

Rochefoucauld

Merimee

IN MEMORIAM

Campanella

Condorcet



The Eagle and The Serpent

A Journal of Emersonian Philosophy and Sociology.

The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre.

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OUR MEMORIAL ISSUES.

EACH issue of **THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT** will have memorial quotations from the immortal free spirits born in the month. We present herewith the names which will be honored in this program :

October.

NIETZSCHE, STIRNER, CERVANTES, DANTON, DIDEROT, BIZET.

November.

SWIFT, JULIAN, SCHILLER, SPINOZA, D'ALEMBERT, BUCKLE, G. ELIOT.

December.

HEINE, BEETHOVEN, MILTON, NEWTON.

Will our friends assist us in making these editions worthy of the names they commemorate, by sending free-spiritual quotations from the authors indicated? We wish also to invoke the assistance of interested readers in making translations from the French of Chamfort, Stendhal, and others.

IN THE PARADISE OF THE CYNICS.

The revelation that paradise can be attained only through the teachings of the cynics comes as no surprise to those who have grasped the necessity of the transvaluation of all values. " But it may be as well to direct special attention to this revelation in the opening number of the second volume of E. & S. La Rochefoucauld is usually esteemed among the most brutal of cynics and egoists, but he was the most companionable of men and scrupulously honourable; in fact, if either his precepts or his example were an attained standard

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Born October 25, 1844—Died August 25, 1900.

We direct attention to our Special Nietzsche Number for August, 1900.

A quotation from Nietzsche (" God is dead ") is given on page 6 of this issue.

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ISSUED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH.

in human society men might truly be deemed civilised beings. Thus he wrote: "The reason why we meet with so few men who are agreeable in conversation is, that there are scarce any who do not think more of what they have to say than of what others say. Even those who have the most address and politeness fancy they do enough if they only seem to be attentive; at the same time that their eyes and minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying: not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others: and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely are the great perfections of conversation." His contemporaries admit that the great cynic went far towards attaining this perfection.

Again, the writings of Prosper Merimee are a storehouse of most refreshing irony and cynicism—he has left letters so cynical that "they will probably never see the light of day." But Merimee's case makes clear the true character of the cynic. The cynic is a man whose heart is full of tenderness, whose nature is confiding—and who has attained the bitterness of truth by the abuse which scoundrels have practised on his trusting nature. Merimee, deeply betrayed by a vile scoundrel, determined on a policy of "never again:" hence his "cynicism." When honest men refuse to join the brotherhood of thieves and liars, and when they express themselves frankly respecting the brotherhood—they are classed as cynics. Cynicism is the candour with which honest men portray triumphant iniquities—it is the weapon by which they defend themselves from the dishonest. Verily the cynic is no light-shunner but he still carries his lantern whose beams of light tell us all we want to know—and very much some of us don't want to know—about ourselves. Happy and deplorably scarce are the men who can say "Let the galled jade wince—my withers are unwrung."

QUOTATIONS FROM THIS MONTH'S FREE SPIRITS.

Campanella :

THE PEOPLE.

The people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own force, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein:
One kick would be enough to break the chain;
But the beast fears, and what the child demands,
It does; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties
And gags itself—gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

Condorcet :

Under the freest constitution ignorant people are still slaves.
Hypocrisy of manners, a vice peculiar to modern (Christian) nations, have contributed more than one thinks to destroy that energy of character which distinguished the nations of antiquity.

Merimee :

Merimee does not lend himself to quotation. It suffices to say that he endears himself to all free spirits no less by his avowed atheism and fascinating cynicism than by his brilliant creations *Colomba*, *Carmen*, etc.—the best tales of their kind the century has seen. *Arsène Guillot* is a singular satire full of sarcastic pathos on popular morality and religion. His *Letters to An Unknown [Lady]* possesses extraordinary interest and merit.

The Wit, Wisdom and Wickedness of La Rochefoucauld.

A Collection of the most remarkable of the Great "Cynic's" maxims.

- When love increases, prudence decreases.
- Our virtues are commonly disguised vices.
- Fortune and caprice govern the world.
- Judgment is only the perfection of wit.
- Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.
- Men are oftener treacherous through weakness than design.
- We never ardently desire what we desire rationally.
- We forgive just as long as we love.
- Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.
- Human prudence rightly understood is circumspect enlightened self-love.

We seldom heartily praise those who do not admire us.
 We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.
 Whatever good is said of us we learn nothing new.
 To study man is more necessary than to study books.
 We please oftener by our defects than by our virtues.
 The greatest miracle in love is that it cures coquetry.
 There are reproaches which praise and there are praises which reproach.
 In jealousy there is less of love than of self-love.
 To live without envy is a certain indication of great qualities.
 The virtues and vices are all put in motion by interest.
 Self-love is more artful than the most artful of men.
 It is a sort of coquetry to boast that we never coquet.
 It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.
 We promise according to our hopes and perform according to our fears.
 The virtue of women is often the love of reputation and quiet.
 The misfortunes of other people we all bear with heroic constancy.
 Gravity is a stratagem invented to conceal the poverty of the mind.
 An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.
 Envy is destroyed by true friendship as coquetry is by true love.
 We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves.
 We should be above jealousy when there is real cause for it.
 The virtues are lost in self-interest as rivers are lost in the sea.
 When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.
 A resolution never to deceive others, exposes a man to be deceived himself.
 Were we perfectly acquainted with our idol we should never passionately desire it.
 Did we not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never hurt us.
 Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.
 Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of *disinterestedness* itself.
 The more you love your mistress the readier you are to hate her.
 We confess small faults, in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.
 Magnanimity is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause.
 To be great, we must know how to push our fortune to the utmost.
 The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to receive greater favours.
 Small geniuses are hurt by small events; great geniuses see through and despise them.
 The man who thinks he loves his mistress for *her* sake is much mistaken.
 Men sometimes think they hate flattery, whilst they hate only the manner of it.
 A woman often thinks she regrets the lover when she only regrets the love.
 Old age gives good advice when it is no longer able to give bad example.
 To praise great actions with sincerity, may be said to be taking part in them.
 Self-love, as it happens to be well or ill-conducted, constitutes virtue or vice.
 Men would not live long in society, were they not the mutual dupes of each other.
 It is less dangerous to do ill to most men than to do them much good.
 You seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them.
 In the distress of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us.
 A man of wit would often be at a loss, were it not for the company of fools.
 To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.
 We are much nearer loving those who hate us, than those who love us more than we like.
 One man may be more cunning than another, but not more so than all the world.
 We despise not all those who have vices; yet we despise all those who have no virtues.
 We are far happier when deceived by those we are in love with, than when undecieved.
 Nothing is more natural or more fallacious than to persuade ourselves that we are beloved.
 Philosophy easily triumphs over past and future ills; but *present* ills triumph over philosophy.
 Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones; the wind extinguishes tapers but kindles fires.
 The modesty which seems to decline praise, is the desire of being praised with more delicacy.
 The reason why lovers never weary of each other's company is because they speak always of themselves.
 Before we passionately desire anything which another enjoys we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.
 We should often be ashamed of our best actions if the world saw the motives which inspire us.
 We are so used to disguise ourselves to others that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.
 To the honour of virtue it must be acknowledged, that the greatest misfortunes befall men from their vices.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer to truth than we do ourselves. [The Golden Rule.]

It is not always from the principle of valour and chastity that men are valiant, or women are chaste.

Notwithstanding all the discoveries that have been made in the regions of self-love, there still remains much *terra incognita*.

Perfect valour consists in doing without a witness all that we should be capable of doing before all the world.

Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continual motion; as soon as it ceases to hope or fear, it ceases to exist.

What seems generosity is often no more than disguised ambition; which overlooks a small pleasure in order to gratify a great one.

None deserve the character of being good, who have not spirit enough to be bad; goodness, for the most part, is either indolence or impotence.

To be deceived by our enemies, or betrayed by our friends, is insupportable; yet are we often content to be so served by ourselves.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and just; it aims at the preservation of that which belongs, or which we fancy belongs to us.

Since great men cannot bestow either health of body, or peace of mind, we certainly pay too dear for all that they can bestow.

In our concern for the misfortunes of our enemies there is often more pride than goodness of heart. By showing our compassion we make them feel our superiority.

We are so prepossessed in our favour that we often mistake for virtues those vices that bear some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self-love.

Self-love never reigns so absolutely as in the passion of love; we are always ready to sacrifice the peace of those we adore, rather than lose the least part of our own.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly anyone who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

We love everything on our own account; we even follow our own taste and inclination when we prefer our friends to ourselves; and yet it is this preference alone that constitutes true and perfect friendship.

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humour of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valour so celebrated among men.

[We have no space to quote the most extraordinary maxim on Self-love. probably the most inspired analysis extant of the motives which actuate men—quite insurpassable in its dauntless and ingenious penetration of the hidden corners of the human heart. This maxim is found in the edition of Rochefoucauld which we can furnish our readers for 2/2 or 50 cts. Address the Editor.]

What the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says of La Rochefoucauld.

The view of conduct the *Maxims* illustrate is usually and not quite incorrectly summed up in the words "everything is reducible to the motive of self-interest." Though not absolutely incorrect the phrase is misleading. The *Maxims* are in no respect mere deductions from, or applications of, any such general theory. They are, on the contrary, independent judgments on different relations of life, different affections of the human mind, and so forth, from which, taken together, the general view may be deduced or rather composed. Sentimental moralists have loudly protested against this view, yet it is easier to declaim against it in general than to find a flaw in the several parts of which it is made up. With a few exceptions La Rochefoucauld's maxims represent the matured result of the reflexion of a man deeply versed in the business and pleasures of the world, and possessed of an extraordinary fine and acute intellect, on the conduct and motives which have guided himself and his fellows. There is as little trace in them of personal spite as of *forfanterie de vice*. But the astonishing excellence of the literary medium in which they are conveyed is even more remarkable than the general soundness of their ethical import. In uniting the four qualities of brevity, clearness, fulness of meaning, and point, La Rochefoucauld has no rival. To the literary critic no less than to the man of the world La Rochefoucauld ranks among the scanty number of pocket-books to be read and re-read with ever new admiration, instruction and delight.

La Rochefoucauld's character, if considered without the prejudice which a dislike to his ethical views has sometimes occasioned, is thoroughly respectable and even amiable. Like almost all his contemporaries, he saw in politics little more than a chessboard where the people at large were but pawns, and the glory and profit were reserved to the nobility. The weight of testimony, however, inclines to the conclusion that he was unusually scrupulous in his conduct, and that his comparative ill-success in the struggle arose more from his scrupulousness than from anything else.

LANDOR'S DEFENSE OF ASSASSINATION.

An interesting instance of classical criminality is afforded by the following passage in *A Letter from W. S. Landor to R. W. Emerson* :

Will historians be credited, some centuries hence, when they relate what our countrymen have done against the progress of freedom throughout Europe? The Ministers of England have signed that *Holy Alliance* which delivered every free state to the domination of arbitrary and irresponsible despots. The Ministers of England have entered more recently into treaties with usurers and assassins. And now, forsooth, it is called *assassination* to remove from the earth an assassin; the assassin of thousands. The valiant and the wise of old thought differently. Even now there are some, and they are not devoid of intellect, who are of opinion that the removal of an evil at the least possible cost is best.... Impressed by these sentiments which never have varied a tittle in the long course of my existence, I openly avowed that I had reserved insurance money, in favour of the first tyrannicide. Permit me to repeat my words, written in a letter to Mr. White: "I have only £100 of ready money. Of this I transmit £5 to you, toward the acquisition of 10,000 muskets to be given in accordance with your manifesto 'to the first Italian province that shall rise.' The remaining £95 I reserve for the family of the first patriot who asserts by action the dignity of tyrannicide." Abject men have cried out against me for my commendation of this ancient virtue, the highest of which a man is capable and now the most important and urgent.... Shall one enslave millions? ... Three or four blows, instantaneously and simultaneously given, may save the world many years of warfare, and of degradation. ... There was a time, and I should be sorry to think it ended with Sidney, when the man who upheld the dignity of his fellow man, and who would strike down a felon in feathers and bedizened with stars and crosses, experienced far other treatment than contumely and buffoonery. ... It is only in set speeches to gain popularity, that members of parliament warm up again a stale side-dish of pity for the exiled and imprisoned.

In submitting the above a correspondent adds:

Landor's logic is irreproachable. If one of the host of Englishmen who have viewed with inexpressible torture of soul the iniquities of Krugerism had struck down the merciless tyrant of Pretoria and given freedom to his oppressed helots, thousands of lives would have been saved. And if a single Boer, sincerely convinced (as many claimed to be) that Rhodes' wrath or Chamberlain's ambition was the direful spring of their country's unnumbered woes, had gaily said to either "Come, go with me, and be my bride in death's dark chamber," in this case also, thousands of lives would have been saved. Why then is Sidney's lustrous deed not seen? It is because British character is poisoned by a lying commercialism and Boer character is equally poisoned by that vicious superstition Christianity—this is why the most illustrious deeds of ancient heroism are absent from the present war.

ONE THOUSAND FLASHES OF SAVING PENETRATION.

People of brains are invited to contribute to this column. We can offer only the small reward of immortality. Contributors should state name or pen-name and address.

1. Prayer is an imaginary conversation.—*Lord McCall.*
2. Epicurus *versus* Christ.—The Greeks knew that the kindness of nature was brief and treacherous.—(*Stolen.*)
3. I always found I could govern myself cheaper than I could hire it done.—(*Name of author desired.*)
4. British society can overlook murder, adultery or swindling; it never forgives the preaching of a new gospel.—*Frederick Harrison.*
5. When we asked Benjamin R. Tucker, Why do the ungodly prosper? he replied, "Because the godly are such ——— fools."
6. Teddy Roosevelt has shed more ink and less blood than any warrior since Sancho Panza.—*Dr. H. S. Taylor of Chicago.*
7. They have called me everything but a ——— fool. I have taken good care that they will never call me that.—*Ben Butler* (present address unknown).
8. If the members of the House of Commons want to take up the white man's burden, let them slip out into Whitechapel. Their hypocrisy is almost more disgusting than their rapine.—*Goldwin Smith.*
9. This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of existing governments they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.—*Abe Lincoln.*
10. We desire the name of the prophet who sent the following to *Lucifer* of Chicago: 'I once taught a Vermont farmer in only thirty lessons of eight hours each how to extinguish the gas without blowing it out. When this can be done nothing is impossible.'
11. We desire the name of the Christian brother who after paying a fine for selling goods without a license, said to the Judge, "Could you fine me if I had contempt for this court?" And when the court said, "Certainly," the culprit replied, "But how in ——— can you tell whether I have contempt for you or not."

NIETZSCHE ON ATHEISM, PESSIMISM, SCHOPENHAUER, &c.

Translated by Thomas Common.

The Subjugation of a Shadow.

When Buddha was dead his shadow still continued to be seen for centuries afterwards in a cave, an immense frightful shadow. God is dead; but, as the human race is constituted there will perhaps continue to be caves for millenniums in which his shadow will be seen. And we—we have still to get the better of his shadow!—*The Gay Science*, § 1c8.

The Progress of Freedom of Spirit.

One cannot better illustrate the difference between the earlier and the present freedom of spirit than by recollecting the saying which required all the intrepidity of the past century to recognise and express it, which however, when measured by the insight of the present day, sinks to an involuntary *naïveté*; I mean the saying of Voltaire: "*Croyez-moi, mon ami, l'erreux aussi a son mérite.*"—*Miscellaneous Opinions*, § 4.

Schopenhauer.

It would be a question whether Schopenhauer with his Pessimism, *i.e.*, the problem of *the worth of existence*, was necessarily only a German. I think not. The event *after* which this problem was to be expected with certainty, so that an astronomer of the soul could have calculated the day and hour for it—the decline of the belief in the Christian God, the victory of scientific atheism—was a collective European event in which all races are supposed to have had their share of service and honour. . . . Schopenhauer was the first avowed and inflexible atheist we Germans have had; his hostility to Hegel had its ultimate motive here. The non-divinity of existence was regarded by him as something given, tangible, indiscussible; he always lost his philosophical composure and got into a passion when he saw anyone hesitate and make circumlocutions here. It is at this point that his thorough uprightness of character comes in; unconditional honest atheism is precisely the prerequisite of his raising the problem, as a final and hard-won victory of the European conscience, as the most portentous act of two thousand years' discipline to truth, which at the conclusion no longer tolerates the lie of the belief in God. When we have thrust away from us the Christian interpretation of things and have condemned its significance as spurious courage, we are immediately confronted in a striking manner with the Schopenhauerian question: *Has existence then a significance at all?* the question which will require a couple of centuries even to be completely heard in all its profundity. That which Schopenhauer himself answered with regard to this question was—forgive me for saying so—somewhat premature, somewhat juvenile, only a compromise, a persistence in and adhesion to the very same Christian-ascetic moral perspectives *the belief in which had got warning to quit* along with the belief in God. But he raised the question—as a good European, as we have said, and not as a German.—*The Gay Science*, § 357.

The Sea again lies open before us.

The greatest modern event—that "God is dead," that the belief in the Christian God has become unworthy of belief—has now begun to cast its first shadows over Europe. To the few at least, whose eye, whose suspecting glance is strong enough and subtle enough for the spectacle, a sun seems to have set to them, some old profound truth seems to have changed into doubt; our ancient world must daily seem to them older, stranger, more unreliable, more casual. In the main, however, we may say that the event itself is far too great, too much beyond the power of apprehension of many people for even the report of it to have reached them, much less for them to know what has really taken place thereby—and what must all collapse, after this belief has been undermined, by being built upon it, by being buttressed by it, by being engrafted into it: for example our entire European morality. The prolonged excess and continuation of demolition, destruction, ruin and overthrow which is now impending—who has yet understood it sufficiently to be obliged to stand up as the teacher and herald of such a tremendously frightful inference, as the prophet of such an o'ershadowing, of such a solar eclipse as has probably never happened on earth before? Even we, the born riddle-readers, who, as it were, wait on the mountains, posted between to-day and to-morrow, engirt by the contradiction between to-day and to-morrow, we firstlings and premature births of the coming century, to whom especially the shadows which must forthwith envelop Europe *should* already have come in sight—how is it that even we, without genuine sympathy for this o'ershadowing, contemplate its advent without personal solicitude or fear? Are we still perhaps too much under the influence of this event—and its immediate influence for *us* is the reverse of what could have been expected, not at all sad and depressing, but rather like a new and difficultly describable variety of light, happiness, alleviation, enlivenment, encouragement and rosy dawn? In fact, we philosophers and "free spirits" feel ourselves irradiated as by a new rosy dawn by the report that "the old God is dead;" our hearts thereby overflow with gratitude, astonishment, presentiment and expectation—at last the horizon seems once more unobstructed, granting even that it is not bright; our ships can at last start on their voyage once more in face of every danger; every risk is again permitted to the knowing one; the sea, our sea, again lies open before us; perhaps there was never such an "open sea."—*The Gay Science*, § 343.

Optimism and Pessimism Both Obsolete.

Away with the wearisomely hackneyed terms Optimism and Pessimism! For there is daily less and less occasion to use them; it is only the babblers for whom they are still indispensable. For why in all the world should anybody be an optimist unless he has a God to defend who *must* have created the best of worlds if he be divine goodness and perfection? What thinking man is there, however, who still requires the hypothesis of a God? But neither is there any occasion for a pessimistic confession of faith, unless it is to a person's interest to be vexed with the advocates of God, the theologians or the theologising philosophers, and to assert strongly the counter allegation: that evil rules, that non-delight is greater than delight, that the world is a piece of bungling, the manifestation of an ill-will to life. But who concerns himself any longer about the theologians?—except the theologians. Apart from theology and its contentions, it is obvious that the world is neither good nor bad (to say nothing of best or worst), and that these conceptions "good" and "bad" have significance only in relation to man, indeed, perhaps even here they are not authorised in the manner in which they are ordinarily used: we must by all means rid ourselves alike of the reviling and glorifying mode of contemplating the world.—*Human, All-too-human*, § 28

"Behind the Scenes" and other articles held over.

Personal Notice.—*Will the recipient of a marked copy of this Magazine, kindly submit to the Editor, for publication, his comments on the subjects indicated by the Editor's pencil?*

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SAYING THE WORLD.

Answers to Earnest Light-Shunners.

SINCE the Galilean has had a fair trial at saving the world, with sorriest results, it seems about time to give the Devil his chance.

These things are a mystery to the ungodly.—MCCALL.

Soul-Communion Time-Table.

We have never had much confidence in the sporadic profanity which has hitherto characterised the efforts of reformers. Believing that the reformer would be much helped by the consciousness that others are swearing with him we give the following time-table and ask our correspondents to kindly send us a list of "Things to Swear At." When it is 8.11 p.m. at our office (The Temple of Wisdom), London, it is at

Boston, U.S.A.	3.28 p.m.	Constantinople	10.11 p.m.
Cape Town	9.26 p.m.	Chicago	2.20 p.m.
Dublin	7.46 p.m.	New York	3.15 p.m.
New Orleans	2.11 p.m.	Paris	8.19 p.m.
Rome	9.01 p.m.	St. Petersburg	10.11 p.m.
San Francisco	12.01 p.m.	Washington	3.01 p.m.

1. Kimberley prayer—Give us this day our *Daily Mule* (sometimes spelt *Mail*).
2. We cannot believe in the goodness of a God who wastes so much good lightning.
3. Nietzschean epitaph on a decadent suicide—*They never fail who in a good cause die.*
4. It is a luxury to pity one's self, but woe to him with whom it becomes a necessity.
5. *Fair Maid*.—I advise you to quit flirting with the Wholly Ghost unless you are a woman who did or at least could.
6. We are told that your statement that "the great prophets have died fighting [for] the people" is all right if you leave out the word in brackets. What is your reply?
7. *Canon Farrar*.—The Manager of the Bank at Monte Carlo agrees with you that faith is a good thing. But we hope your faith in the bank was less costly than ours.
8. *A Mother's Unnatural Crime*.—A few days ago a young lad of 16 turned on the gas in his room in Brooklyn, because he could find no work, and because, as he said, his mother had taught him not to steal.—*Ex.*
9. The firmness with which the average Benthamite, who preaches the greatest good of the greatest number, holds on to his own particular good, is a striking revelation of the utility of the Utilitarian creed—a hint also that this indiscriminating gospel is susceptible of an esoteric *refinement*—yes, *refinement* sounds better than *exploitation*.
10. All reformers are actuated by a single motive—the hope to make the world a better place to live in. This is the common denominator of all the "isms." But it is high time for the reformers to consider the question—*Better for whom? better for our Isaac Gordons or for our Emersons?*
11. The average woman is never happier than when she is accusing some man of insulting her. She feels that she is then truly a prophet proclaiming man's fundamental cussedness; and she is quite right. But generally the joy of telling this odious truth is heightened by another pleasure—that which accompanies all expression of an ineradicable antipathy, and we know that the war of the sexes is sacred and eternal. In this war the armistice known as marriage is only moderately successful.
12. *A Practical Proposal*.—In common with others we feel that there are a good many people living who ought to pass on to their reward. We ask our readers to submit a list of 12 living men who ought to commit suicide—the editor has not the slightest personal objection to heading the list. The reader who submits the list nearest the average will receive this paper 100 years post free.