Mr. Asquith had little more to do in his speech at Birmingham than to play sandwichman between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain, and to help Lord Rosebery and throw a challenge to Mr. Balfeur: and both he did with only perfunctory excellence. In one point at least Lord Rosebery has the best of it. His perception of the Socialist tendencies of the omnibudget is more acute and more accurate than Mr. Asquith's. Mr. Asquith denies that any part of the Budget is Socialist: the land values tax is not, the death duties are not, the supertax is not, even the Development Bill is not. Well, we do not often resent being denied by the political Peters, but on this occasion Lord Rosebery happens to be right. Lord Rosebery declared that there are two sorts of Socialists in the Government: unscrupulous Socialists and "puppet" Socialists. That is true. As we have often said, New Liberalism is simply old Socialism; that is, Socialism not yet become self-conscious and articulate. But it is there in the Budget all right, and if Mr. Asquith does not see it, Lord Rosebery does and so also do Socialists like ourselves.

At the same time we naturally make no reproach to the Liberals for having moved a step towards Collectivism. Neither is it their particular merit. We affirm on the strength of economic history that there was no choice in the matter. The only alternative to Protection is Socialism. Free Trade having obviously failed to eliminate poverty and unemployment, the pressure of the working classes was bound to find a way either by an extension of Free Trade or by an entirely opposite route. Had Mr. Chamberlain remained a Liberal and launched his Tariff Reform propaganda as a Liberal, the Liberal Party would have been exactly where the Unionists are now, and the Unionists where the Liberals are. Instead of Mr. Lloyd George we should have had a Unionist Chancellor bringing in a semi-Collectivist Budget: and the Liberals would have been opposing it for its Socialism precisely as the Unionists are now. There is no doubt that called a process of fate in politico-economic affairs. Given a clear field and Collectivism is as inevitable as the ripening of corn.

Whether we shall have that clear field depends, however, on many things in general, but on one in particular, namely, the political intelligence of the Labour movement. For one thing is certain, the great territorial oligarchs of this country who have ruled us since the Norman Conquest will not abdicate without a struggle; nor will they be scrupulous in their choice of means for at least postponing their fate. At the present moment, for example, the country is being offered a constitutional bone to gnaw at. The House of Lords is alleged to be the real enemy of democracy. But we need not expect that either party will abolish it on that account. The Liberal oligarchs need the House of Lords no less than the Unionists. As Mr. Quelch says: the House of Lords is to the Liberals what the Devil is to the Salvation Army: so necessary as to require invention if it did not exist. We cannot, unfortunately, divert public attention from this pseudo-dragon: but we can do our best to insist on economic questions being given first place on all Socialist and Labour platforms.

But there is an even more effective device open to the oligarchs for staving off defeat. That is a European war. And it is this which the boldest among them will deliberately provoke when the economic issues threaten to become critical. In the conflagration of a continent it may well happen that Socialism will be destroyed for a whole generation. Consequently the Labour movement in England and abroad has every need to watch carefully for the first signs of smoke. True, we happen to believe that the danger of conflagration grows more and more remote with every week of peace; but only on account of the increasing internationalism of the Socialist movement. France, Italy, and Sweden have shown what an organised strike can do in a single country. An organised strike in one country may not be able to stop a war, but a general European strike would not only stop a war, but its threat would stop even the talk of war. We have therefore to say, now that economic questions are entering the practical arenas of politics: "Oligarchs, stand off and give us a free field; you shall no longer be permitted to trouble our efforts after emancipation by rattle us into barbarism at your pleasure; there shall be no more European war." This secured, we shall infallibly establish collectivism within this century, and not in England alone.

On several points of economics the Unionist critics of the Government have been right and the Government wrong. This week, for example, the criticism was made by Captain Prettyman and others that the Government was taxing capital and not income only; further, that this was breaking the economic decalogue in so far as it subtracted from capital and spent as income, thereby diminishing the total national means of wealth. This charge is very largely true. The Chancellor and the prime Minister both Mr. Haldane and the Chancellor denied it. Mr. Chiozza Money alone among the Ministerialists recognised its force and replied to it with comprehension.
As a matter of fact, the charge illustrates our frequent contention that the Liberals can tax like Socialists, but they cannot spend like Socialists. Of the enormous army of officials. What force, we ask, has been tried long enough. And what are its results? Capitalism has been tried long enough. And what are its results? How does my Lord Rosebery like that? What have we to do with our own children coming back to their motherland and are ashamed to look at us? Is our England losing its confident might open and swallow them up. Our second empire was, in the words of another. Surely we can say that the alternative of Private Capitalism has been tried long enough. And what are its results? We will not cite a Socialist, but an Imperialist, one of those colonial editors whom Lord Northcliffe delighted to have at the recent Press Conference. Describing his main impression of England during his visit Dr. Macdonald of the "Toronto Globe" says: "Frankly, the thing that impressed me most, the thing that stands out as the background of every reminiscence, was the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd." That impression, we happen to know, was common among our colonial visitors. Their almost unanimous verdict on the state of England was, in the words of another Canadian editor: "It's hell." "Thank God," said another of them, "Thank God, that in all the Empire there's no place like home."

How does my Lord Rosebery like that? What have we to do with our own children coming back to their motherland and are ashamed to look at us? Is our Empire to disintegrate by disgust? Our visitors, expecting to see no more than a venerable old man sitting by his chimney corner reciting days of yore, but they find a vast and universal half-witted beast — our public crowd — covered with scrofulous sores. And we who also look with somewhat alien eyes on home see the same thing too. Why do we see these crowds in so many lands, but never any to equal ours in apathy and ugliness. It is an offence to the eye and mind. We never see a crowd of poor without wishing the earth might open and swallow them up. Our second thought is always of that small group of territorial oligarchs whose displeasure of our land and people is precisely that. For them only the unplumed salt estranging sea is deep enough to cover the peaks of their inhuman iniquity. Such is my Lord Rosebery's England.

The land for the people! We shall yet make it a crime for man to own land; for a crime it is. One day the law will run: Anyone found guilty of possessing land shall be shot or put into a madhouse.

There is yet another true count in the Unionist indictment: it is that English trade is losing its confident spirit of enterprise. Nor do we find any fault with Mr. W. R. Lawson's attribution of this to the growing sense of insecurity due to Socialist agitation. Private capital, we hear, is threatened. So it is. Private credit is shaken. We are glad to hear of it. Or, rather, we should be glad if only we had a Government with intelligence enough to take advantage of the unparalleled situation. For what does it mean? It means that Socialist propaganda has at last reached the ear of the financiers and that these are realising that the days of private capital are numbered. The question arises: can we manage without a hideous revolution to transfer capital and credit from private to public hands? Can we contrive a Government with the genius to fill the place of private capitalists? Depend upon it, that is the Government necessary to England if England is not to be the wrecked ship of the Inquisition still maintain their power. If we do not try to support the right hand, contains proposals for statesmen bent on abolishing destitution. That reminds us that the one Socialist constructive proposal in the whole Budgetary bunch has been entrusted to a stupid blunder to the worst conceivable instrument that the Socialist camp ever offered to the nation. We hate Commissioners: they are experts, and that is enough for us. Five of these monsters are to be placed in charge of the whole of the re-colonisation of England and with the most despotic negative powers. Their sole business is to look after the money for it is the only thing in which such experts are usually expert. They are, if you please, to have the power to veto absolutely and without appeal every plan put before them, whether by private societies or by public bodies. The only limitation on their power is that what they do by inadvertence pass is to be further endorsed by the Treasury. Did anybody know such brakes put on progress going uphill? Mr. Lloyd George must have been mad when he accepted this. Lord Robert Cecil. Oh, suspect the Cecils when they come bringing amendments! Every scheme of development must now pass two tests: that of the Commissioners and that of the Treasury. What one doesn't kill the other will, that's certain. The Development Bill is damned. We do not care a rush if it is withdrawn. Captain Craig and Lord Morpeth may "wake it" with their pipes if they like. It's dead.

We are constantly being told that the Women's Suffrage Movement is on the decline. We do not believe it. No doubt the respectable of both sexes are being driven off in flocks, and a good job too. They are never any good during the progress of any revolution. If we are to rely on as camp-followers after the victory: they follow success as sheep follow a shepherd. For our part, if we were responsible for the Women's Movement, we would drive off everybody of the respectable soul should be left in the ranks: a Gideons's hand would do for us. There are signs that the leading Suffragettes are of somewhat this view. Miss Chrystal Pankhurst, in "Votes for Women" writes: "There have been revolutions in this country before there will be another unless the rights of citizenship are given to women. But let it be thought that because those who have to be reckoned with are women the situation is not must grave! Honour and liberty must be defended, no matter though social order and harmony be for a time destroyed." That is the talk, if followed by deeds. True, it is desperate; but revolutions are not made in cold blood. The women will win if only they will fight rather than not.

Sir Edward Grey has again affirmed his new principle in foreign politics, the principle of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries. We draw attention to this principle. It is the same with the danger in which Señor Ferrer lies imprisoned. We do not have to prove the sincerity of our friends in Spain by Señor Ferrer's case. The reports of the Inquisition still maintain their power. If we have not treaty rights with Spain we have at least some strong influences. Spain's king married an English princess: English firms are building the new Spanish Navy. Cannot these both be used to secure the safety of Ferrer and the abolition of the Fortress of Montjuich?

The Archbishop of Canterbury must be either very stupid or very diplomatic not to have realised yet the difference between the Majority and Minority Reports. Recommendations in regard to the Poor-law. Both, it is true, recommend the abolition of the Boards of Guardians; but the constructive proposals of the two Reports are as far apart as the two North Poles of Cook and Perry. The Majority Report, as we said on its publication, proposes no more than the substitution of Madame and Mademoiselle Bumble for old Bumble; charity and gush are to be organised for the better performance of the business of charity. The Minority Report, on the other hand, contains proposals for statesmen bent on abolishing destitution. That reminds us that the National Committee formed to propagate the Minority Report now numbers some 5,000 members. In ten years from now there should not be a destitute person in these islands? What a prospect!
Shall Ferrer Die?

There's twenty million Englishmen Will know the reason why.

The Press of Spain is under the ban of the most rigid censorship known in modern times. Spain is in the throes of the most awful persecutions and most savage tortures in the history of the world. These are undeniable facts. At the time of the marriage of the ex-Protestant Queen Ena to the Catholic Alfonso of Spain, some demented individual threw a bomb at the wedding procession. The actual criminals were arrested and executed. The Catholics in Spain, having before them the example of a recanting English Princess, who sold her faith for a crown, God rewarding her with a bomb as a wedding gift, utilised this outrage as an excuse for an anti-Protestant campaign. Protestants in Spain are people who are not Catholics and Royalists. A series of persecutions, seizures of property, closing of schools, and slaughtering of non-Catholics ensued, which can only be paralleled by the religious excesses of the Middle Ages. Señor Ferrer, a gentleman who had founded the Escuela Moderna at Barcelona, the most notable educational institution in Spain, and therefore thoroughly detested by the Catholics, was arrested on a trumped-up charge. His schools were closed, the staff dispersed, and the pupils forced into monasteries and convents. The Society of Jesus was as much to the fore in Ferrer's case as in the Dreyfus case in forging documents for the purpose of incriminating; he accused man. Fortunately, such an accusation was raised in France and England that Ferrer was tried by a civil tribunal, and not a scrap of evidence other than Jesuit forgeries was produced against him, and he was acquitted. But he had suffered many months' imprisonment; he had been put to great personal loss; his school had been shut up and his scholars scattered far and wide. Matters quietened down; he collected more funds and re-started his educational propaganda in what is, perhaps, the most illiterate country in Europe.

Such was the position of affairs in 1909 when the Moroccan War, engineered by the Court and its financial hangers-on, was embarked upon. As is well known, the Republicans in Barcelona rose in rebellion. The Catholic Archbishop of Madrid ordered a Protestant massacre. The Council of Ministers refused to permit its execution. The next move was to get Queen Ena away from Madrid. Practically under arrest, she was sent to a chateau close to the French frontier, nominally for her personal safety, in reality to get her out of the way, as her Protestant heresies made her a suspect. No sooner was this done than a further attack was initiated on any individuals regarded as reformers or Protestants. Madrid was only saved the horrors of a second St. Bartholomew by the determined attitude of the young King and several of his Ministers, coupled with the warnings of the French Ambassador.

Military law was proclaimed throughout Spain; Señor Ferrer and his manager, Cristóbal Litrán, have been arrested, and are to be tried by court-martial. Señor Ferrer has already been tortured. The Jesuits have again "discovered" large numbers of incriminating papers. We say these things because a number of the Guardsia Civilne who effected the arrests were members of that Order. They have had actually the impudence to tender as evidence in a preliminary torture examination one of the documents which had been pronounced by the Civil Court to be a forgery, in the hope that the torture may drive the wretched man, under stress of his agony, to admit its truth. It is devil's work.

Protestants, reformers, Trade Union leaders, Republicans, and Socialists are all dubbed "anarchists" by the military clique and the Catholics. A series of persecutions, seizures of property, closing of schools, and slaughtering of non-Catholics ensued, which can only be paralleled by the religious excesses of the Middle Ages. Señor Ferrer, a gentleman who had founded the Escuela Moderna at Barcelona, the most notable educational institution in Spain, and therefore thoroughly detested by the Catholics, was arrested on a trumped-up charge. His schools were closed, the staff dispersed, and the pupils forced into monasteries and convents. The Society of Jesus was as much to the fore in Ferrer's case as in the Dreyfus case in forging documents for the purpose of incriminating; he accused man. Fortunately, such an accusation was raised in France and England that Ferrer was tried by a civil tribunal, and not a scrap of evidence other than Jesuit forgeries was produced against him, and he was acquitted. But he had suffered many months' imprisonment; he had been put to great personal loss; his school had been shut up and his scholars scattered far and wide. Matters quietened down; he collected more funds and re-started his educational propaganda in what is, perhaps, the most illiterate country in Europe.

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British East Africa.

IV.—Labour.

It is necessary to add to my description of the Land Muddling of the Government in British East Africa the following extract from the Acting Land Officer, dated July, 1908:

In view of the difficulty which has been experienced in ascertaining the position and acreage of land which is free from adjustment of their claims. Simply the door is to be the late Governor shortly afterwards withdrew his had misled him.

a mysterious influence that inspired the native chiefs were based to officials under the immediate shadow of the Governor.

There is no difficulty in forming such an enquiry. It will have to be done sooner or later, everyone agrees in that. Appoint some non-official men of experience along with the officials selected, with the addition of a Swahili Arab such as the Lewali Ali bin Salim. His practical good resulted from the discussion of the Protectorate. Early last year considerable animus was aroused by the Colonial Office making revelations of forced labour in the Highlands. It is scarcely necessary to say the despatches from British East Africa were based to a very large extent upon assumption, and the late Governor shortly afterwards withdrew his allegations so far as while settlers were concerned, leaving Colonists to infer some members of the Staff muddled,

Chief was accepted at its true value by all who knew of this incomprehensible inspiration. A simple protectorate. Early last year considerable animus was aroused by the Colonial Office making revelations of forced labour in the Highlands. It is scarcely necessary to say the despatches from British East Africa were based to a very large extent upon assumption, and the late Governor shortly afterwards withdrew his allegations so far as while settlers were concerned, leaving Colonists to infer some members of the Staff muddled,

A. Sharp (the Governor of Nyassaland) with a view to elaborating a scheme for the engagement and proper treatment of labourers, which could then be submitted to him for approval.

This sounds all right to the man in the street, but a few comments will show it to be all wrong—absolutely fallacious and misleading. It is a simple piece of sugary nonsense as the sublime Morality Circular.

Lord Crewe does not state what his objections are, nor does he explain that what he is precluded from sanctioning non-officials doing, officials are doing in British East Africa, for at the very time Sir J. Hayes Sadler was penning his despatch the Government Railway was carrying out work with indentured Indian labour. The qualities claimed for Indian labour, that it is constant and reliable, are there recorded, sporadically absent from native labour, and the Government have no objections to availing themselves of what they would deny to planters who are making such admirable efforts. etc., etc.

I take serious objection to Lord Crewe's proposal, because (1) it is an incentive to follow an old but most unwise policy, i.e., to take the native away from his own home and neglect the cultivation of his own land, to which he is so much attached and which supplies all the produce of his immediate and family needs. Still, the difficulty in securing labour on the Highlands was slight compared with that of the Lowlands.

The Report No. 592, p. 31, says:

The problem of the labour supply still continues to be a difficulty, more especially in the districts near the coast, and several contractors [with the Government] have been forced to give up their contracts owing to lack of labour.

Following the Nairobi meetings two others were held at the coast, one at Malindi and one at Mombasa, in the interests of the planters. In a lengthy and clear dispatch dated May 19th, 1908, the late Governor sets before Lord Crewe the whole matter, giving the views of the planters as well as his own. At Malindi the labour employed came from the Uplands and German East Africa. The local tribes, the Girama, will not work, and Captain Barrett, the Native Affairs Officer, anticipated they would not come in for some years. Sir J. Hayes Sadler states (in the dispatch):

It was pointed out that during the cotton picking and ginning season, which lasts from September to January, a reliable and constant supply of labour was essential, otherwise the prosecution of the cotton industry was in danger. After this year the requirements of labour could not be met inside the Protectorate, and indentured labour from India would be a necessity. I see no help for it, if cotton on the coast will be the success it promises to be, to obtain labour from India, and the fibre concessions from Kilwezi southwards will also, in the main, be dependent on this form of labour.
see crops ripen on lands (cleared and planted) and neglected in harvest time, much of the produce lost or wasted through native neglect, is to realise the difference between the irresponsible and erratic negro and the steady-going Indian, long accustomed to honest toil and supervision. Then again, the Indian wants to emigrate; he asks to come to British East Africa. But Lord Crewe objects to his coming to British East Africa, where he is wanted, although he would compel South Africa (if he could) to receive the same British subjects, even though they are not wanted there. Lord Crewe, judged by ordinary standards, is incomprehensible, a sort of fifth wheel to a coach, or the "drag" itself.

To pass on. Nothing is more heartbreaking to settlers than "desertions." In the Report No. 592, to which I have drawn attention, it is stated:

The export of mangrove bark and borities (the long, straight poles used in the floorings of buildings and for the construction of native huts) would have appeared to have reached their maximum, which is an official way of saying that the frequent desertions by natives under contract have gravely interfered with the industry of mangrove cutting. For the natives are sadly too ready to desert if they judge that by their own higher terms than those they have contracted for. The Law Courts at Mombasa have tried cases where crowds of witnesses have given evidence, and though conviction of the deserters has ensued the actual result has been the employer lost his legal costs, his cash advances, the cost of stoppage of work, the delay in securing shipment by dhows, and the disturbance of his business. I have had to do with the forwarding of native gangs of labourers up the coast. The food and treatment according to Government regulation, the agreements were passed by the local authority, a cash advance was made to each man, and yet desertion took place in a majority of cases. In paragraph 13 of the Governor's despatch allusion is made to this serious state of affairs. Sir J. Hayes Sadler says in regard to this constant source of friction:

The master has his remedy under the Masters and Servants Ordinance, but, unfortunately, there has been a difference of opinion as to the validity of verbal contracts under this Ordinance, upon which a definite ruling is necessary.

In other words, the Ordinance is badly drawn and built upon rotten foundations. And the master is advised by his Indian solicitor that he stands on a safe foundation, and accordingly he takes that he is protected in wrong-doing. How is the master to obtain his remedy in the absence of a ruling? And why did the Governor fail to lay the matter before the Legislative Council and have the Ordinance amended? The answer is that the old muddle and want of foresight continue, and that we may at an early date expect to receive a report that the cotton, rubber, and fibre industries "have reached their maximum." But for this Government apathy and neglect keeping back the coast development work could be found in a reasonable time for thousands of peaceable, steady Indians, whose advent would mean no small addition to the trade of the country without the slightest disturbance of the rights or the interests of the native population. On the other hand, it is true, it might disturb the equanimity of the officials, who make no secret of their objection to the influx of new men and new methods. "They give us more work, but no more pay." That sums up the attitude towards progress of official British East Africa.

MOMBASA.

**Suffrage Picketing.**

The Women's Freedom League has now completed its ninth week of duty outside the Palace of Westminster, and our pickets have stood an aggregate of over 9,000 hours in defence of the Right of Petition. What an anachronism it is that in a civilised and advanced Western State an antiquated defence against personal injustice, long abandoned by men for easier, more direct, and more democratic methods, should be thus treasured and defended. While men were still in a state of servitude they were granted the right of personal petition, and to-day the women have no other in politics. This throws a light upon the relative position of men and women in the State, showing how far in advancing towards democracy have selfishly and short-sightedly left the women behind. It is indeed time the wrong were recognised and righted.

Meanwhile, the women stand at Westminster in sunshine and storm, often all night, standing with fortitude and devotion this poor little privilege, lest it too should be taken away by some pompous police commissioner or by some magnificent magistrate. It is no mean service to stand six, seven, and eight hours fainting at their posts, as many of the women did in the hot days of August, or drenched by the autumn rains, as they are now in weather in which the police are all allowed to retreat within the sacred precincts of what is to us the forbidden House. A nearer inspection of the great people who foreground at Westminster is destructive of many pious traditions. A member of Parliament on a public platform or at a garden party may be awe-inspiring when he is discussing the Government, but by this step they can extort higher terms than those given evidence, and though conviction of the deserters has ensued the actual result has been the employer lost his legal costs, his cash advances, the cost of stoppage of work, the delay in securing shipment by dhows, and the disturbance of his business. I have had to do with the forwarding of native gangs of labourers up the coast. The food and treatment according to Government regulation, the agreements were passed by the local authority, a cash advance was made to each man, and yet desertion took place in a majority of cases. In paragraph 13 of the Governor's despatch allusion is made to this serious state of affairs. Sir J. Hayes Sadler says in regard to this constant source of friction:

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The Women's Freedom League has now completed its ninth week of duty outside the Palace of Westminster, and our pickets have stood an aggregate of over 9,000 hours in defence of the Right of Petition. What an anachronism it is that in a civilised and advanced Western State an antiquated defence against personal injustice, long abandoned by men for easier, more direct, and more democratic methods, should be thus treasured and defended. While men were still in a state of servitude they were granted the right of personal petition, and to-day the women have no other in politics. This throws a light upon the relative position of men and women in the State, showing how far in advancing towards democracy have selfishly and short-sightedly left the women behind. It is indeed time the wrong were recognised and righted.

Meanwhile, the women stand at Westminster in sunshine and storm, often all night, standing with fortitude and devotion this poor little privilege, lest it too should be taken away by some pompous police commissioner or by some magnificent magistrate. It is no mean service to stand six, seven, and eight hours fainting at their posts, as many of the women did in the hot days of August, or drenched by the autumn rains, as they are now in weather in which the police are all allowed to retreat within the sacred precincts of what is to us the forbidden House. A nearer inspection of the great people who foreground at Westminster is destructive of many pious traditions. A member of Parliament on a public platform or at a garden party may be awe-inspiring when he is discussing the Government, but by this step they can extort higher terms than those

The export of mangrove bark and borities (the long, straight poles used in the floorings of buildings and for the construction of native huts) would have appeared to have reached their maximum, which is an official way of saying that the frequent desertions by natives under contract have gravely interfered with the industry of mangrove cutting. For the natives are sadly too ready to desert if they judge that by their own higher terms than those they have contracted for. The Law Courts at Mombasa have tried cases where crowds of witnesses have given evidence, and though conviction of the deserters has ensued the actual result has been the employer lost his legal costs, his cash advances, the cost of stoppage of work, the delay in securing shipment by dhows, and the disturbance of his business. I have had to do with the forwarding of native gangs of labourers up the coast. The food and treatment according to Government regulation, the agreements were passed by the local authority, a cash advance was made to each man, and yet desertion took place in a majority of cases. In paragraph 13 of the Governor's despatch allusion is made to this serious state of affairs. Sir J. Hayes Sadler says in regard to this constant source of friction:

The master has his remedy under the Masters and Servants Ordinance, but, unfortunately, there has been a difference of opinion as to the validity of verbal contracts under this Ordinance, upon which a definite ruling is necessary.

In other words, the Ordinance is badly drawn and built upon rotten foundations. And the master is advised by his Indian solicitor that he stands on a safe foundation, and accordingly he takes that he is protected in wrong-doing. How is the master to obtain his remedy in the absence of a ruling? And why did the Governor fail to lay the matter before the Legislative Council and have the Ordinance amended? The answer is that the old muddle and want of foresight continue, and that we may at an early date expect to receive a report that the cotton, rubber, and fibre industries "have reached their maximum." But for this Government apathy and neglect keeping back the coast development work could be found in a reasonable time for thousands of peaceable, steady Indians, whose advent would mean no small addition to the trade of the country without the slightest disturbance of the rights or the interests of the native population. On the other hand, it is true, it might disturb the equanimity of the officials, who make no secret of their objection to the influx of new men and new methods. "They give us more work, but no more pay." That sums up the attitude towards progress of official British East Africa.

MOMBASA.
Is the Vote Lost?

By Lady Onslow.

In order to explain my heading I must confess that when first I read through Mr. George's article in The New Age of September 2nd, I was so bewildered by the contradictions which it contains that I was unable to detect in it any meaning or purpose whatsoever.

It may well be that other people, and particularly the discriminating readers have felt no such bewilderment. If amongst such one kind person can be found willing to come to my aid I shall be grateful to him. If I have plucked up courage to expose the conjecture as to the purpose of the article at which I ultimately arrived, it is because I had rather be corrected than left unenlightened—also because I may just possibly find a second to my resolution. Here is the problem:—

The Women will get the vote? (Clause I of opening sentence),? "and yet the Cause, as a Cause, is lost?" (Clause II of same).

To the simple observer it would appear that when women get their vote, they will have gained their "Cause," whatever meaning may be attached to that word; since equality of citizenship with man will give them the protection they need, and it covers all the further rights they seek—those, namely, of full responsibility, and of freedom to give their best service, unhindered, to the race. Mr. George is not simple-minded. To him there is some subtle distinction between the two—an imperceived by the ordinary person. The Suffragists, however, are not the only people who are capable of losing a cause and gaining it at one and the same time. "The Cause" (that of the Suffrage) "is lost" we are told. "It is lost though woman's suffrage come. It is lost as was the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which—has lately come into being"!

To draw any parallel between the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill and a Suffrage Bill is of course an absurdity; but since this absurdity has been perpetrated by Mr. George it is allowable to ask him if the promoters of the former little measure have been going about since their Bill became law in a state of lamentation over their lost Cause?

If he should answer this question in the affirmative the sanity of these lamenters leaves much to be desired, and it is a little hard on the mass of Suffragists to be treated with so much contempt. Thus "they could have offered" . . . "they could have driven," etc.) all of which I translate into the future tense. I may not in time. I think Mr. George's meaning to be—though it is all put in a past tense. ("Had they (the Suffragists) not offended party susceptibilities" . . . "they could have offered" . . . "they could have driven," etc.)

Mr. George's catalogue of women's political mistakes—brought about by their "straightforwardness" and . . . and they do not suit women, manoeuvring—is long enough to provoke anyone, not in extremis, to take a more decided and conventional action?

"Until there is a party in the country," he goes on to say, "which can bid for a Bill there will be no Bill unless the Suffragists will remit themselves into the hands of the blind force that moulds our political destinies." This last statement is not lucid, perhaps, but its vague-ness is not without effect, for it is the blind force that moulds our political destinies.

Without such willing, uncompelled service it is further conceivable to such thinkers that progression on the spiral ascent of our destiny may be. Many unwise thinkers discern the spirit of the universe, which uses the willing service of human hearts and hands as the means upon this earth's plane of its expression and of our human development.

Without such willing, uncompelled service it is further conceivable to such thinkers that progression on the spiral ascent of our destiny may be delayed.

"Revenons à nous moutons!" or rather to Mr. W. L. George's four unwise women—"The Women will get the Vote." "The Suffrage Rout is Complete." "The Cause is Lost." "Woman's Suffrage——A Lost Cause?"

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The red sun sank; good things of day Began to take the homeward way: Out came the moon; out came the bat; A wood-owl in a tree-fork sat— Tu-whit, tu-who! Tu-who! Tu-who! An old blind bat in circuit flew. The blank moon cast her silver light, And all the woods and fields were white: The rat retired, out came an ass; Out came a lover and his last— Tu-whit, tu-who! Tu-whit, tu-who! The old blind bat in zigzag flew.

F. W. WILKIE.
The Wisdom of the Cat.

By the late Henry M. Bernard, M.A., F.Z.S.

There was a semi-circle of peacocks. They were all of gold, with their tails spread out erect. The eyes in their heads and in their tails were jewels of price, and all looked at the throne—so stately a row that their humbler brethren in the palace grounds, whose tails were often dragged, felt ashamed and lurked behind the bushes, consoling themselves with worms.

Behind the peacocks was a triple semi-circle of black-skinned warriors, hidden to above the knees by the tails of the peacocks. What human thought was concealed under gold and silver plates with bands and braids of flowing bright-coloured silks in between. They were so motionless that they might have been manufactured like the peacocks by the designer of the Royal Audience Chamber. Their red lips, however, told of warm human blood, and the restless movements of the little yellow patches in the corners of their eyes betrayed some kind of internal psychic interest, but little of intelligence and less of sympathy. These were a very necessary part of the Royal machinery of government, where its beholding and dismembering experts, set in motion by a slight movement of the forefinger of the Royal left hand. They acted in couples, each couple in turn, according to elaborately prepared and strictly observed rules. This most necessary machine was kept in perfect working order, and no other department acted with such smoothness and promptitude.

Scribes sat low on each side at the front of the steps, somewhat screened from the throne by the first peacock on each side arch, none advancing as far as the sacred carpet that covered the semi-circle. Blood-royal alone might walk on that carpet. Quite a different carpet ran from the Royal wisdom and chronicle the acts of the King. The Grandees, the foreign Princes, the Ambassadors, and the élite of the guards stood respectfully under the arches at the sides, but the one down which the Royal eyes would look was high. And the King, from his elevated seat, could gaze along a wide avenue that ran straight out through the Palace grounds, and could see and be seen by crowds of his loyal and obedient subjects.

The arches, three deep, bounded the semi-circle facing the throne. The arches at the sides were low, but the one down which the Royal eyes would look was high. And the King, from his elevated seat, could gaze along a wide avenue that ran straight out through the Palace grounds, and could see and be seen by crowds of his loyal and obedient subjects.

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The King smiled, and the smile spread to every face in that vast audience. Had the monarch looked sad after the last expression of divine justice all would have looked sad; had he appeared grave, all would have been dreadfully lost in serious thought; had he been fierce and angry, all would have scowled, especially those who, like the prophet's father, were still in no little terror lest the royal vengeance should suddenly shoot out its lightning at them. The only being in that conclave free, detached and serene, besides the parrot (and he was only free in his mind and tongue, for his leg was chained to the perch) was the Cat, who sat contemplating the scene and all these strange ways of mankind indifferent.

The parrot had sneezed! and, after having received the royal finger to toy with, began suddenly to mock the Cat by mimicking its voice. The Cat was too dignified even to look round. The monarch's laugh was echoed by the audience. But observe, the King (Fountain of Graces!) called the Cat and stretched out the royal hand to caress it! The Cat thus became the one object of importance in the audience chamber. But it paid no more heed to the Vice-gerent than it had done to the parrot. The royal favour grows more urgent; the Cat remains indifferent. The assembly is aghast. Again the monarch beckons—this time with a slight stamp of impatience, which sends a thrill through the hall. The Cat replies by hoisting one of its hind legs high in the air, doubling up and biting for a flea near the root of its tail! The air is electric! Will the beheaders and decapitators be put in motion? Ah, no. It is a beautiful Cat, not a tawdry toy.

A stir under the high arch relieved the situation. Evidently an impatient suppliant, who waits not even for the ushers to lead him into the presence. He bust through the throng, and, prostrating himself, hastened forward with half a stamping, half a running motion, all the while keeping his head as close to the ground as possible, not daring to look dread Majesty in the eyes, until he found himself crouching at the foot of the steps. The Cat, astonished at the rapidity of the approach, sat up without the slightest loss of dignity on account of its natural but unconventional public toilet. It walked down the steps, with back arched and tail erect, rubbed itself leisurely and to its complete satisfaction against the suppliant's left shoulder and left hip, and then, gliding round, against the right hip and right shoulder; lastly it dived under the suppliant's face, squirmed its whole length of body and tail under his forehead, and coming up on the other side resumed its place. The parrot, in the meantime, had started an excited screaming and flustering at the sight of the croucher. And, lastly, the King showed signs of amusement, which of course sent a wave of merriment through the chamber. Far the suppliant was the privilege of the morning.

"Oh! Son of the Sun and offspring of the daughter of the Moon, Ruler of all the peoples of the nations on which the stars look down, Mighty Lord and King, Vice-gerent of all the Gods both great and small in Heaven and Hell, Fountain of Wisdom!" began the suppliant in an agonised voice.

The King sat erect and looked gracious, the audience cared nothing about titles which exist in natural hut unconventional government. What a relief to know that such monstrous machinery of government has no existence. Things are differently managed here, I thought. We yield to no consecrated cruelities. No forms of state hypnotise us.

Those whom the industry of earlier generations has enriched and relieved from the necessity of manual labour give their money and their energies nobly for the benefit of others still doomed to struggle. A purely pleasure-loving—parasitic life—is—longer—longer—tolerated—among-us.

I dozed off, only to hear the Parrot sneeze affectedly, to see the young prophet looking at me reproachfully and the jester mockingly. And into my eyes glazed the eyes of the Cat unfathomable. * * * Note.—The jester's parable is not original. Suspension in mid-air represents life, which the rats, Night and Day, are gnawing through; the berries are its good things, and the jaws of the influriated camel, perils from accident and disease, never at any time far away.
A Note on Ambrose Bierce.

Who is Ambrose Bierce? asks Jacob Tonson. Answers, more or less complete, have come from several quarters. If I, too, advance a reply it is because I am animated by a desire to achieve a synthesis on the subject proposed by Mr. Tonson. No! For, on the contrary, I very much hope to see the discussion continue, and I throw in my contribution as a stimulant. Nothing connected with The New Age is so excited me and so pleased me, bar my discovery of Ambrose Bierce, man of courage, writer of genius. I pray that the symposium excited by Mr. Tonson may go on until The New Age has instilled in members of the Fourth Estate everywhere the knowledge that Ambrose Bierce and his work are matters of prime importance.

It is rather more a certainty than a probability that the text of the first communication of mine to appear in this journal, "A Letter from America," has not been memorised by its readers, so that I may be permitted to remind them that in that communication I instanced Ambrose Bierce as one of the exceedingly few writers of whom I have no choice reservations, he being certainly as not only worth while but are expressed beautifully; also, I uttered my conviction that America's chief need at present is for writers of Bierce's authenticity as artists. Furthermore in the same letter, I offered to send a detached reporter of the campaign of the world-wide war of Humanity against the powers of darkness which is being waged in America, and to send from the front despatches concerned with its important phases. It is peculiarly appropriate that the first report I am moved to make should be concerned with Ambrose Bierce.

The New Age is an organ of Socialism. I am a Socialist writer. If there is one word that more than any other word appears to have the power of stirring Bierce, it is the word "poor." Those options are not only worth while but are expressed beautifully; also, I uttered my conviction that America's chief need at present is for writers of Bierce's authenticity as artists. Furthermore in the same letter, I offered to send a detached reporter of the campaign of the world-wide war of Humanity against the powers of darkness which is being waged in America, and to send from the front despatches concerned with its important phases. It is peculiarly appropriate that the first report I am moved to make should be concerned with Ambrose Bierce.

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...
all but the really puissant spirits; a spiritual sclerosis, a hardening and a thinning on the fibres of the soul. Time is the mark of such suffocation.

Thus it comes to pass that while men who have lived and worked through many years should naturally be our wisest men, our real leaders—capable, strong, and efficient, but not young—the reverse is most often the case. Of one hundred writers, for example, who in the United States begin their careers by striking honest and future-building notes, at least ninety soon sell themselves in the market places.

"Throughout a long life of unerring work Ambrose Bierce has been true to Art. The Goddess hath not left him unrewarded. He has shaped certain works of an imperishable beauty. His name is now by a few, and in years to come shall be by many, young writers spoken with reverence. Hail, Bierce! We are about to live salute thee!"

Michael Williams.

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

CERTAIN persons have represented to me that since Jacob Tonson was Dr. Johnson's publisher I ought to have shown more interest than I actually have done in the Lichfield celebrations which concluded in rank gourmandise on Saturday night. The answer to this is that confusion reigns in the minds of the said persons. I do not consider myself to be Johnson's publisher. It was written that "his manner was soft and his conversation delicate." I am, indeed, that Jacob's great uncle, Dryden's publisher. There can be little doubt that I swindled Dryden. But the tale of our transactions is somewhat vague, and it indeed, that Jacob's great uncle, Dryden's publisher.

Among connoisseurs which justly came to him—at a price among connoisseurs which justly came to him—at a price among connoisseurs which justly came to him—at a price among connoisseurs which justly came to him—at a price among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him—among connoisseurs which justly came to him among connoisseurs which justly came to him. And his reputation rests on the value of his novels, and not in the least on the manner in which he chose to write them. And his reputation is secure. Moreover, there is no reason why great literature should not be produced to time, with a watch on the desk. Persons who chatter about the necessity of awaiting inspirational hypersthenia don't know what the business of being an artist is. They have only read about it sentimentally.

The whole argument is preposterous, and extra-ordinarily Victorian. And even assuming that the truth would deal a fatal blow, etc., is that Johnson concealed it? Another strange sentence is this: 'The wonder is, not that Trollope's novels are 'readable,' but that, being readable, they are yet so closely packed with that true realism without which any picture of life is lifeless.' (My italics.) I find myself, not quality, in the opinion of the 'Times' writer, chiefly makes for readableness.

I think it ought to be stated that Mr. Stephen Reynolds's new book, "The Holy Mountain," has been written before "A Poor Man's House." It has, I believe, been partially re-written, but it remains a less mature work than "A Poor Man's House." One may say that "A Poor Man's House" fulfills the promise of "The Holy Mountain," rather than vice versa.

Jacob Tonson.
REVIEWS.

Aubrey Beardsley. By Robert Ross. Illustrated. 112 pp. (John Lane. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.)

A hearty welcome may be extended to this slight but sympathetic essay on Aubrey Beardsley. Mr. Ross has been fortunate in his intimate association with two great figures in the Literature and Art of the nineteenth century—Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley. Rare, indeed, is it to have two such brilliant friends. Mr. Ross has proved his friendship by his unsparing faith in both his idols. Mr. Ross, by his counsel and aid, materially assisted in the development of the mysterious talent of Aubrey Beardsley. The artist always prefers the quickly-tendered appreciation of generous friendship, in whose encouraging companionship and championship his art is warmed to its maturity.

The important points of Beardsley's life have been marshalled clearly and concisely; and Mr. Ross has clothed his opinions of Beardsley's critics and work in the vesture of good and wholesome English.

Beardsley's success was the most striking fact about his gloomy and lonely life. In his case the gods were on the side of Youth. He gained an unchallengeable place in the realms of Art in the early twenties; but the gods, or their incomprehensible cruelty (or mercy?) snatched away his novella, his arabesque. The "Tales of Mystery and Imagination" would have had their startling and horrific effect increased tenfold could Edgar Allan Poe's literary genius have been illustrated by Beardsley's exquisite arabesque. "Les Diaboliques," by Barbey D'Aurevilly, occurs to one as a book which would have afforded magnificent opportunities for Aubrey Beardsley's amazing skill in catching the esprit of a book. The other literatures, that of the author and the artist, for both Barbey D'Aurevilly and Aubrey Beardsley were Roman Catholics, would have intensified the success of a collaboration in the grim study of the officers of the First Empire, entitled "The Dinner of Atheists."

Beardsley's "Last Letters" throw some light on the gravest artistic defect in his work—its mocking cruelty. The essentials of true Art are nobility and mercy. A modern writer has said, with ominous truth, that women will always be bad artists because of their primitive cruelty. Cruelty is the most obvious fault in Mr. Bernard Shaw's work. Mr. Shaw has tried to override the artistic defects of his feminine temperament, and has so far failed. The world still awaits his masterpiece. So Beardsley's letters depict him as a man of feminine temperament; and in men the cruelty of femininity is emphasised by their want of permanence than that.

Our own epitaph upon him is well expressed, with a slight alteration, by the charming lines:

"Strew on him Roses, Roses And never a spray of yew!"

George Bernard Shaw. By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane. 2s. net.)

Kipling dedicated his "Barrack Room Ballads" to Tommy Atkins in something like these words:

I have made for you a song. And it may be right or wrong. But only you can tell me if it is true.

Similarly, only Mr. Shaw can tell us if Mr. Chesterton's portrait of him is true. Our own estimate is that Mr. Chesterton's portrait is more like Mr. Chesterton than Mr. Shaw. We go further and declare that Mr. Chesterton, from whom nothing else is concealed, is for ever barred from understanding Mr. Shaw. Not in his Irish ancestry is to be found the secret of G.B.S. Once granted that such materials are sufficient data for a portrait and Mr. Chesterton is marvellous. His genius in divination is well-nigh miraculous. But we prefer to believe that these are only the rough Hewings of ends than whose shapes destiny in the form of the soul determined long before birth; and it is a higher sense of divination than even Mr. Chesterton's that is needed here. It is a comparative easy, for example, to trace Mr. Shaw's intense aloofness from the mob to the political and social isolation of his ancestry of the Irish pale; but the quality has a profounder origin and meaning. At bottom, Mr. Shaw is not only of the Irish pale, but of the Human pale. Every word that Mr. Chesterton writes convinces us that he himself is thoroughly at home on this planet. His quarrels with his times are family quarrels; always he is instinctively at home; home, in fact, is his typical word and thought. But Mr. Shaw is not at home among us, nor does he even desire to be. He is a new-comer among old settlers, disliking our ways and desiring only to put an end to most of them. Our generation has proved it after the manner of men by heaving half bricks at him. Mr. Chesterton knows better than that. But he does not understand him any the better. A profound misunder-

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SKETCHES AND MODELS ON APPLICATION.
La Vie amoureuse de Stendhal. By Jean Mélia. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 60.)

This is Stendhal from the cradle to the grave; for his love-making began soon after he was able to crawl out of the former, and did not end until he was conveyed to the latter. If there be any kind of a second life, Stendhal is now making love in Heaven. One more proof of his increasing popularity is furnished by M. Mélia's work, which is much more than a mere chronicle of what, in England, would be called illegal confessions: Stendhal set out to study Life; he found that Love was the deciding factor, and this led him to study Woman. No man ever studied woman more profoundly or expressed the results of his psychological observations of the sex more clearly. He planned his account of sexual battles in such a way that he was as proud of them as Napoleon of his campaigns.

M. Mélia has sifted a huge mass of published and unpublished matter, and his book is a very interesting study of Stendhal himself in his relations with women. Decidedly a book to be recommended, at all events in the original.

Hermes and Plato. By E. Schuré. (Rider. 18. 6d.)

The Mysteries of Eleusis were known to no one but the initiates, who took an oath and preserved it much as Masons do. Mr. Schuré is apparently so conscious of this fact that in his joyful and pretty piece of fact and fiction what Hermes and Plato saw is mostly what Mr. Schuré knows. He knows, of course, there are three ways of approaching these mysteries—the spiritualised, the anthropomorphic, and the materialistic, as in the "Areians" of Aristophanes. But he prefers the spiritualised view, with the result that you get a mixture of florid passages as the test of sexual purity sonorous mere verbiage, as the definition of the Ideal and Initiation (89); and imaginative conceptions that would make excellent Music Hall sketches of the Maud Allan variety, as that of the rape of Persephone (96).

Love the Thief. By Helen Mathers. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Many characters and curious events mark this rousing plot novel. It is really a mystery drama in three acts. Puzzle: Find the Murderer and the Will. Act I reveals the paralysed fox-hunting sir admiring his own estate, and surrounded by a group of schemers anxious to relieve him of the job. Curtain, the squire found dead and the will gone. Act 2 is concerned with the conflicting circumstances arising out of Arny's dealings with a French female offender and a detective named Yawner play principal parts. Act 3, four confessions clearing up the mysteries. On the whole the book bears abundant evidence of the author's skill and ingenuity in her own line of fiction. The interest is more widely maintained to the end than the characters, like those of "Comin' thro' the Rye," are many, varied, and clear-cut. Kit, the heroine, is a full-blooded, affectionate, and womanly creature, whose love and levity, slang and sorrow are excellent in their way. A point to note is that the author uses some of the characters, like those of "Comin' thro' the Rye," are many, varied, and clear-cut. Kit, the heroine, is a full-blooded, affectionate, and womanly creature, whose love and levity, slang and sorrow are excellent in their way. A point to note is that the author uses some of the characters, like those of "Comin' thro' the Rye," and many others.

Anne Inescourt. By Marcus Servian. (Griffiths. 6s.)

Many problems are suggested by this thoughtful psychological novel. It deals principally with the problem of a wife with a preference. Anne Inescourt has a domestic affection for her kind but deadly dull husband, but she really loves a "newspaper man" with a mentally deranged wife. She dabbles in poetry, joins a sort of mutual admiration society, The Affinities, maintains strange views on matrimony, and is magnetised by the journalist into bolting with him to the Tyrol. Then follows the invariable disillusionment, she learns the truth, and returns to a forgiving husband. The story is not new, but it is fresh and well told. But the author lacks skill in handling his main argument. He apparently sets out to prove Menander's "Malum est mulier, sed necessarium malum," but proves instead that man is an evil, but a necessary evil.

It is self-seeking seducers like Sutherland that are the foes of society, not weak wives like Anne.

Co-Heiresses. By E. Everett-Green. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Many cruelties condemn this mildly amusing story of a stupid will. Muriel (the Summer Child) and Betty (the Winter Child) jointly inherit Tor Crag. In consequence, Muriel the unassuming is wooed by Black Herondale. Betty, a sort of mutual admiration society, however, intervenes, as they say of the King's Proctor, and a re-sorting is necessary, with the result that Betty pays off with the Black One and Muriel nets the Heron. With this good news from Tor Crag the story ends.


This contains the third series of popular lectures delivered by Professor Masterman to audiences mostly of working men in Westminster Hall. They deal mainly with the origin and development of democracy in England, and on that account alone deserve a place in the present volume, the title story has a topical interest, Mr. H. B. Irving having announced a play founded on the plot. We shall look forward to it with interest, Prof. Masterman has naturally a very wide range of knowledge, and, moreover, the art of simplifying his subject. With his facts, in fact, impossible to disagree, since they are beyond dispute. With many other lectures, also, we agree very much. His diagnosis of the causes of the Chartist failure, however, appears to us as wrong now when we re-read his lecture as it appeared to us when he delivered it. Political movements do not die of asking too much. The most illuminating lecture to our mind is that on the meaning of Democracy. Professor Masterman harks back to Rousseau. Rousseau understood.

Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

The interest in Oscar Wilde is perennial. This is the first volume of a new and cheaper edition of his works based on the complete but expensive edition published a year ago. The present edition will be issued in twelve volumes, beautifully printed on beautiful paper—as becomes the work of a great artist. Of the stories in this present volume, the title story has a topical interest, Mr. H. B. Irving having announced a play founded on the plot. We shall look forward to it with interest; though only Wilde, we think, could really dramatise his own work. The other stories include the delicate "Sphinx without a Secret" and the comically "Portrait of Mr. W. H." Save for this last-named sketch all the stories owe their charm to Wilde's incomparable style. Anybody could invent Wilde's stories, but nobody else could tell them.

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Recent Music.

Contrasts.

It was my fate last week to hear a symphony by a Russian composer little known in this country, the late Basil Kalinnikov. Out of the cruellest depths of poverty, beaten, starved, despised, the genius of Kalinnikov cried aloud once or twice and then ceased.

At the age of thirty-four this young man, considered by his few intimate and critical friends to be one of the most talented of Russian musicians, died. Kalinnikov is little known in this country, the late Kalinnikov died. His music reminded me very much of Tchaikovski, Maxim Gorki, Rimski-Korsakov, even of Tolstoi. There is the same tempest of life, relentless, unkind, impatient, cheerless. Naturally the young man had not the power and knowledge that comes with long experience, nor the calmness and dignity of experience, but he seemed to have crammed into his short life a good deal of hell, and this work (Symphony No. 1, in G minor) is excellent testimony of the fact. No time for the graces and embellishments of social life, no time for its charming insincerities, no knowledge of such things. Everything terribly grim, terribly real. There is one movement of the symphony in which a madly insistent dance tune is employed as a background, so to speak, for the central tragedy of the story (for, of course, there must be a story). The dramatic fatalism of this unsophisticated little tune reminded me strongly of the tune to which Tchaikovski, and you might occasionally be deceived as to the real authorship. But, derivations and all, this music reminded me very much of Tchaikovski.

Kalinnikov is little known in this country. The management of the Milton tercentenary invited crowds of musical critics. The music, however, is very incidental and meretricious beyond words. Most theatre composers write music like that, why blame Saint-Saëns? | HERBERT HUGHES.

Drama.

False Gods (His Majesty's).

M. Barthet is a writer who should tell us about things he has actually seen. In such work he is fine, because truthful. But for me he has not imagination enough to attempt successfully such plays as "False Gods," through his selection of ideas. He pitches these ideas back into Ancient Egyptian times—times of which we know so little that we are continually gaping and wondering at the miracle of having found out anything at all about them. A brilliant opportunity for unfettered imaginations was taken by him, and he turns out a play that might have been written round the Catholic Church. Certainly M. Saint-Saëns' very Christian music adds to this impression; but, on the other hand, for goodness sake let us cling to confidence in our unbiased judgment, or criticism will crash down, a revealed wastrel.

Satni, the potter's son, who was trained for a priest, has been away on a visit to far lands. He returns an unbeliever in the Egyptian religion. In Rehow, an Egyptian prince, he finds a sympathetic listener. This man is willing to support him in a public denunciation of the gods, because he believes that with the confidence of the people much power might be gained, that he might become master of Egypt. Rehow, however, does not really sympathise with the new ideas, for he cannot understand that Satni believes in the divinity of man and in no higher power, or at least in none that would condescend to concern itself with humanity. He only thinks Satni has discovered new and more powerful gods, whose identity must not be revealed. The potter's son returns on the day of the decision as to which virgin shall be sacrificed to the God of the Nile. His betrothed, Yaouma, is chosen. Satni tries to convert her to his unbelief in the gods, and fails. In the interval between Acts I and II the Temple boat has been wrecked by a thunderstorm, and it came to carry Yaouma to the place of sacrifice. The girl takes a

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it as a sign from the gods of Satni, and believes in them, while the sick and poverty-stricken among the people, thinking him a miracle worker, come to be cured.

Rehoh then persuades him to bring about a small revolution. The images of the gods that stand in the prince’s house are broken, and he throws open his great doors, and lets in into his palace the breaking of the images, particularly that of Isis. She no longer believes in the power of the goddess, she declares, but feels that Isis should be respected because she has witnessed so much suffering and inspired so much hope. At the end of the day a message of exile comes to Rehoh from the Pharaoh.

Meanwhile the servants of his neighbourhood have robbed their master’s granaries and broken his images. They are hunted down by the soldiers, and in Act III we find them, as fugitives, imploring Satni to intercede with his gods for their salvation. He declares that it is useless, and that there is no help anywhere but in them-

The visions of the gods that stand in the between the Pharaoh and the High Priest is very poses to win him back to the fold. The interview miraculous cure has been taken from her, and Yaouma priest of his church to the Pharaoh’s judgment, but is interesting, though really the disputants might be a-wise, but remembering Humanity’s need than in kings. The incidental music of M. Saint-Saëns is naturally very skilful, but I wish one scrap of it might be cut. When Satni says Human Life must be respected, the orchestra goes tiddley um pom, pom—and so finishes. It almost tempts me to think that there was a bar or two left over for the due appreciation of incident, and the director had searched for a significant line on which to bestow it.

Next comes the “great scene.” Satni has been summoned before the High Priest, who is a wise, tactful old man. He refuses to deliver up the one time priest of his church to the Pharaoh’s judgment, but wishing to kill the man’s work and not the man, proposes to win him back to the fold. The interview between the Pharaoh and the High Priest is very amusing, by the way. For all the world like two cats on the tiles, they respectively misused and purred at one another from two thrones set in a line. The necessary turn of the heads for the delivery of each quaint contribution emphasised the effect.

The scene where the Priest and the new teacher is interesting, though really the disputants might be a Catholic father and a heretic. Satni has vowed that he will prevent the miracle on the next day—the death of Yaouma’s sacrifice, when the image of Isis is to bend its head in token of protecting care for the city. The Priest admits that the miracle is worked mechanically, and appeals to Satni’s intellect. “To each is given the faith he deserves,” he says, and the higher orders of Egypt’s priests recognise in the stone images only symbols of the god’s spiritual presence. Satni is offered a high place in the priesthood and Yaouma in marriage. He refuses. He is put to the “test of fear.” He is left alone in the Holy of Holies to face Isis, radiant and terrible in limelight. He emerges triumphant in spite of the traditions of his upbringing in this very temple. Then he is put to the test of pity. The High Priest shows him the mechanism and appoints him to work the miracle if he cannot withstand the appeals for reassurance of faith and hope which will be made by the people. They are admitted, and Satni falls a victim to their words.

The miracle happens. But later he repents and shews the truth to the people who naturally yell in derision and hatred of the human failure. A procession passes escorting Yaouma to her marriage with the slime of the Nile. The people, forgetting their scorn, hurry after her, shouting and praising. Only one cripple, preferring hatred to rejoicing, remains and stabs Satni—apparently simply for the mere fun of the thing. But he repents when his victim announces he is more sorry than angry.

Then the blind woman passes at the tail of the procession. She has returned to her belief in Satni’s words, but remembering Humanity’s need of sacrificing itself, she asks: “To whom shall we make sacrifice?” With his dying breath the preacher tells her: “To those who suffer.”

There is the play. For those who care for the idea, it is perhaps charming to see it blazoned with gold and silver costumes and really delightful scenery. Mrs. Patrick Campbell’s beautiful eyes and voice were appreciated in the leading woman. But I do not like her head-dress. It is not becoming. Surely it could be modified without losing its historical correctness. Mr. Ainley (Satni) looked picturesque, as he always can. His performance was disappointing, however. One expects a great deal from a man with a head like that. He seemed utterly lacking in magnetism, the one essential quality for the actor of such a part. But, then, this same part is a much poorer one than appears on the surface—Mr. Ainley is almost addicted to attempting impossible parts; for instance, Housman’s Naâki-Pu. Mr. Herbert Carter as the Pharaoh was as good a copy of a mummy as may be—a pity he was forced to rampage through his part more gracefully draped than ever. I have not appreciated his personality so well for many months. I think he is more attractive in high priests than in kings. The incidental music of M. Saint-Saëns was naturally very skilful, but I wish one scrap of it might be cut. When Satni says Human Life must be respected, the orchestra goes tiddley um pom, pom—and so finishes. It almost tempts me to think that there was a bar or two left over for the due appreciation of incident, and the director had searched for a significant line on which to bestow it.

N. C.
CORRESPONDENCE.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondents addressed for publication should be addressed to the Editor and write their name on one side of the paper only. SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE LATE LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The passing of Lord Tweedmouth puts a tragic end to the most despicable incident in English politics since the Jameson Raid. Would that one could say of this scandal, "Requiescat in pace," but that, in all probability, for Lord Tweedmouth; but public duty must be performed, and the death of Lord Tweedmouth renders it of urgency to deal with this grave matter.

Lord Tweedmouth's health was ruined by a mental breakdown brought on in consequence of the intolerable attacks, to a sensitive and high-minded man, which some venomous political enemies suddenly launched upon him, carefully disguising their action under the plea of public interest.

The "Times" of March 16th, 1890, contained a letter from its "Military" correspondent, in which the following passage appeared: "It has come to my knowledge that his Majesty the German Emperor has recently addressed a letter to Lord Tweedmouth on the subject of British and German naval policy, and it is affirmed in this letter that the German Emperor's attempt to influence, in German interests, the Minister responsible for our Navy Estimates was Lord Tweedmouth carrying his country to the German Emperor. How the "Times" secured a knowledge of the contents of this letter has never been disclosed. Lord Tweedmouth, in his explanation in the House of Lords, stated that he had not sent a personal letter to the German Emperor, and had shown it to Sir Edward Grey immediately on receipt.

The letter was a private letter, making strong comments, in the German Emperor's well known Royal manner, on some of our naval and military alarmists. These gentlemen were dealt with very frankly, and the German Emperor's criticisms have turned out to be well founded.

By a gross breach of faith, and by a device too clever to publish the document, the publication of which would have involved prosecution, and the suppression of which was only adopted there in 1901, after having been tried in Washington in 1874 and 1878. A triumvirate of "Commissioners" is installed as tyrants, with plenary powers, and so successful does the plan that last year Mississippi gave power to all her towns to adopt the system. (See p. 101-2, "Essays in Politics," by Andrew Macphail. Longmans.)

You note that Venezuela has adopted a Council of Ten on the Venetian pattern for its constitution. You may not be aware that several cities of the United States have abandoned municipal democracy in favour of Councils of Three. The plan is known as the "Galvezon plan," though it was only adopted there in 1901, after Washington in 1874 and 1878. A triumvirate of "Commissioners" is installed as tyrants, with plenary powers, and so successful does the plan that last year Mississippi gave power to all her towns to adopt the system. (See p. 101-2, "Essays in Politics," by Andrew Macphail. Longmans.)

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