NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It will be remembered that the main inducement held out to the public for its support in passing the Parliament Bill was the prospect of instant social reform when the Lords' absolute veto should be destroyed. The coming half session affords us an opportunity of examining this claim. We are now at the end of the period of sowing under the Parliament Act, and nothing of any party consequence will be mooted after the present date. What then are the wonderful social measures which the cutting of the Lords' dam will enable the Liberal Government to pass? The measures declared by the party Press to be of first-rate importance and of such a magnitude that the session may be all too short for their passage, are four: Irish Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Electoral Reform, and the Osborne Judgment Bill. But which of these by the most liberal interpretation can be regarded as a measure of social reform? Whatever may be said of each of them on its merits as a piece of machinery, what cannot be said of any of them is that it is in any sense a piece of social reform. Not one of these Bills, if they all become Acts, will enable the people of these islands to accomplish any better than they now do, the two objects of social existence, namely, to live well and to live a good life. For all practical purposes, therefore, the Bill now before Parliament are as remote from social reality as metaphysics.

The relation between politics and economics will never be understood until it is realised how thoroughly politics diverts and is intended to divert attention from economic considerations. We all know that economically England is in the throes of a revolution compared with which the break up of the Feudal system, the emancipation of the serf, and the rise of urban capitalism, were merely the preliminary stages. The economic revolution now in progress is destined, if unchecked, to create two classes in this country, separated from each other by a gulf which only chance will be able to cross: the class of labour and the class of capital. The segregation between these two classes has already reached in America a definiteness which in England does not yet so plainly appear. In America there are over a thousand multi-millionaires, and over ten thousand millionaires, while the rest of the population are scrambling for wages the rates of which may for the moment be high, but will certainly fall as time goes on. What will be the issue of this appalling faction in American society few people dare to forecast. For ourselves, we believe that the present century will witness in America a civil revolt on a scale as much magnified in extent as well as in horror compared with the French Revolution as the America of to-day is greater than the France of 1789. But in England, as is obvious, the same segregation and faction of society are taking place. We are rapidly becoming Americanised. And while this process is taking place, as well here as in America, the politics of the two countries are designed to conceal its deadly work, and, by concealing, to facilitate it. Everybody knows the means by which politics, both here and in America, is kept aloof from economics; and not only from economics, but from everything genuinely affecting the life of the nation; it is the device of the caucus. By means of the caucus an entirely fictitious form of politics is maintained which only by accident or mistake touches at any point a real public need. For the most part our caucus bosses are sufficiently skilful to steer politics clear of economics, and, while doing so, nevertheless to keep the general public interested in their performance. For the fact must be admitted that, artificial as our politics are, remote as they are from daily life, the majority of the electorate are as easily led into enthusiasm concerning political questions as they are easily diverted from attention to economic questions. At least ninety per cent. of our voters, the vast majority of whom are wage-slaves, can confidently be expected by the caucus bosses not only to attend the polls to vote for Tweedle-dum or Tweedledee, but to attend con amore. At the same time the same proportion of idiots will hiss and spit at any group of persons who may attempt to point out their folly to them.

While this is the case it is idle to maintain that even if political questions have no public value they have no public interest. On the contrary, as a spectacle merely, in which the mass of the people have no active part whatever, politics is still the most attractive of all public performances. It may be true that in the matter of the four 'first-class' measures under Parliamentary dis-
cussion this autumn, not one, either in its passage or in its operation, will call for the active co-operation of the electorate; but the interest in the success of the plot behind the scenes is considerable. Exactly as the ordinary reading public will follow the serial fortunes of some popular magazine of fictitious characters and fictitious events, so will our general public follow during the coming months the fortunes of the parties at Westminister. And we may at once admit, that fiction, for the tale about to be resumed in Parliament is at least as sensational as the adventures of Deadwood Dick. To begin with, the Government, it is now obvious, has not yet reached a stage in the development of the dilemma which will may well be regarded as critical. On each of the four measures dilemma is now written; and the interest of the spectator is naturally concerned in at once watching and speculating how the respective heroes and villains of the piece will extricate themselves. Again, it is appreciated by the public that not only is the Government itself in difficulties, but the Opposition is also in no fit state to win or to profit by a victory. Finally, it requires only a little imagination to feel that not only has the Government reached the crisis in the chapter of politics, but it is a crisis in the book of politics itself. When none of the parties is able to move without risking a revolution it is plain that we have, in the interest Bill, has reached a stage in the development of the dilemma within the dilemma.

* * *

Only from this last point of view, indeed, can we bring ourselves to write seriously on the political situation at all. For if the question to be considered were merely one of Mr. Asquith and his friends, or Mr. Bonar Law and his friends, or Mr. Macdonald and his friends, the discussion would be trivial. But it appears to us that something more than the domestic ambitions of these persons is involved in the present situation. For a series of blunders, even from their respective caucus points of view, each of these three parties (and we would add the Irish Party as a fourth) has discreed itself simultaneously with all the rest. For the first time for many years not only is the reigning Government unpopular in the sense of inspiring neither public confidence nor public hope, but every conceivable alternative government is equally unpopular. In other words, the new political chapter shortly to be opened will be opened with apprehension, but without the least enthusiasm for the present at least, any pleasurable expectation. Now, how, we may ask, has this come about; and what may be the issue of the situation? The present political depression, we believe, has been brought about solely by the passage under such disgraceful conditions of the Insurance Bill and by its enforcement on the people against any sign of their repugnance. We have certainly at no stage of its consideration magnified the disgust generally felt by the public at both the means and ends of the Insurance Act. What, however, we do appear to have magnified is the power of active popular resistance. But even this, we are persuaded, will come in time. It must not be forgotten that the public in its opposition to the Insurance Act has not yet reached the honest disgust of an unattached party. Whatever or weapon had the public, therefore, by means of which it could legitimately express its opinion? The natural party to which a disgusted public might look for a defence against the compulsion and injustice of the Insurance Act was the party of the Opposition. Failing that, there was until recently the third and growing party of Labour. But both the Conservative Opposition and the Labour Party have in the matter of the Insurance Act been in conspiracy with its authors. The Conservative Opposition has adopted the proposal of the Opposition. Under these circumstances, therefore, not only is the public disgusted with the reigning Government, but, as we say, its disgust with all the parties is general. And until one of the parties has the courage to promise the repeal of the Insurance Act, that disgust with all parties, we believe, will remain.

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For it is certainly not the fact that the Insurance Act is now accepted by the public as a fait accompli. All appearances to the contrary, the passive resistance at any rate, to the measure is stronger now than ever it was. People will pay, it is true, so far as we can see, people will go on paying. But it requires wilful blindness or ignorance to maintain that people are paying or will continue to pay with the smallest real satisfaction. On the contrary, they pay because they are forced to pay. And they will be far more than we imagine to see their sense both of the compulsion and of the injustice. Mr. Lloyd George and his friends either believe or profess to believe that, when the benefits begin to flow, this dissatisfaction with the Act will be transformed into gratitude; and on this assumption it may be expected that the Government will attempt to maintain itself until at least six months' trial of insurance benefits has been made. In other words, a General Election will not be precipitated by the Government until next winter at the very earliest. Then, indeed, we expect that, if the public feeling in regard to the Insurance Act should be favourably changed, the Government may risk a new election. But the chances of such a favourable change are, murder and suicide of the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer does not know the English character if he believes that an affront to its pride can be soothe with an inadequate bribe. The Government was as certainly be unpopular next summer as it undoubtedly is this autumn, and not so certain as the Insurance Act will compensate for the injuries already done by it.

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But if Mr. Lloyd George had set out to ruin both his own party and all the other parties, he could not have succeeded better. For, as a consequence of the Insurance Bill, and that alone, every party and every party cause now on the stage have lost what public respect they ever had. It seems almost impossible that the Labour Party has lost prestige as a result of supporting the Insurance Act. With Mr. MacDonald at their head, they would have lost prestige in almost any event. But they are far from realising yet how much indeed they have lost, and not of solid immediate support. We would not now, as we would some years ago, forecast for the Labour Party the future government of England. The mistake it has made in aiding and abetting Mr. George in an Act of combined murder and suicide is of the magnitude of a blundering crime. And this, we believe, will be made evident in the national judgment on the first possible occasion. But, on the other hand, the Irish Party, so famous for its astuteness, has done no better. The Irish Party, too, under the blandishments and more material inducements of Mr. Lloyd George, has succumbed to the temptation of accepting a bad Bill as the means to a good Bill of their own. With what effect? With the same effect that has been the Labour Party by the same short-sighted opportunistic tactics. At the present moment it is obvious that no demand made by the Labour Party has any backing in the general public. The Labour Party may petition for this and squelch about that; but the public, remembering the wound inflicted on itself by the Insurance Act with the connivance of the Labour Party, will indifferently—nay, gladly—see Mr. MacDonald and his gang snubbed and dismissed by their whilom friends. And the same is true of the Irish Party's Home Rule Bill, both here in England and in Ireland as well. For let it not be forgotten that the Irish Party had the incredible stupidity to accept the Insurance Act for Ireland when by a lift of the finger they might have saved their country from it. But the Act is no less unpopular in Ireland than in England; and it is even more unpopular amongst Irish Nationalists than amongst Englishmen. In compensation for this, the Irish Party, by its acceptance of the Act the very supporters on which it must rely for an active assistance to Home Rule. We are beginning to see the consequences to the Irish Party, both in Ireland as well as here. Here in England it is safe to say that they have at least enthusiasm for Home Rule. We literally cannot bring ourselves to care the toss up of a coin whether Home Rule is given or withheld. And in Ireland we gather that the feeling of the public is much the same.
Mr. Redmond and his wirepullers may pretend, if they please, that the support of Home Rule is as strong as ever; and that only confidence explains the apathy that has descended on Home Rulers in the face of the theatrics of Sir Edward Carson. But we repeat that this apathy is due not to confidence, but to indifference. Unless, in fact, that apathy were real and not merely illusory, it is difficult to believe whether Sir Edward Carson and his friends dare to challenge it as openly as they do. THEIRS, it is true, may be bluff, but they suspect, with us, that it is bluff against bluff. If they really thought that Ireland and England were behind Mr. Redmond and his wirepullers, if they thought that Ireland and England were behind Mr. Redmond and his wirepullers, if they thought that Ireland and England were behind Mr. Redmond and his wirepullers, if they were prepared to dragoon a few thousands.

But their resistance is not to the few who live by them, have no effect, as we said at the outset, on the real questions which affect all of us equally. While the political stage is occupied by buckled adventurers, such as, seeking lucrative posts that he and his friends may devour, or cutting a figure that each thinks may shine in history, the real forces of society go grinding on below the surface, creating by friction conditions that in the end will blow us all up, society, political stage and players together. For it is a fact, the most sinister of our age, that prices are rising, while wages relatively are falling. Who in the whole region of politics appears to be aware of this fact? No party, certainly, for otherwise we cannot conceive that even in the midst of the ball the sound of its dread note, heard by a single party, would not have the effect of the cannon heard on the eve of Waterloo by Brunswick's fated chieftain. Or upon what forces does any party aware of the fact rely for a final remedy? For ourselves, with the best will in the world, we see nothing in active existence at this moment either to correct the upward tendency of prices or to check the downward tendency of wages. Only, on the contrary, an examination of the causes of both movements only discloses grounds for concluding that, without a peaceable revolution of society by ideas, they must continue until a revolution by blood and iron is provoked. Is that understood, is it grasped, even by our readers? The cause of high prices now and to come is to be found in the common phenomena of capitalist countries: a perpetual extension of the areas of demand, a perpetual transference of persons from production to consumption; and the perpetual reduction in the relative numbers of the actual producers. When relatively a small number of producers are engaged in supplying the demands of a large number of consumers, prices must needs rise, unless the means of production increase as fast as the numbers fast as the numbers of the consumers. And for every new "mouth" an existing "hand" must work a little harder or a little more efficiently; and for every new "mouth" demand relatively to supply increases and increases the wages of the products are increased also. But this is not the case. As the competitive rack extracts rack-rent, rack-interest, and rack-profits for the possessors of the instruments of production, so it also subjects the raw materials of production to rack-efficiency. Labour being, as we have repeatedly shown, a raw material differing in no essential respect from rubber or cotton, is subjected to the same process under--

It will be gathered from the foregoing discussion that our forecast of the future of the present Government is not reassuring to its friends. But to set against this conclusion must be recalled the fact that no alternative Government appears likely to be any more popular. After all, the present Government is in; and, whether by fatal error or by a policy too deep for us to understand, both the Irish and the Labour Parties will continue to support it. If the Coalition holds, as apparently its followers have as well as adequate, by reason of the conduct of Mr. Lloyd George, it may be unfair, it may be unphilosophical; but Wales must suffer for what a Welshman has done. There is scarcely a soul in England to-day who would raise a hand to assist Wales in her Disestablishment Bill.

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Current Cant.

"This is the age of the people ... the age of democracy is come."—BISHOP WELDON.

"When Jesus Christ is fairly seen in the industrial world will know that it has a leader who is a Brother."—CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TIMES.

"Beecham's Pills have never been exploited by sensational advertising."—ADV. IN "EVENING NEWS."

"Last year the Independent Labour Party toiled splendidly."—"LABOUR LEADER.

"Hereditorily by birth on my brother's side I am a high Tory, and I am Liberal by conviction. These two warring instincts help me to understand both sides of the question."—SARAH GRAND.

"The coming spiritual leader will be helped if through our Cathedrals people have developed powers of communion with the unseen."—SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

"There are few European capitals which can boast that human life is held more sacred than it is in the British metropolis."—"THE STANDARD.

"My story, 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me,' stands for what is the first word said by man about woman. * ... I think it is intensely interesting, it seems to go to the root of everything that has been said. ..."—HALL CAIN.

"I shall never leave the Scouts though Cupid has pierced the heart of their chief."—BADER-FOWELL.

"Films such as those depicting the funeral of the late King should be preserved for the benefit of posterity."—A. FLEMING BROWN, A.M.I.M.E., in the "Standard."

"The good work begun by the Unionist Party must be continued."—"MORNING POST.

"There is no country in the world where political warfare was fought under stricter and more honourable rules of fair play than in Great Britain."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"In an age of business, money, fashion, politics, pleasure, of everything but the spiritual, religion was to all, ..."—ARTHUR FLEMING BROWN, in the "Morning Post."

"From a trade union point of view our orthodoxy is guaranteed by the approval of the hierarchy and the acceptance of the post of Ecclesiastical Superior by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne at the request of the Bishops."—"THE TABLET.

"Do you mean to tell me that all sense of justice, liberty, and fair play has gone out of the minds of the great English people? Not a bit of it."—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

"Significant is the presence of another of the King's guests—Lord Revelstoke. He is a partner of the great banking house of Baring Brothers, and a director of the Bank of England."—"DAILY CHRONICLE.

"'Hindle Wakes' is for broad-minded playgoers."—"GLOBE.

"I am going where I have wanted to go all my life, as a matter of fact I am there now, and next week all the million readers of the 'Referee' will know where I have been."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The indubitable fact remains that Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer is coincident with the period of greatest prosperity that the United Kingdom has ever known."—"DAILY CHRONICLE.

"I know how earnestly the Unionist leaders in Ireland have alreadystriven in the cause of Peace."—"BONAR LAW.

"Is not Mr. F. E. Smith right when he says that the cause of the Unionists is already won? ... The victory of law and order is, we believe, assured. ..."—"DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Current Sense.

"Politicians are always lying in the House of Commons—and out of it."—EDWARD CHITTY in the "DAILY MIRROR.

"To find the Chancellor of the Exchequer among the admirers and advocates of political chivalry is like hearing the late Charles Peace discourse upon honesty."—"GLOBE.

"Cabinet unity becomes harder to maintain as time goes on."—"SATURDAY REVIEW.

"To the public schoolboy life is a rag."—"ENGLISH REVIEW.

"Working people are niggardly in earning and have a keen eye to the ha'pence; but they are free in spending and, above all, in giving."—STEPHENV REYNOLDS.

"A better distribution of wealth would obviously give the poorer classes an effective power of better adjusting the world's resources to mankind's needs, and might show that it is not pressure of population on means of subsistence that causes poverty."—ARTHUR D. LEWIS in the "ETHICAL WORLD.

"The burden on the middle classes has increased enormously in the last ten years. It is still increasing, and the tendency each year is for the increase to grow. Every fresh dose of social reform has to be paid for by the new taxation falling chiefly upon this overburdened class."—F. E. BAILY in "PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

"Mr. Bonar Law is not a great man."—"DAILY CHRONICLE.

"London is an inferno."—MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

"If women secured the vote to-morrow they would still crowd into invisible factories to grind out wealth for their masters."—ARTHUR ROSE.

"The London pulpit is a sheer dreariness."—"THE NATION.

"It is a fact of life that the most elaborately arranged experiences of Princes may leave them without the slightest real knowledge ... this is the danger lying ahead of the Prince of Wales."—"THE WORLD'S WORK.

"The attitude of certain Labour members towards the Labour rank and file has undergone a marked change since a grateful Liberal Government elevated them to the affluence of £4000 per annum."—"DAILY HERALD.

"In the transport strike this year there has been no advance secured, but rather the reverse; and with weaker wage rates the workers have to make the desolation of their homes."—"PHILIP SNOWDEN.

"In this age of science we have heaped up great intellectual riches of the pure scientific kind. But what will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?"—JOHN BURROUGHS in the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

"What is done habitually, in the true sense, is done mechanically and absent; and habits of speech, still more the consequent habits of thinking, are spiritual death."—E. F. CARRETT, University College, Oxford.

"Representation of the people is a myth. ... We are governed through the forces of monopoly which Parliament and votes are powerless to fight. Women asking for votes are playing into the hands of the monopolists, i.e., the real governors."—"THE FREEMAN.

"The fare war is a method of barbarism."—"THE STAR.

"You will search Sir Edward Carson's speeches in vain for a noble thought or a flash of genial humour."—"NEWS AND LEADER.

"The Labour Party have nothing left to cover their nakedness."—"MORNING POST.

"Capital has sprung up in infinite adaptability, swathing the protest of the workers by conceding their ill-advised demands and ruling its slaves not with the rod, but with jam tarts and cosseting."—"THE OXFORD SYNDICALIST.

"To those who look below the surface of things there is no more patent fact in contemporary politics than the hopeless insecurity of the Government."—"THE TELEGRAPH.
As I write these lines, nearly a week before the publication of this number of The New Age, everyone is prepared for the worst in connection with the Balkans, though the utmost efforts are being made to prevent a catastrophe. Rechid Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Agriculture, has left Constantinople for Switzerland, via Vienna, with peace proposals for Italy which it is thought ought to be satisfactory. This will leave Turkey disembarrassed of one object. As I write these lines, nearly a week before the publication of this number of The New Age, everyone is prepared for the worst in connection with the Balkans, though the utmost efforts are being made to prevent a catastrophe. Rechid Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Agriculture, has left Constantinople for Switzerland, via Vienna, with peace proposals for Italy which it is thought ought to be satisfactory. This will leave Turkey disembarrassed of one object. And this, I am bound to admit, is substantially true. The Porte holds that, although it has often been found necessary to punish the rebellious Christians, they have never been treated with undue severity. The Turk believes what he says; but his notions of severity differ from ours. But the members of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha's Cabinet have another argument to put forward, and, so far as they personally are concerned, it is unanswerable. They point out that since the establishment of the new régime in 1908, Turkey has definitely and finally lost Bosnia, Herzegovina, and probably Tripoli. They may, indeed, have to add one or two of the islands to the list. To give away any further territory would be fatal—their necks, as well as their posts, would be in peril. No Turkish Cabinet could calmly agree to Bulgaria's claims without serious danger of a revolution.

Ghazi Mukhtar and his colleagues have emphasised this point by mobilising nearly 500,000 troops in the neighbourhood of Adrianople, which would naturally be Bulgaria's objective. They rather ironically refer to this procedure as being connected with "autumn manoeuvres," as if a financially embarrassed country like Turkey would throw away money on a superfluous object.

We have heard a great deal recently about joint inroads into Turkey by Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. Statements like these must be received with caution. Roumania, who has a military agreement with Austria, would hardly see a Bulgarian army marching into Turkey without trying to obtain a little extra territory on her own account, and not necessarily in Turkey. Hints have already been dropped in Vienna that if the Servian army marches out of Servia an Austrian army will march into Servia. The Montenegrins are a brave race, but they would be swamped among the Turks in mind and body. If the Turks, if they get Italy off their hands, wish to deal with Bulgaria in such a way that there need be no further trouble in that quarter for two or three generations to come. If pressed, the Porte, as I am assured from good quarters of a military character, would naturally be prepared for a revolution.

One of the most interesting points, though the utmost efforts are being made to prevent a catastrophe, is the question of the future of the Christian population in Macedonia. The Porte will tell us that, although it has often been found necessary to punish the rebellious Christians, they have never been treated with undue severity. The Turk believes what he says; but his notions of severity differ from ours. But the members of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha's Cabinet have another argument to put forward, and, so far as they personally are concerned, it is unanswerable. They point out that since the establishment of the new régime in 1908, Turkey has definitely and finally lost Bosnia, Herzegovina, and probably Tripoli. They may, indeed, have to add one or two of the islands to the list. To give away any further territory would be fatal—their necks, as well as their posts, would be in peril. No Turkish Cabinet could calmly agree to Bulgaria's claims without serious danger of a revolution.

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The Lost Party.
By J. M. Kennedy.

Two books were published recently which will be advantageous to review together. One is a little volume entitled "Conservatism," written by Lord Hugh Cecil for Messrs. Williams and Norgate's "Home University Library" (18s. 6d. net). The other is M. Ostrogorski's revised edition of his now classic work, "La Démocratie et les Partis Politiques," published in one volume at 6s. by Calmann-Lévy, Paris, and brought down to the end of 1911.

I own that Lord Hugh Cecil's book is rather disappointing—disappointing, perhaps, because one's inclination is to judge his work by a high standard. He and Mr. Balfour are the only two prominent Conservatives who have a capacity for originality, for recognising and weighing ideas, and for realising the importance of philosophy in politics. It is true that Lord Hugh never displayed this faculty to the same extent as Mr. Balfour; but I think he has given evidence that he possesses it sufficiently not to have made some of the statements that he does make in this book, and, on the other hand, to have mentioned certain things that he does not mention.

Briefly summing up the Christian political philosophy would appear to be this: it is not sufficient for the State to be based on justice alone; for justice, strictly administered, would often result in hardship to the individual. Nor can an adequate guarantee against the claims of gratitude. But, as the State must be based on something of a permanent character, let it be based on the Christian religion.

Assuming that we were disposed to adopt this principle, the first thing that we should naturally want to know would be: What precisely is the Christian religion, or on what particular form of it shall we base our State? It is here that Lord Hugh seems to hedge. He demands that the State shall recognize religion: "Conservatism insists on the national acceptance of Christianity, and desires to reconcile that acceptance with complete toleration of all sorts of opinion on religious matters." As, however, there are several religious sects, the problem of bringing up the child "is to be solved by accepting the parent as the arbiter of his child's faith, and putting the State into the position of the parent's deputy, faithfully carrying out, without bias, the directions that the parent may give and teaching the child with equal efficacy and zeal whatever religious opinions the parent's chosen denomination may profess. In this way the State really safeguards the religious life of the people without making any particular sect the body a privileged favourite."

With all due deference to the authority of Lord Hugh Cecil, it must be stated that this plan is hopelessly impracticable. If we are to base the State on Christianity in the form of Christianity for others we otherwise should have as many States within States as there are sects in Christianity. Besides, it must be clear enough to Lord Hugh that there is no one form of Protestant Christianity which can recommend itself to the people of this country, even if they were disposed to accept his principle. There is a Greek orthodox form, and there is a Roman Catholic form; and each one of these two types is supreme in its own domain. And is the supreme Protestant type—The High Church of England? The Low Church of England? The Free Church of Scotland? The Lutheranism of Germany? The truth is, Lord Hugh's plan is an anarchical plan, and not a Protestant one, with its utter lack of a spiritual ruler, is the anarchical form of Christianity. A thorough theological criticism will go much further. The New Testament, on which Lord Hugh stakes his stand, preaches an anarchical religion: and the Greek and Roman Churches owe their spiritual authority, not to the New Testament, but to the pagan elements which they have absorbed from other sources —i.e., the more these Churches exercise spiritual authority, the more they divest themselves of their Christian characteristics.

Apart from this objection, there is another fundamental error: which, it seems to be, vitiates Lord

Hugh's book from beginning to end; and that is the assumption that the form of Conservatism he justly ascribes to the Conservative Party in the past is represented by that party now. Our other seems to have heard of the Caucus. He has a chapter on "Modern Conservatism," which he traces, although not with the requisite completeness, down to 1895; and then he says: "We are now approaching too near the controversies of contemporary politics to make desirable in a book of this kind to proceed further in our historical survey." On the contrary, a survey of contemporary politics and the influence of Conservatism on them would greatly add to the value of the book. Lord Hugh could then have told us how the introduction of the Caucus completely altered the whole aspect of our political system; how the Home Rule split brought a large body of Liberals into the Conservative camp; how Conservatism was tinged accordingly with the principles of Liberalism; and how the capitalist elements in the party led to a neglect of the land problem. Further, had Lord Hugh written his "undertaken to draw us how the Tariff Reform campaign split the party from top to bottom; how he himself was threatened in his own constituency, and wandered in the wilderness until he found a refuge at Oxford; how his brother, Lord Robert Cecil, an equally ardent Free Trader, got into the House of Commons until he made some show of adhering to Tariff Reform; and how the unworthy intrigues of the least Conservative elements in the Conservative Party led to the retirement of even Mr. E. H. Smith. Much of this story has already been told, and I myself have helped to tell it; but what new light would have been thrown on it had Lord Hugh only continued his survey?

Now, Lord Hugh Cecil, while it does not appear from his book that he has ever heard of the Caucus, has nevertheless heard somewhere that something is wrong:

"If this be true," mind you! This cautious "if" occurs in a book written by one of our most experienced politicians—and that at a time when the influence of the Caucus was never more needed than it is now. The Caucuses, Government and Opposition, are working hand in glove; when public money is being slung abroad and thither at the rate of thousands of pounds a week to bolster up measures, such as the Insurance Act, which have been approved by the Caucuses, though detested by the people; when the power of the private member was never smaller; when the House of Commons reeks with corruption; when Cabinet Ministers, even, speculate after having previously "rigged" the markets; and when Stock Exchange "tips" are bandied about the lobbies. In the name of Lord Hugh's ideal type of Christianity, whatever it may be, does he imagine that the public have neither eyes nor ears, even if they are not, as the Caucus assert, able to utilise the information acquired through these organs?

Ostrogorski has no need to be so reticent. A translation of an earlier edition of his work was published several years ago, and is known to all who take an interest in English or American political history. His analysis of the decline of Conservatism and the rise of Liberalism in the early years of the ninetenth century has never been surpassed, or even equalled. His description of the great rise of the Caucus is almost perfect. And Ostrogorski's book is so excellent because he has no particular interests to serve. He is a foreign observer with a keen analytical and original mind, and few men living have a more profound knowledge of political science and of the history of politics.
With these qualifications, joined to a style which is almost pitiful in its cold, logical analysis, Ostrogorski will not be appealed to in vain if we wish for an independent opinion regarding our present political situation.

In the first place, Ostrogorski recognises that, since he first saw the English political parties, the political party has come into being—viz., the Labour Party. The Conservative Party and the Liberal Party still remain. But Ostrogorski, like any other political scientist, is not content with mere names. He wants to know, naturally enough, what these parties stand for. As if these names stood for political entities; but, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to distinguish the characteristics peculiar to one party or the other. There is no longer a body of Liberal or Conservative doctrine, nor even a Liberal or Conservative temperament—at all events, any difference there may be in this temperament no longer makes itself felt in political action. Those ideas or aspirations which for a quarter of a century have fought for political influence have partitioned and adversities in each of the classic parties, Conservatism, Free Trade and Protection, social reform, are no longer the monopoly of either party.

As for the new party—the Labour Party itself—it represents a separate organisation rather than independent ideas. The semi-Socialism which it puts forward now figures among the stock-in-trade of the Liberal Party, and is translated into legal enactments only because it is accepted by the Liberal Party, and only in proportion as it is accepted by the Liberal Party.

The so-called Conservative Party, while representing the rights and claims of property, flirts with the claims of Labour tending to which are openly Socialistic. The legatee of the old aristocratic order, and supporting itself preferably on those forces which incarnate the old feudal spirit—this party in 1910 raised the flag of democracy pure and simple by proposing to introduce the Referendum on all important questions, not merely constitutional questions, but those concerned with ordinary legislation.

These statements will hardly be denied in political circles; but they would undoubtedly be questioned by the average newspaper reader. For it is difficult to get the modern Englishman to believe that the politics of the party he supports are as unreal as observers of the present political situation know them to be. The Insurance Act may be taken as an instance in proof. Every politician knows perfectly well that it is the most unpopular measure passed within the memory of any living man. The opposition leaders have only to go to the country with the declaration that they will repeal the Insurance Act, and they would come back to power with a huge majority. Will they do so? Certainly not. Mr. Bonar Law once said in the House of Commons that it was the intention of his party to repeal the Act. But the Caucus bosses, headed by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, made him eat his words that very afternoon.

Why the anti-traditional, and consequently anti-Conservative, Insurance Act will be allowed to stand is explained by Ostrogorski clearly enough, although he is not referring to this specific instance. Ostrogorski deals with another important feature of our politics. We have all heard of the swing of the pendulum. There are certain people who will always vote "Liberal," just as there are others who will always vote "Conservative": no argument will appeal to them. Our own papers have acknowledged that less than ten per cent. of the electorate can change the entire situation. Ostrogorski sets the number at five per cent., and he proceeds to inquire why such a thing as the "swing" exists at all. He notes the remarkable phenomenon that the "swing" became noticeable only when the Caucus appeared. He reminds us, and no doubt informs some of us, came into existence because the voting elements had hitherto been "unstable." The new Franchise Acts had added large numbers to the mass of voters, and the political parties did not quite know how they were to manage the growth of some organisation which should, so to speak, stereotype the electorate. The parties did not represent the "people," and it was necessary to crush out independent candidates. The electors, the Caucus, the Labour M.P., one by one, voted despairingly, at the end of every five years or so, for the parties alternately. "In other words," says Ostrogorski, "the swing of the pendulum is no more representative of the development of opinion than the parties themselves were before the appearance of the Caucus and its leaders. The candidates did not represent the "people", and it only leads to the installation of one rigid party in power in the place of another."

The difference between representative government and government by delegates is as well known to Ostrogorski as it was to Burke, even though most of our modern English politicians appear to have forgotten the distinction. He says:

The members of Parliament no longer represent the electorate as they did formerly. The personal and local element is no longer the predominant influence in the formation of their constituencies. The candidate is now, in most cases, a stranger to his constituency and to the district in which it is situated. His personal qualities, and even his character, are no longer his chief qualifications. What is demanded of him, besides a well-lined purse, is strict political orthodoxy, implicit adherence to the policy of his party, to his leaders, and to all the measures proposed by them... Instead of being a representative, he is rather a delegate, a sort of clerk or shopman who is ordered about, who receives his instructions from the "party," or, more correctly, from the party leaders. In a word, the member now sits in Parliament not so much for this or that constituency of his own, but for the Labour M.P. or the Liberal M.P. and the Labour or Liberal member of the Caucus, in the course of its still short career, died mortal blows. From the time of its formation it threw itself upon all the old parties, wrenched the last breath from the lungs of classic Radicalism, already on the point of death, and helped enormously in dethroning whiggism. But nowhere did it bring about such ravages as in the Conservative Party. It was the main factor in the situation which has at length resulted in a fact the consequences of which cannot yet be adequately gauged: the fact that in England, this out-and-out Conservative country, there is no longer a Conservative Party. Only the mere name is left—an organisation working under this title. And we cannot tell whether the operations of this organisation will lead the "Conservative Party" where will these operations have led the party to-morrow, where will they have led it the day after tomorrow? To the path of the most extreme democracy, already indicated by the adoption of the Referendum, or to some other?
on his behalf at electoral contests. Later on, it is with the co-operation of such men that he will be chosen as a Parliamentary candidate. Then he, in his turn, mounts guard over the influence of the great leaders in his district; he endeavours to stamp out the sparks of revolt against them, he comes to their defence when a conflict breaks out. If his own position is threatened locally one of the party will travel down to London to fix matters up. Thus throughout the party there is formed a sort of official corporation, the members of which—five fellows, no doubt, in other respects—support one another and manipulate the party.

And then there is this silly bit, when Ostrogorsky is referring to the selection of Labour candidates: “A candidate with a wealthy trade union behind him will always stand the best chance of being chosen, whatever his personal worth may be, and especially if he is a marriageable girl with a good dowry.” A poor man of independent mind has even a smaller chance of becoming a Labour M.P. than he has of being chosen by one of the middle-class parties.

Before concluding, I should like to draw attention to that well-known chapter of Ostrogorsky’s book headed “Le Bilan,” which he has revised. He notes the gravity of the fact that the voters are so apathetic. “Self-help is no longer the national religion. The Englishman is becoming more accustomed to having things done for him. . . . The spirit and methods of the Caucus, which tend to the obliteration of personality, were nourished by these new social tendencies which helped to develop them. One of the most intelligent of English ‘organisers’ recently said to me, by way of defending the party organisations, ‘People are less and less inclined to move for themselves.’ But it may be retorted that the argument applies both ways, and that the fault is partly that of the party organisations themselves.

It is impossible to quote all the good things in a closely printed volume of more than 700 pages. Chapter XIII, in the section on “The Decline of the Parties,” mercilessly analyses the position of the Labour members from 1906 onwards—the new spirit they introduced into the House of Commons, their sincerity, their power; and then their gradual petrification, their sinewy absorption by the Liberals. There is a short “Note” at the end of the volume, in which Ostrogorsky replies to the criticisms of his previous work on the subject, written some twelve years ago, and in which he politely “snuffs out” Mr. Graham Wallas and his biological theories. One of the best-known mumpkins is never dismisscd as follows in a footnote: “Mr. Ramsay Mac- Donald, the theorist of the Labour Party. . . .” This note, by the way, refers to the criticisms directed against the Labour Party because they showed no particular desire to alter the existing rigid Caucus system. Ostrogorsky shows that the Labour Party does not really desire to change anything: its members expect one day to take the place of the Liberals; and, to use his own expression, they regard everything Liberal as their “heritage”.

With their thoughts directed to the hour when they shall take the place of the Liberal Party in the economy of English political life, the leaders of the Labour Party are already jealously mounting guard around this heritage, fearing to see it spoilt in any way by new methods, such as proportionate representation, which would locate them in the future majority; their plan is to keep for themselves all the benefits of the orthodox system of parties. Again, in the organisation of their own party, they are for the older party. . . . Up to the present the Labour Party has done nothing but add a third Caucus to the two already existing.

This “heritage” is the clue to many puzzling aspects of the Labour leaders, who fight not one day to supplant the Liberal leaders, but naturally assuming the characteristics of the Liberal Party, even when these characteristics have nothing to do with the Labour movement as such—Puritanism, at one time, Mazzinianism, at another, advocacy of Home Rule, a parish-pump view of foreign politics. But for further remarks on our system of politics I must refer the reader to one of the most wonderful books on political science ever written.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

Theodora Rediviva.

She did not after all, then, as readers of Disraeli’s “Lothair” will have believed, die from a papal Zouave’s random shot. Eight days after her capture by Viterbo, which her inspiration and encouragement alone had turned from a Garibaldian defeat into a decisive victory for the Italian Nationalists. Or rather the highly endowed lady that without knowing it served as the model for the hero of this portrait. Theodora reminds us in the flesh for more than a generation after her first introduction to English readers. Subsequently to her celebration in Beaconsfield’s penultimate romance, she fitfully reappeared in a little read, long since forgotten, story about the International. We say “fitfully” not standing these two attempts to attenuate her into fiction, among the living personal forces of the time must still be reckoned the gifted cosmopolitan who, before and after serving as the original for Colonel Campian’s wife, has, in her comparative seclusion, advised and animated the leaders of the social and political European advance. London circles she seldom visits; with all classes of the great manufacturing capitals north of the Thames she has an autograph. Theodora reminds us during the fifties by David Urquhart, or by his disciple, the late Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, nearer to our own day.

And this because she does not soil her fingers with party politics, but, allowing women to acquire the knowledge which acquaints the operatives and artisans, from the Humber to the Cheviots, who have learned to distrust newspapers, with the true meaning of those great contemporary issues which party leaders try to manipulate but never fairly face. Their prodigious reading life is spent in an open book. Socialism, collectivism, syndicalism, are to her attacks not on society, which is an institution based on human nature on the law of development, and, therefore, impregnable, but on a certain adaptation of means to ends contrived long ago. But in this transitory and, therefore, brought into ridicule by self-help is more and more inclined to move for themselves. . . . “Self-help is more and more inclined to move for themselves.”

I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England’s green and pleasant land.

Towards that end Theodora sees reason to think the heterogeneous units may be now amalgamating. The burden of the centuries is the failure of their greatest movements to fulfill the expectations raised. Christianity in its beginnings was a religion for the poor, but the Church, once established, became the stronghold for feudalism, and its chief clergy the pillars of the court. Still, even from its ashes the fire of inspiration has never quite died out. The most intense and far-reaching forms in which human energy has expressed itself have been of Hebrew origin. Without going back to primitive Christianity, which the new age would put far behind, we see that in the nineteenth-century Socialism, rooted in Hegel’s philosophy, made itself a system in the hands of two Prussian Jews, Marx and Lassalle. Then she looks to Russia. There she sees Israeli brains on the platform and in the Press, confronting and fighting with every kind of modern experience Hamlet’s text, “The time is out of joint.”

“I draw,” she says, “no horoscope, but only say the prophetic instinct of the Semite mind never lost the feeling of the Bible. . . . a clear, practical writer, such as Yuskievitch, is not likely to have wasted his gifts on chimeras. Trace the stream of international sympathy traversing English literature from William Langland to William Cowper. For all domestic purposes the Corn Law rhymer, Ebenezer Elliott, was in his way as
effective a poet as Tyrtae. The chief notes of his music have been ringing like a refrain through the most representative English verse till they have swelled into their most powerful cadence in one of the really greatest modern English singers, William Morris. Bear in mind also the deepest stimulus in the direction indicated by the names of the eighteenth century William Blake and the Victorian Charles Kingsley.

"To-day," Theodora resumes, "you have no literary teachers. If so, and you have not been to the calibre of those just named, they would tell you that the platform and publicist diagnosis of the malady called universal unrest is false. Society has no disease, and is in no danger. England wants what Russia has been given in Bulgaria. If he had told his own people, that all the trouble comes from nothing but your mere social arrangements not being, in the slang of the times, up-to-date. Nor can it be said that either pulpist or Press does to-day for England what might have been done by a born servant of his generation like Thomas Arnold. Your newspapers have ceased to be even the organs of a party and have become the trade sheets of syndicates and gangs. Your Church has degenerated into a kind of Dutch auction conducted by men whose only idea is to outbid each other in the direction of Rome, and whose highest ambition would be gratified if Rome bought them and swallowed them up on her own terms. For of all industrial delusions the greatest is that of playing into the hands of the Ritualists, otherwise the Anglicans, perhaps the unconsolable sympathy mutually uniting actual or potential law-breakers. In that way, indeed, there may be hastened Disestablishment, by which, so far as it affected them at all, the masses could only stand to lose. A Church of England mediocrity beyond the present point would, in fact as well as appearance, be Romanism established, with as little of material as of spiritual profit to the children of toil."

Such are Thoedora's latest notions of the necessities of the time, and their best method of supply—less poetical and less lofty than those to which she gave utterance in the pages of "Lothair," the expressions now of experience rather than enthusiasm, and so compact of matter generally for instruction and always for thought. International heroines, or those who might have served as models for them, were familiar in real life long before Dorrrell introduced Mrs. Campian to his readers. Throughout the nineteenth-century's first half no member of the petticoated sex of ambiguous ante-diluvian rank without soon being identified as one of Palmerston's secret agents. Since then the final stage of every London season has brought its particular lioness, certainly not to be charged with the malady called universal unrest. They have left the world with wonderful optimism every Sunday night for three or four years, that "England is risen and the day is here," we broke up. The society remains. It is larger and has more commodious premises, but it is not what it was. They are a bloodless sort now, who manipulate billiard balls where we manipulated empires. One feels that fact as well as appearance, be Romanism established, with as little of material as of spiritual profit to the children of toil."

A FEW years ago the intellect of England gathered in a small room—ambitiously described as an institute—in a back street in a provincial town. They were unknown and unrecognised, as the intellect of a country always is. This did not disturb them, for they had a tremendous and unquenchable faith in their mission. I know all this, for I was one of them.

It would be untrue to say that we solved social problems. To us there was nothing so complicated as a problem about the whole thing. It was amazingly simple. The defrauded condition of the worker—or the wage-slave, as we preferred to call him—and the total depravity of the capitalist (accented on the second syllable) were the outstanding, or the only, facts in the situation. All the evils around us arose from the private ownership of "the means of production, distribution, and exchange." This ritual phrase was often contracted into "The System." How we attacked the system! The scathing eloquence! The force of righteous indignation! I have sometimes thought that the moral heat engendered positively killed off the bacilli, thus explaining how any of us in that small and malodorous little centre of intellectual light escaped some sort of septic disease. Few stones of our social edifice would have remained standing had our powers been equal to our desires. The Persian poet did not desire more earnestly than we to 'shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire.' We would even have invoked the machinery of the capitalist law of libel if anybody had called us 'bourgeois' or 'respectable.' But nobody did.

"Where is that barony now?" After proclaiming with wonderful optimism every Sunday night for three or four years, that "England is risen and the day is here," we broke up. The society remains. It is larger and has more commodious premises, but it is not what it was. They are a bloodless sort now, who manipulate billiard balls where we manipulated empires. One feels with Mr. Polly, that "He's fair enough of a man." Passing the discarded "Institute" last week, we had a melancholy reminder of the departed glories of the days that were. And we were forced to ask ourselves some questions. Since those days we have left the world of the economic text-book for the world as it is. We have seen five years of legislative activity which then were subject of speculation. More instructive than all, fate has directed us to many meetings of Poor Law Guardians. For one thing we of the Institute could take credit.

We knew where we wanted to get. Our goal may have been the wrong one, but we had a goal, and that fact gave us a dignity and a title of respect which are lacking to many modern "progressive" social thinkers. We said we wanted the State to own the means of production and distribution. We contrasted the Socialist theory of society, which is a perfectly comprehensible one, with the Manchester School theory, which is equally comprehensible. We said it was a fallacy to believe that the individual subserves his own ends could be best subserved the interests of society. Rather, we retorted, see that Society is on a right basis, and that will prove to be best also for the individual. That was the antithesis; it was a very simple matter then.

Since that time two facts have been forced on us-

"Alas!" came the low-voiced reply, of all pangs which can agonise the heart, surely the bitterest is to feel, to think and to foreknow when one has no power to influence."

"I think," was the only rejoinder from Benjamin Jowett's cherubic little voice, "we shall find lunch on the table downstairs."
The first is that individualism—the Manchester School brand—is as dead as Queen Anne. The second is that what is taking its place is not Socialism, but something else.

We passed the “Institute” in an evil hour, for we had in the past two days attended two meetings which supplied a sufficient commentary on the deliberations for the benefit of England which had taken place in that home of economic freedom and carbon dioxide. One was a meeting of the Board of Guardians at which a resolution was carried “affirming the necessity for labour colonies.” The other was an education committee meeting at which an enthusiastic chairman had explained to a sympathetic audience the proposals of the Consultative Committee on attendance and continuation schools. “The committee have already suggested,” says this delightful report, “the raising of the school age to fourteen. They are prepared to go further, and recommend that no boy or girl under sixteen years of age shall be allowed to leave school, even at fourteen, unless they can show that they are going to be properly occupied.”

Recalling those two meetings in the light of one’s recollection of the institute discussions, one saw what had happened to read clamours involved two things—a State compulsion and a State guarantee. We are getting the compulsion, but not the guarantee. Take first the charming proposal that the children of the poor shall be compulsorily detained at school until “suitable employment” is found. The Socialist said the boy was the child of the State, which was under an obligation to provide employment for him, and which should educate him with that view in view. Your view, but at any rate it was a reasonable position. The proposal of this committee recognises the duty of the State to be educated, but does not give him the return which the Socialist State would provide. “The State must produce efficient citizens,” said the Socialist. “Yes,” replies the legislator, and he proceeds to produce them—for the benefit of the private employer. The same tendency is in the proposal to establish labour colonies. The Socialist was quite logical. He said the man who did not work should not eat. He would have the tram work, but he would also have made the duke work. The ruling classes, like the immortal Brer Rabbit, “lay hands on the tiller and the hammer away against the ingrown British distrust of State compulsion. They waited until he had bowled it over, and then they stepped in—to propose that the tram should work; but they did not propose a labour colony for the duke. The result is that we have a serious proposition that men should be compelled to work for the profit of other men. There was some kind of dignity in the proposal that every man should be compelled to contribute towards the co-operative commonwealth. But we are insisting on the contribution without establishing the co-operative commonwealth.

One sees clearly what was wrong with us. We talked of Social Democracy, but overlooked the fact that democracy is what we have not got. We thought the State was the people, and that we participated ourselves. But the State means the middle class. The Philistine employer, the middle-class plutocrat, the vulgar self-made man is not transformed into an angel by the State compulsion. They waited until he had bowled it over, and then they stepped in—to propose that the tram should work; but they did not propose a labour colony for the duke. The result is that we have a serious proposition that men should be compelled to work for the profit of other men. There was some kind of dignity in the proposal that every man should be compelled to contribute towards the co-operative commonwealth. But we are insisting on the contribution without establishing the co-operative commonwealth.

Some Manifestations of Orangeism.

By Peter Fanning.

BELFAST in 1885 was not a nice place to soldier in. Wherever one went, the theatre, the music-hall, the pleasure steamer or public bar, one discovered the Orangemen and Nationalists, scowling, snarling and cursing each other. On the public highway, a Roman collar was sure to subject the wearer to volleys of blasphemy. The scrape of the grim citizens of the State appealed to possess the power of converting the Orange viragos into very demons of destruction. They would pelt the inoffensive religious with dead dogs, cats, rats, or the garbage of the gutter, accompanied with language equally foul. Of an evening, when work was done, the Orangemen from the Queen’s Island, the most cowardly pack of hooligans to be found in any country, would swarm over Ballymacarrot Bridge, their pockets filled with nuts and bolts. Suddenly they would turn into some side street and in a few moments, house or shop occupied by a Nationalist would be reduced to ruins.

As the year ’85 wore on things grew gradually worse. Sometimes in the middle of the night the bugle would sound the “fall in on the double.” Then we would have to barricade the hospital, which was the nearest place to ourselves, unless they could show that they were going to be properly occupied by a Nationalist would be reduced to ruins.

It was a meeting of the Board of Guardians at which a resolution was carried “affirming the necessity for labour colonies.” The other was an education committee meeting at which an enthusiastic chairman had explained to a sympathetic audience the proposals of the Consultative Committee on attendance and continuation schools. “The committee have already suggested,” says this delightful report, “the raising of the school age to fourteen. They are prepared to go further, and recommend that no boy or girl under sixteen years of age shall be allowed to leave school, even at fourteen, unless they can show that they are going to be properly occupied.”

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One sees clearly what was wrong with us. We talked of Social Democracy, but overlooked the fact that democracy is what we have not got. We thought the State was the people, and that we participated ourselves. But the State means the middle class. The Philistine employer, the middle-class plutocrat, the vulgar self-made man is not transformed into an angel by the State compulsion. They waited until he had bowled it over, and then they stepped in—to propose that the tram should work; but they did not propose a labour colony for the duke. The result is that we have a serious proposition that men should be compelled to work for the profit of other men. There was some kind of dignity in the proposal that every man should be compelled to contribute towards the co-operative commonwealth. But we are insisting on the contribution without establishing the co-operative commonwealth.
ing the Orange movement were determined that we should be got rid of and hell let loose. On the morning of September 21, being orderly to the Paymaster-General, I drew the post at the General Post Office and returned to barracks. Whilst at breakfast the bugle sounded, "A, B, C, and D Companies fall in at the double." Assembled on parade, we were ordered to pack our traps and appear on parade again in thirty minutes in full marching order. We had no idea what this movement meant, but in half an hour we fell in again, and a few minutes later marched out of Queen Street Barracks. Once in the street we soon learned that the enemy had triumphed and that we were being impounded.

The streets were lined with weeping women and children; many of protection were being hurried away. As we approached the General on the Curragh.

"... the departure from Belfast is a matter of history. For my

* "Mr. Morley, why you bundled the Inniskillings leaving Belfast in 1885?"

"... I was positive had we been allowed to remain there would have been no riots?"

"... I was in no way responsible for the Inniskillings leaving Belfast in 1885."

"... Well, sir, seeing that you were Chief Secretary I have always held you responsible for our removal and what followed."

"... Ah, Mr. Fanning, it is evident you don't know Dublin Castle."

That was enough for me. In office but not in power is what that reply amounted to. Here we see the whole terrible business being engineered by an unknown power sitting in Dublin Castle. Hundreds of people were shot at political party purposes. Are we going to witness a similar infernal drama enacted with the

third Home Rule Bill as accompanied the first?

THE SEQUEL.

Ten years afterwards, in 1895, I had occasion to interview Mr. John Morley (now Lord Morley) in connection with a certain matter. When the business in hand was disposed of, I asked him, "Would you mind telling me, Mr. Morley, why you bundled the Inniskillings out of Belfast in 1885? I ask, because I am positive had we been allowed to remain there would have been no riots?"

"Mr. Morley: "I was in no way responsible for the Inniskillings leaving Belfast in 1885."

"Well, sir, seeing that you were Chief Secretary I have always held you responsible for our removal and what followed."

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Patria Mia.
By Ezra Pound.

V.

I have mentioned this matter, and I may seem to attach to it an undue importance. I can only answer that a dead rat is no great affair unless it gets clogged in your water supply.

I have declared my belief in an imminent American Risorgimento. I have no desire to flatter my country into any belief that we are at present enduring anything except the Dark Ages.

The foreign critic going to America to fill his pockets finds flattery an all too easy means to his end. He makes the path of anyone who cares for coming improvement or present diagnosis that much the harder. It is of no great matter. Let us jeer him and pass to our matrons.

A Risorgimento means an intellectual awakening. This will have its effect not only in the arts, but in life, in politics, and in economics. If I seem to lay undue stress upon the status of the arts, it is only because the arts respond to an intellectual movement more swiftly and more apparently than do institutions, and not because there is any better reason for discussing them first.

A Risorgimento implies a whole volley of liberations; liberations from ideas, from stupidities, from conditions and from tyrannies of wealth or of arms.

One may as well begin by a discussion of ideas, their media of expression, and, in the present case, the means by which they are transported and kept in circulation. Among whom latter are these highly respected and very decrepit magazines.

I take their attitude toward poetry as typical of their mental status. I am told that their attitude toward prose articles on exploration is the same—and that by a man who'd been to God-knows-where and back without their assistance.

It is well known that in the year of grace 1870 Jehovah appeared to Messrs. Harper and Co. and to the editors of "The Century," "The Atlantic," and certain others, and spake thus: "The style of 1870 is the final and divine revelation. Keep things always just as they are now." And they, being earnest, God-fearing men, did abide by the words of the Almighty, and great credit and honour accrued unto them, for had they not divine warrant?

And if you do not believe me, open a number of "Harper's" for 1888 and one for 1908. And I defy you to find any difference, save on the page where the date is.

Hence, when I say openly that there is more artistic impulse in America than in any country in Europe, I am in no peril of being believed. The documents are against me.

And when I add that there is no man now living in America whose art in letters is of the slightest interest, I am held for paradoxical. And the answer to that is, that there is practically no one in America who knows good work from bad—no such person, I mean, who is part of the system for circulation.

It is cheering to reflect that America accepted Whitman when he was properly introduced to them by William Michael Rossetti, and not before then.

When a young man in America, having the instincts and interiors of a poet, begins to write, he finds no one to say to him: "Put down exactly what you feel and mean! Say it as briefly as possible and avoid all sham of ornament. Learn what technical excellence you can from a direct study of the masters, and pay no attention to the suggestions of anyone who has not himself produced notable work in the particular kind of poetry you are writing."

Longinus has aforetime advised, what such or such a master would think if he heard your verses."

On the contrary, he receives from editors such missives as this: "Mr. Tiddelkins, your work, etc., is very interesting, etc., etc., but you will have to pay more attention to conventional form if you want to make a commercial success of it."

This comes from Mr. Tiddelkins, who has a kindly feeling for you. It is sent in good faith. And nothing terrestrial or supernal can get Mr. T. to see it in any light but his own. He has been brought up to respect eighteenth-century fashions. He has never once considered any fundamental issue of art or of aesthetics. He has been taught that one fashion is good. He is ubiquitous. (There is one man who learned 1890 instead of 1870, but he is equally stationary.)

A judgment a priori!! Never!! The person of the sacred emperor in a low tea-house?

Of course, art and prosperous magazines are eternally incompatible, for it is the business of the artist to tell the truth whoever mislike it, and it is the business of the magazine editor to maintain his circulation. The thing needful is that the young artist be taught a sufficiently gallant contempt for magazines and publications as such. A good poet is not eternally incompatible, for it is the business of the

sacred emperor in a

Atlantic." There are any number of young people in America who know no better.
I met a man in New York. He is over thirty, he has never had time to get "educated." I liked some of his lyrics. I said, "Give me some more and I'll take 'em to London and have 'em published."

I found the rest of his work, poem after poem, spoiled. I said: "Why do you do this and this?" He said: "They told me: "Why don't you do this and this?""

Same answer. I said: "Why do you say that you don't mean in order to get more rhymes than you need?" He said: "They told me it was paucity of rhyme if I didn't."

Then he read me the chorus of a play—in splendid movement. The form was within it and of it. And I said: "Mother of God! Why do you do that sort of thing all the time?" And he said: "Oh! I didn't know that was poetry. I just did it as I wanted to—just as I felt it."

And, of course, the way to "succeed," as they call it, is to comply. To comply to formulae, and to formulae not based on any knowledge of the art or any care for it. Take example: A lady met me and gushed over me in one in a London studio. She approached me with belittling humility. "Would I favour your magazine, or did I look for much upon all the things American?"

So I sent them a grammatical exercise, scrupulously correct, and gathered avowedly from the Greek anthologies.

And they wrote that they were delighted, and paid me for the welfare of things at large.

And, of course, the man has done this sort of thing until he's tired of?" And there you have it. There is no interest whatever in ascertaining whether new things, which reads once and no more. In his recent much-discussed epistle on the suffragette incendiaries, an epistle which we certainly may consider as an essay, he, indeed, marshals what appear to be merely the current facts, journalist's matter; but threading altogether in a string of philosophical terms such as serious men use who have searched for, and found, the lasting truth, and are ready to espouse, that the original idea, single and final, should emerge from the mind of a writer who addresses us in exact terms; otherwise we shall be inclined to turn away contemptuously as from a prattler in logic, an amateur sage.

Mr. Shaw's column and a quarter reduces conveniently to a series of syllogisms, three of these perfect in form, though false, as the text-books say, in "content." The fourth is imperfect. We take them in their almost cruelly clear order. (1) To set fire to a theatre is a serious crime: the suffragettes have set fire to a theatre: they have committed a serious crime. (2) Persons who commit serious crime must be restrained: the suffragettes have committed a serious crime: they must be restrained. (3) The Government's responsibility for a prisoner's possible self-starvation is met by offering him food: the Government has offered food to the incendiaries: the Government's responsibility has been met.

So far as this, the public, indeed, has long ago reason for itself. But surely there are more things in Mr. Shaw's philosophy world than the ordinary world has dreamed of? He is not so carefully tracking our infant footsteps in logic just to prove us merely lost in the wilderness, fallen hopelessly upon an arid dilemma? Here are we all, pilgrims through a difficult tract, and suddenly beset by a species of being so unsocial and outside reason that, as Mr. Shaw himself writes, it must be restrained "just as necessarily as a tiger must be restrained." It would be too like nagging us to elaborate the details of our plight without suggesting a way out: we should be reminded of those thoughtless ladies who place pet animals in bewildering positions just to see how the creatures will extricate themselves. We all know the "cold logic" of the situation. How are we to deal with it? Clearly we cannot comply with the demands of a tigrish creature. Yet we do not wish to destroy it utterly. What is to be done?

Mr. Shaw presents us with his final and imperfect syllogism: the public would tell a dangerous criminal to starve and be damned: the incendiaries are dangerous criminals: the public would damn the Government.

And that is possible—as the Government knows. So, with all his logical paraphernalia, our philosopher proves to have been merely amusing himself with the general dilemma, he reproaches the Government with being in the wrong over the point at issue. But so far as there are any signs, the nation is clearly on the side of the Government. Public opinion rejects the suffrage and approves the restraint of the more furious women. If we were discussing the case of the suffragettes, we might declare that a way out of the dilemma

* (On very different lines from a society of similar name now making itself ridiculous in England.) Poetry is not a sort of embroidery, cross-stitch, crochet, for pension-naires, nor yet a post-prandial soporific for the bourgeoisie. We need the old feud between the artist and the snigger portions of the community revived with some virulence for the welfare of things at large.

4This article was written some weeks before I had any notion that I should make foreign representative of this new periodical. —E. P.
they have created will be found by the public itself, that will neither grant the vote to women nor suffer assault without retaliation. We might say that it is not at all certain that the public would be horrified by the suicide of a suffragette, if less certain, perhaps, since Shaw has written the name "tiger" by which many persons are accustomed to think of these mad women. The calculation of feeling is outside logic.

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Chela (English: pupil or disciple) lectured, drowsily, complacently. Complacency, indeed, was a sort of hallmark here, and wondrous chose it resembled a vacuum of insolence. One might look up to encounter a naked stare; and it was a very new Chela that would trouble to blink in imitation of a conciliatory smile. The lectures were usually mere poor paraphrases of some mystical book. But one Sunday I sat listening to a lecture, and for the first time more absorbed in what was being said than in the miraculous portrait of Blavatsky which commands the room: I never feared of gazing at those seemingly lucid but unfathomable eyes. And I heard a voice, serene and political, resolutions, clearings, room of stupidity and pretentiousness, creating a place for wisdom. It is not possible for me to explain how from hearing a lecture on gnosticism I should have been persuaded to give up fluttering amid mysteries aspiring to talk, to packing a bag, and I tell how, to most cold fit of exaltation, I came to goad myself into no work it out!" he answered, smiling, but not even glancing up. I stumbled out and wept almost the whole night through. I realised that he was deliberately leaving me to my fate, that he had deliberately avoided me all the while. A resolution to see him early in the morning and beg his advice sent me to sleep. I rose at seven and waited in a fever for an hour and a half. Then I knocked at his sitting-room door expecting to find him preparing for his studio duties. He answered smiling, but not even as a blank finger-post.

"What would you do?" I insisted. And he began to make fables about the Karma of interference, laughing, almost mocking. Oh, well, I shall go and see what happens," I burst out, exasperated. "You neglect me as you neglected the dog!" "Wrong!" he returned. "And now I cancel your naughty and wretched and plaguey remark in case to-morrow you should sigh over it. Those three adjectives make us quits. Do you not see that you are on the blank side of the wall? No directions to be had! Work it out." "You are going away?" "Not for long, I hope. I have a job to do. But don't lose touch with me." So we parted cheerfully, I think.

My cheerfulness scarcely lasted over the day. I could not read and shirked going out. Many times I resolved to write now, this very moment, to the Bear. But the pride that allowed me to resolve forbade me to resolve aimlessly. I began the letter. From an opening tone of "I know how when now thou dost come, knocking, and variously disguised, I salute thee: 'Thou Aphirote? But have I not seen thee unmasked? Thou must try one door and another, but my windows open above every entrance. Mockery sends thee away, from a shrug thou fliest, but a simple glance thou canst least endure. The lustful moth at a lamp perishes not more surely than thou before the Light of the Bear. It is not thee, but the Goddess of whom thou art the parody.

Behold me, sitting in the "Silent" library, with a book in my hands—and doing nothing but gaze at a young man. We two were alone. At first my glance had been casual, next it was interested, then it became fascinated, and, at last, helplessly bewitched. I cannot say whether I love him. Afterwards, scarcely a single feature remained clear to memory. I was out looking at his aura, an ocean of brilliant lights within a diamond. At last I awakened, coming in with a thunderously loud sigh. He looked up; and I instantly frowned. That was bad, pretentious and hypocritical, but his glance was not the kind to release me in laughter as ought to have happened. I had evidently disturbed him very much, for he simply looked, blinked and returned to his work. But if I had been beautifully enchanted before, I was now much less so by the merely malicious eyes I had ever seen. Scarcely I dared to breathe for fear of again attracting them—and I wanted nothing in all the world but to see them forever! I grew as loss as a fire, and as red. If he had risen and kissed me, I should have felt nothing but delight as in a lover's fortunate fulfilment of secret wish. I could no longer see any aura, and, indeed, the very room seemed to be sinking away from me, and my hands clung to the arm-chairs, and my heart, nearly stopping, disordered all my nerves, and a cold breath went like a wave of water through my blood. He was looking at me. His hands were spread over his face as he leaned back in the chair, and I felt sure... Someone entered, and I rushed away.

It was about an hour before the evening lecture, and I could hear that the small library was full of people: a new lecturer was expected. I went downstairs to a big quiet room and made for the dimmest corner. Here, conscience began to tell me I must go in a few minutes. What had become of all my fine disciplines, it inquired and it ended by rejecting me outright and advising me to take myself off from the pursuit of a harmony which I should never achieve. But when still I was not driven away, but literally with the sweep of my arm, I felt a virtue from the immortal gods, I found myself able to decide upon so sensible an affair as ordering a glass of hot milk in preparation for staying out the lecture; and, at a seasonable minute, I passed into the hall and settled down, deferring for later judgment my recent sensations and a timeless mental picture of the Bears. Suddenly there passed up the aisle beside me, brushing my sleeve, two graceful, swinging legs and the body, marvellous tall and fine it seemed to me, was the young man who had looked through my fingers. He sat down with a straight back at the lecturer's chair and sat down, very easily, very much at home. So this was Richard Argent, this—boy! Everybody had talked expectantly about him for days past; but the Chela prophesied miracles from every new lecturer—and my private state of perplexity had been too absorbing for curiosity regarding a mere name on a programme. I shrank as small as I could and prepared for an uneasy hour.

He rose smiling when the chairwoman concluded her deadly introduction, and casually correcting some garrulous information given, but dropped it, as it was. The group-auro of brown, smoke-like rings which usually hangs thick in the lecture hall, and which, once before, I had seen dissipated, cleared away under a spirit full of laughter and gay magic. He lent us the air of freedom, of green woods and sunny pastures, and
I, at least, scarcely noted at first how he was making fun of the Chela’s beloved solemnities.

But, clearly, the Chela itself sat enchanted. Jargon words were combined with the average frequency who would have supposed that the dust of years was being flicked around that room? Suddenly, I saw standing close by the platform—my friend! He was almost hidden by a heavy curtain. In my surprise, I lost some part of the lecture, later marvelling to think, who had not entered since the passing of Blavatsky. With a fall of confidence, I remembered my declaration of going away, my almost instant whim not to go, my collapse the afternoon. Wherever was I? What was I? Hiding behind my veil? Barmy in my head? The conclusion of all was an insistent command to be up and about my business, lest I should embark upon adventures which I might repent of beginning. What adventures? I knew very well, however, I was in love with that youth up there, with prudence, with raillery, but the conclusion of all was with shame most loftly, an insistent command to be up and about my business.

Arriving home, I thought I heard a cry? Was his job detestable, like mine? How long ago it had become clear to me that we two were different: when I least liked the Bear, he most increased my dislike. It is a mystery how I tolerated him; but such toleration is historical—besides, I had come to ‘work it out.’ How often did I not remember my friend, away, my almost instant whim not to go, my collapse the afternoon. Wherever was I? What was I? Hiding behind my veil? Barmy in my head? The conclusion of all was an insistent command to be up and about my business, lest I should embark upon adventures which I might repent of beginning. What adventures? I knew very well, however, I was in love with that youth up there, with prudence, with raillery, but the conclusion of all was with shame most loftly, an insistent command to be up and about my business.

The masculine family was engaged for six weeks at a circus, and five were still to run. The Big Bear received a long note, just not for needing me, and left it on the table. I packed my belongings, I knew not whence the words came, nor what was to remain with me of this address was being made as character develops. I dried my tears, seeing the end of all was that I consented not only to direct her, but to play for her on the stage as before; very gladly seizing the occasion to escape with her from a round of existence of which I detested and might not tolerate. The Big Bear, as ever, laughed and gambled and drank, and was amusing or violent, according to his humour. The boys bullied him or gave him his own way according to their humour; and the frequent disturbances were obviously part of both parties’ beautifying themselves there, who had not entered since the passing of Blavatsky. With a fall of confidence, I remembered my declaration of going away, my almost instant whim not to go, my collapse the afternoon. Wherever was I? What was I? Hiding behind my veil? Barmy in my head? The conclusion of all was an insistent command to be up and about my business, lest I should embark upon adventures which I might repent of beginning. What adventures? I knew very well, however, I was in love with that youth up there, with prudence, with raillery, but the conclusion of all was an insistent command to be up and about my business, lest I should embark upon adventures which I might repent of beginning. What adventures? I knew very well, however, I was in love with that youth up there, with prudence, with raillery, but the conclusion of all was with shame most loftly, an insistent command to be up and about my business.
Views and Reviews.

If historical biography is, as Mr. Squire assumes in his preface, merely history within narrow limits, it is possible that this book may commend itself to readers of biography. At first sight it seems to be no more than a transcript and abridgment of Motley. True, Mr. Squire says that he has consulted material that was not accessible to previous biographers; but his method, his sympathy, and his judgment are so similar to those of Motley that there is no obvious difference between his narrative and that of the American historian. Mr. Squire has deliberately avoided the frequent reference to his authorities; he has not impugned the accuracy of any writer; and without a line-by-line comparison of his text with that of other writers, it is impossible to say what is his actual contribution to the subject.

Mr. Squire has used his new evidence very sparingly; and his own statement that the English narratives of Sir Roger Williams and Thomas Churchyard have been used not because they are intrinsically important, but because previous biographers have not used them, is an admission that his use of them is merely pedantic. Of how little value they are will be seen. There are two indexed references to Thomas Churchyard: I cannot discover the first, and the second shows that Mr. Squire has only added a footnote to Motley's narrative. This footnote is a mere jest. The first quotation of Sir Roger Williams is a repetition two lines long of a statement made by Pontus Fayer: the second is certainly an original statement, but it is of so little value that I wonder that Mr. Squire made it. Does it help anyone to understand William the Silent to be told that Sir Roger Williams knew that the Prince subsequently regretted his quelling of the Antwerp revolt in 1567? That is all that Sir Roger Williams alleges in this passage; and even if the statement has any value its authenticity may be doubted in the absence of corroboration. The third and last quotation is a corroboration four lines long of what Motley states on other authority. Truly, these narratives are not intrinsically important.

The supposed merit of this new "Life" is that special pains have been taken to secure accuracy. In the absence of any specific correction of other writers I was obliged to compare Mr. Squire with Motley. Without pretending to have traced every event in every statement, I must say that I have been unable to discover any substantial difference between the two. Mr. Squire certainly speaks of Ternonde when Motley writes of Dendarnonde; but whether this is a modern spelling or whether the place is a different one I do not know. If it is a correction, Mr. Squire has not made it clear to his readers. The only explicit correction of Motley that I can find or remember is really trivial, if not based on a misconception. Motley wrote that "at this point—the end of 1566—undoubtedly began the treasonable thoughts of William the Silent," and Mr. Squire argues that they began in 1559, after the interview with Henry II., when Orange learned of the agreement between Philip and Henry to massacre all the Protestants in France and the Netherlands. But, as Motley says of that interview, "his [William's] purpose was fixed from that hour," and Motley's use of the word "treasonable" is so tentative, the correction is not really valuable. Certainly, the man who refused the sovereignty of France and the provinces in order to appropriate them to himself was not likely to have determined on the overthrow of Philip at the very beginning of his career. "We are not to regard William of Orange," says Motley, "thus on the threshold of his great career, by the light diffused from a somewhat later period"; and if ever his thoughts could be called "treasonable," it was not after the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, but at a later date. Biography is not, as Mr. Squire assumes, merely history within narrow limits. History is a science, and, like every other science, it must be concerned with establishing and stating matters of fact; unless it is to be what Mr. Squire would have it, a vast tautology, and a sissipax of falsehood. Historical biography differs from history in this respect, that it has to give a personal explanation of the facts. Character alone can make circumstances intelligible: if Philip had not tyrannised, Orange would not have resolved, and the Dutch Republic might never have been founded. But Mr. Squire has too little of the dramatic faculty to distinguish him from a historian: he narrates a story, he does not present a character. If we ask what manner of man was the Prince of Orange, Mr. Squire says that he was a Whig; and the word was not known to him. We want the subject to speak for himself, and the biographer tells us all that he knows that everyone else has said not him; and as that is not exactly what we wanted we are not satisfied by it.

Nor do we wish merely to be told what happened. We are jealous of our great men, and we demand the ocular proof of their greatness. Shaw has been telling us for years that he is a very clever man, but no one believes him: Mr. Squire tells us that the Prince of Orange was a hero, and we cannot believe him unless we have confidence in his judgment. For William is a fugitive figure to Mr. Squire, and therefore to us: the anecdote, the speech, the set scene, are seen used by Mr. Squire. Once declared, he closes a chapter with a most effective touch of drama. Philip of Spain was leaving the Netherlands for ever, and William of Orange came forward to bid him farewell. "Suddenly the King turned on him and bellowed: 'You, Sir Roger Williams knew that the Prince subse-

Mr. Squire's very facility of style is against him. It retains none of the heat of composition of the old days, and cold, and lacks idiom. It lends itself easily to tautology, and we find phrases like "adequate equivalent," "amply abundant" in Mr. Squire's book. Sometimes it leads him wrongly to prefer the active to the passive verb, as when he tells us that "by his silence, the wisest and wittest man in Europe; but he is dumb to us. But more is due to Mr. Squire's method. Motley's description of character is one of sympathetic judgment, and the strong passions of the protagonists are not realised.

This may be due, to some extent, to Mr. Squire's obsession by a title. Following Motley again, he tells us that the name is not descriptive, that William was silent on one memorable occasion, that he was a brilliant talker. Yet he says very little in Mr. Squire's book. He might have been the wisest and wittest man in Europe; but he is dumb to us. But more is due to Mr. Squire's method. Motley's description of character is one of sympathetic judgment, and the strong passions of the protagonists are not realised.

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"William the Silent." By Jack Collings Squire. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Diagnosis of Insanity.*

By Alfred E. Hollander.

In any precise sense of the word, there is no definition of insanity; because the normal person is a perfect being and does not exist—at least, in this country. Besides, health merges into disease imperceptibly, disease itself being no more than an exaggeration, or disproportion, or inharmony of normal phenomena. In the case of physical ailments, where the judgment of the diagnostician may be fortified by the use of more or less exact physical means of diagnosis, it is often difficult to decide where health changes to disease. But physiological health is compatible with marked individuality of character, with extreme variation of thought and feeling, and even errors of the understanding and illusions of the senses are possible within the limits of physiological health. The diagnostician of mental disease, more particularly of the early stages, has no easy task in the absence of any fixed standard of sanity.

The most obvious difference between mental health and disease is to be seen in the degree of self-control exercised. To be unduly exalted, unduly abased by, or even unduly indifferent to, external stimuli, is to give cause for suspicion. Of course, it is useless to inquire whether the member of one class or community by the standards and customs of another; the principle of old English law, that a man should be tried by his peers, should be the guiding principle in the diagnosis of the Quaker, who only speaks when the Spirit moves him, the politician who can, at any time, talk for hours without saying anything, would be mad; the mental expert must make allowances for both. He must compare politicians with politicians, Quakers with Quakers, without any prejudice to the ultimate insanity of either class. The further test is the comparison of the man with himself. The man who has been bothering people with pertinent questions all his life cannot be regarded as insane because he is unable to recognize in his behavior a mark of health; most people who are sick know it.

From these premises, Dr. Hollander arrives at a working definition. Insanity, he says, "may be described as a symptom of derangement, disease, or defect of the brain, causing a disordered action of the mind, and putting the subject into a condition varying from his normal state and frequenting his environment." But the mental symptoms, although predominating, are not exclusive; the diagnosis must not depend on them alone. "Mental diseases are accompanied by disturbance of the vegetative life," he says. "Some important physiological symptoms of sleep, nutrition, of secretions, and of the functions of digestion. Most careful examination of the bodily organs and their functions must go hand in hand with mental examination, whenever possible. The primitive symptoms are not often intellectual. The reasoning power may remain clear, the intellect may be as bright as ever. The first symptoms are to be looked for in a tendency to disordered emotional excitement. It is not that people think wrongly, but that they feel wrongly, according to the standards of mankind, that they have been trained to recognize, that they exercise their thought on the wrong materials, that proves them in danger of insanity. "Men seldom, if ever, go mad from intellectual activity," says Dr. Hollander. "The typical insanity is emotional, the result of emotional agitation. We confine people as lunatics not because their reasoning is unsound, but because the play of motive in their minds is too abnormal for us to rely on it. Within very wide limits, the test must be individual; for the law does not intervene until the wrong feeling and the wrong thought have resulted in the wrong action. We have to look for an alteration of character, for a degradation or an exaggeration of the natural disposition. If the kindly and forbearing man

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*Literature and Medicine.*

"The First Signs of Insanity." By Dr. Bernard Hollander. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

becomes irritable and quarrelsome, if the prudent man launches out into wild speculation, and so forth, we have reasonable grounds for asserting a degradation of character. On the other hand, if irritable temper passes into uncontrolled violence, sudden obsession into obsession, involution into obsession, over-sensitiveness into melancholia, we cannot doubt a morbid exaggeration of the character. Always with this proviso, though, that we do not confuse the temporary mood with a fundamental change of character. "It is the prolonged departure," says Dr. Hollander, "without any adequate external cause, from the state of feeling and mode of thinking usual to the individual when in health that is the true feature of disorder of the mind."

The exciting causes of insanity are so many and so various that diagnosis of the early stages is by no means easy; for the physician obtains little or no assistance from the patient. "In reference to the body," says Dr. Hollander, "feeling well is the chief mark of health; most people who are sick know it. With the states he has his own experience that the connection between health and feeling well, and the patient is not in a condition to say whether he is well or not. Consciousness of derangement occurs, as a rule, only at the very beginning of insanity, and it that only in some patients; and it occurs again just before recovery, when the knowledge of being mentally ill is one of the most marked symptoms of convalescence." It is probable that every disease or disturbance of the functions of the body produces symptoms of insanity; may be that, and only that, which may disappear when the local cure has been effected, but which may persist. For example, delirium of inanition may follow deficient nutrition or starvation, operations which have resulted in considerable loss of blood, febrile diseases, and long-continued wasting diseases. Most of these cases, of course, would be included in the numbers of convalescence; but it is well that the public should know that operations on the heart, and legal mental troubles, are not the only causes of insanity, and that even inanition may cause melancholia or neurasthenia with fixed ideas.

There is a common delusion, supported even by many specialists, that insanity is largely due to drink. Dr. Hollander has his own experience that the connection of insane owing to intemperance is comparatively small, and points to the facts that insanity is increasing and drunkenness is not in support of his contention. It is known that alcohol is far more likely to injure other vital organs than the brain, and that a man need not be a drunkard to be insane. "The auto-intoxicants which arise from the feeding of infants help to swell the number of insane," he says. "Systematic studies among large numbers of patients at St. Mary's, and the smallest region, have shown that insanity is largely due to drink, and equally as much due to the practice of infanticide, and even to moral injury."

In addition to alcohol, the other toxins, such as morphia and cocaine, must be regarded as exciting causes; but the auto-intoxicants which arise from the action of bacteria in the alimentary canal and result in blood-poisoning must also be included. Injury to the head of any kind, such as may be caused by prolonged labour at birth, the pressure of a badly applied forceps, or, in later life, the strain of an important physical effort, is an important cause of insanity. Even ear disease may give rise to inflammation of the temporal lobe, and result in homicidal mania. The artificial, insufficient, and improper feeding of infants help to swell the number of insane; for intestinal irritation may result in convulsions which often merge into epilepsy. Also, the half-starved child is likely to grow up imbecile or demented. It is clear from these hints that the conditions of modern life are so numerous as to make it possible for all to go mad; indeed, Dr. Hollander says that "the conditions of modern life are largely responsible, more than any other factors, for the increase and extension of insanity."

The maintenance of normal health is seen to be the best prevention of mental disease, and in the other hand, curative treatment of physical diseases includes the elimination of mental trouble.
REVIEWS.

Memories of Two Wars By Fredk. Funston. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

Brigadier-General Funston is the American Officer who captured Aguinaldo, thereby ending the guerrilla warfare in the Philippines. From his picturesque account of his adventures he seems to have been qualified for success in a campaign of this description, having graduated in guerrilla fighting in Cuba on the side of the insurgents. Perhaps this accounts for his rapid rise to the rank of Brigadier-General (rapid even for a volunteer army).

The book is most interesting in the earlier portions, which deal with the Cuban fighting. This was, of course, considerably siffer than in the Philippines, where people in this country care to think. The Spanish American is a warlike person, and if we joke about his Tuesday and Friday revolutions, it is safest to joke about them at a distance. Few of the British public who speak so contemptuously about these "little dago wars" would have cared to find themselves in the Catalonian garrison at San Guimaro, which held out for three weeks against repeated desperate attacks. It is interesting also to observe that the existence of the black bar in Cuba did not prevent negroes from reaching even the command of regiments. One led his command to such a private soldier with a rifle.

Readers with an eye to picturesque detail (and also to "tips" of military value) will find them by dozens in this book, which is good of an interesting class. It were a pity that the record of such adventures should be forgotten.

The Street Called Straight. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine." (Methuen. 6s.)

Olivia Young, high-minded and American nearly goads poor crooked Poppa—"Papa"—into confessing some misappropriations involving the rest of his life in Sing Sing—because she "doesn't like" Peter Davenant, who has offered to straighten affairs with a loan of half a million dollars. Being reminded that money will be more reliable, the victims that Mr. Guion's punctual presentation of the skilly tin, she whips round and Poppa is allowed to accept the uncouth Peter's gift. Of course it is a gift. Olivia "knows" that. So it is lucky that she grows to love him in the end.

Caviare. By Grant Richards. (S. R. 6s.)

A breviary of the frivolous monde—every page containing two sentiments and one moral: one is reminded of those advertisements that begin by asking you whether you remember your dear old wrinkled mother, and turn out to be wanting you to buy some naughty facial emollient. With frivolous pretty dens of Paris clichés. The book would probably pass among boys, who have decayed like everything else since the days of "Wrecked in the Pacific." However, the adventurers really do go after sport, and no female is so harmless as to rob us of our legitimate vituperation.

The Quest of the Golden Rose. By John Oxenham. (Methuen. 6s.)

Dedicated to My Wife. "By the Golden Rose the author means the Spirit of Romance—Love." Treachery, stabbings, and a suicide over the Alps by way of drama.
Epigrams.

SOME PICTURES.

A: Clever, but yet with what malignant art
The painter has portrayed each basest part,
While leer from out those coarsened features bold,
The lust Clever, but yet with what malignant art
Is stuffed to bursting with each scribbled prayer,
For ever lost
While vast and vaster swell those turbid skies,
From earthly JOYS and earthly sorrows vain
Just add a passée and domestic wife.

B: Yet even white can be the name of heat-
The nimble hand that, while he lisps of love,
The loosened lips that Heaven did create,
The brightly haggard mien, the drained-out face,
His life upon his features clear you trace,
But that, of course, was subject to her art;
By heaven to show off her temperament
That foulest word best to enunciate,
The facile eyes that through the dress swift range,
The sordid body vanquished by the mind
But steeps her soul in all the atmosphere.

THE NORMAL MAN.
In this grand age of soul and intellect
And welfer of each various sex and sect,
By normal I refuse to taint my verse,
Since normal is abnormally perverse.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL ACTRESS.
She scorned not the temptations of the heart
That foulest word best to enunciate,
For ever lost
While vast and vaster swell those turbid skies,
From earthly JOYS and earthly sorrows vain
Just add a passée and domestic wife.

THE PURE WOMAN.
It's most absurd to hint that Mrs. X
Is fast because she always talks of sex.
Rather a case in which wise men will find
The world is vanquished by the mind,
She frame she keeps immaculately clear,
But steeps her soul in all the atmosphere.

ANOTHER PURE WOMAN.
By risque jests you say you are disgraced;
Well, then, your ears at any rate are chaste.

THE MAN WHO WAS ENGAGED.
With nymphomaniac fire her ardour raged;
Alas! the luckless gallant was engaged,
Engaged elsewhere not for a minute, he
Engaged was, yet as mateless as could be.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.
An ideal husband! Him! If set his fate
With some potential mistress tête-à-tête,
His small talk shows his great ideals of life
Somehow or other lacking in his wife.

THE MODERN WIFE.
When the heroic and broad-minded wife
Approves her husband's complicated life,
Her flouted ugliness can often see
No other loophole but modernity.

THE SINFUL MAN.
Of sins he babbles and of sins he writes,
His wicked days, his more than wicked nights
Engaged elsewhere not for a minute, he
Engaged was, yet as mateless as could be.

THE RAKE.
His life upon his features clear you trace,
The highly baggad hunt, the draped-out face.
The loosened lips that Heaven did create,
That foulest word best to enunciate,
The facile eyes that through the dress swift range,
While smirking boasts rebuffs to conquests change,
The nimble hand that, while he lips of love,
Fills the red glass and reads the alcove,
But to complete our perfect rówe's life,
Just add a passeé and domestic wife.

THE SOULFUL GIRL.
From earthly joys and earthly sorrows vain
She flew up to a transcendental plane;
For ever lost? No fear—the mystic air
Is stuffed to bursting with each scribbled prayer,
While vast and vaster swell those turbid skies,
Which just for courtesy we'll call her eyes
With one insatiate lust—to advertise.

THE COLD WHITE WOMAN.
A: Cold is she as a lily white and sweet.
B: Yet even white can be the same of heat.

THE WISTFUL MAIDEN.
Her dresses chic in cost and cut and hue,
Her giant headdress, her raffled shoes.
Her set of exquisites whom one would call
Not outre, perhaps, yet scarce conventional,
All fail to chase the shadow grey of life,
Crouching within those wistful, fearsome eyes,

Art.

Mr. Bergson's Views.
By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Mr. BERGSON has been subjected to many attacks, and
from my knowledge of some of these I must say that,
as a rule, he seems to have been handled very lightly.
I shall perhaps have occasion very shortly to reveal
what relation he bears to Nietzscheism, in which case
I shall have more to say than at present in regard to
his general doctrine.

For the moment my principal concern is not Mr.
Bergson's "Creative Evolution," but his little work on
"Laughher." This is a book of 200 pages. I have
the feeling that it might have been compressed into
one-seventh of its present compass without suffering in
the least; for, study it as you will and enjoy it as you
may, you will certainly never discover anything more
in it than an exhaustive elaboration of Hobbes, Stend-
al, or Nietzsche's well-known and laconic definitions
of the function of laughter. But there are 13 pages
in the book which have little in common with the rest
of the matter, and in these Mr. Bergson preposses
his art doctrine.

Friends of the philosopher will say, probably, that
it is wrong to take these 300 or so odd lines as a basis
of a discussion on Mr. Bergson's art-doctrine. I admit
that the exposition is brief and, to judge from 'the book
on laughter, I can readily imagine that Mr. Bergson
could have treated art with much more detail. Still,
I am unwilling to believe that by extending 300 lines
to 3,000 he could have reversed or even materially
modified his fundamental attitude towards art, an
attitude I find plainly stated in the 13 pages to which
I refer. Therefore feel quite justified in discussing the
doctrine as it stands, significant and unmistakable
as it is. For, as a matter of fact, in these questions,
one sentence is enough to compromise a man. He
need go no further. Art, unlike physics or chemistry,
cannot be discussed for long without involving two
speakers in all kinds of self-revelatory admissions.
Thirteen pages may be twelve and a half too many in
the case of a man who wishes to conceal his true nature
when discussing this eminently significant question.
I have studied Mr. Bergson's art-doctrine with care
and sympathy, and the one thing about it that surprises
me is that it should ever have attracted so much atten-
tion. If, therefore, Messrs. Cloudesley Breretoa and
Fred. Rothwell are right in saying that this art theory
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Finally, to quote Mr. Bergson's own words: "It
reality could make a direct appeal to our senses and con-
sciousness; if we were able to enter into immediate
communion with things and with ourselves, I really believe art would be useless, or, rather, that we should all be artists and continually dwell in unison with nature." ("Le Rire," pp. 153-154.) Thus, speaking of the graphic arts, Mr. Bergson says, "their least ambition is to reveal nature to us." ("Le Rire," p. 159), and that he who practises them loves colour for colour's sake and form for form's sake. ("Le Rire," p. 159.) In "L'Evolution Créatrice" there is also a short reference to this very subject. That intuition which Mr. Bergson contrasts with intelligence, and which, he maintains, would reveal all the secrets of life if only his instinct were to "consider itself" ("L'Evolution Créatrice," p. 191), is here regarded as the property of the artist who "aims at grasping the intention of life by penetrating with a kind of sympathy into the very in- termediate of nature, man selecting, overpowering, disporting, simplifying, cruelly lopping, chopping, and eliminating nature according to a particular scheme." What then becomes of Mr. Bergson's idea of the "native purity" of things, when the artist is supposed to represent it? I confess I utterly fail to understand what he means by the "native purity" of things. The idea conveys nothing to my mind. I can see the true artist setting forth to overcome nature and to dominate her. But to a scheme to a scheme which his judgment tells him is the one in which the type "man" flourishes best; but I cannot see him intent on revealing nature or on drawing the "native purity" from things—whatever that may be. I am even inclined to regard it as a moral duty of the artist's part to reveal nature, and to go in search of the "native purity" of things, with a scheme of life in which the type "man" does not flourish best.

That is why the word "pure" or "disinterested" is not only out of place in describing the true artist, it is a profound misunderstanding. He is not more detached from life than the layman, he is actually a more intense manifestation of life. He knows what life, human life, wants in order to flourish, because he himself is a flourishing specimen of life, and his taste is life's taste. What he wants, life wants. His very love is a canon. His loathing is the danger signal of degeneration.

But how this love and loathing could be reduced to a method for the carrying on of investigations by the multitude is more than I can understand. For it is the artist that counts, and his nature is not a method. You might as well say that an artist was an artist. A society that valued its skin would try never to make a nobleman.

What, then, remains of Mr. Bergson's belief that "if reality could make a direct appeal to our senses and consciousness; if we were able to enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves...art would be useless; or, rather, we should all be artists"? If this means that if we all knew the secret of flourishing life we might possibly all be artists, I would agree. But does it mean that? If it does it is not only exceedingly badly expressed, but it is not very illuminating; because it is simply saying that if we all knew the secret of flourishing life we should all know it. If it doesn't mean that, it is nonsense.

For no appeal, however direct, from reality, would ever turn a constitutional Philistine or backwoodsman into an artist, and no communion with things, however immediate, would ever convert a physiologically determined sneak into a nobleman.

I know nothing about Mr. Bergson or his ancestors. I can only assume from his confusion about art that, in this matter at least, he is badly informed. He is more likely to know nothing than worthy of himself. Or, ought we not, perhaps, to regard his doctrine as a whole; as his disciples tell us we should? Why, then, should we make concessions, and hint that the art thesis in "Le Rire" is unworthy of the "L'Evolution Créatrice"? For my part, if I were challenged, I think I could undertake to show that the art thesis in "Le Rire" is inseparable from the rest of Bergsonism, though it would be simple also to outline a slightly more profound art doctrine than Bergson has done, with his principles alone to build upon.
Pastiche.

THE FRUIT MARKET.

NASTY PERSON (selling bad fruit): "'Ere y'are, o'rl the finest—pick er the markit—oo seez?—Nah, don't funk, gemmen; cum rite up an' 'ave a close niff—or sez?—'er the markit—oo sez?

LOVER OF FRUIT (edging his way through the crowd): "I say—you're a fraud—half your stuff is bad—why—at this Stream of filthy invective.

SASTY PERSON endeavours to vindicate his position by (Policeman takes notes; himself from the grip of the Nasty Person's pal; he immediately fetches a policeman.

VERDICT (wiping fruit.) I maintain that his fruit is more than half-rotten; further, I invite the salesman had beer—standing it to.

Lover of Fruit (serenely)"Well, I'll say it again: My fruit, is half my duty to call upon you all to witness the abusive language of this—this individual. I maintain that his fruit is more than half-rotten; furthermore, I invite the law, to inspect it. (Policeman notes; the crowd commence to inspect the fruit.)

LOVER OF FRUIT (serenely): "Well gentlemen, what is your verdict?"

THE CROWD (wiping their hands free of the mess): "The fruit is undoubtedly half rotten."

THORN. TOSCA.

THE TWO LOVES.

There was an old sea captain who Loved his ship, and his bottle too.

This love and that could ne'er agree: A cursed and crank old hatter he was, When the old man went rolling, Rolling and rolling, Rolling and rolling, He did curse his head heartily.

One evening, drunken, in a gale, He could not take in any sail: "I'll not bate" (mumble, mumble) "inch," said he. So the old ship went rolling, Rolling and rolling, Rolling and rolling, To the bottom of the sea.

A VOICE FROM THE STOKEHOLD.

Deep down in her guts in a fiery hold We scuffle and stove and trim; Beside hellish fires like hot, burning gold, Bloody eyes, bespattered, and grim.

With metallic pulse the heart of her throbs, The monster she groans 'neath the strain; Not men, but devils, are we, for it robs Us of heart, of soul, and of brain.

Deep down in her guts we feed her, we force, We curse her, we praise and blame; We send her headlong on a sweltering course, And life is to us but a name.

We part her, and the nerves, of her shell; We move her—propellers are we; We think of our lives in this red-hot hell When you hearken to songs of the sea.

THOMAS F. PAINTER.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By [C. E. Bechhoefer.]

XXIII—JUSTICE.

TITYFAVOL.

The swashbucklers of the Labour Party are in the damps and cutting up the dittos because we jabbled them in the ribs on the subject towards the cat's-meat trade. We have had enough, however, of their see-sayings on this subject. Either they must get on or go out. Our friend Oswald or in particular has nearly swung the party off its perch with his pilling perorations backwards and forwards. The cat's-meat industry should be nationalised, and the vote of the Labour Party for its retention in private hands is a let-down for Socialists.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

SIR,—Comrade Spans misunderstands my letter of last week. I did not maintain that women's suffrage was not obligatory by party mandate on members even such as myself, who am opposed to it root and branch; but I did deny that it is obligatory on members outside their official capacity as members of the organisation. The distinction is all-important and a matter of prudence; for, otherwise, it is monstrous—perfectly monstrous—that a man's personal convictions or tastes should be denied him. For similar offences to those committed by these viragos, men, our own comrades, have been hung, drawn, and quartered. The law is already too favourable by half to the sex said to be fair, but now proved as false and lost to all sense of decency as can be. They ought to get what they deserve; nothing less is too bad for the hussies that our milklop Ministers, at any rate, are prepared to give them.

E. BELFORT BAC.

TOPICAL TATTLE.

One at a time, gentlemen! Comrades Heckle, Beckle, and Bellpuff have lunged questions at my head faster than I can parry them. But I promise them not to run away. Here at my stand they will find me every week. What is the case of Comrade Heckle? He demurs to my saying that there will be no economics under Socialism. Well, I'll say it again: there ain't going to be any, boys!...

and that's the end of Economic Rent and also of Tattle.

THE DRAIN OF INDIA'S BLOOD.

When those blood-sucking politicians first went to the India Office, who warned our Indian fellow-countrymen what they might expect? I did. When they retired, who announced that they carried two hundred and seventy-four million nine hundred and sixty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight rupees with them—all sucked from the famine-stricken rupees? I did. When I have been at this job since 1874, and since during this period has a glimmer of light been shed on the subject but I skied it. My old friend Bumblebujda told me in 1876, two years after I had first turned my attention to the subject, that, saving himself and one other Indian, I already then knew more than I dared tell the British public. And it is true! And I know more now than the present occupants of the India Office dare reveal. The salt tax, the famine, the moneylenders, the exiguous irrigationalism of the semi-semi-native provinces are scandalous matters. They have always been, and while our official puppies bark at me they always will be. My article in the "Nineteenth Century" (June, 1879, pp. 435-678) attracted the attention of everybody. Again, I say, it is scandalous.

SOCIALISM ABROAD.

Costa Rica. The comrades here assembled in the market-square on Sunday, every tenth man wearing a red tie. The president passed the meeting in his motor-car, and was observed to look intensely at the threatened war with Lagoped, the national Bundmucks (corresponding to our "Charlton" Scouts) wheeled their way to the Storthing and held a pacifist demonstration outside Comrade Plopscky's hotel. The crowd was dispersed by the police to the tune of "We won't go home till morning.

France. — The vilayet of the French Socialists was under attack at this time. The Comrade who had been elected a Socialist mayor last week. The comrades have already began to demand the municipalisation of Cheddar cheese.

Germany. — A correspondent from her heart, suggests the formation in the party of a new group—a group of Anti-post-Marxian Bebelites. The idea has been discussed in one or two influential quarters and may have an effect on party policy.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The "cocoa Press" now assures us that the Insurance Act is working quite smoothly, and tens of thousands of pounds are being spent from the secret party funds in disseminating on every hand a notice of the spectacle of a huge crowd of haggard-looking, emaciated women sucking and slobering over their piling infants. If the public will tolerate so gross an outrage on common decency it will stand anything.

That the workers have failed to discover the "rare and refreshing" qualities of the Act is abundantly evident from the returns received.

The other day I passed two elderly men talking at a street corner. Said one:

"Wot the devil did 'e want to interfere with us chaps, who've paid into a club all our lives,"

"God knows," was the reply. Shortly after, I saw a market porter shaking his fist at someone inside a shop, and as I drew near he shouted, "Yer don't want me ter pay two bob for this, do!"

It certainly sounded as though he didn't relish paying anyone.

The next incident took place just outside a building job. A labourer was receiving his money. "Hi, mister! I want another six an' 'arf." I did not hear all the pay-club's reply, but caught the words, "The money is issued this morning.

"Lloyd George be dammed, let's ave that six an' 'arf an' none of your monkey tricks, young man," came the retort.

To record the expressions of disgust which I hear every week in my travels would provide ample employment for lots of the officials who have soft jobs under the Act.

* * *

FRED HOBDAY.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

Sir,—In his recent article on "The Socialist Movement: Dead," Mr. McGowen makes the remarkable statement that Socialism "has brought forth no new men for the last twenty-five years."

Twenty-five years ago Vandervelde, Ferri, Jaures, Debts, and the Labriolas were entirely unknown to the Socialist movement. They all date from about the middle of the nineteen-eighties. Blatchford and Keir Hardie were not Socialists twenty-five years ago, and MacDonald was quite unknown. "The Soul of Man," the finest literary masterpiece of Socialism, was written in 1882 by a man previously unknown as a socialist. Whence the afflicting phenomenon of the last twenty-five years?


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* * *

FRED HOBDAY.

THE LABOUR LEADER.

Sir,—Your note to a correspondent's letter in last week's issue informs your readers that the annual loss on The New Age is over a thousand pounds. I do not know who bears this loss, nor how it is defrayed, but I am sure that many of your readers to my knowledge save their weekly threepence by borrowing your journal or reading it at a library. Until I stop reading your paper I shall continue to do so. At the library nearest to me a copy is taken (or perhaps you supply it from a box) which the librarian informs me is read by over a score of persons. These facts are probably typical of the adventures of many of your readers and may be both for the wide circle of your readers and the comparatively small circulation of your journal. That the loss you speak of cannot continue for ever is urged by your readers to do as I have done: refuse to lend their copy to anybody who ought to buy it, but first to buy it themselves.

* * *

T. W. WRIGHT.

PACIFISTS AND FISTICUFFS.

Sir,—If it is true that pacifists are constantly being challenged to define their position it is equally true that, a propos the alleged German menace, the question "How can Germany make successful war on England without the help of the four and a half million German Socialists whose active hostility could only produce a state of civil war in the country responsible for the aggression?" is as often evaded by the pacifists, who invariably fall back on the negative and irrelevant phrase "Let us not speak of this dreadful possibility to scrap the British Fleet?" This is generally put to the other side, in a tone of finality that would be amusing were it not that the fact of its being unconsciously so endows it with the potentialities of tragedy.

One is curious to learn how such an operation would enable Kaiser Wilhelm to avoid a bloody collision with the five million Socialist conscientious objectors of whom the Emperor, notwithstanding his habitual bluster, goes in daily dread. If the fisticuffs take the view that in such a contingency the German Social-Democrats would discard their Socialism and, reared on Marxist economics, and imagining their interests to be identical with those of the oligarchy, take up arms to protect the defence of the Kaiser and his minions, then why not say so? The delegates to the recent conference of the German Social-Democratic Party at Chernitz would have been more than interested to hear that in the opinion of a section of the British Socialist Party they were a potential mob. One looks in vain in Mr. Quelch's excellent speech for any observation consistent with the theory of the school he is reputed to represent on this matter.

Scrap the British National Service. Three regular meals a day is better any time than an apology for one every fortnight, whatever may be the colour or the origin of the drapery under the folds of which it is sentimentally presumed to be concealed.

It is to be feared that the fisticuffs can have had no experience of the Welsh Sunday (let alone the English). Between ambitions to "get something for nothing, to be nursed by the State policewoman, to be ruled over by an unashamedly naked, and the caucasian voices of the brotherhood across the way, the shrill notes from juvenile throats at the Sunday recruiting chelon, the raucous cries of red-coated ranters at the adjoining corner or parading the street concurring to a horrendous medley of sound, and the purveyors of religious tracts, who not only push their wares through the letter-box, but impudently clamour at the bell, thereby disturbing the peace of the Sabbath where rest is essential—one suspects that these facts are probably typical of the adventures of many of your readers and may be both for the wide circle of your readers and the comparatively small circulation of your journal. That the loss you speak of cannot continue for ever is urged by your readers to do as I have done: refuse to lend their copy to anybody who ought to buy it, but first to buy it themselves.

* * *

FRED HOBDAY.

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—I was much struck by an apt phrase used in The New Age a few months since. Commenting on the 'Labour Leader' the writer, voicing surely the opinions of all intelligent Socialists, stigmatised it as "that incom-
petent parish magazine of Liberalism." Waiving politics and dealing only with a competency born, is this for a sample of editing? In last week's issue (September 19) under the heading "Notes and Comments" there are five paragraphs on the "growth" of Liberalism, followed by a paragraph dealing with the "Nation's" attitude to the Labour Party. This is how each paragraph commences:

(1) "The 'Nation' is generally very fair ..."
(2) "The 'Labour Party' ... says the 'Nation', cannot ..."
(3) "The 'Labour Party' ... expresses the opinion that ..."
(4) "We cannot understand a Labour candidate inter ..."
(5) "When the 'Nation' has resumed its calms ..."

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—In criticising my novel, "A Woman in the Limelight," in your issue of the 19th inst. you spell my name "Gleiz," and my heroine, Jessie, is turned into "Pessie." In my poor judgment the criticism is extremely silly and misleading, but I am only concerned here to inform your cultured readers that my name is CHARLES GLEIG (not Gleiz).

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—How much would one wish to believe, with your writer of "The Nation," that any set to work in the hidden lights of culture at the universities! Who would retire an infidel, presented with such a certainty of salvation? Is it fair, who are except the first any ...? Proclaim the great, and let us reverence them! Though we may know the very stones of the streets in one or other city, induce us to look again for what we have not found. You are sure to fail, if you really claim no more than to be holding the standard until the ensigns come. Modes—and misinformed. There is no one coming. If you chance to hold on, the ensigns have gone into the dark, and the cities are taken.

S.

THE OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL IN PARIS.

Sir,—It is doubtless known to your readers that the memorial statue to Oscar Wilde carved by Mr. Epstein for Wilde's grave in the Parisian cemetery of Perè la Chaise has been refused a place by the municipal authorities unless or until a disfigurement has been made in it. Your readers had the pleasure some months ago of seeing reproduced in your pages a photograph of Mr. Epstein's work. It is hardly probable that the most prudent of your public could conceive the grounds on which the Parisian municipality could have objected to it. Nevertheless, greatly to the regret of the artist, of Oscar Wilde's friends, and no less to many Parisians themselves, the objection has been reiterated, and remain to be held in being in consequence of effective protest. I understand that the disfigurement referred to as necessary in the view of the authorities is as much a translation as the likeness of Mr. Epstein has seen the original sculpture or even its photograph. On the other hand, there is this means of escape for those of us who would guard the memory of this great man: to accept, in the face of public hostility, even at the price of making Paris ridiculous for our generation. A bronze fig-leaf, it has been suggested by the authorities, may be attached to the carving in such a way as to conceal but not to mutilate the offending detail. Paris, it is concluded, would breathe freely if only this were done. Well, what, save a little malicious annoyance, is to prevent the artist from accepting this compromise of the situation? Thereby he will receive the compromise, and the Parisians will be compromised. Nothing, I believe, would have been more amusing to Oscar Wilde in his lifetime than the knowledge that he was to be immortalised in his beloved Paris in this way. The piquancy, one can hear him saying, is delicate: to be carved in English in Paris! Nay, worse; to be paid for by Mr. Epstein to pay this additional tribute of respect to the memory of Wilde?

F. R. B. GUTHERIE.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—"Simplex," writing in your issue of the 19th inst. in a manner which I can only call the "pseudo-liberal" but true to his assumed name, asks me certain mystical questions. Professor Schäfer and the production of life, the accompaniments of it likewise—teeth and golden curls, collars and top-hats in later life—are all thrown into thisitch-potch of a paragraph. I take it that "Simplex" means by this heap of confusion—so far as one can extricate a poor, bruised fragment of reason—that revised spelling is tantamount to an attack on the very heart of language. Well, if he thinks any such thing, the confused letter he has written photographs his mind.

Spelling is not language. It is an arbitrary system imposed upon us, for the most part, by Dr. Johnson. His dictionary, with all the "regret" of the growth of spelling, turned it from its true living path, which is to record the sound of the word. That really it is which matters—the spoken word. That is life. Spelling seeking to emulate Professor Schäfer and mix together in the laboratory the ingredients of life. It were arrogance on their part to attempt to make a language. But surely they may agitate for the adjustment of spelling to the living language, particularly when the divorce means the loss of a year of school-time to each child in our elementary schools to-day. A concealed child learns a spelling which flouts its young reason is to offer it stones, and not bread.

SYDNEY WALTON, Secretary, Simplified Spelling Society.

AN ACADEMY RIBBET.

Sir,—I beg to crave your indulgence of some new systems of spelling, any one of which may revolutionise childhood and the Empire—may, the world. The only question is which? Either of them, I may say, is the especial predilection of a person of strong views and pure mind. Perhaps, if you would be so good as to pronounce judgment in favour of one or other system, the unfavoured inventors might be induced to adopt it, and we could all pride ourselves on the fact, as perhaps we may perhaps perceive, American. I append the specimen in verse:—

She thought no v'ch lech shee a swing

The list is long:

My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,

She knowed the Lord was nigher.

The second hails from Scotland, also in verse:—

The sun 'z a-set back other night,

The sailor frae the Main;

I logged up the bag door and ran out to have a loog

At the hooge star.

The clumbs a-redden 'd by this light

She knowed the Lord was nigher.

The remaining systems have possibly even more claim to consideration as being based upon nothing but their respective inventors' fancy—a circumstance which would do away with any tribal or national jealousy, and leave the things to be accepted on their pure merits. The following is the discovery of a gentleman who thinks we waste a great deal of time over the pronunciation as well as the spelling of such words as "back," "black," "tack," and others similar. He feels that we might usefully, as it were, slide the "ck" and have it as "g," thus:—

I logged up the bag door and ran out to have a loog at the hooge star as I goid and pigged up a stig to whig (pronounce, go?)

A military officer of some standing, I may say, and a lover of poetry, suggests a reconstruction of the class of words which flouts its young reason is to offer it stones, and not bread. He is, for the sake of conformity at once of spelling and rhyme. Here is a specimen in free rhythm:

Poor wee May o' the Connor ilk

Spilt the milk on her Sunday silk.

And (or, or as you prefer), again:—

Drove his pen in up th' hilt

In gory grasp o' Life! He spilt

Millions—millions—so as t' get.

(No pun intended.)

There, sir, I have done except for one other system, which, in my humble opinion, is a more-than-time-saving of all. It is simply to leave out of long words all letters except the first one or two, both in speaking and writing. The time and space saved may, with benefit to everybody, be devoted to healthy annual reading:

"D—t o the b—," he ex—;

"W—h the b— does he t—?"

And so on. I conclude, trusting in your cultured and independent judgment, and subscribing myself, your obedient servant,

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