

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are well into the second year of the discussion of the Insurance Act, and are within a fortnight of the payment of its first benefits. Early in May, 1911, a day or two after the Insurance Bill was first introduced, we ventured to break the otherwise unanimous chorus of applause by observing that the Bill was the most dangerous legislative proposal ever seriously made against the liberties of the poor, and was destined to meet with increasing opposition as its intentions and probable effects became known. It is obvious to anyone who converses much with the anonymous public that the proofs of our forecasts are open on every side. There is literally within our experience not a single soul to whom we have spoken who does not at least wish the Insurance Bill had never seen the light of day. For the most part, indeed, its supposed beneficiaries are not content to wish the Bill had never been passed; they wish it might be repealed. Now what, it should be asked, is the real reason that the Insurance Act is nationally so unpopular? It cannot be that the populace has calculated the costs and balanced them against the returns in terms of figures, for this actuarial process is beyond them. Nor can it be that they have been impressed, as we have been, by the corrupt and degraded procedure that Mr. Lloyd George has been compelled to adopt to get his Bill passed. But it is, we believe, the fact, dimly realised, but surely felt, that the Insurance Act imposes a poll-tax for the first time for many centuries, and that a poll-tax, as Burke says, has always been the mark of a conquered people.

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Against this unreasoning but not unreasonable prejudice it is useless to argue that this particular poll-tax is designed exclusively for the benefit of its victims. No poll-tax that was ever imposed but sought to disguise itself in the cloak of philanthropy. And there are other features about the Insurance Act that make even this cloak so threadbare as to be almost transparent. The actual cost of the collection of the Insurance taxes promises now to make it the most expensive tax ever levied; and the subsequent administration of its funds threatens to exceed in expense the total outlay upon benefits. Mr. Lloyd George, we know, calculated at the outset that the cost of collection and administration together would not exceed five per cent. of the levies. But the cost is already, we estimate, twenty-five per cent., and will assuredly grow as the

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local committees successfully petition to be paid like the rest of the officials. Recall the complaints of Mrs. Anderson and other prospective bureaucrats that it is unfair to expect working men and women to serve on local committees for nothing. Recall the fact that no public service of this kind, once begun, ever grows cheaper in administration. Is it not obvious that the fund created by the levies must either be increased by fresh levies or the benefits be reduced? It is absolutely certain to our minds that the economies likely to be first made in the working of the Act will be made in its benefits. There will be such a strictness of administration, such a parsimony of relief, and such a sieve of objections to paying any benefits at all, that the Act will become even more hateful in its distribution of benefits than it is now while collecting the means. Mr. Lloyd George may buoy up his party to-day with the hope that after January 15 all complaints will cease, but his friends will discover that, as in too many instances before, Mr. Lloyd George has proved a falsely smooth prophet.

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The results of the Act up to date are such as should warn the most philanthropic politicians of at least the difficulties of despotism. Save for the collecting societies and the few thousand newly salaried officials (for whose sole benefit we cannot suppose the Bill was intentionally passed), there is not an interest intended to be affected by the Act that does not now think itself badly affected. The Friendly Societies, to whose rescue Mr. Lloyd George professed himself to have gone, are praying at this moment to be delivered from their saviour. He has cheated them, he has lied to them, he has broken faith with them, and, so far as he has been able, he has ruined them. Of the promised accession to their ranks from among the compulsorily insured, the Friendly Societies have secured of many millions no more than something over one million. And for this poor share in the fresh multitudes of the "thrifty" the Societies have delivered themselves over, bound hand and foot, to Mr. Lloyd George's Commissioners. No wonder that at the Conference of Friendly Societies, held last week, mourning and lamentation and reproaches upon Mr. Lloyd George were heard. They were not, however, in justice justified, for the Friendly Societies went into the Insurance Bill, if not with their eyes open, then with their ears deliberately stuffed up. We, at any rate, warned them, in tones loud enough to be heard by the living, that the Bill was a trap, and in accepting it they would be signing their own death-warrant. But against the conceited and the mad who can do anything? The Friendly Society officials were convinced that they were acting

wisely; or, if not, they were sure there was no better alternative than surrender. From their complaints last week we conclude that it is only now that they realise that the risk of sudden death would have been better.

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But if the Friendly Societies have fared badly, the Trade Unions, as is only fitting, have done worse. Of the fourteen million compulsorily insured wage-earners, of whom two millions were members of Trade Unions before the Act was passed, an addition of less than a million has been made in consequence of it. This, we do *not* think, is a fine mess of pottage for which to have sold the liberty of the Trade Unions! At the very time that the officials were lobbying Parliament to reverse the sensible Osborne judgment (a boon to Trade Unions if the fools only knew it), and protesting that their political liberty had been lost, the same crowd of incompetent asses were selling their economic liberty for an old song. Useless for us or anybody else to warn them of the perils in what they were doing! The Appletons and the Andersons, the Crooks and the MacDonalds, were as convinced as the Friendly Societies that Mr. Lloyd George's Bill would mean the strengthening and not the relative weakening of their particular organisations. The first, but only the first, results are seen at this moment in the figures of the allocation of the new members. More than half of the total number of wage-earners are now permanently corralled in the Prudential and other Collecting Societies, where Trade Unionism will never be permitted to touch them. More than a third are gathered up into the Friendly Societies, where Trade Unionism is at best an interloper. The remnants alone of the banquet are to be found in the Trade Union movement, and even these are for the present dispirited, and consequently precarious in their loyalty. We put it to the Trade Union leaders whether this was the result they anticipated. If it was, and they are satisfied, we have nothing to say. But if they are as disappointed as they ought in reason to be, we have to say that even at the eleventh hour there is a hope of escape. Nay, the twelfth hour will never strike; for at any moment a Union has only to refuse to continue to pay its levies to break down the Act irrevocably.

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That is to say, if the Act is not broken before that date by the determination of the doctors. And we confess that we have not yet lost all hope of this happy event. The resistance of the medical profession to Mr. Lloyd George's invitation to them to walk the plank is one of the few pleasant features of the whole Insurance drama. Everywhere else that we have turned to discover some spirit of sincerity, self-respect, and courage, we have found none, or almost none. So boneless and gangrened had become the various sections of society that, one after another, either through fear or by corruption, they gave way before an Act which some, at least, of them knew was the act of an enemy. The doctors, on the other hand, though traditionally and professionally disinclined to political resistance, have vigorously adopted the methods of Trade Unions, and have put up such a fight for their rights that, even if they do not win them now, they are assured of victory within the shortest possible time. Organisations that have anything to preserve or anything to gain should never reckon a defeat in terms of the immediate results. These may appear disastrous, but a good fight, even though followed by a defeat, is never lost. We believe that, if the doctors continue in large numbers to stand out, though their Association may threaten to fall about their ears, their leading members desert them, and the whole "public" condemn them, their victory is still assured. Consider the damage done already, not to the Association, but to the Insurance Act, by the "ratting" of a few hundreds or thousands of the medical profession. Looked at hastily, the desertion of their brethren by the doctors now scrambling on to the panels appears to be a victory for Mr. Lloyd George. But is it? The administration of the Insurance Act at the very moment

that it needs a fillip of credit is openly demonstrated to have fallen into the hands of the dregs of the medical profession, into the hands of liars and worse than blacklegs. For it is an injustice to blacklegs to maintain that the seceding doctors are blacklegs and nothing worse. The blacklegs of commerce do not join Trade Unions, do not pledge their word to their fellows to stand together, do not ask or expect to share in any advantages the Unions may win. The miserable minority of doctors who have broken their oath, however, have done all these things. They were members of their Association, they signed its common pledge, and they are deserting it now solely to secure for themselves the advantages the Association has won for them. It is sophistry to pretend that they were released from their pledge by the resolution of the Association on the subject of an alternative scheme of service to that of Mr. Lloyd George. That alternative scheme was, we admit, ill-considered, insufficiently considered, and inconsistent with the profession's previous declarations. But it had nothing to do with the precedent condition of any scheme whatever—namely, that the doctors should decline Mr. Lloyd George's scheme. Whatever might be proposed as an alternative to the latter, whether by the doctors or by Mr. Lloyd George himself, the binding character of the negative pledge still remained; and until the signatories were released by the same body and in the same formal manner as bound them, breach of their pledge is a formal lie. It is not exactly, therefore, a victory, or even the beginnings of one, for Mr. Lloyd George to enlist as his first medical recruits doctors publicly known to be treacherous from avarice. Such scum may, indeed, be good enough for the insured, but they will scarcely do credit to the Insurance Act. And what is equally certain, it will be impossible with such rotten material to found any lasting health service in the nation.

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Apart altogether from the charge of treachery which may be sustained against them, the minority of doctors now forming panels must be convicted of stupidity. That they are blind to the loss in prestige of their profession consequent upon their conduct, is only a misfortune; though a misfortune for which they and their families will pay in loss of "consideration" exactly as if it were their deliberate fault. But the fear that if they did not accept service as an Association Mr. Lloyd George would appoint somebody else can only be attributed to culpable idiocy. Mr. Lloyd George could not fill the panels with doctors without doctors. Much as he might feel disposed to cram the panels with Welsh creatures, he plainly could not do it in this instance. The B.M.A. would, therefore, have been left complete masters of the situation. Not a panel could have been filled and not an alternative scheme could have been adopted that was not to the taste of the medical profession itself. And as "M.D.," writing to the "Times" remarked, the doctors in the meantime would be losing nothing. For unlike the trade unionists who, when on strike, starve, the doctors though effectively striking, remain in full work all the while. Sickness continues though the Insurance Act is held up. The practices remain what they were and are, though the B.M.A. should refuse every offer made by Mr. Lloyd George from now till Doomsday. What earthly excuse have the minority then for breaking their pledge and rushing to secure a practice that they are in no danger of losing? It is folly added to treachery, stupidity to greed and cowardice; and, in the end, they deserve to suffer for it. The "Nation" and the "Daily News" are, of course, on the side of the poltroons; but nothing else was to be expected of them. These unprincipled sheets have had from the outset only one object to serve—to get Mr. Lloyd George's Act working by any means that their nasty minds could employ. Never once to our knowledge has either of these notorious political procureurs hesitated either to suppress the more powerful arguments against the Bill or to minimise and distort the facts of the resistance. The "Daily News" professes now to believe that the oppo-

sition of the doctors is confined to a small minority of "wild men" (such is its vocabulary) consisting mainly of political opponents of Mr. Lloyd George. The public, and even the noodles who follow Liberal journals, will surely remember, however, that the majority, in divisions, for refusing to work the Act was 182 to 21. Is nine to one a sign that the Association is in the control of a handful of wild men? One thing, however, we are willing to admit, if the "Daily News" cares to accept the admission. We will allow that the doctors who are now scuttling their ship are in all probability Liberals, and friends of Mr. Lloyd George. It would be interesting, indeed, to discover what proportion of them do not owe their ethical standards to this fact.

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We have said that the alternative scheme proposed by the doctors is not, in our opinion, a good one. It is of no importance to us that it contravenes the doctrine of No public money without public control. As this doctrine is applied it means no more and no less than No public money without salaried bureaucrats. Real public control, on the other hand, is sufficiently retained if the sovereign power is able at any time to call a delegated authority to account. Public control in the best sense means mainly the control of the part by the conscience of the whole. The doctors' scheme, however, is open to the same objection to which Mr. George's own scheme is exposed; it restores and regularises contract practice. We admit that the new conditions of contract differ from the old as much as cheese from chalk; but it is contract nevertheless and therefore involves the dishonourable professional method of payment by results. The assessable results of good doctoring are actually inverse to the intelligence put into them. Doctors responsible for the health of a given number of people ought not to be paid for the number of visits they are compelled to make or for the medicine, etc., administered; but for the genuine reduction in both visits and medicine that their skill enables them to make. What, in fact, differentiates a profession from a trade is that the value of the work of the former simply cannot be estimated in the terms of Supply and Demand or in the terms of commodities. Unlike a bad workman, a bad doctor is not simply worth less than a good doctor, he is worth much less than nothing. On the contrary, a good doctor is not only a good workman, but he renders services which can no more be calculated in terms of money than can happiness itself. It is because the general admission and acceptance of contract practice in any form would ruin the medical profession as a profession that we deplore the alternative proposal of the B.M.A. and advise them to drop it.

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The "Times" was ill-natured enough to suggest that Socialists desired to wreck Mr. Lloyd George's scheme in the interests solely of a State Medical Service. If this were the case, we of all people ought to know it, for we reckon ourselves the only consistent Socialists in England. But it is not true, and the suggestion is therefore false. The objections to a State Medical Service, indeed, have never been clearly stated in any other journal, and here they have been stated in such a form that nobody can be in doubt of our opinion on the subject. It is true that the Fabian Society has just re-issued at twopence (all the necessities of life are rising) its former penny pamphlet advocating a State Medical Service, but its author, Dr. Lawson Dodd, is no better than an old-fashioned Collectivist with all that type's itch to manage everything and everybody by means of salaried experts. In a dithyrambic conclusion Dr. Dodd claims as a merit of his system a potentiality which we regard as its chief defect. "The marriage between medicine and statecraft," he romantically observes, "opens up immense possibilities for the development of the race both physically and morally." Dood Dodd, it does indeed! The prospect of Mr. McKenna, say, in control of the race physically and morally opens up possibilities which it would be scarcely decent to put into language. Is it

conceivable that after this brute's conduct at the Home Office reformers should have any illusions left about the benevolence of the "State"? The "State" in respect of the "marriage" mentioned by the eugenic Dr. Dodd would simply be Mr. McKenna writ large; and not for any theory in the world, Collectivist or another, would we entrust an ounce of power over the bodies or morals of the nation to such a "State." But this is only what may be called a preliminary objection to the institution of a State Medical Service. There are others nearer at hand and more intelligible to reformers like Dr. Dodd. In the first place, it is probable that the doctors as a body will not hear of it. But a State Medical Service without the consent of the community of doctors would scarcely satisfy even a fanatical Collectivist. Again, what, we ask, would be the effect upon the science and art of medicine to substitute lay for professional control? Professional control, we admit, is not very enlightened or encouraging to original research; it is under existing and inevitable circumstances somewhat narrow-minded and bound in tradition, convention and red-tape. But the choice is not between this normal human imperfection and perfection, but between this and a condition infinitely worse. If the profession itself does not now encourage discovery, what might be expected of it when strapped to lay control and lowered to the rank of State officials? Of all the static forms of intelligence there is none more immovable than that of State officials. A Medical State Service would require a revolution a week to keep it moving. Of the patients of a State Medical Service we need say little. The theory is, of course, that they would be attended regardless of cost and conformably to their need. Criminal delusion! In the name of the State and under the plea that their particular sacrifice was necessary for the public good, poor sick persons would tend to be regarded as were the sick in Butler's "Erewhon," namely, as criminals. And their poverty would be a proof of it! A Public Health Service, dealing with things rather than persons, we do not mind; bureaucracy can be trusted to manipulate things without excessive risks; but persons should be guarded from their hatred and protected from a mere machine.

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But if the doctors' suggested scheme is bad, and the alternative of a State Medical Service is worse, what, it may be asked, is there left to try? A Medical Guild, we answer, responsible individually to its elected officers and collectively responsible to the State. We had hopes, indeed, and our hopes were encouraged by some of our medical readers, that a scheme of this kind was actually being prepared for submission to the B.M.A., and would be announced on the occasion of the final rejection of Mr. Lloyd George's final offer. We must mildly complain, however, that our readers, not for the first time, have deceived us. On the other hand, it is fortunately not too late to repair the mischief which has been caused both by the delay in formulating a workable scheme and by the haste in scratching up an unworkable scheme. If not this week or this year, Mr. Lloyd George's scheme will certainly break down, and just as certainly a State Medical Service, if ever it should be tested, will fail in practice. Thus there remains, whether for to-morrow, next year, or next century, the Guild plan we have hinted at, and the outlines of which we are prepared to submit to any doctor who can make use of them. Briefly, our plan is for the State to charter the B.M.A. to provide for and to administer, on terms commending themselves to the profession as a whole, the medical service of the nation. The B.M.A. would thus in effect become the responsible organ of public health, having the administration of medical service and the whole machinery of hospitals, etc., exclusively under its direction, together with the training of its own members and the care of its special departments of art and science. The State, on the other hand, while leaving the profession free within its own sphere, would obviously exercise control by virtue of the power of the purse. That is quite a sufficient control.

## Current Cant.

"The merriest Christmas—most prosperous on record—fewer poor, and no unemployed."—"Daily Mail."

### CURRENT STATISTICS.

"During last month 168,260 applied for employment and only 54,386 could be found work; while out of this number over 11,000 were found casual labour only."—The Labour Exchange Report.

"We live in the biggest, the finest, the most charitable, the most astounding of all ages—a world of dreams come true."—HERBERT KAUFMAN.

"Our civilisation shows a tendency that is particularly encouraging. We are all penetrated with the idea of human dignity, with respect for human life and thought."—M. JEAN FINOT.

"The times of the impotence of Jesus Christ are passing."—REV. N. S. TALBOT.

"There is no country in the world in which the sense of beauty is grown more rapidly than in England."—JOHN BURNS.

"The 'Daily Mail' has itself experienced the most prosperous year of its life."—"Daily Mail."

"A daily newspaper is a great commercial undertaking; but it is something more than that . . . it is the foundation of all social welfare."—"Evening News."

"There has been a flash which has sent white-slave traffickers out of our island."—The BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Mr. Walter Long is decked in colour always. He cannot help it, for Nature has painted him with the tints of the rosy-fingered dawn."—"A. G. G." in the "News and Leader."

"Quite a literary sensation is likely to be caused on the publication of the Duke of Westminster's 'Odes to the Moon.'"—"London Mail."

"Another great landmark in the emancipation of our sex has been passed, emancipation from the clutches of those monsters of iniquity who live on the bodies and souls of women, young girls, and even children."—"Mrs. Bull."

"With the New Year this country will enter into the full possession of that great scheme which is designed to protect those who are most vulnerable against the effects of disease, invalidity and bad times."—"News and Leader."

"The great public does not take its politics from the Press."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The doctors have burned their boats. They have chosen the season of peace in order to declare war."—"Daily Citizen."

"I cannot express too sincerely my deep feeling of gratitude to my loyal and brilliant staff who have enabled the 'London Mail' to achieve fame."—A. MORETON MANDEVILLE.

"The day after to-morrow will see many old-time Conservatives, re-incarnated as Liberals, believing in the rights of individuals."—"WATCHER OF ENGLAND" in the "News and Leader."

"It is obvious to every clear and rational thinker that the effect of these social reforms (e.g., minimum wage, invalidity, insurance, etc., etc.) is to *disestablish* capitalistic wage-slavery."—J. W. COOPER in "Everyman."

"Mr. Lloyd George has done us a good turn by his Insurance Act. He has killed Socialism. . . ."—"VANOC."

"So much the Unionists have promised, and so much they will fulfil. To ask them to do more is to ask them to betray a great cause. . . ."—"Morning Post."

### CURRENT CLERICISM.

"We need not be misled by the insinuation that the Christian faith is on its trial."—BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is, in my view, only an irresponsible writer who would venture to put all the secret information at his disposal into his shop window, particularly in the case of international politics. The public intimation that certain plots, treaties, and so forth are known may as likely as not precipitate a crisis instead of averting it. Hence, when I referred to unrest in India when writing this article of mine two or three weeks ago I preferred to err on the side of vagueness. As it was, readers of THE NEW AGE were the first to be informed even of the mere suspicion that anything was wrong. No newspaper had mentioned the recent unrest—few newspapers have correspondents in India, and the Press agencies, largely influenced by consideration for the tender feelings of the Indian Government, were silent. The disaffection now existing was first brought to the knowledge of the general public by the news of the attempted assassination of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge—not Viscount Hardinge, as some papers had it; for Viscount Hardinge is the Viceroy's brother.

The first and immediate desire of the Indian Government in a case like this is to minimise the importance of the actual fact, to show that it means nothing, to make out that the bomb-thrower acted on his own initiative, that there was no organised plot. In so far as this attitude tends to support law and order, it will naturally be approved of by all non-anarchists. I myself, however, find it difficult to see what the Indian Government expects to gain by this attitude on the present occasion. That there is widespread unrest in India may not be known to very many people in England, but it is surely well enough known in India itself. Where there is unrest there will naturally be plots; but there will be something more. When discontent exists on a large scale, as is the case in India, there will be not merely plots but also isolated attempts on the lives of important ruling personages by individuals who may consider themselves aggrieved. The assassination of Lord Mayo in the early seventies may be taken as an example of this—he was murdered by a madman who had no connection with any particular group of seditionists.

The case of Lord Hardinge is different. I do not know, any more than the Indian police do, the name of the actual assassin. But I do know that the transfer of the capital to Delhi brought to a head much of the discontent which had been seething among the Moslems for some time. Delhi is largely identified with the traditions of Mohammedan rule in India; and it will now be turned into a capital identified largely with Hindus. This factor, however, is merely the last straw. For some years there has been a tendency on the part of the Indian population in favour of the Hindus. This neglect has had its effect in two ways. It has, in the first place, irritated the Mohammedans, and it has in the second reacted on the wrong caste of Hindus.

No doubt the policy of the Indian Government is pretty well known. There are roughly two Moslems to seven Hindus; but the numerical inferiority of the Moslems is balanced by their (generally) superior virility and their prestige as conquerors. By dexterously playing off one race against the other a few groups of British officials have managed, not merely to retain their positions as administrators in all parts of the country, but even to increase their authority among all sections of the population. In recent years it has not been found possible to play this game so well as in former times. Christian missionaries have spread their faith in districts where it was previously unknown; and wherever Christianity penetrates in the East discontent follows in its tracks. Many "converts" have been made; Eurasians have increased in number in consequence; factories have been



opened; many successful endeavours have been made to "exploit" the country, which naturally means "exploiting" the native labour; sweating is general in those towns where European manufacturers and merchants have established their businesses; and our stupid school system has added to the difficulties.

Amid this jungle of complicated uncertainties angels would have feared to tread; but the fools, as usual, rushed in with—suggestions of self-government! These people were chiefly English, but they had a number of Indian adherents. Such a plan, of course, would have done more than anything else to upset the caste system which has kept Indian society intact for so many centuries. We have already seen (I refer to 1876 as much as to 1908) what popular government meant in Turkey; and we have seen, too, what popular government has meant in Persia. In these countries, with their relatively small populations, the crash has been bad enough; but in India, with a population of three hundred millions, the ruin of the caste system which would inevitably follow the introduction of government based on equal rights would lead to one of the most momentous results in the history of the world.

I have indicated that the neglect of the Moslems reacted on the wrong class of Hindus. It should have benefited the Brahmin, or priestly caste; in effect, it benefited only the secondary or ruling caste. This leads us back to the elements of our policy. It must not be supposed that we rule India, or have ever ruled India. We have administered India, which is a very different thing; but we have not done so by means of ideas, but simply by pitting Hindus and Moslems against one another. Had it not been for the loyalty of the Moslem troops there would have been no Englishmen or Englishwomen left in India after the outbreak of the Mutiny. In future, largely owing to the introduction of Christianity and a stupid educational system, we shall not be able to carry on our task in the same way. But why, it may be asked, did the English not try to rule India by means of ideas rather than by jugglery? Because, I suppose, the English ruling classes have never been noted for their ideas; they are worse than the Turks. It is often said in disparagement of the Turks that they are capable of conquering a country but not of administering it afterwards. We have yet to see, or rather only our grandchildren will be able to see, whether this criticism does not apply nearer home. The Roman Empire lasted for barely a century in its entirety. Venice at her best lasted for more than three hundred years; Spain's dominance in South America lasted for nearly as long. But the Turkish Empire in Europe lasted for nearly four hundred years, which would seem, on the face of it, to indicate that these contemned Moslems must have possessed an administrative capacity for which we are not accustomed to give them credit. Consider, again, how long the Mogul Empire lasted in India; and recollect that even now England has not "conquered" the whole area of India: there are still powerful independent States.

The long and short of it is this: the British administrators made a fatal mistake from the first when they endeavoured to flatter the ruling classes in India instead of the priestly classes. Unaware of the importance of thought, they preferred to rely on mere brute force; and the Brahmins, who influence everything among the Hindu communities, have neither forgotten nor forgiven this. We have yet to prove that we are entitled to India. If we wish to show our administrative capacity we must recognise the importance of the caste system, which means putting aside all plans for government on a Western model; we must consult the priests more and the princes less; we ought to protect the native from the exploiting tendencies of the Western capitalist; we ought to recollect that not even the Moslems believe in equality as we understand the word; we ought to recollect that in the Orient religious and philosophical principles are not only held but acted upon in daily life. We ought, I say. But, knowing the Indian official as I do, I fear we shall not.

## Is Cancer Curable?\*

By Alfred E. Randall.

To those invincible dogmatists who assert that cancer is an incurable disease, and therefore argue that every case of apparent cure, spontaneous or deliberate, is a case of mistaken diagnosis, this article is not addressed. They may be left untroubled in their belief that only those cases in which death supervenes, with or without the aid of a surgeon, are cases of true cancer. But to those more reasonable individuals who are willing to investigate another man's theory, who are willing to put to the proof another man's treatment, this book is most heartily recommended. It is not my purpose to claim to speak with any authority on this subject: I am concerned only to give publication to a thesis that seems to be eminently reasonable, and is supported by practical proofs that merit the description of remarkable. The authority for the statements made in this article is Dr. Forbes Ross, who has published this book after fifteen years of constant microscopic, chemical, clinical, and surgical work, in which, I understand, he has not had the assistance of the members of those institutions which exist for purposes of research. If the article is found unsatisfactory, I would ask that the book be not condemned unread for any fault of my exposition: it is, I repeat, my sole intention to draw public attention to the book, and to let the theory and practice of Dr. Forbes Ross be subjected to professional criticism.

The main difference of the cancer cell from the normal cell is that it converts stimuli to function into stimuli to proliferation; and as structure and function are allied in natural organisms, it is only to be expected that the structure or position of cancer cells or cells about to become cancerous should become modified in some way. "If a cell with a temporarily fixed nervous polar axis is going to invade, it must first structurally alter," says Dr. Ross; "if not, then it is highly likely that it cannot give rise to invasion. It appears that it is necessary for the cell to acquire non-fixity of its polar axis in order to allow its centrosome to swing or veer round, and so changing its plane of nuclear division variously, after the manner of a leucocyte or connective tissue corpuscle, or an ovoid cell, to be then able to invade surrounding and subjacent tissue. The applicability of this factor to the origin of the sarcomata is as feasible as it is to carcinomata." If this reasoning is correct, it should follow that cancer should not arise in cells of permanently fixed polarity; and such is the case. "The polarity of cells is various," says Dr. Ross. "In some cells it is fixed permanently, when the adult cell is specially differentiated—for example, ciliated and goblet epithelial cells, cells of the taste-buds, and of the Schneiderian membrane in the nose, and nerve cells. Cancer arising from taste-bud cells and Schultz's cells in the olfactory membrane has not been recorded, nor has any malignant tumour formed of neuron cells been described, so far as I know." Cancer, it would seem, can only arise in cells whose polarity is not permanently fixed.

It is still necessary to explain how a cell, which has previously behaved in a normal manner because of its temporarily fixed polarity, alters its polarity and becomes cancerous. "Cells generally, as derived from the blastodermic vesicle, are divisible into epiblast and hypoblast, the two derivations of the original gametoid germ cell, the outcome of the union of the male and female pronucleus." The qualities of the original germ cell are thus divided between epiblast and hypoblast, each of which has certain conditions of polarity. Among epiblastic cells we find fixed polarity in neuron cells, Max Schultz's cells of the nose and taste-bud cells of the tongue, wherein cancer is not known to arise. "Among hypoblastic cells we have ciliated and goblet cells, whose polarity appears to be fixed only in the adult stage, and the supposition that in their stage of early growth and division their polarity is not fixed is shown

\* "Cancer: The Problem of its Genesis and Treatment."  
By Dr. Forbes Ross. (Methuen.)

by examination of the renal tubules of the frog, where nodes of cell proliferation can be seen, from which the adult ciliated cell is eventually elaborated. The cell is then swung into alignment and fixed polarity by its basal attachment to its nerve fibril, which is the actuating factor of its cilia." The epiblast and hypoblast each have qualities of development not possessed by the other; and obviously neither is capable of reverting to the condition of the original cell unless the quality lacking in itself, but possessed by the other, is given to it. The mesoblast is derived from a combination of cells in the original epiblast and hypoblast, and possesses attributes common to both. Should any cell of the mesoblast become capable of conjugation or amalgamation with either an epiblastic or hypoblastic cell, it is clear that the result of such a union might possess the primitive function of growth possessed by the original germ cell.

Some of the mesoblastic cells, such as striated muscle cells, have immutably fixed polarity; others, from non-striated muscle fibre to the small lymphocyte, have variability of polarity. The leucocyte has absolute unfixedness of polarity—in other words, the centrosome of a leucocyte is in no particular position in relation to the nucleus of the cell. If, therefore, the leucocyte amalgamates or conjugates with epiblastic or hypoblastic cells, we can understand how those cells gain the power of growth properly belonging to the original gametoid germ cell. "It has long been asserted by physiologists and biologists," says Dr. Ross, "that leucocytes amalgamate with connective tissue corpuscles of all kinds, either to produce a new cell capable of multiplication, or to act as food for those cells in the form of living protoplasm. It may be that a leucocyte of a certain character can only amalgamate with a certain cell, and that after amalgamation that cell is only capable of producing one division or generation, and it may be that under pathological conditions certain other leucocytes (or the same one if amalgamating with the wrong cell) may then produce a cell whose pathological quality is indefinite subdivision with any number of generations, until some quality lacking in the cells in the surrounding tissues or in the blood circulating in those tissues is restored, and enables the steadying influence of the right kind of leucocyte to be exerted. It might be that, until this occurs, the phagocytosis or destruction of invading cells foreign to the tissues invaded cannot take place. If this were not the case, malignant disease would almost certainly follow on every wound inflicted, whether the result of intention, accident, or disease."

The argument so far has been that cancer does not arise in cells of fixed polarity, that the primitive function of growth not normally possessed by epiblastic or hypoblastic cells is probably obtained by amalgamation or conjugation with a mesoblastic cell, and that the leucocyte, a mesoblastic cell of absolute unfixedness of polarity, is capable of amalgamation or conjugation with other cells. "Examination of microscopic specimens of a cancer reveals different conditions at different parts of the same tumour. One observes fibrosis, mononucleated cancer cells, and polymorphonuclear leucocytes in the older portions of the cancer, and also every sign of quiescence and abandonment of the cancerous growth by the cells. On the other hand, examination of the "growing point" of the cancer reveals a multitude of large mononuclear lymphocytes in and about the parts of the body which the cancer was beginning to invade. The naked eye appearance of the tumour shows no marked differentiation as between healthy and inflamed tissues. There was no naked eye appearance which would lead one to expect true inflammatory curative reaction in the growing line of a cancer, such as appears round an abscess or tubercular nodule. Examination under the microscope, however, constantly revealed in every case the following phenomena: If the strict line of invading cancer cells and tissues about to be invaded be carefully examined, the following will always be noticed: the tissues in the immediate track of the invading column of cancer cells will be found to be cut up and segmented in all directions, and to be

invaded by mononuclear corpuscles; the connective tissue fibrils will be seen to be broken and fragmentary, and the connective tissue corpuscles swollen and fragmentary, and some of their nuclei will show included lymphocytic cells." It is clear now that the unfixedness of polarity and the function of growth acquired by cells that become cancerous is probably conferred by amalgamation or conjugation with mononuclear leucocytes.

In what circumstances? Obviously not in normal circumstances, or malignant disease would follow on every wound inflicted. The conditions will certainly be different, perhaps even contrary, to those normally existing; and it should be possible to determine whether these conditions are due to the action of a foreign body, or to an access or deficiency of a natural constituent of the human body. The germ theory has no valid application to cancer; we must look to the body itself for the cause of cell proliferation. "Careful examination of the blood in advanced cases of cancer, and indeed in comparatively early cases, show us that, although red blood corpuscles in conditions of health are not commonly supposed to possess nuclei, yet in cases of malignant disease, and especially in advanced cases showing profound anæmia and exhaustion, many red corpuscles circulating in the blood are found to possess nuclei. . . . Red blood corpuscles, as the carriers of hæmoglobin, the colouring matter of the blood, are composed of proteids, water, fat (lecithin), and salts, but contain no nuclei-albumins, which property differentiates them from other cells of the body. This latter peculiarity of red blood corpuscles seems to be compensated by the presence of lecithin, which breaks up into glycerin-phosphoric acid and cholin on the addition of water. Nuclein and nucleo-albumin possess a considerable proportion of phosphorus, just as does lecithin. In red blood corpuscles, which normally possess no nuclei, it is possible that the presence of lecithin is nature's method of providing the necessary phosphorus compound which nature requires every living cell to possess. The nucleated red blood corpuscle of advanced cancer, on the other hand, will be found to contain nucleins and nucleo-albumins, clearly indicating the exhaustion of lecithin and the general deficiency of potassium salts." The red blood corpuscles not only become nucleated in cases of advanced cancer; their numbers are commonly reduced by at least twenty-five per cent., and their hæmoglobin by as much as forty per cent. We gather from these facts that in cases of cancer there is an urgent need for a large influx of the corpuscles that are being destroyed at an enormous rate; and when we know that of one thousand parts of normal red blood corpuscles 688 are water, 303 are organic solids, and only 8 parts are minerals, of which 6.1 parts are potassium salts, it is not difficult to believe that cancer is somehow connected with a deficiency of potassium salts.

For potassium is the salt of the tissues, and blood corpuscles are cells, and rank as tissue cells, just as bone or muscle or brain or liver cells, or any other cell of the body. It ought, then, to be possible to demonstrate, by the incidence of cancer, that a deficiency of potassium salts is connected with the increase of the disease. In the last fifty years, the incidence of cancer among men has increased from 200 to about 800 per million per annum; and among women, from about 500 to 1,000 per million. During that time, refined flour and sugar have been increasingly used; and refined flour contains only one-fifth of the potassium present in wheat, and refined sugar only one two-hundredth part of the potash present in unrefined sugar. "Potassium in food is obtained from flesh (meat and fish) and mostly vegetable foods; from natural wines, fruits, fruit drinks, such as cider, perry, and other fruit wines and beverages; from tea, cocoa, coffee, and from malt liquors made from malted barley and hops by the direct process. All "refinement" or "special" preparation of food or drink which causes it to depart in the least from that which is natural tends to "de-potash" or "dekalise" it, and so deprive its consumers of an element of diet, which on the face of it seems to predispose to cancer those so deprived." We need only

remember that we usually boil our vegetables and throw away the water containing the potassium salts, that we stew instead of steaming our meat, to see that possibility of potassium starvation is not remote. Water-drinkers are comparatively rare; among cancer cases they are probably non-existent; and the modern drink of distilled whisky and soda-water, neither of which contains potassium, offers an explanation of the more rapid increase of cancer among men than among women.

The crux of the matter is the bio-chemical action of minerals in the body. The body contains four alkaline minerals of importance—potassium, sodium, magnesium, and calcium. The carbonates and phosphates of potassium and sodium are freely soluble in water; the carbonates and phosphates of calcium and magnesium are nearly insoluble in water. But not only is there this contrast between the two pairs of alkaline minerals; there seems to be a decided biological antagonism between them. "If the bicarbonates, or indeed any salt of sodium or potassium, such as the citrate, tartrate, or acetate of sodium or potassium, be administered to a human being in fair quantity for any brief but appreciable period, the following extraordinary phenomenon is manifest. Large quantities of calcium and magnesium salts immediately make their appearance in the urine, thus showing that sodium or potassium when administered to an animal in excess at once exhibits so strong a contrast in the economy of that animal that immediately a large output of calcium and magnesium occurs. . . . The bio-chemical antagonism between the soluble alkalis and the alkaline earths, calcium and magnesium, is interesting, as being the possible explanation of the liability of the free potassium-feeding cow to tuberculosis of the breast, due to the cow excreting most of the lime salts taken in food, and also in the milk that she secretes. The woman, on the other hand, having a tendency unduly to accumulate calcium, does not suffer from tuberculosis of the breast, but gets cancer as a result of potassium deficiency."

Potassium is the most soluble alkali naturally present in the body, and therefore passes rapidly through the tissues and the circulation. It is a constituent of every secretion and fluid discharged from the body, and it is therefore necessary to health that the supply of potassium should be constant. We have already seen that the increase of cancer is concomitant with a deprivation of potassium salts; it ought therefore to be possible to show that the administration of potassium salts in an assimilable form can affect beneficially a patient suffering from cancer. Such a case is described by Dr. Forbes Ross—I regret that I cannot quote it in full, but a summary must suffice. The patient had consulted an expert in cancer in Birmingham, and had been told that she was suffering from far-advanced, ulcerated, and inoperable cancer of the womb, and could not live more than two months. I give Dr. Ross's description verbatim:—"The cervix was enlarged, tuberculous, and ulcerated; presenting a deep, ragged, ulcerous gutter in its posterior lip, the whole of the pelvis was infiltrated, and the organs were immovably fixed by cancerous infiltration. The anterior and posterior vaginal walls were infiltrated and nodular; the base of the bladder was undoubtedly affected. The womb could be made out through the anterior abdominal walls, as an enlarged, nodular, irregular organ somewhat fixed in the abdomen. The inguinal glands on both sides were very much involved and apparently very infected. This was about as hopeless and as terrible an involvement of cancer as I have ever seen." Operation was useless, and meant probable death on the table; and as an alternative Dr. Ross advised a prolonged course of heavy doses of potassium salts, and, when her body and the diseased area were thoroughly saturated, that radium should be used to fix the circulating surplus of potassium locally. The details of the treatment will be found in the book; suffice it to say here that Dr. Ross gave 90 grains a day of potassium citrate and potassium phosphate, accompanied by strophanthus and nuxvomica; and during the radium treatment the doses

were increased to 180 grains per day. It was on March 6 that she first saw Dr. Ross; on June 10 she was examined by Dr. Ross, and he was surprised to find little or no evidence of there having been cancer of the womb. "Here, then," he says, "was an advanced case of cancer, pronounced to be hopelessly fatal by a well-known and independent specialist on women and cancer in England, yet who, after three months' continuous potassium treatment, with radium to fix the potassium in the cells, presents all the appearances, if not of cure, then of undoubted arrest of the disease, with almost complete retrogression and resolution in the tumour and surrounding cancerous infiltration. There is now no glycosuria."

It will be easy for anyone reading this article to suppose that this treatment was an example of arrant empiricism: I must once again ask that no condemnation of the article shall extend to the book. I have not the space even to summarise the facts given by Dr. Ross in support of his argument, or to outline his theory of the relation of the thymus and the thyroid glands to the causation of cancer. Nor can I, for the same reason, adduce any of the arguments by which he supports his suggestion that "it may be that the relation of sodium and potassium to calcium and magnesium is one of the wards of the key to the secret chamber of the causation of epithelial cancer, and perhaps the relationship of sodium and potassium to either magnesium or calcium, or magnesium and calcium, or of magnesium itself alone in contrast to calcium, and the aggregate proportion of the above minerals present in the body in relation to one another may turn out to be another ward of the key to the secret chamber of the problem of malignant tumours of the calcifiable tissues, which we know as mesoblastic cancer or sarcoma." I can only ask those who would like to be convinced that the cancer cell can cease to be a cancer cell, that rectification of the alkaline balance of the body can at least arrest cancer, that the administration of potassium salts will make more cancer cases operable with considerable hope of success, and would like further details of the treatment, to read this book by Dr. Forbes Ross. If I have succeeded in interesting anyone in the book, this article will have served its purpose.

## The Evolution of a Bonnet.

(From an article in the "*Journal des Débats*," 27th July, 1912, by M. Auguste Filon.)

Translated by Paul V. Cohn.

WHY should not bonnets, like everything else, be subject to the laws of evolution? Such an evolution may, indeed, be more significant than many another, for the bonnet must needs know something of what goes on in the head that it adorns. Now, the bonnet at present in question is that of the English hospital nurses. I knew it twenty-five or thirty years ago, simple, plain, and sober. It only aspired at covering the head, while leaving the forehead free, and at keeping the hair in order. After that I lost sight of it, and now I find it again—smart, coquettish, ambitious, at times challenging and fascinating. Of course, everything in the costume of the contemporary nurse is in harmony with this pretty bonnet. I am impressed with its general effect, but my unhappy masculine ignorance forbids me to appreciate and describe it in all its details. The apron is dazzlingly white; the dress, fitting close to the hips, has tender shades which are held to aim at differentiating the uniform of each hospital. The big cloak, alone, has preserved its austerity; but, when it opens lightly, it gives, by contrast, a tantalising quality to what is half-seen underneath. What does it mean? What has happened? It is all quite simple and natural. Things have followed their ordinary course; the institution, in its development, has revealed some weak points which had not been noticed, has given rise to some abuses which had not been foreseen. The heroic age, the age of Florence Nightingale, who considered her work as a call rather than a profession, has been succeeded by a different generation: one which sees in

nursing an honourable means for the unmarried woman to earn her living, and at the same time a fulfilment of that need of independence, movement, and adventure which has possessed the Anglo-Saxon woman for the last half-century. In a word, the profession has gradually drawn into its ranks a number of girls who regard it as a social promotion and a step towards marriage.

Seventeen or eighteen years ago I wrote in these columns an article on English nurses. My enthusiasm was inspired by two women towards whom I felt a deep gratitude for the good they had done to me and mine. Quite recently I had occasion to study close at hand the characters and activities of five nurses who in three months had succeeded one another in the same house, or, at least, at the bedside of the same patient; and my former impressions have not been confirmed. I have no adverse comment to make on their professional knowledge, although they do not all exercise it with discrimination. I shall go into no details, for that would mean personal accusation, and the "*Journal des Débats*" is not a school for scandal. I shall only say this, that out of five nurses two were decided flirts, a third an unbearable tyrant, and a fourth one who troubled about nothing but her meals. One was covertly at war with the doctor, another openly at war with the servants; another was constantly devising new methods of teasing her patient, to whom she had taken a dislike. The only one who was really worth her salt went off after a week because she was not allowed to treat acute bronchitis with draughts of air, in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

All these damsels had one trait in common—a professional callousness that was not the hardening brought about by habit, but a natural gift. "We have to be like this," said one of them to me, "otherwise we should not be taken. One day, in the operating-room, when a young child was being operated upon, a young lady pupil nurse or probationer—I forget which—began to cry. 'Oh!' said the matron, 'you'll have to go! We have no use for you here: a nurse who cries is no good.'"

All these nurses are regarded as ladies, as persons of good class. But their spelling does not always bear this out. I know one who, in order to give news of a patient to the latter's husband, was compelled to use the dictionary for nearly every word. Thus, for many of them, what I said above is justified: they are climbing a rung of the ladder of class. When they leave the hospital, they find themselves promoted in the social scale.

I come to a delicate point—the acquisition of a husband. From the first, at the hospital, the compulsory association of girls and students who are obtaining their medical education together, leads to intrigues of which the end, sooner or later, can easily be foreseen.

In this duel of the sexes, carried on between an operation and an agony, which of the two is the more forward—the medico or the nurse? I cannot tell. The girl knows that she is protected by the law, and is not unaware that the man's failure to do his duty would be a trump in her game.

But let us follow outside the hospital those who have missed or scorned this kind of success. Where will they go? Generally, they will enter "homes" which will undertake to procure them clients, and which recoup themselves by keeping back the greater part of their salary (on an average, two guineas a week, minus certain incidental expenses, such as washing and travelling to and from the home). These establishments exploit them, but they do not mind that. Provided they have the wherewithal to buy chocolate and cakes and to dress fairly well, they trouble little about the sordid profits that are laboriously accumulated week by week. They dream of living in great style, of the millionaire taken prisoner at the bayonet's point, or of the young lord pinned to his bed by a lumbago or a sprain. At tea, the nurses' talk is of these matters; wonderful adventures of the sort are recounted; they feed on them and study them, just as Napoleon's sergeant, who fancied that he had a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, studied his tactics. Those who are tall and well built, and have

a good address, can find employment in certain fashionable homes, where the patients receive visits from their relatives. Men are here admitted. The nurse, without departing from the primness incumbent on her, proceeds in silence, apparently paying sole attention to her duties; yet she does not miss a single one of the glances that steal towards her between half-closed eyelids and follow the undulations of her skirts. Perhaps she reads in them a vague and furtive desire. But it is a far cry from this desire to the sacramental phrase, uttered in clear tones, "Will you be my wife?" So the years roll on. At thirty, she would come down to a major, crippled with rheumatism, or a retired Indian civilian who would have no objection to marrying a woman initiated in the mysteries of Swedish massage. These two types, however, are not met with every day, and the nurse for whom nursing was only a means of getting on becomes bitter and domineering. She upsets everyone in the house she enters, and does not leave it before she has driven away all the servants, annoyed the doctor, and infuriated her patient.

After the personal experience to which I owe the preceding sketch, I was really delighted to find once more the nurse as I understood her, as I knew her of yore, in a book that has recently appeared from the pen of Miss E. C. Laurence.\* This book is introduced to the public by one who deserves and possesses the public's confidence on more than one score—Sir Frederick Treves. If it be true that we owe the beneficent reign of Edward VII to the operation so successfully performed by Sir Frederick in 1902, we must admit that the world in general, and France in particular, is in no small degree indebted to the celebrated surgeon.

"The great merit of Miss Laurence's book," he tells us, "is that it contains nothing but the truth." A splendid encomium, when one thinks of it. No phrase-making; facts, and facts only, briefly narrated in letters written here, there, and everywhere. The continuity of these letters forms a real autobiography, from the distant day when Miss Laurence, in early youth, felt the first promptings to her vocation, down to her return to Europe after the South African War. What was it that prompted her? There seems no trace of religious or humanitarian motives. Miss Laurence wanted to see the world, to act, to do something. Teaching did not appeal to her, and the stage does not seem to have attracted her for a single moment. Accordingly she became a nurse, and, with patience and energy, underwent the severe ordeal of hospital apprenticeship. She has described them without exaggeration, with characteristic conciseness and precision. True, she is not insensible to human suffering, but she has no time for sentiment. In her moments of freedom she becomes once more an ordinary girl; she frankly enjoys a pleasant holiday, a bit of beautiful scenery, a picnic with cheerful companions. On the journey, she observes, she sees everything. In a word, Miss Laurence represents to me a nurse of the lay type in its most favourable aspects.

Strange to say, this book, which leaves on my mind an impression so different from that which I gathered from nurses I have met in real life, leads me in the end to the same conclusion: and this conclusion cancels that which I gave to my former article.

In the exercise of every profession, a sort of equilibrium is established, a final balance between advantages and drawbacks. In the profession under consideration I look for this equilibrium and cannot find it. Neither a love for humanity, nor a bent towards the study of medicine, nor the need of independence or power, nor the bait of gain, nor the vague hope of a fortunate marriage, nor all these motives together can give a woman, unless she is an exception—and Miss Laurence is one of the most remarkable exceptions!—the moral strength required for following to the end this arduous, this cruel career. Whence will she derive this strength?

I see but one answer—from a religious faith of the loftiest type. For faith alone can make us accept this strange bargain, this painful barter of our own happiness for the welfare of others.

\* "*A Nurse's Life in War and Peace.*" (Smith, Elder and Co.)



## Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

### (6) Hierarchy (*continued*).

THE Hindus, as I mentioned in my last article, have not merely four castes: each caste is subdivided, the lowest group in one being, of course, superior to the highest group in the one below it. Indian society is thus like a pyramid, in which respect it resembles most strikingly the social system of ancient Egypt, and also, but to a less striking degree, the social systems of the Mohammedans, the Jews, and the Chinese.

For every one of us to secure and keep the place in the world to which his abilities entitle him is the most difficult problem which the West has had to deal with. The competition to which the attempted settlement of this problem gives rise among individual units in the State is accentuated in the form of class wars; and these class wars are fought out, even if only on a small scale, in the representative chambers which are supposed to constitute the form of government of most European countries. In England, for instance, the economic and intellectual power of the country, and consequently the political power, was long held by the land-owning classes. In the middle of the eighteenth century, English thinkers, writers, and speakers were beginning to pay serious attention to the "rights" of trade and industry. Soon the industrialists of the country had acquired a sufficient amount of economic power to make them fearsome, and in 1832 their power was politically admitted by the Reform Bill, which was confessedly a measure framed in the interests of the industrial and trading community, whose political "rights" had previously been neglected. The political power of the capitalists was naturally followed by the rise to power of their social allies, the middle classes, and of their political representatives, the Liberals.

Towards the latter half of the last century, however, there were groups of intellectuals who had begun to perceive the baleful influence that capitalism was exercising on the nation in general and on the working classes in particular, who were being shamelessly exploited to make a financier's holiday. Much of the energy of the Socialist and Labour movement of the 'eighties was undoubtedly misdirected and wasted; but enough remained to start a Labour Party and to return some forty members of that party to the House of Commons. Then Socialist agitators in general saw what a few of their number had been striving to point out to them, viz., that economic power preceded political power, and that whether the Labour members in the House of Commons numbered forty or four hundred they would in any case be quite useless.

While I naturally agree with the statement that economic power precedes political power, I must, for the sake of clearness, insist upon the fact that intellectual power precedes both. Had the land-owning classes been less stupid, had they paid more attention to the brilliant writers in their own party, there would not have been any Reform Bill. The modern journalist may well gasp when he reads of the rewards, not merely financial, showered upon men like Addison, Steele, Montague, Swift, and Gay, not to speak of lesser men, such as Tickell, Rowe, Prior, and Ambrose Philips. He will realise what happened to both the great political parties by considering the fate of the next generation of writers. Collins, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Dr. Johnson himself, were neglected, and so were most of their contemporaries. Then there was a period of suspense while Toryism and Whiggery gave place to Conservatism and Liberalism. Afterwards we meet with a brilliant band of writers on the "Edinburgh Review," whom Liberal politicians and Liberal hostesses could not sufficiently honour.

Two classes in succession, then, have held power in England—we may take England as a typical Western country, for almost the same thing has happened or is happening in the West—and a third class has now taken up the struggle. To any cultured Easterner this must surely seem sheer anarchy, albeit anarchy sup-

ported by law. If we had any definite standard of existence, such as more fortunate Oriental countries possess, these continued struggles would be unknown. Each class would have its place, and would keep it; and no one would even question its right to do so.

These class struggles are symbolised in political parties, and class wars are fought out over again in the House of Commons, which institution is, to this extent only, representative. There are no representative institutions native to Oriental countries; for the competitive spirit that gives rise to them is unknown in the East. Could England follow the example of either Buddhism or Brahminism for a couple of generations, the House of Commons and all its associations would vanish like a nightmare. The House of Lords, for reasons which I have already given, would probably remain with us.

The truth is, representative institutions are vulgar and Western, especially the representative institutions of modern Europe and America. Those nations most renowned for their intellectual labours, for spiritual outlook, for genius, in a word, never had any representative institutions until they began to degenerate—China, for instance, Persia, and Turkey, though in these countries Chambers of Deputies are more or less farcical at the moment. It is true that Persia, Turkey, and China have degenerated from their former high spiritual standard, but they have not yet quite descended to the level of Europe. The more they do so, the more will the efficiency of their representative institutions improve.

Curious enough, when it is fully considered, is the development of representative bodies in Greece and Rome. As the importance of such bodies increased, the standard of culture proportionately declined; and with the development of popular "representation" we may note a corresponding development of the influence of the financiers of the period. The same phenomenon may be observed in our own country. If history were taught sociologically, instead of merely imperially and patriotically, we should be made to realise how English trade overseas showed a remarkable expansion about the time of Henry VII, how Protestantism (always allied with capitalism) gained a foothold in the next reign, when Henry VIII made himself head of the English Catholic Church, how there was a period of suspense during the reign of the short-lived Edward VI and of Mary, and how finally, with the Elizabethan period, the traders became triumphant. That the Elizabethan period was a glorious period of English literature I know well enough; but this does not alter the argument. For the traders had not begun to use their power, and, besides, the spiritual influence of Roman Catholicism had not had time to die away. The spirit came before money; belief in the power of God took precedence of belief in the power of gold.

The social progress of the next three centuries is well known to those who have read our annals with an eye on social questions rather than with an eye on imperial development. In 1600 the situation of the mass of the English people was just tolerable. In 1700, after a century of Puritanism and "reform" and "democracy," it was considerably worse. In 1800 the poor human beasts were just being driven into factories. In 1900 we were reaping the result of the factory system in the form of widespread labour unrest and a costly and ill-managed war for more and yet more markets. And in 1912 the workers are still dissatisfied, still groaning under heavy taxation, still finding that every year, every month, sees the purchasing value of their paltry wages becoming smaller and smaller.

These are inexorable facts. The class struggle continues. The best friends of the financial groups now ruling the country are only too well aware that they and their patrons are sitting on the summit of a volcano. Who shall advise these chandals? Who shall think it worth while to save them from what they themselves have brought about? A few only go to heaven, saith the Dhammapada, like birds escaped from the net.

## Imperialism

By Peter Fanning.

"We carry to them the blessings of civilisation."

HER time had come. Stealing away from the village at dusk, she crept through the mealie field and then through the bush, till she came to an abandoned kraal two miles away. Here, she imagined, she might be delivered in secret, and hide the evidence of her shame. But, for some time past, amongst her people, her condition had been the subject of comment. The boys of the village had been questioned, to ascertain if any were responsible for this outrage on tribal law and custom. All, however, denied any knowledge of the girl. So from that time she was closely watched, night and day.

Several times she had been tracked to the road which runs from Bond's Drift to Etshowe, and on each occasion she was observed holding converse with a convoy conductor. On one occasion she was seen pleading earnestly with the white man, when he brutally raised his whip and struck her a blow. She went to the road no more. But the watchers who had witnessed the incident returned to the village and reported what they had seen. The elders concluded that the conductor was the seducer and came to a certain resolution in the matter.

And now the moment of its execution had arrived. As the girl with her burden of sorrow stole away from the village, six of her kindred crept after her, stalking her to the abandoned kraal. When she had entered, they gathered around and while she lay in her agony, they heaped up brushwood to the top of the kraal—and waited.

At last a cry of pain—and then another cry reached the listeners—and then the brushwood was fired. The six gathered all the wood they could procure in the neighbourhood and flung it on the burning kraal. At last all was consumed. And when day dawned all that remained of the Zulu girl and her child was a handful of cinders.

Later in the day, John Dunn, "The Zulu White Chief," rode into Etshowe and reported the tragedy to Captain Maunsell, the resident magistrate. A man-hunt with native police was immediately organised and after a few hours' search the six culprits were arrested.

No time was lost in bringing the prisoners to trial; and no unnecessary ceremonial wasted on it. Captain Maunsell filled the positions of judge, jury and prosecuting counsel, and as the prisoners declined to offer any defence, the six were sentenced to death without a moment's hesitation.

But now began the difficulties of the resident magistrate. It was an easy enough matter to sentence six Zulus to death; but it was not such an easy matter to put six Zulus to death in Zululand. No Zulu would carry out the sentence, as the destruction of the girl was in conformity with tribal law and custom. No soldier could be employed on such work, the Zulu war being too recent for the authorities to risk another encounter between the troops and natives. So Captain Maunsell found himself with six condemned men upon his hands without the power to execute them.

The prisoners were confined in a mud fort near the residency, and on the second Sunday after their sentence I paid them a visit, taking with me a bar of soap, a stick of tobacco, and a box of matches for each. I found the prisoners were mostly men of middle age, who accepted their situation stoically enough. There were no whinings or lamentations. They sat in a row, handcuffed on each wrist, a heavy steel chain threaded through the whole of the handcuffs and padlocked at each end. In exchange for my small gifts, they told me the details of the tragedy as related above, and explained that their tribal custom was, for all first-class offences, such as adultery and fornication—death.

Sunday after Sunday for eleven weeks I visited the condemned men, taking my little presents and spending an hour or two in their company. By this time

Captain Maunsell was in despair. I believe, if he could have done so, he would have let the whole lot escape. Relief, however, was at hand, and from a most unexpected quarter.

On the thirteenth Sunday after conviction, just as the orderly-man was about to make out our dinners, a queer figure of a man came lurching across the veldt and presented himself at my tent, "Would we for the love of God give him something to eat?" he asked. "I am starving," said he: "I thought I should never live to reach here."

We invited him to sit down and share our fare, and after he had eaten to his satisfaction we gave him a pipe and tobacco. In a short time he was wonderfully revived and then he told us his story.

It appeared that on the first rumour of gold being discovered on the Rand, he deserted from his regiment in Cape Town and tramped up country. After beating about the Transvaal for a time, he considered it advisable, for some reason which he did not explain, to depart quietly and quickly. He was now on his way to Durban where he hoped to get a ship on which he could work his passage home to England. Such, briefly, was his tale.

At this point, one of my comrades remarked that there was a job going a-begging in Etshowe which he might obtain if he had the nerve. "What is it?" he asked. "Hanging six Zulus at five pounds a head," he was informed. "I would hang the whole damned tribe for one five pounds, if I got the chance," he declared. "Well, you see that white house on the hill over there. If you go there and ask for Captain Maunsell and tell him you are prepared to hang the Zulus, he will welcome you more heartily than if you were a long-lost brother."

"Well, as I wouldn't like to apply whilst in this condition, will one of you lend me a razor till I get a shave?"

A razor was given him, also a shirt and a pair of boots; and in a short time he looked quite a different character.

He set off for the residence of Captain Maunsell and in about an hour and a half returned to our camp highly delighted that he had secured the post of hangman. "Now," said he, "I want you chaps to oblige me with the loan of a rope, an axe, a pick, and a shovel and then I can get to work."

He was directed to the pioneer-sergeant who provided him with these articles and off he went, taking the direction of the river side. He returned to camp as night was falling declaring that he was perfectly satisfied with his labours. That evening when regimental orders came out they contained the following: "All troops will be strictly confined to camp tomorrow; any man breaking out of camp will be severely dealt with."

At six o'clock on Monday morning the hangman left our camp, taking again the route by the river side. At nine he was back again, bringing with him the rope, axe, pick, and shovel. He was in the gayest of humours and entertained us with an account of how he had "polished off the niggers."

"They were brought along all on a chain, escorted by some native police," said he. "I had my rope ready and lost no time in getting to work. A black sergeant gave me the keys and I unlocked the first one. I walked him to the edge of the pit, fastened my handkerchief round his ankles, adjusted the rope round his neck and pushed him off. As he dropped, I jumped into the pit, seized him by the legs, raised him up and then brought him down again with my own weight added, and that fettled him. I then raised him up again, slipped the rope over his head and chucked him on one side. And so I polished off the whole six. Man alive, it was as easy as kiss hands; I wish there were six dozen at the same price. After I'd filled in the grave I went to Captain Maunsell and he paid me the thirty quid on the nail, and here it is." (He slapped his pocket.)

He knocked about the camp till twelve o'clock, at

which time the canteen opened. He was the first man in. At that time we were paying a shilling a gill for McEwan's ale. As it came out in the hops, after a seven-thousand-mile journey on sea and a journey up country on a bullock waggon, it was as thick as pea soup when it reached us, and so strong that after two or three gills a man was prepared to box his own shadow.

The hangman was liberal with his money, and the fact soon reached the camp. Men dropped in in bunches and he gave the order to "fill all hands." More, and yet more troops found their way to the canteen, the hangman treating all comers. Soon the effects were apparent; men began to fall upon the veldt, others began to quarrel and fight, and yet the hangman stood all that would accept his liquor. At four o'clock the last shilling of the £30 had been disposed of for drink and the hangman and two hundred of his guests were lying on the veldt full to the teeth of blood-money in liquid form.

## Present-Day Criticism.

NEW Year is no time for finding fault, but a time for obliging people and for laying aside prejudices of one's own. So we have determined to suppress our outlandish, though very sincere, preference for criticism by comparison with the best that has already been achieved, and to gratify those persons who are always urging us to compare modern works with their contemporaries. Our natural delight in feeling that we are doing a pleasing thing is increased by the reflection that this amiable activity relieves us temporarily from publishing a study of the peculiar type of professor now masquerading at the Universities, men whose horseplay among the chairs of criticism grows daily more astonishing. But we must not even think of these *mauvais gens*, or indignation will boil over and make us forget that this article is to compare a great modern poet with his contemporaries. Holding the reins of our hatred very tightly, we may just so much as mention that the aforesaid poet, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, has been lately honoured with a public lecture by Professor Henry Newbolt. He is, as we hear, the next likely candidate for the award of our Academic Committee of the Royal Society for the Promotion of English Literature, the same which delighted to hand itself down to posterity as patron of Mr. John Masefield; and our intention is to secure for him, if any sort of criticism possibly be needed where merit is so plain, the favour of that surprising body. In comparing one of Mr. Abercrombie's most recent works, "The Six Men of Calais," with works by Mr. Masefield himself, by Mr. James Stephens, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and other stars of similar magnitude, we feel almost sure of satisfying even Mr. Abercrombie, and we rest absolutely at ease concerning all those readers who comprehend, as they so often tell us, these masters so much better than we.

Mr. Abercrombie's dramatic poem describes the setting forth from Calais of the haltered and half-naked citizens, ready to die for the sake of their conquered city. It is a theme which that classical culture, of which we are not herein to say very much, would have treated only with sublimity, delineating in thought and expression the spirit of the sacrifice, and regarding no manner or word as too heroic for the supreme dignity surrounding these outwardly degraded men. Even had they, without exception, been selected from the most vulgar of the citizens, had it been recorded of them that they oathed and spluttered and babbled as do Mr. Abercrombie's figures, a poet of other days than these would have seen to it that their deed was not belittled by *him*. Mr. Abercrombie has, however, a newer manner than all this, one which we could not compare with any ancient, even if we would: it is brand new in our time. So he makes his "Mayor of Calais" and the five others very realistic indeed, as "realism" is meant

nowadays. The opening lines describe a parting between one of the heroes and his love, while the Mayor addresses them thus:—

Have done, Jean de Fiennes: loosen her arms!  
Leave go, you wench! you'll set him blubbing.

And when this essay in "Bridget's blank verse" has achieved its purpose, the Mayor follows up his successful effort:—

Now stand back, all you people! O, the devil!  
Who's to teach sense to a mob? Do hold your tongues!  
We don't want your damned caterwauling grief  
To tell the English that we're on the road.

Now we ask the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of English Literature, or whatever its august name may be, whether the above lines are not worthy of consideration besides anything of Mr. Masefield's? Rant with rant, swear with swear, poesy with poesy, technique with technique down to the emphasis laid on the conjunction—may it not stand along with anything in the great prize "Mercy"? Not? Well, let us try again. We have not put all our eggs into one basket by any means. Hear the Mayor once more:—

Look out behind!  
'Ware turds! The street's a patch of muck just here.

Yeats—whom for the nonce we may name, in the new manner, without any prefix—Yeats, at least, never did finer than this. Bridget's blank verse sounds senile after it. Hear poor Bridget, and judge:—

Because I bid her clean the pots for supper  
She took that old book down out of the thatch.

Nothing there that we could call virile,

A patch of muck.  
Clean the pots.

No comparison! Why, even Stephens comes not half so near sending one's imaginative blood galloping through one's veins:—

My lips went writhing back in a grimace.

It is not so bad of its kind, of course. We should not absolutely disqualify it for the award of the Academic Whatsitsname Society. But in case any one of Stephens' partisans should bring out something of his even more characteristic of the best modern poetry, let us hasten to quote our man once more. What shall be left unsaid of this next noble line of dramatic verse? Find in all literature anything to over-match it. Seek through all poets' scenes of tragedy and threatening death, and if ever poet more maulily dragged out the bowels of a hero for posterity, let the cheated world know of it:—

PIERRE DE WISSANT.  
I'm going to spew.

As is well understood, Bridget's pupils do not yet disdain altogether to admit here and there into their works a little flattery of the ancient Muse, some few lines partially reviving the practically dead sort of poetry; not, however, that much waste of this complimentary character is indulged: a mere classical name is sometimes considered sufficient, and a classical allusion of more than one line should always be balanced by unmistakable abandonment of classical metre. Perhaps it would be only just to hint here that none of Bridget's pups would wilfully employ the technique of the major poets; wherever, for instance, a modern line may be read with the emphasis on the significant words, there, as we should conclude, was an accident! Where, however, two or more occur consecutively we must regretfully condemn a truckling impostor, a double-dealer, who would run with the effete old hare of art and hunt with the lively dogs of the Royal Society of English Literature. Mr. Abercrombie's great poem exhibits no such trimming and shuffling. True, one who wished to be offensively critical might select some romantic lines spoken by poor Pierre, and from these try to convict our poet of a lapse into classicism.

Citizens of Calais, weep not for us.  
Enough for us we save you, and your lives  
Make death delightful to us: you shall see,

When we are past this foolish cloud called death,  
Our names have gone upon a marvellous flight,  
Yea, on a towering journey, that will end  
Close to the sun, like eagles.

The greenhorn may be deceived into taking these lines au grand sérieux, but not so the literary man. The latter will appreciate Mr. Abercrombie's quiet parody of the classic as this appears to our modern poet: literally, it is a high-flown passage, with thin old substance still thinner spread, and as a bit of girlish rhetoric quite appropriately plastered upon poor Pierre. All feminine, all. "Delightful death: foolish cloud: marvellous flight": and the precarious syntax where one is so delightfully, foolishly, marvellously insecure whether the names or the towering journey is like eagles. The context is itself a complete defence of Mr. Abercrombie. Preceding Pierre's speech the Mayor is made to exclaim:—

His speech? I'm spokesman here, mind; I'm the Mayor,  
and his subsequent remarks should enlighten even a greenhorn:—

I've no notion of loitering in the cold  
While you string words. All very well for you.

There we are back in the good idiom of the man in the street. We might point out many more of the especial qualities which should recommend this poem, brief as it is, for the award of the Royal Society of English Literature. We quote still a few lines, selected quite at random, containing such examples of Bridget's technique, swearing, simply dirty words, bluster, blethers, stuffing and mixed metaphors as should secure for Mr. Abercrombie the prize which, if awarded to him, only his jealous contemporaries will dream of questioning. Abercrombie is the legitimate successor of Masefield.

What death is I don't know; but what it is  
To have a damned cold wind tickling your belly  
I'm knowing now too well.

This wind now blowing cold under our shirts,  
It comes upon my skin like creeping moths,  
Pushing the hairs aside; and to feel this  
Cuts into my sense like diamond cutting glass.

As easy wash your feet as change your boots.

I had to pull a girl from off him.

O heroism seems a piddling thing,  
Matcht with the chance of having a girl's love.

I knew not she was mine until too late.

For God's sake mind my legs.

Tell him to go to hell.

There, we have quoted sufficient, our compatriots!

### THE CASE OF SEDDON.

*In this year of grace for me,  
Seddon I hanged upon the tree.*

It was not his sin alone  
That mocked the Seddon in me;  
Nor could his death atone  
That sin upon the tree.  
O drenched with a nation's blood  
Are the hands of Morgan Tud!

I was not the judge they say;  
I was not the people tried  
Who gloried in that day  
That Christ was crucified,  
The Christ of you and me,  
With Seddon upon the tree.

O Mother of Christ, behold!  
O Wife of Seddon, see!  
The judge we paid in gold—  
Poor Seddon upon the tree!  
O drenched with a nation's blood  
Are the hands of Morgan Tud!

All hail to thee, poor soul!  
Poor soul of our England tried,  
And bruised, and spattered, and cursed,  
All hail! at Christmastide.  
Hail! Christ of the crucified,  
The Christ of you and me,  
Of Seddon upon the tree.

Christmas, 1912.

MORGAN TUD.

## The Nietzsche Movement in England:

A Retrospect, a Confession, and a Prospect.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

### III.

It is, then, to the pioneers of science, to those who have left the safe shore of religion and are now explorers upon an unknown and treacherous sea, that Nietzsche should be most urgently recommended, all the more as they have neglected and ignored him too much in the past. It is not good to neglect one's best friends; it is all the worse if one stands in urgent need of them. But to ignore one's enemies is the greatest danger of all—a danger, however, into which men of science, who are far too busy with the smallest and remotest things to see the nearest and greatest, are only too apt to fall. It is a strange thing that those who rely exclusively upon the senses are as a rule not sensitive people, that those who ought to see best see nothing, and are, for instance, quite capable of cheerfully laying out their garden near the edge of a volcano that is by no means extinct. Scientists have no idea that all can again be swamped and killed in a night. They have no suspicion even of a volcano, for it does not spit fire and brimstone any more, but only murmurs "love" and sweet persuasion. It no longer roars and thunders; it no longer slays thousands in one furious eruption; it has become quite gentle, quite a drawing-room, a lecture-room volcano, and the only sign that it is a volcano is, that it still produces plenty of smoke. Let scientists beware of the smoke-producing metaphysicians, of the fog-loving, fog-favouring obscurantists, who no longer look like theologians, but walk about dressed like gentlemen and know how to hide their spiritual cloven hoof under scientific apparel. Thomas Aquinas and Immanuel Kant are by no means dead yet, but very much alive and easily recognised by connoisseurs in spite of their new and modernised garment: they still preach the "faith" to intellectual audiences, though they no longer call it "faith"; they still recommend "morality" to their innocent flock, though they now call it "intuition" and "instinct"; they still win their honorary degree at a mediæval university like Oxford, though—subtle wisdom!—it is no more what it used and ought to be: the doctorate of divinity. Let scientists beware of their holy enemies.

Let them become aware of their danger, and let them not believe that a negative agnosticism is a safe protection against a positive, powerful, and ancient religion. The assumption of Christian morality presupposes a moral order of the universe, and any further inquiry into the laws of this universe becomes useless, this order being once and for all fixed by religion. In other words: only that truth will be admitted which does not interfere with our prejudices—the Pragmatist would say "which is useful"—yet what has truth to do with moral, religious, or pragmatic prejudices? But—and here comes the most important question for science—is there any truth without prejudices; does not all truth depend upon the brain of the man who perceives it? Is not man by his very nature a "prejudiced animal," the only important question being the nature of these prejudices, whether they are prejudices making for ascending or descending life, whether they make for a brave or a contemptible type of man? Of course, man is and must be prejudiced, and the great



danger of the scientist who believes in absolute, unprejudiced truth is this, that without knowing it he will always fall back upon moral truth, upon the truth we have been accustomed to see for more than two thousand years. For the scientific spirit is merely, as Nietzsche rightly perceived, a higher development of the religious spirit, and the scientist of to-day, in spite of his professed agnosticism, is still a very religious personality: how much religion—unconscious religion, I mean—was there not even in Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer? Darwin was even buried in Westminster Abbey, the Church, no doubt, trying to reward him for his (and his disciples') truly Christian sermon on the necessity of adaptation to environment and the goodly reward of such "fitness": the preference given to such fine fellows by the females and their subsequent "survival" in the midst of a happy and numerous family.

And when it comes to the application of Science to Sociology, when scientists—as, for instance, that young and promising Eugenic Party—now wish to take, nay, even have to take upon their shoulders the heavy responsibilities of command and government—responsibilities which were once the privileges of the highest class of human beings—then the guidance of reason and philosophy really becomes absolutely indispensable. Now it may safely be prophesied that these truly progressive men of science will meet with the most hopeless of failures if they persist in taking their duties lightly, if they ignore the magnitude of their task, if they continue to apply their biological laws to human society without any enlightenment as to their significance. It has been rightly objected to them that they wish to apply to human beings the laws of the stud-farm—rightly, I say, because they have quite overlooked the fact that man (if I may say so without being suspected of religiosity) is above all a moral animal. It is values that create and mould men, it is the mind that improves matter, it is matter impressed with high ideas for generations upon generations that in the end brings forth a healthy, happy, brave, and proud type of man.

In other words: the successful "breeding" of men can only be brought about by religious or philosophic faith, but unfortunately our religion, Christianity, had from its very beginning a low type of man in view; it has, with an exclusiveness peculiar to all strong movements, never even tolerated a higher type amongst its followers. Arising from among the scum and the dregs of the Roman Empire, this religion stood for the needs of the lower classes: it had an urgent desire for love, peace, charity, benevolence, brotherhood, justice, but likewise a spite against all those who did not require such sugary virtues, an immortal hatred of all those imbued with active ideals, against all those who hold that charity, love, benevolence, and justice *might* be the attributes of the strong, but should never be the impudent demand of the weak. Now—strange to say—the weak, after a battle of two thousand years, have actually won; they have gained ground especially from the French Revolution onwards, and, pampered by a century of love, charity, and benevolence, the actual Christian ideal, the ideal of the beginning of Christianity, has taken flesh again everywhere around us, and that in painfully strong numbers. We need only look around us: ecce Christiani! What a company it is, to be sure, and how well we now begin to understand the Romans, who despised, nay, actually loathed, this rabble of later Jews and early Christians!

What now are the duties of the Eugenic Party, of all those who have combined in order to counterbalance the predominance of a low type of man in our midst? Their first and principal duty is only too plain: they must learn to know the cause of our present-day conditions, they must recognise that not our unbelief but our belief, not our immorality but our morality, not our heathenism but our Christianity, has driven us towards the abyss of a humanity growing more and more worthless. And they must not only blame our present-day Christianity and our present generation for the calamitous state existing around us; they must likewise

accuse our ancestors, not of their sins and vices, to be sure, but of their very virtues, which are now terribly visited upon us, their children, and make us too gnash our teeth and mutter the words of the prophet Jeremiah: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge" (Jeremiah, xxxi. 29). "Shall we too eat that sour grape, shall we too swallow the old faith?" such is the first question which all believers in Race-regeneration will have to put themselves—the question to be answered first, before they should even think of action. If they do eat it, if they do continue to walk humbly and comfortably in the ways of their fathers, they will be cursed by their very children—for their endeavours will fail; if they do not, if they succeed in forcing their conscience out of the old religious groove, they will be praised by all succeeding generations—a praise and a success, however, only to be won by a sure knowledge and an open confession of their religious position. A believer in race is no longer a Christian in the old sense of the word. On the contrary, he that interferes with the humble, the miserable, the bungled, the botched, the feeble-minded, and their offspring is a most deadly sinner against the spirit of a religion that was invented, that stood, and still stands, for the survival of all the lower types of humanity.

Our friends ought further to consider that it is not enough to repudiate the Christian ideal and its type of man, that it is not enough to be negative, that leaders and creators must have positive aims and desires, that navigators upon the sea must know to which port they are steering. Eugenists, therefore, above all, must learn to know the type of man, or the types of man, they do want. Now a scientific Eugenicist has given up his Christian values, but he has not acquired any new values of his own. How, then, is he going to judge who is fit or unfit? He is quite unable to do so: he will either have to fall back upon Christianity and have the old type of man over again, or—which would be much worse than falling back upon an old and by no means stupid religion—he will "sterilise in the dark." What a terrible mischief they might be able to do—and ought the knife to be entrusted to people who wish to operate upon humanity in the dark; who judge fit or unfit from their own narrow point of view? Do they really imagine that all those who have survived in fairly good circumstances to-day are the "fittest," that there is not above them as well as below them a class that is "unfit," that is badly adapted to the "requirements of progress," a class that comes to grief under the wheels of our civilisation as easily as—nay, more easily than—the really unfit, the wastrels? A silent class that nobody thinks of or takes care of, a class that even refuses to be taken care of, but a deeply suffering class nevertheless, which has been protected up to now, together with its direct opposites, the wastrels, by the mildness of Christianity? How are they going to distinguish those who are ill-adapted to modern life through their strength, their courage, their intellectual honesty, their higher ambition, their superior sensibility from those who are at the opposite end of the social ladder, if they have no reason to guide them, except a grocer's reason, if fitness only means "civic worth"—that is to say, fitness for the tame requirements of a commercial and mechanical civilisation? May not the same thing happen to them that has happened to the Jews, might they not crucify a God between two criminals, nay, may not even criminals, who occasionally possess great strength of character, be of more real value than the "gods" and the "fit" of such middle-class reformers? And to people who have lost the moral values of their religion and have acquired no new ones, to people who have thus fallen even below Christianity,

\* The Mental Deficiency Bill, dropped in England for the time being, proposed sterilisation of the unfit under certain circumstances. Sterilisation of abnormal persons is actually carried out to-day in Switzerland, and some American States. See on the subject, Juristisch-Psychiatrische Grenzfragen, VIII Bd. Heft. 1-3. Halle a.S. (Carl Marhold), 1911.

we are to entrust power over humanity and its future, to them and to their policemen! Is it not, under these circumstances, high time to ask the question: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* In plain English: Who sterilises the sterilisers?

There is no other way for our social scientists: they must either return to the old creed or learn a new one, they must either fall back upon the old morality or learn to revalue their values. Science by itself is no guide whatever in questions of the highest importance in state and government: science is merely clever, intelligent, like a woman; she can see and observe well, like a woman, but she is likewise near-sighted; she cannot generalise, she lacks imagination, she needs a purpose, and a safe direction. Science, therefore, above all, requires guidance and reinforcement from philosophy; all the more so if it is an important science, the science of the future, as the science of race and eugenics promises to become one day. Now men who cultivate this most important branch of knowledge, men who have to decide our future, must be equipped with the highest current wisdom. If they fail to acquire such wisdom, or if they are incapable of distinguishing real from spurious wisdom, they should become more modest, they should not aspire to a position that is above their insight, they should leave the direction of affairs to the religious man who, after all, has some knowledge of the human heart.

They should be all the more cautious and modest as their failure will compromise not only themselves but us as well, for, though they themselves do not know it, one day it will be known that the greatest and truest advocate of eugenics was not Sir Francis Galton, but Friedrich Nietzsche. We may then experience the pleasure of being hanged in their company, and it will be clamorously asserted by the Socialists and other religious sectarians that now, once and for all, it has been proved that the ideas of Nietzsche are wholly impracticable. But, honourable as it may be to be hanged in such learned and scientific company, we beg to protest beforehand against such possible miscarriage of justice. In one of Edgar Allan Poe's stories a monkey sees his master shaving; he escapes one day with the razor in his hand, breaks into a house, forces an old lady into a chair, soaps her, flourishes the razor before her face, and then promptly cuts her throat—but is this master responsible for his caricature, especially as these caricatures have never seen us shaving? Are we to be held responsible for the foolhardiness of scientific Bœotians who know nothing of Nietzsche, nothing of our work in England, a work that was done specially for them and their instruction, a work of twenty years' assiduous labour, done under the most adverse of circumstances by a little band of outsiders?

But I am again losing my "dignity." Let me come to an end and say a few words in conclusion, now that our ways may possibly lie apart, to those outsiders, those friends of mine who have done so much to bring this translation to a successful termination. Their support of the cause during the long years of preparation and publication has been a most able, a most generous, a most unswerving one. Without any desire or hope of praise, they have steadily worked on and accomplished a well-nigh impossible task. For many of them this labour has been one of love: this very index is a contribution from an admirer of Nietzsche, who—just as the devout in the Middle Ages all wished to share in building their Gothic cathedrals—desired to add his stone (and a very good coping-stone too) to the edifice we were rearing. Much trouble, much loving care, has been spent on this edition, and that by people who are still considered strangers to all loving cares, nay, to all human emotions. Let this truth be known, that it may counteract some of the falsehoods current about us, and let my friends console themselves for painful misunderstandings by the prediction of a member of a prophetic race, that one day it will be an honour to have been a first translator of Nietzsche, that one day it will be recognised that they, by bravely facing injustice and unpopularity, have in reality deserved well of their country.

## Lucian.

By E. Agnes R. Haigh.

### III.

THE philosophers fare no better at Lucian's hands than the Olympians. The "Hermotimus" is the most famous of his attacks upon the current profession of philosophy. Hermotimus the Stoic and Lycinus his friend are engaged in a dispute. The great Stoic professor, Hermotimus the Stoic and Lycinus his friend are engaged by Euthydemus the peripatetic. Lycinus: "Euthydemus was pretentious, insisted upon proving his point, would not give in; so your excellent professor, who had a goblet as big as Nestor's in his hand, brought this down upon his adversary and the victory was his." Hermotimus: "Good, so perish all who will not yield to their betters." Lycinus: "Very reasonable, Hermotimus. What was Euthydemus thinking of to irritate an old man purged of wrath and master of his passions when he had such a heavy goblet in his hand?" This same professor, as Lycinus mentions in another place, had been dunning a pupil for not paying his fees. "What does it matter to him if they do not pay up?" asks Lycinus, "he is purified by philosophy, and has no further need for the cast off clothes of Oeta?" Hermotimus: "Do you suppose his interest is selfish? No, but he has little ones; his care is to save them from indigence." Lycinus: "Whereas he ought to have brought them up to virtue, too, and let them share his inexpensive happiness."

Similarly each of the other several sects is in its turn reviewed and condemned. Lucian will have nothing to do with any of the current systems of philosophy, and we search his writings in vain for a definite doctrine to put in their place. This absolute negation of all positive belief was scarcely to be expected from one who claimed Philosophy as the mistress whom he served. But it may be that Lucian put a different interpretation on the word from that which his contemporaries understood, regarding it rather as the one Principle—identical with Truth—which should be made the rule of conduct for each individual. He seems certainly to have wished to discourage all manner of metaphysical inquiry, if we may regard the advice which he puts into the mouth of Tiresias the Seer, in the "Menippus," as a serious counsel: "The life of the ordinary man is the most prudent choice. Cease from the folly of metaphysical speculation and inquiry into origins and ends, utterly reject such clever logic, count all these things idle talk, and prove one end alone, how you may find that which your hand finds to do, and go your way with ever a smile and never a passion."

At times Lucian's love of denunciation carries him so far that he seems to ridicule even the great founders of the philosophical schools as well as their degenerate followers. But no doubt this much licence was permitted to the successor of Aristophanes, consistently with the real respect with which he admittedly regards the ancient sages. He could hardly afford to spoil his point by a too-conscientious discrimination, or by the introduction of saving clauses. A passage in the "Runaways" makes it clear that his real attacks were directed against the false, not the true, exponents of Philosophy. The goddess Philosophy is making her complaint to Zeus of the manner in which she is treated in Greece. She tells the story of her earthly career: "My first flight was not directed towards Greece. I thought it best to begin with the hardest part of my task, which I took to be the instruction of the barbarians. With the Greeks I anticipated no difficulty; I had supposed that they would accept my yoke without hesitation. First, then, I went to the Indians, the mightiest nation upon earth. I had little trouble in

persuading them to descend from their elephants and follow me. The Brahmans are mine to a man; they live according to my laws and are respected by their neighbours, and the manner of their death is truly wonderful. . . . On my first arrival the Greeks received me without enthusiasm; they did not, however, wholly reject my advances; by slow degrees I gained over seven men to be my companions and disciples. . . . And then there sprang up the tribe of sophists, a motley Centaur breed in whom vanity and wisdom meeting were moulded into one incongruous whole. . . . My followers would have restrained them and exposed their errors, but they grew angry and conspired against them, and in the end brought them under the power of the law, which condemned them to drink of hemlock." I have quoted the passage at length because of this most interesting reference to Indian philosophy. That an alien race, an Oriental, had actually preceded and surpassed Greece in the realm of intellect and pure reasoning is a startling admission for a Greek, even a Syrian Greek, to make. The Hellenistic world must long have been aware of the many foreign elements in its mysteries, in many of its cults, and, in particular, in the philosophic sect of the Stoics, whose founder and greatest leaders were almost foreigners coming from wild Cilicia and semi-Oriental Cyprus; but the Greeks, even of this period, had a convenient skill in explaining away foreign influence so as to save Hellenic pride. In Lucian's time, of course, they were no longer dependent on tradition only for their knowledge of the East. Strabo and Arrian, deriving their information from the India of Megasthenes, had both given more or less accurate accounts of the Indian "wise men," or "sophists" as they called them, and Plutarch had shown that in many points their notions coincided with those of the Greeks; "they invented fables also after the manner of Plato on immortality of the soul, punishments in Hades, and similar subjects." There is also strong reason for supposing that certain ideas and beliefs of the Sankhya system which flourished in India in the first century of this era had found their way into Alexandria, where they afterwards bore fruit in the doctrines of the Neo-Platonist school, whose teachings show so striking a resemblance to those of Yoga. For all that there is, I believe, no single instance of admission by any Greek writer, if we except this passage in Lucian, of indebtedness to Oriental influence, or even in recognition that Oriental philosophic systems could have any intrinsic interest of their own, independent of the Greek. Contempt of the barbarian, even more than loyalty to Hellenism, remained to the end one of the most persistent features of Greek orthodoxy. Thus Dio Chrysostom, a rhetorician of the first and second centuries, declares that the Indians say in their own language the poetry of Homer, a fancy based no doubt upon certain chance resemblances between some leading characters of the Mahabharata and Homer's heroes; and Philostratus, a contemporary of Lucian, in his life of Apollonius of Tyana, asserts that Greek literature was held in high esteem by the Brahmans—a statement entirely without support from any Indian source. Most typical of all is the testimony of Quintus Curtius, one of the historians of Alexander's exploits: "Amid this corruption of morals who would expect to find the culture of philosophy? Notwithstanding, they have men whom they call philosophers, of whom one class lives in the woods and fields, and is extremely uncouth. These think it glorious to anticipate the hour of destiny and arrange to have themselves burnt alive when age has destroyed their activities or the failure of health has made their life burdensome. . . . Many other things have been related of them, but to interrupt with them the progress of this narrative I consider quite out of place."

To return to Lucian. Religion and philosophy were the favourite subjects of his attack, but he found occasion also for showing up many of the time-honoured institutions of his day. The "Anacharsis," an exceedingly able piece of dialectic between Solon the Sage and the Scythian Anacharsis is a discussion of the predominance of athleticism in the system of national

education which will easily engage the sympathies of the modern reader. Anacharsis criticises and ridicules the gymnastic training of youths in Athens, and the Olympian contests, and Solon defends them. Their argument finally carries them to Sparta and Lycurgus' method of education, and Solon explains how boys are scourged at the altar, while their mothers look on exhorting them not to give in, but to endure to the last extremity, and mentions that there are many instances of boys dying under the trial. "Lycurgus," explains Solon, "was not wasting the State's young blood for nothing; he only thought it proper that defenders of their country should have endurance in the highest degree." "Solon," queries Anacharsis, "did Lycurgus take his whippings at the fighting age or did he make these spirited regulations on the safe basis of superannuation?" In the same dialogue Anacharsis complains, "I have had enough of this sun; how it scorches one's head! I did not want to look like a foreigner, so I left my hat at home." Apparently the fear of being mistaken for a tourist is not merely an idiosyncrasy of the present day!

The theme of "Alexander the Oraclemonger," finds its analogy in the present-day craze for fortune-telling. Here is an extract: "Among his" (i.e. "Alexander's") other patrons was one of the charlatans who deal in magic and mystic incantations; they will smooth your course of love, confound your enemies, find you treasure, or secure you an inheritance. This person was struck with the lad's natural qualifications for the trade, and gave him regular training as accomplice, satellite, and attendant. For the realisation of ambitions, advancement or successions, he took care never to assign an early date. The formula was, "All this shall come to pass when it is my will and when my prophet Alexander shall make prayer and entreaty on your behalf." Lucian describes various traps that he laid for Alexander. For example, "I asked only one question, but wrote outside the packet, 'So-and-So's eight queries,' giving a fictitious name and sending eight shillings. Satisfied with the payment of the money and inscription on the packet, he gave me eight answers to my question, which was 'When will Alexander's imposture be detected?' The answers concerned nothing in heaven or earth, but were silly and meaningless altogether. He afterwards found out about this, so he naturally conceived a violent dislike for me. When Rutilius once put a question to him about me the answer was 'Night-haunts and foul debauch are all his joy.'"

The "Demonax" is interesting as being one of the very few collections of bonmots made in antiquity. Lucian was an admirable judge of wit, and the essay is excellent reading. This is a typical story: A certain Sidonius, a sophist, much given to boasting, was pluming himself on being familiar with all the different systems of philosophy. "Let Aristotle call, and I follow him to the Lyceum; Plato, and I hurry to the Academy; Zeno, and I make my home in the Porch; Pythagoras, and I keep the rule of silence." Then rose Demonax from among the audience, "Sidonius, Pythagoras calls!"

So far the instances quoted have shown us Lucian the sceptic, the witty, ironical man of the world, whose judgments seem hard, unfeeling, and purely intellectual. This is the side of his character which he prefers to show the public and is the aspect of his genius, by which he is commonly recognised. The emotional and spiritual part of his temperament he keeps in the background, but it may be detected. Beneath his satire and raillery is an undercurrent of earnestness, a *σπουδαιότης*, which explains what he meant in that passage in the "Dream-vision," where the goddess Culture makes this promise to the boy Lucian: "It is your self of selves that I shall deck with righteousness and soberness, piety and gentleness, with true equity and intelligence, with power to endure hardness, with a love of beauty, and with all those impulses that are most nobly serious."

(To be concluded.)



## Views and Reviews.\*

THIS is a day of small mercies, but, as they are mercies, let us be proportionately grateful. For the essay has fallen on evil times: the name is taken so literally that any crude attempt to arrive at no conclusion is dignified by the title. Belloc wanders and Chesterton erupts, Birrell is silent and Stevenson is dead. Wells promised to write essays more interesting than his early novels, but sociology sobered him into a writer of occasional articles. If Lucas were Lamb, he would not be tolerable; and he is not Lamb. Grierson mastered the form of the essay, but lacked the spirit; the positive mood in which he wrote destroyed the sense of intimacy that is the charm of the essay. So one might run through the list of modern writers, and find nothing current worthy of the name of essay; nor have I discovered in Mr. Jackson an essayist of much merit. Indeed, in the technical sense, he is not an essayist at all: he does not begin with his axiom, state his thesis, and proceed to his demonstration. He is modelled on Shaw rather than on Stevenson: he writes passages, not paragraphs, the exordium takes the place of the essay, and his conclusion is usually to be found in his first line.

Mr. Jackson has a sense of humour, and a sound commonsense in judgment, even if he does lack structure and literary charm. But the humour is not always spontaneous, and his conscious attempts to be comical are banal. "Ridiculous, I replied to myself. I have never seen the woman till this evening. She is nothing to me. Liar!" That is the sort of rubbish he can write when he is so minded; and I can only tell him that if he does not mind his epithets he will have to make excuses. Nowhere is his structure more at fault than in "Our Common Tongue." Dialogue in an essay is a solecism; it is an admission that one has found the wrong form for the expression of the mood on thought, and the dialogue in this instance is of such poor quality that it ought to be a warning to Mr. Jackson to utter his banalities in the drawing rooms that are their birthplace. Whatever may have been the actual genesis of this conversation, the mood is not properly expressed by it; for "sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd but it reserved some quantity of choice to serve in such a difference." I do not wish to assume that Mr. Jackson chose to write in this fashion: I prefer to think that his artistic sense, never very strong, forsook him at this juncture, and the lack of it made him look a fool on paper.

He writes about Woman, of course; no essayist would be worthy of the name if he did not; and his point of view has some novelty. He accepts the feminine assumption that woman is a mystery to man, and argues that she is also a mystery to woman. "Religion wakes in the man," he says, "and his struggles and inspirations are reflected in the countless systems and convulsions that have compelled men before him. How did they strike women? Politics have been his ancient game, and she has looked on. War answers to strong impulses in his temperament. Here, indeed, she has cried out, but who has listened? Consider the brotherhood of men in schools and universities, and its preachers, teachers, orators, generals, and leaders who find audience and response and obedience. Where are the gatherings of women? What solidarity or communion have they known, what women do they sit under, learn from, applaud, follow, obey? The history they learn is the history of men. What man has done man can do, but can history move a woman's soul? Not as it is written, any way, for they use the same text-book. Every pulse, desire, and necessity in man has its exposition there, to which we may turn for edification, but every woman child comes into a virgin world, a primæval jungle where, even as the pioneer's wife is dependent on him for aid in her natural curse, no woman's hand is stretched to aid, no woman's mind has made a clearing, or set up a landmark. No woman

has painted man for her, but what is more terrible, no woman has painted woman for her. No female philosophy instructs her, no gynocracy offers protection, no prophetess has founded a creed for her, no woman-poet expressed her, no priestess ministers to her." There is, to me, a pleasing novelty in this view of woman, and, once again, it is a man's view; but Mr. Jackson's humour saves him from concluding that woman is a sphinx. The conclusion that he reaches is that "if Man is a horrid fact, Woman is, perhaps, a pleasing fiction"; and it is serious enough for its subject.

But his views on marriage and divorce please me most; for the marriage reformers are of all reformers the most despicable. There stands the law, penalising man and woman alike in exceptional circumstances, offering, in ordinary circumstances, an impertinent social sanction of a physiological state. If the law is abominable, if the prohibitions and penalties are irksome, at least marriage is not compulsory. Legal marriage is a voluntary contract, and, if one objects to the terms, one need not enter into it. To ask for the reform of a law that is not compulsory is an absurdity; a few decent people have only to live beyond it for a time for the law to reform itself. People forget that civil marriage was instituted for the relief of dissenters, who refused the blessing of the Church; and, even now, although civil marriage is condoned, it does not meet with the same degree of conventional approval as ecclesiastical marriage. The point is that social sanction may be obtained for any form of sexual union if it is practised, and the practitioners are otherwise commendable to their neighbours; and legal sanction, if anyone cares about it, will not lag long after social sanction.

But these cowardly marriage reformers want the freedom of the loose liver with the recognised status of marriage; they postpone even their promiscuity until the law allows it and society approves it. As Mr. Jackson says: "The agitation for cheap and easy divorce and remarriage is not for freedom of action—that exists already—but for the stamp of legality that will enforce conventional approval. The hardship is not that two people are fast tied, for the social unit is perfectly fluid in action, and no physical restraint is put upon free love, although a considerable measure of ostracism visits the exercise of the liberty. And that the exercise of individual liberty may carry no penalty, the agitators would constrain the public conscience by law." With true English insistence on the fact, he affirms the idea of possessive marriage; "when two people make a public pact of mutual alliance and service, and consideration passes, they do in a real sense belong to one another, and have a distinct and valid claim each on the other. . . . The absolutely independent status of the married person is not tenable, and if one party to the contract breaks the contract the other has a grievance and should have a remedy, or there is no advantage in civil life. The social and economic circumstances of the parties are inevitably changed by the marriage as well as by its abrogation, and hostages to fortune are given in more ways than one, and subsidiary parties to the contract spring up and a small host of new relationships are formed by it, and concentric ripples of activity start flowing to all points of the compass, and cannot be recalled. Society, in consequence, sensible of its interdependence, makes it unpleasant for people who perform unsocial acts, and frowns upon the light-heartedly offered compensation of dancing at the new wedding." His particular conclusion is that there should be no re-marriage of the divorced person, since he or she has forfeited public esteem by the breach of contract: his general conclusion is "that marriage is Hell is an older and more succinct way of putting a general complaint, but that divorce is the road to Heaven is a more dubious signpost. The direction formerly given was to be good."

There is, I am glad to say, nothing very original about these views; their sturdy common-sense is refreshing after the feeble fantasies of the marriage re-

\* "Cross Views." By Wilfrid S. Jackson. (The Bodley Head. 5s. net.)



for ners. Mr. Jackson is a veritable Englishman, the only one known to me in modern literature, with the exception of Mr. Stephen Reynolds. In these days of denaturalised Irishmen, and imitators of Continental lunatics, we are apt to forget that there is still in existence the typical Englishman, and that he is not necessarily inarticulate, although he may be less loquacious than the "advanced" writers. I recommend these essays of Mr. Jackson particularly because they express a characteristically English view of their subjects, are expressive of good humour and have occasionally flashes of wit.

A. E. R.

## REVIEWS.

### **The Daily News and Leader Year Book, 1913.** (6d. net.)

Without the affectation of giving both sides of current controversies the above Year Book contains ninety-nine-hundredths of all the information relating to public bodies, persons and subjects that the unprofessional reader, however conscientious, is likely to need. On the subject of the Insurance Act, indeed, there is rather more of Dr. Addison than we personally can tolerate without resort to what is known at public meetings as "the voice."

### **Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory, 1913.** (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

The thirty-second year of publication sees this encyclopædia of women's pursuits, profitable and pleasurable, much enlarged. Scarcely a word is contained of the suffrage, and the occupation of agitating for a vote is not yet included under remunerative employments. Nevertheless there are hundreds of occupations still open to women, and more are opening every day. All labour (almost) has now been taken for their province. The present work is among the indispensable to all whose business is with women's affairs.

### **Who's Who, 1913.** (A. and C. Black. 15s. net.)

It would be difficult to imagine anything of its kind more efficient than "Who's Who." The number of times a publicist must borrow it, if he has not bought it, brings home to him his dependence upon its contents. The current issue runs to considerably over two thousand pages; but how many biographies (or autobiographies, should we say?) are contained in them we have not time to count. And still there are not enough! For we shall never be satisfied until everybody is somebody.

### **Books That Count.** A Dictionary of Standard Books. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

Though some 5,500 books, mostly published or republished within the last three years, are briefly described and classified, the work as a whole is unsatisfactory. Under the title of Socialism, for example, we find no reference to Mr. Walling's "Socialism As It Is," the best analysis of Socialist kinesis that exists. Under the name of Nietzsche we hear of Thomas Common, Anthony Ludovici and Dr. Mugge, but the work contains no hint that a complete English translation of Nietzsche exists. The invaluable works on Politics of Ostrogorsky are not so much as mentioned; and Phillipson on International Law is similarly and unaccountably missing. To be of any real value a work intended for reference must not commit such errors of omission.

### **African Times and Orient Review.** First Annual Number. (158, Fleet Street. 1s. net.)

Quite the best Christmas number of any magazine that has come under our notice. It is, however, by no means what an ordinary reader would expect. There is little of Christmas foolery in it, the articles being for the most part of a serious nature and dealing mainly with the coloured races of the world. The contents, too, are extraordinarily unequal. Some were not worth printing, others are worth reprinting. But from the cover by Mr. Walter Crane to the concluding illustration, the whole bulky volume is spontaneously alive and pleasing.

### **The Cottage Farm Month by Month.** By F. E. Green. (Daniel. 1s. net.)

The twelve chapters composing this delightful volume appeared serially in the "Daily News," where we read them as we read everything from the pen and experience of Mr. F. E. Green. The "Awakening of England" first revealed Mr. Green as one of the half dozen or so men still alive who understand the land problem and could solve it if they were given the chance. The present volume records in pleasing and happy vein the experience of the author on his own small holding. His trials and tribulations, as we have reason to know, are common to small-holders everywhere in the absence of co-operation. Not for a thousand pounds, however (to adapt Nelson), would most small-holders, though in the thickest of the fire, be anywhere else than where they are. The reasons are suggested rather than stated by Mr. Green; for he is a practical artist.

### **Sex and Sanctity.** By Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

For ladies privileged in their own right to live on Rent, Interest and Profits, Mrs. Re-Bartlett's thoughts on marriage, sex, militancy, the franchise, etc., have possibly considerable value. They are invariably gentle, sweetly unreasonable even when they are not sweetly reasonable; but, on the whole, they are much too vague and, if we may be forgiven, highfalutin, for our taste. With the motif of the book—the integration of the human soul—we are in sympathy, but the means suggested appear to us to be too conscious to lead to success in so delicate an art. That, in fact, is what we would say of the women's movement as a whole: it is so rationally aware of its intentions that it becomes garrulous and loquacious about them. But did any great artist ever permit his superficial chattering mind to share and to blab all the secrets of his soul? A less gushing quality we confess we should like to perceive in the more cultured writers on the Franchise; but even Mrs. Re-Bartlett can rant like this: "Across the sorrows of many centuries woman has been slowly educated towards the vision and the power which are breaking upon her to-day." What is this vision or this power? The solidarity of women we can understand from its prototype in what is known as the freemasonry of man. If the women's movement conduces to this solidarity it will indeed have accomplished a marvellous feat. But we regret to say that we see as yet few signs of it. Women are still women's worst enemies, particularly in women's exclusive affairs. The growing power of women, on the other hand, we fail entirely to discover a sign of. Liberties are being almost daily given or taken by them, but liberty is still as far off as ever, even farther. It is indicative of the social level of thought on which the present work moves that the economic problem is barely recognised. We do not remember, indeed, that even a passing reference is made to it. But the practical question for women is, if they no longer find men "good enough" [really, willing enough] to marry and to live upon, how will they live themselves in the absence of Rent, Interest and Profits. The wage-market is competitive and scantily affords men a living wage. What will become of both sexes if women enter industry before the wage-system is destroyed? Our own conclusion is that it is the business of the modern knight to "save women in distress"; and to do so by, first, abolishing the wage-system and, secondly, by opening the Guilds to women if they should then feel disposed to enter industry. Mrs. Re-Bartlett's book may be useful when the economic problem is solved; but in the meantime, its value is oligarchic.

### **Poems.** By George Foster. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d.)

The writer appears to be exceeding weary of this planet. All Nature arouses in him nothing but a wish to die and be at peace. Nought save the dirge is worthy. Well, well, rest in peace! Posterity will refrain from moving thy bones!

## Art.

### The New English Art Club and the Chenil Gallery.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

I WONDER how many readers who depend for their guidance in art matters on such papers as the "Spectator" and "Evening News" were actually given what they required by these distinguished organs in regard to Augustus John's two exhibits at the above mentioned exhibitions quite recently. Really, to pass over in silence such articles as that of the "Spectator" critic on November 30, and that of Mr. Lewis Hind in the "Evening News" of December 4, would mean not only that one was actually indifferent to the manner in which art was treated, but that one was also thoroughly remiss in that duty of general vigilance which seems to me to constitute above all the charge of the critic of any craft whatsoever.

Let the "Spectator" critic and Mr. Lewis Hind rest fully assured that there was no need to approach their criticism of John in any captious spirit in order to be disappointed with its substance. Let them disabuse their minds absolutely of the suspicion that it necessarily gives me pleasure to find fault. There are some things that are so large, so enormous, that one actually trips over them. There are some errors of judgment which are so appallingly obstructive that they have either to be overthrown or accepted—they cannot be overlooked. It is impossible to overlook the "Spectator" critic and Mr. Hind's bungling of Mr. John.

There are two ways in which a man can write about things he doesn't understand. He can either perpetrate "howlers" of taste and acquire the reputation of being a bold fool, or he can write non-committal drivel and be canonised for evermore as a sober fool. Of the two men the former is decidedly to be preferred; because, as a rule, he at least says something definite, whereas the other man beats about the bush with but one longing in his heart—that of getting to the end of his allotted space in his journal as soon and as safely as possible.

Early in the year, in the "Oxford and Cambridge Review," I felt it was my painful duty to protest against the "Spectator's" utterly futile criticism of Futurists. Once again I feel that it is impossible to refrain from some remarks, however polite and moderate they may be, concerning the utter superfluity of such art guidance as was given by that journal to its unsuspecting readers on November 30.

The comments deal with Mr. John's picture "The Mumpers." It is a picture full of difficulties for the public and the critic. It bristles with challenges. No picture that has ever been painted was ever more in need of a frank and uncompromising attitude on the part of the critical *spectator* than this picture of Mr. John's. Listen to the chief points in the article to which I refer:—

"There are signs of hurry in the whole composition. The face of the old man with a pipe seems to have been drawn in from an etching of Mr. John's Rembrandt period that he found lying about [What has this got to do with it, anyway?], and the hands have not even been made to suit it [I wonder if this critic's hands suit his face, or his feet!—Nonsense!]; the figure in the grass is boneless, the roll of the smoke from the fire takes away the base of the chief group and rather destroys the monumental effect to which he has given so much care in the massing of forms and silhouette [So easy and so vague!] The lonely and hateful baby on the grass yells! [Now listen to this!] as well it may at the impossible task given it to link the two groups together. But Mr. John's faults always seem to have come from want of time rather than from want of will or of hand. Apart from the tremendous pressure of the draughtmanship and the oneness of its inventions, which show how completely this artist possesses his own imaginative world [pompous platitudes!] there is

his unfailing, almost dainty decorative instinct, by which he captivates so many people who hate his subject matter and his ideals. [Ah! At last we are on safe ground! Everybody's doing it! When in doubt, play on decoration!] His choice of a clay field with isolated patches of grass was never surely made by Mr. John the gypsy [hoity toity!], but Mr. John the decorative artist. [Safe again! What a relief!] No wonder his whole band here have a questioning and protesting look." [How witty! But still, it covers one more line and a column is a long space to fill when one doesn't know what to say.]

So much for the "Spectator." I wonder how many even of the dull-witted spinsters who get their intellectual excitement from that paper really thought they had received any information from this article. Now let us turn to Mr. Lewis Hind in the "Evening News."

"John is an anarchist in art. He is self-sufficient. He cannot, of course, cut himself altogether away from the past; he cannot forget that he has looked upon the naïveté of Giotto or the languorous grace of Botticelli; but, more than any of our younger artists, he is brilliantly himself."

It seems necessary to point out to Mr. Lewis Hind that a man can be brilliantly himself as well as self-sufficient without being an anarchist. He may, for instance, embody the traditions of a whole school in his own person. Until we know therefore precisely in what respect he is an anarchist, the above passage is mere chatter. Perhaps the next comment of any value (half-way down the column, if you please, with a sort of "We-shall-soon-get-to-the-end-of-our-task" cheerfulness running through the whole) may enlighten us.

"... John's vivid, heartless, delightful decoration of the rest hour of gypsies called 'The Mumpers,' cunning in drawing, arrogant in colour, teaching nothing, showing little reverence for man or for nature, for his pigment or for his gypsy pals, but the whole thing done so brilliantly, seemingly with ease, full of omissions, yet nothing significant omitted."

It really would be worth something to hear what the average reader of the "Evening News" made of this amazing passage. At first sight all these strong words make you think that you are really in the presence of strong uncompromising writing. "By Jove!" you say, "this fellow Hind is a stunner for powerful expressions of opinion! Such vehemence of speech can only be the outcome of sound knowledge. No one would dare to be so incisive who did not understand his subject." Read the passage again and you will discover your error, for it means practically nothing. The words cancel one another out, and those that are left uncanceled, like "vivid," for instance, offer no guidance. I defy Mr. Lewis Hind to write even half a column of lucid explanation upon it. To many probably it may sound perfect sense; but to those who treat these matters even with a little less seriousness than a child bestows upon his rocking horse, it is simply a flourish of words, an empty piece of rhetoric. And this is all the more to be regretted, seeing that, whatever you may think of Mr. John's work, at least it deserves the most thorough and serious analysis, particularly vis-à-vis that portion of the public which would be grateful for expert help in these difficult questions. And what is Mr. Hind's conclusion?

"John is pure artist, a great draughtsman who, not being thoroughly at home with pigment, discards the traditional method of painting, and simplifies his colour into flat washes. He draws beautifully and stains his contents with primary colours. He is artist. He claims nothing from life but his art."

Now, apart from the fact that it is difficult to reconcile "pure artist" with the idea of an "anarchist"; apart from the fact that all simplification is not necessarily a sign of incompetence or of not being "at home" with his medium—a fact which Mr. Hind could have discovered for himself at the Chenil Gallery, I ask again what guidance does this paragraph give to one who realises that Mr. John's work is full of problems? It may be easy to find fault; it may even be fashion-

able nowadays to take trouble to find fault where there is little fault. I humbly submit that I am not prompted by any desire to find fault where there is none. I feel simply that there are some who require guidance on such matters as Mr. John's work, and I emphatically deny that either the "Spectator" critic or Mr. Hind offers these people any assistance whatever.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IT is a little more than six months since "Hindle Wakes" was produced by the Stage Society; therefore, the play has become what newspaper men call a "classic." There is no need to write a biographical note of the author: his history began on June 16, 1912, and must be familiar to everybody; but the play deserves some notice. Certainly, if the advice of Horace is sound, that a play should be kept in the cupboard until the ninth year, criticism that has been delayed for six months is not really belated. If, in the interval, the author has become "famous," and, like another Cerberus, has barked in three directions at once, the criticism is opportune. In matters of art, men need the adverse voice most when they hear it least; and when praise only encourages them to become imitators of themselves, to produce veritable copies of their own work, it is time to turn our attention to the work that brought them "fame."

"Hindle Wakes" is in the modern tradition; that is to say, it is drama without action. Before the play begins, a Lancashire girl employed as a weaver has spent a week-end with the son of her employer. Mr. Stanley Houghton assumes that, in the eyes of everybody who knows her, she is ruined; and that the only way in which she can become "an honest woman" is by marriage with her "seducer." The assumption is dated 1890, at the latest; in these days, when two out of every three adults are unmarried, a playwright ought to make a different assumption. If Mr. Houghton had made a different assumption, "Hindle Wakes" would never have been written; and we should have been spared a very dreary play. For the whole three acts are simply conversations in a diluted Lancashire dialect directed to the arrangement of a marriage between the "ravisher" and his "victim"; and the conclusion is that the "victim" refuses to be married. "You're not a fool altogether," said Fanny. "But there's summat lacking. You're not man enough for me. You're a nice lad, and I'm fond of you. But I couldn't ever marry you. We've had a right good time together, I'll never forget that. It *has* been a right good time, and no mistake! We've enjoyed ourselves proper! But all good times have to come to an end, and ours is over now. Come along, now, and bid me farewell."

It is my turn to make assumptions. I assume that Mr. Stanley Houghton thought that I should be interested in Fanny Hawthorn. I am not. I do not care whether she is a virgin, or a married woman, or a girl on the "loose." Her sexual affairs do not concern me, or anybody else; for nothing turns upon them. If there were a strike beginning among the Lancashire weavers, Fanny Hawthorn's "good time" would not prevent it. All the affairs of life would go on as usual, even in the household of the Hawthorns, whether Fanny Hawthorn were married or single. For if, as Maeterlinck once argued, sexual chastity is not a social virtue, neither is sexual unchastity a social vice. It has no consequences other than personal; and as drama is essentially a social art, Fanny Hawthorn's "good time" is not a dramatic subject. The inference that "Hindle Wakes" is therefore not a play is obvious, and may be deduced as my judgment.

I assume, also, that Mr. Houghton thought that, if I could not accept "Hindle Wakes" as a play, I should at least admire Fanny as a "free" character. I do not. I remember a story that Montaigne told in one

of his essays about a woman who was outraged by a number of soldiers; and as they marched away next morning, she stood in the road and publicly thanked God she had had her fill for once in her life, without sin. Fanny has no such assurance. The whole of the first scene is devoted to a cross-examination whereby the truth is dragged out of her. So long as she thought that her people were ignorant of her escapade, so long did she lie about it, and try to pretend that her behaviour while on holiday had been of the strictest propriety. It was only when she discovered that they knew that she admitted the truth: it was only when her mother refused to have her in the house that she chose to "live her own life." A character that has to be forced into self-expression and self-assertion is not a free character; it is simply that of an unsuccessful hypocrite. We know that all her big talk about choosing her own life simply means that she may work for another employer, and live with other people very much like her own, and deceive them about her "right good times." Mr. Houghton will be able to write what he calls a play about every one of her week-ends; he has, as they say in the profession, "struck oil," but I don't quite understand why he should suppose that the plays would be interesting to me as a member of the public, unless, of course, Mr. Houghton is playing with "ideas."

That is probably the explanation; anyhow, I will make the assumption. Mr. Houghton puts forward "Hindle Wakes" as a contribution to the discussion that is now raging concerning an identical morality for the two sexes. "But it's not the same," said Alan. "I'm a man." "You're a man, and I was your little fancy," replied Fanny. "Well, I'm a woman, and you were *my* little fancy. You wouldn't prevent a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?" The assumption that Mr. Houghton is playing with "ideas" is fortified by the quotation: Mr. Houghton is undoubtedly an "intellectual." Who but an old Tory or a modern intellectual ever thought that an identical morality meant an identical immorality? This is really a profound contribution to the paradox of procreation.

But Dr. Johnson said of Chesterfield's letters that they taught the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing master. Fanny's manners are certainly not those of a dancing master. Certainly, she can lie, but she does not compliment with her lying; and her only defence to a too forceful cross-examination is a sulky silence. When she does speak, her language is not a contribution to our literature comparable even with that of Chesterfield's letters to his son. Chesterfield was sententious enough, in all conscience; but he could turn an epigram, and his interest had some range. "Petrarch better deserved his Laura than his lauro"; that was how he treated an historic love affair. But Fanny, with her "right good times," and "we've enjoyed ourselves proper," adds neither a grace nor a phrase to the language. There is not throughout the play one phrase expressive of real feeling; we are offered nothing but the clichés of Lancashire interspersed with quotations from other plays of the repertory type. Why should Mrs. Hawthorn, for example, suddenly develop a taste for pious speech in the third act? She had been brutal, and domineering, and mercenary throughout the play with success until Mr. Houghton remembered "Nan," and thought that a reference to the Lord would add a new infamy to his creation. But the only effect of the phrase is to produce an uncomfortable feeling that the apparent blasphemy is unnecessary. A character cannot be made by quotations, although, as Montaigne showed, a character can be expressed by them.

I conclude that Mr. Stanley Houghton is not acquainted with the rudiments of dramatic art. He has chosen a subject that is not dramatic, dealt with it from an aspect that excludes all action, led it up to a crisis that does not occur, and repeated on the stage the common speech without embellishment, or even artistic selection. That is not drama.

\*"Hindle Wakes." By Stanley Houghton. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net).

## Pastiche.

### THE CHANGELING.

Oh, surely, she was in love! Reflecting both in her mind and the mirror—she had nearly lived at the mirror since once He brought her, a willing Vashti, before all his friends and they proclaimed her Venus's double—she was quite sure she was in love. Yet, to convince herself, she took a look round the room, strewn with hats and a pink bed and little duckey boots and the best cigarettes and ever so many perfumes with the spray tops she had always coveted. With a weeny sigh of security, she smiled back to the mirror. Yes, he was a coming genius, and a catch in every sense of the word. How vulgar the commercial travellers seemed now, how boorish the engineer, how most inexpensive the provincial actor! Yet for the engineer she had scrubbed floors, for the actor she had lived on oatmeal, for the bagmen she had endured what unholy tedium of quick-lunches, the longest things on earth sitting on those hard high stools! She was not critical in those days. N-no! But why had she even thought she was having such a Life? "No use blinking facts, my dear," she said to her face. "You *did* enjoy yourself. You were a real child playing real games, and now you are only Dinky's Baby. . . . Good heavens, I look perfectly ugly. I look forty. Marie! . . . Marie!! . . . Oh, bring me a little thimbleful." Two tumblersful made all the difference. "I'll pin my hair up. . . . He'll be sure to pull it down when he comes in. Oh, Dinky, darling, come, come, my LOVER!" She rattled on to the mirror: "Well, miss, I really hopes as how you'll be happy. Dearly beloved brethren, all we are lost and have strayed from our ways like false teeth. But, my good woman, it's all the difference between optimism and peptonism, and if I don't do this in Dinky's absence I shall fairly break one of these days. Mah, mah, mah!" So for ten minutes, clattering about the room, punching the pink bed, whistling, singing, mimicking all sorts and conditions of people, and as suddenly she sat down on the chair before the mirror and was "only Dinky's baby." "I think my white velvet will suit me to-night," said Baby; so she put it on, arching her throat and getting an amazing look like the advertisement mannequins, something tame-tigrish, very Scarlet, alluring—no, leery. The final grimace was of *hauteur*, real white velvet mannequin *hauteur*. Her very nails, as she cut them off, dropped with an air. Slowly she fitted on a ring or two. Slowly she turned from the mirror. Slowly and solemnly she leaned upon the post of the pink bed. Enraptured she flung forth her arms. And just then he came in.

"My beautiful one!"

"Oh love!"

"Eons since I saw you."

*Sotto voce*: "Oe-er!" *Aloud*: "Silly darling. Oh, his little hair's quite wet. Naughty boy. I told you not to run up the hill. Now trot off and take a bath."

"One more—exquisite!" Mummumum.

"There, now di-rectly! And what boots! Oh, it is a bad boy. I'll beat him!" And she did fetch him a pretty hard slap, covering its weight with kisses all over his habitually mal-de-merish countenance. "Now—trot!"

For the first five minutes of his bath she sat on the edge of the pink bed and looked very like an interesting but bored suburban female. Then she snatched up a volume—the journal of Eugénie de Guérin, and, reading, decided, almost, to enter a nunnery. Do not ask why, when the bath was over, the knock at the door turned her once more into Dinky's Baby. She was a changeling, and you can't explain changelings. The "real child" threw a hair-brush at Dinky the very next evening, but Dinky's Baby lisped it "wuth tho thorry thweetheart!"

ALICE MORNING.

### A PRAYER DURING NEURALGIA.

I pray whatever gods there be,  
General Booth or Beerbohm Tree,  
Gods of the earth and air and sea,  
Gods that are wage slaves and gods that are free  
To keep the following things from me:  
Politics, thrift, and pedal blisters,  
Books that are anything like Owen Wister's,  
Aunts that are voteless and militant sisters,  
Biblical puzzles and moral twisters.  
And all that's called Nonconformity.

From lights o' love, good gods defend me,  
And, if I'm caught, then, good gods, end me!  
And keep me from post mortem levity

With all the dear little eider down angels  
And whatever females Paradise range, else  
You'll have to invent some more little strange hells  
In which I can spend eternity.

From fried fish shops, the Salvation Army,  
Masfeldian rhyme and all that would harm me,  
Defend me, ye gods, and be ready to calm me  
When I smell a Eugenic Society.

From ranting saints and godly Wesleyans,  
Disgruntled bosses and female fleshly 'uns  
And that fair dame that did enmesh me once  
Keep me, ye godlets, and my sanctity.  
Please do not let me grow a skeleton,  
Or, when I die, carry to hell a ton,  
And give my voice, if poss., a mellow tone  
To tickle Mephie's aural cavity.

From religious convictions, gods, preserve me!  
Let no one marry, who doesn't deserve me,  
And if you love me, gods, reserve me  
A well cushioned seat in the balcony.

If you do this,  
O givers of bliss!  
I'll write you some music  
Guaranteed to make you sick,  
Or set Ernest Newman  
Immediately fumin'.

I'll make no more promises,  
Please ask the goddesses  
To wear pretty bodices.  
Meet me at Heaven's portal  
And make me immortal. Amen.

D. R. GUTTERY.

### EPIGRAMS: MANNERS SERIES.

TO MR. T. E. HULME.

Great Hulme! as you are known in the Poetry Shop,  
Hulme the Metaphysician! as runs your advertisement  
before my eyes, why had you no father beside you to  
frown you out of re-publishing your Complete Poetical  
Works? 'Twas no bad small jest to print them—once, in  
a miscellaneous column. Had you left them there, the  
world would not now be exclaiming—"Great Hulme! he  
never meant 'em as a joke." Your seriousness excuses  
you from a charge of impropriety, but you should be  
warned that such seriousness, if exhibited, *mutatis*  
*mutandis*, by an artisan among artisans, would get him  
entitled "—the Looney." And metaphysicians may  
prove equally indulgent to you.

TO "RHYTHM."

What a nest of crickets you've become! Crickets on  
the "Hearth and Home." Or is it rats? I think it must  
be rats. The captain has gone down, and the ship—  
Watchman, what of the ship? To be sure, it was a  
horrid captain to go and jump overboard like that, but  
really, was he so bad while he was alive? Was there  
not any amount of food for little rats? And all of his  
providing? Now you are encumbered with "this man's  
debts"; poor man, he was simply the one and only It  
five minutes ago. "Encumbered by this man's debts,"  
you have to begin again, true; but only from where you  
left off before he subsidised you! You "have no natural  
aptitude for business." Neither had he, by Jove! "Prose,  
Poetry and Pluck-ed" is his epitaph. Why he spent his  
whole fortune on assisting one and another little journal,  
yours included. Lie low, little rats, and say nuffin: the  
facts are Fleet Street gossip!

But let me not waste this opportunity of asking who  
was gulled by your "Pall Mall Gazette" exploit? And  
how came Filson to be so very young? Nobody cares, of  
course, who gulls the "P.M.G." spinster and the Alder-  
shot colonel. For my part I should have smiled exceed-  
ingly to see them trotting up to seek the loving pair  
with bursting reticules and an eye on a godchild. Only,  
considering the legal disability, from the Hanover Square  
view, of the lady in love, perhaps the joke was not quite  
the ticket. I should not have mentioned it in public,  
however, except that I actively dislike rats.

TO MR. REGINALD MCKENNA.

The Voice: "What! you're surely not going to hang  
that boy!"

: "He is hanged already."

The Heart: "Skat, Karr, bish! the — regards the  
business as one of the perquisites of his office."

T. K. L.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## DEMOCRACY—OR MR. KERR?

Sir,—Mr. R. B. Kerr's letter in your issue of December 26, very nearly gave me pleasure. What! Does American Democracy now shriek, "Down with Neo-Malthusian devices! Imprisonment for fornication! Death for adulterous lovers!"? If so, what a change has come to pass in the paltry year and a bit since Mr. R. B. Kerr wrote, in your number of August 14, 1911, that "the really striking feature of our time is that the theories of these poets" (in favour of sexual freedom and unchastity after marriage) "are at last being put into practice by sober members of the middle class, and the skilled artisan class, who know almost nothing of literature and art. England has hardly reached this stage, but the United States and Canada have got well into it within the last few years." And this is "considered quite respectable."

Yes! Mr. Kerr's letter nearly gave me pleasure, for I confess I was a little frightened by his first dirty bogey. Now I can smile blandly, for the part of the map carefully marked "Scylla" by Mr. Kerr is now so incongruously dubbed "Charybdis" by him, his Greek goddesses are so suddenly Gothic devils, that it seems certain that neither Mr. Kerr's facts nor his deductions are of the slightest weight, they are not basic, they would judge the river by the froth and scum along its bank.

But what are we to get out of letters so contradictory beyond that, thank humanity, neither democracy nor woman is as bad as Mr. Kerr would have? I pray I may misjudge no man, but in Mr. Kerr's letters I can see little but Mr. Kerr himself and the desires of his heart.

NEVILL ELIOT.

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## THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir,—This cutting from the "Star" may mitigate some of the pangs which one or two of your readers have suffered through my more or less cheery view of the safety of Christmas shopping and feminine peregrination in general. If it were not for the strange and cruel spirit of those who "have been exploiting this crusade for their own purposes," I should have found the whole business laughable. But there is something very bad at the bottom of the agitation, no doubt several bad things, the persecution of impecunious aliens and especially of political refugees being one that is only just being recognised. By the way, the first case under the Act was "a moonshine story." But if the man had happened to have been a thief, who doubts but what he would have been convicted as a procureur?

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

The peculiarity of this business is that the agents and the victims are almost entirely of foreign birth. There are exceptions, but not a great number, so the officers who are acquainted with the extent of the evil will tell you. This is, no doubt, connected with the fact that procuration has always been a dangerous operation since 1887 if the victims are to be disposed of in this country.

The difficulty of placing them in a house from which they cannot escape, and the danger that at any time they may be discovered by friends, has been too much for most of these scoundrels of both sexes.

But these difficulties have in the past been absent from the traffic in girls for foreign countries, the United States and the Argentine being the usual destiny of these hapless victims. Those who know the facts best are very strong in denunciation of the reckless and exaggerated statements made by persons who have been exploiting this crusade for their own purposes, which would lead to the conclusion that it is not safe for an ordinary English girl of good looks and humble life to leave her home.

Such "scare-stories" do infinite harm in many ways, and an official thoroughly conversant with the position of affairs told a "Star" representative that he could not remember the case of an English girl who had been "procured" against her will. If such cases in the past existed, they were very rare.

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## TRUE IMPERIALISM.

Sir,—Please allow me to thank you for the Imperialistic tone of several of your articles, especially those by "S. Verdad," this week.

It is quite right, what is there suggested, true Imperialism is making the heart of the Empire sound, for only then will it perform its right work.

Putting idle land and idle hands to work in England, and infusing activity evenly into all branches of our home life is the truest form of Imperialism that can be preached.

The same is equally true of the supply of sailors for our Navy. At present the supply is being killed by the decay of our trawling industry and the dispersal to all parts of the world of the finest specimens of English manhood extant. If you would only concentrate now upon nationalising the fishing industry and so preserving the hardy race of British seamen, and at the same time providing the people with cheap fish, many might believe in your Socialism as really practical.

E. L. WHITTING.

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## THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—In reply to the perfectly just observations of Mr. Pierce Loftus, let me say at once that I endorse the literal truth of every word he says. But he and I are thinking on two different planes. In the letter to which he replies I said that the Turk had survived the efforts made to oust him, "by astute diplomacy." Concessions are but diplomatic bribes. That "Turkey is the happy hunting-ground of the shady capitalist" (as often, by the way, a native Christian as a European), proves, I think, that capital has not got hold of Turkey, or capital would have established its own rules and checked free lances.

Your correspondent shows more forcibly than I could do the manner in which Turkey has been bullied, and her Government impeded, by foreign interference of an altogether shameful kind; yet, when he sees her Government "an appalling failure," blames the Turks. I think the Turk can govern; Mr. Loftus thinks him quite incapable. The fact remains: he has not had a chance.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

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## WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Mrs. Beatrice Hastings is evidently something of a Christian Scientist, for she considers thinking and talking about a thing is as bad (or as good) as doing the thing. I believe there is something in that proposition, yet I would like to ask Mrs. Hastings to solve me this problem. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and the Women's Liberal Federation have been talking about the suffrage for a good many years—I don't know how many, at any rate, they began before I was born, and that seems an awfully long time to me, and they have not done the thing yet. In fact they have been told by their own wonderful champion, Lloyd George, that they haven't talked enough. Nay, more, they have been on their bended knees all this time, and yet he tells them he wants more, he wants to be coaxed.

It would be interesting to know why the principle illustrated by Mrs. Hastings does not apply here.

DELIA MACDERMOTT.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: "Needless to say, the thing discussed must be possible to be done and, further, people must be affected towards doing it. In the case of the suffrage, women cannot grant the vote to themselves and men are not affected towards granting it. They are affected against granting it. As for suffrage discussion, there has been some propaganda against the vote, but Miss Macdermott, like all suffragists, ignores this."]

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## THE GILBERT AND ELLIS ISLANDS.

Sir,—Christmas has intervened to prevent my communicating to you the latest news of these unfortunate islands. On December 17, in Parliament, in reply to Mr. Pointer, Mr. Harcourt at last admitted what has been contended throughout, namely, that when the monopoly of the island phosphates was first secured by a late Government official on behalf of a private company, the representations made were fraudulent. The royalty charged by the Government to the company was 6d. per ton; and this paltry amount was agreed upon in consequence of the company's own statement that the market price on the island was about 10s. per ton only. In fact, however, it was quite five times as much, and on the mainland it is now selling for over £3 per ton. Mr. Harcourt admitted that the Government had been deceived, he repeated that he was engaged in extracting a further sixpence per ton royalty from the Company (he will be out of office, I fear, before he gets it), but he made no promise to cancel the concession or even to inquire into the slavery now endured by the natives in the service of the company's 400 per cent. annual dividend. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Harcourt imagines his duty at the Colonial Office to be. At present it appears to consist of fending off from effective redress any grievance by which a private English company is profiting in our colonies, at the expense of the natives.

MERVYN ROBERTS.

## THINGS THAT TRAVEL.

Sir,—The enclosed cutting is from the "China Republican," via "Life," via the "Westminster Gazette":

## A JOKE.

"Lack of work is a plea that has often been urged 'in defence' at the police-courts," says the "Westminster Gazette." "A young man, charged with begging, tried it on at Marylebone yesterday, with a rather amusing result:

"The Prisoner (to the magistrate): You are always asking us why we don't work, but you never find it for us.

"Mr. Paul Taylor (with warmth): It is an absolute lie. We find men work at this court every week.

"Prisoner: Well, find me a job.

"Mr. Paul Taylor: Twenty-one days.

"The appropriateness of the answer to prisoner's petition was only equalled by its readiness. He will doubtless urge another excuse next time."

Will someone kindly send word as to where the "amusing" part of this story comes in?—"Life."

PENANG.

\* \* \*

## MORE HUMOUR!

Sir,—I hope you will find room for the enclosed. Twenty-four years old: nine years in prison at various periods: 152 lashes, plus 10. Good God! But, of course, South Africa is still a savage country and these things are not done in the dear Mother Land. Who said "Rats"?

ERNST OSFONTEIN.

## KIMBERLEY NATIVE'S RECORD.

Kimberley, May 23 (Reuter).

A native convict, for escaping from De Beers Convict Station, was this afternoon sentenced to six months' additional imprisonment and ten lashes.

During the short period the prisoner was absent from the station he broke into three separate houses, stealing clothing and food.

During the course of the subsequent case on a charge of housebreaking, it transpired that the prisoner, who was only 24 years old, had undergone nine years' imprisonment at various periods, during which he had received 152 lashes. Prisoner made no resistance, and went quietly to the station when recognised by the convict guard.

P.S.—Should it not be "Kimberley Magistrate's Record"?

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## THE CREATION OF MATTER.

Sir,—Though I could hardly have expected better of him, yet I am sorry that Mr. Finn thinks his example of two and two really well chosen. I hope it is not his friends who are leading him astray.

Two buns and two buns no doubt make four buns, but let us take a very similar case which, however, does faintly suggest the question which we are dealing with. Not very many years ago every well-informed person, whether a schoolboy or a mathematician, would have said without hesitation that the sum of the three internal angles of a triangle was neither more nor less than two right angles. But since the days of Lobatchewski, Bolyai and Riemann it has been recognised more and more that this is only a special case of a general proposition, and is only true after we have made certain limiting assumptions, viz.: those defining the Euclidean surface. Those who understand non-Euclidean space would quarrel with no one for saying that within these limits the three angles equal two right angles. But if the Euclidean geometer calls all who see something which he cannot see fools and says that what he himself does not know cannot be, they must simply leave him to go his own way. It is only himself that the materialist hampers by insisting on a simplified or kindergarten universe. He does not alter the facts by refusing to see them. The reason for trying to combat his fallacy is that in this foolish age, when people are so inclined to believe all that is said with sufficient loud assurance, he may be preventing others from looking for and perhaps finding something of considerable value, by shouting "cannot" at them.

To finish off the question of matter, since the only argument which Mr. Finn will accept is the argument of the observed fact, and as I cannot put the clock on 20 years, the best I can do is to offer to bet him 10 to 1 in £5 notes or peppermint drops, as he prefers, that within twenty years it will have been shown that "matter" is not in-

destructible, in other words, it will have been observed that "matter" can become non-existent. The universe will not have disappeared, and Mr. Finn will be there to see, unless he has undergone whatever kind of annihilation he has mapped out for himself after death.

Though I shall win I have some doubts about getting my wager, for I feel pretty sure that Mr. Finn (unless he has been converted in the meanwhile) will play a round-square quibble such as he has now put up to laugh at, and will say that he didn't really mean "matter" at all.

There, I think, we must leave it, as I said in my first letter that I feared we should have to do.

M. B. OXON.

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## BELLOC AND NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Mr. Belloc's "The Servile State" is one of the most remarkable works that even the author of "Emmanuel Burden" has given to the world. Here is a carefully-reasoned book on economics which never envelops us in the academic meshes of "curves" and statistics. Here is an edifice of social reform constructed not out of the gold and marble of an idealist's brain, but out of the humble bricks and mortar of obvious, everyday facts. It may seem an impertinence for anyone to criticise your journal's articles on Guild-Socialism, so admirable for their breadth of vision and constructive power. Yet in reading Mr. Belloc's book I could not help feeling: "Here, somehow, we are nearer to realities; here we are keeping to the highway of things as they are or can be, whereas the Guild-Socialist is taking the cul-de-sac of things as they ought to be and can't be."

Mr. Belloc and the Guild-Socialist agree that the present capitalist system cannot last. But whereas the Guild-Socialist presupposes a spirit in the people that will enable his system to come into being, Mr. Belloc sees that, in England and Germany, at any rate, that spirit is broken. He shows that, in falling into its new mould, our disintegrating society must take the line of least resistance. Any of the ordinary forms of Socialism proposes too violent a disturbance of existing relations to be practicable (the fallacy of buying out the capitalist Mr. Belloc clearly exposes). Accordingly, England must develop into the "servile State," the State in which the many perform forced labour for the benefit of the few. Such a State is already foreshadowed in the "Minimum Wage" scheme and the Insurance Act. The vast mass of the people will acquiesce in this system, realising that it is the only workable alternative to their present insecurity; for the chief dread of the modern proletarian is not God or Devil or tyrant, but (as Mr. Belloc points out) "the sack."

To the Nietzschean the book is one of consummate interest. For he sees a devout Christian dragged against his will, as by an irresistible magnet, to that tremendous intellectual force which we call Friedrich Nietzsche. Of course, Mr. Belloc never mentions Nietzsche by name. How could he sit at the feet of the Anti-Christ? To do Mr. Belloc justice, one may well believe that he never consciously intended to sit at Nietzsche's feet—in fact, that he wrote the whole work without once thinking of Nietzsche. Yet it is as though Nietzscheanism were permeating the air, uttering its message even to those who would fain be deaf. Here we have a Christian tacitly admitting that a select few are born to leadership and are capable of leadership, while the mass of mankind are born to slavery and are ready to submit to slavery. The only essential point of difference is that Mr. Belloc deplores this state of things, looks upon it as an evil modern development, and ascribes it largely to the blight of Protestantism.

Now this much is true: that so far as Christians are concerned, it is only from a Catholic thinker that we can get any real approach to Nietzscheanism. For the Church of Rome, except in so much as it is based on the teachings of Christ, in many respects comes near to the ideals of Nietzsche. Industrialism can never become such a curse in Catholic countries as in England or Germany—since the priest, who wields enormous power, stands for humanity as opposed to the cash nexus. In England the clergyman is generally either the jackal of the capitalist classes or the teacher of an "individualism" for which most of his flock are unfit. At the same time, the Church of Rome inculcates a respect for justifiable discipline, for real intellectual leadership—a suppression of that unhealthy spirit of inquiry by people who are not fitted to inquire.

Then, too, this Church, while assuring woman that she

has a soul to be saved, is careful to keep her in her proper place. Catholic nations have always controlled their women fairly well, and therefore made them happier, more efficient, and more attractive; physical and mental angularity in woman, feminism, suffragism and all the rest of it, are essentially products of England, America and Scandinavia. Finally, Rome absorbed and still preserves a good deal of that cheerful paganism which Luther and Calvin did so much to eliminate. The worship of ugliness, the rejection of art, the dullness of life, so characteristic of Protestantism, have generally been quite foreign to the Catholic régime. Any student of Nietzsche knows that he saw much to approve in all these aspects of the Roman Church, and that what he really attacks are the original teachings of Paul and the Reformers who would strip the Church of all later acquisitions.

Yet, when all is said and done, the Catholic is a Christian—though a far less consistent Christian than the Protestant—and Mr. Belloc is no exception.

If you admit, with Aristotle and Nietzsche, that the majority of mankind is permanently born to slavery, you can hardly continue to belong to the community of Christ. Mr. Belloc regrets other ages, other countries, in which he considers that individualism worked or works with success. He sighs for the distributive State of the later Middle Ages, with its trade guilds and free peasantry; yet one might also argue that the earlier aristocratic feudalism was better suited to the needs of humanity: that the individualism which took its place was perhaps happier for a time, but paved the way for religious reform and democracy, with their inevitable crop of evils, that has not ripened until our own day. He points out that Catholic countries such as France and Ireland have largely escaped the development of an industrial slave-state; but this may be due to the fact that they embody more of those pagan and patriarchal elements which go to make up the higher slave-State of Nietzsche. That France and Ireland are agricultural rather than industrial is probably a result, not a cause, of this state of things.

Now Nietzsche is free from all this Christian insularity. He, although an intensely religious man, was not bound by the ordinary scruples of European religious men. He did not see the world through Judæo-Christian spectacles. He was the founder of a religion, the religion of the Superman and the Will to Power, which declares that the primitive Christian virtues, while tending towards the preservation of the slaves, are unsuited to those who have to command. He does not fall into the inconsistencies of Mr. Belloc, who is afraid as a Christian to confess what as a clear-sighted thinker he cannot fail to see. It is indeed difficult for one of Christian or Jewish origin (Nietzsche has proved the essential identity of the two creeds) to understand Nietzsche, to grasp the coherence underlying his apparently disjointed work. For there is nothing harder than to divest oneself of the centuries-old shackles of inherited tradition.

The Bellocian servile State seems almost bound to come—even the difficulties which Mr. Belloc raises or ignores are not insuperable. Men are profoundly influenced by words and their associations, and the word "slave" is certainly not a pleasant one. We might therefore find for the new relation a term conveying a less base connotation. The word "insurance" is already a step in the right direction. Mr. Belloc shows conclusively that the relation itself will not be repulsive to the mass of modern men. He observes, however, the danger of the lack of a military spirit, the peril of attack from non-servile nations. In the first place, it is by no means certain that all civilised States are not drifting towards this system. In the Catholic countries the process will take longer, or perhaps even the transition to Nietzscheanism will be direct. Secondly, if the proletariat realised that conquest by a non-servile State would lead to the old insecurity, or to a harsher servitude, there seems no reason why they should not be prepared to fight for their country. Some may point to the danger of arming "slaves," but this again illustrates our thralldom to words. If there is no disgrace in the servile relation—if the workers realise

that they are far better off under a system of forced and regulated labour—there need be no hostility between the directing and labouring classes. As to this military question, what, after all, is Continental conscription but a form of slavery disguised under the names of patriotism and civic duty?

While it thus seems certain that the Bellocian State will soon be upon us, it is no less certain that with that State we shall not have reached the highest possible form of human development. The upshot is, that we may find a final solution in a combination of Belloc and Nietzsche: in other words, the way to the Nietzschean community lies through the Bellocian State. The old commercial standards will at first survive. But as time goes on and society becomes more stable, the Nietzschean system must emerge. Money-getting for its own sake cannot become the permanent aim of humanity. "Where there is no vision the people perisheth": ideals there must be, and the ideals to which the new State will naturally turn—unless some more potent teacher arises—will be those of Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche or Christ—these are at present the only alternatives: and, in the servile State, Christ will be impossible. Mr. Belloc sees this latter point, but, being a Christian, he can see no ideals but those of his creed, and thus leaves his poor servile State without any ideals at all. No Protestant could have a bleaker vision of the future than has this Catholic. Only Nietzscheanism can lead us out of this impasse. A sound system of eugenics will prevail, free alike from that false "humanitarianism" which is more devastating to the race than all the Tartar invasions, and from the false eugenic theories that preserve the wrong persons. Science, instead of bolstering up an outworn ethical system, will be harnessed to the service of the Superman. Thus Nietzsche's true leaders, the men of strong and beautiful bodies, wills and intellects, will be developed. The elements of Christianity may still be used for the maintenance of which Nietzsche called "herd-morality." But the world of masters will rid itself of the paralysing doctrine of original sin, and find a new Bible in "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

P. V. COHN.

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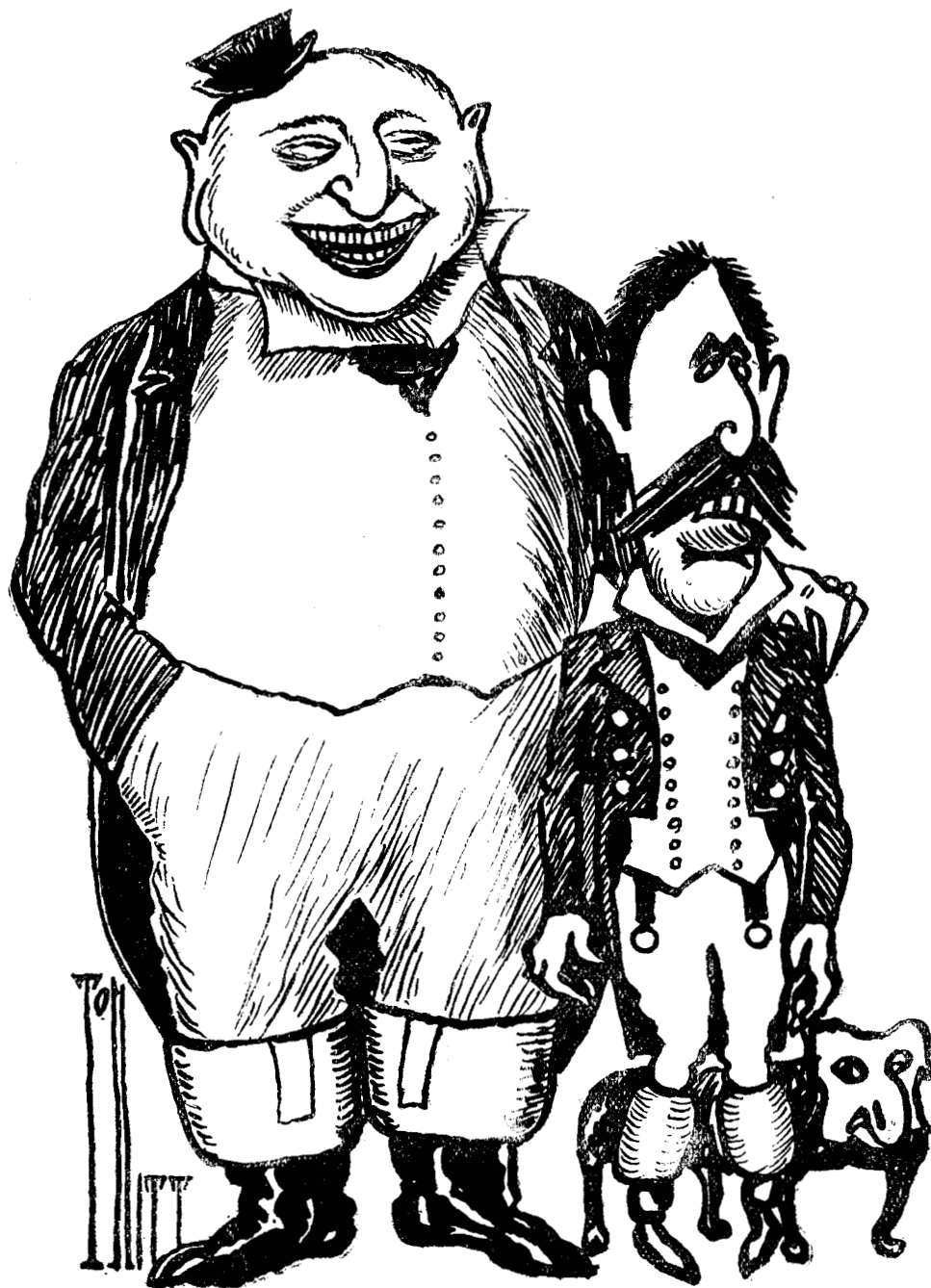
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