NOTES OF THE WEEK

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Following the failure of the English Conciliation Committee on Tuesday, Mr. Asquith invited men and masters to a discussion with himself and a strange assortment of his colleagues at the Foreign Office on Thursday. The discussions were continued in private from day to day, and are only now adjourned to Tuesday of this week—two days before the strike is timed to begin. So far nothing has been allowed to leak out from day to day, and are only now adjourned to Tuesday, Mr. Asquith invited men and masters to a discussion with himself and a strange but we have some reasons for supposing that Mr. Asquith in particular was somewhat shocked by the bellicose attitude, not of the men, but of the masters. Like a number of capitalist employers in other industries, the coal owners are under the belated impression that they have a right to do what they like with their own without reference to its nature. To these stragglers of Victorianism the possession of capital carries with it the same rights as the possession of the most intimate personal belongings. They do not see that capital is claimed by Mr. D. A. Thomas, who speaks of the coal-owners' "elementary rights" of property in mines. There are no such elementary rights of property in the nation's necessities; such semi-private privileges as have been conferred by society, or allowed by custom, are expedient in their nature and conditional on their public utility. If Lord Dudley, or any other colliery owner, should resort to sabotage, the dismantling of the machinery and the closing of the mines, their occupation of the nation's property should be declared forfeited, and the men and the nation should instantly enter into active possession. * * *

Until some days have elapsed it is impossible to discover what constructive compromise has or can be suggested by the Government. Lord Haldane, on his return from Berlin, paid a high tribute to the "very big men indeed" whom he met there—"men of detached vision, surveying matters somewhat in the spirit of a Plato." We only wish Lord Haldane could bring some of these minds to England for the examination of our industrial problem. No such mind apparently exists in our own Cabinet, as the choice of the Prime Minister's associates in the Conference surely shows. Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Lloyd George (where is Mr. Burns?)—what do these people know practically of the industrial problem? Not one of them has ever been either a workman or an employer, and to this disqualification they each add a personal bent of mind distinctly inimical to a far-sighted settlement of the present difficulty. Indeed, if Sir Edward Grey's speech at Manchester on Saturday last is to be taken as authoritative (and there are comparatively welcome rumours that he and not Mr. Lloyd George is Prime Minister elect), the present Cabinet has come to the end of its ideas on the subject. "I know," said Sir Edward Grey, "that no political legislation can satisfy the aspirations of our industrial population for greater betterment." "There are," he continued, "three great enemies which the State has to fight—accident, disease, and old-age." And these three, he contended, his Government had already fought and conquered by means of Workmen's Compensation, the Insurance Act, and Old-Age Pensions. From this we are to conclude that nothing remains, in Sir Edward Grey's opinion, for the State to do. The trilling enemy of Poverty, itself the parent of much of the three great enemies he named, is by his own confession impregnable to State action. Political legislation, he says, cannot possibly satisfy the desire of the poor to abolish destitution, and as for the rest of the industrial diseases the State doctors have already done their best. * * *

This confession of intellectual bankruptcy by the heir of the Liberal leadership has not received the attention it merits. Coming from Sir Edward Grey, one of the
consultant members of the present Conference, its importance can hardly be exaggerated. All our recent criticisms of Liberal social policy are applied to this single incident. Afflicted by industrial problems that threaten England with civil war, the Government blandly affirm that they have no means of solution. At the same time it is obvious that Government must intervene in every great industrial dispute, yet with what ideas can Government intervene when, by admission, their stock of ideas is exhausted? Opinions thought to appeal to the Government to stop the strike, candidly admits that it is no part of the duty of the Cabinet to "break strikes." Some way out must be found, some compromise that will satisfy both men is must be. What is that compromise? When a government stands aside from industrial strife, with an admission that it can do nothing, the onus of betterment lies exclusively upon the men themselves. Against disease, accident, and old age the State can make provision; against the risks of life and estate provision can possibly be made. This is surely to invite the workers to make such provision for themselves by all legal means in their power. But when they propose to do so, their action threatens to disturb the commonwealth and calls for the intervention of the very Government that began by forsaking useful public discussion, the Commons have a strong case; the miners' leaders—most of them too old to have any spirit left—are disposed to recommend postponement of the notices for the smallest cause. The promise of a Commission, we gather, would satisfy these dotards precisely as the promise of a Government that began by forswearing useful nationalisation and an impracticable form of Co-partnership. The former, it was said by Mr. Robertson, who replied for the Government, was out of the question, though he did not say why; the latter, as most employers and all trade disputes know, is to go on. So the strike goes on, but the matter behind effective discussion. After this it is simply pique that drives politicians to complain that the House of Commons is no longer consulted. Mr. Asquith must feel that in approaching the actual task of conciliation no help can be expected of the newspapers who a fortnight ago turned Parliament into an Oxford Union for a pedantic discussion of a problem which in another fortnight would need to be practically met. "P.W.W." and his colleagues can join the Archbishops in their silly prayer or they may stampede the Lord Mayor of London to invite sundry provincial mayors to a pious conference; but one thing their credit will not permit, namely, to be considered seriously by any of the three parties whose decision this week is indispensable.

Failing Parliament, the Press might have been expected to throw some light on the problem before the country, but instead of light we have had heat. For three full weeks, at least, the public has had notice that the strike was an unwarranted inability to agree in the matter of the Minimum Wage were denied by the owners. Yet with this sober threat to face, backed by three out of every four of over a million miners, the Press amused itself during the early stages by sending up coal to panic prices, naming coal owners and miners, and getting their names into print. The actual daily progress of the struggle was scarcely reported in the London Press. With the abandonment of sectional strikes, however, every industrial battle of the future will demand not only notice but profound attention, and not only from the Press but from the Government as well. In other words, if the Government has no ideas on Social Reconciliation or Expansion, it obtains some the better; for with events as they are now mightily flowing the choice before us is Reconstruction or Anarchy. The direction in which attention will prove most profitable has often been indicated by us; it is the direction of the future which will affect the whole country. What cool observers who may at any time become practical administrators must do is to examine the actual drift of industrial events, to ask themselves whither they are leading, and with what hope they can be directed and what changes can be made. We care nothing for the moment whether legislators start their studies with a bias in favour of collectivism or continued individualism. Such theories are for little men and men of the schools. The practical problem is how to put an end to the industrial unrest that prevails without jeopardising any legitimate and beneficent national power. Certainly in fifty years from now the problem will be solved or England will be ruined. As we do not believe England will be ruined, we conclude that the problem of industry will be solved. It is the business of statesmen and their advisers to discover the solution and to apply it with the minimum of disturbance.

Two suggestions only were made, and both were either misrepresented or only superficially debated—nationalisation and an impracticable form of Co-partnership. The former, it was said by Mr. Robertson, who replied for the Government, was out of the question, though he did not say why; the latter, as most employers and all trade disputes know, is to go on. So the strike goes on, but the matter behind effective discussion. After this it is simply pique that drives politicians to complain that the House of Commons is no longer consulted. Mr. Asquith must feel that in approaching the actual task of conciliation no help can be expected of the newspapers who a fortnight ago turned Parliament into an Oxford Union for a pedantic discussion of a problem which in another fortnight would need to be practically met. "P.W.W." and his colleagues can join the Archbishops in their silly prayer or they may stampede the Lord Mayor of London to invite sundry provincial mayors to a pious conference; but one thing their credit will not permit, namely, to be considered seriously by any of the three parties whose decision this week is indispensable.

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a living wage and the agitators will retire automatically into obscurity. Agitation is not so pleasing an occupation—still less a paying one—that Mr. Hartshorn and others like him pursue it for fun. Enforce the demands of the men, admitted by the public to be just, and, as we said that they are, and as the schoolmasters cease. Fail, however, to be as good as your word and the agitation will not only continue, it will increase until your house is pulled about our ears.

We have, however, to reckon in this matter with the real public and the pseudo-public. The real public, whatever its inclinations, has little power of expression; the pseudo-public, on the other hand, is a voice, and beyond that nothing. For how many years have we, for example, been imploring our contemporaries to examine the decline in wages and the rise in prices? Three years ago we prophesied the present recrudescence of the strike and its emergence in an almost universal form as a simple consequence of the degradation of wages. The general Press, however, ignored the signs as well as the warning, and during the last few years has allowed wages to fall without making an effort to stop them. But, on behalf of militant industrialists, we must again ask: How are wages to be kept from falling except by preparing perpetually to strike? The Solicitor-General recently appealed to his opponents to put themselves in his place before criticising him too severely. The same résumé of attitude may be recommended to the critics of strikes. Let such writers imagine themselves in the position of wage-earners with a family to keep on a wage yearly declining in value as well as in security by exactly what they do in their own defence? The public, it is evident, can or will do nothing. Since 1900 wages have been declining without evoking a prayer from the archbishops, a resolution from the Free Church Union, a complete silence on the part of the Mayors or an appeal from the "Daily Mail": "Government must stop the decline." In fact, and to judge from experience, the pseudo-public would supinely see wages reduced until miners, like the French poor before the Revolution, were browsing, living on nettles and beechleaves. The Government, similarly, regards the maintenance of wages as an affair of the State. Law and order are its province, not economics. Add to this the complete failure of the Labour Party, and the desperate condition of the labourers becomes obvious to any person who is not a brute. What other means than the strike was left them? Instead of hampering the strikers, we should be grateful to be permitted to assist them, since it is we who have driven them to this step.

But the problem demands at this stage rather more than sympathy, it demands intelligence. We have to reverse the direction of our organisation. We ask, in view of its present apparent failure, what changes are necessitated in it. Mr. Victor Fisher, in the "Daily Mail" (whose impartiality in publishing both sides we willingly acknowledge), writing as a Socialist, declares that the idea of Social Reform in the old sense is over, and that of Social Reconstruction, with all its dangers, is begun. The "Daily Mail" has courteously sent us a copy of its reply, which is to the effect that the amendment in our social system is not possible without drastic reconstruction. The majority of the workers themselves, it argues, are ignorant of the meaning of Socialism and Syndicalism and Reconstruction; they want only better wages. Even if we grant that high-minded men would not regard an attempt to industrial Socialist propaganda, carried on, let us freely admit it, by comparatively only a few of us, the problem for the "Daily Mail" is how to raise wages generally by any other means than those advocated by Tariff Reform certainly will not do it. We defy Mr. Bonar Law or any other fiscal reformer to demonstrate that tariffs will add one inch to the stature of wages. What means, then, remain? Social reconstruction on a collectivist basis being ruled out by the "Daily Mail," what is the practical alternative? The problem will be as urgent after the coal strike as now; and to discuss it while yet there is time is the duty of publicists.

For ourselves, we may say that we belong in practical sociology neither to the school of Mr. Victor Fisher of the "Daily Mail." While claiming with Mr. Fisher that Reconstruction is inevitable we deny with the "Daily Mail" that it must be catastrophic. Once the end is clearly seen the means may be as moderate as good-will on both sides can make them and the steps already indicated. The point of departure is the new attitude of the State towards the new attitude of Trade Unionism. Everything depends upon this. Since 1906 Trade Unionism has been giving political action a trial, but with the failure confessed by Sir Edward Grey if not by Mr. MacDonald—of political action, Trade Unionism may be expected to resume its industrialism at the point at which it was dropped, and with the ideas accumulated during the political period. Trade Unionism, in short, apart from the political activity of the Labour Party, has again become a factor in industrial evolution; and we may safely add that never again will it be persuaded to suspend its native methods in favour of political methods which are alien to it. But the question for the moment is how the State will meet this new attitude of the Trade Unions. We know precisely how the majority of the employers would attempt to meet it: the Government, by repealing the Trades Disputes Act, by incorporating Trades Unions to make them susceptible at law, by making strikes illegal and, in the last resort, by armed coercion. Almost, needless to say, every one of these methods is foredoomed to failure. Any Government that has the responsibility of maintaining order knows perfectly well that all the king's horses and all the king's men would be powerless to force a single great Trade Union to work if its members did not choose to work. It is true that the Portuguese Government arrested over two thousand Unionists on a single day without provoking a revolution at once; it is also true that the Italian Government recently punished no fewer than 20,000, or one in three, of the State railway workers; but neither in Italy nor, still less, in Portugal, is Trade Unionism as well organised or as proportionately powerful as in England. England is not only a great industrial country the majority of whose skilled working adults are also Trade Unionists, but Trade Unionism was created here and has grown here as in no other country in Europe. The English unions are the strongest in the world, and in a nation where the rest of the industries are industrialist the State will find it impossible to set itself in open antagonism to Trade Unionism without infallibly being to provoke a civil war, the end of which no man could foresee. They are therefore and rightly afraid to ask the Government to attempt the task of suppressing Trade Unionism by force. No Government, Unionist or Liberal, is likely to undertake the enterprise.

This being patent to those behind the scenes, the question arises what compromise with Trade Unionism the State can effect. Compromise of some kind will be necessary since a purely neutral attitude by the State is impossible. As fatal as would be opposition, so impossible is neutrality. We have seen what efforts have been made by the Government to avoid intervention in the present mining dispute, yet in the end they have been compelled to intervene. If not in this dispute, still more general disputes will arise in which the Government must openly take sides; for to intervene is to take sides—there is no doubt about that. The determination of the side to be supported by the Government is the subject of a principle, and in any case involves the question of the relative importance of the two sides to every dispute—Labour and Capital. On the one side we have Labour, organised, disillusioned of politics, determined to keep better results; on the other, Unionism, compact, organised, clever, and determined to maintain its advantage. The situation calls for the brains of those
The main objections to Sir Edward Grey's policy are (1) that a land frontier has now been established for the first time between Russia and England as the result of the partition of Persia; (2) that it is contrary to national and international morality to allow Russia to dominate a Northern Persia; and (3) that the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907 is being deliberately broken. I will not, for the moment, refer to the few upholders of the Gladstonian nationalist tradition, those who maintain, or, at all events, appear to believe, that the first duty of Great Britain is to protect dying nationalities, however inefficient and corrupt they may be. I shall endeavour to show in this week's article that the objections I have specified can on the whole be satisfactorily answered.

The solution of the whole problem, it seems to me, hinges upon the question of international morality; but when we come to consider international morality we are surely compelled to face facts—biological, philosophical, what you will—which hardly coincide with the doctrines preached by any religious sect in England. The situation is simple: Persia has for generations been a decaying country; Russia has for generations been a country in the full vigour of growth. When two countries with these characteristics are neighbours there can be only one ending. The young and growing country will inevitably overrun the territory of the decaying nation and take possession of it.

There can be no question here of "internal development on native lines," "giving the country a chance," and so on, of which we hear frequently. The longer the worse. Persia is rotten to the core; and the farcical attempt at Parliamentary government was the gambler's last throw. It became evident in diplomatic circles years ago that the partition of Persia was only a matter of time. As in the case of Morocco, the only question was how long the partition could be staved off and who was to secure the control of the country when the time came. Long ago I referred in this column to the numerous German Consuls to be met with in Persia in places where no other European was to be found. But while entirely mythical German interests were being thus looked after, the very real British and Russian commercial interests were not lost sight of by those parties immediately concerned with them; nor was the strategical value of the country overlooked by the Indian Government, and the one combined factor of Russian and British Government on the other. In 1909 and 1910, too, another factor was added which brought the partition of Persia nearer to realisation.

I allude here, of course, to the strong desire of the Young Turks to obtain some glory by gaining territory in North-Western Persia so as to make up for the loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Hundreds of Turkish troops were quietly poured across the frontier, and beyond a few verbal protests Persia was not in a position to make any sort of resistance. Russia, however, seeing that the hour was drawing near, strengthened her hold in the North.

Then came the quandary with which the British Government was faced. Russia was obviously bent on taking over Northern Persia. Should Downing Street protest? If so, how far was the protest likely to be heeded, and, if not heeded, what could be done towards making it effective?

The last question decided our Government's attitude. If Great Britain were really anxious to keep Russia out of Persia, to what extent could she do so? Obviously she could not do so at all.

Eager partisans of Persia have maintained in my hearing at the National Liberal Club that the mere threat of war would have "brought Russia to her
senses" (the phrase is not mine), and that Persia would thereupon have been left alone to work out her own destiny—a beautiful expression, this, quite in accord with the Gladstonian tradition; but one which in practice a country thus left will go to pieces much more quickly than if restrained by the hand of a conqueror. If we had threatened Russia with war over Persia she would not have made any move;—Russia would have gone ahead and waited. And, as we have no Army worth talking about, we could only have made a futile naval demonstration off St. Petersburg, irritating France, Russia's ally, by doing so, and leaving our own ports unprotected in the process, ready to be invaded by Germany at any moment. Let it be remembered that we could have done absolutely nothing else. The greater part of Russia's financial interests went to Paris years ago and remained there, so that we could not have got back on her through the Stock Exchange.

By frankly admitting that Persia would have to be partitioned sooner or later, however, we showed ourselves men of the world. We could not do anything to prevent the partition, but we could do the next best thing: we could gain something out of it. So the Agreement of 1907 was tacitly abrogated so far as Persian independence was concerned and kept in force only with respect to joint Russian and British action. This method of meeting our obligations saddled us to secure, roughly speaking, one-half of Persia for ourselves.

As for the frontier question, I discussed it very fully in The New Age of February 8. At present there is no buffer State between Russia and India, and the meeting of the two Powers in Persia will make no difference.

One more blind guide has appeared to conduct us into the domain of foreign affairs. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., has just issued his "Democracy and the Control of Foreign Affairs," through Messrs. Fifield. This threepenny pamphlet does not contain one idea. How could it, indeed, when the author discards style and begins like this:—

"I do not believe a more important question exists at the present time than the consideration of the problem as to how the pacific, progressive, and moderating opinion of democracy may be introduced into international as well as national affairs, and as to how a democratic State can discover the proper means of expressing itself in the councils of nations.

"Consideration of the problem as to how... and as to how...—think of it! This is a fair specimen of Mr. Ponsonby's grammar. On the very same page we read that "the supreme power of government is getting concentrated somewhere or other." "Getting," concentrated! And then, further on, we have sentences like these:—

Disconcerting rumours and vague half-truths find their way out, and the seeds of suspicion and apprehension are quickly sown. The more so when no authentic official version or contradiction appears to allay the growing alarm in the public mind. Meanwhile, the experts are engaged in playing a game. They speak of the countries by their names as if they were pieces to be moved about on a board. Pieces whose value depends on their size measured in terms of territory, and on their power measured in terms of armaments.

Cynical Machiavellian devils, those experts, eh? But those sentences beginning "the more so" and "pieces whose value" should not have been begun after a full stop. Such clumsy paragraph-building jigs, puzzles, dispensing, with such a sufficiency of Wales, that Parnell was at all times so capable of being able to set down in writing what he thinks he wants to say, he may possibly have something to say which will be worth hearing and considering;—that interests me much as historians. In the meantime, Mr. Ponsonby should look for the "democratic state," the views of which he would like to find expressed in the council of the nations; I know of none. He might also reflect (as I suppose he would put it) on the problem of whether as to how he came to write a pamphlet at all without having studied the somewhat complex nature of adjectival clauses.

The New Despotism.

In view of the irreparable blow which a coal strike of this unprecedented magnitude would inflict upon all industries in the land, and the cruel hardships already suffered through the prolonged coal famine in innumerable homes of the poor, we hereby call upon the leaders on both sides in this dispute to relinquish their claims, the community, which, in our deliberate judgment, outweigh in importance any conceivable difference that may still dividing the negotiators.

—Mansion House Resolution.

He thought it a mistake on the part of the doctors to adopt a threatening tone towards the State and society, just as it was a mistake for the miners or the coal-owners, or anyone else, however great their concern, to shut up their fists at society and say: "Unless we get this or that we are going to pull the whole concern about your ears.

Other people were interested besides themselves, and it was not an easy matter to pull a great thing about people's ears.

—Mr. Birrell at Bristol.

Both parties to the coal dispute made a great mistake if they did not remember and realise there was a third party vitally interested in securing reconciliation and peace—namely, the general public. The party in the dispute which failed to justify its refusal to agree with the other party would have a serious account to settle with the mass of the British people.

—Sir John Simon at Bournemouth.

Labourism and the social reform reactionaries are again busy erecting another_diabolus ex utroque pede for their near friend and dupes of the workman. Bentham scared the worker with that portentous bogey, the wage fund; those everlasting friends of labour, the Manchester school, maintained industrial discipline for a generation by the parrot cry of supply and demand; later on the Social Reformers, with tears in their voices, exhorted the workman not to spoil a good case by endangering his position in the face of foreign competition; still later, the Keir-Hardie-MacDonald justly successfully reduced wages by diverting Labour activities from the industrial to the political pantomime—their particular parrot-cry was "Don't strike, trust the ballot." All these ghosts being successfully laid, the tried and true friends of labour—the great Liberal Party, ably seconded by the Labour Party—realising that these old bogies have been consigned with unmitigated curses to their appropriate limbo, are again coming out into the open and with characteristic effrontery are threatening the exasperated workman with dire penalties unless he meekly obeys the convenience of that vague and inchoate thing which they call "the public" or "the people" and sometimes "society." The "Daily News" and the "Daily Mail," with equal unction, have taken the public on their wings and, with threats, appeals, lures, hints, and "wreathed nods," are jointly proclaiming the new gospel of mankind that, justice or no justice, the convenience of the public must be the first consideration. Two reactionary social reformers are now very prominent in their new guise as friends of the people. They are Mr. J. A. Hobson—now an obsolete back-number—and Mr. J. R. MacDonald, intellectually Mr. Hobson's inferior but his superior in political cunning. Mr. J. A. Hobson stands completely committed to the principle of obligatory arbitration, in the interests of "the people," and Mr. J. R. MacDonald, in his last poppycock speech, also joined himself to the new school. Let the old gentleman, with his head whilst "the public" speaks its will through the harmonious voices of the Mansion House, the "Daily Mail," Mr. J. R. MacDonald, the "Daily News," Mr. J. A. Hobson, the "Daily Express," Mr. Birrell, the "Times," and Sir John Simon, the voice of the oracle is the voice of God.

We regret (for the sake of our circulation) that we cannot worship at the shrine of this fantastic god. Let me consider what this implies. The term is, of course, a variation of Mr. Balfour's special client, "the man in the street," who in his turn is a variation of Lord Palmerston's "old gentleman, with a white top-hat, going to business in a bus." This old gentleman is doubtless well-intentioned but he hates to be inconvenienced. He strongly objects
whine because the miners insist upon a more adequate return for their labour is too ludicrous for serious consideration. During the past fifteen years rents and profits have increased by 22½ per cent., whilst real wages have fallen by 7 per cent. The case not only for a minimum but for a greatly increased wage is overwhelming.

We are under no delusions as to the real attitude of this Press-created public. It is always against the worker. The articulate public makes that tolerably plain both in the Labour, Liberal, and Tory Press. The inarticulate public may be divided into two classes: the inefficient, who are content to live and die on the lowest subsistence level—these deserve all they get—and the efficient, who, warmly espousing the cause of the strikers, provide as best they may against the loss and inconvenience inevitable in the circumstances. But the public, so beloved by the MacDonalds and J. A. Hobsons, is but Palmerston's old gentleman in a top-hat, ponderous, apoplectic, choleric, and completely dominated by class-hatred of the working-classes. If the genuine (as distinct from the political) labour leaders yield to the clamour of this biased and artificial public, they will be very foolish. Worse; they will betray that section of the community whose welfare is worth wholehearted devotion.

China.

By Colonel W. G. Simpson.

ACCUSTOMED as we should be to our inartistic attempts to outline the shadows of coming events, the Revolution in China should cause but little astonishment. However, historical prophets differ from Cassandra in that they always prophesy wrongly and are often believed; and to several nations the fall of the Ta-Chings comes as a surprise. Of these Japan is probably the most concerned at the probable upsetting of plans which are to her all-important. She sees her neighbour struggling in a way that shows plainly there is life in the old dog yet, and that, after a condition-pill, his coat may become as glossy as ever and his appetite stimulated to the prejudice of his hungry companions. It is doubtless very true, as Baron Suyematsu has told us, that Japan does not want to "amalgamate with China" and so bring about a general menace to the rest of the world. Quite so. Japan may and probably would like to remain the tutor of China, but she fears too greatly her potential strength to form over-binding ties with her; for if any nation has a history of overwhelming populations it is China. Japan's hands are tied by the necessity of basking in the approving smiles of Europe for several years to come; and by the time she can reconsider her position three years hence she will find the Panama Canal open and the situation in the Far East far more difficult for her to dominate. She may even have counted on having until 1923, when the Port Arthur lease expires, to quietly arrange the affairs of China, and long before that time her crushing expenditure on armaments should have placed her in a position to argue loudly and weightily should the necessity have arisen.

The United States, too, must regard with some apprehension the changing conditions that are beginning to appear. Her face may, indeed, be now turned towards the Pacific, as Bancroft says; but she is not yet ready to use much more than moral persuasion there, and her hold upon the islands towards which already a yellow tide is flowing is not yet firm enough to encourage a wise feeling of security.

Russia would doubtless have preferred a considerably longer time in which to grip the magnificent areas north of China before an awakening people content with her for the honour of protecting their race should have been organised. And are the British prepared? Would not the Australians have been glad of a longer time in which to deal with the difficult question of populating the districts north of the Tropic of Capricorn? Apparently
they have hardly yet seen the danger of treating the question with the peremptory touch.

Fortunately, it seems at present as if the Powers were sufficiently impressed to act in agreement. But then they so often commence thus and so often fall out and allow honest China to come by her own.

For whatever effect the Revolution may have upon China it will depend largely of her progress to a run. It will stimulate her as unrest often stimulates. And the United States of China will be in danger of being a curse at home and abroad until they can 'find themselves.' It would be better could a Son of Heaven be lent to transform Pencil which might trace decrees assented to more readily by a people unaccustomed to and still unfit for judicious criticism of Government. However, the Empire is fortunate in having, whether as President or whether as Prime Minister, such a strong man as Yuan Shi Kai to guide it, the more so as he is a true Chinese and so more likely to be in sympathy with the national mind. It is of good omen that he comes from Honan, famous in ancient history and frequent mother of intellectuals. There is, of course, still plenty of room in China; but this cannot be portioned out by rule. The surplus will flow whither it lists and in the line of least resistance. The white races of Siberia, although names are but little known to foreigners. Great rulers, great soldiers, great Ministers. They have administered wisely according to their lights, they have fallen gallantly; they have died rather than deny their principles; and the probability of their success is not uncertain.

But the really incalculable influence of China lies in her growing population. It must spread. Nothing can stop it. Baron Suyematsu says that he thinks this has no political significance. It has.

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It is a mistake, moreover, to despise the military qualities of the Chinese, for they have shown in hundreds of campaigns a tenacity and capability that until recently has been unexpected throughout the world. They have marched to the Caspian, into Nepal, over the deserts. They have sailed their war-junks past Ceylon. Their men are admired as soldiers by all those who, even in our own time, have seen them properly led. And they are always optimistic, even after reverses.

It is wise to remember the potent influence of ancestors upon a people. The fact that they have shown themselves incapable in many ways for some generations, does not necessarily mean that they are exhausted. He who thinks so let him go and see them with open eyes! The evolution of a race is determined more by its climate. Northern Australia, always trying to a white race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up. And there can be no hold on land so fast, so likely to be permanent, as that race, will not burn them up.
Some Anglo-Indian Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

The leader of this group is always to be known by his intensely anti-Oriental affectations. You will not find school or college his hallmark; he is the Consulship of Plancus, say, by way of putting it a little less vaguely, anything between fifteen or, great heavens! can it be now upwards of twenty years? During this interval you have lost sight of him, but he has done good work, and it seems to be found, looking after her boy at Sandhurst or other family business, while her husband, with sword or pen at the other end of the world, is toiling night and day to strengthen some loose bricks in the fabric of our Eastern Empire. Pleasant enough all this for rattle little Mrs. Golightly and her tribe, but when some change of the social tide suddenly comes and, returning to England, she has to depend for her living chiefly upon her industry or her wits, the Anglo-Indian swell is never known to have received her social experience and training not altogether in a school little calculated to turn out not only dutiful mothers or capable managers, but even decently-bred, however well-born, women.

Mr. John Robinson, M.P.

By S. G. Hobson.

[REPRINTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE “PUDDLEBOROUGH CITIZEN.”]

The remarkable speech delivered by Mr. John Robinson, the well-known and highly-respected labour member for Puddleborough, on Monday, brings him to the very forefront of British politics an impressive personality. A man of rugged honesty, of direct speech, penetrated with the spirit and even the language of the Bible, the great book that has made England what it is—Mr. Robinson is now on the verge of succession to the chairmanship of the Labour Party. He is not, of course, a cultured man in the sense of the word in vogue in Oxford and Cambridge; he is innocent of Latin and Greek; French and German he has, of course, heard at various international conferences. He recently confided to me that whilst he had the utmost respect and sympathy for his Continental comrades, he greatly preferred the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton and the “Daily News.” Under a little pressure he admitted that probably the superior capacity of Englishmen was due to their language. “You see,” he said, “English lends itself wonderfully to the exact expression of what a man wants to say, whilst I have often been struck with the difficulty that French and German comrades must necessarily encounter when engaged on the platform.” I hasten to explain that these words were not uttered in any spirit of Anglo-Saxon superiority. The tone was one of genuine sympathy for less fortunate men. Mr. Robinson seemed conscious of some possible misunderstanding on this point. “Don’t mistake my meaning,” he added, “but it is difficult to put it accurately. Perhaps you will gather what I am driving at if I put it in practical form. It is only those who speak English who could possibly have founded the I.L.P.” And yet I know how the other half lives—and, I would humbly add, what the other half thinks. The “flannelled fools” and “muddied oafs,” who come down from Oxford and Cambridge (what a flood of light that phrase, “come down,” throws upon the ‘Varsity mind), I can promise you simply nothing at cur quarters. But with me here to-morrow night at eight with a pal or two, and I think you will find we can do you pretty well.

This, the lady—on whom, by-the-bye, Sir Lionel Mashem is falsely said to be at this moment rather sweet—has just left us, vanishes into the Amazon—lisping ta-ta till to-morrow, vanishes into the Amazon.

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Labour cogno- secki as "Jack") is not only thoroughly familiar with the Bible (that well of English, pure and undefiled), but has read Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives," "Unto This Last," and other works of the great second prophet. When he joined the Middle- town Mutual Improvement Society, he wasn't just reading every word of Carlyle's "Past and Present," and subsequently gave a lecture upon "Carllye's Message to the World." In this deeply-interesting utterance he frankly admitted that the sermons of the Rev. Matthew Keeling had most profoundly influenced him. There are many members of that Mutual Improvement Society who remember the thrill that passed through the audience as, with a deep chest note, he said the word "profoundly," showed that he had been cradled in the traditions of the Free Churches. Without bitterness, but with an intensity of feeling that thrilled all those who are attuned to higher things, this plain man told of his early days when Nonconformity was a butt for the scoffers and the cynic; how he had faced contumely and scorn rather than be false to the creed of his mother, that saintly woman who had gone to her premature grave, the victim of the oppression of the Established Church and all that per- nicious system stands for. Even the Bishop of St. Asaph, seated in the Peers' Gallery (himself a Noncon- formist renegade) could scarce forbear to cheer. "H. J.," the scholarly Lobby representative of the Imperial "Daily Chronicle," was struck with the same thought:— "Here was the 'dernier cri' of the downtrodden proletariat. It was the brotherly hand of the Northern Saxen extended to the Cymry, who, in the fastnesses of the Welsh hills, have bravely 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' but have ever kept flying the flag of the Dragon. Big Ben boomed midnight, and members hurried out of the House to the historic cry of 'Who gave you the right to talk about my home town that way?" I asked Mr. Lloyd George, whose eyes were twinkling with the delight and joy of dialectical victory. 'Splendid! magnificent! Now, really, what else can I say? Only this: it shows that the great heart of the Democracy throbs nobly to the Government's policy of Liberalism.' With that, the Chancellor of the Exchequer joined a group of his admirers, and was at once the merriest and wittiest grig amongst them. More measured, but not less emphatic, was the verdict of the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian":— "Mr. Robinson is a skilled negotiator in trade union disputes. He knows as much as any man living about wages and conditions of labour. Is it his business to help them, or his to-night clearly demonstrated that in matters touching the soul and religious beliefs the working- classes are the true inheritors of the Protestant tradi- tion."

It would be sheer affectation on the part of our worthy M.P. to pretend that he is not pleased and even deeply touched by the friendly reception extended to his great speech on Welsh Disestablishment. "Yes," he said to me, "I was sorry to hear some of the things it is his business to help them, or his to

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set you free), these Social Democrats are at bottom enemies of religion. Take away our religion and where are we? It means chaos and anarchy. Besides, is it wise to antagonise our Nonconformist friends? Where serpents and harmless as doves. And what is true of (set you free), these Social Democrats are at bottom sepulchre. Depend upon it, nothing is gained by going they ought to be. That's a very difficult problem—very difficult. But do we make the best of our wages? Look at our drink bill and the wicked gambling that goes on. No, it's a very difficult problem. Suppose we get higher wages. Should we really be any better off? I don't say I'm satisfied. Far from it. These Social Democrats always talk as if employers were unworthy of consideration. Let them come here for a session and listen to our problems. I meet many employers here, and I give you my word they are wonderfully sympathetic. Let us have a better understanding between employers and workmen—that's good business and good Christianity—but I'm not in favour of taxes topay-tvy.

I trust that next time the Tory Press denounces the Labour Party as a gang of Socialist conspirators they will bear in mind these wise words of Mr. Robinson, who has always spoken sincerely and meant every word that he said.

Our Liberal and Nonconformist friends need have no fear that as long as our present worthy M.P. sits for Puddleborough there will be any danger of the Labour Party as a gang of Socialist conspirators. We are actually asked to believe that this girl, who has been brought up in the seclusion of Victorian morality, and who is ipso facto certifiable as a person of weak character.

If we examine the parents' conduct in any light, we shall find it rests upon an untenable assumption. Parents who have brought up a barge-girl, who are not dull, defective, or morally oblique, are absolute fools. In doing so they condemn their own offsprings, they condemn themselves, they condemn Nature. They confess they have no powers of observation, and are unutterably dull and stupid. Let the mother, for instance, ask the first charming, attractive, sympathetic, good woman she meets whether men, and even parents, do not make a great mistake in imputing ignominies to the girl. And what of the barge-woman, and the answer will be, "Women know these intimate things quite early in life, and are protected by the knowledge of instinct."

It is amazing that two such characters should be put on the stage for the purpose of violating common sense at every turn. First in assuming that their daughter is "innocent of certain knowledge; secondly, in receiving a young girl with her notions of moral reclamation, who is "one of those feeble-minded creatures who funk all bunks, whether they're on a links or out of life." Thirdly, in needling the daughter of a barge-woman to open their eyes to the importance of warning their daugh ters were, that this barge-girl has been seduced and deserted. She is brought on to strengthen the case for the parents-tell-your-daughters-everything party. We are actually asked to believe that this girl who has been brought up in a circle where the sex problem is no problem, among a class of people who have little or no respect for the "decencies" of higher classes of society, that she who is, indeed, in the peculiar position of savages for observing the facts and acquiring our knowledge of the relationship of sex with sex, has learnt nothing, or is an imbecile like the parson's daughter. We have to submit to listen to such ideal gabble from her lips as, it's the muvers and farmers who are to blame.

After this scene one is prepared for any sheer non-sense. It arrives in the assumption that an intelligent girl is so "innocent" that she does not know it is a great break of womanly modesty to enter a man's bedroom late at night, dressed only in a Japanese dressing-gown. She is not in revolt against convention, having bullied everybody, and finding the girl alone to blame for the situation, pairs her off with the man to whom a few minutes previously he attributed the worst possible intentions. And this before he and his wife had properly instructed Effie, who he believes is just "as ignorant as the barge-girl was, and who may have just as strong a maternal instinct without knowing why, and where it leads." Poor Effie, however will she acquire these primitive facts of sex?

The only way to treat a subject of this kind would be to let the girl take the centre of the stage and argue. Shaw-fashion, that she is the only intelligent person in the piece, and accordingly the only person entitled to be in the bedroom. The proper place for the other characters is in the county asylum. As it stands, "The Innocence of Virtue" is the song of barkeeper eh that ought to be censored.

Mr. Frank Palmer will publish about the end of March a rewritten version of "Letters from Abroad," under the title of "The New Spirit in Drama and Art." The book will contain a great deal of additional matter, as well as a large number of illustrations, coloured and other. It will, I hope, pioneer a form of literature intended to be employed by that experimental method of the newly-related forms of art in decoration and the theatre, and thus serve to promote the tremendous movement sweeping over Europe.
Kant and Nietzsche.

By Professor A. Messer, of Giessen University.

(Translated from the “Frankfurter Zeitung” by Paul V. Cohn.)

At the first glance it would seem as if these two thinkers stood in the sharpest contrast: but contrasts always point to affinities, even if the affinities are often concealed. In the present case the affinities are quite considerable, nay, Kant and Nietzsche may be regarded, if examined along certain fundamental aspects, as members of a single series of development.

In saying this, one has certainly no intention of minimising the difference between their personalities: Kant, the abstract thinker, the systematiser, with his dry, ponderous style, is of quite another stamp than Nietzsche, the poet-philosopher, the master of aphorism, the artist in words. Nor even can Kant be considered as a poet on the score of a few justly forgotten occasional verses. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that his pre-critical writings display for the most part a pleasing and graceful style, and that even in his critical works we find striking portraits in similes of high psychological power and true poetic inspiration.

Nietzsche, however, had verily no need to bother his brains as to whether he was, after all, a “mere poet”: for his philosophical importance is not diminished by the fact that his poetic imagery and diction make us feel vividly how profound is his penetration into the mystery of the world.

There is, indeed, no gainsaying this: that the more Nietzsche is a poet, the less inclined is the philosophical “specialist” to take him seriously as a philosopher. For a philosopher, you know, must form a system. Yet even the aphorism may spring from systematic thinking: and Nietzsche’s posthumous writings show that he successfully strove after a systematic shaping of his thoughts.

But let us leave on one side the manner of thought and presentment: the important things in a philosopher are, above all, the problems with which he is occupied. And it is just the problems that form a connecting link between Kant and Nietzsche, even if Nietzsche’s answer to the great questions of humanity generally sound altogether different from those of Kant. He simply trod further boldly and vigorously upon the path which Kant struck hesitatingly after a long wrestle with the old order.

God, Freedom and Immortality are for Kant the three great objects of metaphysics. He seemed to his age the “all-destroyer,” because he unmasked the metaphysics of that age which treated these objects by means of “pure” hypothetical universals. In spite of his keen criticism, he remained true to the old convictions that God, Freedom and Immortality have a real existence. Only, he limits human cognition to this world, and does not pretend to the infinity of the hereafter. And it is just in this respect that Nietzsche decidedly went beyond him. To him that “back-world” of faith is a cobweb of the brain, a nothing: “God is dead.” True, this gospel was not new, but why does Nietzsche foist his way so much upon our minds so deeply into our souls? The reason is that he does not proclaim it scornfully and triumphantly like the majority of atheists before him and after him—on the contrary, we feel in him the after-sorrow at the death of God, and the profundity of his feeling of the loss therein suffered by the greater part of mankind. Moreover, he is at pains to replace what has been lost. To the Christian—and Kant also is a Christian—this world appeared to have value only as a preparation for the next, for eternity, where all is perfection. Nietzsche, however, proclaims that even this world, the only one that exists, has its eternity and its perfection, for everything “eternally recurs,” and the march of the world goes upwards to the perfections and pillars of eternity. Thus he tries to restore to this world its lost equilibrium.

Towards the problem of freedom and immortality, as towards that of God, Kant, who to his period seemed a bold innovator, appears from Nietzsche’s standpoint as a cautious conservative. True, even Kant cannot deny the fact, which we must lay down as an axiom of knowledge, that every event, and accordingly every act of the human will, proceeds from causative conditions, hence that determinism holds good in the world of experience. But he also wishes to save indeterminism freedom for the nature of man, so far as it is to penetrate into the hereafter, into the “intelligible.” Moreover, he bases his “postulate” of freedom, like that of immortality, upon the idea of the infinite and perfect. And suppose that we accomplish our action and efforts of will, free of all casual connection with the past, and that all will be well with the virtuous, in the next world at least, if not in this.

Nietzsche’s doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence is based, of course, upon a strict determinism. An “intelligible” freedom does not, however, exist for him: in his eyes the “intelligible” world would be the back-world. But from determinism he does not conclude (as so many have done) that we are to fold our hands over our lap in a fatalistic spirit. The theory that all volition has its causes is only one side of the deterministic teaching; the other, more important for practical purposes, is that it also has its effects, and those, too, all the more weighty in proportion to its power and durability. Thus, even for the determinist, the “morally free” man, who has overcome in himself the coercion of the lower impulses, has the world, to be sure, as the highest goal and aspiration. But the path there to is his will. That is why Nietzsche’s teaching of the freedom of the will runs: “Willing sets free.”

Just as he exposes indeterminist freedom, for which Kant would at least, like his predecessors, have said the “intelligible,” so he overthrows the idea of reward and punishment, the ethical value of which is for Kant still something indubitable and taken for granted. Nietzsche no longer needs compensation in the next world, for “he does not look towards happiness, he looks towards his work.”

Here we enter the domain of ethics. In this case, too, it must not be forgotten that Kant proclaimed the moral independence of the individual, complete autonomy, as the highest of values. But to a certain extent he has only reached the second stage in that typical scale of values, which is described in Thus Spake Zarathustra,” in the chapter of the three transformations. He is no longer the “beast of burden” spirit, who, like the camel, bows reverently to alien commands; he has fought for his freedom like the lion. But he has not yet become once more “a little child” that creates new values. Kant still has no heart-felt joy in his “autonomy”; morality is still a command that is echoed to us from the old metaphysics. Nietzsche is the first to regard it as the profoundest individual exercise of the will. With a certain pseudo-scientific ingenuity, in spite of his keen criticism, he remained true to the old convictions that God, Freedom and Immortality have a real existence. Only, he limits human cognition to this world, and does not pretend to the infinity of the hereafter. And it is just in this respect that Nietzsche decidedly went beyond him. To him that “back-world” of faith is a cobweb of the brain, a nothing: “God is dead.” True, this gospel was not new, but why does Nietzsche foist his way so much upon our minds so deeply into our souls? The reason is that he does not proclaim it scornfully and triumphantly like the majority of atheists before him and after him—on the contrary, we feel in him the after-sorrow at the death of God, and the profundity of his feeling of the loss therein suffered by the greater part of mankind. Moreover, he is at pains to replace what has been lost. To the Christian—and Kant also is a Christian—this world appeared to have value only as a preparation for the next, for eternity, where all is perfection. Nietzsche, however, proclaims that even this world, the only one that exists, has its eternity and its perfection, for everything “eternally recurs,” and the march of the world goes upwards to the perfections and pillars of eternity. Thus he tries to restore to this world its lost equilibrium.

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SAN MARCO.
The Heart of an English Maid.

By A. M. Ludovici.

Her mind is old, her hopes are young;
Her fingers beat with youthful blood.
Hot secrets lie upon her tongue,
Washed back by cold convention's flood.

Her schoolboy faces her and gasps.
This British Eve of nineteen years
Bewilders him when first he clasps
Her hand 'twixt fingers stiff with fears.

He meets her at a party, or.
Perhaps, a Cinderella dance.
Washed back by cold convention's flood.
Hot secrets lie upon her tongue,

But hope was not entirely dead,
She thought, and shed a pious tear;
For had not her young lover said
That they'd be married in a year?

Who would not be an angel then,
With vacant smiles and soulful eyes,
Provided that one knew just when
One might throw off the drear disguise?

Twelve months was not so long to wait;
She'd be nineteen, with years of life
Before her yet, in which to fête
The fact that she'd become a wife.

He saw how fond she was of him;
He felt how fondly she was thought;
He doubted if her love were true.

He saw her match him—she was young,
And never failed to take the lead
And lofty thoughts to mould her mind,
He gave her noble books to read
And considered him as her light.

In dreams beyond her heart's control.
She saw that she was changed;
She saw that she was altered,
Her marriage day approached apace;
Her heart beat high; her breath came quick,
With vacant smiles and soulful eyes.

The tale of your Mock-Paradise.
But hope was not entirely dead,
She thought, and shed a pious tear;
For had not her young lover said
That they'd be married in a year?

Who would not be an angel then,
With vacant smiles and soulful eyes,
Provided that one knew just when
One might throw off the drear disguise?

Twelve months was not so long to wait;
She'd be nineteen, with years of life
Before her yet, in which to fête
The fact that she'd become a wife.

" So for the nonce, let angels be!
Let conscience reign," the virgin sings;
" For he will shortly marry me
And then farewell to all these things."

" Farewell, farewell, for aye farewell,
To angel's looks and angel's wings!
For soon I'll hear my marriage bell,
Etcetera," the virgin sings.

Her marriage day approached apace;
Her heart beat high; her breath came quick,
And oh, the glory of her face
Would have inspired a heretic!

At last it came, the fateful date—
But, Juno, hide your cruel eyes!
While I continue to relate
The tale of your Mock-Paradise.

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Her heart beat high; her breath came quick,
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The tale of your Mock-Paradise.
George Borrow and His New Biographer.

By T. W. Thompson.

Owing to the tremendous difficulties which he sets himself to overcome, every biography of George Borrow must be prepared to accept failure, partial or complete, as the most probable result of his labours. When Mr. Murray published Dr. W. I. Knapp's official life some thirteen years ago disappointment was the dominant note of the public and private criticisms that the book evoked. It was the result of half a lifetime's loving and careful research, and did, indeed, supply us with a tolerably good, but still imperfect, skeleton of facts. What remained for Mr. Herbert Jenkins, the author of the new "Life of George Borrow,"* to do was to perfect this skeleton and to clothe it with flesh and blood.

It was fortunate for Mr. Jenkins that Borrow's letters to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which had been mislaid when Dr. Knapp wrote, were available, but it is unfortunate for the financial success of his book that they were given to the world a few months ago, for thus much of what would otherwise have been new material is as stale as yesterday's newspaper. These letters, together with some important gleanings from the Record Office and extracts from "The Bible in Europe" and "The Bible in Spain," the latter published Official Documents, His Works, Correspondence, etc. By Herbert Jenkins. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

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his own undertaking so as to put his pious employers in the wrong. Now the thing that impresses the author is the "simple manliness and restrained dignity of his justification." That Mr. Jenkins had made a careful comparative study of "The Bible in Spain," the Bible Society letters, and the private letters and official documents, pointing out exactly where, and not so much where as as when they differed, has justified him more than justified its existence. But his researches in this direction go little further than the noting of a general substantial agreement and the indicating of a few discrepancies in dates.

Mr. Jenkins is profoundly impressed by Borrow's ability in his official capacity, and harks upon his "astonishing aptitude for affairs," his "diplomatic resourcefulness," his "grave and deliberate caution." He does not seem to realise the fact that Borrow was repeatedly failing to live up to this high standard of politic behaviour, just as he was always forgetting to write his official letters in the unctuous idiom of Earl Street. We are told that he consulted with Gypsies (the Spanish Gypsies of that), and so gained an evil reputation that he invited; that he boldly painted on the window of his Bible shop in Madrid the offensive words, "Depôt of the London Bible Society for the sale of Bibles"; that he plastered the streets with tricolour advertisements in yellow and blue and crimson; that the Spanish took hold of the police agent, who called on him shortly afterwards, and led him by the arm down three flights of steps and showed him into the street; that he refused to quit Madrid gaol until Spain had publicly begged his pardon for wrongful detention, and displayed "diplomatic behaviour" meanwhile that if they attempted to eject him he would resist with all his bodily strength; that he deliberately defied the Government prohibition on the further sale of his books; and so on. These and many other kindred incidents reveal to us the ideal Borrow, a person quite incompatible with the ideal agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, though the author does not seem to think so. Such incidents ought to have been duly emphasised, and not those that display "diplomatic resourcefulness" and the rest of its tribe. It would have been sufficient merely to call attention to these latter as definitely proving that Borrow was not quite so utterly deficient in prudence, tact, and diplomacy as some people supposed. As far as these qualities were concerned he could, no doubt, give points to his unpaid colleague, Lieutenant Graydon, though the difference between the two was one of degree only. Mr. Jenkins, in his desire to justify his subject, has nothing but praise for Borrow as a Bible Society agent and nothing but condemnation for Graydon, though the latter distributed many more Bibles and Testaments in a much shorter time. But, thanks be to all the Gods, Borrow was neither an ideal agent of a Bible Society nor an ideal missionary," as Mr. Jenkins would have us believe he was.

The question naturally arises: Who is more than half of a biography of Borrow devoted to those seven years (1833-1840) that he spent in Russia, Portugal, and Spain? The obvious justification is the large amount of new material; but judging from his preface, the biographer's is that they were the happiest years in Borrow's life. Presumably he supposed with happiness—why, is inconceivable. If one period of Borrow's life ought to have been treated more fully than another, then, surely, it was those early years (frequently unhappy, no doubt) when he was wandering about and forming the acquaintance of Gypsies and "bruisers" and all kinds of odd people met by the way-side; when he was acquiring his knowledge of horse-flesh and strange tongues; when, with the bitter agony of a proud spirit, he was stubby but, in the end, fit to adapt, not himself to the universe, but the universe to himself," and to earn his daily bread at the same time. These were the years that, rather than any other, made Borrow into the strange, lovely, fascinating man that we把他 acclaim. Mr. Jenkins's research, then, is scanty, though, had he only realised their importance, this would have been more or less excusable, seeing how little we know about them from sources other than...
"Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye." To decide how much of these books to accept as actual fact, and when, where, and exactly how much to discount for colouring and heightening and other dramatic effects, is a task that still awaits accomplishment. There can be little doubt that the author is right in his main generalisation that the imaginative Borrow attaches to the material of his adventures in foreign travel is not entirely a myth, but its extent has not been too long dependent on an excellent mother. Mr. Jenkins is on foreign travel is not entirely a myth, but its extent has exaggerated.

The remainder of the book calls for little comment. The author's treatment of Borrow's early literary struggles and of the "veiled period" is, if anything, more satisfying than that of later life. The writing of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are Borrow's own. "Incidents! What are they? The straw with which the bricks of personality are made."

There is nothing very new in these generalisations; no new fields for research have been explored. To go into detail that Borrow's road-side adventures and companions, though these ought to occupy the most prominent place in a "definitive" life. Whenever he does venture to tell us anything about such matters he generally makes himself ludicrous. Take, for instance, the scrap of MS. in which Mrs. Petulengro, describing of a "little pleasant company," urges her husband to take another wife, to which Jasper adds that Bess (Isopel Berners) would do excellently, her "blood gorgious" and her "gentility" being beyond question, her usefulness likewise should the Flaming Tinman of "the Apollo of the Romans." Between Piramus Gray, who used to play tunes of his own composing, and who was a good shot and a better fighter and "a certain majesty, arouses an intense sympathy with itself and an equally intense hatred of the rest of the world. But what purpose is served by the attempt to "defend" Borrow from his puny and spirited detractor, Miss Cobb (Isopel Berners) would do excellently, her "blood gorgious" and her "gentility" being beyond question, her usefulness likewise should the Flaming Tinman (the rest is too indelicate to print in The New Age)." It seems probable, however, that the greater part of this period was spent in England and not in foreign travel. Mr. Jenkins is on foreign travel is not entirely a myth, but its extent has exaggerated.

The marriage with Mrs. Clarke no new light is shed; nor do we know very much of this event as a result of Mr. Jenkins's researches, though he has assiduously collected material from all kinds of odd printed sources. After his return from Spain, Borrow was no longer the "nice" old man that would have resulted from an administration of the poison which the Gypsies used for killing other people. It would seem, from internal and external evidence, that Borrow not only modified the character and characteristics of his Gypsy companions, but that he frequently combined in one person what the former are mostly commonplace, the latter devoid of any proper system of classification. Misprints are few and the paper and type excellent.
REVIEWS.

Voce Clamantis. By Numa Minimus. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

The author of this book is truly "a voice crying in the wilderness." We are threatened with an extension of the franchise to practically every man and woman in the country, the political consequence of which will be an increased agitation among the third party feeling. Numa Minimus adopts and maintains the academic attitude, and these essays expound what would be called, at election time, the philosophy of the mugwump. He agrees with everybody, and everybody will disagree with him. For he makes all the political combinations which are supposed to inspire the conflict of parties are not at war with each other—that aristocracy and democracy, Socialism and individualism, liberty and order and the rest are not contradictory, but complementary. "It is not a body of doctrines that I have to teach," he says in his preface, "but an attitude of mind that I endeavour to recommend." That attitude, of course, is the reasonable one. To men fighting for a fetish or a thesis he says: "Be ye reconciled one to another." The difficulty of maintaining this attitude is manifest, and the author confesses that "to preserve this academic attitude I have found it necessary to avoid all topics of current party interest. No discussion will be found in these pages on Tariff Reform, Home Rule, the veto of the House of Lords, the reform of the House of Lords; and even practical schemes of social reform are ruled out." It is a pity that the author so decided, for it destroys the political value of his book.

Mr. Horsburgh says: "The men to be reconciled in reasonable circumstances are at best a work of supererogation; what we need is that the reasonable course should be shown clearly in those matters where we are likely to miss it. If reason cannot show where everybody is right, it should show where everybody is wrong, and as politics is the art of doing the right thing in the wrong way, reason itself is forced to adopt the party attitude in politics. In the case of Home Rule, the party politician excludes the academic thinker. "Liberty," cry the Irishmen. "Union," cry the Tories. "Both," says Mr. Asquith; "Sovereignty of the British Parliament reconciles you to each other." The academic attitude says: "No discussion of Home Rule, or I shall be destroyed"; and is passively opposed to the problem and its solution, as the essayists are without interest because they lack political value, and they certainly force terms to stand and define themselves. That the terms are seldom positively expressed, but are implied in a detailed argument, is a pity; the essayists as politicians are not a body of doctrines that I have to teach, but an attitude of mind that I endeavour to recommend.

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This is a new and much enlarged edition of a book that was first published ten years ago. It is based upon much new research and corrects Villari on many points. Mr. Horsburgh says: "The men to be reconciled in reasonable circumstances are at best a work of supererogation; what we need is that the reasonable course should be shown clearly in those matters where we are likely to miss it. If reason cannot show where everybody is right, it should show where everybody is wrong, and as politics is the art of doing the right thing in the wrong way, reason itself is forced to adopt the party attitude in politics. In the case of Home Rule, the party politician excludes the academic thinker. "Liberty," cry the Irishmen. "Union," cry the Tories. "Both," says Mr. Asquith; "Sovereignty of the British Parliament reconciles you to each other." The academic attitude says: "No discussion of Home Rule, or I shall be destroyed"; and is passively opposed to the problem and its solution, as the essayists are without interest because they lack political value, and they certainly force terms to stand and define themselves. That the terms are seldom positively expressed, but are implied in a detailed argument, is a pity; the essayists as politicians are not a body of doctrines that I have to teach, but an attitude of mind that I endeavour to recommend.

Mr. Tibbits is for reforming our divorce laws. And Mr. Plowden, who introduces Mr. Tibbits, approves of his "putting before the public, tersely and emphatically, the pros and cons of a point which perhaps more than any other, affects the morale and happiness of the entire community." Thus encouraged, the author overhauls the various aspects of the divorce question, and by the time he has finished contrives to make the law look uncommonly like an ass. He also establishes the divorce laws in a comparative light, making them appear very unfavourably in contrast with those of other European countries. In all this Mr. Tibbits is not concerned with any plan of reform, or grounds of divorce, from a personal point of view. His aim is rather to point to the one pressing need, that of reform, by heap-
desired to obtain information concerning every person unemployed in York on a certain day of the year, so they requisitioned the services of sixty investigators. These, armed with inquiry schedules, went to each unemployed individual in York and got from him or her the truth, as far as possible, of position and circumstances. J is unemployed; why is he unemployed? What is the general effect on him and his family? All the wide facts comprised within this briefly-stated compass were collected and verified so far as it is possible to do so. The result is a volume affording a survey of unemployment—its economic cause and cure—from the point of view of York. A social survey undertaken on these lines has the weakness of its method. In the first place it is extremely difficult to arrive at a working definition of the subject to be investigated. And not much can be said for the one adopted in the present instance, which is as follows:—"A person is unemployed who is seeking work, but unable to find any suited to his capacities, and under conditions which are reasonable, judged by local standards." This lets in a number of persons who are not to be considered seriously. Then there is the question of the ignorance, obstinacy, general unreliability of witnesses, as they are often not in a frame of mind to give the kind of data this volume asks for. The result is a volume affording a survey of unemployment—its economic cause and cure—from the point of view of York. A social survey undertaken on these lines has the weakness of its method. In the first place it is extremely difficult to arrive at a working definition of the subject to be investigated. And not much can be said for the one adopted in the present instance, which is as follows:—"A person is unemployed who is seeking work, but unable to find any suited to his capacities, and under conditions which are reasonable, judged by local standards."

"Another objection may be raised that the inquiry is a purely economic one. The inquiry schedule does not include one biological question which has great bearing on the question of unemployment is ignored. Further objection may be put this way. Does this method of observing and recording a certain aspect of society enable us to reach conclusions of more than momentary value? Of what use is it to other towns and cities where conditions of unemployment are determined by influences altogether different from those of York, and under which conditions the unemployed of York might be no longer unemployed? Of what use is it to the future, seeing that the future will arrive escorted by social changes and events which no amount of knowledge will allow us to predict? A survey of this kind has no value beyond that of a class of careful statistical record initiated by Sir Charles Booth and undertaken by investigators who have a well-assured reputation for this sort of sociological investigation.

Stories In Grey. By Barry Pain. (Werner Laurie. 6s.) Anyone who is curious to know how this little bundle of grey stories came into existence may find an explanation in "The Autobiography of an Idea." It seems, according to this explanation, that literary ideas have the bad habit of wandering about asking to be born, and, apparently, it is of no importance in whom they are born. The idea under consideration is a humorous idea. In its own words: "I am the newest, the most delicious, the most inevitably humorous idea that ever has been or will be. The bare thought of me brings a deep satisfaction right away down to the very bottom of one's appreciations." We do not know how exactly where "the pit of one's appreciations" is, but we should imagine that it lies nearer the stomach than the head. But no matter. The above idea has no value beyond that of a class of careful statistical record initiated by Sir Charles Booth and undertaken by investigators who have a well-assured reputation for this sort of sociological investigation.

Dame Verona of the Angels. By Annie E. Holdsworth. (Methuen. 6s.) This is another novel in the making of which the author appears to have used a lot of childlike twaddle. The author is not an artist. She writes rather in the manner of a sentimental young miss at a boarding school, and her subject is up to the same standard. We append some samples of her weepy washings. "She is small and dark and vivid, too—one of the uncanny sort. This is Verona, who finds "a sound of wind and sunlight and God in a Catholic church, and is off one or two opinions. One is: "A saint is a saint because he wants to sin and doesn't," which is not bad for one who is bursting to make the acquaintance of saints and angels and other strange persons given to tooting on all sorts of funny instruments. She states her real intentions in so many words. "I am going to be a nun, like Miss Camilla's great-aunt, and I am going to paint pictures of saints, like Miss Camilla, and wear mortifying habits all my life."

Michael. By Evelyn Barber. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.) Michael is not a great epoch-making character, as will be seen by the following extracts which we take from this inspir'd book: "He was exactly six feet in height, with square shoulders and long legs, and he had reached the age of twenty-five with very little trouble either to himself or to his friends." How did he manage it? "He kept faithfully within his allowance at the small college to which he was sent, and in his vacations Rebecca (his ancient half-sister) and he took little holidays together." After practising private economies with his half-sister Rebecca for a number of years, he parted and went on a tour, and the tour which the Half-sister Rebecca takes to the occasion. When he arrives home on the eventful day, there is Rebecca waiting to present Michael with a sealed packet. It proves to be the last letter from Michael's sweetheart, who is now perfectly at liberty to go the pace. He is given thirty-two chapters to do it in, and maintains the flabbiness of character and schoolboy literary standard set up by the chapter quoted above.

The Roll of the Seasons. By G. G. Desmond. (Swift. 6s.) "The Roll of the Seasons" has a scientific call. Armed with a great deal of bookish information, the author explains and describes Nature such as he finds in occasional excursions from London. Thus, in the chapter "Arctic", dealing with the far north, the Welsh mountain, he describes the ascent, catalogues the surrounding peaks, and provides nice slices of Welsh history. He concludes by giving the Welsh mountains a political reputation that even Lloyd George might envy. Matters of Welsh tithes, disestablishment, Westminster, crowded millions, scales and political justice are all wedged in one little final paragraph. The book, which distantly recalls White and Jeffries, forms an argument in favour of Nationalism. "There's Charles's last Saturday night, but his get-up destroys the interest of reading it. We wonder why authors who take the trouble to write decent stuff permit publishers to hand their goods out in fourpenny-halfpenny covers and sugar-paper—to publish them, in fact, in a trashy line. He is dry-rot in less than ten years after their first appearance.
Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

Those of us who care for Opera, with all its anarchisms and absurdities, are delighted at the prospect offered by the London Opera House. In face of all the advice hurled at him by the wiseacres of the West End, the genius of that house has persisted in his plan. That plan has certainly been modified to the extent of reducing his seats to ordinary theatre prices in the present (spring) season now closing. The summer will, however, see a "grand" season at operatic (Covent Garden) prices, and then a return will be made to theatre prices in the autumn and winter, with probably a series of promenade concerts in August and September at the Queen's Hall prices. All this is excellent, but the really significant thing is—as I pointed out recently—the continuance, through fair weather and foul, of the extraordinarily fine ensemble which one may find any night at the London Opera. Covent Garden, through Mr. Neil Forstythe, has been not unnaturally very angry at the praise bestowed upon the industry, Elsheimer, Jennings, and other students, in Messrs. Landon, on his merits, a subscription list which includes some of the brightest social stars in the firmament which Covent Garden had considered its own. For a day or two there was great fun when the Covent Garden manager wrote to the papers and indicated in a few pompous lines the operas over which they held the rights of production, and Mr. Hammerstein replied that he would produce whatever he liked. It is not my business to inquire who has the "right" on any particular opera, nor does it matter much; but I cannot believe that Covent Garden came out of that correspondence with dignity. Mr. Hammerstein's reference to their sonnambulism was delicious.

Every community breeds, broadly speaking, two sorts of people: those who standardise their ethics from within a quarter-mile radius of the parish pump, like the Orangemen of Belfast and Portadown (where His Holiness the Pope has a bad name), and those who don't. Musical art in England, like any art in any country, is beset with these two sorts of people. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford has clearly indicated his latest literary achievement with one arm round the village pump, and the other on the composition of music, but between every line one may read the embittered comments of an artist on those modern developments which he had just not enough genius to pioneer himself nor the temperament to follow.

The author is highly skilled in his craft, probably the most skilled academican we have to-day. And that is the pathetic part of it. His book is a protest against any kind of mediocrity whatever. He leaves off at Wagner, who died thirty years ago, and as a concession mentions once or twice César Franck, who was a sort of ecclesiastical Beethoven with a sneaking likeness for the figures in a bogus balance-sheet and presumably, a heavy arm round the village pump, like the figures in a bogus balance-sheet. But it is in the variations that the composer fails most. This was written for the centenary celebrations of the Royal College of Music, I'd certainly let the inventively-minded student know his Mozart thoroughly, but I'd let him, when he knew his pot-hooks and could write eight-part fugues, modulate with every beat of the bar if he liked. I'd put the so-called "common" and "duple" and "triple" and "compound" measures on the index for three years, and I'd let him be as irrelevant as Rabelais. The student might then write a string quartet worthy of the days when England was first among musical nations.

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Following the publication of his book, Sir Charles Stanford has had his Philharmonic Symphony performed. This was written for the centenary celebrations of the Philharmonic Society now in its hundredth year. It, like his book, is a protest. But it is much more genial in every way. Sir Charles has never written music that is likely to move one very deeply, nor does this—his seventh—symphony. In length it corresponds to the Mozart symphonies, taking only about twenty-five minutes in performance. It is workmanship of impeccable and the spirit it breathes is what is usually called healthy. The Menuetto and Scherzo movement is stimulating, rhythmically suggestive of Ballet-music; and the theme of the last movement (variations) is good.

But it is in the variations that the composer fails most notably. In his "Musical Composition" one of the most eloquent passages is upon the subject of variations, and, indeed, it is the most illuminating chapter in the treatise. His variations in this Symphony are like the figures in a bogus balance-sheet; they fit beautifully; when they come, however, to the final test of performance they dwindle into something rather dismal and uncomfortable. On paper, they look most encouraging, but their real value is anything but pleasant hearing.

And this Symphony, and the variations in the last movement especially, sum up Stanford. Up to a certain point his work can be cheerful, but never deeply moving; it can be slick and clever, or, as the "Daily Telegraph" pointed out the other day, cunning. But imaginatively it certainly is not, nor is it ever full-blooded or vulgar, which might give it some excuse to live. In the last analysis it is—I speak strictly of the more "important" works—at its best on paper.

People who care for loud gossip about theatre orchestras and pantomimes, comic opera producing, and "command" performances, the foibles of stage managers, librettists, composers, scene-painters, and so
on, will read the reminiscences of Mr. James Glover of Drury Lane with amusement. The author has apparently been on terms of intimacy with everybody during his long career from H.R.H. downwards to the lowest depths of dramatic and musical criticism, and so he has been encouraged to extol his magnanimous opus "Jimmy Glover: His Book." Those of us who don’t know him personally, are, of course, a little out of it, and cannot always share his ecstasy when he recounts some long-forgotten incident. But Mr. Glover, whose pen does not always inscribe the purest English—his father was a Fenian—has the gift of making a really long story seem short by dividing it into a series of entertaining incidents; the whole book, indeed, is rather like a succession of smoke-room yarns and, like smoke-room yarns, told with a sort of confidential wink. Many of the stories are excellent.

The Chamber Concerts of Mr. Thomas Dunhill do not seem, so far, to have been productive of much really good work. Mr. Dunhill’s "Sea Fairies" is a composition that should never be performed outside a village Band of Hope. Frank Bridge’s Phantasy for string-quartet is better than anything that vivacious composer has yet written; it has the best and worst qualities of South Kensington within its pages and one cannot therefore say anything very enthusiastic about it.

Mr. Holbrooke’s music (without words) to "The Raven" of Edgar Allan Poe, is one of the most important things that impossible composer has yet presented to a patient world. At a recent London Symphony Orchestra concert this, the revised version, was played under the composer’s direction, and showed the one thing its composer has hitherto lacked, namely, self-criticism. If he were always as wise as he has been in this case, and revised his work carefully, we might begin to consider the name of Joseph Holbrooke more seriously. The stage of the London Opera House (where it was also performed on Sunday last) is, by the way, not the best platform upon which to produce an important orchestral work. The proscenium arch acts as a sort of sensor and one misses just those things one wants most to hear.

Pastiche.

THE SOLIOQUY.

If nothing happens between now and then I’m a drowned man. If something happens I shall step of this surmounted rocks into the arms of—who? into nobody's arms—but up there, up the beach on to the dry parade. How everyone will cheer! Each hill, each gentle beast and bird, as Milton says, will "sing to me, my harp:—trustingly!—on escape from a watery grave."

Two minutes ago the tide had not touched with its flexible fingers these exquisite red seaweeds at my feet. Now, behold! the little waves splash coolingly across my uppers, and the ferny, fringed things flutter to the utmost their frail sprays. I suppose the mermaids marvel what I do here. I will put these notes in my hat. They'll come in handy for the good lads yonder.

"Who'd, you say, lads, that was a close shave, eh? Now for the blessed terra firma and a fiver for each of ye. Thanks, thanks, give away! Ta-ta, mermaids! E. May.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

You ask me to show, sir, Whom I think the finer, A miner or grocer. I really don’t know, sir, A grocer’s the minor, But a miner’s the grosser. C. E. B.

TOM NODDYS TRUMPET.

(Dedicated to John Johnson, trumpeter, ad hoc genus omnii.)

There was a time when witchcraft lent a theme To Art: when incest and idolatry Were not disdained by poets: when the free Delineation of blood-and-sacred, the damnation Of madness, Aphrodite’s lash—the stream Of venomed lust and helpless jealousy— Scence subjects fit To King Claribarly, With Ignorance for bugler, reigned supreme. But now arrives the civilising god And cracks the trumpet: names the brooding stare At terrick and excessive thing; Of ostivation: duckets with the nod Of science each impassioned, dear nightmare: And dubs that man diseased whom dodies deem divine. T. K. L.
The Practical Journalist.
A Vade-Mecum for Aspirants.
Continued by C. E. Bechhoefer.

No. XVII.

THE MODEL FEUILLETON.
THE CRIMSON EMERALD.

By Agonies and Agitated Rascals.

CHAPTER LXXIII (CONTINUED).

He pressed the pistol to her ear. "Tell me!" he shrieked.
"Certainly not," she screamed.
"Speak!" he clamoured.
"No," she retorted.
"You shall!" he shouted.
"I won't!" she vociferated.
"Your death," he ejaculated.
"What about it?" she questioned.
"Is at my mercy," he thundered.
"Never!" she exclaimed.

The crimson emerald, hanging from her neck, glistened wickedly in the sun.
"Tell me!" she cried.
"No," she responded.
"Speak!" he insisted.
"Not a word," she articulated.
"Your life," he said.
"Well?" she answered.
"Is in my hands," he muttered.
"You may have it," she replied.
"You mean it?" he whispered.
"I do," she murmured.
He pressed the trigger, but the bullet, rebounding from the crimson emerald, entered the back of his head, penetrating his black brain. His eyeless, buzzing before his eyes.
"Curse you!" he remarked, and fell lifeless to the ground. Death was simultaneous.

The crimson emerald had come by its own.

THE END.

No. XVIII.

THE MODEL HOW-TO-DO-OUR-BOYS NOTES.

ARTIST.—There is a big opening for juvenile Turners to make money in their leisure time. Send 6d. to any firms advertising in our columns, and they will send you by return a packet of plain postcards with full instructions for colouring same. For MUSIC-HALL ARTISTS, see under.


TINKER.—Messrs. Quintly of Farringdon Street inform indignant readers. As one correspondent shows, the total wealth produced, which means the share claimed by usury (i.e., payment for money, credit, and land monopoly will do more for labour than all the "Right to Work" and "Minimum Wage" Bills ever conceived.

Arthur Kitson.

"THE LAW AND THE WORKERS."

Sir,—I am only a little music-hall artiste. I travel with my little performing dogs all over the country. I am late of several London Epoisses and potted Frank's. My fees are strictly moderate, only charging as I do three guineas an hour and own dogs found. I am entirely free from all vulgarity, but I doubt if I shall continue to be if the Government goes on as it does.

Yvonne Yvette.

47, Micawber Mansions, Pease Street, Oxford Street, W.

VISCONT CRAWLEY'S REVENGE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Sale."

Sir,—I retaliated on this blasphemous Government rather neatly this morning, and I recommend your readers to follow my example. I dismissed an under-gardener on my estate, who had been earning 12s. a week for the last eight years, explaining to him that my hand was forced by the Government, and advising him to march on Downing Street and make a public protest. When I ceased he used disgusting language and wanted to do business. "Very well," I says to him, "how much shall it be?" And here the Government interfered in a mode which your readers are only too well familiar for. And he went to a swindling rival firm across the road.

Franz Zarathustra & Co., Gmbh. 38, South Street, West Hampstead. (Opposite G.W.R. Station).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MINIMUM WAGE.

Sir,—May I appeal, through the medium of your columns, to those who are earnestly endeavouring to secure a standard minimum wage, to spend five minutes in a little serious thought? Much time and the expenditure of much energy may thus be saved. How is it possible to secure, or even define, a satisfactory standard wage when the only legal terms are those of a constantly fluctuating medium? Suppose, for instance, in 1859 a man's wage was only equivalent to 16s. per week had been enacted. To-day the purchasing power of the £ is only equivalent to 16s. Therefore, unless the minimum wage is a fluctuating one—subject to alteration every time the prices of necessities alter—it is no solution of the problem. Again, the establishment of a minimum wage must necessarily raise prices—thus defeating its very object. It is like a man trying to get his head an inch or two further above its proportion by standing on a stool. There is only one way of raising the real wages of labour, and that is by increasing the cost of the total wealth produced, which means reducing the share claimed by usury (i.e., payment for money and comprises rent and interest) and profits. This will not be accomplished by any such amendment as that proposed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Free banking, abolition of money, credit, and land monopoly will do more for labour than all the "Right to Work" and "Minimum Wage" Bills ever conceived.

Arthur Kitson.

THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.

Sir,—Everyone must endorse M. R. L. 's censure upon Mr. Norman. How could Mr. Norman express his opinion about the late Judge Grantham, even as public servant, in face of all necessary law? Oh, sir, surely Latin is still Latin and stat pro ratione! Granted that Mr. Norman, toto omni, did not make such the same comment on the living canis as I do—now that the leo is dead, why not re-quested in pace? Suppose a few hundred of Grantham's..."
victims remain in gaol withering to mummies under his
wrathful eye.

He who is so dead as to be less than the best about Jeffries,
Ketch, Hawkins or Surajah Dowlah—all dead and none
dammed in any polite circle? Mais asser! The dead
involve themselves in virtue. Let our deplorable judges take
none damned in any polite circle? Mais assez! The dead
heart. We shall not curse them to the third and fourth
generation and account their descendants tainted. And let
Mr. Norman know when he is beaten! In his whole argu-
ment he has scarcely so much as one measly Latin quota-
tion, or a single point where his argument is not a
fascioli sententiarum. I humbly sign myself for the
advocatus diaboli,

\* \* \* LOCUM TENENS.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

Sir,—One hardly knows in what sense to take Mr. Ran-
dall's letter in your issue of the 19th. To anyone who has
followed this correspondence it cannot but be clear that all
concerned desire the same end; the difference is as to means.

"We do not complain of methods of election, but of the
quality of candidates; and Mr. Topley's valuable specific
is simply a quantitative cure for a quantitative complaint.
We object to numskulls; and he proposes to distribute them in
the least accurate manner possible.

If this is intended to convey that advocates of Proport-
ional Representation regard arithmetical proportion as their
sole, or even their principal, end, and that, of course, is
precisely the contrary.

Mr. Randall, have perpetrated the assertion that "there
is more proportion than representation about Proportional
Representation," now states, very truly,

"that the epigram is baseless, the title, not the proposals, is plain," but pro-
ceed, nevertheless, to criticise the latter on the unwarrant-
able assumption that the title does fully cover the proposals.
I say "unwarrantable" advisedly, since machinery differing so
widely in name and that of the Proportional Representation Society both produce very closely propor-
tional election in the sense in which Mr. Randall uses the
term; but both have qualitative results of far greater prac-
tical importance, which differ very considerably as the direct
consequence of the entire difference in principle between the
methods employed.

This fact alone entirely invalidates the a priori reasoning
from a mere title—as though so large a subject could be
covered by any title—on which Mr. Randall relies, and his
conclusion can only be of value to those who will accept his
ipse dixit. These would, perhaps, have been more numerous had he
omitted the following reasons:

"A representative must transcend his constituents," says Mr. Randall.

"Sir Samuel Romilly was not less representative of the
Englishman than the Reform Bill, or else we satisfy our consciences by signing
petitions after a given sentence are, in my opinion, useless
and mischievous, they serve only to delay the abolition
of the law itself, or to add to the mental torture of the prisoner
by exciting hopes that are not justified. The more expe-
dient and reasonable method would be to insist on
the hanging of every person found guilty of the death of
another, to refuse to remit the sentence in any one case,

"Sir Samuel Romilly was not less representative of the
humanity of the Englishman than the Reform Bill, or else we satisfy our consciences by signing
petitions after a given sentence are, in my opinion, useless
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dient and reasonable method would be to insist on
the hanging of every person found guilty of the death of
another, to refuse to remit the sentence in any one case,

Sir,—It is good to combat an evil, and even to fight
blindly, striking out at side issues and thereby wasting
strength may be commendable in so far as it proves a sign of
the spirit that refuses to sit calmly under what appears to
be abuses; but at the same time it is undoubtedly wiser to
fight with judgment, letting each blow fall on a vulnerable
spot, above all with weapons as tricky as words, the more
sterilely logical and tense the argument, the greater the like-
lihood of success.

I am altogether at one with Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in her
detestation of Capital Punishment, but I consider that she
confuses the point in lashing out against the Home Secretary
as a Minister, at Mr. Winston Churchill as a private
individual on a holiday.

What can the arrangements of a man's domestic affairs
have to do with his fulfilment of a public duty? If Mr.
Winston Churchill went on a trip with even twenty valets,
and his wife with twenty maids, if they elected to use ham-
mocks instead of beds, in what conceivable way could that
affect his refusal or acceptance of a petition addressed to
him in his capacity as Home Secretary?

A man placed in an official position under the Crown is
bound to carry out the laws of the Crown; one cannot stand
that for the offence of a man a shall be hanged by the
neck till he be dead, the judges are compelled by
their oaths to carry out their sentences, the Home Secretary
could not be justified in not carrying them out.

What possible dignity could remain to the office of judgement
if every death warrant given in proved murder cases was to be set aside by Mr. Winston Churchill, or any other man
occupying the position of Home Secretary? The whole
question lies in the problem of whether the law of Capital
punishment is in itself—can it be is, is or not, that the
crime of murder, if it is, then to be of use it must be
rigidly enforced; but if it is proved not to hold out sufficient
deterrent power to justify its being hung, he is nothing more than a lad," or "He is insane,
neither for a man, nor a woman, nor child, neither for
feebile-minded, nor epileptic, nor hideously provoked—let
their on his refusal or acceptance of a petition addressed to
him in his capacity as Home Secretary, to be abuses; but at the same time it is undoubtedly wiser to
fight with judgment, letting each blow fall on a vulnerable
spot, above all with weapons as tricky as words, the more
sterilely logical and tense the argument, the greater the like-
lihood of success.
me then unpleasantly, and I am surely not far wrong in suspecting some kink in the man who chose such a time to command the clearest willful judicial murder recorded in our generation.

Referring to Mr. Hood's opinion that judges are not ignorant of philosophy, if he can understand the idea of a man being so foolish as to act as a judge is a species of sport, he will find that the public is now such the idea that no judge should be allowed to act unless he has a proper frame of mind. The charge against Mr. Churchill. The circumstance of his office so ill that such things could happen—can happen--but so far that the once familiar sentiment of the world's chandala. For my part, I do because of mind, as a rule, and wish to take the consequences of his act. The man to whom a mech-

"logic" in two different senses. They are the logics of the little calculating mind and the big creative mind. The fish-bone is the barrier between little and big minds. It requires a motive-power; it also has to be made; given on the letter of December, yet I fear he cannot really have done so, as I gather, he classed me with those people who look on a mechanistic universe as a product of their imagination—worthy to be tackled. I fear that my "verbum" cannot have been "sat," for the situation and its reticulation are implicit in it. Let them amplify a line. The man who thinks a mech-

NOR I. Some Irish reformatory boys have just killed one of their teachers. The man who cut off his office so ill that such things could happen—can happen—now.

Some Irish reformatory boys have just killed one of their teachers. The man who cut off his office so ill that such things could happen—can happen—now. Some Irish reformatory boys have just killed one of their teachers. The man who cut off his office so ill that such things could happen—can happen—now.

The New Age
February 29, 1912.
reap a good harvest. But I must shield the egopers from this extraordinary accusation. The fact that this man believed himself to be suffering from a "moral taint" should have given Mr. Chesterton a hint that his heretic did not read scientific, but religious books. He is not what might be called a "scientific heretic"; he is a religious one.

This Mr. Chesterton rightly calls a heretic, the Judeo-Christian Creed, has, as Mr. Chesterton will remember, such a concept as "Original Sin." For most happy-go-lucky Jews and Christians this concept could never lead to good or bad, for the simple reason that they do not take it seriously. But this man is what Mr. Chesterton rightly calls a heretic, that is to say, a Christian who believes himself not only to be morally tainted by a moral taint, but morally damned, and who sincerely worried about their wicked nature, just as this poor wretch in question has apparently worried about his apparent "moral taint" regular health and joy in life gradually fail (I would refer Mr. Chesterton to the slow suicide of the Jansenist Pascal) the idea of self-discovery into neurosis, hysteria, and the lunatic asylum (Mr. Chesterton might ask the alienists for proof of these facts). In other cases the "moral taint" has lead to homicide and suicide together. But whatever it may lead the victim to, one thing is quite certain; that he is not a scientific, a egopers, victim, but he belongs to Mr. Chesterton's class, he is a religious, a theological victim, a victim of the Semitic Law.

I would therefore suggest to Mr. Chesterton that he should check his inquisitorial propensities, in order that many reasons we sincerely admire and would only lose for his inquisitorial propensities, in order that he may lead the victim to, one thing is quite certain; that he is not a scientific, a victim, but he belongs to Mr. Chesterton's class, he is a religious, a theological victim, a victim of the Semitic Law.

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