NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We never had very much faith that the Friendly Societies would be any defence against Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. Interests can always be placated. The sort of chicanery or traders' jargon in which the negotiations between the Chancellor and the unions would be any defence against Mr. Lloyd George—of which the negotiations between the Chancellor and the unions have been carried on is not, we confess, intelligible to us. How interests so apparently opposed as those of the Friendly Societies, the medical profession and the workmen have been reconciled passes our comprehension. That there has been a good deal of give and take we can believe without Mr. Lloyd George's authority, but that either of these operations has meant any improvement in the smallest real reply to any fundamental criticism of his opponents, and couples with it the name of the

An unparalleled amount of chicanery, however, has been necessary to advance the measure to its present stage of presumptive passage. It is well enough realised by Unionists now, when it is too late, that in point of fact the grassest trick of the advertiser was played upon them by Mr. Lloyd George in his introductory speech. They, poor fools, paid down their tribute of praise on the word of the champion huckster; and though the goods delivered were not according to catalogue, the Unionists have always been silenced by a reminder that they bought with their eyes open. But it is doubtful if an unequivocal opposition would have been of any advantage. Mr. Lloyd George is as intolerant of criticism as any hobbyhorse is of the rein; and when he cannot answer it, he denies that it exists. For instance, he names the "Daily Mail" as one of his chiefest opponents, and couples with it the name of the

"Spectator." We do not desire to boast, since we are probably on the eve of a defeat, but the fact is well known to Mr. Lloyd George—who in private has bitterly resented it—that THE NEW AGE was not only the first of his critics, but has from the outset to the present moment been his unanswerable and unanswered critic. It may please Mr. Lloyd George to imagine that by failing to reply to our criticisms he has tried that we have no case, but every honest publicist will realise that, like any other cowardly debater, Mr. Lloyd George has

Neither in his speech at the Tabernacle, where he succeeded in raising the horse-laughter that speaks the vacant mind, nor in his address to his latest bribed supporters among the collecting societies at the Holborn Hall on Friday, did Mr. Lloyd George attempt the smallest real reply to any fundamental criticism of his Bill. On the contrary, he indulged in the former place in a series of flashy misstatements and still more flashy omissions, and in the latter in a series of triumphant war-whoops, punctuated unguardedly by admissions which, if our proletariat had a spark of life, would return him to Wales by a national majority. Chief among these was his remark that as a result of the new health committees 'he would have a collection of reports upon the health of practically fifteen millions of working-class households—analysed, summarised, the cases...'

If Socialists had suggested such a domiciliary inquisition among the poor, we can imagine how Mr. Lloyd George would have torn his calculated passion to tatters over the invasion of the privacy of honest sons of toil; and his sobs of indignation would have been followed by the chorus of the London Press. But it will never be forgotten, it stands for ever on record, that Socialists have not advocated it, they have denounced it. We wash our hands of all responsibility for this contemptuous, contemptible policy. "The Insurance Bill," Mr. Lloyd George concluded, "was the first fruits of popular government in this country." Another profound untruth. The Bill, thank God, is unpopular. * * *

Mill remarked of Bentham's theories that his synthesis could not be more complete than his analysis. Mr. Lloyd George's analysis of the causes of poverty is exactly what we should expect it to be from his misshapen Bill. Poverty, he tells us, is mainly caused by ill-health, unemployment, and drink. Yet the bat has
to admit that his scheme will cover thousands of persons
whose wages are less than fifteen, twelve, and even seven
shillings. What he seeks is pictures of occupation to
grope about for the minor causes of poverty when the
main cause stakes the seeker in the face in the
obvious form of low wages. There is no need to drag
in sickness, unemployment and drink; they merely add
to a poverty which already exists. Even if the mass of
our wages slaves never had a day's sickness or a day's
unemployment or a pint of beer, they would be poor.
But there is no remedy in Mr. Lloyd George's Bill for
this kind of poverty. What he seeks is pictures of the real poverty,
that enables him to make unceasing speeches at little
Bethels, poverty that it pays him, with the Non-
conformist flapsiddles, to shed tears about; poverty,
in short, on which he can climb to the premiership of a
nation for treating wage-earners as children and spending all
they really ought not to be trusted with money that their
ordinary human intelligence would begin every attempt
at social reform. Having recognised the real problem
—how to raise wages. On the contrary, Mr. Lloyd
George and his Labour friends begin by reducing wages.
There will be no disguising the fact, when the Bill gets
to work, that the sums handled by workmen at the end of
each week will be 4d. less than they have earned.
You may try to persuade them by actuarial jugglery
that they are really better off for the loss of their
fourpence, they are saving it up for a rainy day, it will
come back to them with liberal interest; but as the
weeks pass the major among them will discover that the
promises are fraudulent. Obviously all the men
cannot be sick or unemployed, or the scheme would not work.
Only a minority can benefit without crumpling
all its dots. Caution suggests that progress should march
more slowly. According to Thorold Rogers it took over
250 years to complete the economic disenfranchisement of the
English workman. It may take another quarter of a century to complete his moral
disenfranchisement. If the process is in progress, and
it is astonishing how rapidly it is developing. The
Insurance Bill will prove another long step, and, as in
the case of the Army, its effects will be felt long after
the end of the railway strike at the very moment when the
colliers and possibly the engineers were contemplating
joining their fellows to make success absolutely certain,
he then endeavoured to console the defeated men by
speaking at the Cutlers' Feast on Tuesday he modestly announced that "he did
not say the Council would be able to do so much as some
people expected, but at least it was there to do some-
thing, if possible, to stop or hinder or allay difficulties."
Whose difficulties we need not ask, since he was
addressing himself exclusively to employers; nor need
we dwell on his hint that the powers given him will
probably prove insufficient. It is enough to repeat our
prophecy concerning the future of this body, and this
time with increased confidence. Moreover, as if Sir
George himself was not adequate to the task of preparing
the public mind for Compulsory Arbitration with legal
penalties for refusing to work, two other bodies have
joined in the propaganda. The Employers' Parliamen-
tary Council petitioned Mr. Asquith to suppress
picketing, to incorporate trade unions and render them
liable for damage by strikes, and, finally, to declare a
Federation of Unions for the purpose of a General Strike
an unlawful combination. The Railway Commission in
their Report most pungently remark that the theory
that the powers given him were to be used for
reform, in its dotage, to such
end to the railway strike at the very moment when the
Commission has been sitting for
weeks; but the Com-
mission appointed was to have been immediate.
We cannot at this moment say at what exact point
the recommendations of the Commission will break down
in practice; but break down they will and must and
should. To begin with, it is trifling with words to
regard as Recognition the admission of a union official in
the second or stage of any negotiation, and then not as a
union official, but as a special secretary of a group of
the men. It is equally trifling to suppose that the
union executives will feel disposed, in return for this
insulting favour, to lock up their war-chests in support of agree-
ments entered into without their official cognisance. A
premium, in fact, is put upon the belligerence of
the officials of the union to the precise extent of their
exclusion from responsibility. Speaking for ourselves,
we do not, of course, object to this result. The danger we feared was that the unions might be too fully recognised. In that event, the officials would have been bound up with such a degree of servility in their services on behalf of industrial "peace" would have been in strict and snobbish concert with those of the shareholders. Now, however, as their General Secretary, Mr. Williams, has suggested, the railway officials may be secretly conniving with their men at a new attack on the companies. The offer of partial recognition, in short, will prove more aggravating than its total refusal.

Again, do not see that the men have gained anything by the provision that 25 per cent. of the men of any grade may by petition demand their grievances to be discussed by the companies within twenty-eight days. It will be difficult enough on a system so scattered as that of the railways to procure the signatures of one in four of the men of a particular grade in a reasonable time. The union officials will have nothing else to do but run about at the expense of their men collecting signatures. And when the signatures are obtained and the company is duly petitioned, all the trouble may go for nothing unless the officials of the union do not call the meeting of the Conciliation Board is called. As the Conciliation Boards will normally meet only twice a year, the interval between the first petition of the men and the decision of the Conciliation Board may be six months. In six months 25 per cent. of the men may be judiciously shuffled until they are lost in the pack. Their heels will have cooled, or been cooled, in half a year. Delay, delay, delay, in fact, is the keynote of the provision made for the unions by the Commission. It would almost appear as if every nerve were being strained, not to put an end to grievances, but to procure a fresh lease of life on the old terms for the companies. This feature is prominent again in the provision made for the duration of the agreements arrived at. If agreements are made by the court of first instance, between that is, the men and the companies alone, their duration is to be a year. But if the agreement is made by a Conciliation Board with a Chairman present, its duration will be two years. For the partial recognition of the union, in this court of second instance, the hands of the men are to be tied for an additional year. They may bind themselves for one year; but with an official as their spokesman the men find themselves for two. How many years agreements would be expected to hold if the unions were fully recognised we can only guess. Ninety-nine, we should think.

And all this machinery, costly, irritating and offensive as it is, is specifically debarred from grinding out the smallest real security for an improvement in the men's conditions. True, the questions of hours and wages will fall under the purview of the Boards, but every other matter is explicitly excluded. Now, as everybody knows, it is the easiest thing in the world for a large employing corporation to concede the shadow of improvement while retaining the substance. If the companies have no real intention of permitting their labour to cost them more, their devices for securing themselves are innumerable and may very well be made to fall under the categories of discipline and management with which the Conciliation Boards may not interfere. Of course, it is barely conceivable that the companies may sincerely wish to raise their wages bill on condition that the public does not object to higher charges. The companies have been warned that charges are high enough already. The conclusion to be drawn, indeed, from our examination of the Report is that the men will not be a penny the better off or the companies a penny the worse off.

Two comments remain to be made on the document to which Mr. Henderson, the late leader of the Labour party, has put his hand. One is to remark on the strange omission of any suggestion for the nationalisation of railways. We say "strange" in view of the declarations of Cabinet Ministers, as well as of the Labour party as a whole, in favour of this proposal. For ourselves we do not run about at the expense of our offended pride in the fire. In less time than it will take the Conciliation Boards to get started, the officials will be secretly conniving with their men at a new attack on the companies. The offer of partial recognition, in short, will prove more aggravating than its total refusal.

The very word "nationalisation" is unmentioned throughout the whole of its pages. One very remarkable passage occurs in its conclusion which may be cited in reply to those who urge that nationalisation was not included in the scope of the Commission's enquiry. If a positive proposal of that kind was forbidden them by their terms of reference, equally should it have been forbidden them to pen this paragraph: "If railwaymen will only place the call of duty above and before every other consideration they may confidently rely upon the British public to support them in any fair claim fairly put in." Why should this remark be addressed especially to railwaymen? There are others whose duty is derelict and whose position is a thousand times more responsible than that of the servants of servants. It is well known that the sole reason for the recent strike was the failure of the companies to carry out the Conciliation Act of 1897. That Act was a Government measure; it was devised by Mr. Lloyd George; it provided for the consideration of men's grievances in a formal and a legal manner. Yet when the companies refused to carry it out, they were not penalised or lectured. On the contrary, the men's complaints to the Government were ignored or kicked downstairs so persistently that at last the men had to strike to call the attention of the public to the breach of an Act of Parliament. And at the end of it all the Commission solemnly assures them—the railwaymen, if you please!—"to place the call of duty above and before every other consideration." The call will be answered, if the railwaymen are worth their salt, in an emphatic manner. Their duty is to raise their wages. Above and before every other consideration, higher wages stand as the first duty of British railwaymen. They owe it to themselves, they owe it to their wives and families, they owe it to society and the nation. Poor men are an unmitigated nuisance and if they want once and for all their duty is to cease to be poor. By the way, we should not wonder if that local preacher, Mr. Henderson, were responsible for that paragraph. It sounds pulpit.

At Wakefield, on Friday, Lord Selborne delivered himself of a sentence the construction of which we hope will shock his literary taste when he reads it in print: "We were (he said) in the presence of an intense desire on the part of the manual workers to improve their position and to obtain for themselves and their families a larger share than they at present do of the profits of the business in which they were engaged." Illiterate as this sentence is, its content is even more ignorant. It is completely untrue that the recent and present labour unrest is due to any general desire of the workers positively to enlarge their former share of the products of their industry. The decline in the purchasing price of their money wages has actually meant for them a reduction of as much as fifteen per cent. of their former income. And it is to recover their old position, and not to improve upon it, that they are mainly seeking at this moment. Lord Selborne and his confederates know very well that either the peace and recovery into an attack upon property in general; but we, who wish ardently for the latter, are best aware how little reality there is in it. The passive acceptance of million and million words and doles and words in place of higher wages is the most discouraging feature of proletarian politics. Lord Selborne was equally off the track in his denunciation of the sale of party honours. Admitting what every-
body knows, that honours are bought and sold in the political market, Lord Selborne must needs absolve be responsible. The King, in the last resort, is the of the ''monstrous and foul'' things done in their names, Ministers. Yet Lord Selborne specifically denies that transactions; he knew no two men to whom the idea would be more abhorrent. The moral fastidiousness of these gentlemen may ensure their wilful ignorance of the "monstrous and foul" things done in their names, but assuredly it cannot prove their innocence. The real authors, whoever they may be, of these social crimes can afford to laugh at Lord Selborne's futile methods of attack.

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At the Cutlers' Feast, to which we have already referred, the Lord Chancellor made what the "Nation" obsequiously calls "a cheerful speech." In it Lord Loreburn remarked that "it was bad policy and bad statesmanship to look only at symptoms or to try and remedy consequences. The statesmanship to look only at symptoms or to try and remedy consequences. The alleviation of the diseases they profess to be remedying. No method of demonstration open to reason has failed to prove that the actual fact the diseases poverty can afford to laugh at Lord Selborne's futile methods of attack. The alternative is not merely the surrender of all hope of a "career," as Mr. Cecil Chesterton says in England will be followed by effects equally disproportionate to the earth-shaking promises with which it is being inaugurated. In place of six or seven million voters we shall have eight or, perhaps, twelve million; but the level of political intelligence being the same, or a little lower, the manipulation of the electorate will be a little more expensive to the governing classes, but the amenableess of the whole not a whit the less. So trifling will be the difference caused by the admission under the Conciliation Bill of a million or so women that we are surprised to find anybody opposing the measure with even the appearance of conviction. What does it matter, after all, that as long as the Cabinet can deal with them when they are made? In public spirit, which is the sole criterion of democracy, nobody pretends that women are even the equals of men. Consequently their victimisation by the machine will be children's play to the wirepullers.

This estimate of the importance of the subject, however, does not blind us to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is playing the part of the false friend. The Conciliation Bill, it is generally understood, is bound to pass in its present form if amendments much enlarging its scope are not introduced. So mendacious are our Members of Parliament that by dint of open bullying and bullying and oppression, that Mr. Barrie as "women's secret," a numerical majority of them have been induced to promise their support of a Bill which it is certain they do not desire to pass. The problem before them is how to keep the letter of their promise while breaking its spirit. Nothing better than if, under cover of an apparent excess of zeal, they could defeat the present Bill without loss of credit; and this Mr. Lloyd George and one or two of his colleagues are preparing to facilitate. The plan apparently is to pretend that the enfranchisement of a million women is not enough for these democrats. "You say," said Mr. Lloyd George to a deputation last week, "you say that you are only taking a million. We, on the other hand, are trying to get millions of women enfranchised." That the effect of this effort will be to destroy the smaller Bill is "Mr. Lloyd George's secret"; for nobody knows better than he that no English Parliament will ever enfranchise married women who are socially nothing more than minors.

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The formation of a new Socialist party under the name of the British Socialist Party deserves to be noted if only on the ground of the fact that the Social Democratic, is absorbed in it. The constitution of the new party has been drafted, and its objects and methods tentatively formulated for the approval of the first. One of its collections for the establishment of an independent Socialist party in Parliament and elsewhere. If the leaders of the new party have their eye on a seat in Parliament, nothing in the world will convince them that their propaganda in the country will suffer by it. Nevertheless, it is strictly true that a Socialist party can be effective in political education to the exact extent only that it is able to resist the temptation to seize the shadow of political power when it is presented to them. The political philosophy of the people are Socialists whom no conceivable sentiments with which it is being inaugurated. In place of six or seven million voters we shall have eight or, perhaps, twelve million; but the level of political intelligence being the same, or a little lower, the manipulation of the electorate will be a little more expensive to the governing classes, but the amenableess of the whole not a whit the less. So trifling will be the difference caused by the admission under the Conciliation Bill of a million or so women that we are surprised to find anybody opposing the measure with even the appearance of conviction. What does it matter, after all, that as long as the Cabinet can deal with them when they are made? In public spirit, which is the sole criterion of democracy, nobody pretends that women are even the equals of men. Consequently their victimisation by the machine will be children's play to the wirepullers.

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the "Clarion"; it is his rejection by his constituents, as was the case with Mr. Grayson. The executive of the new party would immediately become formidable if its members were each solemnly to take the self-denying ordinance of refusing to stand for Parliament. The executive of the "Clarion"; it is his rejection by his constituents, which may likewise bring about their downfall. In the case of Señor Canalejas, however, there are internal problems which may also not be without some effect.

In dealing with international questions during, say, the latter part of the nineteenth century, critics had to bear in mind that the public generally paid no attention, or none worth talking about, to the machinations of financiers. The public was not aware that groups of capitalists exercised an enormous influence over Cabinets in practically every country in Europe, and de brazza himself died. But before he passed away he said to one or two of his friends whose condition seemed hopeless: "Courage, my children. Our bones will rest here, and while they do so the land will at any rate never be ceded to Germany." Years passed. The French Congo was explored and exploited; and although de Brazza was somewhat vaguely remembered, his dying words (which I have quoted in spirit if not exactly in letter) were forgotten. Then came the Congo negotiations and the announcement that certain tracts of the French Congo, including the section where de Brazza was buried, were to be ceded to Germany in return for a protectorate over Morocco. Whereupon the explorer's widow wrote a simple, pathetic letter to the Press detailing the facts I have just mentioned. This letter was not buried away in obscure corners of the newspapers, as would have been the case here. It was quoted and re-quoted, and the statements in it appealed to the French imagination. Patriotic ardour had been intense before; but now the feeling against giving away any of the French Congo became intensified.

This seems a trifling incident—in England, I mean. But in France it is different; the whole course of the negotiations has been changed since the appearance of the Comtesse de Brazza's letter. The agitation against low-taxed foreign affairs has been great. The Cabinet has found it convenient to postpone the assembling of the Chamber until November 7, so that in the meantime it may have an opportunity of making up its mind what to do. At the time I write these words absolutely no decision has been reached, though it is generally expected that a settlement of some sort will be arrived at this week. I hope I shall not be blamed for giving so little news; and I hope no reader of this paper will say impatiently: "Well, what the devil does it matter to de Brazza now whether Germany or France owns his bones?" For that is not a question which can be answered logically or, if I may say so, mathematically. Its solution rests in those primitive instincts I have spoken of—those instincts in which the average Englishman whom we have been considering is so often lacking. If I have given little news this week, I have, at all events, let me assure the doubters, given an indication by which news may be measured when it is read in the daily papers. And that is even more important than the news itself.

As for Spain, the failure of the Morocco campaign has left an evil impression. It was a campaign which the German Ambassador is respectfully giving good "advice" to the Cabinet. The country generally is in a ferment and will require very careful handling—more careful handling, I fear, than King Alfonso, who has latterly lost some of his popularity, will be able to give. Señor Moret, the Liberal ex-Premier, has an nugatory position in the Cabinet, but he is not responsible for the feelings; "How Wars are Made: The New Peril: What is it About: The Intrigues of Financiers." No doubt those are what would be called "strong headlines" in journalistic circles; and they are "confirmed," so to speak, by the smug character of the same issue. Moré is a bitter attack on the Congo Concessionnaires, who, it seems, are doing everything that is bad. The French Government proposes to hand over certain concessions to Germany—i.e., certain tracts of the French Congo which are at present being exploited by French financiers. If these financiers have to give up their concessions they naturally want to be paid for doing so. The German Government, however, will not want to settle the bill; and if the French Cabinet is called upon to find the money from French taxpayers there will probably be a row both in the Chamber and throughout the country.

These are a few of the facts of the case, and Mr. Moret has clearly stated them. But he passes over with a bare, cursory mention the name of de Brazza. It was de Brazza who was the pioneer explorer of the French Congo, and in the French Congo his mortal remains rest to this day. Materialists, no doubt, will never be convinced that de Brazza's dust has anything to do with the Congo negotiations. And yet, when we consider that the French are an imaginative people, we who are not materialists will have no hesitation in saying that de Brazza has more to do to-day with these negotiations than any concessionaire. For when the little group headed by de Brazza was nearing the end of its last trip the members of it were struck down by disease, and de Brazza himself died. But before he passed away he said that de Brazza's dust has anything to do with the Congo negotiations. And yet, when we consider that the French are an imaginative people, we who are not materialists will have no hesitation in saying that de Brazza has more to do to-day with these negotiations than any concessionaire. For when the little group headed by de Brazza was nearing the end of its last trip the members of it were struck down by disease, and de Brazza himself died. But before he passed away he said to one or two of his friends whose condition seemed hopeless: "Courage, my children. Our bones will rest here, and while they do so the land will at any rate never be ceded to Germany."

From a taxonomic point of view, this is still in France a deadly hatred against Germany on the part of the public which believes in patriotism. It is very difficult to argue on questions of this nature with the average Englishman. He is a phlegmatic brute, incapable of passionate love or hate, and who are aided in this nefarious pursuit by simple-minded people who take an interest in foreign affairs they would appear to believe that all wars are due to the intrigues of international money-lenders whose only aim is to outdo one another, and who are aided by groups of financiers. The public was not aware that groups of capitalists exercised an enormous influence over Cabinets in practically every country in Europe, and de brazza himself died. But before he passed away he said to one or two of his friends whose condition seemed hopeless: "Courage, my children. Our bones will rest here, and while they do so the land will at any rate never be ceded to Germany.

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Some Causes of Unrest.

By C. H. Norman.

In the interval between the railway strike and the threatened coal strike it may be well for us to reflect upon the industrial situation and to see whether there are any new factors. One thing is very plain. There is little harmony existing between employers and men; there is a deep brooding over material and spiritual wrongs. The passage of the Insurance Bill, with its very heavy additional tax upon uninsured workers and upon industry, may produce the explosion, the imminence of which has been prophesied many times, and is now clearly approaching measurable distance. It is possible that within a few months public opinion must assert itself to compose the differences between the classes and the masses in order to preserve the State from dissolution. To be practical and effective such intervention must be well-informed, and the public must understand, in a comprehensive sense, that there is a new spirit prevalent throughout the community, that within a few months public opinion must assert itself. It should be fixed by its worth to the community. What man of the middle or professional classes would ever drive an engine for the wage of an engine driver? Nowadays, the man on the engine is asserting (and who can gainsay it?) that his labour is quite as valuable and as needed as any other member of the community. The Church at least is more often than not immediately covered by a correspondent addition to his cash resources. It is futile to rail against the recent strikes in view of these uncontrollable facts. The employers in the transport trades have never recognised this—according to the terms of a circular issued by the Waterside Manufacturers' Association's Council:

From the workman's point of view there can be no doubt that there were genuine reasons for many, if not most, of the grievances which culminated in demands for increased wages and, in some cases, for better conditions, and no employer of labour can justly condemn such action on the part of the working men.

The wisdom which emerges from an industrial dispute is sometimes very striking. Unhappily, it is too often forgotten on the next occasion of difference between employer and employed. One must accept at the outset of employers who, having forced on a strike, and having been beaten, are compelled to grant that the substance of their workmen's case was unanswerable all along:

But one cannot overlook another serious point. The workman has discovered a singular economic truth, which is a modern result of the concentration of capital, and the organisation of industry by rings, namely, that even when wages have been forced up by a strike very little advantage is gained, as the increase in wages is more often than not immediately covered by a corresponding rise in prices. The present writer has been told by working men's wives that, since the strikes, their weekly household bill has shot up by 1s. 4d.* The rapidity with which prices can readjust themselves to wages could not better be exemplified. Coal, it may be remarked, was not included in this increase. The workman has not yet acted upon this discovery of a fairly well-known economic law, but he has begun to suspect that the capitalist and landlord have him so tightly between the insatiable demands of profligate desires and the peaceful outlet for his needs. Mr. Lloyd George has gallantly come to the puzzeled uninsured workman's aid by offering to deduct 4d. a week from his wages! Mr. Lloyd George would be well advised to study Pitt's comments upon general direct taxation for a specific purpose. Pitt's...
view was that it would be provocative of revolution. Once the workman is convinced of the accuracy of his beliefs that state-socialist and Logogard always have the advantage of him, by reason of their ownership of the means of production, no earthly power can avert a catastrophe. Whatever our party and our economic theory, it is important that each of us should appreciate the fact that in it is no longer so much so that the politicians have not the slightest conception of what the winter and the Insurance Bill may bring upon this much-afflicted country.

There is a document published annually recording "Deaths from Starvation." It is melancholy reading, but it must be mentioned in this connection. The last return showed the highest figure for many years past. Victor Barrucaud, in days gone by, conducted a propaganda in Paris in favour of "le pain gratuit." (free bread). M. Clémenceau, in climbing the ladder of fame, discussed this propaganda in these words, which are apt to the condition of Christian England to-day: "It is not a question whether, at the degree of civilization to which we have attained, we can continue to tolerate that men, women, and children die of want—in a few months from the exhaustion induced by insufficiently remunerated work, or in a few hours from downright hunger. Our Conservative, Monarchical Conservatives answer 'No,' but continue to act 'Yes.' I just remarked that M. Barrucaud did not propose revolution to us. I ask myself now if I did not go a bit too fast. Yes, eighteen hundred years after the Christian era, is revolution for Christians to prevent the death of their fellows by slow and rapid starvation? . . . Well, then, let us inaugurate this revolution. This quotation is cited from a fine but unknown conservative analysis of revolt—Mr. Alvan Sanbon's "Paris and the Social Revolution," a book which should be attentively studied by European politicians and statesmen.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that M. Clémenceau, in his speech, neglected to inaugurate this Christian revolution. Mr. John Burns and Mr. Lloyd George, two quondam friends of the people, have also apparently overlooked that deadly test of their administrative capacity—a return showing the deaths from starvation in the County of London. They may be distracted to learn that death has claimed more victims from hunger under their rule than under that of their predecessors. Mr. Karesvena truly dubs curiously upon testimony to "the efficiency of the Parliamentary work of the Labour party." Possibly, when he has exhausted his denunciation of the sympathetic strike, the general strike, and other things, he may attend to that little White Paper. A humble individual has been a trifle astonished that some of these humanitarian gentlemen have not devoted, ere now, a few moments of their spare time to a public explanation of this painful document and its annual reappearance. Like the New Aes, it may be one of those papers one does not mention in the polite circles in which politicians revolve and evolve; but can anyone account for the silence among the politicians on this question? The present writer would be sincerely obliged to any kindly individual who will enlighten him upon this subject. In the meantime, the letter of Apollonius Tyaneus to the Roman Quaestors well summarises the responsibility of the Government: "You exercise a high command. If you know how to rule, how happens it that the class of the community has ceased to assent further to the standard of living applied to by the other classes, it is absurd to persist obstinately in maintaining that standard. There has been a spiritual expansion in the mental attitude of the worker, and that cannot be suppressed by force or ignored by legislatures. One after another, look at the stars, though one may be in the gutter. Are we all in a sense, in the gutter? The last heading of discontent is one rarely voiced in the daily or weekly press. It is founded upon almost a conviction, certainly a widely-held belief, that the judges and magistrates are corrupt in their administration of the law. Some people interpret corruption as meaning the acceptance of cash bribes for partial and dishonest sentences. No one could be a critic of public affairs who would allege that the English judges were capable of such an offence. But corruption is open to a less limited and less personal interpretation. Could any upright citizen deny that justice would be administered corruptly in a case where the decisions of its officers were influenced by external motives irrelevant to the actualities in dispute? Take the case of a Conservative who is plaintiff in a libel suit against a Liberal. If the fact be that the mind of the court has been altered against the defendant by the circumstance that he is a Liberal, the administration of justice by that court has surely become corrupt. If a workman is indicted for poaching, should the mind of the court be altered by influence to believe that the offender is a workman and not a landlord the administration of justice in such a court is again within the ambit of corruption. Supposing it is found that decisions are given according to the class interest of the judges, it would appear that the social status of the prisoner, the administration of justice has wandered within the area of corruption. Examples may be noted in the Penruddock and Cameron cases. Finally, when the courts are persistently biased and harsh towards a particular section of the community, it cannot be doubted that justice has ceased to have any meaning. Public opinion has not had much opportunity, owing to the usual Press boycott, of considering the terms of the General Federation of Trade Unions' manifesto upon strikes; but in that document there is this remarkable passage:

"Such equality in the law does not exist; even where the laws have been drafted with this end in view the aim of the draftsmen has been defeated by the influence of the administra-
tor. The history of Britain supplies a whole series of tragic instances of judicial error and bias, while the experience of our courts is replete with stories of savage sentences passed upon innocent workmen engaged in indus-
trial struggles, and of exaggerated and ridiculous damages against trade unions.

"That is a stern and outspoken condemnation of the judges. It has come none too soon, and every line of it could be established to the letter.

The "Star" published recently a statistical table of the verdicts in the political libel cases. Critically examined, it is a shrewd judgment of the personnel of the bench, that table is unanswerable in its revelation of the political bias of the judges. The heaviest verdicts were in cases where the presiding judges were strong Conservatives, and had given vent to inflammatory summings-up. The milder verdicts were returned in courts presided over by judges whose political views were not pronounced or objectionable on the bench. From this it can be deduced with safety that the judges were as much concerned in controlling the number of those decisions as the much-maligned special judges.

"There are many omen that the various combinations of employers are going to press for a reversal or vital amendment of the "peaceful picketing" clauses of the Trades Disputes Act. This weapon, unfortunate as it may be in operation and sometimes deplorably oppressive against well-meaning individuals, is the sole protection the Trade Unionist has against the economic power of capital and the pitiful army of "free labour."
One must emphasise that the Trade Unionist has to pay heavily in the way of weekly contributions towards the maintenance of his Union. The non-Union man does not pay a farthing. Very often he fights against the Trade Unionist, and defeats him, to the gain of the employer. More often the Trade Unionist wins in spite of the employer. The non-Union man reaps the advantage of the battle, though the Trade Unionist, and defeats him, to the gain of the non-Unionist, who remain in work (or "blacklegs" engaged specially by the employer) when a strike has been ordered. It is natural that the employers should seek to amend the peaceful picketing section of the Trades Disputes Act. It is hurtful and injurious to their interests. The recruiting of that shocking army of "free labour" (probably the saddest product of human ignorance except the prostitute) is seriously interfered with by the moral and material assistance exercised by the pickets. Yet the employer should recollect that there are many roads to revolution. Heaven knows that England is travelling along a good many paths at the present time whose only end is chaos and anarchy. But to persist in this demand for the reversal of the Trades Disputes Act in this essential particular would be to impel us along the shortest route to a political and industrial maestro.

The Dangers of Burevont Bureaucracy.

Ever since that mysterious day, some fifteen or twenty years ago, when sentimentalism was re-born in England, many varieties of social reformer have been unceasingly active in our midst. After an era of robust Governmentalism by and for the masses, of mere facturing hortesiologie, we have again indulged in the luxury of a social conscience and have plunged into a mass of social legislation which was clearly intended to do something towards salving that conscience. But in our efforts to hitch a legislative sleigh to every specious proposal that did not violate to the delicate fabric of party government, and therefore we ought not to complain now if we find ourselves at the heels of a motley and ill-assorted team. Parliament has not had the time to formulate any clear principles, but has preferred to frame its measures as a means of staving off each desperate crisis as it arose. Mr. Long's Unemployed Workmen's Act, 1905, and the Radical measure for provision of school meals are instances in point.

Latterly, however, certain definite conceptions of modern social reform have begun to emerge from the misty confusion of many paper plans and social panaceas. For convenience, two of the more prominent may be described as the respective policies of the two discordant sections of the Poor Law Commission. To the signatories of the Majority Report, lack of character, of will, of self-restraint are the root causes of social misery. Poverty they regard as inevitable, and is really only intended to become, one of State management of the poor. Now State management of the individual (or of his family, or of himself in the thirteenth century) has always tended to crush out the spirit of ambition, of self-improvement, of growth in that individual. Moreover, it has fixed a yawning chasm of moral and social distinction between the State managed class and the self-managed class. Thus the Webs' ideal basis of society must quench the vital spark in the poor and must fix an even more permanent and harmful distinction between the classes than exists at present.

Like the C.O.S., the bureaucratic collectivist of modern times falls into the fatal error of dealing with effects instead of causes—i.e., an error, by the way, which both schools are only too eager to point out in such bungled legislation as the Unemployed Workmen's Act (1905).

Broadly speaking, the genealogical table of social misery is thus figured: Poverty begets general inefficiency, which begets moral irresponsibility; moral irresponsibility begets a large family of ills, including ill-health, crime, and squarol.

Of course, I shall be told that moral defects often preceed poverty. They do, but no one can seriously contend that they are directly the cause in the great cent. of our people who live perpetually on or below the poverty line.

Now the C.O.S. trace the causes back as far as moral irresponsibility, but they then concentrate all their efforts. The Webs and their following, however, are contest to treat the even more superficial characteristics of our social canker. By means of a complex piece of administrative machinery controlled by experts they would compulsively improve the position of the poor in certain particulars. They would, as it were, prune off the more obvious effects of poverty, such as ill-health, crime, and uncleanness, thereby perhaps strengthening the growth of the evil plant itself, such as pruning strengthens a privet hedge. The root itself they do not attack.

Their system is to be enforced by rigid official methods, even to the extent of official regulations of the daily life of the poor, and nothing is more certain than that the individuals affected will regard themselves by no means as the beneficiaries of an enlightened government, but as the harassed victims of a social arrangement in which they had neither part nor lot. Moreover, if the officials of the C.O.S. have been, since the opening of the C.O.S. they sincerely practise their preachings by dosing the poor with a painstaking admixture of material help and exhortations to virtue.

The Minority Commissioners—or, more briefly, Mrs. Sidney Webb—dissolve the case plans and social panaceas. For convenience, two of the more prominent may be described as the respective policies of the Poor Law Commission. To the signatories of the Majority Report, lack of character, of will, of self-restraint are the root causes of social misery. Poverty they regard as inevitable, and therein their philosophy is to some extent removed from the argument of this article. To them, however, much may be forgiven, since through the agency of the C.O.S. they sincerely practise their preachings by dosing the poor with a painstaking admixture of material help and exhortations to virtue.

Finally, it may be claimed that these objections would not hold were the system applied to an equilibrarian State or to a State without our own economic foundations. But, unfortunately, it is proposed to apply the social policy to remedy these root causes? Not one whit! For a considerable number of years it is they who have had the ear of legislators and have in fact, in such cases actually inspired public policy, yet they have done little or nothing to remedy the errors of distribution which they know to be the real malady.

Instead, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, acclaimed by the rank and file of the working-class, have made a large family of ills, including ill-health, crime, and squarol. Instead, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, acclaimed by the rank and file of the working-class, have made a large family of ills, including ill-health, crime, and squarol.
system of society as it stands to-day, and there it can never be tolerated. Not only would it stereotype a permanent division between the classes, but it would in reality impose upon something like a third of the whole community that very stigma of lesser eligibility which its authors have so violently depredated in the present Poor Law.

AN EX-FABIAN.

Present-Day Theatrical Conditions and their Victims.

By F. H. de Quincey.

To have a grievance and to seek to redress it is incidental to the lot of all who earn their living by work. Where the grievance arises and redress is sought, men who have banded themselves together in trades unions, federations, and brotherhoods recur to what is known as a "strike"—it is their weapon of defence; to be without it is tragical!

There are, nevertheless, numerous sections of men to whom this weapon is denied. Take, for instance, the entertainers of our leisure—the actors. It is impossible for the actor and himself of this world upon which to-day is at the command of the humblest worker in the community. Yet the loss of it makes his fate the most precarious of all who depend on their ability for a livelihood; for whatever his grievance, he must grin through his lot and bear it; there is no redress for him; he is helpless!

If it is his misfortune to be unknown to the public and he refuses to comply with his conditions—let him be the most inspired genius—his place can be filled by the amateur who, if his name and face are not to be paid for by some well-known manager and advertised largely enough, and he, presto! the miracle is performed. It is a thaumaturgy confined to the stage, the kind of miracle-working for which, at this moment, the capable actor and actress are paying with empty stomachs and black despair!

The man who, say fifteen or twenty years ago, adopted the dramatic profession is to-day, no matter what his proficiency, unable to secure an engagement on his merits. He may write to all the managers in London, his efforts will not secure him a trial engagement, sometimes not even a reply. And yet the novice is at work. Is it that the public is different from every other art and that those with no training can possess compensatory gifts or qualities that make a stronger appeal to the public than proficiency? It sounds unlikely. What, then, is wrong; why is it that this man, who has graduated in the provinces he is the victim of a stupid and heartless deceit. He is sent there to learn the art of acting, and when he has worked for years and comes back to win a place, his provincial experience is the pretence upon which work is denied him. He feels he has laboured in vain. Although it is impossible to learn the actor's art except in such a school, his ability is condemned. Whilst the man who has never seen the provinces—the man who would be an actor without the inconvenience and labour—and who, perhaps, has played three or four parts in as many years; in fact, the mere novice has secured by influences or money the place that, by right of ability and earnest endeavour, should be given to the trained worker.

Unfortunately, however, this knowledge comes too late. It may be that before the provincial actor tries his luck in town he has been in the country for ten or twelve years; it may be that his ideals are very high and he has the ambition; he would become perfect as an actor. Because, apparently, the public do not require him; acting, as an art, does not commend itself to them. There is very little of the virtuous element among the patrons of the theatre. They do not go there to criticise—certainly not the acting; any knowledge of that to which they pretend is derived from the newspapers. They attend the theatre because it is associated in their minds with amusement and relaxation, and from no higher motive. They have no affinity whatever with—say music-lovers, who, to satisfy the craving of their artistic nature, attend an exhibition by some distinguished musician. Furthermore, acting, as an art, is one in which the true and false are easily confounded; the result being that the amateur is filling the place of the proficient actor. Whether from its intrinsic seductiveness, too, or that the majority of men and women labour under the delusion that they are born actors and actresses, the stage-door has its crowds for ever clamouring for admission. The Dante legend, which the initiated see all too-grimly graven above it—"All hope abandon ye who enter here"—they never by chance encounter. What though the service be but a parody of the real thing? He can trust to his astuteness to pass it off on the public, and he does.

There are many motives other than economic that urge him to this course. Being, as he often is, a man with several axes to grind, he cannot afford to look upon talent with the eyes of the dilettante; he measures it only by its marketable value, and this, in prevailing theatrical conditions, is nil. Such talent, too, as the public require, is in his power to make. It is truly marvellous how he does it. If he is accredited with gifts, he can transfer them to his wife and family without a smallest effect. A January morning he waves his magic wand and, lo and behold! they are full-grown actors and actresses with a livelihood assured them by the fatuity of the public. It is enough to provoke the jealousy of the gods! No necessity for them to "go through the mill." More often the public are the actors, the actors himself and the initiated see all too-grimly graven above it—""the proficient actor. Whether from its intrinsic seductiveness, too, as the public require, is in his power to make. It is truly marvellous how he does it. If he is accredited with gifts, he can transfer them to his wife and family without a smallest effect. A January morning he waves his magic wand and, lo and behold! they are full-grown actors and actresses with a livelihood assured them by the fatuity of the public. It is enough to provoke the jealousy of the gods! No necessity for them to "go through the mill." More often the public are the actors, the actors himself and his wife and family. Then, not only are they never by chance encountered.
case of such men is, as we know, a much more agonising experience than the waiting and starving of the unemployed navvy or hansom-cab driver. To use his own words again, it is "simply hell"! It is certainly the situation in which temperament becomes a terrible punishment instead of the blesséd thing of which it was doubtless intended to be. There is, too, the supple-
mental moral regret that energies that might have been used to so much better purpose in some other sphere of art or labour have been misused; as if one had been lured into striking the best part of one's diabolical game and cheated by the intervention of the power of evil.

But of all this, as before hinted, the outside public know nothing. They are familiar with the names of a few actors and actresses who have gained a little temporary notoriety through the instrumentality of posted hoardings and newspaper paragraphs; but of the rank and file of the profession—their struggles and sufferings—they know next to nothing. How should they? Actors and actresses, as workers, are distinct from all other working bodies. No strike nor lock-out, no Royal nor other Commission can ever by any chance make their grievances common knowledge. For all, indeed, the outside world may know of the slum-dwellers of Stageland, they live in what is practically a forbidden city. No wonder the man of imagination, tempera-
tment and culture feels himself to-day with absolutely no last straw of hope to which to cling. But, turn where he may, there is chaos merely. However brilliant he may be, he is indistinguishable, so far as the public is con-
cerned, from the outcast of society who embraced the profession for the refuge it affords. Perhaps this, too, is not the least of his humiliations. In any case he has to grin through his lot and bear it. The worker's weapon of defence—the strike—is not for him; he is helpless!

**Notes on Bergson.**

**By T. E. Hulme.**

II.

Nor exactly, however. I cannot leave it in that precise form, because it embodies a certain inaccuracy. That perhaps would not matter very much were it not that the form of the inaccuracy lays me open to a kind of accusation I particularly detest. I must, there-
fore, permit myself another digression before I can go straight forward. I have been incensed in the way I have stated things. I have made rather too frequent use of the word enthusiasm, and, worse even than that, I have hinted at the "solution" of a world-old problem. This is where my danger comes in. These things are all signs.

I might be suspected of that particular form of youthful enthusiasm that imagines it has come across the secret of the world for the first time, the kind of enthusiasm that imagines Bergson supersedes all other philosophy.

This would be a most awful accusation. To me personally it would be the most offensive that could be uttered. For this reason, that it would identify me with a type of mentality which I regard with peculiar horror, and which has been particularly prominent in connection with appreciations and criticism of Bergson. It is a type which, while I dislike, I think at the same time that I thoroughly understand. It springs from a kind of mental debility which has left its mark in many other subjects besides philosophy. It is, in fact, one of the normal and common attributes of the human race.

Its external signs are quite easy to recognise. In philosophy you believe that you have got hold of something absolutely "new." You have found the secret of the universe. By the side of this all previous philosophy seems tedious groping. Parallel with this, in social matters, you have the belief that we are on the verge of an entirely "new" state of society which will be quite "different" from anything in the past. Something is going to happen. It may be home Rule; it may be a social revolution; but, at any rate, when it has happened things will be quite "dif-
ferent."

What is the psychology of this kind of belief? The first step towards a correct explanation of the phenomena is to realise that it is not the particular "new" thing itself, or only in a very minor degree. The new thing only provides accidentally, as it were, a nucleus round which an over-saturated solution of a certain kind of enthusiasm can crystallise.

One is led to this belief by observing the universality of the phenomena and the widely different subjects in which it is successively exhibited. If a man believes in the possibility of a new state of society, and at the same time thinks that Bergson has invented an entirely new philosophy, the objects of his enthusiasm have so little connection with each other that you are com-
pelled to believe that the cause of it must lie in some disposition of his mind and not in the things them-

It is not so much then anything definite that Bergson says that moves them to enthusiasm as the fact that certain sentences perhaps give a pretext for this enthusiasm to empty itself in a flood. It is not because they have clearly seen in Bergson a com-
pletely new system that they are moved to talk in this ridiculous way as that they are in a constant state of wanting to talk like that, and he provides a con-
venient excuse. They are driven on to beliefs of this kind in all subjects by a certain kind of craving, which must be satisfied. What happens to satisfy it is quite a secondary matter. They seek, and will have, a certain kind of mental excitement; the desire is the governing factor, not the accidental thing it happens to fix itself on to. It is like falling in love at an early and inexperienced age. You may be under the delusion that it is the object that has so produced the state, but the more aged outsider observer of the phenomena can tell you that it is more probably the state which produces the object.

What is behind all this? These are the external signs. What is the internal cause of it all? I should say that it was this.

The type is characterised by a certain malaise, a certain irritation of the mind, which seeks to relieve itself. A certain want of balance, which strives to put itself right, which manifests itself in an insatiable craving for a certain specific kind of excitement and exhilaration.

This malaise can be roughly described as a repug-
nance to the humdrum and the "different" from hum-
drum. We all suffer from this, but in this type the irritation is raised to a hysterical pitch which can almost be called a disease. It is so strong that it affects the balance of the mind. It can only keep its sanity by hugging to itself a balancing illusion. It must believe, in order that it may continue to exist, that there exists somewhere, or that there is about to come into existence, something emphatically not ordi-
nary, something quite "different" from humdrum ex-
perience.

This craving for something which can be thought of as "different" might then almost be described as the instinctive effort of the organism to right itself. The truth would kill it; this over-belief is necessary in order that it may continue to go on living in com-
fort. It is like the instinctive action of a man stumbling who throws out his hands to restore his equilibrium.

It is an unconscious process; it most generally takes at a very early and inexperienced age. The truth would kill it; this over-belief is necessary in order that it may continue to go on living in com-
fort. It is like the instinctive action of a man stumbling who throws out his hands to restore his equilibrium.

It is an unconscious process; it most generally takes at an early and inexperienced age. This type of debility of mind finds support in order that it may continue to exist, that there exists somewhere, or that there is about to come into existence, something emphatically not ordi-
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perience.
pole; Mr. Balfour, we know, supports himself by holding on to the lapel of his frock coat. But as ludicrous spectacles both these altogether pale when compared with the romancist who prevents himself from falling by leaning on the "future."

It is at the back of all forms of romanticism. Translated into social beliefs, it is the begetter of all the Utopias. It is the source of all the idealist support of Revolution. By the use of this word you can indeed condensed expression of it by saying that it believes, you could get the most the gestures of the past in order that we may see them at all, for the dead kittens who did the same things are gone beyond recall; but in philosophy the greater consolation involved in the idea that there of man himself. The philosopher who has not been covered in philosophy. As you believe that a new social order vastly different from everything that had preceded it is about to arrive, so you want as a natural corollary to believe that there is also an absolutely new philosophy to fit in with this brand-new good time coming. It would pain you intensely to think that you had to have any old furniture in the new house. You read Bergson then not so much for any definite you believe that a new and must escape from it by an equally world-old solution. It is impossible at this time of day to take up the form are as limited in number as the possible gestures of the dance, and as fixed in type as is the physiology of man himself. The philosopher who has not been anticipated in this sense of the word does not exist, or, if he has forthwith in the ineffable silence of solitary confinement. But if that is so, what is the use of bothering about the matter at all? Why should you investigate even the relatively new? Just as one generation after another is content to watch the eternally fixed and constant antics of kittens, so, one might urge, should one generation after another be content to watch the antics of the philosophers without sighing after anything new. There is this obvious objection: that while

the antics of the kitten, like the art of the actor, die with it, the same is not true of philosophers.

It is necessary for the kittens of this generation to repeat the gestures of the past in order that we may see them at all, for the dead kittens who did the same things are gone beyond recall; but in philosophy the gestures of the dead are recorded in print. What justification is there for philosophy if it does not repeat the same old attitudes? This is a plausible but fallacious objection, and based on an illusion. That phrases of dead philosophers recorded in print are to most people as dead as dead kittens. In order that they may appear alive they must be said over again in the phraseology of the moment. This, then, is the only originality which a philosopher is allowed to have in a new dialect in which to restate an old attitude.

This, then, is the sense that I might safely say that Bergson had presented a new solution to an old problem. I should restate the thing, to avoid any suspicion of romanticism; in this way: Bergson has provided in the dialect of the time the only possible way out of the nightmare.

When I said that in my article on the chessboard I should give the suspicion of this way out that was present in my mind at the moment, I meant that in this case I should give the kind of embryo idea that was present in the minds of this generation ready to be developed. For a philosopher must be anticipated even in this more special way.

The thing that he has to say must already be present in a crude form to the minds of a considerable number of the men of his own generation for him to get a hearing. The ground must be prepared for him. What he says can be the very little modification of something that already exists in the reader unless it hitches on to or resembles some similar idea already present in that reader's head. The egg must be there; all that the philosopher can do is to act as a broody hen. Or perhaps a more correct metaphor would be to say that the stimulation of our own thoughts the philosopher dives in and dries on the bank into a definite and fixed shape the idea that in our own mind was but muddy, transient, and confused. This is in the sense in which every reader who derives anything from the philosopher must have anticipated him. Without you had already something which a little corresponded to what he has to say you would not be able to make very much of him. You anticipate him in this sense, that with several hundred other people in the same state of mind you form the confusion that the particular philosopher is heaven-sent to clear up.

There is nothing in all this derogatory to the originality of a philosopher. It is a great mistake to find the originality of a philosopher in his bare ideas. You cannot find the originality and peculiar qualities of an innovator merely in the ideas he brings forward. You wouldn't read him at all if you did not find in him much the same ideas that were already present in your own head. There is nothing in having ideas. Anybody can have those much overrated articles of commerce. You or I out for a morning's walk may, if it be the first day of spring, or if we can hear a band in the distance, give birth to a crowd of ideas, each of which might serve as the starting point of a new system of philosophy. Each of them seems to hold the old-world process in its embrace. Probably this is not a matter seeming only, probably each of them does, or has done so in reality, for the cosmos is by no means a prude in these matters. Surely the history of philosophy is there to prove that the cosmos, like the wife of Marcus Aurelius, has wandered very much. All the differences come from the fact that the gifted physicians pitifully lacking not only in the physique, but also in the horse sense of the soldiers, are apt in their rapture to think that they are the only ones.

To return at length to the point, I am giving in the next article, the nightmare, the problem that I conceive Bergson to have finished off. This gives the pedestal he stands on the dark background which throws him into startling relief.
Thoughts Without Words.

By Edward McNulty.

To angle for apppellations in the Dead Sea of Latin, a privilege freely granted scientists, is wisely denied to literature. But the actor can, under pressure, combine old words in new forms. Ordinary language thus freshly adjusted, in addition to its utility, produces a surprise air of newness resembling the wonder of a child viewing traffic through coloured glass. This is familiar alike to the laborious writer of prose and the impatient poet whose swiftly-gathering thoughts burst in a startling flash of words. When language fails there starts into activity the sphere of symbols. Here, both in the dim regions of the vicinity and inexhaustible interior of the abnormal, arise world after world of unimagined marvels as yet merely outlined within the cocoon of conventionality spun from clears. His signal lights blaze out afresh. Neverthe-

The average citizen, however, cannot afford the time for the concentration necessary to raise abstract ideas to incandescence; and so far from aspiring to the plane of thoughts without words, he nestles contentedly within the cocoon of conventionality spun from words without thoughts. His daily needs are satisfied with a stock phrase which he reads in his morning newspaper with the fidelity of a stamping machine. In addition, it should be noted that he declines to accept the whirling vista as the twilight world after the confused chimera, he labours no course of spiritual influence, is dominated and destroyed. Such, for instance, is the process materialising as seduction. In the case of a man wielding vast power, like Napoleon, a single thought of this character colours the lives of millions, extinguishes the lives of thousands. When its object is accomplished it withers to dead verbiage; but they are replaced by others from which, sooner or later, they shall never lack thoughts without words.

Now, although the normal man may have perfected the art of masking himself from his fellows, the super-normal—which is only a crude word for the unfamiliar—insists from time to time in starting, gaining its host's attention. He is subject to moments of sudden revelation, when a psychical flashlight reveals his most intimate friend or relation as a strange being profoundly unknown. This apparent metamorphosis is a transient but significant reminder that he is more than a successful business man and model citizen. Nor does this episode exhaust his supply of special information unconnected with the Stock Exchange. His body changes incessantly. Something he vaguely calls his consciousness, an unconscious factor, pervades his body in an intangible manner from childhood onward through every stage of change and growth. Something else, akin to this, keeps his heart beating, his lungs in action, and his blood circulating when he is fast asleep. And there are rare moments, too, when he seems to stand apart altogether from his body and calmly view it as an intimate machine of vital but transitory importance. Similarly he considers himself a spectator at a world pageant where all others are in a state of decay, is only in the first stages of development. Humanity which obeys the unalterable law of regeneration must unceasingly reach out towards fresh experiences. The once-verdant phrases, having fulfilled their destiny, wither to dead verbiage; but they are replaced by others from which, in process of time, we gather the radiant flowers of thought that conceal in their beautiful bosoms the potential seeds of a more glorious fruition. Whether life be merely an episode in the existence of an eternal spirit, or the individual a transient whirl in a universal storm of vibration, we shall probably never know. Were man able to solve the ultimate mystery of things he would become more powerful than the forces which manifest in creation, a position that is unthinkible; but he must of necessity press on towards that ideal over paths conquered from a maze of emotions and ideas that creep upon him with all the disorder and menace of the unknown. Though it is impossible to understand the why of the universe, if there is no why to understand there is an imperishable infinitude of facts to be obtained that, on the contrary, is widely known and comprehended and that its antidote was in his power. This rough sketch of the malignant thought, whose chief attribute is a treacherous and successful assault on the will, proves that its audacity is equal to its subtlety. It requires no

nursing. There are, however, benign thoughts culminating in equally important and even stupendous results, which, on the other hand, are so sensitive that it is necessary to treat them more carefully than a delicate child. Such are the initial inspirations of inventors and original thinkers. It is safe to say that the more beneficent the ultimate result to the individual, the nation, or mankind, the more elusive the originating thought from the first indication of its presence until it takes shape as a concrete image. Familiarity by special nomenclature is here also an imperative necessity to facilitate progress and intelligent recognition. But, in the difficult task of interweaving adequate words through the gaping meshes of our rudimentary net of language, it is not advisable to designate the metaphysician, or occultist. Their phraseology is either too pedantic or Oriental. Instead of labouring a repellent catalogue, we can utilise the obvious analogy existing between the life of Nature and that of the human consciousness, and express mental and spiritual experiences in the simplest terms.

Now, although the normal man may have perfected the art of masking himself from his fellows, the super-normal—which is only a crude word for the unfamiliar—insists from time to time in starting, gaining its host's attention. He is subject to moments of sudden revelation, when a psychical flashlight reveals his most intimate friend or relation as a strange being profoundly unknown. This apparent metamorphosis is a transient but significant reminder that he is more than a successful business man and model citizen. Nor does this episode exhaust his supply of special information unconnected with the Stock Exchange. His body changes incessantly. Something he vaguely calls his consciousness, an unconscious factor, pervades his body in an intangible manner from childhood onward through every stage of change and growth. Something else, akin to this, keeps his heart beating, his lungs in action, and his blood circulating when he is fast asleep. And there are rare moments, too, when he seems to stand apart altogether from his body and calmly view it as an intimate machine of vital but transitory importance. Similarly he considers himself a spectator at a world pageant where all others are in a state of decay, is only in the first stages of development. Humanity which obeys the unalterable law of regeneration must unceasingly reach out towards fresh experiences. The once-verdant phrases, having fulfilled their destiny, wither to dead verbiage; but they are replaced by others from which, in process of time, we gather the radiant flowers of thought that conceal in their beautiful bosoms the potential seeds of a more glorious fruition. Whether life be merely an episode in the existence of an eternal spirit, or the individual a transient whirl in a universal storm of vibration, we shall probably never know. Were man able to solve the ultimate mystery of things he would become more powerful than the forces which manifest in creation, a position that is unthinkible; but he must of necessity press on towards that ideal over paths conquered from a maze of emotions and ideas that creep upon him with all the disorder and menace of the unknown. Though it is impossible to understand the why of the universe, if there is no why to understand there is an imperishable infinitude of facts to be obtained that, on the contrary, is widely known and comprehended and that its antidote was in his power. This rough sketch of the malignant thought, whose chief attribute is a treacherous and successful assault on the will, proves that its audacity is equal to its subtlety. It requires no
Present-Day Criticism.

With melancholy and no satisfaction we record evidence of what has here been written regarding the absence of critics and of the whisper's scramble for the seat of criticism. Latest comes the well-known journalist, H. H. F., who bursts forth with a pro- nouncement for which nothing in his whole career gives him of authority one tittle or jot. Some years ago, Dr. Richard Garnett wrote warningly of the "chief actual danger to literature—debasement to suit the tastes of a half-educated public. A general public, neither refined nor intelligent, on which the substantial rewards of literature, occupies the place formerly held by the Court, the university, and the patron. Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, far more perilous than any temporary aberration of taste." The circulationist writers have lowered the standard until to-day there is practically no fiction issued to which the critical canon may be applied. Unity of form, continuity, balance, relation to beauty have been all long abandoned. Everyone writes down whatever is photographed upon the eye or conveyed to the ear, and, lumping it all together around a few puppets, calls them mess of a Book. Nevertheless, the terms of criticism continue to be applied to these productions belonging to literature, things of no account in literature," the reason being that men not belonging to criticism and of no account in criticism sprang up with the circulationist to serve the new dispenser of rewards—the half-educated public.

To-day these reviewers, without culture, without any literary standard but the commercial one of sales, have cast aside the tags of modesty that once restrained them. They were once fairly modest. We knew some of them, or at least those more vain than competent journalists, men of bright, clear facts, might be. But they began to extend with halfpenny journalism. Writing every day for ever-increasing, half-educated audiences, they acquired a superiority over numbers which they not altogether incredibly mistook for a superiority over quality. Doubtless, too, the large salaries they drew induced them to believe they were worth the money, not merely as decoys of the half-educated public, but, perhaps, in so far as literary men. God forgive them!—artists and critics. Of this type is Mr. H. H. F. We know him as one of the pink's of Harnsworthism, looked up to by the halfpenny public as a by next neighbour to an ambassador: the traveller, the spectator of roses in deserts and rubbish upon icebergs. He is probably the most expert Corinthian of our time, making a party maze appear like a doll's garden to simple rustic—and simple rustic like sophist-fanged diabolicits to sale publicists. What wonder that this prince of the fountain-pen should come to believe all literature to be his province? His recent dash for criticism is by no means the first. He has aforetime planted his flag upon several authors, and none, publicly at least, rebuked him. Why should they and how might they?—being such as feared not, as the artist fears, popular approval, but, on the contrary, writers whose standard was the standard of the halfpenny Press—circulation.

So it has arrived finally that H. H. F. dons a sock, and with his way-worn foot adorns, perks himself into the critic's chair and announces an Event in Literature! Mr. John Masefield's latest metrical effort is the Event, and with it we have no concern. Such things and worse may be expected before the restoration of art. There is no moving objection, moreover, to a journalist and paid globe-trotter like Mr. H. H. F. publishing to a doggerel-loving patron, the "at home opinions and the Life of Jove's The Everlasting Mercy." That seems all very fit indeed. But the spectacle of him passing judgment regarding events in literature is too indicative of the fallen fortunes of criticism not to raise an indignant sigh. I raise an upraised cry against such impertinent usurpers, not to send one to cry in the wilderness where art and criticism now wander for the return of the rightful heirs of ancient greatness.

We want those who know the past as well as the present; those who will never accept and approve less than the best that has been done. When they return the standard will be demanded. The artistic conscience will become once more the living terror. The circulationist will be tethered to his public—just fate! The "sharp whine of the minor poets of pessimism" will be laughed at; the growl of the mock tragedian be ignored; the grin of the pseudo-intellectual be detected and shown shameful. We shall not, in that pleasant day, be permitted to applaud living writers until we know the great dead, nor will our youth grow ignorant of all it should revere and that would give it balance and good judgment; for however great the classics will restore true education. We shall apprehend then the unbridgeable chasm between "The Tempest" and "The Blue Bird," between "Julius Caesar" and "Pompey the Great," between "The Three Musketeers" and "Captain Brazenhead"; "Marion Lescaut" and "Ann Veronica," "Adam Bede" and "The Thief of Virtue," "Paul and Virginia" and "The Blue Lagoon," "Jane Eyre" and "Hilda Lessways," "The Sentimental Journey" and "The Path to Rome.

REVIEWS.

The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By G. Bendall. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Mr. Emeris' chambers were square and spacious, contained books in serried rows, ancient carved oak desk strewed with litter. Outside were level lawns, straight garden walks, cawing rooks, and the muffled roar of Gray's Inn. Muffled! The author ought to try to live there; but perhaps he does—that would account for his few thousand clichés, not to mention such evidence of headache as that Mr. Conveyance of the "Sharp Whine" is "bought by the crowd" and "adviser to an eminent firm of publishers," was "poor like most authors but a gentleman by birth." Fancy having to review stuff like that! We don't care anything about Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore, a lady who progressed to becoming Lady Chilterditch, but Mr. Bendall's clichés arrest us.

"A young man, evidently a frequent and favoured visitor, entered the room unannounced. . . . he began to ply him with questions, a Mr. Emeris was a scholarly recluse whose disinterested love of learning and solid attainments. . . . Clara was utterly lacking in intellectual sympathy . . . . a very pleasant young man. His attitude was one of tolerant contempt. She assumed a look of patient weariness. . . . gave an animated account. . . . the unmistakable cachet of Bond Street. . . . He was a tireless worker and one who knew how to keep his own counsel. . . . His native shrewdness and prodigious luck . . . . smiling agreement . . . . amiable efforts . . . . talking with great animation . . . . the funeral was a quiet and impressive ceremony . . . . visibly affected." So are we! There is something to hush one about a man who can write a whole book all in clichés.

The Chronicles of Clovis. By Saki. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Why, oh why, can we not find these chronicles amusing? They are so evidently intended to seem funny and entertaining. Someone must discover the fun in them. Why not we? A pet hyena obtrudes at a hunt, eats up a gypsy baby, is run over by a motor and buried. Now why do we not laugh? The most stupendous efforts have been directed all to making world-shakingly humorous and cynically gay past belief. We must be stupid. Another chronicle: Clovis arrives to dinner and remarks, "There's nothing in Christianity that quite matches the unselfishness of an oyster. Do you like my new waistcoat? I'm wearing it for the first time tonight," Alas! we have again missed it. Third chronicle: A talking cat. Rather novel, but not so very when you remember how much
the Cheshire one conveyed in a mere smile. Fourth chronicle: Mrs. Packletide wants to shoot a tiger because Lorna Bimberton has been up in an aeroplane. She shoots a goat instead, and the tiger dies of syncope at hearing the gun go off. She has to give Miss Mebbin a freehold cottage in Devon not to tell. It is not really our fault this time! Fifth chronicle: The stampeding of Lady Bastable. Clovis wants her to tell him to shoot a goat instead, and the tiger dies of syncope at hearing the gun go off. She has to give Miss Mebbin a freehold cottage in Devon not to tell. It is not really our fault this time!

The Taming of John Blunt. By Alfred Ollivant. (Methuen. 6s.)

John Blunt has watched his mother die. "He flung himself on the bed, took her in his arms, and kissed her cold forehead passionately. A butcher's boy whistling an air from 'The Merry Widow' roused him at length. Why the deuce? Why a butcher's boy whistling 'The Merry Widow'? Why not someone in the house? But that is the plague of realism and why so real? is so much professed by our writers—you may put down anything you please once you adopt a manner to respect nor unity to maintain. A butcher's boy, 'The Merry Widow' and a dead mother. Why not? That is what is! Look around you, listen, smell: everywhere a sulky little Tiddy B'ar and another—what is that old saw about the dark? A teacher's boy, 'The Merry Widow' of the Hut. Nancy now leans another pair of spectacles, takes a dislike to Nancy. She is earthly and commonplace, after all. Other excitement lacking, Nancy tells him it was Bill's baby. "I was a woman and weak," she says brazenly. Out into the night goes Hugh, wavers, returns home; Nancy has gone to bed. Hugh wants his wife—after all, if one is Hugh, one must take off his new, clear spectacles and puts on the old fantastic ones, wakens Nancy, and two years later a man-child is born, Hugh's very own. Is it not a wondrous tale?

Jacqueline of the Hut. By E. G. Robin. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

On a wild night in December, 1766, the English Channel was "a personification, as it were," of the spirit of storm. Out of her hut comes Jacqueline. She is (as it were) tracking a man. She is afraid Richard de Carteret may be out meeting some other girl. "Why should you care?" he says. But Jacqueline answers, trembling: "I care because I like you so much." "Ha! another kiss. The devil! your lips are pretty enough and sweet with the satin and fire of brandy." There's a rattling, 1766 blade! But de Carteret is a smuggler and must be accoutred accordingly. "Tell me," he said, 'how is it you like me, you silly girl?" "It was long ago that I began to care—because of your mother. How I loved her! 'Hush!' he said in a hurry. 'I want to know.' She smuggles her out, and at last they both teach each other to give freebooting and settle down. Miss Robin has acquired many tags of Channel Island history, topography, and geography in order to write this novel.

The Love-Locks of Diana. By Kate Horn. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing?" Diana whispers to Dickie: "There are elves in these trees, and fairies, too. If we make-believe very hard, we can see them—life is 0% of make-believe." Diana, the motherless daughter of a wastrel army officer, now a hotel drudge in Malta, beautiful beyond dispute—"violet eyes, chestnut hair, filbert nails"—arouses the jealous hatred of Dickie's mother, who, being plain, replies to Diana's appeal to go to England as Dickie's nurse with the information: "such girls as you always drift to the bad." Where do such authoresses as Miss Horn drift to that they can dare send forth their "violet eyes, chestnut hair, filbert nails"? Diana, in silks and furs, is an innocent and unsuspecting fairy. Having one evening room she sees an old man among the unprejudiced audience who "bore about him the impress, indefinable but tangible, of a gentleman." He is her own grandfather! What a situation! Sir Peregrine Ponsonby drops in a fit and dies in a few hours, leaving Diana, as was only to be expected, sole heiress to his
millions. "The Way of the Cross," says the authoress, is the way of salvation. Mrs. Bloggs is strangled to death by a mad fraternal relation after a life of fairish enjoyment. Diana, the hotel drudge, is saved to spend the millions, found an orphanage, and get married. Lord Arthur Verity gave her away.

The Bosbury People. By Arthur Ransome. (Stephen Swift. 6s.)

This, "the second novel by the octogenarian author," is dear to the calls of the time. There is nothing in it to shock, excite, or disgust; in fact, no one need be afraid to lend it to even the oldest gentleman of eighty. The Bosbury people have new ideas about village reform, but one about marriage and the darker vices, for which last we may return certain thanks.

Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen. 6s.)

"With the fever of the senses, the delirium of the passions, the weakness of the spirit; with the storms of the passing time and with the great scourges of human life—hunger, thirst, dishonour, diseases and death—authors may as long as they like go on making novels which shall harrow our hearts; but the soul says all the while, 'You hurt me.'" This sentence from Joubert, quoted by Matthew Arnold, might be our only comment on Mr. Conrad's latest work, and perhaps ought to be. "Under Western Eyes" is no book for the soul, but for the sorrowful emotions. Nothing redeems it, even the character of Natalie Haldin. Over it all hangs the ugly gloom of Russian revolutionism. As if in revenge for his choice of subject, Mr. Conrad's old skill has deserted him. It is by the clumsiest device—necessitating an occasional and obvious interval for repair—that the story is told at all. An English master of languages, but professing no art of words (yet he is an English master), comes into possession of the manuscript he shapes into the present story. It is a preposterous invention, and by no means serves its purpose of excusing a story that after Turgeniev's "vade mecum of a good death" is read, and, still more, published in England. It is only a French Ralph Waldo Trine, who is himself a plagiarist of Emerson who harked back to the Platonically readable "opuscula," a "vade mecum of a good death"; and the author himself as a "sage and poet." We have never yet been tipped with the daffodil atmosphere in which M. Maeterlinck's admirers love to faint and die. The Life of Tolstoy. By Paul Birukoff. (Cassell. 6s.)

We demur to the solemnity with which M. Maeterlinck is read; and, still more, published in England. He is only a French Ralph Waldo Trine, who is himself a plagiarist of Emerson who harked back to the Upanishads. Yet Methuen announces this simple essay, which would barely do credit to the president of a provincial Y.M.C.A., as an "opusculum," and a "vade mecum of a good death"; and the author himself as a "sage and poet." We have never yet been able to derive a single clear idea from M. Maeterlinck, and we turned without hope to his "opusculum" on death. One clear idea we found, and even two. Future generations will hold us barbarous for prolonging the sufferings of the dying; and annihilation is impossible. The first is a hope (in which we confess we share), the second is a theory. For the rest the "sorts of madness and of perhaps' and 'possibly's and may-it-nots"—enough, of course, to produce the daffodil atmosphere in which M. Maeterlinck's admirers love to faint and die.

The Life of Tolstoy. By Paul Birukoff. (Cassell. 5s. net.)

The publisher of this biographical sketch tells us that "among the late Count Tolstoy's intimate friends it is a matter of regret that, in the English language, there is no reliable biography of the great Russian teacher." The answer to this assertion is that all the biographical facts given in this volume are to be found in Mr. Maude's two-volume biography; and in M. Rolland's recently translated psychological study. We must admit that we are getting tired of these biographies by Tolstoy's friends, with the inevitable assertion in the preface that only collaboration of Torrent, compilation or corrected the proofs. M. Birukoff has nothing new to say of Tolstoy: the book is only 156 pages long, is a mere outline of the life, and is remarkably free from exposition or its suppression. For example, M. Birukoff tells us that Tolstoy's departure from Yasnaya Polyana in 1910 "was the act of a man energetically and sincerely true to his words." The sincerity was extremely belated; but why forget that Tolstoy had left home before? Why forget that, as Mr. Maude has told us, on one occasion he chose to depart when his wife was already suffering the pains of parturition, only to come creeping back to comfort in a day or two? The suggestion of sincerity is absurd; and as M. Birukoff will not tell us the "determining private factor of his departure," we must conclude that Tolstoy was more intent on making his wife miserable than himself happy. But for that lucky inflammation of the lungs, who can doubt that the miserable farce would have been played again? The world would have lacked a sensation, and the publishing business, with which M. Birukoff is connected, would have lacked an advertisement; and the sincerity of the prophet's renunciation would still have been a debatable question. Now it is settled for ever, in the negative.

Recent Verse.*

By Jack Collings Squire.

In the preface to his Alfrediad, Mr. Chesterton explains his choice of a subject in characteristic style. "The legends," says he, "are the most important things about him." Tales are told today, doubtless true but undeniably attractive. Three of these—the tales of Ethandune, of the harping in the Danish camp, and of the cakes—Mr. Chesterton uses as the substance of his "poet." Of the first he remarks, "I only seek to write upon a hearsay, as the old balladists did." Of the second he remarks, "I select it because it is a popular tale, at whatever time it arose." Of the third, "I select it because it is a popular tale, because it is a vulgar one." Some subsequent observations, however, give one, perhaps, an even better clue to the reasons of the choice. Mr. Chesterton discusses on the uses of legend and tradition. "They telescope history," says he. There lies the secret. Mr. Chesterton had to have a hero who could safely be Chestertonised. Not merely vulgarity, but vagueness in the history was necessary. It would be impossible for Mr. Chesterton to weave the webs of his doctrine around the figure, say, of Oliver Cromwell or of Charles James Fox. We know too much of these people, and if a poet put Chestertonesque Rabelaiso-Christian antitheses into their minds and mouths we should denounce him for a perverter of the truth. But if we knew little that is certain. A man so thoroughly dead as he can deny no tales. Mr. Chesterton has a perfectly free hand; and if he chooses to depict the hero as a blend of King David, Ulysses, and G. K. C., who are we to say him nay?

As, in this series of eight ballads, the story of the broken King's struggle with the Danes is told, the familiar Chesterton dogmas and phraseology accost us repeatedly—though never so frequently as to check the swinging progress of the narrative. We get the old insistence of the fact that if we wish a white wall to remain white we must be continually painting it white. This time it appears as:

If ye would have the horse of old
Scour ye the horse anew.

King Alfred's few goods stored in a hollow tree are the old Chesterbelloc properties:

A mass-book mildewed, line by line,
And weapons and a skin of wine,
And an old harp unstrung.

* "The Ballad of the White Horse." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen.)
"Becoming Old." By Harold Munro. (Constable.)
"Poems." By Emery Pottle. (Methuen.)
"The Younger Quire." (Mood's Publishing Co., New York.)
The Christians are more joyful in defeat than their enemies in victory:

The men of the East may search the scrolls
For sure fates and fame,
But we, the men of the West, drink the blood of God
And sing to their shame.

The doctrine of the greatness of small things is not unknown to the Saturday "Daily News," nor is the one

That a sage feels too small for life,
And a fool too large for it,
Alfred's God is a "good giant," and the horrible barbarism of modern thought in days when
Pride and a little scratching pen
Have dried and split the hearts of men
gets inevitably emphatic mention, King Alfred himself having a prophetic vision of last paganism worse than the first, which would make strings of beasts and birds and wheels of wind and star. The uses of legends which "mix up the centuries" (of which the preface speaks) are abundantly exploited.

Mr. Chesterton, therefore, like all those other moderns whom he detests, has written a "story with a purpose." But the purpose is not aggressive; it just jokes its nose up now and then like a whale which has no desire to disturb the general equanimity of the sea's surface, but which simply must have a spout now and again. The tale of the outcast Alfred's vision of the Virgin, of the gathering of his men, and of his playing amid the Danes, of his victory, is told with magnificent spirit, vividness, directness and brevity. No better ballads have been written for generations. The characters are sketched with extraordinary force and colour, and that tumultuous and obscure ninth-century world which is their background is illumined and spread out in bold and beautiful rhetorical verse. Once or twice there is an archaistic impression of contemporary types are gracefully written; but taken as a whole the subject matter of the book is too thin and the treatment too solemn. Here is a syllogism for solemn poets. Even Homer, sometimes nodded. A nod is as good as a wink. Therefore we should all sometimes wink.

There is nothing very exciting either way about Mr. Pottle's quiet volume.

To one who dwells by country lanes apart,
Grateful for nameless stars, calm hills, the sea,
In whose clear eyes the gentle tears might start
To him the town must breed a sorry art.

To one who dwells by country lanes apart,
How can it be
That now it seems so untrue,
How can it be?
All that you said to me,
And I to you,
Was true as true;
Was something that HAD to be,
And was true as true.

One is strongly tempted to continue this work along these invitingly facile lines. As follows, for instance:

How could I know that you meant "Yes"?
When you said "No?"

Double you thought that I should guess.
What? Ah, quite so!
Life can break what life can make,
We, come, we go.
I feel bad, although,
Thank Heavens, I can sit up and take
A little Bovril.

"The Younger Quire" is a skit on a collection of poems by young modern writers, entitled "The Younger Choir." Saving G. S. Viereck, Charles Hanson Towne and Louis Untermeyer, the writers parodied have not been heard of before. "this sickly, this sickly." When one is associated with the originals, one cannot quite well judge the parodies, but some of them have the air of getting clean between the joints, and make very amusing reading.

"Wednesday Afternoon," after Mr. James Oppenheim, contains some most piquant contributions of the various disputants are often trite, often unconvingingly crude, and sometimes put in a way which must excite the least rambler of readers to mirth. The farmer says: "God is the Truth; and if you doubt it, look into the pages of His sacred book." The rich man says: "If He exists, He never thinks of me, And so I hardly ever think of Him." The soldier says: "He loves us so He even counts our hairs." The rich man says: "He does not scrutinise nor question why; but trusts me."

Mr. Munro has a penchant for big subjects—is on God. "Mr. Munro is a paean for God. In the Garden of Faustina," after G. S. Viereck, hits many

The sailor says
"God is the Truth; and if you doubt it, look into the pages of His sacred book." The sailor says
"God is the Truth; and if you doubt it, look into the pages of His sacred book." The sailor says
"Both exist, He never thinks of me, And so I hardly ever think of Him."
Letters from Abroad.

By Huntly Carter.

THE POST-EXPRESSIONISTS.

Dieppe, October 9.

When I started across Europe in quest of the golden sensation in the Art Theatre, I was prepared for disappointment. Before the coming of the Russian ballets I had looked for it almost in vain. I had, in fact, been led to the conclusion that the prevalent view in the theatre is: art is an adjunct to the drama; it is a copy or fake of the emotional interest.

The view had robbed me of the big, complete sensation, for it had offered me dramatic fare in detached masses, being unable to bring them together into that organic relation which the sensation demanded.

As I had anticipated, the view was prevalent all over Europe. I was therefore obliged, in order to realise the desired experience, to come to Paris for it. Here I knew I should find it, not in the theatre, but in the exhibition gallery. In the spring of this year I met the post-expressionists, whose works once more proclaimed the fact that to one body of artists, at least, art is not an accessory to life; it is life itself carried to the greatest heights of personal expression.

It was at the Salon d’Automne, amid the Rhythmists, I found the desired sensation. The exuberant eagerness and vitality of their region, consisting of two rooms remotely situated, was a complete contrast to the morose I was compelled to pass through in order to reach it. Though marked by extremes, it was clearly the starting point of a new movement in painting, perhaps the most remarkable in modern times. It revealed not only that artists are beginning to recognise the unity of art and life, but that some of them have discovered life is based on rhythmic vitality, and underlying all things is the perfect rhythm that continues and unites them. Conscious, or unconsciously, many are seeking for the perfect rhythm, and in so doing are attaining a liberty or wideness of expression unattained through several centuries of painting.

By the time I had reached these conclusions the Expansionists, as I may now call them, had sorted themselves into groups answering to the difference in expression of the general aim. These I will name for convenience Radiations, Chrystallisationists, Visionists, Rhapsodists—terms having no connection with those manufactured by the married critics of the Harmsworth Press and their wives during week-end visits to Paris.

I was compelled to place the Radiations first. They grasped me so powerfully with their knowledge of unity and continuity carried to such a state of perfection that escape was impossible. Thus John D. Ferguson’s “Rhythm” first swept me out of myself, away from the battlement-ground of paint and canvas into the immensity of the infinite. The splendid movement and vitality of this canvas was irresistible. It proclaimed the power with which this painter seizes his subject upon his forms of art, and single him out as easily foremost among the strong men of Paris. It revealed his astonishing gift of seizing the fundamental rhythm of a character or scene, of concentrating on it, and of developing it in form and colour till the whole canvas rings with the magic of motion. Here the rhythm of the nude figure is felt, and the curves of line and colour flew out from it and on without end, creating a sense of an illimitable sea. Thus passing from the powerfully drawn central motive to the arched tree of life, to the harmonious apples of discord, thence swelling out into the background reflecting the woman’s mind like coloured shadows thrown on illuminated discs, and thus fill not only the canvas but the mind and the world for the time being of the observer. Surely this is the purpose of a good picture, not merely to illuminate the soul of the subject-matter, but to lift the spectator out of himself, to link him with the universal and so to blot out for fleeting moments the unattractiveness of life. At any rate, it is the effect Miss Rice’s “Morte” produces. One knows how to set one journeying through an exhilarating universe even on a note of beautiful flowers.

Once on the wave of rhythm I was swept from canvas to canvas. Now it was the revolving and expanding leaves of Sandor Galimberti’s “Nature Morte,” filled with rich green blood. Next the rhapsodical music of Estelle Rice’s “Nicoline,” penetrating and subtle, charmed me with its air of the infinite. Like a symphony, beautiful in movement and colour, the subject expressed the radiations of a brilliantly coloured mind, and the treatment revealed how such a mind may be given to the artist for decoration in the latest sense without fear that the truth of its character would be disgraced. It proved, indeed, that Miss Rice is the one strong woman painter in Paris who can subordinate decoration to truth and can cover a canvas with the essential facts of character brilliantly stated in line and colour. In “Nicoline” the circling waves of very subtle blues, pinks, and greens expand into the background reflecting the woman’s mind like coloured shadows thrown on illuminated discs, and thus fill not only the canvas but the mind and the world for the time being of the observer. Surely this is the purpose of a good picture, not merely to illuminate the soul of the subject-matter, but to lift the spectator out of himself, to link him with the universal and so to blot out for fleeting moments the unattractiveness of life. At any rate, it is the effect Miss Rice’s “Morte” produces. One knows how to set one journeying through an exhilarating universe even on a note of beautiful flowers.

As I did so, I met the gaze of M. Marinot’s young person. “Femme a la draperie,” though very fine in drawing and design, had detached herself from the landscape. Seeing my disappointment, she asked me to run and look at the Matisse, and wondered what I should think of them. I thought them an impertinence, and told them to stop screaming in their present empty fashion, and go round and learn something from their betters.

They were to start off with Van Dongen’s “Un Fond,” but not to go too near lest they got scorched by the hot passion of those dazzling flowers whirling like Catherine wheels, rockets, and showers of fire in the midst of the darkness of an annihilated background. Pass to M. Lombard’s canvas and ask the beautifully-drawn nude seated on the table to link herself more definitely to the coloured person leaning out of the nicely-designed window over the beds and houses. If she were to argue that she could trace herself round the room, proceeding out by the colour of the curtain and the bare arm of the other person, and home by the all-red route of the table cover, they were to let her do it.

Then from Othon Friesz’s network of subtle associations linking man to rocks, water, ships and air, they would enter Georges Rouault’s world of imagination,
whirling from one picture to another on his spontaneous line, cutting all sorts of enormously vital figures, and exit, not knowing exactly where they are. A study of Alfred Roos's fusion of lines and Eugène Zak's clever and provocative "Judith" would be necessary to steady their nerves.

Leaving Chabaud carving out his emotional intellect in tense figures in solid blocks, we next come to Mr. Peploe preoccupied with brilliant colour, flogging his canvas with strokes of pure yellow till the canvas radiates and flings its light and colour upon the spectator, and holds him with its illusion till long after his eyes have sought and become accustomed to other subjects. Here, indeed, is life; the other stuff is still-born.

On top of the wonderful effect of Mr. Peploe's richly-coloured flowers, quickening and expanding in golden sunshine, came the calmer sensation of M. Gutt's figures seated at the table in "La Cene," and swaying gently to and fro with the gentle movement of sleep, while the beautiful colour creeps about them like a spell. But the sensation was incomplete, for the artist had neglected to send the background to sleep also. It was wide awake.

As though to counteract the effect of these dreamers, there was Georges Banks near-by drawing aside the curtain on daring and disturbing moods, and revealing just the true spectator or recommenced moments. Indeed, she appeared to be engaged in the congenial task of running the spectator up to the dome of St Paul's in order to drop him over the gallery.

The education of the Matisssians was completed by an examination of Marguerite Thompson's busy dancers, of which the place is full, and looked down upon that motive—the building. Treated in this way, the subject of the action is contained in that which underlies the central composition, as the case may be, which underlies the central structure. The root of the action is contained in that tension, not that the Act of 1844 has been disregarded, but that the railway systems, must, I think, be taken as in implication, not that the Act of 1844 has been disregarded, but that the purchase was never been thought to be within the range of practical politics. It is scarcely conceivable that the present Government (who know the distrust created by their policy and fines) has reached the Consols to 78, and when they are proposing to allocate an increasing share of the National revenue to State Charity) will venture upon an issue of 1,100 millions of Government stock. With Consols at 78, the equivalent price of a per cent. stock would be 95.6, and only upon the basis of such a depreciated stock could the companies' property be honestly acquired by an issue of Government stock to the shareholders. Further, the purchase would be made, subject to an implied undertaking to reduce hours, to increase wages, to reduce rates, and to maintain the service.

In the event of a State purchase I doubt if there would be much saving in management and running, as local communications must be maintained, and only through trains on competing lines could be dispensed with. Any saving effected would arise chiefly from a reduction of the waggons.

I am glad that Mr. Drayton agrees with me that the assumption that profits are excessive is to some extent rebutted by business experience. I think that a perusal of a stockbroker's list of securities would satisfy that shareholders of most industrial companies receive quite a modest return by way of interest and insurance against trading risk.

There are, of course, a few individual traders who, by a fortunate invention, a novelty well advertised, or even good, honest, persistent work have made large profits, but I assume some reward is admitted to be due to brains and energy. I am anxious to lay clear up this charge of usury, or whatever it is called, which is made against capitalists large and small, and I am sure it is considered a fair rate of interest for the "idle shareholder."

Do not understand Mr. Drayton's suggestion that waste is encouraged or compensated for. My experience is that keen competition enforces strict economy in production.

I understand Mr. Drayton's concluding paragraph to apply to State ownership of all the means of production. I think that anyone familiar with the intricacies of manufacture would say that this could only result in failure—prompt, disastrous, and final.

Productive trade requires individual skill and initiative. Distribution again requires special knowledge, ability and individual control. Fancy a State emmisary appearing as a commercial representative of the State, a mirror, not that the Act of 1844 has been disregarded, but that the railway systems, must, I think, be taken as in implication, not that the Act of 1844 has been disregarded, but that the purchase was never been thought to be within the range of practical politics. It is scarcely conceivable that the present Government (who know the distrust created by their policy and fines) has reached the Consols to 78, and when they are proposing to allocate an increasing share of the National revenue to State Charity) will venture upon an issue of 1,100 millions of Government stock. With Consols at 78, the equivalent price of a per cent. stock would be 95.6, and only upon the basis of such a depreciated stock could the companies' property be honestly acquired by an issue of Government stock to the shareholders. Further, the purchase would be made, subject to an implied undertaking to reduce hours, to increase wages, to reduce rates, and to maintain the service.

Beyond this I should like to know if the complaints of unequal distribution of profits between capital and labour really arise with the working-man—the State really dissatisfied with his share of the products of industry. My own opinion is that he is content so long as he has regular employment.

How to ensure that is another problem, which will certainly not be solved by demands for a rate of wages which current prices will not bear.

Mr. Alfred Wolmark's new colour work at the Baillie Galleries should be seen, especially by the small picture buyer.
October 26, 1911.

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industrious woman beforehand how to avoid having such a large family. Better two properly reared children than nine half-starved ones. But no, religion doesn't approve of anything of the kind. The more children the more baptism and burial fees. The overburdened. Surely it is not to bring thousands of superfluous children in workhouses and slums to fill the prisons and asylums with them when they grow up. Why can't it have a say in the matter? SIIDMOH NÍ ANÁIN.

M. SOREL AND SYNDICALISM.

Sir,—In a recent article discussing Sir Arthur Clay's "Syndicalism and Anarchism," the NEW AGE stated that Monsieur Georges Sorel no longer advocated the General Strike and the policy of the Confédération Générale du Travail was surprised to hear this, as I was just reading his "Réflexions sur la Violence," and I wrote to ask him if he had given up supporting that programme. This is his answer:

"I think the distinction between Stanhope of Chester and myself is fairly clear. I profess to be interested in the Verdad and foreign politics. Sir,—I think the distinction between Stanhope of Chester and myself is fairly clear. I profess to be interested in the international relations of the Powers, viz., those important countries in Asia, America, and Europe who have it in their power, and who began to make themselves felt. How was that? Where had the Church, which the Vicar alleges was in existence to render communal and national service, been sanctioned by the Vicar? One may tell us why the national servant had not created the

fact is, the Anglican Church had ceased to discharge her task (or, if the half-effigies, she discharged it too well and thereby overreached herself) and the judgment came in the form of Nonconformity. The Vicar further alleges that the shop-and-chapel man is being disregarded. All, however, will go further and say that the children of the old mother are getting into his boots? There is not the slightest sign of a reaction on the part of the Vicar. The man so rated for his alleged high ethics. Those ethics are the ethics of the Anglican Church at all, and they are the ethics of Vicar David only in so far as he transcends the average church-and-chapel man.

One more point. The Vicar mentions with scorn the competition of our Nonconformists implying, of course, that the element is entirely absent from our Anglican Church. But is it absent? Not at all. She is the most powerful single element in the Church, by far, and from a financial point of view she is the best equipped also. In spite of that, she has been knocked quite out of breath in many places. Within a mile of where I am sitting there is a church where no regular services are held. The Vicar refers to the nevertheless, though there is not a single churchman in the whole of his parish. Vicar David may cease talking about the high ethical standard of his Church until there are weak signs that she has abandoned her feudal ideals in favour of communal ones. The Socialist element is gaining strength in the ranks of the Nonconformists as well as in the ranks of those who belong to the church and not to the chapel. Will Vicar David say that it is gaining ground in the

T. ERIC DAVIES,
Congregational Minister,
Langharne.

THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Norman's letter in your issue of the 7th. The wages of the efficient and of the partly efficient worker are fixed in this way. A quantity of the article to be produced is given to an efficient worker to make, the time it takes her to make it, and the price paid is based on the ordinary wages such an efficient piece worker earns. The same is true of the less efficient worker. The work price is of course paid to both the efficient and the less efficient worker. I would like Mr. Norman to consider what would happen if you could eliminate the partly efficient worker. The efficient worker would be less labour competing for employment; but the same rate might be said if you could eliminate the efficient worker. The partly efficient worker would be able to secure a higher price, because there would be less labour competing for employment; but the same rate might be said if you could eliminate the partly efficient worker. The partly efficient worker would be able to secure a higher price, because there would be less labour competing for employment. But the same might be said if you could eliminate the partly efficient worker. The partly efficient worker would be able to secure a higher price, because there would be less labour competing for employment.

Eric Davies.

Sir,—I think the distinction between Stanhope of Chester and myself is fairly clear. I profess to be interested in the international relations of the Powers, viz., those important countries in Asia, America, and Europe who have it in their power, and who began to make themselves felt. How was that? Where had the Church, which the Vicar alleges was in existence to render communal and national service, been sanctioned by the Vicar? One may tell us why the national servant had not created the aristocrats, etc., to keep back the devils that taught the shop-and-chapel man the craft of private enterprise. The
Now, Stanhope of Chester appears to confuse foreign politics with foreign social and labour movements. Thus, in his letter in your latest issue he remarks that "not a line has been printed in THE NEW AGE concerning the great Trades Union trial fixed for October 11 at Los Angeles." To which I reply: "Of course not. McNamaras, the dynamiting of the "Los Angeles Times" office, and the consequent police investigations, have not as yet affected the foreign policy of the United States in any way. In like manner, my critic has "searched in vain for any account of the trial and execution of the Japanese Socialists" and yet he himself has become so obnoxious to the Japanese Government and were put to death. But the foreign policy of the Japanese Government remains practically the same. The Japanese Governments have always been a revolution, and if that revolution had wrecked the Government, and if that wrecking of the Government will have a change in the relations between Japan and the United States, or between Japan and Russia, or between Japan and ourselves, then I should certainly have to perform a duty to refer to the executions in question."

I take it, however, that THE NEW AGE is not a newspaper. While I myself know pretty nearly everything worth knowing about the various labor movements abroad, I should never think of introducing such topics into pages which are supposed to be devoted to foreign politics. If, indeed, Stanhope of Chester wished me to refer to matters like these he would tell me so. He should ask, for example, why I have said nothing about the recent food riots in Northern France and in Vienna, or about the danger of crosses propagation of the Mohammedan faith broken out in Russia. My answer would in all such cases be the same: these are matters connected with foreign politics which do not influence foreign politics I shall deal with them.

As now to the Egyptian revolution. This refers to the first article I contributed to THE NEW AGE (May 5, 1910), in which I mentioned the imminent danger of such a revolt unless precautionary measures were adopted. No other paper in England published the news at the time, for the simple reason that the Foreign Office and the Government wished it to be kept concealed. But the announce- ment in THE NEW AGE precipitated matters and led to such immediate and drastic measures that the revolt was quelled. When the proper time comes I shall publish certain documents in your columns showing how near we were to a crisis at that time.

As I explained a year ago, my absence from London caused me to miss some correspondence relating to the Portuguese revolution. On the other hand, Stanhope of Chester, by his publication of Italy’s designs on Tripoli appeared in THE NEW AGE several weeks before the coup came off. He likewise forgets to remind us, among other things, that THE NEW AGE was the first to publish this "secret agreement whereby Great Britain was, and is, pledged to assist France with troops in the event of a war with Germany in favor of the Belgian neutrality." I have also admitted in the Chamber of Deputies in the course of a speech that it deserved. I have yet to learn that a "manifesto on European diplomatic problems. I have been accused of putting down a cynical basis; but that is not the point. The point is that Stanhope of Chester, so far as I can judge from his letters and articles, has no definite basis in his mind at all. He strikes me as being essentially a critic of what may be called the Gladstonian school: a critic who makes important diplomatic questions subsidiary to the discussion of mere grievances, e.g., the Trades Union trial referred to, and the execution of the Japanese Socialists, which are not diplomatic questions at all, and have no connection with foreign affairs. This attitude of mind is clearly evidenced in Stanhope of Chester’s concluding sentence: "I trust you will pardon this excursion into the region of foreign politics; my only excuse is the gravity of public affairs in these days." This distinctly smacks of Cobden, Bright, laisser-faire, and crinolines. Public affairs are no more grave in these days than they were in 1870, or in 1878, or in 1900, or in 1854, or in 1815.

In any case, my critic’s "excursion" can appeal only to charitably disposed people. He has not shown a single important instance of inaccuracy in my articles; but he has amply demonstrated his own lack of knowledge of what constitutes diplomatic questions. He is in the position of a schoolboy who has forgotten to prepare his lesson and wishes the will to be taken for the deed. If were in my class, which heaven forbid, I should direct him to stay in after hours and copy out some of Bismarck’s speeches.

S. VERDAD.

CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

Sir,—A society may be public (which the Society of Jesus is not), its members may carry a distinctive dress (which the members of the Society of Jesus do not when it suits them not), and its rules and regulations may be open for everyone to see (which is only nominally true of the Society of Jesus), and yet for all practical purposes the activities of the organisation may be secret. All the remarks of your correspondent, as to dress, are not as to the Freemasons. And he agrees that the Freemasons are a secret society!

Taking the handiest authority by me at the moment ("Encyclopedia Britannica"), the case is stated thus: "There remain several counts of the indictment which are but too clearly made out: as, for instance, their large share, if not the whole, in the elections recently held were, in after hours and copy out some of Bismarck’s speeches.

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stated was a suspicion. Let me add that these popular suspicions generally turn out to be well-founded in the light of historical investigation.

There is one other passage from the "E. B." article which is worth quoting: "Two most startling and indisputable facts meet the student with the pursuit of this unique species. The first is universal suspicion and hostility which has incurred from every Roman Catholic state and nation in the world, with perhaps the insignificant exception of Belgium." The indictment of this society by Pope Clement XIV, which was published on July 21, 1773, in the brief "Dominus ac Redemptor," by which he suppressed the society, are examples of anti-social acts. Your correspondent must pardon me suggesting that he should make himself acquainted with the history of the body which he has endeavored to defend.

HENRY DE REMUEILLAC.

MIXING THE INGREDIENTS.

Sir,—I find Mr. P. J. Reid's argument interesting and ingenious; and I have no doubt that he will be surprised to hear me say that I also find it irrelevant. I do not necessarily imply that "the object of the present day Fabian movement is to create a state" in which the proportions of "free men" and "servile men" are what Mr. Reid assumes for the purposes of his argument. I am not necessarily concerned at all with what the objects of the Fabian Society may be (although, of course, I know what these objects are in the measure it can tell me); but I am concerned with an object actually achieved by the Fabians, whether they deliberately aim at it or not. And it does seem to me a question that I have already given—apart from the evidence put forward by Mr. Belloc in his various criticisms of Mr. Sidney Webb's proposals— that the Fabian propaganda has already led, and is still leading, to the degrading of the working classes, in that this propaganda tends to rob the workman of the exercise of his own initiative in those departments of life in which alone he can use his ingenuity; and I have no doubt at all that the workmen are degraded by social legislation. I should have thought there was plenty of evidence at hand for anyone who cared to take the trouble to visit those districts where workmen are forced to dwell, and who mixed with them sufficiently to ascertain their views on points like these. Our workmen object to spoon-feeding. They object to being treated like children, to have their children fed for them at someone else's cost—why should he, as it were, turn out their toes for them? or even have the right to turn them out? The economic side of a State is taken into account a theory which those responsible for the education they desire their children to have. Schools of good quality, and satisfying all requirements, would then have a right to the children's fees, for we have the capacity to produce them now—in the slaves who nowadays yield such services.

The teachers are not to blame. We must, to earn our living (a poor one) "teach" the boys a certain specified amount of work. The case, under existing circumstances, is a great aid, as it stultifies the boy's animal spirits, and makes him less of a nuisance.

Smaller classes will abolish much of this stunting punishment, although, it must be admitted, I do not recommend it—but that is not the point. The point is that the whole system is wrong—the system of "free" education which now, at the very best, means dragging on the minds of children (often of unwilling parents) to a building where King Cane reigns supreme, and where facts are rammed down the throats of children who would acquire more real knowledge in other ways. To a great extent schools (where the cane is abolished) are almost negligible.)

The only way out of the present disorder is to blow up the barrier of free education, raise wages, and let parents pay for the education they desire their children to have. Schools of good quality, and satisfying all requirements, would then have a right to their children's fees, for we have the capacity to produce them now—in the slaves who nowadays yield such services.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—May I, as an elementary teacher in charge of over forty boys who lately "went on strike," add my testimony to that of B.? I have recently been transferred from a school where I managed to "teach," with very little punishment, a small class (in spite of audible and visible "whacks") in a room where four classes are taken, to a school in another part of the city. I affirm that no teacher passes a day in this educational establishment without administering several dozen "whacks" (often accompanied by howls). The teachers are not to blame. We must, to earn our living (a poor one) "teach" the boys a certain specified amount of work. The case, under existing circumstances, is a great aid, as it stultifies the boy's animal spirits, and makes him less of a nuisance.

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T. S.

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—Appended to my letter on the two proposed Labour dailies in the Daily Herald, is a very superior piece of malice and letter-writer—take up the matter exactly as I had expected it to be taken up. The elementary school child (the public school boy, for of course in every way a snob, isn't supposed to matter) is held up as painfully "highly strung," while such expressions as "nerve-quivering" render the pic- turesque of fact. As to the trembling dove-like little creature here depicted who is not tanned, and does not deserve to be. Again, both writers suggest that corporal punishment is like a "community," or is rendered one, and trounce him accordingly.

Let us have done with this one-sided view of the case, and try to be fair. As a matter of fact, it is certain that the suffering of the child is more profound than the smart the individual suffering has been, as is certain that the suffering of children in the schools is more profound than the suffering of the school where boys were thrashed only for really low-down and mean acts, and accepted the "ignominy" as part of the business (as it was meant to be), my experiences of the effects of this form of punishment, both on the performer and the sufferer thereof, are the exact reverse of those of your esteemed correspondents.

T. S.
first place he says he will not discuss the question of the "Herald," nor canvass the probable complexion of the "Labour paper," and that the consideration of this object, by hook or by crook, to depreciate the method of management provided for the Labour daily. So frantic are his efforts that he tries to have his adversaries both ways. Of the "Herald," nor canvass the probable complexion of the "Labour paper," and from the context I conclude he dig-

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It is true that, as at present advised, the promoters of the "Herald," nor canvass the probable complexion of the "Labour paper," and from the context I conclude he dig-

One more comment. Mr. Jack C. Squire "incidentally" remarks that the "Daily Citizen," which is believed to know what it is talking about by the fact that the Labour Party-cum-I.L.P. "official prospectus, whereas the meeting of our members authorising our prospectus was held on July 13, 1911. If, after this, anyone doubts the justification of the statement that the "Daily Herald" galvanised the "official scheme into existence, they must be people of the type of Mr. Jack C. Squire, who, after refusing to discuss the question of priority, says there is nothing in the fact that we "announced our intention to add six to our number, making thirteen in all. These six are to be nominated, two each of the names contained on our prospectus no longer belong to the "Daily Herald." The misstatement is this. Mr. Jack C. Squire drags in the names of the S.D.F. and the London Society of Compositors. With the former organisation we have nothing whatever to do. With the latter we have done more, for we have arranged that every Labour movement is strongest. But it is most emphati-

Mr. J. F. Green, the secretary of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, and Mr. Alfred Evans, of the Parlia-

In conclusion I wish to offer a piece of advice to Mr. Jack C. Squire. He might assists in the Labour movement, and to become perhaps—who knows?—a leader like unto Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, if he would begin by joining his own trade union, the National Union of Journalists, and from there he might be in a fair way of attainment. It does not seem anything of the sort. The last statement on the subject is to the effect that, in money and promises, they have £40,000. It is well-

On both these points the less said the better from the point of view of the Labour Party. The only satisfactory development last week, however, our proposed working capital is not sufficient to carry us through the first year. The "Daily Citizen," I will not take Mr. Seed's numerous points

WILLIAM H. SEED,

Mr. C. Squire also refers to the "Daily Herald" scheme as "having very markedly the sectionalist taint." Well! Its first committee of management consists of men largely from the newspaper-producing trades. That is the one excuse he has for having made the statement. We were not men of one political opinion, nor belonging to one particular clique. Indeed, we had never worked together before in any connection, appointed since, because there were all Labour men who knew something about newspaper production. No other qualification was considered. We announced our intention to six men, making thirteen in all. These six are to be nominated, two each by the political, the trade union, and the co-operative sides of the movement. We shall exercise no influence whatever in their nominations, and their eligibility be determined by the "Daily Citizen" as the "Labour" paper. On both these points the less said the better from the point of view of the Labour Party. The only satisfactory development last week, however, our proposed working capital is not sufficient to carry us through the first year. The "Daily Citizen," I will not take Mr. Seed's numerous points

THE TWO PROPOSED LABOUR DAILIES.

SIR,—The letter from Mr. W. H. Seed compels me to return to the subject of the "Daily Herald" and the Labour daily. As I have neither the desire nor the authority to issue a manifesto on behalf of the Labour journal (the "Daily Citizen"), I will not take Mr. Seed's numerous points

Mr. C. Squire also refers to the "Daily Herald" scheme as "having very markedly the sectionalist taint." Well! Its first committee of management consists of men largely from the newspaper-producing trades. That is the one excuse he has for having made the statement. We were not men of one political opinion, nor belonging to one particular clique. Indeed, we had never worked together before in any connection, appointed since, because there were all Labour men who knew something about newspaper production. No other qualification was considered. We announced our intention to six men, making thirteen in all. These six are to be nominated, two each by the political, the trade union, and the co-operative sides of the movement. We shall exercise no influence whatever in their nominations, and their eligibility be determined by the "Daily Citizen" as the "Labour" paper. On both these points the less said the better from the point of view of the Labour Party. The only satisfactory development last week, however, our proposed working capital is not sufficient to carry us through the first year. The "Daily Citizen," I will not take Mr. Seed's numerous points

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place it out of court as a democratic proposal. In a joint stock company voting is by shares, a fact which enables the wealthy supporter to get his way. The immediate effect of this, immediately afterwards, finding himself desirous of proving something quite different (i.e., the schemes of a few bureaucrats to obtain control), he makes no further attention to three facts. One is that the directorate is to start with a majority of members elected by the executive bodies of the Labour Party and the I.L.P. The method of selecting the directorate cannot be altered for ten years; and the third is that two of the remaining three directors are to be elected by trade unions investing money. If it be true also—as some report has it—that a large sum is to be put to the voting power possessed by any private shareholders (that is to say you will not be able to get seventy-three thousand votes by buying seventy-three thousand shares), it is pretty obvious that whoever is to control the policy of the paper it will not be a number of artful plutocrats.

I notice that the amount of capital on which the "Daily Herald" is to be started (if it ever is started) is not £4,000 but £5,000. The correction makes no material difference. With neither sum could anything but the most miserable of broadsheets be produced for a week—and even that could not be sold.

It would be very pleasant if newspaper production were a cheap and simple business. We have all of us got our idiosyncratic point of view; and a good many of us, I fear, our creed, and it would be a double nice if every little gang of us could have its own good newspaper in which to boom its own particular brand of the pure milk of the word. But facts have to be faced. The possibilism, which may, it is true, appear in the world to be almost as great as its creator. In fact, I come to the old ".co.," and in-
dustry in the country, by the Labour Party, and by
the great trade unions, and, on the other hand, a journal
not be sold. New papers are started, and most of them
perversion. For if men could realise the idea, they would
be almost as great as its creator. In fact, I come to the old

THE INFERIOR RELIGION.

Sir,—S. Verdad speaks of Christianity as an inferior religion, good enough for Europeans. As a fact, Christianity has failed so enormously just because the European genius could not possibly understand the great Eastern poet and mystic, Jesus. To say that a religion will do for Europe when Europe has never heard of the name of Jesus is the mark of religion. The first man who commented on Jesus began the process of drawing away from Christianity the horrible tragedy of the great spiritualist being worshipped in the flesh almost before he was dead, the first man who prac
tised asceticism, the first man who revealed the pure unblemished rectitude and certainly unparalleled

PERMITTED TO PUBLISH THIS ARTICLE.

Mr. Squire's article on "The Inferior Religion" is a most welcome addition to the war literature. It is well written, and the arguments are so clear and concise that even the most reluctant reader will be forced to admit the correctness of the author's views. The article is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the question of religious inferiority, and it is to be hoped that other writers will follow Mr. Squire's lead in making this important subject the subject of serious attention.

The article is as follows:

Sir,—The aged, yellow-faced man brushed a few crumbs from his beard, and commenced to pick his teeth. "Yes, my boy," he repeated, "Materialism is done for. Materialism is dead as the proverbial dead dog." His companion, a young, eager-looking youth in Harris tweed, gazed rever
tently into his friend's countenance. "Of course it is," he replied; "Materialism is done for, absolutely; did you see that in the 'Mail' the other day about Professor MacDonald's discovery of the vanished body of Jesus?"

"No," answered the old man, who was striving to attract his companion's attention. "Of course it is," he replied; "Materialism is done for, absolutely; did you see that in the 'Mail' the other day about Professor MacDonald's discovery of the vanished body of Jesus?"

"Yes," replied the youth, his eyes fixed upon those of his friend. "Yes," he repeated, "Professor MacDonald, he whispered, "has proved the existence of the human soul." His eyes were fixed upon those of his friend. The youth smiled. "Good! my boy, good!" he replied. "Sir Oliver Lodge isn't wrong after all," he chuckled; "that will upset the Materialists." He picked up the menu card; the waiter was standing Sphinx-like, awaiting his order. "What's for dessert?" he asked. "Teapot Tommy," although the line stood, "and in-..."

"Their apple fritters aren't bad," returned the youth. "Apple fritters for two," said the man with the yellow face. "What's for dessert, Alfred?" Sir,—The aged, yellow-faced man brushed a few crumbs from his beard, and commenced to pick his teeth. "Yes, my boy," he repeated, "Materialism is done for. Materialism is dead as the proverbial dead dog." His companion, a young, eager-looking youth in Harris tweed, gazed reverently into his friend's countenance. "Of course it is," he replied; "Materialism is done for, absolutely; did you see that in the 'Mail' the other day about Professor MacDonald's discovery of the vanished body of Jesus?"

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