

can't be true. As to saying one "can't" subdivide, that is mere balderdash. If the State can acquire, the State can sell again to the small man on any length of term it chooses.

(3) It is irrelevant to say "Whether it would work or not, Collectivism is much jollier." You can leave humanity to judge of that. It is universally true that mankind wants to own if it can. Not to "enjoy," but to "own." To some abnormal men—especially to nomads—the idea of "ownership" is difficult. They think of property simply in terms of sensual enjoyment, as the Jews do who run our hotels (what hotels and what enjoyment!) But men normally and universally desire, if they can, to own. Now it is the whole force of the Collectivists that they can and do persuade many that a permanent sub-division of property, however desirable, however much the soul of man hungers for it, is impossible under modern conditions. They are reluctantly persuaded—they are persuaded against their will and affections—but they are persuaded, and they mournfully conclude that Collectivism is the only alternative to our industrial hell.

Perhaps the Collectivists are right. But I shall want strong and clear proofs before I'll believe it.

As to redundancy: It is redundant to say that there would be more friction and competition under such a system. I know that. It is simply a question of what price you will pay for an end you think desirable. It is redundant to say the idea involves an action revolutionary and mechanical. Of course it does. Any definite act accomplished with a very difficult and clearly definable object is revolutionary and mechanical; for instance, the Battle of Hastings.

Lastly, I implore that phrases wholly meaningless be excluded—at however great a cost of nervous effort—and that errors in history due to dependence upon secondary, tertiary, and septuagessimary authorities be not cited in support. Don't, as you love me, bring in the phantom Juggernaut called "economic force." Don't use the phrase at all, save of such factors in production as escape the human will—e.g., the necessity of the presence of Capital or the Law of Diminishing Returns. Don't say "the evolution of the last three centuries," etc., etc. It hasn't. I assure you it hasn't. Don't say "the discovery of the trembling Jigger made the old catch-and-run Jigger worthless and therefore the small master necessarily fell to," etc., etc. He didn't "necessarily." There isn't any "therefore." Unless you establish the truth that he was politically free and that his psychology was the common psychology of the race. If he was prevented from making laws, if his capital had been stolen or destroyed by unjust laws, or his philosophy and mental power destroyed in some anarchy, then all these, and not the mechanical accident controlled him.

— And don't say Pumpernickel is against me for (a) there is no authority in matters of reason, (b) Pumpernickel is a fool anyhow, nowadays even on guns and certainly on economics. Farewell.

The Pentagram.

(A M. Henri Farman on his aeroplane achievement.)
 In the Years of the Primal Course, in the dawn of terrestrial birth,
 Man mastered the mammoth and horse, and Man was the Lord of the Earth.
 He made him a hollow skin from the heart of an holy tree,
 He compassed the earth therein, and Man was the Lord of the Sea.
 He controlled the vigour of steam, he harnessed the lightning for hire;
 He drove the celestial team; and Man was the Lord of the Fire.
 Deep-mouthed from their thrones deep-seated, the choirs of the æons declare
 The last of the demons defeated, for Man is the Lord of the Air.
 Arise, O Man, in thy strength! the kingdom is thine to inherit,
 Till the high gods witness at length that Man is the Lord of his spirit. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Kith and Kin.

BELOW the Lion's Head, which here rears its titanic crest, and a mile beyond reach of the sapphire waves of Table Bay, is Martha's garden. It has a guava tree, high-grown although the winter gales which blow upon its undefended boughs hinder the fruit. In the garden also is an old blue-gum, wide and shady. But neither under the guava tree nor under the great finger-leaved eucalypt is Martha's favourite haunt. Where the garden narrows towards the house-wall is a great clump of the female aloe a-scarlet with flower-spikes spearing above the fat water-gorged fronds, in the shade of the aloe Martha sits sewing or drowsing when her work in the house is done.

She is there making a new coat for her husband, who has gone into the town to visit his rich son, at the grand hostelry where many attendants will wait upon him. Old Morris might have forty pounds sterling every month if he would abandon Martha. Yet he does not so. The wealthy Louis, who is swarthy as ever Jew was born, raved at the brown skin which announced the caste of Martha.

He was never able to persuade his father. Morris rebuked his son, and was rebuked in his turn. None the less, he arrayed himself, and went every week to the magnificent rooms wherein Louis and his wife and his brother Morris feasted and lounged and wrangled with each other on points of manner and vocabulary. . . .

In the garden sits Martha sewing the coat for her husband. Her dark hair lies flat along her head. Her eyes are blue. Her teeth are tiny. Her pale pink lips are merrily shaped. Only the tropical over-luxuriance of her figure and the skin around the finger-nails tell of the nameless ancestor. She, who must be despised, is remembering an episode of her young life. Little indeed may she find to remember since her marriage with the Jew. Nothing happens to her now more noteworthy than the departure and return of old Morris from his visits. Thus it is that Martha revels in the details of her earlier youth. This noon-tide, however, lights with no gleam the merry white teeth. Martha is thinking of Oom Jan, her father's brother. When Piet Balozzi died he left his baby daughter to the care of his brother Jan. Jan promised to rear the child in the Portuguese faith. Faithfully he performed his vow. But in the veins of the child ran also the Huguenot blood which preferred exile to acceptance of the Holy Faith. And of the two beliefs, what cared that tropical ancestor for one or other?

Martha was never devout.

Therefore it was easy for Oom Jan to believe when he heard the lie about his niece and her master.

Oom Jan reached his rifle down from the wall: "I will shoot her dead," he avowed. And he left the house.

His wife ran across the veldt to the winkel where Martha worked. Martha was shutting the door for the night.

"Oh, child, where is your baas?"

"He is at Cradock in the Colony."

"Your uncle was told you were in a house of sin in the town this night."

"You see me here."

"Yes. Lock the door and come home with me. Oom Jan has gone to search the unholy houses in Kimberley."

"The fool!"

The coat is not finished. But Martha stays no longer in the garden.

The sky has become paler and glass-like, and a wind blows from the sea. The rubbish stirs in the grass. The day is now at its height, and there is a certainty of a dust-storm breaking. Martha gathers up her work and goes towards the house. She is not merry now. She goes silently into the kitchen. There her dinner is ready to be served. She takes up the pot and looks around for the spoon. It has fallen. As she stoops unwieldily to reach it, she gasps and sighs. "I am growing old and ugly," she says aloud. "What does it matter? What does anything matter when lies live so long. . . . Foy. To this day in Kimberley people will tell you that Balozzi's niece went to the bad." ANNETTE DOORLY,