Chamberlain announced that he fully approved of the during the Budget debate last week in the Commons Mr. Snowden on points of detail. And even the "Times," as Mr. Lloyd George in making the rich pay for the social reform of the poor; his only reserve was that these opinions were the outcome of the foolishness that these opinions were the outcome of the foolishness that these opinions were the outcome of the foolishness of his honourable friend, Mr. Philip Snowden; it is Mr. Austen Chamberlain also. Speaking about the principle now unanimously incorporated in the Budget is that truck is better than wages and there is no advantage in importing it now into the system of the wage-system of the well-being of the proletariat. To the common acceptance by the employing classes. We are pretty sure that they are not and that new Socialist is only old Capitalist. The employing classes are still to continue to exploit the proletariat and to rob them of the products of their labour (and incidentally of their manhood as well), but, as a salve to their conscience and as an insurance against the consequences of their exploitation, they are to deliver up a part of their plunder to the State which, in turn, will spend it on the working classes. Absolutely nothing more, we are sure, can be discovered in the principle whatever; and he must be a fool indeed who sees any great advance in civilisation in its common acceptance by the employing classes.

Next we have to ask what the effect of the Budget must be upon wages. Wages, as we thought everybody agreed only a week or two ago, are the real test under the wage-system of the well-being of the proletariat. To be sure, it may be the case that there are advantages more considerable than mere wages. To live almost rent-free, to have the privilege of blankets at Christmas and of taking turnips from your master's field are counted, for instance, in the case of the agricultural labourer, as superior substitutes for money wages that you can spend as you please. But that kind of reasoning is disappearing in the discussion even of Hodge; and we see no advantage in importing it now into the discussion of the proletariat generally. Yet, in effect, the only defence of the principle now unanimously incorporated in the Budget is that truck is better than wages and that "national services" in the form of dons of every description are a superior substitute for weekly payment in the form of fluid money. For nobody, we hope, will pretend that the Budget is going to raise wages as wages. On the contrary, the hope of raising wages is frankly abandoned with the adoption as a policy of the principle of taxing the rich to provide for the poor. Why should the poor be provided for by the rich while the hope is still cherished that the poor may one day provide for themselves? Plainly the Budget is one of despair; it realises that the poor not only cannot now provide for themselves, but are never likely to be able to do so.

But if the Budget by tacit admission cannot raise wages, what will be its effect upon profits? Here, in our cool opinion, we arrive at the true explanation of the change that has come over the capitalist classes in respect of the principle referred to. While employers were individualist in principle and competitive among themselves, the idea of taxing them to provide for each other's labourers was thoroughly obnoxious. They did not mind spending a little money on their own particular
workmen; in fact they got a thrill of pride as well as enhanced profits out of it. But to spend money on the whole class of proletariat seemed to be philanthropy without outcome. And hence their objection in those days to what they called the red peril. But to-day the employers have that intelligent cohesion among themselves known as a class-consciousness. Detestable as this is, of course, among the mere proletariat, among the employing classes it is enlightened self-interest. Each employer now realises that his interest in the long run is in more than the efficiency of his own particular workmen; it is in the general efficiency of workmen as a whole. Consequently he no longer objects to sharing with his fellows the cost of social reform, since in many ways he knows he will get an equivalent return. After all, as well as providing corn and stabilising for one's own horses, one ought to be prepared to contribute to the cost of rearing new breeds, etc., etc.

* * *

There is not the slightest doubt in our mind that in this calculation (for calculation it is) the employing classes will prove correct. Undoubtedly the proletariat, both as animals and still more as wealth-producing members, are open to considerable improvement. In a myriad ways, especially while they spend of their wages, the foolish creatures impair their own health, jeopardise that of their renewals (we refer to their children working efficiency, most better to take these delicate matters out of their ignorant hands and put them into the hands of experts like Mr. Sidney Webb, for example? The cost is inconsiderable to the employing classes as a whole. Moreover, less than four per cent. of their present profits; the State with the advice of the Fabians and others will see that it is well spent; and the effect will be to raise the efficiency of the proletariat as much, perhaps, as twenty per cent. A yield of twenty on an outlay of four is five hundred in these hard times; and if a return is not to be refused on grounds of mere inconsistency. But as well as raising efficiency, the expenditure is an insurance against revolt. Mr. Montagu let this cat out of the bag when he remarked that the new taxes were "a method of insuring the wealthy in the enjoyment of their goods." It was, perhaps, an indiscreet thing to publish in the hearing of the proletariat; but peradventure they are sleeping; and in any case it is the truth. We forecast, in fact, a rich harvest to the State if this is the truth. We see, are not rising but falling; both prices and the demands of civilization on expenditure generally are, on the other hand, rising rapidly. It is certain that if the proletariat are to continue to exist at all (and they must since they are the geese that lay the golden eggs), more and more State subsidies must be made to them to supplement their dwindling wages; and with every fresh subsidy more and more they will become the absolute property of the State by right of purchase.

* * *

Mr. Snowden plumped himself upon having foretold some years ago that the Budget of this year would be over two hundred millions. Planning a fresh laurel for ten years hence, he announced on Thursday that the Budget of 1924 would be two hundred and fifty millions. The "New Statesman," in a splutter of ecstasy at the thought of its young bureaucrats having the expenditure of these terrific sums, announces that two hundred and fifty millions is a moderate estimate and that the sum will be three hundred millions. Not to be outdone in prophecy (in which art we ought to be known to be skilled), in the rival Budgets there is nothing to the sum that the State as capitalist will be prepared to spend upon the monopoly of labour. We have only to see wages reduced to nothing (and the tendency is plain) to see the State assume the whole burden of providing for the proletariat directly. How much, after all, would it cost? Roughly, we suppose, there are some ten million families of wage-earners. At fifty pounds expenditure per annum apiece on them, the cost of the lot to the State would be no more than four hundred millions. This is only twenty per cent, of the present national income. By the time our Budget will be brought in, it will be perhaps less than ten per cent. How's that for prophecy? Smacks it not something of the policy? The wage-system would be abolished indeed.
Before considering whether there may not conceivably be a better way of abolishing the wage-system than by making wage-earners State slaves, we shall pause to glance at the remarks of Sir George Paish. Who, you ask, is Sir George Paish? He is the editor of the "Statist," and has recently returned from a lecturing trip to Canada, where he has been discussing on economics. He must continue to discuss, in reproof of the National Liberal Club, the "Daily News" described as "one of the greatest living authorities on economic problems." In short, he is one of the Liberal Lights. Sir George Paish, in the lecture referred to, we have said that the economic condition of the British people at the present time is one of great strength and is growing stronger. This, he continued, was true not merely of the owning classes, but of the labouring classes as well. We may look forward with confidence, he said, to a near future, far the poorest will be able to participate in the wealth we are accumulating from year to year and from generation to generation. A present Budget which Sir George Paish proceeded to eulogise is a Budget to supplement wages. Every one of the five new Bills which Mr. Lloyd George is preparing to introduce before the Election is, tacitly or explicitly, in relief of insufficient wages. These things, we think, are more than sufficient to prove that the ground on which Sir George Paish's prophecy of the end of poverty; and they do not point precisely the same way!

But what is the alternative to the nationalisation of Labour as we have seen it happening? How can the real red peril be met? What can be done to stay it and, if we are fortunate, to avert it? There is, we reply, only one hope and it lies with the proletariat themselves and chiefly with their associations, the Trade Unions. If these are not prepared to create a monopoly of their only commodity (Labour) and to abolish the wage-system on their own behalf by refusing henceforth to sell their labour, at any price, as a commodity, it is not for us to pretend that any other end than slavery awaits them; for Industry, having become so highly organised, profits have become of such immense concern to the capitalists of the world, that, in their own interests, the governing classes must abolish the wage-system, with all its disorders and uncertainties, if the workers will not. To the constant friction due to the constant fall of wages, the resistance offered and, above all, the inefficiency involved in it, are no longer tolerable to international or national capital. Capital needs security and security can only be obtained when the supply of the commodity of Labour is guaranteed both as to quantity and quality. But these can be secured only by State action; and hence State action is to be adopted to secure them. And to meet this policy we have only the Trade Unions to depend upon. Absolutely nothing else. For it is not conceivable that the employing classes will themselves undertake a liberation from which themselves would, as individuals, be the first to suffer. Now how many people, it may be asked, could be expected deliberately to support a measure in such immediate effect as to reduce their own income? Not one in a hundred, twenty centuries after Christ! But if no more, how can it be expected of a whole class? Plainly it ought not to be expected. We have therefore to conclude that, except by some indirect means, no measure on the part of the employing classes will ever reduce their profits to the advantage of wages; and this leads us to the further conclusion that, unless Labour helps itself, nobody, not even God, will help it.

We are almost tired of repeating the means that must be adopted by the Unions to save their class from slavery. Sometimes, indeed, it seems that our trying to amend a foolish self-torture is futile. Yet we must continue to hope that the recent changes in the law have at last produced a profound inquiry into the real status of the proletariat. Very well, then, we will repeat for the thousand and oneth time that the first thing for the trade Unions to do is to make themselves blackleg-proof; and the second is to stop striking for higher wages and to demand a higher status instead. If we look at each of these propositions once more and a little closely. The condition of being blackleg-proof is the condition of a monopoly, and the condition of a monopoly of Labour is the only means the proletariat have of meeting their employers' monopoly of capital. There is really no escape that we can see from this conclusion. If there be, we shall be happy to hear of it. And Capital itself, at any rate, has no doubt of it. With what object, is it supposed, does Capital perpetually endeavour to keep up new supplies of Labour whether in native districts abroad or in feminine districts at home? Not to carry the blessings of civilisation to the blacks or to advance the holy cause of Women! Capital is not Culture! No, it is to preserve its property—its labour—always threatening to become a monopoly) an unorganised and unorganisable mass of Labour upon which to draw for blacklegs at need. But if Capital expends so much ingenuity and ability upon preserving what it calls a free market for labour, the inference surely is that Capital fears a monopoly of Labour! Is this not a further natural deduction that labour should endeavour to justify that fear by creating a monopoly? We think it is.

In the matter now, of striking for wages—what are the objections to that? Firstly, it should be unnecessary to point out even to schoolboys that, despite an era of wage-strikes, real wages have fallen and are still falling. Doubles the particular statisticians (mostly interested in lying, though they are unaware of it) can prove that wages are slowly rising. But their figures refer to rates of wages or only to the actual proletariat employed. In the matter now, of striking for wages—what are the objections to that? Firstly, it should be unnecessary to point out even to schoolboys that, despite an era of wage-strikes, real wages have fallen and are still falling. Doubles the particular statisticians (mostly interested in lying, though they are unaware of it) can prove that wages are slowly rising. But their figures refer to rates of wages or only to the actual proletariat employed. They do not give us, because they cannot, the relative shift of income from employer to employed. Here, and in this detail, is the error of those who have been blinded by the illusion of a free market for Labour. They do not give us, because they cannot, the relative shift of income from employer to employed. Here, and in this detail, is the error of those who have been blinded by the illusion of a free market for Labour. They do not consider that, with what object, is it supposed, does Capital perpetually endeavour to keep up new supplies of Labour whether in native districts abroad or in feminine districts at home? Not to carry the blessings of civilisation to the blacks or to advance the holy cause of Women! Capital is not Culture! No, it is to preserve its property—its labour—always threatening to become a monopoly) an unorganised and unorganisable mass of Labour upon which to draw for blacklegs at need. But if Capital expends so much ingenuity and ability upon preserving what it calls a free market for labour, the inference surely is that Capital fears a monopoly of Labour! Is this not a further natural deduction that labour should endeavour to justify that fear by creating a monopoly? We think it is.

But, supposing this to be the case (and doubt about it is enough for our argument), what advantage has the era of wage-strikes to show? At best it has increased the real wages, perhaps, of a few; at a medium, it has increased the nominal wages of a few more, enabling such workers to eat cherries under a magnifying glass; at worst it has imposed on the whole class the double burden of speeding up and a rise in the cost of living. For, secondly, without accepting the crude wage-fund theory, it may still be taken for true that the total labour power of the total proletariat has, if not a fixed, a rigidly conditioned price. At any given moment the price of labour, we say, could be calculated; so could the price of any other commodity. So many thousands of tons of rubber or copper or cotton exist in the country and they are worth such and such an amount. Similarly, since labour is a commodity it is possible to talk of the productivity of labour, and by the same token, the price of labour and the corresponding wages. If we add to this, the productivity of labour is always rising, so that its price and wages can only be calculated so as to rise in the same sense that the values of these are fixed. Now if, by combination, one class of labour (say, the Railwaymen or the Miners) raise the price of their labour beyond its fixed rate, what happens? Certainly the increase of their wages does not come out of profits; but it is put on to prices—as we
have seen in the case of both the industries named above. But who pays the increased prices—in the bulk at any rate? Why, the numerically largest and most helpless class—of them is the proletariat. In short, all that the successful strikers of one industry have done is to reduce the real wages of their fellows in other industries. Thirdly, we need not dwell on the ignominy of striking for wages simply. For ourselves we say that men who strike for higher wages in future will deserve exactly what they get.

Once more we will turn aside to consider a case—the case of the new Triple Alliance of the Railwaymen, Transport Workers, and Miners. Speaking last week of the possibilities of this formidable group of labour powers, a well-known Railwaymen’s leader and M.P. (the combination of offices is ridiculous) said somewhat as follows: “They were not going to promote their great power in obedience to the clergy, but use it as a reserve strength in their fight for the betterment of the workers’ conditions.” What objection a popular organisation ought to have to obeying a popular clamour we cannot very well see. Such an intercourse, in fact, would in our judgment be not prostitution, but holy matrimony. But what are the items in the “betterment of the workers’ conditions” to which the speaker referred? If they are higher wages or any of the usual equivalents of higher wages, then we say that the dignity of the proletariat should oppose them; for, as we have seen, they cannot be obtained except at our expense. A far better plan for the new alliance would be to apply its triple strength to each of the federated employers of the trade to demand share in control and participation in profits for each of the Unions concerned. The result would be to lift three sections of the proletariat out of the wage-system and into freedom; and without plunging any other section deeper into the mire.

Another case, before going on, may be briefly discussed—the case of Mr. Gardiner, the editor of the “Daily News.” In Saturday’s issue over the initials of A. G. G. Mr. Gardiner took the rank and file of the Building Federation to task for disobeying their leaders and repudiating the rules of their Union. The strike is not, he said, a strike against non-union labour, but a strike against the Union; for the latter, by its rules, permits the very conditions against which the men have struck. But what is to be said of Union rules that are obnoxious to the members of the Union? Or of leaders who refuse to alter them though their members repudiate them? Is this an example of calculated insinuation, the descriptive phrase, that would in our judgment be not prostitution, but holy matrimony?

From the collapse of the case against Starchfield, the halfpenny Press has learned perhaps to distrust dramatic identifications in trivial crimes for even such employees, he said of profit-sharing that it was “the most hopeful way out of our industrial difficulties.” But the remaining aspects of the case, ignored, perhaps deliberately, by Lord Robert Cecil, are no less important. Profit-sharing without co-management is simply the principle to robbing the rich to provide for the poor. The profits are first to be made without question or control by the workmen; and afterwards a share of the surplus is to be given back to them. Similarly, co-partnership between individual workmen and employers implies a principle of a successful demand for status. With status all things are possible. Without it, nothing is possible, but only slavery is probable.

Lord Robert Cecil has hit upon one aspect at any rate of the remedy, for in introducing his Bill last week to enable municipalities to share profits with their employees, he said of profit-sharing that it was “the most hopeful way out of our industrial difficulties.” But the remaining aspects of the case, ignored, perhaps deliberately, by Lord Robert Cecil, are no less important. Profit-sharing without co-management is simply the principle to robbing the rich to provide for the poor. The profits are first to be made without question or control by the workmen; and afterwards a share of the surplus is to be given back to them. Similarly, co-partnership between individual workmen and employers is all to the bad in the long run for the former. They leave their Union which brought them to their strength and, like stragglers separated from the main body of the army, they are cut off by the enemy at will. Co-partnership is indeed the most hopeful way out of our industrial difficulties; but it must be co-partnership with co-management; and between the Union and the employer.
Current Cant.

"Mr. Lloyd George is that rara avis among Chancellors of the Exchequer—the Man of the Hour in the educational world."—"The Teacher's World."

"The Government has been practising anarchy in its most insidious form—that of non-resistance."—"The New Weekly."

"An impressionistic photograph."—E. O. Hoppe, in "The Bookman."

"The Royal Academy—a fine exhibition."—"Fall Mall Gazette."

"Gabriele d'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet, novelist, and dramatist, has written a play for the cinematograph."—"Illustrated London News."

"Among the most formidable foes to the return of our industrial system are those who pretend to be most bitterly opposed to it."—"Sunday Times."

"Mr. Asquith, who wound up the debate, began rather fiercely, but, like the other speakers, ended on a peaceful note."—"The Spectator."

"The King this morning received the Bishop of Sheffield, who was introduced to Mr. McKenna, and did homage upon appointment."—"Birmingham Daily Post."

"Mr. Lloyd George's next attack upon the rich."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Shakespeare for all, Shakespeare as a present force, Shakespeare as a living voice, is the demand and the principle of today."—"The Times."

"Starchfield, who was recently acquitted on a charge of murdering his little son, is now in Manchester, where his life story is being filmed. In the picture he is seen saving a former employer's daughter from abduction. An exciting incident during the making of a film at Blackfriars yesterday, Mr. Lorraine losing consciousness."—"Daily Mirror."

"The 'English Review' is the finest review in the English language."—Arnold Bennett.

"Clothes make the man."—Catesby's Advertisement.

"Architecturally the great stores are adding to the attraction of the London streets."—"Daily Express."

"I wonder if it is generally known as it ought to be how a Labour member spends his days. Our party is so differently constituted in comparison with the other parties that each of us has to shoulder a great deal of individual responsibility."—"A Labour Member," in "The Daily Citizen."

"Shaw, as usual, pricks us again in the vulnerable part."—George Edgar.

"I rejoice, and speak with sincerity, to bear my testimony to the Press..."—Mr. Asquith.

"The faith that is in us."—"Daily Express."
Military Notes.
By Romney.

A year or two ago Mr. Belloc, writing, I believe, in this paper, spoke of anti-militarism as a force which had reached its zenith and was "just on the turn." (He classed it, I believe, with anti-clericalism and anti-alcoholism and anti-patriotism and one or two other isms, which he described as in a like case.) The words interested me at the time; they imprinted themselves on my memory and I determined to watch and see if they were justified. France was the country to which Mr. Belloc particularly referred, and I think that now in May, 1914, we are able to say with certainty that his diagnosis was correct.

I never doubted that anti-militarism would be on the turn sooner or later. Readers of these notes will scarcely require to be informed of that. War is a necessity of human society, and no State can permanently rid itself of the same, though it can be stayed off for a certain number of years. There is the fear of the disappearing from the earth, but there is a danger of our disappearing from the earth from a refusal to recognise the fact in time. And a few years ago I confess that the triumph of Webbism and other lunacies made me doubtful whether Western Europe would so awake to reality.

I now confess that I was over despondent. There were plenty of excuses for me. The circumstances of one who, in the second decade of the twentieth century, honestly attempts to write down the truth, are conducive to despondency. The English educated public is divided into two classes—one, immensely the larger of the two, which delight in a consciously, does not want the truth because the truth is upsetting, and demands the exercise of the brain—a thing irksome to such people: the other, correspondingly smaller, which desires the truth in a feeble, chicken-hearted sort of way, but is too d—d stupid to see that it gets it. Over and above these two great classes there is a scanty residuum of some five to six thousand persons who are more or less determined to get the truth, and have some idea of how to set about the task. For these one writes, and the remuneration is sufficiently sufficient to meet the needs of one's trousers. All this conduces to depression. I do not therefore blame myself too much for my undue pessimism. I am, however, not the less delighted to discover that it was unjustified.

As a matter of fact the resistance of the military spirit to the corrupting influence of the age has surpassed all expectations, and proves beyond all doubt how deeply rooted it is in the European nature. (I hope S. Verdad does not object to the use of the word "European. If he cannot tell a European from an Asiatic, I can.) Nothing shows this better than the futile exasperation of the profiteers at its continuance. The anti-militarist agitation in Germany—which of course has a real justification in the absurdities of the Prussian spirit—is largely supported by these persons. It is a thorn in their side that, though they have bought every other thing, they have not yet bought the German army, and every one of them must feel a standing reproach to their millions in the persistence of the German officer, who, with his ninety pounds a year and his garret, is yet more honoured than they. That is what supplies the funds to German anti-militarism, and those who sympathise with that movement should remember the fact.

France has just seen a revival of military and patriotic spirit upon which I need not dilate. The three years' service is secure, and though otherwise the elections have shown no great change, it is no longer possible for that service which is the only really national
thing in France to be seriously damaged by the elo-
quence of an alien pornographer. Among the smaller
ations Sweden has realised that that agglomeration
of symbols blacked on paper which we call a European
guarantee is not an effective defence against a Russian
bayonet. The Balkan States have acquired more in a
year’s fighting than they have got by thirty years’ pro-
testations to that clique of dishonest old drivellers which
has brought ridicule upon itself under the title of
the “Concert of Europe.” America, which has recently
been talking greater nonsense upon the subject than all
the rest put together, and which had actually gone so
clearly as to make proposals for another stereotyping of
oppression in the form of a peace conference, has en-
gaged in an expedition to Mexico: our own dear country
has seen an example of the efficacy of arms in the case
of the Ulster Volunteers. The reign of peace is as far
off as ever; how far even the most pacifist of us have
always been from it in our hearts has been seen
by the howls of Cadbury for the employment of force
in Ulster.

The desire for peace for peace’s sake, and not for the
sake of justice (which obviously must frequently de-
mand war), is not an honest desire. It is an unwritten
promise of this age that any opinion can be held
honestly. I do not believe that. I believe that there
are opinions which a man cannot hold
without deliberately sinning against light, and that
this peace for peace’s sake nonsense is one of
them. And this is borne out by the characters of
the people who are at the head of the peace movement.
Such names as Carnegie, Mond, Cadbury, and Waechter
may inspire confidence in Nonconformists. They do not
inspire confidence in me. It is my opinion of these gen-
tlemen that they are out for shekels rather than for
right, and that their only inspiration is to be found in
the desire for cheaper labour. The man who advocates
international peace in England is generally to be found
shooting his employees on the quiet in Colorado.

There has only been one period in the history of the
European nations when a permanent peace could have
been established between them, and that was at the
epoch when all were ready, more or less, to submit
their quarrels to the arbitration of the papacy. Since
the decline of the power of that institution there has
existed no other with even its pretense to impartial and
spiritual authority—and consequently not the faintest
chance of international peace. For no one will arbit-
rate except before an impartial arbitrator. Even then,
be it noted, peace was to be established only in order
that Europe might combine against the infidels. The international peace of that time remained a dream,
although a beautiful one. The peace dream of these
days has, as Moltke remarked, not even the charm of
being beautiful.

TRUTH.
The Truth doth long in darkness dwell
(It is an unsoothed bed)
Down at the bottom of a well
Yet, what well, I’ve not read.
But, p’haps, the ancients spared us well
To leave so much unsaid.
For to the partial human mind
Were best that Truth be undefined.

Now, if the well’s a public one
She’s seldom in our sight,
But, if a neighbour doth it own,
She’s never brought to light;
Yet, if the well is all our own,
And Truth’s convenient quite,
She’s dragged above and hoisted high
Upon the roof to rot and die.

Towards National Guilds.
A CORRESPONDENT adds to our comments on Mr. Penty’s
misunderstanding of the nature of Wages by remarking
a further misunderstanding. According to Mr. Penty,
the wages paid to railwaymen are “so regular as almost
to amount to pay.” But this is to make a very
arbitrary distinction indeed between the two forms of
payment. Mr. Penty doubtless has in mind the pre-
cariousness of wages and the fact that the wage-earner
is usually perpetually under a week’s notice. Contrast-
ing this insecurity with the relative security of a railroad-
man, he concludes that the latter cannot be a wage-
slave in the complete sense, but only a kind of private
Guildsman! The element of security, however, has
nothing to do with the case. Otherwise, how much more
nearly a chatted slave under humane laws approxi-
mates to a perfect citizen than even a railway servant?
The differing element is the commodity theory of
labour power. Wherever wages are paid, whether
regularly or irregularly, their amount is fixed by the
market price of the commodity of labour. Where
“pay” is given, the amount presumably is determined
by the need of the individual, and not by the price he
can command in the market.

What, in effect, is the existing organisation of society
but a partnership between Government and Capital?
For the most part, the partnership has been informal
and veiled under the phrase of Government and Pro-
erty or Government and Order. But at critical
moments—during great strikes, for instance—the part-
nership emerges formal and naked. What we seek
do in the future is to create a new partnership—that
government and Labour, instead of Government and
Capital. There is no way of getting more than one
much liberty should not be left to Labour under the new regime as was left
to Capital under the old. There is, in fact, good reason
for Labour more liberty than could safely be left to
Capital, since Labour will include most of the popu-
lation, whereas Capital was always a small oligarchic
class. The condition, however, of Labour taking the
place of Capital in partnership with the State is that
Labour must be well organised, responsible and public-
spirited. We must make it clear that the new partner-
ship will be of advantage to the State, and that, far
from suffering from the new regime, the State (that
is, the nation) will in every way benefit by it. Where
are the leaders of Labour who can undertake to con-
vince reasonable men that Labour’s accession to
tional partnership is in the interests of civilisation?
They are needed at this moment.

In the “Nation” of April 25 Mr. Nevinson, after
avowing his childish delight in the pomp and pageantry
of our military regiments, goes on to express the wish
that our plumbers, painters, carpenters, etc., were
similarly distinguished when on duty. There is little
doubt that under National Guilds this would naturally
occur; for experience shows that one of the first im-
pulses of men who are proud of their rank and work
is to dress it. We can well believe, indeed, that the
uniforms of the Guilds would be of as much concern to
Guild Councils as gold braid is now to Whitehall. And
why not? By the way, we do not take Mr. Nevinson’s
personal wish very seriously. He is none the more dis-
oposed to support the Guilds, because they would mean
colour for all!

Mr. Walling’s latest work, “Progressivism and
After” (Macmillan, 6s., to-day), would be more accurately
named “The Deluge and After,” for it appears that
the only American “intellectual” Socialist is now little
better than a Liberal economist. Fancy the author of
“Socialism As It Is”—that able analysis and defence
of the Syndicalist movement—writing of Collectivism
that it is “the only effective remedy for plutocracy.”
On the contrary, Collectivism will be the last refuge
of plutocracy; since the Collectivist State will kindly not only as the plutocrat's safe-deposit, but as his manager and staff as well. Wait and see if, with the strengthening of the unions, the capitalist Governments do not attempt to collectivise industry.

If man were not the most gullible of all creatures (a little reason being a dangerous thing), not the veriest jackass would now believe that.

He quotes Roosevelt, to whom progressivism means "social reorganisation" and "we mean the economic reconstruction of society"; and Mr. Winston Churchill, to whom (for a moment or two once upon a time) it meant "a more scientific social organisation." But, apart from the essentially bureaucratic character of these formulae, what reality have they? Can Roosevelt or Wilson or Churchill by Governmental means so reorganise society that the proletariat cease to be the proletariat? And if they cannot do that, what "reorganisation" is possible C.O.S.? The history has yet to be written of the ameliorative measures that were passed by legislators in ancient Greek and Roman times and in recent American times for the strengthening of society. But all the reorganisation did not alter the status of the slave. Similarly, all the progressivism of all the progressives will not touch the root fact of our social organisation: the existence of the propertyless proletariat.

The State cannot for ever say to Industry: Thus and thus shalt thou do; thus and thus shalt thou not do. Sooner or later, the dragon-worm of private capitalism will turn, and either refuse to wriggle as told, or bid the State carry on industry itself.

Remember that it is the difference between the wages paid to Labour and the values produced by Labour that constitutes the whole income of the Capitalist classes. Now ask yourself whether it is probable that the Capitalist classes will agree to forgo their share without a struggle. Next speculate on how much of that share they will be prepared to offer in order to ensure their possession of the rest. Finally, conceive the revolution that must ensue before the workers can be reorganised, re-trained, and re-trained again.

Engels said: "The modern State, no matter what its form... is the ideal personification of the total national capital."

Emerson was not so transcendental that he did not realise that economic power precedes political power. In his essays on Politics he wrote: "The law may in a mad freak say that all shall have power save the owners of property; they even shall have no vote. Nevertheless, by a higher law, the property will, year after year, write every statute that respects property. The non-proprietor will be the scribe of the proprietor. What the owners wish to do the whole power of property will do, either through the law or in defiance of it."

There was never a more ignominious and contemptible form of government exercised than that of Capitalism; for it says to men, not: Obey me or die; Obey me or be damned; Obey me and God will love you; Obey me and you will be happy; or Obey me because you admire me. No, its alternative is: Work for me or I will not let you work for yourself. The cur in the manger was a pedigree saint to this sort of animal.

---

"The Servile Statesman";
or, The Dullest Society on Earth.

Reported by Charles Brookfarmer

A Meeting of Annual Postal Subscribers to "The New Statesman". Tuesday, May 5, 1914, 8.30 p.m. At the Kingsway Hall.

(Messrs. Clifford Sharp, Sidney Webb, G. B. Shaw, and Mrs. Webb climb on to platform and take their chairs in solitary grandeur. Enter Student to balcony. Mr. Webb twiddles his beard. Mr. Sharp on huge horn spectacles, while Mrs. Webb gushes over his shoulder. The chairman rises to address the audience, consisting mostly of ugly little men and dowdy women.)

Mr. Clifford Sharp (licks his lips): Ladies and gentlemen, you have the honour of gathering this evening to consider what is, or is not, the most impertinent problem of the world for the next thousand years.

Engels said: "The modern State, no matter what its form... is the ideal personification of the total national capital."

Emerson was not so transcendental that he did not realise that economic power precedes political power. In his essays on Politics he wrote: "The law may in a mad freak say that all shall have power save the owners of property; they even shall have no vote. Nevertheless, by a higher law, the property will, year after year, write every statute that respects property. The non-proprietor will be the scribe of the proprietor. What the owners wish to do the whole power of property will do, either through the law or in defiance of it."

There was never a more ignominious and contemptible form of government exercised than that of Capitalism; for it says to men, not: Obey me or die; Obey me or be damned; Obey me and God will love you; Obey me and you will be happy; or Obey me because you admire me. No, its alternative is: Work for me or I will not let you work for yourself. The cur in the manger was a pedigree saint to this sort of animal.

Mr. Shaw: I'm in a very unfortunate position tonight... All the years I have been before the public...
probably any time that I leave over will be very vastly taken up by Mrs. Webb... When I was young there was no such literary style in the world... (several feeble jokes fall flat)... some sort of compulsory illiteracy (three or four people laugh). This is one of the many things I say that people laugh at when they should shudder at it. (No laughter; Shaw laughs; then everybody laughs.)... The new illiterate knows everything all wrong (one man laughs, Shaw laughs; great laughter and applause) perfectly amazing... (laughs; great laughter and applause) modern journalist puts in what is not to the point at great length and leaves out what is to the point also at great length (joint laughter)... great historical event... highly educational thing. The Abode of Love (laughs)... Mrs. Webb leads the laughter) dangerous mob and crowd reason that I cite that case I was in Paris in the year 1896, I remember, the year 1906... expecting a revolution... he's beat the time... would stand up for common... (laughs; tremendous laughter; Webb nearly falls off his chair laughing). In the Place de Revolution (laughs: laughter) a vast number of citizens waiting to see the revolution (laughs) I as a socialist... my wife suddenly became militant and wanted to throw stones. Now, my wife is a perfectly respectable lady (laughs; laughter)... The chance is that if the Press told the right thing at the right moment, no wars and no revolutions would ever take place (loud applause)... Starchfield case... This gentleman, Mr. Starchfield (laughs; laughter) ran a close chance of being hanged (loud laughter). Unfortunately (laughter), I mean, for those who are absolutely forced to stop the case (Webb rocks with glee)... having made up my mind he didn't commit it, quite expected him to be hanged (laughs). A play of One character says 'Not bloody likely.' Many people have written to express surprise that the author didn't use other expressions and proceed to fill their letters with the most filthy language that he might have used and then sign themselves: 'Champions of outraged decency.' (A cry of 'Rubbish!'). That's dramatic criticism (laughs; tremendous laughter). Mexico. A certain extremely silly man, being an admiral... an insult which no nation that values its honour-r-r... last drop of this blood (laughs) this schoolboy, this hack, this freak on the part of the admiral (hear, hear!), this attempt to deliberately humiliate a foreign nation.... At home... that year the L.C.C. was founded and Mr. Sidney Webb got on to the committee (Webb sways round with a smile, embraces himself, and waits for the usual applause. It doesn't come; he relaxes.) Twenty years afterwards the 'Times' discovered that this important gentleman was a Socialist, although in the meantime he'd been practically shouting it up and down the country... I was very much struck by the importance of Syndicalism... men of remarkable intelligence such as Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Wells... Journalists have reduced the art of saving nothing—I won't say reduced... and Wagner... King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales asked the 'Daily Telegraph' how long its musical critic was going to make it look foolish. Wagner had just died then, admittedly the greatest musician of the world. And so the 'Telegraph' at last made the admission that Wagner was perhaps nearly as great a composer as Mendelssohn (laughs; loud laughter). I just cite this example... underhand press of the Press... with regard to myself, too, there has perhaps been a slight (laughs; laughter)... There is no Socialist Press. There are news-papers which call themselves Socialist and imagine themselves to be Socialist. Two or three daily newspapers like this, and weekly; but there cannot be Socialist papers under existing circumstances. In these capitalistic days, all papers are capitalistic newspapers. The only difference with these so-called Socialist papers is that although they are capitalistic, they have no capital. (Laughs. Tremendous laughter.) They can't pay heavily for contributions, and so their articles are written by rich people who can afford to write without payment. So the articles consist mainly of bad sense and bad manners. They are very largely written at Oxford University. But let us pass over that painful subject. (Laughs. Laughter.)

The most important man in journalism is the newsmen... the refuge of the constitutionally inaccurate men. Even a man who starts off to be accurate soon learns that it is quite unnecessary. I as a Socialist... I what you call a public man. (Laugh.)... My usual remedy of Socialism... the difficulty about journalism is that they are prostitutes! The trouble about most of us is that we are prostitutes! Every person who is paid for the work they do is a prostitute. Until everyone has sufficient for a decent life, you'll never have a decent journalism... life for pension for the lower and smallest of the minimum wage... With the help of the 'New Statesman' we hope to get the new revolution on a far sounder basis than the old. Journalism will become very largely an amateur thing... people will at last understand what they're paid to write! When I had heterodox views, I never could get them printed in any Socialist paper—(Stud.: Liar!)—or in any Radical paper or any Liberal paper... I always had to resort to the extreme Conservative papers... If you had any really independent papers, the 'New Statesman' need never have been founded! But you haven't! (He now makes public the case of the widow of the last editor of the 'Westminster Review.') He had received from her that morning a letter, saying that she, at 87 years old, was entirely destitute. He has the bad taste to publish her name and state, and to suggest that she should be given a Government pension, for, he says: 'She won't trouble them long!' However, I don't think poor Mrs. *'s case will happen to us. We shall have feathered our nest! And I don't think Mrs. Webb will finish up as... I call upon Mrs. Webb. (Laughs. Laugh.)... Mrs. Webb (smiling sadly—or is it joyfully?)... Laydees and gentle-men. My husband said I was the suppliant of Mr. Bernard Shaw... I am to speak of the contempt for women in the Press. Why that shows the Press is contemptible. I pass over their gibes and jibes and sneers and impudences; but they used to talk of the futility of women, the jealousy of women, the fatuity of women, the vanity of women, but nowadays that is blue-pencilled by all discreetly found to-day in two places, in the music-hall and in the unexpurgated common-sense—er, I mean, common-placefulness of Sir Arthur Wright... I will make it clear with an example. Suppose that in England to-day that, instead of two sexes equally divided, there were two races—one a ruling race and one a subject race; the one compelled to work for the other in destitution of all civil, political and personal rights.  

Stud.: Suppose there were you, if? 

Mrs. Webb: I right to earn independent fortunes, to earn independent wages, the right to become minor administrators... (Stud. wakes up and goes out.)
Fabians, Pigeons, and Dogs.

By Arthur J. Penny

When I was a boy I used to think the Fabian Society was a society of pigeon fanciers. The origin of this idea is rather obscure and presumably is only to be accounted for by the fact that some mysterious way the word Fabian suggested to my mind something feathery. Fabians, I thought, were a particularly fine breed of prize pigeons, and as I had never kept pigeons myself and, therefore, was not particularly interested in them, I imagined that the avocation of members of the "York Fabian Society" which appeared in the local papers often have I laughed at myself for this, apparently, childish illusion, but latterly I have begun to think that there was perhaps something in the idea. The Fabian Society have great faith in a theory which they call evolution; and did not evolution receive its popular sanction from the experiments which Darwin made with pigeons?

It is not, however, my intention to discourse on pigeons, for my interest nowadays is centred in dogs. I had the good fortune the other day to get into conversation with a dog fancier of the right sort. He said he was a stranger and had only recently come to live in the district; and being of a curious disposition he inquired whether I knew any "doggy men'' in Hampstead as he was anxious to start a local canine society. This opening led to a more general conversation, in which I became intensely interested. For he was very much interested in what he could call a general theory of dogs. It had been a habit of mine to explain it in terms of architecture, as many of my friends know to their sorrow. I have now outgrown that limitation, and I can see that there are many other possible explanations. But there was one thing I had never suspected—that the universe was capable of being explained in terms of dogs.

And yet, believe me, such is the case. Dog breeding, to this man, was not a mere hobby, but the base on which he had reared an elaborate culture. I regret to say that my memory has not retained all the peculiarly apt and telling illustrations which he drew from his experience of dogs to enforce his opinions regarding human affairs in general. But there was one thing he told me about dog breeding that I shall never forget, for it upset the whole basis of Fabianism.

Dog breeding, he said, had all gone wrong. Take the case of the spaniel. Now the spaniel was a sporting dog, and the point about a good sporting dog is that it has a good nose. Recognising the merits of the spaniel, dog breeders thought they would try and improve the breed. They carefully selected, therefore, spaniels with good noses to breed from. And what has been the result? In each successive generation the nose has tended to become longer and longer. This, of course, would have been all right if it had not been for another thing which they did not foresee, viz., that as the noses become longer and longer the legs become shorter and shorter. The consequence is that the present spaniel is no good for sport. It cannot run as once it could, and if you take it out you have to lift it over ditches and hedges. Recognising this it has been necessary in dog shows to make a new class. The old-fashioned spaniel is now classed as the sporting spaniel, which is differentiated from the spaniels that have been developed by dog breeders and which have long noses and short legs. My admirable dog fancier then proceeded to apply the principle to society.

"It seems to me," he said, "that everything at the present day has gone wrong just in the same way. If we are gaining in one direction it always means we are losing in some other. Life is becoming more artificial than it was, but men haven't got the same physique. If some people are getting richer it means that other people are becoming poorer."

"Then you are a bit of a Socialist?" I observed. "No," he said, "I don't hold with them. I realise of course that things are getting very bad and something will have to be done to put matters right. But they're not the people who do it. The people who have got hold of the right idea. They talk too much about progress and evolution for my liking, and you know it's all rot. There isn't such a thing as progress. Progress would mean that if you bred dogs for longer noses, they would grow longer noses. But they wouldn't get shorter. But that is not the case, as I've explained to you. Can't you see it yourself?" "Yes," I answered. "I quite agree with you. But how are we to get this idea into their heads?"

"God knows how," he replied. "It's no use arguing with 'em. What's the matter with Socialists is that they think they know; and they don't."

At this point he got up, bade me good day, and went, and I sat musing for some time on what he had said. Somehow or other he had got at the heart of things, and I began to think out means of persuading the Fabian Society to go in for dog breeding, as for the moment I could now see clearly there was no other possible metaphoricalocation for them. Here was a man who had probably never read a book in his life, unless perhaps it were a book of Dickens', for men of this stamp generally like Dickens; and yet he had got the facts of this universe into something like their proper perspective. Why wasn't I, he wondered, able to do it? It was because he knew facts, whereas Fabians only collect them. And then I began to see the Fabian in a new light. His passion for collecting facts was the instinct of self-preservation asserting itself. He felt himself in some way unrelated to the facts of this universe, and was anxious to re-establish reciprocal relations with it. That is, I think, the explanation. The truth is, of course, that they cannot by this means get hold of the basic facts of life. Nevertheless, if they have failed to learn the truth, at least they may be able to get hold of the truth about dogs. It would be a step in the right direction. I would suggest therefore that they should approach the Kennel Club with this object. They might address them in some such words as these—

To the President of the Kennel Club,

Sir,—As you are probably aware, the Fabian Society exists for the purpose of discovering a solution of the economic problems which afflict our Society, and it has been one of its objects to collect facts for the purpose. You will understand that in such a task as this it is necessary before collecting facts to have a point of view. The point of view of the society data is an interesting experiment in pigeon breeding which was conducted by the late Charles Darwin, and which popularised the theory of evolution by natural selection of which have been our primary concern. We regret to say that by some unhappy chance we misapplied Darwin's theory, as we overlooked the existence of the law of correlative growth. Of late, however, knowledge has come to us which has revealed to us the error. We learn on good authority that selective dog breeding has brought to light aspects of truth of which we were unawares, and that, for example, in the case of spaniels the attempt to produce a breed with longer noses has been accompanied by a corresponding, but unexpected, shortening of the legs. Now, as you will understand, if this be true it is a most important fact, since it completely undermines the theory of progressive evolution, in which hitherto we have had implicit faith, and upsetting all the work which we have been doing for the last thirty years. In these circumstances we would like to know if such are invariably the results of selective breeding, and particularly whether you have any reason to suppose that the same principle holds good with respect to donkeys and monkeys, as one of our members, Mr. Bernard Shaw, is particularly interested in this aspect of the question, holding as he does that the animal truth about these species would throw light upon the conduct of human affairs. Yours in all humility,

THE FABIAN EXECUTIVE

Should the Fabian Society neglect this advice we shall know what to do when they talk impressively about progress and evolution. We shall not attempt to controvert them. We shall simply say "dogs."
Transvaluations.

It is natural that it should be at Christie's and at the dealers', rather than on the walls of the exhibiting societies, that we have to look for the main lines of criticism. In the former places two things have necessarily been eliminated. The more menial productions of uninspired portraiture have duly gone where compliments, more or less successful, must go, to their peaceful obscure addresses. The picture which has had its "notices," and either has or has not found its tomb in some long-suffering public gallery. Neither the one nor the other, either is intended to find, its way into the collecting circle. Both are sifted out, year by year, from the proper domain of criticism, which has other cats to whip. The deflation of the canvases that are created for the sole purpose of forming "centres," that we have to as we call them on Hanging Committees, is automatic.

The frame of English gold has been the bed of the Norman peasant has some endearing and peculiar defects a nonsense-theory? Was it worth while to promise the comprehension in this country of the artist sketching Theodore Rousseau? Does it not still perhaps repent, and lead its little flock of peculiar people back to the impregnable rock of conventionalism? One wink to the more neo-blind of my young friends. Can you see Mr. Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Arnold Bennett put their literary production under the entire direction, let us say, of Mr. Steer or Professor Brown? The archimanic Picasso wore of what was undeniably clever-doing, has also landed his art in canvases where bits of cloth, and bits of tin, and bits of glass stuck to, and bits of purple tinfoil. Our defence? Was it worth while, either to confuse the appreciation by the English public of the great qualities of Cezanne by building on his palpable and tragic defects a nonsense-theory? Was it worth while to erect a wall of concepts, remote and academic, the tinsel of our grandparents. Mr. Phelps as Macbeth, or Macready in "The Stranger" were at least a crown (22) or Turner's Dover Harbour (41). They will have to learn to draw a landscape like Girtin's magnum opus of water-colour? Surely the important water-colour paintings of both Prout and Callow are at variance with such recommendation! (I have had, for reasons of space, to make my super-goose talk intelligently. I admit that she is, for once, dramatically, a failure.)

Madam, Millet's head of Rousseau is, at first glance, astonishingly remniscent of the worst type of doll, of your school head. But some of us have time for more than a first glance. At first glance, the most enchanting women in the world may look a great deal more like hags than like chorus-girls. You are welcome to the chorus-girls; but not to these two. But even now Mr. Neville Lyttos's half-crown book on water-colour? Surely the important water-colour paintings of both Prout and Callow are at variance with such recommendation!

The cases of Prout and Callow are composite. Prout lived before and during the decadence which is typified by the self-congratulations of the older water-colour societies. These societies, it is on record, hailed with proud satisfaction the subtitution of the expression "water-colour painting" for "drawings in water-colour." The frame of English gold has been the bed on which they have laid their comfortable. Callow lived long enough to see his exquisite drawings appreciated, while his elaborate water-colour paintings, from the drawings, have justly fallen into discredit.

One wink to the most neo-thumped of my young friends! You can buy Prout's drawing of Vicenza for five guineas, and a Callow drawing for as much or less. Our customers can hardly be blamed if they expect a little serious work from us for their reluctant guineas. Why not up and do it, instead of wasting your time in too much seeking for la petite bête at fourteen o'clock? Some of you have talent. Cultivate it. It will be quicker in the long run.

WALTER SICKERT.
**Undated Opinions.**

**Sociological Catalysis.**

The words catalysis and catalytic have been used in The New Age several times lately—had they any particular significance in your mind?

They had. I am glad you observed them.

Well, they did leap out, did they not, from the plain vocabulary The New Age usually employs? But what had the writers in mind in using them?

The possible application, I should say, of the technical term in chemistry to similar phenomena in society.

I am very ignorant. What is the meaning of catalysis in chemistry?

Oh, I am ignorant, too; but I understand it is applied to a very mysterious property of certain bodies by means of which they cause effects in other bodies to be produced without any apparent activity on their own part.

You mean that in the presence of object A, for example, objects B and C are changed without A being changed?

Something like that, I am told; but the operation interests me more as an idea, for whether it applies in chemistry or not, I am sure it applies in human society.

What instances can you give?

Well, they may seem somewhat fabulous or trivial; but have you ever observed the behaviour of a company of people in the absence or presence respectively of a third substance present to their view; for that perhaps we have in it the first stage of catalysis in human society.

Yes, but allow me to say that the suggestor was visible, tangible, articulate; there is nothing mysterious in his influence; it was advertisement.

What do you want then in the way of evidence?

I want, first, to see effects that cannot be traced to any perceptible cause; and, secondly, I want you to show that the case exists but is passive. For instance, if Cecil Rhodes had been an unknown man unaware of the influence he was exerting and, if, further, by alternately withdrawing him and putting him back into South Africa you could have shown by the effects that he was really the cause of the disturbance, your case would be good.

I cannot do that with Cecil Rhodes, though time, I think, actually did it. But the analogy of your conditions ought to have occurred to you.

What is that?

The queen bee in the hive. I do not suppose that the queen bee is aware of her office or that she is an active agent in carrying out its duties. Nor again, I believe, are her subjects aware (in any intelligible sense) of her presence or absence from the hive. Yet they behave as if they were aware; and for that reason we conclude that they are aware. But they need not be.

Then how does our case stand now?

Guessing, of course, as we are, our case stands thus: that suggestion (as we call it) may operate to produce effects in two ways: by visible and by imperceptible means. Of the former, all the examples we have cited are illustrations; of the latter we have not yet lit upon any in the human field, though the queen bee is there for a guide.

Can you think of any examples?

Ah, but the difficulty would be to prove them. You see, we cannot take them out and put them back again. We can only take them out!

Well, tell me some of them.

Would you agree that the stories of King Alfred appear to show that he was a royal catalytic agent? You know people were actually honest in his day and without fear. And would you agree that times changed when he was withdrawn? Finally, would you expect that, if he could be put back, his golden age would return?

I should, no doubt, if I could see him; but was he not perpetually busy?

I do not gather so. But the recluses of the woods, the communities of devoted students, the solitary—do you think they had any effect?

They must have had.

And, whatever it was, it ceased when they disappeared?

Certainly; but, once again, we are in the region of known cause and effect.

Are we? What known chain of cause and effect would explain the appearance of social phenomena of a certain kind as a consequence of the presence in cells and woods of men oblivious of society and intent on meditation?

I begin to see your drift now, I think. You suggest that society forms itself in one fashion when men of a certain type are present in its midst; and in another fashion when they are absent.

That is somewhere about my meaning.
Readers and Writers.

Superficial critics of style often lay up for themselves a lot of trouble. Instinctively they assume the right doctrine, namely, that style is the man; and then mistakenly expect their hero to live up to their opinion of his character formed on an imperfect realisation of his style. When they learn that in fact their hero was anything but what they supposed, they lay the blame of inconsistency upon him, thus attributing to him the fault of their own laziness or defect of critical insight. Such a surmise would blind those blind to Sappho. Who among his critics read a single article on the "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo. They were absurdly ergotic of Hugo's style—a thing that can scarcely be said to exist—but they were much more absurdly critical of Hugo's humanitarian principles, such compassion and the least part of it. For instance Hugo defended his work as necessary "so long as there shall exist through laws and manners a social damnation creating artificial hells in the midst of civilisation and complicating destiny, which is divine, with a human fatality." Hugo in short, anticipated Nietzsche in announcing the very idea of punishment. But the young Swinburne who was shortly to publish "Poems and Ballads," had neither then nor at any time an ear for so exalted a doctrine. On the contrary, he defended punishment and depended upon exact justice as if he were a magistrate of the bourgeoisie. The era of Docratic legislation, he urged, which might conceivably have justified Hugo's outburst, had passed away; and now that we had an "efficient positive law," no possible excuse remained for the crime (he said) who, having the. workhouse at hand, prefers stealing to breaking stones and a temporary separation from his family, we confess we have little sympathy; and he went on to marvel that Hugo earnestly to the appeal of "a resolute conception of morality" by compassionating any breach whatever of it. If the excuse of fatality, he concluded, can be allowed to criminals, then "Christus nos liberavit!" has indeed lost its meaning. Away with such compassion and let the law take its course! Now is that, I ask, the opinion that the Swinburnians would expect of their idol? And I answer that it is not; but, on the contrary, that they will be surprised by it and enough ashamed of it to seek to palliate or explain it. Yet in my view, it is neither surprising nor inconsistent with Swinburne's whole character. I could, in fact, have deduced it from his style—that licentious, tyrannical, bullying style! It is only for the superficial to be shocked by such discoveries.

In the same issue of the "Spectator," by the way, there was a comment on a volume of short stories which I regard as both malicious and ignorant. "There have been," the writer said, "too many volumes of short stories which were a magistrate of the bourgeoisie. The era of Draco- nian legislation, he urged, which might conceivably have justified Hugo's outburst, had passed away; and now that we had an "efficient positive law," no possible excuse remained for the crime (he said) who, having the workhouse at hand, prefers stealing to breaking stones and a temporary separation from his family, we confess we have little sympathy; and he went on to marvel that Hugo earnestly to the appeal of "a resolute conception of morality" by compassionating any breach whatever of it. If the excuse of fatality, he concluded, can be allowed to criminals, then "Christus nos liberavit!" has indeed lost its meaning. Away with such compassion and let the law take its course! Now is that, I ask, the opinion that the Swinburnians would expect of their idol? And I answer that it is not; but, on the contrary, that they will be surprised by it and enough ashamed of it to seek to palliate or explain it. Yet in my view, it is neither surprising nor inconsistent with Swinburne's whole character. I could, in fact, have deduced it from his style—that licentious, tyrannical, bullying style! It is only for the superficial to be shocked by such discoveries.

By chance I had just finished reading Professor T. G. Tucker's short essay on Sappho (Lothian : Melbourne. 2s. 6d.) when I read in the "Times" of the discovery in Egypt of another of her poems. Professor Tucker, although a Professor in the University of Melbourne, is an accomplished writer and a good critic; and his essay contains all that it should and nothing that it should not. He rightly emphasises the character of charm in Sappho's lyrics—a quality in which she excels all others, men or women, that ever wrote. Professor Tucker calls her the "Burns of Greece"; but this is not delicate criticism; though I see what he means. For my part, I found a variety of Greek, after all; and not, as Burns' English was, a dialect merely. Also Burns had too much manly spirit for perfect and constant charm: a line or two and he was splashing in feeling instead of floating upon it. Shelley, too, was a little over-thoughtful for perfect charm; and both Catullus and Heine (all of whom Professor Tucker names as partial paral- lels) were less charming than Sappho. As for Mrs. Browning, I am really surprised that Professor Tucker mentions her in the first breath with Sappho. There is no doubt that Mrs. Browning was in love—which is seldom a charming mood; but Sappho appears to me to have never been in love—except with love. Mrs. Has- tings comes in some of her lyrics much nearer Sappho than ever did Mrs. Browning.
I have succumbed to the merits of the Home University Library (Williams and Norgate, rs. each, too voluminous, and now think it worth setting alongside Messrs. Dent's "Everyman" Library. Certainly there are exceptions in the series; most, in fact, of the volumes on Literature are either dull or controversial; and Mr. Clutton Brock's "William Morris" are among them. The former, however, is painstaking, correct and very full of matter; and Mr. Brock, at any rate, is exceptionally clear. But, then, I am all for judgment in matters of literature. Exposition seems to me suitable only for science.

* * *

Mr. Martin Secker takes good care never to send The New Age a letter, and perhaps it is as well for his business. For if he is responsible for the prefatory announcement of his new series of "The Art and Craft of Letters," his pretensions to taste would meet a suitable only for science.

"Style, unlike grammar, cannot be learned or acquired, simply, but must needs break into jargon and nonsense. The logical function or shrink like an etiolated personality." This is a fine shrink.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan has never written a "Times" news-summaries with the observations of, say, "London Opinion"; while Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who will discourse on the "Essay," has as yet no sense even of manners in literature. In sum, I imagine these writers will learn more than they have at present to teach.

* * *

Mr. Marinietti's Futurist Manifesto published in The New Age last week is, I suppose, like everything else in these pages, open to discussion. My view is that Mr. Marinietti is reviving an old quarrel that ought to have been drowned and damned by the Flood,—the quarrel of presentation with representation; and that he is on the wrong side of the controversy. The jealousy of every writer for the omnipotence of pure literature is something fanatic. As Hokusai used to hope that by the time he was a hundred and twenty one of his compositions would be alive, every man of letters looks forward one day to writing living sentences. Absolutely no writer of any rank has ever complained, in my recollection, that his own language was not sufficient for him; but all of them have despised of ever employing it fully. Mr. Marinietti, however, appears to assume that artists feel cramped by the common language and desire new materials of expression; and he proceeds to invent crazy typographic and archaistic tricks as means to this end. But as well as mistaking the despair of writers (which, as I have said, is with themselves and not with their medium), he mistakes the whole raison d'être of literature which is precisely not to present and reproduce, but to represent and produce. The logical mind, I maintain, has the intention of ultimately expressing in words the universe that proceeded, myth says, from a word; and our common speech is the base on which this Jacob's ladder is planted. To return now to animal sounds and typographical glyphs would be to abandon the task and turn into barrel work. But, I am all for judgment in matters of literature. Exposition seems to me suitable only for science.

An Open Letter to Mr. Selfridge.

Sir,—In addressing you particularly among many traders who are displaying themselves, or being displayed, to disguise a purpose I intend not to moralise. On the point of aesthetic savoir faire, with which this letter is concerned, I would no more affront you than I would a country cousin whom I saw being misled about Town by a wag. You and many other traders are being misled about the artistic world by journalistic wags, called advertisement agents, none the less wags because their joke is profitable to themselves. I select you because your bear-leader is more offensive to good taste than is tolerable. Sir, your man, "Callisthenes," is making such a noise this week as to have you head against a stone wall: wherefore I assume that you have so much intellectual comprehension as will make you averse from standing in a false position.

Let me warn you, then, that this "Callisthenes" who pretends to introduce you to the world of art through his advertisements upon the plane of art and letters could never himself obtain one moment's standing here. I take one of his compositions which appeared in the "Evening Standard," etc., the disgrace of that journal, and shall hopefully point out to you how far from respect and how close to contempt this sort of man will bring you and with you, Sir, the commercial world.

The advertisement I refer to is headed "Art and Trade." On such a subject as an alliance between art and trade I suppose you will admit that a trader would be well advised to speak with caution, not too familiarly, not committing himself—since he would be addressing those whom the world regards as his superiors. A re- furbish from the artist would result in the trader's taking a lower position than was previously his in public estimation. He would be known to have presumed, an action always regarded as self-betitlement to which the belittlement of spectators is added. Your "Callisthenes," who speaks as if for you, approaches artists and men of letters without this caution, with so little guard as to seem nakedly impudent. He affects to know the sentiments of artists—he who cannot write a paragraph which does not prove him outside consideration. He speaks of art as if he were the art and insensitive. He signs and seals an alliance in the absence of one of the parties, an alliance de bouffe !

I will try to make a formal examination of his article, although the criticism of incoherent writing is no less difficult than the exploration by a doctor of the mind of an imbecile: in both cases the layman looking on is liable to be deceived by an occasional appearance of sense, the which the expert knows to me mere parrot-talk. In this connection, I may repeat to you the comment of a great draughtsman on being shown your advertisement; if you have really any notion of an alliance between art and trade, you will scarcely care to hear the attitude of this artist described; in common phrase—his blood boiled! "These people," he said, "steal our ideas."

Your "Callisthenes" begins—

It has been said so often that Art and Trade are dia-
metrical opposition, and that the true Artist, living on a higher plane than the man of Commerce, cannot do justice to himself in atmosphere, that many people have come to accept the dictum as gospel truth. So far it is from being true, however, that in our opinion it can be proved to demonstration that Commerce, in so far as it deals with merchandise that is manufactured, depends for its very life on the inspiration of the man of Art.

I will not waste words on the literary style of this man; it is the leavings of writers. But, Sir, you will please understand that the dictum referred to is the dictum of the artists themselves. People accept it because they see that artists act on it. And, surely it is true whether you examine it from one side or the other. You yourself must have seen at least once the collapse of a business house which had come into the hands of a man with a "dash" of the artistic temperament. A trader may need to comprehend something of the products of art, but if he is not heart and mind in his business he will be, at best, a good business man at intervals; he will be ultimately successful only by extraordinary luck. The difference to be noted here between the trader and the artist is that a man can never succeed in art by luck. All the luck in the world will not turn an insigni-ificant picture into twenty powerful ones, as the properties sold by the trader may be turned by luck into twenty pounds. We begin to see, surely, that the artist is self-responsible to a degree unrequired of the trader! He has, indeed, something to guard which, if once im-plied art. Not one of the artists would mistake such work for creative art; nor would any art-dealer!

I pass over the second paragraph and omit one follow-ing wherein "Callisthenes" makes his wag's claim to pass for a man of letters. I should get no credit from literary men for more than the merest notice of his absurdity.

Art is the ally of Commerce, but not its "servant, and with the realisation of the self-respecting dignity of this relationship will disappear the absurdity and the misconception that hitherto have existed in the matter.

Selfridge & Co., Ltd.

You, Sir, whose manufacturer's existence has been said to depend on the creators of Art, are now ad-monished that Art is not your servant. Could you ever have supposed that it was? Does not all this article read like a satire on some ignorant impertinences of commercial men, whose folly "Callisthenes" is just sufficiently au fait to comprehend? You must now see that, along with the rest of the world, a beneficiary of artists, you can be neither dignified nor self-respecting in your proposal, via "Callisthenes," to make an alliance with those to whom you have nothing acceptable to offer, and with whom you cannot profitably dis-pense. It is as the proposition of a floating barnacle to a torpedo. Commerce will hang on to Art as opportunity permits.

Yours faithfully, for The New Age.

T. K. L.

LIBERTY.

Liberty's a derivation
Of Libra, which is scales,
And freemen understood once
The truth the symbol veils.
But centuries of talking,
Enlightenment misnamed,
Have lost the root so ancient
And made the word ill-famed.
The world has lost its balance
For Liberty to most
Is the privilege of riot
That one or some can boast.
It is no equal judgment
That weighs 'twixt citizens
For liberties are taken
And boiled to sense,
Its one signification
Is scope of selfish might
And tyranny has risen
To universal right.
It would not be a mental slip
To see its symbol in a whip.

TRIBOULET.
Views and Reviews.

Freud on Dreams.

There are moods in which we are willing to agree with Nietzsche that "idleness is the parent of all psychology," and to ask, with him: "What is psychology then a — vice?" But such moods only prevail, such questions are only asked, when we want to do something else than study psychology. Sooner or later, we come back to the subject; if there be a categorial imperative, it is surely the command of the Delphic oracle, and in our quest for knowledge of ourselves, we stumble on the question asked by the Duke in Chesterton's play "Magic": "Well, as old Buffe used to say, what is a man?" The answer supplied by Freud and his school is not flattering to our vanity. Dr. Ernest Jones, one of Freud's most brilliant disciples, has said: "We are beginning to see man not as the smooth, self-acting agent he pretends to be, but as he really is, a creature only dimly conscious of the various influences that mould his thoughts and action, and blindly resisting with all the means at his command the forces that are making for a higher and fuller consciousness." Whether man can bear the demonstration of this fact remains to be seen. Dr. Eder, lecturing on this subject to the Psycho-Medical Society, quoted Plutser as saying, "it will soon become a rule that dreams are never related in polite society." But Freud himself has demonstrated the true consequences of repression; indeed, psycho-analysis as a treatment consists in bringing to consciousness activities that have been suppressed. Consciousness, of course, does not imply publicity; but if not merely the desire, but the transformed representation of it, has to be suppressed, it would seem that the last state of man must be worse than the first. Without some hearty carelessness of other people's opinion of us, without an emphatic response to the clarion call of Nietzsche: "Become what thou art": our knowledge of ourselves is likely to be the cause of still more repression, with its morbid effects, and psychology will stand revealed as a vice indeed. It is significant in this connection that Dr. Eder withholds the translation of a number of interpretations of dream symbols "in deference to English opinion." These concessions to social habits that are admitted productive of disease are not really well-advised.

But the social consequences of Freud's interpretation of dreams need not concern us just yet; for it is not likely that the conclusions based on the results of psycho-analysis will survive criticism without some modification. When Freud says, for example, that he is "prepared to maintain that no dream is inspired by other than egoistic emotions," he has surely exaggerated the value of the results yielded by psycho-analysis. One cannot urge the class of prophetic dreams against this conclusion of Freud, for his theory will fit them; but the normal mental processes that disguise the transformations of dream symbols "in deference to English opinion." These concessions to social habits that are admittedly productive of disease are not really well-advised.

Whatever we may think of Freud's theory of the causation of dreams, there can be no doubt that his revelation of the processes of dream formation and his statement of the function of dreams must command considerable attention, and perhaps approval. Against the dictum of Binz that "the dream is to be regarded as a physical process always useless, frequently morbid," I may summarise Freud's conclusion in the phrase: "The dream is to be regarded as a psychical process always useful, frequently healthy." For if the function of the dream is to preserve sleep, it cannot be regarded as useless; and if the dream serves as a psychical discharge of suppressed emotions, it cannot be regarded as morbid. Of the processes of dream formation, I can only say: Freud has described them with admirable brevity and clearness, but he could not do it in less space than is occupied by his essay. What is clear is this, that the analysis of dreams does enable the psychologist to penetrate into the subconscious mind of his subject, he is enabled to see the mind at work, and to understand thereby not merely the etiology of psycho-neurotic disorders, but the normal mental processes that disguise their origin from the introspective consciousness. If some of the interpretations seem to be arbitrary, that is probably due to the brevity of the exposition.

A. E. R.
The Case of Mrs. Maybrick.*

By C. H. Norman.

The Maybrick trial was one which raised a considerable storm in England and in the United States, partly because the prisoner was a young and attractive American-born woman, and partly because she was defended by Sir Charles Russell, who had just defeated the "Times" in the Parnell Commission, partly because she was tried by Sir James FitzJames Stephen, an eminent judge who was then rumoured to be entering upon the final study of the murder which he had been described as the "mad judge"—and partly because of the doubts concerning the validity of the conviction. It is true, as the late Sir George Lewis and Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out, that Russell never expressed a confident belief in his client's innocence, but merely asserted that she ought never to have been convicted. But the tradition of the English Bar is opposed to the expression of a personal opinion by an advocate concerning the guilt or innocence of a client. Moreover, as most doubtful crimes are committed under circumstances which prevent positive proof of guilt or innocence, a statement by counsel would not be of any value, beyond being the expression of an informed opinion. But what Lord Russell of Killowen wrote to the treason-each of the murder in which he was involved as the matter to any reasonable mind. "I now say that if I were called upon to advise in my character of head of the Criminal Judicature of this country, I should advise you that Florence Maybrick ought to be allowed to go free."!

One would have thought, in a case of this complexity, the questions submitted to the jury would have been explicit and detailed; but the only one put was: "Do you find the prisoner guilty of the murder of James Maybrick or not guilty?" The vice of that form of instruction is that it allows the jury to apply their minds to the mere technical question of if there was murder or not. The true circumstances were that Mrs. Maybrick had some affection for her husband; that her whole attitude was one of protest to the nurses, the whole evidence being that the dying man accused his wife of having attempted to poison him; although the only relevance of these words, as played upon by the doctors, held a consultation yesterday, and now all the points for consideration on the evidence and disclosed facts were two: (1) Did James Maybrick die of arsenical poisoning? (2) Was it felony to put the white powder into the flies in the kitchen? Mrs. Maybrick was tried at a time when a chemist the exact purpose of a purchase is not unknown. Among other points for consideration on the evidence and disclosed facts were two: (1) Did James Maybrick die of arsenical poisoning? (2) Was it felony to put the white powder into the flies in the kitchen? Mrs. Maybrick was tried at a time when a...
depends upon how long his strength will hold out. Both persons were urged by the prosecution that the phrase "sick unto death" had no medical justification at that moment, but was an intelligent anticipation by a murderer of the coming event. Mrs. Maybrick answered that "sick unto death" was an Americanism, indicating that a person was exceedingly unwell. That term is used sometimes in the Southern States in that meaning—not as conveying that all hope has been abandoned, which would be the interpretation most English people would place upon it.

The above was the substantial evidence of incriminating details against Mrs. Maybrick; and that evidence was strengthened by the doctors who swore to a sudden twist of the patient's condition, from which he never recovered. The doctors in attendance were of opinion that he had died from arsenical poisoning; but strong evidence was called by the defence to rebut this presumption on medical and scientific grounds. That evidence was open to the comment that it was expert but theoretical; whereas the prosecution could rely upon a combination of medical, chemical, and expert physicians, who had had the man under their care. A good deal of weight should attach to this state of facts but for the extraordinary variety of medicines that the deceased man had been dosing himself with. These are the medicines, which were floating about this man at the period of his fatal illness: strychnine, nux vomica, hop bitters, bromide of potassium, oxide of potash and lavender water, sulphuret of antimony, Fowler's solution consisting of arsenious acid, carbonate of zinc, hypophosphates, ipecacuanha wine, cascara, vitamin's beef juice, tincture of jaborandi and antipyrine, tincture of jaborandi and antipyrine, Neave's food, sulphonal, cocaine, Plummer's pills in which are found antimony and mercury in the form of calomel, tincture of hyoscyamus, bismuth and opium suppository, nitroglycerine, glycerine and borax, nitrohydrochloric acid, hydrate of potash, and, as mouth washes, Cond's fluid, chlorine water, and phosphoric acid. One would require an iron constitution to survive this avalanche of concoctions. It is comprehensible why the Home Secretary should have recorded this judgment.

Although the evidence leads clearly to the conclusion that the prisoner administered and attempted to administer arsenic to her husband with intent to murder, yet it does not wholly exclude reasonable doubt whether his death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic.

It was a doubt which, under the law of England, the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of; it was a doubt which a correct appreciation of the medical treatment this man was submitted to would almost turn into a certainty; and it was a doubt which negatived the whole basis of the case for the Crown, namely, that he was a man of good health, foully and, as he would say, with the machinations of his unfaithful wife.

There is a tradition in England that judges are men whose conduct should be always looked at in the most favourable light, irrespective of the true facts; and Mr. H. B. Irving has endeavoured to obey this rule by committing himself to this opinion: "Of the judge's scrupulous anxiety to be fair, just and considerate towards the prisoner no impartial person can doubt." As a fact, the summing-up teemed with examples to the contrary; and the learned judge concluded his address to the jury in a whirlwind of invective.

The case lasted only seven days; and he devoted two days in summing up to the jury. The first day's summing up, dealing with the medical evidence, on the whole was couched in moderate language, though every time a twist could be given to the evidence against the prisoner Mr. Justice Stephen was most willing to do so.
With a long experience of judicial proceedings it has never been my lot to read such a vicious and crafty production as this summing-up in its closing passages. It is possible that it was guilty; she herself alone can tell. But it is probable that she was innocent.

When the judge becomes a pronounced and embittered moral partisan, in a trial involving difficult medical and evidential problems, the whole equilibrium of the machinery of justice is endangered. Precipitation to a terrible degree reigns in such a trial. Whereas the jury might have held the prejudices of each other in check assisted by the cool reflections and commentaries of the skilled judge, a diatribe by way of a summing-up must inflame the aggregate of their prejudices. A collected outlook upon the evidence would become almost impossible unless there happened to be a man of outstanding moral qualities among the jury. That was the one thing which could have saved Mrs. Maybrick; but, unfortunately, the jury consisted of petty tradesmen. One is conscious, on a study of this trial, of a monstrous injustice, brought about by the cunning of a horrible man, who held a high station in this country.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control prevented me from visiting theatres during the last few weeks. I did want to see "Pygmalion," for instance, but I suppose that Shaw said to Tree: "Not bloody likely!" and I have not yet been able to join the ranks of the matinee girls. However, comedy, being a sort of game, should be kept as it is high; and although I do not suppose that "Pygmalion" will acquire a novel tang before I see it, "Pygmalion" must wait. Other circumstances over which I have no control have induced some publishers to send me some plays to read.

Ninety-five years ago, my friend Lord Byron wrote: I said the small-pox has gone out. Perhaps it may be followed by the great. Eleven years ago, my friend John Galsworthy said: The small-pox play for Puritans, entitled "Philip's Wife," failed. Let me give him some information, extracted from Mrs. Shaw's Preface to "Damaged Goods." Let him call "SyPhilip's Wife" an "educational" or "sociological" play, and send it to the Authors' Producing Society. They established themselves for the production of "Damaged Goods," and, equally of course, Dr. Layton thinks that his play is not to be produced, or licensed, for a long time, because it is not improper and does not invite evil doing. Let me give him some information, extracted from Mrs. Shaw's Preface to "Damaged Goods." Let him call "SyPhilip's Wife" an "educational" or "sociological" play, and send it to the Authors' Producing Society.

Brieux is booming, and a new industry is arising; for Mr. Fifield has published, also at a shilling, another box play for Puritans, entitled "Philip's Wife," written by a Dr. Frank Layton. Of course, Dr. Layton had never heard of Brieux's play before he wrote his own, and, equally of course, Dr. Layton thinks that his play will not be produced, or licensed, for a long time, because it is not improper and does not invite evil doing.

It is possible that this woman was guilty, as is conscious, on a study of this trial, of a monstrous injustice, brought about by the cunning of a horrible man, who held a high station in this country.

"A pox these plays Cherchez la femme, or is it, place aux dames? Miss Gertrude Robins has induced Mr. Werner Laurie to publish four short plays at the price of a shilling, entitled "Loving As We Do." We don't, and not even the portrait of Miss Robins with a smile like the advertisement of a dentrifice, can induce me to accept this title as a true description of our relations. I do not know Miss Robins. The title play has been produced by Miss Horniman's company, and is another example of the infallible bad taste of that lady. A married woman comes to elope with a man; when the lover tests that elopement is a deuce of a bother, and he doesn't want to be made uncomfortable; wouldn't a nice secret intrigue do as well? She takes advantage of his momentary absence from the room to telephone to her maid, telling her to take a few things for her; that she had left for her husband; and when the lover returns she protests that she only made the proposal to test the sincerity of his love for her. Mene, mene, tekel upharsin; in other words, it was all up with his chances of adultery. Dear, dear, how adroit these women are!"

"The Return" exhibits Miss Robins' extraordinary gifts as a writer of tragedy. Evidently she is not used to murdering people, although she apparently recognises that her feminine pretences are worthy precursors of slaughter. Anyhow, she makes the assumption that ten years' residence in America of an adult Russian peasant transforms him into an irreconcilable being; and the play opens with a scene between Ivan and Stepan, the friend of his father, who, as usual, recognises Ivan, and Ivan bets Stefan that his (Ivan's) mother will recognise him at once. He pretends to be a friend of Ivan's, and, of course, neither his father nor his mother recognises him. His remark that he has 5,000 roubles in his pocket appeals to the maternal feelings of his mother. If only she had 5,000 roubles, she could send his fare to Ivan in America, and he would come back to Russia before she died. Ivan buys some vodka and retires to sleep off the effects; whereupon his mother incites his father to hit him over the head with a hatchet. He does so; and as the loving mother counts the money, the father discovers from the passport that the stranger is their son. Curtain, not before it was needed.

"After the Case" is another tragedy. A woman commits adultery (only once, or she wouldn't be a lady, do you see?), and her husband obtains a divorce, and £800 damages from the co-respondent. What shall she do? Parrish, dead dog, outlaw, castaway, and all that sort of thing! The lover is a weakling and offers her a choice, but the irregular relationship that ought to have suited her. Of course, he was wicked, and she was virtuous; "the practised evil in you called to the dormant evil in me, and it awoke." Therefore I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, a good-bye, etc., and she jumps out of the window. "Good God," said the crowd; and there was another headline for the evening papers.

"Ida's Honourable" tells us how a younger son of...
the nobility, who had fallen in love with a chorus girl, was not dismayed by the vulgar tastes of her mother, but liked her just as she was. Kind hearts are more than coronets—oh, damn it, I would rather be henpecked than read any more modern plays.

**Art.**

*Les Independants and the Salon des Beaux Arts.*

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

At the corner of the Champs de Mars, close to the Ecole Militaire, there is a temporary structure something like the low-lying buildings standing at the back of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and in this the Independents are holding their exhibition. It is a vast show—much too vast to be dealt with in one visit, but my relations with the authorities were, I am afraid to say, not sufficiently harmonious for me to pay more than one long call—nor can I say that I was particularly anxious to pay a second one. It is a vast and unwieldy show, full of the most confusing extremes of pecked than read any more modern plays. Froment Meurice's "Le Maréchal Soul" for the town of Bayonne I cannot think why the old convention of the prancing or marching steed and the doughty warrior holding him in is not good enough for all time. There is nothing at all here save the uniform to indicate that Soult is a soldier. He might be a rider in the Row upon a very quiet horse. I daresay soldiers do look like this, but the imagination of the civilian certainly pictures them otherwise.

Under Bartolomeo Colleoni, put him in the costume of a ballet girl and a bather, and he still remains the same quintessence of the work that could not in any way be dispensed with, which otherwise is attractive. Poor work is sent by Myron Barlow (No. 1,044) and Henri Gervex (No. 357), Triant (No. 443), Laszlo Hoffer (No. 237), Trian (No. 443), Laszlo (No. 677), and Marthe Stettler (No. 1,117).

**The New Age**

May 14, 1914

Albert Aublet's, "Race immobile" (No. 1,963), Edwin Bucher's "Portrait de M.P.A." (No. 1,273), Casella's "Angelet's delightful "Enfant marchant" (No. 1,744), Jean Dampf's "Jangi" (No. 1,768)—a marvellously dexterous piece of canine realism and something more,

De Herain's "Le destin" (No. 1,759), Injalbert's "Sylphide à Tivoli" (No. 1,823); Jaeger's "Rheinbourn du Silence" (No. 1,826); Lacombe's wooden bust of "M. Antoine" (No. 1,839), and Léon Léonard's "Tête de Savacinesca" (No. 1,851).

The largest piece exhibited is certainly the least attractive. Froment Meurice's "Le Maréchal Soul" for the town of Bayonne I cannot think why the old convention of the prancing or marching steed and the doughty warrior holding him in is not good enough for all time. There is nothing at all here since the uniform to indicate that Soult is a soldier. He might be a rider in the Row upon a very quiet horse. I daresay soldiers do look like this, but the imagination of the civilian certainly pictures them otherwise.

Under Bartolomeo Colleoni, put him in the costume of a ballet girl and a bather, and he still remains the same quintessence of the work that could not in any way be dispensed with, which otherwise is attractive. Poor work is sent by Myron Barlow (No. 1,044) and Henri Gervex (No. 357), Triant (No. 443), Laszlo Hoffer (No. 237), Trian (No. 443), Laszlo (No. 677), and Marthe Stettler (No. 1,117).

It would be impossible for me to deal adequately with the pictures in these columns. The general impression is that a great lasting work is certainly lacking. There are some of the pictures that have not one long after one has turned one's back on the Avenue d'Antin; such are, for instance, the distinguished group of pictures by the deceased Gaston La Touche, especially "Le Gue" (No. 691), "Les Trois Graces" (No. 695), and "l'Enfant Prodigue" (No. 702), all of which, as a French reviewer has already said, make one forget that the Revolution, the Empire, and almost a century of commercialism now separate this age from Watteau. But, on the whole, it is the necessary work, the needed work, the work that could not in any way be dispensed with, which is lacking in this exhibition. There is one picture with the painter of which I certainly feel some sympathy. Most critics seem to have attacked him for cutting his model out in tin. I confess I did not get this impression. On the contrary, the portrait of "Colonel D. d'Ossolocline," by Bernard Boutet de Monvel (No. 152), struck me as being one of the best things in the Grand Palais. I have never seen a picture that gave me a more moving image of a military man. The steel blackness of the sky behind and the almost dramatic white light flooding the figure lend a vivid majesty to the painting which is not at all out of keeping either with the true martial spirit or with the type of man represented. Of all the pictures at the Grand Palais, I shall forget this one last. Among the Zuloagas—all very striking—the two best are, I think, "Un cardinal" (No. 1,212) and "Toreadors du Village" (No. 1,213). "La Femme au Perroquet" was disappointing. Roll's ceiling for the Petit Palais (No. 1,044) was also a sad thing. Even admitting that it is in wrong place, and was never intended to be seen save from a long distance below, I fail to see anything inspired or necessary in the whole conception. His drawing, in any case, must be rather shabby—look at the cat in No. 1,045, "En Juin!"

Let me now run quickly through a few names of artists who have sent good works: Myron Barlow (Nos. 64, 65, 67), Beaucourt (No. 79), Besnard (No. 106)—his models surpass all I have seen for ugliness!—Biel (No. 113), Blumenthal (No. 126), Claus (No. 242), Depays (No. 127), Hoffer (No. 245), E. J. Dobriner (No. 327), Triant (No. 443), Laszlo (No. 677), and Marthe Stettler (No. 1,117).
Pastiche.
GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

He was not a bad chap while he wore a bad hat
And supped every night with Ill-black.
Men said he was clever, had verve and eclat,
And the tender sex called him a Duck.

But one day Le Hasard by hazard was in
When he called with a credit account,
And the old god settled the bill with a grin—
A solid, substantial amount.

Mais quel chanson arose in the town at a hint
Men said he was clever, had verve and eclat,
Him to be arrive
That Royalty couldn’t resist him—in
Camden to Whitechapel eyed him a-squint.
This did it! Now over his head there burst
Be ne’er such a blackguard as get for your pat-
But soon as ’twas clear that he fairly had copped,
’Twas rumoured a La’ship had asked him to dine,
Him to be sneaking a boom
In a howling mad crescendo.

And the Weasel called him
And the tender sex called him a Duck.

And the old god settled the bill with a grin—
A solid, substantial amount.

More qu’d chanson arose in the town at a hint
That was commencing to climb!
Camden to Whitechapel eyed him a-squint.
The bloodeh young puppeh
That shelter cowards who cannot run away
And the Weasel called him
And the tender sex called him a Duck.

And supped every night with Ill-luck.
The bloodeh young puppeh
That shelter cowards who cannot run away
And the Weasel called him
And the tender sex called him a Duck.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

Orator: Those nasty men, those pagan-souled,
Who will not do what they are told
By Lady Warwick, Webb and me,
Be far from here or hear me say,
We seek a constitutional way,
Constitutional way,
We seek a constitutional way—
VOICE: Constitutional wagery.

FUTURISTICS A LA MARINETTI.

At the Restaurant.
Sinuosity and woman. Wine and barren passion. Waiters
And the lusts of the flesh. Stagnation.
Cynicism.

Joy! Geometric and mechanical joy! A half-brick—
deep cube—sweet architectural slab—shatters the wide
window, and in irresistible impetuosity hisses by me.
What triangles of space appear in yonder glass!
What parallèle fissures!—opening parallel fissures in
My swelling heart!
A flying trapezoid of clear-cut glass severs my fair com-
partion’s jugular with a dispatch that defies Time
And Space, while Lightning hides its head.
The scintillating perfection of the speedy act carries away
My spirit like a feather in a hurricane.
A wadder clears up the bloody mess and removes the
inanimate female.

George A.

Hodge-Podge.

Being a New Song on the Present Decline.
To the tune of “The Truth Shall Enjoy Its Own Again.”
To puzzle the determinist
Effects in scores have unique cause,
Obscuring thus in opaque mist
The sources of eternal laws.
Now our unhappy nation
That’s straining to damnation
Gives numberless examples every day.
0 sight most melancholy
Of variegated folly,
A fear of thinking is our national decay.
From common tumour they all spring
Tango teas and New Theology,
The Coal, the Meat, the Money king,
The royal nob their poor apology
‘Tis England’s midnight deep indeed.

There’s the cant of new adjustment
To equalise the sexes. Then
The gluttony pictures Satan sent
Reflecting our anemic men,
The Cinema I’m meaning
Where all the babes are weaning
While fathers’ souls and mothers’ breasts turn grey
God help the strength we’re losing
For there’s diminished boozing
Yet fear of thinking is our national decay.
The glut of women novelists,
The horrid stuff the men retail,
The spiritualists, the Eugenists,
The Civic Spirit of the “Daily Mail,”
The Labour M.P.’s bible
The hard-worked laws of libel
That shelter cowards who cannot run away.
The Murphies as dictators
With Churchmen dummy waiters;
A fear of thinking is our national decay.
Gather together ye few sane,
’Tis England’s midnight deep indeed.
They raise the instinct over brain,
Bergson but helped to spread the seed.
If I’m no false detractor
The psychologic factor
Is not so sentimental as some say.
Its simply loss of Reason,
For thinking now is treason
And fear of thinking is our national decay.

C. E. BICHSTRÖER.

CYNICUS.

DEATHBED ORATION OVER A LABOUR JOURNAL.

Orator: Go away, death; fly away, breath,
From the sweet that is mine own,
Where no one may have ought to say
But only I, who now am crying,
We’ll go down with the red flag flying,
The red flag flying,
The red flag flying,
We’ll go down with the red flag flying—

VOICE: Ay, with the red flag flown.

Orator: O rebels meek, O rebels mild,
Weep ye for my stricken child.
Bravely it fought with women taught,
Bravely ’twill die as women can;
But never say die to the brotherhood of man,
The brotherhood of man,
The brotherhood of man,
Never say die to the brotherhood of man—

VOICE: The brotherhoodwinking of man.

Tribolet.
mellowing spirit," which he so justly admires, which gave rise to the Guilds, and incidentally to Shakespeare, for some fifty years beyond it, disappeared only with S. Verdad that the of the last half-century. Any attempt to revive Guilds arose during the Catholic epoch, lasted during it, and and their resistance was only finally broken by Cromwell's organisation of the extreme Protestant minority into a standing army of fanatics. In the English people did not stir themselves to the depths for the Church, as the Irish have done; but their only fault was that one of gullibility and readiness to compromise at the wrong moment, which has been their ruin throughout history, and which constitutes the most terrible of dangers for the future. If a man tells me that the servile state cannot be imposed upon England, I point him to the history of how Protestantism was imposed on England. But in this case the case is of submission, not commission. To say that England wanted Protestantism in 1540 is as ridiculous as to say that she wants slavery to-day.

In referring us to an Oriental ideal—that of "spiritual freedom combined with self-discipline"—S. Verdad is asking us to learn from people whom we are accustomed to acclaim at sight. The Englishman is different from the Oriental in this—that 10,000 Englishmen can conquer and keep conquered 300,000,000 of them. Not much of an ideal for a "national" ideal possesses a certain acquaintance with that Catholic underground. It was not scotched at the Reformation, but only driven away. The fogs of the wage-system still cloud the intellectual atmosphere, and it is not easy even for Catholics to see the full extent, and which everywhere was destroyed by Protestantism and anti-clericalism. That economic system is the existence of free blackleg-proof Guilds.

The fogs of the wage-system still cloud the intellectual atmosphere, and it is not easy even for Catholics to see the fullest extent, and which everywhere was destroyed by Protestantism and anti-clericalism. That economic system is the existence of free blackleg-proof Guilds.

As for the "spiritual letters" of Rome at the present time, I will only remark that, if such various-minded men as the late Lord Acton, Professor Windle, Francis Thompson, Hilaire Belloc, Hubert Bland, and James Laitin are to be the first half-dozen who can all be sincere Catholics, their letters cannot be so heavy.

F. H. DRINKWATER

A FEW MORE REMARKS.

Sir,—S. Verdad is worth answering because he evidently possesses a certain acquaintance with that Catholic Church which he is criticizing. His contention appears to be that the Church is anti-English in character. Nationality is not the test of truth. You cannot affirm that a proposition is proved or unproved merely because forty, million other persons of the same blood and language as yourself accept or reject it. Whole nations can err as easily as individuals—and frequently do. If, then, Englishmen do not take "divine authority," so much the worse for Englishmen. How much the worse, the history of the last 150 years, culminating with the right to vote truly away.

It will not, therefore, surprise Mr. Cecil Chesterton to hear that his countrymen have a rooted objection to the truth that "all well secured by Catholic Churchmen. But, in fact, the Catholic Church is not so un-national as S. Verdad supposes. It ruled the hearts and heads of Englishmen during some 800 years, and the period for which it has been formally absent from England is less than the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, the Turkish occupation of Greece, the Saracen occupation of Spain—a mere episode. In looking at the course of history, reverse the maxim of Lord Salisbury and study small-scale charts. Again I would remind S. Verdad of that "mellowing spirit," which he so justly admires, which gave rise to the Guilds, and incidentally to Shakespeare, arose during the Catholic epoch, lasted during it, and, for some fifty years beyond it, disappeared only with the effacement of visible Catholicism at the Puritan triumph, and it revived since the Catholic revival of the latter part of the century. Any attempt to revive Guilds without the Church will be tantamount to an attempt to revive the body without the soul. You will remember what the magic will happen to bodies so revived. They are possessed by demons in the absence of the proper tenant and leaseholder, and their last state is worse than their first.

As a matter of fact, however, enough of the old Catholic soul survives to lend reality to the resurrection. It was not scotched at the Reformation, but only driven underground. The few by which Roman have remained Catholic. Britain, though less thoroughly Latinised than Gaul and Spain, is half-Latin, and half-Latin she has remained. Pace S. Verdad, the established Church is only alive in so far as it claims and exercises the same divine authority as Rome, and it is time to appeal to Rome in intention. The greatest and sanest of Englishmen have been unconscious Catholics: such were Johnson and Hume. But the English were not glad to rid the Church at the Reformation. Froude, Gardiner, and Mrs. Markham must not be regarded as competent historians. The Church was taken from the people by the many foreign mercenaries in the pay of the King and a little clique of nobles. The people rose against the innovations, and continued to rise throughout history, and which constitutes the most terrible of dangers for the future. If a man tells me that the servile state cannot be imposed upon England, I point him to the history of how Protestantism was imposed on England. But in this case the case is of submission, not commission. To say that England wanted Protestantism in 1540 is as ridiculous as to say that she wants slavery to-day.

In referring us to an Oriental ideal—that of "spiritual freedom combined with self-discipline"—S. Verdad is asking us to learn from people whom we are accustomed to acclaim at sight. The Englishman is different from the Oriental in this—that 10,000 Englishmen can conquer and keep conquered 300,000,000 of them. Not much of an ideal for a "national" ideal possesses a certain acquaintance with that Catholic underground. It was not scotched at the Reformation, but only driven away. The fogs of the wage-system still cloud the intellectual atmosphere, and it is not easy even for Catholics to see the full extent, and which everywhere was destroyed by Protestantism and anti-clericalism. That economic system is the existence of free blackleg-proof Guilds.

The fogs of the wage-system still cloud the intellectual atmosphere, and it is not easy even for Catholics to see the fullest extent, and which everywhere was destroyed by Protestantism and anti-clericalism. That economic system is the existence of free blackleg-proof Guilds.

As for the "spiritual letters" of Rome at the present time, I will only remark that, if such various-minded men as the late Lord Acton, Professor Windle, Francis Thompson, Hilaire Belloc, Hubert Bland, and James Laitin are to be the first half-dozen who can all be sincere Catholics, their letters cannot be so heavy.

F. H. DRINKWATER

A FEW MORE REMARKS.

Sir,—S. Verdad is worth answering because he evidently possesses a certain acquaintance with that Catholic Church which he is criticizing. His contention appears to be that the Church is anti-English in character. Nationality is not the test of truth. You cannot affirm that a proposition is proved or unproved merely because forty, million other persons of the same blood and language as yourself accept or reject it. Whole nations can err as easily as individuals—and frequently do. If, then, Englishmen do not take "divine authority," so much the worse for Englishmen. How much the worse, the history of the last 150 years, culminating with the right to vote truly away.

It will not, therefore, surprise Mr. Cecil Chesterton to hear that his countrymen have a rooted objection to the truth that "all well secured by Catholic Churchmen. But, in fact, the Catholic Church is not so un-national as S. Verdad supposes. It ruled the hearts and heads of Englishmen during some 800 years, and the period for which it has been formally absent from England is less than the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, the Turkish occupation of Greece, the Saracen occupation of Spain—a mere episode. In looking at the course of history, reverse the maxim of Lord Salisbury and study small-scale charts. Again I would rem
worker in putting the administration of the industries in the hands of the man who do them subject only to general guidance of the State. During the last few years there has been a rapid increase in the inclination of the apparent contradiction existing between his necessary in architecture, he wrote, "I have not found sufficient to show that the change must come down from above." The day before, in the "Daily Herald," he had written of Ruskin that "he disdained to preach to the people, believing that reform would come down from above." And he added: "We know better than this to-day. Their nightmare out of Bedlam will never come to an end until the people rebel against it and claim their right to be treated as responsible and human beings." On which day did Mr. Penty know better?

RICHARD MATHER.

** MR. PENTY AND PLACOCRACY

Sir,- Doubtless Mr. Penty has a complete explanation of the apparent contradiction existing between his articles in The New Age and the "Daily Herald." Last week, in your columns, referring to the revolution necessary in architecture, he wrote, "I have not found sufficient to show that the change must come down from above." The day before, in the "Daily Herald," he had written of Ruskin that "he disdained to preach to the people, believing that reform would come down from above." And he added: "We know better than this to-day. Their nightmare out of Bedlam will never come to an end until the people rebel against it and claim their right to be treated as responsible and human beings." On which day did Mr. Penty know better?

BRITON POPE.

** WHAT IS SLAVERY?

Sir,- After the very wholesome reproof administered by a correspondent short time back to your printers for their carelessness, I am sorry to find that there has been no improvement. In my letter to you a fortnight ago, I wrote: "And I gathered from a letter in your last issue that these words were printed "Portuguese" and "San Thome." I hope you will find room to regret carelessness.

In the meantime I must offer a sincere, though vicarious, apology to "R. M." for having been the innocent cause of dragging him against his will into print. But since you have, perhaps, already permitted him to say that you like Mr. Roberts better than Mr. Bonmberg, and also to ask Mr. Hume whether the "slight mound" is the smooth or the crinkled bit.

M. B. ONXON.

** THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,- A year ago I had never heard of The New Age; to-day the prospect of its going under fills me with consternation and anger. There must be thousands of poten-

tial subscribers to-day as ignorant of the existence of The New Age as I was a year ago, and we, the present readers, are responsible for finding them. What an opportunity for improving the "status" written to me yesterday by my printer: "Rate of paper too high; no surplus that may accrue will be returned to you." I would like to be capable of thinking coherently; and as a taste for

THE NEW AGE.
Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are now at the following rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Duration</th>
<th>United Kingdom</th>
<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>15s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.