NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The somewhat tumultuous scenes which accompanied the doctors' demonstration in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday were not, as one of Mr. Lloyd George's buckwashers suggested, the result of a lively apprehension merely for the financial future of general practitioners. Their main and, perhaps, sole source was the natural human indignation at having been, as the doctors think they have been, and as we think they have been, diddled. If the chief Exchequer official's political career had been hitherto spotless in the matter of jobbery, the appointment of the paid secretary of the Medical Association to an Insurance Commissioner—"a sonnet," as C. M. Kohan—would have been distinctly fishy appearance. This appearance is not rendered more pleasant by the suggestion of hypocrisy in the instructions issued for the doctors' demonstration in the Queen's Hall on Tuesday, which, as we say, are the minimum. The same astute wirepulling has obviously characterised the appointments to the Insurance Commissioners. In the first announcements was the name of Mr. Lister Stead; in the second was that of Dr. Smith Whitaker. The third of any corrupt importance is still to be made. Take again the Welsh Commissioners, as innocent a lot as anybody ever saw who knew no more than their names. Yet, if we remember rightly, the Welsh Chairman was one of the first to open his mouth against the Insurance Bill—and one of the first to close it. Miss Pennant is the daughter of the late Lord Penrhyn, one of the most implacable enemies of Trade Unionism. Mr. Rowlands was a secretary or something of Mr. Lloyd George. The appointments, in fact, whatever their intrinsic merits, have a distinctly fishy appearance. This appearance is not rendered more pleasant by the suggestion of hypocrisy in the instructions issued for the selection of the staffs now to be appointed. The final clause runs: "Any attempts made by candidates seeking posts, of whatever nature or grade, under or in connection with the Insurance Commission, to enlist support for their application on political grounds or for political purposes, whether through members of Parliament or in any other ways, will be regarded as disqualifying such candidates." It is all very well to insist on political innocence in these minor appointments, where, as a matter of fact, it is of comparatively small importance; but the provision comes too late to regulate the major appointments that have already been made. Furthermore, it is only probable that men who themselves have been jobbed will job provision or no provision to the contrary. We undertake to say that the clause is merely intended to warn off such applicants as do not know the ropes. The back stairs will still be open.

* * *

Both Mr. Harold Spender, who carried Mr. Lloyd George's bag on his tour of investigation in Germany, and Pee Wee Wee of the "Daily News" attended the meeting of doctors to report on what they saw. The latter begins his account by assuring us that he took with him "an open and sympathetic mind." By what means, we wonder, did "P. W. W." come into possession of such a rich and, to him, strange jewel? However, lightly come, lightly go, as the saying is, and Mr. Wilson had been only a few minutes in the
Hall when he found his mind (his own old mind, this time) quite crossed. The doctors were as wrong as wrong could be. True, "there was evidently the utmost anger at Dr. Smith Whitaker's appointment," but since it expressed itself in "rowdism" and not in the tones of "the dread issues of life and death," the meeting had no weight. Resident... tens of thousands... doctors were only a minority of the profession. Where were the rest? Why had they not all come? P.W.W. could only conclude that they had stayed at home to pray for the success of the Insurance Bill. One more rumour had, however, to be swept away by a wave of that magical fountain pen of the "Daily News": "The preposterous rumour that Sir Victor Horsley been promised a peerage if the Bill passed." Its preposterous character, on the contrary, argues with us its plausibility. Let P. W. W. read Mr. James Douglas' article in "Pearson's Magazine" before discounting again any "preposterous" rumour concerning the sale of titles.

Mr. Harold Spender is even more shameless than his future colleague. As the pet journalist of the Finance Chancellor, his business appears to be to bark at every intruder on his master's domain. The Insurance Act, he says, "has been passed by Parliament"—which is an undoubted fact—and it has been approved by public opinion. "The Act isundenying "Morning Leader" statement. Nevertheless, Mr. Spender concludes with a reflection which, we fear, may have some ground. The very doctors who are now protesting loudly against the Act will be found in six months' time tumbling over each other to get on to its panels. Very likely. We would not put it past them. Only two considerations exist to make this cynical assumption, so comfortable to the friends of Mr. Lloyd George, at least doubtful. The prestige of the medical profession is at stake. They must either work the Act so efficiently as to ensure a decent medical service to the millions who will come into their hands; or they must absolutely refuse to touch it. It will not do for them to allow their failures and juveniles to monopolise the Act and to render the irredeemably inefficient the unfortunate patients. Yet this alternative, as matters stand, is the only one apparently open to them if they accept the Bill half-heartedly and do not reject it entirely. In short, they must either make the Act a public sacrifice to the public, or they must decline to have anything to do with it. And the choice in this matter is obviously made easier by the results of the referendum instituted by the "Practitioner." Of some 25,000 doctors whose opinion has been received over 20,000 have declared that the Act as drafted does not enable them to guarantee efficient attendance. The practical sequel to this overwhelming opinion is that they should declare the Bill at this very moment is discredited in the country. Nobody realises yet that it will actually come into operation. When, however, it does, the effect of actively resisting it will not be to weaken respect for law, but to strengthen it by demonstrating its efficacy. Law in its best sense is still separated in the public mind from Acts of Parliament that come and sometimes go. Active opposition to an Act of Parliament may, therefore, sometimes be a nobler work than enthusiasm for it. The necessity of carrying an Act of which the public disapprove is being put into operation. When, however, it does, the effect of this contradictory conduct would be to weaken respect for law. Colonel Lonsdale Hale's alternative suggestion is, moreover, quite as impracticable as it happens to be useless. We are to nurse our resentment until the next Election, when we are to vote against all "the legislation and the man who have in any way earned us into tax-gatherers." But this would mean voting against every member of the House of Commons save only some five and twenty. For we have no intention of allowing the Unionists to escape their equal responsibility for the Bill with the Liberals themselves. Will Colonel Lonsdale Hale is presented with the choice of voting for a Liberal or a Unionist supporter of the Bill he will find his resentment at its passage somewhat obscure in its utterance.

Mr. Lloyd George quite naturally takes Colonel Hale's line. At the meeting on Saturday he appealed to all citizens, whatever their previous criticisms of the Bill may have been, to carry out their duties as loyal subjects and to help the Administration to bring the Act into operation. Nothing, of course, would be more pleasing to him than such abject service. "In the Parliamentary struggle," he says in effect to public opinion, "I, having all the cards in my hand, have won and you have lost. You were foolish enough to entrust me with my hands; or they must absolutely refuse to touch it. It may be so. Very likely. We would not put it past him to make the Bill I have forced on you a success by your own loyal efforts." This attitude would be perfectly fair if there were an equality and a simultaneity of power between the two parties to the dispute. But, as everybody knows, when a Parliament is once elected, its possession of power is exclusive until a fresh election takes place. The power of public opinion is only potential over a sitting Parliament; it cannot forcibly intervene to prevent any legislation whatsoever being passed by a Government sufficiently reckless and headstrong to risk defeat at the next election. And if the next election is still a long way off, and in the meantime the Bill of which the public disapprove is being put into operation, the only remedy they have is to decline to work it. The only way we observe is simply one of asking that the Act should be indefinitely suspended or repealed. But suppose none of these appeals fructuates! Between the way of Mr. Lloyd George and the way of English public opinion no loyal subject need hesitate to choose. Loyalty to England demands that, in the event of the Bill being actively persisted in, it shall be made a dead letter. A Bill is not a complete Act until it has been ratified by Commons, Lords, King—and People! But suppose none of these appeals fructuates! Between the way of Mr. Lloyd George and the way of English public opinion no loyal subject need hesitate to choose. Loyalty to England demands that, in the event of the Bill being actively persisted in, it shall be made a dead letter. A Bill is not a complete Act until it has been ratified by Commons, Lords, King—and People! But suppose none of these appeals fructuates! Between the way of Mr. Lloyd George and the way of English public opinion no loyal subject need hesitate to choose. Loyalty to England demands that, in the event of the Bill being actively persisted in, it shall be made a dead letter. A Bill is not a complete Act until it has been ratified by Commons, Lords, King—and People! But suppose none of these appeals fructuates! Between the way of Mr. Lloyd George and the way of English public opinion no loyal subject need hesitate to choose. Loyalty to England demands that, in the event of the Bill being actively persisted in, it shall be made a dead letter. A
he has scented among politically inexperienced women new sources of power for himself. At present his strength lies with the class of Nonconformist voters; and to increase it he must descend just one degree lower, namely, to women who have no knowledge of political life. Only this can in any satisfactory way explain Mr. Lloyd George's infatuation with Women's Enfranchisement.

The reciprocal backscratching of Sir Edward Grey and the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the same meeting was little short of indecent. In the second part of his speech Sir Edward Grey read out a passage from Mr. Lloyd George's Cardiff speech which he declared was the most eloquent, the most sympathetic, the most powerful and unanswerable plea for women's suffrage that he had ever heard. Our present passage was no more than claptrap clap in sustJan. Its very grammar and construction betrayed the Welsh rather than the English speaker. But Mr. Lloyd George was not only pleased with the compliment paid him by Sir Edward Grey, but he published it at it to give it special emphasis. In his own subsequent remarks he "particularly emphasised and endorsed every sentence uttered by Sir Edward Grey in the very important second part of his speech." Could egotistical vanity any further go?

The point to observe, however, is the consciousness this mutual admiration of Ministers implies of the weakness of their collective position. Like desperadoes in difficulties, they are all the more fervent in their oaths to hang together as they realize that the alternative is to hang separately. To compare the prestige of the Cabinet at this moment with its prestige a few months ago is to compare nothing with something. With the final passage of the Parliament Bill and the vindication of the Cabinet became an object of as much suspicion as the House of Lords at its very worst. And the Lloyd George relied upon a series of happy dodges, im-

This slickness in debate and in public affairs, however, is no guarantee that the measures produced by its means will actually work. American machinery has the same reputation as the House of Lords at its very worst. And we who behold the pleasant spectacle can add a new proof of an old observation that the Act simply cannot work. It is as ridiculous as a machine of perpetual motion. The mechanics can all be assembled, the structure must be completed according to the specifications, but when the steam is developed the machine will refuse to budge. Doubtless, also, he will spend many active nights and days in attempting to discover what is wrong in this part or in that part. But his search will be in vain, for it is the whole and not a part that is at fault. Mr. Lloyd George will attribute this failure to the machinations of his enemies; but it will be due merely to his own machinations. Doubtless, also, he will say, in the case of the Insurance Bill these devices have been multiplied to the dazzling point. On several occasions, we are assured, Mr. Lloyd George took his place to defend his Bill without any preparation whatever, relying, like Micawber, on something turning up. His extraordinary resource—or, as we prefer to put it, the blinking stupidity of his Parliamentary critics—usually carried him through. But only the naturally dull were in any doubt that the result was due to quick-wittedness and luck rather than to deliberate judgment.

A STUDY BY ANTIPICASSO.

Cracked street-lamps reeking to the dingy moon;
And, to the street-lamps, Stink of frying fish:
What is the smell of this? Oh, horrid rule!
Nay! Paint it not, it is too devilish!
—E. H. VISIAK.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdel.

In a country like ours national defence is a primary consideration. We are not in the position of Switzerland or the Republic of Andorra. Without a sound national defence policy our ambassadors are naturally hampered in their negotiations, and our friends and allies have some excuse for becoming anxious and protesting through the medium of their semi-official Press.

I mention this matter particularly this week because of the tension which has existed for some time between the naval and army authorities. There is, of course, always a good deal of 'friendly rivalry between the two services; but it is another thing when the authorities of the one branch fail to come to an agreement with the authorities of the other regarding strategic considerations. It was bad enough for the Navy to be unprepared when this country was on the brink of war with Germany, but never before. There was no ammunition available, and there was no coal. And at least one commander lost his head and took his vessel cavorting round the North Sea with undue recklessness. One remembers the wild scramble there was to rush coal from Cardiff to the North. There was no equally wild scramble to get ammunition sent; for there was none to send at the precise moment it was asked for. There was some little delay about this important matter.

In the days before smokeless powder was invented it was customary for warships to throw overboard the shells and powder served out to them for target-practice. The old dirty powder of course simply ruined the beautiful white paint; and no really artistic commander could stand this. So target practice became restricted within very narrow limits; and, although it would not be quite correct to say that this state of things still exists, it is nevertheless a fact that ammunition actually has a way of disappearing mysteriously.

While all these things in themselves are bad enough, the disputes between the Admiralty and the War Office authorities are much worse. The position may be briefly summed up as this: the War Office people wish to dictate the policy of the Naval Authorities as well as the policy of the War Office itself. It is unquestionable that in matters of strategy the naval experts should be listened to very carefully, although it would not be quite correct to say that this state of things still exists, it is nevertheless a fact that ammunition actually has a way of disappearing mysteriously.

In any case, the functions of this committee are purely advisory and not executive; and, again, the War Office representatives on it can easily outvote the naval men. The Committee of Defence, in short, is at this moment in the pocket of Lord Haldane; and will no doubt be utilised by him to bolster up the inefficiency of the Army and the Territorials.

Mr. Churchill, it is notorious, has been sent to the Admiralty chiefly for the purpose of carrying out the War Office policy there. He may, no doubt, be depended upon to make the Fleet as efficient as he can; but he must work while doing so within limits. I am quite ready to admit, with a feeling of disgust, that Lord Haldane's out-of-date philosophy, his faculty of not being able to see the wood for the trees, still carries some weight in the Cabinet; and I am sorry that Mr. McKenna's illness came at a rather unfortunate time.

The Powers will shortly intervene in China. The official "advice" already conveyed through the Consuls may, indeed, be considered as intervention; for it is merely a suggestion to any stronger measures that may be deemed necessary. For the last three weeks negotiations have in particular been going on between Great Britain and Japan, and a plan has now been arranged. If the Chinese cannot speedily settle their differences peace action will be taken and it is natural to suppose that the Japanese should not wish to see a Republic as its next-door neighbour; for such a form of government in China would not be without its effect in Japan. There is plenty of Socialism in Tokio, Yokohama, and other large towns, and the Government has no desire to see it spreading. Great Britain, again, has large trade interests in China; and the advice of experts on the spot is to the effect that those interests can be better looked after by a monarchical form of government than by a few enthusiastic students of Mahomedanism and Western institutions. The Powers, as I have said, have given "advice"; but Japan at least is getting ready to intervene with something more than advice. Nor is Russia sleeping. Trying, isn't it, that Eastern countries which want to change their institutions are always sat upon and exploited? Turkey, Persia, China . . . and now even Tibet is thinking of declaring its independence!

The fate of the Salonika Committee of Union and Progress—how ironical the title now sounds!—is still undecided. Peace proposals are made; but nothing is done. It should not be forgotten that, while Italy is beginning to suffer from the effects of the war, Turkey is in just as bad a plight. There was a Budget deficit this year, and intriguing which will probably be one next year of at least five million Turkish pounds. Not even Nail Bey, I fear, can juggle with figures sufficiently to prevent this. And Turkey's borrowing powers are not what they were. Her earnest wish to tack on four per cent. to the Customs dues does not have the heartening approval in trading circles; and French financiers are not at present disposed to turn the glad eye on Turks who come to negotiate loans. Peace, therefore, is essential for Turkey; but peace negotiations will mean the end of the Committee, a blow at its prestige from which its members will not easily recover. Every Turk now knows that abstract knowledge of politics, such as the philosophical basis of the rights of man and argument for and against equal voting rights, is not of much value when it is not accompanied with practical experience. Every member of the Committee, for example, is, I am sure, perfectly competent to write an interesting essay on Rousseau's "Contrat Social," and, indeed, many of them may have done so for all that I know or care; but certainly not one of the Committee recollected that it would be advisable to fortify Tripoli— or at any rate not to reduce the garrison there—in view of the Protocols of 1901 and 1902. Hence an amount of steady intrigue which would have staggered the arch-intriguer, Abdul Hamid.
Bio-Politics.
By G. W. Harris.

The invention of a new label is much to be deprecated unless just cause can be shown for its use. The term "bio-politics" can be justified by a consideration of its meaning and the aspect of politics which it has been designed to explain and characterise. The present condition of the nations of Europe gives much cause for apprehension. There is a general unrest, an almost universal discontent and distrust of existing methods, and unfortunately but few honest attempts at a policy of reconstruction. Everyone is nowadays iconoclastic. This party and that party are useless and must be abolished. One man calls for a "business" Government, which is as vague in its meaning as the blessed word "measure" takes in another unjust society of dilettante windbags who talk and talk and talk about social degeneracy and do nothing. Others find attraction in wild schemes of universal suffrage, of redistribution of the wealth of the nation over the mass population, as they are sensational. Either England is in need of a severe war and a sound thrashing, or else she must begin to reconstruct her home policy from a logical and obvious basis. The inevitable result of democracy is a system of cast-iron bureaucracy in which everything is subordinated to some futile red-tapeish procedure. Democracy, in fact, is mediocrity in excess in all meanings of the word. Particularly is this noticeable in the case of Mr. Runciman as Minister of Agriculture is simply the illustration of this fatal habit of endeavouring to find places for men, instead of men for places. By the term "bio-politics" we mean a policy which should consider two aspects of the nation: in the first place, the increase of population and competition; in the second place, the individual attributes of the men who are available for filling places of responsibility in the State.

There can be little doubt that before very long every State will seriously have to consider the question of increased population and examine accurately the places and classes in which increase is most pronounced. The present troubles with hysterical women are greatly due to the excess of the female over the male population, this superfluity having nothing to do and doing it extremely ill. Here is clearly a case where legislation might rationally diminish the number of female births, and thus leave enough women to go round without superfluity. Or, again, the superfluous women might be compelled to leave the country by a process of lot-drawing—a method employed by the Athenians for selecting their archons, and one which can be regarded as the result of their mature consideration. Again, the absurd prejudice that is perpetuated at the present time in the case of the production of abortion should be abandoned. If a woman is with child and does not want it, it is impossible to see why, when at her request a doctor undertakes an operation at present called illegal, he should not only be permitted but actually empowered to do so. The production of illegitimate children is one of those phenomena which will always occur so long as the law stands as it is, and there can be little doubt that bastardy is not only a great hindrance in life, but is also liable to swell the numbers of those who, for want of something better to do, turn their hands to crime and other ignoble pursuits.

The upkeep of lunatics and criminal lunatics is another and the aspect of plodding. Unless some practical use can be made of them for experiment and the understanding of the causes of their disease, then a State lethal chamber is the best way out of the difficulty. Once we do away with the pomp and ceremony and ethical and moral laments over death, crime and other evils, we shall be able to treat them in a rational way without endeavouring to extract self-satisfaction from the failure of the ungodly. There is no panacea, and we do not suppose for a moment that bio-politics ends the matter. But it is highly essential to consider the men themselves and avoid handing over to a lamp-lighter, for example, the care of the town clock. The search for good men, though difficult, is not hopeless; and were so much ingenuity displayed in the search as is shown by the promoters of the Health Insurance and Stamp Bills, amongst those men would have been found long ago. Above all, the fewer orators we have the better. We do not want public speeches and canvassing and the exuberance of verbose and emotional idealists. Far better to leave the people alone who do not come voluntarily to vote—and to vote, not because the man is a Liberal or otherwise, but because he is a good man and has some knowledge of how to govern.

A Great Gun in Contemporary Letters.
By T. H. S. Escott.

About the middle of the nineteenth century the university of which, as the accomplished man of letters, Mr. Westbourne Wadham was a resident—and as he subsequently became—an illustrious member, produced a school of writers that it claimed to be beyond modern rivalry. Benjamin Jowett's visit to Germany in 1844 brought back to England other things than the hitherto neglected history of Greek philosophy. Amongst those intellectual exports from the fatherland of Kant to the country of Coleridge was an instalment of Hellenistic revival expressing itself in the English imitation of Greek literary forms. During earlier epochs the models of prose composition in the English tongue were Latin rather than Greek. The Victorian age had not advanced far into the 'fifties before men of cultivated minds and good judgment recognised Greek prose, with its more natural order of words, its emphasised logical connection of ideas, and its short, independent sentences, as of much closer kin to English than the long, connected period, with the senses suspended to the end, characteristic of the best-known Latin prose.

At the same time, an entirely novel attention was expended on the art of informing the Anglo-Saxon tongue, as written on the Isis, with the rhythm and cadence of Attic exemplars. That art reached its perfection in the hands of its most consummate master, J. A. Froude, from 1844 to 1848 a fellow of Exeter, too coloured with a greater variety of feeling, as well as animated by appeals to stronger interests or passions, and generally showing a keener eye to dramatic effect. Froude's prose belongs to the same order as that of Ruskin, now named were a marked contrast to the Mozleys and other scholarly authors who showed their Roman tendencies not more in their theology than in their literary style. Such were the prose patterns for the periodical when Mr. Westbourne Wadham began to turn what was then pretentiously called publicist. During those early days John Ruskin, as to matter and manner, rather than any of those who flourished with him, found his aptest pupil in the good gentleman to-day at the head of English prose writers.

Mr. Westbourne Wadham, however, had added to the culture coming from the academic curriculum the grace and power of expression that being wrought into a rare degree of finish by the Frenchman who, in 1825, had translated into his native tongue Herder's "Philosophy of History," and who, thirteen years later, elaborated in his "Examen de la vie de Jésus" a new and, as it soon became, a modish mysticism, paving the way for conclusions less favourable to Strauss than might have been expected. What Paul Louis Courier had been to Albany Fonblanque, that Quinet became to Mr. Westbourne Wadham's earliest impulse towards pen and ink. His subsequent preparations for authorship, conducted through the medium of a foreign tongue, invested his work with a charm for a younger generation on the Isis.
that was at once altogether original and, in many cases, nothing less than magnetic.

An equally valuable part of his training has been generally ignored; the more, therefore, does it call for mention now. Mr. Westbourne Wadham derived his much with Europe's most advanced figures, German as of life from an exceptionally vigorous upper middle-class commercial stock. The strain thus inherited sufficed to keep him a cool-headed practical man of the world in the midst of his youthful enthusiasms. He was much more interested in the most advanced thought, German as well as French. He was never of them. Similarly the Gallic founder of the Creed, with whom George Eliot kept up a lifelong correspondence, found an appreciative listener in Mr. Wadham, but never a convert. The already-mentioned Edgar Quinet's relations with Strauss to some extent prefigured Mr. Westbourne Wadham's connection with the first Positivist, who, imparting to Talleyrand his intended introduction of a new religion, drew from the diplomatist the rejoinder that there was only one method of doing this—namely, "To die and rise again on the third day." As in style so in treatment of his themes, Mr. Westbourne Wadham can congratulate himself during his retirement on his performance of a feat unexceeded in literature of his age. Without surrendering any portion of his identity, intellectual, literary, social, moral, or political, he has distilled into his writings and enriched the mind of his readers with all that is best in the new thought, philosophy, or dictio

An equally valuable part of his training has been wisdom. The Congress sorrowfully salutes the memory of the great Portuguese Belfort Bax.
I can, of course, quite understand that, owing to family connections or otherwise, the worthy Senhor should feel keenly the death of the late King Carlos. But, I submit, his private sentiments are hardly sufficient ground for his not ‘keeping his hair on’ when professing to discuss matters of public interest.

For the rest, I bear from the best-informed sources not only that the elements of hostility to the Republic are a negligible quantity throughout the length and breadth of the land—a statement which is confirmed by the obvious course of events—but that the dissensions among the Republican leaders, inexcusable though they may be under the circumstances, do not connote any differences of principle whatever. As for the cowardly monarchial conspirators, whose chief political policy (beyond an occasional raid across the Spanish frontier, followed by a ‘scuttle’ back again as soon as the Republican troops appear in sight) seems to consist in stirring up street rows and scattering broadcast lying reports concerning the State of Portugal, Sentimentalist though I am, my policy as to their treatment and that of their Catholic abettors would be summed up in one word—“thorough!”

The present Portuguese Republic does not profess to be a socialistic Commonwealth, and hence it is no special concern of we Socialists to defend it; but in any case it represents such a great advance on the corrupt reaction it has superseded that no progressive man can fail to have a respect for it and its leaders, and to feel especially indignant at the paltry attempts to besmirch it and the men that have made in the Royalist interest.

ANAXAGORAS in the early days of Greek philosophy was, perhaps, the first to enunciate the assumption which Descartes in the middle of the seventeenth century adopted and used in his interpretation of the phenomena of life, and which in England in these latter days Dr. Weizmann so skilfully defends. But the conception that life involves phenomena totally different from those of physics and chemistry, and that biology is not in itself simply a branch of these sciences, as the animism of Stahl led him first to believe and then to maintain, is becoming more and more the accepted attitude of thought among the students of Nature towards all her manifestations of vital activity, for the chemico-physics of the Neodeterminists cann, not comprehend the phenomena of living matter, with its ‘tendency to disturb existing equilibria, to reverse the dissipative processes which prevail throughout the inanimate world, to store and build up where they are ever scattering and pulling down, the tendency to conserve individual existence against antagonistic forces, to grow and to progress, not inertly taking the easier way, but seemingly striving for the best, retaining every vantage secured, and working for new ones.’

With the exception, perhaps, of the modern tendency towards an increase in the numbers of the Vitalists very little progress has been made by either party since the days of the early Greeks. And the problem of life is still the occasion of full dispute. In spite of the growth of imagination, in spite of the ever-increasing inauguration of terms and phrases pseudocytic or pregnant with thought and meaning, the wordy warfare of the contending theories still proceeds from day to day. The battle has shifted and changed from the protozoon to the metazoa, from the organism of which it forms a part to the cell itself, from the cell to its constituent biophores, and back again to the composite organism. Bludgen and battleaxe have yielded precedence to forces more potent and persuasive instruments of far greater delicacy, but the issue of the battle is far from imminent. Nor is its purport manifest. Like unto the soldiers of a king our enthusiastic biologists have been at war for an ideal, unconscious of its relation to the truth; nor know they ought of their sovereign lord save the many representations of his majesty.

Still sits the Sphinx of Time beside the highway to Eternity propounding the ancient riddle to this world’s wanderers, be they protozoon, unicellular or multi-cellular, as of yore, while there is none to find an answer, Greek and Gentile, biophysic and biologist, all shall pay the penalty.

But the coming of Θέσπις is at hand.

II.

Whatever may be the secret of life, it is evident that it is equally resident in the smallest thing alive as in the highest organism that be. But the organism must not be confounded with the unit of the body of the highest organism, the cell. One might almost speak of the cell as an individual when it forms, with other like and unlike cells, a metazoon, but one can never speak of it as an individual except when existing as an independent condition as a unicellular organism. In this respect the lowly protozoon is the equal of the primate, and higher far in the scale of sentient beings than the individual units of that communal body. In this respect, if the ‘Prolegomena’ do the warning that the conceptions of the two theories for the interpretation of the phenomena of life unconsciously agree. When Dr. Weizmann, the modern English exponent of the mechanistic theory, maintains that ‘biology should begin with the unicellular organisms, because in them the processes of life are more easily observed,’ he is in reality instituting the same plea for the understanding of the problem that Dr. Haldane, the equally eminent vitalistic physiologist, urges upon us when he contends that ‘life should be studied in higher organisms, where they could observe what was taking place, and not in minute specks of protoplasm.’ Both recognise the individuality of the organism. Both realise that life must be studied in the organism as a whole, and not in any particular part of the organism. Both, in fact, agree that the conception of the living organism as such is the foundation on which alone biology as a science can be based. This conception is not reducible to anything simpler, and apart from it the facts of biology are a mere chaos.

The quarrel of the biologists, nevertheless, arose in their failure to comply with this simple but fundamental condition. In their enthusiasm to protect each his idol theory from the onslaught of the other, the Mechanists and Vitalists came to blows, not upon the question of life itself, but upon the death of the cell. The problem of life is of little importance to the Mechanists and Vitalists.

Whether living matter, whether that unfortunate ‘last shred’ of the organism or that independent cell does or does not comply with the mechanistic or the vitalistic theory of life is of little consequence. The ultimate, the all-important question is: what is life? Not, what is living matter? And the answer to the latter question must lie in the study of the organism as a whole, be that organism unicellular or multi-cellular in its constitution. Each party is, therefore, to be congratulated on its failure to win the battle, for from such a standpoint its outlook on life would have been small indeed, its observations false, and its conclusions altogether wrong.

The Coming of Θέσπις.

By H. F. Stephens.

I.

ANAXAGORAS in the early days of Greek philosophy was, perhaps, the first to enunciate the assumption which Descartes in the middle of the seventeenth century adopted and used in his interpretation of the phenomena of life, and which in England in these latter days Dr. Weizmann so skilfully defends. But the conception that life involves phenomena totally different from those of physics and chemistry, and that biology is not in itself simply a branch of these sciences, as the animism of Stahl led him first to believe and then to maintain, is becoming more and more the accepted attitude of thought among the students of Nature towards all her manifestations of vital activity, for the chemico-physics of the Neodeterminists cannot comprehend the phenomena of living matter, with its “tendency to disturb existing equilibria, to reverse the dissipative processes which prevail throughout the inanimate world, to store and build up where they are ever scattering and pulling down, the tendency to conserve individual existence against antagonistic forces, to grow and to progress, not inertly taking the easier way, but seemingly striving for the best, retaining every vantage secured, and working for new ones.”

With the exception, perhaps, of the modern tendency towards an increase in the numbers of the Vitalists very little progress has been made by either party since the days of the early Greeks. And the problem of life is still the occasion of full dispute. In spite of the growth of imagination, in spite of the ever-increasing inauguration of terms and phrases pseudocytic or pregnant with thought and meaning, the wordy warfare of the contending theories still proceeds from day to day. The battle has shifted and changed from the protozoon to the metazoa, from the organism of which it forms a part to the cell itself, from the cell to its constituent biophores, and back again to the composite organism. Bludgen and battleaxe have yielded precedence to forces more potent and persuasive instruments of far greater delicacy, but the issue of the battle is far from imminent. Nor is its purport manifest. Like unto the soldiers of a king our enthusiastic biologists have been at war for an ideal, unconscious of its relation to the truth; nor know they ought of their sovereign lord save the many representations of his majesty.

Still sits the Sphinx of Time beside the highway to Eternity propounding the ancient riddle to this world’s wanderers, be they protozoon, unicellular or multi-cellular, as of yore, while there is none to find an answer, Greek and Gentile, biophysic and biologist, all shall pay the penalty.

But the coming of Θέσπις is at hand.
That something of the reality of its controversy is dawning upon the minds of the disputants is clearly evident in Dr. Haldane's plea for the study of the organism as a whole when introducing a discussion on Vitalism at a meeting of the Pathological Society of Manchester on October 11. His contention is highly to be commended as an attempt to find the only true way of looking at the facts of life so as to interpret what has been observed.

"What is the basis of 'Vitalism'?" he asked. "The answer is that the living being maintains itself as a whole in all its properties and activities throughout the vicissitudes of its life-history, and is naturally perceived by us as a whole. The adult organism is a whole, but includes subordinate wholes, and is itself subordinate to the stock, and ultimately the whole of organic existence. It is a whole because of its maintenance of characteristic structure and activity, and the whole cannot be analysed into constituent elements. Vitalism, which depends on a 'vital force' which acts among mechanical forces, cannot be defended. There is no evidence of such a separate force; and its existence is not compatible with the conservation of energy. This conception has consequently been unpopular, but, nevertheless, the demand for a true conception of vitalism is being made more and more urgently by physiology and pathology.

"We must, at the same time as we reject the principle of a 'vital force,' also refuse to agree to the assumption common among scientific men that the world as it appears to physics and chemistry is the only world which we can perceive. If such conceptions as these of mechanism do not enable us to understand the facts of life we must replace them by others which are adequate to the facts observed. There exist a priori or philosophical objections to this modification of conceptions.

"In perceiving an organism as a whole we perceive the continuity and connection which are present in the form, properties, and activities of the living being, and not simply the matter and energy which pass through it or exist in it. Similarly, also, we look at the surrounding environment as part of the whole, and it is in a sense true to say that an organism by its selective and other influence makes its own environment. The environment in the physical sense is simply irrelevant or non-existent from the standpoint of life. The difference between vital and physical is the difference between two ways of looking at the observed phenomena. It is possible to explain the phenomena of life from either standpoint, but the result of restricting our view to the physical is that we leave out, or abstract from, and are unable to describe all that is really characteristic of life.

"It is, further, insufficient to look at the organism as an individual merely. This is incomplete without reference to the stock. The individual dies and disappears, while the stock remains. We can also trace life back to earlier forms, and logically we are led to believe that if we could go back far enough we would find life under the guise of inorganic matter. As conscious individuals men and animals are, it is true, much more than mere organisms, but the simple conception of the organism enables us to deal with all the facts belonging properly to biology.""
I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By [Ezra Pound.]

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method in Scholarship."—Ed.]

V.

FOUR EARLY POEMS OF ARNAUT DANIEL.

These poems belong perhaps to Arnaut’s early work—at least Canello’s arrangement of the poems shows a steady development from first to last, and we may as well accept it as a working hypothesis until something better is offered or until this is proved erroneous. Let us say the poems were written about A.D. 1180-1185.

The music to "Chançon doil" exists in MS. R. 71 Ambrosiana, Milan. The poem runs on four rhymes. Their order in the stanzas changes. Whether I have transgressed in translating with three rhymes and an assonance cannot be determined until we know more.

Ambr moderation of their poems must be considered as things to preserve through life a pleasing sense of humour, he very charming mediaevalism if you like it—I do more and a strong changing caesura. All the poems must be considered as things to sing. The second two suggest the possible surrounding in which they may have been first presented. You will note that they are all free from what Morris and Rossetti—and the smaragdite poets generally—have taught us to regard as mediaevalism, and that they undoubtedly contain many a turn which would have delighted Robert Browning—the third especially.

I do not mean to assail plat ventre the mediaevalism of the Victorian mediaevalists. Their mediaevalism was that of the romances of North France, of magical ships, and the rest of it, of Avalons that were not; a very charming mediaevalism if you like it—I do more or less—but there is also the mediaevalism of mediaeval life as it was.

"Bona es vida . pos joia la mante,"

bawls Arnaut in "Can chai la fuella" "Bully is living where joy can back it up." This comes from a very real, very much alive young man who has kicked over the traces, told his instructors to go to hell, put his title "En" ("Sir") in his wallet, and set out to see life as a jongleur. He will see no stags with crosses on their foreheads, he will not fly to an imprisoned lady in the form of a hawk; he will, I think, preserve through life a pleasing sense of humour, he will dine often with the Cœur de Lion, he will form some sort of friendship with that dyspeptic curmudgeon, En Bertrans de Born, fourth holder in the tower of Altaforte. But this sort of thing belongs to the novelists and not to a pedagogue.

CHANSSON DOIL.

I.

I'll make a song with exquisite Clear words, for buds are blowing sweet Where the sprays meet, And flowers don Their bold blazon Where leafage springeth greenly 'ershadowing The birds that sing And cry in coppice seemly.

II.

The bosques among they're singing fleet. In shame's avoid my staves compete, Fine-fled and neat, With love's glaives on His ways they run; From him no whim can turn me, Although he bring Great sorrowing, Although he proudly spur me.

III.

For lovers strong pride is ill won, And throweth him who mounts thereon. His lots are spun So that they fling Him staggering, His gaudy joys move leanly, He hath grief's meat And tears to eat Who useth Love unseemly.

IV.

Though tongues speak wrong of wrangles non Can turn me from thee. For but one Fear I have gone Dissembling: Traitors can sting, From their lies I would screen thee, And as they'd treat Us, with deceit, Let fate use them uncleanly.

V.

Though my swath long 's run wavering My thoughts go forth to thee and cling, Wherefore I sing Of joys replete Once, where our feet Parted, and mine eyes plainly Show mists begun And sweetly undone, For joy's the pain doth burn me.

VI.

Save 'neath Love's thong I move no thing, And my way brooks no measuring, For right hath spring In that Love's heat Was ne'er complete As mine, since Adam. 'Tween me And sly treason No net is spun, Wherefore my joy grows greenly.

CODA.

Lady, whose'er demean thee My benison Is set upon Thy grace where it moves queenly.

CAN CHAI LA FUEILLA.

I.

When faint leaf falleth From the high forky tips, And cold appalleth The parching shoots and slips And stills sweet quips Of birds that sing. And flowers don.

II.

Though all things freeze here I cannot feel the cold, For new love sees here For Love, howe'er he galleth. I cannot feel the cold, For new love sees here. For love shuts out the breeze here, And hath me bold High valour well at ease here.

III.

Aye, life's a high thing Where joy's his maintenance, Who cries 'tis wry thing Hath danced never my dance, I can advance. No blame against fate's tithing For my good chance Hath deemed the best thing my thing.
IV.

Of love's wayfaring
I know no part to blame,
All other paring,
Compared, is set to shame,
Since there's no flame
Shineth fit for comparing
To her; no dame
But has the meaner bearing.

V.

I'll ne'er entangle
My heart with other fair
Although I mangle
My joy by staying here.
I have no fear
That ever at Pontrangle
You'll find her peer
Or one that's worth a wrangle.

VI.

She'd ne'er destroy
Her man with cruelty,
'Twixt here 'n' Savoy
There feeds no fairer she;
She delights me
'Till Paris ne'er had joy
In such high fee
From Helena of Troy.

VII.

She's so the rarest
Who holdeth me thus gay,
Her features fairest
Lay thirty fair away.
So it's fair play,
'Thou song of mine who bearest
Such fair array,
That I tell why thou darest.

VIII.

Chançon, nor stay,
'Till to her thou declarest:
"Arnaut would say
Me not, wert thou not fairest."

Lancan son passat li giure.

I.
When the frosts are gone and over,
And are stripped from hill and hollow,
When in close, the blossom blinketh
From the spray where the fruit cometh,
For the season sweet and merry
Bid me with high joy to bear me
Through days while April's coming on.

II.

And joy is right hard to discover,
Such sly ways doth false love follow,
Only sure he never drinketh
At the fount where true faith hometh;
A thousand maids and hardly one
Of her falsehoods over-chary
Stabbing whom vows make unvary,
Their tenderness is vilely done.

III.

The most wise runs drunklest lover,
Sans pint-pot or wine to swallow,
If a whim her locks unlinketh
One stray hair his noose becometh.
When evasion's fairest shown
Then the sly puss purrs most near ye,
Innocents at heart beware ye
When she seems colder than a nun.

IV.

See, I thought so highly of her!
Trusted, but the game is hollow,
No, she never won soundly clinketh,
All the cardinals that Rome hath,
Yes, they all were put upon
By my Lady Slyly-wary;
Cunning are the threads they carry,
Yet while they watched they'd be undone.

V.

Whom Love makes so mad a rover
'Tli take a cuckoo for a swallow,
If she say so, sooth, he thinketh
There's a plain where Puy-de-Dome is.
'Till his eyes and nails are gone
Will he play and follow fairly
-Sure as old tales never vary
For his fond heart he is fordone.

VI.

Well I know sans writing's cover
What a plain is, what's a hollow.
I well know whose honour sinketh
And who 'tis that shame consumeth.
They meet, I loose reception.
Shame's a hound too swift to harry,
Mid false words I do not tarry
But from her lordship I'll be gone.

VII.

Sir Bertrans sure, no pleasure's won
Like this freedom, naught so merry
'Twixt Nile 'n' where the suns miscarry
To where the rain falls from the sun.

FOR RIGHT OF AUDIENCE.

I.

In a new cause my song again
Moves in my throat, with altered mien,
No, don't think any hope springs green
Of making fair song of my pain;
But 'till she who hath blamed me wrongly 'll cry
"Mercy!" 'll sing it out before the crowd,
For she'll not let me speak with her alone.

II.

'Tis grace and pardon I would gain
Did not her action come between
Me and my right of asking e'en,
Unto my life no respite is allowed
Unless, where my rights fail, mercy be shown.

III.

Hath a man rights at love? No grain,
Yet fools think they've some legal lien;
And she'll blame you, with heart serene,
That ships for Bar* sink in mid-main
Or 'cause the French don't come from Gascony.
And for such faults I am nigh in my shroud,
Since, by my God! I've shown such faults or none.

IV.

That place where his desire hath lain
A man leaves loath, this I well ween,
Yet there be some with breasts so mean
That they to take back gifts are fain.
And for such faults I am nigh in my shroud,
Since, by my God! I've shown such faults or none.

V. Envoi.

Please ye, Lords fellows, now maintain
Me, whom she would in all demean.
Pray to her thus (until she lean
Toward me and make her mercy plain):
"Fair for our sake let Arnaut's song draw nigh"
I may not name her, cry ye all aloud
That Arnaut came to court, his heart is known.

* Literally: "That ships wreck ere they get to Bar (i.e., the port of Bari), and 'cause the French are not Gascons."
Art and Drama.

By Hundy Carter.

By a gradual abnegation of the ideal, painting has at last reached what is termed the realistic form of art. It is, in fact, more or less imitative. But with the total abnegation of the real, consequent upon the present revolt, painting will again achieve the ideal. This revolt is already strongly marked. So, painting to-day appears in two distinct forms; one expressing the realistic character, and the other the ideality. This revolt is already strongly marked.

The realistic character, that is imitating their utilitarian character and apparently out of all relation to actual life. The expression of objects—many of them coarse and repulsive, softened by dexterous handling—which it knew the public would accept, as coming within the public's every-day experience. It has, indeed, sought to murder the public's every-day experience. It has, indeed, sought to murder the public's every-day experience. It has, indeed, sought to murder the public's every-day experience.

The realistic artist is still everywhere aiming rather to express than to leave out the utility or inartistic unessential inseparable from things in the actual. The London picture galleries, for instance, are in the possession of the painter with the normal vision of reality.

Let anyone with the abnormal vision of reality go to the Goupil, Carfax, Chenil, or Suffolk Street galleries and he will find painter after painter standing still, their pictures as a text for a lecture on the limitations of the painter with the normal vision of reality.

Perhaps the greatest crime of the nineteenth century has been that of the leaders, artistic, literary, dramatic, that has aimed solely to foster minds possessing the normal vision of reality, and under the guise of truthfulness has misled even intelligent persons with unrealisable expectations. The realistic school of painting is one of the worst offenders in this respect.

But it had the great merit of showing us what to avoid. The quaint three-tiered stage is the stage where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Evergreen, so that there appear at a time. The quaint three-tiered stage is the stage where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Evergreen, so that there appear at a time. The quaint three-tiered stage is the stage where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Evergreen, so that there appear at a time. The quaint three-tiered stage is the stage where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Evergreen, so that there appear at a time. The quaint three-tiered stage is the stage where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Evergreen, so that there appear at a time. The quaint three-tiered stage is the stage where Death appears invisible to all the revellers except Evergreen, so that there appear at a time.

The Paris dramatic performance of The New Age sends the following:

Classical revivals are the thing here. Sarah Bernhardt has outlined a long programme of matinées classiques. She opened her regular season with the production of Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia," a purely academic affair. The stage setting was quite conventional—Meissonnier in treatment. But it had the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest. The character of Lucrèce Borgia—the artistic pulse of the great merit of showing us what to avoid. As the drama lends itself to artistic treatment a few suggestions may be of interest.
The Importance of Hegel to Modern Thought.

By John Middleton Murry.

Dr. MacTaggart is a Hegelian in a very particular sense; and "Hegelian" is a word of many meanings. It can be used for such thinkers as Michelet and Rosenkranz, Hegelians, who, considering the metaphysical conclusions of the master without questioning, made no use of them as a starting point for individual speculation, but contented themselves with a pericle endeavouer to make Hegel dialectically consistent in unimportant detail. It can be used with a much more inspiring meaning for philosophers who adopt what we may call a Hegelian attitude, for men who make use of the living truth of Hegel's doctrines in their individual efforts in speculative inquiry, such as Bradley, Green, and J. A. Smith in England, and Cocc in Italy—while among these latter is an individual philosopher who combines both aspects of Hegelianism—an almost complete acceptance of the teaching, together with the constant endeavour build upon the foundation. This, Dr. MacTaggart. He is doubly a Hegelian; but it is only because he is Hegelian in the latter sense that his work is of such an abiding interest to students of philosophy. The true Hegelianism is needed to make the false Hegelianism true.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to enter into a detailed criticism of these works. The "Studies in Hegelian Cosmology," is rich with suggestion as well as with stimulus to criticism. Nothing is more interesting than the subtle speculation by which the writer reaches what to me is an untenable conclusion—the conception of the Absolute as a "society of souls," neither individual nor aggregate. The interest of the argument is in no way diminished by my conviction that the conception is intrinsically impossible. He seems to me to be, not a Hegelian, but a freier subiectiver Begriff, der für sich ist und daher die Personlich heit hat." The dialectic process and the definite trend of Hegel's thought in the "Philosophy of Religion," are final on this point. But this is not the place for minute criticism of the argument. It is enough to say that these arguments are infinitely valuable in the suggestions which they afford—particularly the "Studies in Dialectic" and the "Studies in Cosmology." The writing is transparently clear in the latter work; while the all too brief discussion of ethics in the former, the most valuable and original contribution to this branch of philosophy since Bradley's "Ethical Studies" of a generation ago.

I should wish rather to state as briefly as I can what I consider to be the permanently valuable legacy of Hegel to speculation as a whole—the essence of that attitude, in brief, which makes the epithet Hegelian in its second sense so valuable.

The times are now ripe for Hegel to come to his own. In recent years the flood of philosophic romanticism that has been pent since Schelling and Jacobi by the positivism of the scientists has welled back in waves of pragmatism and intuitionism, in James and Bergson; and this romantic renascence is a condition of our movement from the static to the dynamic as an advance to the Hegelian point of view. Hegel's object was to find a form of mental activity which should be as mobile as our mental processes, and of sufficient "pulp of reality," and exactly reproducing the rhythm of development without giving it a false rigidity. But, as opposed to our modern intuitions, the renunciation of thought and the denial of its validity was for him always a vain idea. The fact of the changing and ever-changing thoughts which deprivers the process of all

meaning was for him, as, surely, for all consistent thinkers, the most obvious pus aller. He sought for movement and change in the fountain-head of a great dialectic; and whether we are able with Dr. MacTaggart to accept this thought process as constituting the essential of reality, we cannot fail to pay homage to the attempt. It begins where Bergson ends.

Hegel has for many years been the object of slip-shod modern speculation. Perhaps his greatest is this vindication of the validity of the reason as an unquestionable axiom; but Hegel vindicates it without reserve. For him there is nothing beyond the realm of thought, no unknowable, no thing in itself, in no eternal, that we cannot grasp by thinking. He is no mere master of an "uneartily bloodless categories," for bloodless is the last term to be applied to Hegel's thought. Speculation without experience, and that experience, the most comprehensive kind, was for him vain. The philosopher must know everything, he must seek his experience by the purifying medium of every science. Consciousness apart from its concrete manifestations is for him a chimera of the brain.

But the philosopher must not merely be comprehensive in his attitude towards the present, so that he does not isolate his problem; he must turn his eyes to the past. The only true method of philosophy is historical. All speculation worthy of the name must stand by the past, and only make advance when it has assimilated the treasures of the past. Bergson is to be read in the light of Kant, and Hegel in the light of both. By such studies alone can we see the Essener Idee working itself out in time; and we come to see the infinite meaning in facts before made unintelligible by their isolation. Philosophy is to be what it was to the scholastics in that it will comprise all knowledge as its matter; it will abolish scholasticism because it draws on the life blood of a manifold experience, and because it stands above religious dogma, for it is true development and inner meaning of that dogma. Henceforward the thinker will isolate his problem neither from the present nor the past, and thus will viadicate at once a classicism and modernity.

And perhaps the chief message of Hegel is a warning against false isolation. We must see life whole. As in history we must not isolate the manners and men of a century, so in the essentially metaphysical problem of knowledge we must indulge in no false abstraction. Hegel will not acknowledge any absolute opposition (as K. Kant did). His experience defies such rigid analysis; and the whole of his teaching may be construed as a protest against the analytic rigidity of his predecessors. The mystic is nearer the truth than the formalist. In Hegel the disintegrating current of the English Idea working itself out with its final answer. They make their own problems and charge reality with illusion; they make a distinction into a difference and fall into the pit they have digged. In logical terms, the true universal is concrete; and it is the inheritance of this conception from Hegelian idealism which has raised English speculation from the depths to which empiricism had brought it. Kant criticised the instrument of thought (in much the same spirit as H. G. Wells), and ended with a reality that Hegel's "Ding an Sich," which was beyond our reach. Bergson's importance lies in his attempt to vindicate intuition as a valid means of reaching the unknowable. Change is a thing in itself. We cannot reach it by thought indeed, but we have our intuition. Hegel is greater than these, inasmuch as he insists that the problem is non-existent. We have vitiated knowledge at the fountain-head—and we have the thing in itself unknowable, or the eternal or the absurd. What Hegel says is possible by means of an intuition the very existence of which cannot go unchallenged. It is this refusal to accept the conception of the universal as identity in difference, as concrete, that brings us to the position of scepticism or of rationalism in which the experience of the past is thus inexpressible. Bergson, like Kant, has made a false abstraction. Thought is not, unless violently isolated, essentially static or mathematical. It is movement itself, infinitely flexible, pregnant of the content of all-bred experi-
ence, and has no need to saw its weakness and seek for alien and unwelcome aid from a miraculous vision. It is as though Kant, Bergson, and Hegel formed one of the Hegelian triads, wherein Hegel is the synthesis containing the real meaning of the thesis and antithesis. By all means let us have a Bergson cult in the house, to that monotonous reason itself as a living and developing form of mental activity to which we must always return from the barren wastes of scepticism and the meaningless ecstasy of mysticism.

The Earth-bound.

By Beatrice Hastings

Above the rack of wind and foam,
The Spirit bewails his deserted home.

He stands where river and ocean meet,
'Twas thence They followed the Spell,
Waving a slight, unkind farewell
To the home where they did always dwell;
Then the sand arose, and the driving sleet
Covered the guiding tracks of their feet:
They might go on to whatever bourne—
But never that way return.

They sail past reach after reach of the river,
The Spirit-Father following ever:
"Whom have ye sitting in the prow?
Who call ye Mother? O hapless ones,
Hear ye not how harsh her tones?
Your Mother lies at home and moans
To know you Witch with listless brow—
Your slave—become your gaoler now.
She breaks you a flower. 'Twill fade and pale.
She lendeth a glimpse of a leafy vale,
As ye sweat on your never-ceasing oar,
But never bids she: 'Rest! No more!'
There is no end to her outward way,
It leadeth but round and round,
And wherever ye may be found
When tetheing of her play,
There will she leave you bound,
With no home, no end of the way.

"I hear a voice," says the Youngest Son.
"I hear a faint, familiar tone."

"Twas mine," says Nature. "Whom dost thou see
To speak except thy brothers and me?
I praised thee for thy service done.

The Father a bloom in his hand did take,
Then to the Youngest Son he spake:
"Look on this flower, Son of mine! Hast thou forgot thine own design
In subtler time the procreate Wind
Hast thou forgot how thou didst bind
The plan thyself didst make?
In subtler time the procreate Wind
And even that most subtle worm
That ancient wisdom mad'it conform
To the determinate limit of thy Mind?"

"I see a Spirit by yonder tree,"
Says the Youngest Brother musingly.
"Hast!" cries Nature, laughing loud,
"Thou mayst be born by my worshippung crowd.
Nothing is, save me and thee.
Thou saw'st a statue in a shroud."

"I see the Spirit yet. He stands.
He cometh hither with outstretched hands.
Brothers! he wears our Father's bands,
He beckons us to our Father's lands,
Crying: 'Children, leave these sore strands!
Children, make the Homeward choice!'"

"Nay!" say the Brothers, "we hear a voice,
But no vision doth our eyes rejoice—
We cannot follow naught but a Voice!"

They pass by reach after reach of the river.

Present-Day Criticism.

Let you not believe it's a great pome you'll be making,
Michael Scribleroon, the way you'll be forgiving your own faults: 'Oh, you single out to God, no man is perfect!' Glory of a pig, what dull fellows these Irish do be when they affect to write plays! The interminable talk of them, the dirty detail of them, the delicate love of them for spoeks and dead bodies and the mists. We keen, indeed, we keen to know how much corruption these bad works with a little good in them have spread abroad. The little good in them, in many of them, in all that are still prized by anyone outside a nursing home, is that they actually play. Without this little good, technique, craftsmanship of the cheap and nasty but saleable kind, we should never have heard of all the grand ideas and po'try and men rising from the dead that have allowed the Irish drama (Lord save us!) to compete with the English pavement school for the adjective "higher": higher meaning that which blanches the lips of Hampstead and sets Brixton laughing. We had no sooner decided that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Ghosts" were not worth a change of censorship than over came a legion of ghosts in mists, and superstitious red-feated peasants to destroy us, helpless as we are within sound of the brouge and the banshee. But there's nothing like staging a thing to get rid of it. When we hear an Irishman blarneying now we say, "Ah, Whist Finn did it better than that!" and the Banshee might come at us in Connemara itself, we should only reply: "You should hear Cathleen ni Houlihan doing voices off!"

Still, however, we are not quite free. Still, a small, unsensible, superstitious, paying audience can be got together to whom the "great fole of Ireland" are not a weary curse or a joke, and scenes of plain kelling, whisky and coffin-nails eke out a stage living. And every one of that audience talks so often everywhere that many infuriated people still consider the "higher drama" to mean an eternal wake, and them only just quit of the notion that it meant prostitutes and free maternity! And Michael Scribleroon, seeing that the things "play," rips off the decorative tags, ties them on to Kent or Somerset yokels, and by careful imitation of the craftsman'ip may, if we do not look out, land us with Thas as the higher drama, all dazed as we are with looking for the real thing. The higher drama, when it arrives, will take one only form—that of romantic comedy. We have no stage for tragedy at present, and shall not have one until a series of eaves-work sites of comedy has smiled away all the mock tragedies we have endured so long and still endure. It is quaint to hear Messrs. Shaw, Barker, and others of the censored school lamenting how they will have to go to the workhouse if the "higher drama" is not soon freed of the censor. They are painfully not aware that their attempt on the higher drama has been countered by the peasant school, which was never unpractical enough to get itself censored. Personally, we think it a mistake to censor anything. We say "Waste," for instance, and "Monna Vanna," and "Mrs. Warren." The most farcical scene we ever shook over was that in "Waste" where Mr. Barker bundled up Miss McCarthy and carried her into the wings to be seduced. It was prettified to Hegelian hypnosis, and we were very nearly withered by a stout lady neighbour who caught us smiling. As for "Monna Vanna," no ordinary English public could resist tittering at the idea of the bare female under the cloak. It is fundamentally a ribald idea, and after the first conventional cloying feeling, the house would probably become uncontrollable. This sort of higher drama was doomed from within. The censorship merely prolonged its wake. It had never half the stage life of the Irish stuff to which a sentimental miss might safely take her rich aunt.
Sex will never be taken seriously except by the infatuated and the Puritan. Intelligent people who succumb yield to jocundity themselves, and the mob take it as the rippling joke against others. So there is found small support for the agitation to produce dismal sex plays alongside "Dear Old Charley." (By the way, is it true that the so-to-speak officially advertised Charles is to be revived? It may be; with government as we have it anyone, except, of course, the poor, may do anything.) Nobody will bother to change a Censor merely because he confines naughtiness where it belongs, amid frilly underclothes and champagne, and forbidden frocks, drawers and Jaeger boots. People who are really working for the higher drama will not bother, because they know that the higher dramatists will never be more than ephemerally concerned with sex. The production of "King Oedipus," if it is rightly presented, will prove to the public how slightly the great dramatists treated sex as sex. People who go to wallow in incest will be dreadfully disappointed at the patriotic, good-natured play. We should say that the "Oedipus" ought not to draw. But it is a good move to allow this play to be presented. It has been a trump card for our censored school long enough.

We find it not worth while condemning the school of "What is left but the school of Richter to the Sea." Still lumbers up the way of good dramas. Instead of abortions and street women we have to clear away corpses. Our Michael Schirrer will, no doubt, drag in Shakespeare's corpses, but we shall not be converted; the same laugh which always agitates us during the final scene of "Hamlet." The canon of taste as to bodies and other merely painful sights on the stage was accepted long before Shakespeare's play. Still the abject and contemptuous concession to the gods of his day; and he was no greater for belittling the canon. Already, do we not suppress him wherever his tragedies tend to become farcical or disgusting before the eyes of a modern audience? Homicides and suicides have lost their mystery and half their terror for us. We find it not worth while condemning the school of "What is left but the school of Richter to the Sea." Still lumbers up the way of good dramas. Instead of abortions and street women we have to clear away corpses.

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A FABIAN FABLE.

There was a famine in the land, and certain Socialists came and stood beneath the windows of them that kept the granaries, weeping and wringing their hands, and crying, "O, ye who sit in warm rooms, sated with wines and bake-meats, take compassion on the poor, for they hunger. Give, or they perish." But those who had the keys reviled them, calling to the guards of the granaries, "Away with these murderers and thieves, un-Christian oppressors of the poor." And the guards, sallying out, drove away the Socialists. And the poor perished.
dictum by asking myself how a man of leisure can live in England, or a business-man on the Continent.

The more I come to know of England the more it appears to me the chosen home of the Strenuous Life. By no class—even the most aristocratic—is work looked down upon as it is in so many Continental countries. Credit, more especially moral credit, in commerce (which is the foundation of all society, has now anywhere a firmer or broader basis than it has in England, and nowhere does it lead to so few disappointments. An atmosphere of fairness penetrates the whole of life, and though much may be of an individual, his reward is adequate to his work, whether it take the form of payment or of distinction. Thus the necessary effort seems invariably worth endur ing. An assured fair-dealing takes away all pettiness from business, and in the same way the investigation of the views of others softens down the angles and edges of political life; publicity provides expansion for all classes of society, and this serves in every way to render the struggle for existence less disgusting than it is elsewhere; indeed, it even lends it a kind of dignity, which is almost always lacking on the Continent. One breathes more freely; even the most personal interests assume a large importance; how much more then, the public interests, which, amidst all the baggage of the times, is able to adapt to his work, whether it be trade, credit, or even education by a trip to the Continent. The English word “spleen,” formerly so popular, which has actually become inadmissible from the first place, the country’s political life! No wonder if quiet, enterprising foreigners, who have to make their way, settle absolutely in England, where so many trading colonies from Germany, Italy and Greece bear testimony to the favour a state of affairs in which honest industry has a good chance of success. On the other hand, for the wealthy classes of the Continent to settle in the bullion-big-sitting island, in order to enjoy in idleness their acquired or inherited riches, is absolutely unheard of. If these conditions of life are astonishing to the foreigner, they are not less keenly felt by the native British.

If it is necessary to the latter to make a living, and if he find the competition at home too vigorous, so that there is but small chance of success, he emigrates, preferably to the English Colonies, or to that part of America that is English-speaking; for these countries are, so to speak, cheaper editions of Old England. He very seldom makes his home on the Continent.

Europe,

To give himself something to live for, on the other hand, when he has means; or when, owing to considerations of health, he has to renounce work, and the requisite activity, and manufactures a serious occupation, a kind of voluntary ghetto, the grating of which the dweller on the Continent offends us more when he does not know, and all foreigners appear to him suspicious before they have been introduced to him”; or, perhaps, “the difference in behaviour between him and the dweller on the Continent offends us more when we isolate him. We see him when we scrutinize an element of his home circle, where all have the same manners.” In all these considerations there lies something of the truth; yet the true explanation of the last and most important difference between the Englishman at home and the Englishman on the Continent must be sought elsewhere. It consists chiefly in the psychological fact that the average Englishman is absolutely himself only when he is at work, and that he finds leisure a heavy burden; for such is his nature, that he is neither contemplative nor gay, but active and serious. He bears the frightful visitation of idleness well through his determined efforts and through a gradually acquired mastery of the endurance of boredom—especially if the period of inactivity does not extend over more than a Sunday; for he does last longer and feel the more cultivated man seeks to mitigate its terrors by drink, and the man of education by a trip to the Continent. The English word “spleen,” formerly so popular, which has actually become inadmissible from the first place, the country’s political life! No wonder if quiet, enterprising foreigners, who have to make their way, settle absolutely in England, where so many trading colonies from Germany, Italy and Greece bear testimony to the favour a state of affairs in which honest industry has a good chance of success. On the other hand, for the wealthy classes of the Continent to settle in the bullion-big-sitting island, in order to enjoy in idleness their acquired or inherited riches, is absolutely unheard of. If these conditions of life are astonishing to the foreigner, they are not less keenly felt by the native British.

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The Englishman goes to work solidly and conscientiously, as though sight-seeing were a task that must be accomplished; and if he does occasionally take things something is always amiss in his personal, historical aspect of places, and the notable events which occurred in them that interest him; for history is, in the last resort, a record of action, and it is only action occurred in them that interest him; for history is, in accomplished; and if he does occasionally take things somewhat more easily, it is almost always only the hisning the actual present public and private life of a to collections of statistical data, whereby he naturally remains as ignorant as he was at first. Nor can he be by putting forth all his strength. Very different is he from his Scottish brother; for he has never had a well- ness. Enjoyment without occupation seems to him to a perfection that is astonishing, perhaps owing to the turbid Sundays, the lectures, the oratorio concerts, the dinner-parties and other native forms of torture, which themselves with being a madman in order to express his annoyance at cold soup or tough meat, whereas the Englishman simply lets it go. Two young seventeen-year-old Germans cannot meet without raising their hats and bowing low to each other; the Englishman acknowledges even a Cabinet Minister with a mere hand-shake. Germans cannot meet without raising their hats and being given a kind of silent rebuke, but partly, also, because unpleasant, partly because it seems to administer to them a kind of silent rebuke, but partly, also, because they are accustomed to expect something positive from their fellow-creatures. The average Englishman always seems to be more anxious about what he ought not to do than about what he should do, and how he should do it in order to be pleasant to his neighbours.

Pre-occupation about saying something unseemly, or drawing too much attention to one's person or to one's self, or gesticulating too vigorously, seems to be the chief worry of the well-bred Englishman—and still more of the well-bred Englishwoman—on the Continent. And this anxiety at once robs their manners of all ease and simplicity. The reserve and apparent coldness of English manners is, however, by no means to be attributed—as it often is attributed on the Continent—to contemptuous arrogance; but it is due mainly to shyness, and it is composed of self-effacement, the anxiety of the Englishman lest he may lose his "aplomb" immediately he has ceased to feel his native ground beneath his feet causes him to don an armour of frigidity that does not seem to us entirely he doesn't wish to stand out for want of better manners, less does he manifest in the positive virtues of saying and doing the right thing than in the negative virtue of avoiding what appears unpleasant. And thus I come to another point which gives the English tourists. There are many different kinds of tact, and certainly it would occur to no one to accuse the English of failing in that kind that may be called the tact of the heart, or in the less important tact of the understanding; it is only the tact of the eye, artistic tact, in which he seems to us to be so thoroughly lacking. The choice and blending of colours in English ladies' costumes is only one example of the absence of a sense of what is not fitting. The more one gets used to the absurdity of the combination of a tall hat and a scarf, a gold necklace and a travelling costume. It goes without saying, of course, that such breaches of good taste are not manifested by all English people; and they certainly offend their own women as much as, if not more than, they offend us. Much may be attributed to the great English virtue of not heeding laughter and of estimating but lightly a "qu'en dira-t-on?" But one
can carry such virtue too far, and a certain concession to one’s environment is desirable, even though it be at the cost of some personal convenience; and a little compliance with the prevailing code of manners, even though it be a trifle wearisome, does no harm, especially when the Englishman allows himself in his own country. Better suffer a little from the dazzling illuminations than enter a ball-room with blue spectacles on one’s nose. Better risk a slight cold than remain covered in a public hall when the national etiquette demands a bare head!

Also, it should not be forgotten that if one thus places oneself outside circumstances and environment as regards material things, one runs the risk of losing sight of the dictum, ut jam nec dicit, jam nec dehinc dicit. Yet I remember reading a sermon that emanated from one of the most cultured minds in England—from no less a person than the late Dean of Westminster—which was delivered before the University of Oxford. In this sermon Heine’s “Knights of the Holy Ghost” was mentioned with enthusiasm without the least idea that the witty poet was simply jesting in his delightful little allegory. In life, as in art, the “when” and the “wherefore” have their significance, and, rightly or wrongly, it is to the Englishman, Continental as if this truth were not always obvious to Englishmen; at least, not to those on the Continent.

In addition to tourists we come in contact with other Englishmen who do not invariably raise our opinion of the typical Briton; I mean those who sojourn amongst us in order to find work and livelihood. Certainly the English merchant, even when he is on the Continent, retains remarkable characteristics in essentials—the characteristics that distinguish him at home. It is only a virulent thought that has brought him, to which he hangs on with true British bulldoggedness, that makes him more suspicious than he need be; and the conviction that everybody around him is concerned in a conspiracy to cheat him frequently causes him to appear in a light in which the highest degree of damaging. The conduct of the Englishman on the Continent bears witness also to a total lack of the power of discrimination. He might well come abroad provided with a little of that insight into human nature that serves him so admirably in his own land. Unfortunately, he seems to take especial pains to leave it at home, to find each and everything delightful so long as he only looks at it, and evil and suspicious as soon as he enters into relations with it. It is but a trifle that he, unawares occurs to him that human nature is much the same all the world over, and that one gets further with confidence than with suspicion, even among peoples that hold truth less dear than do the English.

Other working Englishmen among us injure our conventions less than others by only their prejudices. English clergymen, artists, literary men, schoolmasters, doctors are strongly represented on the Continent, and are, perhaps, not invariably to be classed with the elite of their professions; but they pursue their avocations and speak of them in a way that is certainly not permissible to members of those same professions among ourselves.

Whether it be due to hypocrisy or to propriety, the higher callings among us have come to be invested with a kind of halo, and although we admit that the priest gains his halo from the altar and that the doctor tends the sick out of pure love of humanity, According to French law, the lawyer can claim no fee; what he receives from his client passes for a free gift. In the same way, the ecclesiastical and teaching professions are regarded as higher callings—never as the mere careers that they are in actual fact. Still more deeply in us is rooted the theory that literature and the fine arts ought never to be degraded to the rank of mere means of gaining a livelihood.

Imagine our feelings then, in face of those English colleagues on the Continent who seem, without exception, to have taken for their motto Doctor Johnson’s dictum that “only a blackhead writes without pay”; or those Anglo-American artists who make shops of their studios, allowing them to stand open to any chance-comer! It is, let me repeat, not so much the action itself as which we want. We want to be found wanting, as a matter of fact, on the same score!—as the indecent frankness, the cynicism even, with which these gentlemen from England admit and even extol their attitude in regard to this matter. There are amateurs amongst us, possibly, some authors who are willing to write books to order; but there are none who would openly admit the fact. Our doctors reckon, without doubt, on receiving payment for their advice; but it is repugnant to them to receive their money directly, and it is only comparatively recently that they have adopted the custom of sending in their accounts. That would have seemed to them to be acting like shopkeepers; it degraded their high calling to some extent. Certainly the comparatively very trifling emoluments that our doctors and lawyers receive, compared with those of their English colleagues, are due to the exaggerated, antiquated, and—I quite agree—hypocritical view which they maintain, or strive to maintain, towards the public, whom they wish to convince of the unsellish and idealistic nature of their calling.

As for the writers, we have another grievance to bring forward specially against them: we find that they often write about us with insufficient knowledge. There are English newspaper correspondents who, after twenty or thirty years’ sojourn amongst us, can say little about our life and customs as they did in the first few weeks after their arrival. In matters which touch upon barren and complicated party-quarrels merely, this does not matter very much; for, after all, it is not important for the English reader to know all the fine shades of difference between Centre Gauche and Opportunistes, Radicaux and Intransigeants, and so on, or Progressives and Democrats, National Liberals and Independence, Conservatives, or between Sinistra Radicale, Sinistra Storica, Centro Sinistro, Transformisti, etc., all of which have no other basis than personal interests and sympathies; but we become justifiably annoyed when we see our customs and habits of thought so utterly misunderstood and misrepresented as is the case in the majority of English newspaper articles and books concerning Continental life and literature. A prominent English author has no scruple in stating that there is no French poetry simply because, after living for ten years in France, his British ear has not yet learned much about the fact that every Englishman, even when he

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has no appanage to his name, may be presented at Court, while the German who is a commoner is excluded from its fruits, and though he may have lived abroad a hundred times, that the children of a mor-ganatic marriage are illegitimate. Why not put the morganatic marriage down to actual concubining? A second impenetrable mystery to the English observer seems to be the Italian criminal law, with its annu-mi-stone and its domicilio coatto, with its varying codes and modes of justice in the different provinces—and yet without this knowledge, an understanding of the true working of Italy is impossible.

I could adduce many other instances of the same kind in order to show the complete lack of understanding as regards proportion and perspective that goes to the judging of our social, civic, and spiritual life, did I not remember in time that we ourselves are not entirely free from these failings in our judgments regarding Eng-land, and that there is a class of Englishman on the Continent which is a most honourable exception in respect to this characteristic. Nowhere could be found a class of men better versed in Continental matters than the members of the English Diplomatic Service. The English representatives in Berlin and Madrid manifest in all the vital working of the popular mind in Germany and Madrid is well known; and there is no embassy or legation in any country on the Continent which like Spain possesses a sympathetic insight and intelligent understanding of foreign countries is not to be found.

In mentioning the Diplomatic Service, however, I have made a transition to what I may call English "society" on the Continent, and that composed of people of a kind very different from those I have just been mentioning—the specimens we chiefly come in contact with; I mean the domiciled colonists, who are drawn chiefly from well-to-do people of the "gentle-folk" caste. Thackeray compares them with the Trojans, who transplant themselves, with their ladies and attendants wherever they settle. "We have numerous Anglo-Trojan doctors and apothecaries, who provide us with the beloved pills and potions of Pergamum. We can betake ourselves to any other language than our own Trojan, excepting the French, for instance—have customs that are even more deeply rooted than the English; but they know how to abandon them on occasion if circumstances or merely the law of harmony with environment demands it; especially in the case of the foreigner. The English diplomats and customs are mere though necessary conventions—"créées, non certes par la nature, mais lentement édifiées par la civilisation," as an excellent French author describes them. To the English colonists and customs laws of Nature, to be obeyed in all climes, to remain alike in all social conditions. And not alone do they themselves keep these laws with the utmost strict-ness, but they seem to look down upon peoples who have other customs and to regard them as barbarians.

English settlers on the Continent offer as an excuse for their exclusiveness the difficulty that they experience in finding entry into Continental society; but that idea is due to a vast misunderstanding of actual fact. Nothing would be easier for them than to enter into the higher circles. With the exception of the very highest Viennese society, our upper and upper middle classes open their doors only too readily to the first and most obvious foreign adventurer, without overmuch inquiry as to his antecedents. Provided that he is rich, and hires a good house and a good cook, the whole of society immediately thongs his rooms. Paris and Rome swarm with Americans who, yesterday unknown, are to-day upon a "du-standing" with the first families. As for the middle classes, where they exist, they are very much more accessible to foreigners than our own. In Spain the middle classes do not exist; there, certainly, nothing would be easier for them than to enter into the highest circles. They like no other foreigners; and in France the middle class does not avoid foreigners if only they comport themselves in a natural way. But in both countries the foreigner must know how to enter into the conditions and traditions of this class, whose mode of life is in Germany poor and simple, and in France very steady and frugal. Above all, he must learn how to enter a little into their interests and their ways of looking at things, and, of course, in a friendly, sympathetic way; though I will by no manner of means affirm that the Englishman should admire in an unqualified way everything we do: our politics, our literature, our art. On the contrary, they already are far more than justly understood and appreciated by certain English tourists; but it would be an excellent thing if the English who live among us could learn to understand our modes of life and thought somewhat better. For the English must know how to keep themselves as being far removed from us, spiritually even more than physically. This aloofness is certainly justified in great measure by a consideration of—I might almost say, through a great defect in—our social organisation; for among us there is lacking that sharp line of demarcation that, in England, divides the gentleman from the non-gentleman; this line of demarcation forms one of the mainstays of English society, and at the same time is its greatest merit; that is the
reason why it is so difficult for the Englishman on the Continent to know with whom he may and with whom he may not foregather. In an Italian café he finds in with a man who is dressed like an artisan and talks like a becero*-which falls as unpleasantly on an Italian ear—and the dropping of the aspirate on an English ear—and he is later informed that this man is the direct descendent of a family that even in the thirteenth century had played an important part in the history of its fatherland. On the impériale of a Paris omnibus as the Englishman enters into conversation with his neighbour, whom he takes for an author or public official, until his fellow-traveller naively confesses to being a barber. As for German professors, and the wives of Privy Councillors, it is quite easy to distinguish them from bakers and seamstresses, so long as one has not had a talk with them on the subjects of metaphysics or art. How then is the Englishman to escape deception? At home he possesses that wonderful instinct, virtue, and courage, modesty and a sense of honour, in action and consideration for others, are a product of civilisation; there they appear in external behaviour, and are then handed down until they are, as it were, the kind of secret weapon, thereof one may experience the comforting feeling that one treads the same ground; that all men may understand each other by a wink; that all men breathe the same air.

† But as yet, neither European nor American civilisation has succeeded in bringing this about, or at any rate it applies only to isolated individuals here and there. What is more natural than that the Englishman, being justly proud of his acquisition, should cling more closely to his well-received beliefs, rather than go in search of a rara avis among foreigners? As a matter of fact, England has long possessed an hereditary ruling class, the "gentry"; and whoever belonged to that class was a gentleman. Generally speaking, as this ruling, or rather a gentleman's, class grew, and it certainly now includes in it many who do not belong to the gentry. I said intentionally the ruling class, not the ruling men; for there may exist a certain number of public officials and Members of Parliament, clergy and officers, who are not gentlemen; these have obtained their share in the government of the country by their personal qualities, by chance, etc., and not because they belong to the ruling class.

Now, this great Freemasonry, inside which the Englishman and his fellow-gentlemen are immersed as at the first glance, even before he has opened his mouth, has no existence on the Continent, because we have never possessed an hereditary and proportioned ruling class; and heredity and wealth, or at any rate comfortable circumstances, are necessary factors in the production of that costly plant, the gentleman. While things are as they are, we need not wonder if English settlers on the Continent are somewhat exclusive; and it is just as natural we should rather than go in search of them; but be sure of us would surely be the gaietiers if we were each to take a few steps and find a common ground between us. Some worthy attempts have been made to this end, and international marriages—so long as they are not merely the outcome of an exchange of titles and gold, as is usually the case with marriages between American women and Continental noblemen—are calculated to further this movement; the result has always been gratifying, and there is no real reason why we should not mutually learn from each other how to render social life together easier and less monotonous than it is.

Letters to the Editor.

Nietzschean Socialism.

Sir,—As the true Nietzschean policy in politics is not forthcoming from the author of "Tory Democracy," perhaps space may be granted me to adumbrate it. I trust I shall not be misunderstood when I say that true Nietzschean policy. I do not thereby mean to follow that explanation—though I am open to any objection.—K. H.

† I need scarcely say that I use the word "gentleman" in its original and social, not in its derived, sense. One often hears it said; "He is only a common workman, but a true gentleman," and by this it is tacitly understood that he is a gentleman as regards his feelings, etc. But really it seems to me that feeling, intelligence, knowledge, politeness even, have nothing to do with the idea of gentleman as a name; but distinction on the part of an English gentleman. I have come in contact with rude, ignorant, awkward, shy or coarse men, who are perfectly honest, and with all the same at the first glance. In my opinion the history of the word gives here, as everywhere, the true explanation, and I have dared above to follow that explanation—though I am open to any objection.—K. H.
by introducing themselves the state which they at present believe will be their destruction. They would be educated by the change far more than the Demos, and take much higher rank as moral beings. Their motive of action, the loss of money or place, would automatically become service for the democracy; for what they fear to lose is, consciously or unconsciously, their power. If they could be brought to see that they could retain their power over the slaves—the sheep democracy—they would become Socialists.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

Sir,—Mr. Allhusen, in his article on Kendall, quotes a sonnet in which are the lines:

"But certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells,"

I think Mr. Allhusen is wrong in attributing any of the aforementioned. Or am I wrong in attributing the plagiarism to Kendall? Walter Pater had a notorious habit of putting down phrases on old envelopes or slips of paper, and is it possible that he had come upon the Australian's work? The essay on "Aesthetic Poetry," in which the phrase occurs, was published in the first edition of "Appreciations" (1889), but was written, I believe, many years earlier, and may have appeared in some review.

Now I am aware that the word "runes" in itself conveys something of horror, and is it possible that he had come upon the Australian's "Runes," written by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in your issue of Dec. 14.

I beg humbly to ask whether I have arrived at a correct solution of the lines entitled "Runes," written by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in your issue of Dec. 14.

Sir,—Can it be the intention of THE NEW AGE to provide a real serious desire for explanation, I take the idea of Debussy making the major scale look like a dissipated cuckoo, and I thank him very heartily for the suggestion. However, he need not call the poor old scale "wretched," for it does look the shape of a "dissipated cuckoo" it will always find the bulk of the Mus.Docs. thoughtfully holding out their empty nests and inviting it to rest and lay its eggs within.

AUGUSTE HERBIN.

Sir,—Perhaps you will permit me a few words on M. Herbin's picture.

From Mr. Carter's commentary I gather that the drawing may be looked on as a study in intellectual and emotional statics, so to speak, closely resembling the pure geometrical method of which I wrote a few weeks ago. Let us accept it as such, and as such criticise it.

If this view is right then the forms "which do not represent real objects though their characteristics may come within our ordinary experience" are entirely out of place—unless they are:

1. The inevitable result of a chain of happenings (which, from the law of chance, is clearly an improbable possibility).
2. Of value or real objects in furthering, by suggestion, the required emotion.

Unless they do this they are undesirable excrescences.

If a degenerate artist of the old school painted, say, a landscape (photographically), and permitted one of the trees to be a portrait profile of Mr. Chamberlain, then his picture is spoiled for anyone who "spots" the portrait—the joke or pun keeps distracting the onlooker's mind. If the artist discovered the portrait himself and let it stand he was a fool.

No doubt "ordinary" artists of the better sort expend much more time and trouble in making—partly with their intellekt, partly with their emotions—"exciting patterns" or "nice-shaped blacks" around which to build a picture. But the essence of the whole thing is that it shall all be working in the same direction, and this "exciting" pattern in a peaceful picture would be out of place.

So much for the subject from this point of view, but my private impression, pace Mr. Carter, is that this picture is an actual still life, drawn under a distorted perspective and with deliberate conventionalisations. Against this there is no law, especially if the artist has achieved what he wished, which he alone knows. But if he claims for it what Mr. Carter apparently does then the whole thing seems very like a "spoof."

M. B. OXON.

PICASSO.

Sir,—I have looked long and lovingly on the picture by Picasso published by THE NEW AGE and for one bright, brief, ecstatic moment I thought that I had discovered the wine-glass, but alas, on closer looking I found that I was holding the picture upside down. I have seen some pictures that look equally well both ways, but this of course I know is not meant for one of them.

I am working for three sessions at the Slade—the same school, I believe, that Mr. Chesterton studied at—so that now I naturally feel competent to decide on any subject connected with art.
To me, sir, art is nothing else but the expression of emotion; and if it is otherwise, I have read my Laocoon in vain. I am catholic in my tastes, and I esteem the music of the spheres as but a little lower in tone than the music of the greatest parts with which I am familiar. I am naturally associated with the most good and beautiful wherever I may find them; but this picture by _Picasso_ bears a tempest from nature, not from art, for me, sir, a little bit too much the moment. I am accordingly I have felt to embody my emotions in the following sonnet, which I have entitled:

**ON LAST LOOKING INTO PASCAL'S PICTURE OF A MANDOLINE, A WINE-GLASS, AND A TABLE IN A STORM.**

A table, wine-glass, and a mandoline:
What thoughts, oh poet, do these conjure up?
Of winning kisses, and of crushing cups;
Sweet sounds, fair ladies, blushful Hippocrene:
Wine, woman, song? Glass always rhymes with ryes;
A mandoline befits a lover's fable;
Good wine, good cheer, subord a good man's table:
While round about the cut decenters pass.

But what of this? Ye holy gods! A smash
Of fallen houses, and bent iron railings;
A bird's-eye noble of some builder's failings,
Flattened together with immortal crash.

Or if in milder mood, I muse and think
Of drunken spiders crawling, mixed with ink.

I have also composed an ode on the same subject commencing:

_Awake!_—Victorian Cook _awake_

but I fear that I have already trespassed too long upon your space and patience.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

Sir,—"No case—abuse Wake Cook," seems to be the principle of my opponents, who fatuously prove the truth of their arguments, and then give the elements form. My protest against no one is a poet until he can bring creation from this latest lunacy is that the chaotic elements are given instead of the work of art: an abortion, which the claquers describe as the "uprush from the subliminal," crystallises into thought: clothes itself in words, or in form and colour. The inspiration, the "uprush from the subliminal," is more than human skill and knowledge.

THE MAIDS' COMEDY."

Sir,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that the delightful romance you recently published as a serial in THE NEW AGE has been appreciated in the land of its setting. The novel is a cut from the "Cape Times" of November 7th, Port Elizabeth.

D. H. V. F. E. WAKE COOK.

A SOUTH AFRICAN FANTASIA.


The author of this bewildering piece of literature has veiled himself in darkness and anonymity, and everyone who reads it will be wondering who is the author who has written it. For it is one of the maddest, merriest, most whimsical of fantasies that we remember to have read. Someone who has been living for a considerable period of time on the Karoo must have read "Don Quixote," and who has read the novel of fantasies that we remember to have read. Someone who has read "Don Quixote," and who has read the novel. If you feel that it is more than that, you have an easy solution. All the time you read that the author is having a little half-maniacal fun at the expense of someone else whom you vaguely know, and you go on reading until you reach the end, and then you rub your eyes and wonder whether you have read it at all. Imagine a half-crazy innkeeper in the solitudes of the Karoo, living alone with his little daughter and her companion. All three, one gathers, are Dutch, but the innkeeper has a deep attachment for Cer- vantes' masterpiece, and has read it night after night to his little companions year after year until the whole household talks and thinks of nothing but Don Quixote and his Roan. They talk of him as a "chaos," and more than that, they complete the form of an organized nucleus; and in many cases poets are but media of ready-made poems which rush into consciousness, as that poetic marvel, "Kubla Khan," came to Coleridge.

For Mr. M. Midleton Murray I forgive him for his abuse because he repeated some of my dicta, which need repetition to penetrate "Modernity" skulls. I plead guilty to dogmatism, as it is the shortest form of statement, which saves time and space. But I am only dogmatic when dealing with pretentious smatterers; or in cases where what I say is demonstrably true, or which has the support of all those who know. As for the expression of the Idea, the archetypal expression that Nature is the only Idea, Nature is the only authentic expression of art. Music may be an expression of it in sounds, but the claim is not so demonstrably true as the essentially organized and it is highly of a grand sweet song; or transcates a science of numbers into beauty, is strong evidence in favour of the high claim for music. Mr. Murray's contention that if Nature he the authentic expression of art it is a _pri ader_, or a makeshift, shows just that deplorable lack of any conception of the purpose of art on which I am always insisting. Apart from art's educational values and its still deeper significance, Nature, through the artist, strives to express a higher order of beauty than she has done in her outer works, just as she inspired the sculptors to gather together her scattered beauties into one harmonious whole. But this idealisation of her own works is always an effort at a more perfect expression, as is shown in the latest lunacy. Then, again, I believe that in finer forms of matter, which we should ignorantly call "spirit," Nature has expressed the Idea more perfectly still, and with a beauty the splendour of which we have little conception. Still, to some of those who are unacquainted with these ineffable splendours, of this sublimation of the mundane world. These dreams or visions form my inner world, and in my heart I know that the truest form in which to realise them; and however far the results fall short of my dreams, they enable me to do work unlike anything else which is better done by me, and which I can only attempt at originality or eccentricity. To do this to perfection needs more than human skill and knowledge; but through generations of effort we shall approximate, and in this direction met, I fear for the future. Now I need the Higher Criticism for which I have been so long pleading.

I should like a word with Mr. Huntly Carter, but it is Christmas time, and I would rather shake hands than fight. I thank him for a picturesque description of critics which describes the claquers I am at war with. But the Critics today are suspended like guinea-pigs, the wrong way up with their eyes out! That exactly describes the blind topsy-turvydom which I denounce. For your Supplement giving a speci- men of "Proportionism," I rather like it. Mr. Herbin, with practice, will rise to the dignity of a designer for parquetry floors, or will graduate in that more sublime art of our grandparents, the patchwork quilt.

E. WAKE COOK.
done, and certainly the perfect innocence of his dis- 
dressed damsels is their only, but their complete, safeguard 
against grave perils during their wanderings. 
"The Maid's Comedy" is to be followed, we are told, by 
some alterations from the original. The author hints that the chronicle which he has deciphered contains many pages, "all scattered with jewels and gold star light," that at the beginning of the book he was so 
certainly hopeful that the success of this piece of joyous fun will lead to again.

**CLERICAL CHAOS.**

Sir,—Archbishops, bishops, deans, vicars, curates, lay- 
men and local preachers had assembled together in order 
to discuss the tendencies of the age as relative to the 
Church. By the time that a truly social air reigned in the 
clean dean: I managed to penetrate the cathedral annexe. "Life," said an archbishop, opening the meeting, "is leaving us behind, the church must be given to the child, they are being divorced from our care by the mad sexual 
musical of civilisation. In every district, and from nearly 
every public platform, advanced views are being exposed. In 
Hampstead a vicar had actually substituted a lecture 
upon Bernard Shaw for his usual sermon. (Murmurs of 
"Shame!"). Our ideals are being ridiculed, our creed is 
being revised, unholy materialism is rampant. In the 
parks, even, Atheists and Socialists are causing serious 
riots by their blasphemy. He was pleased to hear, how- 
ever, that the voice: one of the offending books had been 
imprisoned. (Murmurs of approval.) Our great 
scientists are informing the people that we have descended 
from monkeys—this is the Church being robbed of her Divine Birthright. . . .

At this point a tremendous tumult arose, amid which the 
archbishop, Mr. Gavellan, indignantly exclaimed, "You have un- 
disguisedly blackened the whole Church. The doctrine of 
Socialism, to which our archbishop referred among many equally iniquitous teachings, is responsible for the greater part of the present social apathy to religion. Socialism has become itself all too strong, and its in- 
firmities of which the archbishop has just spoken. Social- 
ist are invariably agnostics and materialists, and these 
individuals, with the aid of a few of our leading 
literature, converting thousands of men, women and 
children to Socialism yearly; there are even such abomina- 
tions as Socialist Sunday Schools—(gasps of horror)—thus 
are the columns of the New Age. With her corporate faith 
burning so very low and the seeds of decay so evidently 
within her, it is useless to save her. . . .

The readiness with which some of her priests fell back on the "Survival of the Fittest" as an argument against Socialism, utterly un- 
conscious, as it seemed, how far this would take her, gave 
us freely to think.

Now the Dean of St. Paul's has fired the train. He has 

**PAGANISM IN THE PULPIT.**

Sir,—The Church of England is faced with a crisis indeed. Many of us have long wondered what her Christianity was really worth. (Murmurs of 
Mammon-worship, of course, had long been solidly entrenched within her. But she did make some show of still really standing as a solid body for certain important aspects of the Christian Church, her worship, and the all the surging tides of the more unpleasant forms of 
modernity—Nietzscheanism, pseudo-Darwinian survival-of- 
fittest individualism, brutalitarianism, and all the other 
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ideal of the awakened proletariat—of which he knows nothing beyond impressions hastily formed from outside—is "living on the rates and taxes"; we who have been right in the heart of the movement know how monstrously unjust is such a slander. He can find nothing better to say of Democracy than that it is "the silliest of fetishes." He seems to identify it simply with "counting heads"—a mere detail of method and machinery. He knows nothing apparently of the burning religious enthusiasm for the profoundly Christian idea that "a man's a man for a' that" which inspires the Democratic movement. And if he does know it, he flatly rejects the idea along with all the other fundamentals of Christianity. He holds the truly Platonic belief in "superior persons"; Christianity affirms that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called."

But the worst point, from a Christian point of view, remains. The Dean is reported to have declared (with evident approval) that "the State of the future would take life mercifully, but more freely than they did now." It is not merely, as the Dean tried to make out, a "flabby" horror of taking life under any circumstances which causes some of us to be shocked by such statements. While we regard war in itself as a horrible thing to be abolished as soon as may be by Christians, we yet know that, as things are, it is sometimes a Christian duty to fight for one's country; still more fully do we recognise the necessity at times for physical-force revolutions so long as there are tyranny and oppression in the world. To kill people in honest, open fight in a cause of truth and justice is one thing. To take them coldly and deliberately, when you have them helplessly under your power, and calculatingly put them to death because you judge them "unfit," is a totally different; it is a horrible violation of the fundamental relations which Christianity demands, should subsist between persons as such.

Will the Bishops, collectively and authoritatively, put out some vigorous repudiation of the teaching which emanates from the deanery of St. Paul's? One doubts it, for this is not the first instance of this kind of spiritual wickedness in high places. Some eighteen or more Bishops of the Anglican Communion have lent their countenance to the Research Defence Society, a body formed to support the horrible practice of vivisection. Nor have they stopped there. Some thoroughly Christian people may perhaps hesitate to condemn absolutely all vivisection, however safeguarded. But no true Christian can be other than appalled by some of the sentiments expressed by Bishop Ryle, late of Winchester, in a leaflet written for this society. Some of the Bishops, too, have allowed their names to be appended to a book by Professor Richet, issued by the society, which is frankly atheistic in tone and explicitly denies the Incarnation. So one cannot be too hopeful.

The Bishops seem singularly blind to the situation. Many of them are only too severe upon critical scholars who speculate too rashly on certain theological details, which, whatever their importance, at any rate can be questioned by individuals without prejudice to the substance of their faith. But the real issue is, can Christianity survive at all in these days? It is quite possible within the most immaculately orthodox acceptance of the letter of creeds and formulas for the Christian Faith to crumble down into an amalgam of all the most subversive modern heresies. Nietzscheanism and all its attendant brood have secured effective lodgment in the very heart of the fold. If the Faith is not utterly to perish out of England the Church must wake up to the situation and fight desperately for the very Ark of the Covenant. This is the return of the heathen which Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes his King Alfred foresee:

"When is great talk of trend and tide,
And wisdom and destiny;
Hail that undying heathen
That is sadder than the sea."

And yet the heathen hordes walk invisible to our official defenders of the Faith. What leader of the Church will arise with a ringing warcry, "Jesus or Nietzsche?" to arouse the faithful for this latest crusade? Would that we could have a real Church militant, fighting like one man, under the leadership of Bishops like St. Hugh of Lincoln and St. Thomas of Canterbury, against this new Paganism! Our Nietzscheans and all its attendant brood have secured effective lodgment in the very heart of the fold. Is there enough life left in the Church to make a life-and-death stand against this last monster out of the deep? If the Faith is not utterly to perish out of England the Church must wake up to the situation and fight desperately for the very Ark of the Covenant. This is the return of the heathen which Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes his King Alfred foresee:

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