NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The L.C.C. is not willing to provide hungry children with meals out of the rates. It has no objection to spending the rate-payers' money upon investigations into the percentage of starvation of the children or the degree of the parents' responsibility, because this money is paid over to well-fed persons of the middle-class. Last year four special investigators were appointed to make "an exhaustive inquiry" into the circumstances of each individual family in 12 selected schools of the children who were receiving meals for which the L.C.C. must be remembered, was not paying. Their report, No. 1,203, has just been published. It is admitted that in the 12 schools, out of 3,334 school children whose circumstances were investigated, "2,430 might be considered as necessitous," whilst only 2,581 children were being fed at the schools concerned. The first point, then, is that fewer children were being fed than the L.C.C.'s special investigators that the feeding was bad. They regard her as wasteful. The following is an example of what the investigators have enquired into the circumstances of some of the children: "Man ill for boy." Here is obviously a family, to the non-investigators to even allude to "causes other than underfeeding which make a child unable to profit by the instruction given." We are well aware that the whole condition of the children must be allowed, but this is no reason to prevent the feeding of children by hinting at other possible requirements.

Mr. E. A. H. Jay, Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Underfed Children, draws attention to the statement that out of 1,218 families no less than 544 are described by the organisers as "intemperate and wasteful parents," and to their suggestion that the number of necessitous children from this class may be reduced "by regular sympathetic home visiting." Would Mr. Jay feed or starve the children of intemperate and wasteful parents," and to their suggestion that the number of instituting the New Age Limited Company has not yet been taken, since 500 £1 shares being still needed. Only this current week remains in which applications can be made. We are still hopeful that our valued admirers may prove their sincerity before it is too late.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All Business Communications must be addressed to Publisher, "New Age," 139 Fleet Street, E.C. ; communications for the Editor to 1 & 2, Took's Court, Furnival Street, E.C.
Some opposition was shown from the Tory benches. The Earl of Ronaldshay stating that "nine out of ten factories employing white phosphorus had for the past five years been absolutely free from cases of necrosis poisoning." Mr. Gladstone very properly replied that, "If only one case of that disease had occurred during recent years he thought that this Bill would have been justified." We hope the Home Secretary's phrase will be remembered when we who are more interested in the welfare of the makers of white phosphorus serve the same purpose as the poison, and we shall insist on legislation that shall totally banish the term Occupation Diseases. In this match case legislation was fairly simple, because non-poisonous yellow phosphorus serves the same purpose as the poisonous white phosphorus. Quite recently Dr. Sinclair, Second Medical Officer to the G.P.O., has stated that out of 18,000 persons employed in the telegraphist department near 500 are affected by telegraphist's disease. The prohibition of lead in the manufacture of china and earthenware. Lead poisoning has not been abolished in the potteries; the disease manifests itself in a host of ways, perhaps most terribly in the form of lead-palsy, with the paralysis of the victim's moves. In this instance legislation should be easy, because the beautiful glaze which is desired on china can now be obtained by the use of frittered lead, when the lead is fused with a kind of glass and is non-poisonous. Pending legislation, those who have conscientious objections to the assassination or permanent disabling of their fellow men may be reminded that leadless is not a guileless manufacture. Acts of contrition in the labor market are very good, but they are not of economic value-when, say, we might for public holidays when all should be well paid to make for the week. We have hitherto favoured the right of entrance on two days in the week. We have hitherto renewed the Church and when he had probably received a pretty broad hint from the Tory leaders that he need not be in no hurry to deal with the Government at this juncture. When the Bill and the correspondence between Dr. Davidson and Mr. Asquith were published, it was perfectly evident that it was desired to reduce contracting out to a minimum (a minimum to which we strenuously objected). The actual payment to the schools contracting out had not been fixed, but the Government's intentions were clear enough. Had the Government granted the Archbishop's demand for 160 per pupil instead of the 50s. offered, contracting out would have become the rule and not the exception. This Dr. Davidson knew as well as ourselves, and this was the pretext that served him. If this was the morality that the Church party is desirous of imparting to the children, we have an additional reason for rejoicing at the loss of the Bill, with its right of entry on two days in the week. We have hitherto favoured the right of entry provided it were granted to all bodies desiring to impart religious or ethical instruction. Should it now say that the Church of to-day does not fulfil these conditions? Attempting to hurry through one of Bloomsbury's dingy streets we were held up last Wednesday by a procession of gorgeous automobiles, by relays of gallant horses, proud powdered coachmen, and genial chauffeurs waited without. Ladies enveloped in furs scurried through the dingy passages of the Passmore Edwards Settlement. Such a gathering of wealth in such quarters could be only upon charity. We have seen the policeman informed us the bodies had come to help the unemployed; he would be glad to be relieved of the hateful duty of patrolling the hunger-marchers. We are afraid that our kindly policeman will be disappointed. The keynote of the meeting was that no material aid was to be given without such elaborate precautions as would absolutely prevent any pence going astray. The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton said: "None of the helpers should give money at all; it spoilt all prospect of friendly relationship." (Thankful is this not to be her poor Laylations.) A clergyman alluded "to the class of men who had succeeded in getting work, but only after the comforts and conveniences of home had gone to the pawnshop. The sympathy and friendship which he hoped the League would render would be absolutely invaluable in such cases." We can bear our personal tribute of testimony to the benevolence of the pawnbrokers, but we learn for the first time in sympathy and friendship will redeem the pawned comforts of the home. We suppose the ladies of the Personal Service League will wheedle the pawnbrokers into foregoing both capital and interest; no wonder their husbands are such successful business men. Another hon. lady advised the helpers never to ride to a house where the family was to be visited. One of the leaders of the plutocracy and the advice was sound; but we assure the helpers that the sight of a lordly motor car, or of a gay barouche and restive horses does our stum eyes more good than any amount of sympathy. Helpers were also advised not to make the party accompanied by an officer of experience and tact. "Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposition-give and ask no questions. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a half-penny. This is not in good taste; it is inefficient, absurd, uneconomical, personal charity of Elia. Another Education Bill has come and gone; we do not know if they will go on for ever, but it looks un- conventionally like it. We disliked the Education Bill, we dislike the Government, but we dislike still more the chicanery and shuffling by which the Archbishop of Canterbury, true priest that he is, wriggled out of his position, when he found that compromise was unpopular among the liberal and radical. In the Church and when he had probably received a pretty broad hint from the Tory leaders that he need not be in no hurry to deal with the Government at this juncture. When the Bill and the correspondence between Dr. Davidson and Mr. Asquith were published, it was perfectly evident that it was desired to reduce contracting out to a minimum (a minimum to which we strenuously objected). The actual payment to the schools contracting out had not been fixed, but the Government's intentions were clear enough. Had the Government granted the Archbishop's demand for 160 per pupil instead of the 50s. offered, contracting out would have become the rule and not the exception. This Dr. Davidson knew as well as ourselves, and this was the pretext that served him. If this was the morality that the Church party is desirous of imparting to the children, we have an additional reason for rejoicing at the loss of the Bill, with its right of entry on two days in the week. 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Surprise has been manifested in many quarters at the
lull in the French Revolutionary movement. Whilst
everyone knows that it is only temporary, it is but natu-
ral that a reaction should follow the colossal labours of
the active parties during the past few years. More-
ever, the Revolutionists have lost an enormous number
of their adherents by murder, imprisonment, banish-
ment, and emigration. Thus the Parti Socialiste
Polonais (P.P.S.) which is, as it states, one of the
smallest of the revolutionary bodies, has lost over 100
members in its conflict with Tsardom ; a list which the
Party says is quite incomplete. Amongst these victims
39 were hanged, one shot, 13 killed lighting, three or
four assassinated by Tarists, two by bandits, one by
the gaolers, three committed suicide in order to escape
torture and captivity. Probably a far larger number
have perished whose deaths remain unknown to their
countrymen, and of whom the Tsarist organ of the party,
considers that Russian Militarism is aiding the Polish
Revolutionary movement. The recruits are advised “to
become good marksmen, to know how to spoil and to
repair guns, to understand the anatomy, to become
apes, and to find out all the weak places of the army,
how to take the barracks and the sentinels by surprise.
Their mission is to become useful instructors for the
force of revolution.” A special gazette, “Do Szeregów,”
is circulated among the Polish soldiers. All success to
whomever shall destroy that enemy of the Russian and
Polish peoples, that friend of our King and latest ally
of our Liberal Government—the Tsar.

We are told that “40,000 persons stood bare-headed
in a storm of sleet and snow, in Fort Greene, Brook-
lyn,” when a monument was dedicated to the memory of
the 12,000 martyrs who were murdered in the “float-
ing hells” of the British in the Wallabout Bay during
the war for American independence. We suppose very
few Englishmen are acquainted with the details of this
martydom of 1775-8 ; which reflects seriously upon the
British Government of the time. However, our interest
in the affair is of another character. Half the cost of
this noble memorial is dedicated as a reminder
institutions of liberty and civilisation.”

This was on November 14 last. The “Richmond
Planet” of the same date opens its article on a recent
legal decision by stating: “The Supreme Court of the
United States has handed down another one of its de-
cisions showing its antipathy to the coloured people of
this country and emphasising the fact that none of us
may expect to hope for justice within its confines.”
The State of Kentucky had passed a law in 1904 pro-
hibiting white and black children from attending the
same schools. Berea College contended that no State
holds that “white and black races are naturally antagoni-
sic, and that enforced separation of the two is in the
interest of the Union could enforce such legislation. The
Supreme Court of Kentucky held it valid on the ground
that “the white and black races are naturally antagonis-
tic, and that enforced separation of the two is in the
line of the progress of the peace. This is a judgment
confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.
Justice Harlan, who dissented from the
majority of the judges, asked:—

“Have we become so inoculated with prejudice of race
that an American Government, professedly based on the
principles of freedom and charged with the protection
of all citizens alike, can make distinction between such
citizens in the matter of their voluntary association for
innocent purposes simply because of their respective
races?”

The answer was that President Taft is paid to talk
about “maintaining our institutions of liberty and civi-
lisation,” and the judges of the Supreme Court are paid
to see that they are maintained only for some white
people. A very nice division of labour.

The Report of the Select Committee on the House of
Lords has been issued. The character of the reforms
is best judged by the recommendation with regard to
India:—

“Native representation presents formidable, and per-
haps insurmountable, difficulties, but they hold. But
the presence within the House of ex-Viceroyos and of
other qualified persons connected with the administra-
tion of India, will always ensure the full consideration
in the House of Lords of all questions affecting the in-
terests of the Indian Empire.”

Similarly, of course, the land is best served by having
landlords, labour by having brewers and money-lenders
to represent these interests. There is only one reform
of the House of Lords that interests us.

On Guard.

Women of the forward movement, you are aware that
the matter of indecent assault upon you by Liberal
stewards has now become common town talk. Your
reticence, perhaps never a wise policy, continued, may
constitute a danger to new recruits who enter the
struggle utterly unprepared for violence of this descrip-
tion.

That you can and will adopt extreme measures to
protect yourselves from future outrage at the hands of
the prudent youths engaged by your cowardly enemies,
is not all sufficient. Modesty must not prevent you
from publishing throughout your ranks the abominable
villainy practised at the Albert Hall. You know, that,
for such publication, newspapers are not necessary.
It is the duty of every woman who is already in-
formed, to communicate the whole truth of the atrocities
against which her comrades were subjected; it is the duty
of every woman in the movement to learn this truth.

Sterner measures than those already taken to defeat
the trials attempts, now perilous to conceal, must be
resorted to. A whip is no protection to a half-stunned
woman. It must be made hazardous for these bullies
even to approach you.

It is well known among you that the followers and
attendants of Liberal Government, being too flattered,
the evil incitements, and no woman, henceforth, should
trust to the barely-civilised instincts of the men em-
ployed on behalf of the Cabinet Ministers.

Rape is irrevocable. Any means taken to prevent it
are justified.

It is imperative that you do not underestimate the
brutal and obscene character of your opponents. Trust
to no defence but that of absolute inviolacy. Allow
no man to handle you but at his peril.

And let the reminder that such protection against your
debased and unclean enemies has become necessary,
serve you to wrest from them the power to liberate and
purify the spirit of your country.

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BEATRICE TINA.
The Labour Yule-tide.
By Victor Grayson, M.P.

I have just read with a poignant thrill of relief that the over-worked House of Commons will not have to meet at 10 a.m. on Saturday to continue the deferred debate of the alleged Education Bill. Meantime members will refresh their jaded minds with a "Poisons and Pharmacy Bill." The Licensing Bill is out of the way—very much out of the way. The bulk of an emergency session has been criminally, I had almost written consciously, wasted. But the Liberal Government have at least secured the credit of "good intentions." Indeed, their career up to now has left them enough of the latter commodity ample to pave the highway to their imminent destination. Now, having done something to ingratiate the teetotal fanatic, they enter upon the futile and time-wasting task of balancing the greedy demands of the sectarian soul-snaatchers at the expense of the inoffensive child. The "Daily News" informs us that the Labour members evinced a "keen interest in the crisis which has arisen over the Education Bill". Christmas is a season that vividly obtrudes the gloomy horror and misery of the under-dogs of civilisation. There will be thousands of little children throughout this Yule-tide of cheer sitting in hovels before fireless grates. The bitter irony of poverty will leave a keener sting for the hope of a big Unemployed Bill next spring." "The Housing and Town Planning Bill. And the Archbishop that has arisen with regard to the Education Bill."

...thoughtful Christmas,

...me-that the question of the famished and starving
...and this is the greatest thing that Socialism has taught
...Science."

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Name
Address
The First Socialist Cabinet.

January 1912.

These last three years, since 1908, have been a time worth living for those who delight to feel the full pulse of life; they have been days of palpitating hearts and vibrating nerves for all who were born with sickly souls. We find ourselves the winners of a victory which three years ago seemed beyond the realms of the possible; and yet, when it is won, it seems to have been so infinitely easy to gain. There is no need to conceal the truth any longer: and the truth is this. We have got a Socialist Government at last, because we quite suddenly determined to be brave men instead of weak cowards. We had been vainly imagining that we were going to make the people understand the full meaning of the vast ideal of Socialism, by working in all kinds of indirect ways; by subtle political alliances with men who were not Socialists; by wire-pulling devices which we thought would move the dummy marionettes of capitalist Cabinets; by doing this, that, and the other thing, except preaching Socialism, which we thought would get people to vote for our candidates.

We imagined, in short, that we were going to bring Socialism about by some clever kind of political conjuring trick which would never be noticed, whether the goldfish got into the bowl, or how the lady managed to pass to the other cabinet. We knew that all the other parties, Tories and Whigs and Radicals, having a political case which did not bear the full daylight, were therefore obliged to resort to all manner of stage deceptions which would deceive the audience. We were so faint-hearted that we forgot that we had a political case which would bear any sort of criticism whatsoever, which was so unshakeable that there was no necessity to perform all the theatrical buffoonery of our opponents. We were, indeed, the most broken-down set of believers that any respectable member of this first Socialist Cabinet holds office because he one day decided that he would be a brave man instead of a coward. Some decided more quickly than others, but the courage to ride full tilt for Socialism against the enemy is the title-deed of all.

This is how it all came to pass. The terrible condition of poverty which followed the trade depression of the autumn of 1908 became intolerable to the sufferers themselves, and a hideous nightmare to everyone with a fragment of culture and a glimmer of decent imagination. Things became so bad that to consent to their continuance was to rule oneself outside the bounds of elementary humanity. That something had to be done was only natural; had the Labour Party lying beaten on the ground, the Socialists of all sects came forward for the support of political candidates. They said they would stand for Socialism, at last; they would not pretend to a rapid determination. They said they would stand for Socialism, at last; that they would not pretend to believe that there was any use in preaching anything else. The I.L.P., the S.D.P., and the Fabian Society joined forces for the support of political candidates.

Two years of tariff manipulating by the Tories convinced the workers that Tariff Reform was another broken reed. The Trade Union leaders, most of whom were already convinced Socialists, at last told the truth to their followers: that only a Socialist Party could remove the advantages of a perfect case in order to agree for a weak programme which had already been tried and found utterly wanting. With the Labour Party lying beaten on the ground, the Socialists of all sects came to a rapid determination. They said they would stand for Socialism, at last; that they would not pretend to believe that there was any use in preaching anything else. The I.L.P., the S.D.P., and the Fabian Society joined forces for the support of political candidates.

The First Socialist Cabinet. 

November 1908.

December 10, 1908'

THE NEW AGE
An Encyclopaedia of Reform.

The habit of buying books on the instalment system is one that grows insidiously upon you; and many a poor student, fighting an uphill fight against early disadvantages, presently finds his shelves overladen with a serried waste of mountainous, inaccessible lore, who never would have bartered so many simple and desirable meals for so much pompous and undesirable lumber had it not been for the crafty advertisements of unscrupulous boomsters which somehow contrived to instil him with panic at the thought that he might be letting slip a priceless opportunity of his youth. But opportunities, despite the opportunists, are often things that it is wiser to miss than to seize. For there seems to be a devilish incumbency imposed upon all right-thinking folk, having obtained their opportunity, to use it. And the conscientious use of an opportunity is bound to develop into a bore and a nuisance until it ceases to be a duty, and then it becomes at once a pleasure and a privilege.

I have in my time bought many books, and have them yet, which I would be pleased to exchange for their weight in good tobacco. This is not because I have read them all, and so have no further use for them. On the contrary, I have always a use and a place on my shelves for any book of whatsoever kind that I have been able to read. It is because I have not, cannot, and never shall, read these books that I am so willing to part from them. There they are! self-educators of every description. Gazetteers and atlases, volumes of statistics and books of reference crammed with important information that no self-respecting person can afford to confess ignorance of, selections from the very best authors (in twenty massive volumes), and dictionaries and encyclopaedias and anthologies galore, with text-books and primers and manuals and all the rest of that vulgar clamjamfry of learning with which the average ambitious youth delights to surround himself. These books in bulk have cost me more money than I have ever handled in one sum in my life; but, beyond that they have certain sentimental associations and that they provide an indifferent substitute for far less expensive and far more decorative furniture, I am free to confess that the majority of them are not of so much worth to me as this morning's newspaper. This, of course, is entirely my own fault. I was in too great a hurry to be born, and so appeared in this giddy sphere twenty years too soon. If I had not been so impatient I might now have been making a better start toward amassing a library by planking down my first five shillings on account of the purchase price of this "New Encyclopaedia of Social Reform,"* and thereby saving myself considerable unnecessary outlay upon pseudosociological and other literature. As it is, however, I have got the complete work for nothing... and should like to add, for the sake of the epigram, that I am proportionally grateful, only that would not be true, since I prize these two handy and handsome tomes, and as a rule the things that we get for nothing we do not prize.

But what am I to say about this book? I cannot say, as the informed novel-reader said of the dictionary, that it seems to lack any sustained interest. The interest is thoroughly well sustained from beginning to end, and the plot (if I may so term it) is so neatly and frostily dovetailed that opening the book anywhere and plunging into any chapter you will be insensibly led on by the cross-references—which in this case are not so


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called because they make you cross—to read the entire work from title to colophon, with occasional pauses for rest and refreshment by the way at the numerous pages of excellent photographs. And incidentally, if you first of all study the list of contributors and then the little concise bibliographies appended to the more detailed sections, you will be put in the way of making acquaintance with the best modern authors—from George Meredith to Jacob Selcher Corey—and the best modern books—from "Riches and Poverty" to "The Man with the Hoe"—in every branch of literary art.

For this is no narrow-minded or esoteric compilation. It is primarily concerned with the problems of social reform, as it has always sought to do; but it does not seek to give any empirical solution upon the guileless and unsophisticated under a thin disguise of academism. It states the case from every conceivable point of view, and submits all the established facts and all the known theories and conclusions appertaining in any way to the vital main issues, to your impartial consideration. Men and women of every shade of opinion have contributed to, or have revised, or are quoted in it. As a means of propaganda—not only to the Socialist, but to every kind of politician—it is the best and heftiest weapon I have ever had put into my hand. And it is something more. It is the best and heftiest weapon I have ever had put into my hand. And it is something more. It is a storehouse of trustworthy and authentic evidences from which the disciple of any cult, the apostle of any cause, the student and the expert, the pundit and the enthusiast—all the captains of industry would be competent to pronounced a final and authoritative verdict upon it. But I believe that it would pass even that august test of excellence. And not merely because I have found that, in those few matters of which I may claim to have some first-hand experience, it is always exactly right and distinctly accurate, besides being illuminative and suggestive; but because I have had an earlier edition of this same work in my possession for some months past, and it has never once betrayed my confidence in its impeccable value. It is the best and heftiest weapon I have ever had put into my hand. And it is something more. It is a book that enthrals and terrifies. Many books of prophetic forecast that have recently attracted attention which every line of his demands. . . . By far the most remarkable and impressive piece of English writing yet produced in the connection with modern scientific research.

"Mr. Mallock is a writer who cannot fail to be interesting in that he always has something to say and has mastered in an admirable fashion the art of saying it effectively and well. In his new novel . . . there is much of the contest between science and religion, much clever and interesting talk between the men who take these standpoints, the whole being such a brilliant piece of exposition of subtle things as was to be expected from the pen of Mr. Mallock."—Daily Telegraph.

The War in the Air.

By H. G. WELLS.

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MR. H. G. WELLS' NEW BOOK.

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Theatrical Announcements.—Owing to the unfortunate collapse of all productions of an intellectual and moral nature which have lately been running at the Westminster Theatre, the management has decided to try a lighter vein of melodramatic comedy. The new piece will be named, “Down with the Lords”; but I understand that, in spite of the title, there is nothing in it that need offend the tenderest political feelings: indeed, the play has no political meaning of any kind whatever. To avoid misunderstandings, the title may be changed to “Throwing Dust in their Eyes;” or “The Adventures of a Red-Herring.”

My friend, the distal took, said he overheard some remarks the other morning. It appears that his eye caught a scheme-in-three-colours, sitting at the door of the Inn of St. Clements; and out of the ultra-violet rays of the twentieth-century rainbow came a tragic murmur: “The New Age seldom writes on the Woman question now.” But, what, indeed, can it say? The women have proved their case over and over again. If the Noah’s ark people on the other side would say anything worth answering, then it would be different. But no one can make the anti-Suffragists look sillier than they make themselves.

* * *

By the bye, that reminds Peter Pan. There are some women, who ought to know better, who are going to the Albert Hall to mockly cluster at the feet of a member of a Liberal Government which has insulted them and defied them ever since it took office. Mr. Lloyd George will then be trumpeted forth as a reformed sinner; and the Cabinet, which stands exactly where it was before, will shelter itself behind his white robes. Long life to the women of the three-tinted-rainbow who betray their cause by such an ignominious surrender. It never pays to grovel in this world; or at least, it can be left to beggars. The W.S.P.U. have abolished the bended-knee as a political attitude for brave people. Only the Labour Party beg nowadays.

* * *

It is full time that we sent a deputation to investigate the methods of the Persians. I always thought they never occurred to Mr. Asquith to abolish any of the pretty little rules which we sing patriotic songs about. Why, even the Labour Party had learnt them all off by heart, and it would cause fearful confusion to abolish them. I’m not quite sure what exactly “Koranic principles” are; but they sound pleasant (with a flavouring of palm groves and dates). In any case, I’m certain they will be an improvement on the British Constitution—which is really very stodgy. By the bye, the Shah has been told that he has hereditary ties with the Prince of Darkness; a registry-office keeper, it seems, has told him he ascribes it to non-smoking, or to early rising, or to any other sober pastimes. Who ever heard of an Archbishop doing and saying anything that need concern practical men? I always thought it was wave his hand into a dummy world of dummy conventions and dummy thoughts. Died at only 44! To be an archdummy—a relic of worn-out things.

* * *

It is not a bad principle to say exactly what one thinks: it saves a deal of brain waste. A little journal was sent to me the other day which apparently reduces this principle to a system of ethics. It protects the interests of the workers of the catering trade in the quaintest possible manner. One misguided gentleman is informed that he has hereditary ties with the Prince of Darkness; a registry-office keeper, it seems, has told him he ascribes it to non-smoking, or to early rising, or to any other sober pastimes. Who ever heard of an Archbishop doing and saying anything that need concern practical men? I always thought it was wave his hand into a dummy world of dummy conventions and dummy thoughts. Died at only 44! To be an archdummy—a relic of worn-out things.

* * *

The “Spectator,” one is not surprised, is torn about the Licensing Bill: as the outcome of its meditations, it stands by “the cause of Temperance, in which we are most earnestly interested.” It did not quite know whether the Licensing Bill made for temperance or not; but to make matters sure, it advised the Lords to give it a second reading. The “Spectator” is always on the side of temperance action, which is the pretty way of doing nothing at all. It would rather see the nation reeking with poverty and misery than risk one new remedy which has not received the blessings of our grandparents. The “Spectator” (may it rest in peace) stands firm for every reform which was proved useless in the days of the Pyramids.

I came across such a strange little journal lately. It is the official organ of the “National Rifle Association for Miniature Shooting.” It has columns about ladies’ rifles and school competitions; and it seems that 25 yards is considered quite a long way to hit. Altogether, the art of learning to kill people is treated in the most delicate manner possible. Humbug! If you want to learn the butchering trade, don’t pretend you’re studying needlework or solo whist. Do the thing with real zest. Why, even, have a lay-target? Draw lots for being the “running man”—that would be a robust pastime for Saturday afternoons, and each bull’s eye would be one amateur-fooligan less.

The idea of being an Archbishop at forty-four has appealed to the imagination of the people. That excellent paper “Public Opinion” suggests Dr. Gordon Lang as a suitable text for a debate, “How Men Succeed.” Poor fellow! Why worry out the cause of this sad end to a noble career? What else whether he ascribes it to non-smoking, or to early rising, or to any other sober pastimes. Who ever heard of an Archbishop doing and saying anything that need concern practical men? I always thought it was wave his hand into a dummy world of dummy conventions and dummy thoughts. Died at only 44! To be an archdummy—a relic of worn-out things.

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On Miracles: A Retort on Mr. Chesterton.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

In the course of his encounter with Mr. Belfort Bax, Mr. Chesterton takes the opportunity to tread on the tail of my coat. Lest the humorous ingenuity of the attack should be lost on the careless reader, let me quote it: "Ask Bernard Shaw," says Mr. Chesterton, "to speak on any other subject, and he explodes with epigrammatic sagacity: ask him why he denies miracles, and his answer is a curious and dreary compound of a Hyde Park Secularist and a Broad Church Bishop. The humour of this lies in the fact that nobody ever asks me why I deny miracles, because I never do deny them, but, on the contrary, spend my life largely affirming them. And I do not see why a man who is simply wrong in his definition of a miracle."

"By a miracle he means only something that he is not prepared to swallow all the miracles of religious legend, holding himself up as one who had risen into a mystic state."

Mr. Chesterton's argument had fallen to pieces. He made no bones about attributing to every atom a positive and negative magnetic pole, and a consequent futility contention that the resurrected one was not dead—that he was only drowned. Still, the distinction between a familiar miracle and an unprecedented one according to Bishop or a Hyde Park Secularist is not generally admitted. For instance, it is alleged of a certain Lazarus that he achieved the miracle of living; and nobody doubts or denies this. It is further alleged that Lazarus rose from the dead at the command of Jesus. Though this was a very much simpler feat than to get born and grow up, nobody believes that he actually accomplished the miracle. He could not say that he believed in it. And the impression produced was—most unfairly and erroneously—that Mr. Chesterton's argument had fallen to pieces.

"Mr. Chesterton did not believe. I asked him if he believed in that miracle. He could easily have said that he did not. Nobody believed in it. Nobody believed that he could believe in it. And the impression produced was—most unfairly and erroneously—that Mr. Chesterton's argument had fallen to pieces."

"A point to be observed about miracles is that mankind may be divided into people who, like Hume, consider as we are daily by unquestionable miracles, to make it much more likely that the spirit of their late grandmother is rapping on the table than that I am tapping my boot on the floor."

There are certain kinds of miracles that so please our imaginations or promise us relief or profit of some sort that we believe them in spite of experience. Doctors, like witches, profess to perform all the miracles attributed to founders of religions; and though they fail daily, people are actually sent to prison for doubting such professions.

Finally, one observes that the moment you get beyond the range of those miracles which everybody has seen performed often enough to have lost all sense of their being miracles, credulity and incredulity are entirely temporal and do not belong to the man who is not prepared to swallow all the miracles of religious legend, holding himself up as one who had risen into a mystic state."

December 10, 1908

The New Age
will not believe the simplest fact of natural history discovered by Darwin.

Let us confess, then, that the man who argues that miracles must be either credible or incredible, and that if some miracles are credible (as they undoubtedly are), then all miracles must be credible, is the most hopelessly unreal kind of logician. The plain facts are that some miracles are credible and some are incredible, and that every different sort of man draws the line in a different place. This is not that he has not been able to go out of all, either one way or the other, by special pleading or for or against any particular religion.

Further, it is inevitable that a man's quality shall be judged by the situation of the boundary between his credulity and his incredulity. We cannot help saying concerning any given miracle, either "the man who believes this would believe anything," meaning, "the man who believes this must be a silly fool," or "the man who will not believe this will not believe anything," meaning, "the man who cannot feel the truth of this must be a damned fool." (Need I say that I am using the word damned literally and not abusively?) But these sayings are inevitable only because of what I have said about the kind of opinion that all men do hold concerning themselves when they believe or when they disbelieve a given miracle. Each miracle remains a separate matter of opinion after all; and every brace of miracles is like the women grinding at the mill: one shall be taken and the other left by that capricious human appetite which we call opinion. Each miracle remains a separate matter of opinion after all; and every brace of miracles is like the women grinding at the mill: one shall be taken and the other left by that capricious human appetite which we call opinion. Each miracle remains a separate matter of opinion after all; and every brace of miracles is like the women grinding at the mill: one shall be taken and the other left by that capricious human appetite which we call opinion. Each miracle remains a separate matter of opinion after all; and every brace of miracles is like the women grinding at the mill: one shall be taken and the other left by that capricious human appetite which we call opinion.

C. "Novelty" in Ideas. The mention of anything "Early Victorian" being true makes him fairly dance with contempt and indignation. The red rag to the bull is coming to it. It is especially the Rationalism of the nineteenth century that is his "bogy." This is it which he is continually assuring the world is obsolete, belated, dead. As I pointed out in my original criticism, those personal assurances on the part of Mr. Chesterton, even expressed in a somewhat not precisely convincing. But granting for the sake of argument, in Mr. C.'s statements a certain plausibility, what at most do they amount to? I may premise that, as far as Mr. C.'s assumptions go, that even if his book was a special defence of what he calls the "nineteenth century attack on Christianity" being unfounded (since I hardly touched the subject from this point of view), I am prepared to take him on this his own ground.

The nineteenth century Rationalism, then, largely took the form of an assault on Christian dogma. In conjunction with other forces, it, as must persons not specially committed to Christian dogma, killed and prolonged living in an area of belief, not precisely convincing. But granting for the sake of argument, in Mr. C.'s statements a certain plausibility, what at most do they amount to? I may premise that, as far as Mr. C.'s assumptions go, that even if his book was a special defence of what he calls the "nineteenth century attack on Christianity" being unfounded (since I hardly touched the subject from this point of view), I am prepared to take him on this his own ground.

"Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras. "I (G. K. C.) am the measure of all things," says my esteemed opponent in last week's New Age. He says it, not indeed precisely in those words, but by suitable circumlocutions. Mr. Chesterton, in fact, seems to be an incarnation of Goethe's "Student" in the second part of "Faust." This youthful and childlike arrogance of his was only delightful if one could persuade oneself to regard it as really naive, not as part of the stage-business of the calling of smart-paradoxy. Mr. Chesterton had no idea how utterly and finally dead is the whole nineteenth century attack on Christianity. I think I have read the same, or similar, statements before from the same pen. I suppose the idea is that all the truths and all the beliefs of the nineteenth century were only, they have for most of us become platitudes—i.e., their truth has in its principle become hyper-truth, truism, and therefore banal and no longer interesting to us. In truth, in order to interest us, must be new and not merely and apparently old. If the truth of "early Victorian" Rationalism has become part of the mental constitution of the present age, which no serious person (Mr. C., of course, excepted) will take on a new faith to-day, the only cure for it is to go back and seek what at most do they amount to? I may premise that, as far as Mr. C.'s assumptions go, that even if his book was a special defence of what he calls the "nineteenth century attack on Christianity" being unfounded (since I hardly touched the subject from this point of view), I am prepared to take him on this his own ground.

Smart-Paradox Spoof.

By E. Belfort Bax.

"Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras. "I (G. K. C.) am the measure of all things," says my esteemed opponent in last week's New Age. He says it, not indeed precisely in those words, but by suitable circumlocutions. Mr. Chesterton, in fact, seems to be an incarnation of Goethe's "Student" in the second part of "Faust." This youthful and childlike arrogance of his was only delightful if one could persuade oneself to regard it as really naive, not as part of the stage-business of the calling of smart-paradoxy. Mr. Chesterton had no idea how utterly and finally dead is the whole nineteenth century attack on Christianity. I think I have read the same, or similar, statements before from the same pen. I suppose the idea is that all the truths and all the beliefs of the nineteenth century were only, they have for most of us become platitudes—i.e., their truth has in its principle become hyper-truth, truism, and therefore banal and no longer interesting to us. In truth, in order to interest us, must be new and not merely and apparently old. If the truth of "early Victorian" Rationalism has become part of the mental constitution of the present age, which no serious person (Mr. C., of course, excepted) will take on a new faith to-day, the only cure for it is to go back and seek what
epigrammatic sagacity”—in other words, he does not talk smart-paradox, but is, I suppose, "early victorian." (The law of gravitation, by the way, I have the impression, is "early georgian," the circulation of the blood "early charlesian, while a few trifles like the laws of mechanics, no mention others, are still "earlier".) Chesterton forgets that Shurtleff is older than he is and knows perhaps the limits of his métier better. One does not spoil the first law of motion, or smart-paradox the multiplication table, because it is usually, but I called upon one states their formulæ in plain English.

No, Mr. Chesterton! The mere reactionism which goes behind established positions leads nowhere! I grant you that you may build infinite degrees of further truth upon these established commonplace, but this presupposes your acceptance of them in principle, and will never be the outcome of any futile tilting at them. Stale thought that has become commonplace may be taken up into a higher thought-unity, but does not therefore die. On the contrary, it thereby puts on the vesture of immortality. The truth of Materialism remains, penetrating modern thought—although some of the formulæ used to express it in the "early victorian" period when it was heretical, bright, and fresh, may be for us now no longer adequate.

I have dealt somewhat at length with this point as Mr. Chesterton, like certain other of the younger generation of smart writers, is continually identifying the eccentric workings of his own individual mind with those of the Victorian epoch. As before, whether this is genuine self-illusion or mere bluff intended to impose on the crowd, I don't know. Certain it is that, rightly or wrongly, saving the pose of a limited number of decadent young men, the modern mind shows not the slightest reaction to any form of dogmatic supernatural belief, Catholic or other. If Mr. Chesterton chooses to bury his head in the sand of his own imaginings, of course no one can help him. I now come to the accusation of using "polysyllabic words." As regards this I have only to say that I object to all forms of literary affectation, but I contend there lives as much cant in the "simple language" talk of the present day as in all the long words of all the pedants put together. In this matter I am prepared to accept words of one syllable, if that be desired, where such can express the thought intended, and words of five syllables when such can do this better. Mr. Chesterton seems to think there is a magic in short words. He may be a solemn humbug if you like, but a "solemn spoofer" rather suggests iced cream served hot, does it not?

Mr. Chesterton has evidently not given his attention to Metaphysic, his utterances on the subject clearly bearing witness to the fact. I should have thought, however, that even a non-philosopher (in the technical sense) would have seen that the definition of truth Mr. C. finds "shallow and the deepest and most ultimate that anyone can formulate" would hardly have discovered any humour in opposing to it what any reasonable man, one would think, must have seen, was a piece of childish tautology.

There are a few points I should like to have dealt with in Mr. Chesterton's article, but I fear I have already over-run the constable in the matter of space, so must reserve them for a future occasion. One word of criticism in conclusion as to Mr. Chesterton's title. Why should long words be solemner than short ones? I hardly see, moreover, how a man can be a precisely a "solemn spoofer." He may be a solemn humbug if you like, but a "solemn spoofer" rather suggests iced cream served hot.
Great arrangements were made for the dinner. I was at Dieppe, 1897. Fritz Thaulow and Oscar Wilde. From early morning till seven at night Fritz Thaulow sat painting, painting. Even when talking with him in his studio one never saw his face, but only his back. The conversation turned mainly on his new method of painting, of which I had seen some examples in the last Salon. This method was called in Paris the Thaulow process. However, he had no intention of giving the secret away, and though I observed him closely behind a mask of assumed indifferance, I could not by merely watching him paint discover the secret myself. At last I gave it up, and was leaving the room when he called me back and told me all about his method. He explained to me that one of them never wore stockings. So I went in and rubbed off one of my paint-spots. It proved, in fact, difficult—far too difficult for me...

After some time I heard him calling all over the house for me. After all, he might tell me, he said, because the method was far too complicated for me to follow. I'm doing something much finer, much more delicate. What do you say to tubes of glass? But that secret I'll never give away.

After some time I heard him calling all over the house for me. After all, he might tell me, he said, because the method was far too complicated for me to follow. I proved, in fact, difficult—far too difficult for me...

For several days he had been talking of inviting two young French painters who were working in the neighbourhood. I had seen these young fellows. They looked bright and pleasant enough, and also penniless. I particularly noticed that one of them never wore stockings.

Great arrangements were made for the dinner. The menu was carefully studied, and the wine-list well connced. There was no need to do this, I thought. Those brigands would be just as delighted with Chianti for a pair of dove-grey striped trousers, white vest, long breeches that bore the marks of painting and cycling.

I was still more surprised on finding that Thaulow, a little before dinner, had changed his grey velvet knee-coat, and smart tie. So I went in and rubbed off one of my paint-spots.

But I understood it all when I came back. For to my amazement, Thaulow, who was evidently enjoying his little joke, introduced me, not to the young French painters, but to a tall, elegant gentleman of striking physiognomy—Mr. Oscar Wilde!

At dinner the conversation turned upon the Queen of England's Jubilee.

"Have you ever met her?"

"Yes, in a big garden party given by the Prince of Wales. I shall never forget her. She walked through the garden on the Prince's arm. She has the most exquisite hand; she has the most beautiful wrists. I stood there with the Prince. He was simply wild with enthusiasm. "I must paint this woman," he said. 'If I may paint her, I'll swear never to paint another woman in my life.' I promised to ask the Prince of Wales. The Prince replied that it was impossible. Bastien Lepage was inconsolable.

"She has the most delicate feeling and the rarest tact. Once she was going to open Parliament. There's a very ancient rule that on State occasions the Queen must not venture out unless accompanied by her chief lady-in-waiting. The chief lady must also be the first duchess in the land. At that time it was the Duchess of Sutherland.

"All the Court functionaries stood in the hall whispering to each other that the Duchess had not yet arrived. They were horrified. It was only a very few minutes to the time fixed for starting; and that, you know, is always to the second. Still the Duchess did not arrive. Another minute passed. Then they got a shock; the Queen herself appeared at the top of the stairs. What was to be done? Who dared tell her the incredible thing that the Duchess had not arrived? Queen Victoria came to the very bottom of the stairs. She looked calmly round and asked, 'Where is the Duchess?' For a moment or two no one dared answer. At last one of the ladies advanced, 'Your Majesty, the Duchess has not arrived.' What would happen? The Queen did not move. She only folded her hands, those beautiful hands. She remained standing and waiting. Profound silence reigned. All eyes were rivetted on the entrance. Five minutes passed. No Duchess. Ten minutes. No Duchess. Suddenly a carriage was heard. It is the Duchess, a young and very beautiful lady. She sees the Queen standing in waiting. She approaches with bowed head, stammering broken words. What would happen? Disgrace? Dismissal? 'It appears to me,' said the Queen, 'that your watch does not go well. Allow me.' She lifted with both hands, those beautiful hands, a priceless chain over her head, and hung it round the neck of the kneeling Duchess. The chain was suspended from the Queen's watch, set with diamonds forming her name.

"It must be intolerable to live under such etiquette," said Thaulow.

"Oh, they all become slaves, all of them. They don't live their own lives; they live other people's lives. The first and only question for them every morning is: How is Her Majesty to-day, happy or sad? The question begins right down below, and climbs the stairs until it reaches the attendants surrounding Her Majesty's bed-chamber. The lady-in-waiting who can give any information acquires an enormous prestige. And as the answer returns, sounding through all the rooms downstairs, the expression on all faces becomes either happy or sad. Before the answer arrives the faces have no expression at all. A courtier's face has absolutely no expression in the morning till the bulletin appears.

They are slaves."

"How revolting!"

"Oh, but they get to like it. It becomes second nature to them. If an old courtier is dismissed from Her Majesty's service, he grows wretched. He often dies of it. You see he cannot breathe in any other air. Courtiers and actors all live other people's lives. And most people really do so more or less. Everybody has someone concerning whom he asks: Is Her Majesty happy to-day or peradventure sad?"

"The Royal Family, I suppose, is very popular in England; even the foreign section of it?"

"Not the Emperor of Germany. He doesn't care much for England or English life.

He was extremely annoyed because he wasn't allowed to wear a uniform at the garden-party. He has, you know, marvellous uniforms. When he turns out in one he creates a sensa-
tion. Well, he was informed that it was not the custom
to attend a garden-party in uniform. He addressed
himself to his uncle, the Prince of Wales. But he was
told it was quite impossible. Then he appealed to his
grandmother, the Queen. She replied, 'I have never
heard of a uniform at a garden-party.' So he had to
to come in an ordinary black coat like everybody else.
And nobody looked at him; and nobody asked who he
was. But he made up for it in the evening at the
Opera. There in his box he looked magnificent in his
gold and white, and everybody's eyes were fixed on him
the whole evening."

"Well, he's quite an interesting man, quite amusing;
not like the others."

"I don't know if he's anything in himself. But there
have been two Royal personages really interesting—
Rudolph of Austria and Ludwig of Bavaria. The one
was murdered by his lover's brother. The other killed
himself to his uncle, the Prince of Wales. But he was
once. He went to a ball, and made quite a hit with
his black uniform. And nobody looked at him; and nobody asked who he
was. But he stayed the whole time in the room where it hung.

"Strange that she can keep young so long."

"Oh, that's due to her caprices. She says herself,
'You never grow old so long as you indulge your
caprices. When you cease, you grow old immedi-
ately.'"

"You have a famous actress in England now—Ellen
Terry. Is she as great as Sarah Bernhardt?"

"No, she is only great as a woman. She is more of
a woman than anyone I have ever seen, except Queen
Victoria."

"Don't you find that all actors are slaves? Sarah
Bernhardt, for instance?"

"Oh, no, not Sarah. Sarah is a splendid exception
in that, as in everything else. She is a great woman
as well as a great genius."

"A Defence of Drunkenness."

"Strange that she can keep young so long."

"Oh, that's due to her caprices. She says herself,
'You never grow old so long as you indulge your
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"You have a famous actress in England now—Ellen
Terry. Is she as great as Sarah Bernhardt?"

"No, she is only great as a woman. She is more of
a woman than anyone I have ever seen, except Queen
Victoria."

"Don't you think Watts the greatest English
painter?"

"No, Whistler. Far and away. Have you seen his
portrait of Sarasate, and have you seen Sarasate? The
portrait is much better than Sarasate. Sarasate was
immensely flattered by the furore his portrait produced.
He stayed the whole time in the room where it hung.
But he looked shockingly ordinary by the side of it.
I met him there one day, and I said to him, 'For God's
sake, don't stay in this room. You must never come
into this room.' And I led him out."

"What do you think of our friend the young poet,
whom I met him there one day, and I said to him, 'For God's
sake, don't stay in this room. You must never come
into this room.' And I led him out."

"Oh, he is very talented. I'm a great admirer of
his."

"It's a pity he drinks too much absinthe."

"Oscar Wilde shrugged his shoulders.

"If he didn't drink, he would be nobody else. Il
faut accepter la personnalite comme elle est. 'Il ne faut
jamais regretter qu'un poete est soule, il faut regretter
que les solls ne soient pas toujours poetes.'"

"Well, anyhow, the worst thing he can drink is
absinthe—it's absolutely destructive."

"Absinthe," answered Wilde, "has a wonderful
couleur, la couleur verte. Il faut maintenir hoire des
des choses vertes. A glass of absinthe is as poetical as
anything in the world. Quelle difference y a-t-il entre
un verre d'absinthe et un couche de soleil?'"

"By the way, have you got into your villa?" asked
Thaulow.

"Yes, I gave a banquet there yesterday in honour of
the Queen's Jubilee. I had the place lit up with myriads
of coloured lamps and decorated with English flags. I
also hired a band to play 'God Save the Queen.'"

"Have you got a good valet?"

"I had one. He was very clever. But he became
impossible. It was my own fault: I'm very unhappy
about it. I gave him a blue uniform; a thing I ought
to have done. Of course he got conceited about it
at once. He went to a ball, and made quite a hit with
his blue uniform, the Queen. She regarded him to have
ever every evening. Then, of course, he wanted to sleep in the
mornings. And I had to wait and wait for my hot
water. One morning I got up myself and took him hot
water. That helped for one day, but no more. Now he
is dismissed and I have found another one. He is to
have a black uniform, and that has given me an idea.
The next book I write shall be about the effect on men
of the colour blue. For instance, take Mr. Thaulow.
He's all blue. Blue character, blue temperament. And
to-day he's bluer than ever."

Thaulow looked incredulous.

"Good gracious! are you all mad with this nonsense?
May I ask if, like my wife, you think Friday is
yellow?"

"Think," he cried, with a look of astonishment. "'Can
anybody doubt for an instant that Friday is yellow?'"

No one ventured to deny it. Even Thaulow only
muttered something to himself.

Later on, a well-known young American painter, a
mutual friend of Thaulow and Wilde, paid a visit.
He made a hard, dry impression, and seemed to take no
interest in anything, not even in his art. When he had
gone, one of the ladies remarked that he was not a
human being, but merely an American patent, "une
invention americaine de fer.""

"No," answered Oscar Wilde, "no, he's not that.
He's quite dead. And the dead ought to be good enough
to keep to their graver. If they do come out, it should
be by moonlight, and on the sea-shore with lanterns in
their hands. But the dead ought never to go visiting
or go to the cafes."

Thaulow asked Wilde if he was beginning any new
book.

"Yes," he said, "I'm writing an essay to be called,
'A Defence of Drunkenness.'"

Thaulow looked disapprovingly.

"Good gracious, my dear Wilde, why always such
provoking titles?"

"Why? London must be shocked at least twice a
year."

"Then you don't always mean what you write?"

"Oh, yes; the soul is never liberated except by
drunkenness in one form or another. Here in a small
place like Dieppe your soul can listen to the words and
harmonies and behold the colours of the Great Silence.
And that intoxicates. But one is not always at Dieppe.
And it is difficult to find the Great Silence. But a waiter
with a tray will always find it for you. Knock; and the
door will always open, the door of le paradis artificiel.'"

"What do you think of the horrid weather Felix
Faure had going into Paris?" interrupted Thaulow.

"Oh, it always does that under a frock-coated
Republic. During the Empire it never rained when the
Empress drove through the Champs Elysees."
Friedrich Nietzsche and the Critics.

Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche publishes these letters to J. B. Widmann as a typical example of her brother's impartial attitude to his critics.

A review of "Beyond Good and Evil," in the "Berner Bund," of September, 1886, was extremely pleasing to Nietzsche. The book was said to be dangerous in the same sense that one regards dynamite as dangerous. An intellectual explosive may serve quite as useful a purpose as a more material one. It was nevertheless advisable when such stuff was handled to label it dynamite.

In the spring, on his return to Sils-Maria, he wrote to Widmann, the reviewer: "Last summer you made me appear an object of horror. One day in the café here I found the worthy inhabitants of Sils had become alarmed and thoughtful about their regular summer visitor—they had all read the 'Bund.' ... My own impression was that I had there seen something very charmingly and kindly said about myself. One or two expressions, which were of course quite natural from the editor of a democratic paper, I have either paid no attention to or have forgotten. I must gratefully declare, now that a year has gone by, that your review was by far the most discerning that this unsympathetic book has yet received. The poets are ever the seers; an enigma like my book will be only finally solved and deciphered by a poet rather than by any so-called philosopher and academician."

On his return to Sils, Nietzsche was glad to see the "Berner Bund" again, which he always reads with pleasure, more especially the articles of Carl Spitteler. To this end, he had two letters sent to Widmann about which he wrote to Gast: "Dr. Widmann, of the 'Bund,' has written me, quite enthusiastic, likewise Brahms, with whom I am staying ('very keen about 'Beyond Good,' means to take this 'joyous philosophy' to heart')."

On September 11th he again writes to J. B. Widmann: "I beg you to give my sincere compliments to your colleague Prof. Spitteler. I have just read his article on modern orchestration. What knowledge, tact, independence of judgment; what esprit, what an artist-temperament! There is but one thing that hinders me from praising his taste in rebus musicis et delicatis: his concentration. When I read this I am reminded of a letter to Widmann from Avenarius, of Dresden, to contribute to a new art journal; I took the liberty to suggest Herr Spitteler in my place."

There are two postscripts: one offering to send the second edition of the "Geburt der Tragödie." The other: "Would you perhaps be kind enough to hand something to Johannes Brahms in my name, provided I am still with you? namely, 'Hymnus an das Leben.'"

In the early part of January, 1888, an article of Spitteler's appeared in "Beyond Good and Evil," with a detailed review of Nietzsche's work. In the pleasure this gave him he overlooked, or felt no occasion to be annoyed with, many rather spiteful remarks which were scattered in the following letter to Widmann: "Mr. Spitteler's review of my literary output has given me great joy. What an alert intellect! One is quite pleased at his pleasure. For sound reasons he has himself turned entirely to the purely formal. He just brushes aside the real history behind the conception, the passion, the catastrophe, the movement towards an end, towards a destiny—all this I cannot praise sufficiently, here is true delicateness. There are not the hasty signs of undue haste. Obviously he has read the works for the first time (and not even always read them). This makes his judgment and the sureness of taste with which he reveals the form of the books and epochs the more remarkable. I am distressed that my 'Beyond' has not been taken into account. This cuts away the ground from under his feet when handling the last lettering 'Polemical Treatise' (Genealogy of Morals)."

"The difficulty of my works lies in this; they deal preponderantly with the rarer and newer conditions of super-normal spirits. This I do not say in praise, but it is a fact. I search for the signs of these conditions, still incomprehensible, and often scarcely apprhapsable. Here, it appears to me, lies my ingenuity. Nothing is more foreign to me than the belief that 'style by itself brings joy,' when I reflect if I rightly understand Mr. Spitteler's view. Style is created in the first place by the object of the work. When this object changes I require, inexorably, that the entire procedure of the style should change with it. I did this, for instance, in 'Beyond,' the style of which has no resemblance to my earlier style: the aim, the main stress was altered. I have done the same thing again in my latest polemical treatise; where, an Allegro feroce and the over-brimming passion nue, crue, verde, have replaced the refined neutrality and hesitating advances of the 'Beyond.' Possibly Herr Nietzsche is a greater artist than Herr Spitteler would have us believe."

Scarcely had this letter been despatched when an acquaintance drew Nietzsche's attention to the many disrespectful articles in Spitteler's publications in the "Bund." Getting annoyed, he sent a post-card the same day countermanding the posting of the four numbers he had ordered. A few days later he received a letter from Gast which induced him to send another card to Widmann, with an extract of Gast's letter, which was to the effect that no one else would do it for him. Nietzsche writes to Gast: "You will laugh at what I have succeeded in accomplishing. Without Spitteler's knowledge, but aware that no one else would do it for him, I have found a publisher for his big work on Ästhetik."

In June Nietzsche read in the "Bund" Spitteler's "delicate and beautiful article about Schubert." From Nietzsche writes to Gast: "You will laugh at what I have succeeded in accomplishing. Without Spitteler's knowledge, but aware that no one else would do it for him, I have found a publisher for his big work on Ästhetik."

In Fluid Ju-Vis (the new Beef Tea), you get about one bottle of all grocers.
The Apostle to the Pagans.
A Story of Yule Tide.
By Holbrook Jackson.

"A arr of fire's very nice," said Frank, hugging himself before the flaming hearth like a luxurious cat.

Outside it was leaden and raw, and a slab of damp mist hung over the fields like wet wool. The same insistent but elusive element clung to the bare hedges and the tree-tops, and in the half-light of the December afternoon the countryside had the dreary effect of the scene of a fire the morning after, when the water had long since been drained away.

"My one objection to summer is that fires are then impossible," said Merrion, by way of assent. Merrion was an alleged paradoxist, and everyone smiled.

"Do you know," said Hargreaves to nobody in particular, as he sat in the corner pressing his half-baked trousers against his legs, "Do you know, if I wanted an object of worship, I should worship fire."

"Here, I say!" said Frank admonishingly, for Frank, like most luxurious persons, was rather orthodox.

"Why not?" asked Merrion. "Fire is everything and everything is fire. Without the eternal conflagration of the sun, the very centre of the earth, and that eternal circle of flame caused by the fire-ball we call the sun, outside the earth—there would be no life at all. Fire is the only creator we know, and the only destroyer. Without light and warmth there is no growth—and light and warmth are the outward signs of the Almighty Fire. I worship power, and the greatest power is fire—it drives the motor of the world. It can as easily burn the man and all his puny works to ashes. If it were not for fire—"

"Steady on, old chap!" This interjection seemed to come from all.

"I was only going to say that if it were not for fire we should have had no Christmas—"

"Let's leave religion out of it," said Frank. Merrion's invincible logic made his ideals wince.

"Will you let me tell you a story?" asked the fire-worshipper.

"Fire away!" said a voice.

"Once upon a time and a very long time ago, but not so very long after orthodox Rome had been moved to righteous anger by the blasphemies of a sect of revivalists called Christians, who preached what was then (as it is now) a kind of new theology, a devotee named Glycon, moved by the fervour of his new-found faith, set forth to convert the Pagans of the North.

"Bearded was Glycon, and dour, as befitted the apostle of a gospel of joy; bare of foot also was he, with this he would mark the sign of the cross on the earth, and always before addressing another person. So Glycon journeyed from the land of the olive and the pomegranate filling his coals with the glad tidings to carry the glad tidings all over the village, and around the hills echoed back their songs and their merry shoutings were thrown about the woods by invisible hands. All seemed wending their way to the centre of the village, and Glycon, filled with human curiosity, followed, and as he went along he sang aloud of the Nativity.

"'Alleluia,' I bring ye good joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.'"

"The people were in a good humour, and nodded their encouragement to the good prophet. Soon they came to the meeting-place where an altar had been erected and a great fire blazed. The priests of the heathen North were there, particularly as his wants were limited in their midst, particularly as his wants were limited in their midst, and they were filled with an unfamiliar more mystery; and they were filled with an unfamiliar kind of unrest which Glycon called 'peace'; and they acquired the power of contemplating their lives and of labelling this action as good and that as bad; and they talked much of their happenings of the day. One of those who were so filled with joy was the great apostle.

"Glycon was a gentle creature, or the people would have driven him forth. So they laughed instead, and went about their ways husbanding the earth and praying and propitiating their Gods as of old time. But here and there the good Glycon won followers, and under his guidance some of them peered into the mystery of life and saw more mystery; and they were filled with an unfamiliar kind of unrest which Glycon called 'peace'; and they acquired the power of contemplating their lives and of labelling this action as good and that as bad; and they talked much of their happenings of the day. One of those who were so filled with joy was the great apostle.

"Glycon nevertheless pressed on, carrying the glad tidings into still wilder regions, where thinking and acting had been separated from one another at all. Here the pagan folk tilted the field, hunted the boar and the hare and the savage wolves, tended the cattle, as simply and as satisfactorily as they engaged in the deeper recreations of love and worship. They would have none of Glycon's teaching, and yet they followed him. On the contrary, they even allowed him to abide in their midst, particularly as his wants were limited to a cave for sleeping purposes and a very little food. Glycon was something of a Mark Tapley, and in the unalloyed bliss of these North folk he found a Tapleyan delight.

"But one morning in the fall of the year he saw that a great change had come over the people. He had gone out into a clear space that he knew of in a wood, where he had erected a rude cross, and there he had intended remaining all day in prayer, in celebration of the birthday of his Saviour—for the day was Christmas Day.

"But as he went forth to his lonely temple he met hands of merry folk chanting joyful songs and carrying garlands of holly and great branches of mistletoe. The husbands wore laurel in their hair and the young men carried branches of green pine. Everyone seemed as if, and radiant happiness shone on the faces of all. The hills echoed back their songs and their merry shoutings were thrown about the woods by invisible hands. All seemed wending their way to the centre of the village, and Glycon, filled with human curiosity, followed, and as he went along he sang aloud of the Nativity. 'Alel—"

"Heavens!" said Frank. "I call it highly blasphemous," said Frank.

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"The people were in a good humour, and nodded their encouragement to the good prophet. Soon they came to the meeting-place where an altar had been erected and a great fire blazed. The priests of the people were there, and standing high above the throng they gave thanks to their gods for the bounty of the earth, and in that hour of the darkest winter day they rejoiced the more for out of its full darkness was the Sun born and the earth again replenished.

"When the priests had done, a great shout went up, and fires were kindled all over the village, and around each romped a mad rout of Pagans, laughing and singing in the joyful fellowship. Gifts were exchanged, and there was drinking and junketing. And foremost among the revellers was Glycon. The Pagans rejoiced because the good prophet had thrown off his sombre habit, and hailed him as one of themselves. He had thrown off the burning, a covert to the only true faith. Shortly after the great festival of goodwill, Glycon returned to the land of the olive and the pomegranate filling his co-religionists with joy by his new doctrine of the miraculous conversion of the Pagans of the North to the true faith, on Christmas day.

"Merrion stopped. "Go on," said a voice.

"That's all," said he.

"I call it highly blasphemous," said Frank.

"What I want to know," said Hargreaves, "is, where does the fire-worshipping come in?"

"It doesn't come in," said Merrion; "it's there all the time."
Two Shades of Eve.*

By Arnold Bennett.

I.

We glided swiftly into the forest as into a tunnel. But after a while could be seen a silvery lane of stars overhead, a ceiling to the invisible double wall of trees. There were those stars, the rush of tonic wind in our faces, the gleam of the low-hung lanterns on the road that raced to meet us. The car swerved twice in its flight, the second time violently. We understood that there had been danger.

As the engine stopped, a great cross loomed up above us, intercepting certain rays of light in the forest. The road, which, the driver, enveloped his base, as the current of a river stoked an island. The doctor leaned over from the driving-seat and peered behind. In avoiding the cross he had during which I pondered upon eternity, nature, the common night thoughts—we passed by a high obelisk covered by a grille; we overlook a tramcar, and glittering tramcars continually threaded the Square within the planes of radiance people moved to and fro, according to the incidence of the lights. My friends said it was the palace is not locked as on other nights. The town did not cease to draw me until, years later, I yielded and went definitely to live in it.

II.

On the night of the Feast of Saint Louis the gardens of the palace are not locked as on other nights. The gardens are within the park, and the park is within the forest. I walked on that hot, clear night amid the parterres of flowers; and across shining water, over the regular tops of clipped trees, I saw the long façades and the courts of the palace: pale walls of stone surmounted by steep slated roofs, and high red chimneys cut out against the glittering sky. An architecture whose character is set by the exaggerated slope of its immense roofs, which should only protect! All the interest of the style is in these eventful roofs, chequered continually by the facings of upright dormers, pierced by little ovals, and continually interrupted by the perpendicularity of huge chimneys. The palace seems to live chiefly in its roof, and to be top-heavy. It is a forest of brick chimneys growing out of stone. Millions upon millions of red bricks had been raised and piled in elegant forms solely that the smoke of fires below might escape above the roof ridge; fires that in theory heated rooms, but which had never heated aught but their own chimneys: inefficient and beautiful chimneys of picturesque, ineffectual hearths! Tin pipes and cowls, such as sprout thickly on the roofs of Paris and London, would have been cheaper and better. (It is always thus to practical matters that my mind runs.) In these monstrous and innumerable chimneys one saw eccentricity causing an absurd expense of means for a trifling end: sure mask of a debased style!

With malicious sadness I reflected that in most of those chimneys smoke would never ascend again. I thought of the hundreds of rooms, designed before the revolution, when the smoke in theory heated rooms, but which had never heated aught but their own chimneys. And not all the starers that come from the quarters of the palace in the afternoons; a dozen in the morning, as when I first strolled on the grands boulevards; when I walked over the narrow ceiling of stars. After monotonous miles, during which I pondered upon eternity, nature, the meaning of life, the precariousness of my earthly situation, and the inconstant hole in my heart-side—all the common night thoughts—we passed by a high obelisk (the primitive phallic symbol succeeding to the other), and turning to the right, followed an obscure gas-lit street of walls relieved by sculptured porticoes. Then came the vast and sombre courtyard of a vague palace, screened from us by a grille; we entered a long, glazed box of electric light; and then we were suddenly in a bright and living town. We descended upon the terrace of a calm café, in front of which were ranged twin red-blossomed trees in green tubs, and a wash in a large white apron and a tiny black jacket.

The lights of the town lit the earth to an elevation of about fifteen feet; above that was the primaval and mysterious darkness, hiding even the house-tops. Within the planes of radiance people moved to and fro, serving the evening round; and glittering tramcars continually threaded the Square attended by blue sparks. A monumental bull occupied a pedestal in the centre of the Square: parts of its body were lustrous, others intensely black, according to the incidence of the lights. My friends said it was the bull of Rosa Bonheur, the Amazon. Pointing to a dark void beyond the flanks of the bull, they said, too, that the palace was there, and spoke of the Council-Chamber of Napoleon, the cradle of the King of Rome, the palace are not locked as on other nights. The town did not cease to draw me until, years later, I yielded and went definitely to live in it.

A Swan Song.

Among the lily leaves the swan,
The pale, cold lily leaves, the swan,
With mirrored neck, a silver streak,
Tipped with a tarnished copper beak,
Toward the dark arch floats slowly on;
The water is deep and black beneath the arches.
The fishes quiver in the pool
Under the lily shadow cool,
And ripples gilded by the whin,
Painted, too, with a gloom of green,
Mingled with lilac blue and mauve.
Dropped from an overhanging grove;
White rose of flame the swan beneath the arches.

And, Earth! my heart is weary this hot noon
Of bearing life, your strange and secret gift.
Lying upon this bank, I hear the rune
Of bearing life, your strange and secret gift.

The sorrow of the woods is in your heart.
The wind will blow, and all the lilac bloom
O heart of sombre lilies, why not now?
The sorrow of the woods is on your brow.

Thus rudderless I float a-shore
White rose of flame the swan beneath the arches.

The fishes quiver in the pool
And, Earth! my heart is weary this hot noon
The water is deep and black beneath the arches.

And ripples gilded by the whin,
Painted, too, with a gloom of green,
Mingled with lilac blue and mauve.
Dropped from an overhanging grove;
White rose of flame the swan beneath the arches.

And I in weary truth my song would blend,—
Among the lily leaves, the swan,
The pale, cold lily leaves, the swan,
With mirrored neck, a silver streak,
Toward the dark arch floats slowly on;
The sorrow of the woods is in your heart.
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Thus rudderless I float a-shore
White rose of flame the swan beneath the arches.
She smiles through her tears.
"Now, tell me, when did you fall?"

"A year and six weeks come Wednesday," she whispered, still slightly convulsive.

I hung appalled.
"You are probably regarded as dead?"

She nods. A newspaper that fluttered down from the path a few days ago contained her obituary notice.

"I press her hand silently. Silently she returns the pressure, blushing.

"Food, what have you done for food?"

"Sir?" (she stiffens) "I am a Vegetarian."

I bow contrition, and the rope parts. As I fall clutch at Miss Prendergast, and her rock breaks off short.

We drop steadily for several days. The scenery is monotonous, nothing but rock, though it is interesting to observe the strata. Just as we are at the Old Devonian we stop on a small platform paved with mosaic.

"Thank heavens, we are there!" she gasps, "I am quite giddy."

I hand her a Plasmon biscuit. She takes it gratefully.

"Is it my giddiness, or is the platform really moving?"

She was right, our resting-place is slowly turning on a horizontal axis. In a few minutes we shall slip off.

"Another long fall!" I remark testily.

"NO! LOOK!"

Miss Prendergast points to a widening gap revealed by the turning stone.

"Good!" I cry, "Come!"

We crawl into the hole. The cave appears to be funnel-shaped, and rushes off ahead into unwalled darkness. I take a candle from my pocket and light it. We walk slowly... A long silence, only disturbed by the faint dripping of unseen water... I take her hand.

"This solitude brings us very close together."

"Hush! Mr. Titterton, you mustn't say that now."

We are in a vast hall, apparently without limits. Our entrance passage is lost in the darkness. At the farthest flicker of the candle-light water falls gleaming.

"Let us sit!" I whisper, "this place oppresses me."

She agrees. We sit, and for a long time remain silent.

"Splish! Hiss! Confound it! The candle is out."

I relight it. Miss Prendergast huddles up to me. I take her in my arms. My lips touch hers.

"This solitude brings us very close together."

"Yes!"

The star clears for a moment. Barely have we seen it when... nothing... Again the star clears. We are alone... The star gradually darkens...

"Ye guid sleepers."

"Have you been calling long?"

"Twa hoors, maybe."

"I'm sorry!"

"Dinna fash yersel', mahn, et's jist naething. More-betoken et's the Sawbath. Noo, ha'e a care fo' the rope."

"The rope pats the ground. A blind crawl with incipient conviction.

"Are you ready?" says the alarm-clock.

"Good, then I will sing."

"Tae think o't, Mr. Titterton. Et's an awfu' tale yer tellin'! Aweel, aweel... Now, whaut wull we be daein' fo' ye? A maun get a rope, an' guid guide us, there's no sich a theng fo' a guid fifteen mile. Ye'll ha' to mak' the necht o'it. We'll e'en howk ye out the morrn's morrn. Guid necht tae ye!"

"Good night!"

The star clears for a moment. Barely have we set ourselves to slumber when... nothing... Again the star clears. We are alone... The star gradually darkens...

"Are you ready?" says the alarm-clock."
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The Cit Inspired.
By M. D. E.

"'Twas a bold act, Mr. Andriezs; and to think that so small a thing should be fraught with consequences so grave."

"Indeed, it was very brave of him, Miss."

"Do you know I can do nothing but think of that young lady, Miss Thiselberg. The Russian army is very powerful and very big. They're too many."

"Too many," Miss Thiselberg snorted back defiantly. "Don't you remember Agincourt and Crecy, and Charles the First? Then there's our own special hero, Mac-Mac."

"Maccabees," interposed Andriezs.

"Maccabees, yes, that's the man. Well, you know under him we conquered all the Greeks, though we were a mere handful."

"Yes, Miss, but you know things were different then days."

From history they had got on to more personal ground; Mr. Andriezs couldn't help thinking that the young lady was well disposed towards him.

Going home from the party Joseph Andriezs felt uncomfortable. Never before had he talked so much with any young lady. Now the young lady was no ordinary young lady. And Joseph knew that Miss Margaret Thiselberg was the youngest of the daughters of the firm of H. Thiselberg and Co. The firm were drapers on a large scale. London was dotted in all quarters with their shops and signs. Joseph himself was earning in their establishment a week, and living on hopes—surely the meagrest diet ever invented by man. His heart was thumping against the sheets as the end of the week when a draper's assistant enjoys his hours of idleness like a poet.

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DECEMBER 10, 1908

THE NEW AGE

It was told how Joseph had not returned till past midnight; he was questioned as to his visit at the Hall. The Hall was the name somewhat sarcastically given to Mr. Thieselberg’s private house in Maida Vale. Mrs. Thieselberg entertained her husband’s workpeople in batches once a year. On such occasions, in imitation of the “tenancy festivities,” the governness and such other of the servants as could be spared formed the company. Joseph had been of the batch the previous night; he had been for the first time introduced to his employer’s family; the introduction had been accompanied by a testimonial to his honesty and general trustworthiness.

Joseph’s long conversation with Miss Thieselberg had not been unnoticed by his fellow-guests.

Andriezs spent the Sunday in vain wanderings round the Maida Vale. He was discontented—with vague, diffused longings and sufferings. The Monday he was drunk-handed, plain and sharp as usual. After 9 his evenings were free, and on Thursdays the afternoon was his. The evenings were spent in the Vale. Joseph began to feel rather happy. He went to the library and asked for Shakespeare’s works. Poetry is the only reading for your lover, and there is but one poet whose name is great enough to be known of all men. Joseph thought he detected a falling off in his appetite—he was on the look out for such signs. He was convinced that he had an abstracted air and knew him for other than a draper’s assistant. The gods were good. Margaret saw him and nodded. Joseph sidled up to the girl, and told her the latest news about the Jews in Russia—news they had both read in the morning paper.

“Her papers,” said Joseph, “have you read? Have you been organising quite a volunteer force? Several of my friends are going out. Oh, how I would like to go as hospital nurse. I am so glad I can do something, little though it be, for my people.”

“My people”—the words came so sweetly and with such a pretty touch of pride. “Mr. Levine,” Margaret went on, “has been helping me so much—giving me all the—.”

“Mr. Levine”?

“Ves, the gentleman I am engaged to; we’re to get married in three or four weeks, you know.”

“My congratulations, Miss Thieselberg,” Joseph gasped. “Have you collected much money for the people?”

“Not very much. People are not very charitable when there are no big subscribers to start with, are they?”

After Joseph had said “No,” they shook hands and parted. He was more than ever resolved to show her what Love might do; she should know it only when he was dead. The noble fellow!

Joseph Andriezs found himself in a pickle. Be as economical as you like in the matter of neckties and trousers, I defy you to save much out of a £100 salary. Now Joseph had determined on that Russian expedition. He had omitted the difficulties—the passports to be obtained—disguises to be effected. He thought himself useless unless he could bring the rebels a little money; at present he hadn’t enough to pay the travelling expenses—third class. Joseph reflected and waited—Micawber-like. Then came the opportunity third class. Joseph reflected and waited—Micawber-like. Then came the opportunity

Am I so anxious about the cause? Isn’t it that I want to cut a fine figure in Margaret’s opinion? Am I likely to go up with her by robbing her father? If I die bravely on the battle-field, I can’t repay the money. Shall I be of any use to these people? I don’t know their language, nor have I ever fired a shot in my life. Then Joseph fell into a reverie and wrote no more on the scrap of paper. Margaret he called the Inspirer of Great Deeds. He thought of his love for her; of her surprise on hearing of his brave death; of the words in which he would apprise her of his love, and of his death. He saw himself flourishing a gigantic sword, leading on hordes of wild men. Then he saw the Russians scattered as the wind scattereth the pollen of the trees. He shouted aloud, “For Freedom—Victory—Victory.”

Again rose the image of Margaret. She saw her shrouded in white—a red sash across her bosom—pointing the way to victory. He saw the tall stately figure, the grave grey eyes—the soft hair in careful negligence about the finely-poised head—he heard the sweet, musical intonation.

“Tickets, Sir; keep your seat for the boat.”

Joseph got no further than Dover that night, and the next day he returned to London. He had forgotten the telegraphic service, and of the police system he knew nothing.

His late employer gave him a good character—no doubt the young man had been tempted by evil acquaintances. Mr. Vaughan took a lenient view of the case. Six weeks without hard labour.

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DRAMA.

"Deirdre" and "Electra" at the New Theatre.

The most important dramatic event of the season thus far had place at the New Theatre last Friday afternoon. I mean the reappearance of that great actress Mrs. Patrick Campbell and the presentation of two plays that were not vulgar and had at least some pretence to artistic form.

W. B. Yeats, the author of "Deirdre," is one of our foremost poets; Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the author of "Electra," is a distinguished German dramatist who has won a great success in Berlin with this particular play, and the two dramatics give an interesting contrast of the treatment of somewhat similar materials in the delicate illusive manner of the Celt, and the heavy definite brutal manner of the German.

But Mr. Yeats is more than a poet, he is a conspirator. He is one of the archconspirators in the cleverest literary fake of modern times. When the Irish revivers began their propaganda no one was particularly interested in the heroic days of Cuchulain. But the Irish revivers put it to us that we ought to be, and they have actually succeeded in making us think so. The Celts have given modern English literature almost everything of value it possesses; their last insult was to give us their traditional tales. So that it is unnecessary to explain in detail who Deirdre was, and who her husband, and who her paramour, and who her son. It is enough to state that in "Deirdre" he has not surely grasped his form. The opening is too prolix. A one-act play must be all doing, there must be no narration, it is an episode, a moment, no more. If it finds it necessary to explain its genealogy, it must do so en passant, not in a prologue. Still the prologue here is not unskilfully managed. The colloquy of the rest of the play but in terms of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I am listening all the while to the cadences of the rest of the play but in terms of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I am listening all the while to the cadences of the rest of the play but in terms of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Mr. Yeats should find the one-act play a good form for his act, for his characters and emotions are static, they do not develop, they "are." Yet in "Deirdre" he has a sense of overhanging doom. The suggestion of extreme exultation and extreme fatigue! Done superbly by a perfect dancer, it might convince; but the sort of forcing herself into a wild dance of triumph she falls silent before the whining fears of her mother, and now she is white foam on black water, white foam that clamours and hisses and raves, that waves in the long backwash of desolation.

She has no tricks; her inflections of voice and limb are intuitive, absolute; they are not put on, they flow from an inner life; she is, in fact, an actress with a suggestion of restraint, of furnace fires banked under. Still, it is always as a singer that she counts. Mr. Yeats on Friday called her acting of "Deirdre" "cynical." Let her keep cynical, let her not turn into a second-rate Sarah Bernhardt. She acts so poorly. But let her beware. Let her keep cynical, let her not turn into a second-rate Sarah Bernhardt. She acts so poorly.

She has no tricks; her inflections of voice and limb are intuitive, absolute; she is not put on, she springs from an inner life; she is, in fact, an actress with a temperature—O rara avis among English actresses! If it finds it necessary to explain its genealogy, it must do so en passant, not in a prologue. Still the prologue here is not unskilfully managed. The colloquy of the rest of the play but in terms of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I am listening all the while to the cadences of the rest of the play but in terms of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. I am listening all the while to the cadences of the rest of the play but in terms of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Yeats's plays are inhuman is not to expose their defect but to define their quality. What we mean is that they are Celtic and not Saxon. They are intuitive, absolute; they are not put on, they spring from an inner life; she is, in fact, an actress with a suggestion of restraint, of furnace fires banked under. Still, it is always as a singer that she counts. Mr. Yeats on Friday called her acting of "Deirdre" "cynical." Let her keep cynical, let her not turn into a second-rate Sarah Bernhardt. She acts so poorly. But let her beware. Let her keep cynical, let her not turn into a second-rate Sarah Bernhardt. She acts so poorly.

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Recent Music.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD is a most precocious child. For there are two Stanfords in one: the professor and the boy. The professor is the one who perpetrates a musical eloge on Watts, symphonies, string quartets, masses, church "services," and other solemn pronouncements. The boy is the one who puts jolly tunes to the cavalier songs of Browning, and writes sea-songs and arranges exuberant Irish folk-songs. The other evening in the Bechstein Hall both were present in person. The late Lord Tennyson (one time Poet Laureate of England) supplied the inspiration for the music which went through various moods of academic culture and pristine innocence. The academian uttered profound thoughts on some verses from "In Memoriam" and the boy sang about the "City Child." This last poem is a particularly silly one, very sentimental and pretty, but the boy Stanford turned it into something quite pleasant and kind and exhilarating, just like the healthy flush on the face of a child that has been running hard up the hill, and is a little bit out of breath. And, mark you, it was the boy who was egotistical enough to edit the poem so much as to repeat the line "Far and far away, said the boy," with an affectionate sense of form that would never allow himself to "improve" the poet's verses in this fashion; but it was the boy who did it, for he didn't know it was a violation. And the result was charming and naive to the last degree. If I were a professor, I should call this setting jejune, but as I do not believe in professors at all, I merely suggest that it can pass very well.

I have just discovered Roger Quilter. This, I know, is a sublime impertinence on my part, for he has been discovered before. Two or three years ago I certainly heard settings of Mr. Quilter's music to me (the music he made to Herrick's cycle of "City Child"). This last poem is a particularly silly one, very sentimental and pretty, but the boy Stanford turned it into something quite pleasant and kind and exhilarating, just like the healthy flush on the face of a child that has been running hard up the hill, and is a little bit out of breath. And, mark you, it was the boy who was egotistical enough to edit the poem so much as to repeat the line "Far and far away, said the boy," with an affectionate sense of form that would never allow himself to "improve" the poet's verses in this fashion; but it was the boy who did it, for he didn't know it was a violation. And the result was charming and naive to the last degree. If I were a professor, I should call this setting jejune, but as I do not believe in professors at all, I merely suggest that it can pass very well.

There was a time when I believed Mr. Cyril Scott's work was quite precious—in the Wildean meaning of that word; to-day I feel inclined to believe that it is quite inept, and any mention of a "new" art in the literal meaning of that word.

There is an occasional austerity, an almost snoebish austerity, about Mr. Scott's music that reminds one of a certain punctilious hero correcting the little mutinies of his cravat. But it is only momentary, for Mr. Scott cannot retain that pose for more than a few minutes without losing our attention; he has to stimulate our sated nerves with fresh devices, more patent and more obvious, and one soon thinks of him as of a showman who announces "positively the most amazing and eccentric act now being performed on any stage? Whether or not it is the most amazing act in the world doesn't matter; the point for us is that it is the most amazing thing that particular showman can present, and we go to him to be thrilled. If we are bored, then that showman has not succeeded in doing anything amazing. There is, of course, the latent possibility that he has succeeded in amusing himself, and in this last hypothesis Mr. Scott's programme at the Bechstein Hall may really have been justified.

Can he really amuse people by his songs? Can he, apart from tea-cups and the incidental accomplishments of a drilled shirt and a Director's Rebecca, obtain mental application of an audience? I think he can—of a few—for a time. Mr. Scott's ability is unquestionable; he is notorious for his facile heresies; he is famous for his polite repudiations. But—and even an artist climbs a height somebody is bound to see. And when Mr. Cyril Scott attempts to scale the dangerous heights of Clarence Mangan's great poem, "My Dark Rosaleen," he is done for. In pianoforte and orchestral music he may find his real métier, and to some extent he has found it; but in this last hypothesis Mr. Scott's programme at the Bechstein Hall may really have been justified.

I leave further criticism to those who will go and hear this composer's work sometimes. He has a great gift, or so, for somebody has been singing Mr. Quilter's music to me (the music he made to Herrick's cycle of devotions to Julia), and Mr. Gervase Elwes has just done his newest set of Elizabethan lyrics at the Bechstein Hall—the same evening that the Stanfords were playing.
FOUR NEW BOOKS.

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Charles Dickens,
The Apostle of the People
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In this book Mr. Edwin Pugh, on whose shoulders as a novelist part at least of the mantle of Dickens has fallen, essays the enthralling task of presenting Dickens in the comparatively new light of an early and serious pioneer of Socialism. Mr. Pugh contends on evidence drawn from Dickens' times and life and writings, that in all respects Dickens was a consistent and zealous democrat, an ardent social reformer, and a socialist in the making.

The author's contention is that few people have hitherto understood the depth of this aspect of Dickens' character.

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Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

In a recent number of the "Athenæum" appeared a letter from Mr. E. H. Cooper, novelist and writer for children, protesting against the publication of the Queen's Gift-Book and the royalty-commanded cheap edition of Queen Victoria's Letters during the autumn season; and requesting their Majesties to forbear next year from injuring the general business of books as they have injured it this year. That some semi-official importance is attached to Mr. Cooper's statements is obvious from the fact that the "Athenæum" (which is the organ of the trade as well as of learning) thought well to print his letter. But Mr. Cooper undoubtedly exaggerates. He states that the two books in question have ruined the present publishing season rather more effectively than a Pan-European war could have done.

Briefly, this is ridiculous. He says further: "Men and women who could trust to a sale of 5,000 or 6,000 copies of a novel, equally with authors who can command much larger sales, find that this year the sale of their annual novel has reached a tenth part of the usual figures." This also is ridiculous. The general view is that, while the season has been scarcely up to the average of the previous year, yet it has not been below the usual figures. A few days later he wrote to the "Westminster Gazette" about the House of Lords, and said: "I am open to wager a considerable sum that it will be the Government that fights a General Election next year they will win back all their lost by-elections and get an increased majority besides." Such rashness proves that grammar is not Mr. Cooper's only weak point. * * *

It is a pity that Mr. Cooper's protest was not made with more moderation, for it was a protest worth making. The selling-out of the two Queen's Letters has reduced the sales of popular novels by 90 per cent; but they have upset trade quite unnecessarily. The issue of "Queen Victoria's Letters at six shillings was a worthy idea, but its execution was thoughtless timed. The volumes would have sold almost equally well at another period of the year. As for "Queen Alexandra's Gift-Book," I personally have an objection to the sale of books for charity, just as I have an objection to all individual charity and to the paying of rates out of gas profits. In such enterprises as the vast, frenzied pushing and booming of the "Gift-Book," the people who really pay are just the people who get no credit whatever. The public who buy get rich value for their outlay; the chief pushers and boosters get an advertisement after their own manner; and the folk who genuinely but unwillingly contribute, without any return of any kind, are authors whose market is disturbed and booksellers who, partly intimidated and partly from good nature, handle the favoured book on wholesale terms barely profitable. I will have none of Mr. Cooper's 90 per cent; but I daresay that I have lost at the very least £50 to the Unemployed Fund. I share Mr. Cooper's sentiment. I do not want to give £10 to any fund whatever, and to force me to pay it to the Unemployed Fund, of all funds, is to insult my most sacred convictions.

I want to see the fact that £10 wants earning be brought to the attention of Windsor and Grecia Castles.

Still, I am not depressed about the general cause of serious literature. Serious literature is kept alive by a few authors who, not owning motor-cars nor entertaining parties to dinner at the Carlton, find it possible and agreeable to maintain life and decency on the money paid down by very small hands of truly bookish readers. And these readers are not likely to deprive themselves of literature for ever in the possession of a collection of royal photographs. The injury to serious literature is slight and purely temporary.

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COMPLETE NEW CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.
I have a bomb to explode this week, and the echoes of its explosion will be heard afar. Every connisseur of high-class realism in fiction, if asked to name a few supremely realistic episodes of that branch of art, would assuredly include Tolstoy's "Death of Ivan Ilyitch" in the first half-dozen. I have always regarded it as inferior to nothing whatever, and I should not have dreamed of doubting the exactitude of its documentation. Well, I received the other day the following letter about it from one of my doctors. (A novelist, in his calling, never knows when he may need a doctor, and I keep on terms of intimacy with several.)

"The medical part of the 'Death of Ivan Ilyitch' was very largely a fake. One can make neither head nor tail of it. And, anyway, I know Ivan did not die of either kidney disease or appendicitis—the only two things that are seriously suggested. There are two things which figure largely in that fearsome death which are impossible—and I do not speak of impossibilities lightly. First, Ivan's favourite occupation of a night took the form of raising his feet on to the shoulders of his manservant and apparently sleeping for hours in that position. This would put such a strain on his knees (to say nothing of the driving of all the blood in his legs into his abdomen—which would be a very evil thing) that I would bet all I've got that six Sandows could not accomplish it. Secondly, at the end of his illness, when he is worn out and dying, he screams for two hours so that he can be heard through three doors (in the beginning of the tale two doors). This is a blank lie. No person who had had an exhausting illness like that could ever do more than talk faintly, and precious little of that, either! Moreover, Mr. Tolstoy didn't even trouble to read up the effects of continued opium. I am almost inclined to think the beggar died of opium poisoning. Nothing that ever happened in heaven, earth, or hell was like that illness. I have always heard this story spoken of as an extreme instance of realism. It is purely a work of imagination, and, taking it at that, a damned fine piece of work. You must make some allowances for me, for I can tell you that, so far as I know, there is nothing in literature where suffering and sorrow are concerned that is a patch on the real article. I have seen a lot in my time, and I know what the real thing is."

Perhaps some champion of Tolstoy will come forward.

JACOB TONSON

REVIEWS.

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This is a splendid and inspiriting book. The history of one of the most striking episodes of the war that the Russian people wages against tyranny is told with a vigour and convincing fidelity of treatment that swing you right into the heart of the revolution. The author was a student at Odessa when rioting broke out in June, 1905. His dismal forebodings as to the result were dispelled by the news that the men of the great battleship had mutinied, and were resolved to throw in their lot with the people. As a member of the Social Democratic organisation, he went on board, and accompanied the ship until, in an attempt to seize a coal charge, he was with some others taken prisoner. The story of the conversion of the ship's crew to revolutionary Socialism, the attempts to induce the crew of the "George" to join the mutineers, the wanderings of the "Potemkin" in search of coal and fuel make a series of incidents that will be read with real excitement by the most sophisticated. The feelings of the Socialist student when he first saw the "Potemkin" were those of any people who had been driven. "When me ran a crowd as joyful as I was. The farther I went the denser it became. The breath of freedom was already floating over it; it transformed men's countenances. It was the fullest and most perfect, the most complete historical lesson. The mass of the people understood, and I to the insufficient development of the revolution on the shore. Why didn't the workmen tear up the railway bridges, break down the bridges, and isolate the authorities in Odessa?" Because the revolution had not been sufficiently prepared. "It was not cowardice

"Young Love goes singing to the slender moon, And the pale witch and sly From the blue casement of her distant sky Watches Young Love a-singing.

And when his heart is like a jewel lost In the immeasurable ocean of desire, The pale slim witch and sly Draw in her slender head, Falls on her azure bed, Bids little Love good-bye— Broken the heart of poor Young Love a-singing!"

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