NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is absurd to demand the instant resignation of the Government on the division of Monday last. That division may or may not have been a "snap" division in the childish vocabulary of the House of Commons, but for the public it simply comes as a warning to expect the end shortly, and no more. The Government has its majority; certain Bills are generally expected to be completed, if not passed; the standing crop of the Insurance Act has to be gathered in the early spring; and only derision would greet a Government that resigned immediately under the present circumstances. Whatever may be their faults, Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet are not timid; nor are they Party. These latter have a ridiculous programme, likely to overestimate either their own unpopularity or the amount of popular support awaiting the Tory Party. These latter have a ridiculous programme, they have no large ideas, they have untried leaders, and they have Mr. Garvin to advise them. Even if, as is probable, they find themselves in power after the next Election, the result will be due, not to their merits, as is probable, they find themselves in power after the months' time compelled to exchange Mr. Asquith for Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Asquith commands a personal respect which no other statesman can now rival. Some of his colleagues have undoubtedly made his Cabinet impossible, but not so impossible that the nation would have Mr. Asquith dismissed by a Parliamentary manoeuvre. He can take his time about resigning. A few months more or less is of no real importance.

If both parties only knew it, their quarrel is not with each other. Observers outside, at any rate, are quite aware that it is at best a case of pot and kettle. Is anyone so simple as to imagine that what Mr. Asquith attempted to do on Wednesday Mr. Bonar Law would not attempt to do in the same circumstances? Sir William Bull fancied himself a real hero when he denounced Mr. Asquith as a traitor and allowed himself to be suspended for it. But traitor in the mouth of Sir William Bull means something more. The present quarrel, as we say, is unreal. The present quarrel, as we say, is unreal. The irritation felt by the Tories is real enough. But their resentment should be directed against the party of the Government, and not against the Government itself. For the caucus is designed, as everybody knows, not only to put a party with a majority in Parliament, but to keep it a majority there. To this end it must needs have a mechanical majority, perfectly packed, not so impossible that the nation would have Mr. Asquith dismissed by a Parliamentary manoeuvre. He can take his time about resigning. A few months more or less is of no real importance.

Speaker, was, we repeat, as legitimate as anything else done by a Cabinet with a caucus Parliamentary majority. Even worse things have been done, and will be again, and possibly by the very persons who now cry traitor. When Tariff Reform, for example, comes to be discussed, we shall see some rare sights in the House of Commons. And should it ever pass, which we doubt, still rarer sights such as will disgust the nation will be seen in the lobbies of the House when the "interests" that hope to profit by Tariff Reform come up to Parliament to buy their Bills over the counter. The present quarrel, as we say, is unreal. The front benches, at any rate, will remain in private the best of friends. Sir William Bull himself would probably not be above dining with Mr. Asquith if the latter thought it worth while to invite him.

But while the personal element of the quarrel is unreal, the irritation felt by the Tories is real enough. But their resentment should be directed against the party of the Government, and not against the Government itself. For the caucus is designed, as everybody knows, not only to put a party with a majority in Parliament, but to keep it a majority there. To this end it must needs have a mechanical majority, perfectly packed, not so impossible that the nation would have Mr. Asquith dismissed by a Parliamentary manoeuvre. He can take his time about resigning. A few months more or less is of no real importance.
selves and those who are incapable of voting as their reason directs. Thus the mechanical action of any Caucus, in the opinion of the majority of the caucus system. And this applies as much to a Tory majority as to a Liberal majority. It simply means that the majority have not to think, but only to vote. The less they think, the more smoothly the caucus works. To this loyal opposition, however, besides the factors of the caucus system. This and applies as much to a Tory majority as to a Liberal majority. It simply means that the majority have not to think, but only to vote. The less they think, the more smoothly the caucus works. To this loyal opposition, however, besides the factors of the caucus system. This and applies as much to a Tory majority as to a Liberal majority. It simply means that the majority have not to think, but only to vote. The less they think, the more smoothly the caucus works. To this loyal opposition, however, besides the factors of the caucus system. This and applies as much to a Tory majority as to a Liberal majority. It simply means that the majority have not to think, but only to vote.
have not delivered our attacks without preparing ourselves to support them; we have usually given chapter and verse for our criticisms. Yet of the hundred or so public writers, journalists, reformers, whom we have challenged, is evidently anxious against fair criticism—none that we can remember has taken up his pen to defend himself. We are not so conceited as to think we are invulnerable. We do not think so meanly of our public men as to be completely certain that they are not afraid to show who they are. Yet the public, who have replied, not by discussion, but by a writ for libel or some such vulgar trick: as dirty and low-down a proceeding—in view of the state of law—as anything that could be imagined. What is it, then, that prevents our public men from engaging in controversy to some definite conclusion? Whatever it is, it is, the same force, we may be sure, is at the back of the caucus system. Indeed, our intellectuals set an example which the caucus merely follows. When the intellectuals in any country decline controversy—why their sole business, by the way—nobody should be surprised that politicians followed suit. The latter run the machine, but the former have really designed it.

Without trespassing too far into formal philosophy, we should say that the cause of the decline of controversy is to be found in the prevalent system of dogmatism which relegates reason to a subsidiary and menial place in human self-direction. It is not realised, indeed, how the unread and the untaught have been impressed by the doctrine of unreason as taught by the schools subsequent to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The doctrine of unreason, however, whatever its parentage, is abortive; for it robs reason of their last available standard in the absence of a dogma. While the Church flourished, and its dogmas were accepted as the common touchstone and final court of appeal of Christendom, some external unity, at least, was obtained among men, and a real bond united them. Protestantism (which is really timid atheism) attempted to substitute for dogma interpreted by the Church a dogma interpreted by the individual—a signal return to the individual conscience, as Matthew Arnold favourably put it; but in course of time the dogma disappeared, and only the individual was left. Now, it was very important that at this moment a new court of appeal should be established; since otherwise every Tom, Dick, and Harry would have full liberty to regard as right any conclusions their poor muddled heads might arrive at. What better court could be devised than the court of reason: reason not in the sense of logic based on dogma, but reason based on reality and shaped by common-sense? But to this end long, large, roundabout discussion was absolutely essential. The fruits of reason are a slow growth. They take time and patience to mature. But our wretched generation, our best to spoil the market for this rubbish, but what can be done in the face of a season that produces them as fast as any dog can destroy them? There will never be anything ripe enough for discussion. It is in politics, or in life until our intellectuals stop crying access and in the number of its legal grounds. Without trespassing too far into formal philosophy, we should say that the cause of the decline of controversy is to be found in the prevalent system of dogmatism which relegates reason to a subsidiary and menial place in human self-direction. It is not realised, indeed, how the unread and the untaught have been impressed by the doctrine of unreason as taught by the schools subsequent to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The doctrine of unreason, however, whatever its parentage, is abortive; for it robs reason of their last available standard in the absence of a dogma.

We shall have, unfortunately, plenty of opportunities for discussing the Divorce reports in whole and in their parts; though no legislation, we venture to predict, will result from them. The public has got hold at last of a subject that exactly suits its cinematographic, novelistic and sensational appetite. For some months, in all probability, the bones will be picked to an accompaniment of purring and growlings and whinings and clapper-clawing; and we shall certainly have to join in. But for the present we will content ourselves with the following remarks. First, we have to thank capitalism for presenting us with what is called the "problem of marriage." In pursuit of its logical mission to reduce society to atoms, each atom insulated from its fellows by an Act of Parliament, capitalism has finally arrived at the oldest institution of man. With the dissolution of the home capitalist disintegration will be complete. We need not draw the conclusion that marriage cannot be "reformed" except for the worse while capitalism remains. Secondly, women are making a grave mistake if they suppose that marriage will be easier when the preferences now given to men in the matter of divorce are removed. On the contrary, fewer men will marry. Thirdly, whatever the State may do the Church will be wise to maintain indissoluble monogamy even if from 61 per cent. of marriages now solemnised under her auspices the proportion drops to 10 per cent. Let her become distinguished for once.
Current Cant.

"This is a democratic age and it is all the better for it."
-CANON HENSON.

"The rule of the Middle-class has come to an end; Democracy has arrived."-DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

"Don't forget the Union Jack. . . . I believe that the two nations who have that flag as their flag have done more for Christ and Liberty, as for their poor, and more for liberty than the whole of the rest of the world put together."-LORD CHARLES BIRRSFORD.

"The Church is not merely a clerical freehold, but a national possession."-"News and Leader."

"The House of Commons is one of the most marvellous colleges, where an education of incomparable excellence is given in human affairs."-LORD Haldane.

"I am proud of the House of Commons."-BOSAN LAW.

"With regard to flogging, I am opposed on principle, but I cannot disguise from myself that the people dealt with in the White Slave Bill are a separate class. . . . I cannot in the name of humanity refuse to sanction their being flogged."-BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

"The White Slave traffic is a denial of human justice and the parent of every other evil."-Mrs. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

"It is impossible that once these White Slave facts are realised that we as citizens of a Christian country. . . ."-ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"Sensible people who understand human nature from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. William Crooks, know perfectly well that when you are dealing with brutes you must use brutal methods."-"Daily Mail."

"Co-operation between capital and labour is the only solution. . . ."-GRIFFITH JONES.

"Labour has at last taken its courage in both hands. . . . The 'Daily Citizen' is inspired by high ideals. We note that in its literary features it does not follow the conventional methods. . . ."-"The Literary World."

"The Duchess of Marlborough takes the keenest interest in social work of every description, and often spends the entire day 'slumming' in the East End. . . . Her collection of jewels is unique, and she is enormously wealthy."-"Mother and Home."

"The growing tyranny of the 'week-end' habit was responsible yesterday, it seems, for the defeat of the Government."-"News and Leader."

"Marriage should be made more difficult and divorce more easy."-Mr. PLOWDEN.

"Nowadays every woman has her own profession. She demands a higher standard from the man she will wed, and it is because men fail to come up to this standard that marriage is on the decline."-"The Modern Man."

"It is good for the world that a strong and deep religious feeling fills the breast of this big strong German brother of Britain, and that from the Kaiser (whose Salvationists reverence, for down to many of the humblest citizens, a robust faith makes for restraint, honourable dealing and a high ethical standard."-"All the World."

"Rough shooting, where the game is sought by the guns themselves, is the form of sport that knits men's souls in friendship."-"VANOC."

To the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane, Lord High Chancellor. My Lord,-In view of your exalted and responsible position as the head of the legal profession, but as the dispenser of much public patronage in the Established Church, and as Keeper of the King's conscience, Your obedient Servant, A. W. COBB, in the "Church Intelligence."

CURRENT CITIZEN.

"I have had thirteen children, but the churchyard has been a good friend to me."-A WOman, to the Cheshire County Councillor.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Knowing what I do of diplomats and such people, I should be the last to accuse them of having a sense of humour. If they had any, we might be spared all these solemn pow-wows and rumours and denials and assertions and counter-assertions about the serious situation between Austria and Servia. It is agreed that Servia wants a port on the Adriatic, as I mentioned last week; and it is equally clear that neither Austria nor Italy wishes to see her there. If Austria, however, desires to back up her demand by force, Russia will find it difficult to stop her, even though Russian public opinion is, as we know, in favour of the aims of the Servian people. In the present state of things it would be child's play for Austria to occupy not only Belgrade, but even Servian territory as far down as Nisch.

Russia, it is obvious, could not prevent some such move as this; and the occupation of Belgrade would be the first step in the Austrian campaign against Servia. Russia could counter only by an offensive movement further east, miles as it were away from the main thrusts, assuming that she could mobilise her forces and have them ready for war within a month, which, I learn, is doubtful.

This is beside the point at issue. Servia wants a port in order that she may export her products without having to send them through Austrian territory, and in order that she may get her imports without submitting to vexatious delays. But Servia's main imports recently have been arms and munitions of war, which were usually forwarded via Salonika and her main export, year after year, are pigs. Man for man, the Servians take more interest in pigs than even the Irish do. Now, can it be seriously suggested to the European public at this time of day that the whole Continent is to be plunged into a bloody war of which the root cause would be Servia's dead pigs? Pork interests vast numbers of us at breakfast time; but there, I think, our consideration for the pig ends.

Of course, the thing is too absurd. The Servians have put up a good fight; and if they do not get what they set out for it will not be fair. But a diplomatic arrangement with Austria is not an insuperable difficulty. With a little pressure the Vienna Government will be found willing to offer Servia some Adriatic port on the condition that it shall us for commercial purposes only, and that it shall not be fortified; and the Ballplatz, too, would have no objection to granting Servia exceptional rights over the railway linking up this Adriatic port with Continental Servia. To this arrangement Italy also would be found willing to assent. More than this Servia does not want.

It is true that Russia, in supporting Servia's claim for a port, had other designs in view. There is a tremendously large Slav population in Austria-Hungary—it cannot fall far short of 20,000,000. The powers that be in St. Petersburg, who always look very far ahead, will tell you frankly that they expect one day to absorb all this population into Holy Russia, and Servia along with it. For that the Servian port would then form a Russian outlet. But the time for the realisation of this plan, which is by no means impossible of achievement, is very far distant indeed; and by the time it could be realised Russia will have found her Southern European port in another more easterly locality. Servia should in the meantime be content with her unfortified commercial port. If she still persists in demanding more than this, we shall be forced to assume that she is being supported by a very much stronger Servian power. As it is, the Servian ports are now known to have arisen between Bulgaria and Russia, it is believed in Paris that the Tsar will recommend calm measures to King Peter.

The Great Powers are once again too late, and they have cut a sorrier figure than ever. Let it be remembered that before the war started they solemnly assured the combatants that the Balkan League would not be allowed to take possession permanently of any territory
which it might succeed in conquering in the course of the next weekend. Next morning made was that Turkey would have to make up her mind to submit to the loss of Macedonia and possibly part of Thrace and Albania. Finally, when the Porte appealed for mediation, the Great Powers dallied to such a degree that Kiamil Pasha was forced to send emissaries to Berlin directly with Bulgaria and the lesser units of the League. In no instance did the Powers succeed in averting the awkward situations that arose one by one. They are still haggling over a Conference which England, France, and Russia regard as necessary, but which Austria and Germany do not want.

Let us say here, for the guidance of Sir Edward Grey, whose knowledge of Balkan problems is not extensive, that Turkey's sovereignty over her European provinces has long been merely nominal. Their population was largely non-Turk, and the present generation of Turkish administrators did not take particular pains to learn their task of governing. The influx of Positivists, Freemasons, and Freethinkers from Paris and Geneva undermined what stability there was left in the governing classes of European Turkey. This species of degeneracy had to be punished; the hand of Allah was bound to fall; and no one can now deny that the punishment and loss of prestige have been swift and drastic. At all but a few points the Turks have been overwhelmed by superior numbers and organisation. But the Montenegrins have made very little headway, and the resistance on the Chatalja lines is grim and determined.

Assuming, then, that the Powers were to intervene immediately, it must be acknowledged that the Montenegrins are entitled to nothing whatever; that the Greeks, who met with hardly any resistance, have not proved their right to anything at all; that the Servians have at least met their match; and that even the Bulgarians, when the forces were anything like equal, had also a hard fight. The Turks have been beaten at hotly-contested points, not because the men had lost their former valor, but because the Turkish army during the last year and a half has been bad, and the fish had begun to stink from the head, to quote a Turkish proverb which has recently had its share of publicity. The Turks, up to the present, have proved their right to retain the territory which has been overrun by the Montenegrins, and to retain also an eastern neck of territory running, say, in a line from Midia to Lule-Burgas, from Lule-Burgas to Demotika, and from Demotika to the sea at or near Dedeagatch.

By now, no one can say that the situation threatened to be worse than it has actually been. The Turks have been humiliated, and the majority of the Russian troops who took part in that particular campaign were not.

May this tale be repeated? Will the Powers give Turkey what she wants, viz., time? For the movements for peace were more energetic than energetic. The Porte has never demonstrated that she was willing to forsake a region, even if she had been overwhelmed by superior numbers and organisation. But the Powers had already made up their minds to submit to the loss of Macedonia and possibly part of Thrace and Albania. Finally, when the Porte appealed for mediation, the Great Powers dallied to such a degree that Kiamil Pasha was forced to send emissaries to Berlin directly with Bulgaria and the lesser units of the League. In no instance did the Powers succeed in averting the awkward situations that arose one by one. They are still haggling over a Conference which England, France, and Russia regard as necessary, but which Austria and Germany do not want.

Military Notes.

I have just returned from Servia, and Heaven knows how glad I am to record my opinions of that country and of its army in columns where one can say what one thinks, and not what one thinks that other people of quite unimaginable stupidity want one to think. After all, it is not surprising that a man out of ten modern journalists are that here. Five years of "writing down" to tuppenny clerks, and the strongest brain goes "phut," becoming incapable of anything beyond the cockney copy and the conventional lies.

I do not pretend to any remarkable degree of military insight, but I know a soldier when I see one, and I will say this for myself, that as soon as I saw the Servian troops I knew that they were excellent. One only had to look at them to see that they had not failed in their duty of the Powers, seeing how they have failed in their duty of the Powers, seeing how they have failed in their duty. Still I do not suppose that any journal, however venal, would not have given a great deal to be able to predict the recent Servian victories, and if their vast and expensive organisations did not enable them to do so, there must be something very wrong even from their own venal point of view.

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First, choose your correspondents properly. If you are on the subject of war, get a man who knows about war and has read about war and, if possible, has seen war. There are dozens of them. I would engage to get you twenty in as many days, and if they would not know the joint stock business as well as yourself, they would get you something to the point. Don’t send out the professional journalist—the man whose mind has gone “putzt” in the manner described above, and who can be relied upon to write the same sort of nonsense as yourself. Don’t send them out for those who lie to Him, until your softness and blindness has grown megalomania entrap you into a false concept of small nations and small people. That is a mistake which has brought great fearlessness to the British Press to give a decent forecast of the war. 

Don’t judge foreign nations by the suburban standards of your own dear land. It doesn’t follow that because the Servians murdered their sovereign after a very brutal fashion in 1904, that therefore they will be defeated by the Turks in 1912. It would be awfully nice if it were so, and awfully comforting to the dear good souls who study the Court Circular and live on the doings of little Wales and York, but it doesn’t follow in the slightest that it really isn’t safe to bet on it. Foreigners are queer people, and somehow or other don’t fit in with the suburbs at all. Again, don’t talk patronisingly of “little States.” Militarily, they are a jolly sight stronger than we are, and, in any case, it isn’t wise to let growing megalomania entrap you into a false concept of small nations and small people. That is a mistake which has brought great fearlessness to the British Press to give a decent forecast of the war. 

Don’t pass everything through Vienna. Get your news straight from the countries in question if you want the truth. If there is to be collating and elimination of the various reports, do it in London, where you are impartial, if only from ignorance. You cannot more hope to get accurate and impartial news of Belgrade and Sofia via Vienna than you can hope to get accurate and impartial news of Paris via Berlin. You, and only you, are the man at Vienna depends on the Austrian Government for favour, protection and news, and perhaps for an occasional lumping backsheesh into the bargain. The Vienna system in all its imbecility is principally responsible for the hopeless failure of the British Press to give a decent forecast of the war.

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Do not be cheaply solemn and solemnly cheap. Do not, like the wretched “Chronicle,” talk mysteriously of a “certain Power” when you and all your readers know perfectly well what Power you mean and when there can be no conceivable object in omitting to say so plainly. All this charlatanism and hocus-pocus are ridiculous and only worthy of the servants’ hall, where the butler and the housemaid talk about “certain parties,” the mystery-mongering of vulgar minds. Your mind is vulgar, but you needn’t advertise the fact. And, finally, don’t take all this exclusively to yourself. There are at least two papers in London whom it doesn’t apply to.

But still better don’t do any of these recommended things. Don’t follow this advice. Go on yet further in that muddle and darkness which God has marked out for those who lie to Him, until your softness and fatness call for their own destruction.

ROMNEY.
vestor, a company is only a means of earning divi-

sions. How they are earned is no concern of his. He holds his shares in order to get his dividends. He cares nothing whether they are brewery shares, laundry shares, land investment, gold mines—what they yield as shares is his one and only question. To him, partnership is only a joke.

In this wise there has grown up a vast army of in-

vestors who have regard only to the earning capacity of businesses and the market value of their shares. Years ago it was usual to appeal to these shareholders directly for capital, but more recently they have been regimented by the financial houses of London, Paris, Berlin, New York, and elsewhere. So much is this the case, in fact, that it is now practically impossible to float a large amount, whether of debentures or shares, without first greasing the wheels of the financial machinery. This financial machinery is the Trust. Its purpose is purely financial; the labour that produces machinery. This financial machinery is the Trust. Its purpose is purely financial; the labour that produces money. The Wall-paper Trust is formally organised, open and unashamed. How, then, does the informal trust do its work? In two ways: (a) by trade associations, where prices or rates are fixed; and (b) by interchanging shares and nominating directors. The names of British trust magnates instantly spring to mind—the late Lord Furness, Lord St. Davids, Sir Charles Macara, Mr. Arthur Keen, Mr. D. A. Thomas, and a score of others. These gentlemen are the British prototypes of the Armours and Carnegies and, in practically every re-

spect, are far more able and statesmanlike—and there-

fore more dangerous—than their American colleagues.

The American and British trust magnates whom we have named have one characteristic in common: they are each masters of their own particular trade. Does not that fact destroy our contention that the purpose of the trust is primarily financial? If they are men who have mastered their own special industry, does it not follow that they are primarily concerned with the practical administration of their businesses, only calling in finance as it is required? Let us briefly trace the career of one of them. He started by chartering a boat. Next he procured twenty tramp steamers. As time went on, he controlled a number of tramp steamers. Next he ordered new boats to be built. He speedily discovered that it paid better to build them himself. Next he found that steel and great works, and has a mailing list of over 200,000 investors, large and small. These investors are carefully classified—some prefer one kind of investment, some another. Some prefer five per cent. bonds; some prefer industrials. One of the largest firms of stockbrokers in London has three lists: the first only buys gilt-edged securities; the second buys reasonably good ordinary and preference shares; the third is specu-

lative—"it's for a flutter." Transversely, there are lists of investors who specialize in gold mines, railways, industrials, land development, houses, and so on, down the whole gamut of industry. The French banks have excelled in collecting the savings of the French peasants, who like six per cent. bearer bonds. A good harvest in France is invariably followed by a large number of flotations, both in Paris and London. Practically every London financial house has its branch or agent in Paris. Finance to-day is even more distinc-

ively than England the money-lender of the world. America and Germany are still borrowers. In this way, either by lending or borrowing (both equally remunerative to the financial houses), a great financial network covers the world.

The specialisation of the financial world is largely informal; it is not the less effective on that account. In America (where it is more highly centralised than elsewhere) it is known as "the money power." To this power the capitalists bow; it rules the rulers of kingdoms. The Trust is the operative principle of the money power; its attitude to industry is precisely that of the private investor to the companies whose shares he holds. Efficient output and distribution, the elimi-

nation of competition (except in wages), the control of sea and land transit—all these doubts result from the trust organisation, but they are one and all subsidiary to the one great purpose of exacting usury and protecting dividends by the enforcement of permanent wage conditions.

In the development of finance, it was ultimately dis-

covered that certain large investors controlled certain industries. Thus, Carnegie and his great-controlled

American steel, Armour and his group controlled

American canned goods trade, Duke and his group held a big grip on American tobacco. Gradually it became much more convenient and remunerative to group these indus-

tries and to capitalise them. In this way was born the Steel Trust, the Wheat Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and half a dozen others. They were primarily banking transactions, the industrial problems connected with them became of secondary consideration. In Great Britain, industrial development, being much older, is in consequence much more complex. Accordingly the trust, in this country, is not quite so simple or obvious. The Free Traders often contend that Free Trade kills the trust. As a matter of fact, practically every indus-

try in Great Britain is informally trustified—iron and steel, shipbuilding, breweries, textiles. The Wall-paper Trust is formally organised, open and unashamed. How, then, does the informal trust do its work? In two ways: (a) by trade associations, where prices or rates are fixed; and (b) by interchanging shares and nominating directors. The names of British trust magnates instantly spring to mind—the late Lord Furness, Lord St. Davids, Sir Charles Macara, Mr. Arthur Keen, Mr. D. A. Thomas, and a score of others. These gentlemen are the British prototypes of the Armours and Carnegies and, in practically every re-

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lative—"it's for a flutter." Transversely, there are lists of investors who specialize in gold mines, railways, industrials, land development, houses, and so on, down the whole gamut of industry. The French banks have excelled in collecting the savings of the French peasants, who like six per cent. bearer bonds. A good harvest in France is invariably followed by a large number of flotations, both in Paris and London. Practically every London financial house has its branch or agent in Paris. Finance to-day is even more distinc-

ively than England the money-lender of the world. America and Germany are still borrowers. In this way, either by lending or borrowing (both equally remunerative to the financial houses), a great financial network covers the world.

The specialisation of the financial world is largely informal; it is not the less effective on that account. In America (where it is more highly centralised than elsewhere) it is known as "the money power." To this power the capitalists bow; it rules the rulers of kingdoms. The Trust is the operative principle of the money power; its attitude to industry is precisely that of the private investor to the companies whose shares he holds. Efficient output and distribution, the elimi-

nation of competition (except in wages), the control of sea and land transit—all these doubts result from the trust organisation, but they are one and all subsidiary to the one great purpose of exacting usury and protecting dividends by the enforcement of permanent wage conditions.

In the development of finance, it was ultimately dis-

covered that certain large investors controlled certain industries. Thus, Carnegie and his great-controlled

American steel, Armour and his group controlled

American canned goods trade, Duke and his group held a big grip on American tobacco. Gradually it became much more convenient and remunerative to group these indus-

tries and to capitalise them. In this way was born the Steel Trust, the Wheat Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and half a dozen others. They were primarily banking transactions, the industrial problems connected with them became of secondary consideration. In Great Britain, industrial development, being much older, is in consequence much more complex. Accordingly the

trust, in this country, is not quite so simple or obvious. The Free Traders often contend that Free Trade kills the trust. As a matter of fact, practically every indus-

try in Great Britain is informally trustified—iron and steel, shipbuilding, breweries, textiles. The Wall-paper Trust is formally organised, open and unashamed. How, then, does the informal trust do its work? In two ways: (a) by trade associations, where prices or rates are fixed; and (b) by interchanging shares and nominating directors. The names of British trust magnates instantly spring to mind—the late Lord Furness, Lord St. Davids, Sir Charles Macara, Mr. Arthur Keen, Mr. D. A. Thomas, and a score of others. These gentlemen are the British prototypes of the Armours and Carnegies and, in practically every re-

spect, are far more able and statesmanlike—and there-

fore more dangerous—than their American colleagues.

The American and British trust magnates whom we have named have one characteristic in common: they are each masters of their own particular trade. Does not that fact destroy our contention that the purpose of the trust is primarily financial? If they are men who have mastered their own special industry, does it not follow that they are primarily concerned with the practical administration of their businesses, only calling in finance as it is required? Let us briefly trace the career of one of them. He started by chartering a boat. Next he procured twenty tramp steamers. As time went on, he controlled a number of tramp steamers. Next he ordered new boats to be built. He speedily discovered that it paid better to build them himself. Next he found that steel and great works, and has a mailing list of over 200,000 investors, large and small. These investors are carefully classified—some prefer one kind of investment, some another. Some prefer five per cent. bonds; some prefer industrials. One of the largest firms of stockbrokers in London has three lists: the first only buys gilt-edged securities; the second buys reasonably good ordinary and preference shares; the third is specu-

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More Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookmayer

Scene: “Great Demonstration of Men and Women at The London Opera House, to urge the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill in an effective form this Session.”

TIME: Tuesday, November 12th, about 7:55 p.m.

[A packed house is regarding with interest a motley collection of notorious nonentities gathered on the platform. The audience is divided into two sections: one for men and one for women. The audience is regarding one another through opera-glasses, with that incompetent determination, makes his way to the Chair, amidst the respectful plaudits of the assembled multitude. The STUDENT is then regaled with a special performance of the Lord’s Prayer, which is chanted in unison.]

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (CHAIRMAN, after waiting for the applause to subside): I call upon MRS. GENERAL BOOTH to address the meeting. (Winds of cheering.)

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am very glad to have been called upon tonight to speak about this appalling evil. I have not much confidence in talking about these matters, and I have only ten minutes in which to address you. If I could, I would call for an all-night meeting, as we often do in the Salvation Army. Women may accomplish more in this than men ever can. The men have gone to sleep and it is impossible for us to wake them up. I have information from Paris that fifteen young English girls are being transported to Buenos Ayres this week. They are bound for that city of central houses of filthy bondage, where they will lead a shameful and terribly short life—for death follows swiftly in the train of these practices. But before we can go further in the matter, we must make the citizens fear the law. (Loud cheers.)

CHAIRMAN: I call upon Mr. CLAUDE MONTEFIORE to address the meeting.

CLAUDE J. G. MONTEFIORE, Esq., M.A.: Ladies and Gentlemen, on the occasion of this large and representative meeting of British citizens, my heart fills with thanks and hopefulness. Those men and women who have not seen the vice at close quarters cannot know what is wanted. I have seen the vice at close quarters. (Male voices, “Hear, hear.”) The villains and bad men who make this traffic their pastime are allowed to pass from the clutch of justice. (Shame.)” Fines are nothing—what we want is drastic punishment. (Loud applause, chiefly from women.) Two important and noble societies have helped to bring the Bill before Parliament—the National Vigilance Association, and the London Council for the Protection of Public Morals. As to the world at large, it is absolutely certain that flogging would be a deterrent—(applause)—and quite agree with His Grace on the subject. If only all other countries would adopt the same punishment, the brothel would be a thing of the past. The Bishop, I feel sure, will agree with me.

CHAIRMAN: The Bishop of Birmingham will now move the resolution. (Applause.)

The Right Rev. The LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: The resolution is as follows: (he reads it) . . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, if there is one thing necessary for a country, it is purity in its young men and women. The vile traffic has shocked the whole moral feeling of the nation, which now insists on protecting the innocent. There is only one deterrent for these inhuman crimes, perpe-
trated by monsters with no feelings. To them the human soul is only a pawn on the chessboard and nothing more. Their only fitting reward is flogging. (Loud applause.) Let us have no pity in the name of humanity. (Cheers.) As to the fears expressed with regard to giving more power to the police, they are simply ridiculous. I trust the police implicitly. I am perfectly willing to entrust myself and all those near and dear to me to their care. For such blackguards, coarse methods must be used. The punishment must fit the crime. (Loud applause.) While opposing corporal punishment in theory, I cannot refuse to sanction flogging in this case. (Loud cheers.) Nothing extant that will suffice to clear England of this curse. I am not with those who would sit still and say “Thou shalt not.” God reigns in his Heaven—all’s right with the world.” God reigns not only in Heaven, but also in the earth he made. (Tornado of applause.)

Mrs. F. D. ACLAND (She has a languid and bridge-club manner, and a Mayfair-cum-Asscot accent, quite impossible to produce, but demonstrations of which are given every Sunday in Hyde Park churchyard.) Ladies and Gentlemen, I—ah—have no special claim whatever to speak here on this platform, but what I would really like to say—ah—is that we Liberal women not only work hard for the Party, but also for the othah women of England. This movement has demonstrated the existence of Sex Solidarity, if—ah—I may say so. We now realise that every woman—every woman—is her sista’s keepah. We are strivin’ for Women’s Political Emancipation. I am very gratified indeed to notice the growin’ comradeship between men and women. (“Hear, hear.”) This subject of the White Slave Traffic is a human one, to be settled by men and women. (“Hear, hear.”) We are like the buglers to a great army, our best thanks be given to HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY for so kindly presiding over the meeting. This is a National Demonstration against the most diabolical iniquity upon earth. Satan himself in the depths of Hell must blush to see it. In England, we love taking the lead of all the nations of Europe. (Cheers.) Let us do so in this instance, and stamp out this evil. (No applause, with the solitary exception of Mrs. DESPARD who is on the platform.) If every man had a proper home such things would not be. And, above all, do not forget that the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain.” (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Chairman: I call upon Mrs. Nott-Bai to address the meeting.

Mrs. E. E. Nott-BOWER, P.L.G. (surmounted by two black ostrich feathers and anointing her remarks with an endless simper): Ladies and Gentlemen, The Pass the Bill Committee, of which I am a member, was born last May, and since then its daily post-bag has grown, and grown, and grown, till now it’s oh! so large. It is such fun. We devote ourselves to the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. (Simpers amidst applause.) We are only a few insignificant women. (“Hear, hear.”) We are like the bargers to a great army anxious to do battle in a great cause. In the last few months we’ve distributed some 100,000 leaflets. (Incredulous applause.) Yes, we have. One thing I would very much like to do, and that is to raise the age of conception. (Mixed reception amongst the male portion of the audience; female portion mostly uncertain as to the meaning of the phrase.) We want an extension of the time of imprisonment for criminal assaults on children. And don’t forget that we are few in number, and poor in pocket, and that our rent is only paid till next Christmas. (Feeble applause.)

Chairman: A collection will now be taken. (This is done.) I call upon Mr. EDWARD SMALLWOOD, to address the meeting.

EDWARD SMALLWOOD, Esq., J.P., L.C.C.: Ladies and Gentlemen, two years ago a young girl was seen into a cab at a station in London by an old lady and left to travel across London alone to another station. Since that day she has never been seen or heard of. Some blackguards and villains say that this evil is a necessary evil. As a Member of the Alliance of Honour—(applause)—I say it is not necessary. Women have the right to expect the same standard of morality from men as men ex-
The Black Crusade.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

III.

In former articles I have talked of Moslem progress in a way that, as I read them over, smacks of cant. Let me explain. The kind of civilisation which Europeans have imposed on certain of the Arab peoples, for example, is accepted, as all facts are by a fatalistic nation, but remains entirely foreign to their turn of thought, forever an enigma to their understanding. I have “been” an Arab, and I know that the very words which Europeans use to carry their ideas in Arabic are calculated to perplex the native mind. The Arabic word for “civilisation” has the flavour rather of “urbanity.” Remember that, and there is nothing foolish in such sayings as, “How can he be a civilised man? He kicked me,” at which Europeans smile.

Here is a story to the point from Egypt. Nine merchants, with their merchandise, were journeying along on donkeys, when two robbers bounced out of a patch of cane, exclaiming “Bo!” The merchants flung themselves upon the ground, and cried for mercy. The robbers took toll of their merchandise and let them go. When the merchants reached the town they went before the judge and made complaint.

“But,” said the judge, “you say there were two robbers only? You are nine strong men.”

“True,” was the reply; “but we are civilised people while they are Children of the Night.”

Reading this reply in the police report, a high English official not unnaturally laughed aloud. But what the merchants really said was reasonable: “We are urbane men (that is, persons enervated by the life of towns) and robbers strike us with a supernatural terror.”

The word for “progress,” too, conveys a notion of “advancement,” quite misleading. Having been taught that education is a means of progress, the educated young Egyptian feels dejected if he fails to get a comfortable post. In short, not to multiply examples, no thorough Oriental can arrive at an understanding with a thorough European. Each sees the other on the same standpoint, they behold two different things. There is no hope of any inspiration passing from the European to the Eastern. The latter apes the European cleverly, but always for his own immediate ends. He seems incapable of general views. Such general views as he expresses are mere pious formulas, or shibboleths of Europe eagerly produced to please the listener; even as I had a gramophone stuck right against my ear, I heard it! Englishmen who have spent their lives in Egypt, with the glad cry: “It is the music of your honoured country. Deign to hear it!” Englishmen who have spent their lives in charge of Orientals often fail to recognise even the fact of this essential difference, and storm at men as if their lack of understanding proceeded from stupidity or inattention. The missionary blames the faith of El Islam for everything he finds amiss. The Turk—whose brains are those of Europe—laughs at them all, and says the truth: “Their minds are different.” He knows how to adapt his words to reach their minds. They are folk of his own household; he has known their minds from childhood; and, being of the same faith, he can use religious language.

El Islam has been called an enemy of civilisation. Well, so is Christianity, at heart. Or, rather, our civilisation is an enemy to both alike. Neither religion is progressive in a worldly sense, though Christianity has arrived at a modus vivendi with the modern world. El Islam has not yet done so. When she does—if ever she can do so now—there is a chance of her evolving a civilisation free from many of the faults of ours. She starts with polygamy established as a principle, though little practised with almost all freedom to divorce on both sides, which almost equals matters for the woman; with every woman in complete possession of her property; with the equality of all believers, a hearty detestation of the thought of usury, and unflinching gaze at the brute facts of life. The process of induction and expansion to meet the needs of modern life, the intercourse with other nations, has long been going on among the Turks. In Turkish homes during the last fifty years very interesting changes have been taking place—by no means always in a European direction, but always in the way of culture and of toleration. The Young Turk movement was entirely European in its inspiration, but its ultra-European leaders were but few; I should think they were as many as the harem botheads who wish to kick over the traces—poor souls, they think emancipation comports promiscuity!—not more than forty. The other movement that I speak of is entirely Turkish, and almost universal in that nation. It had taken up the burden of the Young Turk programme when this war broke out; and had it been allowed to grow, would soon have had a civilising influence on Moslems everywhere, since its doctrines would have been expressed in sound Koranic terms intelligible to them. This is what I mean by Moslem progress. An improved administration of the country was required, as well as stronger armaments, to justify this infant civilisation in the sight of Europe. That also was in prospect, but a month ago before this cowardly and brutal blow was struck at Turkey.

Mohammedans are never happy under Christian rule. Their consolation hitherto has been to think that one great Moslem power still flourished in the world, and every kindness done to Turkey has been done to them. Government like those of France and England, which have many Moslem subjects, should have seen in Turkey a most useful outlet for Mohammedan enthusiasm, to be preserved at all costs, for their own peace. Moslem progress, in the sense I have defined, would have repaid them. It would have been worth every sacrifice of territory to secure the co-operation of another Power. All this is very baldly stated; but it is the truth. Statesmen of a bygone day regarded Turkey as the keystone of an arch which sheltered Europe from terrific storms. They did not hesitate to go to war to keep that stone in place. In this sense also she was still worth fighting for.

I daresay that my views are quite unstatesmanlike. They are, at all events, constructive and humane, and quite sincere. Sir Edward Grey’s ideas, to judge from their results, are very different. Why, in the name of righteousness, should Turkey, more than Russia, be kicked out of Europe? Because, though certainly well meaning, she has shown her weakness. Not many days ago we were assured that, whatever happened, the Balkan States should gain no territory by this present war. Look at the Press to-day—“The Turk must go;” “The Dying Crescent”—all true-born Britons now prostrate themselves before the winners, with Sir Edward Grey for their Imam. English statesmen were not wont to eat their words in this way. No one thinks fit to mention that the Turks have had foul play from start to finish; that the Bulgarian attack is nothing but an act of brigandage; that England stands dishonoured by the broken shears. She has earned both hatred and contempt where she might easily have earned undying loyalty; that the whole Islamic world has been thrown back a hundred years; that a precedent has been created most disastrous to the peace of nations.

These, of course, are simple details; but they are details which will cause more trouble, in the long run, than a European war.
Unedited Opinions.

The Nature of the Soul.

RESUMING our subject where we left off recently, we were about to inquire what qualities the mind reveals that could not be derived from sense perception, and what nature these implied in the soul that caused them. Have you in the meantime thought of any difficulties in our attempt?

One at least. How is it possible to distinguish in the mind the qualities native to itself from the qualities derived from proximity to the soul? Would you not have to prove a negative, namely, that the latter qualities could not possibly be derived from sense-impression? I would like to think the materialist the contrary task of proving that they can be so derived. All their attempts, so far, seem to me to be ridiculous. An accumulation of differences of degree do not appear to me to be able at any time to account for a difference of kind. When, therefore, a quality is discerned that differs in kind from preceding qualities, I conclude, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that it is really a new quality and not an old quality grown up and become merely larger. Reason, for example, appears to me to be something essentially distinct. Instinct is, I think, an unanalysable quality. It may be developed ad infinitum without becoming Reason. The analogy of spatial dimensions is illuminating on this point. You may increase length to infinity without thereby producing area, and area, again, you may extend to infinity without thereby creating a solid. So, too, qualities in the mind may be distinguished in kind as well as in degree. Some qualities are obviously extensions of existing qualities; but others, I think, are as obviously not extensions merely, but either new powers of old qualities or (what is the same thing) new qualities entirely.

And can you name any qualities contained in the mind that differ in kind as well as in degree?

I think I can not only name them, but, I was going to say, prove them. The proof, however, is less logical than psychological. I mean that it depends upon the perception of the soul no less than upon the activity of the reason. But, indeed, the whole mind itself appears to me to be susceptible of a two-fold division; there is the mind that is turned towards the soul, and there is the mind that is turned facewards to matter. Admitting that they are both the same mind, the outlooks of the two faces are entirely different: the one is concerned with the nature of the soul and is under its suggestion; the other is concerned with matter and is under the suggestion of matter. The consequent qualities we observe in the mind differ accordingly as they are derived from the mind looking downwards or the mind looking upwards. In the latter case the qualities are those due to the soul; in the former they are due to matter.

What, would you say, are the qualities respectively due to these modes of mind?

Well, we can make a broad classification from our knowledge of the deductions to be drawn from matter. Mind looking towards the manifested world of matter is necessarily materialist; nothing that is not material—that is, that does not produce a sense-impression—exists for it in the manifested world. Matter is definite and unchangeable. It cannot be changed, and it is not perceived. The material mind of man likewise sees no meaning there. But it does not accept it! Why does it not accept it? Because it is troubled by another vision, that of the mind facing soulwards which gives a different and a conflicting account of the world from that of the sensible mind. If there were not this other vision in man, he would be no more troubled or divided in mind than the rest of the animals. But he cannot enjoy their unreflective incomparable apomb. He has seen something that they do not see.

Consciously, do you mean? Are all men aware of this duality of theirs? Yes, all men; though they may not be aware that they are aware. How then, can you prove to them that they are aware?

How does one recall a thing one knows but has forgotten? By recalling things near it or by being placed there it may recur. Suppose we can point to certain ideas, derived from the soul, and meet as strong as the evidence by which we might not recover for ourselves and arouse in others the recollection of the knowledge the mind has? Suppose, for instance, that we name certain ideas as due to the soul, may we not afterwards more readily recall not only the soul that is their source, but the other ideas the soul has engendered in our mind?

But you are still taking it for granted that such ideas of such an origin do exist.

We have seen that the sensible mind must needs conclude sensibly from sensible things its own mortality, its own ephemeralness, its own materiality, its own meaninglessness. We can have no respect for a logical mind that is not at once an atheist, a materialist and a pessimist. Anyway, the conclusions are honestly inevitable from the standpoint of the sensible mind. But, on the other hand, as everybody knows, there exists in us an impulse either to refuse to recognise these conclusions of logic or to refuse to recognise them as conclusive. To accept them as conclusive is, in fact, almost impossible. With the clearest sense brain in the world and after a course of sense-reasoning leading inevitably to the conclusion that man is a mortal animal and nothing else, our perfect logician will go on acting as if, indeed, he had come to no such conclusion. Why? Because he has not reached conviction; and he does not reach conviction on this matter while the soul is all the while preventing him.

But how does the soul prevent him?

By influencing the inner surface of our minds so to say, of the mind in the very contrary direction inevitably taken by the lower surface in contact with matter. Matter, we say, gives one report—a gloomy report and a report that man is a mortal animal. But soul, on the other side whispers in mind's other ear that man is neither mortal, ephemeral, material, nor meaningless, but the contrary of all these. Thus it comes about that man is in continual doubt and self-division, distracted by contrary reports from his dual mind and, for the most part, unable to believe either report.

But there is, you say, more evidence for Matter's report than for the report that mind makes the Soul? More evidence of a sensible, that is a material kind, of course. There is no sensible evidence that the soul exists. On the other hand, evidence, though of another kind from sense-evidence, is just as strong that soul does exist. There is one sort of evidence for matter and for the existence of the material mind; but there is another sort of evidence for soul and for the existence of what we may call the spiritual mind.

Is this evidence of such a character that anybody can appreciate it?

Decidedly. Since, ex hypothesi, all minds are under the influence of soul as well as of matter, it follows that, properly curious, every mind can add as much evidence for one influence as for the other. The practical problem consists, first, in realising the difference in nature of the two objects of search—namely, the Soul and Matter; secondly, in realising the difference in kind of the evidence necessary; and, thirdly, in training oneself to appreciate spiritual evidence as scientists are now trained to appreciate sensible evidence.

The equipment you appear to be postulating is, however, difficult of attainment. I presume you require in the student familiarity with a philosophy, with a psychology, and a score of other arts and sciences. Matter, fortunately for itself, requires no such equipment. Deny it and it proves itself. Cannot soul do the same?

The method of the soul is that of the still small voice; but I think it is not less conclusive.
"The Winter's Tale" in 1856.

The Shakespearean revivals, marvellous in their way, of Charles Kean during the 'fifties are now almost forgotten. It cannot be many people alive who witnessed them. Everything with Kean was done with the object of educating and even edifying his audience, and it seems strange that he should have chosen the "Winter's Tale" as the ground-work for instruction in the manners and the architecture of the Greeks at the highest period of their development, while carefully eliminating from the dialogue anything that could possibly shock the most sensitive ears.

Some time in advance Kean announced that he was going to produce a Greek play, thus arousing an expectation of Sophocles. Great was the disappointment when the play was discovered to be the "Winter's Tale." But it was, indeed, a Greek play. When the curtain rose, Leontes and his guests were found lying on couches crowned with chaplets in his palace at Syracuse, a city which, according to Thucydides, as Kean discovered, grew from a Doric colony to a height of magnificence, reflecting the splendour of Athens at her height. The excitement of all the spectators was added to by the announcement that six youths in full armour performed the Pyrrhic dance. Then the play began. In the next act we were introduced to the Gynaeconitis, or women's apartments, where women were playing on musical instruments. There followed a scene to one of the Latomiae, or prisons of Syracuse, known as "the ear of Dionysus" (copiously described in the notes of the acting edition). The Trial scene was in the great theatre of the city, which was capable of holding 30,000 persons, and the scenery was a vision of a vast concourse. The reply of the Delphic oracle came in a sacred ark, very correctly reproduced.

As all anachronisms and geographical errors were ruled out, Bohemia was changed into Bithynia, in accordance with a suggestion made by Sir Thomas Hamner in the eighteenth century. It was very convenient, because the scanning of the two words corresponded. This gave Kean an excellent opportunity to teach the public something about Asia Minor. Thus we had a pastoral scene in Bithynia, with a distant view of the City of Nicaea, on the Lake Ascania, together with the chain of lofty mountains known as the Myrian Olympus. Nicaea had a slight ecclesiastical touch about it, with its memories of Council and Creed. The Paphian dress was carefully reproduced, and great attention was given to the Flora of Asia Minor. But as if this were not enough, the Fauna also were not neglected, for Kean took great pains to prove in a note, by means of a quotation from the Second Book of Kings, which describes the onslaught of bears on the boys who mocked Elisha, that bears were certainly known in the East. It is fortunate that he had already disposed of Bohemia. But the most amazing effect of all was produced by a geographical episode, in which a "Luna, in her car, accompanied by the stars (personified), sank before the approach of the sun: "Chronos, as Time," surmounting the globe, described the events of sixteen years, and then Phoebus ascended in his glory. It is rather strange that this did not come at the beginning of the act, or during an interval; but the fourth act began with the exposure of the baby, the Time Episode immediately followed by the pastoral scene. Although sheep shearing is frequently alluded to in the text, the vintage seemed more appropriate to the East, and the dance of shepherds and shepherdesses was converted into the Dionysia. For the dresses, old Greek vases were examined, or authorised engravings of them, as well as Flaxman's drawings; and in the Notes is given the origin of every costume.

In those Early Victorian days, when nobody was allowed to see a lady's ankle, it was obviously necessary to prune the text of Shakespeare very freely. It is much to the credit of the managers of that day that they so rapidly transformed their actors into more stately manners of George IV to those of Victoria. Certainly, there was little to offend the propriety of an age that shrunk from calling a spade a spade. An occasional exclamation in broad farce at any theatre brought down the house: it always seemed that the charicatures of Mr. Kean arrived at the last stage of comic exasperation before he could commit himself to such a breach of good taste. But Charles Kean went far beyond the rest; indeed, he catered largely for the country clergy. One of them, arriving rather late in town with his boys, and being unable to get seats, sent in his card to the manager, who promptly accommodated him. In Kean's "Life" is a grateful letter from the parson, expressing at some length his entire approval of the performance, hoping he may be able to see Henry V with his boys, and trusting that Mr. Kean will find it convenient to give it in July. It rather reads like a command. Grateful for clerical support, Kean cut out every word which offended the ear of Leontes. For instance, allusions to grace in the first act, having some religious suggestion, were omitted. Leontes' allusion to Camillo as his father confessor was also omitted, but possibly that was on account of the anachronism. By the time all the excisions were made about one-third of the play was gone; but the play itself, except for the basis of the whole plot, which there was no getting rid of, was made suitable to the Sunday school. Indeed, Mrs. Kean and some of the ladies of the company were said to be Sunday-school teachers; but the evidence of this is imperfect.

Nothing shows more clearly Kean's respect for the proprieties than his hatred of the word "bastard," which he carried so far that when he brought out "King John," the character that had been played for three centuries to the British public as the Bastard was re-christened Falconbridge.

When cutting out improper words and phrases, Kean, scholar though he was, made havoc of the blank verse, which, except in the rustic scenes, is rigidly adhered to in this play. The pruning knife was more freely used in the later than in the earlier acts, which seems inexusable. One could do without much of the coarse and irrational brutality of Leontes in Acts I and II; besides, much of the language is archaic that it is difficult to follow on the stage. But we cannot readily dispense with a word of the exquisite poetry of Florizel and Perdita. Yet Kean sacrificed about half of it to his antiquarian effects. Twenty lines were sacrificed at a stroke, apparently because the allusion to the habits of the gillyvors bordered on the indecirete; so the men of middle age got no flowers.

The lines:

"O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frightened thou letst fall
From Dis' waggon,

were sacrificed on account of what immediately preceded them. "Come, take your flowers" to "I'll swear for 'em," twenty-three more lines disappeared, thus depriving us of Florizel's best speech:

"When you speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever," etc.

As for poor Autolycus, he was cut right and left. He sang only the first verse of "When daffodils begin to peer" (clearly Kean could not have him tumbling in the hay with his aunts), and only the refrain at the end of "Lawn as white as driven snow." We heard of the usurer's wife who longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbunadoed, the occasion of her doing so, and the unfortunate mishap that befell her, were not revealed; so that half of the fun and the whole point were lost. In fact, when Autolycus was made to speak to a gentleman (Act V, Scene 2) amid "the tombs of Syracuse (restored at sunset)," he must have felt in the graveyard of his dead jokes.

E. LEIGH-BENNETT.
To the Leaders of Labour.

[An Address to the Irish Labour Leaders.]

By Standish O'Grady.

Here is a question upon your answer to which a great deal will depend: indeed, everything will depend: Have the unemployed a right founded in justice to employment, with a full and fair remuneration—and, in lieu of that, to a sufficient and honourable maintenance, but this terror of those who now live upon the exploitation, with a full and fair remuneration—and, in capital, and plunge themselves into poverty. Nothing deal will depend; indeed, everything will depend of labour, prevents or retards the concession of the fear that the full concession of such a right will HERE not a dishonourable and degrading maintenance such as we now provide for them by our brutal and devilish Poor Law? You will say ‘Yes.’ So do I. So will all whose natural sense of justice and cruelty by their part, but through fear—fear which is the basest of the passions. It is a passion which, more than any other, obscures the intellect, hardens the heart, and bears the conscience. In a certain sense their fear is not altogether unnatural; for, beyond a doubt, the concession of that right, in full, would lead, and rapidly, to a social revolution carrying all forward, and by an immense stride, towards that promised Kingdom of God on earth and away from this present dominion of the Devil. That section of all—but Almighty power of the Devil in his form of Mammon is maintained to-day, not by any inherent strength and wisdom of his own, but just through the refusal of that right, the consequent murderous competition of the working people for employment, and the resulting usurious profits of the exploiting capitalists.

Observe, in passing, a grand, hopeful, and inspiring aspect of the situation. It is this: Fear, which is the meanest, the most cruel and the most terrible of the passions, is just that human passion which is most easily mitigated and most easily abolished and quenched. The little child in an agony of terror at the dark is at once pacified, and sinks back into sleep hearing only just one quiet and reassuring word from its mother. The people who now live upon their usuries, that is, upon your exploitation, and see no other way of living, are just like children in dread of the dark. To them the situation is all dark and terrible. Allay that terror, and you may yet find that not only the middle classes, but even the Dives’ of the earth are not bad after all; are in fact, quite human like yourselves. They were silent. They said nothing and did nothing. At all costs, do not frighten them any more than they are frightened at present. For you are in fact frightening them, I believe quite unnecessarily, to-day, by threatening to deprive them of their property by direct violence or by violent legislation. And I tell you that it is a very dangerous game; and, indeed, in every way wrong, such a taking away from men, no matter what the justification, of that which they have been accustomed to regard as their property. We have never been told that the violent shall inherit the earth; but assured upon very good authority that the gentle shall inherit the earth.

If you think and consider and give your understandings fair play, you will find that the Sermon on the Mount is not a bundle of absurd paradoxes at all, but a most plain and scientific and divine statement of certain truths.

"The employment of the unemployed!" The peaceful and gradual solution of the whole of this tragic, social problem seems to be contained in it. There is now before Parliament a poor little Bill bearing this title. It is very poorly urged by your Labour Party and is ignored, where not jeered at, by the Press. Nevertheless, the demand which is contained in it is one pregnant with immense issues and has had a great history, to which I now invite your earnest attention.

In the forties of the eighteenth century our Bishop Berkeley, disturbed in his humane mind at the frequent sight of tramps and beggars upon our high roads, called upon the Irish aristocracy to employ these unemployed, to heed, clothe and shelter them "well," and to set them upon the creation of wealth, both for their own sustentation and for the general good of the whole community. The Irish gentry, at the time in full command, were willing enough to do many other things which their great Bishop invited them to do, and also profited themselves greatly by following his other advice. But, concerning this one suggestion of his, they were silent. They said nothing and did nothing. You can guess why.

The great Bishop might as well have walked down from his palace at Clonmel to the seashore and addressed the deaf waves of the Atlantic at Ballycotton.

In the thirties of the nineteenth century, when the Whigs were fastening their devilish Poor Law upon the neck of these nations, the poet Wordsworth, at the time popular, famous and respected, entered a powerful argumentative protest against that system. He maintained that the British man, the Irish likewise, had an indefeasible right, in Nature and in law, to a full and sufficient and honourable maintenance in lieu of employment and wages. The governing classes—but Whigs were fastening their devilish Poor Law upon these countries with its denial of that right founded upon nature, and law, reaching back to Magna Charta and beyond, to the days of Edward the Confessor, as Wordsworth powerfully maintained.

The poet might as well have delivered his argument to the ombibulous Roatia which ran by his Cumberland cottage, or declaimed it to Grasmere’s reeds and sedges. There was no public discussion at all upon that powerful protest. It was simply ignored, so that time nearly swallowed it up in oblivion. I lighted upon it myself by accident.

When Tom Paine published his "Rights of Man" they did not at least boycott it or enjoin silence in their Press. No. They advertised it hugely and filled the world with their exclamations. Why? They felt that Wordsworth’s "Rights of Man" was a serious danger to their position, but that that other "Rights of Man," with its accompanying Deism and denial of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, was a help. It enabled them to stand out before the foolish many as the champions of orthodoxy.

A few years later Wordsworth’s great theme was taken up by a greater man—Thomas Carlyle. In words of blazing indignation he called, loudly enough almost to wake the dead, upon England’s possessing and governing classes to do this thing, to employ the unemployed, to do it at once and without a moment’s delay, to do it intelligently, thoroughly, bravely and heroically. He told them that it was their duty to do it, as it was the clear right of the poor to have it done. Also, he declared to them that, if they did not do it, they and England would go down in whirlwinds of horrors and terrors as universal history had not yet exhibited upon any of her lurid pages. Almost literally this great-minded and great-hearted, unpaid champion of the poor, and at the same time of all England’s nobler traditions, thundered and lightened articulate reply—only remarked that Carlyle was a unfortunately, he was unpractical.

He was succeeded by the noble John Ruskin, who in the fifties, sixties, and seventies of the last century continued in many ways to assert Carlyle’s doctrine. And I am glad to note in all labour papers a continual
recognition of the generous and unought labours of these brave preachers, as well as frequent quotations from their works. Both of them thought that the rich were too stupid to understand. It was not quite certain that if there were no unemployed, no destitute persons looking for employment, wages would necessarily go up and profits go down, that they themselves would in consequence cease to exist, and that the first step would be taken towards a radical reconstruction of society. They were right. But what they failed to perceive and what their successors there and here fail to perceive, is that in a world like this, made by infinite goodness and wisdom, Right is always the grand standby for man and for nations, and for the rich as well as the poor, and that Wrong, sooner or later, ends in misery and destruction.

I don't wish any unhappiness to befall the classes. I know them too well and understand their many branch upon which they themselves sit. Neither can I help you to understand the State; it is the organ and agent of the rich. If, by agitation, you drive the State into doing it, the State will only seem to do it. The State, the agent and organ of the exploiting classes, will never do it cordially, thoroughly and sincerely. I once visited one of the State's "Labour Colonies," and shall never visit another. I saw the men there degraded and conscious of their degradation.

What remains? I say it boldly and with confidence. Do it yourselves. I see that you have the necessary financial and other material means and ways of doing it, and that nothing is really wanting upon your side except just the heart to dare and do. You can change the face of the world if you do this.

While individually unpropertied and having little cash to spare, you are, collectively and en masse, the potential wielders of enormous financial power. Here, as elsewhere, the pennies and sixpences of the millions mean a colossal capital; a mighty revenue; if only you, the leaders, can kindle their enthusiasm and fire their imaginations by setting before them the prospect of what they failed to perceive that the decedents have been conquered once again and cast in the background with all their paraphernalia of curses and crème de menthe and poppies and green dissolutions. Centuries since people knew that the only cure for these maladies is—legal marriage! The cares of a family leave no time for suicide, the alternative. To curse God and die is to be called afterwards a "poor chap." To curse God and marry is to leave off writing bad verses; in fact, to become distinguished. While, however, this is no longer a contemptible performance. They train themselves, and know not the step to take together in the inspired moment—inspiration, they are aware, flows from too many sources, and some are pure.

We pass over poor "Aurelian" and his poppies and his spirit driving "into the outer dusk," and come straight upon a chastened dirge of sweet September and a last friend, by Mr. F. G. Bowles, the poet's language defective in a girl in summer fields, is symbolical of the cares of a wife who belittles her subject. Mr. Flecker's first verse describes the great and durable Gods in the bald language of the uninstructed. The idea, doubtless, was too big for him:—

"Defying" in the fourth line is no inspiration; in fact, poets do not defy time. Most clichés are nonsense, the original virtue of phrases being individual. Mr. Flecker is unfortunate in speaking of the great Gods "in durable array"; but the whole first stanza of "The Bridge of Fire" is trivial enough. A man is not clever who belittles his subject. Mr. Flecker's first verse describes these great and durable Gods in the bald language of the uninstructed. The idea, doubtless, was too big for him:—

"And old disastrous Gods That Noel with snaky knds—

Miss Gibson quenches "in mid-sea love's consuming fire" after a sad night and awakes to find Passion "dead," whereafter she never catches "Vagrant Love," not even a "glimpse of his flying heels." Insecure stuff of this kind testifies to the Grand Malady. Miss Gibson should marry at once. Mr. Gibson is still sairly Gamp's pardner, spying into all obstetrical situa-

Present-Day Criticism.

The Vigo Verse Anthology. (Elkin Mathews.)

It was pleasant to believe that this little volume, the first verses of which contain an eulogy of opium and a curse upon the Creator, whereas the last are a happy song of a girl in summer fields, is symbolical of the age. One would be glad to understand that the decedents have been conquered once again and cast in the background with all their paraphernalia of curses and crème de menthe and poppies and green dissolutions. Centuries since people knew that the only cure for these maladies is—legal marriage! The cares of a family leave no time for suicide, the alternative. To curse God and die is to be called afterwards a "poor chap." To curse God and marry is to leave off writing bad verses; in fact, to become distinguished. While, however, this is no longer a contemptible performance. They train themselves, and know not the step to take together in the inspired moment—inspiration, they are aware, flows from too many sources, and some are pure.

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Miss Gibson quenches "in mid-sea love's consuming fire" after a sad night and awakes to find Passion "dead," whereafter she never catches "Vagrant Love," not even a "glimpse of his flying heels." Insecure stuff of this kind testifies to the Grand Malady. Miss Gibson should marry at once. Mr. Gibson is still sairly Gamp's pardner, spying into all obstetrical situa-
tions, even those of sheep. Husband away lambing, returns to find a newborn baby beside his deceased wife. Mr. Gibson reiterates eight times through as many verses the worthless line, "The sea is grey beneath the wind," and groans into a region of haunted vales and pale moon-gleams. We have never read yet a line of poetry from the licentious pen. Mr. Greene has some "Dantesques" about hypocrites in "penitential garb," that threadbare clothing, though here it is decorated with "gold that glitters bright." Really, the talent of some of these people is far to seek!

Mr. Gilbert Hudson sounds the purer tone, fresh, charming, and happily dramatic:

Weave me a fairy garment and a crown
Of tender hawthorn sprays,
And wrap their prickles with leaflets glossy green from their dark sheathing,
And every flower that makes the sunlit air
Sweet for the sweet bird's breathing,
Or bids the roving bee fold its wings;
And here and there in clusters nest entwine
Marsh marigolds that bravely shine
Far o'er the wind-swept ings.
Lay them on the open grass
Where the moonlight and the dew
Sweet for the sweet bird's breathing,
Nor greet the woodland bells of blue.

A Border Castle," by Mr. R. G. Keatinge, is rhythmical and scrupulously worded. "The windy voices of the wheat," is a poet's expression of simple correctness. Miss Alice Maddock's verses, "A Water Jug," are gay, and thoughtfully gay, in one of the greater part of a night in hazardous aeroplaning and heated discussions anent still more astounding manifestos, they woke to the tune of a strange new song, a song in which the whirl and chirrup of small machinery seemed curiously mingled with the childish gurglings of a human voice.

What a subject for the jesting of a laughter-shaken world would be there, the materialisation of a mad mixture of dreams of machinery and flesh, the tiny embodiment of the Futurist superman! What a moment of amazement while the Futurist who has wrought this miracle (perhaps Signor Marinetti himself) lies aghast and staring at the object upon his bed-foot! It is all very well to have every confidence in one's powers of propagating by mere effort of thought, but to find that thought is strong enough to have become embodied while one slept is another and altogether more disconcerting thing.

Our readers may have divined by now that its triumphant position is but an alphabetical one; yet we are sufficiently contented after finding even a few graceful, careful, meritorious poems.

The New Frankenstein.

A Warning to [Futurists.]

In one of his earlier books, "Mafarka le Futuriste," Signor Marinetti, the genius and ringleader of the fantastic band, boasts that, some time in the future, Man, the lord of creation, will be able voluntarily and by mere effort of mental power to propagate the species. This assertion has come in the astounding manifesto recently issued by Signor Comberto Bocci, painter and sculptor, gives one furiously to think.

With the human form as it is, the Futurists are obviously dissatisfied, but it is evident to the most casual observer that, with the human form as they represent it in painting and sculpture, they are inordinately and (one would think) unnecessarily pleased. I once asked Signor Marinetti what was the meaning of a picture which seemed to represent some monstrous creature seated at a writing-table, with a smashed, blue face and the top cut off his head. He answered me proudly: "C'est mon portrait, Mademoiselle!" This by the way.

With diabolical hate and rancour they slice and cut the gracious lines and curves of the human figure with fragments of machinery, tables, houses, wheels of taxis, anything that comes within the line of vision. Evidently the Futurist superman (they do not recognise the necessity of woman's presence in the scheme of things) is to be some fantastic compound of machinery and flesh.

If Signor Marinetti and his followers are not careful, they may waken one morning to find that Fate has given them what they seek, has wrought strange things while they slept and dreamed their wild dreams. Would they be pleased, we wonder, if, after spending the greater part of a night in hazardous aeroplaning and heated discussions anent still more astounding manifestos, they woke to the tune of a strange new song, a song in which the whirl and chirrup of small machinery seemed curiously mingled with the childish gurglings of a human voice.

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Out of Bounds.

We arrived in Cape Town on the Saturday afternoon to take up Staff billets. In the evening my chum, Bob Dooley, and I went out to see the city, and we eventually found ourselves in Grave Square, where I saw a sign, which bore the legend:—“Grave Hotel. Proprietor, N. O'Callaghan.”

“Bob,” says I, “here's a compatriot who appears to have a decent tavern; let us go in and sample his lotta.”

We entered a well-furnished smoke-room, and from the girl behind the bar I ordered two half-ens of whisky. The girl turned to draw the spirit, and I turned to look at three respectable middle-aged citizens who sat at a round marble-topped table, discussing their affairs, when, from behind me, came a loud, husky voice, demanding to know: “What the hell (hic) are you fellows doing here (hic)?”

I swung round and came face to face with a stumpy, pot-bellied, double-chinned person, plainly full of drink and insolence, who had grasped the counter with one hand to steady himself. I saw the barmaid raise her hand and caution me to be careful. So I inquired: “Did you address your remarks to me, my friend?”

“I did (hic). And you, as far as I know, don't know what the hell the likes of you are doing in here (hic)?”

“I may ask what the hell business that is of yours?”

“Do you not know (hic) that this house (hic) is out of bounds (hic)?”

“No, I don't know it. But I do know that it isn't large enough to hold the likes of you and me at the same time, so I'll wish you good evening.”

On Monday morning I took up my duties as orderly to the Commissary-General, and the very first thing I was ordered to do was to take a letter to the garrison sergeant-major.

Arrived at his office, I found the warrant officer seated at his desk, with his back turned towards me.

“A letter from the Commissary-General, sir.”

The figure turned in the chair, and at a glance I recognised my antagonist of Saturday evening.

He looked at me, took the letter and read it, and I then asked: “Is there any reply?”

“No, orderly, there is no reply.”

I turned to leave, when: “I say, orderly, were you in the Grave Hotel on Saturday night?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Did you see me there, orderly?”

“No, sir.”

“Did anyone inform you that the Grave Hotel was out of bounds?”

“Oh, yes, sir.”

There was a pot-bellied, bull-necked civilian, full to the gills with whisky and insolence, who had the impudence to demand what the hell I was doing there.

“And—you didn't—see—me, orderly?”

“No, sir. I didn't see you. I was hardly there a minute when this uncultivated clown came from somewhere, sputtering and hiccuping.”

“And—you are sure you didn't see me, orderly?”

“I'm positive I didn't see you, sir. There were three gentlemen sitting at a table, but the sudden appearance of this pig in liquor prevented me.”

“And you really didn't see me there, orderly?”

“Oh, no, sir. I didn't see you.”

“Well, that's all right, orderly, as long as you didn't see me.”

At the same time the Grave Hotel and many others are out of bounds for private soldiers. I will have a list of them posted up in your barrack-room so you will know which to avoid in future.

At last I managed to escape, aching with suppressed laughter. I don't suppose the garrison sergeant-major ever tried to play the “superior officer” dodge again in a publichouse whilst in liquor and mutiny.

Peter Fanning.
Views and Reviews.*

This translation of Bebel's autobiography, following so closely on the translation of the autobiography of Adelheid Popp, enables us to see the nature of the appeal made by the leaders of social democracy to their followers; and it is important that we should realise what manner of man he is. For it is certain that the character of democracy, more particularly of the modern town-bred democracy, is largely determined by the nature of the appeals made to it. If one could conceive a Nietzsche leading a Labour Party, one knows that it would not be a Party very long; but the governing classes would find themselves confronted with a practically insoluble problem of government. But Herr Bebel leads the German Labour Party, and in spite of his Pyrrhic victories at elections, the Government has no difficulty in excluding him from the exercise of power. For the democracy that he leads is one from which he has rigorously excluded any influence but his own. Bismarck had been his friend, perhaps even a greater friend than Bismarck; for if the German Labour Party really was born from the persecution inflicted by the Anti-Socialist laws, the leadership of August Bebel derives from the absence of any other leader. For one reason or another (the usual reason given in this book is that the individuals were corruptly influenced by the Government), every man who suffered from Bebel had departed from him, or he from them.

If we want to understand why German Social Democracy has done no more than set an example to Mr. Lloyd George, we have only to understand Herr Bebel. It is significant in this connection that Herr Bebel professes a belief in Socialism; it is also significant that he confuses will with prevision. "Most emphatically I do not agree with the proposition that a man is master of his own fate," he says. "He is impelled to action by circumstances and his environment. So-called freedom of will is mere moonshine. In most cases a man cannot conceive of the consequences of his actions; only afterwards does he recognise the results to which they lead. Of course, the use to which he puts this argument is a protestation of his own modesty. "It is favouring circumstances that lifts a man to a privileged position in life," he says. "For the very many who do not reach such a position there is no seat at the table of life; and even if circumstances be favourable, a man must show the requisite adaptability to make use of them. But there is no personal merit in that."

Let us admit that but for the favouring circumstances of the death of Lassalle and Schweitzer, Herr Bebel might not have become the leader of the German Labour Party, and that there is no personal merit in the adaptability by which he attained that office. Let us admit this, and what have we in the argument but the confession of a Parলকমतারানিন?: "Circumstances? I make circumstances," is a phrase that has been variously attributed, but always to men of action who have become historical. For the will is not a faculty of choice, as Hume believed, but a power capable of application to a definite purpose. The fact that a man cannot conceive of the consequences of his actions only means that he lacks a certain amount of fore-knowledge. It is certain that, if we except what we call the phenomena of Nature, the circumstances surrounding a man are the result of previous or temporary acts of the will, either compulsory or inhibitory; and may be controlled by a superior act of the will. For example, men believe lies easily because they have been told lies for genera-

tions, and the characteristic is now ingrained in their constitutions; but if Herr Bebel told them the truth, even on this subject, as vigorously as the lies were told to them, for a length of time, it is quite possible that previous efforts of the will, the truth really would prevail.

Why, this very book is a refutation of Herr Bebel's argument! He strove for Social democracy, but a social democratic party; and he got it. His early successes, small as they were, coupled with the disaffection of the German people, compelled Bismarck to introduce the laws against Socialists, and thereby founded the German Social Democratic Party. Herr Bebel had been preaching revolution, or Christian Science, or the ethics of the Blue Moon, who could doubt that he would have influenced the German people to an equal extent? The German Social Democratic Party is his, and he made it, and his hands prepared the dry band. He may take his stand with Luther, and say: "Here stand I; God help me; I cannot do otherwise." But there is no doubt that the will, if not free (which only means ineffective), was efficacious. If Herr Bebel's argument has any validity at all, it means that he is not satisfied with the results. He aimed at social democracy through the Social Democratic Party; he has obtained the Party, and social democracy from it. But this is no argument against the will: it only proves that, in medical language, Herr Bebel mistook a symptom for a cause, and has confidently treated the symptom. A more exact diagnosis, and an equal exercise of the will, and the favourable circumstances will follow, if there is law in the universe.

But this is stating the case too favourably to Herr Bebel. We have a right to assume that, when a man shows every sign of an active will, when he pushes his way through obstacles or over them, that he knows where he is going, and does really intend to go there. When you see a design, infer a designer, was Paley's maxim; and it has survived all the onslaughts of the Rationalists. So when we see Herr Bebel reaching what he set out to reach, and then telling his followers that there is really no room for more than one of himself, we see him, not as the friend, but as the enemy of democracy. His appeal is not to the free instincts of men, but to the instincts of the herd. The display of his own virtues in this book will not deceive anyone who has read Nietzsche. Morality is simply a self-imposed regimen that makes easier the exercise of the will. Psychologically, it is an intensification of the conscious purpose by the elimation of disturbing sensations and ideas; physiologically, it is an economical process that makes possible an extreme activity of one part of the human organism. Herr Bebel's morality was the necessary condition of his eminence, and he uses it to maintain his position on that altitude.

But the workers! Are they benefited? It is a defect of the workers that they sympathise with suffering; and a man who encourages them in that sympathy only perpetuates the suffering. Herr Bebel relates the story of his suffering for the cause, and little else, in this volume, for the book ends on "The Eve of the Anti-Socialist Laws." He does not, as Gouraudus did, show his wounds disdainfully, regarding them as negligible in comparison with his personality; he does not, as St. Paul did, condescend to speak of his sufferings only to obtain the respect of his readers for some sublime truth. He denies the freedom of his will, and he gives his public what it wants. He talks of his poverty, his imprisonment, and his zeal, not because it will benefit the democracy to know these things, but because it will make Herr Bebel seem more heroic to the democracy. We look in vain throughout this book for any vision of a free people, we look in vain for any liberating word or intention; we see only Herr Bebel maintaining his attitude as St. Paul did, and it is a self-interest which makes him sacrifice the democracy to his own virtues. In a spirit of true humility he might have helped the democracy to free itself from itself; he has chosen rather to pose as one of the Smilesian heroes of "Self-Help," and left the democracy with one more example of what it might not be to.

A. E. R.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The confusion of mind, to say nothing of the corruption of taste, that is implicit in every attempt to make drama something other than dramatic is well illustrated by what is called "propagandist drama." Certainly, if a man wants to use characters on a stage to express his particular thoughts about social matters, it is no one's business to gainsay him. Thought will out, as well as foolishness; and whatever means a man may choose concerns only himself. But criticism will not be denied; and although art is the means to the end of the portrayal of beauty, the criticism that is concerned with the fitness of things may have a word to say when the projected end is a sociological thesis. For successful propaganda is as much dependent on art as is the presentation of beauty. In both cases, the subject-matter must be chosen and its treatment must be directed to produce an inevitable conclusion. For this reason, Shaw's "conversations" have failed equally as art and as propaganda. He never drove his characters through to certainty, through the chaos of dissociated personalities to that harmonious re-arrangement of faculties that is the physical basis of reason. He posed dilemmas, and left them unresolved; he wrote his plays to arrive at no conclusion and to produce no effect.

But the recent production of Heijermans' "The Good Hope," by the Pioneer Players, shows us more clearly than Shaw can do how confused is the judgment that decides to blend art with propaganda. Cut all the references to Socialism and capitalism, and "The Good Hope" is quite a good melodrama; include them, and "The Good Hope" is really a very bad failure as propaganda. The blend of the two produces a play overcharged with hysteria; in every act some one shrieks, in the third act almost everyone shrieks, and shrieks as if they really do not demonstrate the nature of Socialism. If Socialism means anything at all, it means an ordered production, distribution, and exchange of the commodities necessary to life; and the hysterics of the revolt against Capitalism do not lead necessarily to that conclusion. It is conceivable that, even under a Socialist system, a number of people will take their sorrows and the inevitable nature of this tragedy of the sea will remain the same. "We shall and takes us," will remain, whatever solution to the problem of getting a living we may find. The only difference that Socialism would make would be that the trawler would not leak, and that no man suffering from the fear of the sea like Barend Vermeer would be deprived of the props of her old age, for JO deprived of her lover and the father of her child, and for other women who have lost their men. But who can sympathise with the makers of their own misfortunes—a coward for being afraid of the sea; all the women painted by the truly tasteful but impecunious artist must be, and left them mourning at the side. As propaganda of Socialism, it is absurd to show us people whom no calamity will induce to take a more than personal view of the situation.

In the beginning of the play they see only the kindliness of the capitalist in finding work for themselves and their men; at the end of the play they are conscious only of the fact that the capitalist ought to be denounced because they have lost their lives in his service. That is all that happens. They do not resolve not to work for the capitalist, nor do they determine to exhort, persuade, convince men not to work for the capitalist. No vision dawns upon them of a future in which the capitalist will have no part: they have achieved or that their desires, and have obtained a sorrow about which they may be sentimental in leisure hours, and in the bearing of which they may develop their passive virtue of fortitude.

Intellectually, the play is a failure. It puts forward as the results of Capitalism what are not all the results of Capitalism, but are the inevitable calamities that attend the struggle of man with the elements of Nature. It takes the negative side of attack, instead of the positive side of construction; and it falls in attack by an unfair choice and confusion of subject-matter and by a perverse appeal to our sympathies. "Men must work and women must weep" under Socialism as under Capitalism, and there is no gainsaying the fact that the women will weep profit, Artistically, the play fails in spite of its mastery of stage-effect. Heijermans calls tears to the eyes of his audience by the ancient device of making his women cry; but as he leaves his characters helpless under oppression he has neither resolved his problem nor produced an effect of beauty. The attempt to combine propaganda with art has given us neither art nor propaganda—but a stage full of weeping women who weep and weep unceasingly.

Art.

The Pot-Boiler Paramount.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Some years ago there were two kinds of pot-boiler in the picture industry. There was the pot-boiler painted by the truly tasteful but impecunious artist who could do better things, but who was compelled at least once per annum to lay aside his more inspired work and to paint a picture for merely trade purposes; and there was the pot-boiler which was produced, not in a moment of cupiditity or of lust for mere gain, but
normally, continually, perpetually, by the kind of painter who could not rise above the pot-boiling standard. The producer of the first kind of pot-boiler was generally a very gifted and very estimable fellow, who honestly admitted that his pot-boilers were wretched stuff, but who placed power of execution for his annual, or sometimes biennial, deflections from the path of high art. The producer of the second kind of pot-boiler was merely a variety of the ordinary, honest craftsman who produced his picture just as his fellow craftsman produced brown and black boots, and who, while being aware of his limitations in art, still plumed himself on possessing some taste and higher culture, because he had chosen the palette rather than the last.

No tasteful purchaser of pictures was deceived by either of these fellows, and they both went either into the channels of real trade in the form of advertisements, almanacs, covers of chocolate boxes, etc., or were hung in some bourgeois home where boots and pictures were purchased in accordance with the same utilitarian point of view. A boot had to fit, a picture had to tell an obvious tale of interest, or, better still, of sweet sentiment, which could be understood immediately by all.

Since the good old days when these two pot-boilers reigned supreme, however, many changes have come over the world of pictorial art. Started by earnest and gifted pioneers, movements have been set on foot between the genuine painter and the mere painter of pot-boilers was to be bridged, at least so far as a certain point of view was concerned. A boot had to fit, a picture had to tell an obvious tale of interest, or, better still, of sweet sentiment, which could be understood immediately by all.

Soon, however, the sharp line of demarcation between the genuine painter and the mere painter of pot-boilers was to be bridged, at least so far as a certain point of view was concerned. A boot had to fit, a picture had to tell an obvious tale of interest, or, better still, of sweet sentiment, which could be understood immediately by all.

The mere pot-boiler, the painter of pot-boilers, vanished! By a curious trick of sleight of hand, he was merged into the exalted company of the painters whose work was high art as if you would like it as the genuine article. Or, if you will, in another way, a new kind of pot-boiler was discovered for the pot-boiler painter. He could now paint masterpieces!—misunderstood strokes of genius!

Tricks, moments of carelessness, moments of depression, are easily emulated. —Van Gogh and —to mention the greatest of the Post-impressionists—like all men, had little knacks, moments of carelessness, and moments of depression which could be imitated with ease. Very quickly, therefore, the worst examples of their work became a sort of canon for a legion of mediocre people who saw fame, or at least a higher level of appreciation than mere pot-boiling would bring, if only they could imitate, not the highest achievements, but rather the vagaries of genius.

Nonentity after nonentity arose, who could now scornfully laugh at the career of painting, and could conceal his incompetence and vulgarity beneath a deceiving mantle composed of the ostensible eccentricities of great minds.

With the dawn of the Futurists, this excelling band of "emancipated" painters of pot-boilers saw yet another chance of ascending the ladder to "high artistic achievement" without possessing the necessary gifts thereto, and very quickly the market was flooded with the "inspired" work of a legion of Post-Impressionists and Futurists, whose true business thirty years ago would have been the trade pot-boiler, provided of course that they had been able to reach even that standard—a question which gives rise to a good deal of doubt. Before long, perhaps, a still further reduction in the value of pot-boiler will be necessary to prove that the vanishing painting will enable every man Jack of us to be "artists" and the producers of masterpieces, and then "art" will be general and we shall all feel what a great age is ours.

There are some of the thoughts that came to me on my second visit to the present Post-impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, and the more I studied the exhibits the more convinced I became that the vanishing trick above described had actually been performed. It must not be supposed, however, that the man who knows will be actually taken in by this feat of legende-demeain, although I cannot help thinking that large numbers of the public are. The very colours these people use in their work are in most cases self-revelatory and betraying. Look at Marchand's "Nature Morte" (No. 10), for instance, or Derain's "Le Rideau" and "La Forêt" (Nos. 11 and 13) or De Vlaminck's "Les Figues" (No. 15). In my opinion heralds of the decay and dissolution of art, and their colour is the colour of decomposed corpses and of putrefying corpses.

I will not enter into the subject of the content of their canvases, because from the point of view that I would scarcely be a single picture worth saving in the whole exhibition. But even from the point of view of manner alone, how few could one choose, and how small would be the reward of one's search in the end.

Gauguin's "Chemin dans la Montagnette" (No. 41) for its design; Van Dongen's "Portrait de Madame Dongen" (No. 43); Marquet's "Le vue à contre-jour" (No. 55); Flandrin's "Porte de la Cuisine" (No. 57); Asselin's "La Chambre" (No. 80); Grand's "Pastiche" (No. 125); Mrs. Bell's "Nosegay" (No. 109); Fry's "Angles sur Langlin" (No. 120); Flandrin's "Pivoines" (No. 138); at a pinch one might have been tempted to carry off one of these as trophies; but, in a show of 242 pictures, the number is small, not much more than four per cent., and for the life of me I could not add to it.

This is the heyday of the mediocre person. Let him profit while he may from the confusion and doubt that prevail about him. But do not let him try to convince us that his work is anything more than the pot-boiler paramount.

Pastiche.

AN AFFAIR OF POLITICS.

Well, I said, I could have two boys instead of one of each of the maids and put them to sleep in the back of the room the ventilation is perfect but solve the problem I shall it's shameful! I couldn't have them in the house any with a thick carpet on the floor and there is a fire-place everything would be alright. Moore tells me he has seen a hundred and forty-nine guests stopping here and all the maids and valets slept all over those beautiful stables. Doesn't it seem awful! Guy said well let me know dear when you've quite decided but boys and old women are not everybody's fancy which was good news to me I thought the Act would have snatched them all up already before I knew they weren't under it though in that case I should have tried for girls and old men, pay —worse that's all. I just had nothing to do — walk up to the Castle and Mrs. Pollitt swore very because her train got caught in a rabbit trap but all the others said she was to the pot-boiler and we mustn't be beaten by Liberal chauffeurs! So we get there only very little dewy and a bit footy with one swamp. And the poor old thing had his gout again and I simply let the nurse make a perfect fool of me because she was wheeling him round one way to receive me and I went the other and I kept on getting at the back of him because the perfecty awful noise where Henry was having a shooting party in the dining-room, a perfectly ridiculous joke and not at all amusing. And the best of it was while I could see he was as fond of

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me as ever and never meant to cut me off with nothing but the paddle-box. I simply didn’t know what to do about the Guests who Thomas said had all gone by mistake into the servants’ new dining-room and were astonished! It was a讨论 though of other’s feelings, and cold beef and great slabs of cheese but he shouldn’t be so charitable and have the servants’ supper at the usual time with me in an awful state about how he would receive me, because once in a great while Henry had gone to bed three times a day when his toe is bad poor darling. But fortunately every- body knows the family’s mad and when nobody would move I said that Henry’s and let us call the servants go in the dining room and we’ll all stop here and eat cheese and we did all except Mrs. Follitt who was not a tiny little splash of yellow which was silly of her because Henry always gets quite drunk if he can’t. But what others like and positively she sat on the right hand of Thomas and pretended it was Father! Greedy old thing I’m sure if our spread had been in the servants’ half she would have come! I really did enjoy it and promised he wouldn’t say any- thing horrid about me and the Act and the paddle-box although I told him truly that Principles at Stake would never let them change their darker than the Styx. What souls they have lost for evermore.

In Wales they keep the flag of faith unburied—

The birthplace of the Hero of the World.

Let us give thanks the Principality.

Land of Truth’s dawn, with honour’s dew impearled,

At home are from the worst corruption free;

The power that deigns our earthly course to bless.

Great Star, before you other stars are pale;

Your path is righteous conflict to great ends.

For our grandiloquent Jovian judgment, Hero of the World!

Jovian judgment, Hero of the World!

And raised a shindy one would fain forget.

No fate can thwart

The birthplace of the Hero of the World.

Let me be understood.

The birthplace of the Hero of the World.

I’m sure if I remember rightly, the yellow splashes brayed in print, and all regular artists I know despise them), but that at the back of all modern journalism there is a sham (though, indeed, they look sloppy enough in print, and all regular artists I know despise them), but that at the back of all modern journalism there is a sham which so many things besides the yellow splashes braying a year ago, “Masefield is a genius; read his ‘Nan,’” help to maritme. I do not wish to be misunderstood. The true artist sees so much less good than bad in all ugliness, that he is very careful not to reproduce it. But I have no desire to burn the English Press, for they have a system of publishing which is after all one bulwark in defiance of the censor. I know what I am talking about, for I have written to the London papers, and have enjoyed the pleasure Adam Swann Penman derives from the advertisement of his literary effusions. The “Times” is grandiloquent; the “Spectator” is grandiloquent: the “Daily Mail” “News,” and “Herald” are all wonder- ful expressions of life. We say, “These things can be done as little businesses for getting our daily bread.” I understand all these things and am an inkster. I love my Shakespeare passionately. I know as much about literature as most. And I certainly have the proper feeling when, after “The Spectator” and the “Ode to the Cherubin,” I read “The Charwoman’s Daughter” and “The Everlasting Mercy.”

I don’t know why I have written thus. I don’t know whether it is right and proper for me to do so. I am not quite sure whether it is right and proper for me to do so. But, I don’t know, for just I feel like writing. And feelings are everything to me. I am an inkster. Let me be understood.

MORGAN TUD.  

THE BURDEN OF A LABOUR LEADER.

And raised a shindy one would fain forget.

For peaceful methods I’m an earnest pleader;

In which I’m backed by every Labour Leader.

Some think the strike and such-like agitation well served my country; I don’t, nor even the “Ode to the Cherubin,” I read “The Charwoman’s Daughter” and “The Everlasting Mercy.”

Extremists, who would rend our happy nation

in spite of Nonconformists’ peaceful teaching.

The violent man is mocked—a secret.

Peace, perfect peace, becomes a Labour Leader.

To hasty action we must be repressive;

United we must be against yellow splashes.

It will not do to split the ranks progressive;

The Liberals are the co-heirs of our glory.

A fact that needs impressing on our people.

Though known, of course, to every Labour Leader.

We are against the frantic revolution

That seeks to capture Heaven in a day.

We work by means of England’s constitution;

Some distant century will own our sway.

The worker is, of course, a blind non-heeder,

Or he would understand the Labour Leader.

CHARLES WHITE.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CANT, COWARDICE AND CRUELTY.

Sir,—The excellent remarks in The New Age’s “Notes of the Week” for November 5 make me feel ashamed to have been a silent reader of The New Age. It is evident that many of its subscribers are not aware of the fact that the New Age is a magazine of liberal principles, but that it is, in fact, a weapon of the worst kind of abolitionism, and that its pages are filled with the most base and, disgraceful abuse of language.

It is the custom of the New Age to publish letters from its subscribers, and I am sure that many of them would be shocked to discover that the magazine, which they have been reading for years, is, in fact, a farce. The New Age is not only a disgrace to liberalism, but it is also a disgrace to the intellectual world.

I have been a subscriber to The New Age for many years, and I have always been proud of the fact that I was associated with such a fine magazine. But now I see that I was mistaken, and I am ashamed to have been a part of such a disgraceful enterprise.

I am sure that many of my friends would also be shocked to discover that the New Age is not only a farce, but that it is also a disgrace to the intellectual world.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

THE CALLING OF THE Rooks.

Sir,—To answer the question, “What is the calling of the Rooks?” one must first define what is meant by the term “calling.”

In its broadest sense, a calling is a vocation, a profession, or a trade. It is something that one is called to do, or that one is destined to do. It is something that one is meant to do.

I believe that the calling of the Rooks is to be a symbol of the struggle for freedom, and of the struggle for justice. The Rooks are a symbol of the struggle for freedom, and of the struggle for justice, because they are a symbol of the struggle for the rights of all people.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
Sir,—In reply to your correspondent, “A Detester of Meredith,” may one ask for a few examples from Mer- 
edith’s works substantiating the satyr-like qualities attri-
buted to that writer? Meredith’s attitude to life was philoso-
phical and not sentimental, and he was neither champion nor attac-
kier of the feminine sex. It seems obvious from his life, 
works, and letters that he admired and appreciated the
“lady with brains,” but regretted, as must all reason-
able beings, the overpowering sex-sense of women, which 
tinges their every thought and action, and hampers any 
forward tendency in them. The sentences from “The
Egoist” are surely a somewhat unfortunate choice on the
part of “Detester.” The words are unsurprisingly fav-
ourable to the “lady with brains,” who had no sex illu-
sions about her egoistic husband, and married him rather
for the gratification of maternal and conradine-inclined
of sexual instincts.

By all means let women—and men, too, for that matter
—“saturate themselves in Meredith.” He shows the way
women should go, and how they are being kept back and
sent astray by the lack of balance caused by over-accentu-
ation of sex feeling, for which over-accentuation women
are chiefly responsible.

Ralph HARRISON.

Simplified Spelling.

Sir,—The last paragraph but one of the article entitled
“Present-Day Criticism” in your last week’s issue is a
splendid illustration of the way in which the new spellers
manufacture their evidence to fit in with pre-
conceived ideas. The writer maintains (1) apparently
that the “y” in “lady” is an “i” and the “y” in
“set,” etc., into a phonograph one would find (unless the
pronunciation was “faked”) no difference at all between the
reco. A. of the vowels in the words. To say that the “e” in "debt" is pronounced longer than if it were “deel” is to
make your facts fit your theory. (4) As for the “e” in “set” lingering, creasing, and “scent,” etc., into a
phonograph record would testify that there was no difference
at all between the “e” in “scent” and “set” in the
speech of anyone but your imaginative contributor, if,
indeed, there was any in his.

Henry ALEXANDER.

Sir,—I have followed this correspondence with great
attention, waiting in expectation that some one better
fitted than I might point out what is necessary.

In Scotland I find that the various districts give dif-
ferent values to the vowel sounds. I expect this
obtains over the Border.

It is here the difficulty lies. In a word of long and short vowels,
of what is permissible in rhyming and what isn’t. But when I read that brute should not be rhymed with fruit
I am puzzled.

In works on elocution I meet the same vowel trouble,
with renewed earnestness and increased reverence we
shall turn to the spelling as handed down to us by our
forefathers and how our forefathers spelled it, let rather our pedagogues insist on

Sir,—The writer of your admirable “Present-Day
Criticism” concludes his last article with the epigram
that our speech and not our spelling is at fault. As
support of a conclusion that would bear much elabora-
tion may I add one or two remarks? Our spelling, as
your critic truly urfs, has been usurped by successive
proponents of Pitman and by those who are attempting
their violent experiments. Sound, as every student of the ancient wisdom is aware, is itself
penury. I am afraid that the new spellers are not
able to the “lady with brains,” who had no sex illu-
sions about her egoistic husband, and married him rather
for the gratification of maternal and conradine-inclined
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Henry ALEXANDER.
Of course I do. The subtle penetration of our 'Arry of The New Age is amazing.

What the devil have prurience and morality to do with the criticism of a work of art? (I apologise for the word "prurience." It is such an ugly word. No artist would use it except by way of quotation, as I do here.)

We accept a work of art as such, not because Mr. Green thinks it is one, even because our 'Arry thinks it is one, but because its creator gives it to the world as his offspring.

Wilde regarded himself as an artist, and his novel as a work of art. It is our business to accept it at that valuation. Having done so we may begin to criticise. But we must criticise it by the canons of its own creation, not by canons borrowed from a wholly different kind of artistic art. We do not criticise a brand of tobacco by canons borrowed from the art of shoemaking, nor do I criticise the moral (I suppose it is one) of Wilde's novel by the canons of its own creation. If I have roused your critic to such a pitch of exasperation that he finds it necessary to write about "A. E. R." by canons derived from my study of his writings.

Therefore why criticise a particular work of art by canons borrowed from a wholly different kind of artistic activity? For there is an art of morality, although to most people it is only a bad habit.

My "right to limit" 1 "A. E. R.'s "criticism" is, I take it, the right of everyone to see that the conditions of the game are observed.

One more point: the fact that Wilde was amused is, perhaps, an argument against "A. E. R.'s" views, but it is not proved that he wrote with that object in mind, and from the fact that he was amused it does not follow that such was my aim in trespassing on your space.

L. H. GREEN.

BYRON.

Sir,—I am greatly surprised to find "A. E. R." perpetrating such a review of the Biography of Byron by Miss Mayne. The book is not only superfluous— for every single fact therein contained has appeared before in various books, but it is in the highest degree misleading because the amount of emphasis given to Byron's immoral life in Venice is wholly out of proportion compared with the rest of his life to the world. A good deal of impressive poetry, the finest collection of letters in existence; and before dying at the early age of 37, had displayed such power as a leader of men— is revealed by no other man probably but Napoleon. At this time of day his immoral life in Venice is of no consequence at all, and the time has come when it only needs to be given in detail to students. Miss or Mrs. Mayne's book is not for students and, as I say, superfluous so far as actual facts are concerned. But worst of all is the recording of the infamous incest story put about in the last days of his life which poor Lady Byron, after much thought, and your reviewer is apparently under the impression of emphasizing the story. The incest story is given by her as if it was gospel truth which was accepted by men of reputation and your reviewer is apparently under the impression that it is true. If he will take the trouble to read even the short defense by Alfred Austin, to say nothing of numerous other statements made by men of the highest standing, he will probably be more competent to deal with the so-called "Biography" of Byron than I venture to think he is at present. There is, of course, an eternal mystery as to the cause of the Byron separation, but only persons with minds as stupid as base, will believe in this story which poor Lady Byron, after much thought, seems to have come to believe in—though no one else, I believe, shares this belief except a relative of hers, a noble lord given to spinning literary theories of a strange kind. If at this moment men and women, especially young men, would abandon their dull and barren Bondard Shaw and H. G. Wells and their more or less futile intellectuals and imagination, one might feel slightly more hopeful for the future than is possible at present.

X. Y. Z.

SOCIALISM AND MOTIVE.

Sir,—I beg to answer Mr. Hiller's questions as to "what connection Equalism has with Baalism." This connection can be stated by simply citing the words which Mr. Hiller has used in explaining the theological foundations of "Equalism."

"We have no personal rights except incidentally to the manifestation of justice as our duty to God. But, as from God to us, there is no question of duty. Hence there is no question of justice. God owes us nothing, and our justice does not apply to God." ("Meta-Christianity," p. 372.)

"God reveals no ethical relationship of Himself, as duty from him to us." (Ibid.)

"If God is under no obligation, what have we to do with God's veracity?" (Ibid., p. 363.)

"Personal rights are irrational." (Ibid., p. 282.)

"There can be no essential aggression where there are no rights to assuim." (Ibid.)

"As God determines pain for the creature here, He may determine pain for the creature hereafter." (Ibid., p. 356.)

The miserable might so become sacrifice for the happy."

Here is Baalism with its complete outfit of favouritism for some at the cost of victimisation for others and terrorism for all alike, including the favourites for the time being, who can have no security against being victimised in their turn whenever it pleases Baal the Absolute to use the right of dispensing with veracity and faithfulness. It is thus plain that the foundation of Equalism is a conception of God substantially indentical with that which was denounced so fiercely by the thrown Prophets and upheld so zealously by Spencer, by Nietzsche, by that guilelessly self-styled "Atheist," the late Charles Bradlaugh, and generally by the defenders of economic terrorism as it is so practised in this century, that the amount of emphasis given to Byron's immoral life in Venice was as it was in Sodom of old according to the description of the "iniquity of Sodom" given by Ezekiel (xvi. 49-50).

As for Mr. Hiller's ascription of Atheism to myself, it is accurate only on his own supposition that to deny Baal is to deny God ("Meta-Christianity," p. 373). Mr. Bux seems to agree with this supposition, which involves the conclusion that Socialism, which is certainly Anti-Baalistic, must be Atheistic. As a matter of fact, Socialism has its own Anti-Baalistic conception of God as the Protector of all possible sufferers from all savable suffering. To what extent this conception is valid not only as a "postulate of the practical reason," but also as a conclusion of the "theoretical reason," this is a question that cannot be treated at the end of a letter intended to prevent confusion between two kinds of equality, namely, the equality of security which forms the path and core of the essence of Socialism and the equality of insecurity which is what must result from a successful attempt to carry out Mr. Hiller's Calvinistic Equalism.

O. E. Post.

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