NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We cannot think that Lord Roberts and the National Service League are wise in attempting to destroy the Territorials. It is open to publicists like ourselves to decry the Territorials as much as we please. They were none of our creation, and from the first we foretold that they were doomed to fail. What sort of an idea was it that led the founders of the force to attempt to set the Humpty-Dumpties of the County Lieutenants on their wall again, and to ignore the County Councils? It was 'open to publicists like ourselves to put into the organisation by themselves? Nobody else in the Territorials have no excuse for turning round on their own shoulders. They conveyed their incredulity with their compliments, and proceeded with their hopeless task of modelling a citizen army on the obsolete plan of entrusting its control to functionaries. And now that their plan has failed, they are looking about to find a scapegoat. We repeat that it is not decent of the founders to cry "Stinking fish!" of the Territorials. If the fish stink, it is they themselves who have produced the conditions under which this result has been brought about. The only people who can legitimately complain of the failure of the Territorials—and without by any means rejoicing in it—are, first, those who foresaw and foretold the failure, and secondly, the nation at large whose blind advisers, exercising neither reflection nor foresight, have landed us into this pretty state. It is scarcely likely that much notice will be taken of the critics to-day who were the creators of yesterday. The general public showed little interest in the Territorials when they were first constructed on a wrong model. They show even less in the demonstrations of Lord Roberts and the rest that, after all, they were right.

But there is another reason why the National Service League is not wise in criticising at this moment the Territorial Army. For the present there is no alternative to it! It was policy, perhaps, when the Territorial scheme was first propounded to abuse the Militia and to pour scorn on the Volunteers; for the Territorial Army was waiting to take their place. But if the Territorials are now criticised out of existence, as they show every sign of being (the establishment is over 50,000 short), what substitute do Lord Roberts and his friends imagine that they can at once provide? It is a fool's
paradise in which they are living if they imagine that Compulsory Universal Service is within speaking distance of reality. Not even the Conservative Party in opposition dare put this item on its programme. In Australia, as everybody knows, the Labour Party had to be bribed to accept the responsibility of a similar measure, and heavily enough they will have to pay for it. But in England, neither the Liberal, Conservative, nor Labour Party has either the public confidence or the private courage to accept such a responsibility. But if these caucus-experts, so capable of foisting on the nation Bills that the nation does not want, dare none of them venture officially to whisper Compulsory Bills that the nation does not want, dare they mock in poetry the plain fact that for the present it is the Territorials or nothing.

Lord Roberts, however, cannot comprehend why, if the Territorials have been proved a failure, the nation does not demand Compulsory Universal Service. To a patriot such as himself, who has probably never indulged an unpatriotic thought, who, almost alone among statesmen, has never once set ambition or money or jobbery before duty, it is incomprehensible that the people should apparently be so wrapped up in idleness and selfishness as to prefer ease not only to honour but, as he believes, to safety. To the apprehensive patriot's mind England appears to be in the utmost peril, with powerful enemies preparing to pounce upon her, and her own people lapped in lotus-dreams. But the explanations of the disquieting phenomenon are not far to seek. They can be and have many times been pointed out in these very columns—where, of course, Lord Roberts and his friends, for all their patriotism, cannot rise to reading them. What are they? It is absurd to conclude that a nation that has fought the world has turned pacifist and quietist in a single generation; nay, in less, for all their patriotism, cannot rise to reading them. What are they? It is easy enough to discover that in his private circle, Lord Roberts dare show it. His appeal to workmen to sink their class grievances in the interest of the nation as a whole is implied in Lord Roberts' appeal to workmen to sink their class grievances in the interest of the nation as a whole.

Great soldier and patriot as Lord Roberts is, he is unfortunately, like most of our soldiers and sailors, as devoid of knowledge of the working classes as any Webbian bureaucrat. Guiltless themselves of the perfidious tricks of the political governors and economic task-masters of our wretched proletariat, they ascribe to the latter the faults of which the former are the potent predominant cause. Nobody would expect of Sindh with the Old Man of the Sea upon his back, sinewy in offering his service of the country. They might almost say that his services would not be worth the acceptance, even if they were offered. The parallel between his situation and the situation of the English proletariat is as exact as an allegory can make it. Immersed in the dreams of national duty, national service, national honour, Lord Roberts and his fellow-patriots are totally unaware that they are the fighting equal of any six of any other nation. It is not, therefore, to the influence of civilised ideas that we need look for an explanation of the nation's aversion to military service. Nor need we look, we think, to the rise in the Press of the professed pacifists. Of all the humbugs with which a capitalist nation is wrapped up in idleness and selfishness, Lord Roberts and his colleagues are to blame for the failure of the Territorials and far more, so we think, are to blame for the failure of the Territorials and far more, for the refrigerated condition of National Service. What is easy enough to discover that in his private circle, Lord Roberts dare show it. His appeal to workmen to sink their class grievances in the interest of the nation as a whole is implied in Lord Roberts' appeal to workmen to sink their class grievances in the interest of the nation as a whole. We have always maintained that the effect of pacifism is to engender contempt for wage slaves among the governing classes; and here it is manifested as plainly as a courageous man like Lord Roberts dare show it. His appeal to workmen to sink their social grievances in the national cause is proof positive that he imagines that the workmen require rousing to appreciation of the national welfare. Not the governing classes, be it marked. It is naturally assumed that theirs is the larger patriotism which readily thrusts private considerations aside when the national good demands it. But from the other hand, selfish, narrow brute that he is, puts his own petty grievance first and the nation nowhere. It is obvious, we say, from the tone of Lord Roberts' address that he is laying the blame on the faults, as he conceives them, of the working classes. It is they who refuse to make the Territorials a success; it is they who decline to demand national military training. Consequently it is they who are so unenlightened, selfish, that England will be left defenceless on the day of Armageddon.
The condition, however, is obviously not one in which spirit of any kind can be expected to be shown. Lord Roberts complains, and, from his point of view, rightly complains, that the working classes are not interested in the week's security for national defence. But we complain that: they show just as little for defence even nearer home. Step by step, in relentless succession, headed only too often by English noblemen, but followed by English and Jewish plutocrats, an insular nationalism has descended upon the working classes with almost no resistance. The cottage garden has gone, the free allotment has gone, the commons have gone, the home is going, and soon the children will be taken at birth by the State, and their parents are longer to provide for them. What is there left? The choice before a man of working for dwindling wages and working for his keep in a Government labour colony. Yet to this state the working classes are being brought, as allotment has gone, the commons have gone, the home is going, and soon the children will be taken at birth. Lord Roberts, they are peacefully allowing their children to be taken from them. What right have they to be heard? .

Mr. Blatchford is as extreme in his present opposition as in his former. The condition induced by the week's wages. Anybody, for all they can look after the rest. Lord Roberts will surely realise, when this is pointed out to him, that his point and his opponent are one and the same. He from his soldier's standpoint sees the nation prostrate before the enemy without; we, from ours, see it prostrate before the enemy within. But much as we might be induced to fear a German invasion (if our Labour Party was not our noble Labour Party to protect us), we confess that we fear the triumphant capitalist still more. This barbarian is upon us; he is ravaging the country, violating women, murdering children, and starving and slaughtering hundreds of men daily. In the midst of this civil war, what is Germany to the English working man? Would a German invasion make life more perilous than it now is? Could our paupers conceivably look for a shorter period of security than the day or week that now blesses them?

We are not maintaining that our proletariats would be indifferent to an invasion of England. Far from it. Mr. Blatchford is as extreme in his present opposition towards a citizen army as he was when he was raising Cain in the "Daily Mail" in abuse of Germany. Neither he nor any other Englishman would prefer a German invasion even to a continuance of pauperism. Logically, the choice is obvious; but actually it could not be made by normal men. But, on the other hand, we would not care to undertake the task of persuading the workmen that an invasion is imminent until it is upon us; or to make the smallest effort to prepare themselves for it; or to place real confidence in the whole pack of the existing governing classes. Why will it prove a difficult task to convince the people that they are in peril? Not because they have been lulled into security but because insecurity has become their normal state. It is hard to get up among people accustomed to face the prospect of the sack at the week's end a sustained apprehension of pauperism. It does not require much psychology to prophesy that after twenty years of this, a man will be as incapable of initiative as a pithed frog. To expect of a class of these creatures the initiative of a class of yeomen, economically secure if only of a crust, is to expect grapes of thorns. Again, we repeat that we have as much ground of complaint as Lord Roberts. It is, in fact, the same ground. If he finds them deaf to his entreaties, impenetrable to his reproaches and leather-hided to his fears, what does he think we have found them? Only a little less inaccessible than the governing classes themselves. For while it is true that responsibility is meaningless to the proletariat it is no less true that national responsibility is meaningless to the governing classes. Governing classes? They do not govern, they only employ. National responsibility! Their only difference from their wage-slaves is that they identify the nation with themselves. When the wage-slaves of yesterday answer the word: What is the nation? the governing class can truthfully reply: The nation, c'est moi! It is a tragic spectacle, and both Lord Roberts and The New Age are tragic figures. We stand in the gulf between the benumbing rich and the benumbed poor. Lord Roberts blames the poor, we blame the rich. But we think we have the better ground; for the rich, at any rate, have some kind of responsibility; but the poor have none.

Lord Roberts in the same speech besought the workers not to strike for their civil rights on the eve of a national peril. But is this soldierly advice? If Lord Roberts were leading Labour instead of being led by the nose by capitalists, would he have advised any such? If anybody cares to read the history of the Roman Republic the public the historic fact is demonstrated that the Plebeians rose to effective citizenship by striking on the eve of battle and by no other means. According to Livy, the Plebs "complained that whilst fighting in the field for liberty, and empire they were oppressed and enslaved by their fellow-citizens at home." Addressing the Senate on the subject of land reform Cæcilius a tribune, "had fought that the poor ought to be used by our Labour leaders to-day." "If anyone is going to obstruct these measures, you may talk about wars and exaggerate them by rumour, but no one is going to give in his name, none is going to take up arms, no one is going to fight for the principles with whom they have in public life no partnership." Our Labour leaders do indeed say this, but they do not mean it and cannot or will not carry it out. But the Roman Plebs meant it and did carry it out, with results that Lord Roberts, at any rate, knows. It is simply not playing the game to deny to the workmen the only powers they can conceivably exercise of an effective character: in peace they can strike, but only at their own peril; in war, however, they can strike at the peril of what is called the nation. We do not believe that at such a moment our working classes will strike. On the contrary, they will be volunteering to fill the shambles of any battlefield where England is said to be at stake. But that is not what would satisfy Lord Roberts. What would satisfy our poor brothers is that they should prepare by training for war. They will not do it, and our governing classes are too suspect to be able to make them. The failure of the Territorials and the still-born state of the National Service Scheme are proofs that already the "enrolment of the Plebs" has ceased until grievances are settled. Every type of genuine reformer, artistic, religious, educational, medical, has in the end come to this; that until poverty is abolished he can do nothing. In proportion as our soldier leaders become intelligent as well as sincere in their desire for a national army they will join with us in making a nation first.
Current Cant.

"I am proud of the clean and independent Press of to-day."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Never was the generality of fiction purer or more unobjectionable."—CHARLES GARVIE.

"The day for anything indecent on the music-halls is over, so far as the public taste is concerned."—ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

"There were never, surely, such great days as these for a Christian citizen to be alive."—HAROLD ANSON, in the "Commonwealth.

"I wake in the morning with a joy I have not known for years to think that we may, in a few weeks, have the cross over St. Sophia and Constantinople."—THE DEAN OF LINCOLN.

"The time is ripe to take another census of the religious life of London."—The "Tablet." 

"The materialistic side of the age is seen in the impatient advocacy by clergy of Utopian schemes of social reform."—The "Church Gazette." 

"The depressing feature of the religious life of Scotland to-day is the drift of young men away from the Church."—The "Sunday Post." 

"There should be pity and mercy for the prostitute, none for the brothel-keeper."—The "Spectator." 

"There is no truth in the rumour that the King means to sever his connection with the turf."—THOMAS CROSBY.

"Even the 'man of gold' needs to acquire polish before he can shine in Society."—The "Tatler." 

"Federalism is a check upon Socialism."—"Morning Post." 

"The War Office has done what it can to recognise the religious claims of the Sabbath by ordering that when Sunday rifle practice is held there should be Divine Service."—Colonel SIMS.

"It has been the traditional policy of our party to support all measures for the benefit of trade unions, even when brought in by our opponents."—E. R. BARTLEY DENNIS, Unionist M.P.

"Everyone connected with the administration of the law is perfectly well aware that flogging is more deterrent than any other form of punishment."—The "Academy." 

"A good caning at the commencement of the youth's criminal career would undoubtedly help to set him upon the path of reformation."—SIR THOMAS CROSBY.

"Quick locomotion, cheap travel, and the holiday craze which is now bordering on insanity, have fostered a discontent. . . ."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"In the November 'Strand' Britain's greatest advertisers ask you to read their announcements: In them they tell the story about their goods truthfully and sincerely. . . ."—Advert. in "New Red Leader."

"The people of this country, in spite of Carlyle's opinion to the contrary, are not lacking in intelligence."—F. BENNETT-GOLDSEY, Unionist M.P.

"No less happy is His Majesty's decision to resume the religious connection between King Henry VII's chapel and the Order of the Bath; the service announced to take place next autumn will add fresh dignity to the Order by the outward and ceremonial recognition of the Supreme Being."—The "Standard."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The correspondents sent to the front by newspapers all over Europe are "bottled up" at various points, chiefly Mustala Passha and Siria Zagora, where they can see nothing of the operations. Only one or two men, such as Mr. Donohoe, of the "Daily Chronicle," and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the "Daily Telegraph," have managed to send through first-hand accounts of a portion of the fighting around Lule Burgas, but only a portion. Lieutenant Wagner, unfortunately, does not seem to be entitled to so much confidence as his messages would at first sight seem to warrant. The Bulgarians, according to him, have annihilated the Turkish forces at least three times within the last nine days, so that the invaders should really have reached Constantinople long ago. It must be remembered by the interested readers of Lieut. Wagner's messages in the "Daily Mail," among whom I number myself, that all his communications are sent from the Bulgarian headquarters, and are consequently subject to censorship. His accounts are picturesque, no doubt; but the instance I have mentioned above indicates that they are not entirely trustworthy. 

We have simply to take our choice, where war news is concerned, among various plausible lies, for even the diplomatic officials at the various capitals, on whom I myself chiefly rely, are just now not highly well informed. The Turkish authorities are optimistic—they have to be so to the public, or their necks would not be worth insuring. But there is no doubt from the telegrams which have come to hand that the higher ranks of the Turkish army were in a thoroughly disorganised condition, and so was the War Office administration. At Lule Burgas, only some ninety miles from the capital, the troops had no food and very little ammunition. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, with a system of organisation which would be difficult to praise too highly, had brought unlimited supplies of food and ammunition all the way from their frontier, over Turkish roads from twelve to thirty inches deep in mud, so that at critical moments they were able to keep pounding away at their enemies without cessation.

As I write the news comes to hand from Constantinople that the Government will make a determined effort to bring up its reserves from Asia Minor, as I intimated last week could be done if the Powers held their hand. The military experts at the Porte believe that not only can the Bulgarian advance be stayed, but also that the lost ground can be regained. I fear, however, it is now too late for this plan to succeed— not because it is in itself impracticable, but because the Powers are likely to interfere in time to prevent its realisation.

Leaving Turkey to her own troubles for the moment, let us try to ascertain what the Powers are doing. Amid a tangle of falsehoods, rumours, proposals, and counter-proposals, one feature of the European situation stands out clearly, and that is the strained relationship now existing between Austria and Servia. One of the main reasons why Servia joined the Balkan League was that she wanted a port, preferably on the Adriatic. This means that she would have to annex a portion of Albanian territory, and in that case Austria would be cut off from Salona, and the Sanjak of Novibazar would be completely hemmed in. Austria, in other words, would find her outlet to the Aegean entirely blocked.

Here, then, is one deadlock. M. Pasitch, the Servian Premier, has declared over and over again that at least one seaport is essential to Servia's development; on one occasion he went so far as to say that it was a matter of life or death. Austria, on the other hand, positively refuses to let Servia have a port either on the Adriatic...
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**or the Aegean. Italy, for different reasons, is ready to support Austria. It is not generally known—I have certainly never seen the fact stated in any newspaper—that Montenegro is financially assisted by Italy as well as by Russia: not purely for family reasons, not because the King of Italy's consort is a daughter of King Nicholas of Montenegro, but the more probable reason that Montenegro is likely to be of assistance to Italy when, later on, Italy herself endeavours to secure a foothold in the Balkan Peninsula.

This is not the only serious feature of this particular situation. It is known well enough that Servia has Russia at her back, and that Austria has Germany. The German Ambassadors at St. Petersburg, Paris, and London have made no secret of Germany's attitude—Berlin will support Vienna at all costs, even at the cost of war.

Another problem is Constantinople. If the Allies take the capital the Turks will at once remove the sacred person of the Padishah to Asia. Two proposals have been put forward for dealing with the awkward problem arising out of such an action. One is that Constantinople shall be internationalised and turned into a Balkan Tangier; another is that the Turks shall be forced by the Powers to come back and take over the little neck of land including Constantinople, and that “representations” have been made to Bulgaria that it would be better if she stayed away from that angle of land. There is one grave objection to either of these courses; and its name is Russia. As the supporter of the Slav States, Russia would not object if Constantinople fell into the hands of Bulgaria; for it would become Russian in any case sooner or later. But an internationalised Constantinople Russia will not tolerate, and the Powers have already been advised to this effect. Nor does the Tsar's Government see why the Turks should be invited back to Europe if they are once driven out.

Great Britain and France have their own interests to consider. Constantinople is one of the most magnificent strategical positions in the world; and, properly fortified, it would be as impregnable as any city can be made. An unusually large number of British warships has been sent to protect nationals, and it is said in Paris that this manoeuvre is not due solely to over-precaution.

The financial position of the Balkan League remains to be considered. It will be recollected that just before the war definitely started, Bulgaria made unsuccessful efforts to raise a loan of £600,000 in Paris. The sum was small, but the Paris Bourse would not object if Constantinople fell into the hands of Bulgaria; for it would become Russian in any case sooner or later. But an internationalised Constantinople Russia will not tolerate, and the Powers have already been advised to this effect. Nor does the Tsar's Government see why the Turks should be invited back to Europe if they are once driven out.

VI. Independent Occupations.

The four questions raised at the end of the last chapter cut down to the roots of individual or group independence. To many minds this preservation of individual independence in industry is so supremely important that they reject any kind of associated effort that seems, however superficially, to restrict individual liberty. They reject trade unionism on the one hand and the trust on the other. Both forms of organisation, they argue, are destructive of individuality. In like manner the whole Socialist movement falls under its ban, because it would seem that the State, operating in the economic sphere, would be as tyrannical, if not more so, than the individual employer. This vigilant concern for individual liberty is the best guarantee of its unimpaired perpetuity. We do not deny that in mass production or distribution there is an ever-present danger that the individual may pass into the machine a unique individuality and come out at the other end a mere type. But that, after all, is not the least of the criticisms that apply to the existing industrial system. There is practically no culture of industrial genius under private capitalism—certainly there is no systematic culture. Given ten distinctive individualities, without means or influence, how many will live to enjoy the full fruition of their faculties? If only one of them "arrives" it is remarkable; yet the private capitalist is quick to exploit it: "See," he says, "how, under our glorious industrial system, real ability rises to the surface." But meagre though the harvest of genius or special talent undoubtedly is, there is this also to be remembered that probably the nine men who never arrived were spiritually and morally the superiors of the successful tenth. How often, for example, do we hear it said of somebody: "He's a remarkably able man, but much too modest—no push, you know." By "push," in this instance, is meant the capacity to exploit one's fellow men. Or, again, how often do we hear it said of the successful man: "Yes, he's clever enough, but absolutely without scruple." Or yet again: "He knows how to get the most out of better men than himself." Or, "He was 'cute enough to surround himself with clever young lieutenants." It is not necessary to labour this point, which, briefly summarised, may thus be stated: Private capitalism limits the individual interests and, therefore, necessarily crushes all those faculties of mankind that do not definitely minister to those limited interests. Here we come upon one of the fundamental laws of democracy. No system can be truly democratic unless it calls into activity the fair maximum number of faculties inherent in the democracy.

If we examine closely the habits of many of the democratic leaders, we shall find that they utilise democratic machinery to attain to a certain prominence, and then, having secured their position, they consciously or unconsciously imitate their capitalist masters, taking on the colour of capitalist morality, their object apparently being to democratise private capitalism rather than to supplant it both in spirit and substance. Thus the "career" of a political democrat differs only in form from the "career" of a Lloyd George or a Bonar Law. It is not, therefore, surprising that hosts of thoughtful men should watch zealously, if not jealously, lest the new democrat should prove as great a menace to liberty as the old capitalist. Although we do not share their fears, yet it is essential that the guilds should so organise that industrial genius and individual capacities and preferences shall be cultivated and not checked. It is clear then, that the guild must be the instrument of emancipation and continuing liberty and not a new tyranny supplanting the old. Before we can provide for those occupations not amenable to guild routine let us see what they are.
i. The profession of ideas, as distinct from the actual production and distribution of concrete wealth. Priests and preachers, artists, craftsmen, journalists, authors would come into this category.

ii. Inventors.

iii. Groups devoted to the initiation of new ideas and inventions not yet accepted by their appropriate guilds.

iv. Pure scientists and all those who are devoted to original research.

v. Remaining groups in which the wage-system may persist.

We deliberately omit from the foregoing the professions of law and medicine, because these occupations are already guilds in embryo if not in fact. At a recent medical congress, of Manchester, R. Rentoul actually sketched out a medical guild on principles precisely similar to those advocated by us, and his proposals appeared to meet with the approval of his colleagues.

i. Nothing could be more fatal to intellectual liberty and progress than to subject intellectual life to the routine of any human machine. The spirit, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth; to capture it and cage it would be the maddest conceivable enterprise. But we have already the State and the bare subsistence standard. The increase in consumptive capacity of the guild workers is presumably that they purchase those things they need, and amongst them, of course, would be access to ideas, to literature, and to such religious observances as they desire. They can have, in reason, what they want, because they can give economic effect to their demands. Thus the continuance of the religious congregation is rendered more secure, providing the religious principles enunciated appeal to sufficiently large numbers. The dominance of the prosperous deacon or rich church subscriber gives way to the dominion of an enriched congregation. In like manner, there must certainly be an increased demand for works of art, either the original guilds, or the catering guilds. The personal honour and skill will be at a premium because good taste will call for good work, either in architecture, furniture, fabrics, or what not. It is true that, in this sense, the craftsman may find it advantageous to remain inside his guild, and that his earning power will be greater inside than outside. But being debarred from the economy of large production and having only one pair of hands, he may prefer an independent life, relying upon his reputation and skill to secure his financial requirements. Nor do we see any reason why he should not combine independence with affiliation to his guild. Suppose a young carpenter to develop into a valuable man with valuable experience. In like manner, he may turn to many Nonconformist sects, but Roman and Anglican priests would probably build up their own voluntary organisation for their maintenance.

The journalist occupies a somewhat similar position. To do good work he must be his own master. The Quakers are probably right in their affirmation that all spiritual ministry should be voluntary and unpaid. It is certain that the spiritual mission of journalism has declined in inverse ratio to the increasing organisation of paid writers and their subjugation to the commercial necessities of Fleet Street. The prostitution of ideas—always the greatest crime of mankind—that prevails in the world of journalism to-day has vitiated our national life to a degree far greater than is ordinarily realised.

Nevertheless, there is much work of a routine character necessary to the proper presentation of news and views. The sub-editor may honourably do his work without regard to the particular policy of his publication; but he may not honourably write a word inconsistent with his own convictions. We, therefore, find that journalists may be divided into three groups: (a) Those who write what they must, and (b) those who write what the public wants. The first division are primarily dependent upon their consciences and must order their lives accordingly; the second division depend upon their skill. For such skill the market always be a ready market; but the man who writes in the forum of his own conscience is better circumstances if he depends for his livelihood upon some other occupation, or upon the patronage of the few.

The true function of journalism under the guild system, and when the element of profit has been eliminated, is now becoming clear. There is the function of supplying news. The supply of news is gradually becoming the business of the voluntary and telegraphic organisation. The newspaper—so far as it is a newspaper—entirely depends upon live wires. The journalists, therefore, who act in the capacity of news purveyors must ultimately find themselves linked up with the wires or the telephone, and their future is assured—probably as civil servants.

Now suppose that a coterie of men desire to propagate certain ideas and doctrines—political, social, religious, or technical. They proceed amongst themselves to appoint an editor, to elaborate a policy, to sketch a campaign. They then approach the Printing Guild, give the necessary guarantee and their "organ" is duly launched. Whether they subsidise their editor or whether he works gratuitously for the good of the cause is entirely the affair of those concerned. The point now to be emphasised is that the under the guild system there is ample scope for individual action and for the expression of ideas.

ii. The question of inventions and inventors is so important that we must devote a subsequent chapter to the whole problem.

iii. The initiation of new ideas and inventions not immediately acceptable to the appropriate guilds is important because it is the natural counterpoise to sluggish administration and conservative tendencies. Assume that any particular guild is doing its work smoothly and successfully. Its animate and inanimate machinery is in good working order and a sense of contentment pervades the whole membership. But human ingenuity knows no limits and the inevitable invention looms up threatening a mechanical and economic revolution. Visions arise of practically new machinery being scrapped, of existing practice giving way to new, of a new school entering the sacred portals—in short, a complete boulevirement. This is only human that those who are wedded to the old ways should resist—and resist strenuously. Those who are not acquainted with technical discussion can barely realise how vigorously, if not bitterly, a new principle in mechanics or machinery and inventions not yet accepted by the appropriate guilds may be in good working order and a sense of contentment pervades the whole membership. But human ingenuity knows no limits and the inevitable invention looms up threatening a mechanical and economic revolution. Visions arise of practically new machinery being scrapped, of existing practice giving way to new, of a new school entering the sacred portals—in short, a complete boulevirement. This is only human that those who are wedded to the old ways should resist—and resist strenuously. Those who are not acquainted with technical discussion can barely realise how vigorously, if not bitterly, a new principle in mechanics or machinery and inventions not yet accepted by the appropriate guilds may be...
due course, the heavier-than-air plane was evolved, de-
spite the adverse criticisms of the old school. The
young aeronauts have won their victory—such as it so
far is. A play recently depicted the bitter struggle of
the supporters of iron ships against wooden ships and
subsequently the equally bitter struggle of steel against
iron. Industry with such stories on
their own way far more romantic and fascinating than the
stories associated with soldiers, lawyers, and
statesmen. The same struggle will be repeated with
each great invention; and we must prepare for it.

The best guarantee we have for future scientific and
mechanical inventions and discoveries is that men
will more readily fight for them than for any mere political
notions. "Schools of thought" are indeed the sure
sign of abiding interest in the important concerns of life.
Thus, presuming that the conservative element
in a guild contrive to exclude novel practice or new in-
ventions, it is certain that those who believe in them
will not tamely submit. They will instantly form
societies to prove their case and provide the means for
further experiments. For example, it is easily conceiv-
able that had some guild been largely committed to
"lighter-than-air" machines, it might have rejected
any proposal to adopt "heavier-than-air" machines.
The young school instantly organises itself; its tech-
nical leaders get leave of absence, subscriptions are
called up (possibly the guild itself will subscribe or
grant other facilities; it may be conservative, but need
not be mean) and practical pioneering has begun in earnest.

It is convenient at this point briefly to indicate how
the private members of the guild could subscribe, either
to their churches, their papers, their pictures, their
books or their pet inventions; for that matter, how
they are to pay for their groceries, their clothes or any-
thing else. It is certain that every guild will be its own
bank. Banks, as we understand them to-day, will have
become obsolete. Every member of the guild will every
month or quarter be automatically credited with the
amount of his pay. He knows approximately what
that amount is. Suppose the present monetary system
to continue. From time to time he draws ready money
for his smaller requirements, leaving a substantial
balance standing to his credit. Against this he will
draw a guild cheque and by means of these cheques he
will pay his way.

iv. The duty of providing for pure science must be
considered in a future chapter on education. Suffice
it here to remark that scientific research does not
have a particularly happy time under the exist-
ing régime. It is certain that every guild will be its own
bank. Banks, as we understand them to-day, will have
become obsolete. Every member of the guild will every
month or quarter be automatically credited with the
amount of his pay. He knows approximately what
that amount is. Suppose the present monetary system
to continue. From time to time he draws ready money
for his smaller requirements, leaving a substantial
balance standing to his credit. Against this he will
draw a guild cheque and by means of these cheques he
will pay his way.

v. It only remains to consider whether any occupa-
tions will remain in which the wage-system will per-
sist. We do not know. Possibly certain women's
occupations may fall back upon wages. Perhaps
domestic service. Perhaps dress-making, which in its
manner is only, but in every province of the Turkish Emp-
ire, and beyond; and that this crusade must make it
worse than ever.

"But," someone cries, "we only want to drive the
Turk from Europe, where he has no business. We
have no objection to his trying to progress in Asia." The
wish to drive him out, expressed fanatically, at a
turning point in his career, is neatly calculated to de-
stroy all hope of Moslem progress. I believe that we
shall shortly see an awful outbreak of Mohammedan
fanaticism which we, the Turkish party, would give
our lives to prevent. The crusaders will then triumph,
doubtless. They will sneer and say: "That proves
what Moslems are, and always will be." It will, in
fact, prove nothing except that patriots and childish
peoples have grown so partially fitted to the point of madness.
The fault, most certainly, will lie with Europe.

The Part of England.

The Black Crusade.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

II. A PLAGUE UPON THE BLESSED WORD "BULGARIA." It has
brought out automatically, as the cuckoo from the
clock, "our fellow-Christians," "horrible atrocities," "sacred
name of Gladstone," and "unspeakable Turk"—a whole array of pseudo-pious catchwords as in-
appropriate to the present conflict as "Abdul the
Drowned." The same newspapers and individuals
who "danced with garlands" to the Young Turk deputies,
who hailed the Turkish revolution with delirious joy,
are now the cruel foes of Turkey. Why? There is no
answer but the blessed word "Bulgaria."

The hope of Turkish progress had not waned. Every-
one who knew the country was aware that the Young
Turks who gave the impetus (all praise to them) were
not strong or united enough to carry out reforms suc-
cessfully; and rather laughed to see them hailed as
demi-gods. Everyone knew that the Old Turks would
have to join in if the Young Turks, henceforth, were to
accomplish. The Old Turks did join in; the Young ones
fell into their proper place as helpful citizens; the hope
of progress had become immediate. And that it was
which made the Balkan States conspire so hurriedly.
Those States were resolved that the Turks should
never have the chance to pacify their European pro-
vinces. They hated the idea of Moslem progress, of
more importance to the world at large than their am-
thias. They had worked up Macedonian troubles to
a great extent. Their history does excite vindicative-
ness; but, none the less, their crime is great against
humanity. The war broke out. The blessed word
"Bulgaria" at once obscured the issues of the fight for
pious Liberals. If I harp upon that word of mystic
power, it is to save them from the charge of utter
meanness.

Their papers gloat on every case of Moslem cruelty,
and thrust it on the public with scare headlines. This
but begs the question. Any fool could have foretold
that, in the present state of civilisation of the great
majority of Moslems, four years of the kind of treat-
ment we have meted out to Turkey, with a full-blown
crusade for climax, would arouse fanaticism. The
point is that the Turks and we their sympathisers, The
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The fault, most certainly, will lie with Europe.

See for a moment what all Moslems have endured
in these four years since first the Turks announced
their will for progress. Backward and superstitious
peoples new to the ideal of religious toleration see its
proclamation followed by great national calamities, all
proceeding from the Christians. There at once is
matter for fanaticism and reaction. Peoples with

The Black Crusade.

The Part of England.
The Latest Form of Poisonous Hate.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

There is a hatred prevalent to-day which is blacker and more venomous than any that has ever existed before upon earth. It is the hatred burning in the breasts of the jealous and the envious, to whom modern civilisation brings no triumphs save those of big business and poisoning the joys of others. Among this filthy herd of haters, no one, however, is so dangerous and so inodorous as the meretriciously inordinate hater, the protestingly inordinate hater, who pleads Puritanically for the moral and the innocent, and would be their advocate.

A cry has been raised in our midst of late—a cry which owes more than half of its volume to these least savoury of haters—the cry against the White Slave Traffic. Every one who had thought at all, every one who had pondered for half a day, upon the conditions of modern civilisation, must have felt his heart leap for joy at the sound of this cry. "At last," he must have thought, "people are beginning to notice the cruellest and most heart-rending slavery of modern times—the slavery which is rapidly reducing the beauty, the health and the vitality of all our womanhood."

As it is, the Moslems naturally call us liars.

Progressive Moslems looked to England, who has always preached the doctrine of a nationality and a patriotism independent of religious differences—a principle which Turkey stands for in this present war. They looked particularly to the Liberals, for ever prodigal of altruistic sentiments. The same government which had assisted in the tragedies of Finland, Persia, Democratic Russia, declared its impotence to help the Turks, its spokesmen should have admitted, had the Turks withstood the hordes of the enemies. Turkey, as it is, the Moslems naturally call us liars.

If the Liberal Government never meant to help the Turks, its spokesmen should have said so at the first. "One word with force behind it" is admired of Orientals; instead of which they have had gushing protestations with the ring of promises, a knock-down blow, and then more protestations. Take but a single instance, the most recent. Not many days ago Sir Edward Grey assured us solemnly that, whatever the event of the war, neither party of the combatants would be allowed to retain any territory which it might acquire by conquest. Today we know from his own words that the completeness of the Bulgarian victories has modified his view. Had Turkey overrun Bulgaria, Servia Greece and Montenegro, would she not have been compelled to disgorge them all? How much better to have stated this at first instead of blustering about fair play; how much better to have said nothing at all! As it is, the Moslems naturally call us liars.

One would feel pity for the present British Government were it not our own. The large but placid boy of England, who has always preached the doctrine of a nationality and a patriotism independent of religious differences—a principle which Turkey stands for in this present war. They looked particularly to the Liberals, for ever prodigal of altruistic sentiments. The same government which had assisted in the tragedies of Finland, Persia, Democratic Russia, declared its impotence to help Progressive Turkey in her dire extremity. The same Liberals who had cried up the Young Turks to heaven, vituperated Turkey in her need with all the venom of religious hate.

One would feel pity for the present British Government were it not our own. The large but placid boy at school who is afraid to fight, and, therefore, hangs on to the biggest bully, may have the kindest heart in the world. But, as he is forced to gloat on tortures and abet punishments.

To-morrow, when the Moslem world is in a blaze, they will shriek horribly and clamour for tremendous punishments. We beg for charity for El Islam whatever happens. Her proud and childish peoples have been cruelly offended. By charity alone can we retrieve our nation's honour.
about the legions of virgins violated yearly in the modern world by the satyr—the machine? Not only do they tell you that this kind of violation is "honourable" as they turn aside to expectorate, for their breath and teeth are invariably bad), but they care nothing for the haggard looks, the pulld, bloodless cheeks of girls who have not indulged in what they choose to term "vice." What sympathy or horror or righteous indignation can you raise in these moral toads by pointing to the rounded shoulders, the loveless life, the listless eyes, the bloodless cheeks and hands of the typewriter drudge? None! Absolutely none.

They reply (and again you expectorator) that the typist's worn-out looks, her lost beauty, her faded youth, her hopeless expression, are not the result of a life of pleasure, nor the result of a life of immorality, but the result of a life of drudgery. They are not the result of a life of pleasure, not the result of a life of immorality, but the result of a life of drudgery. None, therefore she is honourable, therefore she must not be rescued; therefore everything is all right; therefore nothing is to be done.

Against whom are they inveighing, then, with the "White Slave" cry? Against the Satyr Man, of course! Not really? Yes, indeed! The Satyr of flesh and blood, whose very being is rapidly becoming extinct. But that does not matter. It is against him that their cry is raised. The girls that "fall" before this satyr, look no worse, age no sooner, lose their beauty no sooner, than the poorer typewriter drudge, seduced by the satyr—Machine. What is it, then, that these venemous haters, with evil-smelling breath, cannot abide? What they cannot endure, that which stirs up their bitterest gall, and makes their envious and jealous hearts ache with pain, is not only the fact that life, the fundamental instinct of life, is kept alive for the sake of the whole, a desire for largeness, a willing-ness to stand exposed. "Camerado, this is no book; Who touches this touches a man."

These lines strike a keynote. I find the same sort of thing in Whitman. I mean I find in him what I should be as ready to call our American keynote as I am to call this the English keynote. It is, as nearly as I can define it, a certain generosity. A certain carelessness, or loseness, if you will; a hatred of the sordid, an ability to forget the part for the sake of the whole, a desire for largeness, a willingness to stand exposed. It is by this trait that we are a young nation and a strong one.

An old nation weighs the cost of the best, and asks if the best is worth while. But because we do not do this we shall move as fast as we learn, and knowledge and instinct are not to be over-quickly acquired; not in one generation. . . . Yet where we have now culture and a shell we shall some day have the humanities and a centre. "Poems and materials of poems shall come from their country." And "dom georne." And "don" is both "fate" and "glory." The "Dom georne" man is the man ready for his deed, eager for it, eager for the glory of it, ready to pay the price.

If a man has this quality and be meagre of speech one asks little beyond this. Yet the question seems not so much what I should like to see altered in the affairs of the United States as what force I rely on; why I believe that these changes and others will follow if due course.

I trust in the national chemical, or, if the reader be of Victorian sensibility, let us say the "spirit" or the "empire" of the nation. I have found in "The Seafarers" and in "The Wanderer" trace of what I should call the English national chemical. In those early Anglo-Saxon poems I find expression of that quality which seems to me to have transformed the successive arts of poetry that have been brought to England from the South. For the art has come mostly from the south, and it has found on the island something in the temper of the race which has strengthened it and given it fibre. And this is hardly more than a race conviction that words scarcely become a man.

"Nor may the weary-in-mind withstand his fate, Nor is high heart his helping. For the doo'en-eager oft bindeth fast his thought In blood-bedabbled breast."

The word I have translated "doo'en-eager" is "dom-georne." And "dom" is both "fate" and "glory." The "Dom georne" man is the man ready for his deed, eager for it, eager for the glory of it, ready to pay the price.

"Camerado, this is no book; Who touches this touches a man."

The artist personally is ready to endure a strain which his craftsmanship would scarcely endure. Here is a spirit, one might say, as hostile to the arts as was the Anglo-Saxon objection to speaking at all. The strength of both peoples is just here; that one undertakes to keep quiet until there is something worth saying, and the other will undertake nothing in its art for which it will not be in person responsible. This is, of course, the high ideal, not the standard or average of practice.

And my other hope is in this: that when an American in any art will not be content with the second-rate. He came at a time when America was proud of a few deeds and of a few principles. He came before the nation was interested in being itself. He came before the nation was interested in being itself. The nation had no interest in seeing its face in the glass. It wanted a tradition like other nations, and it got Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Hawaitha" and "Evangel." Whitman established the national timbre. One may not need him at home. It is in the air, this tonic of his.
Italian Patriotism and a Festa.
By Sir Francis Vane, Bt.

A GREAT thing is going to happen in our village. My friend Captain F- has returned from the war in Tripoli, where he has been an animated dispute concerning my place, whether I should go with my friends the veterans of the wars of '88 and '96.
own business best, but one cannot help feeling that it is a little rough on the Arabs, who have nothing to do with these things and probably refer to Turkish rule quite as much as they resent Italian. To be shot down by and to shoot my friends the peasant soldiers of Italy, to unite a country hundreds of miles away is certainly in the Arab an act of unconscious altruism of a very high order.

Most of the speakers refer to my presence as one who wishes well to Italy—this indeed I do—and who defended the war in London. This is also true in so far as this is a great deal by what I have said, and very strongly reproved the agitation which arose against Italy on account of her alleged cruelties. I think each country had better look after its own morals; no more good comes of Englishmen pointing the finger of scorn at Italians for the murder of Arabs, than for Italians doing the same at us for burning farms and concentration of women and children in camps. Let us denounce war as an infinitely cruel thing, but not the warriors whom we employ on such a business. If I held a brief for war—which I certainly do—it might be said that this particular fight has moulded Italy into one whole. A year ago, a man was a Tuscan or a Lombard or Neapolitan first, and afterwards an Italian. Now it may be said that I am an Italian that anything. It has had the effect of widening the mind so that it has a patriotic outlook larger than the province, and now embraces Italy. Let us hope that it will soon widen out to a nobler object still—the world. For I have said that the people of Italy, her King, her soldiers, and her soil, and what was good for them, but not a word about what might be good for that neglected part of this terrestrial globe which is made up of other nations and races outside the bounds of this country. Italy, while uniting Italy, we find the whole of the nearer East in turmoil.

We are glad to honour our leaders with the name of statesmen. I wonder when we will speak of worldmen as the highest distinction of all.

Freethinking.

By M. B. Oxon.

Some weeks ago the "Freethinker" was kind enough to notices an article in The New Age on the manufacture of life. If the criticism had been written by a freethinker it would have been of great interest, but it would seem that the writer is only a materialist. For though one can well understand a materialist believing himself to be a freethinker, yet that a freethinker should make himself out a materialist seems almost incredible.

It is quite impossible to talk with a materialist on any of the subjects which are worth talking about, for he has, by definition or axiom, excluded them from his world. Within the world which he recognises his logic may be unimpeachable, and as a heretofore and drawer of water he does most valuable service, providing material on which the freethinker can work.

Small freethinkers are not very uncommon, though they do not achieve very much except, may be, the seduction of some of the followers of materialism from their allegiance. But all the great men of the world have been freethinkers—Harvey, Newton, Herschel, for example—though they are only recognised as such by freethinkers. The materialists only recognise the materialist precisely because of their materialism or put themselves to considerable pains to remove any stigma of freethought which they chance to recognise in them.

Materialist science is a most valuable thing, but it is not the engine which drives evolution, it is the brake on the wheel of the car which prevents our theories from running away down the hill. No one but a fool would wish to dispense with it; it makes progress safe; it does not make the progress.

But scientists are not the only materialists; religious are quite as bad. And when the pot calls the kettle black it is no use for the freethinker to take sides in the dispute. Both are unquestionably black, or, at least, what the mediaevalists would have called "sublunary." One set of postulates is in itself quite as good as the other if they both of them lead to a blank wall.

Both sets of postulates, those of materialism and those of anthropomorphic religion, are based on ignorance; ignorance of the only part of the universe of which we can possibly have any direct knowledge, which is of ourselves. All possible knowledge depends on this; our recognition of the outside world must be of the nature of an extrapolated concept, constructed in our mind on the data gathered within ourselves. How much of "ourselvcs" really belongs to the outside world does not, for this purpose, matter: our knowledge of it is first hand and vital, and of quite a different kind from any other.

The materialist postulates that he possesses only a body and that such things as mind and life are products of the body. Well and good; but an extrapolation from these data leads the materialist to believe that all matter created itself, which is nonsense or the rankest transcendentalism, or it was created from "outside," i.e., from inside, which is sense, and supported, as far as any such thing can be, by everyday experience of activity.

This is where materialist religion steps in and increases the muddle. "Matter," it says, was created by a god who was a Great Man, and who put the universe together as a man would, on logical lines such as a man employs. The religionist says: There is no evidence of any conscious power working in the universe except myself. It is all the result of mechanical forces—a remark which is quite as bold and no less foolish than the other. When once the premises of the baseless argument are admitted, the argument of each follows, no doubt, lines which are recognised by both sides. But the two premises, though based on the same data, are so different that the materialist does not recognise any evidence of conscious logic in the religionist's method of arriving at them, and vice versa. Were it not that they both meet on a common ground in believing that two and two make four (under some circumstances, at any rate) they would be as unable to recognise each other's "consciousness" as the materialist is to recognise the "consciousness" which leads a comet to edge its way round the sun tail first to avoid being caught.

The whole difficulty arises from the fact that "consciousness" is such a vague word. It means different things to different men it does not mean the same thing. What the Materialist is really at liberty to say is: "I can recognise no consciousness such as I am aware of at work in the universe." And the religionist: Though I feel sure that there is a consciousness in the universe which is akin to my own, yet to suggest that this fully describes it is wrong." There is no "proof" of this to hand; in fact, it is quite arguable that such a proof must be impossible. For example, the proof that there is a relation between 2 and 3, or, in other words, the whole of mathematics, is not to be found either in 2 or 3, whether looked at as a symbol or as an idea. With no glimmering of mathematics we may play with the figures as a child might. With a vague glimmering we might observe in passing events a connection of some kind. With clearer ideas we may find in passing events proofs of our ideas. But whether it was the passing events which created our ideas or our ideas which caused us to select (really arbitrarily) the passing events, must always be as great a puzzle as whether the egg or the chicken came first. In fact, the way to set about finding the answer to the two questions is much the same. The difficulty of deciding between the cart and the horse, or, shall we say, the motor wagon and the trailer, is insuperable from the outside; we must get inside and see the works. Whether the point of maximum density for water was fixed at 4°C, in order that life, as we know it, the feeding man, might be evolved, or the point which makes man the great personality that he likes to think him-
Present-Day Criticism.

The reiterated professions of elocutionary innocence contained in Professor Rippmann's letter published last week in this journal, together with our rebuke of his pomposity and obtrusiveness (in the “Daily News,” make a study for the moralist. Yet the severest judge must recoil from promulgating the charge against the Professor which seems impossible to be let remain dark. Even so, perhaps, we shall do better merely to divert ourselves with the fact that Professor, and then with all your might try to contract the larynx, there the end consonant is to be doubled, since in singing, but the ancients probably gave it its value, as modern singers do not pronounce it in this way. Present-Day Criticism.

self—or whether man is here merely as a chance secondary product is a very interesting question which I do not feel called upon to decide.

Even for material facts the materialist universe is far too small. It is only with the help of a mental gloss-stretcher that the less bigoted materialists are, with some difficulty and unwillingness, slowly making room for the very material facts of spiritualism and telepathy. It is no use saying “forces,” and muttering a formula; this is merely returning to the ways of magic. A for- dary product is a very interesting question which I think that we have in so doing reached the boundary between existence and essence—if there is one.

It is no use saying “forces,” and muttering a formula; this is merely returning to the ways of magic. A for-
that contain this combination—cadet, bidet, both foreign words. Det is not English; and before we did away with the b we should want to find the precise letter to lengthen the sound as we deliver it, or we do not say det, bidet, but dwell a little on the vowel. Likewise, we do not pronounce "scent" as "sent," with a swift hiss, but decidedly linger and soften that s into the c—here, also, dwelling on the vowel. But we know that the avowed object of the new spellers is to have time!

Professor Rippmann scoffs at our absurd notion that Milton himself corrected his proofs. Very well, then, Milton left his poems to the printers! Alas, this easy surrender cannot possibly be made! We know for certain that Milton himself corrected his proofs. Among many examples, his emphatic see corrected from we, in the first edition of "Paradise Lost," Lib. 2, v. 414, still engages the study of the leisurely and learned. If Professor Rippmann will look into the Oxford edition of Milton's poems he will find a convenient note about this. It is Professor Rippmann, and not we, who confuse language and spelling, and who neglects meaning as having inspired both the spoken and the written word. If we do not unfailingly speak as we write, we try to do so, having respect for our birthright, and no mind for selling it merely because the heat of the modern day is on us and we are weary, and because some few trifles are very puzzling and tax our memory. The word which Sainte-Beuve discussed and praised positively and spelling, and who neglects meaning as having respect for our birthright, and no mind for selling it merely because the heat of the modern day is on us and we are weary, and because some few trifles are very puzzling and tax our memory. The word which Sainte-Beuve discussed and praised positively are very puzzling and tax our memory. The word which Sainte-Beuve discussed and praised positively, and spelling, and who neglects meaning as having respect for our birthright, and no mind for selling it merely because the heat of the modern day is on us and we are weary, and because some few trifles are very puzzling and tax our memory. 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A Sixth Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

III.

Still pretending to read Plato, Miss Downing? I thought you had been persuaded that no woman can understand him.

On the contrary, Mr. Feltham, you nearly convinced me that one man could not. Without the help of a woman, may I take you to mean? I refuse the other deduction.

If your pride rejects one, why not both equally? Leaving me exactly where I started—free in my own judgment of myself. Then I reaffirm that no woman can understand Plato but any man may. And what is there so esoteric in Plato that a woman may not understand?

His doctrine of love as expounded in the "Phaedrus."

Ah, on that topic, of course, you, Mr. Feltham, are a master.

It is possible I know more of it than Plato ever knew. Instruct me, then, and I will shut Plato for ever.

There, I tell you t'ou were reading Plato! If you had never pretended to read Plato, Miss Downing, I can bring up an atmosphere like that you set out to read Plato! Never fear. I alone should die for med.

For your remark now raises me from the dead. And being a woman, of course, you hesitate immediately after pretending to read Plato. If you had been a man you would have knocked me down for the first, trampled on me for the second and shot me for the third.

I command you to accept these punishments as performed.

Your remark now raises me from the dead.

Unfortunately that I am. Will nothing end your life? Only love; that will kill me. Do you dare to kill me in that fashion?

You ask me to add suicide to murder.

And being a woman, of course, you hesitate at these trifling crimes! Or is it the suicide that frightens you? Never fear. I alone should die!

Die, pussy, die!

Ah, now you are becoming serious. When you talk sense it is nonsense; but when you talk nonsense then it is sense. Would you like to know why you were reminded of an old nursery rhyme?

Very much indeed!

You admitted at that moment for an instant the mind of your childhood. Just for a second the old fairy-tale atmosphere was wafted through our conversation and in its odorous light you saw and heard the fairy-tales and the fairy music. I am delighted that I should have produced in you an effect so magical. Do you know, Miss Downing, I can bring up an atmosphere like that
at any time. There is a touch of the fairy prince about me; and you, it seems, are a fairy princess.

How touchingly clever, Mr. Feltham! God in heaven. Do you laugh at a man’s dearest ideals? You women are low philistines, every single one of you! Shock number four, Mr. Feltham; and now, if you do not mind, I shall leave you. Good night.

IV.

To say that I was shocked myself by the conversation just recorded would be to misuse the word; but I was both surprised and disgusted. Of all the exhibitions of vulgarity, lasciviousness, ill-breeding, and madness that clever people have made of themselves this of Feltham’s appeared among the worst. There was not a single element in the whole conversation that redeemed it from its low origin in the gutter of his mind. Wit was wanting in it, sincerity was not there, even of Fabian cleverness there was less than the least of the Fabians could muster. I was bound to say that as high as Feltham could climb in men’s company so low could he sink in women’s.

One had only to imagine what would have taken place if, instead of a private and respectable hotel, the scene had been a lodging-house. Is it to be doubted that Feltham would have been hammering at Miss Downing’s bedroom door within half an hour of her retiring? I put this case as a test question for two reasons: the judgment of what a man is should always include the imagination of what under given circumstances he might be. Many men among us die in the odour of sanctity who owe their reputation to their immunity from temptation. And, secondly, the more brutal the test the better. The fact that I concluded Feltham would have behaved in more vulgar fashion under more vulgar circumstances instantly proved that the depths of his sensuality were as yet unplumbed. For was it not the case that the farthest stretch of my imagination still left him an unresisting victim? There was nothing I cared to imagine that he should talk his damnest in my hearing to have his delusion solved by himself. If, I determined, he should see his conversation and conduct in the same light in which I saw them, I would analyse their cause with him as though they were impersonal phenomena: perturbations, that is, due not to his native mind, but to its recent affectability by women. If, however, he should either not see, or, seeing, refuse to admit, that he saw as I saw, our relation was at an end; it certainly would no longer be contained within the circle.

Well, Congreve, he began, what have you got to say to me? You were getting along with that bore over there very well. I hope that you were not annoyed that I left you to him.

Not at all, I said, since it enabled me to hear two conversations instead of one.

Oh! I knew you were listening, he replied. In fact, I talked on purpose that you should overhear us. I thought you might have forgotten what women were like. But they’re all alike, aren’t they?

Under similar circumstances they appear to be. But men, under the same circumstances, do not appear to be so very different.

I was posing, of course, said Feltham. I wanted to see just what she would say or do.

As a matter of psychology simply, Feltham, why did you pose, why were you curious to observe the reactions of that particular species of stimuli? What is your interest in such problems?

Pastime, I suppose!

Women are only fit to be played with.

Or vivisected?

They’re quite capable of taking care of themselves. They’ve vivisected men often enough.

Among their number being Feltham this evening?

Nonsense! I was as cool as a lettuce, detached as a philosopher, and critical as an audience of playwrights at a play.

But you were at your own play. Could you be at the same time critic and author?

Why not?

Well, I was a critic too. What did you think of it as a play?

As a play it was dull; but it takes two at least to make a play. Miss Downing missed the cues.

With a better partner you would have played better?

The play would certainly have been better. What have you to say of the play?

Only that I thought Miss Downing was the real author of it.

Why, she threw the lead on me every time!

Then she is cleverer than you suppose. Most dramatists, especially when they act in their own plays, give the lead to themselves.

Exactly, it was my play, and I took the lead.

But the play was dull, was it not?

Feltham was very annoyed by this time, and plainly baffled. He had, I could see, no intention of making an open confession. On the contrary, while taking any credit there might be in the matter, he was throwing the discredit on Miss Downing. With so confused a mind it was useless to continue the analysis. Time alone could clarify a nature so perturbed, so clouded with desire and conceit.

If he sought for words to reply, I added: You had better disown the play, Feltham, for it was bad. Ask Miss Downing to rewrite it. If she will not, any woman will do.

You mean that I am a fiddle in their hands?

Yes, of one string, Feltham.

He grew grave, then angry, and then defiant. Well, if you will have it so, he said.
I rose again to go. Feltham offered no resistance. Good-night, he bade me at the door. Good-bye, Feltham, I replied.

**[THE END]**

### Views and Reviews.

Why this book should be published in England is not clear. Mr. Lowrie is an American, and served his term of fifteen years for a first offence in San Quentin Prison. The difference between the prison systems of England and America are so marked that even for the purposes of reform the facts of one are not relevant to the other. For example, our judges do not give sentences of fifteen or twenty years, or life sentences, for first offences, as Mr. Lowrie informs us that they do in California. We have a First Offenders Act, which does something to mitigate the criminal instincts of the judge. It is probable that our police are as corrupt as those in America, and that, by giving or withholding evidence, they do influence the sentence passed by the judge. Too many anomalies of sentence occur for them to be regarded as accidental, and Mr. Lowrie declares that the American police are probably and increasingly true of England.

We do not maintain our prisoners with the strait-jacket: when we want to crumple up a man, and make him useless to himself and dangerous to society, we flog him. We have reformed prisons for over a century, and almost all of them have had positive proposals to make. Certainly their chief proposal was inadmissible: we cannot, in the interests of law and order, keep people out of prison, not even that 100,000 who go to prison each year because they cannot pay small fines immediately, and for whom Mr. Thomas Holmes has petitioned incessantly. But we do not maintain our prisoners with the strait-jacket: when we want to crumple up a man, and make him useless to himself and dangerous to society, we flog him. Our hangmen, at least, are thoroughly efficient, and do not seem to be squeamish.

Another reason why this book is unnecessary to English readers is, as Mr. Lowrie declares, that "the object of this book has not been to tell the remedy, but to show the necessity for it." If it were necessary to prove that America is a benighted country, that one sentence would prove it. Why, we have had reformers of prisons for over a century, and almost all of them had positive proposals to make. Certainly their chief proposal was inadmissible: we cannot, in the interests of law and order, keep people out of prison, not even that 100,000 who go to prison each year because they cannot pay small fines immediately, and for whom Mr. Thomas Holmes has petitioned incessantly. But we do not maintain our prisoners with the strait-jacket: when we want to crumple up a man, and make him useless to himself and dangerous to society, we flog him. Our hangmen, at least, are thoroughly efficient, and do not seem to be squeamish.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lowrie should spoil his case for the reform of American prisons until they approximate to the English ideal by the suggestion that "State institutions, and especially the State prisons, should be a source of revenue—not of expense—to the State." Surely he must see that the possibility of making profit would attract the private capitalist, who would promptly reduce the status of prisoners to that of free labourers. We have longer heads in England, and our public men care more for our welfare than Mr. Lowrie seems to do. They not only put the burden of maintenance on the shoulders of the community, but they intend to bring pressure to bear on individuals to make them accept a refuge from the morass of destitution.

According to this Bill: "Where an order that a defective be sent or transferred to an institution for defectives or be placed under guardianship has been made under the guardianship act, the order, or any other judicial order, or any other judicial authority, or, where the order is not made by a judicial authority, any judicial authority may, on the application of the petitioner, or of the managers of the institution, or the guardian, as the case may be, or of any other person or persons, make an order requiring the defective, or any person liable to maintain him, to contribute such sum towards the expenses of his maintenance in the institution or of his guardianship, and any charges incidental thereto, as, having regard to the ability of the defective or person liable to maintain him, seems reasonable."

That's how we do it in England! We may be slow, but we do not move until we are ready. The majority of the people whom we cannot pay their way: the additional order, which will be enforced as if it were a judgment of the county court or an order for the payment of a civil debt made by a court of summary jurisdiction, will bring them within the reach of the law. Not long afterwards, they will be eligible under one or other of the definitions of this Act, probably as feeble-minded (for this definition exactly describes those who cannot pay their way), for the benefits of the hospital, and in the case of females, the law against rape will be strengthened, so that not even the consent of the female shall excuse the polluter of her body. Really, Mr. Lowrie should come to England, and see how well we do things. It is not long before he stopped mentioning the name of Christ, as though the existence of that personage condemned the prison system. We
know in England that Christ died on the tree, so we never mention him. But we are, in a way, proud of him and of his end; and as a tribute to his memory we offer our reformed prisons as an example of Christian civilisation.

The Psychical Treatment of Insanity. *
By Alfred E. Randall.

It is when we come to consider treatment that the failure of the asylum system becomes apparent. Any of the psychical methods of treatment requires so much time and patience, and attention, that it is practically impossible for it to be applied in our general asylums. The number of patients is too large, the number of doctors too ridiculously small, for it to be possible to give, in most cases, more than custody and general medical care. Yet it is certain that, in many cases, the use of hypnosis, suggestion, psycho-analysis, and the rest, do offer additional hopes of cure. For example, at the height of mental disease the prime necessity is not merely to allow their functions to be performed by other parts of the body; he knows that a diseased stomach must receive no food—at least, no solid food; but a mental patient may indulge in his morbid thoughts as much as he pleases, and as a consequence they become more and more fixed. If the failure of sleep is a symptom of the highest importance, and alienists agree that it is, then induced sleep should be a therapeutic agent of great value. It is easier, of course, to give drugs than to hypnotise, in those cases where the state of the patient is to a certain extent unconscious, that is, almost rolled up and her head turned to the right shoulder, as if suffering from torticollis. At the second attempt, she was hypnotised successfully, without sleep being induced; and the necessary suggestions were given. Five days afterwards her sister wrote: "After leaving your house on Friday, we walked along Oxford Street, through the lower departments of Selfridge's, on to Marble Arch, and at last to St. George's Hospital, where we took an omnibus for home; that, for a girl who has scarcely walked a yard invalid, again and again unconscious in her bath chair in the streets, and now to-day, and every day since your treatment began, a normal, cheerful girl who is able to move about and speak, and whom it is a pleasure to be with." The patient called again a few days later and informed the doctor that she had suffered from constipation and amenorrhea all the time; and these disturbances of function were successfully corrected by suggestion. If hypnotism and suggestion are so useful in long-standing cases and acute stages, their value is probably even greater in incipient and borderland cases, more particularly when used in conjunction with those phases of psycho-therapeutics that are summarised in the word "re-education." Delusions, for example, are simply a misinterpretation of facts; and psycho-analysis is but one method of restoring to the consciousness of the patient the normal interpretation of those facts. Hallucinations, which are morbid projections dependent on disturbance of the centres of sensations, may be inhibited by suggestion; but in most cases, either incipient or convalescent, some amount of re-education is necessary. The patient has to be cured not only of his besetting fallacy, but of the state of mind that made that fallacy possible to him. In those cases where the mental symptoms are only the results of a temporary local disturbance or injury, they will cease, of course, as soon as the cause of the trouble is removed. But in those other cases, which probably are the large majority, where what is called the psychopathic disposition has resulted from a prolonged warping or frustration of natural faculties, it is incumbent on the mental specialist to attempt to "re-educate the disease" by practically providing a new philosophy of life.

There is no claim made in this article, or in Dr. Hollander's book, for the exclusive use of hypnotic treatment. Often the best way of gaining a patient's confidence, and thus preparing him for the induction of hypnotism, is to treat by medical means the nutritive, organic, or functional basis of the patient's disorder.
But it is at least intelligible that mental symptoms should be amenable to mental treatment; and Dr. Hol-lander's report (p. 37) is evidence of successful treatment that the matter deserves to be urged into as much prominence as possible. If the conditions of asylum treatment are such as to make impossible the use of every curative method, and it is contended that they are, it is time for a reconsideration of our national provision for the treatment of insanity.

REVIEWS.

Everyman's Library. Aristotle's Politics; a Literary and Historical Atlas of Asia; Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases (Roget. 2 vols.); Livy's History of Rome (2 vols.); A Volume of Restoration Plays. (Dent. 1s. net each.)

Of these volumes, which we have selected from the latest fifty of Messrs. Dent's monumental and national series, it would be easy to write in terms of almost unqualified praise. No gauche introduction spoils our taste for any one of the works here named; but, on the contrary, the introductions to Aristotle and the Restoration Plays of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Gosse, respectively, serve to stimulate expectation of a very high order. For the one-act, it is true, agree with Mr. Lindsay that Aristotle would have been greater for creating a pure Utopia like Plato. As he said himself: "It is not enough to be able to perceive what is best without it is what can be put into practice." But the charge of Stoics that Aristotle is bracing, and not, as many iconoclasts make their challenge, depressing. And Mr. Gosse is even more happy in his remarks on Dryden, Congreve and the rest of his group. Roget's "Thesaurus" is, of course, well known to writers, though till this edition the cheapest, we believe, has been nine shillings. Roget is the remedy for the cliché; for the worn track, newspaper-lettered, of the hack-journalist, new paths in the language are indicated on every page. There is no longer any excuse for the narrowest pockets to confine themselves to a narrow vocabulary. The three-volume Livy is, likewise, a pleasure to have. The atlas, however, has few merits.

Applied Socialism. By John Spargo. (Melrose. 6s. net.)

Delivered substantially, we are told, in the form of lectures to students, we cannot imagine for whom this book was published, unless for the author himself. Mr. Spargo's declared object was to project the theories of Marxian Socialism into the practice of society and to describe, in a series of short pictures, what would happen, if the conditions of the group of conversational students such a course may have been amusing. But the pseudo-scientific castle-building of the method differs only from the castle-building of pure Utopianism in being duller, and therefore less convincing. While at every moment the author is protesting that he is building, though in all this edition the cheapest, we believe, has been nine shillings. Roget is the remedy for the cliché; for the worn track, newspaper-lettered, of the hack-journalist, new paths in the language are indicated on every page. There is no longer any excuse for the narrowest pockets to confine themselves to a narrow vocabulary. The three-volume Livy is, likewise, a pleasure to have. The atlas, however, has few merits.

Empires of the Far East. By Lancelot Lawton. (Grant Richards. Two vols., 30s. net.)

Mr. Lawton has given us a book which is omnivorous in its range, carefully written, exceedingly useful, and withal irritating. For satisfactory reasons stated in the preface the greatest amount of space is given to Japan, which is dealt with partly from the political, partly from the social point of view. The account of China, Manchuria, and Korea is nevertheless adequate; and those readers who get through Mr. Lawton's 1,000 pages will undoubtedly possess a vast amount of accurate knowledge touching the races, nations, languages, religions, political systems, natural resources, and international relations of the Far Eastern empires. But knowledge, however accurate, is not wisdom—a statement which we may express in other words by saying that the author disappoints us when trying to estimate the opportunity and duty of the West to revalue Aristotle's "Politics" and Mr. Lawton is severe on the Yoshiwara and its superimposed religion is not likely to be accepted by the Yoshiwara and its superimposed religion and Dr. Hol-lander's report (p. 37) is evidence of successful treatment that the matter deserves to be urged into as much prominence as possible. If the conditions of asylum treatment are such as to make impossible the use of every curative method, and it is contended that they are, it is time for a reconsideration of our national provision for the treatment of insanity.

Should Christendom ever accomplish the conversion of Japan, it is highly probable that it will not be before all other Oriental countries have accepted Christian doctrines. The great obstacle in the path of missionary progress is the recognition on the part of the Emperor. This recognition is in turn the outcome of the family system. How the one can be overcome without affecting the other is the difficulty that is in the way. Meanwhile the interesting question arises as to whether Japan, while rejecting Christianity, can work out her own social salvation (II., 744).

Naturally, Mr. Lawton is severe on the Yoshiwara and such things; but while giving the Japanese credit for their obvious virtues, while attacking them for their obvious vices, it does not make it sufficiently clear that a superimposed religion is not likely to be successful where a local religion has been established for general use, and has succeeded in imposing their own religion in so many cases simply because there had previously been none worth comparing with it. But the imposition of Christianity on Shin-
tosism and Buddhism is quite another matter; and, even if it were possible, we are not at all sure that it would be desirable. But Mr. Lawton, in his rough-and-ready English way, has no doubts whatever on this point. This particular question of religion takes up relatively little space in the two volumes, but I lay stress on it because by what the author's attitude of mind. When sentences confirming it break out here and there in the discussion of matters of fact the reader whose mind is less circumscribed is inclined to place little reliance on Mr. Lawton's judgment on our matters.

Still, the good points of this work are very many. Book V, on industrial and financial Japan, shows us a side of Japanese commerce which has not been nearly so well treated in any other volume that has come to our notice in the last fourteen years. Mr. Lawton is quite right when he points out, in his chapter on Japanese journalism, that it is a difficult matter for the British public to get really trustworthy and first-hand information concerning Far Eastern affairs. He shows us, too, that the Japanese are not the jingoists the average Englishman imagines them to be, that patriotism does not penetrate to the very marrow of the Japanese bone, and that there are labour problems awaiting solution in the Far East which are of far greater importance than we have hitherto imagined. However, that the more Western Japan and China become the more acute become the labour questions? Why (on page 9 of Vol. I) speak of the United States and Great Britain as "the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon race," when they are nothing of the sort? Why, in the chapters on Korea (II, 1085) speak of money being "loaned" at high interest? The verb "lend" may be irregular, but it is not so irregular as this. I would reckon among the good points of the work the sketch map facing p. 1124, which indicates with some skill the natural resources of Manchuria. The entire section on China is very well put together, except in the instances where too much emphasis is laid on "progress" and the "movement towards reform." The instances where too much emphasis is laid on "progress" and the "movement towards reform," Mr. Belloc says nothing new in this volume. Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety. If Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety. If Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety.

Questions of To-day and To-morrow. By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P. (Methuen. 10s. net.) If this reprint of Sir Alfred Mond's speeches and magazine articles on current political questions contains any original idea, we have sought for it in vain. Of every subject with which this work deals it may be said that Sir Alfred Mond expounds the Liberal or Radical view of it ably enough without elucidating it for anybody else. The subject is perhaps the one most fully considered, and here, while Sir Alfred Mond shows himself to be at home in statistics and skilful in marshalling a case, it cannot be said that he ever leaves the well-worn highway of the discussion. On other subjects equally he is content to follow the party lead or, at least, the lead of what he imagines them to be, that patriotism does not penetrate to the very marrow of the Japanese bone, and that there are labour problems awaiting solution in the Far East which are of far greater importance than we have hitherto imagined. However, that the more Western Japan and China become the more acute become the labour questions? Why (on page 9 of Vol. I) speak of the United States and Great Britain as "the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon race," when they are nothing of the sort? Why, in the chapters on Korea (II, 1085) speak of money being "loaned" at high interest? The verb "lend" may be irregular, but it is not so irregular as this. I would reckon among the good points of the work the sketch map facing p. 1124, which indicates with some skill the natural resources of Manchuria. The entire section on China is very well put together, except in the instances where too much emphasis is laid on "progress" and the "movement towards reform." The instances where too much emphasis is laid on "progress" and the "movement towards reform," Mr. Belloc says nothing new in this volume. Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety. If Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety.

Provençal and Languedoc. By Cecil Headlam. (Methuen. 2os. 6d. net.) Messrs. Methuen continue to add to their library of "Travel," and, in this case, the addition is welcome. The subject is interesting, and Mr. Headlam is rather more enthusiastic about it than most compilers are. Apart from the mere description of the provinces, and the details of travelling, he has used history, legend, literature and archaeology with good effect, and made Provence something more than a nest of singing birds. Not that the Troubadours are forgotten, but the Romans are remembered, and a whole chapter is devoted to "The Memory of Marius in Provence." With the exception of this and three other chapters, the book is divided into territorial divisions; and Mr. Headlam reprints an appendix some Provencal airs and dances. The book is illustrated with sixteen photographs and a map.

The Economic Outlook. By Edwin Cannan. (Unwin. 8s.) This is an unnecessary reprint of occasional articles that have been published by the author during the last fourteen years. Their collective title is completely misleading, for the articles deal with such subjects as "Economics and Socialism," "Ricardo in Parliament," "The Stigma of Pauperism," "Ought Municipal Enterprises to be Allowed to Yield a Profit?" "Colonial Preference," ""The Division of Income," "Must a Poor Law Pauperise?" etc. What the economic outlook may be, Dr. Cannan never tells us. He is more concerned with Webb's argument than with his conclusions, to prove that labour is not a commodity because people only want the products of labour. When he says: "If 'exploited' means anything, I suppose it means to employ at competition wages. How this involves subjection it is not clear." If 'exploited' means anything, I suppose it means to employ at competition wages. How this involves subjection it is not clear. Only in one phrase does Sir Alfred Mond vary his summary from the gospel of his master. One class of the unemployed derives, in his opinion, "from the nomadic epoch of the human race." How very interesting! Among the causes of unemployment—all to be found in Webb—the existence of fifteen million wage-slaves who without any economic pressure is named. But Danton's phrase about "de l'audace," is chosen to flourish the address—ironically, we should like to believe! We can heartily assure our readers that the volume is not worth their reading.

This and That. By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen. 5s.) Mr. Belloc says nothing new in this volume. Here will be found his inn, his harbour, his river, his history, his politics, his wine, and in the author's mind it is quite right when he points out, in his chapter on Japanese journalism, that it is a difficult matter for the British public to get really trustworthy and first-hand information concerning Far Eastern affairs. He shows us, too, that the Japanese are not the jingoists the average Englishman imagines them to be, that patriotism does not penetrate to the very marrow of the Japanese bone, and that there are labour problems awaiting solution in the Far East which are of far greater importance than we have hitherto imagined. However, that the more Western Japan and China become the more acute become the labour questions? Why (on page 9 of Vol. I) speak of the United States and Great Britain as "the two great families of the Anglo-Saxon race," when they are nothing of the sort? Why, in the chapters on Korea (II, 1085) speak of money being "loaned" at high interest? The verb "lend" may be irregular, but it is not so irregular as this. I would reckon among the good points of the work the sketch map facing p. 1124, which indicates with some skill the natural resources of Manchuria. The entire section on China is very well put together, except in the instances where too much emphasis is laid on "progress" and the "movement towards reform." The instances where too much emphasis is laid on "progress" and the "movement towards reform," Mr. Belloc says nothing new in this volume. Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety. If Mr. Belloc really has something to say of history, or the Middle Ages, or his religion, or the arts of the Troubadours, and as "a hard may sing too often and too long," so even an unmistakable prose writer may tire his readers with too stereotyped a variety.

Just as what it is not, or there would be no dispute about it. The Insurance Act finds him avowedly aware of the "complexity of the subject," and of the "valuable interest" involved, but disposed to discuss its principles or to do more than write a synopsis of the Act such as a clerk could draft. The speech on unemployment delivered at Mr. Webb's recent jubilee of "Social Reform" bears all the marks of having been written for the author's speech. Once again, in his opening he makes his bow to the "fundamentals" of the subject only to plunge immediately into the classified pigeon-holes for paupers invented by the Minority Reporters. According to Sir Alfred Mond's view (of which Sir Alfred Mond serves many masters), the first need in dealing with unemployment is, first, more statistics; secondly, a classification of out-of-works, and, thirdly, as many remedies as there are kinds of the disease.
debate; in a book, they are simply impertinences. A Professor of Political Economy ought at least to have prepared some statistics, and stated some case: Dr. Cannan simply suggests that the statistics should be collected by someone else, and surmises that they would not be accurate enough to be of any use. As a scientific treatment of the statistician’s work is deplorable; and it is useless as an aid to the understanding of the economic problem.

The Romance of Bayard. By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

The romance is, of course, only a supposititious love affair. Bayard fell in love with Marguerite de Valois, Duchesse d’Alencon, and authoress of “The Heptaméron,” and his love was a deadly and delicious sin: for he had not meant to part; and Bayard left not even a bar do of the royal Marguerite, who arrived with it in time to see Bayard killed by a bullet. So they parted who had not meant to part; and Bayard left not even a bar sinister on the scutcheon of the Valois. The conclusion makes the tale unnecessary.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

A recent article in the “Spectator,” signed “C. L. G.,” is a pretty good example of how to hit your thumb with the hammer. The subject was National Opera, inspired by the manifesto of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Mr. Edward German, and others, printed with scarce headlines a few weeks back. The English school desires a National Opera House, and “C. L. G.” is by way of supporting that desire. He must know, as every intelligent observer knows, that a National Opera House is not wanted or we would have had such an institution long ago. We want Gaby Deslys and—“Drake.”

One of the illusions of this castle in the air is the existence of a repertory of native works. Several of the signatories to the manifesto have dallyled with opera in their time, but would “C. L. G.” lay a bet that any one of their works would, on its merits, fill Hammerstein’s for three weeks? Let us go on having Covent Garden—rich, voluptuous Covent Garden with its Russian Ballets—our Hammerstein disaters, our glorious Beecham failures, let us go on having our Promenade Concerts, our London Choral Societies, our Denhoff tours, our French Concerts, let us forget South Kensington for a bit, and then possibly in another twenty years or so we will be able to support a season of Mozart at the Court Theatre.

Concerts and recitals are in full swing, some glorious—like the St. Petersburg and Florence Quartets; some pathetic, like—. But no matter. If one has a grain of sympathy for the many half-taught recital-givers that pervade our halls, any concert season is depressing. On and on they come, pianists, violinists, cellists, singers, some nervous and self-conscious, some confident and quite happy, and all of them filled with the last for fame. And the agent smiles—with his fifty-guinea cheque safely lodged at the bank. The tragedy of it, the farce of it!

An event that gave pleasure to many people the other evening was the London Choral Society’s performance of the whole of “Omar Khayyam.” It is not just giving the whole of Bantock’s work at one sitting, for it takes nearly three hours and a half; and it really shouldn’t be done—in justice to Professor Bantock. For it is about half of three and a half hours too long. The performance, it is true, was not consistently good, the conductor rather “stodging” through a rubato work. But no amount of good performances will make this a masterly thing. There is no considerable work within my ken so redundant; there is not much that is gorgeously beautiful, that so often misses its point as this setting of the Rubaiyat. It misses its point by sheer reiteration; it hammers at the emotions until they are paralysed.

Take, for example, the twenty-fifth Quatrain:

Then to the lip of this poor earthen urn
I lean’d, the secret of my life to learn:
And lip to lip it murmured—“While you live, Drink! for, once dead, you never shall return.”

The simple rhythmical structure of this is so tossed about by the setting, and the invitation to drink is repeated so often that at last it becomes impossible to regard the music as sacred. The repetition of words and phrases is, indeed, the most characteristic thing in the whole work. More than once it has a ludicrous effect as in the lines:

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence?

Repeat these lines over to yourself many times in a jolly, jingling rhythm: hither hurried whence, whither hurried hence, hither hurried whence, whither hurried hence, hither whirried hence and you may begin to wonder whether it is not better for old Omar to have Peter Piper pie a peck of pickled pepper off a pewter platter. In the eighty-third Quatrain in the description of the Potter’s house:

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small
That stood along the floor and by the wall;

And some loquacious vessels—

the composer’s treatment is frankly “programme.” These lines are repeated, cut up, jerked out in bits, in the best manner of Gilbert and Sullivan. I do not deny that there is delicious humour in the Rubaiyat, but it never quite descends to buffoonery such as this perilously approaches.

I ask you, is this the way to set verse? I could name passage after passage of exquisite beauty, as for example, the third and fourth lines of the eighth Quatrain—

The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop
The leaves of life keep falling one by one.

where the cadence gives you a thrill of joy; or in the famous lines:

A book of verses underneath the bough
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—
where the music has an extraordinary hypnotic effect; or the Interludes between the seventy-ninth and eightieth, and the ninety-fifth and ninety-sixth Quatrains, where you are permitted to forget the “action” of the piece; and smoke the hashish of the music. For these things one is more than grateful, but the form of the thing! I ask you, is it permissible to set verse like this, is it “masterly”? I ask myself, does Form matter? Does anything matter, so long as one may be allowed a few moments of ecstasy?

I would like to draw attention to the next concert of the London Choral Society on December 4. Arnold Bax’s “Enchanted Summer,” Percy Grainger’s “Two Folk Songs,” Hugh Hubert’s “Lycidas,” and Coleridge Taylor’s “Tales of Old Japan” are all down for performance, the third-named for the first time.
In the evening you were tired, and would sit down outside a new café at a corner of a new boulevard still sprinkled here and there with plaster, but already displaying its incomplete splendour. The café glittered. The very gas burned with the telling the object of the first performance and lighted with its full force the blinding whiteness of the walls, the polished surface of the mirrors, the gilding of rats and other small animals. The waiters standing back as they held the hounds in leach, the ladies smiling at the falcons on their wrists, the nympha and goddesses carrying fruits, pasties, and game on their heads, the Hobes and Ganymeders pouring jars of syrups and parti-colored cones of ice—the whole of history and mythology assembled to make a paradise for gluttons. 

In front of us a middle-aged man with a tired face and iron-grey beard, holding by the hand a little boy and carrying on the other arm a younger child not strong enough to walk. He had taken the nurse's place, and had brought the children out for a walk in the evening. They were all in rags. The three faces were extraordinarily serious, and the six eyes stared blankly at the new café with equal admiration, but different for each of them.

The father's eyes were saying: "How beautiful it is! How beautiful it is! How beautiful it is! It is a place only for people who are not like us." As for the little child's eyes, they were too fascinated to express anything but stupid and crude joy.

The song-writers tell us that pleasure ennobbles the soul and softens the heart, but I doubt that the song was the right one. Not only was I touched by this family of eyes, but I felt ashamed of the glasses and decanters before me, so far too much for human beings, and I felt ashamed, that I might read my own thoughts in you: I gazed into your eyes that are so strangely sweet, your green eyes that are the home of caprices, your eyes that are subject to me, our sovereign lady the Moon, and you said to me: "I cannot stand these people with their round, staring eyes. Wouldn't you tell the head waiter to have them sent away?"

So hard is it to understand one another, dearest; so incomprehensible is thought even between those who are in love.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. F. E. SMITH, MR. HAROLD SMITH, AND "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Harold Smith has been called to a letter published by you in your issue of the 31st ult., in which serious imputations are made against both of them in connection with the Marconi contract. The insinuations against them are devoid of the very remotest foundation. It is not necessary for us to point out how grave are the assertions which you have cast upon them. We are instructed to request you to inform us whether you are prepared to publish a withdrawal and an apology to them in a prominent position in the next issue of your paper.

Yours obediently,

Ely Place,

Holborn, E.C.

Messrs. Lewis & Lewis misapprehend the point of our correspondent’s letter. Our correspondent made no charge against Mr. F. E. Smith, and had no intention of, or evidence for, doing so; but confined himself to regretting that, in view of the association of Mr. F. E. Smith’s name with others in this matter, Mr. Harold Smith should have accepted a place on the Committee of Investigation.

—Ed. N.A.

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE BILL.

Sir,—The promoters of this Bill allege that all stations are watched by procureurs, and every train met by these agents. We wait about for trains, for friends, for letters, along corridors, and even to the most lonely telegraph offices.

Sir,—Being a man you presume to understand women; being a woman I do not presume to understand men. That, in view of the association of Mr. F. E. Smith’s name with others in this matter, Mr. Harold Smith should have accepted a place on the Committee of Investigation.

—Ed. N.A.

* * *

THE NEW CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

Sir,—The promoters of this Bill, perhaps unintentionally, misrepresented the House of Commons last Friday as to the danger of false charges being preferred against innocent people. Mr. Rawlinson said:—"Mistakes may occur now and again, but the worst that can happen is that the arrested persons stand in a position where he can explain the position." He leaves it to be assumed that innocent people will then be allowed to walk away.

Sir,—While endeavouring to show that the risk of false charges would be " infinitesimal," one inspector had "acted improperly," and three had "committed errors of judgment." They noted that some false evidence had been given, and that in one case the disciplinary committee even had treated an accused—and innocent—person unfairly.

Sir,—The New Age proclaims the cruelty of women to be proverbial, and announces that no woman takes the lead in any movement against cruelty. May I ask whether The New Age has ever heard of Miss Beatrice Kidd, of the Women’s Movement, of the London and Provincial Anti-Vivisection Society, and Miss B. K. Oakes of Our Animal Brothers’ Guild, to mention some of the members who were loudest in denunciation of Stephen Paget’s methods in this country? And I ask whether THE NEW AGE has ever heard of the sufferings of girls and women being imprisoned and flogged will be far greater than the supporters of the Bill admit, and it behoves all men who value their liberty to lose no time in drawing the attention of their representatives in Parliament to the danger before them. Persons desiring it may obtain further information free by sending an addressed and stamped wrapper to

JAMES TIMWELL, Hon. Sec.
Police and Public Vigilance Society
217, Gover Street, E.C.

* * *

Sir,—I heartily endorse all you say on above. Years ago Ouida wrote:—"Men have always legislated with justice for women, but women would never legislate with justice for men." By "women" I understand the fair sex as the exemplar of it. These people are naturally exulting over the behaviour of the majority in the House of Commons on November 1, which was an instance of the most weak-kneed panderings to the sentimental notion of buying of its most insistent members or not, that it is possible to imagine. The marvel is that some of the people who have been supporting the excesses of this political movement should have only just wakened to the fact that the sole motive that inspires these persons, beyond injured vanity, is the desire to heap up legislative disadvantages for men and increase the immunities and privileges of women.

You mention some of the members who were loudest in their blustering display of sanguinary chivalry and unrighteous indignation. Colonel Lockwood is an anti-vivisectionist, which is to his credit. He also professes to be anti-suffragist, though I am inclined to think that he was persuaded that giving women the vote would do no harm to good old port-wine-drinking, crusty Toryism. He would mitigate his views. Doubtless he would not be adverse to reviving flogging in the Army, which he confesses to have witnessed.

For "Weeping Willie," he is probably anxious to get, even at the eleventh hour, some of the precious ointment so profusely poured over the head of Georgie Porgie Lambourne. "Why should it be," he asks, "that the NEW AGE should announce it as another attempt of women to force their views on an unwilling world, and, as likely as not, begin vigorously to defend fox-hunting, cock-fighting, and vivisection in its columns. Such is its logic and its obsession.

Marie Brahms.
vitriol, turned into a shambling wreck by a distracting rivial? If not, why not? for infamies like these are as bad as any committed by souteneurs.

**Arch. Gums.**

**THE NEW JEFFREYS.**

Sir,—I sometimes think that people who advocate the revival of flogging are ignorant of history. It is impossible for a student of English history to be unaware that floggings by the courts has invariably been succeeded by the brutalising of the populace. The order of events has, doubtless, been put the other way, but to put them so is to put the cart before the horse. The law in civilised countries has the habit of fixing a certain standard of permissible conduct; it does not enjoin duties which only exceptional people can discharge; it ranks as crimes only those public nuisances which the ordinary people. But by placing itself in this middle position it is at once a stimulus to the good and a model or standard for the average and the bad. Taught, as we are, to regard the law as a safe normal rule in matters of social conduct, it follows that the law becomes the pattern of the many. What the law does right, or if not right absolutely right relatively. But when law, by the adoption of the methods of the lowest drag of the people descends below the level of the normal, there is no reason to expect it to stay there. Of these methods the pillory is the best.

Our brutal bishops and charity workers read in their histories of the conduct of the English mobs who Jeffreys dealt with. A method of treatment which was based on occasion individuals, who incurred the displeasure of the crowd, were literally torn to pieces. Pilloried persons were often dealt with by mob so as to make the Condemned felons were pelted even on the scaffold. Most of the population turned out to witness flogging and executions; the law sometimes appointed these to be held over the crowd; and the horseplay of the mob on such occasions was demonic. The mystery of blood, as Goethe calls it, is one of the profoundest in all nature. The shedding of blood is an event of the utmost occult significance. Unrighteously, unjustly, deliberately shed, its influence is devilish, making devils—if only for an instant—of those who shed it.

But insisting on flogging with its necessary bloodshed, the bishops are not only, therefore, inviting the people, in the name of the law, to become in fact the executioners of their fellows, but also, in the name of the law, they sever the very gates of hell. Charles II. was a much misunderstood man, but his instant penetration into the character of Jeffreys showed him a much understanding man. "That man," he said of Jeffreys—and long before Jeffreys became the Bishop of London—"has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers. The same can certainly be said of the wretches who are now about to restore bloody torture to the status of legal recognition and clerical admiration. It should never be forgotten that a combination of lawyers and priests is about the most sinister compound of which English human nature is capable. When they agree we may be certain that devilry is afoot. The priests who walk in the blood of the Crucifixion—(a mystical symbol which they have misunderstood like butchers)—and the lawyers who walk in blood are the same: that these are excused before law for their werwolf instincts they will thirstily accept. I beg once more to urge the re-reading of English history.

**Perceval Turner.**

**MEREDITH AND WOMEN.**

Sir,—If the paragraph to which Mr. Hadden takes exception is not sufficiently substantiated by the extract from Meredith, enough substantiation is furnished by his works. I have never been able to understand why my sex has raved about this "great champion of womanhood" whom Jeffreys was so wonderfully ready to himself. But it is the "character of women" which English human nature is incapable of understanding. When they agree with Mr. Hadden, who is respected by the lady, that "women should saturate themselves in Meredith." Let them saturate themselves especially and espeically the intellectuals among them—in the concluding words of the "End:"

"But he had the lady with brains! He had; and he was to learn the nature of that possession in the woman who is his wife."

A DETESTER OF MEREDITH.

**MACALUAN ON SAFEGUARDS.**

Sir,—Your correspondent does well to protest against the sibylling away of our constitutional safeguards. Any point without warrant and the irresponsibility of Ministers are no small beginnings of new encroachments on popular liberty. May I transcribe a passage from Macaluan's "History," that explains the great need for early watchfulness? "As we cannot forget how the imagination recoils, employ physical force as a check on misgovernment, it is evidently our wisdom to keep all the constitutional changes from misgovernment in the highest state of efficiency, to watch with delay the first beginnings of encroachment, and never to suffer irregularities, even when harmless in themselves, to pass unchallenged, lest they acquire the force of precedent."

**F. D. Spencer.**

**THE CALLING OF THE Rooks.**

Sir,—While agreeing with Mr. Norman's article, "The Calling of the Rooks," I think he would have been well advised in explaining exactly what he meant by saying that Sir Edward Grey was caught manipulation of public documents. It is possible to believe anything of a man who condoned the Denshawat atrocities, and assisted an atrocious Russian Government to strangle Persia. I think Mr. Norman should be more precise in his charge against the Foreign Secretary of manipulating public documents. Mr. Norman's indictment of Sir Edward Grey is so strong that it should not be weakened by an improved accusation.

DOUGLAS FOX PITY.

**EZ FUR AWAY AS EGYPT IZ.**

Sir,—The following note from the "Times" correspondent at Cairo is what every English Government holds and practises outside of England. Imperialism, in fact, seems to consist of doing good abroad in order to do evil at home. When we look at the Denshawan atrocities, and assisted an atrocious Russian Government to strangle Persia, I think Mr. Norman should be more precise in his charge against the Foreign Secretary of manipulating public documents. Mr. Norman's indictment of Sir Edward Grey is so strong that it should not be weakened by an improved accusation.

DOUGLAS FOX PITY.

**THE NEW AGE AT HAILESBURY.**

Sir,—May I be allowed to bring to your notice an instance of the singular narrow-mindedness of our public schools? The authorities of the public school have suppressed THE NEW AGE as an "undesirable paper."

These are they who are entrusted with the education of the young, and this is how they bring them up to be snobs and narrow-minded. I must thank you for much that I have learnt from your excellent paper, and I am now a true Socialist with all the sincerity that is in me.

JAMES G. DENVISON.

**THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.**

Sir,—In a review of Mr. Belloc's book, "The Service State," in the "Daily Herald," Mr. Belloc generously corrects Mr. Belloc for the omission in his list of alternatives to servility the "New Age Plan of Guild-Socialism." Mr. Belloc, says Mr. Belloc, is "not quite up to date. The most sane, hopeful, and practical solution of the problem of how to reorganise the industrial system over the grave of capitalism is that compromise between State Socialism and Syndicalism which The New Age has named Guild-Socialism."

An equally generous inclusion of Guild-Socialism among constructive proposals is the "Plough-shares," monthly organ of the Socialist Quaker Society, "No Sketch of Socialism,"" the Editor says, "will be complete without the mention of Guild-Socialism." In a recent issue of the "Daily Herald," an article inviting the National Union of Teachers in particular to demand the entire control of their particular industry, after the idea outlined in The New Age, an
November 14, 1912.

THE NEW AGE

Idea to which there is "really no serious objection." The successor of "Two of the Times," has done The New Age less than justice, and, I fear, deliberately less. In the first issue of the "New Witness" (edited by Mr. Cecil Chesterton), there are claims that, until the "Eye-Witness" appeared, "no one was telling the truth about the Insurance Bill." The first issue of the "Eye-Witness" was introduced into Parliament during the first week in May. In your issue of May 11, The New Age began an attack on the Bill, which continued week by week for three weeks before the "Eye-Witness" appeared. Your contemporary had better, therefore, revise its chronology. Its Bill Adams did not win Waterloo.

Press-Cutter.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—Mr. Green seems to imagine that, if he calls a book a work of art, I am, therefore, prevented from saying its subject is prurient and the treatment of it moral.

Witness

"Eye-Witness"

I, for my part, clear the field before the book as a work of art, I am, therefore, prevented from saying to limit his choice of subject matter. Although I did not fit more than Wilde would admit the right of any critic of a nineteenth century Irish writer named Wilde had dealt morally with prurient matter, my contention is entirely substantiated. The idea that a man might commit every sin in the despicable without losing the beauty of youth, is none the less prurient because none of the sins are mentioned or described. The characteristic of prurience is reticence, said Shaw, and Wilde, by his very defiance, put himself in that galaxy. That he dealt morally with the subject matter, is clearly proved by the paragraph "I can find no one" at the Christian reviews of the book, in which he was hailed as "a moral reformer." Why should Mr. Green expect quotations from Dorian Gray? My contention applied to its subject. It was my business to review the controversy, not the book about which I expressed an opinion. When "The Picture of Dorian Gray" is republished, I may please Mr. Green with some quotations from it, if I do not prefer to quote Emerson. Meanwhile, may I remark that Mr. Green's objection to my article has an interesting side to it. It is the old story of anything to the discussion, and has not countered with a "reasonable" opinion of any of my statements. Wilde has surely suffered the last indignity when his defenders are even more incapable than he was of offering a reasoned opinion in defence of their thesis.

A. E. R.

SOCIALISM AND MOTIVE.

Sir,—Atheists are partisans for no God, as believers are for God. Partisanship is necessary for propaganda, and is objectionable so long as it does not try to evince intellectual demonstration. Immediately partisanship tries to override, ignore, obscure, pervert such demonstration, partisanship is noxious. In regard to God or no God, the essential issue is the intellectual credentials for the affirmative or negative partisanship. So soon as either tries to override, ignore, obscure, pervert such demonstration, it is for the other to meet them or submit to them. Then, the method of the partisan must be subjected to that of the intellectual investigator.

Mr. O. E. Post's comments last week on a letter of mine in your issue of October 10, are of the same family character as Mr. Balfour's in your issue of September 10, to which you effectively applied the extinguisher in an editorial footnote. "Mr. Bax and Mr. Post are Atheistic partisans who try to evade intellectual demonstration."

Mr. Post writes that I invite "Socialists to adopt the conception of God as Baal, that is to say as monopoliser of all rights on the part of being the sole cause of all. Now, assuming I do this, the issue for discussion is: Do I offer intellectual demonstration that God is sole producer, and that, as sole producer, God owns all by right? I claim to be the first to offer such writings for more than a decade—for claiming that what I propose is essential to realisation of a social system in which wealth shall be dealt with for the greatest practicable equality of enjoyment. If that is not Socialism, it is an "ism" which I call Equalism. I do not worship at the altar of phraseology.

Mr. Post says that "Baalism suits the classes that live on lucre, on unearned income," and so on. Well, will he show what connection he has with Baalism? Will he not deny to pose as instructor about "Mr. Hiller's conception of God" until he has pursued an elementary course of study as to my conception and its intellectual credentials?

H. CROFT HILLER.

A MISPLACED EPIGRAM.

Sir,—May I protest—I have waited for someone else to do so)—against your inclusion in "Current Cant" of Sir Herbert Tree's excellent epigram: "Post-Impressionism is the least-cloth of the incompetent." In my humble opinion, the style of this is of the first rank.

H. H. PAYNE.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—Is Professor Walter Rippmann ov de jurmons? If so, den dat wood eegpane is difekutelie wid de ingleshe tung.

MORGAN TED.

THE LIMERICK AS A VERSE-FORM.

Sir,—It is very gratifying for me to find that my few random observations on the above topic have aroused so much interest, and called forth such appreciative comment. They have, indeed, been invested with an authoritative value, which I myself would naturally hesitate to claim for them, but which I find none the less flattering in regard to the oriental elements in the limerick are fully corroborated by my article, who has a first-hand acquaintance with Persian poetry. In addition, he draws my attention to a few hitherto overlooked metrical peculiarities of the limerick, such as the occasional anacrusis in the second line, and the position of the enjambre in the last line.

I trust that when occasion offers I shall be able to amplify my notes on this fascinating subject, embodying in them the helpful suggestions that have been so kindly placed at my disposal.

P. SELVER.

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