pressing Suffragettes, the "cause" of the latter, the Votes were being conceded by the House of Commons. Here again, a misleading and mischievous comparison has been offered, that of our situation with the situation Lord Morley faced in India. The "Daily Chronicle" and other dangerously under-informed journals have argued that reform must always go hand in hand with repression and they quote Lord Morley's famous speech and conduct as their authority. But Lord Morley was dealing in India, not with a handful of incendiaries only, but with a spirit of unrest, a widespread and a dangerous spirit. Moreover, the reforms of which the unrest was the propaganda were reforms that were justly due and had over and over been promised to India. There is, as we know, apart from the general economic unrest, no widespread or dangerous spirit of unrest among the women of England; and the "reform," so far from satisfying what unrest there is or serving to fulfill any promise made to women, would aggravate the situation by adding to it the bitterness of the women who have never asked for and do not want a vote. Nor would the distress of the anti-suffrage women (let us say bluntly, of women) be the only result of the thrusting of the vote on them. There is scarcely a man whose scruff does not itch at the very thought of doing public business with women. This may be prejudice or it may be weakness, but then, as Gilbert said, the weakness is so strong. If we are to suppose that under any excuse whatever, Lord Morley's or anybody else's, women are to receive votes in face of the opposition of nine out of ten of their own sex, and ten out of ten of the complementary sex, the prospect for the vast mass of us, women as well as men, is repellent in the extreme. We naturally do not ask the House of Commons to save us from it—since the House of Commons has long since ceased to be able to save itself. But we can securely promise its members, if they pass votes for women, an addition to the public contempt in which they are held.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now that the Government has decided to treat the W.S.P.U. as a criminal conspiracy, the wonder to everybody is that they have waited all these months. The women, it cannot be denied, have had a long rope and as well as hanging themselves, they have done a certain amount of damage. Their destruction of property, for example, amounts almost to that of a good gale. They have ruined the reputations of two Home Secretaries and created a reputation for a third and the worst; in addition they have jeopardised for all time the possibility of doing public business with women. This may be prejudice or it may be weakness, but then, as Gilbert said, the weakness is so strong. If we are to suppose that under any excuse whatever, Lord Morley's or anybody else's, women are to receive votes in face of the opposition of nine out of ten of their own sex, and ten out of ten of the complementary sex, the prospect for the vast mass of us, women as well as men, is repellent in the extreme. We naturally do not ask the House of Commons to save us from it—since the House of Commons has long since ceased to be able to save itself. But we can securely promise its members, if they pass votes for women, an addition to the public contempt in which they are held.

A third manufactured analogy on which the advocates of the suffrage rely is that of votes for women to-day with votes for unpropertied men in 1832. But the parallel, as is usual with smatterers of history, is no parallel at all. The admission of men to the franchise was generally desired by themselves, was the addition of like to like, and threatened nothing worse than the disestablishment of a single class. The admission of women to-day, on the other hand, would mean not only the disappointment of most of both sexes, but the addition of the unlike to the like in our franchise and the
disestablishment, not of a class merely, nor of a sex, but of the governing element, namely, reason, of human psychology. For in admitting women to the vote we are not mingling the unlike with the like as if the unlike were also an unknown quality. We know very well what it is. We have seen it in the ferocious and lustful advocacy by women of the flogging of men.

That element, the element of sexual injustice and of tyranny over men at any cost to the ideals of society, is the unlike element which the enfranchisement of women would introduce. What is this but to disestablish reason and to set up anarchy or what is euphemistically called, in its place? The enfranchisement of unproportioned men in 1832 was, as we have said, no such reactionary and revolutionary proceeding. If Amurath was threatened on his throne it was at least an Amurath who should succeed him. The same laws, the same spirit of laws, were acknowledged by the class that aspired to a share in power as were established by the class that clung to power. It was a dispute at bottom concerning the control of law, and not about the nature of law. The enfranchisement of women at this moment, on the contrary, threatens society with a change in the very spirit of law, with the abrogation, in fact, of all law.

For Coke once there to receive Pense Lawrence upon Pankhurst. Votes for Pankhurst, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton wittily summarised the movement (ject for reflection) was directed to the end of enabling Miss Christabel Pankhurst and others like her to sit in Parliament. Miss Christabel Pankhurst has kept her place there ever since. The issue is settled however, to the hopes of the W.S.P.U., however, devoid of history, politics, psychology and common sense, concluded that what the men of 1832 could do the women of 1908 could do and by the same means. They appealed to force. We have seen already what their force amounts to. They can suffer; but so willful and useless, and being useless it arouses no sympathy. They can also destroy a little property and create a few scenes at public meetings. But that is all. They cannot and they dare not, being women, attack life; nor would it, indeed, have effect on their cause if they dared. Quite the contrary. Short of threatening our lives, however, force is of no value against prejudice. And, in the common mind at any rate, the challenge has been long ago accepted and the contest fought out. There is more unsatisfactory rather than less while the present tactics are maintained. More than one in five of the women over eighteen engaged in the clothing trades earn less than ten shillings for a full week's work; and in the food trades the wages are even lower. The "Times" attributes this appalling condition of things to the fact that women cannot or do not combine, that they have no industrial ambition and that half of them are under twenty-five and consequently can still cherish the hope of marriage. But the real truth is that women were not made by nature for industry, least of all for commercial industry, and all its methods as well as its amelioration alien to them. What they would like to share Olave Schreiner's responsibility in preaching to women the dignity of all labour. It is a misdirection of their instincts for which they will have to pay and she will have to answer in prolonged sorrow. Nothing will convince us, and neither will the statistics assist in proving, that women either desire to be in industry or are efficient or happy in it. On the contrary, they are there against their will, against their nature and in response to no deeper need than the demand of capitalists for labour cheaper than men's. Is this doubted because we alone have said it? Read, then, the "Times" to which we have referred: "Woman was called into the labour market," says the "Times," "as a cheap labourer at a moment of crisis; as a cheap labourer she has kept her place there ever since."
At Lord Brassey’s mansion in Park Lane on Wednesday the annual meeting was held of the Co-partnership Association, at which addresses were given by Sir William Lever and Sir George Watson. Both these gentlemen are profiteers on a large scale, and both are naturally anxious to secure cheap, efficient, and, above all, reliable labour. We have no fault to find with them for doing this, since it is the way of the world at present. But what we can justly criticise is the absence from their speeches of any reference to the existence of trade unions. This criticism cuts, unfortunately, in two directions, for if it argues gross ignorance on the part of Sir William Lever and Sir George Watson, it argues equally gross neglect on the part of trade union leaders. What, then, for the thousandth time, is the position in regard to co-partnership? It is this: that co-partnership, as it is likely to be introduced, will associate the men individually with their employers to the certain destruction of the bond of trade unionism. This, we know, has happened in Mr. Carnegie’s steel works in America, where only one small union remains among tens of thousands of workmen; and this, we fear, is intended by the advocates of co-partnership to be repeated in this country. But the remedy against the supposed evil is as palpable as the evil itself: it is to agree that co-partnership should be done by Orientals. The only source left, therefore, for capitalists to draw upon with the approval of their fellow-citizens is women; and thus, with all the certainty of economic death, the day of women is coming and the night of men. Which will be the more hideous to contemplate or the more painful to bear we shall not speculate. We are not pessimists, the evil of the day being quite sufficient for our daily needs.

Of what the men are doing to avert this fate from themselves and their women it is not our intention to write; and, indeed, the materials are few. They are brooding uneasily on the problem is the most flattering description that can be offered of their activity. Their leaders, on the other hand, both intellectual and proletarian, are manifestly extremely busy building their own nests and finding feathers for them, as if the present weather would last for ever and the sky were not already being darkened. It will be incredible to remote posterity that the Labour party and advertised persons like Mr. Webb, Mr. Shaw, Lord Brassey and others should be alive during the greatest crisis through which the human race will by then have passed and should have missed not merely its significance, but their plain duties in the matter. We will allow, if our sentimental readers like Mr. Webb and Mr. Shaw may start the “New Statesman” with some other object than that of attempting to divert attention from our economics; other object, we confess, is undiscernable to us in their new journal; but we cannot allow that either was right in advising, as Mr. Webb did last week, the abolition of the strike or in buffooning, as Mr. Shaw did, with his pilfering epigrams at the National Liberal Club to the detriment of any serious discussion of economics. What in the world does Mr. Webb think the proletariat have to rely upon if not upon their power to strike and upon their hope of one day being able to strike unanimously? Is he so wonderful that he can find a way of taking butter out of a dog’s mouth, property from the capitalists, without any other means than the persuasion of his dull articles? The man undoubtedly is a fool who believes that the coming of international capitalism, with the permanent subjection of the proletariat to it, can be prevented by the publication of statistics. But he is more than a fool who, believing not this, would persuade the proletariat to lay down even the blackthorn of the strike before he had made ready to their hands a more formidable weapon. As for Mr. Shaw and his proposal of equal pay for everybody, we have already said, perhaps, more than enough. It is a notion for Bedlam or Paradise, and England is neither.

But not only has she kept her place in industry, but she is obviously destined, under the ruling stars of ignorance on her part and cowardice on the part of men, to increase to her sorrow her place in industry at the expense of her place at home. Nothing, as the journalists say, can stop it save a miracle. We have already discussed the probable influence of the new American Tariff on our national position in the world-market; and the publication of the Bill as an English Blue-book shows that somebody in the Government is aware of its importance. “The principle of the Bill” (we again quote the “Times”) “is to admit raw material and foodstuffs as far as possible free, and to make duties light on cheaper goods of general consumption, while continuing to make luxuries pay heavily.” In short, it is a Bill to make the proletariat of America cheaper. What must be the effect of this on world competition we hardly think the probable influence of the new American Tariff on general consumption, while continuing to make luxuries be imported into our factories to take the places of men. Upon the English working-classes is clear enough. The principle of the Bill is obviously destined, under the ruling stars of ignorance on her part and cowardice on the part of the Government, to increase to her sorrow her place in industry at the expense of her place at home. Nothing, as the journalists say, can stop it save a miracle. We have already discussed the probable influence of the new American Tariff on our national position in the world-market; and the publication of the Bill as an English Blue-book shows that somebody in the Government is aware of its importance. “The principle of the Bill” (we again quote the “Times”) “is to admit raw material and foodstuffs as far as possible free, and to make duties light on cheaper goods of general consumption, while continuing to make luxuries pay heavily.” In short, it is a Bill to make the proletariat of America cheaper. What must be the effect of this on world competition we hardly think the
Current Cant.

Everybody must be aware that the King reads his Bible daily, but the habit has apparently not turned him into an uncontrollable Sabbatarian. Last Sunday he sat, I am told, for an hour and a half to a sculptor.—*Daily Mail.*

"England is a nation of poets. . . ."—*Daily Express.*

"Has there been no answer to prayer? What about China? It is the most wonderful answer to human prayer. . . ."—*The Bishop of London.*

"There never was a better period for money-making in relation to fine art than the present."—MORTIMER MENDES.

"How far Christianity will hold over the masses remains to be seen; but, so far as outward conditions go, the prospect of a rapid extension was never so bright. . . ."—*Morning Post.*

"It is not at all impossible that the next King of England will be clean-shaven."—*London Mail.*

"It is thus obvious that the Labour Party in the House, numbering not more than forty men, is keeping the condition-of-the-people question persistently before the notice of unhappy statesmen."—*Labour Leader.*

"Civilisation means the gradual abolition of pain and premature death."—*Daily Express.*

"Wherever the Gospel has gone and been received, a wave of Spiritual Verdure has followed... the product of divine enticement."—*Christian Endeavour Times.*

"The day of the absolutely rapid woman is fast waning."—MARY L. PENDERED.

"It is the glory of Christian endeavour that it has always put first things first."—REV. JOHN POLSELL.

"Lloyd George finance means making the broadest backs bear the biggest burdens."—*Liberal Monthly.*

"Old-age pensions afford a remarkable case of the recognition of the principle of equality of income."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"If religion is to keep its place in our educational system, and if any such high ideal as has been suggested is to be maintained, it will only be through the hearty co-operation of those who represent organised religion created by the better working."—*The Bishop of London.*

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The strangest and most significant feature of the Balkan crisis at this moment is that there should be so much optimism in London and so much pessimism in Vienna. Since it is Vienna and not London which can decide war, we are naturally justified in paying more attention to Vienna than to the meetings of Ambassadors here. The hurried consultations in Vienna between war experts on the one hand and members of the Government on the other have not been held for nothing. It may be taken for granted that Austria is not blustering, and that the Powers will not act in determination and rapidity if her demands are not granted.

As I write, on May 2, Austria’s chief demand has been expressed, both at Cettinje and in London, in a very concise form. It is that Montenegro shall evacuate Scutari unconditionally. Far from promising King Nicholas territorial compensation in return for this evacuation, Count Berchtold will not even discuss this question until the Montenegrin has handed over what the Powers have decided shall be the new Albanian frontier. Over and over again, indeed, officially and unofficially, Austria has definitely refused to hear of any territorial compensation for Montenegro, and not so very long ago there was even some unwillingness on the part of the Emperor Francis Joseph’s advisers to consider the proposal to let Montenegro have a loan of a million or a million and a quarter sterling.

I have heard it argued that the Powers should carry out their original intention with regard to Scutari, and that they should take steps themselves to eject the intruder, thus making it clear to the world at large that there could be such a thing as a European Concert and that such a Concert could act unanimously, as a Concert should. As I have already said, however, the Powers have stultified themselves over and over again in connection with this Balkan war, and, Concert or no Concert, the Balkan States are not inclined to pay much attention to advice or commands from the European Cabinets. To take the two most prominent instances, it will be recollected that when the war broke out the Powers declared that they would allow no territorial changes to be made—meaning that after the battles might fight if they chose; but Turkey would be as strong afterwards as before. After a few victories by the Allies, and before the campaign had progressed very far, the same Powers stated that they had reconsidered this decision; and Mr. Asquith declared in the House of Commons that the Balkan States should not be deprived of the fruits of their victories. What two decisions could be more contradictory? Yet the Powers were as much pledged to the first as to the second.

The position, however, is not without its humour. It is at length decided that the Allies shall retain the fruits of their victories; and then it is suddenly announced—an announcement that the Powers did not expect—that King Nicholas has been able to capture Scutari even without Servian assistance. The position again becomes serious, for the Powers have just decided that Scutari was to be an Albanian. But how can they reconcile the “fruits of victory” principle with the demand that King Nicholas shall leave Scutari? How, further, can they reconcile this demand with their declaration of neutrality at the beginning of the campaign? The Montenegrin Government is not backward in pointing these things out to the Great Powers, and pointing them out, too, with considerable emphasis, well knowing that the European Concert is a Concert in name and no more, and that the possibility of joint action is very remote.

Though joint action by the Six Powers may be remote, however, joint action by Austria and Italy has been practically arranged. Austria has determined to act—not by invading Montenegro, which would be a
difficult, tedious, and profitless task; but by invading Albania and attacking King Nicholas from another direction. The most optimistic view now held by the most optimistic authorities is that King Nicholas, seeing himself threatened by the Austro-Italian forces, will have a good excuse for saying to his people that he must yield. No discredit could lie on him for bowing to superior numbers, whereas if he left Scutari of his own free will his people might provide the Royal family with a motor-car.

It seems just now as if one very interesting feature were about to develop out of the strained Albanian situation. We shall probably see Albania benevolently patronised by Austria and Italy in almost exactly the same way as Persia was so closely protected by Russia and England. Austria is taking charge of the northern half of Albania, and it is the intention of the Italian Government, if trouble arises, to land troops at Valona, in the south. This is a very important move, much more important than it would seem at first. For Valona, as a glance at the map will show, lies almost opposite Brindisi, and any Power that can control both Brindisi and Valona can control the Straits of Otranto and the Adriatic Sea. If Italy definitely establishes herself at Valona she could do what she pleased with Austrian shipping and the Austrian navy.

In the light of what we have just heard of the troubles of the Provisional Government at Valona this is well worth bearing in mind. A telegram has just come to hand stating that the last remaining Turkish army in Western Europe, the 25,000 under Djavid Pasha, has captured Valona after slight resistance and deposed the Provisional Government set up there by the Powers. Again, Essad Pasha is said to have proclaimed himself Prince of Albania at Tirana, under the suzerainty of Turkey. Although there may be some exaggeration in these stories, it is difficult not to credit news coming from Albanian sources just now—there is no doubt whatever that a great deal of intrigue is going on, and that Essad Pasha and Djavid Pasha are anxious to thwart the plans of the Powers as far as they can. Essad is a well-known Albanian landowner, and Djavid has at least 5,000 native Albanian troops with him, so that the joint forces are certainly not to be despised.

It is clear, however, that the very unrest thus caused affords a good excuse for Austro-Italian intervention. Italy has long desired a strip of land on the opposite side of the Adriatic, and this desire for expansion will naturally outweigh any sentimental feeling of affection between the Royal families of Italy and Montenegro. If King Victor Emmanuel can extend his possessions in Europe, he will have no objection to helping to eject his father-in-law from Scutari. It is true that such cooperation between Austria and Italy sounds suspicious; for we know well enough that the relations between the two countries have not been friendly for several years, and that there was even some talk of Austrian intervention at the time of the Tripoli campaign. At the present time, however, Austria cannot well help herself. France and England are unwilling to take part in a demonstration against Montenegro; Germany has her hands full with the reorganisation of her army, and the utmost that can be expected from Russia is neutrality. On the other hand, there would not be much to be said for the unanimity of the European Concert if Austria had to do the work on her own account. At best, it would be a difficult task, and if Djavid and Essad came to the assistance of King Nicholas, which is not an inconceivable hypothesis, it would be almost impossible. So Italian co-operation, however much it might be resented under normal conditions, will be very welcome if it becomes necessary for the Austrian troops to set out.

Even if, as is reported at the time of going to press, Montenegro gives way, it must not be assumed that the troubles of Albania are over.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

In my last article I outlined the reforms which are necessary in the administrative side of the Territorial Force, now controlled by the County Associations. I now propose to deal with such, like that of Regulars, is in the hands of G.O.C.s of commands, working through the agency of officers and brigade commanders, who are almost invariably Regulars or ex-Regulars.

Readers of these Notes will recall that I have referred on several occasions to a spirit of demoralisation and discouragement which has affected Territorials for the last four years, and which has arisen from the deliberate cultivation in officers and men of ideals obviously impossible to attain. More has been demanded of them than is warranted by the circumstances in which they would be called upon to fight. They have been led to believe that a degree of skill is essential which is not essential, and when they discovered that, with their limited time and resources, they could never attain it, they believed and were encouraged to believe, that they were militarily useless. Hence a feeling of hopelessness and the growing tendency to look to conscription as a remedy. One can trace the process step by step in any Territorial unit.

Now my case for the maintenance depends entirely upon the truth of this my contention that the task thus demanded of our Territorials is in excess of our requirements, and that, given the many facts of numerical superiority, etc., which would be in their favour, they are capable of holding their own in their present condition. If it can be shown that the present condition of their training is insufficient to allow of their standing up to foreign contingencies, with three or four in the same position on one side and an immense superiority in cavalry and guns (such being the odds against the invading force of 70,000 promised by the General Staff) then I for one shall be the first to admit that we must take such measures either of payment or compulsion as will raise the training to the standard necessary. If again, owing to any combination of circumstances the odds in our favour become reduced—if, by way of illustration, the invading force should be as large as 70,000 became probable—it would again become a question whether the degree of training would not have to be raised, and payment or compulsion would once more recommend themselves. At present, however, I personally am of opinion that the training we possess is sufficient, and that these alternatives are not required. If it be objected that it would be as well in any case to adopt them and thereby to render assurance doubly sure, I should reply that to render assurance doubly sure is not good generalship. It is a waste of force. The money so expended would be better bestowed upon our first line of defence, the Navy, or upon the Expeditionary Army, which is our striking force. When the bricks at your disposal are limited, it is foolish to waste them in building a double wall where a single one will suffice.

Granted therefore that reductions may be made in the demands upon Territorials, it remains for us to determine to what degree and kind of training they are to be subjected, and whether the training which we decide upon will be within the reach of the Force as now organised, or whether it will remain a thing still so obviously beyond its reach as to only provoke discouragement by its unattainability. And these questions cannot be answered without a short review of the training employed in the British Army during the past fifteen or twenty years.

Such a review will reveal a further and a disturbing factor which must be clearly grasped before being taken into account. We shall see that even if we are com-
peled to grant that more training must be given to the Territorial Force than the voluntary system allows, there are grave reasons for doubting whether it ought to be on present lines. In other words, we shall be led to object to the training at present demanded, not only because there is too much or too little of it, but because it is bad. I believe, and (although you never hear these things in England) I am not alone in believing that a considerable portion of the training which we administer to our Regular and Territorial troops is so faulty that the more or less you give them, the worse they will be: which is an additional reason for keeping it within close limits.

In 1899 the persons responsible for the moral and tactical training of the British Army then in the field could have congratulated themselves upon a very remarkable achievement. They had succeeded in turning out a force which, composed of men with far longer service, far stronger regimental traditions than those Continental armies, and a national spirit and individual courage at least equal, doubled up under losses a half or a third as strong as those which the Continentals have been accustomed to bear, and, apparently was ashamed of the fact. With you, gentlemen, the evasion of satisfaction, it proclaimed that, if anything, it had exposed itself too recklessly, and proceeded of set purpose to adopt a system of tactics even less bloody and more indecisive—with results which are recorded in the history of a stalemating war which, to couple simplified with the billions of millions to our National Debt. Now it will be silly and useless for emotional persons to write to the editor of this paper, and to denounce me as a cowardly editor of this paper, and to denounce me as a cowardly slanderer of valiant British troops.

Consider this picture. It is a Territorial officers' musketry course at Hythe. A number of the keenest men have begg'd, borrowed, or stolen two weeks' holiday, and are putting in the time at the study of musketry, which they have often been informed is the most important part of an infantry officer's education. They are being taught the "wind-table," the use of which is supposed to enable you, gentlemen, to lead your men into action and are at a range of some 800-900 yards. You are excusably excited, and so are they. You lie down to fire. Bullets are whistling round and rafales of shrapnel are bursting in the neighbourhood of your head. The firing is appalling. At this moment it occurs to you (according to Hythe) that the wind is blowing half a gale, which you estimate by the nice process of observing the clouds and the trees. You then make the fatal mistake of giving the order: "You start off with something like this (when the bullets and shrapnel allow you):

One tree on hill, figure right at seven o'clock, a small white patch of sand underneath a gorse bush. At the right hand bottom corner, five rounds. Fire!"

One can only make a joke of such appalling twaddle, yet this is the stuff which Territorial officers are informed that they must teach their men, if they would be sure of military salvation.

That is the sort of training which errs by excess—by too great a refinement of things. Pass to another scene and let us see the sort which is not merely carried to excess, but which is wrong in itself apart from degree. The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.

The colonel commanding a Territorial brigade is addressing his officers. He is a Guardsman, a short, good-natured, red-faced man with an affected speech, reciting one of his regiment's great victories. On this occasion he asks them:

" forwarding and "hard fighting" are on the regular instructor's lips—the War Office commands that shall be so—but he seldom says it is to be so for the Territorial. Slimness and the avoidance of loss are what he is really thinking about; to the inculcation of these the bulk of his time is profitably and the first lesson of a soldier is to risk his skin, after which the rest will follow; we have him instead eating his heart out because his men will keep together, because they will not lie down and hide themselves, because they will not learn how to save their skins by taking cover, because they cannot, or will not, acquire an artificial and useless skill at target practice on the ranges, because, in short, they will not acquire a number of difficult and useless arts, all of which are of small practical use, and most of which would prove actually demoralizing by diverting the men's attention from the things that count.
The Germanization of Switzerland.

By "Seexx".

In the well-known French periodical "La France Militaire" (Paris) there has appeared some little while ago an article calling attention to the growing influence of Germany in Switzerland, pointing out the dangers which thereby may accrue to the equilibrium of Europe, and possibly may jeopardise the security of the French Republic. This article has been stoutly opposed by "der Bund" ("The Federation"—one of the leading Swiss dailies) with more or less plausible arguments. It is necessary—so it seems to me—to reopen the case, to examine it critically, to present the subject from new points of view, to widen the outlook. This is what I propose doing.

For any Great Power which intends to control, to subjugate and eventually to appropriate a weaker State (even though possessed of considerable area) three ways are open, viz. (1) That of military conquest, by sheer force of arms. This procedure, in the countries of Europe at any rate, is out of date: it is antiquated and practically non-existent (contemporary events do not invalidate this view). (2) The second method is indirect; it acts by the power of wealth, by the might of finance. The surplus capital of the dominant nation is invested in that of the weaker one: harbours, railroads, canals, etc., are called into existence thereby; the commercial, technical, engineering staff of the former is transplanted and forms the nucleus of a colony which obviously, sooner or later, makes its influence felt. In public and in private life, these effects can, without difficulty, be discerned. In public life, through the share which the intruding element (more or less overtly) bears in political affairs, in the elections to positions of national or municipal trust. This way of acting is the one which is, and ever has been, congenial to Great Britain: it has been studiously followed up, especially during this elapsed nineteenth century, so that to-day (as commercial statistics show) every country on the globe is, more or less, indebted to this one. Such likewise is the modus operandi which the United States of America to-day adopt with regard to their southern neighbours—Mexico, Venezuela and the other States of the Latin Continent. Such likewise is the proceeding which is adopted by Germany at present, so far as its transactions with its possessions in tropical Africa, among the Pacific Islands, or in China are concerned. (3) The third way of appropriation is an evil (since it often, coupled with the foregoing) is a more insidious and dangerous one. It acts by moulding (i.e., reshaping and casting in a different mould) the very character and temper of the nation which is coveted. (To do so is, of course, a slow process—I am quite prepared to grant that—but it is a perfectly safe and infallible one.) "How is this transformation gone about?" it will be asked. "How is it accomplished?" I reply: By the hundreds, nay, thousands, of channels that mould and regulate public opinion. Two institutions stand out here with equal prominence, viz., on the one hand the Press, on the other the schools, i.e., the educational system. Artfully, yet with never-ceasing tenacity, these two institutions are brought under the control of the invader, and, under the principle that a falling drop hollows the stone, success is sure to be achieved sooner or later. When public opinion is rendered amenable to the foreign "boss," two-thirds of the battle are already won. Other means, partly to intimidate and partly to impose himself, and not neglected by the intruder; thus, in countries where a local dialect is spoken, the dialect is gradually eliminated, and the language of the invader substituted. Or again, intermarriage between the two races is favoured, customs are modified, and—last, but not at least—sympathisers, friends, or what may be termed hirelings, are returned to the councils, to the municipal boards of the coveted nation. The result is obvious, of course. The whole process is, as the reader sees, one of infiltration, of gradual, and almost insensible, substitution. Might not this be the way in which Germany acts—and intends to act—with regard to Switzerland? Let us see.

First of all, it is idle to pooh-pooh as visionary any scheme of subjugation other than that which would be made effective through force of arms. To do so would reveal in any statesman—or even in a journalist—either a singular lack of insight or of moral honesty. Yet this is precisely the conduct which has been observed (and the language which has been uttered) by Mr. Forrer, President of the Swiss Confederation in September last in Berne, in presence of the German Emperor, who had come expressly to Switzerland in order to inspect the autumn manoeuvres. And if the Kaiser, wishing to express his pleasure at the reception offered to him, made the Swiss chief Executive ("Bundesrat") a present of a beautiful pillar-clock, would not Mr. Forrer have done well to remember the classical words of the poet of old: "Tint Danton, et dona ferentes"?

However, this matter apart, let me come to the general burden of the present essay. I have before me a document—perhaps not new; which is, in my humble opinion, a declaration of principles and a programme.

In a German periodical of London which is appearing regularly I find, under date August 31, 1912, the following paragraph:—

"A World-Union of the German Language."

"A message to the periodical 'Information' tells us that there has been organised an international federation of the German tongue (first formed in Zurich) for the purpose of promoting, spreading and making known abroad German interests, German methods and German life. The aim of this association will be to exalt the power and influence of Germany in the world; this can best be done by knitting all Germans residing abroad into a common bond of union. And not only those who are born Germans, but all those who feel themselves bound to the Mother-country by their up-bringing and training, by their appreciation of its literature and language, of its historical traditions—all those are invited to join. The association desires, moreover, to be helpful to those Germans living abroad, who may happen to be in straitened circumstances; and it pledges itself to assist them and their families with all the means in its power. Such grants must be furthered, materially and morally, whenever there is need for it. These efforts are, for this association, of a purely concrete order; while assisting the bereft ones, it helps to bring all the ex-patriated elements (which at present are disseminated) close together and to bring them into mutual touch. Yet, apart from this, the Federation has also a militant aim; it aims at fighting all the influences and forces which tend to thwart its objects in any part of the world. In order to attain this end the Federation proposes to establish what may be called Home-colonies in all adjoining (border) countries where Germanism might be placed in jeopardy. These colonies would be, so to speak, redoubts, bulwarks against the hosts of the advancing foreigners."

The effectual chairmanship of the Association is vested in Mer. Otto von Bergen, who is a well-known philanthropist. This gentleman invites all well-wishers, whether in Germany or abroad, to join him and help him strengthen the movement. The concluding sentence of this information runs: "Wherever German life sets up boundary-pegs, there help and endorsement must be vouchsafed to him!" ("Wo das Deutschtum Grenzsteine hinhält, da soll ihm Schutz sein!")

Thus ends the document. What does the reader think of it? Is it not pregnant with meaning?
From the French point of view especially it is signifi-

cant: may one not say that it is a challenge of Germany
to its western neighbour? It would seem to be, at any rate, a case of heart-sore-

tness to the latter.

I would ask the reader to re-peruse this manifesto: to observe what is written on, and especially what is written between, the lines.

It will then be seen that this document is the inaugu-

ration of an era of jingoism (not taking this word

necessarily in a warlike sense); that it is the training,

the breeding ground of Pan-Germanism. It will be seen likewise that this document aims at ensuring the supremacy, the hegemony of the Fatherland in the whole world.

Some knowledge of the facts and a little reasoning

will demonstrate the soundness of this position.

What are the facts? What is meant by the term “Germany”? Is this term meant to apply only to that land as understood at present, as circumscribed by its present political boundaries? To opine thus, would be to entertain a gross delusion. Let the German literature answer. Germany has two songs, both of them widely known and very popular throughout Germany—one of them composed about a century ago—both of them constituting a literature resounds, “there is Germany” (To be concluded.)

32

THE NEW AGE

May 8, 1913

feel itself, so to speak, on its legs, and to claim a widen-

ing sphere in the transactions of the world. Yet, so deeply had the former habit of self-disparagement been

rooted in the minds of the nation, that during many de-
cades its teachers, professors, writers, poets—did not cease lamenting over what they called the servility, the self-abasement of the German people. Even now this national trait seems to persist. And—what is more wonderful still—Germans, in spite of their assumed humility, do not seem to be popular when they go abroad. I have before me an article, published in “die deutsche Rundschau” (German Review), and his Highness the Erbprinz von Hohenlohe-Lagenburg, dealing with this very subject. His Highness (who appears to be tolerably outspoken) delivers himself as follows:—

“...To a considerable extent this dislike and shyness which the German travelling abroad is afflicted with and suffers from is the result of the preposterously long stage of disruption and humiliation which our country during centuries has had to endure. We have been the battlefield of a great conflict among nations and, as a consequence, our people have become disheartened and cowed. Thus it is that to-day when Germans go abroad, they do not know how to represent properly the dignity of their country; they are not stiff-necked enough. It is necessary that we become familiar with the fact that we openly proclaim to the world at large, our power, our skill, our attainments.”

Thus this author delivers himself in substance. And—it must be confessed—his countrymen have learnt the lesson—too well in fact, as some might imagine. For the average German, above all, who considers himself able to overawe and rule and dominate everybody, and to accomplish everything.

And just herein lies the danger, so far as little Switzerland is concerned. And not only Switzerland, but all contiguous smaller States. What may happen to the Alpine Republic to-day might happen, e.g., to Belgium, Luxemburg, Holland, the German-speaking part of Austria, the Baltic provinces; to-morrow, they all might become absorbed through the medium of the “straws” they are above. They all might be sucked into the vortex of that python of Central Europe!

To those who say “this is visionary,” I reply: “but observe how it is gone about! Is it not an insidious, a Jesuitical proceeding? Does not the falling drop hollow the stone? And have not our Teutonic cousins been at the school of Machiavelli?...

Let the future speak—events will decide.

But meanwhile flying straws show the extent and direction of the wind. And these “straws” are plentiful enough. Let us look at some of them.

In an important German periodical appearing in London, I read as follows, under date September 21, 1912, and per editorial article:—

...Wherever to-day changes of territory are taking place, Germany has a right to make its voice heard.”

“To observe what is written on, and especially what is

feeling strengths and weaknesses of the other nations, and in the light of contemporary events. National aggregation and segregation (the downfall of the Ottoman Empire!) are still going on, although often not observable to the casual reader. Little by little, pieces of the old edifice fritter away, until nothing is left. And might not this be the plan which is pursued with regard to Switzerland?

Now very different from the days of yore! Fifty years ago no German would have dared to hope for, much less to lay down, such a programme. It is since its death-grip with its powerful western neighbour that Germany has awakened, has asserted herself, has become bold and defiant, and now (as an Austrian writer above all) to force it into prominence (needless to speak of the action of the army, nor of that of the navy, in this respect). Public opinion is favourable to it and to force it into prominence (needless to speak of the action of the army, nor of that of the navy, in this respect). Public opinion is favourable to it and to force it into prominence (needless to speak of the action of the army, nor of that of the navy, in this respect). Public opinion is favourable to it and to force it into prominence (needless to speak of the action of the army, nor of that of the navy, in this respect). Public opinion is favourable to it and to force it into prominence (needless to speak of the action of the army, nor of that of the navy, in this respect).

Wherever to-day changes of territory are taking place, Germany has a right to make its voice heard.” (“Wo immer hente territoriale Verschiebungen sich vollziehen, hat Deutschland ein Wort mitzu-

prechen.”) Yes, that sounds very plausible and perfectly straightforward. But is it the whole truth? Is there not some casuistry about it? We have seen above how the German poet defines the boundaries of his land in a song which, moreover, public opinion has endorsed and ratified. But these boundaries are hardly ever, even during long periods of international peace, strictly immovable (I speak of Continental, not of British conditions)—they are apt to shift, to crumble (as the case may be), or to accrete elsewhere; they are like the rocks, to become modified under the stress of public opinion, through the action of commercial treaties, of dogmatic strife, of class rivalries, and so forth. That this is so can easily be proved both in the light of history and in the light of contemporary events. We have seen above how the German poet defines the boundaries of his land in a song which, moreover, public opinion has endorsed and ratified. But these boundaries are hardly ever, even during long periods of international peace, strictly immovable (I speak of Continental, not of British conditions)—they are apt to shift, to crumble (as the case may be), or to accrete elsewhere; they are like the rocks, to become modified under the stress of public opinion, through the action of commercial treaties, of dogmatic strife, of class rivalries, and so forth. That this is so can easily be proved both in the light of history and in the light of contemporary events.

We have seen above how the German poet defines the boundaries of his land in a song which, moreover, public opinion has endorsed and ratified. But these boundaries are hardly ever, even during long periods of international peace, strictly immovable (I speak of Continental, not of British conditions)—they are apt to shift, to crumble (as the case may be), or to accrete elsewhere; they are like the rocks, to become modified under the stress of public opinion, through the action of commercial treaties, of dogmatic strife, of class rivalries, and so forth. That this is so can easily be proved both in the light of history and in the light of contemporary events.
Women and the Caucus.

By J. M. Kennedy.

Anyone who has read Ostrogorski, or even the references to Ostrogorski's book in this paper, will realise the danger of any fresh extension of the franchise, beginning—remember the difficulties of men like Cowen and Forster at Bradford. But it was at the General Election of 1892 and those which followed it that we find the Caucuses of the two great parties really in the situation.

The Caucus, which originated in the late 'seventies, and was definitely established in the early 'eighties, undoubtedly exercised a great influence from the very beginning—remember the difficulties of men like Cowen at Newcastle and Forster at Bradford. But it was at the General Election of 1892 and those which followed it that we find the Caucuses of the two great parties really in the situation.

The mere fact that electors may succeed in organising themselves in political bodies—such as the Anti-Socialist Union or the Women's Labour League or the Middle Class Defence Association—does not count at all; for here again the political influence of these bodies is proportionate to the economic battle which they are prepared to fight. If there were twenty Primrose Leagues, let us say, instead of one, no Liberal capitalist would think it necessary to order a supply of linen for his withers. If the National Liberal Federation quintupled its membership, not a single Conservative land-grabber would turn a hair. Did not Lord Robert Cecil complain recently of the inefficiency of the Labour Party?

As a reference to political campaigns of the past will show, votes are now cheap and were once dear.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century, when the voters could almost be counted, man by man, and when they could be almost as well known to the ruling classes as the inhabitants of Athens were, indeed every vote was of value, because every vote represented some property, some economic force—not merely an opinion, but an opinion which, being attached with the increased number of individual electoral units, increased votes naturally detracted from their weight. We do not wish to do that, or to let them in. Let women like or dislike it, the fact remains that they are being forced into certain trades. I say forced—and so long as they can work at these trades on lower terms than men, there they will remain. Not all the votes in Christendom will alter their economic conditions, or who take part in the economic agitation, whether originated by men or by women. Further, if the question of status is raised, no one will assert that the workman is any better paid off in state simply because he happens to vote at the same booth as his master.

If, then, women expect to improve their economical position by means of the vote they will be disappointed. Rather than grant substantial increases of wages against their will, capitalists may be expected to make use of all the forces at their disposal to prevent any wage agitation, whether originated by men or by women. Men, profiting by their longer industrial experience, have had the sense to form themselves into trade unions, which, when capably led, are able to bring considerable pressure to bear on their employers; but every sociologist is aware of the difficulty of getting women to organise similar bodies. Their apathy, of course, is almost invariably due to the fact that they look forward to the prospect of leaving industry for marriage, so it does not seem "worth while" to give up considerable time, energy, and money to the formation of bodies which are likely to be useless to them after they have left the factory for the home.

It is this very home, however, which is now being attacked by the capitalist elements; for, as was pointed out in last week's New Age, competition demands the cheapening of labour by forcing women into industry. Olive Schreiner may say, if she will, that women intend to take all labour for their province. We know that this is not a fact, that they do not wish to do so, and that they would not even if they wished. It is not a question of choice on the part of women whether they shall enter industry or not; and it is not left to the decision of the men to keep them out or to let them in. Labour is a fact, and the women who like or dislike it, the fact remains that they are being forced into certain trades. I say forced—and so long as they can work at these trades on lower terms than men, there they will remain. Not all the votes in Christendom will alter their economic position, even in the status of the women, though the realisation has taken a long time to penetrate even the most intelligent minds. After all, many a man, and when they

Another factor to be considered is the steady decrease in the status of the vote after each extension of the franchise. It was realised by the ruling classes—though the realisation has taken a long time to penetrate even a small proportion of the other classes—that, while voters (plural voters apart, for the moment) were theoretically equal, the economic force at the back of the vote cast by a man like Sir Weetman Pearson was infinitely greater than the force at the back of a vote cast by one of his workmen. Further, if the question of status is raised, no one will assert that the workman is any better off in state simply because he happens to vote at the same booth as his master.

For, if, then, women expect to improve their economical position by means of the vote they will be disappointed. Rather than grant substantial increases of wages against their will, capitalists may be expected to make use of all the forces at their disposal to prevent any wage agitation, whether originated by men or by women. Men, profiting by their longer industrial experience, have had the sense to form themselves into trade unions, which, when capably led, are able to bring considerable pressure to bear on their employers; but every sociologist is aware of the difficulty of getting women to organise similar bodies. Their apathy, of course, is almost invariably due to the fact that they look forward to the prospect of leaving industry for marriage, so it does not seem "worth while" to give up considerable time, energy, and money to the formation of bodies which are likely to be useless to them after they have left the factory for the home.

It is this very home, however, which is now being attacked by the capitalist elements; for, as was pointed out in last week's New Age, competition demands the cheapening of labour by forcing women into industry. Olive Schreiner may say, if she will, that women intend to take all labour for their province. We know that this is not a fact, that they do not wish to do so, and that they would not even if they wished. It is not a question of choice on the part of women whether they shall enter industry or not; and it is not left to the decision of the men to keep them out or to let them in. Labour is a fact, and the women who like or dislike it, the fact remains that they are being forced into certain trades. I say forced—and so long as they can work at these trades on lower terms than men, there they will remain. Not all the votes in Christendom will alter their economic position, even in the status of the women, though the realisation has taken a long time to penetrate even the most intelligent minds. After all, many a man, and when they
America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

I said in the first article of this series that the two things requisite in the renaissance were enthusiasm and a propaganda. For America I would say that the one thing lacking is simply the propaganda, simply a more conscious and more far-calculating application of forces already present.

There need be little actual change even in the existing machinery.

The enthusiasm is indiscriminate, but no one who has at all watched its courses can doubt of its presence. The propagandists, however, after an unconscious and accidental pouring into the endowments of universities and libraries, and into the collection of works of art, and any hoax that is even labelled "culture" will sell like patent medicine. That this does little good to the arts they would readily be persuaded to support a more efficient machinery for their propagation and preservation.

It is lamentably true that the colleges and universities talk democracy and breed snobbishness, and that they lean toward petty monopoly. But this breeds an occasional rebel, by a process not dissimilar to vaccination.

It is true that the large enrolment of students is deceptive—if one consider it as earnest of intellectual aspiration, for the great bulk of the students are engaged in purely technical and utilitarian courses. As for "the humanities," the courses in these branches would seem to draw a preponderance of the dullest or weakest of the students, to wit, men who at worst want to become schoolmasters, and, at best, professors. And even then they are subjected to a system which aims at mediocrity, which is set to crush out all impulse and personality, which aims not to make men but automata.

And as an American painter said to me last evening, "So far as I can see the only people who are interested in literature are the artists" (i.e., in colour).

Of the painters it may fairly be said that if they do not "know" very much of letters, still they do "care" and read about them.

As to the libraries, especially Dr. Carnegie's, they are much maligned. I, at least, can testify that once when I was stranded in a most God-forsaken area I found great solace in the Carnegie foundation.

Naturally the library cannot be expected to be much better than the minds of the local directing board. But my aim all through this is simply to affirm that the faults of these institutions cannot be charged to the men who endorse them—not, that is, as a condemnation. For these men, however skilled they may be in finance, cannot be expected to be expert in directing the higher courses of civilization.

Roughly, taking stock of the machinery to hand, one finds it—dissociated, any one part useless to any other—as follows:

I. Art schools and their students, creative artists in all the media, from paint to music and literature.

II. Universities, with endowment and with provisions for fellowship in the direction of every dead matter and no provision whatever for the fostering of the creative energies.

III. The Press. The daily and Sunday Press and the ten and fifteen cent magazines.

Of the so-called "literary" magazines I have written elsewhere. They are more filled with intellectual stag-
Letters from Italy.

XIII.

FROM CAVA TO RAVELLO.

"Già riede Primavera"

Col suo forito aspetto:

Scherza fra l’erbe e i fior.

"Già riede Primavera"—if I surge into a spray of adjectives and scatter epithets like drops of water, who shall blame me? For a week I have passed through the most alluring beauty of mountains and sea and sky; I have sat in the warmth of the Italian sun amid the fragrance of the broom and violet and flowers unknown to me; I have seen the country where Odysseus came, the sites of Greek settlements, of lost Roman cities, of Saracen strongholds, and the relics of Norman conquerors. And I have come now to the island of the Sirens, where whosoever lands is held captive by sweet desire. I excuse Addington Symonds his rhetoric and Pater his decorations. I have the last for adjectives myself!

I suppose most people have some notion of what is meant by the "Amalfi drive"; I know I had all sorts of whismisses in my brain, but even my imagination had not reached Addington. I begin to have some step of the (id est, Nature). Up till now I had a feeling that she merely plagiarised from landscape painters, but on the Sorrento peninsula I give her best—she is Theocritus and Homer in form and colour. And even those not unknown to me may have taken a hint or two from her previous practice.

Thanks to the gods and the poverty of the Italians there is no railway or tram along the coast, whose towns are Ravello, Atrani, Amalfi and Positano, famous as the scene of Norman and Norman conquerors. There is a carriage road cut in the rock, supported here and there by artificial arcades, but with too few to mask the beauty about one. The road runs first from Cava del Tirreni to Vietri in the direction of Salerno. When I left Cava it was half past nine and it was so hot that I smothered myself in wraps, cloaks, overcoats and the like, yet in a couple of hours it was so hot that I found even my ordinary clothes too much. So rapid are the changes of temperature!

There is no possibility of success in any attempt of mine to give a detailed description of the road and its beauty. I write this from Anacapri, in a glow of brilliancy, sunshine, which makes stodgy, direct thought impossible. I can only give scattered notions and impressions, hoping from one to another like a lizard over stones. And, after all, why should I mar the pleasure that maketh bliss of all, and about the peaks of the tallest hills move, as in the choros, the cloud-maidens,* and the darker rock. Where the weedy grass, as on the tallest rocks by the sea, stand the ruins of "castelli," some erected by the Saracens, others built later as a protection against pirates. Down a glen, by whose side is a rough stony path, falls a little stream, whitening as it breaks over steep descents, and pellicud in the little pools at the base.

The driver beseeches you to get out for the benefit of "i cavelli," and as you go up the path you pick the scented blue violets and the mauve anemones, while the large daisies are white in the green herbs.

At Ravello one sees the restored Norman "catte- drale," with its elegantly chased bronzed gates, green with age, but still lovely. The mosaic pupil is finer than any such seen later than the similar decoration in San Giovanni Lateranese. The twisted stone and mosaic pillars rest on the backs of six grotesque lions, exactly like those which Mr. Bannister-Fletcher's works teach one to call "Lombard-Romanesque." The sides of the pulpits are wrought with vari-coloured designs in mosaic, with a one eagle on the left. On the back is the head of Sigillagita Rufolo, with profile faces in white stone beneath—all three curiously like a very degraded Greek type.

From the garden of the Palazzo Rufolo—built above the ruins of a Saracen castle—one looks across the sea and the cliffs towards Salerno. It is the finest "view" imaginable. One sees the straight, slim pillars of the Saracen architecture, with the strange, twisted ornaments about the arches, and the remains of the Oriental bath. And then the guide asks if you would care to see the terrace. There grow the gillyflowers and roses, fresie, and hyacinths and more, whose names I forget or never knew; and there go the great rolling hills, shining in the afternoon sunshine, with the blue plain of the sea below. It is not mere rocks and trees and "landscape"; it is a kind of madness; one feels the necessity for the immediate re-introduction of Dionysiac ceremonies. Here, indeed, those who are "strangely in love with Nature," find beauty to soothe and satisfy their love.

Now let's go and have lunch.

*Παρθένος θυρεόβορον

Richard Addington.
Present-Day Criticism.

On culture. Satire should note that the very persons who regard the mind as a plaything, an organ for relaxation from the real business of life, complain that culture is detached and passionless. These persons, possessed of a fever select their words, live in error of this powerful word which turns against them whenever they use it. Its import is, to them, in-comprehensible, yet the thing it signifies is constantly disconnecting them, and always just when they seem to have succeeded, by a Philistine at the play, of capturing the world's attention to the nothingness of culture. To disparage culture is to find oneself at last without influence, and this comes about because the mind of man is nothing truly unless an instrument of culture. As education, common knowledge, culture is detached and passionless. These persons, because the mind of man is nothing truly unless an instrument of culture, find the classics hateful especially in our time, the Greek and Latin classics and the classics for that matter. The Philistines really hate the classics; and thus we behold culture, detached and passionless culture, arousing these would-be destroyers to as pretty a "passion" as they are capable of feeling. Of course culture is the one true passion of mankind; but do not let us confuse the effects of passion with the familiar phenomena caused by the blood and bile, these phenomena which do so take our Philistines when exhibited on the stage or in novels and pictures. In real life such brutal phenomena are brutally suppressed. The homicide is hanged for his mad brain, the thief is slowly tortured for his nonconformity, the irritable man is imprisoned with his courts for his liver, the jealous man is not to bear a scandalous fool. The tears and laughter of the people, the hum out of the crowd, the book are no criterion of his everyday life. He will groan over "Justice," and not turn a hair at hearing "Justice." Reflect, for instance, how many years it is since Matthew Arnold warned the world that Mr. Frederic Harrison, book-read man, was an enemy of culture. Mr. Harrison is still an enemy of culture. He is incapable of discoursing for five minutes without offending against taste and sense. And he has bequeathed to Philistia a son! Down to a son, Mr. Harrison has few equals for lack of culture. Mr. Austin Harrison is a joke to some people. He can never be altogether a joke to the unwary disciple of culture who may chance inopportune to see the "English Review." He is then even something of a torture. Just before beginning this article, the present writer stood leaning over a blank page, marvelling, if the truth must be told, at some cultural defects in New York columns. Our outer mind had mixed its records that his article, "Be hard, my Friends." We assume at least a perfunctory reading of "Zarathustra"; and we conclude that since Nietzsche himself has failed to snub Mr. Harrison, we should waste space in dramatising Nietzsche's probable reception of this little tribute from Tavistock Street. Mr. Harrison, then, also implores his friends and himself to "be hard."}

Though Nietzsche should descende to convince him that his article on "blather" is blather of the 'softest' order, he would merely tighten his eugenics to the skin by way of counter-criticism. It would be complete waste of space to inform Mr. Austin Harrison even that he is a blatherer—if there were literary young

betrays him unintelligent, tell the fox that men calculate upon his very cunning, tell the ape that he is no man, and you shall make as much impression as by telling the unculturable person that not money, or law, or sex, or education, or religion rule the world, but culture. You will fail with the unculturable person unless you show him that you would fail with the rabbit: the understanding is not there! Upon the unculturable person only mechanical effects make the least impression—effects of financial ruin and prosperity, physical imprisonment and liberty, respectability and scandal, illiteracy and the literate, degree, a vague sociable heaven and a hell of flames. The average man evolves, so far as he evolves, between these opposites of activity; he begins by dreading eternal torment and he ends by striving to die rich. Culture is no more to be defined than life. We have it, or we have it not. The ways of culture are subtle, metamorphic, anonymous. Culture, like virtue, is a gift and, therefore, no way to be acquired! If your heart sinks at hearing this, consider yourself blessed! Whatever qualifies goodness and genius, profound, unchangeable, trackless, this is contained in culture. No wonder that common men esteem it a poor sort of thing! Yet, they obey it blindly, and the better they are, the more blindly. They obey it when, against their desires and inclinations, they decide against dum-dum bullets; when, though enraged to hatred, they refrain from visiting women's irresponsibility with the natural severity of hatred; when they dismiss a statesman more for being a fool than a rogue; when they praise as nobler than their gods.

You see that all this has nothing to do with Books! But our Philistines will be outraged to hear of culture apart from books. They will not believe it, though certainly no one would try to make them believe it.

Two blessing of books is that we may find therein absolute deterrents from passions to the Philistines. Reflect, for instance, how many years it is since Matthew Arnold warned the world that Mr. Frederic Harrison, book-read man, was an enemy of culture. Mr. Harrison is still an enemy of culture. He is incapable of discoursing for five minutes without offending against taste and sense. And he has bequeathed to Philistia a son! Down to a son, Mr. Harrison has few equals for lack of culture. Mr. Austin Harrison is a joke to some people. He can never be altogether a joke to the unwary disciple of culture who may chance inopportune to see the "English Review." He is then even something of a torture. Just before beginning this article, the present writer stood leaning over a blank page, marve...
about. These young are unknown possibilities. The only thing certain regarding them is that they are very defenseless, especially defenseless in our age when they are being made the sport of the adult literary world. Rather oldish young men—Conmans, Masselsheds, Gibsons, Yeatses and Tagores—are desperately trying to protect themselves from the rising new tide. Amongst other magazines, the "English Review" is a little cave of retreat for these youngish old men, and no one would give them a place to perish in. But, be hold in this issue of Mr. Harrison's periodical something good and with no business in this gallery! It is a "sonnet" by a Mr. Philip N. Fish. He calls it a sonnet, but that is because every fourteen-lined thing is liable to be called so. His rhymes are horrible; his punctuation the worst we ever saw. If he is over twenty-five, we warn him that he is as good as mortal; but in case his crudity is still formable, we quote his "sonnet" for its tone.

WAYSIDE SOPHISRY.

Of Creed and Faith 'tis said there are ten score, And yet for many folks they prove too few, But, Brother, an there were a thousand more, The doctrine would suffice for you; For Truth is manifest on silent plains, As twilight steals athwart the carpet, And Hope, engendered by swift rainbow stains, Uwells on the glaciers of Thun, So leave the foolish priests to drone their psalms, The power of Eliot still remains the same, Farsea all credits, have recourse to charms Should wolves prove barren, or a horse go lame: Trust me—I know a skilled astrologer, In far Aleppo, off the Street of Myrrh.

It is the pleasure of the disciple of culture to be alert for the least sign of light. If the above lines, which are illuminated with the excellent qualities of humour and sense are the work of a young man, we congratulate him, and greatly condole if he be fatally yeared, and this a defiant flicker against the blackness of Philistia. The verse has certainly crept in by oversight amongst him, and greatly condole if he be fatally yeared, and this a defiant flicker against the blackness of Philistia.

Miss Evelyn Underhill's work on Mysticism has been praised more than enough, and most of all by people who could not explain what they mean by mysticism to save their lives. The word itself is in the air to-day as other words have had their fashion. It would be amusing to watch a modern professor as he retraces to its real source the emergence of mysticism from the cells to the daily Press. Somewhere in the late seventies he would arrive at Madame Blavatsky, and there, I should say, he would stick, refusing the evidence of his intellect. A more acceptable origin for the popularity of the word was a speech by Lord Rosebery delivered some ten years ago in which he described Cummel as a "practical mystic." I remember saying at the time that we reduction is that the others are bad. Browning, for example, was in my humble judgment no poet at all; but he was a devoted and a sincere athlete of verse in whose work shop a dramatic poet might have been shaped. He remained the last true Romantic, the first of the moderns. He was a good deal of an egotist—university honours and so forth. . . . just because he never wrote for money." That was twenty years ago. To judge by recent examples, he would be despised in the universities to-day for the same reason.

Mysticism is like classicism, a life and not merely knowledge; and its genuine sources are therefore personalities and not doctrines. Nietzsche remarked that the most unclassical of men might become great classic scholars; but if they should ever be introduced to their subjects, the latter would not recognise them. Tennyson, even, conversing with Socrates and the young men in the Athenian palestra. He would know more about them than they knew of themselves, but he would not be one of them all the same. A pretty subject for a dialogue there for the modern professor as he retrace's to his parallel order.

To understand mysticism, more than knowledge about it is needed; we must be fired by the example of mystics, embodied either in life or in art. What Homer's heroes were to Greece, in the way of classicism, the heroes of Indian literature are, or ought to be, to Europe in the way of mysticism. More real mysticism can be gathered from the Mahabharata than from the whole collection of modern mystical writings.

I agree with my colleague that the Norse mythology is useless for us. Besides being shapeless and crude, it is barbaric and without art or subtlety. It does not represent the glory to which we aspire, but, at best, a glory which wrapped us around in racial infancy. Nobody can say this of the Indian epics, least of all of the Mahabharata. It puts Homer into the shade; he...
is a marvellous boy in comparison with the marvellous manhood of Vyasa. Unfortunately, this glorious work, the Alpha and Omega of the Aryan race, is difficult to obtain in its original form and under satisfactory English. We need a cheap and good edition badly. But it will come. I was so impressed some time ago by the importance of the "Mahabharata" to England that I bought a copy the other day for A4 IOS., though it can obtain in a complete form and in satisfactory English. I was so impressed some time ago by the impressionism of Vyasa. Even his clichés are inspired. I bought a copy the other day for A4 IOS., though it can be had for much less, and it runs over the side; then the whole thing goes out—and the man an' all. Most fascinating is first. Then there's the building of it, an' the building, an' the weather. The expression upon his face amused me. If he himself had paid the bill it would have been difficult for him to have pulled a longer face. I leaned across and entered into the conversation. "But Miggins is a very great firm, is it not?" he asked cheerfully. "Mebbe or mebbe not," he replied, pinching the end of his thin nose; "but don't forget the enormous expenses these big firms 'ave. Don't forget the thousands of pounds they 'ave to spend on these electric advertisements all over the country. If I were you I wouldn't forget the working expenses an' wages they 'ave to pay out." He grew confident, and tapped me upon the knee. "Now, I'm a business man in a small way myself; I know what I'm talking about. I find it very 'ard to make both ends meet. So I looks at it this way. If we, a small, struggling man in a small way of business, employing seven 'aards, can't make both ends meet, 'ow much 'ard must it be for a big firm like Miggins employing 'ere—thousands of 'ands? Think of the responsibility! Any man what's a run a business knows what the responsibility is." He turned to his friend. "Don't you agree?" he asked. The man addressed rubbed his hands together. "There's a deal of truth in what you say," he remarked blandly. "The responsibility of a big firm like Miggins can't be denied, not for a moment. But what I do say is that their responsibility is not so great to-day as what it was before the Liberals got to work. Here's the Liberal Government—" he smacked his newspaper—"here's the Liberal Government shifting the great burden of responsibility from the heads of the big firms to their employees, thereby giving the heads of the firms more freedom for the development of their enterprises, all to the benefit of the working classes." He smoothed his newspaper and lowered his voice. "Now, I'm only a small man, too; my total number of 'ands' is twenty—very small turnover, very small. Now, I'm not worried about my hands like Jack Billers, on inquiry into his private life. I had to know how he spent his wages; whether he was thrifty; whether he would earn enough, with a small rise, to keep two instead of one. Now, in his case it turned out alright. I found he was a steady fellow, teetotall, and all that. But in the case of Jack Billers, on inquiry into his private life I found out he was a gambler, not a 'apporth of thrift in the man, boozed every Saturday night regular. So you bet he didn't get a rise. Where's the common sense in raising a man's wages if he's going to waste..."
em? You wouldn’t believe the trouble I’ve had with my hands from time to time. Sickness, accidents, and the like, but not truly that’s changed. I’m not put to the trouble of inquiring into these things. I don’t care if my hands get drunk every Saturday or not; all I want is a full day’s work out of ‘em, a full day’s hard poetry. The gin, I can see, is quick wither my hands any other; I couldn’t do that ten years ago. It don’t hurt me to sack a man to-day like it used to. I’m not so responsible for ‘em now. That’s the secret. The responsibility has been shifted over to the State—over to the Liberal Party." We stared round effusively and twitched our shoulders.

"Take Steps to Parnassus," By J. C. Squire. (Latimer. 38. ed. net.)

Whatever may be said of the ethics of satire (and Swift called it "the higher politics"), its malice is never purposeless. Whatever else a critic may sometimes do evil, but he does it that good may come, that bad writers may cease to write, that they may not retain the good opinion of a badly instructed public, and that the public may not retain the good opinion of the bad writer. Swift may have his admirers, but he never was an inquirer. Whatever else a critic may sometimes do evil, but he does it that good may come, that bad writers may cease to write, that they may not retain the good opinion of the badly instructed public, and the public may not retain the good opinion of the bad writer. Swift may have his admirers, but he never was an inquirer. Whatever else a critic may sometimes do evil, but he does it that good may come, that bad writers may cease to write, that they may not retain the good opinion of the badly instructed public, and the public may not retain the good opinion of the bad writer. Swift may have his admirers, but he never was an inquirer.

Views and Reviews.*

Why do people republish jeux d’esprit? There is no need to inquire too curiously into the economic interpretation of literature; we may base our objection to republishing on a canon of art. The countenance of his sour expression, that you was a member of the same school. Mr. Masefield may quite easily regard Mr. Squire as a badly instructed poet, and leave the repartee to Black Will and his cudgel."

Byron could say, in the postscript to the second edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers": "Since the publication of the thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry carrels; but, alas, ‘the age of chivalry is over,’ or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit nowadays." But who can suppose Mr. Squire expecting, or Maeterlinck sending, a challenge, even to fists of a Charpentier, as a retort to "Pelissier and Mariane"? His witchcraft are unwrung; even the blind can see; men who say "Moo," and "enter the wood on the right," tell Maeterlinck no more than that any fool can make fun of mystery. There can be no satire of Maeterlinck, for the man has no bowels; one might satirise Ixion, but not the Clarence of the Facetiae; any fool can superfluous, for Maeterlinck is a parody on drama, poetry, and philosophy.

To what extent Mr. Squire is wasting his gift of imitation is a matter of no moment; it is a beginning to despise it, and to call themselves "creative artists," may be seen from a quotation from the "Times." The "Times," pardieu, has had enough of Mr. Squire; his first volume "showed an exceptional gift for parody which is not unmixed virtue. His censures are frequently不出 the circle of ridicule, his ridicule is a parody of ridicule.

Three of these imaginary reviews appeared in The New Age, where, at least, they were intelligible; even if Mr. Wake Cook (I am sure that he will pardon the state-
REVIEWS.

The English Review for May. (Not sent for review.)

I stood beneath the Night's unmoved expance,
And in liquid depths of wonderness,
Should there have striaged and left a perfect thing,
I was as God; I compassed time and space.

In one long kiss, in whose still ecstasy
Dancing through worlds of water, white of wing,
O'ershadows the shade of total fatality!

For in the love of you alone I dare
Your soft strong arms around my neck to twine.

And if, my love, your image is undimmed!
Dancing through worlds of water, white of wing,
Should there have strayed and left a perfect thing,
I was as God; I compassed space.

The sonnet by Mr. Fish is
The three chapters on Mars are exceptionally interesting, in view of the fact
that even an astronomer like Professor Lowell prefers
fantasy to science in this instance. Of course, it is possible
that science may yet discover that protozoa is not the basis of life, or that it does not require fluid water
for its activity; but until that happens, we shall have to
accept a narration of apparently causeless phenomena
as history; we expect an historian to make clear the
causes of the happenings that he describes, and to in-
duile in intelligent prophecy of the outcome of them.

Are the Planets Inhabited? By E. Walter Maunder.

As a volume addressed to the general reader, this addition to "Harper's Library of Living Thought" suffers by its technicality. Mr. Maunder frequently uses words which we cannot find in any dictionary that is handy, and he flings chemical formulae and mathematical equations about as though they were figures of common speech. Even with these magical aids, Mr. Maunder cannot arrive at a conclusion; the evidence is at once so vast and so conflicting that he can do little more than summarise it, and give an indication of its
possible value. If the estimates of sodium accumulation in the oceans lead to one conclusion, sedimentation leads to another; while the astronomical considerations and radio-activity contradict every other sort of evidence. Mr. Maunder reviews the happenings in a final chapter, and discusses the possibilities and consequences of a reconciliation between the various schools of thought on this subject; and he suggests a path which may lead to reconciliation. We hope that it does.

The Age of the Earth. By Arthur Holmes. (Harpers.

As I look for the resurrection of the dead and the
life of the world to come."
We agree to the latter.

M. Henri Fabre writes agreeably about a pond. Mr. Walter Raleigh discloses the secret of Baccacio; it is the secret of air and light. Very illuminating. Mr. Norman Douglas discusses the Neapolitan massacres in a manner not so badly imitated from Sainte-Beuve. His matter is another question. When an Englishman implores us to have done with "this maddening cult of mediaval film and morosity," this period of "existence little more than a round of litanies and assassinations, its monotony enlivened by the buffoonery of knight-errantry," and so on, and so on, we can only ask him to please to rub up his sense of proportion.

A friend of the late Charles Henton-Robinson eulogises him in a tribute which might better have been used for the poet's work. This article is stated to have been written while Mr. Henton-Robinson was still alive, and to say the best, it is a commonplace personal tribute. Why not have given the ten pages to Mr. Henton-Robinson himself to fill? "Editorial note.—We regret to learn that Mr. Henton-Robinson passed away while the above article was in the press."

"Why not have given the ten pages to Mr. Henton-Robinson himself to fill?"

"A modern history of the English people. Vol. I: Rough and Ready. By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gretton continues his self-appointed task of summarising the things you see in the papers; and if the student desires to get at the facts, as Matthew Arnold declared he did, Mr. Gretton should be just the man for you. But for an in-depth early part of the twenty-first century, it is perfectly true that car manufacturers have become
efficient during the first decade of this century; that wireless telegraphy, cinematography, aviation, and Dreadnought men of war, to say nothing of radioactive metals, have all been either discovered or invented during this period, or applied to practical purposes. But what about the English people? Beyond the fact that we went swimming in the early part of the century, and that some people regarded that incident as indicative of a change in our character, Mr. Gretton tells us nothing about ourselves. We cannot accept a narration of apparently causeless phenomena as history; we expect an historian to make clear the causes of the happenings that he describes, and to induce in intelligent prophecy of the outcome of them.

Mr. Gretton is only a precocious writer of newspaper reports, and his book can only be recommended to those who wish to refresh their memory of recent topics.

"The New Age" May 8, 1913

"A modern history of the English people. Vol. I: Rough and Ready. By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gretton continues his self-appointed task of summarising the things you see in the papers; and if the student desires to get at the facts, as Matthew Arnold declared he did, Mr. Gretton should be just the man for you. For an in-depth early part of the twenty-first century, it is perfectly true that car manufacturers have become efficient during the first decade of this century; that wireless telegraphy, cinematography, aviation, and Dreadnought men of war, to say nothing of radioactive metals, have all been either discovered or invented during this period, or applied to practical purposes. But what about the English people? Beyond the fact that we went swimming in the early part of the century, and that some people regarded that incident as indicative of a change in our character, Mr. Gretton tells us nothing about ourselves. We cannot accept a narration of apparently causeless phenomena as history; we expect an historian to make clear the causes of the happenings that he describes, and to induce in intelligent prophecy of the outcome of them.

Mr. Gretton is only a precocious writer of newspaper reports, and his book can only be recommended to those who wish to refresh their memory of recent topics.
spared both argument and the citation of evidence. Mr. Wilson assumes the point at issue, and makes an occasional quotation from Confucius and similar authors to justify his assumption. Of course, he proves nothing except to those already convinced; he has only arrived at the "easy ne quid nimis" of the author of the "Book of Ecclesiastes," and, with all of his skill, has attempted to state it. "What more doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God?" is the wisdom of a minor prophet; and as until everything is known, we cannot know that nothing can be known, we need not accept Mr. Wilson's assurance unless we choose.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

In the game of imports and exports, drama is not really enterprising. It must be twenty years since musical comedy, in "The Geisha," transported itself to Japan. The opera of "Madame Butterfly" showed us, if I remember rightly, an American naval officer causing a Japanese girl to break her heart for love. Japan has now become an exporting country, and instead of white men succeeding to or escaping from the charms of Japanese girls, in "Typhoon," Japanese men are settled in Paris, with the usual results. One of them became entangled with a harlot (in literature and drama Paris is the home of the harlot), strangles her, and thus provides the usual third act of the drama of passion, the scene before the investigating judge. We have all the details of the regulation European play, with a few Japanese added for the sake of picturesqueineness. Yet within three years of its first production, the play has been presented in every capital city and was told, in a publisher's note, that "for the first time, wound round a story of deep human emotion, a dramatist has set himself to study the ever-increasing impact of Western ideas and civilisation upon the East." It is to be hoped that the second time a dramatist attempts to do this, he will not wind himself round a story of deep human emotion.

What is this story? As I have said, it is a common one. Dr. Tokeramo is supposed to be in Europe on a secret mission, the nature of which is never disclosed by him: it is to be hoped that its "impact of Western ideas" is not apparent. Melchior Lengyel introduces his harlot. She resembles these prototypes only in the power of her beauty as a harlot, and which seems to be the collection of information that may help to achieve the future omnipotence of Japan. "That is the secret of our success," says Tokeramo. "We search out the wisdom of the world. Generations have turned to dust, martyrs have died in the "I love you no, I don't." That type has neither manners, wit, nor passion. Inferior to Nippon, and that he ought to be left to his fate at the hands of European justice. But everybody knows that a drama of passion which has the scene laid in Paris must have a scene in the room of the investigating judge; and everybody also knows that a Japanese of high degree commits hari-kari when he has disgraced himself or been disgraced. Allow for these two well-known facts, and you have the explanation of the last act of a new drama.

Tokeramo does not die on the scaffold. The Japanese agree among themselves that he is too valuable to the cause of Japan to be so sacrificed; besides, the author has determined that hari-kari is the fitting end for Tokin. The youngest of the Japanese gives him his head in his hand, and the poison is rapidly killing them. They may think it possible to obtain the civilisation of Europe without its corruption; but the thought only betrays their lack of wisdom. Our first defence against the Japanese was our armaments; we have taught them the manufacture and use of the implements of war. But if their own tradition and civilisation cannot save them from our women, if sexual passion can reduce them to a state of gibbering idiocy that is natural to most Europeans, then Japan is doomed to become only an Eastern slum. It is easy to tag on, as Lengyel does, a few commonplace places about "love must conquer hate," and forgiveness, but if the Japanese are a Heaven-descended race, as they boast, they will have to find some more effective means of forestalling building warships, establishing factories, and murdering prostitutes. We do all these things ourselves, and we are not descended from Heaven.

Art.
A Stroll Down Bond Street.
By Anthony M. Ludovici.

If artists still represent the most dashing, the most daring, and the freest spirits in the community, then this age must be the tallest and most harmless that the world has yet seen. But everyone knows that he must now look elsewhere than in painters' studios for daring and dash. If anything at all has a clean conscience today and feels that it can deploy all its power, that thing is not art; it is the reverse of art. No wonder, then, that painters, sculptors, and even caricaturists are so indifferent, so meek and subservient. The ordinary common or garden painter today is a mere modest impresario of Nature as the city man likes her to be always charming and free from even a lap-dog's modishness. The ordinary Painting at the Walker Galleries, are trying to be worthy examples that painters, sculptors, and even caricaturists are so mean and cub of malice. His caricatures are straightforward, and for Mr. Hugh J. Riviere, despite all his distinguished

"The Demon of Fear," 55. "The Demon of Envy," 46. "Cliff," and 28. "Clouds." These seem to represent his top wave of artistic achievement. No Rodin! Rodin! You have a lot to answer for! There is a law in France which punishes people who are guilty of "detournement de mineurs." Now an artist who has not yet found himself is a "minure" even if he be over thirty years of age. I wonder how many times Rodin's work has committed this crime.

that the trouble at the bottom of this portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, by Mr. Hugh J. Riviere, is that the latter did not comprehend and comprise the former in his own nature—or not a sufficient amount of the former to help him to read who Mr. G. K. Chesterton actually is. After all, one only understands oneself in others, and the more Chesterton, the greater the number of people he will be able to "place" and to comprehend. The complications of Mr. Riviere's nature certainly contain very little of the chemical whose formula is G. K. C., otherwise this portrait would have been a different performance. Ethel Wright is generally poor all through this show. She has not a craftsman's conscience, and I do not think she will ever acquire one if she persists in her present poster style. Messrs. [William Nicholson], [Philip Conhard], [William Nicholson] (No. 19), and Glavy Philpot (No. 25) are also very disappointing. I confess that very little from these men ever does please me; but in this glowy gallery, they look particularly uninteresting.

In the next room everything was in such utter darkness that I am afraid numbers 35 to 87 had to be taken on trust. I made an attempt at putting on the light myself, but the sudden fizziness and sparking of an arc-lamp in the first room so alarmed me that I quickly put the switches back. It is true that I might have called one of the attendants. But I cannot say what feeling of apprehension at last prevailed and made me leave the room entirely alone. Was it a look at Mr. Clausen's "The Big Chimneys" (No. 62) which, despite the gloom, was sufficiently plain to drive me thence? In any case an indescribable feeling came over me, which seemed to imply that this veil of darkness was all for the best. I will say this for the Gallery people, though, that it was very dark and overcast outside all the afternoon.

The three plums in the third room are undoubtedly the Hon. John Collier's "Under the Arc Light" (No. 119) and Mr. [Rowley Leggett] Portrait (No. 122) and Sketch (No. 125). There is something ineffably meekly about the Hon. John Collier's work. In its presence it is difficult not to feel that here a great and generous talent for something—let us say x, has been entirely squandered. There are an ability for taking pains, a conscientious study of detail, and Quixotic predilection for futility, which might certainly have been turned to some account. It is hard to believe, however, that the x in question is pictorial art. As for Mr. Rowley Leggett one can feel but indignation.

Pursuing my way still farther and arriving at the Patterson Gallery at the very foot of Bond Street, I introduced myself for the first time to David Edstrom's work. David Edstrom is a middle-aged Swedish sculptor, who seems to have suffered more severely than most from Rodin's influence. He may say that he has never met, seen or studied Rodin. In that case all I can say is that they happen to be extraordinarily alike in their faults. They both have an incomprehensible love of the ugly and the amorphous. They both degenerate very easily into caricature in portrait work, and they are both frenzied romanticists. Of about 35 portrait heads, only two are at all pleasant to look at (Nos. 3 and 16) and the first of these is but a memory. The rest are a series of people one would dread to meet, and whose portraits, if faithful, are the cruellest record of unfortunate features that could be imagined. But one has the feeling that Edstrom is not happy at all in moulding portrait heads. His real spirit is that of a poet of fluid, tortuous, ugly and grotesque bodies and forms, as revealed in Nos. 54, "The Demon of Fear," 55, "The Demon of Envy," 46, "Cliff," and 28, "Clouds." These seem to represent his top wave of artistic achievement. No Rodin! Rodin! You have a lot to answer for! There is a law in France which punishes people who are guilty of "detournement de mineurs." Now an artist who has not yet found himself is a "minure" even if he be over thirty years of age. I wonder how many times Rodin's work has committed this crime.

Many years ago I came to the distressing conclusion that Mr. Hugh J. Riviere, despite all his distinguished relatives, would never make anything more than a very mediocre painter; and here, indeed, I found two pictures which sadly reminded me of my desperate forelock. Mr. Hugh J. Riviere is known to me chiefly in connection with his "Garden of Eden" and his portrait of his famous father. At the Baillie Gallery he has two portraits which revealed to me all the features that could be imagined. But the first among these is but a memory. The rest are a series of people one would dread to meet, and whose portraits, if faithful, are the cruellest record of unfortunate features that could be imagined. But one has the feeling that Edstrom is not happy at all in moulding portrait heads. His real spirit is that of a poet of fluid, tortuous, ugly and grotesque bodies and forms, as revealed in Nos. 54, "The Demon of Fear," 55, "The Demon of Envy," 46, "Cliff," and 28, "Clouds." These seem to represent his top wave of artistic achievement. No Rodin! Rodin! You have a lot to answer for! There is a law in France which punishes people who are guilty of "detournement de mineurs." Now an artist who has not yet found himself is a "minure" even if he be over thirty years of age. I wonder how many times Rodin's work has committed this crime.
Rubbing shoulders with anybody; only quite the nobodies pay our own system, which I feel sure you would insist I've taken up. I shall have a lot more news to fill. Do you know, everything on these tours, and I think that the each...were, gallivanting through Italy!

I have to write to you again (I never drop friends owe...have to come back to the first—what they call a vicious...

Relaxed, revealing—haply, leering ghouls, Perturbed—for I had trailed regenerate hours...wrote, gallerying through the portico of Drury LANE:

Prolonged, intense. Uncannily, I heard...Its mild, symphonious monodies intrusions—

And fidgetted, and grumbled, prone to deem...What time we drenched the actor with applause. Poor Will, to roam on such a stormy night...Applause like thunder? Ay, and sudden squalls,

Portentous motif brooding o'er the theme...What the devil do you want? I cried angrily.

I laughed. "You don't know the charm of a brown study," I explained. "You never will. Sit in this chair and look at the next corner: it is not there! Nothing is, in a brown study. All around is distance, inexpressible distance, and depth.

He sniggered. "What the devil do you want?" I cried angrily.

"Ah! now we come to the point," he said. "What do you think of me?"

"You? Who are you?"

"I am it, the only it, the sine qua non, the absolute limit, the outside edge, the very last Thing!"

"Let's hope so," I replied sarcastically. "I don't much care for things in the present."

"In my general appearance and format," he continued, "I shall not depart from tradition. I am a good old English gentleman. Ah! but I shall be a critic, wait and see. A fresh young critic caught in the last shower of rain."

"A cannot be both B and C at one and the same time," said I, puzzled greatly. "It is equally impossible for A to be either B or C at any time. A must always be A: that is the law of the alphabet."

He smiled mirthfully. "You don't know much about me," he said.

Then he waddled up to the fire, turned his back upon it, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, tapped his tum. I laughed long and loudly.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I thought you were the new landlord."

He grinned, and patted the tum. I laughed long and loudly.

I intended to occupy a place which hitherto has been left unfilled. I shall talk unceasingly on all current political, social, religious, and intellectual questions. Indeed, I have a definite ideal, at which I am consciously aiming. Of course, I shall do nothing. But I do believe in the steps which this country and all the other foremost communities in the world (and here he took his tum in both hands) have lately been taking in the direction of a greater corporate responsibility, a greater corporate activity (the tum waggled), and a greater corporate control, and—" I looked forward to a time when this growing corporate life (affectionately nursing the tum) will be developed to a point far beyond anything that has yet ever pretended to be found anywhere."

"Good grief! who are you, the New Statesman?"

"He grinned, and patted the tum. I laughed long and loudly."

He explained. "I beg your pardon," I apologised, when I recovered. "I thought you were the new landlord. My quarter's rent is overdue, and I've searched everywhere of this—er—gentleman and I can't find a penny anywhere."

But the Statesman flew!
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—At the conference of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association held at Edinburgh on April 10, the following resolution was proposed, discussed, and, finally, carried by a substantial majority. It was as follows: "The Postal Telegraph Service shall be managed by the people employed in it on a basis of popular control, the rates for the various services alone being regulated by Parliament. The debate on the subject extended over an hour, and, in the course of it the following able speech was delivered in defence of the resolution by Mr. J. C. Craven, the Secretary of the Hull Branch of the P.T.C.A. We are much obliged to him both for the speech and for his report of it.

Mr. J. C. CRAVEN.

The present programme of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association is a statement of what we consider to be justice for the rank and file of the workers. It would still remain a substantial body of grievances quite untouched, and which would never be touched, no matter how sweeping and generous the concessions made to us. These grievances have their origin in the system by which we are governed and are inherent in that system.

Nominally, we are ruled by King and Parliament, but Parliament does not itself rule us. In theory, fair and just treatment is guaranteed to us by the various Acts of Parliament, but in practice these laws are not observed and their enforcement is impossible. The ruling officials of the Postal Service have obligations only to their superiors. These officials have obligations to their superiors only, they have no obligations to their inferiors; and here lies the crux of the whole matter. The outstanding fact in modern industrial organisation is that the administrators are people placed above the workers instead of people working in cooperation with the workers. A man's nature rebels against domination over him by others, and no system can last in which a man is virtually a slave. Trades Unionism has been produced by this desire of the workers for greater freedom, and when Trades Unionism fully knows itself it will demand absolute control of the industrial machine.

The whole system whereby labour is treated as a mere marketable commodity is wrong and demoralising. It has resulted in the degradation of labour, deterioration in the quality of service rendered, and increased His. and to the heart of Society a canker which has its evidence in labour unrest. Labour unrest is more than a demand for better pay and conditions, it is a demand for a higher status. Pay and conditions have dominated the Labour movement in the past, because they have been matters of life and death, and the demands of the moment have been asked for and obtained. Labour has been overlooked, but the time is rapidly approaching when it will be recognised that these is the key to the whole problem.

It was the desire for freedom in men that produced political independence, and the same desire for freedom will lead him to industrial independence. It is degrading to be told that you want too much and that you must confine yourselves to the things you are entitled to. It is demoralising to see your workmates, and those whom we regard as our natural leaders, set up as sovereigns over their fellow workers. The worker should dictate his own price and should control his own labour at the point of production. The worker should control Industry, and contract with the State to do the work. It is degrading to be asked to control the shape of your work, because it is, in some measure, a part of the worker's individuality, and this can only be obtained when man regains his self-respect and independence by controlling his own work.

At present, it is not possible to produce a detailed scheme for carrying out the ideas presented, but I believe that everything which is morally right is practically possible. To the unimaginative mind there appear to be great difficulties in the way of achievement, but these should not deter us if we believe in the principle. Democratic control of the State was once deemed an impossibility, but it is now, to some extent, a fact. Present conditions always appear to be natural and inevitable, but if we take a broader view and consider the vast changes which have taken place in the last century we shall realise that changes such as I have indicated are well within the bounds of practicability. If you view these changes from the standpoint of another age they would be deemed quite impossible.

At present, as a Trades Union, we are working to secure a voice in determining our conditions, we are asking for a greater influence in official life, we are seeking an extension of our present meagre measure of official recognition, and I submit that this resolution should be embodied in our programme as the ideal of all our aspirations in this direction.

It is very encouraging to us, and it should also be to your readers, that the principles of the National Guild System are beginning to be understood and appreciated among the objects of the Trades Unions. These bodies, it is plain to see, have come to the end of their tether as purely defensive organisations. Wages, they have discovered, cannot be raised, as wages, beyond a certain limit, by competition. No way how much profits may in...
crease, the level of wages will remain much the same, being either sustained by the newly created and produced proletariat. Under these circumstances, it will be imperative that the Trade Unions should define a new object for themselves. Otherwise, they are doomed to mark time in their present status to eternity. But to progress they must needs find a new principle.

Under these circumstances, it will be immoral for the new principle to be defective. The marks of its authors having seized the main principles of TH& NEW AGE before the Marconi Committee as due to its sub-editors’ sense of proportion. It is curiously proportion governed one other paper only than the "Daily Herald," and that also was a Socialist paper, the "Daily Citizen." The inexperienced sub-editors of the "Times" devoted over a long period, the Press, London and provincial, also gave the great bulk of the evidence; but the sub-editors of a journal circulating amongst Socialists exclusively preserved their sense of proportion by compressing to two or three lines the evidence of the only Socialist journal called 'The New Age,' and that also was a Socialist paper, the "Daily Herald," and this theory of mine, like all other theories, is the advice 'Daily Citizen,' the "Labour Leader," and over the "Clarion," None of these journals ever mentions, if it cannot do so, the mere existence of the others. Even when reporting the May Day procession, the "Daily Citizen" refused to name the "Daily Herald" as one of the chief items. Will the "Daily Herald" accept a sense of proportion as an explanation. Don't be silly, my children, I would say to them. The world is not quite full of fools. They can see how Socialists love freedom, and there is slavery. Why, there is freedom, and there is slavery. There is freedom, and there is slavery. "If," say I, "the Labour Party would turn out the false friends, then we should have a good, square fight." "Yes," says THE NEW AGE, "it has the money in our purse, then all would be well." "If I can succeed," says Mr. Finn, "in proving by the trustification of all national industries, and so on, that all countries will be as one country; that all wealth would be produced by the whole race; that wealth would abound for all; that everyone will live in comfort and security; that the struggling, scheming capitalists will be put out of business, enough will come will be won, and won, too, without me and my thirty millions. Proverbs.

Ay, fie! But the inevitable quotation is too familiar. Your readers, Sir, can all fill in the blank. Meanwhile, you will see, that a large stock of cheerfulness must be laid in, if it is to last till A.D. 1918. FELIX ELDERVERS.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The "Daily Herald" explains its suppression (of the Syndicalist press) to be quite exact, as the evidence of THE NEW AGE before the Marconi Committee is due to its sub-editors’ sense of proportion. It is curious. The syndicalist sense of proportion governed one other paper only than the "Daily Herald," and that also was a Socialist paper, the "Daily Citizen." The inexperienced sub-editors of the "Times" devoted over a long period, the Press, London and provincial, also gave the great bulk of the evidence; but the sub-editors of a journal circulating amongst Socialists exclusively preserved their sense of proportion by compressing to two or three lines the evidence of the only Socialist journal called before the Committee. Sir, it will not wash; and as a journalist older probably than any on the staff of the "Daily Herald," I say they know it will not wash with professional journalists. The marks of snobbery and jealousy are all over the "Daily Herald," as they are over the "Daily Citizen," over the "Labour Leader," and over the "Clarion." None of these journals ever mentions, if it cannot do so, the mere existence of the others. Even when reporting the May Day procession, the "Daily Citizen" refused to name the "Daily Herald" as one of the chief items. Will the "Daily Herald" accept a sense of proportion as an explanation. Don't be silly, my children, I would say to them. The world is not quite full of fools. They can see how Socialists love freedom, and there is slavery. Why, there is freedom, and there is slavery. "If," say I, "the Labour Party would turn out the false friends, then we should have a good, square fight." "Yes," says THE NEW AGE, "it has the money in our purse, then all would be well." "If I can succeed," says Mr. Finn, "in proving by the trustification of all national industries, and so on, that all countries will be as one country; that all wealth would be produced by the whole race; that wealth would abound for all; that everyone will live in comfort and security; that the struggling, scheming capitalists will be put out of business, enough will come will be won, and won, too, without me and my thirty millions. Proverbs.

Ay, fie! But the inevitable quotation is too familiar. Your readers, Sir, can all fill in the blank. Meanwhile, you will see, that a large stock of cheerfulness must be laid in, if it is to last till A.D. 1918. FELIX ELDERVERS.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The "Daily Herald" explains its suppression (of the Syndicalist press) to be quite exact, as the evidence of THE NEW AGE before the Marconi Committee is due to its sub-editors’ sense of proportion. It is curious. The syndicalist sense of proportion governed one other paper only than the "Daily Herald," and that also was a Socialist paper, the "Daily Citizen." The inexperienced sub-editors of the "Times" devoted over a long period, the Press, London and provincial, also gave the great bulk of the evidence; but the sub-editors of a journal circulating amongst Socialists exclusively preserved their sense of proportion by compressing to two or three lines the evidence of the only Socialist journal called before the Committee. Sir, it will not wash; and as a journalist older probably than any on the staff of the "Daily Herald," I say they know it will not wash with professional journalists. The marks of snobbery and jealousy are all over the "Daily Herald," as they are over the "Daily Citizen," over the "Labour Leader," and over the "Clarion." None of these journals ever mentions, if it cannot do so, the mere existence of the others. Even when reporting the May Day procession, the "Daily Citizen" refused to name the "Daily Herald" as one of the chief items. Will the "Daily Herald" accept a sense of proportion as an explanation. Don't be silly, my children, I would say to them. The world is not quite full of fools. They can see how Socialists love freedom, and there is slavery. Why, there is freedom, and there is slavery. "If," say I, "the Labour Party would turn out the false friends, then we should have a good, square fight." "Yes," says THE NEW AGE, "it has the money in our purse, then all would be well." "If I can succeed," says Mr. Finn, "in proving by the trustification of all national industries, and so on, that all countries will be as one country; that all wealth would be produced by the whole race; that wealth would abound for all; that everyone will live in comfort and security; that the struggling, scheming capitalists will be put out of business, enough will come will be won, and won, too, without me and my thirty millions. Proverbs.

Ay, fie! But the inevitable quotation is too familiar. Your readers, Sir, can all fill in the blank. Meanwhile, you will see, that a large stock of cheerfulness must be laid in, if it is to last till A.D. 1918. FELIX ELDERVERS.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The "Daily Herald" explains its suppression (of the Syndicalist press) to be quite exact, as the evidence of THE NEW AGE before the Marconi Committee is due to its sub-editors’ sense of proportion. It is curious. The syndicalist sense of proportion governed one other paper only than the "Daily Herald," and that also was a Socialist paper, the "Daily Citizen." The inexperienced sub-editors of the "Times" devoted over a long period, the Press, London and provincial, also gave the great bulk of the evidence; but the sub-editors of a journal circulating amongst Socialists exclusively preserved their sense of proportion by compressing to two or three lines the evidence of the only Socialist journal called before the Committee. Sir, it will not wash; and as a journalist older probably than any on the staff of the "Daily Herald," I say they know it will not wash with professional journalists. The marks of snobbery and jealousy are all over the "Daily Herald," as they are over the "Daily Citizen," over the "Labour Leader," and over the "Clarion." None of these journals ever mentions, if it cannot do so, the mere existence of the others. Even when reporting the May Day procession, the "Daily Citizen" refused to name the "Daily Herald" as one of the chief items. Will the "Daily Herald" accept a sense of proportion as an explanation. Don't be silly, my children, I would say to them. The world is not quite full of fools. They can see how Socialists love freedom, and there is slavery. Why, there is freedom, and there is slavery. "If," say I, "the Labour Party would turn out the false friends, then we should have a good, square fight." "Yes," says THE NEW AGE, "it has the money in our purse, then all would be well." "If I can succeed," says Mr. Finn, "in proving by the trustification of all national industries, and so on, that all countries will be as one country; that all wealth would be produced by the whole race; that wealth would abound for all; that everyone will live in comfort and security; that the struggling, scheming capitalists will be put out of business, enough will come will be won, and won, too, without me and my thirty millions. Proverbs.

Ay, fie! But the inevitable quotation is too familiar. Your readers, Sir, can all fill in the blank. Meanwhile, you will see, that a large stock of cheerfulness must be laid in, if it is to last till A.D. 1918. FELIX ELDERVERS.
WHAT IS FEMINISM?

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the courtesy of Mrs. Hastings’ reply, and to thank her for the partial illumination of my mind. But the unlit area cries for light; and, with your permission, I now go straight to the point.

I cannot, unless I am mistaken, accept Mrs. Hastings’ endorsement of Hesiod’s definition of woman as an “irremediable woe” is literal, I may ask what means Mrs. Hastings suggests for escaping it, other than the work of women, both as regards men and themselves. It is surely not a historic view of the world that woman is of exactly the same degree of wretchedness at all times and in all places; during some periods in some places women have been less or more of a woe; and the question arises, granted that this our time finds women more of a woe, how to make them less of a woe. The means, supposing means to exist within human reach, are plainly means to be made within human reach, are plainly means to be made more simple and more pleasant to me. Please look up the new Act of 1912 for our information.

DORA DARLING.

FEMINISM.

Sir,—Only one thing I regret in the recent correspondence on feminism. It is an undignified position for Mrs. Hastings to be in. To want to do some thing good, and, in order to better understand what can never know her, nor has she any real weapons with which to fight people who see things only as they are, and have neither idea of the creative power buried in their depths. One should only command, not talk with, men or women of this type.

In our present European communities the slave element predominates in practically every individual, both men and women. Mrs. Hastings says that women’s moral state is rather lower than is safe for them and the world at large. Is this not equally true of the men of to-day? Is it not true that in any middle-class-ridden community the moral state is degraded and dehumanised? The White Slave agitation is but one manifestation—more obvious, perhaps, than others—of this. Can it be that this is not true of the men of to-day? Is it not true that in any middle-class-ridden community the moral state is degraded and dehumanised?

MARRIAGE.

Sir,—I read with pleasure your remarks on marriage and the responsibility which devolves upon the church in the matter of the marriage of the laity. I agree with you that the marriage of the laity is the work of the church and the church alone.

The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul. The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul.

I am glad to see that you have taken up this question, and I hope that you will continue to do so.

MARRIAGE.

Sir,—I am interested in your remarks on marriage and the responsibility which devolves upon the church in the matter of the marriage of the laity. I agree with you that the marriage of the laity is the work of the church and the church alone. The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul.

I am glad to see that you have taken up this question, and I hope that you will continue to do so.

MARRIAGE.

Sir,—I am interested in your remarks on marriage and the responsibility which devolves upon the church in the matter of the marriage of the laity. I agree with you that the marriage of the laity is the work of the church and the church alone. The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul.

I am glad to see that you have taken up this question, and I hope that you will continue to do so.

MARRIAGE.

Sir,—I am interested in your remarks on marriage and the responsibility which devolves upon the church in the matter of the marriage of the laity. I agree with you that the marriage of the laity is the work of the church and the church alone. The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul.

I am glad to see that you have taken up this question, and I hope that you will continue to do so.

MARRIAGE.

Sir,—I am interested in your remarks on marriage and the responsibility which devolves upon the church in the matter of the marriage of the laity. I agree with you that the marriage of the laity is the work of the church and the church alone. The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul.

I am glad to see that you have taken up this question, and I hope that you will continue to do so.

MARRIAGE.

Sir,—I am interested in your remarks on marriage and the responsibility which devolves upon the church in the matter of the marriage of the laity. I agree with you that the marriage of the laity is the work of the church and the church alone. The church alone is the institution which is charged with the care of the soul of man, and the church alone has the right to determine what soul shall be married to what soul.

I am glad to see that you have taken up this question, and I hope that you will continue to do so.
FEMINISM IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Your contributors certainly do let us down if they do not. Mr. Randall's attack on Mr. Stratford for not admiring the "heroic suffragettes" can only be acted by malice. Who is ignorant of the suffragettes and of women as a class but this man, Mr. Randall? He has been tussling with policemen and fish-porters, he has. If anyone has suggested that the so-called educated woman into the arts has dragged all things low, that man is Mr. Randall—next perhaps only to Mr. Kennedy, another wobbler with whom I shall deal presently. No one here wants to say which sets "A. E. R." attacking a man for not including these women in the roll of genuine martyrs. A martyr does not do his work with a giggling reliance on the forbearance of mobs and police protection. The suffragettes quite plainly rely on their sex to get off in the end as tomboys. This for the best of them. As for those that incite a tumbling by men of the street, the less said about them the better. Ask the doctors.

Mr. Kennedy, our great teacher of Supernanitv, has as little call as Mr. Randall to be philandering with "the monstrous regiment of women." He may name the New Age ten times in a paragraph, but there will remain at least one reader of "The Week" who will not make any mistake about The New Age view of women's bad influence in the arts, politics, industry and society. Mr. Kennedy's next-found chivalry is pretty, but what does it amount to? So far as I can see, nothing but a comparison of the best women he can think of with men of whose natures he chooses to think nothing or very little. But sigh no more, ladies, men were deceivers ever. No true man can think of a woman in two ways. She is either the good old-fashioned woman to him, or she is a reformative blue-stocking, and that is to say an ape of man. Mr. Randall can martyrs and Mr. Kennedy on the female proclivities of examination rooms are simply ludicrous lists.

A WOMAN'S COUNCIL.

Sir,—May I point out that Miss (or Mrs.) Dora Forster's report of the Napolitano case is similar to the man-hating yarns which underlie the White Slave Act now in operation. I know nothing of the case, but I would not accept Miss Forster's version without instantly making arrangements to put myself under external control. The only evidence she quotes comes from Mrs. Napolitano. We are asked to believe that Canada is deliberately persecuting an obscure Italian woman, that that country deliberately released an obscure but dangerous Italian woman. One's sensible conclusion is that the authorities early discovered the woman to be a dangerous liar, as she was later proved certainly to be an active homicide. But who was it that witnessed the woman? Nothing has been done to the Englishwoman whose fingerprints were found sticking on the gates of death, to be expunged from the history of the world. The woman herself was later proved certainly to be an active homicide.

As a Woman's Council, we are of opinion that women simply cannot be made respectable for what they allege under excitement. Time is some cruel exercise. The flogging of "his views" will, I am sure, discern in "Tomtitt." The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is a double-edged resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colors distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day.

The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is a double-edged resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colors distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day.

SIR,—I hope you can make room for a comment on the amusing incident of the W.S.P.U.'s "boozing" of the prison doctor who went to see Mrs. Pankhurst. This poor martyr, lying at the gates of death, to be aggravated by those cackling roars of "tremendous booing"! Ah, how sad! Fancy, with nerves all shattered, to have a gang of female sockgans launching one into eternity! The W.S.P.U. has fairly given the game away. However, let us hope that the prison doctors will still keep it up, and certify Mrs. Pankhurst as much too ill to be moved exactly so long as she remains abed and the house is properly supervised.

* * *

ON CARICATURE.

Sir,—In your issue of last week I observe a letter from a "Victim" alluding to the work of "Tomtitt." "It would be interesting," says the writer, "to know if any of "Tomtitt's" subjects have any connection with the "victims.""

May I, therefore, merely as a "victim," say a word on the subject?

The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is a double-edged resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colors distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day.

The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is a double-edged resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colors distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day.

THE MICROZYMAS.

Sir,—I am forced to request the correction of one or two typographical errors in my article on the above. Most important is the substitution of "V" for "V," Béchamp spoke of "Microzymas"; and I have no right to alter his nomenclature.

The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is a double-edged resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colors distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day.

The work of "Tomtitt" is from its very nature exaggerated; for exaggeration is a double-edged resource of satire. Its one definite purpose, however, to act as a critical reagent for separating the unseen error and precipitating in its real colors distinguishes it completely from the other comic productions of the day.

HERBERT SNOW.

Glaisher's Publishers' Reminders.

Supplementary List No. 594 Now Ready, including all the latest Remader Book Purchases priced at reduced prices from the original cost. Cloth, post free.

WILLIAM GLAISHER LTD., 265, High Holborn, London, and at 14, George Street, Croydon, Surrey.


FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.


A FAIR PRICED Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, Cloth, etc., AND SIXPENCE FOR EACH BOX OF MONEY EXchanged by Maltacck Bocconew, 17, Lime Street, Liverpool.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SKEET AND Goss, Ranelagh House, 14, Montague St., May 1 evening sale of.

MEMBERSHIP INVITED FOR PRIVATE SOCIAL CLUBS.

on distinctive lines. Good local position and wide interests essential. Ladies, gentlemen, dinners, etc. Apply Secretary, 30, The Avenue, New Garden.
MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.