NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The medley of circumstances which attended the resignation, candidature and electoral campaign of Mr. Lansbury could not conceal from a sensible observer the fact that his defeat was certain. Little as Mr. Lansbury knew himself what were the motives of his adventure, the public and his own constituency knew less. What had they, he or anybody else, done to be troubled with a re-election? If Mr. Lansbury had had some quarrel of principle with the Labour Party he could have resigned his membership without resigning his seat. And at least he might have advertised to the world the grounds of his complaints. Lansbury could not conceal from a sensible observer the fact that his defeat was certain. Little as Mr. Lansbury himself felt as deeply as any woman might feel. He has said, in fact, that in his opinion the emancipation of Labour, but it is also marked that he would have won hands down if it had not been for Votes for Women. Thereby he added to the disservice of his defeat to the movement the disservice of publicly disproving the democracy of its claim. Having seen their champion defeated and heard him attribute his defeat to their cause, suffragists can no longer hope to pretend even to themselves that the public is on their side. There is, therefore, no longer the smallest excuse for badgering the Government into passing a measure which, by Mr. Lansbury’s defeat and admission, it is shown that the public do not want.

We are not unmindful of the services rendered by Mr. Lansbury to his party in Parliament in asserting the rarely exercised right of free speech. We will go further and say that ten Lansburys in the House would have made a notable and a salutary revolution. But this just praise ought not to blind his friends to the fact that in risking and losing his seat he has not only deserted the political firing line, but he has deserted it for obnoxiously romantic reasons. It is to be gathered from his various remarks, as well as from the contest itself, that the sole reason for his resignation at this moment was the subject of Votes for Women; and that his main counsellor in this absurd sacrifice was his wife. Replying to some deputation or other he explained that his wife had approved his act before he committed it, and joined with himself in thanking his helpers. Had the advice or the assistance of his wife been as wise as it has proved to be foolish the publication of the fact would have been in bad taste. But as it is we can only say that his supporters in Bow and Bromley have taken a particularly silly piece of domesticity intruded into their public political life. By associating his wife with himself in this fashion Mr. Lansbury has merely emphasised his own responsibility. He cannot by the association free himself from the charge of having acted whimsically in a public matter. Surely there was better advice to be had than was supplied to him from home. And surely a public man in a step so momentous as this might have been shown a wider sense of the public life. By associating his wife with himself in this fashion Mr. Lansbury has merely emphasised his own responsibility. He cannot by the association free himself from the charge of having acted whimsically in a public matter. Surely there was better advice to be had than was supplied to him from home. And surely a public man in a step so momentous as this might have been shown a wider sense of the public life. By associating his wife with himself in this fashion Mr. Lansbury has merely emphasised his own responsibility. He cannot by the association free himself from the charge of having acted whimsically in a public matter. Surely there was better advice to be had than was supplied to him from home. And surely a public man in a step so momentous as this might have been shown a wider sense of the public life.
plan or their estimate of their strength must never be brought in doubt. If defeat results, it is not defeat, but a victory. It cannot possibly be a defeat, since tactics, etc., were immaculate. And thus by persisting in these illusions, and never facing reality, the women's movement will indeed perish. But their half-hearted members were claiming Mr. Lansbury's defeat as a victory, another half were proceeding to attack the public. What for? For allowing Mr. Lansbury to be defeated! This is the express reason for the destruction of a few score of private letters in London pillar-boxes. If this is the wonderful new development of militancy which Mrs. Pankhurst meditated in prison and Miss Pankhurst meditates in Paris, it is a reflection on both places. We care nothing for delaying the letters-private letters-for an effusion being destroyed. It is quite unnecessary in which the public will hear of its private and business correspondence destroyed. It does not follow, of course, that because Mr. Asquith, in the world.

It does not follow, of course, that because Mr. Lansbury can give no rational account of his actions the Labour Party can. The manifesto issued by the latter on the day following the poll merely bears out this statement: "There is no caucus in the Labour Party," at the same time that some individuals among them deplore it and others rejoice in it. Mr. Jowett, we should say, does not deny that there is a caucus in the Labour Party: nor would Mr. Will Thorpe or even Mr. Keir Hardie. On the other hand, Mr. Trust-Asquith Barnes, in an interview in the Chronicle, said that he has never seen the blow to the "machine" delivered recently by the Tories, and announced that the Labour Party meant to keep the machine going. Of course it does; and, of course, the Labour party is caucus-conscious. With the possible exception of Mr. Keir Hardie, there is not now a member of the Labour Party who does not depend for his seat upon the machine. It appears probable that the signatories of the manifesto do not even know what a caucus is—the innocent little darling. One of their complaints against Mr. Lansbury is that he did not seek the endorsement of his party. But all three parties are a circulation, that is, initiated from above. It is very possible that the caucus was to work from the bottom upwards. The people were to assemble in their wards, to instruct their delegates and to superintend their representatives; power, authority, and programme were to be received by the latter at the hands of the former. Such was the vision which Mr. Chamberlain brought back from the illimitable graft of America. But in the caucus as it exists the situation is reversed. The caucus attempts to fight the bosses who assemble, instruct, superintend, confer upon themselves and their friends power and authority, and impose programmes on the people. And this is the case in the Labour Party, no less than in the other parties. The Labour Party, it is true, disguises its dictatorship under the forms of congress and conference and mandate; but so do the Liberal and Tory parties. But all three take care that nothing comes out of a conference or congress at the party's disposal that the party has not put in. Mr. Macdonald is just as sure on keeping his party under his thumb as are Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law. And when a member retains he is no less merciless—rather more so, in fact—than either of these party Whips. It is quite certain that, unless there were a caucus in the Labour Party, Mr. Grayson and Mr. Lansbury would still be in it. It is equally certain that, unless the Labour Party were known to be a caucus, Mr. Macdonald would not be its chairman.

The political machine, however, is not of much consequence at this moment. We saw last summer that it was powerless to prevent the successful strike of a million men; and economic events of the greatest magnitude may still take it by surprise on condition that the trade union leaders themselves do not all become caucus-maniacs. Two events, unfortunately, lead us to fear that the movement is again in danger of selling its soul for a few M.P.'s. Of the intelligence of the opposition to the Trade Union Bill now in Committee we have not a high opinion. The Unionists, Social Rebels, are spurning to amend it in the interests of the minority of the trade unionists appear to have no notion of the real strength of their case. Still less are they aware that the more completely they succeed in their opposition the more certainly will trade unionism flourish. What is it they desire to do? They desire to make it impossible for trade unions to support the Labour Party financially, and difficult for them to support any political party at all. More power to their oars, so are they seeking to see that it is both wrong in principle and mistaken in tactics for trade unions to enter directly or indirectly into politics. In the first place, they do not enter as citizens, but as a trade interest. Consequently, their votes are no more disinterestedly patriotic than the votes of other trade representatives. The mere fact that they are poor and have grievances no more entitles them to a voice in national politics than the fact that Chambers of Commerce, say, are rich and have no grievances entitles the latter to finance a political party. Admit even that the employing class are employers in Parliament. Two wrongs do not make a right. It may be our business to kick out from Parliament many trade delegates now cunningly in; but the way to kick them out is not to kick into Parliament another crowd of trade delegates. When grievances are discussed in Parliament, we do not want to hear what Sir Titus Bumblechook, railway director, has to say on behalf of his board. Similarly, we have no desire to hear what Mr. Bill Snoodles, the paid delegate of the Dockers, has to say from his men's trade standpoint. What we want to hear is what Sir Titus Bumblechook, railway director, has to say on behalf of his board. Similarly, we have no desire to hear what Mr. Bill Snoodles, the paid delegate of the Dockers, has to say from his men's trade standpoint. What we want to hear in politics is the opinion of men as citizens and not as tradesmen, be they rich or poor. Thus, as we say, the defeat of the present Trade Union Bill would be a victory for the Labour Party. It would divert the trade union officials from their present pursuit of political at the
expense of economic power. For it is clear that, while they think that Parliament is the way to the New Jerusalem, they will take no other.

While the obsession of politics is on them the Trade Union leaders not only cannot accept a new lead when it is offered to them, but they are blind and bleating, and prancing, and praising, and praising. And if the observer can preserve his sanity in these difficult days would suppose that the knock-down blows of the last great strike would have convinced the Trade Unionists that something was wrong. But not at all. They continue to swarm along on the same old path, as if they were an army of locusts or ants. At Manchester last week a conference of officials under the secretaryship of that accomplished donkey, Mr. Appleton, met to discuss the extension of the federating movement amongst the Trade Unions. So far so good; federation is desirable, federation indispensable. But how, will it be imagined, is the federation to be brought about? By, if you please, continuing the same propaganda, the same efforts as have already brought the movement to this pass. What the lazy-minded and therefore obstinate officials fail to understand is that the world has changed since they drew their first salaries as labour agitators. Labour agitators to-day require tactics and strategy as different from the tactics and strategy of yesterday as Napoleon's differed from Caractacus'. A minority of trade unionists or a section of the trade unions is no longer the smallest value in economic warfare. It will not do to leave seven million men unorganised and consequently at the service of the enemy. For it is absolutely certain that without a new organisation the old methods are fruitless. The barren fig-tree should be cursed.

Moreover, there is a party that can shake that tree much better than the Labour Party or than all the trade unionists put together. Even on the supposition that the Labour movement ought to act as gardener to the Liberal Party, and prepare legislation for the latter to serve up, its mission has failed. At the game of illusory reform the Liberals are much more expert than the Labour men. Did the Labour men force the Insurance Act on Mr. Lloyd George? No; he forced it on them. Did they popularise Conciliation Boards for the same politician to stick in his cap? No; he invented the notion, and rightly takes the credit of it. Is Compulsory Arbitration slowly making its way into the Cabinet under the pressure of the Labour Party? No; it is slowly making its way out of the Cabinet on the assumption that the Labour Party has no principles or organisation. Surely one in ten of the Labour leaders can see that their supposed function of educating the Liberal Party to Labour demands is empty presumption! We undertake to say that there are more draft reforms in the pigeon-holes of the Board of Trade than any Labour conference has dreamed of; and they can all be had, not merely for the asking, but, in their tactical order, for no asking at all. To what has so often proved vacant air we issue another of our celebrated conditional replies. A single Labour leader dare stake his reputation on a forecast of a single Social Reform measure of the coming session. We are willing to accept a liberally conditional reply, the conditions being that the present Cabinet remains in office, that there is no foreign complication, and that Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment are out of the question. If they can provide us with such an agreement, we shall even in the slightest. We shall advocate no new policy, but continue to work to improve conditions and raise wages.” Well, in that event we can safely prophesy that the new federation will be confined to the officials; and neither conditions nor wages will be improved.

On the contrary, both will decline. Mr. Appleton and his friends may not think they will, but they will all the same. In the name of the laws of nature we deny that while the wage-system itself continues either the conditions of labour or the wages of labour can progressivly improve. The superintendence of the Labour movement may imagine that by calling on Parliament or by gathering Acts in Committees they can procure relief for the suffering of their tribe, but the hope is shamefully vain. We say shamefully because the leaders ought by this time to know it. What has been the effect of the legislation of recent years, the legislation for which they supplicated on bended knees? Nominaliy, we do not doubt that wages have risen; nominally conditions have improved. But on every hand we see the workers' dwellings, and the cry that Stork has taken what Log left. The leaders cannot be quite so deaf as to miss the sound of the complaint of speeding up all round. Either they hear it and ignore it, or they hear it and deny it. Its existence, however, is a proof that conditions at any rate are not improving with whatever cackle the latest legislation has been laid. And it is no less true that the rise of wages is illusory. We could think of a hundred and one devices for raising wages on paper, but to raise them in fact and in terms of commodities is a more difficult matter. As fast as they rise on paper they fall in fact; and the least of high wages now being enjoyed is Barmecidal. If, therefore, Mr. Appleton and his colleagues are willing to continue the old and tried means of raising wages and improving conditions, then it is not the old and tried illusions concerning the reality of the benefits. We repeat on the word of nature that the old methods are fruitless. The barren fig-tree should be cursed.
The scheme of world-redemption inaugurated by Christ."

"The nation is still Christian.""Church Family
Newspaper."

"The Liberal Party must complete its work of emancipa-
tion.""The Nation."

"There is no possible doubt whatever but that our
Liberal Government mean business. They are not in Par-
liament simply for the fun of the thing."—The "Liberal
Monthly."

"Liberalism is not only an argument for the lecture
table, but a working creed for humanity."—C. F. G.
Masterman, M.P.

"Whilst the workman is receiving medical treatment
there will still be distributed for the purpose
of seeing that their wives and children are not suffering
from starvation."—Lloyd GEORGE.

"Compared with any previous period there is a greater
demand for the discussion of ideas and realities."—H. G.
Wells.

"The King, I am told, was furious about the uproar in
Parliament, and his famous flow of language was given
full play."—London Mail.

"The Church is engaged in carrying out to completion
the scheme of world-redemption inaugurated by Christ."
"Christian Endeavour Times.

"Mr. Lloyd George was at his very best at Aberdeen,
a speech full of humour, eloquence, sympathy, and passion
for the disinflicted. . . . ."—"News and Leader."

"A development of the moral sense has accompanied the
growth of riches, which, in its turn, is due to that very
capitalism which Socialists denounce as the root of all
evil."—HAROLD COX.

"There has been a tendency in the past in this country
to depreciate commerce and those who had to do with it.
The idea must be abandoned if we are to make real pro-
gress."—Sir BERTRAM WINDLE.

"The King and Queen left Windsor by special train
this afternoon. The King wore a black bowler hat. . . .
—"Pall Mall."

"Granville Barker is an extraordinary tense personality
like a violin string keyed to its utmost pitch, and vibrating
to every breath of heaven.—RAYMOND BLAITHWAYT.

"Sir George Alexander is beyond all things a citizen,
the citizen of the world, and a citizen of London town, and a
justice of the Peace . . . . a Scot by descent. . . . ."
"The Era."

"Enterprise is looked upon with suspicion, since it
creates capital, and capital is regarded as the enemy of
labour. . . . We think it one of the most mischievous
fallacies of modern democracy; it seeks to deprive the
rich of their natural duties."—Morning Post.

"We must do our best to protect the morality of the
State by getting rid, if we can, of divorce altogether."
—LORD HALIFAX.

"The Liberal Party would like to spend its money on
social reform, education, and many other things, but it
looks facts in the face."—LORD HALDANE.

Current CANNIBAL.

"I want to increase the punishment, the imprisonment,
and, in extreme cases, the lash."—THE ARCHBISHOP
OF CANTERBURY.

Current CLAP-TRAP.

"Everybody's doin' it!""Doing what? Why order-
ning next Monday's "Weekly Friend," in which there will
be another choice of free patterns, a rollicking new rag-
time song ('Ehenezer's Rag-time Hop'), and the continua-
tion of 'Motherless Molly.'"—The "Weekly Friend."
Attempts have consistently been made by the various French Governments since the fall of the Second Empire to restrain the power and influence of the army, and always without success. The present War Minister, M. Millerand, has adopted a better line in showing a disposition to take the army into his confidence to a greater extent; but it is, I fear, too late for such a manoeuvre to succeed. Meddling in politics destroyed the spirit of the Turkish army, and the French officers will gradually follow the example of the Ottomans if they find that they must support the Government in as many ways as they can if they are to be promoted or treated with adequate consideration.

I know, of course, that for years past nearly every political party, with the exception of the Socialists, has publicly approved the principle of the best possible army for the defence of the country; and only the extreme pessimists are opposed to a strong military force. The main grievance of the army lies in quite another direction: it is controlled from the top by civilians rather than by soldiers; and civil functionaries have too much power in connection with it. As a consequence corruption is rife; and any officer who shows a tendency to kick against the Republican form of government is a marked man. From this arise favouritism and a great deal of the backstairs promotion. Why, let the reader ask himself, would any man have reason to prefer being made dictator without even the trouble of a coup d'état, to being reduced to the level of a mere army officer? From this arises favouritism and a marked man. From this arise favouritism and a marked man. 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Political economists treat of Land, Capital, and Labour as if these three terms were comparable; but they are not. To dwell here; to prop by Pounds, Shillings, and Pints? Land and Capital are instruments of production; Labour is the only producer. It is by the control of the producers that capitalists become possessed of the products.

Rent is not the cost of producing land. Interest is not the cost of producing capital. Profit is not the cost of producing commodities. But wages is the cost of producing labour.

Workmen to-day have only one liberty more than chattel slaves possessed; they have a choice of masters.

Guild-Socialists will be warned that there is no "career" in the usual sense open to them in their work. Success in it will not lead to public honours, or even to public prominence. There may be thanks, but there will be no rewards. Unless a man is prepared to be anonymous for life, he had better turn his attention elsewhere than to Guild-Socialism. The new organisation of society will be built like Solomon's Temple, without the sound of hammer or axe. But who built York Minster, or who created the English language?

The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth. The Labour Party are demanding control over foreign policy before they have as yet control over, we will not say, domestic policy even, but a single domestic industry.

How does a paramount economic interest establish its paramount political power under an extended franchise? By means of the Caucus. The Caucus is to its paramount political power under an extended franchise elsewhere than to Guild-Socialism. The new organisation of society will be built like Solomon's Temple, without the sound of hammer or axe. But who built York Minster, or who created the English language?

The difference between ourselves and Mr. Snowden on the right to strike is this. Recognising the uselessness of the political right to strike under the economic power to maintain a strike, Mr. Snowden would take from the workers the political right. We, on the other hand, would add the economic power to it.

Trade unionism has hitherto been engaged in accumulating economic power (in the shape of funds) for use in occasions of bargaining. But the funds have always been too small. To be on an equality with the other party requires that the funds of both shall be equal. The supplies necessary to form a union to bargain effectively should be at least sufficient for a year. With a year's funds in hand (either collectively or individually stored), a union could command its price.

Catastrophe barred, England, a hundred years hence, well worth running for the advantages derived from prolonged discussion of the idea itself. It is scarcely possible that many readers will forget that the wage system must be abolished, if not by Guild-Socialism, by National or International Capitalism. So far, there is no escape from the problem we have stated. And, enemies apart, it is scarcely possible that many readers will fail to see wood for trees, and in their dispute concerning the future miss the immediate point that a partnership between the State and the unions is both imperative and practicable. Once assure a beginning of this, no matter in how small an industry, or in how timid a fashion, the revolutionary idea is set to work. Time better than we will settle the subsequent problems.
will have a different industrial organisation from the present system, for the present system simply cannot last. What, therefore, we may ask, will the new industrial organisation be? And will it be the worse, or better, for the many than the existing system? The choice before us is theoretically wide; nothing is inevitable. Shall it be State Capitalism, Trust Government, Distributionism (Mr. Belloc's plan), Syndicalism, or Guild-Socialism? Let it be the State, till the State will be the first; left to private capitalists, it will be the second; to Conservatives, it will be the third; to trade unionists, the fourth; but left to everybody, it will be the fifth.

The Black Crusade.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

In the Mohammedan religion, as in every other, there are two conflicting spirits, good and bad. Both tendencies find sanction in Koranic texts, in the traditions and the commentaries; and each can quote a host of fetwahs, or religious judgments of the learned. Nothing is more grated on the heart of the Moslem than the thought of a thing he could have done if God had not allowed it! He would have been responsible, as a traitor to his religion, but for the intervention of a higher power. For El Islam this latter view has never been put forward, and its adherents are our boys among the Christians. God only can claim for them is that they do state their works and unto you your works; no quarrel be between us and you, for God will gather us both in, and unto him we shall return.” Thus the Koran, in one place, apostrophising People of the Book (the Jews and Christians) and the Moslems as equals, says: “There is nothing for El Islam this latter view has never been put forward. It is no more to be accounted than the death of beasts. Whereas, in the opinion of the Moslem, which is, to speak in parables, not God but Mammon. He who does good for Mammon will be rewarded, and he who does good for God, will be rewarded, and good Moslems hate it and applaud its punishment. It is no more an intrinsic part of their religion than it is of mine. But repression neither cures, nor tends to cure. How then can this bitter spirit be eradicated?

It cannot be forgotten, overlooked by the Moslem. He one day mentioned his son of mine otherwise than as a noble and benign old man. He one day mentioned his son of mine otherwise than as a noble and benign old man. The people laughed at his gleeful outburst which acclaimed the assassination of a Prime Minister of Egypt, because he was a Copt and not a Moslem, can hardly be imagined in an independent Moslem State. The Grand Cadi’s judgment (which I mentioned in a former article) was technically wrong, apart from abstract justice, since the Minister or high official of a Moslem ruler—everybody with the rank of Pasha, certainly—has Moslem standing. The Turks have seen to that. Yet the verdict was acclaimed with rapture by a kindly people. Why? Simply because it “hit” the foreign rulers.

Wherever that inhuman feeling lurks in an otherwise well-ordered State—whether that State be ruled by Christians or Mohammedans—there will from time to time arise the need for moments which seem irrational, and are, inhuman, like that exacted for the Denshawaï affair (of which I claim to know as much as anybody). Repressed the thing must be, and sterner, by any ruler having lives of Christians to protect. Many thousands of good Moslems hate it and applaud its punishment. It is no more an intrinsic part of their religion than it is of mine. But repression neither cures, nor tends to cure. How then can this bitter spirit be eradicated?

The kind of gleeful outbreak which acclaimed the assassination of a Prime Minister of Egypt, because
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(2) Agriculture and Industry.

Last week I referred to Mr. G. W. Russell as the living proof of the proposition that the artist can do anything which his heart desires to set his hand to. We might extend the proof to cover the whole Irish farming community. Ireland has long been notorious as the home of somewhat visionary poets, of mystical, fairy mythology, and other neo-romantic usages, of a nation which is deep down very English. An Englishman would have dreamt of looking to Ireland for a new commercial idea, a new business principle, or a scientific discovery. Yet and this land of talkers, bigots, and political fanatics has suddenly and without the slightest pretension or advertising begun upon a plan which, if it were widely applied, would mean the end of capitalism and exploitation within our own generation. The more the work of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society is studied, the more wonderful, I think, must its achievement appear. Any man who ventured to suggest some years ago that the day was rapidly approaching when extreme Unionists and the Nationalists would be found collaborating in the work of the same organisation would have been laughed at. Had he added that this organisation would eventually lead to indifference towards Home Rule on the part of the Nationalists, as well as indifference towards the part of many Unionists, his sanity would have been questioned.

Yet all this, I venture to say, has now come to pass; and the effects of this new agricultural régime will make themselves felt more and more within the next few years. It is no small matter that roughly one-half of the population of the country should have a direct interest in the land, and that the product of their labour should be disposed of without the assistance of middle-men. But there is something more. The ever-increasing dominance of a philosophy which we may in the meantime for the sake of convenience call Christian, leads every country in turn to choose between two forms of existence: an industrial life or an agricultural life. When industry develops, agriculture languishes in proportion, and the people of the land find themselves gradually driven into the towns. Circumstances force them to exchange the open field and the pure air for the smoky foundry and the noisome slum.

It may be aced at this point of painting a fancy picture; I may be told that the lot of the farmer, and, even more, of the agricultural labourer, has never been a bed of roses, that the roof of his thatched cottage, that his class, to take another aspect of it, is subject to consumption. This is beside the argument. The fact remains that the man who has a direct interest in the land, even if it be only to the extent of half an acre, has an immeasurably greater moral stability than any city worker whose interest in the land is nil. Life in the country is natural life adapted to the necessities and luxuries of man; life in the town is at best an artificial creation that points us in another. In the field we are brought into contact with the works of God; in the factory we are brought into contact with the works of man.

What, indeed, do we associate with a factory? Crowded workrooms and sweating employees in the average case; harsh discipline and monotonous toil at the best of times; and in all cases the whim of many wheels, the rumbling of machinery, and a narrow, limited outlook, physical and spiritual, on the great world. This is the factory of man: grim, miserable, ugly. But how can it compare with the more wonderful factory, not made with hands, that works silently but powerfully and surely for the good of the human soul, not merely by the verdue of summer, but even by the bleakness of winter? This wonderful factory in the country works noiselessly and surely day and night, and those who assist it in its processes by scattering the seeds or tilling the soil may do so without the accompaniment of the raucous voice of the foreman or the deadly bacteria of the slums; nor will their reward be lacking in generosity. For this is the factory of man and woman, of the father and the mother of man, and, all unknowingly, even the agriculturist, even the humblest, learns to interpret the author of his being in a way impossible to the decadent humane reduction of the large factory.

Industry, when it is over-developed in the modern way, does not merely ruin agriculture; it ruins the face of the country districts in which alone agriculture can be carried on. Go where you will—through Irish valley, Scotch glen, or the fair slopes of Southern England—the song of the lark that enthralls you will suddenly be drowned by the screech of a whistle, the lowing of the cattle will be lost in the rattle of the train, and the green fields themselves will disappear for a moment or two under a pall of smoke. And if you then allow the sociological part of your imagination to come to the front for a moment, even your feelings of revulsion will be obscured by a mental visualisation of the process of modern commerce—you will see the train loaded and unloaded with goods made by sweating labour; loaded and unloaded by men who endeavour to keep themselves and a family on less than a pound a week (a pound and a half for the worst of them), and the goods loaded again, perhaps, on to steamers by men who had recently to run the risk of starving themselves and their wives and children before they could secure even a sufficient wage to enable them to eke out their meagre existence. And if you add to all these the “working-men's flats” that characterise the obscurer sections of large cities like London and Manchester and Liverpool.

Not much hope for the race there, evidently! But you reflect that you cannot escape railways and slums and noise and degeneracy so long as agriculture is made subservient to the industrial system—after all, who ever heard of fifty and sixty per cent. profits on agricultural produce? Even if this thing were possible, railway companies would make effort to secure seven-eighths of it by increasing their transportation charges and strenuously closing down the canals.

When we endeavour to ascertain precisely what underlies industry and agriculture—what “idea” is at the back of them—we cannot, I think, fail to be impressed by the remarkably different parts played by Protestantism and Catholicism. In Roman Catholic countries agriculture has always predominated. With the decline of the faith, the industrial idea has come into being. Manufactures in Teutonic and Scandinavian countries date in reality from the time of the Reforma-

tion, though their progress was checked by civil and external difficulties. England made her first gigantic strides after the Revolution; and her wars in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however glorious and heroic, were in the main wars for the benefit of trade. In Latin countries, however, where Roman Catholicism remained the religion of the bulk of the people, industries made little headway, and when they did they were not accompanied by the class distinctions which arose so rapidly in the countries of the North. And there was another distinction of equal importance. In Latin countries the progress necessarily made by industries in the course of time did not change the standard of appreciation; for respect was still paid to aristocracy/aristocracy of birth, of training, of intellect. In the North, aristocracy, after a long struggle, fell before the onslaught of plutocracy; and wealth gradually became the sole standard by which men were measured.

This last, as Guglielmo Ferrero has already said in this journal, men pursued wealth openly and without hypocrisy; but they did not make it their sole end in life; they still had a spiritual idea which came first—an ideal, it may be added, that established the relationship between man and machines between class and class. Only in Asia is this ideal wholly to be found; in the Latin countries of the rest of the world it still subsists to some extent. Whether the human race is destined to rise or to sink, depends upon the ultimate recovery of the complete loss of this ideal.
The “Knock-Out” in To-day’s Business.

Highwaymen have disappeared from our country roads, but they and their villains are not dead. No, not by any means. They have travelled up to town, obeying the urban spirit of our age and country. You will find them in every occupation that needs shops and offices, and when they turn the flanks of honesty and exhibit a trained skill in the victories of theft, they put it all down to the credit of business. Business! That one word is like a magic cloak warrant to shield from the Law innumerable acts of violence against the common weal.

"Oh, it’s business!" Every highwayman of trade will tell you so, no matter what his line of theft may happen to be. Does he swindle you under a profit-sharing agreement and call himself a reputable publisher? Does he hit you a knock-out blow at a public auction, conspiring with others of his kind to get valuable things for an old song? Is he a contractor that defrauds the Army, or the inventor of some medical buffoonery that cures everything, from housemaid’s-knee to Bright’s disease? His object is ever the same—public money, business! And there’s no charity such as Robin Hood displayed to the weak, and no courage like that which Dick Turpin required in his adventures along a road where skeletons bickered in the wind as they swayed from gallows.

When we remember the English schoolboy’s honour, and his delight in fair play, the rarity of those qualities in money-making is a hint to us that we do not give our lads a chance of success in town life. They receive knock-out blows long before their chivalrous goodwill has suffered a necessary business change. What can they do, with their clear-eyed inexperience and their ideal honour, in the rings of trade, in the knock-outs of competition? A thousand things which would blast the reputation of a man in a deal at cards are stereotyped in deals at business; and a lad has to get used to that irony. Then, after many tribulations, he feels more at ease in the auction of luck that gambles with young lives in overcrowded callings. Honour is gradually in business, bungling into difficulties with the spiders of success.

Auction-rooms to-day give us many examples of that. At first, you will note, there was nothing more generously democratic than public sales under the hammer. The principle underlying their origin and their utility was that of placing all sellers on a fair equal footing in a public appeal to the highest bidder; and this principle took it for granted that the public was honourable and, therefore, unlikely to conspire against sales by auction in order to get unduly and made popular. Further, while towns remained small, the spirit of neighbourliness defended that principle of justice; buyers protected sellers, partly because they had no wish to be gossiped about for unfairness, and partly in anticipation of the time when their own things would have to bear the ordeal of a public sale. But towns grew large, throwing out far-scattered and busy districts; then even the neighbour next door was unknown to many a householder; so the old principle of urban virtue gave way, little by little, yielding precedence to a war of fierce competition. It was then, about forty years ago, that the slang of pugilism began to be applied to dastardly tactics of buyers at sales by auction. "There’s a hit below the belt." "What a knock-out blow!" "The ring gets stronger and stronger."

All this meant that the auction-room was dead as a democratic institution. Dealers used it in conspiracy for their own purposes, which resembled those which sharks would have in a bathtub.

One cannot speak with too much indignation of the crapulous evils resulting from the fettered trade in auction rooms. Here are a few:

1. Dealers put under the hammer their own works of art, buy them for large sums, and so get an advertised reputation for their stock-in-trade.
2. Journalists in a hurry write notes about the Alpine prices, without asking whether the sales are genuine or "faked."
3. This newspaper gossip attracts the unwary, who imagine that their good things also will "fetch the market."
4. Then the knock-out, otherwise known as the ring, has a free hand. Instead of being forced to travel in search of fine art, the ring finds it collected together in the auction rooms, work of every kind, and very often unprotected by "reserves." The proceedings are then quite simple. The ring has a buyer, called a hammer-man; it is he that gives the knock-out blows. If any private person bids against him he loses out at the front; then the amateur becomes excited and rash, and boldly gives a price which he has every reason to regret as soon as the hammer falls. It needs a long practice to bid with success against the ring. This adventurer is likely to be compelled by law to warn his public against the rings, both in his rooms and in his catalogues. "Beware of the knock-out!" Further, reserved prices ought to be obligatory and printed in all catalogues. If you choose those prices for your own wants, you cannot grumble when a ring bids above them; and caution surely tells you not to fix a reserved price without competent aid from an expert. Auctioneers would be in a position to give such advice if the law ordained that only one half of the usual commission shall be charged on certain things at its own price, in order to sell them afterwards to its own members. Each thing goes to the highest bidder, and the profit on this transaction is divided among the dealers in the ring. Here, then, is a vast conspiracy to defraud public sale unprotected unsold.

What remedy? It is said that nothing effective can be done. But that is nonsense. The discipline of public opinion is a thing impossible to resist. The ring system has flourished just because of its secrecy. Few shareholders knew anything about it for many years, and even now collectors of note are ignorant of its existence, else recent disastrous sales could not have happened. Advertise the knock-out, make it known far and wide; let questions be asked at public meetings; and command the principal dealers to form a ring of protection, a good knock-out to kill the nefarious evil-doer. These things will help us to find a remedy. But the law can, and should, assist. Every auctioneer ought to be compelled by law to warn his public against the rings, both in his rooms and in his catalogues. "Beware of the knock-out!" Further, reserved prices ought to be obligatory and printed in all catalogues. If you choose those prices for your own wants, you cannot grumble when a ring bids above them; and caution surely tells you not to fix a reserved price without competent aid from an expert. Auctioneers would be in a position to give such advice if the law ordained that only one half of the usual commission shall be charged on certain things. This would be an excellent law for two reasons. In the first place, at the present time you can put under the hammer at a fantastic reserve a work of art without a history, a 'find,' a foundling. Next, you employ two or three little dealers to bid against each other till the reserve is nearly touched; then your foundling is advertised into a market history. The cost to you is the auctioneer’s full commission, so that he loses nothing, while you gain what you need. Now, if all reserved prices were to be printed in the catalogues of sales, and if only a half commission could be charged on those prices, everybody concerned—the seller, the buyer, the auctioneer—would do his work fairly before the public. Moreover, and this brings us to the second reason; suppose the safety prices to be too low for the quality of the lots. That fact would be noted by art writers and connoisseurs. Questions would be asked. "Why is that work so badly protected? What is the auctioneer doing? Is he neglectful of his client’s interests and of his own commission?" Questions of this kind would be what Milton described as a learned detective police of ears.

In short, there is a quasi-secrecy about modern auctions which ought to be done away with at once. It helps to screen nefarious actions, and it leaves auctioneers without sufficient responsibility towards the public.
Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida."

By William Poel.

II.—Shakespeare and Essex.

Gervinus, in his criticism of this play, compares the satire of the Elizabethan poet with that of Aristotle, and points out that the Greek dramatist directed his satires against the living. This, he contends, should ever be the object of satire, because a man must not war against the defenceless and dead; and Shakespeare's instincts as a dramatist were too strongly inherited for him to be unconscious of the fundamental principles of his art. In the Elizabethan period, however, the stage supplied the place now occupied by the Press, and political discussions were carried on in public through the mouth of the actor, of which few there. In the autumn of 1597, Essex's influence over the Queen was waning, and after a sharp rebuke from the Privy Council, he abruptly left the Court and sullenly withdrew to his estate at Wanstead, where he remained long in retirement that his friends remonstrated with him. For doing so he was to dissemble like a courtier, and show himself outwardly unwilling of that which he has inwardly resolved; and to admit that, as a reasoner, he took no decided part in the affairs which influenced the highest minds of his day. Now in regard to politics, the government by factions was then the prevailing feature; factions consisting of individuals who centred round some nobleman, whom the Queen favoured and made or weakened according to her judgment or caprice. The Queen, "Is that a wonder you would not entomb thyself alive, and case thy reputation in thy tent; With whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves, And drave great Mars to faction."

Then Achilles replies:—

"Of this my privacy I have strong reasons."

And Ulysses continues:—

"But, against your privacy The reasons are more potent than these, 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love With one of Priam's daughters."

Achilles: "Ha! known?"

Ulysses: "Is that a wonder?"

"All the commerce that you have had with Troy As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord; And better would it fit Achilles much To throw down Hector than Polyxena."

If, again, we turn to the "Life and Letters of Essex," we read that on the 11th February, 1598, "it is spied out by some that my Lord of Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B.; it cannot chance but come to her Majesty's ears, and then he is undone." This was the question that lay on both sides. On recent years, the labours of commentators have been chiefly confined to making literary comparisons; to discovering sources of plots, and the origin of expressions, so that there still remains much investigation needed to elucidate Shakespeare's "Greek influence" in political, and religious affinities, as they appear reflected in his plays. Mr. Richard Simpson, the brilliant Shakespearean scholar, many years ago, pointed out the necessity for a new departure in criticism, and added that it was still thought derogatory to Shakespeare "to make him an upholder of any principles worth assertion," or to admit that, as a reasoner, he took any decided part in the affairs which influenced the highest minds of his day. Now in regard to politics, the government by factions was then the prevailing feature; factions consisting of individuals who centred round some nobleman, whom the Queen favoured and made or weakened according to her judgment or caprice. The Queen, "Is that a wonder you would not entomb thyself alive, and case thy reputation in thy tent; With whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves, And drave great Mars to faction."

In "Troilus and Cressida" we have a similar situation, and we hear similar advice given. Achilles, like Essex, has unbidden, and discon- tentedly, withdrawn to his tent, refusing to come again to his general's council-table. For doing so Ulysses remonstrates with him in almost the same words as the writer of the anonymous letter.

"The present eye praises the present object. Marvel not therefore, thou great and complete man, That all the Greeks begin to win in Ajax; Since things in motion sooner catch the eye Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee, And still it might, and yet it may again, ** Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex."
scenes of Shakespeare's play express, "under obscure manner," reflections upon contemporary politicians. But, indeed, the growing political unrest that marked the last few years of Elizabeth's reign could not fail to find expression on the stage.

It must be remembered, besides, that the years 1597 to 1599 were marked by a group of dramas which may be called plays of political adventure. Nash had got into trouble over a performance of "The Isle of Dogs" at the "Rose" in 1597. In the same year complaints were made against Shakespeare for putting Sir John Oldcastle on the stage in the character of Falstaff. Also in the same year Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" was published, but not without exciting suspicions for the play had a political significance in the eyes of Catholics. Queen Mary of Scotland told her English judges that "she remembered they had done the same to King Richard, whom they had degraded from all honour and dignity." Then, on the other hand, Mr. C. Hart we are told Ben Jonson brought Sir Walter Raleigh, the best hated man in England, on to the stage in the play of "Every Man Out of His Humour," in 1599, and, as a consequence, in the summer of the same year it was decided by the Privy Council that restrictions should be placed on satires, epigrams, and English histories, and that "noe plays be printed except they be allowed by such as have an authoritie." Dramatists, therefore, had to be much more circumspect in their political allusions after 1599 than they were before.

The two new conjectures put forward in this article are, (1) that the underplot in the "Poetaster" contains allusions to Shakespeare's play, and (2) that the withdrawal of "Achilles" is a reflection on the withdrawal of Essex from Elizabeth's Court. Presuming that further evidence may one day be found to support these suppositions, it is worth while to consider them in relation to the history of the play.

But it is not the first time we are asked to clear away the myth in connection with the idea that this is one of Shakespeare's late plays, or that it was only partly written by the poet, or written at different periods of his life. It may be confidently asserted that Shakespeare allowed no second hand to meddle with a play so personal to himself as this one, nor was he accustomed to seek the help of any collaborator in a play that he himself initiated. "We know, besides, that he wrote with facility and rapidly. As to the date of the play, the evidence in the loose dramatic construction, and the preference for dialogue where there should be drama, place it during the period when Shakespeare was writing his histories. The grip that he ultimately obtained on the stage handling of a story so as to produce a culminating effect, and the poet's voice on his audience is wanting in "Troilus and Cressida." In fact, it is impossible to believe that this play was written after "Julius Caesar," "Much Ado," or "Twelfth Night." Nor is there evidence of revision in the play, since there are no topical allusions to be found in it which point to a later date than 1598, except perhaps in the prologue, which could hardly have been written before 1601, and did not appear in print before 1623. Again, it is contended that there is too much wisdom crammed into the play to allow of its being an early composition. But the false ethics underlying the Troy story, which Shakespeare meant to satirise, in "Troilus and Cressida," had been previously expressed in "Locrine," as the following verses show:

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo (re)
Let sin be committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be free from guilty woe;
For one's offence why should so many fall
To plague a private sin in general?"  
"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies;
Here manly Hector faints, here Troy swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unavisd wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds;
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

It is possible, however, that the commentators have been misled by the popularity and importance that have been given to the play. But this argument does not get over the difficulty, because in its modern treatment the subject is as far removed from "The Tempest," and "King Lear," as it is from "Henry IV.

If the play, though, be regarded as a satire written under provocation and with extraordinary mental energy, the state of the composition can be as well fixed for 1598, when Shakespeare was thirty-four years old, as for the year 1609. There is, besides, something to be said with regard to its vocabulary, as Mr. Richard Simpson has shown, which is peculiar to this play alone. Shakespeare introduces into his play a quantity of new words which he had never used before and never employed afterwards. The list is a long one. There are 124 Latinised words that are coined or used only for this play, words such as propugnation, protractive, Pitsiek, publication, cognition, commixture, commodious, community, complimentary. And in addition to all the Latinised words there are 124 commoner words simple and compound, that might be found to be in the poet's plays, showing an unwonted search for verbal novelty in this play.

We will now, with the help of the new information, attempt to unravel the mystery as to the history of the play, the more creation of which, if of "Henry IV. (Part I.)" brought Shakespeare's popularity as a dramatist, to its zenith, and he seized the opportunity to reply to the attacks made upon himself, as a poet, by his rival poet, Chapman, and wrote a play giving a modern interpretation to the story of Troy, and working into the underplot some political allusion to Essex and the Court. The play may have been acted at the "Curtain" late in 1598, or at the "Globe" in the spring of 1599, or, perhaps, privately at some residence of Essex, who might have been one of Essex's faction. It was not liked, and Shakespeare experienced his first and most serious reverse on the stage. But he quickly retrieved his position by producing another Falstaff play, "Henry IV. (Part II)," in the summer of 1599, followed by "Henry V. in the same autumn, when Essex's triumphs in Ireland are predicted. Shakespeare, nonetheless, must have felt both grieved and annoyed by the treatment his satirical comedy had received from the "grand possessors," the "Globe" managers, in 1600, when Ben Jonson produced his "Poetaster" at "Blackfriars," the younger dramatist defended his friend from the silly objections there had been made to "Troylus and Cressida." Early in 1603 a revival of "Troylus and Cressida" may have been contemplated at the "Globe," and also its publication, but the death of Essex was still too near to the memory of Londoners to make this possible, and the suggestion may have been dropped on the eve of its fulfillment; Shakespeare, meanwhile, had written a prologue, to be spoken by an actor in armour, in imitation of Jonson's prologue, with a view to protect his play from further hostility. In 1609, Shakespeare was preparing to give up his connection with the stage, and handed over his copy of the play to some publishers, for a consideration, and the book was then printed. The Globe players, however, demurred and claimed the property as theirs. The publishers then removed their first title page and inserted another one to give the appearance to the reader of its being a new one. They also wrote a preface, perhaps at the suggestion of Shakespeare, which states that the play has not before been acted on the public stage. The real object of the preface, however, was to defend the play from the attacks of the "grand censors," who thought that the comedy had some deep political significance, and was not merely intended to amuse and instruct. It also shows resentment at the high-handed action of the "grand possessors," the "Globe" managers, in neither being willing to act the play themselves nor yet to allow it to be published.
Unedited Opinions.

On the Soul.

It is said by the Hindus that the lotus is sacred among them on account of its symbolising of man; for the lotus lives in and by the four elements of earth, water, air, and solar fire. But we were considering the dual nature only of mind and for our purpose this is enough. If of two parts of a plant, however, one flourished best in air and one in water, would you not conclude that their natures were different?

You are referring to what we have already agreed as to the contrariety of the qualities in the soul and in matter respectively, are you not?

To their qualities as reflected in the mind of man; for what may be in itself or matter in itself we have only their reflections in our mind to determine from. These reflected qualities, however, are different enough, and we may therefore conclude that their natures are no less different.

But tell me now what you believe the qualities of soul and matter as reflected in mind really are. I am anxious to hear.

You will agree that the qualities of the material mind are such as to be consistent with the material world. Since the material mind must preserve itself among material things it is naturally disposed to dwell entirely on these to the exclusion of immaterial things. Its self-preservation, in fact, depends upon its ability to see the material world and to deal with it as it is. From this point of view the material mind is necessarily practical, immediate, and perpetually adaptive; with every change in the world of matter, the material mind must change with it; greatly if the change be great, and minutely if the change be minute. Adaptation to the material world, in short, is the condition of the continued existence of the material mind.

Yes, that is clear.

But now consider, in contrast, what may be called the peculiarities of the spiritual mind; the mind, that is, which looks to soul for its guidance. We have seen that opportunism, practicality, perpetual change, sensibility to material impressions, are the distinguishing features of the material mind; but the spiritual mind is in rebellion against all these things. Not opportunism but principle, not practicality but ideality, not change but sameness, not sensitivity to material impressions, but sensitiveness to spiritual impressions—these are the marks of the spiritual mind. Where did they come? Not from the world of matter, not as the result of material experience, not as logical inductions from sensible phenomena. On the contrary, nothing is more opposed to them than the sensible world. All the logical ideals could derive from the world of sense the divine nonsense the spiritual mind speaks. If, indeed, we had to rely on sense impressions only for our evidence of the existence of the soul and for a knowledge of its nature, our ignorance would be complete in proportion to our honesty. From no sensible source can we derive any knowledge of insensible things.

Then how do we obtain this knowledge if we really possess it?

By the avenue of the soul direct, acting on mind and proving itself in experience both conscious and unconscious. Of conscious experience I will say something in a minute or two; but of the unconscious experience I must make at once a confession: there is a type of conscious spiritual experience evidencing the existence of the soul which can be brought to recollection and therefore to consciousness fairly easily; there is also a type that cannot be made conscious without prolonged exercise.

What is the nature of the first variety of which you speak?

I reason on the subject in this way. Let us suppose we find in ourselves two sets of desires or appetites, the satisfaction of both of which we not only regard as necessary but discover by experience actually to be necessary to our complete health, we should be justified in concluding that we were essentially dual in nature. And the conclusion would be strengthened if we discovered that the two desires were not only different, but contrary in character, such that precisely what was necessary for the one was unnecessary for the other, and vice versa. But that is just how the respective desires or appetites of the spiritual and the material mind appear to me to be contrasted. For the qualities in things necessary to satisfy material desires are either unnecessary or repugnant to the qualities in things necessary to satisfy spiritual desires. And the evidence lies in this: that in every material object of desire the material mind looks for the material, but the spiritual mind for the spiritual; each values by its own standard of values; and these standards are opposed. You ask for evidence that this is known by us unconsciously. I reply that the knowledge is assumed in all our judgments of spiritual as distinct from material value. We have only to bring these assumptions to light to realise their source.

I should like, if you please, some instances of what you have in mind.

Well, take, for example, the respective satisfactions we derive from looking at an object as a means of material profit and from looking at it as an aesthetic object. The one satisfaction is purely material, the other is purely spiritual; the one is a satisfaction of the material mind, the other of the spiritual mind.

But are they necessarily contrasted?

As the abstract and the concrete are. The soul contemplates Beauty at the same moment that the body contemplates body. The soul sees in the object not an object at all, but something of its own nature: just as the body sees in it only body. Each, you observe, sees itself reflected in the object it beholds, or at least looks for its own reflection there. That these respective searches are not necessarily fulfilled in the same object is clear; there are many objects of material impressiveness that have no satisfaction for the spiritual mind whatever. The spiritual mind turns empty from them. And the reverse may happen?

Not unless the mind can contemplate ideas without form, beauty without substance.

Then you are contending that the spiritual mind sees in objects for spiritual things and the material mind for material things?

That and a little more; for I have said that the spiritual mind does not see body at all, and consequently cannot seek in body for any quality. The material mind, on the other hand, sees nothing but body wherever it looks. If, therefore, your mind reports of a given object both that it is material and that a quality such as beauty exists in it, the report is derived from the mind's two eyes, the material mind and the spiritual mind that has seen body, the spiritual mind has seen "idea." The impression of the "idea" proves that some other vision than sense has been at work. Unconsciously the soul has also seen.

And this, you say, can be brought into consciousness fairly easily?

By examining, as I said, our assumptions. Beauty, truth, virtue, wisdom—are not these the objects of the soul's search? But are they to be found in sensis phenomena? On the contrary, we find in sense-phenomena only sensible things—extension, mass, utility, body! Our material mind sees only what animals see. But our spiritual minds see what the soul would have us see.

The evidence, then, for the existence of the soul is the existence in our minds of these abstract ideas?

Certainly.

And from them we may guess at the nature of the soul?

Yes, for the soul sees itself.

And what now of the conscious knowledge of which you said you would speak?

It is rare, it is difficult, it is perhaps impossible. When ideas become as real to our minds as objects now are, we are then spiritually conscious.
Present-Day Criticism.

Since, for a brief moment in August, we gathered the “Poetry Review” to our over-sanguine bosom, that review has given us repeated cause to regret the incident. The month of November completed our humiliation; we know that we nursed a serpent—that has turned upon us by opening a combined Poetry-Shop and hotel and calling itself a Guild.

We must remark on a few lines from some verses by Mr. Rupert Brooke, which certainly show how vain is every attempt to subdue ignorance, but which should not be neglected for that reason. No ancient injuc-

tion was oftener repeated than that which warns one against neglecting even a contemptible opponent. Over-confidence in the powers of reverence and good taste has destroyed a century’s traditions in Parliament, and has submerged the Temple of Philae! Incredulity of unlimited human audacity has let in the professorial crowd of new spellers on the nation. We are fighting the eternal battle against gambling minds, and we should not fail to employ all weapons: the blaring conch, the fist and the discus, and myriad arrows; and our pleasure is to go forward, whether the battle be to us or to our enemies.

With some lines on the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, Mr. Rupert Brooke comes to the Poetry-Shop. It is a shrewd performance; and, in a youth, peculiarly obnoxious. Among all the possible subjects for his salad pen he chooses the Conception. His choice made, nothing thereafter appals him, and he describes with the language fit, if fit at all, for common seduction. Beginning boldly: “Young Mary, lioitering once,” this young man nibles after all the supposi-
titious sensations of the Virgin. His licence is only limited by the exactions of printed matter. We may conclude, therefore, that his thoughts left nothing unstated. One scarcely knows how to write after this son of a priest. He will not shrink from speaking of the Virgin’s “hot sweet sobs,” the “burnings under her breasts,” her “limbs’ sweet treachery,” her “womb,” her—(God deafen us!)-her fatigue! In a day when the clergy are ferocious and impious, in a day when flagellation and the spectacle of the Crucifixion as a scoop for a Bioscope Company have been censured by the Church, we know that we are in a bad way when finding examples of reverence. But the canon of good taste never alters. Mr. Rupert Brooke is a youth of evil taste.

Not without support, nor suddenly, does a writer find himself publicly mauling objects of public reverence, especially in his order, which ever will be contained in every religious system. There has sprung up in England a miserable class of reviewers with whom licence and self-degradation in a writer always pass for genius. We do not think that many even of these would range publicly with Mr. Brooke, whose poetical talent is, to say the least, inconspicuous; and in relating the rest of this article to the subject of Mr. Frank Harris as a critic, we hasten to acquit him of anything more ignobly officious than the sillier kind of decadence; this decadence which would seem only silly, if it had not sometimes ended in outright insanity and suicide. In the case of Richard Middleton, Mr. Harris has done much to circulate verses which we feel assured that Middleton himself came to deplore, and would in all probability have suppressed, had he lived. He that must, at some period, have developed insanity we do not doubt. His character was ill-controlled; egotism mostly over-balanced both his power and judgment; at twenty-five he exhibited the physical appearance of a man at the middle of life. He lived, as he wrote, craving and straining for recognition and end their lives for lack of it should, in charity, be named insane because their temper is certainly not more refined or noble than that of thousands of human beings who restrain themselves; but, on the contrary, they are admired.

There has recently come to hand a little book of verse by Mr. Raymond Rhodes, a writer who dedicates his volume to Mr. Arthur Symons. Here is the offering:

I tilted the master’s garden,
And lo! my toil was vain,
For stealthy frosts would harden
The loam-beds drenched with rain.

I dreamed of gold-heart roses,
More red than swift heart’s-blood:
The dusk of autumn closes
And in its wake the toil.

The dusk of autumn closes
And in its wake the toil.
The hot-house mounds are set with
Dead jasmine-plants unflowered;
What shall I pay my debt with?
My earliest fruits are soured. . . .
I search my battered coffer,
The grain of youth is spent. . . .
Master, to you I offer
Weeds of my discontent.

These jasmine-plants of decadence do never flower!
A discontentedly, since content is no man's portion. This
ruinous title. Mr. Rhodes employs a few forms cor-
rectly and his diction is good. The poem, "Remorse of
the Unfaithful" is admirably economised. He
has, also, humour. But in other lines, such as "A
Strange Land," rhythm, the gift of undisturbed
powers, does not distinguish him.

Our last intention would be of discouraging young
writers of verse. But we know that there is no future
for the sort of verse that the great majority of present-
day writers are managing. For that natural and charm-
ing verse which we have a right to expect from youth
there is undoubtedly a demand. The world will never
weary of this kind of poetry.

A Conversation with a Policeman.
By Karl Duran.

We are a hostel full of students in the City of Aire.
The hostel being in a private terrace and our Principal
the "Incarceration of an I.J.," benefit of backbonc, our
lives are distinctly our own—and we value our luck!
On Saturday nights, returned from the "second
house," we sit up well into Sunday morning (as Paddy
would say) for the sake of the intellectual discipline of
bridge.

It is Saturday night, the fire roars wastefully up
chimney, the windows are wide open, the blue smoke
of four fowl pipes glides graceful, ghostly, into the
outer darkness, the cards click gently on the table. The
atmosphere is, mentally speaking, silent and tense. Sudden-
lly, that swift sense of another personality therein subtly pervades each one of us. We do not
look round. We know he is there.

Kelly, the "buttoned blue automaton," in whose
beat we are, is a very sensible sort of chap for an Arm
of the Law. For instance, we always leave the front
study window open, or rather unfastened, for reasons
that may be easily divined. One cannot always be in
by locking-up time. And Kelly, with sublime insight,
understands and does not push his midnight duties to
their legal extremes. Having an appreciation, almost
aesthetic, of reality, and attracted perhaps by the light and the glamour of our life, Kelly
nearly always "sees a few hands through," and we have come to expect him—like the postman and the
"water-rates."

"Hello! Kelly," said I, "killed any cats lately? (He
has a mania for the slaughter of black cats, which may
be a subtle psychological safety-valve for the discom-
forts of discipline or merely a midnight pastime—I do
not know). Come and take a hand, won't you?"

"Nay," he said, "I don't. I'd like to, tha' knows,
but I don't."

"Ah, that's the worst," said I, "of being a respect-
able, disciplined member of society—a just retribution
for selfishly seeking the joys of service to your fellow-
men."

"Aye, lad—an' tha'd be a sight better thysen', in
all, for bein' in t' Force—tha'll never do nowt but
tha'll be made to do it, tha' knows."

My name being a synonym for slackness at "coll.,"
the guffaws which greeted this thrust need no further explanation.

"Kelly, my boy, you don't understand my
nature, and like all people who don't understand others,
you are rude. My temperament will not allow of my
being tied down to times and seasons. I am a creature
of moods, my spirit must have free play—"

"Stow it!" ejaculated Bibbey.

"Good advice, if not couched in exactly academic
terms—right, I'll take it. Kelly, we're anxious to con-

ult you. I hear that our liberties are to be handed
over into your tender keeping, and the next thing we know
you'll be arresting Bibbey here some night when he is
unavoidably kept out late bringing home his sister—"

I waited for the inevitable guffaw—"on a charge of
trading in illicit females, or illicit trading in females,
or what not, just at your own sweet will—discretion the
Bill calls it, with true Parliamentary dignity.

"Tha's talkin' abaat t' White Slave Bill?"

"Yes. What thinkest thou thereof? Bit stiff, ain't
it? Tell me, because I'm moving a motion at the
Union, 'That the White Slave Traffic Bill is the
greatest menace to the liberty of British subjects since the
Spanish Armada,' or something like that—pure
sordade. What do you think of it, yourself?"

"Well, 't'll be a nasty jawb for us, tha' knows.
There'll not be many in t' Force, tha' knows, 'll get
their stripes that road."

"That's just it! Kelly, you're a man of insight.
You remember that historic occasion when Tony Smith
smuggled in petticoats through this window under your
eyes, and you thought it was one of us dressed
up? A funny mess there would have been if some stupid
had been on duty instead of you—been the ruin
of that brilliant youth's career!"

"Aye, 't'll be a damned awk'ard jawb for us, tha' knows."

"And I don't wish to cast reflections on the Force,
Kelly. I know there are lots of straight chaps like
yourself in it—but really don't you think a little money
will go a long way, even with the Force? It will only
make the business a little more expensive, this Bill."

The subtle sarcasm of this Kelly did not perceive.
But after all, what's the difference between Tony's
throwing in the girls of his choice before the bobby's
eyes, in his bravado way, and that other taking home
his choice in a motor, for whom the attentive
bobby may even hold open the door?

"Aye," he said, "naw tha's talking'—'t'll be more
expensive." And as his mind slowly pictures the
future, "There'll be some damned lucky beats, like
Coburg and Spender Place. But 't'll be a nasty jawb
all t' same, lad. I'd sooner be oop here, mysen.'"

"I suppose this isn't really a bad beat at Christmas
time?"

Silence.
The somewhat strained silence was relieved by
Bibbey.

"An old girl in Spender Place, who ran three-
treated them jolly well—told me that her girls could
treatment here. They could always get hold of others when they wanted 'em."

"Aye—it's not likely we can help them as won't help
thersens. Tha' niver can tell when to do owt for such-
like."

"Won the odds," said Bibbey. "Toss you for it,
Kelly!"

"Tails," said Kelly.

"It is," said Bibbey.

Pocketing his winnings, Kelly the ponderous slowly
retraces, his parting words, "Aye, sir, tha's riet—'t'll
be a damned nasty jawb for t' Force."

And we agreed.
Views and Reviews.*

INTERNATIONAL courtesies are always dubious. The country that receives the compliments can only count its spoons, for it knows that the country that pays the compliment is already counting them. But it is more difficult to discover what international courtesy means when it takes the form of the Hyde foundation. Mr. James Hazen Hyde founded two chairs, one at the University of Paris and one at Harvard University, for annual professors between France and America. Why? Did he hope to go to Paris when he died, or was he simply revealing a man for imports and exports? The ostensible excuse was, of course, the promotion of a better understanding between the two countries; and in default of a more intelligible explanation we must accept this. Anyhow, this series of lectures was given on the Hyde foundation at the University of Paris by Professor Van Dyke, and it is interesting to compare it with Roosevelt's lecture, which, as it was delivered to Americans, probably contains as much truth as Professor Van Dyke's lectures. For the circumstances of the Professor's delivery were such as to turn a premium on good-natured generalities and to discount heavily the naked truth.

Professor Van Dyke argues that at some period previous to the Declaration of Independence the soul of America was born: the Declaration simply recognised the fact, founded it and asserted it in the statement: "These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." We have been taught by Huxley not to rely on witness to the miraculous; for the miraculous is impossible of proof, even by a Declaration of Independence. But there are certain signs by which the presence of a soul may be recognised: for example, it has the effect of unified and self-directive forces. In Kipling's story of the new ship, the soul of the ship came on board when the various structures had ceased to struggle and strain against each other and did their work uncomplainingly. It was after the storm, not before it, that the soul entered the ship; and the genius of Kipling symbolised a universal fact. If the soul of America was born before the Declaration of Independence, and it has made the American nation, Professor Van Dyke ought not to be obliged to explain facts by contradictions.

For example, he insists again and again that "the United States are a confederacy of nations"; yet on the same page he tells us that "it was but a little while ago that a proposal was made in Congress to unite the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and admit them as one State. But the people of Arizona protested. They did not wish to be mixed up with people of New Mexico, for whom they expressed dislike and even contempt. They would rather stay out than come in under such conditions. The protest was sufficient to block the proposed action." Evidently the soul of America is not effective outside the Union; and its extension to its neighbours will probably depend on the success of the army and navy of the United States. But if we look within the Union, the unity by power of a soul is difficult to discover. Professor Van Dyke is constrained to admit that there is no national Church, for example; and it is almost a grievance of his that the federal system is centralised. Certainly, he makes the best of a bad case when he argues that the various forms of religion and the various sorts of education are both derivative from and productive of the soul of America, as Emerson says, "threw America in Adam's eye." But just as the Professor's boast that most of America's great men can claim three generations of American ancestry is significant of one desire, so his harping on the theme of centralisation suggests that the soul of America is not so clearly demonstrable as he would like it to be. In other words, there may be religion and education in America, but there is neither American religion nor American education; and Professor Van Dyke's plea that the system does produce individuals is a demonstration that America is not a nation, but an anarchy. Indeed, he specifically admits that the individuals there desire as little government as possible, which is a tendency not distinctly national but anarchical.

America is not less an anarchy because its Constitution, which Professor Van Dyke regards as a charter of liberty, is perhaps the most perfect of democratic systems of government. We object to anarchy because the disorder natural to that state makes any effective action supremely difficult; and if Emerson could sneer at the English for "rewarding as an illustrious inventor whoever will contrive one impediment more to interpose between the man and his objects," we can reply in kind when Professor Van Dyke talks of liberty and democracy being safeguarded by the American Constitution. It is practically an axiom that you cannot have a real democracy on a basis of private property; but let that pass. Theodore Roosevelt, speaking on behalf of the 1,750,000 children under fifteen years of age who are industrially employed, said: "You must go back to the conditions a century ago in the coalmines of England before you will find conditions as bad as those obtaining now, and Senator Ferrick in some of the industries where we allow children to work—and yet we speak of England, which has remedied these things, and of Germany, which would not allow such conditions, as 'effete monarchies.' One would have thought that the spirit of fair play, which Professor Van Dyke told the students at Paris "has been, and still is, one of the creative and controlling factors of America," would lose no time in altering a state of things by which children of from five to fifteen years are compelled to labour for a living; but what is the fact? Professor Van Dyke quotes as the best evidence in support of his statement the Constitution and the Supreme Court, the latter, he says, being the original institution created by the people at the very birth of the nation, peculiar in its character and functions, I believe, to America, and embodying in visible form the spirit of fair play."

Theodore Roosevelt utters much the same praise of the judges of the Supreme Court as Professor Van Dyke, but he was speaking to Americans, not to Parisians, and the fact made some difference. For he quoted with approval the words of Abraham Lincoln, uttered immediately after a decision by the Supreme Court: "If the policy of the Government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties, in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically redesign their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal." As an example of what this means in that Paradise of which Professor Van Dyke spoke to the Parisians, I quote a passage from Theodore Roosevelt's lecture: "In this speech I have already alluded to the decision of the New York Court which forbade the people of New York through legislation to interfere with certain tenement-house factories. Almost without exception, every intelligent social worker whom I have ever met has said to me that decision struck one of the most damaging blows ever directed against the cause of reform, against any effort for the betterment in the housing conditions of our poor people. Again, in 1907, the Court in the David L. Williams case declared that it was unconstitutional to fix the closing hours for the work of adult women. This decision rendered the 9 p.m. closing hour law on the Statute Book since 1888 non-enforceable. A law which cannot fix a closing hour in the working day is a farce. The Court nominally acted in favour of the freedom of women workers, but in practice simply forced upon them freedom to work unlimited hours, and whenever their employers demanded. In similar fashion our highest New York Court decided that the Workmen's Compensation Law was unconstitutional. In yet another case the Supreme Court of the State (in a case recited in Mr. George W. *"The Spirit of America." By Professor Van Dyke. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

"The Conservation of Womanhood and Childlhood." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Funk and Wagnalls. 3s.)
Alger's admirable book, "Moral Overstrain") upset the
verdict obtained by a young girl who had lost her arm because her employer had not provided the safety guard to protect her from injury required by statute, the Court held that she had the "right" to recovery and that she waived her right to recovery if she was vitally damaged or lost her limbs. Remember that these decisions so jealously protecting the rights of prop-
erty and so calking their dispositions and limbs of human beings were rendered in this State, where there are more than twice as many persons killed in industrial establishments as were killed in the Spanish War. I am speaking of the year 1910, when these decisions were rendered and of 20 years since."

We find, then, that, while Professor Van Dyke is promoting a better understanding of America at Paris, Roosevelt is promoting a better understanding of America at New York; while Professor Van Dyke is insisting that liberty is the heritage of every American, and is safeguarded by the Constitution and the Supreme Court, Roosevelt is proclaiming that the Supreme Court is a tyranny, and that the Constitution is inoperative by reason of the judicial decisions. We find Professor Van Dyke boasting of the existence of the soul of America, and Roosevelt appealing to the elements of human compassion; and again I wonder what is the meaning of international

connection between his subsequent illness and the ac-
cident. There certainly were no external signs, but soon after the accident he began to suffer from head-
ache so severely that he could not go on with his work. He got depressed and suffered continual head-
caches. He accused himself of all sorts of evil deeds without founda-
tion, and made some attempts on his life, so that he had to have a companion to watch him. He consulted various specialists, who advised complete rest; but travelling did him no good. The depression and head-
ache increased, and he also suffered temporarily from word-blindness. He consulted the author six years after the accident, and was then melancholic, emotional, ready to weep, and suicidal. The right side of his head pained him much, and there was a burning sensation just behind the right parietal eminence. Operation was proposed, which Mr. William Turner, M.S., F.R.C.S., carried out. Only

The Surgical Treatment of

Insanity.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

The causes of insanity are so various that the successful treatment must necessarily include every measure known to medical and surgical science. Many cases, particularly those that arise from degeneration of the brain, are due to toxins produced by the body, and until the necessary anti-toxins are discovered, we must be content to regard them as incurable. Others, as I have shown, are susceptible to psychotherapeutic, hygienic, and medical treatment. I understand that the homeopathies are remarkably successful in the med-
cal treatment of insanity, but homeopathy is not in-
cluded in the list of Dr. Hollander's heresies. But no man of modern times has done more to insist on the localisation of brain functions, and to show that an analysis of psychological symptoms can indicate the physiologic seat of the trouble, and thus limit the field of inquiry and point the way to the means of cure. For it is certain that mania furiosa, for example, is accompanied by inflammation, disease, or lesion of the base of the temporal lobe (and the many cases quoted by Dr. Hollander in his "Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease" prove that it is), obviously there is a con-
nection, probably a necessary connection, between the psychological symptom and the physiologic state. When we find mania furiosa subsiding after treatment of the ears (many a murder has been committed, and the murderers hung, because the murderers suffered from ear disease), or after an operation for the removal of a tumour or bone splinter from the base of the tem-

eral lobe, we may conclude that the inflammation, or injury, or the physical irritation, that led to the mental trouble; and there are many such cases re-
corded in the book I have quoted. The fact of mania furiosa is almost a diagnosis to a doctor who is learned in the localisation of brain functions; anyhow, he knows where to look for the seat of the trouble, and the necessary curative measures need not linger long after the localisation.

A remarkable case quoted by Dr. Hollander in his new book may here be republished in proof of the fore-
going argument. "Patient, aged 40, a doctor of medi-
cine, previously quite healthy, fell from his cycle on to his head. He did not think that he had received any marked injury, and did not believe that there was any

* "The First Signs of Insanity." By Dr. Bernard Hollan-
der. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
Among these were cases of melancholia, mania and homicidal insanity, delusional insanity, hypomania, moral insanity, general paralysis of insane, and even dementia. It is strange that surgery has been so slow in coming to the assistance of the physician in the treatment of insanity. Ordinary mortals commonly explain mental symptoms by reference to injury of the brain, in those cases where the brain has been injured; and it is remarkable that the medical psychologists have thought of the possibility of a surgical cure. Dr. Hollander hints that the reluctance was due to a proud determination on the part of the profession not to be instructed in the cause of disease by the friends of the patients. It is to be hoped that the localisation theory will enable them to maintain their proud reserve and, at the same time, prescribe successful treatment for their patients; for there is no doubt that many cases can be localised and surgically treated. "I have shown in my books," says Dr. Hollander, "that disease of the internal ear often spreads to the brain and gives rise to irascible insanity and frequently to delusions of persecution. When the ear disease has been treated, the insanity gives way, whereas cases more common than those in which a mental quality is developed to a degree never manifested in health in consequence of a wound. Thus I have quoted cases of blows on the temple which have caused kleptomania; blows on the parietal eminence caused excessive terror leading to melancholia; on the vertex of the head followed by religious insanity, and so on. And when the source of irritation was removed, the excited mental power was reduced to normal activity." In the light of these facts, it is to be hoped that the medical profession and the public will cease to regard asylum care as the only mode of treatment for insanity; and will turn their attention to curative measures that in other lands, and, in a few notable cases, in our own land, have been successful.

REVIEWS.


Five benchers, let loose on the history of the Inns of Court, have produced a volume which in the hands of a judicious editor, armed with the abhorred shears, might have been made into a valuable compendium of knowledge of the legal settlements. It falls short of this only because it is unedited; perhaps the difficulty was insurmountable. Confronted with the task of correcting five benchers, the youngest stuff-gownman might be excused should he tuck up his gown and flee. The Inns themselves had not the courage to nominate anyone for the work, and so there is placed in the hands of the public a book which, by its contradictions, will create no little confusion in the reader as to which of the two versions he should accept. What, too, is to be made of all the confused statements about Thavy's Inn? One fact ascertained on the authority of John Thavy's will (1348), is that his little house off Holborn had been used as a hostel by apprentices of the law. Dr. Blake Odgers believes (p. 24) that these apprentices migrated to the Temple, and were the parents of both societies, for he will have nothing of the "mob" theory. The Inner Temple societies were from the outset separate. Mr. Waller (p. 157) holds that these apprentices from Thavy's formed Lincoln's Inn. The late Mr. Innderwick, K.C., believed that they constituted the Society of the Inner Temple. If all these good people are to be credited, Thavy's Inn was a sort of legal Garden of Eden, from which the first parents of all the lawyers emanated. The plain fact is that nobody knows, and the reader of a popular book like this ought to be duly cautioned. Mr. Underdown's contribution is perhaps the most valuable. A careful revision of the spoken lecture before printing should have avoided such slips (p. 80) as: "In 1323, King Edward I., when Hubert de Burgh was a prisoner in the Tower," Dr. Blake Odgers does a good service when restoring a little credit to the tradition that Geoffrey Chaucer was a member of Inner Temple, and was fined by the Masters for beating a Franciscan friar. It rests upon Speght's statement, prefixed to the 1574 edition of the "Canterbury Tales": "It seemeth that both these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many times since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffrey Chaucer was fined 2s. for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street.'"

Dr. Blake Odgers finds that this Buckley was a real person; he was chief butler of the Inner Temple, and also librarian, so he had access to the records. Excellent! But what does the genial Odgers mean, in his capital introductory lecture dealing with the legal and extra-rural area, by his repeated references (pp. 13, 23, 25) to "the wall"? Does he really imagine that the liberties, like the inner City, were surrounded by a wall? The Roman wall, too, did not run (p. 9) "at the foot of Ludgate Hill." It is such banalities as these in a book given to the public that the authority of five benchers would make us keenly regret that some competent archaeologist was not employed to put them straight. When the benchers come down to the sure ground of surviving written records they are quite good.

King Fialar. B. J. L. Runeberg. (Dent. 2s.)

A translation from the Swedish by Girkr Magnunsson. The plot of this epic was old before Runeberg adopted it, and modern readers will scarcely thrill with either terror or pity. Here is the mortal defiant of gods, and also librarian, so he had access to the records. Excellent! But what does the genial Odgers mean, in his capital introductory lecture dealing with the legal and extra-rural area, by his repeated references (pp. 13, 23, 25) to "the wall"? Does he really imagine that the liberties, like the inner City, were surrounded by a wall? The Roman wall, too, did not run (p. 9) "at the foot of Ludgate Hill." It is such banalities as these in a book given to the public that the authority of five benchers would make us keenly regret that some competent archaeologist was not employed to put them straight. When the benchers come down to the sure ground of surviving written records they are quite good.

Songs from the Forest of Tane. By T. C. Chamberlin. (Elkin Mathews, 26. 6d.)

Surely the natives of New Zealand, including the beautiful and godlike youth of the frontispiece, cannot be so cruelly smitten with world-weariness! Mr. Chamberlin's verses might as well have been written in St. James' Park for any distinction the forest has given to them:—

You did not ask me then what honour was,
But woman-like you stole your arms around
And kindled once again my slumbering passions
With those clinging lips.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

Or the bankruptcy that has befallen the "intellectuals," Mr. Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son," recently produced at the Kingsway Theatre, is another proof. For we find our "modern" dramatist revertmg to type, and returning to the cup-and-saucer comedy of Tom Robertson for his inspiration. Indeed, in the second act he actually has a rehearsal of "Caste," so that there may be no doubt of the purpose of his play. Of course, all things are tried in a nation that does not produce comedies but classes, and produces individuals more than either; and Tom Robertson's satire of the pretensions to caste made by our English aristocracy has at least been justified by events. Cadets of our noble houses do marry ballet-girls, and are received in polite society. On the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy is right; our country gentry will resist the intrusion of one of the lower orders into their class when there is no compensating advantage for that intrusion. But all these things are truisms. An acquaintance not only with literature, but with the contents of the daily Press, has made everyone familiar with the problem.

Even the satire of the morality of the English people is as old as Fielding, at least; who can have forgotten how Squire Western changed his commendation to cursing when he discovered that Tom Jones had been sowing his wild oats in the garden of his benefactor? To offer us, at this time of day, two cases of illegitimate intercourse, and to show us a fine old English gentleman deciding that the under-keeper must marry the village girl because that is the right thing to do, and that his own son must not marry the lady's-maid because that is not the right thing to do, is to occupy our time to no purpose. The point of the satire has been blunted by much repetition; besides, we know in these days of enlightenment and grace that a morality that has one answer only to a question is a quack morality. If Sir William Cheshire had insisted that his son Bill should marry the lady's-maid because Bill was the father of her child, his morality would have been a matter for laughter. He had the English common-sense to say, in this case, "Morality be damned!" and, although he compelled Dunning to marry Rose Taylor, we cannot feel that the action was inconsistent. He knew, as everyone knows, that among equals, one woman is as good as another, even if some are better than most; and people who have the domestic habit can accommodate themselves to and live comfortably with practically anybody, provided that there is no incompatibility of expectations of life, or disparity of desires and tastes. It is practically certain that Dunning and Rose Taylor agreed on the essentials of married life, and that they would shake down into that routine of parenthood and profanity that we call home life.

The satire fails, then, purely and simply because it is as conventional as the morality. Mr. Galsworthy reveals himself as the conventional Englishman, protesting that love alone sanctifies marriage; although everyone knows that the happy marriages are never love marriages. "I went to the barber shop, and was 'looked at,' these people," said Stevenson, "to see that they were never in love, or hate, or in any other high passion." But the question of caste remains, and here Mr. Galsworthy reveals himself as a thinker, less powerful a dramatist, than Tom Robertson. Tom Robertson also believed that love sanctified marriage; therefore, George d'Alroy, crying, "Caste, caste! Curse caste!" married Esther Eccles secretly. His mother discovered the marriage, and refused to recognise the bride; but the opportune resurrection of George d'Alroy from the "reported dead" brought them all together again, and in the tumult of the common human joy the barriers of caste were raised. Robertson was wise enough to make his Esther Eccles a not impossible person; indeed, if it is true that the castes are dispersed, he showed sentimentally enough that it is possible for equals to meet, however divided by class distinctions may be. The answer was at least the equal of George d'Alroy, and the Marquise de St. Maur had finally to recognise the equality; but the barrier was raised to admit only Esther, not her relatives. "I won't have the man who smells of putty, nor the man who smells of beer," she said finally, and kept her word. But there is no such validity in Mr. Galsworthy's treatment of the subject. His Bill Cheshire is a degenerate son, resembling his father only in his obstinacy, his hot-headedness, and his courage. His father had the historian's bias. He says: "The marriage of the girl with the man whose backbone could crack Spanish nuts with a Nasmyth hammer, is a great event. It is possible to crack Spanish nuts with a Nasmyth hammer." Mr. Galsworthy, with his public-school cant, ignores the real problem of caste, the struggle upward of a character that is not the right thing to do, is to occupy our time to no purpose. The point of the satire has been blunted by much repetition; besides, we know in these days of enlightenment and grace that a morality that has one answer only to a question is a quack morality.

Dramatically, Mr. Galsworthy is at his old task of breaking bruised reeds. In "Justice" he set the whole machinery of law to crush a man whose backbone could be snapped between finger and thumb. In "The Eldest Son," he rests the whole weight of the play on a girl who says that she "was brought up a girl who says that she "was brought up to be a girl who was brought up to be a girl who says that she "was brought up by her father not to whine," and whines as she says it. There is no drama without conflict of character, and there can be no conflict without character. Freda Studendenham, like his Bill Cheshire, is Chandala; it is right, philosophically, that she should not marry above herself, it is wrong that Bill Cheshire should be prevented from marrying his equal.

But the extraordinary thing is that these "modern" dramatists write their plays to produce no effect. Drama, which should climb by climax to a crisis, disperses into the status quo ante bellum in the works of these modern writers. So far as the problem of the play is concerned, it is unresolved: the whole three acts arrive at nothing. At the beginning of the play, Freda is weeping because she is carrying a child and is not married; at the end of the play, she is still doing the same. Not one character in the play is changed by the succession of events: we know very well that Mabel Lanfarne will be induced to stay, and that Bill will be forgiven for his lapse and married comfortably to the Irish lady. And the reason is, of course, that no problem is posed: no one doubts that it is possible to crack Spanish nuts with a Nasmyth hammer, and the strength of the antagonists posed by Mr. Galsworthy is in a like proportion. Mr. Galsworthy's damnably persistent in this unfair and artistic selection of antagonists must be due to a native brutality and insensibility of mind; and it results in plays that have not wit, nor poetry, nor even the elements of drama. The end of the play is, "As you were!"; and meanwhile we have seen people saying yes doing nothing but what we already know they say and do.
Owing, however, to the beautiful organisation of their more successful rivals, these insects frequently appear to find considerable difficulty in obtaining adequate means of sustenance, and fall back either on plunder or upon the chance leavings of their industrious confères.

B.

Many of the characteristics of this type point to its classification merely as a more highly degenerate form of the foregoing. The insect is particularly susceptible to various forms of disease—even foods of a saccharine nature, natural to the tribe, appear to set up fermentation in the system, and the insect either kills itself in this way or dies a natural death from starvation. Specimens are not seldom found in a semi-comatose condition from which, if aroused, they frequently become fierce and offensive in their attack. The type cannot long remain extinct.

C.

Is more nearly allied to the original wild stock—the nomadic—and is consequently rarely found in the towns, preferring the open country to the busy haunts of men. The spirit of the Species, if I may permit myself the expression, resides in this type, and the sight of occasional specimens in our parks and open spaces strangely arouses the wanderer dormant in the breast of even the most highly civilised of our race. With the exercise of a stricter supervision in rural districts the variety, though comparatively harmless, will doubtless become more and more rare.

D.

This type is by far the most rare of any. Only after careful and prolonged observation can the insect be found at all. The present observer was so fortunate as to meet with a particularly fine specimen the other day in a most unlikely place—one of our great cathedrals—perched upon a chair, vis-à-vis with an open copy of the Book of Common Prayer, which had, presumably, constituted the attraction.

The variety, which is distinct from any of the foregoing, may perhaps be looked upon as the "aristocrat" of the tribe, and is known to be particularly virulent in its attacks on the human species, the poison instilled by its sting having a peculiarly subtle effect upon the constitution.

F. L. W.

THE SYSTEM.

"But we're so poor," employers cry.

"Our shares are only now at par." At par! forsooth, now will you try

And see if in your men'try are Those times when prices were so boated,

"Watered" stock was quickly floated.

"Poor," you say—the trade returns Are interesting reading now:

It seems that this poor country earns More and more—year in, year out

Could not breed more indecently Than England's trade just recently.

"And why indecently?" you ask.

Simply this—the workers shiver

While the few employers bask

In sunny climes and clog their liver;

They starve who earn: their "relatives,"

So bored by food, take sedatives.

The Income Tax Returns now too,

The disproportion there would shame A—Lord! they want a much worse name,

These who tell to a beery crew

At how the Tax Surveyor was diddled;

You know Rome burned while Nero fiddled!

Don't think their tax returns are true.

You can't put "Virtue Damned" on paper.

Such things are in the abstract—you Can't expect an ethic caper

Of how the workers spread

More and more—¡-a so

Cowardly return's a virtue. Besides, a cooked return's a virtue.

It's not a very mighty problem:

Prices up and wages down,

Profits up and up—a clown

Might solve it. Rob them

And who tell to a beery crew

Oh, dear, no! we wouldn't think it.

But this damned system—why—we'll sink it!

EFFER.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL. 

Sir,—I am glad to see that you continue to publish letters condemning the above. The public cannot be too fully informed as to what legislation it is that followers of the meek and lowly, £10,000, and £250,000 per annum, in which the autocratic, unadulterated haters of men, wish to impose upon it in the name of morality. Not satisfied with the existing one-sided ban on women, they would be pleased with a living for the wages of female prostitution—though no woman who lived with a male prostitute could be imprisoned for living on the wages of that, and under which a man can be birched as an incorrigible rogue—those reformers desire that a man shall be flogged for "procuring" a woman who probably asked to be procured," and for living on the earnings which were, perhaps, shoved into his pocket, though they would be horrified at the notion of flogging a woman, even though she had sent her own daughter on the streets, or even though they knew she was a reckless disseminator of the most loathsome disease, calculated to infect little children as well as men and women.

The most disgraceful part of the whole business is that the most brutally strenuous supporters of this iniquitous measure, who look to all the world as if it had been drafted by Mrs. Pankhurst and that gang, have been people avowing themselves to be anti-Suffragists. As in the case of the Llanystumdwy incident, so now, these individuals have used the very dictum of the most bittered haters of men, wish to impose upon it in the name of morality. Not satisfied with the existing one-sided desire that a man shall be flogged for "procuring" a woman who probably asked to be procured," and for living on the earnings which were, perhaps, shoved into his pocket, though they would be horrified at the notion of flogging a woman, even though she had sent her own daughter on the streets, or even though they knew she was a reckless disseminator of the most loathsome disease, calculated to infect little children as well as men and women.

The fact is, it is high time we had an Anti-Feminist League, with Belfort Bax at its head, to fight for the interests of men where such conflict with the interests of women, in addition to opposing Woman Suffrage. The Anti-Suffrage League is a broken reed as far as the concern. Hopelessly undemocratic from top to bottom it exists to oppose Woman Suffrage from the point of view of imperialism and Toryism, and to prevent any chance of women getting the share of the bread in the world. The care nothing about the position of men under the laws.

The subject is never mentioned in the Anti-Suffrage Review. It is barely touched upon in the Anti-Suffrage Handbook, and the leaflet on the subject, which is rarely distributed, is too feeble for words.

ARCHIBALD GIRS.

THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—I regret the haste and ill-considered phrasing of my letter of two weeks since. I regret its ambiguities. I have, it seems, been as much bored by uninformed pro-Turks as Mr. Pickthall has been by uninformed pro-Bulgars.

If, as I hear, Mr. Pickthall has been "muzzled" by other papers, I am very glad that The New Age should present his arguments. I meant no disrespect to his style which is certainly much better than my own. My dull shaft was aimed at Mr. Pickthall's articles which I had read, and I should have taken care enough with my letter to make this apparent.

My objection to Turkey is in no degree religious. I am still unconvincéd that a continuance of the Ottoman rule in Europe would have been of the slightest benefit to anyone.

I cannot be brought to believe in the fibre of a government that sends out starving troops and furnishes them with wooden bullets; that Saffas is preferable to Methodism I am not prepared to admit.

To argue that a government has been cheated out of its eye teeth by deceiving neighbors is not to argue well in its favor, a government not to be so cheated. When a government becomes susceptible to such fraud it has become archaic, and is a danger to itself and incompetence. It is incompetent and incompetence in high places is in itself a crime.

I have no doubt that there are charging personalities among the Turkish aristocracy, but any man who would put faith in the given word of English or of any other Power, is utterly unfit to govern a modern state. He is the sort of man that would serve out wooden bullets.

If, as Mr. Pickthall contends, the heaviest burden of Turkish rule has fallen on Moslems, this must not be attributed to its being ill-ordered.

I have a stupid prejudice in favour of straight roads and of public order.

I detest the established rights and capacities of capital as much as do Mr. Simes, but not yet by any means my mind of the suspicion that he harbours a quaint and picturesque belief in the divine right of kings.

EZRA POUND.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir,—I should like to say a few words in reply to Mrs. Hastings's letter in The New Age, on November 26th, concerning the white slave traffic.

Mrs. Hastings states with cheerful assurance that: "No girl or woman should ever be taken away from her home except by law." This is most comfortable to hear, but what are we to understand by it exactly? Does the writer intend us to take her words literally, "no woman can be taken away, etc.? or are we to understand that no one can be kept away indefinitely after she has been doped and defiled. Presumably, the former, judging by the continuation of the letter in which case, I beg to quote two instances lately come to my knowledge, which are calculated, I should imagine, to persuade even so blithe an optimist as Mrs. Hastings to fear that such a policy may be adopted to disaster without possessing either the instincts of a prostitute or the intelligence of an infant. Last month, in one of the last, and best known London shops, an old lady fell down in a faint. Amongst the people who volunteered assistance was a girl of the neighbourhood, pretty, fresh and in the early twenties; and this girl, without being either "odd" or in pursuance of fashionable occupation, had a kind heart and natural good manners, which doubtless led the old lady to feel quite certain she had made no mistake in a little calculation she made herself with some time earlier. "My dear," she said, as the girl supported her to a taxi, "I can't possibly go home alone in this state; you see me nothing but a mere girl did so... and has never been heard of since. In the other case, a country youngster, who had come up alone to London, expecting to be met, found her friends had wailed her, and was wandering about on the street. She met a girl, who said, "I can't possibly take this any longer; I have a duty to do, when a well-dressed woman spoke to her genially, offered her a lift in her carriage. Her relations have sought her help in vain, and how does Mrs. Hastings view such incidents as these?

It would be interesting to hear—the more so since the efforts of the clean-minded, at this delicate juncture of so vital an inquiry, is obscure enough to be well-nigh unintelligible. Even supposing there be exaggeration from time to time, as is inevitable in all large movements, what need to scoff from the comfortable security of one's arm-chair? People are ready enough to calm down and purr their victorious philosophies, without a Mrs. Hastings to encourage them. But are we progressing that way? Is it pleasant to reflect that thousands of our violentest sisters must have the efforts of the clean-minded, at this delicate juncture of so vital an inquiry, is obscure enough to be well-nigh unintelligible. Even supposing there be exaggeration from time to time, as is inevitable in all large movements, what need to scoff from the comfortable security of one's arm-chair? People are ready enough to calm down and purr their victorious philosophies, without a Mrs. Hastings to encourage them. But are we progressing that way? Is it pleasant to reflect that thousands of our violentest sisters must have been led to safety at a brothel, which doubtless led the old lady to feel quite certain she had made no mistake in a little calculation she made herself with some time earlier. "My dear," she said, as the girl supported her to a taxi, "I can't possibly go home alone in this state; you see me nothing but a mere girl did so... and has never been heard of since. In the other case, a country youngster, who had come up alone to London, expecting to be met, found her friends had wailed her, and was wandering about on the street. She met a girl, who said, "I can't possibly take this any longer; I have a duty to do, when a well-dressed woman spoke to her genially, offered her a lift in her carriage. Her relations have sought her help in vain, and how does Mrs. Hastings view such incidents as these?

I confess I do not enjoy the notion myself.

Nor should I sleep more happily having induced one person to feel cheerfully jocose about the matter.

But possibly Mrs. Hastings has a broader vision than I.

O. K. Simes.

[Our correspondent writes: I assure Mr. Simes that the tale of the little girl from the country was born and brought up in our family. I heard it twice every term upon going to and returning from boarding-school. The old lady in a faint story is new to me, and I am quite willing to examine it in all its thrilling details. By the way, the romantic language of these reformers indicates a preoccupation with thrilling detail: style is the man. If they are insulted by the epigram let them legislate against that! So we have our old lady in a faint in one of our largest and best known London shops, and the pretty, fresh kind-hearted girl of the neighbourhood with natural good manners helping her. This old lady had made no mistake in a little calculation with which, Mr. Simes positively testifies, she had husbanded herself "some time earlier." Darkly we gather that the old lady wanted a likely girl for a brothel, and making that kind of point she picked out this very person, who was never heard of again, and he said as the girl supported her to a taxi. How does Mr. Simes know? He is repeating, he does not know. Who was the girl? What London shop was it? Was the taxi-man any person? Why should not all London be advised of this event? An innocent girl is captured out of a big shop, and yet all names are suppressed. Why? The presumption is]
that there are no names, or that the circumstances are too suspicious for publicity. Perhaps Mr. Simes will give me the name of my old bovey of boarding-school days. Who would have thought that there is great deal of human decency in that city. I hope that there are no need of slaves. Evidently if there are, they are not of the white race. I want to know how old she is now. But I want to imagine what could have become of the kind-hearted young lady. So far as I know, she is still living. She is not one of the many persons at this moment I reply—he is out to flog. But that is a craving of their a adition of Sir Rufus Isaacs!

The conclusion about the temper of the floggers (I do not mean to say that all who do not feel towards the flogging but only verbally assent) is quite clear. They simply want to flog. The very idea of flagellation excites them. They rise in their seats and cheer hysterically as soon as flogging is mentioned; that is what they want first and above all. In a lower rank of life they would willing act what they now say. In a loose or fanatical community, they would reproduce all barbarities. What has the world to say of the young Earl Lytton? Personally, I did not turn a hair at reading his speech in the House of Commons. I am not a flogger. I read several speeches by that young man, none of which would bear critical investigation: the style is the man. He is a little monstrosity, an example of what we must not become non-extant. . . Since matter cannot be non-existent, it must be ever existent. 

So twenty years ago it was said—

No scientist has observed Telepathy to exist.

. . Since telepathy cannot exist, it must be ever non-existent. Q. E. D.

Only, unfortunately for the logic, Telepathy does now exist—even for science, while it has always existed for very many people, even while it was still under a ban. These are fair examples of the foolish and annoying form of sylllogism, which is likely to be employed. As the rhyme said of Jowett, What they don't know is not knowledge, and, even more than that, does not exist.

In the same way a respected surgeon is now occupied in proclaiming that

No scientist has ever observed Homoeopathy to be successful (chiefly, be it noted, because they have strenuously refused to look).

. . Since it cannot be successful it must ever be unsuccessful, and those who say otherwise are thieves and quacks.

I fear that unless he dies within the next few years he will have a lot of words to eat. I would also suggest that Mr. Finn is deluding himself when he believes that he is more able to think

Matter is from everlasting

The only matter is created from nothing, quite apart from the fact that by his own abstract reason he is condemned, for certainly he has had no experience of "everlasting." But if Mr. Finn likes to leave abstract reason alone and argue commonsensically as to whether matter may be legitimately said to be created or not, I shall be very pleased to argue with him. But as a practical proposition, even without the interposed veil of print, I would ask Mr. Finn to shorten matters by saying what position he will take up on the following questions.

Would he say that matter and energy are identical and one?

If not which is the cause and which the effect?

Or are they a pair of opposites which appear simultaneously by the hitting of either one?
And, if so, what is the neutral condition, in which or from which they appear, and what is the agent which by its activities causes their appearance? It is possible that the fear that the argument will, as usual, be sterile, for Mr. Finn does not, I think, recognize the difference between essence and existence—which is really the point of issue, and the fundamental difference between materialists and freethinkers.

M. B. (Oxon.)

BEVEL.

Sir,—It is easy, from the vantage of his superior easy chair, to slander a great man and a great movement, but it is none the less contemptible and mean. It is all the more contemptible and mean since the man and the movement are foreign, and, therefore, unknown in the main to your readers.

No one who has seen anything at all of the German Social Democratic Party can truthfully deny that it has accomplished vastly more than "set an example" to Mr. Lloyd-George! What, indeed, has Mr. Lloyd George taken from that example? It is a gross and stupid perversion of the word to say, as A. E. R. does, that Bebel "grossly excluded any influence but his own from the party or that his object was mere personal power, or that he has not helped men alive to help the democracy than he has. To hold up Bebel as a "poser" is, perhaps, the cruellest thing of all. It would be, perhaps, E. R. E. to discuss the matter with some of the German "Labour Party" artisans who have read Nietzsche. If his conceit would allow him he could then learn something. All this belittling of Bebel and the German Democratic Party is the veriest moonshine. It is true it is Parliamentarianism, but it is also Industrialism, and it is the finest combination working for the perpetuation of the proletariat of the world. When we in England have attained to a tenth of its power we may have the right to say something. At present we are not even having our criticism fairly worth while. Hence, I suppose, the A. E. R. Ish-abuse.

FRED H. GORLE.

Our contributor replies: It is not easy to understand how Mr. Gorle attributes for his conception of his evidence in support of his assertions. I am sure, at this time of day, re-open the controversy of Social Reform v. Socialism. The New Age made up its mind on that subject long ago, and declared that as Revisionism would never result in the abolition of the wage system, Revisionists were unworthy of the tender regard of Socialists. It is without an effort that I remember that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald reproached the German Socialists with being behind the times with their programme; and if Mr. Ramsay Macdonald does not meet with the approval of The Age, it follows logically that Herr Bebel is unworthy of it. Nearly fifty years ago Bebel was elected to the Reichstag, and in a book just published, entitled "The Struggle for Bread," he tells us, despite the tremendous strides made by commerce during the past forty years, is really one of the poorest of the Great German States. Even before he was in power he was in the struggle for life more bitter. And this struggle for life must inevitably become more severe as population increases. The cleanly streets and neat homes of Berlin do not represent Germany, nor the Berliner the German working man. In the great manufacturing towns of Prussia, Bavaria, or Saxony, where the foreign eye seldom penetrates, you will find slums as fearful as the worst London can show. The German working man works for longer hours and for less pay than the Englishman, obtains less of the pleasures of life, and has conscription into the army.

In the face of this testimony of an unprejudiced observer, of what use is it to rant, as Mr. Phillip Snowden did in his book on Mr. Bebel's "Rifleman," if members of the Reichstag and the 4,250,000 voters at the poll? What is the use of the German Social Democratic Party if, during its existence, the struggle for broad has increased in intensity with the development of German commerce? And if the party is a failure, that failure must be attributed to the man who, as Mr. Snowden said, "is responsible for the maintenance of the unity of the Social Democratic Party in recent years, while acute, and at times bitter, controversies have raged between the dogmatic Marxists and the Revisionists. When the influence of Bebel is withdrawn from the German Social Democratic movement nothing but a miracle of the German's trained obedience to discipline can avert a disruption between the divergent and opposing theories and ideas on policy." ("Daily Citizen," November 15, 1912.) My standpoints with your edition, my criticism includes Mr. Snowden's commendation, and my comments, which seem to have arrived.

Mr. Gorle's feelings, are the logical deductions from the facts. I must ask Mr. Gorle to read Bebel's "Life," and to remember that I write as one who and ask me any more advice concerning the formation of my judgments.—A. E. R.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—As one who reads The New Age with delight each week, having special regard for it as the only paper in this country consistently capable of expressing itself in a dead language (English), and of thinking clearly, may be allowed to take exception to the first sentence of A. E. R.'s article in your last issue.

Mr. Norman Angel's argument is not that war is impossible, but that it is become unprofitable. The problem is the wages war though even if that nation is victorious. The argument, as I hear it from himself, was, to my mind, disingenuous, because it did not take into account such facts as are set down in Mr. Randall's article. Nevertheless, when a journalist is sufficiently ingenious to argue that the kingdom of heaven will be established largely by the consummation of fate, and in addition will pay a handsome dividend, one ought to be scrupulous in avoiding such a misleading statement of his belief as this, in criticising his argument.

PALLISTER BARKES.

[A. E. R. writes: From a capitalistic point of view unprofitable means impossible.]

Sir,—Is A E. R. a charitable soul, after all? He reviews "A Rifleman's" book without a word of unfavourable comment, although in the appendix to "The Struggle for Bread," "A Rifleman's New Age never said anything so silly, and a charitable soul, after all, "A Rifleman" had made a magpie this time. What The New Age did say, and I apologise for telling you that you have told us, was that by eliminating the unit from what wages and goods would be raised, and an actual economy made in the total wage bill without any decrease of production. Further, that the rise in the rate of the sick-rate, due to the better medical care, was real, for the cost of maintaining the reserves of labour would be thrown on the working classes. The Insurance Act is the first step in this direction; the Mental Deficiency Bill, soon to be re-introduced, is another. "A Rifleman" has really demolished an argument that was never stated, as he will see if he reads your "Notes" again, and reads the passage in the appendix to his book with a leisurely eye.

GEORGE HUGGARTON.

SWEATED JOURNALISTS.

Sir,—I observe you talk of industrial workers as "wage-slaves." But they are free and glorious beings compared to the wretched journalist, who not only can't call his body his own, but is also committed to work that there is for him torn out of his grasp by syndicates, agencies, companies who "work" advertisements in with the "copy"; and worst of all—and most cruel to the struggling penniless women journalists, by subsidised women—well-to-do, single and married—the latter wives of generals, doctors, Cambridge professors and so forth, who haven't the face to be ashamed, as the former are the agents of their subsidised wives competing with the women struggle-for-lifers.

But, Sir, is it not our own fault? And shall we ever be in a position to fight unscrupulous syndicates and publishers until we have a strong trade union? You will, I think, agree with me that it is somewhat surprising to find a book with such a title, in ethical and religious publications, attempting to impose such an agreement upon a badly-off working literateur. Are you not, too, surprised at the amount paid for the
agreements which he thinks unfair to communicate with the conditions which I think will sur rise

defomers of hour venerable spelling.

never satisfied. Hear they are, airs two a gnarled old into gaol (awe jail) along with other window smashers
everything cemetrical as they call it. I eight the hole affair

to Seventy-five per sent of his tale wood go. Know man
cati

"honour" and "parlour" ought to be shewn up. "What's an 'arbour' without

chivalries must bee kept at all costs. Again, how are enough
ordinary preposition; or a bier from a glass
the level
into pill-boxes, is two hartless altogether.
reduce our

It's a serious problem.

colleges. In most

reverse the order
letter ltc falls into the error of speaking of language

, I.

Principles of English Ety-

"The shortest description of modern spelling is to say

of.

Wheatley's general appeal

Wheatley, more than once or twice in his

a succeeds beginning, reform within the limits

We miet in pity leave them their name.

Mr. Wheatley will find that the truly historical spelling
words. It is, however,

words. It is thus governed by

Mr. Fife suggests that the first job of the spelling re-

that pronunciation

"I

"Pope rhymes the word with

"fallere."

"tliie eye that the word was from the Latin "faulere."

was inserted because of an etymological desire to show to

he would he surprised to know that this "i" was inserted because of an etymological desire to show to the eye that the word was from the Latin "faulere."

But down to the time of Pope this "i" was not pronounced. Pope rhymes the word with "thought" and "ought," but because the "i" is there we have come to pronounce it. Our forerunners used to pronounce "cucumber" as "cowcumber." Mr. Wheatley will return, no doubt, to this pronunciation. Also to that of "balcony" (the accent on the second syllable) which Samuel Rogers preferred.

Any other pronunciation, he said, made him sick. The fact is that the present spelling needs thorough revision, and if Mr. Wheatley, or anyone else, will undertake satisfactorily to answer the indictment made in the above-mentioned chapter written by Professor Skeat, I shall gladly join him in writing denunciations of the new spellers. At present, I should feel to be fighting the future, which no man overthrows.

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