**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

We should have less sympathy than we have with Mr. Bonar Law if his domestic critics had a better policy to recommend for his party than he himself recommended at Ashton. His own policy, it is true, is as inconsistent as it is incomprehensible, and as weak as it would prove disastrous. To declare in a single speech that he will and will not, may and may not, impose food duties as bad; to pledge his successors or even himself under no circumstances would food duties, once imposed, be raised, is worse; but to leave the whole matter to the decision of the Colonies, as they and not this country, were the proper judges, of our internal economy, from every point of view the worst proposal Mr. Bonar Law could make. The centre of gravity has shifted a good deal since our late American Colonies went to war with us for imposing food duties on them; but it has not shifted so much that our present Colonies may tax our food without our protest, and still less at our invitation. And, to do them justice, they have no desire as yet to begin this redress of the balance of the Old World. A proud smile, nevertheless, must have greeted the sun that on other questions, such as the Insurance Bill and Act has offered, there are as barren of advice as his confessed friends, and they are as stupid and cowardly and treacherous of friends to offer criticism without at the same time offering advice. Criticism without advice a party leader may obtain of his enemies, but of his friends Mr. Bonar Law has the right to expect advice first and criticism with advice afterwards, but never criticism alone. Unfortunately, however, for him, for the Unionist Party, and even for us (an alternative Government being indispensable to freedom under the party system), his most powerful friends are at the same time his most powerful enemies. Their criticism is all the more effective coming from prospected friends, and they are as barren of advice as his pledged friends are naturally economical of it. In short, if Mr. Bonar Law should denounce his friends as a disloyal crew and resign his thorny leadership, we not only should not be surprised, but everybody with any courtesy left would agree that his desertion would serve his followers right.

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For, in comparison with most of his friends and self-appointed advisers, Mr. Bonar Law is an honest man. There is no doubt whatever in accepting the Unionist Leadership he did so in the full and sincere belief that his party would follow him on a subject he and his secretary regarded as a religion: the subject of Tariff Reform. There is equally no doubt that on other questions, such as the Insurance Bill, Mr. Bonar Law's opinion was unambiguously and personally hostile to Mr. Lloyd George. Had he been allowed his own way, indeed, on the latter subject, we firmly believe that his party would now be in office. Think of the openings for attack which the Insurance Bill and Act has offered; and think of the prevaricating, half-hearted use that has been made of them. At this very moment things are taking place in connection with the Act that would destroy any Ministry whose opposition contained a man of ability and sincerity. Such a man is Mr. Bonar Law. Why, then, is he muzzled? The reply is that Mr. Bonar Law, from his advent to office to the present day, has been surrounded with the stupidest, the most cowardly, and the most treacherous counsellors that any party leader was ever cursed with. Save for two or three independent journalist-statesmen (and there are such, though Harnsworth and there-
fore the "world" hears little of them), the advisers of the Unionist leader have been turncoats like Mr. Garvin, who, we could well believe, is still an Irish Fenian in his most dangerous disguise; incompletely converted, of course, to Lord Haldane, with lingering Liberal sympathies; disappointed wire-pullers like Mr. Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, both weakly capable of greasing the stairs, or seeing them greased, for his descent; the crackbrains of Tariff Reform; and the ever more perilous lunatics, because well-meaning and ignorant, of Unionist Social Reform. The rabble of counsellors here described, consisting of a nice mixture of Babel and Bedlam, forms the party council charged with advising Mr. Bonar Law; and so well have they succeeded in their several ends that no common end has been attained, the party is more divided than ever, and Mr. Bonar Law, a naturally truthful and courageous man, has been made to appear in public as a breaker of pledges and a sycophant of the imperial provinces.

In discussing in the following notes the policy which a friendly and wise counsel would urge upon Mr. Bonar Law, we need not protest our indifference to the Unionists, nor only claim it. It is the duty of the present Government, which from the fact that it contains Mr. Lloyd George ought to be destroyed, that we care for the Unionist party at all. The nation's government must be carried on, and when Stork is in power, we naturally think, would be better. It is for the time being the duty of the Liberal party to advise Mr. Bonar Law, and so well have they succeeded in their several ends that no common end has been attained, the party is more divided than ever, and Mr. Bonar Law, a naturally truthful and courageous man, has been made to appear in public as a breaker of pledges and a sycophant of the imperial provinces.

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censure in the House of Commons leaves the public cold. None of these subjects touches the lives of the vast majority of the population, or even of those who are not on that account, however, without interest, but they are certainly on that account without passion. Votes in quantities will not be affected by them one way or the other. On the other hand, nothing is easier to arouse even among the most lifeless and unpassionate than disgust at one or other or all of the Government's measures of Social Reform. In a by no means narrow experience we have yet to meet one single individual who approves of the Children's Act, for instance, or the indeterminate sentence, or any of the penal measures we have named, including even the Insurance Act. To give voice to this universal private criticism alone would ensure for a party a handsome gratitude at the coming polls. But it stands to reason that the criticism thus represented and expressed must be thorough, consistent, and rooted in simple articles of common faith. It need not be "constructive"; that is, it need not offer alternative solutions to the problems under discussion; but it must be destructive in the sense that it exposes the hollowness of the reforms, traces their origin to simple causes, and promises to repeal, amend, or at least not to repeat them. We shall not attempt at this moment to name the particular causes of recent social legislation. They differ in detail in similar persons to general principles. Several Bills, for example, can be named that owe their existence to the influence of one or another tiny group of reforming fanatics, the teetotallers, the C.O.S., the Vigilance Society. Others received their life from interests vested or investing—the Insurance Act, the Conciliation Boards, etc. Still others have been passed or are about to be passed in consequence of the action of a group of persons operating on what it called public opinion. The Budget was largely of this character. The coming Land and Franchise campaign will give us more examples. But in their totality it is clear that the social measures of the Government have for their professed object the mitigation but not the reduction of the inequalities of wealth.

What a field is here for the party critic and, above all, for the purely destructive party critic! Constructive criticism might very well be dangerous if it were definite and would be of doubtful value in any case. For every economist knows that the alternative to amelioration is further reform, to higher wages, is impossible to Parliament under the present system. We are Socialists as well as economists, and our word may be taken that wages generally cannot be raised by Act of Parliament while the present competitive system endures, not though the writers of The New Age were made the Cabinet and given a Parliamentary majority of the docility of the Labour Party. But since the raising of wages, as Mr. Bonar Law continuously repeats, is the one desire of the proletarian, and that desire is impossible of fulfilment by Parliament as things are, it follows that every mockery of this satisfaction attempted by Parliament must needs be unpopular either or both in its inception or in practice. Mr. Bonar Law, therefore, may not be able to promise higher wages for everybody; at least without a revolution it can only be a promise; but he can, at any rate, prove that amelioration is more costly to the poor even than their poverty. It only needs to enumerate the Army Corps of well paid bureaucrats added to the burden of the poor on account of recent Social Reforms to prove that the hungry dog is dining off its own tail. And, since the attitude necessarily adopted for this refreshment prevents progress, the analogy holds of society in the case of liberty. The more ameliorative legislation the less liberty.

We cannot suppose, however, that the Unionist Party, even if it might return to power by criticism, could keep power for any length of time. Something would have to be done if only it were the minimum. Lord Salisbury used to assure his party that they had quite sufficient work in keeping things as they are; and in view of the character of recent legislation, the dehacch we have had of it, the economic certainty that neither it nor anything like it will do the nation any good, the urgency of administering it so that it may do the least damage, and, finally, of the need of a period for recuperation with leisure for forethought, Lord Salisbury's advice probably is the best that could be offered and taken by the Unionist Party to-day. It is not a brave-looking programme that we offer to Mr. Bonar Law; the shopwindow is not as well dressed as the Welsh shopwalking geniuses will be sure to have his tent we are convinced that it is not only in itself a brave programme, but after two more years of public experience of window-dressing the very absence of showy goods at reduced prices will prove attractive to the electorate. To absorb what we have, to estimate its real value, to reckon our losses, and to devise ways and means of cutting or recovering them—we repeat that these are the occupations for which leisure will be thankfully received. It is not that progress has been too fast for the nation. Progress cannot be too fast. It is that we have been spun round and round until we are sick and dizzy. A rest from the wheel of the Parliamentary machine! Call in the dancing Derishes whose motion turns it—the idiot, bigot, inhuman reformers, the tricky who are always being empty to empty the lives of others, the shameless, the flaggers, the purity eunuchs and perverts, the Noncomformist humpbacks, above all, the cheapjacks who offer in any form almsne for fourpence or riches to the poor with the rich. These are the occupations for which we are thankful for a party returned for a programme of Social Reform for the coming Election the model is the chapter on snakes in Iceland: there is no Programme.

We referred also to the need of leisure for forethought; and this leisure must be spent in supplementing criticism by preparation for subsequent legislation. Otherwise, what would happen to a party returned for leisure to think but to be dismissed when the desire for leisure was satisfied? Within the scope of the present century, and perhaps of the present half-century, are two classes of reform of which few people (and none of the recognised reformers) have as yet any clear idea. One is the Land problem; the other is the Industrial problem. Both have been spun round and round, and we are, of course, familiar, but nobody who devotes as much time and care as we do to their study can be deluded into believing that any of the recognised solutions is adequate. It is hard to say which of the problems is the more difficult, or th'e solution of which it would be the more laborious to explain or the more easy to begin to apply. The factors, however, of both problems are now pretty well known, and their enumeration, we believe, is a first long step to the future revolution. As our national decadence has proceeded by the disintegration of natural social groups, so it would appear to follow that our national renaissance must proceed by the reintegration of social groups. In industry we have the trade unions on whose future, we believe, depends the future of national life. To make our trade unions respectable, Mr. Bonar Law we should set our economists to work to cast the horoscope of trade unions and show the State's industrial life accordingly. The significant factor of the industrial life of the future is the trade union. Of agriculture, on the other hand, the dominant factor is not now, never has been, and never will be, the trade union. Socialists bred under city conditions make a great mistake in attempting to envisage agriculture with industry. They are incomparable in every theoretical no less than in every practical factor in the problem of the agriculture of the future is not the trade union, nor is it the great landlord; it is the Parish, the Parish Council, and the Parish Meeting. If we order Mr. Bonar Law we should appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Parish Councils Act.

DECEMBER 26, 1912. THE NEW AGE
Current Cant.

"My efforts will not cease until the nation's food is pure."—Mr.桑now.

"Loyalty and Patriotism in the vital things are common to Downing Street and Fleet Street."—Daily Express.

"The British Press has traditions higher than those of any other Press in the world, and it retains its integrity and independence of all Governments."—Colonel SELBY.

"The Commissioner's report to the Home Office that Driver Knox was 'not drunk in the police-court sense' is at any rate a happy parallel in thorough accord with the spirit of equity that tempers the justice of English Law."—Daily Mail.

"Power has changed. It is now in the hands of the working classes."—BONAR LAW.

"The Municipal Reformers have drifted too far; they have stamped out Socialist Sunday Schools, but Socialism is more common than ever."—Anti-Socialist in the Morning Post.

"From first to last the essential element of respectability has been absent from the Seamen's Union."—Fairplay.

"The Government may cloak their real intentions by presenting their proposals in new forms, but it is obvious that their intentions are of the most revolutionary and Socialist type."—Colonel Dennis F. BOLLES, M.P.

"Punishment is the fruit that ripens unsuspected within the flower of the fruit which conceals it."—The Dean of St. Paul's.

"Mr. Galsworthy's unkindness to the curate may be passed over, but its effect, deliberate or unintentional, is to stay the work of the Church; and that is wrong."—Conservative Nonconformist in the Standard.

"The prosperity of the wage-earning classes has been increasing steadily ..."—The Oil and Colour Trades Journal.

"Already the fear of the flogging provisions of the Act is providing a wholesome deterrent."—Nottingham Daily Express.

"The Railway Strike was a gross offence against the North-Eastern Railway Company and against the British Public."—Liverpool Courier.

"China is in the melting-pot, and if we do nothing now to evangelise that country we shall be handing down to our children a materialistic China."—Rev. H. Risdon.

"We have ceased to be citizens of earth's polluted cities; we are citizens of the New Jerusalem."—Dr. Horatius BOREM.

"With much thankfulness to God we record the passing of the new law for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic. It has been a hard fight; but the national conscience would take no denial."—The Christian.

"What with painting pictures and writing books, the Stock Exchange has long ago redeemed the reputation of the city in its relation to Art."—Daily Express.

CURRENT CRIME.

"The Port of London Authority has been summoned at the instance of His Majesty's Inspector of Factories, for failing to have the hatchway on a steamship properly secured, whereby one Richard Griffin was killed."—The Star.

CURRENT CATCH-PHRASE.

"If you want to get on get under."—Daily Mail.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. VERDAD.

In common with the most rabid Imperialist, I recognise the importance of Canada's offer of three Dreadnoughts and the impulse that lies behind it. We may make the necessary discounts, recollecting that this offer will probably lead to the establishment of naval training stations and various kinds of posts for Canadian officers and civil officials; but we must nevertheless admit that the offer is spontaneous and genuine and apparently approved of by the Canadian people. Even the French-Canadians seem to admit, in principle, that Canada must contribute to the naval defence of the Empire in some substantial form. We know the difference between the proposals—that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on behalf of the French-Canadian Opposition, suggests a purely Canadian Fleet, largely built and manned by Canadians and retained in Canadian waters, the ships to be handed over to the British Government for use in emergencies; and that Mr. L. Borden, on the other hand, proposes to make over the vessels to the British Government at once.

From the practical point of view, Mr. Borden's is the better proposal. A fleet solely confined to Canadian waters would be almost useless, and, furthermore, the experiment made with the two warships sent to Canada shows that we cannot expect the Canadians to recruit and crew them. We must still look to England for men, even if we look to the Colonies for ships.

It has been stated in the Editorial Notes that the fear of a German invasion may now be disregarded, for it will be impossible for the German Government to think of competing with England, plus the British colonies, in the matter of ships. With the justice of this observation I am in agreement, though I have heard it questioned for a reason which shall appear in the very next sentence. I have heard the argument put forward that the Austro-Hungarian and Italian fleets are at the disposal of Germany if their services are ever found necessary for the common safety of the Triple Alliance. Germany, it has been said to me, can very well build against England alone, leaving Austria and Italy to swamp the Colonial ships plus France. This is, however, hardly a correct balancing of the groups. France is to-day more than equal to Austria and Italy on the sea. True, the French fleet is not so efficient as it was several months ago, shortly after M. Dellaressé took over the Naval Ministry, and many of its units are old; but here again the Austrian and Italian Fleets are so better off. New Zealand, Canada, the Malay States, Australia, even South Africa—no; not even the Triple Alliance can hope to compete with that! I mean, of course, where ships are concerned. But the men?

There has never been anything precisely like the British Empire. Asoka, Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal—these great commanders conquered lands and subjugated nations; and the case of the Roman Empire typifies them all. As soon as there was trouble at the heart the outer members fell away and became independent—there were few real Romans among their varied populations. The rule of Augustus extended far and wide, but the stately edifice reared by himself and his predecessors crashed to pieces in a few decades. Prestige fell with territory. The exhausted Romans might sweep all before them to the borders of the Euxine; but they could not guard the heart of the Empire against the Goths.

The case of our own Empire is radically different. In our colonies properly so called (for no one seems inclined to call them territories or dependencies) we have not conquered strange nations as the Romans conquered the Greeks or the Carthaginians. We hardly know that aborigines exist in Australia or Maoris in New Zealand. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, are peoples for the most part by our own
flesh and blood, the descendants of English emigrants, or emigrants of the present generation. The heart of the Empire was threatened by a foreign foe; and the limbs, instead of falling away, came to its assistance. Even if we admit the presence of non-British elements in the colonies, such as the French-Canadians or the Boers, we must recognise that the ruling colonial classes must be favourable to the mother country. Even our once bitterest enemy, General Botha, has emphasised this fact by word and deed; even Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as we have seen, recognises a principle which is repugnant to many thousands of his followers.

Ships, yes; but men? No colony can provide us with men now; no colony looks like being able to provide us with men for at least three or four generations. We cannot expect the modern emigrant or the modern colonial to work for a relatively low sum on ships of war when he has a chance of making more money on shore, with the added possibility of making a fortune. The desertions from the two warships sent to Canada, and the extraordinary difficulties experienced in raising a few recruits, would have been sufficient to prove this, even if we had not had the glaring example of the United States Navy. For men, then, we must look to England; and it is precisely this aspect of the question that makes me wish Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposal could be accepted.

If this remark appears to betray a parochial spirit, I cannot help it. It is not merely that the Birmingham caucus has made me feel "fed up" with "Empire" (why do these people drop the "the"?) there is at least one deeper reason. Several months ago a New Age contributor (I cannot place my finger on the reference at the moment) complained that the administration of our colonies had robbed the home country of more talent than it could afford in these days, and that, in consequence, poetry, painting, and the fine arts generally were languishing. I realise, with many other people, the justice of this complaint. There are innumerable social questions at home awaiting solution, ideas, action; but the greater number of the men who are alone qualified to furnish such ideas and action are scattered over the globe. They are administering vast tracts of India and giving advice to Maharajas in other districts which they do not administer directly; they keep "dirty scoundrels" in order in some far-off Pacific islands, drill "niggers" in the West Indies, and give an attentive ear to the groans of the Egyptian fellaheen. And all the while England herself sinks more deeply into the mire of wage-slavery and becomes to be looked upon as a curious, out-of-date phrase.

As if all this were not enough, we are now threatened with the loss of a further proportion of our artisans and our yeomanry. For, whether or not the colonies give ships to us or build ships solely for their own use, it appears to be taken for granted that England will never have to worry about the extent of making good any colonial deficiencies. Strange anomaly! We will hound unfortunate labourers off the land, and drive them into colonial wars, rather than make an effort once more to grow our own wheat! "Our food supply," somebody murmurs; "our trade routes . . ."

I fear it is trade, trade, trade, wealth, plutocracy, and the accumulation of gold, rather than our food supply. We worship the screws of Birmingham rather than the ears of corn ripening in the field. I have often wondered how many small holdings could be bought for the price of a Dreadnought.

So, although I appreciate Canada's gift of warships, I look at this gift with mixed feelings. And when I think of the rawness of the average colonial, I shudder.

About two years ago there was another Editorial Note with which I also agree.

It was to the effect that not all the colonies are worth one English county.

**Military Notes.**

By Romney.

It is difficult to draw correct deductions from the events of any campaign, if only because men's evidence of what they saw and did in the heat of battle is always peculiarly unreliable, and, untrustworthy as it may be at the start, is invariably "cooked" still further by the official historians for military and political reasons. It is a fact that nearly twenty years elapsed before anyone outside the inner circles of the Prussian staff became acquainted with the truth about the conduct of the German infantry in the earlier battles of 1870, and a dependable account of that campaign has only seen the light within the last few years, and with the publication of the French official history. As for the Prussian official history, it is a perfect marvel of mendacity, and one is entitled to shudder when one reflects that upon it were based the whole of our tactical theories, such as they were, for a quarter of a century or more. Many know the truth about various puzzling incidents in South Africa, but are prevented from publishing them out of consideration for the feelings of still living persons, and barriers of language and the natural secrecy of the Asians will not improbable prevent our ever obtaining more than a very rough idea of what happened in Manchuria and what is happening in the Near East. It is the subsequent publication of diaries, memoirs, of personal and regimental accounts, which brings the real truth to light; but if these are ever forthcoming in the Near Eastern and Far Eastern campaigns, it is improbable that it will ever pay to publish them in English.

"Lessons" of the two campaigns must accordingly be taken with reserve. Nevertheless, in arming and organising our own forces, we cannot afford to wait, and must act upon the best information obtainable at the moment. We have no choice in the matter. If the business is difficult, we can console ourselves with the reflection that any really important fact will probably stand out so conspicuously as to be recognisable even in the scrappy and mutilated accounts which have reached us to date.

Now, everyone has noticed the peculiar superiority of the Allies' artillery, especially the Servian artillery. A lot can be deduced from the glowing accounts of the bravery of this arm; gunners simply cannot seek refuge in flight with the same facility as infantry, for they are tied to their guns, and the hotter the enemy's fire, the harder it is to limber up and make off. But however that may be, judged by results, the Allies' superiority in artillery has been obviously overwhelming. For what cause?

Doubtless to some extent to better armament. The French Schneider-Creusot gun is a faster firing weapon than the German Krupp, and it was not necessary to find that out, and there is a great deal to say for the German weapon when all is said and done. The literal annihilation of the Ottoman artillery upon several occasions—notably at Kumanovo—must be attributed to inferior handling as much as to inferior weapons. If the Turkish shrapnel failed to burst, it may have been because the German contractor provided faulty fuses or filled the shells with salt, but it is much more likely to have been because the ill-trained Turkish gunners
set the fuses incorrectly. Again, the position of the abandoned guns at the last-named battle showed pretty plainly that the Turks did not know the proper use of indirect fire. Had they possessed French instead of German armament, their results would have been little less deplorable.

Again it is far too early for us to start making deductions about the comparative values of French and German organisations. The Turks were probably beaten, not because they possessed a German organisation, but because they possessed no organisation at all. It is not, for instance, a principle of German organisation that a commander-in-chief would be without communication by wire with his subordinates, yet such we have heard on good authority was Nazim Pasha's situation. In the Manchurian war, the Japanese, who, if anything, used German organisation and German methods, proved measurably superior to the Russians, who favoured French ways. The truth is that the value of organisation, like that of armament, can be over-estimated. An army must have it, in the same way that a man must have rifles and guns, and anyone who sets out into war with an organisation markedly inferior (like the French in 1870) will be almost as horribly beaten as if he had set out without rifles and guns. But all these things are subject to a kind of "law of diminishing returns." Beyond a certain point it becomes unremunerative to expend further trouble on them, and, as all European rifles are practically so equal that even such a marked theoretical superiority as that of the Chassepot in 1870 has often small influence on the result of the campaign, so all military organisations of Western Europe are so good that there is little to choose between them. Provided always that no marked difference appears between any two Powers in this respect, what decides the next great war will prove to be not organisation or armament, but national morale—the thing that gives energy to leaders and dash to men, the steam that makes the engine work.

One thing, however, is certain. This and the Manchurian campaign have given the coup de grace to the South African nonsense of over-extension, indecisive methods, reliance upon "skill with the rifle," and so forth. Victories of a decisive character have been won by a small, select band whose 'only guide was the study of history and the "light of nature"—theory, in short. In fact, the deplorable argument of "practice, not theory," was the main one used against us. Let us hope that when the "practical men" have come to realise what fools they made of themselves, they may be less inclined to despise mere theory in future.

But, then, do "practical men" ever realise anything?

The Collapse of the Commons.

An amusing jeu d'esprit some little time ago described the stages by which the Westminster talking shop became first a skating rink and then a bicycle school. In the present age of surprises beyond precedent and un-rehearsed revolutionary effects, who will be bold enough to say that St. Stephen's final transformation scene may not be witnessed long before Macaulay's New Zealander—or rather, that generation, brought out in 1791, and even then, perhaps not first created by Volney in his essay of the Revolution of Empires—stations himself, sketch book in hand, on a broken arch of London, or should it not be Westminster, Bridge? The smug "Spectator," with its secondhand opinions, echoes of reminiscences for the most part of lips long silent, or of pens whose last drop of ink had dried before the twentieth century began, keeps up its weekly parrot cry against the curse of single chamber government. Such a thing was, as a fact, never further off than now.

For all practical purposes the Lords' prerogative, for delaying a measure two years is not less effective than the power of summarily burking it. In recent time the peers—witness a whole series of Reform Bills, Irish Land Bills, and the Irish Church—have never put their backs to the wall against measures whose authors have had public opinion behind them. The biennial interval provided by the Parliament Act between the Upper House's rejection and the Lower House's reconsideration is as long a space as the hereditary chamber with any advantage itself could use for engineering popular indifference to any controversial legislative project. The really organic changes have always been brought about with a rush, or under the suddenly intensified pressure of feelings which have long existed, but have not become generally articulate. The fixing of the two years' limit will operate as an inducement to the titled obstructions to whip up, not only their own men, but all their hangers-on and toadies in every hole and corner of the country. They will now have a motive, such as they have so far wanted for not dawdling. They will thus be placed on their guard against their fatally besetting sin. This has always been the tendency to an optimistic fatalism, as if it was quite sure that time will do, and the laying to their souls of the flattering illusion that whatever happens could not have been prevented, and will at least be the same a hundred years hence. In these days an agitation against a specific act of policy will accomplish itself if at all just as well in two years as in half a dozen.

And all these considerations are deepened by the fact that the Upper House can appeal to the nation, and pose before it as the victim of foul play. So far, therefore, from the popular chamber being placed in a stronger position by the latest constitutional changes, it has only ensured the offer of a premium to its enemies, if they can only strike sharply, quickly, and strongly enough. No man, said the lexicographic father of Fleet Street philosophers, can be written down except by himself. These men resolved to kill their enemies, and accordingly got up and went for them, instead of crawling on the earth. As a result, they seem to have brought the killing off.

On good authority I hear that this is now being recognised by the British Staff College, and that there is a chance of our scrambling some of that elaborate and useless education of the Redskin school of fighting, which may be all very well to use against Boers or Redskins, but which would go by the board in the mass fighting of European war. We can't train one army which may be all very well to use against Redskins, but which would never do, and the laying to their souls of the flattering illusion that whatever happens could not have been prevented, and will at least be the same a hundred years hence. In these days an agitation against a specific act of policy will accomplish itself if at all just as well in two years as in half a dozen.

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cases, to qualify him for the judicial committee of the privy council, Sir Robert Collier, the attorney-general, was hurried through the Court of Common Pleas. As regards the other matter, to which a Cambridge man technically eligible for an Oxonian rector, the Rev. W. W. Harvey was manufactured into a member of Convocation. These were the two chief causes of the sudden decline of Gladstone's popularity in 1871-2. The craving did not die out. For another two years, but, though after these incidents temporarily delayed, it was as sure as if the blow had already fallen.

To pass from the leaders to the chamber over which they preside. About that the true opinion is not to be gathered from the say of honourable and right honourable gentlemen about their noble scenes. Their presidents would have popular favour in the seventeenth century, because they took up the cause of the people against a justly unpopular court, one that was not merely oppressive, but selfishly and cynically wasteful. As John Forster showed long ago in his book about the house of commons and his monographs on Elliot, Hampden, and Pym, ship money and interference with debate had much less to do with the monarchy's downfall than the mortally fine taste of the king in art matters, the enrichment of his palace with pictures that are to-day the people's boast, and the insatiable passion of the queen for rare gems, costly ornaments, and extravagant equipages, all charged on the taxpayer at a time when a succession of bad seasons and the disquieting consequences of domestic contentment had spread distress throughout the land, not only among the poor, but among the classes a little above them.

The rise of the Commons to ascendency was thus a social accident, rather than a political event. For many years after the transactions now recalled, "good man Burgess," and a large percentage of the shire knights remained what they had been on their first assemblage, during the fourteenth century in the chapter house, many kings before Thomas Cromwell's hammering of the monks led to Edward VI. allotting to them St. Stephen's chapel. During the whole period, to be a member of the Commons affixed something like a stigma. At last the elective legislators got their petitions to the king presented in the shape of bills. But whenever there came a trial of strength of Commoners with peers it was the M. P.'s who got the worst of it. The whole body was saved from contempt or degradation by the few scores of men of genius who relieved the dullness and cast an oratorical glamour over the mediocrities or the shabby characters composing the mass. If Good-Temperism had ever been as universal as the faculty and fashion are conspiring to make it now this would not have happened. For then the highest inspiration of the best speakers was largely vain. Pitt had primed himself with port wine in tumblers before making his famous speech on the slave trade, with its simile drawn from the rising sun as the golden dawn, after an all-night sitting, shot its rays through the window panes. Sheridan, an impartialjudges of his own exploits, dramatic or political, was only quite satisfied with one speech he had made after having a little while previously polished off one of Bellamy's best madeira. Always loyal to the House, Gladstone maintained its standard at the highest point ever known, since the year of his final failure to carry Home Rule. The public at large judges differently, sees in its debates a dreary expanse of verbiage, and in its antics outrages whose occurrence the police ought to prevent. The majority of intelligent citizens take their opinions, not from Parliamentary echoes, but from the Press. Only the other day the Times published a letter, not only England, but Europe, by plainly proclaiming that, if only the comity of nations wishes peace with freedom from the alarms of war, it can have both by acquainting sovereigns and statesmen with its decision. Plainly instructive speaking of that kind is not forthcoming in Parliament, though greatly desired. It will now be looked for more and more, and be increasingly found in the Press.

The Future of Islam.

A (Letter to the Thinkers of the Moslem World.)

GUARDIANS OF THE HOPE OF EL ISLAM.

As an Englishman devoted to the cause of Moslem progress, I desire to express to you my grief at the defeat which the Turks have sustained, as the result of calculated and unfair policy on the part of their enemies, and also my disappointment at the lack of any action in their favour by the Western Powers. That grief and disappointment have been shared by multitudes of Englishmen and Christians. We have seen with horror and indignation the world—sacred motives. You know well how the ignorant in any land run mad for a religious cry, though falsely raised. In the city of Assiut, in upper Egypt, one fine day, a crowd of poor Mohammedans ran up, supposing that their faith had been insulted, and the Copt was almost killed before they realised that the dispute was not religious, but simply the imposition of a cunning rogue. Well, something of that kind has happened here in England in connection with the Turkish war. A section of the British Press and public, knowing nothing of your Faith or history, have been manipulated—fanatically in favour of the Balkan States. They believed every word of news and information which came to them from Greece or from Bulgaria, and would not listen to the protests of the Turkish sympathisers. Consequently, since the information they received was poisoned at the fountain-head with falsehood, they displayed in their speeches and their writings a degree of ignorance nearly equal to that of their crusading ancestors, who believed that you—the great iconoclasts and pure monotheists of the world—were mere idolators; who knew nothing of your generosity towards the conquered Christians, the protection you accorded to your churches and the Holy Sepulchre, an example of magnanimity hardly to be conceived in Europe in the Middle Ages. Such foolish and misguided statements, if they have been brought to your notice, must have wounded and incensed you. Do not for one moment imagine them to be representative of English feeling towards Mohammedans. They only represent the ignorance of persons who, having heard in the roughest possible deduction of a subject, depend for information upon people interested to pervert the truth. Already the misguided ones are growing conscious of their error. Their diatribes against the Turks diminish in proportion as correct descriptions of the Bulgarian and Servian mode of warfare come to hand. In a week or two, when all the details of this cruel war are known, I believe that there will hardly be a man in England who does not share our feelings with regard to it.

The Western Powers, which should have intervened upon behalf of Turkey, have been prevented by their mutual jealousies, the fear of a tremendous conflagration of all Europe, from doing what must seem to you your bounden duty. Do not, in your anger, confuse the Governments of Western Europe with the peoples, nor connect their conduct with the Faith of Christianity. The Governments are entirely animated by self-interest, the desire to retain each one its own possessions, and avoid a war. It is to their interest to support the Turks in the possession of all they have retained by force of arms, and also to secure them from attacks in future. Let us hope that they will do so. Believe me, you have no real cause to feel discouraged. The Turks have made a brave and honourable fight, though taken at a cruel disadvantage. The danger for them is rising over Western Europe, which cannot fail to have its influence upon the Governments. Turkey will emerge the brighter from this slight eclipse, please God, and will pursue the course of true Islamic progress and which her people are setting. Let us set when thievish enemies assailed her. Henceforth we trust that she will have the firm support of
The Progress of Socialism in the United States.

By Adolphe Smith.

New York, November 18, 1912.

What is now known as the Socialist Party of America—a modern development of the older Social Labour Party—was founded in 1901, and there ensued, at the Presidential election, 96,611 votes for its candidate. Two years later, for the election of members to Congress, 223,494 Socialist votes were recorded. Then came the Presidential election of 1904, when the vote was nearly doubled. It amounted then to 324,131, and now ensued four years of depression. Very slow progress was made; the vote for the Presidential election in 1908 only increased to 420,973. But once again the movement was going spring forward with leaps and bounds. For Congress, in 1910, no less than 676,674 Socialist votes were recorded, and there ensued wild anticipations as to what would happen at the next Presidential election. The exact figures are not yet known, and will not be fully ascertained for a week or two, but this does not affect the reality of the movement. It is now quite clear that the Socialist vote has once more been doubled in the four years, for it will be more than 800,000.

Such a statistical record is, however, very far from being the only or even the best evidence of the progress accomplished of recent years in the United States by the advocates of Socialism. The vote of great masses of people is an unstable foundation for the building up of a Party. But the Socialist vote is, as I have said, of a very different character. It is a vote for a principle and a programme, for the establishment of stability unless the intellectual development is equal to the increase of votes recorded. In this respect the foundation in 1905 and the rapid growth of the Incolegiate Socialist Society are at least as encouraging as the Socialist vote given to the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. At first this organisation attracted but little attention, but now it possesses some thousand members and is an active body. Resembling somewhat the Fabians of England it does not, however, tolerate the dilution of its Socialist doctrines. This Society holds debates, organises meetings, spends literature, and is doing a great educational work. Indeed, it is only necessary to glance at the periodical literature to see how Socialism is spreading among the intellectual classes.

Since the Laurence strike two purely commercial magazines, the "Metropolitan" and "Pearson's" have come out for the Socialist ticket. All the other periodicals and newspapers have published valuable articles on Socialism. Under the influence of Lincoln Stephens, author of the "Shame of Our Cities," the New York "Globe" has been filled with discussions on Socialism and Syndicalism. Of the many intellectuals who have recently joined the movement, there is the chief of the "muckrakers," Charles Edward Russell and such men as David Grice Phillips, recently shot by a lunatic. He used to preach that Karl Marx's "Capital" is the greatest book on earth. Mrs. Florence Kelley and other prominent settlement workers are now taking an active part in the Socialist movement, many of them having undoubtedly been influenced by the writings of G. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. Lott Ley and Ernest Pooles had joined the Party before the preceding Presidential election. As a result of the ladies' waist makers' strike, the Women Trade Union League became a prominent body, and, though neutral in politics, it is obvious that a considerable portion of its members are Socialists.

In regard to the Socialist press itself, it has not failed to profit by the general prosperity of the Party. Four years ago the "Chicago Daily Socialist" had 20,000 readers. It has now been converted into the "Chicago World," and has 245,000 readers. The Party also has a weekly paper called "Socialist Review," which claims to have 40,000 readers. The "International Socialist Review" was re-organised two years ago.
ago, and its sale increased from 5,000 to 45,000. Two or three years ago the "Coming Nation," with C. E. Russell as editor, was founded and now it has 40,000 readers. Then there is a paper called the "Masses." It is essentially a literary, artistic, illustrated paper, and thoroughly revolutionary, but has not yet secured a large sale. The opening of new paper it is proposed to issue yet another Socialist magazine to be called the "New Review," and £2,000 capital has already been subscribed for this venture. The Polish colony at Chicago, the Hungarian colony at New York have each got a daily Socialist paper in their own language. There is also a popular paper in Italian, but that is a Syndicalist organ. Altogether there are five English and eight foreign dailies. The more or less thoroughly revolutionary, but has not yet secured already been subscribed for this venture. The Polish Party, tool.: several planks from the Socialist platform.

From the other side of politics evidence can also be found as to the increase of Socialism. The Roman Catholic Church has been quick to perceive the rising tide. Therefore it now publishes both a weekly and a monthly paper or magazine devoted exclusively to combating Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild Socialism. Their line is to paint even minor
class and other electors who look forward to immediate measures of social reform have voted for Mr. Roosevelt. But for the advanced social reform programme of the Progressives they would have voted for the Socialist candidate in preference to such reactionists and Conservatives as Mr. Taft or Mr. Woodrow Wilson. To-day it has made some progress in agricultural districts. In Virginia and West Virginia the vote at the last election it will be noted that the cause of the Socialist Party, will be explained by the fact that Mr. Samuel Gompers and the American Federation of Labour were allied with Mr. Wilson and the Democratic Party. Then there was also the energetic and hostile action of the Roman Catholic Church. A large portion of the more ignorant and traditional Catholic voters deserted the Socialists for the first time in favor of their party in the mining districts of West Virginia and Montana, where the increase equals five hundred per cent. in four years.

Mr. Roosevelt, in forming his new Progressive Party, took several planks from the Socialist platform and consequently there is no doubt that some middle-
of the French loyalist movement. In a short time Maurras was surrounded by a group of royalists of all shades of opinion.

At first a small review was the only vehicle of propaganda, but at present the periodical and other literature inspired by "L’Action Française" is considerable. "La Revue Mensuelle d’Action Française," "La Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres," and the daily paper "L’Action Française" are the official publications of the movement, while amongst others may be mentioned "Les Cahiers du Roi," "Les Guêpes," and "Le Coup de Fente." In Paris there is also an Institute where lectures are given on political, religious, and social questions. A publishing house now forms part of the royalist equipment. La Nouvelle Librairie Nationale issues almost all the literature of "L’Action Française"; recent works of interest are "L’Homme qui Vient," by Georges Valois; "Kille et Tanger" and "La République Française devant l’époque." The latter seems to be the only book of the Rousseau bicentenary celebrations they distin-

Turning from the journalism of "L’Action Française" to the more serious exposition of its doctrines, we find the same poverty of ideas. The chief objection to the Republic seems to be that it is governed by political parties, which can never be independent of the people, therefore they always have to restore the French people that they are worse off now than under the ancien régime. The Jews are shown to be responsible for every political and social evil that exists in France. Such epithets as "crapule," "crétin," or "absécés de lèvre morganique" are freely used by their friends.

The reign of political parties, in France has been longer than an entire nation concerned in politics. Dis-

The true mentality of "L’Action Française" is re-

The Jews are shown to be responsible for every political and social evil that exists in France. Even the declining birthrate is the work of a "traitre Juif," because Vaquet’s divorce law was introduced by a Jew! On the grounds of nationality Heine was treated with contempt by the Camélot du Roi. The front page of "L’Action Française" is rightly adorned by a calendar of the Dreyfus affair, for the journal has its roots in and draws its sap from the anti-semitic Chauvinism which characterised that period. It publishes the text of the article of the code under which Dreyfus was acquitted, and reiterates its stupid quiltle as to the interpretation of the words, accusing the judges of having falsified the code in order to release a "traitor." The Jews are shown to be responsible for every political and social evil that exists in France. They have led to the "Clouds" by Aristophanes.

This confusion of identity is inevitable in a movement whose thoughts and ideas belong so irrevocably to the past! In the babel of ideas characterising the Revolution, in their paper provide the readers with an extensive vocabulary of abuse. It is usual to misspell facetiously the names of opponents or to give them a series of Homeric adjectives. M. Briand is described as "horrible sombre maboul," M. Fallières as "dame Soleil," while Frédéric Masson is known as the "graphomaniac," or "le sombre maboul." Such epithets as "crapule," "crétin," or "absécés de lèvre morganique" are freely used by their friends.

The work of union must begin with the expulsion of the "internal enemies," the Jews, Protestants, masons, who constitute a "foreign body" within the State and are the backbone of the republican system. This point of view is hardly surprising in a writer who holds that the "souls of the nation," the faithful who love France, and the Romantic Movement are the three great "retrògrade" movements of modern history. He has no definite constructive proposals. We must content ourselves with vague phrases about "professional federalism," "local federalism," etc. All the people have to do is to present themselves entirely at the mercy of an oligarchy. All will be well when Monseigneur le duc d’Orléans is crowned "philippine VIII. Internal dissension will disappear, presumably with the extinction of the Jews and Protestants, and the French will enjoy the peace of an absolute despotism. In spite of recent Spanish-American history, a republic, we are told, can have no effective foreign policy, but under a king France will once more lead the nations, and another province will be the prize of every war she wags. Such is the alluring prospect held out by M. Maurras and his friends. Their method of reasoning is delightfully simple. They ignore the past and willfully misinterpret the present, and the French are so imbued with the virtues of an ideal monarchy, a sort of benevo-

Even with the classics a delightful touch must be noted. Not long ago a reference was made to the "Clouds" by Aristophanes and Maurice Pujo. This confusion of identity is inevitable in a movement whose thoughts and ideas belong so irrevocably to the past! In the babel of ideas characterising the Revolution, in their paper provide the readers with an extensive vocabulary of abuse. It is usual to misspell facetiously the names of opponents or to give them a series of Homeric adjectives. M. Briand is described as "horrible sombre maboul," M. Fallières as "dame Soleil," while Frédéric Masson is known as the "graphomaniac," or "le sombre maboul." Such epithets as "crapule," "crétin," or "absécés de lèvre morganique" are freely used by their friends.

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Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(5.) Hierarchy.

At the end of my last article I said that we should know more about the problem of permanence by considering the three races which have always had a standard of faith, even though they may not always have reached it. These three races—the Hindus, the Chinese, and the Jews—include, and have included, the best minds of Asia, and consequently of the world. They "represent" Asia, so to speak, even in mere numbers. Centuries ago—a bewildering number of years before the beginning of what we now call the historical period—the district roughly corresponding to the modern Persia and Asia Minor was burgeoning forth the first shoots of Asiatic wisdom. When millennium after millennium had passed, two races, Semitic and Aryan, began to stand out prominently; and after a further lapse of time—we in the faith-tenets of the two races. The Hindus were theists—and the Semites became monotheists, though with an ever-recurring tendency to worship strange gods and to set up idols. This tendency I think I can explain in a subsequent article.

Common to the faiths of these three races is one salient characteristic, a characteristic which is entirely lacking in any European religion. This characteristic is a definitely fixed hierarchy, a hierarchy which, although developed to its fullest extent, and more definitely, among the Hindus, is, nevertheless, sufficiently evident among the Jews (the Semites generally, in fact) and the Chinese. In the early development of the races a man's duties were prescribed in accordance with his abilities; and his power became a factor strong in proportion to his duties, and no more. How, the European may well ask himself, did it come about that the wealthy merchant and the proud rajput found themselves subjected to a higher rule? Why, more particularly, did they accept such rules as a matter of course?

We know, of course, what wealth can do now. The merchant has merely to take advantage of "democratic" institutions to secure the election to parliaments of "representatives" who will look after his "interests"; that is the ultimate story of every representative institution that ever existed. In consequence, all power passes into the hands of the trading classes eventually; and both the landowners and the common people find themselves in the hands of the plutocrats. It is true that contact with what is inferior ("ugly") is degrading, even to a very small extent. They knew that, as the greater includes the lesser, their abilities would have enabled them to administer the law if this had been necessary; but they recognised that actual administration would bring them into contact with men of inferior calibre and that their own intelligence would suffer in consequence. But they realised also, what has been overlooked in Europe since the days of the Reformation, that the greatest power in the world is the power of ideas, the power of the creative mind. However it may appear to be subjugated from time to time, thought invariably triumphs in the end; and he who wields this weapon is merely encumbered if, in addition, he is called upon to handle the spear. As priests, then, the philosophers gave their instructions, which were carried into effect by the class immediately below them. Hence there gradually developed that wonderful fabric of Indian society: the brahmins, the kshattriyas (now better known as the rajput class), the vaishyas, and the sudras—in other words, the priests, the ruling classes (kings, soldiers, judges, chieftains), the agriculturists and the craftsmen: and finally the servants.

This short summary represents the developments of thousands of years; and it is too short to include the subdivisions of the castes and the hierarchy of the family itself within the castes. But short though this summary is, I feel sure the reader will do well to bear it in mind when considering the influence of hierarchy on the development of a race.
Present-Day Criticism.

As an article by Mr. James Douglas in the "Daily News," December 17, helps us to answer the question of a correspondent: "And our energies are being spent in teaching journalists their business?" From the special view of literary criticism there appears no reason; from the universal view of literary criticism we may be able to show, therefore, a reason from the universal view of literary criticism.

It is convenient for our present purpose to speak of a special view of criticism; by this it is intended to mark off arbitrarily all consideration of technique, although, truly, a work of art cannot be considered apart from technique. By the universal view of criticism we mean that view which regards the "application of ideas to life." To get the best ideas applied to every-day life is half of the business of a critic; he must influence the "current of ideas" amidst which artists must work, and according as the current is of noble or ignoble ideas, artists are enabled to hand down from their generation works of permanent and universal value, or they are doomed to slight works. In a time when ideas are mean, the major artist becomes a satirist, the minor artists are altogether silent or there themselves set the sordid fashions of a low community. In times of doubt, when criticism is struggling to maintain the standard of the best ideas, the artist himself often turns critic. Dryden, Goethe, and Arnold are examples of this metamorphosis. In times of doubt, the artist turns critic. Dryden, Goethe, and Arnold are examples of this transformation. In times of doubt, the artist turns critic. Dryden, Goethe, and Arnold are examples of this transformation.

When Arnold died the present struggle of the working-classes for better life had fairly begun. Arnold seems not to have had over much faith that the English masses would go any better way to work for civilisation than the French did; he had no hope at all in the rich; he seems to have feared a futile and self-destruction revolt: "We are all going into the dark." He saw the debasement of criticism and of the arts and of Liberalism. He found it below all of this education, of these men, he saw the beginning of the influence of the cheap journals exciting sensational appetites amongst ignorant men, whose one need was to forget their foolish preoccupations for riot and horseplay, the which made them incapable of setting up for a critic of literature. He saw the sport of soldiers and demagogues, and to acquire the style of that life for the instruction and delight of posterity.

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Perhaps Arnold underestimated the strength of the artisan; and no wonder if he did, since the artisan himself seems to doubt its effectiveness. We may avoid yet a revolution by bloodshed; if the artisan realises his communal strength we shall have a revolution by law, and one wholly to the good for civilisation. But he is a long time realising this strength, and it may happen that his master shall rise and provoke civil war, relying on the military to beat civilians much as the Jews risked and provoked the South African war. It was the business of the cheap Press to assist the artisan in his revolution by law, to instruct him in the art of humanism, which is the art of noble living, to discard in him, and help him to discard in himself, apathies, follies, and brutalities like those which kept the Roman populace enslaved to State charity, bread and circuses. The cheap Press worked treacherously. It fed its public, so naturally buying and devouring a commodity which seemed to belong to them and to be indifferent to them, on sensationalism. The Press called on the masses to war, to man-hunts, to amusements which lulled their awakening minds and emptied their pockets; and while the strong men were enlisting for war, their women were being drawn into the factories; while half the nation was man-hunting, the other half was inventing new crimes and new penalties; while the music-halls and the pictorial brochures of the servile State was being armoured by Acts against the true liberty and the rights of citizens. The cheap Press has done its worst against the working-class. How is it, then, that the people who clearly do not know food from poison, have not turned to the strength? We are, of course, not yet out of the wood; but this much may hopefully be said—that in the very strongholds of the enemy there also are the friends of the common people: "Wherever dragons be, there, too, are the redressors of wrong." And here we come to Mr. James Douglas. He is one of a not very numerous, but effective, band of critical journalists, whose heads, indeed, have been bought by the cheap Press, but their hearts never. There is no doubt that much credit for maintaining order and courage among the people is due to these men. We, personally, have a standing quarrel with Mr. Douglas because he will aspire to being thought a critic of literature, the which he never may be. A critic of literature is as rare a genius as a major artist. There is not in England to-day one such alive and writing. There are a few writers, who really should be about other business, who make critical notes for the sole purpose of keeping in view the standard of literature. Critical note-taking has been handed down, unchanged in its main demands, through all time. The present writer adopts this humble position of "warming-pan" against the arrival of the next great critic. We cannot mind such business as we should be minding because of the absence of a critic of literature, and because of the astounding revolt in his absence of the critics of manners and all that manners includes, against that state into which it has pleased Providence to call them. These critics ought (taking the canon from the superiors, the major critics of literature as this symbolises universal humanity) to have devoted their strength towards conserving the best ideas of social conduct, these which are never old or new, being based on human affections and, in their main demands, also, constant as the waking day. Mr. Douglas is one of these critics, a propagandist of the eternal humanities. In a steadier time he would never have dreamed of setting up for a critic of literature. He might have become a parson, a politician, a policeman, and anybody whose aim is to get the people to go straight. We will not wonder how and why he ventured towards acclaiming new masterpieces in literature every other week. Our interest is in noting how, despite whatsoever temptation, he has found his heart, the inward sight, definite judgment, pity, persuasion, and eloquence, weighted by the subject simply. Here is employed with the least possible loss that fiery vocabulary from which he has so often rubbed mere literary sparks, flashing, but lost in a moment. Here the fire is so appropriate that even the writer who notices it finds the flame but only feels the heat. But let us quote Mr. Douglas, with the Ilford Choir, lately visited Pentonville Prison. In the chapel the prisoners were gathered for service: "For a moment they swam dimly in our vision, like a great flock of brooding ghosts. We had not seen them coming in. They were there, as if they had started from rows of spaced graves, and at rigid intervals there rose out of their dun-coloured ranks dark, stern sentinels, warders in gloomy livery, men with im-
little altar we strove to regain our hold upon reality, and to persuade ourselves that these figures were not phantoms. Bashfully and furtively we looked at the front row, a yard away. But they and we were afraid to meet each other's eyes. We were the critics animal nature cannot endure the direct gaze of the human eye. The sense of separation was so tragic that we could scarcely keep back our tears.

The high, grey windows were heavily barred, and here and there was a poor splash of colour—bits of stained glass that struggled to lisp a word of charity. I think it was the stained glass that blinded us with tears, and that we were afraid to persuade ourselves that these figures were not little altar we strove to regain our hold upon reality, but to keep back our tears.

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All good qualities are in reality refined egoisms; but that evil is the root of all good, and that we must cut up the root to thereby destroy the fruit? Who has ultimately taught us that all is egotism, that all must be egotism, that one must be "evil," that one must take root, that one must be firm on one's legs to be "good," and that the goodness of the non-evil man is merely the negation of Christianity, but rather its perfectly logical tellectuality. But where, it may be asked, does this extraordinary behaviour is only too plain: we were an insignificant minority in a state of war with a vast majority, whose arrows, as the Persian ambassador once upon a time said to the Spartans, would have been the sun's beams.

We were a hopelessly small garrison in the midst of alarmingly hostile surroundings. Everybody was against us: not openly, to be sure, but, what is worse, silently, sullenly, instinctively. In front of us stood a war-power that our brain was void of everything that directs the intellect of this country—a phalanx of priests and professors, politicians and petticoats. One might have thought that some outsiders, a few of the independent thinkers, or some of the literary celebrities. England would have come to our rescue; but, apart from a misunderstanding of our cause and a private and secret encouragement, not a soul stirred, not a mouth opened, not a finger was moved in our favour. Add to this that we were really a beaten crew, that England had stated before she would have nothing to do with Nietzsche. Remember that we were likewise a terribly decimated crew. Of the older Nietzscheans, of those who stood sponsor for the first edition, only two, Mr. Thomas C. and Mr. William Graham, have remained faithful to the cause. Some have left the flag, others have disappeared, one has become a Catholic. John Davidson, a true Nietzschean likewise, that he would not have survived a "never." One lights well with broken bridges behind one's back, one is consequently not very much to pose as a strong one, or, at its best, as the dream of a romantic and feverish brain.

In other words: it was a case of "now or never," and of at least one of our army I know for a certainty that he would not have survived a "never." One fights rather ruthlessly, one is consequently not very particular about the means. "Je n'aime pas la guerre à l'eau de rose," as Napoleon used to say. "If moral support will not do, we must give immoral support to Greece," as he demanded. It certainly helped our cause by all possible means, open or secret, lawful or unlawful, moral or immoral—there is no doubt about it, I openly confess it and I even say it with pride. For not doing wrong to ourselves, and our want of caution proves at least that one thing: that we had a real purpose, a real aim in view—an aim that made us forget the ordinary laws of prudence and circumpection otherwise so dear to the literary world.

But though we have no doubt used immoral means, let no one think that we have used them for an immoral end. I know that the popular opinion is still to the contrary; I know that Nietzsche's teaching is still considered as that of a pitiless monster, or as that of a weak man trying to pose as a strong one, or, at its best, as the dream of a romantic and feverish brain. No one, I fear, except myself, has ever pointed out the deep piety and religious feeling underlying his cause. But now, from the bottom of my heart, I must openly confess it and I even say it with pride. For not doing wrong to ourselves, and our want of caution proves at least that one thing: that we had a real purpose, a real aim in view—an aim that made us forget the ordinary laws of prudence and circumpection otherwise so dear to the literary world.

To state it as shortly as possible: Nietzsche's attack on Judaism and Christianity is caused by his honest intellectualitv. But where, it may be asked, does this honesty originate—this intellectual honesty which forbids itself not only the belief in the Supernatural, but also, what is far much more important, the belief in the current Christian values of good and evil? By what means have we found out that good and evil are not different moral shades, like black and white, but that
views and reviews.

As an American proverb tells us that "a good lie never dies," and the truth of the aphorism receives a strange confirmation from the nature of intellectual disputes. Huxley, for example, told us that "Materialism and Idealism, Theism and Atheism, the doctrine that the soul and its mortality or immortality are not merely an appearance, but a great secret in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical 'Nifelheim.' It is getting on for twenty-five centuries, at least, since mankind have been taught to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation, philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and, just as all the world swore it was at the top, down it has rolled to the bottom again. A theory that seems to be opposed to an equal immortality of indecision is that concerning the origin of species. It is generally true that, when intelligent men wrangle for a considerable length of time, the misunderstanding arises from lack of definition of the sake of convenience. The words do not convey the same meaning to the opponents. If we only knew what a species was, the problem of its origin would be correspondingly modified; but, at the outset, confusion reigns. In 'The Origin of Species,' Darwin said the young naturalist would, and manifests a "tendency to make many species," the origin of species is obviously due to artificial, not to natural, selection. It is clear that we are dealing with a phrase, and not with a fact: with a figure of speech, a vague abstraction that does not essentially differ from the term variety, which does not essentially differ from the term species of America, can neither confirm nor contradict the general proposition that the origin of species is by means of Natural Selection; for, as we have seen, the phrase means nothing.

The intention of Professor Lloyd's book is to support the Mutation Theory, and so far as it goes, it does so. The use of the word "group" simplifies the matter to some extent, for it does not signify as great a number or as wide a distribution as the word "species" implies. Moreover, the suggestion of permanence that is implied, perhaps improperly, by the word "species" is not conveyed by the word "group." "Group" enables Professor Lloyd to talk about a few dozen rats killed in India. He argues that a more precise definition is necessary if taxonomy is to be

useful science; and, certainly, if the intellectual value of definition is equal to the knowledge of geographical distribution, which was the aim of the older systematists, there is no doubt that definition will thrive. "Characters are less useless ones, as used by taxonomists as the identification marks of species," he says. "The taxonomist holds that every individual animal is of one species or of another. If this is true to-day it was no less true in prehistoric times. If it is false it is time some one exposed the fallacy. It is often ignored, but never called in question. Some persons who are unacquainted with the subject regard taxonomy as a vague and unsatisfactory branch of biology. It is vague only because the word 'species' has been brought into it, and various workers use the term differently. The characters are not vague, they are present or absent. If the principles of taxonomy are true, namely, that every individual belongs to a group and that each group has its group marks, how can the groups undergo change except by the addition and subtraction of the characters which are their marks?"

But suppose, for example, that the characters which are the means to this end do not exist or if it will change, what will that prove? Will it not prove that taxonomy, except it attain to an impossible perfection in noting characters, is useless as an aid to the understanding of natural phenomena? Professor Lloyd quotes such a case. In the course of collection he met a number of insects which were present or absent. If the principles of taxonomy is false it is time some one exposed the fallacy. It is false that Lucian was aware of the difficulty of naming him calling suitably. The titles of 'sophist' and 'sarist' are applied to him indifferently, but either is a mistake. There is nothing of the right indignation, the burning militancy, of the true satirist in his calmly dispassionate temperament—frequently as he wrote satire. He had even less in common with the learned exponents of the various philosophical systems, or with the hundred and one "scribblers on paper!" who followed in their wake; nothing, perhaps, but the facility of expression and mental adroitness that he, too, had acquired in the schools of rhetoric. The ancient world had no appro- priate name for Lucian; he was the first of a new order, a true journalist. He was pre-eminently a leader of public opinion, a writer whose genius lay in the skilful treatment of current topics, which he represented as they impressed him and as he wished them to impress the public. Cultured and well-informed, ingenious and apt, critical, and humorous, he had the temperament, the poise, and the self-assurance that belong to his profession, a tendency to superficiality which his air of omniscience does not always conceal. Finally, as a true journalist, he was not above occasional pot-bolting. In humorous apology for a slight essay on "How to write History," he compares himself to Diogenes, who took to rolling his tub lest he should seem the only idler when all Corinth was busying itself for war. "I too," he says, "am reluctant to be the only dumb man at so vociferous a season. I do not like to walk across the stage like a super in gaping silence, so I decided to roll my cask as best I could."

It may seem an affectation to talk of a journalist fifteen centuries before the publication of the first periodical, but the paradox is only verbal. The existence of a newspaper is a detail, an accidental dependent upon the art of printing. All the conditions of journalism were present in the Alexandrian age, and even before it, great political and social activity, and an educated public eager for facts and anxious to have a lead given to it in the form of its opinions. The author of a recent book on comparative literature, speaking of the ancient comedians, has said, "Attic comedies might almost be called dramatized newspapers. They were organs of political parties. The chorists are often passionate discussions of political topics; the parabases resemble leading articles; the dramatic scenes are acted cartoons." and Lucian, we should remember, was the immediate follower of Aristophanes and Menander in the direct line of literary succession.

Konstant Martha, in his work "les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romaine," has called Lucian "the first of the moderns. This does not mean that Lucian was the first to record circumstances which he find an analogy with the events of to-day, for Alexandrian literature is full of such parallels. The modern like the Classic is a matter of temperament or genius rather than chronology. As the Classic writer aims at portraying the eternal laws that govern the universe, he is interested in the eternal actions, so the skill of the modern consists in representing the permanent features of human life in a faithful
picture of contemporary manners. The famous fifteenth-
Idyll of Theocritus is admitted to be the best single
piece of modern writing in ancient times, and the dis-
tinguishing merit of the "Adonice" is also the chief
characteristic of Lucian throughout. The interest of
his writings lies in their appeal to the universal
feelings of mankind, not to the mere erudite
instinct of the antiquarian. His allusions to contem-
porary "happenings" and his facility never degenerates
into a newspaper style. The "Lexi-
phu\nas" shows him to be one of the most fastidious
pariahs, and he raked justly the leading
sentiment of literary culture of his day. Above all,
Lucian was in earnest—profoundly in earnest. The
critics who have belittled him in modern times,
while praising the artist, have condemned the
man, are those who have confounded his method with his
purpose, and found in him nothing but the ill-natured
cynic. His mockery was but the legitimate weapon of
philosophy. But the truth comes out at last. The speculations of
Homer had shown his gods as intensely
earnestness. Homer represents his gods as
tragedian and" as Domestics.

The State-revival of paganism, which began under
Hadrian and the Antonines, supplies the motive for
some of Lucian's best dialogues. In his attitude
towards Faustus, the chief antagonist, he
plays the part of the adviser of the gods. Voltairite—whose prose dialogues show
Lucian's influence unmistakably—that of champion of the
faith against the tyranny of the State-Church.
"Wit is no satire the more deadly because of its
unruffled good-humour, and Lucian transcends all the most absurd
points in popular legend and treats them with profound
earnestness. Homer had shown his gods as intensely
human: Lucian represents his as trivial and domestic.
No amount of criticism or envenomed abuse could have damaged the popular creed half so effectually
as did this simple ridicule.

At the beginning Zeus is found pacing up and down
muttering, with a pale face and his skin "the colour of a
philosopher.' Hermes and Athene question him in
great bewilderment; Hera suspects
him of new love-intrigue, but the truth comes out at last. The speculations of
rationalist philosophers of the day upon the existence of the gods have penetrated to Olympus. Too
much upset to explain himself in sober speech, Zeus
addresses Athene in tragic verse, consisting largely of
tanabrous. "With a question which concerns the
honour and status of the whole court of
gods. Momus again is chief spokesman. In the end
he is driven to admit that he does not
know with whom the victory lies!

The "Gods in Council" is a dialogue written in a
very similar strain. The object of this meeting is to
institute a scrutiny into the rights and titles of the new
gods. Momus, as chief spokesman, suggests a
solemn decree is drawn up: "Whereas divers aliens,
not only Greeks, but also barbarians, who are in
nowise entitled to the freedom of our community, have
themselves enrolled as gods, and so crowded heaven
that it has become a mere circus, and all nations,
and languages; whereas thereby the nectar and
ambrosia runs short, so that the latter is now four
guineas a pint; and whereas these new-comers, in their
impudence, claim precedence for themselves, it seemed
good to the Senate and Commons of Olympus to hold
a High Court and to elect as Commissioners of Privi-
leges seven of the greatest gods—three from the ancient
council of the reign of Saturn and four from the twelve
gods of whom Zeus is to be one. The business of
the meeting is to be the examination of all claims to a seat in
Olympus. Those who cannot make good their
claims are to be sent back to the tombs of their
fathers." But, foreseeing that a great many present
would vote against it, he took the safer course of
issuing it upon his own authority.

Lord Lyttelton, in his "Dialogues of the Dead,"
makes Lucian himself explain the presence of Momus
in the Pagan Olympus by the question regarding Belshazari's" "I think our priests admitted Momus into our Heaven,
As the Indians are said to worship the devil, through fear.
They had a mind to keep fair with him. For we may
talk of the giants as we will, but to our gods there can
be no enemy as formidable as he. Ridicule is the terror
of all false religions."

REVIEWS.

(Unwin. 3s. net.)

This is an elaborate inquiry into the origination
and history of the English censorship of plays, and a
critical examination of the evidence given before
the Joint Select Committee. Mr. Palmer proves that the late
argument adduced for the retention of the
Censorship that has any validity is the one that really
condemns the censorship; for if the Lord Chamber-
lain's licence is in effect, an insurance of all nations' common law prosecution, obviously the censorship
does not protect the public morals or manners from
corruption. Unfortunately, though the case against the censorship is so
purrian, as based as it is on the re-
jection of a few plays that are awfully Puritanical in intent, but little public support can be expected for
the proposed abolition of the office. It may be true, although Mr. Arnold Bennett said it, that the best plays are not written because authors know that they would be refused a licence, but the public cannot be expected to wax enthusiastic on the behalf of plays that have never been written. The logic of the case is undoubtedly with the abolitionists, and Mr. Palmer's proposals that the common law should apply to plays as it does to other businesses that are licensed precisely as public-houses are licensed, in the interests of public order and safety, that a play convicted of an 'offence against the common law on the application of the Public Prosecutor should be proscribed for more than ten years, that the theatrical license should be endorsed on conviction of an offence, and that three endorsements on the license of a single manager should be a ground of confiscation, are all reasonable enough. But we cannot profess very much enthusiasm for the cause of abolition when it is safe to say that not one work of art has been denied a licence. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "The Secret Woman," "The Breaking Point," "Waste," "Bethlehem," even Shelley's "Cenci," who would feel fixed resistance against the tyranny that prevented managers from performing these plays for profit? For, be it noted, no censorship applies to plays that are not produced for profit; and if the whole discussion has shown that managers regard censorship in its insistence against prosecution it has also shown that dramatic authors regard it as theft of property when it operates against them. In spite of the clap-trap about art with which they embellish their case, the real reason is that they are not allowed to make money by stage performances of what they protest are not plays, but tracts for the times. The agitation is not artistic in its origin, but mercenary. Shaw, Barker, Housman, Phillpotts, Garnett, and the rest are not borrowing the opportunities of adding a new beauty to drama; they are literary tradesmen denied the opportunity of making money by moral exhibitions of the sins of society. Art is now, as ever, free.

Political Economy. By S. J. Chapman. Home University Library. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

It is not necessary in England, as it is in America, for the wealthy classes to pay professors to write their political economy, and to claim for themselves the advantages of that name. Such is the fate of a great body of English professors that nine out of ten of them are prepared to black the boots of the possessing classes gratuitously. Professor Chapman is no exception to the rule. In mock-simple but barbarously technical language (compare, for example, with what Mr. muted himself) the main facts of real economies, namely, the possession by a few of all the instruments of production, including labour. We should like to know how, except in being cheaper, the wage-slave of to-day differs from the chattel slave; or, except in being dearer, from horses and cattle, or from any raw material. He simply does not, and it is therefore ridiculous in a text book of real, as distinct from ideal, economics, to consider him separately from the rest of the animate and inanimate raw materials. Professor Chapman, however, has not the courage to treat economics realistically, and in consequence he blunderers between reality, sentimentality, and politics. On the subject of money he is merely incompetent. We should have thought that his own statement about the legal fixation of the price of gold would have warned him that gold is not susceptible of inclusion under the general law of value. Nevertheless, he attempts to prove that the price of the raw material of the goose that lays them golden eggs. But if the instruments of production that now take rent, interest, and profits do so not for services rendered (for these are paid in wages), that our taxes for the necessities of life, it is absurd to conclude that the elimination of these taxes and their absorption into wages would kill any goose but the present competitive wage-slave. "Paradoxical as it may appear," Professor Chapman sentimentally adds, "a brighter future for labour... is bound up with action which will augment capital." The statement is no paradox as it stands, but a simple fact. It is only a paradox if capital is taken, as Professor Chapman has taken it, to mean private capitalists.

Seasonal Trades. By Various Writers. With an Introduction by Sidney Webb. Edited by Sidney Webb and Arnold Freeman. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

The seasonality of trades would have been a more accurate description of the contents of this fascicle of social studies. It is generally known that many trades have a maximum busy time and a minimum slack time, and the object of the present writers has been to discuss precisely when and where all these periods of trades occur simultaneously. On the contrary, as Mr. Webb says in his Introduction, there is no month of the year when all industries are not at its best and another at its worst. The volume of trade, in short, is fairly constant the months round. While this is an interesting enough fact in morbid social anatomy, we do not see that it carries us very far. The winter here and there enabled Mr. Webb to generalise interestingly but—cui bono? The deduction we draw, however, for future use is that the slack periods of trade, so far as they occur naturally, may be utilised by the forthcoming guilds as holidays. A month's holiday every year would be no bad economy.

Divorce and Morality. By C. S. Brenner. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (Frank Palmer. 1s. 6d. net.)

The wise policy, says Sir A. Conan Doyle in his preface, "the wise policy of a State which has a dwindling birth-rate is to make marriage easy." And this way, it appears, to make divorce easy is to make divorce easy. We see by no means that this will prove the case; and one, certainly, of the demands of the divorce-law reformers will be the marriage less desirable—to men, at least—than ever. It is not that the identical grounds, for such a divorce, should serve for divorcing a husband as well. Since it is undeniable that at this moment the decline in marriage is due more to men than to women, the proposal to take from man one of his "privileges" does not strike us as a wise policy. If a husband is to have not only a critic, but a possibly litigant critic, on the hearth, he will think twice for his present, twice before entering into marriage. The reformers of the divorce laws had better, therefore, be prepared to argue their case on its merits, apart from the consequences, good or bad, of their proposals on marriage itself. Mr. Brenner is what may be called a whole-hogger in the matter of divorce. Like most ardent propagandists, he has apparently not begun to think of the real objections that may be raised to his propaganda. It is enough for him that the current of articulate objections raised in the Press should be polished off. But nobody relies upon them, or is moved by their refutation. We commend the reformers to the learned work recently published by Methuen—"The Malthusian Limit," by Edward Isaacson.
The Malthusian Limit. By Edward Isaacsone.

(Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

In his preface Mr. Isaacsone disclaims any intention of initiating propaganda, but towards the close of his work he modestly suggests that perhaps he has given an impulse to the Back to the Land movement. Indeed he has, and incidentally he has thrown light upon most of the movements of our day. It would be difficult, in fact, to praise too highly, a work which is at once modest, original, illuminating, and practical. Mr. Isaacsone takes as his theory the rational conjecture that sooner or later the population of the world in accordance with Malthus' law will be equal to the world's food supply. Already it is evident that importing countries this condition has been locally reached, and we have only to anticipate the time when countries now food-exporting will no longer be able to spare a surplus, to conceive the world as peopled up to its economic capacity (and in some districts beyond it). The problem will then arise of maintaining population at its maximum food-level. In other words, in place of the kinetic condition of today, the Statesmen of the future will have to devise means of maintaining a static condition. Where already, locally, population exceeds local food-supply, this problem, according to Mr. Isaacsone, is at present being agitated. It is to be seen, for example, in the Back to the Land movement; a movement primarily instinctive from the overbalance of city condition of to-day, the Statesmen and rooted in the country, and a surplus sterile class carrying on trade and professions in the cities. These two classes, it is plain, will require in most respects different sets of legislation and consideration. For the second yeoman class the preservation of the family, life, and all its conventions is a necessity; the family, in fact, is the true social unit in the rural districts. But in the cities, when ex hypothesi no children will be bred or will live, the unit is the individual, and marriage, etc., become practically private matters. To those who would scoff at the suggestion, Mr. Isaacsone can point to many evidences as proof of this drift of things. All our social legislation splits for the present on the rock of incompatibility. For instance, our marriage laws, now based on the belief in the universality and desirability of fruitful marriage, are met by the growing objection of city people to regulations inapplicable to childless partnerships. Similarly, in Mr. Isaacsone's opinion, proposals to socialise ownership and production, while suitable for adults and cities, are unsuited to agriculture and the village family. What is therefore needed is a recognition of the two complementary characteristics of rural and urban life, and the adaptation of legislation to their respective needs. The foregoing outline of Mr. Isaacsone's thesis fails to convey the suggestion that there is a paradox. And I have always preached it. But Guild Socialism is the Association of Guilds, i.e., the Association of all Guilds with Guild, i.e., the Association of all Guilds with The State, i.e., State Socialism.

Q. E. D.

Nothing is simpler, nothing more profound. That is the paradox. And I have always preached it. But Guild Socialism! The New Messiah! Pooh!!

Mr. RAYMOND MACDONALD: What's all this noise about? A New Babe! Don't talk to me of babies. We Parliamentarians have no time to be nursery maids. Refer to my Secretary for my views on the subject. I am too busy. Good day!

Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN: I say, tell me, is this all quite, quite true? Goodness me! Was that the thought of it? And there's no mistake? It's a living growing thing? Sure? Great Campbell! What a message for the Commonwealth; off at last. Mr. H. G. WELLS: Guild-Socialism! The New Birth! Pooh! It's as old as the moon. I knew all about it long ago. In fact I have always told of its coming. It's something new. You shouldn't neglect the classics, young man. Don't you read the "Daily Mail"? Have'ta heard of me? My idea! I always preach it. Now listen.

We who are rich should help the Poor,

The rich should help the Poor,

The rich unions should help the poor unions, i.e., Unions.

Now Unionism is what I always preach. I don't know why they call me Socialist. A Socialist is a man who helps himself. I believe in helping others. I am a Unionist till I bust. And Unionism is nothing more than Union Socialism. "Guild" is only the Greek for "union," but I must say I prefer a good old English word to any of these new foreign ones: What's all this noise about? A New Babe! Don't talk to me of babies. We Parliamentarians have no time to be nursery maids. Refer to my Secretary for my views on the subject. I am too busy. Good day!

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB: Collectivism, my dear Sir, is as irresistible as a Blue Book, or as an ukase of the Tsar. The Laws of the Roman Empire can never fail. Is your Christ above the Law? But where are these Wise Men of whom you speak? I would fain commune with them.

Mr. CHARLES KINGSLEY'S HINT TO GOD: "Go to the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Goodwill towards Men.

Let him who reads, rejoice! MORGAN TUD.

HOW TO ADVERTISE A MODERN PLAY.

"The Youngest Daughter."

We do not for a moment hesitate to express the opinion that were Shakespeare himself to pay a ghostly visit to "The Youngest Daughter" (now enjoying so phenomenal a success at the "Quicksand" Theatre) he would be agreeably surprised to find an entertainment so intensely human winning the applause of large and appreciative audiences. Things in the dramatic line have indeed progressed since the "immortal William" gave his "moody Dane" to the historic firmament, and the celebrated author of "The Youngest Daughter," Mr. Boysgall, would have no cause to feel snubbed, were the "immortal William" to take him by the hand (as doubtless he would), murmuring in his delicious old Eng-

ish: "Yes, Mr. Boysgall, it's a pleasure for ye any, and no mistake." Yes, there can be no doubt about it whatever, Mr. Boysgall has done it! He is, to-day, one of the few really literary playwrights whom we can claim to possess.

From a strictly vegetarian point of view, we can quite appreciate the statement of Mr. Ruskin Miles that the play cannot be said to be vulgar. But we must insist that it is an excellent thing for the great play-going public to realise that in our great families to-day such as-
lightened times absolutely non-existent. At the same time, however, the Socialist agitator (that wayward child of Mr. Bernard Shaw) will doubtless welcome the play as a marvellously realistic and vivid piece of propaganda, showing how Board class-distinctions are, and also how very necessary to the safety of the Empire. The Tory, no less than the satellite Tory, no less than the satellite 

We recommend this production to those who are suffering from an excess of urine and flatulence. A list of plays suitable for various other maladies will be found on page 3. 

A Vision of Souls, doomed, pitiful, sad,

A vision of his boyhood's lost delight. 

The heavy hours—and his senses flag,

Beneath the blackness of the Volga's night, 

He thought to lift his nation—by one swift

From tyranny, from chains, from the oppressor's yoke. 

Beneath the blackness of the Volga's night, 

As black a dungeon holds from human sight. 

Him who abandoned all—for liberty; 

Him who Heaven's sunshine nevermore shall see. 

And not day and night submerged in one—they drag—

The heavy hours—and his senses flag.

Beneath the load that crushes out the man,

Till it leaves him, stricken, where his race began,

In savagery's domain. On stone-cold floor

Of God's own sleep, doomed, picture, sad,

Pell on the world, and Grief, and Cold, and Night—

A vision of his boyhood's lost delight.

By the fair streamlet's drink, that, near his home

Wandered and rippled, did his young steps roam.

And flowers in countless beauty round him sprang;

And trills of birds from all the branches rang.

And, on his brow, Heaven's breezes went and came, 

And hark!—his mother's voice—calling his name. 

A change—the spell is broken in his brain—

His keeper's step—the rattle of his chain—

a dream. 

It was a dream. 

A CUIN BONO? (Lines to a Lady's Picture.) What is fortune? What is fame? 

But mere prizes in a game. 

What is life and what is death? 

But the rise and fall of breath. 

What avails? What's worth while? 

Answer, Lady of the Smile. 

FROM MY STUDY WINDOW. Odd bits of sucking; half-burned bones, 

Some tin cans beside heaps of stones, 

Empty broken bottles. 

These are the sights my eyes have ventured to look up from the leaves of book-like. 

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. 

DISCREDITING THE CAUCUS. 

Sir,—Amongst other things I am ignorant of the mass of foreign politics, and part of my naivete consists in not knowing whether all the caucuses are as absolute in France as in England. If it is, then please contrast the following passages, both from The New Age of December 5:

"The best thing the working classes can do in politics is to refrain from voting. . . . If at the next election the polls went down to fifty per cent. of the electorate, the Caucus would be more defeated. But while the Caucus can rely on polling ninety per cent. of the electorate for any set of candidates it chooses, its power is absolute."—"Miscellaneous Notes on Guild-Socialism.

"They [the French people] mistrust all politicians to such an extent that at times of general elections only from one-third to one-half of the people take the trouble to go to the poll."—S. Verdad in 'Foreign Affairs.'

An obvious deduction from the former quotation is that when the Caucus cannot rely on ninety per cent of the electorate, its power will not be absolute, but if Mr. Verdad's figures are correct; and if France is governed by a Caucus; then the theory of the writer of "Miscellaneous Notes on Guild-Socialism" is not supported by the facts—at least in France.

I think it would be as well to have this point cleared up only to sustain the faith of one reader in the generally unimpeachable character of the arguments advanced by the first above-quoted writer.

D. O. ROBBESON. [There does not appear to us any contradiction between the two statements. The writer of the "Notes" predicts the discrediting of the Caucus as a consequence of abstentions from the polls. Mr. S. Verdad concludes from the French abstentions that in France the Caucus is discredited. As a further proof our correspondent may be reminded that a compulsory Insurance Act failed in operation in France. —E. W. A.]
THE "WHITE SLAVE" BILL.

Sir,-Mrs. Hastings’ scepticism as to White Slave stories is no doubt justified, but it was officially stated that the number of girls and women of all ages reported to the London police as missing, and untraced, was, for the preceding twelve weeks, 1,525, and these figures are, of course, vital to the case for the Bill, yet in a representative assortment of literature issued by the Pass-the-Bill Committee I found not a single reference to stories which seems to me by no means superfluous. It was officially stated that the number of those under twenty-one was 54 for the last twelve weeks. The quiet assumption that every one of these cases was due to the White Slave traffic is perhaps worth remarking on.

Another leaflet from the same source gives as an instance of a girl found住宿 by the police, how or whither. On the same occasion Dr. Mary Murchson horrified us by revealing the fact that, in a case of juvenile theatrical troupes, any member of the audience taking a fancy to one of the girls or boys has only to send a note with remittance to the manager for a safe to be effected. In the case of the young girl round me cried "Saamie!" and "It is quite true."

It does not seem so long since the squalor-generating were saying anything about the police, but it is now so eager to laud them as women’s guardian angels, totally incapable of absorbing omnipotence. I was once moved to tears by a rich protector who were dragging a girl through the streets for creating a scene about a ticket at a booking office. At the police station my protests and proffered evidence were met with hardly veiled threats and the conclusive argument, "She is a prostitute."

Mrs. Hastings asks for particulars about "rescue houses." Does she not know that for every instance of life saved there is a hundred others which are wretchedly neglected and the conclusive argument, "She is a prostitute."

In deference to Mrs. Fawcett, I sign myself,

* * *

Sonn of Belial.

Sir,—May I ask what good purpose Mrs. Hastings thinks to serve by making such remarks on those about the feeding of infants? Does she want to set women against feeding their children? She runs a risk of doing so. And many who might really try to do as bad about the seduction of a boy as the forcible abduction of a girl? Surely the two are not comparable.

E. Weirr.

Mrs. Hastings replies: I should not say such things to my own mother, but then my mother simply did the feeding and would have looked quizzically at these modern souls who rush about the homes of feeding one’s own child. Miss Wenders should read a few of the disgusting sensual books on babies and maternity which have been published in America. She might hate them, they might even turn the nose up of ridicule on them.

When I wrote about the seduction of a boy, I had in mind the teaching of unnatural vice, which may continually turn out more disastrously than even a forcible abduction. That certainly the two are not comparable.

DEmOCRACY.

Sir,—Twenty years ago Oscar Wilde wrote with profound insight: "High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by those who call themselves the people." These words are, apparently so paradoxical when they were written, have turned out to be sober truth. England has now had a powerful Labour Party for seven years. It was elected to end poverty, to work for the people, and to end poverty; it has never heard any question of the needs of intellect of opposite opinions. By a tremendous effort of thought such a movement may become even well meaning, but after his conversion he is as a man as he was before. If a Socialist, he loathes an Anarchist or Syndicalist. As a rule, he is dominated to the end by the teaching he learnt at his mother’s knee. He is, in fact, of the narrow creed of some Non-conformist chapel, and they never hear any kind of and may become even better than itself, but he can never hear any question of men of intellect of opposite opinions. By a tremendous effort of thought such a movement may become even well meaning, but after his conversion he is as a man as he was before. If a Socialist, he loathes an Anarchist or Syndicalist. As a rule, he is dominated to the end by the teaching he learnt at his mother’s knee. He is, in fact, of the narrow creed of some Non-conformist chapel, and they never hear any kind of and may become even better than itself, but he can
THE CREATION OF MATTER.

Sir,—To argue on this question with a man who takes it for granted that 10,000 years of belief in an absurdity (that Essence is quite apart from Existence) is a proof that such a belief is necessarily a reason to believe the hitherto unproven existence of such a being as God, is worth more than 40 Labour Members. Better elect nobody than elect more fools. A campaign of intellectual enlightenment is more needed by the masses than the election of anybody.

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R. B. KRAI.
sation. To talk of Mr. Ransome "paraphrasing" his work is simply nonsense; and it can only be a rather childish vanity which suspiciously sees in this "English Review" article and in Mr. Ludovici's own writing a "series of plagiarism." The fact is, that artistic aesthetic theory can only go one way nowadays; but I see no particular reason why Mr. Ludovici should be allowed to pose as cock of the walk, if he really read Mr. Ludovi-
ci's book with a great deal of admiration; though, I am afraid, the parts of it which I remember most clearly are its absurdities. But the reason why I admired it was
not only because it gave lucid and vigorous expression to its ideas.

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