There is no need for special pleading on behalf of the men who struck work on the North-Eastern Railway. Ten thousand men do not risk their immediate and material interest upon the policy of one or the other be, will they collectively take risks in defence of a logical proposition. The railwaymen have refused—to their shame, be it said—to strike against the Insurance Act, which can logically be proved to menace their future. They refuse, too, as yet, to strike for the right to become partners with the State in their industry; it is now probable that the privilege, with its accompanying shame, be it said—to strike against the Insurance Act, for close upon forty years. So corrupt as this course would imply would be unfit to the Press suggests, a strike for the right to get drunk, the past week convinces us that not only is the right of 'man well known to them, having been the their mate for forty years, could endure no more. Injury being added to insult, they went on strike, and very proud we ought to be that they did so.

A score or so of points are raised for consideration by the events of the last few days. We cannot help drawing attention once more to the extraordinary ignorance of the general Press. This is due, we are certain, to the same cause that makes the Caucus the least representative instrument of politics. The Press, like the Caucus, was originally devised to utter public opinion, and to represent to the sovereign power—whatever that might be, King, Cabinet, Parliament, or People—the opinions and sentiments of the nation as subject. But the same reversal of current that has taken place in the Press has been pretending, that the railwaymen's strike was a piece of unprincipled impudence, while the action of the company has been solely in the public interest. It is not only flattery, but it implies ignorance, either willful or incompetent. For if the Press were discharging its proper function, that of representing subject opinion, it would not only be aware that the Knox case would rightly be regarded by his fellows as unjust, but it would also know that the prevailing temper among railwaymen is not what it ought to be, though it is what any representative would expect it to be. The "Times" correspondent drew from the strike the inference that a great deal of ill-feeling existed on the lines between the company and its men. What else was to be expected? The defeat of fifteen months ago has not been forgotten by the men's nerves, if even it has been banished from their minds. Sentiments are more enduring than images. And, besides, on every line the sense of defeat has been kept alive by devices on the part of the companies which, if we
were the Archbishop of Canterbury, we should call devilish. The Press-dosed public has simply no notion to the Conciliation Committee, and afterwards were the Archbishop of Canterbury, we should call deliberate provocation, the railways will on them almost without their knowledge, and they have nothing of this, and is probably unaware, that the former annoy that the men did not first submit their grievance. Like the directors, however, the Press says this routine established? It was not established in the interests of the men, that is certain. The Conciliation Councils, for example, were none of the men's devising, and they were merely intended to interpose between the companies, and their wage-earners an additional obstacle to an effective, because sudden, strike. Spontaneity and suddenness are of the very essence of the men's collective strength. Take away these, and the men can be beaten in detail and by time on practically every occasion. Naturally, therefore, the Governments, and the Government which is in league with them, will create mechanical obstacles to the conditions of the men's success. But that is no reason why the men should consent to them, or be upbraided for ignoring them when the moment to strike comes. Gulliver was bound in his sleep by the Lilliputians, but when he awoke he broke himself loose. Similarly, not all the rotten parchments of which the Governments are now attempting to create slaves will be of any effect when the workmen wake. It is simply sullenness on the part of the Press to expect it. Workmen are not lawyers. And again, the Conciliation Councils are the last resort for men in search of justice. Justice is as unknown to Arbitration Boards as to the ordinary law courts. They can only deal with principles, and every case that comes before them is an exception. When, for instance, in July, 1910, a "one-man strike" took place, subsequent inquiry showed that no fewer than 605 distinct grievances existed, of which the Conciliation Committee had never heard a word. None of them alone was sufficiently big to warrant discussion by the authority they had no common principle; hence they were ignored. But in this aggregate they nevertheless amounted to a grievance on which the smallest additional excuse acted as a spark to tinder. Conciliation Boards, we repeat, are useless so far as the men are concerned. Their sole use is in the interests of the shareholders; and, as three strikes in succession have proved, their use, even in this limited sense, is small. It is characteristic of Mr. Wardle, that he should advocate means of them. Only why should he not receive a salary from the directors?

Speaking of principle and exception, a common argument of the Press against Knox and the strikers has been that the admission of a drink for a driver off duty would certainly be followed by drivers drinking on duty. The "Spectator" excels all other journals in this sort of bogey manufacture. But even on the supposition that Knox was drunk of duty, the extension of his offence to the hours of duty is by no means necessarily probable. A very nice sense of public safety would, of course, justify a railway company in dismissing such a man as Knox; but it is not merely not justify but compel them to reduce the hours of service of drivers and signalmen. In the North a frequent remark among the men is that the companies only consider the public when profits are at stake, or when public opinion is momentarily hostile. The public knows nothing of drivers sleeping from fatigue, or of signalmen performing their duties in a daze. Consequently the companies cheerfully allow us to take these risks. It is hypocrisy, the directors say, for signalmen with a mother's tender care towards the public. On the other hand, if a man is to be judged in his off-duty conduct by its remotest problematic effects on his on-duty conduct, the same line of argument can be used against the companies. Allow a particular to be promoted to a general, and where shall we all be? For by punishing Knox for off-duty conduct the company claims, according to the "Spectator's" reasoning, complete control over its men's whole lives. If, therefore, the company is justified in dismissing a servant for off-duty conduct of any kind, because such conduct might endanger his regular service, equally the men are justified in dismissing the smallest additional excuse of their off-duty hours, lest the company should usurp its complete control. The argument, it will be seen, cuts both ways, and has, in fact, been employed to do so. The "Spectator" being, on the whole, the organ of the stupidest railway shareholders, has contended that Knox was fairly degraded, in view of the ultimate possibilities of his alleged example. A few of the men, on the other side, have contended that Knox could not be held answerable for the smallest additional excuse of their off-duty hours, lest the company should usurp its complete control. The argument, it will be seen, cuts both ways, and has, in fact, been employed to do so. The "Spectator" being, on the whole, the organ of the stupidest railway shareholders, has contended that Knox was fairly degraded, in view of the ultimate possibilities of his alleged example. A few of the men, on the other side, have contended that Knox could not be held answerable for the smallest additional excuse of their off-duty hours, lest the company should usurp its complete control. The argument, it will be seen, cuts both ways, and has, in fact, been employed to do so. The "Spectator" being, on the whole, the organ of the stupidest railway shareholders, has contended that Knox was fairly degraded, in view of the ultimate possibilities of his alleged example. A few of the men, on the other side, have contended that Knox could not be held answerable for the smallest additional excuse of their off-duty hours, lest the company should usurp its complete control. The argument, it will be seen, cuts both ways, and has, in fact, been employed to do so. The "Spectator" being, on the whole, the organ of the stupidest railway shareholders, has contended that Knox was fairly degraded, in view of the ultimate possibilities of his alleged example. A few of the men, on the other side, have contended that Knox could not be held answerable for the smallest additional excuse of their off-duty hours, lest the company should usurp its complete control. The argument, it will be seen, cuts both ways, and has, in fact, been employed to do so.
more than the men; the men do not suffer from it any more than their employers. But the discipline so called of commerce is of a different character. It is decreed, not in the interests of the men, not even in their joint interest, but solely and wholly in the interests of their profiteering masters. Masters and officers are, in fact, as different a breed and character as are the former (if he be the wiser) to impose discipline. Workers for personal profit, the latter for the common good. The army—and especially the army on campaign—is thus infinitely nearer democratic freedom than are the wage-earners in industry. What is needed in industry, therefore, if discipline is to be seriously discussed, is the importation of what may be called military ideas. Working for an employer is obviously not a military idea; a soldier work for an officer. But working with an employer for a common end is plainly a military notion, and would carry with it the right of the former (if he be the wiser) to impose discipline. We have never denied that the democratisation of industry would involve discipline. We heartily agree with the "Times" when it states that the men, if they had the management of the railway lines, would be as strict disciplinarians of themselves as their masters now are. They would, we believe, be more strict. Gild Socialism, as we call industrial democracy, will not permit slackness or carelessness or disorder. Left to themselves, practical workmen are likely to be even austere in their self-discipline. But this discipline is obviously of exactly the same spirit from the so-called discipline now imposed on them by their employers. The latter discipline is really no more free, no more ennobling to its subjects, or conducive to a common purpose, than the breaking in and subsequent driving of horses.

Another conclusion drawn from the discussion is that nationalisation of the railways would prove no remedy against strikes. For this bright speculation the "Times" is also responsible. The "Times" argues that there is all the difference in the world between the change from private to State control to "corporation" control is likely to produce. At present it is obvious that above and below apply to the wage-line. All persons depending on State control to "corporation" control is of a different order. We have no notion of what Syndicalists would reply, but we are quite clear about the reply of Guild Socialists whose method only is Syndicalist but whose purpose is social democracy. We boldly say that there is all the difference in the world between control by officials appointed from above and officials selected from around. The above and the below are precisely the distinctions that would cease earliest to have their present connotation if the wage-system were abolished. At present it is obvious that above and below apply to the wage-line. All persons depending entirely upon wages for a living are the below; all depending on Rent, Interest and Profit are the above. If it should happen, as it must, that under Nationalisation the present "above" remain where they are no great change is made. But if under Guild Socialism the line is abolished the change is at once revolutionary and decisive of all the consequences of which are simply incalculable. There is not the least doubt in our mind that Mr. Lloyd George's lay officials, before our next issue can appear, the medical profession will have settled its future for a hundred years. Prestige, it is well known, is the very breath of its nostrils. When all healing is largely of the nature of faith-healing, and medical men have become even more so, the prestige of the medical profession is naturally its chief asset. Whoever touches to damage it, whether Government, a minority of the doctors, or the doctors collectively, is performing an act of the evil consequences of which are simply incalculable. There is not the least doubt in our mind that Mr. Lloyd George, in his Philistine fashion, has wrought already an immense amount of harm on the prestige of medicine. By treating the doctors as a collective body with contempt first, and afterwards in the manner of a Welsh draper bargaining for retail services at wholesale rates, he has not only lowered the profession in public eyes, he has lowered it in its own eyes. Only by this explanation can we account for the fact that a small minority of the profession are preparing now, in return for an immediate personal gain, to break up their order, to reinstate contract practice, and to put themselves at the disposal of Mr. Lloyd George's lay officials.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdel.

All those who are interested in the preservation of peace are hoping that something may come of the Conferences which are about to be held in London; but the Peace Conference, it is greatly to be feared, will be spoiled by the question of Adrianople when the Turks find themselves face to face with the Plenipotentiaries of the Allies—even admitting that the Greeks may sign the armistice and thus remove further Turkish scruples. Up to the time of writing, the Greeks have not signed; but it is known that they are ready to do so.

Since the last determined struggles on the slopes of the Chatalja lines the Turks have worked almost feverishly. There are now between 160,000 and 180,000 Ottoman troops ready to defend the lines that form the key to Constantinople, and they are well supplied with ammunition and provisions. The Turks is Constantinople safe; the Turks are quite ready to begin a forward march if the word is given. The troops now defending Chatalja, let us remember, are the pick of the army from Asia Minor, where they had been located in view of a possible Russo-Turkish war. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, profess to be equally ready. Provisions and ammunition have been hurried forward from the army headquarters; the soldiers have had a rest; and efforts have been made, with fair success, to stamp out the dreaded cholera, which threatened the destruction of the army even more than the Turks did.

Another factor must be borne in mind. There is now parliamentary government, of a sort, in Turkey; and there is an "Opposition." This "Opposition" consists almost entirely of Young Turks—men that were naturally cleared out when Kiamil Pasha, who sympathises even with the Hamidian regime as he does with Great Britain and France, assumed office not long ago. It has been semi-officially announced in the Government newspapers that elections are to be held in time for Parliament to re-assemble by April next. There is not much electioneering, as we understand it would not become the Government. We understand that the Greeks are ready to stand it, done in Turkey; but a campaign of this sort would give Kiamil Pasha's enemies innumerable opportunities of disparaging him in the eyes of the Turks if he or his Cabinet yielded too much to the invaders. Apart, then, from the fact that the Chatalja lines have been strengthened, the Turkish Government has at least one other good reason for maintaining a fairly stiff attitude when terms of peace are being discussed.

Everything centres round Adrianople, Epirus, Tripoli, even Bosnia and Herzegovina, are forgotten; but the unanimous cry throughout the Ottoman Empire is "Save Adrianople!" The town, or rather the group of fortresses, which lie some miles from the town have been splendidly defended. The Turks consequently insist on retaining Adrianople; the Bulgarians, with equal emphasis, hold, that they could not tolerate such a stronghold at their frontier. I sympathise as much with the Hamidian regime as he does with Great Britain and France, assumed office not long ago. It has been semi-officially announced in the Government newspapers that elections are to be held in time for Parliament to re-assemble by April next. There is not much electioneering, as we understand it would not become the Government. We understand that the Greeks are ready to stand it, done in Turkey; but a campaign of this sort would give Kiamil Pasha's enemies innumerable opportunities of disparaging him in the eyes of the Turks if he or his Cabinet yielded too much to the invaders. Apart, then, from the fact that the Chatalja lines have been strengthened, the Turkish Government has at least one other good reason for maintaining a fairly stiff attitude when terms of peace are being discussed.

CURRENT CRAWLER.

I have received a letter from a miner who assures me that every morning before he goes to work he kneels down and prays for the company and its directors! The prayers of a righteous man availeth much! And I believe there are many good people who pray for the welfare of the company. The Managing Director of the Bolsover Colliery Co.
Hamidian régime had been bad; no one would deny that, though undoubtedly the “atrocities” were grossly exaggerated by sentimentalists. The Young Turk régime had been tried, and it had obviously failed — even the Daily News gave up the Young Turks as a bad job. Then came Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha with Kiamil Pasha occupying a strong position in his Cabinet; and afterwards came the turn of Kiamil Pasha himself, one of the most wonderful old men of our generation. Now, to all students of the Russian question, it is clear that the change from the Young Turks to Ghazi Mukhtar and Kiamil was at least as great as the change from Abdul Hamid to the Young Turks, although the second change had not been carried out in such dramatic circumstances as the first. Why, we are justified in asking, did the Balkan States, not to speak of English public opinion, withdraw all sympathy from the Turks at the precise moment when Ghazi Mukhtar took over the Grand Vizierate? Not, mark you, because patience was at an end, but because the Balkan States saw with alarm and anxiety that a strong Turkish rule was coming into force which would do away with ever for wars of liberation and schemes of conquest. The British public, always ready to beleaguer itself by talk of massacres, Christians and new crusades, and so forth. Just when Turkey showed real signs of rehabilitation, King Ferdinand’s army started to march, preceded at one unimportant corner by the troops of the King of Montenegro. It is a strange justification for saying that they have been wantonly attacked.

I write on December 13, when the London diplomatic world is pessimistic. It is said that neither side is prepared to abate its demands in the slightest degree, and that the war will go on after a hopeless Conference lasting for only a few days. But next week the bluffling will be at an end; and for the sake of appearances, if nothing else, some show of discussion will probably be at least attempted by the delegates.

The factor which threatened to bring about a European war — i.e., the dispute between Austria and Servia — will be settled peacefully if the so-called irregular Servian bands are restrained from entering Bosnia and endeavouring to stir up strife with the sanction, or at any rate the connivance, of the Servian Government. The Russian army, I gather, is not in a fit condition to oppose the Austrian and German troops which would be put into the field against it; and, besides, Russia has her hands full in other directions. I have previously written about the intention of the Tsar’s Government to annex Northern Mongolia when a suitable opportunity occurred, and the recent Notes sent from St. Petersburg to Pekin would seem to indicate that an open Russian attack on the integrity of the Chinese Empire will be made shortly. In any case, Russia will be obliged to keep a well-trained force on the Mongolian border — indeed, the men are already there. Furthermore, there is Persia; and New Age readers need hardly be reminded that the Russians have taken advantage of the confusion caused by the Russo-Japanese war to strengthen their hold on Northern Persia, as well as encroaching a little on the Turkish territory lying to the North-West of Persia. Whether or not Turkey will try to settle accounts with Russia afterwards depends on the outcome of the present Conference; but the Moslem does not forget easily, as a rule.

I had intended this week to say a word or two on the naval question, but I must leave this matter over for treatment in a forthcoming issue of The New Age. Instead, I would like to point out some little surprise that we have not heard more in London regarding the alleged unrest in India. There is considerable discontent among various sections of the population on account of the change of capital; but of this we have not, officially, heard a word in England.

Portugal Next.
By V. de Bragança Cunha.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.” Some months ago Mr. F. McCullagh wrote a series of articles in the “Outlook” which were entitled “Portugal in the Melting-Pot.” Those articles from the pen of one of the most able of British journalists attracted much attention. The purpose of the articles was to give the British public a coherent account of some events too little known in their sequence, and to deduce a few obvious inferences. Mr. McCullagh, however, was generous enough at the time to desire us to write on the internal disorders which for so long a time have kept Portugal divided and rendered her so easy prey to foreign ambition. But we hesitated to undertake a function which could, as it seemed to us, be better discharged by an Englishman who has been long trying to induce his countrymen to take a proper view of the acts and aims of the Portuguese Republicans. Since, however, the “Outlook” published Mr. McCullagh’s brilliant articles an enormous mass of new material bearing especially on the Portuguese case by the Comer has appeared.

Humiliating as is the confession, it must be owned that Portugal has been posing on a waning prestige and consoling herself with the shadowy might-have-beens of her history, whilst her colonial rival have been marching forward to new conquests. So, instead of trying to oppose the Russian and German troops, which would be put into the field against it; and, besides, Russia has her hands full in other directions. It is a strange justification for saying that they have been wantonly attacked.

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were doomed to be an asylum for the vast and rapacious tribe of functionaries who devour the revenue of the State and the resources of the Empire.

The frantic efforts of some Portuguese to become "heroes" had already in the days of Monarchy caused serious troubles to the Colonies. The conflict of 1890, when there arose a dispute between England and her most ancient ally over Manicaland and Shire Highlands in Africa—a conflict which caused a painful effect on the well-wishers of the Anglo-Portuguese alliance and drove the nation to despair, was followed by the raids of Gungunyama, a Zulu King who ruled over the Gaza territory. When Lord Salisbury, lacking that spirit of conciliation of great English statesmen, sent an ultimatum to Portugal little could he have suspected that he would be a party in Portugal to a crisis that would one day drag in the mire every emblem of sovereignty and of sovereignty itself, and that his policy was a palpable menace to Portuguese expansion, perhaps even to Portuguese independence. Gungunyama played a great havoc among the Portuguese until Monzinho, the最喜欢的 antics of Gungunyama bravely marched into his camp and took the Zulu king prisoner. But since bands of native depredators tempted across the frontier by the rich herds of cattle which wandered over unenclosed plains had helped to swell the number of "heroes" on the Portuguese side, colonial posts were so rapidly multiplied that every fresh creation made "heroes" formerly rewarded impatience for some new promotion; and many of the colonial difficulties arose from warlike governors early under his influence. Talents and habits of a different order from theirs were required. Thus, even Goa in Portuguese India, the most loyal of Portugal's possessions, witnessed in 1895 the revolt of Maharatta troops; and it fell, as we have pointed out, as "Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy," to Dom Afonso, the brother of Dom Carlos, under whose command troops were dispatched from Portugal, to gain the loyalty of the revolted troops to the Crown. The measures of true conciliation enforced by Dom Afonso did much, we repeat, towards lessening the influences of some degenerate Portuguese who were endeavouring to use that revolt as an argument in favour of their narrow and selfish policy.

It was, therefore, of the utmost moment not to encourage or reward "heroes" at the expense of the Colonies. The Republican party, however, was countenanced and, indeed, as far as it depended on it, recognised "heroes" officially in all Portuguese dominions. The appointment, for instance, of Captain Freitas Ribeiro as Colonial Minister provoked the following protest from the official organ of the Transvaal Government:

"Senhor Ribeiro was notoriously the hero of the Carbonarios, whose disorderly proceedings caused some time ago the dispatch of the Hermes for Lourenco Marques in order to protect British interests there. The nomination of this leader for such a high post will lead to further acts of violence, which will involve Portugal in trouble with the British authorities."

But this was not the only evil. The Colonies are something to Portugal. For a fortnight," exclaimed Affonso Costa; "for a fortnight," exclaimed Affonso Costa; "why does he want to be Attorney General for a fortnight?

"Well, he says he has received letters with 'Attorney General of the Republic' on the envelopes, and in a few days ago a sheet of paper showed me that is rather amusing" were our words to the representative of the "Daily Graphic" who sometime ago interviewed us on the Portuguese crisis. But since that interview was published we have read Braga's pamphlets and we saw that the spirit of conciliation enforced by Dom Afonso did much, we repeat, towards lessening the influences of some degenerate Portuguese who were endeavouring to use that revolt as an argument in favour of their narrow and selfish policy.

The secret clauses of the Morocco agreement are yet in the dark. But the "Temps" statement that "the map of Africa needs to be drawn by true conciliation enforced by Dom Afonso did much, we repeat, towards lessening the influences of some degenerate Portuguese who were endeavouring to use that revolt as an argument in favour of their narrow and selfish policy."

"France," wrote at the time the "Die Post," "has North Africa, Britain dominion South Africa, and Germany must get Central Africa. We must strike out while the iron is hot. It may eventually be possible to induce England to cede Rhodesia, and France the remainder of the mutilated Congo. If we in the meantime secure the Portuguese possessions a mighty German Empire in Central Africa would be possible."

The "L'Humanite," inspired by the Portuguese Republicans, attempted within its rather limited circulation to expose the maps so far as the taking of fortresses in Angola by Germans was a part of a Royalist compact with Germany, and some Republican newspapers started a campaign of recrimination against Germany and the Emperor. They actually brought acrimonious charges against the Emperor, having wished to keep the Morocco clauses in the dark, forgetting that if the charge was valid against Germany it was valid also against England.

It was, of course, too much to expect Portuguese, republican or monarchial, to remain an impassive spectator of the scramble for her property while she still counted herself among the living. Monarchical and Republican papers kept the German occupation of forts in Africa steadily before the public. The Portuguese
Governor-General in Africa announced the occupation to the Government at Lisbon and complained he had no troops wherewith to oppose the invaders. But things had reached the impasse; the knot was tangled beyond possibility of loosening, and it was now cut in the manner which was once forbidden to the Ministers of the Crown. The Portuguese Government appealed to the old alliance, which is almost an essential element in the national security of Portugal, an alliance so precious in obligations that it has been maintained by Portugal throughout the whole of her national career. Old ties of alliance and friendship were now the only securities that once assured England of all the misfortunes and miseries of Portugal.

When Portugal was a monarchy it was England that was draining Portugal of power and money. Hence the well-known assertion of Theophilus Braga that "the four great causes of the declension of Portugal had been the Inquisition, the Jesuits, the Braganças and the English alliance." The British policy, indeed, had not changed. But after twenty years of trials and bluffs a sponge was gently pressed on the insular British policy offered to England. This must have been the remains of King Carlos move with disgust in his coffin. England, it is true, is the natural ally of Portugal. Her interests are wrapped up not only in the prosperity of her ancient ally, but in a most special degree in the welfare of Portugal. Unhappily, however, as far as Portuguese interests in Africa are concerned, the Anglo-Portuguese alliance is no safeguard against the dangers threatening Portugal.

The Portuguese cannot reckon England as a friend and Germany as an enemy, and act as if there could be any room for friendship or enmity in African affairs. England and Germany are great colonial powers. They both equally play parts assigned to them by their national interests. Moreover, the present relations of modern states are fortuitous, arbitrary, or changeable at will.

"In spite of polemics, caused by the Germans installing themselves on the various parts of the African coast, in spite even of diplomatic intervention which prevented Great Britain ratifying her Anglo-Mongol treaty with Portugal, there was a systematic effort of Wilhelmstrasse to preserve cordial relations with Downing Street. On June 14th, a German telegram to the Foreign Office stated that the guarantees would be required which it seems Portugal cannot grant without allocating the Colonies, a course which public opinion would not tolerate." But worse than all, there are fewer Portuguese. "In view of the general state of affairs," says the "Daily News," "evasion of responsibilities, especially from the Douro and Alemtejo provinces, and has reached the enormous average of 72,000 for current year with prospect of increasing." Emigration was the theme of the empty demagogue; but no efficient remedy has yet been proposed. Not disposed to devise a scheme of colonization, which, of course, requires much individual and some concentrated energy—the first requisites of any patriotic work—the Portuguese Republics preferred to take Mr. Israel Zangwill, the novelist, into confidence and live on the earnings of Jewish colonists they wished to plant in Portuguese West Africa. Instead of leading forward with an encouraging hand the Portuguese emigrant, they did not hesitate, as should be inferred from their "Diario de Noticias," to exchange the loyal devotion of willing subjects for the antipathy of involuntary aliens.

Such is the plight of Portugal to-day, passing through a crisis similar to that of Turkey. The nations even most friendly to her feel pity more or less mingled with contempt, others scarcely dissemble the rapacity which marks Portugal for their prey. We would not like to conclude these articles with such words of gloom. We prefer to close them, as we did recently an article in the "Westminster Review," with the following lines from the "Lusiads":

"After the horrors of the stormy night,
With gloom of lightning gleam and hisse of wind,
Breaks lovely morning's pure and blessed light,
With hope of haven a sure rest to find;
Sol banisheth the dark obscure from sight,
Laying the terror of man's timid mind."

P.S.—Since these articles were written my attention has been drawn to the following paragraph which appeared in the "Daily News" (November 25):

"I am informed from an unimpeachable source that, had it not been for the Balkan war, the British Government, in conjunction with other foreign Powers, intended to interve in and obtain more humane treatment for the political prisoners, many of whom are men of Jewish persuasion. We prefer to close them, as we did recently an article in the "Westminster Review," with the following lines from the "Lusiads":

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With gloom of lightning gleam and hisse of wind,
Breaks lovely morning's pure and blessed light,
With hope of haven a sure rest to find;
Sol banisheth the dark obscure from sight,
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\]
The White Slave Bill.

By Beatrice Hastings.

DEPENDING upon it that legislation which is rushed through without discussion is legislation against the will of the people, that is to say, against the substantial good in human nature: depend upon it, therefore, that such legislation will break down in practice. I say the substantial good, because although men are governed by a very little virtue, yet they are so governed, one of the causes being that bad human nature is always new, secret, and dare seek no strength from precedent, whereas the good is changeless and has for its resource all good examples of whatever antiquity. Whether the human race was or was not originally endowed with an understanding of virtue, we have certainly grown in this understanding, and men who want to influence us must at least simulate virtue. Deeds being easier to estimate than words, we have, however, an ultimate defence against simulators. By their works we come to know them: and rapidly, too, for they are always in a hurry, feeling, no doubt, that time is their enemy. Virtue, on the contrary, reckons on the long run.

The re-introduction of flogging is easily estimable as a deed of the simulators of virtue. What has virtue to do with flogging? Vice has to do with flogging, as many of us already know, and as instruction will presently make known everywhere. Flogging is a sexual vice and is so practised. But virtue and flogging! It is not to be concluded that the Albert Hall audience was a particularly stinking mob, we must separate them into two sections, the vicious who begin to twitch with the mere mention of flagellation, those that feel towards flogging and whom reason infuriates by baulking them of their sensations; and those who do not feel at all in the matter but, with no experience of flagellation, with faith in the gaiters of a bishop, with an idea that something ought to be done about these thousands of white slaves—echo "a good sound whipping" as a convenient way of expressing their bewildered indignation. But these latter persons shrink, as they well may, from flogging, the moment that the occult associations of this act are explained, associations which are so comprehensible as to need no elaborate argument, since the relation of physical lust to physical cruelty is true and instinctively feared. Physical cruelty indeed is easily abandoned by a person who has become thoroughly aware of his mental lust of anger; and only a pervert would continue to wish to inflict physical pain once he realised that pain may breed physical lust. This subject of lust and flogging is about the worst imaginable for public discussion; the sadic murders of those young children coincidently with the vile exhibition in the Albert Hall should be as writing on the wall to educated people: the mood of cruelty and the mood of lust are related.

It is certain, however, that this discussion will go on. Flagellators cannot be allowed their way; the rest of us must undo their work. A few extracts from the final debate in the Commons may be useful. The debate was kept back until two in the morning, but nineteen Members fought the House up till half-past four, their reward for the moment, however, being no more (and no less) than to establish the fact that the floggers will not go down to history as unopposed or lacking a good example. They will not, either, go home quite satisfied, which is very much to the immediate purpose of wrecking the Bill in practice. Mr. Josiah Wedgwood urged the House not to discuss so important a matter at that late hour. The Prime Minister had said that he hoped the Bill would be taken provided the debate on the Home Rule Bill did not take too long. It had taken three hours after half-past ten and could not well have taken longer. The Bill had been simply introduced to please certain parties outside. There was no need for hurry in passing the Bill. It would do very well if they took part that night and part on the morrow.

Mr. Radford also urged that the Prime Minister if he were present would regard procedure that night as a breach of faith.

Mr. McKenna replied that in order to get the Royal Assent to the Bill on Friday, it must be carried then and there so as to become law before Christmas.

Mr. Arthur Lee said that reports were coming in from sources which might not be disbelieved to the effect that people engaged in this particular class of traffic were making an exceptional effort to reap a substantial harvest before this Bill could become law. In view of the Christmas shopping it was of urgent importance that the Bill should become law at the earliest moment.

Mr. J. Martin opposed the House on the ground that no Bill should be introduced after eleven o'clock. He was in favour of the Bill (except the flogging clause). They certainly could not profitably begin discussion at two o'clock. The hon. gentleman had told them his reasons for especial hurry, the dangers of Christmas shopping. He had no doubt that the hon. gentleman believed that to be a genuine reason and that he had the utmost confidence in intelligence that was conveyed to him by certain persons unknown to the House, but if the House was going to act on information it ought to know what that information was. How could they discuss under such circumstances? cries of "Divide!" Not for the first time, he noticed that when the occupants of the Front Benches had arranged something, all the other Members of the House of Commons were as nothing. Never during the discussion on the Bill had he interfered with it and now that he ventured to say a word he was to be howled down.

Mr. Arnold Ward, a supporter of the Bill, thought the Government should recognise the fact that Members on all sides had had more correspondence about this Bill than any of the three great controversial Bills of this Session, letters not only from individuals but societies and other private bodies. It was not reasonable to ask the House to deal at that hour with the serious amendments made by the Lords.

Sir Arthur Markham wished to point out that all the slobbering sentimentalism from cranks was not going to prejudice the House.

Mr. Pringle admired the display of puritanical fervour on the part of the hon. Baronet, the Member for Mansfield. The hon. Member for Fareham (Mr. Arthur Lee) and his friends were constantly making vague statements about the enormous evils which this Bill was to remedy; but when they were asked for facts the no facts were ever put before them. He urged the House not to pass a Bill seriously interfering with personal liberty and, also, re-introducing a barbarous punishment into criminal law.

It is very reassuring to an outsider like myself, who oppose the Bill mainly out of my own experience of a world which I never was afraid to walk about in and where I never found any cause for fear that legislation could possibly remove—it is reassuring to find
that Members of Parliament have had no more evi-
dence of white slavery placed before them than moon-
shine stories of certain correspondents in these columns. Fancy—thousands of cases every year and
no evidence before the Commons! It becomes plainer than ever that downright liking for cruelty and
sexual discussion animates our ferocious "reformers.
There seem to have three distinct parties to the Bill: the
hysterical bishops, the police, and the bold, bluff
citizen, the butt of satirists, who always approves of
severe measures, a thorough-going coward at bottom.
Nothing one might say will influence directly either of
these parties. The bishops are utterly shameless, and
were so when the question was of burning old women
and hanging children, let alone of flagellation, a mere
pretty vice in comparison.

It is said openly that the spiritual lord of York was cut out for a criminal
teacher, but indeed we have only to note what these
men do to see that they are no Christians and likely
enough to be suspected by people who are attached
to the Church of England. It is said openly that the
lawyer, but indeed we have only to note what these
men do to see that they are no Christians and likely
enough to be suspected by people who are attached

of Canterbury and York. It is said openly that the
archbishops and all the company of archbishops of
Kaffir, I was going to say, but that would be a gross
and wholly unmerited insult to the Kaffirs. He is a
bad-natured man and would be shameless in any state
and anywhere. And I doubt not that he would will-
ingly have me imprisoned for saying so; but when a
man has had such a thing pointed out to him (nor by
me, but by men whom he cannot help but hear) as that
flagging of men will not affect women procurers, and
yet he be an shrieks for flagellation, I take leave to
accuse him of liking to flog.

As for the police, we cannot expect them to oppose
anything which increases their powers. I think they
will never flog a real sotoutere, but they will work off
a few old scores against certain criminals. As it will be
dangerous for them to be the lower and less popular
men of to have any resort to women unless they marry,
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men of to have any resort to women unless they marry,
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(4.) Permanence (continued.)

The gods and the wise men being ruled out—they are the inevitable exceptions, the "sporting plants"—permanence remains a desirable aim for the remainder of a nation or a race, in that such a state is most in accordance with tradition. There are Hindu casuists who would hold, and very plausibly, that the gods and the wise men are likewise seeking permanence, but in a different way. To become one with the universal consciousness, the self must find salvation in the way it is indicated in a previous article, is one essential factor in permanence—close to this discord that few of us appreciate the full force of the "sex" polemics. We shall under-take advantage of, would be of inestimable advantage to mankind if it were to arrive at a conclusion where the classes and masses in the second place, do not understand one another; they do not understand one another because they do not trust one another; and they do not trust one another because there is no definite standard of faith which they can appeal to. Indeed, can there be a definite standard of faith or trust in connection with a religion the main feature of which is the permission it accords to every individual man and woman—nay, the injunction it ceaselessly bears in upon them—to decide their morals for themselves; to interpret (what misguided irony!) the Bible containing the standard, each in his or her individual fashion? There are standards, to adapt Plato; but no standard.

The discord resulting from this lack of cohesion among the units of the nation reacts on every class and individual and disturbs the spiritual "ether"—western artists might prefer to say "atmosphere," but there is a great difference between the two. The effects of sex and class wars naturally lower the value of the "karma" of the nation, and thus (all unconsiously so far as the doer and the victim are concerned) the silly attempts of suffragists to destroy leaders in London will ultimately run the risk of a poet who may sit in solitude six counties away and imagine that he is separated from the world.

Even when a definite standard is laid down for a race (as in the case of the Hindus, for instance) it is difficult enough to stick towards it and to reach its level. But what, then, can be said of a race which has no standard at all and allows each of its individual members to do exactly as he or she pleases? Ultimate ruin would be a mild punishment. For, just as the "karma" of an individual reacts upon the universal consciousness in which case he will have by that very fact become part of it and so entered into a state of permanence.

Unbroken tradition, as I indicated in a previous article, is one essential factor in permanence; and in the permanence of a race or a nation an essential factor is unity. The harmony among the various classes composing a nation is the concrete form (though in consequence the coarser and less refined form) of that state of quest represented spiritually by the final harmony of the self with the universal consciousness. If a nation could harmonise its units, and groups of units, to the physical degree represented spiritually by the complete harmony of the self and the universal consciousness, that race or nation would attain to an empirical duration. Hence empirical permanence, in exactly the same way as the self attains (if one may so express it) nomenal permanence when it has discovered its fundamental unity with the universal consciousness. (This relationship will be found well outlined in the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad.)

We must postulate, then, that the permanence of a nation is on the way to being secured only when (1)
Unedited Opinions.

The Soul Proved.

But is it really possible to demonstrate the existence of the soul? It is not only possible, but the soul demonstrates itself; and to observe this self-demonstration is to prove it. Proof, after all, is merely the relationship of logic to fact; it invents nothing of itself, it explains nothing, but it gives a name to what is, and this right naming of things we call proof.

The dispute about the soul is, therefore, you think, a dispute about names? Largely, if not altogether. I do not deny that soul in general may be more concealed in its manifestations in one age than in another; but it is contrary to experience that soul should leave even the darkest ages without a witness of itself. You mean in exceptional men? Spiritual geniuses? Not in them only, not in them mainly, but in the mass of mankind.

I'm sure the mass of mankind would be surprised to hear it. Very likely: and not so pleased either. It is somewhat of a responsibility to know oneself to be an immortal soul. One cannot do exactly as one pleases when one knows that one's soul is watching.

This age of so-called freedom is merely an age in which the waking consciousness deliberately forgets that the soul is present, so that in its fancied absence the desires may have free play. But this free play of desires is anarchism.

But if pleasure is derived from anarchism what has morality to say to it? You do not deny that the object of life, even of good life, is pleasure?

The controversy has been settled too long ago to need renewing—the controversy, I mean, between pleasure and happiness. As there are good pleasures and bad pleasures so there must be a higher criterion of pleasure than pleasure itself; and this higher criterion is happiness. But happiness from this point of view is only a pleasure that lasts. The difference between good and bad pleasures are fleeting; the good endure; and by what faculty, do you think, we discriminate between them when the two kinds are simultaneously offered to us?

By memory based on experience, I should say. But this memory is not sufficient to make fleeting pleasures no pleasures at all. It can only pass judgment on them. That is all, for the will must be called in to carry out the memory's verdict and to reject the fleeting for the permanent pleasure.

If the memory is so impartial the decision by the will should not be difficult. There is no excuse for hesitating between a pleasure known to be of the moment and a pleasure known to be lasting. Yet you would not say that everybody always makes this easy choice when both are offered to them?

The pleasures of the moment are magnified by being near; the lasting pleasures are reduced by being so far off. But if the pleasure of the moment is near and therefore magnified, are not its conclusion and subsequent pain also near and therefore proportionately magnified?

They should be certainly on the reasoning, but the nearness of the pleasure covers up so much the nearness of the pain. We reduce the pain while magnifying the prospective pleasure.

And in the case of the enduring pleasures, is it the same, or different with us? Do we magnify the pleasure and reduce the pain, or what?

We appear to do the opposite. Of lasting pleasures we magnify the accompanying trouble and reduce the subsequent pleasure. It is the initial pain that repels us; just as it is the initial pleasure in the other case that attracts us.

But can the same faculty in respect of the same thing act so contrarily? In the one case magnifying the immediate pleasure so as to conceal from itself the subsequent pain; and in the other case doing exactly the reverse, magnifying the immediate pain so as to conceal from itself the subsequent pleasure?

It appears to be one of the antinomies of the mind. We are a mass of contradictions.

But if you found one man always choosing the immediate pleasure and another man always choosing the remote pleasure, could you possibly think that they were similar? Naturally not. But now it appears that when both these modes of choice exist in the same mind you are disposed to call them one? Why may there not be in a single mind two judges comparable to the two men we have named, one of whom chooses immediate pleasures and the other of whom chooses remote or lasting pleasures?

Now that you say it, the case appears to demand some such hypothesis.

And a very old hypothesis too; and one on which everybody acts, whatever may be his theory. But if we now give the name of soul to the faculty that always chooses lasting pleasures, and the name of Desire to the faculty that always chooses immediate pleasures, are we not on the way to discovering and defining the soul?

So far, perhaps, but the word Soul has so many supernatural associations—associations that common psychology cannot follow. For instance, it is said that the soul is immortal, that it is compounded of all the virtues, that it was never born and will never cease to be; that it is, in short, a piece of divinity, and contrary therefore to all our experience.

Contrary to some of our experiences, it would be wiser to say.

But have we ever experienced changelessness, timelessness, immortality, perfect virtue or divinity? I should say so, quite as often as we have experienced the opposites of them.

And not in theory or speculation merely, but in actual psychology?

Certainly. For, after all, what is there to make such experiences a priori impossible? Without dogmatically denying the very possibility of such experiences, what should prevent us from discovering that we have actually enjoyed them?

But we are not aware of them. If they are experiences they are subconscious and beyond affirmation no less than denial. In short, they cannot be discussed.

You will not deny that they have at various times been discussed by many and at all times discussed at least by a few?

By the few you doubtless mean the professionally religious?

Leave the professionally religious out of account. I mean by such as have been and are consciously aware of their own experiences.

But why are not all aware of them since, as you say, all enjoy them?

First, because such experiences are not equally vivid in all men; but, secondly, because the fashion of looking for them changes, so that at one time everybody is aware of them and at another time the majority do not attend to them.

And they are out of fashion to-day, you think? Obviously they are, or you would not now be denying that such experiences are common to you and all men.

Can you point out to me any experiences I have had to demonstrate the existence within me of the soul as we have defined it: the soul immortal, pure, timeless, and divine?

We have already distinguished between the soul that chooses lasting pleasures and the Desire that chooses immediate pleasures. Let that be our example and test. If we discover in ourselves two orders of desire—one for lasting things and one for transient things—may we not conclude that, as like chooses like, the two orders of desire are similar to the two objects of desire? The transient, that is, naturally chooses the transient, and the lasting the lasting, each seeing in its respective ob-
ject the reflection of its own qualities, and each, therefore, naturally in the reflected form.

Admitting this, whether does it lead us?

To this, I think: That all objects are regarded by us with two eyes, as it were—with the eye that seeks and prefers the permanent, and with the eye that seeks and prefers the transient; the eye of one is the eye of the soul, and the eye of the other is the eye of the Desire, as I have called it. And we may now distinguish between their respective objects. What is it that the Soul desires in objects, in all objects? That they shall be perfectly pleasing. But why perfectly pleasing? Because to be perfectly pleasing is to be always pleasing. But why, if the Soul believes itself to be mortal, does it desire an object to be always pleasing? Our every-day Desire is satisfied when an object is temporarily pleasing; that an object may last as long as itself is enough for Desire. But the Soul asks that long after Desire has failed an object shall continue to please—shall please for ever. Is not the conclusion that the Soul, seeking its like, seeks the lasting because itself is lasting? And therefore, is pure, perfect, and eternally lasting.

And now exists? Forgive the question. Examine your fixed, unchanging desires: they are the evidence of your soul.

Present-Day Criticism.

Mr. Hubert Bland, that most readable writer, has lately been talking in the "New Witness" about the superiority of the average reviewer over the average novelist. He may be right; in any case, our opinion of the average novelist could never induce us to defend this vicious ninny from even an unjust attack. But, as it happens, we had just been reading a column written by a man who is considered quite an extraordinary name in Fleet Street, and we must say that the column is, to say the best of it, as worthless in style and matter as any novel of this season. The reviewer was Mr. Arthur Machen, the gentleman, by the way, who huckstered for the "Evening News" when that journal was employing us to put something in our office windows in order to help the sale of books uncritised, and wanted our opinion on the venture, the which we gave as "disgraceful": the same Mr. Machen who jovially advised the "young fellow," patron of the "Evening News," not to be "bullied out of reading what he liked."

We put it to Mr. Hubert Bland whether any ass among novelists could outdo this for "braving"? "The great shining streets are crowded night after night with eager, cheerful people. . . . They cluster thick before the brilliant shop windows, gaze enchanted at the world of beautiful and delightful and ingenious objects . . . but they have not forgotten the spiritual and imaginative appeal of the bookshop." Mr. Bland, of course, might laugh. We laugh, too, for Mr. Machen is a book-bagman: but we remind Mr. Bland of his perfectly serious article on the superiority of reviewers over novelists. "I went on a slight pilgrimage the other day," says Mr. Machen airily, carelessly, "among three or four of the best-known booksellers, and heard very cheering news." How can a man do it? How can a mortal man play such a silly part two or three times a week for the cajolment of the yellow public—How—even for the money? "Mr. Humphreys, of Hatchard's, was in noticeably good spirits, and beamed on his shelves and his customers." Mr. Bland speaks of the professional work of reviewers as against the amateur work of novelists. Mr. Machen's work would disgrace an American reporter in his first year. That is not professional work, meaning skilled work, which gives the whole plant away by its dam silliness. Mr. Machen's aim is to give the impression of spontaneity in his peregrination of the various bookshops which he is advertising in Harmsworth journals; he wants it to be supposed that he just happened along, as the Americans say, and by the greatest good luck is able to tell the yellow public just what everybody is buying. But he leaves himself open to a laugh, he tells his 'story' mechanically, he overdoes it. Mr. Bland may, of course, say that the yellow public will not notice anything; we remind him again of his perfectly serious championship of reviewers. As critics, we ourselves find Mr. Machen's work ridiculous, and we do not think he can any better.

Like most writers who get a reputation by being, oh! so precious, he is really appallingly common and unimaginative.

"People are buying books for Christmas presents, then?"

"Yes, very extensively."

"What are the favourites?"

Could anything be more bald? The preciousity is worked in with a fountain pen. "Dum-ti-dum-ti-dum-dum-dum!" are the work of those French artists who invented a classicism which is not a classic, but which is exquisite: What has Mr. Bland to say to that profanity?

"I mentioned Mr. Machen's — as a perfect specimen of the Christmas booklet. Mr. Humphreys agreed, and while he was attending to some business I noted his own —."

But for blatant amateurishness listen to Mr. Machen's account of his introductory speech to Mr. Robson: "I suppose that Christmas hardly affects you? You don't find people rushing into your shop to buy early printed books and editions of Swinburne and extra-illustrated topographies because it is Christmas? Fancy a man bombarding a bookseller with a ton of a question like that! He never said it; a bookseller would send for the police to take charge of any individual who should enter his shop with it. Here is a reviewer publicly making himself out a sillier ass than he would dare to be. We will not say that the average novelist is not equally imbecile in his writings: but we are searching for the reviewer's alleged superiority.

We cannot waste too much space on Mr. Arthur Machen. Nothing but a dull railway journey could have beguiled us into reading him at all. Nothing but Mr. Bland's perfectly serious article could have induced us to write about Mr. Machen, this flower of Carmelite Street. Here are his parting words: "I am happy to think that the motor-car has not devoured all the skilled work, which gives the whole plant away by its dam silliness. People are buying books for Christmas presents, but we remind Mr. Machen: "Old books. to read, old friends to love, old wine to drink, old wood to burn: happy the Christmas hearth that is garnished after this goodly fashion." And no doubt Mr. Machen would indite precisely these sentiments whether he was bagging for wine or wood instead of books. We should be greatly pleased if, before this article were printed, Mr. Arthur Machen had managed to appropriate unto himself Mr. Bland's conclusions.
The Nietzsche Movement in England: A Retrospect, a Confession, and a Prospect.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

[The following essay has been written by Dr. Oscar Levy as the only last volume of his English translation of Nietzsche's (Vol. xvi., containing the index, etc.). The article may be of interest to New Age readers, not merely as a contribution to the history of contemporary thought, but also as a novel opinion on the much-discussed subject of Eugenics. The book will be published in January by Mr. T. N. Foulis.]

I.

With this—the eighteenth and last volume of the authorised translation of Nietzsche's works into English—a task is brought to an end which has taken twenty years to carry to a final and successful conclusion. It was in the year 1893 that Nietzsche's name is first mentioned in one of the books of the unfortunate English poet John Davidson. In the same year a group of German, English, and Scottish admirers of Nietzsche arranged to bring out an authorised version of the German thinker's works, three volumes of which were actually published in 1896, and 97. The reception of these books was so little encouraging that they were not followed, while most of those previously published went down to any text found faulty, or make me consent to any suggestions as to improvements of style or sense coming from qualified sources. I have not entered into any engagement with publishers, not even with the present one, which could hinder my task, bind me down to any text found faulty, or make me consent to omission or falsification or 'sugar'ing of the original text to further the sales of the books. I am therefore in a position to give every attention to a work which I consider as of no less importance for the country of my residence than for the country of my birth, as well as for the rest of Europe.

But while we may be well modest about what we have done, it would be absurd to play the humble hypocrite about the fact that we have done it, that we have been able to secure a public for Nietzsche in England at all. For England was no doubt the most important country of all to conquer for Nietzschean thought. I do not mean on account of her ubiquitous language, thanks to which Nietzsche is now read, not only in South Africa and Australia, in Canada and America, but even upon the banks of the Nile and the Ganges, and under the pagodas and cherry-trees of China and Japan. I am thinking of another and more important reason, which became a conviction to me in the matter of religion. To state this difference briefly and plainly in England the most truly Christian public is not found amongst the wealthy, the powerful, the aristocracy: it is found, just as in the time of Jesus, amongst the lower and lower-middle classes. It is the humble, of the mountain of the highest majority, who take the religion of the humble, of the modest, of the peaceful, most seriously, because this
religion, which originated amongst his class, even now after two thousand years exactly suits his taste, flatters his secret wishes and ambitions, and satisfies alike his heart and his head, his hopes and his hatreds. Nothing of this—I should like to call it most natural—condition is to be discovered elsewhere. History shows where the historical development has been quite different, and has absolutely confused and even effaced any such obvious distinction between fervent and less fervent Christians. On the Continent, where, as is well known, the French revolution set hands much more intensely than in England, the reaction against that Revolution has likewise seen very much stronger, and (strange to say) that reaction of the powerful, the rich, and the aristocrats has appropriated the Christian religion itself in order to fight the revolutionary lower classes, which were strongly, but wrongly, suspected by them of a lack of Christian spirit. Wrongly, I say, because they quite forgot that Christianity, in spite of a benignant mask, is in reality a revolutionary religion and that not the lack of religion, but the very spirit of religion, had driven the French people to cut off the heads of their king and their aristocrats. Now, when the revolution was vanquished, and the full tide of the Restoration had set in, the monarchs of Prussia, Russia, and Austria had nothing better to do than to found the Holy Alliance, which was joined by most monarchs of Europe (except the Prince-Regent of England) and adopted Christianity and the principles of justice, peace, brotherhood (the requirements of all the lower strata of society) as their shibboleth. And, precisely they who most firmly believe, if not in the Holy Alliance, which was joined by most monarchs of Europe, but in order to protest against what they suppose to be below is above, and what should be above is below; what should be is above, and what should be is above: it may have done in other fields) has created these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, which in the matter of Nietzschean thought. And since the remnant of patriarchalism in domestic and business life has not yet quite disappeared in these countries, there has up to now been no necessity for the State to take care of millions of people, or rather slaves, many of whom are beyond any care and hope, whose propaganda even threats our society with an ignoble death from suffocation by its own refuse.

There is no doubt that Protestantism (whatever good it may have done in other fields) has created these sad conditions around us: with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms; that the head of the Catholic Church, who has rightly, from this point of view, put its peculiar poison. It is on account of these peculiar religious conditions that Nietzsche, in spite of all my respect for the Church, who has rightly, from this point of view, put its peculiar poison. It is on account of these peculiar religious conditions that Nietzsche has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms. The Continent his whole attack seems to be without significance, his whole philosophy based upon assumption. But why not—maybe it should be objected—rely much more upon another country, a country much more 'Christian' than England, a country where the translation of Nietzsche has been subsidised by the Government, and one which besides enjoys the reputation of being the most intellectual of European nations?—Why not rely upon modern France for the practical success of his ideas?—Why not?—Because this important objection is very simple, and it is this: that French free-thought—although certainly of a much more independent nature than what is called free-thought elsewhere—that French free-thought, I say, is not the thing to be abrogated, but the thing to be supposed to turn in earnest against an old religion. It must never be forgotten that Catholicism, unlike Protestantism, has really entered into the hearts of its believers. Nothing else than in England, the reaction of the powerful, the rich, and the aristocrats has appropriated the Christian religion to itself in order to fight the revolutionary lower classes, which were strongly, but wrongly, suspected by them of a lack of Christian spirit. Wrongly, I say, because they quite forgot that Christianity, in spite of a benignant mask, is in reality a revolutionary religion and that not the lack of religion, but the very spirit of religion, had driven the French people to cut off the heads of their king and their aristocrats. Now, when the revolution was vanquished, and the full tide of the Restoration had set in, the monarchs of Prussia, Russia, and Austria had nothing better to do than to found the Holy Alliance, which was joined by most monarchs of Europe (except the Prince-Regent of England) and adopted Christianity and the principles of justice, peace, brotherhood (the requirements of all the lower strata of society) as their shibboleth: in other words, it was they, the princes, the powerful, the masters, who adopted the tenets of the religion of the slaves. In opposition to them, and in order to fight their "enemies and oppressors," the liberal and socialistic lower classes of the Continent have more or less loudly proclaimed a sort of atheism, although it is precisely they who most firmly believe, if not in the Christian religion itself, in something much more important than this God—to wit, His morality. Thus, as will easily be seen, on the Continent everything is muddled in matters of religion: what should be below is above, and what should be above is below; while in England everything is comparatively natural: the religion of those below is still most alive amongst those below, while the upper classes are much more permeated by the non-Christian spirit—by the spirit of a Voltaire and a Gibbon. In England, therefore, while on the Continent Christ fights side by side with the aristocrats, who pretend to be on the most intimate terms with Him, the enemy of proud names and worldly riches. French officers of good families nowadays regularly attend mass, not from a deep inner relationship to the Prince of Peace on the Cross, but in order to protest against what they suppose to be the most impudent atheism of the rebellious lower classes. German junkers pretend to be pillars of the throne and altar, not knowing or not wishing to know that the teaching given out at the altar is, so long as it is delivered without falsehood, subversive of all thrones and all authorities. Wealth and beauty all over the Continent, from a reaction against the materialistic lower classes, feels itself coerced into doing homage to a God who stood for poverty and equality against full pockets and racy cheeks. With perfect justice, therefore, the Liberals and Socialists on the Continent reproach the upper classes with hypocrisy, while in England the hypocrisy is much more on the side of the Liberal and middle classes. For what sort of these Liberal caricature, but their Christian principles? Why not establish equality? Why not abolish capitalism? . . . "But it is impossible to do all that!" Ah! . . . is Christianity then impossible? It is on account of these peculiar religious conditions that Nietzsche (whatever good it may have done in other fields) has created these sad conditions around us; with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive, with its idea of equality it has split humanity into thousands of anarchical atoms, with its idea of liberty it has thrown responsibility upon weak shoulders, with its idea of charity it has helped these weak and worthless people to survive.
Lucian.
By E. Agnes R. Haigh.

It is almost a point of honour with the normal student of the classics to read little that was produced later than Demosthenes in Greek and to refrain from indulging a too-promiscuous curiosity about the Silver-Latin writers. This exclusiveness, he is persuaded, is founded on a sense of loyalty. His study is antiquity: upon the Ancients, therefore, he must concentrate, with avarice. The system of classical training upon which the modern schoolboy is reared ordains that fully half of the legitimate objects of his study are mere archaisms—primitive and tentative fumblings with an art-material which in many branches was not fully mastered until a much later date. It will have nothing to say to the blandishments of a later culture, of the wider Hellenism which followed upon the death of the city-state in Greece, or of the Roman world so soon as her national purpose—an empire—was achieved. Even professed scholars are somewhat supercilious about the post-classical period, and a widespread ignorance fosters the prejudice that most of the writings of this period are dull, uninspired stuff, written in a learned and donnish vein, or, at best, a skilful dishing-up of ancient themes with a more cosmopolitan flavouring to suit contemporary taste.

The historian Freeman, recording his impressions of a visit to Athens some thirty-five years ago, confessed himself disappointed. He lamented that "so large a part of the real interest, the true life of the spot, had been lopped away." He grumbled at the "wanton barbarism" of classical enthusiasm which allowed the memorials of continuous history to be swept away in order that it might cherish its beloved Parthenon without obstruction. The "classical purist" who so much offended Freeman's historical sense, with his impatience of all claims save those of the antique, is less aggressive in the archaeological field to-day, and the monuments even of barbarous Frank and Turk are now protected upon those very sites of classic interest which have protected upon those very sites of classic interest which was once forbidden to profane with its relics of antiquity. The "classical purist" who so much offended Freeman's historical sense, with his impatience of all claims save those of the antique, is less aggressive in the archaeological field to-day, and the monuments even of barbarous Frank and Turk are now protected upon those very sites of classic interest which has discredited them in the eyes and has banished them to an obscurity from which they have not yet been removed from the works of those writers who have employed the sacred Greek and Latin tongues without the justification of being classical. Thus we have grown up with an instinctive grudge against the writings of Alexandrian and Graeco-Roman culture, not because they are not excellent, but because they have not the specific merit of the ancient. If their authors had written in any other language than that consecrated to Thucydides and Plato, or to Cicero and Livy, we should have estimated them more truly. It is their consciousness of their ancient heritage, the sense of loyalty. His study is antiquity: upon the Ancients, therefore, he must concentrate, with avarice. The system of classical training upon which the modern schoolboy is reared ordains that fully half of the legitimate objects of his study are mere archaisms—primitive and tentative fumblings with an art-material which in many branches was not fully mastered until a much later date. It will have nothing to say to the blandishments of a later culture, of the wider Hellenism which followed upon the death of the city-state in Greece, or of the Roman world so soon as her national purpose—an empire—was achieved. Even professed scholars are somewhat supercilious about the post-classical period, and a widespread ignorance fosters the prejudice that most of the writings of this period are dull, uninspired stuff, written in a learned and donnish vein, or, at best, a skilful dishing-up of ancient themes with a more cosmopolitan flavouring to suit contemporary taste.

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admire. To such an extent, however, are we possessed by the idea of the classic as the only permissible form of Greek, that we have lost sight of the true marvel of Lucian's literary achievement. A Syrian of the second century, brought up in childhood and early youth to speak a patois—the "barbarous Syrian speech," as he calls it—Lucian had to acquire Greek proper as a student. Yet he succeeded in perfecting himself, not in the best Greek of his time, but in the obsolete language of the classical period, which was dying already five centuries before his day; and, further, in attaining in it an individual charm and distinction as if he had earned it immortality had even a classic speech been his birthright.

Lucian was not professedly a writer of fiction, but he has left at least one romance which, slight as it is, shows how great a gift he had for imaginative writing. The "True History" is a burlesque on the travellers' tales of some of the ancient historians, "the fount and inspiration of which was," he says, "the Homeric Odysseus." The "True History" has served, in its turn, as the fount and inspiration of De Berenger's "Voyage to the Moon" and "History of the Empire of the Sun," of Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," of Querido's "Visions," and the "History of Gargantua and Pantagruel" of Scalabrinus. This first and most delightful of Nonsense Stories tells us how Lucian, with his companions, after extravagant adventures in the moon, followed by a long sojourn in the inside of a sea-monster, makes his way at last to the Islands of the Blest. There he finds Odysseus, dead, and, of course, the ancient philosophers. Plato alone was not to be seen, but was reported to be living in his own little Utopia, working up its laws and constitution, since he preferred this to anything that the Elysian Fields could offer him. After some days Lucian found opportunity of a few words with Homer, and asked him among other things, where he came from. "It was still a burning question with us," I explained. Another of my questions was about the so-called spurious lines; and he written them or not? He said that they were all genuine, so we now know what to think of the critics Zenodotus and Aristarchus. Just as Lucian was taking leave of the Islands of the Blest, Odysseus, unseen by Penelope, slipped into his hand a "billot-doux" directed to Calypso. Lucian notes how odious he had been wont to vaunt her? To which we made such answer as we thought she would like." In the course of their travels they touched at an island which they found to be the place of punishment for evil-doers. Its gate was kept by Timon of Athens. "Our guides described the life and guilt of each culprit. The severest torments were reserved for those who, in life, had been liars and written false history. The class was numerous and included Clesias of Cnidus and Herodotus. The fact was an encouragement to me knowing that I had never told a lie."

"THE NEW AGE" PIONEER. A PORTRAIT.

The vibrant voice, quick step and gesture free; The tense, thin body, nervous, lightly made; The intellect, all fire and clarity. Reckless, determined, strong and unafraid.

The deep responsive chord that thrills and sings Spontaneously to touch of master-hands; The surging life-blood that within him springs; The passion that awakens and commands; The vital energy that sneaks Cleansing, igniting, like a burning flame.

Views and Reviews.

CONVERSION has one important effect on those subjected to the process: it drives them into comparative solitude, whence they emerge with a doctrine akin, perhaps, but not identical, with the one whose irruption into their consciousness effected the change. Mr. Fabian Ware was not the first to bring the economic facts and tendencies to the attention of the public. But he made his presentation of them to the public in a manner not previously attempted. The conception of the economic servitude and "of unconscious intellectual submission," found himself "unexpectedly enjoying a spell of absolute intellectual independence." Immediately, like another St. Paul, he "confessed not with flesh and blood," but with the spirit, to his old associates. "You will probably agree with the view," he says in his preface, "that in France are the origins to be sought of many of the tendencies which I have discussed. I shall therefore offer no apology for having written the greater part of my book here, attracted in the first instance by my affection for that great country which has more than once befriended me, giving me opportunity I could not find in my own country, and to whom I owe debts which can never be repaid. One consequent disadvantage must, however, be admitted, and that is that I have meanwhile been out of touch with English thought on social questions, not having read any of the books which have been written by my fellow-countrymen on the development of Socialism. The loss for me is fortunately not irreparable."

The loss, if not irreparable, is a serious one; for this book is practically useless to readers of The New Age. The development of Syndicalism has not been in opposition to Socialism; its import and purport have been recognised by Socialists and its limitations defined. We have seen that Syndicalism is only a weapon; and unless intelligence directs its use the last state of the igorian proletariat may be worse than the first. What we call representative government—that is, the electoral abrogation of the right to self-government—has certainly failed to produce the results that were expected; but a too ardent exercise of the "hunger" that Mr. Ware, in common with other Syndicalists, admires and encourages may result in the rise not of that beneficent arbitrator who "may save the country from revolution" but of a dictator with supreme power to suspend the constitutions, not more advantageous than the right to instinctive association, the most successful Syndicalist strike will only be a strike within the limits of the capitalist system, and the fruits of victory will in the end be the bread of wage-earners. If Mr. Fabian Ware has not yet perceived beyond the seas his insularity from English thought, he might have been aware of the fact that the English Syndicalist is a Guild-Socialist, although a Guild-Socialist is not necessarily a Syndicalist. Guild-Socialism is the only fruitful contribution to the solution of the problem that is known to me, and it was made by The New Age, and the effect of it is that the conclusions of Mr. Fabian Ware are obviously inept.

For example, he appeals to the English hereditary aristocracy to give the people access to the land. The New Age, in a series of "Letters to a Backwoodsman," appealed to the patriotism of the same class without effect. We know how powerful this class is in rural affairs; and by Mr. F. E. Green, in "The Awakening of England," that 127,000 acres have been applied for under the Small Holdings Act, and not provided by local authorities. There is not much hope that the English hereditary aristocracy, most of which has at least a pretense of direct descent, will be patriotic enough to make a sacrifice that its brothers and cousins, the plutocrats, refuse to make. Yet Mr. Ware says that because none of the political parties intend to give the land to the people, because they intend to acquire it only for the State, "the reform must therefore be initiated by those who, filled themselves with the human instincts * The Worker and his Country. By Fabian Ware. (Edward Arnold. 8s. net.)
which form a link between man and the land, are alone capable of appreciating the strength of a network of peasant proprietors, controlling the country, to stand the encroachments of the economic order based on industrial needs." If this means anything at all, it does not mean the direct action of Syndicalism; it means a political movement by the landlords for a Land Purchase Act, whereby their sacrifices will be compensated. If they are successful they will probably invest the money in railways or other means of transport—a lucrative investment, for Mr. Green has shown us that the profits from railways take the profit from the small holder. The market-man, too, will wax fat, for it will take the English peasant-proprietor a generation or two to learn that co-operative farming, co-operative transport, and co-operative marketing are necessary if he is to reap the reward of ownership.

He argues that "self-government of the Labour Exchanges—so soon as this organisation, which is being so admirably planned, has been completed—is necessary to supplement the inevitable conquest of absolute freedom of association by the Trade Unions; thus, in France, may a human element be induced into what would otherwise be an exclusively economic organisation." If these are the sort of concessions that will mollify the instinct of direct action, the capitalists may sleep in peace. But I incline to the opinion of Fabian Ware, or at least to establish an acquaintance with English thought. For the grant of self-government to the Labour Exchanges would simply mean that the expense of the mobility of labour would be borne only by the labourers, instead of by the whole community; it would not add one penny to their income, and because the present trouble is due to a depreciation of wages, it would intensify what it is intended to relieve.

His other suggestion is no less doubtful. Speaking of the religious scepticism of the working classes, he says: "It is one of the more shallow-minded among the working classes imagine a sequence where there is none, and fall a prey to the enemies of all spiritual truth—and this was certainly a phase which naturally resulted from the supremacy of the economists—is, unfortunately, not to be decried; but, with the renunciation of the instinct, the vast mass of them—at any rate, those who have for three centuries obtained direct and individual access to the origins of the Christian faith—will not so easily be mollified. So although little positive assistance may be derived from the teaching of history in any attempt to guide the present generation in the solution of the pressing problems which the proletariat have taken into their own hands, and which, as any calculation will prove, would show rather a negative result), a faithful adherence to the Christian doctrines will still be found a positive asset in this task." This should be good news to our Labour Party, which has adopted as its motto, "Orae est labore"; but it is more than a little confusing to others. For it is certain that adherence to our Christian doctrine has brought us to the Labour Exchanges; so soon as this organisation, which is being so admirably planned, has been completed—is necessary to supplement the inevitable conquest of absolute freedom of association by the Trade Unions; thus, in France, may a human element be induced into what would otherwise be an exclusively economic organisation.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

When an actor calls himself an artist, as Mr. Martin Harvey did when he lectured to the Ethological Society, it is not difficult to define his limitations. A serving-maid who claimed equality with her mistress would be deemed presumptuous; and when a professor of what, at its best, is only an auxiliary art, claims the title of creator, we may be amused or scornful, according to our temperament, but not convinced or disposed to admit the claim. There is, fortunately, no need to invent a definition of acting as an art: Tolstoy's pretended definition of art is true enough. "Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man, consciously, by means of certain external signs, hand on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them." It will not be difficult to show that Mr. Harvey is a Tolstoyan in art—in other words, that he is not an artist.

If number four of the first violins of the Queen's Hall orchestra were to attach some sort of megaphone arrangement to his violin to make his superior playing audible, he would run the risk of a sudden death at the hands of his deacon. It is understood that orchestral playing shall be judged by its general effect, and not by the individual intelligence of any player in that orchestra. In the same way, a performance of Hamlet—to quote the usual example—that leaves us marvelling at the technical ability of the actor who plays the title-part has failed as art. The tragedy of Hamlet, I should be inclined to say, is that he has to be represented by actors, every one of whom prides himself on giving a rendering different from that of every predecessor, with different arrangements of the play, different scenery and costumes, and different "business" Shakespeare, we know, was a myriadsided man, and a good case can be stated for a myriad interpretations; but if "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark is not permissible, the Prince of Denmark without "Hamlet" is symptomatic only of the megalomania of the actor. Matthew Arnold said that "fit details strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived, that is just the beautiful symmetria priscis of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails." I quote that against Mr. Harvey; and against every decadent who imagines that the part is as great as the whole, that we can equal the Greeks, that genius produces results not to be distinguished from hysteric simulation.

Let there be no doubt about it, Mr. Harvey specifically stated that the inspiration of the actor is not anterior to but contemporary with the performance. Every artist would assert that his inspiration was limited to his conception, that the rest was a matter of technical skill. Michel Angelo saw the statue in the head and freed it, to quote the everlasting example. But the genius of the actor, according to Mr. Harvey, is more concerned with the "whole" than with the scheme; it is exemplified by the rigor mortis produced by Henry Irving in his rendering of the death-scene of Louis XI., by the pallor of the same actor's King Richard in his farewell to his family, and so on. It is the spontaneous playing, not the calculated, that is the beauty. Mr. Harvey's opinion, is the proof of the genius of the actor; and, if that be true, the greatest actor is one who is unknown except to pathological psychology. If Louise Lateau had played the part of Christ in the Passion Play of Zurich, she would have outdone Mr. Harvey. "Beloved master," for she could reproduce the stigma of the crucifixion.

Mr. Harvey was at least consistent, so his decrease has not yet reached the acute stage of "anarchy of the atoms, or disgregation of will." In other words, he is curable. Having detached acting from
Mr. Cecil Sharp requires no introduction to readers of The New Age. But his work in connection with the English Folk Dance Society does, for the memories of even the readers of this journal require a little jogging at times. The aforesaid society, then, was founded barely a year ago for the purpose, not of giving public entertainments, but of appealing to the sentimental feelings of a very sentimental public, for the definitely propagandist purpose of reviving the traditional dances of England. When a nation becomes—as our Empire-obsessed nation has long ago become—weary and self-conscious, it becomes by an irrefragable law of nature sentimental, and pretty in its entertainments. There are always, however, a few genuine people left over from the general obsession. A few dramatists, a few novelists, anarchists, socialists, painters, philosophers, theologians, and even musicians who, like Arnold Schönberg, have a somewhat independent idea of valuations—these may be found among the unobsessed.

A characteristic feature of the decadence of a great nation is the harking back to tradition. And there are, of course—and I must apologise to my readers for pointing out the obvious fact—the two ways of being a revivalist. One way is to occupy yourself with beauty and the other with sentimentality and applause. I shall not try here to define the first of these ways—it is a difficult job, after Bergson—but sentimentality and applause have nothing to do with it.

Anyway, the show given by the English Folk Dance Society at the Savoy Theatre on Monday afternoon was not concerned with the second way. To begin with, Sharp boldly told his audience that he was not out for public entertainment or applause. From his own point of view a stage was the worst possible place for such a show and necessarily imposed the theatrical touch he was anxious to avoid. (Incidentally, I must confess that the perfectly white stage supplied by Granville Barker was delightful and revived for me many memories of country dances in an Irish barn.) His object was simply and solely to give an exhibition of the old dances of England—not, kindly remember, the society dances of the Hanoverian dynasty and other exotics—for many of them (and I say this deliberately) have an origin a fairly long time before Christ. Let any of you read "The Sword Dances of Northern England" published recently by Novello, and you will have some idea of the antiquity of these dances. Fig leaves belong to a much later epoch.

But I did not set out to talk about fig leaves. At the Savoy performance there was no hint of professional dancing, there was no trace of pretentiousness in the reproduction of country-dances, stick-dances, morris-dances, -"jigs," sword-dances, procesional-dances and so forth. Correctness there was, certainly, for it is Mr. Sharp's object to stimulate the revival of these dances on strictly authentic lines, his own first-hand knowledge of the dances in their proper environment and his unrivalled scholarship being quite sufficient for that purpose. The "other way," which I have hinted at, may be found on the stage of charity matinees or in the flagrant fashion of the Esperance Guild of Morris Dancers, a guild more anxiously concerned about the pretty colouring of the little girls' frocks, mauves and greens and pinks and blues hideously mixed together, than the preservation of a fine and—let it be said—elaborate tradition. Anyone who was present at the drama, the part from the cast, the detail from the conception, he went further and detached the actor from responsibility either to art or to the audience. He stated it as an axiom that the audience gets the acting it deserves, that the mood of the audience is the controlling factor of the actor's performance. If Mr. Harvey had told the ladies of the Ethological Society that he was a rotten actor because they were a rotten lot they might not have applauded the axiom. He hinted rather strongly that he was, or would be, a great actor because they were, or were likely to be, an artistically sympathetic audience; and the other women in trousers who proposed and seconded the vote of thanks told him that he was already a master of his art, and would do even greater things in the future than he had done in the past. But he forgot, surely, that he was trying to prove that acting was a creative art; for his axiom is the excuse of the writers of the halfpenny press, that they give the public what it wants. A near analogy, since Mr. Harvey uses pseudo-psychological language, would be the charlatans of the spiritualistic sect, who protest that the spiritualistic sect, who protest that the effect on a person of taste, is not accepted by...
December 19, 1912.  

**THE NEW AGE**

Earl's Court Exhibition during the past summer will have vivid memories of the aggressive sentimentality of the things and the accompanying éclat. Publicly entertaining is the God-sent métier of that most refined guild.

Beethoven-playing is becoming a public nuisance. The last two or three musical seasons have been unusually rich. The star pianist Haydn and the present season in particular with one-composer programmes. The egotism of the man who will sit down at a piano and pretend to give you a faithful résumé of Beethoven's intellectual development from the day (or days) he wrote "Moonlight" Sonata (Opus 27, No. 2) to the day (or days) he wrote the "Hammerklavier" and all the days in between, is an egotism very close to charlatanism. It's the sort of thing one expects from any Universal Provider. I do not suggest that Mr. Frederick Lound in the Queen's Hall the other day, is a pianist with charlatan proclivities, but I do suggest that his Beethoven programme was a sort of emotional indulgence, under-balanced, over-balanced, every sort of balance but the right sort. Mr. Lound is an immensely sincere artist, and it is precisely because he is an immensely sincere artist that such a programme as he devised last week was impossible. I have yet to discover that any true and creative artist can do justice to more than one well-defined period of the creative-artist's life. Paderewski can't do it, nor Harold Bauer, nor Ysaye, nor Kreisler, nor Gerhardt, nor Plunket Greene, nor Elweis, nor Pablo Casals. Listen carefully to any of them in a one-composer programme covering several stages in the composer's career and ask yourself the question. I think you will find I am right. There is as much emotional difference between Beethoven's "Variations in F and the Hammerklavier" as between Schumann's "Kinderscenen" and the "Dichterliebe," or indeed between any two contrasted temperaments.

And it was just the emotional difference between the Beethoven "Variations" and the "Hammerklavier" that Lamond Lound missed. It was his inability to find the practice more widely spread. Mere, perhaps, you will object that you are not a poet. You will protest: —

"I AM A SHOPWALKER, a lift-man, a stockbroker" (as the case may be). This is unfair than the monopoly of this art by a mere handful of the writer himself, when he complacently views the next array of longs and shorts that have just issued white-hot from his brain. The day's work can hardly be begun more nobly, more auspiciously than by the composition of an ode, a sonnet or a few dozen lines of blank verse. It spreads a glamour over the most prosaic details of existence; refractory telephones, South Eastern trains and insurance stamps are robbed of their worst terrors. Above all, the early part of the day is, by common consent, the most favourable period for literary composition.

Our greatest poets have always turned out their best work at this time. It is pleasant to imagine old Chaucer with many chuckles of contentment, penning his prologue before breakfast. Think of the relish with which he must have proceeded to that meal afterwards.

Now, seeing that the composition of poetry is so beneficial to mankind at large, it is, indeed, surprising not to find the practice more widely spread. Here, perhaps, you will object that you are not a poet. You will protest: —

"I AM A SHOPWALKER, a lift-man, a stockbroker" (as the case may be). This is unfair than the monopoly of this art by a mere handful of the population—a few eccentrics individuals who, in physique, morals and general attainment, are

NOTORIously below the average.

The existence of the fallacious idea that poetic art must be restricted in this manner is due largely to that dangerous and totally erroneous maxim: "A poet is born and not made." But do you know who said that? It was Chaucer, who never could compare with the glorification of the writer himself, when he complacently views the next array of longs and shorts that have just issued white-hot from his brain. The day's work can hardly be begun more nobly, more auspiciously than by the composition of an ode, a sonnet or a few dozen lines of blank verse. He spreads a glamour over the most prosaic details of existence; refractory telephones, South Eastern trains and insurance stamps are robbed of their worst terrors. Above all, the early part of the day is, by common consent, the most favourable period for literary composition.

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poet? He is a human being, subject to the usual attributes of the human race. It has, in fact, already been intimated that the poet often fulfils his civic and social duties of the human race. It has, in fact, already been

As for the difficulty of writing poetry, it is absolutely exaggerated. It is not generally known that the earliest records of human writing consist of verse. Obviously it was the facility of verse which recommended it to the first men who wrote. Why did Homer write the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" in hexameters, when he might have made a novel of his material? Clearly because it was easier for him to do so. And

NO LESS A PERSON THAN MR. G. B. SHAW has asserted that he wrote a certain play in blank verse, in order to complete it in a shorter time.

Easily pointless is the objection that you have nothing to write about. Do not suppose that poetry is written only on themes of a sublime and gorgeous nature. You need not be a knight with a romantic quest, or a minstrel with a tattered doublet. Poetry lies in the seemingly most trivial incidents of life. John Keats, an English poet, who is highly commended by those who ought to know, once wrote a sonnet on first looking into Chapman's Homer. (It should be explained that this refers to a translation of Homer written by a certain sixteenth century poet, George Chapman.) No less promising has been the all-or-date translation of a very old-fashioned Greek writer, and of out of this stream of words has he written lines, it is true, which has been often reprinted since. This opens up unbounded possibilities for the writing of poetry. There is no reason why anyone who will only take the slight trouble involved should not write a sonnet or first reading "Three Weeks," an ode to

BRADSHAW'S RAILWAY GUIDE, or an epic on The New Age. These few suggestions are, of course, only typical of numerous others that might equally well be made. You should by this time be fully convinced that the writing of poetry was intended for all. Why not, therefore, be a poet yourself? Why not start right now, and try your hand, once a poem on such a subject as this? The poet picks up an out-of-date translation of a very old-fashioned Greek writer, and out of this stream of words has he written lines, it is true, which has been often reprinted since. This opens up unbounded possibilities for the writing of poetry. There is no reason why anyone who will only take the slight trouble involved should not write a sonnet or first reading "Three Weeks," an ode to

A FASCINATING HANDBOOK, which, in crisp and well-phrased phrases, acquaints you with our system of poetical instruction by post, and the exceptionally low terms we have arranged for supplementary training. We bring to your special attention the metropolitan and noble gift within reach of the masses by a special instalment plan. May we not send you a copy of our handbook today? Don't delay, and send us a postcard at once and you will receive our book free by return of mail. Think, to-morrow you may be composing odes!

Write, mentioning this paper, to "The Poetry Writing Postal Society" (Dept. Q), 124, Woodchopper Street, London, E.C.

[Advt.]

THE MODERN ANTI-SEMITE.

With the most genuine Anti-Semite staunch Wags to view his Ultramontane launch, And like some jolly mediaeval monk, His wit sains best whenever he's most drunk, Think, to-morrow you may be composing odes!

From wine alone to such life's holy blood, Yet mark the hybrid creatures of his brain, Mongrels of thought half cunning, half insane, Who make a grievance out of a carefully graduated awakening process, none but the constitutional slackers will ever cease to be alarmed at it and bewail it about. And those who know their City well will bear out the statement that, during the last ten or twelve years, a remarkable, and in many respects beneficial change has taken place amongst the younger men—a change largely, if not mainly, due to the "speeding-up" system. That there was urgent need of some such system there is hardly any need to argue. The fact that to carry it too far is to produce a sequence of evils worse than those which went before. This, I imagine, is what has happened in the workshops and factories.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—We shall be grateful if you will kindly make known to your readers the fact that the Petition appealing to the King against the compulsory character of the Insurance Act—which is more than three and a half quarter miles long—has to-day been dispatched to His Majesty at Buckingham Palace.

It has attained these huge dimensions although it was only in circulation from the day on which it was framed entirely by voluntary helpers, who not only collected the signatures, but have done all the work of pasting the forms together to the continuous sheets.

The City of Birmingham, where the idea originated, has sent 80,000 signatures; the royal borough of Windsor 5,000, while Cheltenham sends 17,000. The overwhelming majority of names, however, have come from the poorest quarters of London and other towns. A mother and son in Camberwell collected 12,000 names themselves, and a resident in Walthamstow sent about 10,000 from his district; in Nottingham, besides many other signatures, 2,000 face-makers have signed in the hope of obtaining some relief from the hardships involved by imposing compulsory tariff on those who have not enough means to meet the needs of to-day.—On behalf of the Council of this Association, A. J. BOURDACHS, Hon. Sec., Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association.

** SPEEDING-UP. **

Sir,—Will you allow me space in which to bring to the notice of your readers an aspect of the new régime which Mr. T. Good has not dealt with in his interesting article entitled "The New Servitude"? There can be no question of the justice of his criticism of the state of affairs which has arisen within the last few years in the factories and workshops; but there is a matter connected with it that certainly deserves attention.

From the year of our Lord 1900 to the year of release, 1910, I worked in a place called the City, in a successful, well-conducted Life Office, and more or less efficient (to use "Romney's" béte noir) and wholly without responsibility of any kind, my existence was a tolerable one. The hours were from 10 till 5, the work light and mechanical, and the mental atmosphere exceeding relaxing, which my youthfulness passed by unnoticed, for it was leading a busy, active life of its own. When I arrived a change was just beginning to make itself felt, though my own department was one of the last to respond to the new influences. The old supply of elderly gentle- men managers was running out, and younger men of the new pattern—men of a more energetic stamp—were filling the gaps. The process of "speeding-up" began, and a good bit of work it was, too. In two or three years fifty or more young and inanimate minds were stirred to animation. The standard of required activity went up, and though I cannot say it was raised by the best means, it was raised, and as the import of the game was to keep the gradual disappearance of a dangerous torpitude came a diminution of other evils. The drinking habit lessened rapidly—I am still astonished that myections in my drinking degree to which this preposterous custom became part of our daily lives, a large section of us, at any rate, and all of us youths between 18 and 25 years of age. The arrest- ing part is that there are one or two who have never de- generated into the moderate and appreciative drinkers the rest of us have become. The hitherto practically un- interrupted flow of obscene conversation gave place to intervals of real work, and as a consequence lost the toleration of the few whose ears had grown used to a more monotonous current, leading to a measurable decrease. But the outstanding result was a heartier and healthier application to work, which could not, and, as a matter of fact, did not, fail to add to the general efficiency. It would, I think, be safe to say that the men who made a grievance out of a carefully graduated awakening process, none but the constitutional slackers will ever cease to be alarmed at it and bewail it about. And those who know their City well will bear out the statement that, during the last ten or twelve years, a remarkable, and in many respects beneficial change has taken place amongst the younger men—a change largely, if not mainly, due to the "speeding-up" system. That there was urgent need of some such system there is hardly any need to argue. The fact that to carry it too far is to produce a sequence of evils worse than those which went before. This, I imagine, is what has happened in the workshops and factories.

H. B.
THE NEED FOR ANTI-FEMINIST ACTION.

SIR,—In my issue dated December 5 appeared a letter over my signature advocating the formation of an Anti-Feminist League. I have been asked at its head, to fight for the interest of men where such, under the law or its administration, conflict with the interests of women. Apparently I have no backers, but since I wrote a case has occurred, one being national, I refer to the case of William Charles Adolphus Beel, executed last Tuesday (December 10) for the murder of his sweetheart, Clara Garter. Beel had been found with his throat cut, and Carter merely wounded. Presumably, she would have been brought to memory and excite sympathy for her would have been impossible. In the end, the sentence would have been commuted, with a promise of reconsideration in a few years' time with a view to some reduction. Will anyone be daring enough to deny this?

Then there is the case of Edward Hopwood, sentenced to death for the murder of Florence Beel, the girl attempted to kill him, afterwards killing herself. The jury took an hour to discuss their verdict, and appended to it a rider strongly recommending the youth—and was told him he must build no hope on that, and our flagellant—wounded. Presumably, she would have been brought to mind, and the hypothetical judge would have instructed the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter so that he could pass a lenient sentence. But even if this had not happened, he would certainly not have stated that the jury's recommendation to mercy was useless.

And what is the conception of the public? Articles and letters would have been written denouncing men-made laws and the brutality of male judges, petitions would have been signed, and meetings held in Trafalgar Square, with Mrs. Despard shaking a long fist at all civilization and Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson drawing a picture of the luckless culprit sitting behind red curtains, "symbols of the blind about to be nailed." In the end, the sentence would have been commuted, with a promise of reconsideration in a few years' time with a view to some reduction. Will anyone be daring enough to deny this?

THE CREATION OF MATTER.

SIR,—To answer Mr. Finn's question, I must, I think, say that his methods, as far as he has given samples, are unreasonable and superficial, for the objection to the materialist's syllogism does not lie in the words which Mr. Finn has now altered, but in the word 'cannot', which he seems to have evaded. If Mr. Finn meant to say, "I have never seen matter to become non-extant, therefore (uncertainty to be inserted always some other hypothesis) no one could have found fault with him. But, on the contrary, he slings about 'can't' as a term of reproach for an attempted murder, which is nonsense, or by introducing 'everlasting' they are pouncing on transcendental, alogical, and metaphysical grounds, on which at the same time they vehemently insist. When in twenty years' time 'matter' has been observed to non-exist, they will be found to have changed their position to that of believing in the saving-emendation—"Some" scientists in 1912 did not think that matter could non-exist. For it must be said for the materialists that they have made the absurdity, against insuperable evidence of facts. Though there have been from time to time various schools differing on minor points, yet the position of those who recognise Existence as apart from Existence is much what it was ten years ago, despite, and even because of, the march of science. This may be annoying for the disbelievers, but somehow not without appropriateness.

M. B. OXON.

BEBEL.

SIR,—If you can 'pardon the prolixity' of Mr. Gorle, I cannot. In his first letter he charged me with a 'mean and contemptible slander of a great man and a great movement.' I said in my article that Bebel "strove not to meddle, since transcendentalism is their bete noir), or it was created somehow not without appropriateness—all things considered."

Nothing but a miracle or the German's trained obedience to leadership and discipline can avoid a disastrous collision with his divergent and opposing theories and ideas on policy.

A word about 'authorities.' The authority for the statements made in my article was Bebel's autobiography: if I have slandered the man, Mr. Gorle should be able to prove it by quotation. My judgment, of course, is my own, and, as I have shown, is in accordance with the editorial policy of THE NEW AGE. If Mr. Gorle wishes to discuss my editorial policy I suggest that he should do so with someone whom he has not insulted by his unman- nerliness, or perplexed by his stupidity. I accept full responsibility for my statements, and did not quote Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, or "A Rifleman" as my 'authorities.' I called them as witnesses, and Mr. Gorle cannot prove that I did not quote them to support another argument.

Will Mr. Gorle deny that the programme of the Social Democratic Party is less "advanced" than the programme of the English Labour Party, and prove it by quotation? Or will he say MacDonald is an incompetent witness for the purpose for which I quoted him? Will Mr. Gorle deny that the programme of the Social Democratic Party is due to the influence of Bebel, and prove that there is no conflict within the party? Only then will Mr. Snowden be an insufficient witness for the purpose for which I quoted him. Will Mr. Gorle deny that the German workman works for longer hours and less pay than the Englishman, obtains less of the pleasures of leisure and events which are significant to the working-men? Will Mr. Gorle deny that the programme of the Social Democratic Party is due to the influence of Bebel, and prove it by quoting actual evidence? Only then will "A Rifleman" be an incompetent witness for the purpose for which I quoted him. Will Mr. Gorle deny that the German workman works for longer hours and less pay than the Englishman, obtains less of the pleasures of leisure and events which are significant to the working-men? I accept full responsibility for my statements, and did not quote Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, or "A Rifleman" as my 'authorities.' I called them as witnesses, and Mr. Gorle cannot prove that I did not quote them to support another argument.

B. GIBBS.
the wonderful things that the Social Democratic Party will do when Bebel is dead and the party has a working majority; and if not, as his contribution to any knowledge, is that the more he sees of the German Socialist movement and the German people the more he believes in. I am not concerned to deny the fact. Mr. Ludovici does not assert that Whistler was the painter of "Rantianism," Mr. Gorle's capacity for beauty is well exemplified by his acceptance of Bierce's bluster. I do not believe in Mr. Ransome's incompetence in his trade. But Middleton's personality is another matter. I cannot speak with the same authority as an intimate, but I believe his last poem was a schoolboy and was in correspondence with him a few weeks before his death; and I can say this—that a more grossly injurious libelous distortion of his personality than claimed by your critic is not difficult to conceive.

ARTHUR A. COLMAN.

COINCIDENCE.

Sir,—You printed in your issue for the 14th of this month a letter which, with your permission, I shall quote in full before replying to it.

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Sir,—Mr. Arthur Ransome is too well-known an art critic, the "English Review" is too widely read, a magazine, to make the series of parallel passages from my writings and from an article by Mr. Ransome in the December "English Review" anything more than a coincidence. Moreover, it is certain, is it not, that Mr. Ransome would have named his sources if he had actually paraphrased or used my words. Nevertheless, the coincidences are so extraordinary and have been so repeatedly pointed out to me—that, lest I should be thought to have plagiarised Mr. Ransome by anticipation—and my earlier work on the German Socialist movement and the German people, I wish to say at the outset of my reply that your critic's incompetence in his trade. But Middleton's personality is another matter. I cannot speak with the same authority as an intimate, but I believe his last poem was a schoolboy and was in correspondence with him a few weeks before his death; and I can say this—that a more grossly injurious libelous distortion of his personality than claimed by your critic is not difficult to conceive.

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ARTHUR A. COLMAN.
meaning of the terms which they use. For example, the author of the article "Present-Day Criticism" seemed to use the terms "pronunciation" and "inference" as if they had an identical or similar meaning. Now, all recognised writers use the term "inference" to denote the upward or downward slope of a syllable; it has no connection with the pronunciations of a letter "a" in words like "fate". Tantamount. It is impossible for anyone to admit or condemn a person's pronunciation without first using terms in the accepted fashion or giving us new definitions of their meaning.

Secondly, there is much narrowness of view as regards the correct pronunciation of words. To fix it, and then to devise a system of signs which will represent that pronunciation beyond all possibility of error, and by the simplest possible means. Unfortunately, "correct" pronunciation is not an established thing, and it will never be capable until its sounds are fixed by purely audible criteria. It is surely illogical to contend that our present method of spelling is the best way of securing the pronunciation of words. This is, of course, particularly obvious in the case of vowels. Take the pronunciation of the vowel "a" in the words "ball" and "ball". Here, consonants following the vowels are the same. It may, perhaps, be contended that the rule is that whenever "a" is followed by a double "l" and preceded by a "b" it has one sound, whereas in "ball" the vowel is "b" and the consonants following the vowels are the same. This is an obvious distinction to make.

It is not then wise and reasonable to change the spelling, especially of vowels, so that in each case their pronunciation may be unmistakable! Surely, only those persons who are in love with the written or printed word apart from its spoken value, will seriously contend that in compound vowels such as "ou" in "found" the vowels are the same. It may, perhaps, be contended that pronunciation ought to be standardised, we must also concede that the simplification of spelling on rational and time-saving lines will be of the very greatest help.

I am greatly interested to learn from several quarters that groups of people are experimenting in pronunciation, and are easily arriving at the words as written. This is an aspect of learning sounds and sounds may be, and are, "inferred." The "new" spelling if adopted would impose upon its devotees a not very much shorter standard of pronunciation: gurl, yung, langwidge! People who talk like this cannot be trusted to alter a single word of the language. Correct pronunciation will return through people experimenting. They will discover that the sound of all common words is still preserved in their case, and that practice often disciplines the tongue. By the way, I am interested to learn from several quarters that groups of people are experimenting in pronunciation, and that this method of "new" spelling is not to make the test of writing spoken language easier, it seems to me, imagine that the object of the innovators is not to make the pronunciation of words, to fix it, and then to devise a system of signs which will represent that pronunciation beyond all possibility of error, and by the simplest possible means. Unfortunately, surely it is illogical to contend that our present method of spelling is the best way of securing the pronunciation of words.
SIR EDGAR SPEYER.