satchel was slung from her shoulder. The wives of men at the front have been taken to replace them and have been very quickly drilled to their duties. The char-a-bancs which take people to the races replace the requisitioned motor-buses. The horses, three abreast, jingle their bells as usual, and the conductor alights to invite fares. The terminus points are indicated in rough chalk lettering together with the fare: 50 c., for instance, from Saint Lazare to the Garde de Lyon, along the boulevards. This was a very hot day, and the whole thing comes back into their own again some time or other. At M. F. R. V.'s we hear the poet G.-C. C. has written, and says that at his request he has left Amiens and police service for the more active ranks. Everyone here concerned at events and Mme. V. particularly troubled, as are all women the nearer the front. The houses and barricades are all women now, that there is no outlet for their activity. Everyone here concerned that their husbands or fathers are with the enemy, the heat being intense and trams very rare, to thence, in a terribly crowded underground, to Saint Lazare to inquire after young Dr. M. who was not there—being probably a soldier by now—and where the concierge, who had never seen us before, button-hole us to relate us her anxieties both as concerned her young tenant and her husband. Calling, in the name of a young friend of ours, at an institution claiming to find employment for those whose husbands or fathers are with the colours, we found the lists were closed on the six thousand applications that had been received. Everyone is uncultured, the heat being intense and trams very rare, to Passy, to see M. and Mme. S. V. Here I glance, for the first time since the mobilisation, at a review. The first name I alight upon is that of the poet G.-C. C., in an article, quoting also a poem by F. R. V., and mentioning that Turpin's latest invention (the M. Turpin who invented monolith), which he has kept secret for years, preferring to forego financial benefit in the eventual interests of his own country, was sent from Versailles to the front yesterday. At Mlle. O. E.'s sister, by the way, this morning, and heard that they have a Bavarian—perhaps a Bavarian—behind the counters which take people to the races replace the requisitioned motor-buses, the heat being intense and trams very rare, to Passy, to see M. and Mme. S. V. Here I glance, for the first time since the mobilisation, at a review.
croissants, the bakers ceasing to make fancy bread and pastry from to-day. At a café, where we took some refreshment, women, instead of waiters, attended the customers. White-washed ambulance motor stationed before the Printemps being piled up with back of books, cotton wool, dozens of cradles for legs and other sadly suggestive surgical implements. We also saw several Red Cross nurses about in the streets. In a window at the Galeries Lafayette wax figures with the mincing motion, added a touch absurd to Paris, where we took some croissants, the bakers ceasing to make fancy bread and love and glorify our (!) 75 for it is henceforth for customers. We saw an ambulance motor stationed near here we were told no wounded have arrived or are expected in the territorial and reserve forces and that many have already been sent to different towns in the provinces. Several letters from England this morning bearing the postmark for the 6th. Being deficient in news we fall back upon local incidents and anecdotes. We heard to-day of a woman who said she had never mourned her three dead sons more than now. H.S.C. met someone who told him one of the generals now at the front is the master of the fight. "I had occasion to-day to look over an album of photos taken and collected in the provinces. Which wins battles, it is the field gun. Therefore let us cotton wool, dozens of cradles for legs and other sadly suggestive surgical implements. We also learnt from a private source that a deficit of weapons enough to arm 2,000 German soldiers. We were told, too, that there were many German prisoners taken in Belgium in barracks here. The other morning, at 1 a.m., the boulevards were evacuated by order and it is thought this was effected for the easier transit of the prisoners.

August 15.—Weather continues very hot. Of news less than ever. One is inclined to believe this war is all a hankering for assistance from the neutral powers, which are bivouacking near us to-day. They had come from a distant province. On calling at a Red Cross hospital near here we were told no wounded have arrived or are announced to arrive. The ladies in charge seem sorry many have already been sent to different towns in the provinces. Several letters from England this morning bearing the postmark for the 6th. Being deficient in news we fall back upon local incidents and anecdotes. We heard to-day of a woman who said she had never mourned her three dead sons more than now. H.S.C. met someone who told him one of the generals now at the front is the master of the fight. "I had occasion to-day to look over an album of photos taken and collected in the provinces. Which wins battles, it is the field gun. Therefore let us cotton wool, dozens of cradles for legs and other sadly suggestive surgical implements. We also learnt from a private source that a deficit of weapons enough to arm 2,000 German soldiers. We were told, too, that there are many German prisoners taken in Belgium in barracks here. The other morning, at 1 a.m., the boulevards were evacuated by order and it is thought this was effected for the easier transit of the prisoners.

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of the hundreds of requisitioned motors which were to be seen stationed there recently. Paris struck us as bright and optimistic. Of course, it is not the usual Paris, but more like a provincial town. Hawkers were selling the Kaiser's will, crying "Achetez le testament et le faire part de Guillaume, ses dernières paroles, ses dernières volontés, deux sous," adding, "Il n'est pas mort, la v. . . . , il est crévé comme un cochon." Means of transport still very awkward. On one tram the conduc-tress operating the bell. At the offices of "L'Art Décoratif" M. Roches has had written on his shutters, "Fermé jusqu'à la victoire." In the same street, a little further down, M. Fischbacher, the publisher, has taken precautions against possible misunderstandings by having his public affirmation that he is of French-Alsatian origin, and that he and his family have served in the French armies and navies visé by the Commissary of Police.—The prettiest story going about just now is the one about the Belgian who said he no longer went out with his gun but with a slice of bread and butter. "Then the German soldiers are sure to follow me!"

(The end.)

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

SOME ITALIAN SONNETS.

(EARLY TRECENTO.)

I have translated these sonnets—in spite of Rossetti's beautiful rendering—for the following reasons. I believe that les jeunes are too interested in their own careers and too little interested in literature. (I am not a "good example," merely a reactionary.) An artist who does not care for the art and his trade and his public cannot have that lively interest in life which everyone accepts as a fundamental condition of artistic work. This does not mean an advocacy of pedantry nor of the unimaginative attempts at criticism by the British reviewers; but we all rather want to see squared the type of artist who has had his hour and is limited in time and in talent. It is extremely good for us with our somewhat stupendous vanities to take a peep at the work of remote craftsmen and to realise how easily they excel us. It is for this reason that one regrets that boisterous rejection of other art than their own which is one of the acutest features of les jeunes and perhaps their greatest weakness.

These translations are in prose, while the originals are sonnets. It is quite probable that Folgore "felt" these things as sonnets, and because the sonnet was a vital form of the poetry of his time he neglected to employ it. This is not so to-day when a sonnet is either a pastiche or a tour de force. Hardly any sonnets since the seventeenth century—except Wordsworth's—have any organic originality. They are pastiches of trecento, Petrarchan, Ronsardian, Shakespearean, or Miltonic sonnets. Even Milton's sonnets are Italianate. Rossetti, the best of modern sonnetteers, merely expressed the trecento in the language of Shakespeare and Wardour Street. In France, though they have had Beaudelaire and Mallarmé, the sonnet is dead. In France, too, they have long realised that prose is the only method of translating poetry. A translator's emotion is seldom intense enough for him to create genuine poetic rhythms—and all false poetic rhythms are boring, hence the general tedium of "poetic" translations. On the other hand prose translations are sometimes better, if they are of genuine creative Frenchman.

It will be noted with pleasure by some of the writers in these columns that Folgore's interest lies in his exact rendering of detail—a phrase much worked but very expressive. Rossetti, in trying to torture his English into sonnet form, has omitted some of the most picturesque of these details, though, to do him justice, he has translated some lines brilliantly. He was also unfortunate in not possessing the extremely scholarly text and essay of G. Navone.

THE EGOIST

September 15, 1914

A PRELIMINARY SONNET TO THE GARLAND OF MONTHS.

By FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO.

To a noble company of Sieneese.

To the noble and courteous band and to all their members wheresoever they are, for they are always gay, I give hounds, hawks and money for spending. Sumpter-nags, quails caught in flight, braches, swift beagles and greyhounds I give: in this kingdom I crown Niccolo lord because he is the flower of the city of Siena.

Tingoccio, Atain di Togno, and Anchianao and Bartolo and Mugavero and Fainotto, who are like the sons of king Ban, More gallant and courteous than Lancelot, if need be, with lance in hand ye would joust at Camelot.

January.

I give you in the month of January banquets with fires of kindled herbs, rooms and beds with delft embroideries, silk sheets and coverlets of vair, Sweetmeats and comfits and sharp mixed wine, robes from Douai and from Rascia. Thus ye shall be defended when Scirocco, Gherbino and Tramontana arise.

And from time to time in the day you shall go out and cast the white, beautiful snow at the girls standing above.

And when the company is wearied you shall return to your banquet and there refresh the gallant band.

February.

For February I give you good sport of deer, of wild goats and of boars, short gowns with high boots, and company to delight and please you; Hounds on the leach and hounds to follow the scent, and your purses filled with money to the shame of misers and hoarders or of any who grudge at our band.

In the evening you shall return with your men burdened with names, happy and cheerful and singing;

Then let the wine be drawn and the kitchen steam, and be all of you sparkling until your first sleep and then repose till morning.

March.

For March I give you fishing of eels, of trout, of lampreys and salmon, of sharks, of dolphins, of sturgeon and every other fish in the river;

With fishermen and little boats in a row, barques, yachts and galleons, which will bear you at any time to any port you please.

May the port be full of palaces and everything else you need and all kinds of pleasing people.

But let it have no church or convent; leave the crazy monks to their preaching for they have too many lies and too little truth.

April.

In April I give you the gentle country-side all flowering with fresh fair grass, fountains of water which shall not weary you, ladies and maidens for your company; Ambling palfreys, destriers of Spain and people preys and salmon, of sharks, of dolphins, of sturgeon and be all of you sparkling until your first sleep and then return to your banquet and refresh the gallant band.

May.

For May I give you horses, all of them easy on the bit, all ambling, straight trotting, with chest-armour and head-stalls with bells, Banners, and cloaks with many designs and silks of all colours, your shields like those of jousters, violet, rose, and the flower which dazzles all men.

Break and shatter armour and lances while on window and balcony fruit shall rain up and garlands down;

And youthful maidens and young men shall kiss each other on the mouth and cheeks, discussing together of love and happiness.
We must abandon the term ‘vers libre,’ which even in France has lost all meaning. It has been suggested that we should use the words ‘poems in unrhymed cadence,’ but ‘free verse’ is at once more English and more explicit.

Because above all things the artist must be free—free in his intelligence, in his life, and in his art. To say that the artist should be free does not mean that he should work without standards; it means that he should create his own standards.

There is a constant tendency for the arts to become stereotyped in content and in expression: this is due to the influence of the pedagogues, to the opposition to originality, to unheard-of principles, to innovations in technique. The artist has constantly to react against this tyranny; he is betrayed by the mass of avaricious mediocrities who value the remunerations they receive more than the purity of their art. Moreover—since it is a truism that all which has once been true will become false and that all which was once false will become true—the artist has to deny and disprove principles erected by his ancestors in order to keep intact their great common principle of freedom.

There is a tyranny of novelty as there is a tyranny of antiquity. It is an stupid and contemptible to be a stereotyped Vorticist as it is to be a stereotyped Academician. In art the important thing is the individual. When two individuals agree on a few points they can raise hell; when ten agree they change the art history of their century. (In art as in life the rarest thing is accuracy, and thence—who knows— he might have discarded all his style and created his own standards.

There is no reason to suppose that this subject is too occult or too technical for the layman. It had first to be explained by those whose chief business in life it is; but now the curtain should be drawn; there is no mystery.

What, then, is the difference between the new free verse and the old rhymed, accentuated verse? Not, obviously, the commonplace idiotic remark of the journalist that free verse is merely prose cut into different lengths. The man who says that has no ear for poetry; he has a prejudice against innovation; he is unable to distinguish between the free verse written by an artist and its imitation by an amateur. For the essential difference between free verse and accentuated verse is this: the old accentuated verse forced the poet to abandon some of his individuality, most of his accuracy and all his style in order to wedge his emotions into some preconceived and sometimes childish formality; free verse permits the poet all his individuality because he creates his cadence instead of copying other people’s, all his accuracy because with his cadence flowing naturally he tends to write naturally and there-
garden grew," instead of "A sensitive plant grew in a
garden," which is the natural way to make that state-
ment.
I don't want to say that these men—Tennyson in-
cluded—have not written poetry, and fine poetry. I am
out to destroy their reputations to a certain extent;
I point out their infamously bad writing so as to try and
get people to consider these poets and modern poets in-
telligently and critically, instead of with a blind uncritical
admiration for the established men and with an equally
blind, equally uncritical scorn for the new, unestablished
poets. You can accuse me of picking out a few bad lines
from a thousand good ones. Well, let the accuser take
down his—doubtless dusty—poets and consider them
carefully in the light of the principles enunciated above—
he will find them horribly lacking. I take Shakespeare
to be on my own side, because he wrote direct, clear,
speakable English—in his lyrics, I mean—he almost
always employs the mot juste, he has individual cadence,
he has a natural unpedagogical outlook. Shakespeare
wrote "Come unto these yellow sands," and "Come
away, Death," and a dozen other perfect little songs.
That is why he is our greatest lyric poet. The others
come off only in spots.

Poetry to-day, by the nature of things, cannot be as
light and song-like as Shakespeare's lyrics, because our
life is not so light and song-like. But some of the poets
of to-day have created a genre which is the expression
of their age, a poetry with Shakespeare's intensity and
without his occasionally banal cadence. Moreover, it is
singularly individual—the result of the artistic use of
free verse. These new poems are written so that no
good prose writer would refuse to own them; they are
more concentrated and more intense than the best prose.
They have, therefore, the virtues of the best prose and
something besides, i.e., their intensity and concentra-
tion. That, I take it, is the difference between good
prose and good poetry. Good prose, aiming at com-
pleteness, gives you vast quantities of irrelevant and
often futile observations in order to lead up to an
effect; good poetry gives the same effect in a
stronger degree by picking out essentials and rendering
them vividly and exactly. It is more difficult to write
good poetry than good prose.

Take this piece of free verse:

"Gods of the sea—

No,
Leaving warm meads
For the green, grey-green fastnesses
Of the great deeps;
And Palemon,
Bright striker of sea-shaft,
Resolves itself into sound of many voices,
Leaves shaken by the breeze.

Rustling and fluttering,
Hear me." (H. D.)

(I select this because it is not superficially modern.)
Except for the use of the word "meads" that sentence is
stylistically perfect. It has the accuracy of epithet and
of construction which we seek in good prose; yet it
has more intensity and concentration, and a queer
swift cadence.

I take another example from someone outside my own
crowd:

"Transposition.
I am blown like a leaf
Hither and thither.
The city about me
Resolves itself into sound of many voices,
Rustling and fluttering.
Leaves shaken by the breeze.

A million forces ignore me, I know not why,
I am drunken with it all.
Suddenly I feel an immense will
Stored up hitherto and unconscious till this instant,
Protecting my body
Across a street, in the face of all its traffic . . ."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

The only error in that is the phrase "I know not why"
—though even that is debatable. Whether you like that
sort of poetry or not it is quite obvious that its style—
apart from its content—make it much easier and more
interesting to read than the traditional poetry of to-day.
That is perhaps my final argument for free verse—a
personal one—that in the majority of cases I find it more
interesting, more stimulating and more original than
any form of modern English literature.

A HEAVY HEART.

IN the midst of meadows and orchards, there stands
an immense yellow house. It is a girls' school for
"English young ladies."

There are a great many "holy sisters" in it, and a
great deal of home-sickness.
The fathers often came to visit their little daughters.
"Father, I am glad to see you."
The simple music of
"Father, I am glad to see you," is like the sound of
hymns deep down in their little hearts. And in "Good-
bye, father," these die away like arpeggios on the harp.

It was a rainy November Sunday. I was sitting in
the dear little warm café, smoking and dreaming. . . .
A fine tall man came in with a wonderful little girl.
She was really an angel without wings, in a green velvet
coat. The man sat down at my table.
"Bring some illustrated papers for the child," said
he to the girl.
"No, thank you, father, I don't want any—" said
the angel without wings.

Silence.
Her father said: "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said the child.

Then the father said, "How far on are you in mathe-
matics?"

He thought: "Let us talk of something of general
interest. In learning, one finds one's self."

"Capital and Interest," said the angel, "What is it?
What does it mean? I have an idea. What is the
use of Capital and Interest? I don't understand it!"

"Long hair—short intelligence," said her father,
smiling and stroking her fair hair, which shone like
silk.

"Yes, indeed," said she.

Silence. . . .

I never saw such a sad little face. It quivered just
like a shrub under the weight of snow. It was like
hearing Eleanora Duse say: "Oh," or like Gemina
Bellincini when she sings. The father thought:
"Brain-work is a diversion. And anyhow it can't hurt.
One can rock the soul to sleep. Interest has to be
awakened. Of course, it is still slumbering." He
said: "Capital and Interest! Oh, it is most
exciting. At one time it was my strong point." (A gleam
of his past Capital and Interest happiness flitted over
his countenance.) "For instance—wait a moment—for
his conscience."

"For instance—wait a moment—for
instance, somebody buys a house. Are you listening?

"Oh, yes, somebody buys a house."

"For instance, the house you were born in at Görz."

He made the thing more arresting by ingeniously
bring-

ing learning and family affairs into somewhat close
connection.) "It costs 20,000 florins. How much must he
receive as interest in order that it may bring in 5 per
cent?"

"Said the angel: "No one can know that. . . . Father,
does Uncle Victor come often to see us?"

"No, very seldom. When he does come, he always
sits in your empty room. Listen, 20,000 gulden. How
much is 5 per cent. on 20,000 gulden? Well, surely as
many times 5 gulden as 100 goes into 20,000. That
is simple, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes." said the child, and could not make out
why Uncle Victor came so seldom.

The father went on: "So how much must he receive!
Well, 1,000 gulden—quite simple."

"Yes, 1,000 gulden. Father, does the big white lamp
in the dining-room still smoke when it is lighted?"

"Of course—how have you got an idea of how to
reckon Capital and Interest?"

"Oh, yes. But why does Capital bear Interest at all?
For it isn't like a pear tree. It is quite dead—money!"
"Silly little thing," said the father, and thought to himself: "After all, it is the business of the school." Silence. She said softly: "I want to come home to you!"
"Can you be a sensible little girl, aren't you?"
Two tears ran slowly down her cheeks.
Deliverance! Tears! Home-sickness which had become gleaming pearls!
Then she said smiling: "Daddy, there are three little girls in the school. The eldest of them is allowed to eat three cakes, the younger, only two, and the youngest, one. They are as strictly dieted as that! I wonder if the amount will be increased next year!"
The father smiled. "You see what cheery times you have."
"How do you mean, cheery? We look at it like that because it is funny. But surely the ludicrous is not one. They are as strictly dieted as that! I wonder if the amount will be increased next year!"—ED.
this face—like that of the Virgin Mary. Her little heart
Babylonians." He thought to himself, "The more I go
He was thinking: "She must be distracted; that is my
We regret being obliged to suspend publication of the
We are in Egypt," said the little girl.
"The Pyramids," said he, "the Mummies. King
"Really," said the child, as who should say: "Nations
When the man got up to go away and bowed to me in
"Oh, dancing is very healthy. Only, mind you do
"Directly after you have gone—then comes dancing
"Silly little thing," said the father, and thought to
"Yes, indeed," said I, "in the things of the soul, the
THE EGOIST
THE WAR AND CIVICS.

THOUGHTFUL persons who live in towns and cities
cannot altogether avoid a certain association with
the immediate, as if each of them once in a while
to-day such persons are discussing the prevalent ques-
tions. Now that universal war is engulfing one form
of civilisation, what form of civilisation will arise when
men have emerged cleansed and chastened from the
ordeal of this war? What new seeds of the reconstruc-
tion of society were being sown when war broke out, and
with which seeds do we most likely to fruit? And can
these questions are of profound interest just now, and
perhaps only those books which afford an answer to
them are of immediate value. The writer, therefore,
who fixes our attention on the possible answer and shows
us, not only the fruitful seed, but its unbroken and
untouched growth and development is, in a sense, our
benefactor.
Mr. Victor V. Branford comes forward with an answer,
and his aim to forecast a possible (sociological) future
as the inevitable outcome of our highest (sociological)
experiences in the past and present, compels our closest
attention. Anyone not knowing the exact point of the
sociological thread where the war obscured it, nor the
fine thread underlying the chaos of war, nor the exact
point at which the thread will emerge, may trace it
under the guidance of "Interpretations and Forecasts"
(Duckworth). It makes no difference that the book
reveals the author as, before all things, a theoretician.
The thing of capital importance is that he is a sound
theoretician on his own sociological ground. As we
know, sound practice, if it be anything more than mere
rule of thumb, requires sound theory. Mr. Branford's
views on the reconstruction of society are the result, as his
book shows, of his own very wide historical knowledge,
and of the researches of a long line of sociologists from
Aristotle to Geddes, in whom the theoretician is greater
than the practician. He, for instance, avows his in-
debtedness to Professor Geddes as, some day, no doubt,
will avow his indebtedness to Mr. Victor V. Branford.
It may be objected that a good theoretician is not
necessarily a good practician. Descartes was not
necessarily a good optician because he made optical
discoveries. Again, some persons think that the two
are not united. When Harvey found the circulation of
the blood, he was a practician, not a theoretician. He, for
instance, avows his indebtedness to Mr. Victor V.
Branford. It may be objected that a good theoretician is not
necessarily a good practician. Descartes was not
necessarily a good optician because he made optical
discoveries. Again, some persons think that the two
are not united. When Harvey found the circulation of
draw true inferences from facts around him. Normally
the theoretician comes first, seeing that it is the busi-
ness of the practician to apply what is first felt, seen,
or conceived in theory. Seeing, in fact, precedes doing,
just as feeling precedes seeing.
I am led to point to this precedence of the theoretician
by the dislike which some persons display towards the
theoretical sociologist. Such persons have heard that
the forecasts made by sociologists of this sort are not
free from error. So if reluctantly they admit that
Comte was wonderfully correct when he prophesied the
decay of Parliaments (seen now in the increasing and
almost autocratic power of the Cabinet), they also claim
that Spencer was talking nonsense when he prophesied
the increase of individualism. Certainly the present
trend towards social unity as seen in cívics and some
guild suggestions would seem to substantiate their
claim; it surely looks like the re-organisation of society
on an associated basis, in place of its existing individu-
al basis. But might not this represent a fresh start at
individualism? There are civicists and social economists
who would have us believe so. We are told, for in-
stance, that a guild movement is necessary to enable
the individual to reaffirm himself and to escape from the
servile state imposed upon him by a tyrant society, to
one of full self-possession. In fact, advance in the
modern guild sense involves the development of the in-
dividual. Perhaps the guild man will shrug his
shoulders at the implied individualistic basis and say,
the advance must be made by way of associated life. Of course, it requires less effort to think in terms of association, seeing that association has become the keynote of even the vilest commercialism. However, it is not necessary to point out that The Egoist does not favour this queer roundabout way of attaining to full possession of one's eternal inheritance. Its title implies that we have each the kingdom of grace within us, and should enter upon it forthwith. The key to the kingdom is self-subistence. Besides Spencer's apparent fault of scientific prevarication, the opponents of sociological theory might place Galton's theory of heredity, which is now superseded by that of Mendel. Possibly, too, they might point to a fault or two in forecast emerging from Professor Geddes's wonderful insight and power of interpretation.

It is at this point that Mr. Branford's book becomes of greatest interest. Briefly, the book is an interpretation and forecast of civic reconstruction. It affirms the awakening of a civic consciousness, and attempts toforetell where this awakening will lead us. Its very chapter headings, "The Perfect Citizen," "The Citizen as Sociologist," "The Citizen as Psychologist," "The Medieval Citizen," and so on, announce the arrival of the city and the citizen. Its very phrases and terms, "Cities have awakened to self-consciousness," "Transformations in men and affairs," "A gospel of the good race," "This vision of a city beautiful," these and others evade civiceness, Indeed, it opens with the question, "What is a city, and who are citizens?" For answer it turns first to Aristotle's theory, shows us the misconception and misapplication of the theory, the fraud which has resulted in the State being exalted where the city should be, the consequent neglect of the latter, the restoration of the root ideal of Aristotle, the current sociological tendencies and initiative shown in the return to cities and a rising sense of inter-civic solidarity. So running through this series of related lectures is an abstract theory of civics, suggestions for its application to concrete questions, and a consideration of the carrying out of results thus obtained in the corresponding act of government. Civic politics form the prophetic part of the book. In short, this big volume of historical and prophetic exposition embodies a very important forecast of civic reconstruction, and history. In doing so it casts the horoscope of Professor Geddes, whose whole life and labour is intended to be a prediction of coming civic history. Whether the Geddesian prophecies will be entirely fulfilled is doubtful, and this for three reasons: (1) Great cities, like London, have got beyond the city and citizen stage of development; (2) Germany is about to prove the failure of an attempt to manufacture ideal citizens for a specific purpose (in this case a political one); (3) the war will bring about a confederation of kingdoms likely to alter the whole trend of human thought and action. However, as I said, there is a thread of survival and tendency underlying the chaos of war, and this thread, wrongly, I think, seen in the Settlement Movement, may be traced in Mr. Branford's book alike by the theoretical sociologist, the publicistic publicist aiming to educate public opinion, and the practical statesman. Of course, theoretical statesmen ought to study the book for, as a rule, he knows nothing about sociology.

HUNTY CARTER.

CHINA.

By F.T.S.

I SHALL try to tell here something of life in my native land, leaving the problems of her present existence and future progress to those men who have made a deeper study of those conditions in which she is living to-day. I may even relate a few personal incidents as illustrative of home-life in China, and the way one of our race views life in America.

China is regarded as a great empire. And so it is. Her population is about 400,000,000, or about five times as great as that of the United States. Her area is 1,500,000 square miles. Of her total population 300,000,000 are dependent upon her own resources; north of the Yangtse there are about 200,000,000 people. China is well-settled, having about 380 people to the square mile on the average. But the density of population varies in the different provinces. A large portion of the east and south contains only about 150 people to the square mile, while the great fertile plains in the north-east have an average of 450. In the Province of Shantung one can go 600 or 700 miles in the north-east without meeting a Chinese.

There is a great contrast between the people of China and those of Teutonic extraction to the west, who were ardent lovers of liberty and their country. The Chinese possess little national spirit or feeling. This is due to two leading causes. The first is, that the dialects are so unlike in the different provinces that the native of one can scarcely understand those of another. Perhaps the very imperfect means of communication is responsible for this dissimilarity of speech. The same would be true in America if the people of the Atlantic coast had scanted means of communicating with the Pacific coast. In the language of the two coasts would become very unlike each other.

It seems to me that our spoken language is much easier than English except that the accents are very difficult. We have certain tones meaning certain things. A certain word pronounced in one tone may mean one thing; the same word pronounced in another tone may mean something wholly different. The missionaries have adopted the method of using English letters to spell Chinese words. From these Romanised words the missionaries learn the language, but owing to the difficulty of pronunciation a great many mistakes are made. For instance: the word a means "push," "trust," "you can do something," etc. The missionaries have a fixed idea that if you say "good" in an ordinary tone it means "good." This change in tone, however, would make a totally different effect in Chinese. For instance, the word "gau" spoken in one tone in Hunglia dialect means "a noble gentleman," in another tone it means "dog." So when a stranger, as he thinks, may be speaking of "a noble gentleman" may use the wrong tone and boldly assert that he is a "noble dog." Such a mistake in this country would probably involve the perpetrator in a free for all fight.

There is another word "tung," in one tone meaning "soup," in another "sugar." In a book on China written by a missionary he tells of a mistake commonly made. "An honourable missionary of our acquaintance who was careless of his tone, told his cook, as he thought, "a noble gentleman may use the wrong tone and boldly assert that he is a "noble dog." Such a mistake in this country would probably involve the perpetrator in a free for all fight. In a book on China written by a missionary he tells of a mistake commonly made. "An honourable missionary of our acquaintance who was careless of his tone, told his cook, as he thought, "a noble gentleman may use the wrong tone and boldly assert that he is a "noble dog." Such a mistake in this country would probably involve the perpetrator in a free for all fight.

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little from yours. Pork, beef, and goat-flesh, geese, ducks, chickens and fish furnish our animal food. Along the coast there are plenty of good oysters which can be bought at the low price of 3 or 4 cents a pound.

To an American the Chinaman's skillful use of the chopsticks is a most interesting sight. Many suppose that a stick is held in each hand, but in reality the two sticks are held in one hand. They are light and cheap, and in every way as serviceable as your knife and fork. They are invaluable, in the same way that your table knives are. We often appear on our table at meat time. When we first saw the missionaries using forks and knives we thought they were fighting each other.

Our table dishes and methods of serving food are so simple that dishwater need not be slopped for an hour after eating. We eat from a common platter filled with the food for the meal. Like you we have several small dishes of vegetables, fish, etc., besides a large quantity of rice put into a vessel by itself. Each person puts some of this into a bowl, held in the left hand close to the chin, and with the chopsticks actively engaged in the right hand, the contents stream through the air and disappear. Whenever the vegetables or fish are desired the chopsticks plunge into the common dishes, and drag forth the sought-for morsel. The prevalence of the common dishes and the lack of individual plates enables a Chinese lady to "do" her dishes in a hurry.

Like most people are entirely satisfied with the food served at the same table. In the villages the people eat their meals generally in different places—some carrying bowls of soup and visiting their neighbours. Suppose you should see Mrs. Smith dropping in about noon, in one hand carrying a bowl of potatoes and in the other a slice of bread! Would you not be astonished? But with us it is a common occurrence. On festive occasions the women do not eat with the men, there being friends present.

The houses of China are generally one-story high, built of brick, or cement. The roof is made of tiles, but never of shingles. For a floor the poor classes must pound the ground down. The richer classes enjoy brick floors. Wood is rarely used for this purpose. These dwelling-houses have wooden windows—no glass being used among the better class of people. In many places the walls of the dwelling-houses are windowless; the sleeping rooms rarely have windows. In the villages the people keep domestic animals in the houses. Each family usually adopts a goat, pig or cow, and generously shares the room with them. That old song, 'They know their master well, my lord,' is true to the Chinese as well as to the Irish. A visit to a Chinese home will probably find it very rich in a great many fragrant odours, which you will never forget.

Our houses are full of cracks, and poorly suited to our climate, although China is not subjected to sudden extremes of heat or cold. The great variety of weather which overwhelms this country in uninviting profusion we know little of. When winter comes it comes at a certain time and stays until spring begins. This regularity of our climatic changes is probably due to our sable mountains, which range across the country like the borders of a kingdom. In this country, which is democratic, you do as you please largely, and your weather has become contaminated by long association, and likewise does as it pleases. The buds may appear on your trees and in every way as serviceable as your knife and fork. This makes for comfort, and we can almost raise paint brushes and hair mattresses.

Rice is planted early in the spring. The farmer changes the water until the little sprouts appear. Now he takes them up and dries them in the sunshine. The rice is now ready for planting in the field. When the stem has shot up half-way to the knee the farmer pulls it up by the roots and a second transplanting finds it arranged in
hills in other fields. Now the drought comes. There
must be irrigation, so all members of the family lend a
hand in bringing the water over the fields.

Later in the spring the farmer plants peanuts, beans,
and sweet-potatoes. Sometimes the ground is dug
by hand. If the field is large enough it is plowed with
the unequal yoke of an ass and ox. In many rude
country places the farmer cannot afford to raise cattle
for ploughing. His horse is of course an item of ex¬
necessity and the field is tilled. We found, you see, the
horseless plow long before it was used on your western
prairies, though we have not applied steam to it as yet.

Like all nations we have our own peculiar customs.
We are on the opposite side of the world from you, and
small wonder that many of our usages are totally unlike yours. Perhaps in many instances you will
admit that our customs are more sensible than yours—that we are practical and economical. A clever
traveller, who has spent a month or two will tell amidst
the laughter of his audience how the Chinaman wears a
long pig-tail hanging from the crown of his head; how
he puts his chief guest on his left hand, the place of
honour; how he actually writes from right to left and in
lines running from top to bottom, and begins to read
from the wrong end of a book; that he orders his ser¬
vant to whiten his shoe, and wears white for mourning;
that he gives a coffin as a birthday present.

How must American customs appear to us? They
are equally as funny. You cut off your hair just as our
monks do. The ladies like our Chimen wear long
lozenges; they bind their waist as if they were hungry.

Where does it hurt you very much! The missionary
had told me: "Try to answer your questions as
prompt as possible." I did so; and my questions knew
no limit.

So you see American customs are curious to the
Chinese. You think a Chinaman is peculiar because he
does not trim his finger nails. This is only one way of
showing that he is an honourable gentleman. Our cue
is our national mode of hair-dressing. Sometimes a cue
is not long enough to suit the owner. False hair is then
employed to make it longer and prettier. We do not
call this addition a switch, and a lot of course, couldn't
be worn that way. Once my hair came out after I had
typhoid fever and I used a cue—a false one, very long
and of course very pretty. I am very glad that I do not
use one now—it is a continual nuisance.

Many have asked me if I can go back without a cue.
In former days there was a law forbidding the cutting
of cues, but the law is no longer in force. The custom
of wearing cues was not due to superstition, but rather
to the fact that we were defeated by Tartars. It was not
a Chinese fashion originally. The first emperor of
the present dynasty who began to reign in 1644, having
upset the Dragon Throne, determined to make the
true Chinese chaste. He ordered every native to cut off
his pig-tail. He gave proof of the submission of the Chinese people to his
authority. He therefore ordered them to shave all of the
head except a circular portion on the crown four or five
inches in diameter. From that time until quite recently
the Chinese were compelled to wear cues. To keep his
face up to the tone of the times the Chinese man
must shave his head once in every ten or fifteen
days. The literary man shaves his head oftener.

(A to be continued.)
THE publication of M. Brieux's "Damaged Goods"
Preface by Bernard Shaw and a foreword by Mrs. Bernard
honour M. Brieux just at present for daring to write
Shaw. Wrappers. Fifield, 1s. net.

is the cause of poverty and charity.

Unless the play had some other claim to immortality it
natural course is where anyone has a monopoly of any
kind, let him pay to the rest of the community its
reasonable value; as in law, when property is divided
among heirs, if one takes all the land, he pays the others
who take none.

We what need is access to the land.

Make it unprofitable to hold natural opportunities with­
out using them. In that second condition, land values
up to their full rental value, and as they increase in
value let the taxes increase proportionately; then it
won't pay to hold land idle "for a rise," and specula­
in land will cease.

If we destroy speculation in land, and remove the
artificial barriers from the places to work, and cease to
fine men for working by taxing wealth, it will be as
absurd for a man to be "out of work" as it would be for
him to be out of air.

Idle lands mean idle hands, and
it will not alter that fact to comfort ourselves with the
wicked perversion of the words of Jesus that the "Poor
who have always with us."

We shall have the poor with us just as long as we
create them. When the boundless opportunities of
Nature for employment are thrown open so that men
can employ themselves, if only in the simple ways that
Adam and Robinson Crusoe employed themselves, then,
again in the Scriptural words, "There shall be no more
poor."

That is the faith that inspired the New Man and the
New Woman to work for true reform.

Miss Julia A. Kellogg has re-introduced us to Patrick
Edward Dorey in "Hans Holbein Progression" in an abridg­
ment. This book, by a Scotchman, anticipates Henry
George's theory by a generation, and those who have
not been able to accept Henry George's Single Tax will be
interested in a woman's account of the taxation of
land values in a readable form.

BOLTON HALL.

DAMAGED GOODS.*

THE publication of M. Brieux's "Damaged Goods"
in a paper cover at a shilling certainly marks a
stage in the curious history of English puritanism.
It seems from the preface which Mrs. Bernard Shaw gives
to this edition that a few years ago, when this play was
first translated, and before M. Brieux had been elected
to the Academy, no publisher in London or New York
would soil his spotless fame by publishing the work.
But presently M. Brieux became a member of the
French Academy. Then the difficulty disappeared.
The sight of the braided coat of the Academician put
courage into the trembling hearts of the timid pub­
lisbers, and the book was issued in London and in New
York. But that was the expensive volume including
two more plays. Now Balham has its "Damaged
Goods" for a shilling. I hope Balham will be all the
better for it. Perhaps the members of that respectable
suburb will buy copies darkly at dead of night as it
were (like the lady—poor dear—who asked for a copy at
me without blushes by a small newsagent in Brest—
perhaps young Balham will buy its copies and flaunt
them in a paper cover at a shilling certainly marks a
play about syphilis—though I imagine the daring is
not so splendid in his country as it seems here, for, some
years ago, I bought a copy of "Les Avariés" (Damaged Goods)
in a penny edition, which was sold me without blushes by a small newsagent in Brest—but when we come to talk of syphilis sensibly I imagine
we shall forget the play.

For plays, after all, like all works of art, are con­
cerned with the soul of man. This is a play of the body
and not of the soul.

Probably M. Brieux knows this, and would say that
he wrote his play with a purpose, and that with the
accomplishment of that purpose its task is done. If
so, all honour to him. He is, however, from that point
of view, a little unfortunate in his English sponsors.

The preface to this shilling edition contains a quota­
tion from a speech by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which he
says that "Europe has to-day a Sophocles in the
person of Eugene Brieux," and goes on to discover similarities between "Damaged Goods" and "Œdipus
Rex." In much the same way did Samuel Butler com­
pare Frost's "Lives of Eminent Christians" with Words­
worth's "Lucy." But Butler begins with a con­
fusion "that I do not see the resemblance here at the
present, but if I try to develop my perception I shall
doubtless ere long find a remarkably striking one!"

What a pity Mr. Shaw did not allow himself to be even
more indebted to Butler to whom he confesses already
to owe so much!

Certainly "Damaged Goods" develops steadily and
tragically (if rather melodramatically) for two acts,
thought without regard to that best beloved of Attic
tragedy: unity of time. But fancy a Sophoclean drama
in which a good third (Act 3) consisted of a long
moralising on the part of Chorus (all the principals
being banished from the stage and forgotten), the leader
calling members of his troupe to give evidence on behalf
of his pet theory, none but convenient answers being
allowed!

But let us hope that the shilling public will buy the
shilling edition and profit by it. It is in their ranks
that the ignorance is—let us hope they will avail them­
selves of this shillingworth of enlightenment.

Fortunately the people of England, like the people of
any country (I mean, of course, the poor people), do
not need it. They have never had any part in the con­
spiracy for the suppression of certain subjects. They
have always wisely insisted in discussing everything
with perfect unconcern. So they may keep their
shillings, of which, God knows, they have sufficient
need.

MAURICE WEBB.

* A Play by Brieux. Translated by John Pollock, with a
Preface by Bernard Shaw and a foreword by Mrs. Bernard
Shaw. Wrappers. Fifield, 1s. net.
A SOUND OF BLEATING.

AFTER an abstinence of many months I have ven­
in my ears. Bleat, bleat, BLEAT, it has got on to my
choice to be lost.

"AMERICAN SUFFRAGISTS APPEAL TO WOMEN
of every country. They have devoted thought and energy
thought of the sufferings and sacrifices of mothers who
have reared sons, or of the tremendous burdens that war
will impose on women, who have to do their own
work and the men called to the field of battle; without consideration of the little children who
will have to be taken from school or from play for in­
dustrial toil, thus wantonly imposed on them by the
Government whose duty it is to protect and shield them;
this curse of a mediæval war is thrust upon those whose
will and wish have not been consulted.

"Is it that hundreds of thousands of their sons may go
down to death before the terrible machinery of modern
war that the nations call upon women to give their
youth, their years of toil and their labour for a higher
life-giving vocation of motherhood. Yet, without one
woman remain unrecognised as citizens, though their
efforts on behalf of their country at this time of crisis
make their men understand that the highest patriotism
involves all humanity.

"The Suffragists of the United States call upon the
women of every nation involved in the war to draw attention to the artificial view taken in some
quarters of the woman's share in that suffering whose
grim shadow is already falling upon us. We hold it to
be our duty to guard the honour and the status of
women at all times, whether in peace or war; and we
consider it to be in the best interests of the State that
we should do so now, since the recognition of woman's
true place and position is never so important as when
the State is in urgent need of the help of its daughters
as well as its sons.

"Let the women of every nation in urgent need of the
help of its daughters as well as its sons.

"As Suffragists it is our business to point out and to emphasise the fact that war is an enemy of civilisation; that boasts of its civilisation, culture and humanity.

"A copy of this appeal has been sent by the officers of
the London Mail' who says that the war 'may teach the Suffragists
that powerlessness of the vote, but merely the powerlessness of men's votes unaided by women's."

"We dissent entirely from a writer in the 'London
Mail' who says that the war 'may teach the Suffragists
that powerlessness of the vote, but merely the powerlessness of men's votes unaided by women's."

"Let the women of every nation in urgent need of the
help of its daughters as well as its sons.

"I am contemplating the formation of a Society—mem­
ership would be open to all—men and women—for the Suppression of all Sudden and Wide­
spread Calamities. We shall abolish storms, floods,
fires, earthquakes, human, vegetable and mineral
nature. We shall fall down and pray to the hills not to
cover us, to the waters not to engulf us. We shall pass
resolutions determining that there must be no more such
disasters. It is monstrous, these earthquakes, this bury­
ing alive of thousands of innocent—think of it,
innocent—men and women, and helpless little children. You say that men
suffer, may be get buried too? But then, did not they
build the houses? Men build houses, and women put
in them. Is it fair? Women of the world, I say,
why let these things happen to your sisters? Get the
vote and all will be well. That is what is wanted, to
cure all ills—THE VOTE, for ever and ever, world without end, Amen.

THE SONG OF THE SOCK.

Stitch, stitch, stitch! The women are there in a flock.
"You do the leg and I'll do the foot
Let's all be useful though we can't shoot."
And they sang the song of the sock.

For when by war their country's hit
English ladies always knit.

(J. W.)
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The Crucified Dionysus Alexander S. Kaun.

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