

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1047] NEW SERIES. Vol. XI. No. 23. THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	529
CURRENT CANT AND CURRENT SENSE	532
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	533
THE LOST PARTY. By J. M. Kennedy	534
THEODORA REDIVIVA. By T. H. S. Escott	536
DISHING THE SOCIALISTS. By Reginald J. Dingle	537
SOME MANIFESTATIONS OF ORANGEISM. By Peter Fanning	538
PATRIA MIA—V. By Ezra Pound	539
PRESENT DAY CRITICISM	540
PAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL. By Beatrice Hastings	541

	PAGE
THE ANSWER. By Syned	543
VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R.	544
THE DIAGNOSIS OF INSANITY. By Alfred Randall	545
REVIEWS	546
EPIGRAMS. By H. B. S.	547
ART: MR. BERGSON'S VIEWS. By Anthony M. Ludovici	547
PASTICHE. By Arthur F. Thörn, E. H. Visiak, T. F. Painter and C. E. Bechhöfer	549
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Fred Hobday, R. B. Kerr, T. W. Wright, Augustine Simcoe, Charles Gleig, Fr. E. Guthrie, Sydney Walton, T. K. L.	550

Subscriptions to the NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	Great Britain.		Abroad.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
One Year	15	0	17	4
Six Months	7	6	8	8
Three Months	3	9	4	4

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It will be remembered that the main inducement held out to the public for its support in passing the Parliament Bill was the prospect of instant social reform when the Lords' absolute veto should be destroyed. The coming half session affords us an opportunity of examining this claim. We are now at the end of the period of sowing under the Parliament Act, and nothing of any party consequence will be mooted after the present date. What then are the wonderful social measures which the cutting of the Lords' dam will enable the Liberal Government to pass? The measures declared by the party Press to be of first-rate importance and of such a magnitude that the session may be all too short for their passage, are four: Irish Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Electoral Reform, and the Osborne Judgment Bill. But which of these by the most liberal interpretation can be regarded as a measure of social reform? Whatever may be said of each of them on its merits as a piece of machinery, what cannot be said of any of them is that it is in any sense a piece of social reform. Not one of these Bills, if they all become Acts, will enable the people of these islands to accomplish any better than they now do, the two objects of social existence, namely, to live well and to live a good life. For all practical purposes, therefore, the Bill now before Parliament are as remote from social reality as metaphysics.

* * *

The relation between politics and economics will never be understood until it is realised how thoroughly politics diverts and is intended to divert attention from economic considerations. We all know that economically England is in the throes of a revolution compared with which the break up of the Feudal system, the emancipation of the serf, and the rise of urban capitalism, were merely the preliminary stages. The

economic revolution now in progress is destined, if unchecked, to create two classes in this country, separated each from the other by a gulf which only chance will be able to cross: the class of labour and the class of capital. The segregation between these two classes has already reached in America a definiteness which in England does not yet so plainly appear. In America there are over a thousand multi-millionaires, and over ten thousand millionaires, while the rest of the population are scrambling for wages the rates of which may for the moment be high, but will certainly fall as time goes on. What will be the issue of this appalling fission in American society few people dare to forecast. For ourselves, we believe that the present century will witness in America a civil revolt on a scale as much magnified in extent as well as in horror compared with the French Revolution as the America of to-day is greater than the France of 1789. But in England, as is obvious, the same segregation and fission of society are taking place. We are rapidly becoming Americanised. And while this process is taking place, as well here as in America, the politics of the two countries are designed to conceal its deadly work, and, by concealing, to facilitate it. Everybody knows the means by which politics, both here and in America, is kept aloof from economics; and not only from economics, but from everything genuinely affecting the life of the nation; it is the device of the caucus. By means of the caucus an entirely fictitious form of politics is maintained which only by accident or mistake touches at any point a real public need. For the most part our caucus bosses are sufficiently skilful to steer politics clear of economics, and, while doing so, nevertheless to keep the general public interested in their performance. For the fact must be admitted that, artificial as our politics are, remote as they are from daily life, the majority of the electorate are as easily led into enthusiasm concerning political questions as they are easily diverted from attention to economic questions. At least ninety per cent. of our voters, the vast majority of whom are wage-slaves, can confidently be expected by the caucus bosses not only to attend the polls to vote for Tweedle-dum or Tweedle-dee, but to attend con amore. At the same time the same proportion of idiots will hiss and spit at any group of persons who may attempt to point out their folly to them.

* * *

While this is the case it is idle to maintain that even if political questions have no public value they have no public interest. On the contrary, as a spectacle merely, in which the mass of the people have no active part whatever, politics is still the most attractive of all public performances. It may be true that in the matter of the four "first-class" measures under Parliamentary dis-

discussion this autumn, not one, either in its passage or in its operation, will call for the active co-operation of the electorate; but the interest in the working of the plot behind them is, nevertheless, considerable. Exactly as the ordinary reading public will follow the serial fortunes in some popular magazine of fictitious characters and fictitious events, so will our general public follow during the coming months the fortunes of the parties at Westminster. And we may at once admit that, fiction for fiction, the tale about to be resumed in Parliament is at least as sensational as the adventures of Deadwood Dick. To begin with, the Government, it is now obvious, has reached a stage in the development of the plot which may well be regarded as critical. On each of the four measures dilemma is now written; and the interest of the spectator is naturally concerned in at once watching and speculating how the respective heroes and villains of the piece will extricate themselves. Again, it is appreciated by the public that not only is the Government itself in difficulties, but the Opposition is also in no fit state to win or to profit by a victory. Finally, it requires only a little imagination to feel that not only has the Government reached a crisis in this chapter of politics, but it is a crisis in the book of politics itself. When none of the parties is able to move without risking a revolution it is plain that we have, in addition to the interest of the dilemma, the interest of the dilemma within the dilemma.

* * *

Only from this last point of view, indeed, can we bring ourselves to write seriously on the political situation at all. For if the question to be considered were merely one of the Ins and Outs of Mr. Asquith and his friends, or Mr. Bonar Law and his friends, or Mr. MacDonald and his friends, the discussion would be trivial. But it appears to us that something more than the domestic ambitions of these persons is involved in the present position of affairs. By a series of blunders, even from their respective caucus points of view, each of these three parties (and we would add the Irish Party as a fourth) has discredited itself simultaneously with all the rest. For the first time for many years not only is the reigning Government unpopular in the sense of inspiring neither public confidence nor public hope, but every conceivable alternative government is equally unpopular. In other words, the new political chapter shortly to be opened will be opened with apprehension, but without, for the present at least, any pleasing expectation. Now, how, we may ask, has this come about; and what may be the issue of the situation? The present political depression, we believe, has been brought about solely by the passage under such discreditable circumstances of the Insurance Bill and by its enforcement on the people against every sign of their repugnance. We have certainly at no stage of its consideration magnified the disgust generally felt by the public at both the means and the objects of the Insurance Act. What, however, we do appear to have magnified is the power of active popular resistance. But even this, we are persuaded, will come in time. It must not be forgotten that the public in its opposition to the Insurance Act has found itself without the honest support of a single political party. What organ or weapon had the public, therefore, by means of which it could legitimately express its opinion? The natural party to which a disgusted public might look for a defence against an obnoxious Act was the party of the official Opposition. Failing that, there was until recently the third and growing party of Labour. But both the Conservative Opposition and the Labour Party have in the matter of the Insurance Act been in conspiracy with its authors, and remain in conspiracy with them to this moment. Under these circumstances, therefore, not only is the public disgusted with the reigning Government, but, as we say, its disgust with all the parties is general. And until one of the parties has the courage to promise the repeal of the Insurance Act, that disgust with all parties, we believe, will remain.

* * *

For it is certainly not the fact that the Insurance Act is now accepted by the public as a fait accompli.

All appearances to the contrary, the passive resistance, at any rate, to the measure is stronger now than ever it was. People pay, it is true, and, so far as we can see, people will go on paying. But it requires wilful blindness or ignorance to maintain that people are paying or will continue to pay with the smallest real satisfaction. On the contrary, they pay because they are forced to pay; and every fresh payment only aggravates their sense both of the compulsion and of the injustice. Mr. Lloyd George and his friends either believe or profess to believe that, when the benefits begin to flow, this dissatisfaction with the Act will be transformed into gratitude; and on this assumption it may be expected that the Government will attempt to maintain itself until at least six months' trial of insurance benefits has been made. In other words, a General Election will not be precipitated by the Government until next summer at the very earliest. Then, indeed, we expect that, if the public feeling in regard to the Insurance Act should be favourably changed, the Government may risk a new election. But the chances of such a favourable change are, in our opinion, remote. The Welsh Chancellor of the Exchequer does not know the English character if he believes that an affront to its pride can be soothed with an inadequate bribe. The Government will as certainly be unpopular next summer as it undoubtedly is this autumn; and not all the benefits of the Insurance Act will compensate for the injuries already done by it.

* * *

But if Mr. Lloyd George had set out to ruin both his own party and all the other parties, he could not have succeeded better. For, as a consequence of the Insurance Bill, and that alone, every party and every party cause now on the stage have lost what public respect they ever had. It seems almost unnecessary to say that the Labour Party has lost prestige as a result of supporting the Insurance Act. With Mr. MacDonald at their head, they would have lost prestige in almost any event. But they are far from realising yet how much indeed they have lost, not only of prestige, but of solid immediate support. We would not now, as we would some years ago, forecast for the Labour Party the future government of England. The mistake it has made in aiding and abetting Mr. George in an Act of combined murder and suicide is of the magnitude of a blundering crime. And this, we believe, will be made evident in the national judgment on the first possible occasion. But, on the other hand, the Irish Party, so famous for its astuteness, has done no better. The Irish Party, too, under the blandishments and more material inducements of Mr. Lloyd George, has succumbed to the temptation of accepting a bad Bill as a means to a good Bill of their own. With what effect? With the same effect that has been produced on the Labour Party by the same short-sighted opportunist tactics. At the present moment it is obvious that no demand made by the Labour Party has any backing in the general public. The Labour Party may petition for this and squeal about that; but the public, remembering the wound inflicted on itself by the Insurance Act with the connivance of the Labour Party, will indifferently—nay, gladly—see Mr. MacDonald and his gang snubbed and dismissed by their whilom friends. And the same is true of the Irish Party's Home Rule Bill, both here in England and in Ireland as well. For let it not be forgotten that the Irish Party had the incredible stupidity to accept the Insurance Act for Ireland when by a lift of the finger they might have saved their country from it. But the Act is no less unpopular in Ireland than in England; and it is even more unpopular amongst Irish Nationalists than amongst Orangemen. In short, the Irish Party has alienated by its acceptance of the Act the very supporters on which it must rely for an active assistance to Home Rule. We are beginning to see the consequences to the Irish Party, both in Ireland as well as here. Here in England it is safe to say that there is no longer the least enthusiasm for Home Rule. We literally cannot bring ourselves to care the toss up of a coin whether Home Rule is given or withheld. And in Ireland we gather that the feeling of the public is much the same.

Mr. Redmond and his wirepullers may pretend, if they please, that the support of Home Rule is as strong as ever; and that only confidence explains the apathy that has descended on Home Rulers in the face of the theatrics of Sir Edward Carson. But we repeat that this apathy is due not to confidence, but to indifference. Unless, in fact, that apathy were real and not merely illusory, it is doubtful whether Sir Edward Carson and his friends would dare to challenge it as openly as they do. Theirs, it is true, may be bluff, but they suspect, with us, that it is bluff against bluff. If they really thought that Ireland and England were behind Mr. Redmond and Home Rule would they venture to prepare a civil war? We do not believe it. But taking advantage of the disgust felt in Ireland and in England with both Mr. Redmond and Mr. Lloyd George, they are pressing their cause against the weakness of the Insurance Act. If anything should be to blame for the defeat of Home Rule two things only must be held responsible: the passage of the Insurance Bill in the first place and the refusal of repeal or modification in the second place. It is quite possible, however, that from this second cause the Unionists will suffer as much as the Liberals and Irish. If we were conducting an anti-Home Rule campaign, indeed, our first step would be to promise a complete repeal of the Insurance Act. On the wave of gratitude arising from that we could safely trust to being carried into a harbour safe for our generation from Home Rule. We will add to our list of the fatal consequences of the Insurance Act the certain defeat of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. It is not a Bill that ever concerned us or a Bill that really concerned England in any sense. Nevertheless, since Wales appeared to want it, there was no stronger reason in our opinion against it. But this Bill likewise has lost its friends, passive as well as active, by reason of the conduct of Mr. Lloyd George. It may be unfair, it may be unphilosophical; but Wales must suffer for what a Welshman has done. There is scarcely a soul in England to-day who would raise a hand to assist Wales in her Disestablishment Bill.

* * *

It will be gathered from the foregoing discussion that our forecast of the future of the present Government is not reassuring to its friends. But to set against this conclusion must be recalled the fact that no alternative Government appears likely to be any more popular. After all, the present Government is in; and, whether by fatal error or by a policy too deep for us to understand, both the Irish and the Labour Parties will continue to support it. If the Coalition holds, as apparently it does, only by its own act need the Government come to an end. What else in fact can put an end to it? Sir Edward Carson may organise active resistance in Ireland, but who in England cares for riots in Ulster? Again, the Home Rule Bill cannot possibly come into operation for another two years, by which time the present Government will be out of office and another Government may be in. The prematurity of the Ulster resistance suggests not long sight but short confidence. It is now or never, the Orangemen feel. It may be so, but in that event the issue, we believe, is never. The Government have only to pass the Bill through the House of Commons, wait two years to pass it through the Lords, and afterwards leave the Unionists to administer it. What would the Unionists do then? To repeal an Act passed by their immediate predecessors would from their own point of view be the destruction of political traditions: a revolution in party government, in fact. It was on the ground of these traditions that they declined and still decline to promise a total repeal of the Insurance Act. Their case, so far as England is concerned, would certainly be no better if after declining to repeal an Act that affected both England and Ireland, they consented to repeal an Act that affected Ireland only. For the moment, indeed, we do not see how Home Rule can be defeated even as, for the moment, we could not see how the Insurance Bill could be defeated. There is a Parliamentary majority for Home Rule as there was a Parliamentary majority for the Insurance Bill. That Parliamentary

majority remains all-powerful to-day as it was sixteen months ago. The same machinery that carried out the Insurance Act against the will of the people of four countries will surely be sufficient to carry out Home Rule against the resistance of four counties. Nor is the present Government without the courage consistent with its crimes. When we have abhorred the Insurance Act we must still admire the courage of the fanatical scoundrels who have enforced it. We should not be too confident, if we were Sir Edward Carson, that the Government that dragooned thirteen millions will not be prepared to dragoon a few thousands.

* * *

But all these questions, exciting enough as they are to the few who live by them, have no effect, as we said at the outset, on the real questions which affect all of us equally. While the political stage is occupied by buskined adventurers, each seeking lucrative posts that he and his friends may devour, or cutting a figure that each thinks may shine in history, the real forces of society go grinding on below the surface, creating by friction conditions that in the end will blow us all up, society, political stage and players together. For it is a fact, the most sinister of our age, that prices are rising, while wages relatively are falling, falling. Who in the whole region of politics appears to be aware of what this fact connotes? No party, certainly, for otherwise we cannot conceive that even in the midst of the ball the sound of its dread note, heard by a single party, would not have the effect of the cannon heard on the eve of Waterloo by Brunswick's fated chieftain. Or upon what forces does any party aware of the fact rely for a final remedy? For ourselves, with the best will in the world, we see nothing in active existence at this moment either to correct the upward tendency of prices or to check the downward tendency of wages. On the contrary, an examination of the causes of both movements only discloses grounds for concluding that, without a peaceable revolution of society by ideas, they must continue until a revolution by blood and iron is provoked. Is that understood, is it grasped, even by our readers? The cause of high prices now and to come is to be found in the common phenomena of capitalist countries: a perpetual extension of the areas of demand, a perpetual transference of persons from production to consumption; and the perpetual reduction in the relative numbers of the actual producers. When relatively a small number of producers are engaged in supplying the demands of a large number of consumers, prices must needs rise, unless the means of production increase as fast as the numbers of the consumers. For every new "mouth" an existing "hand" must work a little harder or a little more efficiently; and for every new "mouth" demand relatively to supply increases and prices rise. But even this would conceivably be tolerable if at the same time that the opulence of consumers increased the wages of the producers were increased also. But this is not the case. As the competitive rack extracts rack-rent, rack-interest, and rack-profits for the possessors of the instruments of production, so it also subjects the raw materials of production to rack-efficiency. Labour being, as we have repeatedly shown, a raw material differing in no essential respect from rubber or cotton, is subjected to the same process undergone by its inorganic fellows; in other words, it is racked in the matter of its production and use, as expressed in the form of its falling wages. And there in a nutshell is the problem of society before us: rising prices and falling wages. In comparison with this double attack upon the life of society what are political questions but the crackling of thorns under a pot? The Government may weather the autumn, though their Bills may be jettisoned. There may be a General Election next midsummer, when the Labour Party will gain three seats and lose ten. Mr. MacDonald may have a seat in the Cabinet. Sir Edward Carson may be a peer. But which of all these things will raise wages or reduce prices?

* * *

[WE SHALL PUBLISH next week the first of a series of articles on Guild-Socialism.]

Current Cant.

"This is the age of the people . . . the age of democracy is come."—BISHOP WELLDON.

"When Jesus Christ is fairly seen by every working-man the industrial world will know that it has a leader who is a Brother."—*Christian Endeavour Times*.

"Beecham's Pills have never been exploited by sensational advertising."—Advt. in *"Evening News."*

"Last year the Independent Labour Party toiled splendidly."—*Labour Leader*.

"Hereditarily by birth on my brother's side I am a high Tory, and I am Liberal by conviction. These two warring elements help me to understand both sides of the question."—SARAH GRAND.

"The coming spiritual leader will be helped if through our Cathedrals people have developed powers of communion with the unseen."—SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

"There are few European capitals which can boast that human life is held more sacred than it is in the British metropolis."—*The Standard*.

"My story, 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me,' stands for what is almost the first word said by man about woman. . . . I think it is intensely interesting, it seems to go to the root of everything that has been said. . . ."—HALL CAINE.

"I shall never leave the Scouts though Cupid has pierced the heart of their chief."—BADEN-POWELL.

"Films such as those depicting the funeral of the late King should be preserved for the benefit of posterity."—A. FLEMING BROWN, A.M.I.M.E., in the *"Standard."*

"The good work begun by the Unionist Party must be continued."—*Morning Post*.

"There is no country in the world where political warfare was fought under stricter and more honourable rules of fair play than in Great Britain."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"In an age of business, money, fashion, politics, pleasure, of everything but the spiritual, religion was to General Booth first and last only—the rest nowhere."—*The Christian World*.

"From a trade union point of view our orthodoxy is guaranteed by the approval of the Hierarchy and the acceptance of the post of Ecclesiastical Superior by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne at the request of the Bishops."—*The Tablet*.

"Do you mean to tell me that all sense of justice, liberty, and fair play has gone out of the minds of the great English people? Not a bit of it."—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

"Significant is the presence of another of the King's guests—Lord Revelstoke. He is a partner of the great banking house of Baring Brothers, and a director of the Bank of England."—*Daily Mirror*.

"'Hindle Wakes' is for broad-minded playgoers."—*The Globe*.

"I am going where I have wanted to go all my life . . . as a matter of fact I am there now, and next week all the million readers of the 'Referee' will know where I have been."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"The indubitable fact remains that Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer is coincident with the period of greatest prosperity that the United Kingdom has ever known."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"I know how earnestly the Unionist leaders in Ireland have already striven in the cause of Peace."—BONAR LAW.

"Is not Mr. F. E. Smith right when he says that the cause of the Unionists is already won? . . . The victory of law and order is, we believe, assured. . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Current Sense.

"Politicians are always lying in the House of Commons—and out of it."—EDWARD CHIRRY in the *"Daily Mirror."*

"To find the Chancellor of the Exchequer among the admirers and advocates of political chivalry is like hearing the late Charles Peace discourse upon honesty."—*The Globe*.

"Cabinet unity becomes harder to maintain as time goes on."—*Saturday Review*.

"To the public schoolboy life is a rag."—*English Review*.

"Working people are niggardly in earning and have a keen eye to the ha'pence; but they are free in spending and, above all, in giving."—STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

"A better distribution of wealth would obviously give the poorer classes an effective power of better adjusting the world's resources to mankind's needs, and might show that it is not pressure of population on means of subsistence that causes poverty."—ARTHUR D. LEWIS in the *"Ethical World."*

"The burden on the middle classes has increased enormously in the last ten years. It is still increasing, and the tendency each year is for the increase to grow. Every fresh dose of social reform has to be paid for by new taxation falling chiefly upon this overburdened class."—F. E. BAILY in *"Pearson's Magazine."*

"Mr. Bonar Law is not a great man."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"London is an inferno."—MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

"If women secured the vote to-morrow they would still crowd into hideous factories to grind out wealth for their masters."—ARTHUR ROSE.

"The London pulpit is a sheer dreariness."—*The Nation*.

"It is a fact of life that the most elaborately arranged experiences of Princes may leave them without the slightest real knowledge . . . this is the danger lying ahead of the Prince of Wales."—*The "World's Work."*

"The attitude of certain Labour members towards the Labour rank and file has undergone a marked change since a grateful Liberal Government elevated them to the affluence of £400 per annum."—*Daily Herald*.

"In the transport strike this year there has been no advance secured, but rather the reverse; and with weaker wage rates the workers have to make good the desolation of their homes."—PHILIP SNOWDEN.

"In this age of science we have heaped up great intellectual riches of the pure scientific kind. But what will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls."—JOHN BURROUGHS in the *"Atlantic Monthly."*

"What is done habitually, in the true sense, is done mechanically and absently; and habits of speech, still more the consequent habits of thinking, are spiritual death."—E. F. CARRUT, University College, Oxford.

"Representation of the people is a myth. . . . We are governed through the forces of monopoly which Parliament and votes are powerless to fight. Women asking for votes are playing into the hands of the monopolists, i.e., the real governors."—*The Freewoman*.

"The fare war is a method of barbarism."—*The Star*.

"You will search Sir Edward Carson's speeches in vain for a noble thought or a flash of genial humour."—*News and Leader*.

"The Labour Party have nothing left to cover their nakedness."—*Morning Post*.

"Capital has shown in infinite adaptability, smothering the protest of the workers by conceding their ill-advised demands and ruling its slaves not with the rod, but with jam tarts and cossetting."—*The Oxford Syndicalist*.

"To those who look below the surface of things there is no more patent fact in contemporary politics than the hopeless insecurity of the Government."—*The Telegraph*.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

As I write these lines, nearly a week before the publication of this number of THE NEW AGE, everyone is prepared for the worst in connection with the Balkans, though the utmost efforts are being made to prevent a catastrophe. Rechid Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Agriculture, has left Constantinople for Switzerland, via Vienna, with peace proposals for Italy which it is thought ought to be satisfactory. This will leave Turkey free, assuming that Italy accepts the revised terms, to deal with her troublesome neighbour, Bulgaria.

Now, this is a matter in which financiers are interested only indirectly. If war comes, it will not be a financiers' war on either side. The Bulgarians are genuinely alarmed for the safety of their Christian friends in Macedonia, who, as they maintain, have been badly governed and often abused by the Turks. This fact is at the root of the present anti-Turkish agitation in Bulgaria; but the inimical feeling between the two countries is of long standing. There is the difference of religion and of race; the memories of the war of '77 are still strong. More than this, Bulgaria has, or fancies she has, territorial claims on Macedonian territory. Besides, there are no pacifists in King Ferdinand's dominions; the natural fighting instinct of man is allowed to develop at will on both sides of the border.

There is a well-defined Turkish view. The authorities at the Porte will tell you that the Christians throughout the Ottoman Empire have always been troublesome, and that they exhibit the worst characteristics of the races to which they respectively belong. And this, I am bound to admit, is substantially true. The Porte holds that, although it has often been found necessary to punish the rebellious Christians, they have never been treated with undue severity. The Turk believes what he says; but his notions of severity differ from ours. But the members of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha's Cabinet have another argument to put forward, and, so far as they personally are concerned, it is unanswerable. They point out that since the establishment of the new régime in 1908, Turkey has definitely and finally lost Bosnia, Herzegovina, and probably Tripoli. They may, indeed, have yet to add one or two of the Islands to the list. To give away any further territory would be fatal—their necks, as well as their posts, would be in peril. No Turkish Cabinet could calmly agree to Bulgaria's claims without serious danger of a revolution.

Ghazi Mukhtar and his colleagues have emphasised this point by mobilising nearly 300,000 troops in the neighbourhood of Adrianople, which would naturally be Bulgaria's objective. They rather ironically refer to this procedure as being connected with "autumn manoeuvres," as if a financially embarrassed country like Turkey would throw away money on a superfluous object.

We have heard a great deal recently about joint inroads into Turkey by Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. Statements like these must be received with caution. Roumania, who has a military agreement with Austria, would hardly see a Bulgarian army marching into Turkey without trying to obtain a little extra territory on her own account, and not necessarily in Turkey. Hints have already been dropped in Vienna that if the Servian army marches out of Servia an Austrian army will march into Servia. The Montenegrins are a brave race, but they would be swamped among the Turks. It should be borne in mind that the Turks, if they get Italy off their hands, wish to deal with Bulgaria in such a way that there need be no further trouble in that quarter for two or three generations to come. If pressed, the Porte, as I am assured from good sources, will put three-quarters of a million men in the field. Not all the Balkan States combined

could hope to vanquish a Turkish army of this size—and they will not combine.

Those who are acquainted with the Balkan Peninsula will realise the difficulties an invader would meet with. There are only half a dozen passes through which an invading army could cross from Greece, for instance, and a single Turkish army corps could easily guard them. Again, in the event of an invasion the Turks would be fighting on their own ground. This always gives the home army an advantage, and the advantage would be particularly felt in the case of Turkey. I refer to these matters because it seems to be taken for granted on all sides that if the Balkan States combine, and have at their backs the support of the Powers, the Turks will be swept into Asia Minor within a few weeks after the declaration of war. No impression could be more erroneous. Besides, it is to Germany's interest to back the Porte. Have our journalists forgotten the Bagdad Railway concessions and a few other matters of that sort?

Chinese finance has occupied our attention to some extent during the week, and Mr. Birch Crisp's statement reflects no particular credit on our Foreign Office. Not being able to foil Mr. Crisp's initial plans, Downing Street could, and did, make a howling diplomatic blunder. A greater piece of tactlessness than the official protest to Yuan-Shi-Kai through Sir John Jordan has not come to my notice for a considerable time. There is absolutely no reason why England should play the game of the six-Power group to such an extent. And to demand payment of the balance of the Boxer indemnity out of the £10,000,000 loan—thus rendering the loan practically useless—is mere petty peevishness, and will do the Powers no good in the Far East. It is a pity, however, that so great a proportion of the loan was left with the underwriters; but this was perhaps only to be expected in view of the hostility shown to it by the great financial houses, such as the Rothschilds. Our Government cannot, like the French Government, directly influence loan transactions; but its indirect influence is none the less powerful.

The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation is supporting the six-Power group, and the bank on the other side is the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. For a long time past the first-named institution has had practically a monopoly of the international banking business in China, in so far as it was connected with loans. It is a very useful and praiseworthy institution, and no doubt China owes it a great deal in more senses than one. But if it has the monopoly which other bankers allege it to have, we can perhaps understand why its rivals should be eager to back up the group opposing the six-Power syndicate. To this extent the struggle is a financial one. My sympathies are with the Birch Crisp group, because it is willing to help China in her financial difficulties without the onerous and unnecessary responsibilities of foreign control.

Persia has been discussed at Balmoral, but nothing definite has yet been decided upon. It is hardly likely, however, that there will be any immediate notification of a partition. "Partition," is in any case a harsh word to use. We may, when the time comes, "regularise our position," or something like that. While Russia, however, is "regularising" her position in Persia, and also in China, she earnestly desires peace in the Balkans. Her recent mobilisation of seven army corps is partly due to anarchical agitation, but chiefly to M. Poincaré's request that a test mobilisation should be made. The French Government had complained that in the event of war a Russian army could not cross the German frontier before a month had elapsed. And peace in Europe generally is also desired by France, who is having a slow and irksome task in Morocco. The latest estimate is that at least 150,000 soldiers will be required for the complete subjugation of the country, and the work is not likely to come to an end for some years.

The Lost Party.

By J. M. Kennedy.

Two books were published recently which it will be advantageous to review together. One is a little volume entitled "Conservatism," written by Lord Hugh Cecil for Messrs. Williams and Norgate's "Home University Library" (1s. net), and the other is M. Ostrogorski's revised edition of his now classic work, "La Démocratie et les Partis Politiques," published in one volume at 6f. by Calmann-Lévy, Paris, and brought down to the end of 1911.

I own that Lord Hugh Cecil's book is rather disappointing—disappointing, perhaps, because one's inclination is to judge his work by a high standard. He and Mr. Balfour are the only two prominent Conservatives who have shown any capacity for originality, for recognising and weighing ideas, and for realising the importance of philosophy in politics. It is true that Lord Hugh never displayed this faculty to the same extent as Mr. Balfour; but I think he has given evidence that he possesses it sufficiently not to have made some of the statements that he does make in this book, and, on the other hand, to have mentioned certain things that he does not mention.

Briefly summed up, Lord Hugh Cecil's political philosophy would appear to be this: it is not sufficient for the State to be based on justice alone; for justice, strictly administered, would often result in hardship to the individual—the law, for example, does not recognise the claims of gratitude. But, as the State must be based on something of a permanent character, let it be based on the Christian religion.

Assuming that we were disposed to adopt this principle, the first thing we should naturally want to know would be: What precisely is the Christian religion, or on what particular form of it shall we base our State? It is here that Lord Hugh seems to hedge. He demands that the State shall recognise religion: "Conservatism insists on the national acceptance of Christianity, and desires to reconcile that acceptance with complete toleration of all sorts of opinion on religious matters." As, however, there are several religious sects, the problem of bringing up the child "is to be solved by accepting the parent as the arbiter of his child's faith, and putting the State into the position of the parent's deputy, faithfully carrying out, without bias, the directions that the parent may give, and teaching the child with equal efficiency and zeal whatever religious opinions the parent's chosen denomination may profess. In this way the State really safeguards the religious life of the people without making any particular religious body a privileged favourite."

With all due deference to the authority of Lord Hugh Cecil, it must be stated that this plan is hopelessly impracticable. If we are to base the State on Christianity, we must choose one form of Christianity; for otherwise we should have as many States within States as there are sects in Christianity. Besides, it must be clear enough to Lord Hugh that there is no one form of Protestant Christianity which he can recommend to the people of this country, even if they were disposed to accept his principle. There is a Greek orthodox form, and there is a Roman Catholic form; and each one of these two types is supreme in its own domain. But where is the supreme Protestant type? The High Church of England? The Low Church of England? The Free Church of Scotland? The Lutheranism of Germany? The truth is, Lord Hugh's plan is an anarchical plan, and Protestantism, with its utter lack of a spiritual ruler, is the anarchical form of Christianity. A thorough theological critic will go much further. The New Testament, on which Lord Hugh stakes his stand, preaches an anarchical religion; and the Greek and Roman Churches owe their spiritual authority, not to the New Testament, but to the pagan elements which they have absorbed from other sources—i.e., the more these Churches exercise spiritual authority, the more they divest themselves of their Christian characteristics.

Apart from this objection, there is another fundamental error: which, it seems to be, vitiates Lord

Hugh's book from beginning to end; and that is the assumption that the form of Conservatism he justly ascribes to the Conservative Party in the past is represented by that party now. Our author never seems to have heard of the Caucus. He has a chapter on Modern Conservatism, which he traces, although not with the requisite completeness, down to 1895; and then he says: "We are now approaching too near the controversies of contemporary politics to make it desirable in a book of this kind to proceed further in our historical survey." On the contrary, a survey of contemporary politics and the influence of Conservatism on them would have greatly added to the value of the book. Lord Hugh could then have told us how the introduction of the Caucus completely altered the whole aspect of our political system; how the Home Rule split brought a large body of Liberals into the Conservative camp; how Conservatism was tinged accordingly with the principles of Liberalism; and how the capitalistic elements in the party led to a neglect of the land problem. Further, had Lord Hugh written his "undesirable" survey, he could have told us how the Tariff Reform campaign split the party from top to bottom; how he himself was threatened in his own constituency, and wandered in the wilderness until he found a refuge at Oxford; how his brother, Lord Robert Cecil, an equally ardent Free Trader, could not get into the House of Commons until he made some show of adhering to Tariff Reform; and how the unworthy intrigues of the least Conservative elements in the Conservative Party led to the retirement of even Mr. Balfour. Much of this story has already been told, and I myself have helped to tell it; but what new light would have been thrown on it had Lord Hugh only continued his survey!

Now, Lord Hugh Cecil, while it does not appear from his book that he has ever heard of the Caucus, has nevertheless heard somewhere that something is wrong:—

Where is the power that even the Cabinet must obey? The best answer is that the supreme authority within a party is usually exercised by the most active and energetic party organisers throughout the country under the leadership of one or more of the principal men among the party leaders. Sometimes the nominal leader of the party is among these principal men; sometimes he is not. But they derive their strength not merely from their personal position, but because in one way or another they have the ear of what may be called the Praetorian Guard of the party—that is, its most active and ardent workers. If this be true, we have surely grave ground for anxiety.

"If this be true," mind you! This cautious "if" occurs in a book written by one of our most experienced politicians—and that at a time when the influence of the Caucus was never more predominant; when both Caucuses, Government and Opposition, are working hand in glove; when public money is being slung hither and thither at the rate of thousands of pounds a week to bolster up measures, such as the Insurance Act, which have been approved by the Caucuses, though detested by the people; when the power of the private member was never smaller; when the House of Commons reeks with corruption; when Cabinet Ministers, even, speculate after having previously "rigged" the markets; and when Stock Exchange "tips" are bandied about the lobbies. In the name of Lord Hugh's ideal type of Christianity, whatever it may be, does he imagine that the public have neither eyes nor ears, even if they are powerless to utilise the information acquired through these organs?

Ostrogorski has no need to be so reticent. A translation of an earlier edition of his work was published several years ago, and is known to all who take an interest in English or American politics. His masterly analysis of the decline of Conservatism and the rise of Liberalism in the early years of the nineteenth century has never been surpassed, or even equalled. His description of the gradual rise of the Caucus is almost perfect. And Ostrogorski's book is so excellent because he has no particular interests to serve. He is a foreign observer with a keen analytical and original mind, and few men living have a more profound knowledge of political science and of the history of politics.

With these qualifications, joined to a style which is almost pitiless in its cold, logical analysis, Ostrogorski will not be appealed to in vain if we wish for an independent opinion regarding our present political situation.

In the first place, Ostrogorski recognises that, since he first wrote on English politics, a new political party has come into being—viz., the Labour Party. The Conservative Party and the Liberal Party still remain. But Ostrogorski, like any other political scientist, is not content with mere names. He wants to know, naturally enough, what these parties stand for: what are their ideas? Are they separate entities, or are they simply the same thing under different designations? This is Ostrogorski's conclusion:—

No doubt people still speak of "Liberalism" and of the "Liberal Party," and of the "Conservative Party," as if these names stood for political entities; but, as a matter of fact, it is impossible to distinguish the characteristics peculiar to one party or the other. There is no longer a body of Liberal or Conservative doctrine, nor even a Liberal or Conservative temperament—at all events, any difference there may be in this temperament no longer makes itself felt in political action. Those ideas or aspirations which for a quarter of a century have fought for political influence have partisans and adversaries in each of the classic parties—Home Rule, Imperialism, Free Trade and Protection, social reform, are no longer the monopoly of either party.

As for the new party—the Labour Party itself—it represents a separate organisation rather than independent ideas. The semi-Socialism which it puts forward now figures among the stock-in-trade of the Liberal Party, and is translated into legal enactments only because it is accepted by the Liberal Party, and only in proportion as it is accepted by the Liberal Party.

The so-called Conservative Party, while representing the rights and claims of property, flirts with the claims of Labour, or even with tendencies which are openly Socialistic. The legatee of the old aristocratic order, and supporting itself preferably on those forces which incarnate the old feudal spirit—this party in 1910 raised the flag of democracy pure and simple by proposing to introduce the Referendum on all important questions, not merely constitutional questions, but those concerned with ordinary legislation.

These statements will hardly be denied in political circles; but they would undoubtedly be questioned by the average newspaper reader. For it is difficult to get the modern Englishman to believe that the politics of the party he supports are as unreal as observers of the present political situation know them to be. The Insurance Act may be taken as an instance in proof. Every politician knows perfectly well that it is the most unpopular measure passed within the memory of any living man. The "Opposition" leaders have only to go to the country with the declaration that they will repeal the Insurance Act, and they would come back to power with a huge majority. Will they do so? Certainly not. Mr. Bonar Law once said in the House of Commons that it was the intention of his party to repeal the Act. But the Caucus bosses, headed by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, made him eat his words that very evening.

Why the anti-traditional, and consequently anti-Conservative, Insurance Act will be allowed to stand is explained by Ostrogorski clearly enough, although he is not referring to this specific instance:—

The fact is, if there are still some English Conservatives, there is no longer a Conservative Party in England. The Caucus killed it. By following an opportunist line of conduct, and endeavouring to outbid the other parties, it threw overboard the principles of Conservatism; and by claiming the monopoly of the party orthodoxy, and maintaining its claim by means of a rigid organisation, it turned away the men who upheld those principles. The old or true Conservatives could no longer give utterance to their views or make their voice heard—they could only follow, murmuring, in the footsteps of the wirepullers, or withdraw altogether and give their cause up in despair. At the beginning, when the Caucus, some thirty years ago, secured a foothold in the Conservative Party, it helped the party to pull itself together in the struggle. The Caucus, in other words, rejuvenated the party, but at the cost of its soul, as in the mediæval religious legend. It was not the only party against which the English Caucus, in the course of its still short career, dealt mortal

blows. From the time of its formation it threw itself upon all the old parties, wrenched the last breath from the lungs of classic Radicalism, already on the point of death, and helped enormously in dethroning whiggism. But nowhere did it bring about such ravages as in the Conservative Party. It was the main factor in the situation which has at length resulted in a fact the consequences of which cannot yet be adequately gauged—the fact that in England, this out-and-out Conservative country, there is no longer a Conservative Party. Only the mere name is left—an organisation working under this title. And we cannot tell whither the operations of this organisation will lead the "Conservative Party": where will these operations have led the party to-morrow, where will they have led it the day after to-morrow—to the path of the most extreme democracy, already indicated by the adoption of the Referendum, or to some other?

Ostrogorski deals with another important feature of our politics. We have all heard of the swing of the pendulum. There are certain people who will always vote "Liberal," just as there are others who will always vote "Conservative": no argument will appeal to them. Our own papers have acknowledged that less than ten per cent. of the electorate can change the entire situation. Ostrogorski sets the number at five per cent., and he proceeds to inquire why such a thing as the "swing" exists at all. He notes the remarkable phenomenon that the "swing" became noticeable only when the Caucus appeared. The Caucus, he reminds us, and no doubt informs some of us, came into existence because the voting elements had hitherto been "unstable." The new Franchise Acts had added large numbers to the mass of voters, and the political parties did not quite know how they stood. Hence the need of some organisation which should, so to speak, stereotype the electors. The parties did not represent the "people," and it was necessary to crush out independent candidates. The electors, therefore, having no other choice, voted despairingly, at the end of every five years or so, for the parties alternately. "In other words," says Ostrogorski, "the swing of the pendulum is no more representative of the development of opinion than the parties themselves were before the election resulting in the 'swing.'" And he adds: "If it (i.e., the 'swing') changes the heads of the Government, it does not serve to correct the defective formation of the parties themselves; it does not bend their rigid nature—it only leads to the installation of one rigid party in power in the place of another."

The difference between representative government and government by delegates is as well known to Ostrogorski as it was to Burke, even though most of our modern English politicians appear to have forgotten the distinction. He says:—

The members of Parliament no longer represent the electors as they did formerly. The personal and local element is no longer predominant in their relations with their constituencies. The candidate is now, in most cases, a stranger to his constituency and to the district in which it is situated. His personal qualities, and even his character, are no longer his chief qualifications. What is demanded of him, besides a well-lined purse, is strict political orthodoxy, implicit adherence to the policy of his party, to his leaders, and to all the measures proposed by them. . . . Instead of being a representative, he is rather a delegate, a sort of clerk or shopman who is ordered about, who receives his instructions from the "party," or, more correctly, from the party leaders. In a word, the member now sits in Parliament not so much for this or that constituency, as for and on behalf of one party or the other, and under the direct authority of the Caucus and its leaders.

But what of the party which was to change all this, the party which was to represent the workers and bring about reforms?—

The Labour Party has neither credo nor programme; it is a great machine built for the express purpose of sending workmen's candidates into Parliament. . . . Every trade union secretary dreams of being a Labour M.P. one day. He endeavours to mount, one by one, the steps of the ladder leading to this position; he gets himself elected to local bodies, such as boards of guardians, education committees, municipal councils. His fame and his chances of success increase if he has the support of the great men of the party, if a Labour M.P. comes to speak

on his behalf at electoral contests. Later on, it is with the co-operation of such men that he will be chosen as a Parliamentary candidate. Then he, in his turn, mounts guard over the influence of the great leaders in his district; he endeavours to stamp out the sparks of revolt against them, he comes to their defence when a conflict breaks out. If his own position is threatened locally one of the great leaders of the party will travel down from London to fix matters up. Thus throughout the party there is formed a sort of official corporation, the members of which—fine fellows, no doubt, in other respects—support one another and manipulate the party.

And then there is this sly hit, when Ostrogorski is referring to the selection of Labour candidates: "A candidate with a wealthy trade union behind him will always stand the best chance of being chosen, whatever his personal worth may be—he is like a marriageable girl with a good dowry. . . . A poor man of independent mind has even a smaller chance of becoming a Labour M.P. than he has of being chosen by one of the middle-class parties."

Before concluding, I should like to draw attention to that well-known chapter of Ostrogorski's book headed "Le Bilan," which he has revised. He notes the gravity of the fact that the electors are so apathetic. "Self-help is no longer the national religion. The Englishman is becoming more and more accustomed to having things done for him. . . . The spirit and methods of the Caucus, which tend to the obliteration of personality, were nourished by these new social tendencies which helped to develop them. One of the most intelligent of English political 'organisers' recently said to me, by way of defending the party organisations, 'People are less and less inclined to move for themselves.' But it may be retorted that the argument applies both ways, and that the fault is partly that of the party organisations themselves."

It is impossible to quote all the good things in a closely printed volume of more than 700 pages. Chapter XIII, in the section on "The Decline of the Parties," mercilessly analyses the position of the Labour members from 1906 onwards—the new spirit they introduced into the House of Commons, their sincerity, their power; and then their gradual petrification, their response to the "tone" of the House, their gradual absorption by the Liberals. There is a short "Note" at the end of the volume, in which Ostrogorski replies to the critics of his previous work on the subject, written some twelve years ago, and in which he politely "snuffs out" Mr. Graham Wallas and his biological theories. One of our best-known mugwumps is briefly dismissed as follows in a footnote: "Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the theorist of the Labour Party. . . ." This note, by the way, refers to the criticisms directed against the Labour Party because they showed no particular desire to alter the existing rigid Caucus system. Ostrogorski shows that the Labour Party does not really desire to change anything: its members expect one day to take the place of the Liberals; and, to use his own expression, they regard everything Liberal as their "heritage":—

With their thoughts directed to the hour when they shall take the place of the Liberal Party in the economy of English political life, the leaders of the Labour Party are already jealously mounting guard around this heritage, fearing to see it spoilt in any way by new methods, such as ~~proportional representation, which would dislocate their future majority~~; their plan is to keep for themselves all the benefits of the orthodox system of parties. Again, in the organisation of their own party, they are no less orthodox than the older parties. . . . Up to the present the Labour Party has done nothing but add a third Caucus to the two already existing.

This "heritage" is the clue to many puzzling aspects of the Labour movement. The Labour leaders, wishing one day to supplant the Liberal leaders, are naturally assuming the characteristics of the Liberal Party, even when these characteristics have nothing to do with the Labour movement as such—Puritanism, for example, Nonconformist canting, advocacy of Home Rule, a parish-pump view of foreign politics. But for further remarks on our system of politics I must refer the reader to one of the most wonderful books on political science ever written.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

Theodora Rediviva.

SHE did not after all, then, as readers of Disraeli's "Lothair" will have believed, die from a papal Zouave's random shot at the close of the fight near Viterbo, which her inspiration and encouragement alone had turned from a Garibaldian defeat into a decisive victory for the Italian Nationalists. Or rather the highly endowed lady that without knowing it served as the model for Theodora's portrait, has remained in the flesh for more than a generation after her first introduction to English readers. Subsequently to her education in Beaconsfield's penultimate romance, she fitfully reappeared in a little read, long since forgotten, story about the International by William Black. Notwithstanding these two attempts to attenuate her into fiction, among the living personal forces of the time must still be reckoned the gifted cosmopolitane who, before and after serving as the original for Colonel Campian's wife, has, in her comparative seclusion, advised and animated the leaders of the social and political European advance. London circles she seldom visits; with all classes of the great manufacturing capitals north of the Trent she has an authority not unlike that exercised during the fifties by David Urquhart, or by his disciple, the late Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, nearer to our own day.

And this because she does not soil her fingers with party politics, but, alike by written and spoken words, acquaints the operatives and artisans, from the Humber to the Cheviots, who have learned to distrust newspapers, with the true meaning of those great contemporary issues which party leaders try to manipulate but never fairly face. Theodora reads all these things as in an open book. Socialism, collectivism, syndicalism, are to her attacks not on society, which is an institution based on human nature on the law of development, and, therefore, impregnable, but on a certain adaptation of means to ends contrived long ago, but in its essence transitory and, therefore, brought into ridicule by being tricked out with the name social order. Society is another name for corporate existence; social order is merely the sum of personal and class relationships. These, she believes for the first time, are now under the operation of change in the permanent interests of society itself. That is the cause idealised by the poet when he sung:—

I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Towards that end Theodora sees reason to think the heterogeneous units may be now amalgamating. The burden of the centuries is the failure of their greatest movements to fulfil the expectations raised. Christianity in its beginnings was a religion for the poor, but the Church, once established, became the stronghold for feudalism, and its chief clergy the pillars of the court. Still, even from its ashes the fire of inspiration has never quite died out. The most intense and far-reaching forms in which human energy has expressed itself have been of Hebrew origin. Without going back to primitive Christianity, Theodora reminds us that nineteenth-century Socialism, rooted in Hegel's philosophy, made itself a system in the hands of two Prussian Jews, Marx and Lassalle. Then she looks to Russia. There she sees Israelitish brains on the platform and in the Press enforcing and illustrating with every kind of modern experience Hamlet's text, "The time is out of joint."

"I draw," she says, "no horoscope, but only say the prophetic instinct of the Semitic mind has not often led humanity into a false track; a clear, practical writer, such as Yuskievitch, is not likely to have wasted his gifts on chimæra. Trace the stream of industrial sympathy traversing English literature from William Langland to William Cowper. For all domestic purposes the Corn Law rhymer, Ebenezer Elliott, was in his way as

effective a poet as Tyrtæ. The chief notes of his music have been ringing like a refrain through the most representative English verse till they have swelled into their most powerful cadence in one of the really greatest modern English singers, William Morris. Bear in mind also the deeper and more mystical stimulus in the same direction indicated by the names of the eighteenth century William Blake and the Victorian Charles Kingsley.

"To-day," Theodora resumes, "you have no literary teachers. If so, and they belong to the calibre of those just named, they would tell you that the platform and publicist diagnosis of the malady called universal unrest is false. Society has no disease, and is in no danger. England wants what Russia has been given in Bulgakorth. He would tell you, as he has told his own people, that all the trouble comes from nothing but your mere social arrangements not being, in the slang of the times, up-to-date. Nor can it be said that either pulpit or Press does to-day for England what might have been done by a born servant of his generation like Thomas Arnold. Your newspapers have ceased to be even the organs of a party and have become the trade sheets of syndicates and gangs. Your Church has degenerated into a kind of Dutch auction conducted by men whose only idea is to outbid each other in the direction of Rome, and whose highest ambition would be gratified if Rome bought them and swallowed them up on her own terms. For of all industrial delusions the greatest is that of playing into the hands of the Ritualists, otherwise the Anglo-Catholics, perhaps from the unconscious sympathy mutually uniting actual or potential law-breakers. In that way, indeed, there may be hastened Disestablishment, by which, so far as it affected them at all, the masses could only stand to lose. A Church of England mediævalised beyond the present point would, in fact as well as appearance, be Romanism established, with as little of material as of spiritual profit to the children of toil."

Such are Theodora's latest notions of the necessities of the times, and their best method of supply—less poetical and less lofty than those to which she gave utterance in the pages of "Lothair," the expressions now of experience rather than enthusiasm, and so compact of matter generally for instruction and always for thought. International heroines, or those who might have served as models for them, were familiar in real life long before Disraeli introduced Mrs. Campian to his readers. Throughout the nineteenth-century's first half no member of the petticoated sex of ambiguous antecedents rose to social notoriety without soon being identified as one of Palmerston's secret agents. Since then the final stage of every London season has brought its particular lioness, certainly not to be charged with dedicating to her own family or nation gifts meant for mankind. Such was the case with more than one highly endowed lady who, during the Berlin conference period, adorned her triumphal train with the figures of a Prime Minister, a Foreign Secretary, and the two most consummate prose stylists of their time, Alexander Kinglake and Anthony Froude. These, and another lady bearing the name of one distinguished as traveller, politician, and soldier of fortune, belonged, it has been said, to the same class as Theodora. They at least differed from her in having no personal end to serve, no merely sentimental sympathies to advance. They rode lightly on the crest of the fashionable wave, always active, generally amiable, but never possessed by any serious thought or desire of turning their experiences and convictions to the real good of their generation. "What," once asked of Theodora a famous scholar and Greek professor now dead, "is the severest trial you have ever encountered in your efforts at human service?" "I will answer you," she said, "by referring to a little apologue narrated by one of your Greek historians, I think, Herodotus. The Persian general, Mardonius, sent to punish the Athenians, had among his officers a young man famed for his intelligence and thoughtful sensibility. 'What,' said his chief, 'ails you, that you are so depressed now when the sight of our magnificent army should elate you with anticipations of victory?'

'Alas!' came the low-voiced reply, of all pangs which can agonise the heart, surely the bitterest is to feel, to think and to foreknow when one has no power to influence.'" "I think," was the only rejoinder from Benjamin Jowett's cherubic little voice, "we shall find lunch on the table downstairs."

Dishing the Socialists.

By Reginald J. Dingle.

A FEW years ago the intellect of England gathered in a small room—ambitiously described as an institute—in a back street in a provincial town. They were unknown and unrecognised, as the intellect of a country always is. This did not disturb them, for they had a tremendous and unquenchable faith in their mission. I know all this, for I was one of them.

It would be untrue to say that we solved social problems. To us there was nothing so complicated as a problem about the whole thing. It was amazingly simple. The defrauded condition of the worker—or the wage-slave, as we preferred to call him—and the total depravity of the capitalist (accented on the second syllable) were the outstanding, or the only, facts in the situation. All the evils around us arose from the private ownership of "the means of production, distribution; and exchange." This ritual phrase was often contracted into "The System." How we attacked the system! The scathing eloquence! The force of righteous indignation! I have sometimes thought that the moral heat engendered positively killed off the bacilli, thus explaining how any of us in that small and malodorous little centre of intellectual light escaped some sort of septic disease. Few stones of our social edifice would have remained standing had our powers been equal to our desires. The Persian poet did not desire more earnestly than we to "shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire." We would even have invoked the machinery of the capitalistic law of libel if anybody had called us "bourgeois" or "respectable." But nobody did.

"Where ish dot barty now?" After proclaiming with wonderful optimism every Sunday night for three or four years, that "England is risen and the day is here," we broke up. The society remains. It is larger and has more commodious premises, but it is not what it was. They are a bloodless sort now, who manipulate billiard balls where we manipulated empires. One feels with Mr. Polly, that "it's fair itchabod o' man." Passing the discarded "Institute" last week, we had a melancholy reminder of the departed glories of the days that were. And we were forced to ask ourselves some questions. Since those days we have left the world of the economic text-book for the world as it is. We have seen five years of legislative activity which then were subject of speculation. More instructive than all, fate has directed us to many meetings of Poor Law Guardians.

For one thing we of the Institute could take credit. We knew where we wanted to get. Our goal may have been the wrong one, but we had a goal, and that fact gave us a dignity and a title of respect which are lacking to many modern "progressive" social thinkers. We said we wanted the State to own the means of production and distribution. We contrasted the Socialist theory of society, which is a perfectly comprehensible one, with the Manchester School theory, which is equally comprehensible. We said it was a fallacy to believe that by letting the individual subserve his own ends you could best subserve the interests of society. Rather, we retorted, see that Society is on a right basis, and that will prove to be best also for the individual. That was the antithesis; it was a very simple matter then.

Since that time two facts have been forced on us—

The first is that individualism—the Manchester School brand—is as dead as Queen Anne. The second is that what is taking its place is not Socialism, but something else.

We passed the "Institute" in an evil hour, for we had in the past two days attended two meetings which supplied a sufficient commentary on the deliberations for the benefit of England which had taken place in that home of economic freedom and carbon dioxide. One was a meeting of the Board of Guardians at which a resolution was carried "affirming the necessity for labour colonies." The other was an education committee meeting at which an enthusiastic chairman had explained to a sympathetic audience the proposals of the Consultative Committee on attendance and continuation schools. "The committee have already suggested," says this delightful report, "the raising of the school age to fourteen. They are prepared to go further, and recommend that no boy or girl under sixteen years of age shall be allowed to leave school, even at fourteen, unless they can show that they are going to be properly occupied."

Recalling those two meetings in the light of one's recollection of the institute discussions, one saw what had happened. We had clamoured for what involved two things—a State compulsion and a State guarantee. We are getting the compulsion, but not the guarantee. Take first the charming proposal that the children of the poor shall be compulsorily detained at school until "suitable employment" is found. The Socialist said the boy was the child of the State, which was under an obligation to provide employment for him, and which should educate him with that end in view. You may not accept that view, but at any rate it was a reasonable position. The proposal of this committee recognises the duty of the State for work. It imposes on him his duties in a Socialist State; it does not give him the return which a Socialist State would provide. "The State must produce efficient citizens," said the Socialist. "Yes," replies the legislator, and he proceeds to produce them—for the benefit of the private employer. The same tendency is in the proposal to establish labour colonies. The Socialist was quite logical. He said the man who did not work should not eat. He would have made the tramp work, but he would also have made the duke work. The ruling classes, like the immortal Brer Rabbit, "lay low and sed nuffin." They let the Socialist hammer away against the ingrained British distrust of State compulsion. They waited until he had bowled it over, and then they stepped in—to propose that the tramp should work; but they did not propose a labour colony for the duke. The result is that we have a serious proposition that men should be compelled to work for the profit of other men. There was some kind of dignity in the proposal that every man should be compelled to contribute towards the co-operative commonwealth. But we are insisting on the contribution without establishing the co-operative commonwealth.

One sees clearly what was wrong with us. We talked of Social Democracy, but overlooked the fact that democracy is what we have not got. We thought the State was the people, and principally ourselves. But the State means the middle class. The Philistine employer, the middle-class plutocrat, the vulgar self-made man is not transformed into an angel of light when he functions collectively through the borough council or the House of Commons.

I believe there are sanguine "Labour leaders" in comfortable possession of a Parliamentary salary and an abundance of dignity, who talk largely of the progress we have made. There are naive Socialists who tell us that we have almost arrived at the Socialist State. But some of us look sadly at the Institute and confess that somehow things have gone differently from our hopes. We asked for State action and we are getting it. "He granted them their desire, but He sent leanness into their souls." We feel we have been dished. "It's fair itchabod o' man."

Some Manifestations of Orangeism.

By Peter Fanning.

BELFAST in 1885 was not a nice place to soldier in. Wherever one went, theatre, music-hall, pleasure steamer or public bar, one discovered the Orangemen and Nationalists, scowling, snarling and cursing each other. On the public highway, a Roman collar was sure to subject the wearer to volleys of blasphemy. The sombre robes of the gentle Sisters of Mercy appeared to possess the power of converting the Orange viragos into very demons of destruction. They would pelt the inoffensive religieuses with dead dogs, cats, rats, or the garbage of the gutter, accompanied with language equally foul. Of an evening, when work was done, the Orangemen from the Queen's Island, the most cowardly pack of hooligans to be found in any country, would swarm over Ballymacarrot Bridge, their pockets filled with nuts and bolts. Suddenly they would turn into some side street and in a few moments, house or shop occupied by a Nationalist would be reduced to ruins.

As the year '85 wore on things grew gradually worse. Sometimes in the middle of the night the bugle would sound the "fall in on the double." Then we would have to stand on the barrack square hour after hour waiting to see if we were required. At other times, at any hour of the day, some particular company would at a moment's notice be ordered to parade and then rushed off to a political meeting, perhaps fifty or a hundred miles away. The regiment at this time was at full war strength, a thousand and twenty strong, and composed roughly as follows: one Scotchman, two Welshmen, a hundred and fifty Orangemen and over eight hundred Nationalists. So far the Nationalists had not taken any active part in the political hurly-burly, but it was a matter of common knowledge that the Orangemen were actively assisting their friends. On one occasion this was done in the most open and public manner. An English politician of high rank was coming over to Belfast to open a new Orange Hall. On the appointed day our big drummer, who was an Orangeman, broke out of barracks, joined a civilian band, and for the remainder of the day paraded about the city beating the drum and still wearing his regimentals. We naturally expected that for such a flagrant breach of discipline the man would be severely punished. No action however was taken in the matter and no punishment followed. Growing bold with the certainty that those in authority were on their side, the Orangemen began to indulge their humours even in the barracks. One night they held up the canteen and declared that no "Papist should sup a pint" in their presence. On this declaration reaching the barrack-room, twenty of us, accompanied by barrack-room packers, strolled, in a casual sort of way, into the canteen and ordered our liquor. In three minutes we had the place to ourselves, our amiable comrades finding other accommodation in the hospital.

From this onwards it became evident that the Orangemen throughout Ulster viewed the regiment with fear and hatred. Hitherto, at all political meetings, the military had been merely spectators. Whenever the factions were prevented from getting at each other they generally joined in mutual slogging of the constabulary. Now, however, things were changed, and the next meeting our men were ordered to attend the Orangemen concentrated their whole attack upon them. This so exasperated officers and men that at last the officer in charge gave the order to go for them. In a few moments only one Orangeman was to be seen, Giffen. And he was skewered through and through on a bayonet. From that day the relations between the Orangemen and ourselves became identical with those of the civilians. We openly sided with our own people, who were being treated so brutally, and we made it known to all the authorities concerned, military, police and civil, that should any general attack be made on the Nationalist quarters, we would turn out, eight hundred strong, and reduce Belfast to ashes. For a short time this had a restraining effect, but those who were direct-

ing the Orange movement were determined that we should be got rid of and hell let loose. On the morning of September 21, being orderly to the Paymaster-General, I drew the post at the General Post Office and returned to barracks. Whilst at breakfast the bugle sounded, "A, B, C, and D Companies fall in at the double." Assembled on parade, we were ordered to pack our traps and appear on parade again in thirty minutes in full marching order. We had no idea what this movement meant, but in half an hour we fell in again, and a few minutes later marched out of Queen Street Barracks. Once in the street we soon learned that the enemy had triumphed and that we were being cleared out so that our people could be murdered with impunity.

From the barrack gate to the railway station the route was lined with weeping women and children; many were kneeling in the road, wringing their hands and tearing their hair, at the terrible prospect before them, when the only party who could afford them any protection was being hurried away. As we approached the railway station the 71st Regiment marched out. Having no Nationalist sympathies, they, of course, were perfectly fitted to take our place. What followed our departure from Belfast is a matter of history. For myself, that night I drew the post for the Paymaster-General on the Curragh.

THE SEQUEL.

Ten years afterwards, in 1895, I had occasion to interview Mr. John Morley (now Lord Morley) in connection with a certain matter. When the business in hand was disposed of, I asked him: "Would you mind telling me, Mr. Morley, why you bundled the Inniskilling Fusiliers out of Belfast in 1885? I ask, because I am positive had we been allowed to remain there would have been no riots?"

Mr. Morley: "I was in no way responsible for the Inniskillings leaving Belfast in '85."

"Well, sir, seeing that you were Chief Secretary I have always held you responsible for our removal and what followed."

Mr. Morley: "Ah, Mr. Fanning, it is evident you don't know Dublin Castle."

That was enough for me. In office but not in power is what that reply amounted to. Here we see the whole terrible business being engineered by an unknown power sitting in Dublin Castle. Hundreds of people were slaughtered for political party purposes. Are we going to witness a similar infernal drama enacted with the third Home Rule Bill as accompanied the first?

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

V.*

I HAVE mentioned this matter, and I may seem to attach to it an undue importance. I can only answer that a dead rat is no great affair unless it gets clogged in your water supply.

I have declared my belief in an imminent American Risorgimento. I have no desire to flatter my country into any belief that we are at present enduring anything except the Dark Ages.

The foreign critic going to America to fill his pockets finds flattery an all too easy means to his end. He makes the path of anyone who cares for coming improvement or present diagnosis that much the harder. It is of no great matter. Let us jeer him and pass to our muttons.

A Risorgimento means an intellectual awakening. This will have its effect not only in the arts, but in life, in politics, and in economics. If I seem to lay undue stress upon the status of the arts, it is only because the arts respond to an intellectual movement more

* "The appalling fungus of our 'better' magazines!" (I do not speak of the frankly commercial ventures, but of those which profess to maintain the "literary tone.")

swiftly and more apparently than do institutions, and not because there is any better reason for discussing them first.

A Risorgimento implies a whole volley of liberations; liberations from ideas, from stupidities, from conditions and from tyrannies of wealth or of arms.

One may as well begin by a discussion of ideas, their media of expression, and, in the present case, the means by which they are transported and kept in circulation. Among which latter are these highly respected and very decrepit magazines.

I take their attitude toward poetry as typical of their mental status. I am told that their attitude toward prose articles on exploration is the same—and that by a man who'd been to God-knows-where and back without their assistance.

It is well known that in the year of grace 1870 Jehovah appeared to Messrs. Harper and Co. and to the editors of "The Century," "The Atlantic," and certain others, and spake thus: "The style of 1870 is the final and divine revelation. Keep things always just as they are now." And they, being earnest, God-fearing men, did abide by the words of the Almighty, and great credit and honour accrued unto them, for had they not divine warrant!

And if you do not believe me, open a number of "Harpers" for 1888 and one for 1908. And I defy you to find any difference, save on the page where the date is.

Hence, when I say openly that there is more artistic impulse in America than in any country in Europe, I am in no peril of being believed. The documents are against me.

And when I add that there is no man now living in America whose art in letters is of the slightest interest to me, I am held for paradoxical. And the answer to that is, that there is practically no one in America who knows good work from bad—no such person, I mean, who is part of the system for circulation.

It is cheering to reflect that America accepted Whitman when he was properly introduced to them by William Michael Rossetti, and not before then.

When a young man in America, having the instincts and interiors of a poet, begins to write, he finds no one to say to him: "Put down exactly what you feel and mean! Say it as briefly as possible and avoid all sham of ornament. Learn what technical excellence you can from a direct study of the masters, and pay no attention to the suggestions of anyone who has not himself produced notable work in poetry. Think occasionally, as Longinus has aforesaid, what such or such a master would think if he heard your verses."

On the contrary, he receives from editors such missives as this:—"Dear Mr. —, Your work, etc., is very interesting, etc., etc., but you will have to pay more attention to conventional form if you want to make a commercial success of it."

This comes from Mr. Tiddlekins, who has a kindly feeling for you. It is sent in good faith. And nothing terrene or supernal can get Mr. T. to see it in any light but his own. He has been brought up to respect eighteenth-century fashions. He has never once considered any fundamental issue of art or of æsthetics. He has been taught that one fashion is good. He is ubiquitous. (There is one man who learned 1890 instead of 1870, but he is equally stationary.)

A judgment a priori!! Never!!! The person of the sacred emperor in a low tea-house?

Of course, art and prosperous magazines are eternally incompatible, for it is the business of the artist to tell the truth whoever mislike it, and it is the business of the magazine editor to maintain his circulation. The thing needful is that the young artist be taught a sufficiently galling contempt for magazines and publications as such. A good poet is not always an educated man. He is often eager to learn. Too eager. I remember that at twenty I should have counted it some honour to have been printed in the "Atlantic." There are any number of young people in America who knew no better.

I met a man in New York. He is over thirty, he has never had time to get "educated." I liked some of his lyrics. I said, "Give me some more and I'll take 'em to London and have 'em published."

I found the rest of his work, poem after poem, spoiled. I said: "Why do you do this and this?" He said: "They told me to." I said: "Why have you utterly ruined this cadence, and used this stultifying inversion to maintain a worn-out metre that everyone is tired of?"

Same answer. I said: "Why do you say what you don't mean in order to get more rhymes than you need?" He said: "They told me it was paucity of rhyme if I didn't."

Then he read me the chorus of a play—in splendid movement. The form was within it and of it. And I said: "Mother of God! Why don't you do that sort of thing all the time?" And he said: "Oh! I didn't know that was poetry. I just did it as I wanted to—just as I felt it."

And, of course, the way to "succeed," as they call it, is to comply. To comply to formulæ, and to formulæ not based on any knowledge of the art or any care for it. Take example: A lady met me and gushed over me in a London studio. She approached me with befitting humility. "Would I favour their magazine, or did I look with scorn upon all things American?"

So I sent them a grammatical exercise, scrupulously correct, and gathered avowedly from the Greek anthology.

And they wrote that they were delighted, and paid me proportionately, and informed me that an aged member of the American Academy (Mr. Howells, to be precise) was very much pleased with the poem. So I sent them a real poem, a modern poem, containing the word "uxorious," and they wrote back that I used the letter "r" three times in the first line, and that it was very difficult to pronounce, and that I might not remember that Tennyson had once condemned the use of four s's in a certain line of a different metre.

And there you have it. There is money in grammatical exercises. If anyone wants it, let him rearrange the anthology. One man has done this sort of thing until this catchword floats about New York. (I change the name, but the substance is unaltered).

"Get out of here," the editor bawled,
"I buy my verse from Septimus Awd!"

There is also a market for optimism. Any pleasant thing in symmetrical trousers will find a purchaser.

Never once does the editor ask himself the only questions which the critic has a right to ask himself in weighing a work of art, to wit: Is this man a serious artist?

Does this work present what the artist intended it to present, effectively?

Does it comply with the laws inherent in itself?

Does the manner fit close the matter?

There is no interest whatever in the art of poetry, as a living art, an art changing and developing, always the same at root, never the same in appearance for two decades in succession. Or, perhaps, I might express the situation more succinctly if I said: They are meticulous to find out if a thing conforms to a standard, like the carpenter who sawed off the books. But they have no interest whatever in ascertaining whether new things, living things, seeking for expression, have found for themselves new and fitting modes wherein to be expressed. The Poetry Society of America was founded two years ago* to weaken the magazine clutch. And I hope it is succeeding. It gives at least opportunity for intercommunication between the authors. And there is a magazine, "Poetry," about to be started in Chicago

* (On very different lines from a society of similar name now making itself ridiculous in England.) Poetry is not a sort of embroidery, cross-stitch, crochet, for pensionnaires, nor yet a post-prandial soporific for the bourgeoisie. We need the old feud between the artist and the smugger portions of the community revived with some virulence for the welfare of things at large.

which is, avowedly, to assist the art. And one can only pray that the discrimination of the editors will bear some resemblance to the common sense of the founders as expressed in their announcement.†

Present-Day Criticism.

MR. G. B. SHAW had once the notion of describing his works as journalism—a notion which some few critics seemed disposed to share; but in a day or two he was to be seen busily republishing in permanent form everything he had ever written, and no doubt he had not really believed himself to be writing for that public which reads once and no more. In his recent much-discussed epistle on the suffragette incendiaries, an epistle which we certainly may consider as an essay, he, indeed, marshals what appear to be merely the current facts, journalist's matter; but threading altogether in a string of philosophical terms such as serious men use who have searched for, and found, the lasting truth, and are ready to establish it. Some useful idea, simple and final, should emerge from the mind of a writer who addresses us in exact terms; otherwise we shall be inclined to turn away contemptuously as from a prattler in logic, an amateur sage.

Mr. Shaw's column and a quarter reduces conveniently to a series of syllogisms, three of these perfect in form, though false, as the text-books say, in "content." The fourth is imperfect. We take them in their almost cruelly clear order. (1) To set fire to a theatre is a serious crime: the suffragettes have set fire to a theatre: they have committed a serious crime. (2) Persons who commit serious crime must be restrained: the suffragettes have committed a serious crime: they must be restrained. (3) The Government's responsibility for a prisoner's possible self-starvation is met by offering him food: the Government has offered food to the incendiaries: the Government's responsibility has been met.

So far as this, the public, indeed, has long ago reasoned for itself. But surely there are more things in Mr. Shaw's philosophy than the ordinary world has dreamed of? He is not so carefully tracking our infant footsteps in logic just to prove us merely lost in the wilderness, fallen hopelessly upon an arid dilemma? Here are we all, pilgrims through a difficult tract, and suddenly beset by a species of being so unsocial and outside reason that, as Mr. Shaw himself writes, it must be restrained "just as necessarily as a tiger must be restrained." It would be too like nagging us to elaborate the details of our plight without suggesting a way out: we should be reminded of those thoughtless ladies who place pet animals in bewildering positions just to see how the creatures will extricate themselves. We all know the "cold logic" of the situation. How are we to deal with it? Clearly we cannot comply with the demands of a tigrish creature. Yet we do not wish to destroy it utterly. What is to be done?

Mr. Shaw presents us with his final and imperfect syllogism: the public would tell a dangerous criminal to starve and be damned: the incendiaries are dangerous criminals: the public would damn the Government.

And that is possible—as the Government knows. So, with all his logical paraphernalia, our philosopher proves to have been merely amusing himself with the general dilemma. True, he reproaches the Government with being in the wrong over the point at issue. But so far as there are any signs, the nation is clearly on the side of the Government. Public opinion rejects the suffrage and approves the restraint of the more furious women. If we were discussing the case of the suffragettes, we might declare that a way out of the dilemma

† This article was written some weeks before I had any notion that I should be made foreign representative of this new periodical.—E. P.

they have created will be found by the public itself, that will neither grant the vote to women nor suffer assault without retaliation. We might say that it is not at all certain that the public would be horrified by the suicide of a suffragette—it is less certain, perhaps, since Mr. Shaw has written the name "tiger" by which many persons are accustomed to think of these mad women. The calculation of feeling is outside logic: but the feeling of the public has not hitherto swung towards the suffragettes: on the contrary, the reports even of forcible feeding have left the public almost indifferent.

But our subject is Mr. Shaw, style and man. He has borrowed a cloak of philosophy for no discoverable reason, save to prove us all, by contrast, naked; but take away his pretences—he has no philosophical belongings. A philosopher would consider Mr. Shaw immodest, an ostracising quality in this region. To a nation which assumes that women who will commit crime against the person in order to get the vote may be expected to indulge the same temper for the sake of forcing through any new law they may happen to fancy, he has said: "Give them power." That is advice for which the plain man might call Mr. Shaw a traitor: the philosopher would say anarchist. Under the rose of cool superiority he has abused both parties; the suffragettes are as tigers—the Government is lying, insolent, and in the wrong! He has also flattered both: the suffragettes are unfortunate women in the right. The Government is doing its duty in restraining them as tigers! Mr. Shaw coquets with both sides. Angry people on both sides might find several opportunities for murmuring "Rot!" But this would be excessive, since Mr. Shaw does quite clearly state what he would do if he were the Government. He imagines a dramatic scene to take place between himself and a woman who threatens to throw herself into the Thames unless he gives her five pounds. It is a considerable sum, and he refuses it. "I really do not see how I can reasonably comply with your request," he says politely, but logically, "because if it were established as a rule of conduct that I was bound to do so, or else be held guilty of your death, all the women in London might make me stand and deliver in turn until I was a beggar." Mr. Shaw does not doubt that the public to a man would be on his side in this little affair of the rights of capital, yet he is quite positive that men would censure the Government for allowing a woman to die, rather than stand and deliver up political rights at demand. The latter conclusion is not necessarily the true one. The fact seems to be that men are not only determined not to suffer women in politics, but that they show determination to keep them out at any cost: they will not stand and deliver; the woman may throw herself in, drown, and be damned. Of course, Mr. Shaw will never find himself really placed in his imagined dilemma. He is amused with the fancy, and apparently perceives nothing gross and shallow in comparing his sciomachy with the ugly situation, wherein the tradition respecting females may yet go by the board. A suffragette is already considered by various crowds as something less than a woman. The crowd argues instinctively that a woman would not invite the sort of handling which the suffragette endures, in some cases, laughing, and even amidst the shameful scene hysterically promising a repetition. Mr. Shaw cannot be blamed for not having foreseen either the public aversion from woman suffrage or the frenzy of a few disappointed women who had staked money, place, and reputation on proving their equality with men. But now that these two circumstances stand for everyone to see, there is no room for trifling, for stage debate, for logical prattling; above all, there is no room for nagging by the spectator. When Mr. Shaw writes that a dangerous prisoner, too hastily released, might possibly be lynched, he is writing of a possibility which has all but happened to suffragettes accused only by the rumour of the crowd. Serious men will take sides on this matter of the suffrage, or, if possibly indifferent, will, at least, keep silent. Mr. Shaw is neither serious nor silent. We permit ourselves to imagine a dog at a fight running round and biting the heels of all the combatants.

Pages from an Unpublished Novel

By Beatrice Hastings.

BOOK XI.

No sooner had I begun to learn than I knew more than my teacher. A great many of those called to occultism come thus far: and most no further. If this requires any proof, let me hurry to the Theosophical Society, the placid unchosen Chela chattering of Parabrahm. On a certain day I paid my fee: not against advice, nor yet advised, but left to my own resolution in such a way as certainly deliberately flattered my new presumptions. I think that I jumped to a no less fanatical notion than that my mysterious friend was jealously anxious to make himself my sole instructor! I realise now that he was thrusting me towards experience as rapidly as might be. My suspicions never were so impudent as to become articulate; but I grew restive and, at length, I do not doubt under subtle provocation, I confided my intention of joining the Theosophical Society. He nodded and said something fatalistic. As humbly as Agag before Samuel, I trod the carpet before a secretary, a woman bathed (swimming, I should say now) in smiles and silences, and put down my name. When she surveyed me, I felt that she was looking me through as well as all over, and I was mightily relieved not to be cast out wailing and gnashing. Every day I went to read in the library, picking up books at random, not knowing what to ask for, even if I could have conquered my terror of the librarian, a woman, also swimming in facial sweetnesses, but remarkably ugly, and capable of whispering to one from a depth positively infernal. So I used to slip into the outer library, where one might breathe. Here groups of the Chela were wont to chatter and smoke and take tea. It was very sociable, this Chela, and not at all disinclined to confirm one's steps along the Path. Had one read the Manuals? Were they not illuminating? Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater went on the Buddhic plane any time they chose. The Chela had been once, nearly twice. Some obstruction—suppose working out some wretched bit of Karma . . . remembered many past lives . . . had been a king, and a queen, and slave to Cleopatra, and one of the guards of Semiramis, and an alchemist—ah! many of us went astray looking for the Stone: lots of us are paying with this whole life for one attachment: not to be judged by present condition—purity not to be regained in any other possible status; in fact, proximity to Mrs. Besant sign of being just about through . . . not allowed to say too much—but the Masters! . . . always felt the ability to lead but—prohibited—this Karma!—was very psychic—could see your aura—gold!

Or perhaps the Chela would be. . . . One day it mentioned woman suffrage in an enormous and gruff voice, and as if the vote for women were practically a fact. So far as I remember, I had never before even heard about women wanting the vote. The idea struck me as a fad. I passed it along with the eccentric voice, outrageously amusing, mock-earnest. Socialism too! Time to go down to the meeting. Prince Krapotkine—must be there early to get a seat: nothing but revolution can save us: had one heard the news from Novgorod? Shocking!

I read a great number of books. Arriving early, provided with a few grapes and a biscuit to stay me through the day until tea-time, when I permitted myself to revel, I sat, searching, searching for the guiding word. Once I ventured to ask the librarian's opinion on a bewildering arcane volume. She very nearly withered my hand that held poor old Lake's fantasy: "Have you read it?" I asked. "I should think not," she replied. I fear that she had looked me through—everybody this Chela looked through—to some advantage, had, in fact, recognised me—for I never heard her speak like that to anyone else. The next moment she had retired to her own Plane. I was very miserable, however, not getting on at all—bewildered here, and at home, conscious of being neglected by my friend, who was rarely in at seasonable hours, and always busy. All was weariness and vexation of spirit. Some of the

Chela (English: pupil or disciple) lectured, drowsily, complacently. Complacency, indeed, was a sort of hallmark here, and wondrous close it resembled a vacuous insolence. One might look up to encounter a naked stare; and it was a very new Chela that would trouble to blink in imitation of a conciliatory smile. The lectures were usually mere poor paraphrases of some mystical book. But one Sunday I sat listening to a lecture, and for the first time more absorbed in what was being said than in the miraculous portrait of Blavatsky which commands the room: I never wearied of gazing at those seemingly lucid but unfathomable eyes. And I heard a voice, severe and satirical, as it were, clearing the room of stupidity and pretentiousness, creating a place for wisdom. It is not possible for me to explain how from hearing a lecture on gnosticism I should have been persuaded to give up fluttering amid mysteries and to take to meditation. Still less can I tell how, in a most cold fit of exaltation, I came to goad myself into resuming a supposed duty that was no duty of mine. But, perhaps, there is little enough inexplicable in the vagaries of pride. I was willing to direct my own conduct, and nobody hindered me. My friend, indeed, heard me with shock! I had put the case intelligently, exaltedly, as one going to salvation: saying that I had ignorantly deserted the Big Bear and the Three Little Bears. I knew a little more now. My place was beside them. I might be of some use. I would get them to read the Manuals and become vegetarians. My friend looked at me and seemed about to speak, but instead he turned away and busied himself for a few moments. "You disapprove?" I asked, timidly enough. "No, no—work it out!" he answered, smiling, but not even glancing up. I stumbled out and wept almost the whole night through. I realised that he was deliberately leaving me to my fate, that he had deliberately avoided me all these weeks. A resolution to see him early in the morning and beg his advice sent me to sleep. I rose at seven and waited in a fever for an hour and a half. Then I knocked at his sitting-room door expecting to find him preparing for his studious day. He was packing a bag. I said: "You must not make me feel so wretched. Why will you never help me now?" He replied, leading me to a chair and drawing one up for himself: "You are doing very well. It is certainly not for me to advise you, probably no one can advise you. Let us say that the stars forbid it for the present." I gazed at an inexorable face—the broad temples and clear eyes rejected my piteous appeals to be supported even by so much as a twitch, a blink, or a nod. I felt, I knew that he could see me going off my way, yet there he remained, unresponsive as a blank finger-post. "What would you do?" I insisted. And he began to make fables about the Karma of interference, laughing, almost mocking. "Oh, well, I shall go and see what happens," I burst out, exasperated: "You neglect me just as you neglected the dog!" "Wrong!" he returned. "And now I cancel your naughty and wretched and plaguey remark in case to-morrow you should sigh over it. Those three adjectives make us quits. Do you not see that you are on the blank side of the wall? No directions to be had! Work it out." "You are going away?" "Not for long, I hope. I have a job to do. But don't lose touch with me." So we parted cheerfully, I think.

My cheerfulness scarcely lasted over the day. I could not read and shirked going out. Many times I resolved to write now, this very moment, to the Bear. But the pride that allowed me to resolve forbade me to resolve amiably. I began the letter. From an opening tone of dutifulness, the page humiliated itself with abject hypocrisies, and, this realised, changed to a truculent yell, domineering and reproachful. In fact, I did not want to go; and soon neither persuasion nor conjuration could induce me to fulfil my recently so lofty intention. I threw the sheets into the fire and gave it all up. I would not do anything in this matter; after all, I could refuse to move. Let the gods move!

So I slept soundly of nights and went on with my studies and meditations and disciplines: Until, Aphrodite moved!

O thou! weaver of monotonous deceits, queen of the witless, deity of ephemera, I thank thee that thou madest thy excessive last exploration of a house which was thereafter to be shut against thee. Thou knowest how when now thou dost come, knocking, and variously disguised, I salute thee: "Thou Aphrodite? But have I not seen thee unmasked, would-be witch?" Thou dost try one door and another, but my windows open above every entrance. Mockery sends thee away, from a shrug thou fliest, but a simple glance thou canst least endure. The lustful moth at a lamp perishes not more surely than thou before the Light that serves not thee, but the Goddess of whom thou art the parody.

Behold me, sitting in the "Silent" library, with a book in my hands—and doing nothing but gaze at a young man. We two were alone. At first my glance had been casual, next it was interested, then it became fascinated, and, at last, helplessly bewitched. I cannot say whether I saw him. Afterwards, scarcely a single feature remained clear to memory. I was out looking at his aura, an ocean of brilliant lights within a diamond. At last I awakened, coming in with a thunderously loud sigh. He looked up; and I instantly frowned. That was bad, pretentious and hypocritical—but his glance was not the kind to release me in laughter as ought to have happened. I had evidently disturbed him very much, for he simply looked, blinked and returned to his work. But if I had been beautifully enchanted before, I was now sorcerised by the most merrily malicious eyes I had ever seen. Scarcely I dared to breathe for fear of again attracting them—and I wanted nothing in all the world but to see them forever! I grew as hot as a fire, and as red. If he had risen and kissed me, I should have felt nothing but delight as in a lover's fortunate fulfilment of secret wish. I could no longer see any aura, and, indeed, the very room seemed to be sinking away from me, and my hands clung to the book, but now they grew frail, and my heart, nearly stopping, disordered all my nerves, and a cold breath went like a wave of water through my blood. He was looking at me. His hands were spread over his face as he leaned back in the chair, and I felt sure. . . . Someone entered, and I rushed away.

It was about an hour before the evening lecture, and I could hear that the small library was full of people: a new lecturer was expected. I went downstairs to a big quiet room and made for the dimmest corner. Here, conscience began to scold me in a contemptuous way. What had become of all my fine disciplines, it inquired: and it ended by rejecting me outright and advising me to take myself off from the pursuit of a harmony which I should never achieve. But when still I was not driven away, but literally with the sweat of my brow begged virtue from the immortal gods, I found myself able to decide upon so sensible an affair as ordering a glass of hot milk in preparation for staying out the lecture; and, at a seasonable minute, I passed into the hall and settled down, deferring for later judgment my recent sensations and a tiresome mental picture of the Bears. Suddenly there passed up the aisle beside me, brushing my sleeve, two graceful, swinging legs and the body, marvellous tall and fine it seemed to me, was the young man who had looked through his fingers. He walked straight to the lecturer's chair and sat down, very easily, very much at home. So this was Richard Argent, this—boy! Everybody had talked expectantly about him for days past; but the Chela prophesied miracles from every new lecturer—and my private state of perplexity had been too absorbing for curiosity regarding a mere name on a programme. I shrank as small as I could and prepared for an uneasy hour.

He rose smiling when the chairwoman concluded her deadly introduction, and casually correcting some garrulous information about himself, took possession of us all. The group-aura of brown, smoke-like rings which usually hangs thick in the lecture hall, and which, once before, I had seen dissipated, cleared away under a spirit full of laughter and gay magic. He lent us the air of freedom, of green woods and sunny pastures, and

I, at least, scarcely noted at first how he was making fun of the Chela's beloved solemnities.

But, clearly, the Chela itself sat enchanted. Jargon words were being sounded with the average frequency—who would have supposed that the dust of years was being flicked around that room? Suddenly, I saw standing close by the platform—my friend! He was almost hidden by a heavy curtain. In my surprise, I lost some part of the lecture, marvelling to see him there, who had not entered since the passing of Blavatsky. With a fall of confidence, I remembered my declaration of going away, my almost instant whim not to go, my collapse of the afternoon. Wherever was I? What was I? Hiding behind my muff, I hoped he would not see me. But I realised now that my resolution to go was beyond breaking—it would be worked out. I cannot tell with how many voices my mind spoke to me—with shame most often, with prudence, with raillery, but the conclusion of all was an insistent command to be up and about my business lest I should embark upon adventures which I might repent of beginning. What adventures? I knew very well, however, I was in love with that youth up there, and, for the first time, doubtful of my powers. . . . His voice had taken a different tone. He seemed to be addressing a different audience. The one sentence of all that was to remain with me of this address was being said: "While there is a jewel in Egypt, we shall not quit." I almost jumped at hearing: these exact words of my friend. He had gone. There was a silence. I saw the room whirling with dust and tattered things, and a smell of mould chilled me. I arose and fled. At the door I came in, gazing at the Chela, crowded upon the stairs, late arrivals to hear the new man. But those inside had heard nothing. As I sat in the passage below drinking the water which some officious kind soul handed me, applause sent me shrugging into the street. After all, I said, what are dust and mould but tolerable things enough to the innocent dwellers in an old shell? So I said, but I knew not whence the words came, nor what jewel was being gathered. . . . Arriving home, I asked for my friend. He was not back, not expected. At midnight he had not come. I went into his room and I knew that I should not soon see him; he was far away. I wrote down an address which would always find me, and left it on the table. I packed a bag and went to a sleepless bed, waiting amid alternate storms and calms for the daylight which would see me on my way to—what? I knew: a boresome and difficult domesticity. But, at first, it was not so intolerable. The masculine family was engaged for six weeks at a circus, and five were still to run. The Big Bear received me with his ancient affection, though too triumphantly for disguise. And we quarrelled cheerfully before the day was out. The little Bears swooped upon the nut-cakes I had brought, but they laughed vastly at the notion of being vegetarians. They seemed terribly large bears now after five years' absence. As for needing me, a week convinced me of their independence. They flattered my early brief training, indeed; but I began to feel ridiculously superfluous among these great creatures. Each one had, as though naturally, his own tooth-brush and things, and respected property of that sort. One bought the dinner and ordered authoritatively. Another bullied and spanked the Big Bear when he came home drunk and harmlessly mischievous. I made ready to leave after a few days, but was induced to stay by the Girl Bear, who had not yet heard all she desired about London and the big shops. (Just about then came a note from my friend, who had returned for a day to London; a long note, just not a letter. It concluded: "When one is working out Karma very rapidly, there occur periods which seem stagnant—when one is nothing but a mirror for observation; the mirror may sometimes be blank—the unknown knight always decides the battle—the wise sign warily. And let me end with a platitude: virtue is a gift. Be virtuous." From all which those may take who may.) It appeared that I had arrived in the nick of time to prepare her for an important engagement in Liverpool. She was out of practice: and so I took her in hand, and grew enthusiastic as her voice began to give out its true tones; and

the end of all was that I consented not only to direct her, but to play for her on the stage as before; very gladly seizing the occasion to escape with her from a round of existence which I detested and might not alter. The Big Bear, as ever, laughed and gambled and drank, and was amusing or violent, according to his humour. The boys bullied him or gave him his own way according to their humour; and the frequent disturbances were obviously enjoyed by both parties. But my case was different: when I least liked the Bear, he most increased my dislike. It is a mystery how I tolerated him; but such toleration is historical—besides, I had come to "work it out." How often did I not remember my friend, away somewhere, with a job to do, as he had said? Was his job detestable, like mine? How long ought one to persist in a job? Should one not accept as indicative such a circumstance as this break to Liverpool? Should, in fact, one ever return? One ended by leaving it to Fate, with a pretty plain hint of what t'were best to make happen! I began the next moment day-dreaming about Richard Argent. Oh, very briefly, very distantly, for by vigilant avoidance of idle memorising I had set him far away in a mist. And for a whole year, now, of busy existence, teaching, travelling, performing, and with every spare minute filled by reading and writing, my discipline was so rigorous that, unless I had deliberately examined myself concerning him, I might have concluded him forgotten. Yet, when my pupil, growing bored with me, decamped to the Bears, first thoughts would have rushed me back to London—where Argent was now living; and her penitent return next day was a positive vexation. Long ago it had become clear to me that we two were unlikely to grow more intimate as she should grow older. There was some attraction between us; much more of antagonism. Above all, our interests were different. This gay, tiny person loved the variety theatre, its good-fellowship, its incessant change, its everything. I loathed it: with so excellent talent as I certainly possess for stage-management, the very odour of theatres bores me. So I was completely relieved when my pretty and clever pupil took herself off my hands, and dashed for the liberty of fraternising with the rest of the clever persons whom I never could enough avoid. But before this we have come to London for three months. At the door of my old lodging, the cab drew up. I looked out. The place was to be let. I burst into tears. Things had always stayed where I put them. Persons were always to be found when I wanted them. Established in another lodging, I still wept. I made a great leap, there weeping. Crises of the mind, I said, annihilate precedents, only the things of the soul are immortal, all else changes as character develops. I dried my tears, seeing the end of the blank wall. But the foot goes not so fast as the eye.

THE ANSWER.

His kisses fall like dew upon my face,
 One crumpled fist half-buried in my cheek;
 His tiny limbs beseech a resting place—
 Spare him, dear Lord! He is so small and weak!

Was that a cry? As closely to my heart
 I clasp him, I can feel a fumbling hand
 Clutch me with fevered helplessness expressed
 In language only I can understand.

Suppose he died? I thought I heard a sigh
 Shudder and melt upon the silent air;
 Nay, but I feel him warm beside me lie!
 Death passing, feared to pluck a bud so fair!

Ah! he is sleeping! "Let me hold you tight!
 Are you so tired, dear one? Sleep again."
 But see! Here comes the cold, grey morning light.
 Mother of God! Have pity on my pain!

He is so still. Grant him one hour to live!
 It is not much to ask to say Good-bye
 Unto one's own! One moment's respite give!
 Dead—And God mocks, or else I too would die.

SYNED.

Views and Reviews.*

IF historical biography is, as Mr. Squire assumes in his preface, merely history within narrow limits, it is possible that this book may commend itself to readers of biography. At first sight it seems to be no more than a transcript and abridgment of Motley. True, Mr. Squire says that he has consulted material that was not accessible to previous biographers; but his method, his sympathy, and his judgment are so similar to those of Motley that there is no obvious difference between his narrative and that of the American historian. Mr. Squire has deliberately avoided the frequent reference to his authorities: he has not impugned the accuracy of any writer; and without a line-by-line comparison of his text with that of other writers, it is impossible to say what is his actual contribution to the subject.

Mr. Squire has used his new evidence very sparingly; and his own statement that the English narratives of Sir Roger Williams and Thomas Churchyard have been used not because they are intrinsically important, but because previous biographers have not used them, is an admission that his use of them is merely pedantic. Of how little value they are will soon be seen. There are two indexed references to Thomas Churchyard: I cannot discover the first, and the second shows that Mr. Squire has only added a footnote to Motley's narrative; and that footnote is a mere jest. The first quotation of Sir Roger Williams is a repetition two lines long of a statement made by Pontus Payen: the second is certainly an original statement, but it is of so little value that I wonder that Mr. Squire made it. Does it help anyone to understand William the Silent to be told that Sir Roger Williams knew that the Prince subsequently regretted his quelling of the Antwerp revolt in 1567? That is all that Sir Roger Williams alleges in this passage; and even if the statement has any value its authenticity may be doubted in the absence of corroboration. The third and last quotation is a corroboration four lines long of what Motley states on other authority. Truly, these narratives are not intrinsically important.

The supposed merit of this new "Life" is that special pains have been taken to secure accuracy. In the absence of any specific correction of other writers I was obliged to compare Mr. Squire with Motley. Without pretending to have compared every date or every statement, I must say that I have been unable to discover any substantial difference between the two. Mr. Squire certainly speaks of Termonde when Motley writes of Dendarmonde; but whether this is a modern spelling or whether the name of the place has been altered, or whether they are the names of two different places, I do not know. If it is a correction, Mr. Squire has not made it clear to his readers. The only explicit correction of Motley that I can find or remember is really trivial, if not based on a misconception. Motley wrote that "at this point—the end of 1566—undoubtedly began the treasonable thoughts of William the Silent, if it be treason to attempt the protection of ancient and chartered liberties against a foreign oppressor." Mr. Squire argues that they began in 1559, after the interview with Henry II., when Orange learned of the agreement between Philip and Henry to massacre all the Protestants in France and the Netherlands. But, as Motley says of that interview, "his [William's] purpose was fixed from that hour," and Motley's use of the word "treasonable" is so tentative, the correction is not really valuable. Certainly, the man who refused the sovereignty of Holland in 1583, and said that "he would never give the King of Spain the right to say that the Prince of Orange had been actuated by no other motives in his career than the hope of self-aggrandisement, and the desire to deprive his Majesty of the provinces in order to appropriate them to himself," was not likely to have determined on the overthrow of Philip at the very beginning of his career. "We are not to

regard William of Orange," says Motley, "thus on the threshold of his great career, by the light diffused from a somewhat later period"; and if ever his thoughts could be called "treasonable," it was not after the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, but at a later date.

Biography is not, as Mr. Squire assumes, merely history within narrow limits. History is a science, and, like every other science, it must be concerned with establishing and stating matters of fact; unless it is to be what Matthew Arnold said it was, "a vast Mississippi of falsehood." Historical biography differs from history in this respect, that it has to give a personal explanation of the facts. Character alone can make circumstances intelligible: if Philip had not tyrannised, Orange would not have rebelled, and the Dutch Republic might never have been founded. But Mr. Squire has too little of the dramatic faculty to distinguish him from a historian: he narrates a story, he does not present a character. If we ask what manner of man was the Prince of Orange, Mr. Squire says that he was a Whig; and the word was not known to him. We want the subject to speak for himself, and the biographer tells us all that he knows that everyone else has said about him; and as that is not exactly what we wanted we are not satisfied by it.

Nor do we wish merely to be told what happened. We are jealous of our great men, and we demand the ocular proof of their greatness. Shaw has been telling us for years that he is a very clever man, but no one believes him: Mr. Squire tells us that William the Silent was a hero, and we cannot believe him unless we have confidence in his judgment. For William is a fugitive figure to Mr. Squire, and therefore to us: the anecdote, the speech, the set scene, are seldom used by Mr. Squire. Once, indeed, he closes a chapter with a most effective touch of drama. Philip of Spain was leaving the Netherlands for ever, and William of Orange came forward to bid him farewell. "Suddenly the King turned on him, and fiercely began to accuse him of having frustrated his plans. 'What has been done for your Majesty,' said Orange, with quiet gravity, 'has been done by the Estates.' The sallow face was contorted, the thin hand leapt forward and clutched the young Netherlander by the wrist. 'Not by the Estates,' cried Philip hoarsely, 'but you, you, you!'" But the incident is to be found in Motley, Spanish phrase, translation, and comment as well.

Mr. Squire's very facility of style is against him. It retains none of the heat of composition: it is cursive and cold, and lacks idiom. It lends itself easily to tautology, and we find phrases like "adequate equivalent," "amply abundant" in Mr. Squire's book. Sometimes it leads him wrongly to prefer the active to the passive verb, as, for example, in the phrase on the front page, "the stronghold saw numberless attacks." But, errors apart, Mr. Squire's style is too uniform, and its effect is to disguise rather than differentiate the characters. Egmont and Horn and Brederode, all vigorous men, are no more apparent to us than William of Orange. Philip of Spain does rise to our consciousness with something of individuality, for his correspondence is frequently quoted. But the prevailing impression is one of sympathetic judgment, and the strong passions of the protagonists are not realised.

This may be due, to some extent, to Mr. Squire's obsession by a title. Following Motley again, he tells us that the name is not descriptive, that William was silent on one memorable occasion, but was naturally a brilliant talker. Yet he says very little in Mr. Squire's book. He might have been the wisest and wittiest man in Europe; but he is dumb to us. But more is due to Mr. Squire's method. Motley's description of a character in a paragraph, and summary of events in a page, was proper to history; for nothing but the facts are demanded from history. But character cannot be rendered by a paraphrase of another man's judgments and facts; and if I cannot pronounce an authoritative opinion of the historical value of Mr. Squire's work I can say that it fails as biography because it is not distinguished from history by its method. It is a briefer chronicle, but not more personal.

A. E. R.

* "William the Silent." By Jack Collings Squire. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Diagnosis of Insanity.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

IN any precise sense of the word, there is no definition of insanity; because the normal person is a perfect being and does not exist—at least, in this country. Besides, health merges into disease imperceptibly, disease itself being no more than an exaggeration, or disproportion, or inharmony of normal phenomena. In the case of physical ailments, where the judgment of the diagnostician may be fortified by the use of more or less exact physical means of diagnosis, it is often difficult to decide where health changes to disease. But physiological health is compatible with marked individuality of character, with extreme variation of thought and feeling, and even errors of the understanding and illusions of the senses are possible within the limits of physiological health. The diagnostician of mental disease, more particularly of the early stages, has no easy task in the absence of any fixed standard of sanity.

The most obvious difference between mental health and disease is to be seen in the degree of self-control exercised. To be unduly exalted, unduly abased by, or even unduly indifferent to, external stimuli, is to give cause for suspicion. Of course, it is useless to judge the member of one class or community by the standards and customs of another; the principle of old English law, that a man should be tried by his peers, should be the guiding principle of the diagnosis of insanity. To the Quaker, who only speaks when the Spirit moves him, the politician who can, at any time, talk for hours without saying anything, would be mad; the mental expert must make allowances for both. He must compare politicians with politicians, Quakers with Quakers, without any prejudice to the ultimate insanity of either class. The further test is the comparison of the man with himself. The man who has been bothering people with pertinent questions all his life cannot be regarded as insane because the number of pertinent questions increases to an intolerable extent; but if he begins to ask: "Why is the grass green?" or similar questions, one would be justified in assuming the need for examination by an expert.

From these premises, Dr. Hollander arrives at a working definition. Insanity, he says, "may be described as a symptom of derangement, disease, or defect of the brain, causing a disordered action of the mind, and putting the subject into a condition varying from his normal self and frequently out of relation to his environment." But the mental symptoms, although predominating, are not exclusive: the diagnosis must not depend on them alone. "Mental diseases are accompanied by disturbance of the vegetative life," he says. "Specially important physical symptoms are disturbances of sleep, of nutrition, of secretions, and of the functions of digestion. Most careful examination of the bodily organs and their functions must go hand in hand with mental examination, whenever possible."

The primary symptoms are not often intellectual. The reasoning power may remain clear, the intellect may be as bright as ever. The first symptoms are to be looked for in a tendency to disordered emotional excitement. It is not that people think wrongly, but that they feel wrongly according to the standards mentioned, that they exercise their thought on the wrong materials, that proves them in danger of insanity. "Men seldom, if ever, go mad from intellectual activity," says Dr. Hollander, "if it be unaccompanied by emotional agitation. We confine people as lunatics not because their reasoning is unsound, but because the play of motive in their minds is too abnormal for us to rely on it." Within very wide limits, the test must be individual; for the law does not intervene until the wrong feeling and the wrong thought have resulted in the wrong action. We have to look for an alteration of character, for a degradation or an exaggeration of the natural disposition. If the kindly and forbearing man

becomes irritable and quarrelsome, if the prudent man launches out into wild speculation, and so forth, we have reasonable grounds for asserting a degradation of character. On the other hand, if irritable temper passes into uncontrolled violence, suspicion into delusion, weak volition into obsession, over-sensitiveness into melancholia, we cannot doubt a morbid exaggeration of the character. Always with this proviso, though, that we do not confuse the temporary mood with a fundamental change of character. "It is the prolonged departure," says Dr. Hollander, "without any adequate external cause, from the state of feeling and mode of thinking usual to the individual when in health that is the true feature of disorder of the mind."

The exciting causes of insanity are so many and so various that diagnosis of the early stages is by no means easy; for the physician obtains little or no assistance from the patient. "In reference to the body," says Dr. Hollander, "'feeling well' is the chief mark of health; most people who are sick know it. With the mind it is otherwise; here there is no connection between health and feeling well, and the patient is not in a condition to say whether he is well or not. Consciousness of derangement occurs, as a rule, only at the very beginning of insanity, and that only in some patients; and it occurs again just before recovery, when the knowledge of being mentally ill is one of the most marked symptoms of convalescence." It is probable that every disease or disturbance of the functions of the body produces more or less marked mental symptoms, which may disappear when the local cure has been effected, but which may persist. For example, delirium of inanition may follow deficient nutrition or starvation, operations which have resulted in considerable loss of blood, febrile diseases, and long-continued wasting diseases. Most of these cases, of course, would be already in the hands of the doctor, and would be included in the problems of convalescence; but it is well that the public should know that operations on the ovaries, rectum, bladder, and prostate may result in insanity, and that even influenza may cause melancholia or neurasthenia with fixed ideas.

There is a common delusion, supported even by many specialists, that insanity is largely due to drink. Dr. Hollander states his own experience that the number of insane owing to intemperance is comparatively small, and points to the facts that insanity is increasing and drunkenness is not in support of his contention. It is known that alcohol is far more likely to injure other viscera than the brain, and the fact that insane alcoholics rarely have cirrhotic livers, for example, proves only an exceptional weakness of the brain. Alcohol, he argues, is unable to initiate insanity except in certain predisposed subjects; and it is those whose nervous system is unstable, whether from heredity or any exceptional stress, who are most likely to be affected by it.

In addition to alcohol, the other toxins, such as morphia and cocaine, must be regarded as exciting causes; but the auto-intoxicants which arise from the action of bacteria in the alimentary canal and result in blood-poisoning must also be included. Injury to the head of any kind, such as may be caused by prolonged labour at birth or the pressure of a badly applied forceps, or, in later life, a fall or a blow, is an important cause of insanity. Even ear disease may give rise to inflammation of the temporal lobe, and result in homicidal mania. The artificial, insufficient, and improper feeding of infants help to swell the number of insane; for intestinal irritation may result in convulsions which often merge into epilepsy. Also, the half-starved child is likely to grow up imbecile or demented. It is clear from these hints that the causes of insanity are so numerous as to make it possible for us all to go mad; indeed, Dr. Hollander says that "the conditions of modern life are largely responsible, more than any other factors, for the increase and extension of insanity." The maintenance of normal health is seen to be the best prevention of mental disease, and, on the other hand, curative treatment of physical disease includes the elimination of mental trouble.

* "The First Signs of Insanity." By Dr. Bernard Hollander. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

REVIEWS.

Memories of Two Wars By Fredk. Funston. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

Brigadier-General Funston is the American Officer who captured Aguinaldo, thereby ending the guerilla warfare in the Philippines. From his picturesque account of his adventures he seems to have been qualified for success in a campaign of this description, having graduated in guerilla fighting in Cuba on the side of the insurgents. Perhaps this accounts for his rapid rise to the rank of Brigadier-General (rapid even for a volunteer army).

The book is most interesting in the earlier portions, which deal with the Cuban fighting. This was, of course, considerably stiffer than people in this country care to think. The Spanish American is a warlike person, and if we joke about his Tuesday and Friday revolutions, it is safest to joke about them at a distance. Few of the British public who speak so contemptuously about these "little dago wars" would have cared to find themselves in the Catalonian garrison at San Guimaro, which held out for three weeks against repeated desperate attacks. It is interesting also to observe that the existence of the colour bar socially in Cuba did not prevent negroes from reaching even the command of regiments. One led his command to such hopeless disaster that he was condemned the same night to reduction to the ranks, and appeared next morning as a private soldier with a rifle.

Readers with an eye to picturesque detail (and also to "tips" of military value) will find them by dozens in this book, which is good of an interesting class. It were a pity that the record of such adventures should be forgotten.

The Street Called Straight. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine." (Methuen. 6s.)

Olivia Young, high-minded and American nearly goads poor crooked Poppa—no, "Papa"!—into confessing some misappropriations involving the rest of his life in Sing Sing—because she "doesn't like" Peter Davenant, who has offered to straighten affairs with a loan of half a million dollars. Being reminded that money will be more serviceable to the victims than Mr. Guion's punctual presentation of the skilful tin, she whips round and Pop-a is allowed to accept the uncouth Peter's gift. Of course it is a gift. Olivia "knows" that. So it is lucky that she grows to love him in the end.

Caviare. By Grant Richards. (S. R. 6s.)

A breviary of the frivolous monde—every page containing two incitements and one moral: one is reminded of those advertisements that begin by asking you whether you remember your dear old wrinkled mother, and turn out to be wanting you to buy some naughty facial emollient. With frivolous "Poppa," into the pretty dens of Paris comes Alison, American and pure—the old wild-rose among tulips effect—and a bad Frenchman sends her a card. Charles, dining near, has seen all, has rushed up—too late, or rather unnecessarily: Alison, sweet girl, sweet child-rose, so natively untouched by everything, has *not* looked at the card, but handed it to Poppa. One concludes that the thing had happened at least a dozen times! Charles, bachelor of means, thirty-three, and known to every first-rate waiter in Europe, is so touched, that after Pop has punched the Frenchman, and visiting terms have materialised (as the author would probably have said), is so impressed that after long grief and pain and gambling of all sorts, and the most confounded number of luncheons, teas and dinners—where are we?—married.

The Seventh Son. By Charles Reinhardt. (Stead. 6s.)

Imagine a well-to-do middle-class family so incomprehensibly vulgar as to whip, rag and generally ill-treat one poor little boy! We have much to endure from would-be novelists in these days. Of course, sensitive Charles turns out to be cleverer than all his

brothers. There are some propagandist episodes dealing with vivisection. Propagandists need to be reminded that inspiration alone justifies their works. This work is simply mush. The sensitive hero finds his soul's bliss in a female medical student who watched bits "snipped" out of wriggling frogs and remained unmoved until one day there turned up on the tables her own lost darling pet dog!

Grit Lawless. By F. E. Mills Young. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Awful stagey bore of a cashiered army man working out to salvation in the arms of a wife who has never ceased to love him. Badly written small talk pads three-fourths of the book, and the desperate title of the hero may remind the reader of those goods called by bouncing names, but which turn out to be nothing but pap.

Olivia Mary. By E. Maria Albanesi. (Methuen. 6s.)

Dedicated to Miss and Master Mond. A pretentious, slovenly book. Olivia Mary, pure, but deceived in youth, wins at last the affection of her son, a vulgar fellow. "There must be no d—d tomfoolery, you understand!" Thus he addresses her a few hours before he endows her with "radiant youth." "No rotten nonsense!" But Olivia M. herself was probably to blame for John's impossibility: she was coarse enough to scheme for a marriage de convenance and played the jilt upon discovering that John would keep her after all. What an impudent class minor novelists are!

The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers. By Arabella Kenealy. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"I should have loved to have a woman friend," she said . . . "but women have always hated me because I had to keep their men at bay." The dog-world! The irresistible one is painted as only a spinster might paint the ideal, red-haired, dashing, pure and unapproachable enslaver of all hearts. She has a skeleton in the cupboard, an imbecile child, whose existence induces her to platitudinise on the duties of women to the race.

A Durbar Bride. By Charlotte Cameron. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"Sir Donald Hamilton-Innes!" The name was echoed softly down the huge library of one of the most exclusive clubs in Pall Mall." Pom!

Sally. By Dorothea Conyers. (Methuen. 6s.)

"A hunting novel of Irish life," full of endless chit-chat and trivial description, boresome but innocuous; so harmless as to rob us of our legitimate vituperation.

Captain Hawks. By Oswald Kendal. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Dedicated to A. K., J. K., and J. M. K., by the author O. K. All kind friends and relations we presume. The author makes poor Grummet, first mate, tell the story about salving a wreck, and take the blame for the clichés. The book would probably pass among boys, who have decayed like everything else since the days of "Wrecked in the Pacific." However, the adventurers really do go after sport, and no female is so much as implied.

The Bandbox. By L. J. Vance. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Dedicated to Lewis Buddy III. Tale of love and a lost necklace.

The Royal Road. By Alfred Ollivant. (Methuen. 6s.)

Dedicated to Beatrice Webb. Vaguely propagandist tale of an unfortunate cockney, a consumptive. The reader is warned to expect a hopeful ending—but poor Teddy simply dies. "The world had conquered Teddy Hankey, and Teddy Hankey had conquered the world." The transposition here, is, to say the least, ineffective. "Our England in her distress" will scarcely be redeemed by such "conquests."

The Quest of the Golden Rose. By John Oxenham. (Methuen. 6s.)

Dedicated to My Wife. "By the Golden Rose the author means the Spirit of Romance—Love." Treachery, stabbings, and a suicide over the Alps by way of drama.

Epigrams.

SOME PICTURES.

- A: Clever, but yet with what malignant art
The painter has portrayed each basest part,
While leer from out those coarsened features bold
The lust of Venus and the greed of gold.
- B: By your simplicity I'm quite surprised;
Who knows the sitters says not "satirised,"
But rather "charitably euphemised."

THE NORMAL MAN.

In this grand age of soul and intellect
And welter of each various sex and sect,
By normal I refuse to taint my verse,
Since normal is abnormally perverse.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL ACTRESS.

She scorned not the temptations of the heart,
But that, of course, was subject to her art;
While even art itself was only sent
By heaven to show off her temperament

THE PURE WOMAN.

It's most absurd to hint that Mrs. X
Is fast because she always talks of sex,
Rather a case in which wise men will find
The sordid body vanquished by the mind;
Her frame she keeps immaculately clear,
But steeps her soul in all the atmosphere.

ANOTHER PURE WOMAN.

By risque jests you say you are disgraced;
Well, then, your ears at any rate are chaste.

THE MAN WHO WAS ENGAGED.

With nymphomaniac fire her ardour raged;
Alas! the luckless gallant was engaged,
Engaged elsewhere not for a minute, he
Engaged was, yet as mateless as could be.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

An ideal husband! Him! If sets his fate
With some potential mistress tête-à-tête,
His small talk shows his great ideals of life
Somehow or other lacking in his wife.

THE MODERN WIFE.

When the heroic and broad-minded wife
Approves her husband's complicated life,
Her flouted ugliness can often see
No other loophole but modernity.

THE SINFUL MAN.

Of sins he babbles and of sins he writes,
His wicked days, his more than wicked nights;
I doubt his sinfulness, for truth to speak,
'Tis not his spirit, but his flesh is weak.

THE RAKE.

His life upon his features clear you trace,
The brightly haggard mien, the drained-out face,
The loosened lips that Heaven did create,
That foulest word best to enunciate,
The facile eyes that through the dress swift range,
While smirking boasts rebuffs to conquests change,
The nimble hand that, while he lisps of love,
Fills the red glass and readies the alcove,
But to complete our perfect roué's life,
Just add a *passée* and domestic wife.

THE SOULFUL GIRL.

From earthly joys and earthly sorrows vain
She flew up to a transcendental plane;
For ever lost? No fear—the mystic air
Is stuffed to bursting with each scribbled prayer,
While vast and vaster swell those turbid skies,
Which just for courtesy we'll call her eyes
With one insatiate lust—to advertise.

THE COLD WHITE WOMAN.

- A: Cold is she as a lily white and sweet.
B: Yet even white can be the name of heat.

THE WISTFUL MAIDEN.

Her dresses chic in cost and cut and hues,
Her giant headgear, her raffiné shoes,
Her set of exquisites whom one would call
Not *outré*, perhaps, yet scarce conventional,
All fail to chase the shadow grey that lies
Crouching within those wistful, fearsome eyes.

Art.

Mr. Bergson's Views.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

MR. BERGSON has been subjected to many attacks, and from my knowledge of some of these I must say that, as a rule, he seems to have been handled very lightly. I shall perhaps have occasion very shortly to reveal what relation he bears to Nietzscheism, in which case I shall have more to say than at present in regard to his general doctrine.

For the moment my principal concern is not Mr. Bergson's "Creative Evolution," but his little work on "Laughter." This is a book of 200 pages. I have the feeling that it might have been compressed into one-seventh of its present compass without suffering in the least; for, study it as you will and enjoy it as you may, you will certainly never discover anything more in it than an exhaustive elaboration of Hobbes, Stendhal, or Nietzsche's well-known and laconic definitions of the function of laughter. But there are 13 pages in the book which have little in common with the rest of the matter, and in these Mr. Bergson propounds his art doctrine.

Friends of the philosopher will say, probably, that it is wrong to take these 300 or so odd lines as a basis of a discussion on Mr. Bergson's art-doctrine. I admit that the exposition is brief and, to judge from the book on laughter, I can readily imagine that Mr. Bergson could have treated art with much more detail. Still, I am unwilling to believe that by extending 300 lines to 3,000 he could have reversed or even materially modified his fundamental attitude towards art, an attitude I find plainly stated in the 13 pages to which I refer. I therefore feel quite justified in discussing the doctrine as it stands, significant and unmistakable as it is. For, as a matter of fact, in these questions, one sentence is enough to compromise a man. He need go no further. Art, unlike physics or chemistry, cannot be discussed for long without involving two speakers in all kinds of self-revelatory admissions. Thirteen pages may be twelve and a half too many in the case of a man who wishes to conceal his true nature when discussing this eminently significant question.

I have studied Mr. Bergson's art-doctrine with care and sympathy, and the one thing about it that surprises me is that it should ever have attracted so much attention. If, therefore, Messrs. Cloudesley Brereton and Fred. Rothwell are right in saying that this art theory has met with special appreciation, then I can only suggest that this must be due to the fact that it happens to contain many elements which to-day are all too popular and all too easily assimilated by the modern man.

Stated briefly, Mr. Bergson says that the average human being is related to things only in such a manner as will render him capable of action among them. Fascinated by action, tempted by it for his own good, the average man lives in a *zone* midway between things and himself, externally to things, externally also to himself. His relation to everything is utilitarian, and as such prevents a direct vision of reality. It is owing to this purely practical standpoint that something in the nature of a veil hangs between nature and himself. At long intervals, however, nature in a moment of distraction suscitates souls which are more detached from life, more disinterested, and which see all things more in their native purity, *i.e.*, behind the veil of mere utility or practicality. Such souls are artist-souls.

Finally, to quote Mr. Bergson's own words: "If reality could make a direct appeal to our senses and consciousness; if we were able to enter into immediate

communion with things and with ourselves, I really believe art would be useless, or, rather, that we should all be artists, for then our soul would continually vibrate in unison with nature." ("Le Rire," pp. 153-154.)

Thus, speaking of the graphic arts, Mr. Bergson says, "their loftiest ambition is to reveal nature to us" ("Le Rire," p. 159), and that he who practises them loves colour for colour's sake and form for form's sake. ("Le Rire," p. 159.)

In "L'Evolution Créatrice" there is also a short reference to this very subject. That intuition which Mr. Bergson contrasts with intelligence, and which, he maintains, would reveal all the secrets of life if only instinct were able to "consider itself" (L'Evolution Créatrice," p. 191), is here regarded as the property of the artist who "aims at grasping the intention of life by penetrating with a kind of sympathy into the very interior of the object he would represent, and at lowering the barrier that space places between him and the model by an effort of intuition." ("L'Evolution Créatrice," p. 192.)

For a man who seems on such intimate terms with the spirit of creation in general this is surely a very extraordinary, not to say disappointing, theory of art! With "L'Evolution Créatrice" as a basis, I feel that even I myself could have done better. But perhaps Mr. Bergson has neither the traditions nor any practical knowledge of the arts. For it is strange that one who has been acclaimed as an innovator and renovator in all other things should, in this particular matter, appear so ordinary, so popular, and so essentially modern.

In the first place, the difference between the layman's and the true artist painter's outlook is not as Mr. Bergson says, the difference between the utilitarian and practical angle of vision and the disinterested or detached angle of vision. Only a survey of life in modern Europe could have led anyone to such a conclusion. But if today the Western world is ignorant enough, stupid enough, and blind enough, to separate the highest utility and the highest practicality from art, surely that is no reason why a philosopher should sanction this in his cosmogony. Even to countenance such a separation between practical utility and the affairs of the spirit is to confess yourself ignorant of the very basis of successful civilised life. A stockbroker might assume that such a separation was right; a philosopher who does so deserves to be asked whether he has not perhaps missed his vocation.

On the contrary, if the layman is up to his waist in the practical questions of life, if life's passions, desires, and emotions press him all day to act, and to act to the best possible advantage, then the artist—the pure artist—is literally submerged in these passions, emotions and desires, and it is all nonsense to relegate him to a detached and disinterested world where no problems of immediate and vital importance are solved. Because his vision is presbyopic it is absurd to say that he cannot see the things which constitute the layman's only world. On the contrary! Every one of his actions should be watched with the greatest interest and humility by the rest of mankind, because the true artist "knows." The very expression of his face is a prophecy, a single one of his tears may be the first drop in the ocean that is going to sweep away his declining nation; his smile may mean that his nation still has something left of which it may be proud. Are not these things of the first importance? The highest utility always has included, and always will include, the spirit of the man who knows—*i.e.*, the artist. It is probably due simply to English philosophy, and to Western life, that the word "utilitarian" should now be used only in the sense in which the stockbroker uses it. But where practical utility has been conceived only in the terms of every kind of Throgmorton Street that has ever gnawed at the heart of great civilisations, we know that it has always ended in the most appalling cataclysms.

To relegate the artist to a disinterested and detached sphere is, however, perfectly in keeping with that other doctrine of Mr. Bergson's to the effect that the artist loves form and colour for their own sake, and it is

equally in sympathy with modern views. In my article on Whistler some time ago I think I went into this matter sufficiently thoroughly to be able to dispense with a repetition of my arguments here. Suffice it merely to remind you that there is a much deeper and more powerful love in the artist's soul than this one; for the love of form and colour for their own sake could not possibly lead him beyond mere technique—beyond, that is to say, virtuosity in chromatic and linear rhetoric.

Nor do I agree that the loftiest ambition of the fine arts is to reveal nature to us. If we are to understand the word nature in the sense that Lord Avebury and the followers of Rousseau use it, its revelation would by no means constitute the loftiest ambition of art. For the very soul of art is not man *in* nature, but man *out of* nature—man selecting, overpowering, distorting, simplifying, cruelly lopping, chopping, and eliminating nature according to a particular scheme. What then becomes of Mr. Bergson's idea of the "native purity" of things, which the artist is supposed to represent? I confess I utterly fail to understand what he means by the "native purity" of things. The idea conveys nothing to my mind. I can see the true artist setting forth to overcome and to order nature and himself according to a scheme which his judgment tells him is the one in which the type "man" flourishes best; but I cannot see him intent on revealing nature or on drawing the "native purity" from things—whatever that may be. I am even inclined to connect this very attempt on the artist's part to reveal nature, and to go in search of the "native purity" of things, with a scheme of life in which the type "man" does not flourish best.

That is why the word "detached" or "disinterested" is not only out of place in describing the true artist, it is a profound misunderstanding. He is not more detached from life than the layman, he is actually a more intense manifestation of life. He knows what life, human life, wants in order to flourish, because he himself is a flourishing specimen of life, and his taste is life's taste. What he wants, life wants. His very love is a canon. His loathing is the danger signal of degeneration.

But how this love and loathing could be reduced to a method for the carrying on of investigations by the multitude is more than I can understand. For it is the artist that counts, and his nature is not a method. You might just as well say that appetite is a method. A society that valued its skin would try and rear the artist type; it would not go in for any futile emulation of the artist's method.

What, then, remains of Mr. Bergson's belief that "if reality could make a direct appeal to our senses and consciousness; if we were able to enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves. . . . art would be useless; or, rather, we should all be artists"? If this means that if we all knew the secret of flourishing life we might possibly all be artists, I would agree. But does it mean that? If it does it is not only exceedingly badly expressed, but it is not very illuminating; because it is simply saying that if we all knew the secret of flourishing life we should all know it. If it doesn't mean that, it is nonsense.

For no appeal, however direct, from reality, would ever turn a constitutional Philistine or blackguard into an artist, and no communion with things, however immediate, would ever convert a physiologically determined sneak into a nobleman.

I know nothing about Mr. Bergson or his ancestors. I can only assume from his confusion about art that, in this matter at least, he is badly informed. He is more than badly informed, he is not even worthy of himself. Or, ought we not, perhaps, to regard his doctrine as a whole, as his disciples tell us we should? Why, then, should we make concessions, and hint that the art thesis in "Le Rire" is *unworthy* of the conception of "L'Evolution Créatrice"? For my part, if I were challenged, I think I could undertake to show that the art thesis in "Le Rire" is inseparable from the rest of Bergsonism, though it would be simple also to outline a slightly more profound art doctrine than Bergson has done, with his principles alone to build upon.

Pastiche.

THE FRUIT MARKET.

NASTY PERSON (selling bad fruit): "'Ere y'are, orl the finest—pick er the markit—'oo sez?—Nah, don't funk, gemmen; cum rite up an' 'ave a close niff—'oo sez?—3, 4, 18—nah, 'oo sez?—'Ere y'are, no rotten 'uns, orl the pick 'er the markit—'oo sez?"

Lover of Fruit (edging his way through the crowd): "I say—you're a fraud—half your stuff is bad—why—(at this point a pal of the Nasty Person's seizes the Lover of Fruit and endeavours to remove him—struggle, during which the Nasty Person endeavours to vindicate his position by a stream of filthy invective).

Nasty Person (growing purple): "Nah! 'oo sez orl that? Nah, gemmen, that pusson is a blinking—liar; hi ain't bershamed o' mi fruit, gemmen—hi stands 'ere—known orl hover the markit, respected by orl, arst hennybody. Nah! 'oo sez?" (By this time the Lover of Fruit has extricated himself from the grip of the Nasty Person's pal; he immediately fetches a policeman. The crowd makes way.)

Nasty Person (excitedly): "'Oo sez I sell rotten fruit—(with scorn)—'im? 'Oo tikes enny notis of 'im? (points derisively at the Lover of Fruit). Why, 'ee's lousy, that's wot 'e is, bloominkly lousy—'im!"—(his voice goes up into a scream). "Mi fruit—mi fruit—arst orl the harrystockrisy—arst—arst—see fer yerselves hif hi ain't respected—'oo sez mi fruit's bad—'oo sez—?"

Lover of Fruit (addressing the crowd): "I call upon you all to witness the abusive language of this—this individual. I maintain that his fruit is more than half-rotten; furthermore, I invite you, in the presence of the law, to inspect it." (Policeman takes notes; the crowd commence to inspect the fruit.)

Lover of Fruit (serenely): "Well gentlemen, what is your verdict?"

The Crowd (wiping their hands free of the mess): "The fruit is undoubtedly half rotten."

Lover of Fruit: "Then I charge the vendor with intent to defraud; also I charge him with vulgar personal abuse—abuse which is unjustified. Constable, do your duty." (They all look in the direction of the inverted tub upon which the salesman had been standing—it was vacant.)

Lover of Fruit: "He has vanished; so be it. I have no personal quarrel—the man's brain, like his fruit, is half rotten. As I said before, I have no personal quarrel, but as a lover of *sound* fruit it was my duty to call your attention to the sale of *bad* fruit." (He buttons his coat and departs. The crowd gives three cheers.)

ARTHUR F. THORN.

THE TWO LOVES.

There was an old sea captain who
Loved his ship, and his bottle too.
This love and that could ne'er agree:
A cursed and crank old hulk was she
When the old man went rolling,
Rolling and rolling,
Rolling and rolling,
He did curse her heartily.

One evening, drunken, in a gale,
He would not take in any sail:
"I'll not bate" (*mumble*) "inch!" said he.
"No, let the" (*mumble, mumble*) "be!"
So the old ship went rolling,
Rolling and rolling,
Rolling and rolling,
To the bottom of the sea.

E. H. VISIAK.

A VOICE FROM THE STROKEHOLD.

Deep down in her guts in a fiery hold
We scuffle and stoke and trim;
Beside hellish fires like hot, burning gold,
Bloody eyes, bespattered, and grim.
With metallic pulse the heart of her throbs,
The monster she groans 'neath the strain;
Not men, but devils, are we, for it robs
Us of heart, of soul, and of brain.

Deep down in her guts we feed her, we force,
We curse her, we praise and we blame;
We send her headlong on a sweltering course,
And life is to us but a name.
We're part of her heart, of her nerves, of her shell;
We move her—propellers are we:
Think of our lives in this red-hot hell
When you hearken to songs of the sea.

THOMAS F. PAINTER.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

XXIII—JUSTICE.

TITTYFALOL.

The swashbucklers of the Labour Party are in the dumps and cutting up the didos because we jabbed them in the ribs on the subject of their attitude towards the cat's-meat trade. We have had enough, however, of their see-sawings on this subject. Either they must get on or get out. Our friend MacDonald in particular has nearly swung the party off its perch with his piffing peregrinations backwards and forwards. The cat's-meat industry should be national or nothing; and the vote of the Labour Party for its retention in private hands is a let-down for Socialists.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Comrade Spanks misunderstands my letter of last week. I did not maintain that women's suffrage was not obligatory by party mandate on members even such as myself, who am opposed to it root and branch; but I did deny that it is obligatory on members outside their official capacity as members of the organisation. The distinction is all-important and a matter of principle; for, otherwise, it is monstrous—perfectly monstrous—that a man's denunciation of these suffragette creatures should be denied him. For similar offences to those committed by these viragos, men, our own comrades, have been hung, drawn, and quartered. The law is already too favourable by half to the sex said to be fair, but now proved as false and lost to all sense of decency as can be. They ought to get what they deserve; and nothing can be too bad for the hussies that our milksop Ministers, at any rate, are prepared to give them. E. BELFORD BAX.

TOPICAL TATTLE.

One at a time, gentlemen! Comrades Heckle, Beckle, and Bellpush have lunged questions at my head faster than I can parry them. But I promise them not to run away. Here at my stand they will find me every week. What is the case of Comrade Heckle? He demurs to my saying that there will be no economic rent under Socialism. Well, I'll say it again: there ain't going to be any, boys!

... and that's the end of Economic Rent and also of TATTLE.

THE DRAIN OF INDIA'S BLOOD.

When those blood-sucking politicians first went to the India Office, who warned our Indian fellow-countrymen what they might expect? I did. When they retired, who announced that they carried two hundred and seventy-four million nine hundred and sixty-three thousand eight hundred and 38 lakhs of rupees with them—all sucked from the famine-stricken ryots? I did. I have been at this job since 1874, and not once during this period has a glimmer of light been shed on the subject but I shed it. My old friend Bumblebuja told me in 1876, two years after I had first turned my attention to the subject, that, saving himself and one other Indian, I already then knew more than I dared tell the British public. And it is true! And I know more now than the present occupants of the India Office dare reveal. The salt tax, the famine, the moneylenders, the exiguous irrigationalism of the demi-native provinces are scandalous matters. They have always been, and while our official puppies bark at me they always will be. My article in the "Nineteenth Century" (June, 1879, pp. 432-678) attracted the attention of everybody. Again, I say, it is scandalous.

SOCIALISM ABROAD.

Costa Rica.—The comrades here assembled in the market-square on Sunday, every tenth man wearing a red tie. The president passed the meeting in his motor-car, and was observed to look interested.

Montenegro.—Despite the threatened war with Lapland, the National Bundmuks (corresponding to our "Clarion" Scouts) wheeled their way to the Storning and held a pacifist demonstration outside Comrade Plopsky's hotel. The crowd was dispersed by the police to the tune of "We won't go home till morning."

France.—The vilayet of Toubad elected a Socialist mayor last week. The comrades have already begun to demand the municipalisation of Cheddar cheese.

Germany.—A correspondent in "Vorwärts" suggests the formation in the party of a new group—a group of Ante-post-Marxian Bebelites. The idea has been discussed in one or two influential quarters and may have an effect on party policy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The "cocoa Press" now assures us that the Insurance Act is working quite smoothly, and tens of thousands of pounds are being spent from the secret party funds in displaying on every hoarding the sickening spectacle of a huge crowd of haggard-looking, emaciated women suckling and slobbering over their puling infants.

If the public will tolerate so gross an outrage on common decency it will stand anything.

That the workers have failed to discover the "rare and refreshing" qualities of the Act is abundantly evident from the remarks one hears on all sides.

The other day I passed two elderly men talking at a street corner. Said one:

"Wot the devil did 'e want to interfere with us chaps, who've paid into a club all our lives, for?"

"God knows," was the reply. Shortly after, I saw a market porter shaking his fist at someone inside a shop, and as I drew near he shouted, "Yer don't want me ter pay two bloody fowerpences, do yer?"

It certainly sounded as though he didn't relish paying *one*.

The next incident took place just outside a building job. A labourer was receiving his money.

"Hi, mister! I want another six an' 'arf."

I did not hear all the pay clerk's reply, but caught the words, "Lloyd George."

"Lloyd George be damned, let's 'ave that six an' 'arf an' none of your monkey tricks, young man," came the retort.

To record the expressions of disgust which I hear every week in my travels would provide ample employment for lots of the officials who have soft jobs under the Act.

FRED HOBDAY.

* * *

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

Sir,—In his recent article on "The Socialist Movement: Dead," Mr. Richard Maurice makes the remarkable statement that Socialism "has brought forth no new men for the last twenty-five years."

Twenty-five years ago Vandervelde, Ferri, Jaurès, Debs, and the Labriolas were entirely unknown to the Socialist movement. They all date from about the middle of the eighteen-nineties. Blatchford and Keir Hardie were not Socialists twenty-five years ago, and MacDonald was quite unknown. "The Soul of Man," the finest literary masterpiece of Socialism, was written in 1891 by a man previously unknown as a Socialist. A year after it appeared in the "Fortnightly" Oscar Wilde's mother told me that she was not aware that her son had ever written anything about Socialism or taken any interest in it. Bernstein, the greatest critic of Marx, wrote his "Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus" in 1899. The twentieth century has given us "New Worlds for Old" and "The Jungle," both by men who were never before connected with the movement. Hervé, who calls himself a Socialist, was never heard of until about seven years ago.

These men compare well with the earlier Socialists. None are of the magnitude of Marx, but all the other eminent Socialists of the past have been easily equalled in our time. It is not likely that Lassalle was either such an orator or such a leader as Jaurès or Debs. Such men as Liebknecht, Bebel, Kautsky, Guesde, Lafargue, Plechanoff, and Hyndman were great lieutenants of Marx; but they were orthodox disciples, not original thinkers. Bax had a more independent mind, but still he was essentially a disciple. Webb and Shaw were undoubtedly original, but not more so than Wells and Hervé.

For the rest, one may readily admit that Socialism, like all other movements, is subject to what politicians call the swing of the pendulum. That is a universal law of sociology, and is based on a law of psychology known as the Law of Relativity. All objects, as they become familiar, tend to pall on the mind and the senses; hence the human mind incessantly hungers after novelty in every form. That is why all movements and all parties have their ups and downs. Socialism is now going through a period of depression in every country in the world, but that will not disturb the Socialist who understands this law. The deader the movement is to-day, the livelier it will be in ten years. The great propagandist is he who cares nothing for the ebb and flow of the tide, but cleaves his course through popularity and unpopularity alike. As Carlyle says: "Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf streams, shalt thou take for guidance: the star alone."

R. B. KERR.

"THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—Your note to a correspondent's letter in last week's issue informs your readers that the annual loss on THE NEW AGE is over a thousand pounds. I do not know who bears this loss, but it occurs to me that many of your readers to my knowledge save their weekly trepidation by borrowing your journal or reading it at a library. Until I stopped the practice of lending my copy, it was read by at least half-a-dozen men, four of whom at any rate could well afford to pay for it; though I am not sure that they would do so. At the library nearest to me a copy is taken (or perhaps you supply it free!) which the librarian informs me is read by over a score of persons. These facts are probably typical of the adventures of many of your issues; and easily account both for the wide circle of your readers and the comparatively small circulation of your journal. The fear that the loss you speak of cannot continue for ever induces me to urge your readers to do as I have done: refuse to lend their copy to anybody who ought to buy it, but first to buy it themselves.

T. W. WRIGHT.

* * *

PACIFISTS AND FISTICUFFS.

Sir,—If it is true that pacifists are constantly being challenged to define their position it is equally true that, a propos the alleged German menace, the question "How can Germany make successful war on England without the help of the four and a half million German Socialists whose active hostility could only produce a state of civil war in the country responsible for the aggression?" is as often evaded by the fisticuffs, who invariably fall back on the negative and irrelevant query, "Are you prepared to scrap the British Fleet?" This is generally put to the other side in a tone of finality that would be amusing were it not that the fact of its being unconsciously so endows it with the potentialities of tragedy.

One is curious to learn how such an operation would enable Kaiser Wilhelm and his henchmen to avoid a bloody collision with the five million Socialist conscriptionists of whom the Emperor, notwithstanding his habitual bluster, goes in daily dread. If the fisticuffs take the view that in such a contingency the German Social-Democrats would discard their Socialism and, reared on Marxian economics, and imagining their interests to be identical with those of the oligarchy, take up arms in defence of the Kaiser and his minions, then why not say so? The delegates to the recent conference of the German Social-Democratic Party at Chemnitz would have been more than interested to hear that in the opinion of a section of the British Socialist Party they were a potential mob. One looks in vain in Mr. Quelch's excellent speech for any observation consistent with the theory of the school he is reputed to represent on this matter.

Scrap the British Navy? Why, certainly. Three regular meals a day is better any time than an apology for one every fortnight, whatever may be the colour or the origin of the drapery under the folds of which it is sentimentally presumed to be assured.

It is to be feared that the fisticuffs can have had no experience of the Welsh Sunday (let alone the English). Between smug hypocrisy unashamed, though not necessarily naked, and the caucous voices of the brotherhood across the way, the shrill notes from juvenile throats at the Sunday recruiting centre opposite, a noisy detachment of red-coated ranters at the adjoining corner or parading the street conducting to a horridous medley of sound, and the purveyors of religious tracts, who not only push their wares through the letter-box, but impudently clamour at the bell, thereby disturbing the peace of the Sabbath where rest is essential—one suspects that these people would become possessed of a grievance if, as a result of their organised importunities, their usual Monday morning's paper did not appear—between these phenomena, the Continental Sunday conjured up by the possibility of a superannuated Navy offers no terrors to the normal.

Indeed, the prospect of being able to visit a cathedral in the morning, an orchestral concert in the afternoon, and the opera or drama at night without being suspect of the State policeman is sufficiently tempting to induce one to form a "Scrap the Navy League" forthwith. And if the fisticuffs are not prepared to help the pacifists scrap the Feet—which has to be paid for—how do the former reconcile their agitation for a big Navy and expenditure on armaments with their repudiation of the national debt?

AUGUSTINE SIMCOE.

* * *

THE LABOUR LEADER.

Sir,—I was much struck by an apt phrase used in THE NEW AGE a few months since. Commenting on the "Labour Leader" the writer, voicing surely the opinions of all intelligent Socialists, stigmatised it as "that incom-

petent parish magazine of Liberalism." Waiving politics and dealing only with incompetency, how is this for a sample of editing? In last week's issue (September 19) under the heading "Notes and Comments" there are eight paragraphs, all except the first and last dealing with the "Nation's" attitude to the Labour Party. This is how each paragraph commences:—

- (2) "The 'Nation' is generally very fair". . . .
- (3) "'The Labour Party,' says the 'Nation,' 'cannot'". . .
- (4) "The 'Nation' expresses the opinion that". . . .
- (5) "We cannot understand a Labour candidate intervening in a fierce party battle chiefly as a critic of 'land reform,' remarks the 'Nation.'"
- (6) "The 'Nation' says truly that the Labour Party". . .
- (7) "When the 'Nation' has resumed its normal". . .

L'AUDACE.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—In criticising my new novel, "A Woman in the Limelight," in your issue of the 10th inst. you spell my name "Gleiz," and my heroine, Jessie, is turned into "Pessie." In my poor judgment the criticism is extremely silly and misleading, but I am only concerned here to inform your cultured readers that my name is

CHARLES GLEIG (*not Gleiz*).

* * *

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—How much would one wish to believe, with your writer of "Present-Day Criticism," that there are hidden lights of culture at the universities! Who would retire an infidel, presented with such a certainty of salvation? But who are these silent men? The list is open for all to see. Proclaim the great, and let us reverence them! Though we may know the very stones of the streets in one or other city, induce us to look again for what we have not found. You are surely modest, sir, if you really claim no more than to be holding the standard until the ensigns come. Modest—and misinformed. There is no one coming. If you cannot hold on . . . The other ensigns have gone into the dark, and the cities are taken.

S.

* * *

THE OSCAR WILDE MEMORIAL IN PARIS.

Sir,—It is doubtless known to your readers that the memorial statuary to Oscar Wilde carved by Mr. Epstein for Wilde's grave in the Parisian cemetery of Perè la Chaise has been refused a place by the municipal authorities unless or until a disfigurement has been made in it. Your readers had the pleasure some months ago of seeing reproduced in your pages a photograph of Mr. Epstein's work. It is hardly probable that the most prudish of your public could conceive the grounds on which the Parisian municipality could have objected to it. Nevertheless, greatly to the regret of the artist, of Oscar Wilde's friends, and no less to many Parisians themselves, the objection has been made and looks like being sustained in the absence of effective protest. I understand that the disfigurement referred to as necessary in the view of the authorities is as unacceptable to the artist as to anybody who has seen the original sculpture or even its photograph. On the other hand, there is this means of escape for those of us who would gladly see the statue saved whole for posterity, even at the price of making Paris ridiculous for our generation. A bronze fig-leaf, it has been suggested by the authorities, may be attached to the carving in such a way as to conceal but not to mutilate the offending detail. Paris, it is concluded, would breathe freely if only this were done. Well, what, save a little malicious annoyance, is to prevent the artist from accepting this compromise of the situation? Thereby he will receive the compromise, and the Parisians will be compromised. Nothing, I believe, would have been more amusing to Oscar Wilde in his lifetime than the knowledge that he was to be immortalised in his beloved Paris in this way. The piquancy, one can hear him saying, is delicate: to be carved in England and fig-leaved in Paris! May I urge Mr. Epstein to pay this additional tribute of respect to the memory of Wilde?

FR. B. GUTHRIE.

* * *

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—"Simplex," writing in your issue of the 10th inst. in a manner anything but true to his assumed name, asks me certain mystical questions. Professor Schäfer and the production of life, the accompaniments of it likewise—teeth and golden curls, collars and top-hats in later life—are all thrown into this hotch-potch of a paragraph. I take it that "Simplex" means by this heap of confusion—so far as one can extricate a poor, bruised fragment of reason—that revised spelling is tantamount to an attack on the very heart of language. Well, if he

thinks any such thing, the confused letter he has written photographs his mind.

Spelling is not language. It is an arbitrary system imposed upon us, for the most part, by Dr. Johnson. His "Dictionary" checked the growth of our spelling, turned it from its true living path, which is to record the sound of the word. That really it is which matters—the spoken word. That is life. Spelling reformers are not seeking to emulate Professor Schäfer and mix together in the laboratory the ingredients of life. It were arrogance on their part to attempt to make a language. But surely they may agitate for the adjustment of spelling to the living language, particularly when the divorce means the loss of a year of school-time to each child in our elementary schools to-day. To compel a child to learn a spelling which flouts its young reason is to offer it stones, and not bread.

SYDNEY WALTON,

Secretary, Simplified Spelling Society.

* * *

AN ACADEMY HITHER.

Sir,—I beg to crave your indulgence of some new systems of spelling, any one of which may revolutionise childhood and the Empire—nay, the world. The only question is which? Each of them, I may say, is the especial predilection of a person of strong views and pure mind. Perhaps, if you would be so good as to pronounce judgment in favour of one or other system, the unfavoured inventors might be induced to adopt it, and we could all then set to work. The first system is, as you may perhaps perceive, American. I append the specimen in verse:—

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made ole Hundred ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

The second hails from Scotland, also in verse:—

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the Main;
But I hae pairted frae my love,
Never to meet again.

My third is a Somersetshire creation:—

The zun 'd a-zet back t'other night,
But in the zettèn pleâce
The clouds a-zedden 'd by his light
Still glowed avore my feâce.

An' I've a-lost my Meäry's smile,
I thought, but still I have her chile.

The remaining systems have possibly even more claim to consideration as being based upon nothing but their respective inventors' fancy—a circumstance which would do away with any tribal or national jealousy, and leave the things to be accepted on their pure merits. The following is the discovery of a gentleman who thinks we waste a great deal of time over the pronunciation as well as the spelling of such words as "back," "black," "tack," and others similar. He feels that we might usefully, as it were, slide the "ck" and have it as "g," thus:—

"I logged up the bag door and ran out to have a loog at the shipwreg. I ran as quig as I gould and pigged up a stig to whig (pronounce *soft*) I attaged (ibid) a string and a hoog so as to be ready to cadg up anything stiggung on to the rogs."

A military officer of some standing, I may say, and a lover of poetry, suggests a reconstruction of the class of words now pronounced and spelled with "ilk." There being only a few of these English words, and about as few spelled with "ilt," he proposes to make one, and both the same, as he explains, for the sake of conformity at once of spelling and rhyme. Here is a specimen in free rhythm:—

Poor wee May o' the Connor ilk
Spilk
The milk
On her Sunday silk.

And (or, or as you prefer), again:—

Jamie o' the Douglas ilt
Drove his pen in up to th' hilt
In gory grasp o' Life! He spilt
A million columns—soft as silt.

(No pun intended.)

There, sir, I have done except for one other system, which, in my humble opinion, is the easiest and most time-saving of all. It is simply to leave out of long words all letters except the first one or two, both in speaking and writing. The time and energy saved may, with benefit to everybody, be devoted to healthy amusement:—

"D—the b—," he ex—; "w—the h— does he t— me f—?"

And so on. I conclude, trusting in your cultured and independent judgment, and subscribing myself, your obedient servant,

T. K. L., Phil. Pill. Mill, Tooting.



TOMT. II.

MODERN JOHN BULLS.

II.—HOUSE OF COMMONS:
CAPTAIN JESSELL.

"THE MOST PERFECT FORM OF COCOA."

—Gug's Hospital Gazette.

Fry's

PURE

Cocoa

APPOINTED MANUFACTURERS TO
H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN,
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

QUEEN'S MINOR HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.
A Course of FREETHOUGHT LECTURES on Sunday
Evenings, at 7.30 p.m., from Oct. to Dec.,

By Mr. G. W. FOOTE.

October 6th, "Sir Edward Carson's 'God.'"

Doors open at 7. Reserved Seats 1s.; Second 6d.
Questions and Discussion Invited.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

	One Insert.	6 Insert.	12 Insert.	26 Insert.
16 words	1/-	5/-	10/6	17 -
24 "	1/6	7/6	15/9	28 6
32 "	2/-	10/-	21/-	34 -
40 "	2/6	12/6	26/3	42/6
48 "	3/-	15/-	31/6	50 -

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

A STUDENT who has been awarded an Art Scholarship at South Kensington is willing to give Art Instruction in a Socialist family in part return for board and lodging.—Apply Box E, NEW AGE Office

ALL LAME PEOPLE should send for particulars of Patent SILENT, NON-SLIPPING PADS for Crutches, Pin-Legs, and Walking-sticks. Inventor a user. Splendid testimonials.—Address: N. A. GLOVER, 2, Brundrett's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEGE, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

"ASHLET" SCHOOL-HOME, Addlestone, Surrey. Reformed Diet. Individual Instruction. Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References.—Apply PRINCIPAL.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W. Re-opens Oct. 21.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.
By the Spirit of Revelation in ZION'S WORKS.
Vols. I.—XVI. (with Catalogue) in Free Libraries.

OCCULTISM.—Books on Higher Occultism lent free. Inquiries answered through the post.—VEGETARIAN, Waterloo Hotel, Wellington College.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hopps), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

R.—Subscription received, and copies will be forwarded.

The Simple Life in the City

Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in tasteful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

The Home Restaurant
31, Friday Street, . . . E.C.
(Between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street)
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men.