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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, just 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to wish the Bill had never been passed; they wish the Insurance Bill had never been passed; they wish it might be repealed.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 so unpopular? It cannot be that the popular has calculated the costs and balanced them against the returns in terms of figures, for this actual work 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.

Against this unreasonable 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 clock 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 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 stringency 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.

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 unfairly affected. The Friendly Societies, to whose rescue Mr. Lloyd George has broken faith, are hard up and feeling their losses, and 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 concealed 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. 

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 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 Lobbying Parliament was trying 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 afocalation of the new members. More than half of the total number of wage-earners are now permanently coralled 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 arc to break down the Act irrevocably.

That is to say, if the Act is not broken before that date by the doctors' strike, 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 seen at this moment in the figures of the minority of doctors who have broken their oath, how-
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, 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, any 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.

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. As this doctrine is applied it means no more and no less than No public money without public control. As the doctrine is 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 unfortunately 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 is 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 unfortunately 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.md. 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 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.

“Eiring last month 165,926 applied for employment and only 24,586 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 flush which has sent white-slave traffickers out of our islands.”—The Bishop of London.

“Mr. Walter Long is decked in colour always. He cannot help it, for Nature has painted him with the tint 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.”—WATCHER in the Press.

“The day after today will see many old-time Conservatives, re-incarnated as Liberals, believing in the rights of individuals.”—“Watcher in 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 destablise 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 intimation 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-Christians. 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 kept 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 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 whereas Christianity rates 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 rushed in with suggestions of self-government "exploiting" the native labour; sweating is general in those towns where European manufacturers and merchants have 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 something 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 crime 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 weaknesses 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 British 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 barely a century. Venice at her best lasted for more than three hundred years; Spain's dominance in South America lasted for nearly four hundred years, which would seem, on the face of it, to indicate that these contemptuous 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 short 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 lower 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 respect the prejudices and superstitious views of the people. It comes to 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 are 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 mistakes diagnosis, this article is not addressed. They may be self-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 the matter, and who would rather put to the proof another man's treatment, this book is most heartily recommended. It is not my purpose to claim 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 author 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 unmercifully 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 be modified in some way. "If a cell with a temporarily fixed nervous pole 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 reasoning is correct, it 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 cells of the pharynx, conjunctival glands, 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 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 vesicles, 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, for example, 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 the 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 fibre, which is the acti-
vating 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 it is 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 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
unfixity of polarity—in other words, the centrosome of
a leucocyte is in no particular position, relative to
the nucleus of the cell. If, therefore, the leucocyte
amalgamates or conjugates with epiblastic or hypo-
blastic cells, we can understand how those cells gain
the power of growth by merely belonging to the cancer-
gametoid cell. "It has long been asserted by phy-
osophists and biologists," says Dr. Ross, "that
leucocytes amalgamate with connective tissue cor-
puscles 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 leuco-
yte 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 cer-
tain 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 phago-
cytosis 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 inten-
tion, 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 a
leucocyte, a mesoblastic cell of absolute unfixity of
polarity, is capable of amalgamation or conjugation with
other cells. "Examination of microscopic speci-
mens of a cancer reveals different conditions at different
parts of the same tumour. One observes fibrin, mono-
nucleated cancer cells, and polymorphonuclear leuco-
cytes in the older portions of the cancer, and also every
sign of quiescence and abandonment of the cancerous
growth. On the other hand, examination of the "grow-
ing point" of the cancer reveals a multi-
tude 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 cura-
tive reaction in the growing line of a cancer, such as
appears round roots or tubers of the legume. Exa-
mination under the microscope, however, constant-
ly 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 found: the various tissues 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 indicated lymphocytic or nuclear 'dekalisation,' which is the clear indication
of polarity and the function of growth acquired by cells
that become cancerous is probably conferred by amal-
gamation or conjugation with mononuclear leucocytes.
In what circumstances? Obviously not in normal
circumstances, or malignant disease would still 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 hormone of
the human body. The germ theory has no valid appli-
cation 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, shows us that, although red
blood corpuscles in conditions of health are not com-
monly supposed to possess nuclei, yet in cases of malig-
nant disease, and especially in advanced cases showing
profound anaemia and exhaustion, many red corpus-
cles circulating in the blood are found to possess nuclei.

Red blood corpuscles, as the carriers of haemoglo-
bin, the colouring matter of the blood, are composed
of proteins, lecithin, and cholin on the addition of water.
Nuclein and nucleo-albumin possess a considerable pro-
portion 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 com-
pound 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
haemoglobin 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 fresh red blood cor-
puscles 688 are water, 303 are organic solids, and
only 8 parts are minerals, of which 6.1 parts are potas-
sium 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 de-
iciency 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; and examination of the red blood cor-
puscles shows that the ratio of the two kinds of cells
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 potassium 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 elder, perry, and other fruit
wine, green tea, cocoa, and from malt liquors made from
malted barley and hops by the direct process. All "refinement" or "special" prepara-
tion of food or drink which causes it to depart in the
least from that which is natural tends to "de-potash," or
de-kalise" the tissues, and thus make them an element of diet, which on the face of it seems to pre-
dispose 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 strew instead of steaming our meat, to see that possi-

bility 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 increases 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 which potassium, magnesium, calcium, and sodium, are comparatively rare; among cancer cases thus 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 these two groups of elements is shown by the fact that when administered to an animal in excess at once 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 not surprising, when 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 to an animal experimentally can affect beneficially a case 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 cancer, 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 wound, 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 chald.

Things have followed their ordinary course; the institution, in its development, has revealed some weak points in its organization and have been attacked and overcome. As an example of the work as a call rather than a profession, has been succeeded by a different generation: one which sees in

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 improvement, 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 within a few 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 complete curing cancerous infiltration. There is now no glossecia." 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 codennation 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. Norfolk, 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 space even to summarise the facts given by Dr. Ross. I can only ask those who 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.
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, and I wrote: "One was covertly at war with the doctor, another openly at war with the servants; another was constantly devising new methods of teas ing her patient, to whom she had taken a dislike. The only one who was a little on her side, 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 by experience on the wards, but a kind of personal accusation, and the "Journal des Détats" 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 troubled always 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 a little on her side, because she was not allowed to treat acute bronchitis with draughts of air, in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

So the years roll on. At thirty, she would come down to a major, crippled with rheumatism, or a retired Indian civil servant too old to undertake further campaigns 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 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 one score only, that of Miss 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."

It is a splendid encomium, when one thinks of it. No phrase-mongering; facts, always facts, in brutal and life-like writing. 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 conscientiousness and precision. True, she is too faint-hearted 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 contrary, she obeys her vocation as a vocation.

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 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 various leads me to undertake this cruel career. What 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 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 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 and spokesmen 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 a financier's holiday. Much of the social and political power which they had gained 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, led by Shelley, Tennyson, and others, 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 in 1892. The Socialist agitation in general, in 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 their power would increase.

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, they had 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 English Catholic Church, how there was a period of suspense while Toryism and Whiggery were most of their contemporaries. Then there was a period of suspense while Toryism and Whiggery gave place to Conservatism and Liberalism. And 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 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 supported by law. If we had any definite standard of existence, such as more fortunate Oriental countries possess, these continued struggles would probably end with the extinction of each class. 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 the 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 century or longer, as 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. If 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 and of the Church of England was not quite lost.

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 pauper 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 would not 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 the tragedy, which was a 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 ran from Bond's Drift to Etshowe, and on each occasion she was observed holding converse with a convey 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. Who among the natives 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 manhunt 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 was 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 procure in the neighbourhood and fling...
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 when it was heaped in heavily at 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 daines altogether to admit here and there into their works, though very little, the 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 prose " gravity " of our modern poetry? 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—who for the nonce we may name, in the new manner, without any prefix—Yeats, at least, never finer than this. Bridge's blank verse sounds senile after it. Hear poor Bridge, 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 whirring 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 Whatstiansname 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, death, and if ever poet more maudlinly dragged out the bowels of a hero for posterity, let the cheated world know of it:—

PIERRE DE WISSANT.

I'm going to sputter.

As is well understood, Bridge's pupils do not yet disdail 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 pupils 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 convert our poet of a lapse into classicism.

Citizens of Calais, weep not for us. Enough for us to 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 as serious, 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. 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 idioms 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, sincerity, swearing, simply dirty words, bluster, blathers, at random, containing such examples of Bridget's technique, sincerity, swearings, simply dirty words, blusters, blathers, 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, Matched 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 alone 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 shattered, 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 adept at 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 swampd 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 garb: they still preach the "faith" to intellectual audiences, though they no longer call it "faith"; they still recommend "morality" to their innocent and well-beloved, 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 believed for more than a 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 godly 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 Society; for instance, 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 or ignoring the magnitude of the 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—"We have 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 the higher ideas for generations upon generations that is 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 philosophical reasons, 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 dregs of the Roman Empire, this religion 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 seas must know to which port they are steering. Eugenists, therefore, must learn to know the type of man, or the types of man, they do want. Now a scientific Eugenist has given up his Christian values, but he has not acquired any new values of his own. How, then, is the type 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 by-now-obsolete stupid religion—he will "sterilise in the dark." What a terrible risk it is actually carried out to-day in Switzerland, and some of or takes care of, a class that is "unfit," more easily than—the really unfit, the wretches. 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 this day by the same opposite, 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 sensitivity 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 same requirements of a commercial and mechanical nature? (What 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 more real value than the "godly" 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, could they 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 root again everywhere around us, and that in painfully strong numbers. We need only look around us: see Christiani! What a company it is, to be sure, and how well we now begin to understand the Romans, who, when praised, nay, actually loathed, this rabble of later Jews and early Christians! What are the duties of the Eugenic Party, of all those who have combined in order to count-balance 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 to-wards 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 goodness, 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 eat that sour jaw bone, the old faith? ’ such is the first question which all believers in Race-regeneration will have to put to 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 on 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 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 wretches? 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 this day by the same opposite, 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 sensitivity 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 same requirements of a commercial and mechanical nature? (What 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 more real value than the “godly” 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, ...
Lucian.
By E. Agnes R. Haigh.

III.

The philosophers fare no better at Lucian's hands than the Olympians. The "Hermodimus" is the most famous of his attacks upon the current profession of philosophy. Hermodimus the Stoic and Lucian his friend are engaged in a dispute. The great and good professor, Hermodimus the Stoic and Lucian his friend are attacked by Euthydemus the peripatetic. Lucian: "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." Hermodimus: "Good, so perish all who will not yield to their betters." Lucian: "Very reasonable, Hermodimus. What was Euthydemus thinking of to irritate an old man purged of all wrath and master of his passions when he had such a heavy goblet in his hand?" This same professor, as Lucian 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 Lucian, "he is purified by philosophy, and has no further need for the cast off clothes of Oeta?" Hermodimus: "Do you suppose his interest is selfish? No, but he has little ones; his care is to save them from indigence." Lucian: "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 to wonder at the universe, and try to draw the greatest advantage from your present circumstances. For the ordinary man is the most prudent choice. Cease to wonder at the universe, and try to draw the greatest advantage from your present circumstances."

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 not so much to the followers as to the philosophers. The goddess Philosophy is making her away...
persuading them to descend from their elephants and 
follow me. The Brahmins are mine to a man; they live 
acquaintance to my laws and 
beliefs, and the manner of their death is truly 

On my first arrival the Greeks received me with- 
out enthusiasm; they did not, however, wholly reject my 
advances; by slow degrees I gained over seven men of 
the noble classes and disciples. And then I sprang up the tribe of sophists, a motley Centaur breed in 
whom vanity and wisdom meeting were moulded 
pate the hour of destiny and arrange to have themselves 

Yoga. For all that there is, I believe, no single in-

India in the first century of this era had found their 
advances; by slow degrees I gained over seven men 

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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 wonders and Chesterton erupts, Birrell is silent and Stevenson is dead. Wells promised to write essays more interesting than his early novels, but sociology seduced him into a writer of occasional articles. If Lucas were Lamb, he would not be his not Lamb. Galsworthy 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 can 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 conclusion. He is modelled on Shaw rather than 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 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.

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He writes about Woman, of course; no essayist can only tell him that if he does not mind his epithets he will have to make excuses. Nevertheless, there is his structure more at fault than in "Our Common Tongue: A 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 is 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; nor does the essayist who writes about 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. In exceptional circumstances, an impertinent social sanction; but in ordinary circumstances, an impertinent social sanction. In exceptional circumstances, an impertinent social sanction. In exceptional circumstances, an impertinent social sanction. In exceptional circumstances, an impertinent social sanction.

The point is that social sanction may be obtained for any form of sexual union if it is practised, and the proportion of 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 theExisting with the simplified state 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 state 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; that when two people make a public oath of mutual dependence 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 society is 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 unravelled. 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 marriage for 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 commonsense is refreshing after the feeble fantasies of the marriage re-
The twelve chapters composing this delightful volume appeared serially in the "Daily News," where we read them as "reading 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 a clear 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 Interest and Profits, the wage-market is competitive 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 were to be forgiven for saltating on 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 and it is so rationally aware of its intentions that it becomes garrulous and loquacious about them. But did any artist ever permit his superficial chattering mind to share and to blab all the secrets of his soul? A less gushing quality we could in less sophistical men find 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 how we regret to say that we are 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 and to seize. It may be that the 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 scanty 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, putting 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 the thought that to save the dirge is worthy. Well, well, rest in peace! Posterity will retire from moving thy bones!

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

Without the affection 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 title of Socialism, for example, we have not time to count. And still there are not published within the last three years, are briefly described and classified, the work as a whole is unsatisfactory, although he may be less loquacious than the "advanced" writers. We 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.

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

The thirty-second year of publication sees this encyclopaedia 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 employment. 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 portraits as they are described) are suggested rather than stated by Mr. Green; for we shall never be satisfied until everybody is known to me in modern literature, with the exception of Mr. Stephen Reynolds. In these days of great naturalisation of names, 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 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.
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 those distinguished organs in regard to two exhibitions at the above mentioned galleries. The works of the well known Mr. Lewis Hind in the “Spectator” critic on November 30, and of Mr. Augustus John in the “Evening News” of December 4, were 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 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 so appallingly obstructive that they have to be overthrown or accepted—they cannot be overlooked. It is impossible to overlook the “Spectator” critic and Mr. Hind’s hanging on Mr. John’s every word. 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 and be caricatured 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 expressing myself somewhat more strongly and moderately than I would dare to do in the case of Mr. Hind’s review of Mr. John’s works; 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.

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There are signs of hurry in the whole composition. The face of the old man with a pipe seems to have been 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 author is sure that when they hear it least; and when praise only encourages them to be 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 a Lancashire dialect directed to the arrangement of a marriage between the "ravisher" and his "victim"; 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 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 something 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 properly. 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 going 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 Matherlinck 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 was one 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 kept in self-expression and self-assurance 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 play will be interesting to 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 play about every one of her week-ends; and that is not a dramatic subject 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. Vou 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." But he is not an old Tory or a modern intellectual. I have 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 manner 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 reference to the Lord would add a new infamy until Mr. Houghton remembered "Nan," and thought that a character that was how he treated an historic love affair. But Fanny, with her "right good times," and "we've enjoyed ourselves properly," adds neither a grace nor a phrase to the language. There is no throughout the play one phrase expressive of real feel- ing; we are offered nothing but the clichés of Lan- cashire interspersed with quotations from other plays of the repertory type. Why should Mrs. Hawthorn, for example, suddenly develop a taste for panegyric 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 most effective 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 ac- quainted 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.
Pasiches.

THE CHANGELING.

Oh, surely, she was in love! Reflecting both in her mind and the mirror—she had nearly lived up to her own expectations since once He brought her a music box to keep her in good spirits, and 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 ducky boots and the best cigarettes and ever so many perfumes with the spray tops she had added. With that slight flush 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 tops-he was quite sure she was in love. Pet, to convince herself, she took a look round the room, strewn with stools and he was sure he 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. "Dear me, I am sure I have not changed a bit."

I'll put my hair up. He'll be sure to pull it down when he comes in. Oh, Dinky, darling, come, come, the engineer, how most inexpensive the provincial illusion and the mirror—she had nearly lived at the mirror coming genius, and a catch in every sense of the word. HOW vulgar the commercial travellers seemed now, how tops—she was quite sure she was in love. Pet, to convince herself, she took a look round the room, strewn with stools and he was sure he 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. "Dear me, I am sure I have not changed a bit."

I'll put 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: "Miss, I really hope as how you'll be happy. Dear boy, I am sure I have not changed a bit."

The final grimace was of hate. White real velvet mannequin hateur. 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. Embarrassed she flung forth her arms. And just then he came in.

"My beautiful one!"

"Oh love!"

"Eons since I saw you."

Sotto voce: "Oh, eons since I saw you."

Aloud: "Silly darling. Oh, his little hair's as wet as wet. Naughty boy. I told you not to run up the hill. Now trot off and take a bath."

"One more—exquisite!" Mummummum. There, now di-really! And what boots! Oh, it is a bad boy."

But she fetched 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 pin and Jam a ring in front of him, while his brightly coloured circlet was round his neck. "I'll make no more promises, please ask the godfathers."

I'll make no more promises, please ask the godfathers."

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? "Was 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, would get them proved equally indulgent to you.

To "RHYTHM."

What a nest of crickets you've become! Crickets on the "Heath and Highbury" Or is it only the Martins? I think it must be bats. 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 horrid? Was there not a good deal 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 substituted you! With 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, your's included. He loves his rats, and say mefif: 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 for my part I should have smiled exceedingly to see them trotting up to seek the loving pair 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.

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

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

From ranting saints and godly Wesleyans, Disgruntled bosses and female pestily 'ums And that fair dame that did entice me once Keep me, ye godless, 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.
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! Impeachment is fencing! Death for adulterous lovers!"? If so, what a change has come to pass is the paltry year and a bit since Mr. R. B. Kerr wrote, in your number of August 14, 1911, that "we are really striking out 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."

Here! 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 would not judge the river by the froth and scum along its bank.

But what are we to get out of letters so contradictory beyond that, 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.

* * *

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 the very view of the class that Christmas shopping and feminine peregrination in general. If it were not for the strange and cruel spirit of those "friends" 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 procurer?

The peculiarity of this business is that the agents and the victims are of foreign birth. This is no exception, but a great number, so the officers who are acquainted with the extent of the evil will tell you. This is not a crusade for the safety of Christmas shopping and feminine peregrination in general. The safety of Christmas shopping and feminine peregrination in general 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 soundings 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. The women 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 inquiry by a committee 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.

* * *

TRUE IMPERIALISM.

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

It is quite right, what is there suggested, true Imperialism is making the heart of the Empire sound, for only then do we have safety.

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. Excessively if you could 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, they might believe in your Socialism as really practiced.

E. L. WHITING.

* * *

THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—In reply to the perfectly just observations of Mr. Pierse 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 plans. When he reads what 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 background of the shabby 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 shameless kind; yet, when she sees her Government an appalling failure, "blames the Turks. I think the Turk can grow up quite respectable.

The fact remains: he has not had a chance.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

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 champions, 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.

[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 affect the men, 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."

* * *

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 representatives of the company were found by the Government to be favouring a United States phosphatic company, and 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 2os. per ton only. In fact, however, it was quite five times as much, and on the mainland it is now selling for over 4s. 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 the country will not be out of the office, I fear, before he gets HJ, 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. This is practically a fait accompli.

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 giving protection and assistance to 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 as why we don't work, but you never find it for us.

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

"Prisoner. Yes, we do 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 this as his next triumph. 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 things are not done in the dear Mother Land. Who said "Rakai"?

ERNST OSFENTIN.

KIMBERLEY NATIVE'S RECORD.

Kimberley, May 23 (Renter).

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 152 imprisonments 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"?

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 fairly 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 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 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 this 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 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 facts, 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 indestructible, 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 to the mystics) will play a round-square gubble 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.

BELLOC AND NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—"Pas est et ab bistre decreti. 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 envelopes 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 elsewhere, whereas the bol-Socialists are 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 who 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 pose too violent a disturbance of existing relations to be practicable (the fallacy of buying out the capitalist Mr. Belloc cleaves his own way). According to the author of "Things To Comedevelop 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 insecurely 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, 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 explores this state of things as an ever new 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, exactly in so far 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 hatchet of the capitalist classes or the teacher of modern "industrialism" 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 that she...
has a soul to be saved, is careful to keep her in her proper place. The nations which 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 need to eliminate. The worship of ugliness, the rejection of art, the dulness of life, so characteristic of Protestantism, have generally been quite foreign to the Catholic regime. Any student of Nietzsche knows that he saw much to approve in all these aspects of the Roman Church, and 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 believes that he could have worked or won 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 feuds were better suited to the needs of humanity: that the individualism which took its place was perhaps happier for a time, but proved the way for religions rejecting charity, democracy for the world, the 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 these 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.

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 Judaeo-Christian spectacles. He observes, however, the danger of the lack of a military spirit, the peril of attack from non-servile States. As to this military question, what, after all, is Continental conscription but a form of slavery disguised under the names of patriotism and the Will to Power, which declares that the preservation of the slaves, are unsuited to those who have 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 success will take longer, or perhaps even the transition to Nietzscheanism will be direct. Secondly, if the proletarian realises that conquest by a non-servile State would lead to 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 the realism of Nietzsche. If there is any 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 can never become the permanent aim of humanity. "Where there is no vision the people perish!": 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 those false "humanitarianisms" which are so degrading to the race than all the Tartar invasions, and from the false eugenist theories which seek to preserve the weak persons. Science, instead of bolstering up an outworn ethical system, will be harnessed to the service of the Superman. Thus Nietzsche's true teachings on strength and beautiful bodies, will and intellects, will be developed. The elements of Christinity may still be used for the maintenance of which Nietzsche called "super-morality." But the world of masters will rid itself of the paralyzing doctrine of original sin, and find a new Bible in "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

P. V. COPP.