NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. AUBREY HERBERT, in a letter to the "Times" last Saturday, mentions a name in connection with our astonishing Indian policy which might throw considerable light on the situation if, unfortunately, the name itself were not as dark as it is. Sir Basil Zaharoff is for the vast majority even of the well-informed a man of mystery; and not all his intimate and, indeed, dominating association with various branches of nominally British trade and commerce and manufacture has brought his personality any nearer public comprehension. It is probable, however, that he is still more closely connected with British foreign policy even than with British trade, if the two can be separated as other than cause and effect; and Mr. Aubrey Herbert's letter, coupled with the veiled allusions contained in Mr. Montagu's speech in defence of his publication of the Indian cable, makes it apparent to the careful reader that the power at this moment behind the dictatorship of Mr. Lloyd George is none other than this mysterious personage. Everybody is aware of the famous pledge uttered by Mr. Lloyd George in January, 1918, affirming that we were "not fighting to deprive Turkey of its capital, or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race." Everybody is aware that on the strength of that pledge the Mahomedan troops of India fought and died in the service of British foreign policy. Yet scarcely was the war over and won than by the Treaty of Sèvres Mr. Lloyd George consented to the occupation of Smyrna by the Greeks and gave Thrace to M. Venizelos. It is little wonder that the Indian policy is infallibly to destroy even the temporary settlement of the Turkish problem.

That Mr. Lloyd George has consciously or deliberately betrayed the British Empire we should be the last to affirm. He is above our suspicion as a patriot; and we can even descry through the fog in which his policy is enveloped a consistent attempt to make the best of a bad business. Moreover, we agree with Mr. Aubrey Herbert and the critics of Mr. Montagu that all reason is not on the side of the Indian Mohammedans, and that it is intolerable that the foreign policy of this highly complex Empire should be dictated from one part or another. On the other hand, what we complain of is that Mr. Lloyd George so often seems to sacrifice one part and a greater part to another part and a lesser part, and this for reasons that nobody but himself, perhaps, can clearly follow. The problem presented by Turkey in relation to Greece, for example, is difficult enough; but is a solution of it good statesmanship that immediately intensifies the far greater problem of India? Let us suppose that it was urgent to reconcile the demands of Sir Basil Zaharoff with the status of the British Empire in India. What, in fact, Mr. Lloyd George lacks is an integral mind that grasps the situation as a whole. Without regard to the body of the Empire, he can settle a part here and a settlement there, and on each occasion creates by his very settlement a fresh and often a much greater problem elsewhere. All problems are urgent in the world-crisis through which we are attempting to pass; but there is an order even in their urgency; and to sacrifice the greater to the lesser urgency is precisely the fault to which a partial mind like Mr. Lloyd George's is most prone. Compared with Turkey itself, India is from every conceivable point of view the problem of major urgency and importance. A child can understand the reasons. "Settle" the Indian problem and the Turkish problem is almost settled in the same stride. On the other hand, to "settle" the Turkish problem and, at the same time, to enlarge and accentuate the Indian problem is infallibly to destroy even the temporary settlement of the Turkish problem.

It is unfortunate that the views on World Affairs contributed to these columns during 1921 were so obscenely expressed as to remain for the most part unintelligible, since they contained the only genuine attempt that has been made to see world-policy as a whole. For the want of such a Light of the World, the world is stumbling in darkness at this moment, and any day or week may find us headlong over a precipice. In particular the immediate problem is one of racial consciousness; and if we define it as the struggle of the East against the West, or, even more explicitly, as the struggle of the coloured races against the white, the
relation it bears to the most general problem of the world to-day, namely, that of all-distributed popular against concentrated power, should be apparent. Our propaganda in favour of consumer-credit against the present monopoly of producer-credit is, in fact, the economic analogue and perhaps basis of the corresponding propaganda of racial, national and individual liberty against their respective monopolies of dictatorship and power. From this point of view significance attaches to events as far apart as the current discussion of Australian immigration, the war on the Rand, the Engineering Lock-out, and a speech by Senator Ladd in the American Senate and a thousand and another. Similar events are all linked together like the waves of a common tide. Consider, for example, the first-named of these current events. Australia has an area 24 times the size of the United Kingdom and a total population less than that of London alone. At the same time, her immigration laws and provisions are of such a character that practically only the most highly favoured of individuals from the rest of the world can find a domicile in her tremendous waste spaces. Her Northern Territory, the size of the United Kingdom, and situated in a tropical belt that has never yet been developed by white labour, has actually a smaller population to-day than it had 30 years ago, the present population of that vast area being only 3,800, or less than the population of an English provincial market town. Yet Mr. Hughes and his fellow-countrymen (if they will allow us to call them such) proposes to communalise the control of the issue of money (not legal tender only) and price-regulation—and of these it has hitherto seized those proposals by one horn only. There are two essential parts in the Douglas Scheme—credit-control and price-regulation—and of these it has hitherto seized those proposals by one horn only. There are two essential parts in the Douglas Scheme—credit-control and price-regulation—and of these it has hitherto been the invariable rule that only the first should be considered in any attempt to put the Scheme into operation. Senator Ladd's attempt falls under the same lattice-work. Broadly, America's complaint is that of ill-distributed power, except on the basis of the recognition of her de facto Government? The Note only spreads a cloud of words over the issue and does not hint at any intelligible policy of a positive kind. But the real moral of the whole incident lies far deeper. America's pose of standing for some particularly fundamental economic reconstruction is hollow. She actually takes her stand on precisely the same platform of financial orthodoxy as the European Powers. Until the assumptions of this system are challenged at their very roots, there can be no such reconstruction of Europe as we have been appealing for. We understand that the Federation of British Industries is organising through the agency of local chambers of commerce meetings up and down the country with a view to rousing general interest in the question of 'Economy.' The intention is to expound the underlying economic issues, as understood by the F.B.I. 'Economics for All,' in short, is the watch-word of the movement. The Federation has apparently not thought it necessary to go into retreat first, with a view to learning a little economics itself before undertaking to instruct a benighted public. We have had occasion, in commenting on various of its pronounce-nces, to expose its own nakedness in this respect. The 'Times' has had some say in the matter on the project, apparently inspired from F.B.I. sources. It declares that the wage-earners' interest in the remission of their employers' taxation is not generally recognised by the workers, who forget that the economic world burdens of any kind are almost invariably passed on.' That is a favourite theme of revolutionary Socialists; and it is surely provoking Providence for the community to give publicity to this particular issue. They have, however, curious methods of commending their system to the public. They have just been impressing on him that they can guarantee him no standard of life whatever; he must be content to take whatever pittance the "economic necessities" of competition in the world-market will allow them to dole out to him. And now they assure him that they can and will "pass on" to him the cost of intensified by a partial application of the Douglas ideas. Communal credit-control without communal price-regulation is fatal.
any ameliorations which he may induce the State to secure to him and his children. The natural moral for him would seem to be that a system which necessitates such intolerable wrongs must be "overthrown" at all hazards, even though his method of overthrowing it is likely to be an unpleasant one for everyone, including himself. The only way of safety would seem to lie in, not piling "burdens" on the sections now ascendent, but in releasing our abundant stores of potential wealth to flow out in fair measure to the ordinary individual.

The Die-Hards, whom the Lord Chancellor has just been commending as "the salt" of the Unionist Party, have been manifesting. So now we know what the only genuine Conservatism is. Most of its affirmations sound drowsily plausible—till we start to remember that the bearings of this observation lie in the application of it. Thus what would be more sweetly reasonable than, "No section of the community should be suffered to threaten or molest any other"? Have the Die-Hards been strenuously remonstrating with the engineering employers for their attack on the A.E.U.; or do threats and molestation only fall within such intolerable wrongs must be "overthrown" at all ameliorations which he may induce the State to reasonable than, "No section of the community should be suffered to threaten or molest any other"? Have the Die-Hards been strenuously remonstrating with the employers for their attack on the A.E.U.; or do threats and molestation only fall within the meanings of the Manifesto when they are directed from below upwards? Again, "happiness and prosperity are to be sought . . . in securing to every man the unfettered enjoyment of the fruits of his labour and thrift." Yes, but whether our present arrangements do secure this to (let us say) the average docker, is a question apt to be answered differently, according as one lives in East Ham or in Mayfair. Of course, the Manifesto insists strongly on "strict economy," and the document continues, "of so-called reconstruction . . . are impossible under present conditions. As we have continually pointed out, reconstruction on a magnific scale we can easily afford. And however tempting it may now be to seek to discredit it as "hasty and grandiose," it was most definitely promised (with the full connivance of those who are now Die-Hards) to the Government as a heartly co-operation in the war. Here again the manifestists express the soundest sentiments, but evidently intend to reserve complete liberty in their choice of cases in which to give them practical expression. "We recognise that the necessity for keeping public faith involves adherence to obligations to which that faith is pledged, even although those obligations were unwisely entered into." But of course over such signatures as Carson, Northumberland, Sydenham, and Frederick Banbury the benefits of this recognition may be manifested. No member of the Royal Family, the Icing-Emperor's representation, led in triumph by political opponents of the aspirations of the great majority of Indian subjects of His Majesty. Amid the crash of old beliefs in England's goodness, the Royal House alone retained prestige. It seems indeed a pity, from the English point of view, which differs, or should differ, widely from the Anglo-Indian, that the Royal House be identified with any policy in India, particularly with one which the majority of Indians think pitifully inadequate—that an Indian should replace an Englishman in this or that position, that more Indians should be admitted to a sphere of government: that is the gist of the Montagu-Chelmsford "Reforms." They appeal only to a small circle of place-hunters, and do not touch the nation's burning grievances at all. If these could be redressed and India—Government and people—brought at once to man's estate within the Empire, I do not think there would be any fear; and while it was maintained the agitation was quite peaceful. Only after special repressive laws had begun to be used here and there by a provincial governor or district magistrate, whose irritation at the "impudence" had got past bearing, did breaches of the law occur or any bitter feeling become evident.

The last straw to the patience of a large section of the bureaucracy seems to have been the boycott of the Duke of Connaught's visit. This was considered as a piece of rank disloyalty by men who altogether fail to realise the intense belief and trust in English Royalty which had prevailed among the Indian people until then, and the very loyal indignation of the latter at seeing a member of the Royal Family, the King-Emperor's representative, led in triumph by political opponents of the aspirations of the great majority of Indian subjects of His Majesty. Amid the crash of old beliefs in England's goodness, the Royal House alone retained prestige. It seems indeed a pity, from the English point of view, which differs, or should differ, widely from the Anglo-Indian, that the Royal House be identified with any policy in India, particularly with one which the majority of Indians think pitifully inadequate—that an Indian should replace an Englishman in this or that position, that more Indians should be admitted to a sphere of government: that is the gist of the Montagu-Chelmsford "Reforms." They appeal only to a small circle of place-hunters, and do not touch the nation's burning grievances at all. If these could be redressed and India—Government and people—brought at once to man's estate within the Empire, I do not think there would be any fear; and while it was maintained the agitation was quite peaceful. Only after special repressive laws had begun to be used here and there by a provincial governor or district magistrate, whose irritation at the "impudence" had got past bearing, did breaches of the law occur or any bitter feeling become evident.

The public should not refuse to take seriously the plans being laid by the Communists for making capital out of the dispute. There is no doubt that they will do their best to extend the area of the crisis, and to that end will try to bring the unemployed into the struggle. And, however much to seek may be their constructive policy, they are, as we have often pointed out, masters of the art of negative propaganda. Moreover, the situation is exceedingly tense, and serious outbreaks might easily be provoked in such centres as Glasgow. We note that the Communists compare the present crisis with "Black Friday" and declare there must not be a failure this time. As to the question of the sequence, if the contemplated general strike had occurred on that occasion, there may well be differences of opinion; but there can be no doubt that those who were most anxious for it imagined its prospects to be revolutionary. It is an ominous sign that its memories are being recalled by Communists. Our governing and possessing classes had better be careful, though real 'care' in such a connection means an amelioration. Repression, in fact, would be a policy of madness. We have repeatedly pointed out that the Communist virus could be drained out in no time if a constructive social policy, worthy of the name, were authoritatively adopted.
wholesale "repression" which will make the visit of the Prince of Wales for ever memorable, have not reduced the spirit of the Non-Co-operators nor impaired the prestige of the Crown in India; which seems to be a great Imperial disaster.

Directly after the departure of H.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Non-Co-operators began to be harassed and their activities restricted arbitrarily in some provinces—particularly the United Provinces (colloquially called U.P.), Behar and Orissa, and in the districts of Madras, "the backward Presidency." It is instructive to note, as showing the effect of a repressive policy on the "repressed," that it was the U.P. contingent at the Ahmedabad congress who wanted an independent Indian republic proclaimed immediately. The reader must know that every District Magistrate—let alone provincial governor—in India has power to "proclaim" a movement in his district and proceed against it after proclamation with the "utmost rigour of the law"—that is to say, activities which were perfectly legal yesterday may be considered illegal today and yesterday's police shall now deal with them as if they were not only illegal but "seditious." The reader must know that high officials generally depend for their will and pleasure of the local despot. He must also know that every District Magistrate has derived the impression that a large number of Indians is responsible for the repression against it after proclamation with the "utmost rigour of the law"—that is to say, activities which were perfectly legal yesterday may be considered illegal today and yesterday's police shall now deal with them as if they were not only illegal but "seditious." The reader must know that high officials generally depend for their will and pleasure of the local despot. He must also know that every District Magistrate has derived the impression that a large number of Indians is responsible for that impression. He must also know that high officials generally depend for their will and pleasure of the local despot. He must also know that every District Magistrate has derived the impression that a large number of Indians is responsible for that impression. He must also know that high officials generally depend for their will and pleasure of the local despot. He must also know that every District Magistrate has derived the impression that a large number of Indians is responsible for that impression. He must also know that high officials generally depend for their will and pleasure of the local despot. He must also know that every District Magistrate has derived the impression that a large number of Indians is responsible for that impression. He must also know that high officials generally depend for their will and pleasure of the local despot. He must also know that every District Magistrate has derived the impression that a large number of Indians is responsible for that impression.
was a terrible mistake in policy. For they were not conspirators, but honest spokesmen of their people's feeling. The part of the resolution which relates to Muslims serving in the army is merely a statement of the undisputed law of Islam in given circumstances: it had already been made by a great council of the Ulema, and has been solemnly endorsed in mosques all over India; and the part referring to an Indian republic is conditional upon a course of events which the Government of India no less than the movers of the resolution were (ostensibly) trying to prevent. The terms of the resolution were known to comparatively few. But to the opinion of their countrymen, had done but their religious duty.

All the accused had to be acquitted on the main charge of being Co-operators. They were always chosen from the Parsees and Eurasians (co-operators) in the Indian landed. Indeed, it is astonishing that after those efforts to restrain the angry crowd. One day their entrance to their narrow fold, he would have the best chance of enormously widening it. Were not the title of the guild idea' consist? Let us open once again our "old testament," and we shall find as we turn its pages a challenge both to the capitalist and to the collectivist. We shall find a denial that man's service to the community could justly be hired in a labour market at a wage; a denial that his industrial life ought to be regulated by an authority not responsible ultimately to himself and to his fellows; a denial that society can be saved, or the worker set free, by the initiative in industrial affairs being transferred to the State. Not only does the guildsman deny these things: he affirms their opposite. The wage-system must be abolished; self-government in industry established; State sovereignty modified rather than enlarged: to the extent to which these objects are achieved or hastened will he count social change to be bringing men nearer a just and free society. All this, then, the guildsman steadfastly believes; but he has commonly been expected to believe something further. He has been required to anticipate—and the demand is not without some degree of canonical authority—that the full attainment of his objects is somehow bound up with "the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange." The guildsman was to establish his orthodoxy only when he consented to call himself a "Guild Socialist."

As well ask "What is Truth?" as "What is Socialism?" for one would assuredly stay no longer for one's answer. The regulation of credit-issue and price-fixing in accordance with communal principle generally recognised and firmly established may or may not be deemed to be "Socialism" by the experts in such classifications. What is certain is that they do not involve that huge surrender of discretion to the civil officers of the community which Socialists of even the most advanced classifications. What is certain is that they do not involve that huge surrender of discretion to the civil officers of the community which Socialists of even the most advanced classifications. What is certain is that they do not involve that huge surrender of discretion to the civil officers of the community which Socialists of even the most advanced classifications.
interest in the matter is concerned, of the new upon it. So far from the readiness of the guild propagandist to fit himself into the Socialist uniform having been an assistance to the realisation of his fundamental objects, it is precisely his irrelevant determination to march towards a Socialist goal which hampers the guild experiments he seeks to make upon the way. His infant guilds faint and are like to perish for want of a breath of credit; whilst without any sword to slay the dragons of finance, he is under the necessity of exposing his fragile offspring to the depredations of plutocracy. Over the largest and most vital sections of the industrial field common prudence forces him to exercise the most rigid "birth-control." Yet it is not for lack of sympathy with guild objects among the workers that no mining or railway or engineering guilds can be born. Blind adherence to the Socialist formula on to which he has tacked his guild ideals leaves the propagandist of "Guild Socialism" helpless to satisfy the aspirations he has himself so largely contributed to create. Because he knows no means of employing labour monopolies, the workers are hidden to wait for their deliverance till the day of Nationalisation dawns—that day which is always the day after to-morrow.

The truth is that so long as the Guild Socialist seeks deliverance on strictly Socialist lines, the guild, so far as the main industries of the country are concerned, will remain an "idea." It is a thousand pities that the guild appeal should fall thus upon men whose ears are now indeed open to receive it, but whose hands are bound. Yet bound they will remain while so many other hypotheses of plutocracy remain "permanent" for guild advocates who have learnt only the need to repudiate one. A thousand pities: for the guild appeal to the worker is essentially the right appeal to the worker. The organisation of production in a free and stable society can rest upon no other basis. But the function has been hailed as the key to both, and so far has been advocated as a means of "diffusing" the guildsman and the stability of the guild. Industrial freedom follows gradually, but all the more securely for the guildsman will find industrial democracy added unto him. M. R. B.

Our Generation

A SPEECH which Mr. George Harvey, the American Ambassador, made to the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce the other week is worth noticing. It was not remarkable for its originality of thought, but it was remarkable in so far as it moved on the level of thought. Mr. Harvey, a political figure speaking before a commercial assembly, and, before we forget to mention it, in England, actually ventured to acknowledge thought as a thing of some validity and importance, evidently without any inkling that he was acting in an extraordinary or absurd manner. "Strike must continue forever between the interest for commerce, for order and for control over the guildsman, and seek a paradise in this life, in this hell. To some men this notion is a platitude, a platitude which they would not be without; but what on earth could it have meant in the Chamber of Commerce? What would it mean, indeed, on any political platform in England, where the extreme hazard of the intellect seems to be to discover how much can be wrung from Germany, whose children, as it is, are being regularly and of necessity underfed, and how much can be economised on our own children, and on the unhappy people who cram them with the dead nonsense which we call education? What would mean, finally, at those Socialist meetings where the vision of a Utopia has at last disappeared from the very peroration, and the echo of Mr. Clynes' voice is heard with more and more drowsy insistence? Mr. Lloyd George, we know, made a corner in Utopias some years ago; but that is no reason why Mr. Clynes should be so dull, and why all the Progressives should make shadows of disgust come to our faces by their pictures of progress. The fact seems to be that all the parties alike are unable to think in any other terms than that two and two make four; and even that seems occasionally to be too great an effort for them. In political thought, even where it is "idealistic," we mean among the Socialists, the idea of humanity has for the last few years been lost: We know the retort which we can show to the gods and to ourselves in this year of disgrace, 1922. To work on and on, putting a patch here and a patch there on the rotten hull of our financial vessel, and generally where it is not needed, without the truth is that we are too far gone now to do without the useless conception of humanity. If we do not acknowledge humanity, implicitly or explicitly, then what are we working for? In the name of what are all the reformers and counter-reformers running here and there and back and forth? Why invent expedients, reforms, without an idea, without a goal; that is all we can show to the gods and to ourselves in this year of disgrace, 1922. To work on and on, putting a patch here and a patch there on the rotten hull of our financial vessel, and generally where it is not needed, without the knowledge and without common agreement, and with no inkling what the ship is intended for and where it is going to sail: that is precisely to be in a state of uncivilisation without knowing it. That is the end victory which would be achieved and complete dominance be acquired by the right. we could believe; but even so, in the meantime clearly only works could justify faith.
It behoved us, then, in this changed and changing area, to look well to our weapons." So said Mr. Harvey, and his sentiments, trite as they are, take us immediately above the level of political thought in England to-day. A conception of the drama of man is absolutely necessary to us now, more than ever before; for vitality is lost, the capacity to work and to think, not with mediocrity, but greatly, is the only thing which can save us. And great ideas are the releasers and generators of energy. To work without an idea is a species of involuntary sabotage. Well, the parties of ideas themselves have lost their ideas. Renan said that metaphysical speculation was good, because while the problems it was concerned with were perhaps insoluble, human dignity demanded that we should be concerned with it. It is not God, however, that we have forgotten so disastrously in these years; it is man. We have forgotten ourselves. Even a recrudescence of sentimental Liberalism would be better than the present state of things, for it would show at least that men's minds were turned, however blindly, to something greater than £18,000,000 of economy.

A recent Industrial Fatigue Research report, issued by the Stationary Office, states the interesting fact that Essex boys are superior physically to Manchester boys. Dr. Ritchie, Medical Officer of Health to the Education Department, has since made a professional analysis of this diagnosis, reported by the Press. He holds that the fact that the Essex youth is approximately two and a third inches taller, ten pounds heavier, and has a hand-grip of four and a third kilograms stronger than the Manchester youth is not proof that the one is physically superior to the other. The Essex boy is only bigger, heavier and stronger: that is all. The doctor asks city people to console themselves with two reflections: (1) Bulk is no criterion of fitness; (2) Statistics relating to size, weight and strength, unless interpreted by people competent to judge their relative meaning and value [who are they?], may lead to quite fallacious deductions."

These reflections, we should say, are cryptic enough to satisfy any city population. Dr. Ritchie goes on: "Of course, a city youth is usually smaller than the countryside-product, but the test comes when both of them are fully trained to a standard of fitness—not while they follow their ordinary daily calling." We are getting on to such speculation, but no analysis of the charged wish itself. The whole structure and temperament of the body is determined by these ductless glands, now called endocrines. Within the last twenty or thirty years experiment has discovered many of their functions, and determined some of their secretions. The present state of knowledge is tabulated on pp. 94-95 of Dr. Berman's book, as follows:

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<tr>
<th>GLAND</th>
<th>SECRETION</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. Thyroid</td>
<td>Thyroxin</td>
<td>Energy production</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Pituitary</td>
<td>Telytharin</td>
<td>Growth of specialised organs and tissues</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Adrenals</td>
<td>Adrenalin</td>
<td>Energy for emergency situations</td>
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<td>4. Pineal</td>
<td>Spermatodoide</td>
<td>Secondary sex traits</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. Thymus</td>
<td>Spermatoxide</td>
<td>Secondary sex traits</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. Gonads</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Development of sex glands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Parathyroids</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Controllers of limemobilism, excitability</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Pancrease</td>
<td>Insuline</td>
<td>Sugar-mobilism</td>
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Dr. Louis Berman in "The Glands Regulating Personality" offers us a comforting relief from Freudian excess; and at the same time one of the most interesting works on physiology that has been given to a lay public since Gourmont's "Physique de l'Amour." He holds quite sensibly that the limit of whatever is sound in the Freudian psychology is fixed by Freud's working in a vacuum. You have all this talk of suppressed wishes, but no analysis of the charged wish itself. The present belief is that the body has slowly developed about the endocrine glands; the pineal, pituitary, thyroid, parathyroid, thymus, adrenals, pancreas, and the gonads; that these are older than the brain (cerebrum), and that they control the unconscious, or that they are the subconscious; that when the secretions of these glands interact in certain ways, they produce definite chemical pressure, and that when this pressure reaches a certain intensity it forces itself on the consciousness. All this is upheld by experiment. The Freudians, according to Berman, try continually to relieve complexes by psychological means before considering whether chemical means would not be simpler.

The New Therapy.
By Ezra Pound.

Edward Moore.
a somewhat Oriental wealth of metaphor; the main drift of his book being, let us say, quite sensible, and a certain amount of optimism having its uses.

There is as yet no way to tame the tiger by excision of adrenal cortex; pineal personalities will continue to oppress pituitary personalities, and to be distantly bored with adrenals, etc. At the same time, the book marks presumably one of the great revolutions in medicine as a revolution as much caused by Pasteur. A whole new field of research is opened; five hundred specialists are at work; the general tendency is to recognise that human beings can differ widely from each other without being abnormal; and a strong scientific support of this "humanity" can only be made for civilisation, tolerance, and an end of Fabianism. Berman uses the term "chemistry of the soul," and one may accept it or qualify it; certainly he has demonstrated the impossibility of an independent or separate soul-entity manifesting itself through a body in which the thyroid supply falls below a certain minimum.

I am not attempting a review of his book, the matter, as I have said, being too complicated to be dealt with in a single brief note. I do, however, wish to offer certain further speculations made from Berman's data, but not indulged in, as speculations, by him.

In an article which appeared in the "Mercure de France" of last September 15, and which now forms a postscript to my translation of Gourmont's "Physique de l'Amour," I postulated a double secretion of the gonads, or at least spoke of them as a sieve. I made various statements now antiquated, and indulged in some speculations as yet neither supported nor disproved. I called attention to the similarity of spermatozoides or ovules and brain cells in their capacity to contain or project a form. That is to say, the spermatozoides compels the ovule to evolve along certain predetermined lines; the ovule receives the pattern and evolves. The brain cell holds also an image; one may accept a certain amount of optimism having its uses. The evolution of the cerebrum may be considered as a superposition of such images. The uncertainty of the cerebral nucleus has been caused by a sort of alluvial deposit of spermatozoides or of secondary gonad secretion about the primitive ganglia, or about the original glands. Berman announces the difference between male and female to be chiefly that the male treatment of lime salts is relatively uniform, the female treatment a flux. Putting together my earlier speculations and Berman's data, I offer, with a layman's deference, the following conjectures for filling some of the lacunae in his table.

The pineal gland, as he says, contains two things, cells filled with a pigment like that in the eye's retina, and little piles of lime salt crystals (which resist the action of X-rays). I suggest that the pineal is not an extinct-eye, that Descartes had some ground for his belief in its being the seat of some activity almost important enough to be called "the soul." In tabular form:

| Pineal: gland of "incidity," of the sense of light analogous to the eye, perhaps as the fibres of Corti in the ear show malogy to stringed instrument, | Light, or the sensation of light, may well be the combustion or encounter of this retina-pigment either, as in the eye, with exterior vibrations, or in the pineal with the emanation of brain cells, or even with the cells themselves.
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<td>gland of metamorphosis, of original thought, the secretion being very probably just the lime salts crystals well known to lie in it, but they may be secreted not as a slow effusion, but ejected suddenly into sensitised area, analogy to the tests. This causes the new juxtaposition of images. The original thought, as distinct from imitative thought.</td>
<td>Berman postulates the posterior pituitary as the gland of hallucination. I want to distinguish between the orderly visualisation which I presume to be pineal, but which neither confuses nor annoys the visionary, and D.T.s., or any other sort of hallucination. It is possible that the activity of the pineal may be limited to controlling the post-pituitary phantasmata. It is possible that the ejection of lime salt particles in a female would tend to give her merely an even temperament, not making her masculoid, as does excess of adrenals, but freeing her from the general confusions of her sex. The original thought in male would be caused by the discharge of the lime salt into static sensitised area, giving him a maternity in thought, without the homosexual tendencies caused by overbalance in some of the glandular secretions.</td>
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Contrast of Pineal with Pituitary: very possibly that the Pineal represents intelligence developed from sight; the pituitary, intelligence from smell, the keen-scent, hot on the trail type. In attributing the Pineal to adolescence, Berman may take an effect for a cause. The Pineal does usually decline after adolescence, but so also does the faculty for physical growth, and the general adaptability of the animal.

Summarising again:

| Pineal: secretion? retinal pigment lime salt in crystal form. | Pituatory: intelligence developed from smell. |
| Function: sense of vision, sense of light flowing along the nerves and making one aware where one's hands are in the dark; luminosity in vision, "gates of beryl and chrysoprase" effect of power of visualisation as distinct from hallucination. | Another possibility the experimenter does not seem to have taken into account is that of glandular secretion as odour. Judging from general activity of specialised cells in the body, many of them must be gifted with a sense of smell, or "something analogous," i.e., the same thing with a different and kaggar name attached. |

**Galahad Green.**

**Scene**: A room in JULIET'S Flat, back centre, a fire. To its right, a chair; to its left, an easy chair and a small table.

(Two envelopes and a new novel lie on the table.)

**JULIET** (DREAMILY): Hans Andersen, when he was old and frail, said that his life had been a fairy-tale. . . .

(Looking up.)

That's what mine is! Think of it—by a freak of Fortune be so fair and fine in the future, with my first book! Would it have made quite such a commotion, had I dared to write Under my name? Who knows? But if you've penned

A merciless portrait of your dearest friend, You simply can't avow it. And a book That bears a man's name has a weightier look

Somehow. My novel! Why, it seems an age Since last I glanced at the title-page. (She takes up the novel from the table.)

"The Strong Man's Library. Number Seventeen.

'Calypso and Her Loves,' by Galahad Green.
Second Impression." Then down there, quite small.
The modest publishers—Chapman and Hall.
(Turning to the envelopes on the table.)
Oh, and they've sent me—Is it from Chapman?
Yes?
Another batch of cuttings from the Press.
Quite a lot, too! I'll give them just a glance
Before I go to supper.
(Taking the envelope which is on top, she extracts a
number of press-cuttings, looks through them hastily
and tosses them back on to the table one by one.)

"True romance"

W. J. Turner—"Shows a man's desire
To write for men. . . . Much promise." J. C.
Squire.—

"At times like Gosse. . . ." Who wrote that?
Squire again,
But in a different paper—"Stuff for men. . .
Gosse-like at moments." Edward Shanks. . .

"No learner,
A finished craftsman," W. J. Turner—
"Impressive." J. C. Squire.—

"His novel
Among the best books of the season. . . ."

Shanks.—

"Impressive." Shanks.—"Almost the true
Gosse fire. . . ."

Squire.—

My poor head swims! How very queer to find
Ten papers, three reviewers and one mind.
They're like the Isle of Man. Suppose I beg
Turner again.

Here's praise enough. Indeed, you'd think I
would be like this!

Ten papers, three reviewers and one mind.

But in a different paper—"Stuff for men. . .
Gosse-like at moments." Edward Shanks. . .

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Here's praise enough. Indeed, you'd think I
would be like this!

Ten papers, three reviewers and one mind.

I simply can't believe it— that they've sent me
those back to me.

Who wrote that?

Can't you see
A man's desire
Of going out to supper.

But you'll stay
Now? It's important—what I've come to say—
And yet so horrible that I've scarce the heart
To speak of it. I don't know how to start.

I'm furious, but I shan't say what about
You would. Or has he jilted you instead?

Don't vex me with that calm superior tone!
I'm not pre-Shaw.

I'm not pre-Shaw.

You're jilted, too. Is it true?

For goodness' sake
Don't vex me with that calm superior tone!
Once you were sympathetic, but you've grown
More and more selfish every month. Of late
I've hardly seen you. Now I come here
straight
From being insulted, being driven half-mad,
By some sly undiscoverable cad,
And there you sit, impassive and content,
Like Middle-Age upon a monument
Smiling at grief.

I don't dare to look Helen in the face,
Helen. But wait! I've been insulted, too.

Won't you take your furs off, and sit down?

For goodness' sake
Don't vex me with that calm superior tone!
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More and more selfish every month. Of late
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And there you sit, impassive and content,
Like Middle-Age upon a monument
Smiling at grief.
HELEN: You're not serious?

JULIET: Of course I am—

And now that I've discovered what a sham

You were with all your sympathy, I could hurl

The foul book at your head. You heartless

Girl!

Is this a time to mock me, to pretend

You care so much about your slandered friend

That you won't stay in England? If that's

Your

Notion of fun, it isn't mine, be sure.

JULIET: I wasn't being funny—not a bit,

Really. It's simply that the cap does fit—

I am Calypso!

HELEN: Well, I never heard

Such nonsense in my life. It's too absurd.

Oh, if I could but think that one or two

Readers might fancy it was meant for you,

I'd take some pleasure in my life again,

Dance, have a feast of oysters and champagne,

Buy a new winter frock and hat, instead

Of wishing, as I do, that I were dead.

For you deserve it—you that make a joke

Out of my misery.

JULIET: Helen—when I spoke

Of being Calypso, didn't I, to my shame,

Own the wild sins that cluster round her

name?

Alas, I meant it.

HELEN: Nobody could be

So blind as not to know it's me—I—me:

And since you're now my enemy, I shall go

At once. But after this, I'd have you know

Our friendship's dead—for always! Please

Forget

You ever knew me.

JULIET: Helen, don't go yet . . .

HELEN: I must. And let me say that if you call

To-morrow you'll have wasted time, that's all.

I shan't go home to-night,

JULIET: Where will you sleep?

HELEN: Battersea Bridge is high, and the Thames

deep.

JULIET: You wicked child! You mustn't talk like that.

HELEN: A plunge and then—

JULIET: With such a pretty hat?

HELEN (Returning): You never said you liked it.

JULIET: No. I've been

So worried all day by this Calahad Green—

For really, Helen, once and for all be certain

It's not from your life that he's wrenched the

curtain.

You can still face the world. You've not the

least

Cause to abominate the loathsome beast.—

Except as I'm your friend: and since I know,

Now, that your strange mistake has hurt

you so,

Believe me, I rejoice—even, even rejoice—

That I, not you, suffer by Galahad's choice.

I hear it willingly. Must I prove my case?

Give me one moment, while I find the place. . .

(She opens the book and searches through it feverishly.)

HELEN (Opening copy): Oh, if it comes to evidence . . . !

But indeed

I simply can't go through it!

JULIET: Let me read

Page twenty-four: "Between him and his

wife

A deep gulf lay. She wanted to see life

Through her own eyes, but he preferred, she

knew,

The moniker of 'The Saturday Review'"—

There! Don't you see? That paper's just

the one

I always said would patronise the sun.

HELEN: That? Why, look here—page forty-two—

"Her eyes

'Were green, her honey-coloured—'

JULIET: Mere disguise!

He had to change a little here and there.

Listen: "She glowered—"

HELEN: "Her honey-coloured hair

Lay in profusion on her shoulders—"

JULIET: "Then

She thought 'It's time—'"

HELEN: "To win the love of men—

'What's that?' she cried. 'I ever hated

sin'—"

JULIET: "But now I'll change. To-morrow I'll

begin. . . .

My sins are many. Can they be washed

away?"

HELEN: "So she used Morny bath-salts every day.

Often she'd sponge herself for hours, and

dream

Of love, veiled only by the bashful steam.

Sometimes, perhaps, an over-amorous drop

Would trickle down—"

JULIET (Shocked): Helen, my dear—do stop! Really!

HELEN: But that's conclusive!

JULIET: I admit

That she had beauty, savoir-faire and wit,

But she was wicked, too, reckless and

haughty—

HELEN: I can't pretend that I was never naughty.

JULIET: Naughty perhaps, but you could never trip so

Continually as Mr. Green's Calypso.

HELEN: I do believe you think I wouldn't dare

Calypso's deeds. I've done them all—so

there!

JULIET: Well, you shall have the truth. I'll make a

clean

Breast of it. Who, you ask, is Galahad

Green?

I know him!

HELEN: Juliet! And he dares affirm

That I was not—The lily-diverined worm!

JULIET: But if he writes a letter to the Press

Declaring that he never saw you—

HELEN: Must I prove my case?

Yes?

And makes me look a fool. What can I do

When everyone I meet says "Is it you—

That wicked gorgeous creature, that wild

thing

Ecstatic and unmoral as the Spring? . . .

Of course I owned it.

JULIET: Helen—I can still

Save you. I'll make him write—
HELEN: But if he's free—?

JULIET: Why, one would think, in spite of all that's passed, you liked the book.

HELEN: So you've got there at last! You are an also-ran.

JULIET: And the author learnt it all from you.

HELEN: I think you owe me something.

JULIET: Oh, Juliet—since I've been his model, do you think that Mr. Green would possibly—just someday—take me out to supper?

HELEN: But if he's free—?

JULIET: Who said that I was furious, and not glad, To say that I was furious, and not glad, But what girl wouldn't feel some little stir Of pride when all the town's in love with her? You don't know half that's happened. This new novel has simply made all other writers grovel. Bennett's gone mad with envy. J. C. Snaith is in decline. Galsworthy's a mere wraith. Chesterston, having burnt his cap and bells, drowned himself in a butt of Malmesey. Wells vowed to the Press he'd never write again.

HELEN: My dear! . . . And all those famous novelists, Where's your intelligence, Your tact, your feminine intuition? Where Your sympathy? Must I lay my soul quite bare?

JULIET: No doubt.

JULIET: When? To-night?

HELEN: Could he?

JULIET: No doubt.

HELEN: Let's ring him up.

JULIET (Stopping her): Who said that I was dense?

HELEN: But if he's free—?

JULIET: Use your intelligence, Your feminine intuition.

HELEN: Yes, but how?

JULIET: Galahad does invite you here and now.

HELEN: All is not masculine that's Green.

JULIET (Collapsing): Your book!

JULIET: Here are my notices, if you care to look.

HELEN: My dear! . . . And all those famous novelists, too—

JULIET: Ah, but the poets! They are delighted—they Whose rustic hearts envy could never sway. Read what they've said.

HELEN: I'm sure it's very sweet.

JULIET: But somehow I can never keep my seat On Pegasus.

HELEN: Pegasus! No one rides him now: But ah how steadily up Parnassus' brow, With farmyard straw, not vine-leaves, in his hair.

Squire Turner Pounds on Shank's de la Mare!
corative work they arrived at a kind of abstract painting, which quickly spread all over Russia and found its way to Germany. When this particular kind of painting reached Vasiliy Kandinsky—at that time a decorative work they arrived at a kind of abstract painting, basing it on the warm and cold qualities of colour and their con- and ex-centric movements. The ex-centric movement (towards the spectator) is taken as bodily, and the concentric (away from the spectator) as spiritual. Each has its antithesis in a cold one. The antitheses white and black are points between which is a circle of all other antitheses called “the circle of life.” The mixture of different colours augments or diminishes their warmth, changes their movements and is supposed to provoke spiritual emotions. The antitheses white and black Kandinsky describes in this way: white has two movements, (1) discordant, eternal discord, but with possibilities for the future (birtb) and (2) ex- and con-centric. Black is an absolute discord, devoid of possibilities for the future (death). In this way he goes on to form the meaning of the different colours and stands, for an Art which will be entirely unrepresentative and purely spiritual. He claims that his Art is absolutely emotional. Round Kandinsky started a small group of German artists, among whom were Franz Marc (killed in the last war), Paul Klee, Jawlensky, Otokar Kubin, and a little later Jacoba van Heemskerck, Hurten-Grunewald, Kurt Schwitters, Marc Chagall, etc. Just as Kandinsky’s work was always dictated by Theosophy, teaching so the other artists understood art in a way which gave it an entirely descriptive character. Every picture is supposed to be an expression of something. Sometimes it is merely an illustration (Kubin), sometimes it is an attempt to express a particular mood (Franz Marc), at other times it is a kind of sentimental shorthand description (Paul Klee). Naturally enough in all works done by these artists are felt all the influences of different contemporary and past currents in art. Literature and philosophy play a prominent part. The war has played its part too, and the muddle culminated in Dadaism, which hardly survived its first manifesto.

Mr. Ehrenburg and his friends are the heirs of this group of artists. To the old conglomerate of different theories now are added politics, and as a little originality is found, the necessity of finding a rather confusing way (the politics of artists are always confused). There is an attempt at mysticism combined with science and Communism, and this stew is supposed to nourish the Super-Man. It is very refreshing to see Dostoevsky mixed with Marinetti and dished up as an entirely new thing. Photographs of skyscrapers, brine pipes, Atlantic liners and Charlie Chaplin play a great part in the documentation of the theory of the new Expressionism. The Tour d’Eiffel is still a great idol and its soundness of dramatic and spiritual structure of the play. Everyman before his summons, accepting the goods. These scenes are not essential, but we do not have. The scene cannot be omitted without mutilation both of the dramatic and spiritual structure of the play. The omission of the funeral scene in Act 5 reminds me that the incident in Scene 1, Act 5, wherein the lad chops off his finger to escape military service, was cut, as was also the “jeunesse doree” of our time which parades revolutionary ideas as these have a sentimental appeal to them. Unfortunately this art is not preceding but following the development of society. Although this movement is a natural reaction to our life and to the parent movement of Expressionism it by no means helps art to move on; it is simply helping to make the old tottering building crash down more quickly and that is its only merit. I wish that artists in general would realise the fact that art is not like mechanics, where it is enough to patent a new notion to style oneself an inventor.

R. A. STEPHENS.
a range that extends from Greek tragedy to a character study like Ase, taking Shakespeare's heroines and tragedy queens in its stride. But Peer Gynt by himself is enough for several articles; and when one has overcome the amazement at Mr. Russell Thorndike's prodigious feat of memory (I only noticed him pause twice for a line, and perhaps twice for a word) and the satisfaction at seeing a possible Peer Gynt on the stage, one begins to criticise. Peer is a dual personality, and Mr. Russell Thorndike only plays one of them. He is not a literal liar, as everyone except Ase believes him; he is, at the beginning, the adolescent full of possibilities which expresses in romantic rhapsody, identifying himself with the great feats recorded in legend. He reverses Kingsley's admonition, "dream noble things, not do them all day long." As his mother says:

"Ah, and yet it's true enough—Something might have come of you, Had you not been steered for ever In your lies and trash and moonshine."

He is a Don Quixote, but not of chivalry; that pathetic figure, an uncreative poet who, like the man of culture, uses his memory instead of his imagination, and like any Philistine, makes a convention of imaginative creation by repeating it without adding reality to it. Ibsen is always suspected of symbolism, and perhaps Peer Gynt represents the poet in an unsuitable environment, frustrated in expression, and regressing to reverie and day-dreaming, quoting but not creating. It was Ibsen who said: "The old beauty is no longer true—"; and without that prophecy of the Third Kingdom which Ibsen expressed in "Emperor and Galilean," that divination of the World-Will, a poet can only regress, and live again in the fantasies of the past. Peer Gynt sees the glorious possibilities, he sees the end he desires from the beginning; like Leonardo experimenting with varnish before he had begun his picture, Peer sees the gorgeous building he will make of his outlaw's hut; but he achieves only ignoble realities. His acceptance of the troll maxim: "To thyself be enough," is indicative of frustration; a society that provides no outlet for the dreams of its youth breeds the egotism of neurasthenia, and finally the cynical acceptance of things as they are—in other words, denies its own future.

It was this side of Peer Gynt's character that Mr. Russell Thorndike did not express. He lacks the poetic temperament that alone can give reality to these rhapsodies. Peer Gynt at first hardly knows the difference between what he imagines and what really happens, but in Mr. Thorndike's rendering he seems an almost conscious liar, and is real only in the brutal qualities of his character. The first meeting with Solveig, for example, demands a sudden transformation from the uncoarseness of his treatment of the peasant girls to an abashed appreciation of the beauty of a pure spirit, an awe-struck access of grace. But these alternations between beauty and brutality Mr. Thorndike did not reveal; and his Peer Gynt lacked the visionary touch; for him the heavens were never opened; and he showed us merely the awkwardness of a village lad in the presence of a respectable and pious maiden.

THE MASK.

Those stubborn lips are silent yet And unreaxed that heavy brow As when the Master's iron hand set The final shape he would allow, Slow years have brought their merchandise To spread before those empty eyes.

I have seen faces strong as thine Seeing as changeless, day by day. Yet age hath wrought her slow decline Or sorrow come with swift decay; Yet the brief labour of an hour In thee withstands, in silent power.

T. A. COLLINS.
It is claimed for them that they have done practically nothing to preach and practise Christianity; and it is worth while to observe what idea of Christianity they have given to the world. For two hundred years they were excluded from Japan; and we are told, on pp. 195-6, that "on March 17, 1865, Father Petitjean, of the Foreign Missions, was praying, disconsolate and despondent in a little chapel he had built in Nagasaki. No native had ever entered it. One morning he became aware of the presence of three women kneeling at his side. " 'Have you a Pope?' they asked. 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Do you pray to the Blessed Virgin,' 'Yes.' 'And? 'No.' 'Do you take the discipline?' To the last interrogatory he replied by holding up that instrument of penance. 'Then you are a Christian like ourselves.' To his amazement, he found in Nagasaki and its immediate surroundings—which had been the principal theatre of the terrible martyrdom of former times—there were no less than 2,500 native Japanese Catholics." He concludes: "A Church that could preserve its spiritual life for over two hundred years in the midst of pagan hatred and pagan corruption without any sacramental help but that of baptism, and without priests, without preaching, without the Holy Sacrifice, and could present itself to the world at the end of that long period of trial and privation with 50,000 Christians, the remnants of those other hundreds of thousands who, through the centuries, had never faltered in their allegiance to Christ, was not a failure." But was it a success, had its "spiritual life" anything to do with Christianity? Did Christ have a Pope? No! Did He pray to the Virgin Mary? No! Was He married? No! Was He a flagellant? No! Three of the four points of identification of "Christians" have no validity in Christianity.

But this history lays great stress on flagellation; it is called a "virtue" on p. 92, although its association with sexual vice is notorious. On p. 384, we are told of the "Italian Antonio Baldimucci, a great missionary who used to whip himself to blood, to move the hearts of the hardened sinners around him," and throughout the book there are similar commendatory references to this practice. The perverted sense of values represented by this laudation of a practice that makes neither for morality, health, nor sanity is not confined to this instance; men are admired who not only wore hair shirts, but "an iron cross with sharp points" (p. 306) and a hundred lashes with a "sword" among the saints." We are told (p. 109) of St. Francis Borgia that "before he died he had the consolation of knowing that sixty-six of his sons had been martyred for the Faith during his Generalate"; and if we are to accept such language we can only infer that he would have been really happy if the whole Society had been exterminated. We are told on p. 397 that in the first half of the 17th century "thousands of their brethren in Europe were clamouring to take their places in the pit or at the stake; that condition of things would not seem to connote degeneracy or decadence"—and certainly if the Society of Jesus is a Suicides' Club we may agree. But in this case, why the appeal to sympathy for the sufferings of the Jesuits at the Suppression? People who, like de Britto (p. 477), "bent his neck with delight to receive the thorns of flagellation" or "tried to imitate Oriental scimiters" can surely dispense with the sympathy of the general reader.

The utterly perverted values represented by these few instances convince me that the prejudice against the Jesuits has a solid foundation. Men so abnormal could not possibly do any good to the human race; their defence is not needed in this history; a very, acute statement of "persecution mania," and persecution mania may be affiliated both with melancholia and paranoia. That there were and are both types of the Society of Jesus this history suggests very clearly; and if civilisation fears the paranoia persecutors, its fears are not likely to be allayed by the emphasis laid on the existence of the melancholic persecuted. The Society of Jesus may be classified with those of whom Jesus is reported to have said: "I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

A. E. R.

Reviews.

100 Per Cent.: The Story of a Patriot. By Upton Sinclair. (Published by the Author. Pasadena, California.)

Mr. Sinclair has forgotten to put a price on his book; but as it is about the same size as "The Brass Check," we presume that the same amount, 60 cents post paid, would suffice. Mr. Sinclair has cast into fictional form a number of incidents from the life of a spy (the facts are cited in an appendix), incidents that are credible only in the sober form of Government reports and criminal proceedings. Its real value to English readers is that it reveals a consistent policy in the economic class-war of America which we have seen being applied in the Government of Ireland. America, apparently, is not, politically, so advanced as we are; great business organisations there maintain secret service agents and custodians of law and order. These organisations are not recognised, or recruited, or supported by the Government, as our Cadets and Black-and-Tans were. It is impossible to dismiss Mr. Sinclair's story as exaggerated, or as peculiar to America; but for the occasional intrusion of American slang, it might be a record of the history of England during the war, or of Ireland at the present day. We are not sure that we can parallel the arrest of the brother of a Senator for quoting the Declaration of Independence, or of a clergyman for quoting the wrong passages of Isaiah; but for most of the other incidents, we can find parallels without over-taxing our memory. The point that Mr. Sinclair makes, and it is one that the Labour movement should ponder, is this: "Any business man will agree that when 'Big Business' has interests to protect, it must and will protect them. So far as possible it will make use of the public authorities; but when through corruption or fear of politics these fail, 'Big Business' has to act for itself. In the Colorado coal strike, the coal companies raised the money to pay the State militia, and recruited new companies of militia from their private detectives. The fact shows that this "Big Business" is not expressed by any one principle; we can have too much of a good thing, and..."

A Defence of Liberty. By the Hon. Oliver Brett. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Disquisitions of this kind always remind us of Tennyson's couplet:

And God fulfils Himself in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

We admit all that Mr. Brett says of liberty; it is not only a fine ideal, but a necessity of everyday life—although Mr. Brett seems to regard it as a goal rather than a condition of expression. But ordered life (and life, even in the physiological sense, is nothing but maintenance of order among inter-related normals) is not expressed by any one principle; we can have too much of a good thing, and a political constitution that aimed at liberty only would end in anarchy. Liberty is one of the persons or principles of the trinity of which Equality and Fraternity are the others; no constitution can be founded on any one of these principles, but no constitution can adapt itself to changing conditions without temporarily enhancing the importance of one or other of them. But Mr. Brett poses the antithesis of Conservatism v. Liberalism, identifies Liberalism with Liberty, and all ordered government
with Conservatism. Socialism he proves to his own satisfaction is Conservative; in the old phrase: "The Socialists are all Tories." But curiously enough, he identifies Liberalism not only with Liberty (which would not distinguish him from an Anarchist) but with some other principle that is asserted to be "Liberalism," like every other political device, has two roads on which it may travel, backwards towards State control, or forwards towards individual liberty. That is the issue between the Conservative and the Liberal mind. It is the business of Liberalism to see that Democracy makes the latter its choice. He argues that Liberalism "is bound to take the side of liberty against control, but it can only do so effectively if it is prepared to assist Labour to obtain economic security. It must take over the work that has been so wastefully and inadequately performed by the Trade Unions." How Liberalism can do this except by State action we are not told; and as the Trade Unions happen to represent free association for the purpose of obtaining economic security, and were quite definitely attempts to free Labour from State control, we do not quite understand what Mr. Brett is driving at unless it is Union-smashing. Certainly, the following passage from pp. 242-3 indicates a peculiarly Liberal frame of mind. "Capitalism, like every other organism, possesses the instinct of self-preservation. It is aware that the powerful force of Socialism is pledged to its destruction. Between it and that destruction there stands nothing but the alternative form of evolution that Liberalism represents. Whatever, therefore, Capitalism may find distasteful in Liberal policy, it is nevertheless bound to support it financially and otherwise. If, through lack of money, Liberalism fails, it is Capital that will suffer [not Labour, we may interpolate]. So strong is the position of Liberalism as the buttress of private property that it can prevent the man that pays the piper from calling the tune [this is a peculiar idea of individual liberty, we interpolate]. It can boldly declare its determination to see that Capital neither abuses its power nor obtains a disproportionate share of the wealth produced, because it is obvious that the only alternative to the acceptance by Capital of Liberal policy entails, not a mere guardianship of the ring in the interest of fair play, but a knock-out blow to one of the combatants concerned. It must be pointed out to Capital how completely its continued existence is dependent upon the success of Liberalism, a fact which, when emphasised, will make it clear that Liberalism is the master and not the slave of Capital. The subscriber to the party fund will receive a definite return for his money in continuance of the system by which that money was made." The italics are ours. Apparently, Liberalism is in the paradoxical position of believing in evolution without change, of being on "the side of liberty against control" at the same time that it guarantees "the continuance of the system by which that money was made." Somebody has said: "Liberty is never given; it is always taken": but we are not taking the Liberty of Mr. Brett, which resembles so closely that of the Liberty and Property Defence League.

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"This has been called the children's century, but are the children yet secure of conditions which are favourable to mental, moral and physical growth?" It must be obvious, without any special study such as Miss Eckhard has given to the subject, that they are not. And her account of the various efforts, voluntary and official, that are being made to cope with the conditions under which the majority of our children are born and reared fails to inspire any confidence in their effectiveness. What can be expected from Welfare Centres, Day Nurseries, Home Helps and the like so long as "poverty still remains the greatest evil from which the poor, and the children of the poor, suffer?"
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