NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

From one point of view we have nothing to complain of in the political events of the past week. They have followed very obediently on the lines we foresaw for them. From other views they are less satisfactory, since they imply a continued blindness to certain unmistakable facts. We will not enter here into the vexed question of what is or is not democratic government. We repeat our contentions in view of criticisms that they should be otherwise than what it is. Our business is to see that the next opportunity is not missed as the last was missed. Now there is every chance that previous saner blindness will do for the reforming party on this occasion exactly what it did on the previous occasion, namely, close people's eyes to certain facts solely because they are disagreeable. It is, for example, a disagreeable fact that the veto of the Lords cannot by any conceivable possibility be abolished by Irish votes. The feeling in England is such that on a matter which, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as purely English, the votes of the Irish members, on whichever side they may be cast, will be popularly discounted. We do not say that this should be so. It is monstrous, in fact, that the Union so passionately maintained in theory should be as passionately denied in practice. But if that has been refused to have resigned office. What a pity Mr. Snowden and the Labour Party did not take that view before the election. The coming General Election would certainly then have been spared us.

The New Age alone was right in the political events of the past week. They have followed very obediently on the lines we foresaw for them. From other views they are less satisfactory, since they imply a continued blindness to certain unmistakable facts. We repeat our contentions in view of criticisms that they should be otherwise than what it is. Our business is to see that the next opportunity is not missed as the last was missed. Now there is every chance that previous saner blindness will do for the reforming party on this occasion exactly what it did on the previous occasion, namely, close people's eyes to certain facts solely because they are disagreeable. It is, for example, a disagreeable fact that the veto of the Lords cannot by any conceivable possibility be abolished by Irish votes. The feeling in England is such that on a matter which, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as purely English, the votes of the Irish members, on whichever side they may be cast, will be popularly discounted. We do not say that this should be so. It is monstrous, in fact, that the Union so passionately maintained in theory should be as passionately denied in practice. But if that has been refused to have resigned office. What a pity Mr. Snowden and the Labour Party did not take that view before the election. The coming General Election would certainly then have been spared us.

There is no use, however, in wishing that the past should be otherwise than what it is. Our business is to see that the next opportunity is not missed as the last was missed. Now there is every chance that previous saner blindness will do for the reforming party on this occasion exactly what it did on the previous occasion, namely, close people's eyes to certain facts solely because they are disagreeable. It is, for example, a disagreeable fact that the veto of the Lords cannot by any conceivable possibility be abolished by Irish votes. The feeling in England is such that on a matter which, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as purely English, the votes of the Irish members, on whichever side they may be cast, will be popularly discounted. We do not say that this should be so. It is monstrous, in fact, that the Union so passionately maintained in theory should be as passionately denied in practice. But if that has been refused to have resigned office. What a pity Mr. Snowden and the Labour Party did not take that view before the election. The coming General Election would certainly then have been spared us.

We are as anxious as anybody to abolish the Veto of the House of Lords. We maintain that the hereditary principle in legislation is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. We care nothing for a Second Chamber, either in theory or in practice. A Single Chamber is good enough for a free nation, or can be made so if it is not needed in practice. But we are also anxious that whatever step is taken towards abolishing the House of Lords should be taken finally and for good. What earthly advantage should we have in abolishing the veto in this Parliament in order to have it restored in the next? What benefit will it be to exchange Jeroboam for Rehoboam? Yet unless we can secure the consent of the nation to such a step, and not merely the consent of an accidental grouping of Members of Parliament, it is absolutely certain that the step will be retraced on the earliest possible occasion. And it is precisely that which we fear, since reaction is always greater than action in political affairs.
When we say, however, that another General Election must be fought on the Lords' issue, we are accussed of playing into the hands of the enemy. On the contrary, we can conceive of nothing more to the taste of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour than an attempt to " bull-doze" (the word is the King's) the King into granting guarantees to Mr. Asquith with his present majority. Our readers can imagine the royalist rage that might be stirred up by the Unionists if they could represent the King as having been forced to pull Radical chests out of the fire. On the wave of sympathy with the King that would arise the Unionists would be carried to power, and consequently to the opening of eternal safety. Without the country solidly behind us, it is sheer madness to push forward. The present field of operations demands that we should keep very close to our base. But this does not mean either cowardice or apathy. It implies, on the other hand, a degree of active preparation, combined with statesmanlike patience, as would ensure us when all is over a permanent and not merely a temporary victory.

So far, it must be admitted, the game has not been played well. One of the first conditions of success is that the issue should be kept absolutely clear and single. Another is that all the moral support that is obtainable should be used in its interest. A third is that the country should be allowed to see all the cards and definitely invited to play its decisive hand. None of these conditions is being completely fulfilled. The introduction of the proposal to form the House of Lords into a Second Chamber to involve the House of Commons in controversy both as to the precise methods of reform and as to the relative merits of unicameral and bicameral constitutions. As the question is only dated for "a subsequent year," its introduction at this moment is an error. Again, as we have said, it is not as the Lords to the present minute the issue has been frozen out of the fire. On the wave of sympathy with the King, will the Budget then be passed? If it should be passed, its suspension now is a mere piece of bluff. If, on the other hand, it should not be passed, a second case for the Commons.

Asquith must surely have employed weak arguments to justify the refusal to pass the Budget. As a result of the suspension of one of the Government's failures in the person of Lord Wimborne and to marry a lady who is willing to play the London mistress of Lord Swynford? Mr. Montague, again, the son of Lord Swynford's enemy. On the contrary, we can conceive of nothing more to the taste of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour than an attempt to " bull-doze" (the word is the King's) the King into granting guarantees to Mr. Asquith with his present majority. Our readers can imagine the royalist rage that might be stirred up by the Unionists if they could represent the King as having been forced to pull Radical chests out of the fire. On the wave of sympathy with the King that would arise the Unionists would be carried to power, and consequently to the opening of eternal safety. Without the country solidly behind us, it is sheer madness to push forward. The present field of operations demands that we should keep very close to our base. But this does not mean either cowardice or apathy. It implies, on the other hand, a degree of active preparation, combined with statesmanlike patience, as would ensure us when all is over a permanent and not merely a temporary victory.

The third condition of success in the anti-peers campaign is the collusion of the public. This is lamentably absent, as everybody will admit, up to the present. The "Star," it is true, called for meetings and demonstrations all over the country, but with the same result as when Glendafiled called for similar events. If newspapers are freely admitted, do little unless popular opinion is with them. It is idle to suppose that when newspapers are active and the people are apathetic a great campaign can be carried out. We quote Mr. Brodrick as a truthful man. We can ask any signs that he and his party have as yet done anything to win the articulate sympathy of the country at large. What, in fact, are they doing? Playing the political game at Westminster may involve politics, but it is not democratic statesmanship. Unwise speeches, unwise words uttered there are translated into brave deeds in the form of vigorous propaganda all over the country, our cause is lost as surely as it is launched. As we have asked above, what effects, we will ask, will have the present there is no popular movement against the Lords, because there is no popular understanding of the issue; up to the present the electorate have been permitted to suppose the issue merely partisan in character, and no more than a affair of Parliamentary procedure; to the present minute the issue has been made to appear not as the Commons versus the Lords, but as the Liberals versus the Unionists. The sooner the issues are lifted into the clear air of a constitutional, that is, a distinct fact, a partisan, question, the sooner may the minor questions of party tactics by a frank appeal to the country, the better for the issue itself.

Nobody is yet very lucid on the probable course of events as modified by Mr. Asquith's announcement of last week; but we may take it that the intention now is to prepare for a General Election in May or June of this year. In our opinion, the date should not be postponed a moment longer than necessary; preparations should be begun at once, and every nerve should be strained to keep the constitutional issue absolutely free from entanglement. It will be said that no power on earth can do the last, since sepsis will be ejected in floods by the other side, to the inevitable obscuration of political vision. But why should not every anti-Veto candidate sign a self-denying ordinance to keep his election literature and oratory sacred to the single purpose? Let the heathen rage and imagine vain things, if they will; but on this occasion even the amenities of challenge and reply should be ignored, except when they concern the main issue. It is, we admit, an heroic demand, this vow of Pythagorean silence in regard to events on which political raptures are possible; but what is the use of planning a campaign if we have not the character to carry it through? In addition to this, the country should be flooded with literature in which the constitutional issue should be presented in its most popular and convincing form. The defunct Budget League should be replaced by the People's League. Newspapers, lecturers, speakers, and the rank and file of those professing themselves to be democrats should be not merely invited into service, but their services...
should be utilised to the fullest possible extent. After all, we are only asking that the Liberal Party should be as active in attack as the Unionists will certainly be in defence. On the issue of the election it must be understood that the issue of the Lords must depend. If there should prove to be no decision in the public mind, it will prove to be a plain hint that all the constitutionalists have been on the wrong tack. It will mean that the country is like Gallio, and cares for none of these things. Then the way will be clear for a restoration of social reform to its premier position in the world of politics.

THE DRUM.

I.
What is pulsing in my blood?  
Bursting bubbles I can hear,  
Indistinctly I can hear,  
Muffled by soft quaking mud  
On a level flat of slime.  
Through a chill and heavy air,  
In the brooding mood of Time—  
From an ocean so gigantic  
There's no Baltic and no Arctic,  
No Pacific, no Atlantic,  
Only one immense gray flood.  
And the lipping waters lave  
Without tide and without wave,  
In a fevered, intermittent, dripping-dropping,  
drip-drop-dripping,  
With a hissing as of kissing, slipping snakes  
that stir the mud.

II.
I hear this in the drumming  
Monotonously humming  
From the fingers long and yellow  
Of a Chinese. Sore it troubles  
Me. This fellow  
Somnambulistically taps,  
And I hear the muffled bubbles  
Of the muttering sea that laps  
On the level flats of slime.  
In the brooding mood of Time.

III.
'Tis a musichall for sailors,  
And for soldiers, and for miners—  
'Longshoremen—sealers—whalers,  
Re-pimpled clerks and tailors,  
The harlots and their jailers,  
And the hop-heads, and the fools—  
Down on 'Frisco's Barbary coast:  
Syphilisation's proudest boast.  
Here, too, (they pay the price!),  
Come adventurers in vice,  
Men and women. Techau diners—  
Beer-boozers mixed with winers,  
The up-or-down-the-liners,  
Decked with paste or real shiners,  
Mingling here where nothing rules—  
Where confounded are all schools.  
And the Chinese drummer cools  
All the soul-warmth born of Time,  
With the sounds from flats of slime  
That re-echo in our blood—  
With the dripping, lipping, stripping sounds  
A-bubbling through the mud—  
Craving us to slipping, tripping rounds  
Of dances in the mud,  
Mad and naked, in the mud!

IV.
Oh, you Chink!  
Come, hurry up!  
In the meanwhile, let us drink—  
For doped-and-prune-juice whisky,  
And steam beer can make us frisky  
As any Bacchic cup!  
Crazy Chinaman, have done,  
Give the orchestra a chance—  
There are fifty willing women  
Waiting now with us to dance.  
Your turn has had its run—  
Do not keep us from the fun—  
Come,  
John Chinaman, be done  
With your drum.

V.
But the Chinaman, impassive,  
Turns to a drum more massive,  
Wilder sounds swell through the hall.  
He looks forth steadily—  
Imperturbable is he—  
Through the smoky glare and glitter,  
But the drumming is a Call!  
What aching, craving, bitter  
Tone is this that smites the ear?  
A dull and deepening fear  
Goes like poison from an asp  
Through my veins and chills my blood—  
And a human form I clasp—  
Myself I grip and grasp,  
In a passion of despair!  
For my soul yearns for the mud—  
It would grovel in the slime  
In the brooding mood of Time,  
Free from the human mesh!  
The call came first to flesh,  
Now my very soul would thresh  
Where the welter and the swelter of the slough  
Provides a shelter,  
Where, slithering helter-skelter,  
All abominations spawn  
In creation's steaming dawn!

VI.
But the damned vibrations drop  
To a murmur, then they stop—  
Oh, thank God!  
And the violins begin  
A valse to summon sin  
To dance abroad.  
And the brass birds blare on blare  
Through the stinking, smoky glare,  
And we applauded!  
For the tin-pot tune does break  
The drummer's awful spell.  
Now again the flesh can slake  
Its thirst on earth, released from hell—  
'Tis sweet water from life's well  
After torture-thirst did swell  
To the gasp of endless death—  
And, recovering their breath,  
The drinkers rush and yell  
Out upon the dancing floor,  
Whirling round it o'er and o'er.  
But the quiet Chinese goes,  
With his cigarette alight,  
With his drums and coloured clothes,  
Out into the quiet night.  
We, too, the artist friends,  
For us the revel ends.  
Down the throbbing street we turn,  
Where hell's advertisements burn—  
Till we reach a lonely place.  
Where in each other's face  
We read welcome warm and deep,  
As we see—the morning star.  
We've returned from very far—  
Friend, shall you dare to sleep?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.
Foreign Affairs.

The occupation of Tibet by Chinese troops and the flight of the Dalai Lama to India may cause some embarrassment to the British and Indian Governments. Tibet has been under the suzerainty of China for centuries, so the Chinese were not technically invaders. The reasons for this sudden movement are obscure. The official explanations from Pekin are farcical. The Russian Ambassador has warned the Chinese Foreign Board of the possible consequences of the deposition of the head of the Buddhist religion. The Russian Government has expressed its intention of protecting the Tibetan Government.

The Russian Ambassador has warned the Chinese Foreign Government has expressed its intention of protecting the Tibetan Government. If the Chinese intend to expand into Central Asia, their rapid advance may become a matter for serious consideration by Russia and England. The Indian Himalayas are the physical boundaries of the Indian northern frontier. Lord Curzon, in devising the Tibetan expedition, revived what Mr. Wylie had denounced as the extravagances of "mischievous activity," and nearly resuscitated the Central Asian Question. However, the Home Government was unwilling to allow the matter to stand thus. Lord Curzon was compelled to modify his demands upon the Tibetan Government.

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Strategically speaking, Tibet should be maintained as a buffer State between Russia and India. The Himalayas are the physical boundaries of the Indian northern frontier. Lord Curzon, in devising the Tibetan expedition, revived what Mr. Wylie had denounced as the extravagances of "mischievous activity," and nearly resuscitated the Central Asian Question. However, the Home Government was unwilling to allow the matter to stand thus. Lord Curzon was compelled to modify his demands upon the Tibetan Government.

A Chinese military occupation of Tibet in force would be more a menace to Russia in Central Asia than to India because of the natural barriers between Tibet and India. On the other hand, China has a big score to settle with the European Powers, and an expansionist campaign might bring the Yellow Peril to the gates of Europe. English diplomats warned British Governments in the past that the White Peril in China might mean a Yellow Peril to India, Central Asia, and the European dependencies in Eastern Asia. The Legation War of 1900 was stained with barbarous atrocities. Anonymous pamphlets published in Paris in 1901 gave many revolting facts. The number of holy relics, the product of sacrilegious robberies committed by European troops, scattered throughout the palaces of the country, are ample material for the preaching of anti-Chinese avarice by the European deprecators of their holy temples. The Central Asian Question is looming once more on the horizon of foreign politics. Since the Pamirs dispute, the Central Asian Question is the problem of India's external relations with Russia, Persia, and China. The two vulnerable spots in India's defences are from the Caspian base via Herat and Khorassan, and through Burmah. In the first case, Russia would be the aggressor; in the second instance the danger would be from China. The Burmese frontier is the weaker of the two, as there are no natural defences against any Chinese advance.

The sentence of four years' imprisonment on M. Hervé is an electoral move. The French Government wished to keep this formidable anti-militarist in prison during the elections. The French capitalises on the recruitment of Senegalese tirailleurs for service in Algeria would have given M. Hervé a great opportunity for damaging M. Briand's Government. M. Hervé's propaganda has been so successful that the French army is honeycombed with revolutionary ideas. The French capitalists fear that the French army cannot be relied upon to murder French strikers. The Parisian stockbrokers may have to do a little fighting for themselves to save their skins. All the French troops abroad, who are less influenced by Hervéism, are being set free "to be of a wider utility." This transference is remarkable evidence of the pressure on the French governing classes of the anti-militarist campaign.

The murder of Boutros Ghali Pasha has led to the inevitable chorus of condemnation of Egyptian Nationalists. The old bogey of a murderous conspiracy has been resurrected by the Egyptian Government. Boutros Ghali had a black record from any point of view except as a servile mouthpiece of Lord Cromer's peculiar political morality. He was the defender of the infamous Ismail Pacha. He was the presiding judge at the Denewaia Tribunal. He strengthened the anti-Press law, and he barred the way to the rights of Egypt over the Soudan. He was largely responsible for the shocking desertion scheme. Wardany, his murderer, was not a member of the Egyptian Nationalist Party, by whom this crime has been severely repro- bated. He was not the representative of "Al Leva" at the Genevan Congresses. But, the Nationalist leader has justly pointed out, "I consider Wardany's act as the direct consequence of the political oppression instituted by Lord Cromer, and pursued by England in Egypt." A drastic change is needed in the British methods of governing dependencies. Mr. Gokhale, in the debate on the Indian Press Act, stated: "I doubt if many Englishmen realise how large a share the writings in the Anglo-Indian Press have had in turning many of my countrymen against British rule. The terms of race arrogance and contempt in which some of those papers are constantly speaking of the Indians, and especially the Indian possessions, make anything more than the lash can cut into the flesh." Repressive legislation cannot be expected to turn the Indian educated classes into the paths of conciliation and contentment. The Anglo-Indian troops have not been out of cantonment for months, and a third of them are always standing arms.

The strike riots in Philadelphia, which have been followed by a general strike, are a warning of the approaching crisis in American industrialism. It is terrible to observe how the working classes can be hired to shoot down their fellow-workers who are fighting for bread and butter. Under similar circumstances, the same tragic spectacle would be enacted in England. What fools the Stock Exchange and the Government must think the workmen and the employers, having deprived the workmen of food, warmth, and housing, which are essential to any appreciation of the virtues of "law and order," then shoot them down, because the Government has not been out of cantonment for months, and a third of them are always standing arms.

The departure of the last batch of Chinamen from the Rand puts an end to the most unscrewed piece of "blacklegism" ever known. The black labourers had their wages cut down by the Chinese from £3 a month to 30s a month. Whether the mineowners will succeed in keeping down the wages, now that the Chinese have gone can only be tested by time. The Kaffirs and Zulus are not organised, so that their economic weakness is considerable as compared with a combination like the African Venture Syndicate or Wernher-Kerckhoff. The allegations that Chinese repatriation would reduce dividends, check the inflow of capital, and limit the number of white workmen have all been disproved. There are 18 per cent. more white workmen employed now than in the year 1895. Their wages have been increased, and the output of gold has been nearly trebled. The agitation against Chinese labour was based on a sound instinct. It has justified itself to the last word. Chinese labour was not actual slavery; it was worse—it was contract slavery. So ends Mr. Lyttelton's clumsy satire on Mill's "Essay on Liberty."

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."
Nobody’s Business.

"The Law is an ass."—Mr. Bumble.

I.—COMMON LAW.

No man is infallible, and among the many valuable ideas and proposals which we owe to Bentham is one which has proved of great and lasting injury: I mean his attack on precedent in law.

So powerful has been the influence of that attack; so completely has the professional and public mind become possessed of the idea that Parliament provides the sole legitimate machinery for adjusting the law to the needs of an ever growing and changing civilisation, that I shall probably astonish most readers of these papers by announcing at the outset that they will not consist of the usual string of proposed alterations to be effected by Acts of Parliament. The political and social reformer who has grown up in the habit of running to Parliament, like a child to its nurse, every time the feudal framework of society pinches in a new place, will be startled, and perhaps disturbed by the suggestion that there is a vast region within which the work of reform could be infinitely better carried out by the common sense of the legal profession, controlled, of course, by Parliament, than by the cumbrous and unreliable machinery of political agitation.

When I was a student for the Bar I attended the lectures of a professor who based his course of criminal law upon a draft code whose principal framers was Sir James Stephen, one of the ablest men who have adorned the English Bench. This code had been prepared by a Committee for the first time, in the form of a Bill, and the lecturer was discussing some of the amendments which had delayed, and in the end defeated, its passage into law.

In these amendments, he looked round at a distinguished member of the Irish Party who happened to be attending the course as a student. "I see that this amendment was moved by Mr. —. As I don’t quite understand its object, perhaps he may be willing to tell us why he proposed it?"

"For purposes of obstruction," was the grim reply.

Now the moral of that is not affected by the peculiar circumstances of the Irish Party. Every political party obstructs legislation for the sake of delaying what it considers a retrograde move, was it not done by the legal profession, not to change the law itself, but merely to rewrite it more distinctly, a reform that could not hurt any one but themselves,—because of course the better the law is written the less work there is for the lawyers to do, and it is therefore, because the assent of the politicians could not be got.

The work of legislation was actually better done under the Plantagenets that it is done now. If the country wanted a change in the law, Parliament embodied the demand in a resolution, and the professional lawyers subsequently framed a statute giving effect to the wishes of Parliament in the best words.

Contrast that with the absurd manner in which statutes are now patched together in the midst of political debate, the Law Officers of the Crown hurriedly scribbling amendments into shape, and the whole emerging in a state which immediately renders it necessary for someone to write a book explaining it. But the failure of the medieval profession whose loss is most to be regretted was the power of the legal profession to readjust the law to the needs of society, within certain limits, by its own authority. Thus there was the famous step taken when the Crown Office drew up the first County assessors’ act, which made, by the old writs seemed applicable. The old action on the case was invented by the lawyers to restrain and punish acts for which the existing law gave no remedy.

An act of statute, and striking than these technical methods of legislation was the general theory underlying the notion of Common Law. This was the theory that there was in existence an unwritten code of English law, deriving its authority from immemorial usage and universal consent. The judges were supposed to know this code by heart, and to be in a position to administer it without reference to written authorities. Thus the medieval judge, holding his copy of the Corpus Juris Civilis under his desk, as the schoolboy holds his copy, solemnly read out the sentiments of Papinian or Ulpian as his own, and introduced the civilising spirit of the Roman law into a country so jealous of Roman law that the first teachers of it had been publicly banished from the universities. The jealously arose purely from our standing the civil with the ecclesiastical, but there would have been a real political danger in treating the Roman code as anything more than a valuable scientific treatise, in days when the Pope and Emperor equally claimed to inherit the authority of the Roman law; and the civilising of the law was not to be accomplished by mere plagiarists or conspirators, in their steady introduction of the Roman law; their object was to give no handle to priests like Becket for carrying on the course of legal agitation and delay and waste of Parliamentary time, and an Act was passed which actually did less than the Common Law did already. It empowered Councils and Corporations to declare any specific piece of barbed wire a nuisance, and to take steps for its removal. The barbed wire which led to the action in the County Court referred to above, had actually been put up by the local Council,—so that the net effect of this Act was to authorise it to remove its own barbed wire, if it liked!

A BARRISTER.
**Anticipatory Reviews.**

**The Passing of the Lords.**

**Twenty Years’ Constitutional History.** By Robert Pumpkin, D.Litt., F.R.H.S. (London: Black and Co. 3 vols. 28/-.)

Professor Pumpkin’s Constitutional History should enhance a reputation which he has already commenced to make. We in our days have felt the weight of his judgment in matters of the gravest importance; and his volume on “Representation” was received most favourably by such experts as Sir Walter Maningham and Lord James of Hereford, while Lord Morley’s brilliant review of the work was entitled “Contemporary Review” will be remembered by all for a very brief period.

The situation in 1911 as Professor Pumpkin saw it was one of unusual interest. The Government, he writes, “managing to retain office on the strength of an undefined coalition, had protracted its existence by the device of yielding wholly to the demands of the party which, if not numerically superior to the Liberals, was virtually so by reason of its ability to sway a division.”

Shortly after taking office, the Premier, we read, “was faced with an unflinching demand on the part of the leader of the Irish that he should carry out certain pledges in respect of the other House. Tempering against the Constituency, a dexterity which bade fair to outstrip that of the leader of the Opposition, he was each time compelled to yield to the determination of a man who knew his countrymen, knew his purpose, and knew when to strike and when to withhold, Mr. Asquith.”

To our intense regret, four pages were turned over at this point, and we were transported to page 39, to find Sir Frederick Banbury complaining bitterly of members who occupied “the time of this House by worthy, Galton, Lodge, Salmon and Gluckstein. that Parliament, the House making speeches, interjectory remarks, interminable periods. The country at large entered heartily into the battle. A thousand public meetings fulminated defiance at the Lords. The Premier, at a mass meeting in Victoria Hall, remarked, “I say, I think we shall end them.” In this he differed from his predecessor, in Lord James of Hereford, seized what was undoubtedly the true constitution of this, the latest, enactment of the Lords. The new Parliament was a strong and capable one that the Lords’ Charter left them free to legislate about swine-fever—but not about dogs, he cried indignantly. A blow like fire ran round the house. Furious voices spurred on the orator: “Our fathers’ liberties are threatened.” It was clearly understood that the Lords have ever encroached upon our rights. Our hearts and homes, our very dogs and cats and white mice alike demand protection from the subtle inroads of non-representative dominion. Let us tell them—"In this he differed from his predecessor, who merely thought he said so. After 1916, the Premier repeated his announcement that if he liked the Lords, the Liberals would not see its further fruit in many such works."

**Eric Dexter.**
The Sicilians.

Two years ago a company of actors came to England. The players were unknown here, the plays were unknown. Unknown, too, was the language in which these plays were written, unknown the mode of life which they set before us on the stage.

At first these actors played to half-empty houses, and the newspapers mixed with their patronage a touch of contempt. But presently people began to whisper, "Have you seen the Sicilians? Oh, but you should go!"—coupling the advice with enthusiasm or with reason, each after his kind. And more and more people went to see the Sicilians, and the house grew fuller night by night, till presently seats had to be booked ahead—could no longer be booked at all; and then came the last night, when a crowded house shouted itself hoarse with enthusiasm; when to its shouts the curtain went up fifteen times, and, at the end, the whole audience was on its feet screaming its "Bravos!" and the women tore the flowers from their bosoms to throw towards the stage. It was like a Battle of Flowers. I know all about it, because I was there, and a bunch of violets from the gallery, that should have fallen at the feet of the Sicilian heroine, fell short and hit me on the ear, sharply too. And I did not mind, though it really hurt. I went home convinced—and I imagine the rest of that audience shared the conviction—that what we had been waving our handkerchiefs at and throwing our flowers at, and clapping our hands and tiking our throats about, was the Real Thing—and all other acting was just play-acting, and not worth the waste of an evening and the price of a seat in the pit, let alone a seven-and-sixpenny stall. Of course, this is not the dresses, for they are simple, almost ugly; but a great thing, a real thing, a thing to live for and die for, a thing real and simple sincerity. One is made to feel that the values of things are felt by these actors to be much as those values are in the plays; that to these Sicilians justice, honour, revenge, the love of a woman, and the belief in Almighty God are real things. Love to them, one seems just love, is not the dress, heightened by rouge and short skirts and the suggested filth of musical comedies; but a great thing, a real thing, a thing to live for and die for, a thing real as the Mercy of God or His Presence in the Blessed Sacrament.

Adultery, to these people, is not a theme for brilliant innuendo, the amusement of an idle luxury, nor a slip, a lapse, complicating the machinery of civilisation; but a thing great and terrible, a sin against the hearth, against the ancestors, and against God. When, at the moment of intense passion, the hero is about to take the life of the man who has ruined his sister, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament goes by; all fall on their knees, and when they rise they are no more the same. Vengeance stands ashamed, and the man who has stolen love and not paid the price of marriage offers payment with outstretched arms and eyes full of tears. No atheist, however practised in the artistry of his craft, could act this scene as these men act it. No man born and bred in our dirty, corrupt, petty, civilised, and overgrown by the weeds of convention and self-seeking society, could thus act this scene. The Sicilians come to us with an old faith and old ideals, from "a cleaner, greener land" than ours. And because the old ideals, stunted in an airless place, crushed by the weight of Mammon and overgrown with the weeds of corruption, where there is no living, still live a little in some of us, we hold out our hands to the Sicilians and shout ourselves hoarse at the spectacle of the splendid sincere showing of the faith we only wish we held.

It is to be remembered that these plays are given in a language unknown to four-fifths of those who shout and throw flowers. What one remembers of French and Latin helps somewhat. A précis of the drama helps, too, a little, but not much. And much help is not to be desired. Such is the greatness of heart that it is possible to follow breathlessly the course of their dramas without understanding a word of their dialogue. One understands the spirit, the soul, and to miss the words seems little. The actors make us understand.

Surely this is a very great achievement. Have we in England any actors who could begin to achieve as much? At the same time, and in the interests of the weaker brethren, it is to be wished that the Sicilians would publish and cause to be sold at the Lyric Theatre their translations of the plays. It would pay them well. Most of us, having seen a play, would buy the translation of it, and, having read and digested this at home, would go yet again to the Lyric Theatre to see that play in the light of a new and minute understanding of every detail. I commend this suggestion.
If from generalities one must come to particulars about these actors, let me say that the Cavaliere Grasso is the most poignantly affecting actor I have ever seen. The magnificent and childlike sincerity of the man, his simple, spontaneous artistry, his mastery of scene and situation—these are unique in my experience. Two years ago Mimi Aguglia gathered triumphs here as a child gathers flowers, but in one thing she gathered nothing. That thing was "Malìa." In that play a young and innocent girl is cursed—"possessed," as the Bible has it—by an evil spirit, which drives her to a wild passion for her sister's husband. Mdlle. Aguglia made this play revolting. Her yielding to her passion was horrible. One loathed her and her situation. But the Signora Braggia takes us quite otherwise. In her supreme rendering of this difficult part she wizes and holds our sympathy. From beginning to end—even in the arms of the man to whom her wretched passion leads her—one sees her resisting the devil, clinging to virtue, hoping against hope for salvation from herself. It is a performance of extraordinary chastity and beauty, and, in art, a triumph.

Signor Florio, who takes, in these plays, the part of the villain—the Cavaliere Grasso is always on the right side—is in every way the superior of the man who played these parts two years ago. He looks a villain, and is handsome enough to make his vile successes credible, which the villain of two years ago was not. And Signor Fapuppo, who in "Feudalismo" plays the part of the villain, has strength and passion to fill his rôles to the full. But declaimers are tiresome. In the end it all comes back to this: that dramatic companies which you may watch in London to-day divide themselves naturally into two classes. In one class are the Sicilians; in the other class—all the rest—E. NESBIT.

Italian Souvenirs.

By Francis Grierson.

I.

To be in Italy again after an absence of nearly twenty years has ushered me through a series of sensations as event in my experience as credible, which the villain of two years ago was not. You may watch in London to-day divide themselves into silence by the passion, the power, and the magic of the theatre, but you may watch in London to-day divide themselves naturally into two classes. In one class are the Sicilians; in the other class—all the rest—E. NESBIT.

To be in Italy after an absence of nearly twenty years has ushered me through a series of sensations as event in my experience as credible, which the villain of two years ago was not. You may watch in London to-day divide themselves into silence by the passion, the power, and the magic of the theatre, but you may watch in London to-day divide themselves naturally into two classes. In one class are the Sicilians; in the other class—all the rest—E. NESBIT.

II.

The Italians are the only people possessing the art faculty developed equally in music, poetry, painting, and sculpture, and the word Art in this country implies what Goethe intended it to imply—a universal application and appreciation of all human feeling and emotion under that simple word. Never did I realise the full force of Italian expression until I witnessed a performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" in La Scala. The acting of this man, an artist of the highest expression of dramatic genius, is the most poignantly affecting actor I have ever seen. And so did Salvini. But the authorised his audience because he possesses a unique attitudes, his startling gestures and passionate outbursts. Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar and a mystic; scratch a Frenchman and you will find a critic and a logician; scratch an Italian and you will find an artist, an actor, and a poet.
sounds gradually mounting towards the summit of disillusionment, and the higher it mounts the further it recedes from human sentiment and human passion. In the great chorus of “La Giacoma” what we hear in the music is not a process of disillusionment but dissolution itself. Here we are not listening to musical metaphysics but to a philosophy broken, a parsley of words to express. Wagner manipulates the nerves and the imagination, Ponchielli appeals to reality. By a tremendous mass of concentrated melody, in which there is nothing tortuous or spiral, he lets a great wave of passion break like an avalanche from a vast height, and in the midst of the amazement and horror the voice of pity rises superhumanly serene as from an abyss of tragedy. Here and there in Aeschylus, in Euripides, in Virgil and Dante, in Shakespeare, in the opening lines of Shelley’s “Queen Mab,” and in Goethe’s “Faust” such moments are achieved.

What, then, is the secret of Italian expression? Italian art has never left the real to grapple with the illusive. German romanticism was a hunt after the romance of the impossible. The many may be said of the romantic period of France. When Northern peoples were groping about for unknown and untried ideals, Italy remained herself. Every intelligent Italian is well endowed with the critical faculty. The cultivated Italian possesses taste, the quality which, according to Haydn, gave Mozart his impeccable charm. Italian art, music, literature may have dull and monotonous moments, but nowhere, even in the old Italian operas, is there anything which Wagner at his worst.

A Frenchman achieves taste through a sense of reason. There is something mathematical in French art. In Italy taste is an instinct. An Italian does not begin to criticize until he begins to create. Metaphysics, romanticism, sentimentality are all inimical to taste, and German philosophy, like German art and music, has represented with but few exceptions what one might call a condition of metaphysical barbarity. What, it may be asked, was the cause of German romanticism? It sprang from a want of social, philosophical, and aesthetic repose. Goethe was suffering from a severe sentimental agitation when he wrote “Werther.” Germany first and then France suffered not from the romance of art and poetry but from the romance of neurasthenia. It was not a sane and vital power but a disease. Goethe was a follower, and many others, like many others, have around them in Florence gifted visitors who, in coming here, absorb more or less of what we hear in the shipwreck of d’Estree.

When the social upheaval comes the world, without Italy, might lapse into barbarism, lacking the basic principle of repose and harmony which at present is only to be found on Italian soil. For what, after all, would a Social Democracy be without harmony and beauty? The English, Americans, Germans, Russians, the whole world flocks to Italy to find what cannot be had elsewhere. And then again it is impossible to blunt Italian wit, perception, taste, and judgment. In spite of every temptation in the world of politics, art, and philosophy Italy has maintained an independence surpassing any other nation. She has never been imitated, but only reposed and waited. Look at the calm confidence of Garibaldi, the clarion-digit courage of a Mazzini, to name but two in our own time! Italy has achieved the wonder of a Third Renaissance without an orgy of blood and destruction. She is, says Professor William James recently, “engaged in the peaceful thrones of an intellectual renascimento quite as vigorous as her political one; the ancient genius of her people is not a dream of beauty and art is a rubbish heap of empty phrases and vain theories. It is impossible to find anywhere in Italy a philosopher without the art instinct. Professor James has touched the subject vigorously when he called attention to the difference between the heaviness and pedantry of many Anglo-American philosophical writers and the clearness, brevity, and profundity of writers like Giovanni Papini and the band of Leonardists in Florence who treat all subjects with the charm and freedom of youth. Papini has a genius for untechnical phraseology. He can write descriptive literature, polychromatic with adjectives, like a decadent, and clear up a subject by drawing cold distinctions like a scholastic. Giovanni Papini is by common consent the successor of Nietzsche, but not a follower, and he has around him in Florence gifted thinkers and writers like Amendola, Calderoni, Prezzolini, Vailati, and others, of whom I shall write in another article.

THE SEA HOSTEL.

O! many a brave carouse I’ve known, as many a seaman may.

A-melting of the dollars with the boys at Negril Bay;
But, for a right good hostel for to liquor in so free,
O Mummer! ’twas at Avès in the shipwreck of d’Estree . . .

The wind was fresh, the sea was foul; ’twas in the dark of night;
The Admiral was a-leading with his shining main-top light:
We followers (bein’ in consort with the fleet of this d’Estreel),
And leaves it to the Admiral, who leaves it to the sea.

The Count, ’e strikes; and, for to warn us, fires his guns so free,
We thinks as ’ow the silly swab ’ad struck an enemy:\nSo loud we cheers, and crowds on sail, and sweeps on through the dark—
And finds we struck a tougher ’ide nor e’er come out the Ark!

’Twas at Avès in the shipwreck of d’Estree; With that there reee! a-foaming and a-roaring out for more.

It munched our timbers ’earty, and it washed ’em down with the brine—
It ’ad no use for pork nor beef, for brandy nor for wine.
O! they was merry times, they was, for my old mates and me,
As come ashore at Avès in the shipwreck of d’Estree.
But bad they was for Frenchies; for, so dainty they ’ad fed,
Lor’ bless my soul! they couldn’t eat the meat without the bread!

So, some, they dies of brandy, and Bad luck to ’em! we said,
Defrauding of poor mariners as never asked for bread! But some, they stervas like vermin, and Good luck to ’em! says we.
O! they was merry times, they was, for my old mates and me!

E. H. VISIAT.

NOTE. — The narrative is taken from Dampier, who concludes: “There were about forty Frenchmen on board in one of the ships where there was good store of liquor, till the after-part of her broke away and floated over the reef, and was carried away to sea with all the men drinking and singing; who, being in drink, did not mind the danger, but were never heard of afterwards.”
**Criticide.**

I have received a type-written copy of an anonymous Dunciad, commendably brief, and as commendably bright, and from information that accompanied the manuscript I have reason to believe that the author is a well-known man of letters. Although nothing was written to give this satire a personal application, I cannot help feeling that it is the production of an author whom in some way I have offended. I am nearly sure that it is the work of that author who has adopted the heroic couplet as a disguise, for everybody writes similarly in this form, and the non-de-plume, "The Worm," suggests that it emanates from some one I have trodden on. I should have been sure of the author's identity if this manuscript and index had not shown an undoubted sense of humour. I am writing this article to inform "The Worm" that if his object was "not to poke fun at the critics, but to kill them suddenly," as he states in a preface, that he has failed so far as I am concerned; and with the hope that some of The New Age readers may recognise the poet by some peculiarity of style, and thus enable me to give the author what he deserves.

Unlike Brown, who explains why some of the authors who are mentioned are too respectfully that the dispraise is irony, intended to expose the ineptitude of the critics. The scene is a dinner to inaugurate "The Distressed Critics Mutual Pension Fund," and the criticisms levelled at living and dead authors are pronounced by critics in a condition of progressive inebriety. As most of them at the same time announce their canons and methods of criticism, The Worm contends that the statement of their opinions is really a compliment in disguise. He quotes Pope to prove this point. If, he says,

"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise, then "it is evident that undeserved censure is the thin mask of laudation." It is to be hoped that the authors mentioned will appreciate the subtlety; I can assure the author that at least one critic will not forgive this violent attack on an honest and honourable profession.

The feast, he says, took place on that auspicious day,

First of the month that severs March from May.

This is as suspicious as the menu,

From pickled poet down to sermon stew.

Of course, he links critics with canibals; but as a canibal is supposed to be one who eats his fellow man, and this poem tries to prove that authors are of a different nature to critics, that critics are not men, nor even gentlemen, this must be regarded as a slip of the pen, or else a wanton insult.

I pass over the opening speeches, in which the Chairman declares that critical terms that seem abusive are really "playful eulogy," and not to be compared with the violent censure that was poured upon Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge; I abridge the declaration of "Jeames, the Jonah of the evening Press," that

as critics it is our delight

At literary works to bark and bite.

I only notice the waiter's recognition of a "kindred spirit" in Seymour Snooks, who has written a sporting treatise in collaboration with a Duke,

(Write the words; his grace puts the stops.)

and has joined the Primrose League; I want to get on to the less personal and more amusing parts, the description of "The Worm's" fellow authors.

Browning declared W. J. Fox to be his father in poetry, and Fox declared of himself that "versifying, tho', I had a temporary rage for it, never came naturally to me. I have little or no mechanical aptitude in any department." If the critics had known that this Anti-Corn Law orator was Browning's "father in poetry,"

we might have been spared some of Browning's later work, when the idea of poetry demanding a "mechanical aptitude" so possessed him that he took to carving conceits on nutshell's, as Lowell said. If the publication of this article containing these extracts has the effect of making the critics even more critical of a man's work than his early attempts, some good will be done. Who that knows and admires the work of Swinburne ("the Putney Menad," he is called by The Worm) but regrets that he

With monarchs at a distance makes him free,

With a satiric eulogy the Julep chases.

If the critics had done their duty properly to this poet,

Who first at God and then at Gladstone swears,

it would not have been possible for H. S. Salt to declare, as he did in a recent number of the "Humane Review," that, "contrary to the proverb, the appeal in this case will be from Philip sober to Philip drunk;" "There is no doubt that Matthew Arnold's phrase, "a sort of pseudo-Shelley," (which he was not) made Swinburne a "damned simulacrum" to Walt Whitman. Of Conan Doyle, who is described as "a phoenix in the index, The Worm says:

What the worm rob fresh victims every time,

It needs no Sherlock Holmes to track the crime.

I suggest that only a Worm could trace the underlying connection between Dumas, Fenimore Cooper, Scott, Poe, and Conan Doyle. Perhaps The Worm thinks that he has done it if so, he is led to differ. This must suffice as a sample of The Worm's diatribe against Hall Caine:

Besant may toil to found his Dunces' Band;

The Deemster comes along and takes command.

But as critics it is our delight

To abridge the stage;

"Oh Memento Mori" as his motto.

I pass over Childish Haggard's wooden heroes [who] brave Methus'lah's mother in a Transvaal cave,

Without comment. It is of more consequence to note that

When Barrie taught us how the Scotch pronounce,

Ten little ministers were on the pounce.

If another Thomas a Kempis would write an "Imitation of Author," we should have the privilege of

The Worm's cynical retort on Crockett and Maclaren as representative Scotch writers:

Their whisky is far greater than their wit.

As The Worm says in his Index that Crockett is "the greatest living novelist," and calls Maclaren "the greatest of all Scotch novelists, superior to Little Lord Fauntleroy," I do not see the point or the propriety of putting such a line as that quoted in a critic's mouth. Maclaren and Crockett have no cause for complaint.

It is to much more purpose that The Worm writes:

See vexed Corelli with a butcher's eye

Gloot on the "fair white flesh" of Calvry.

One book begins: "I, who write this, am dead."

Deceitful hope, too soon, too surely sped!

In spite of The Worm's index, I feel convinced that Marie Corelli is not "a living apostleess": It is practically certain that she was one of Shakespeare's wives, and that the novels now produced over her name are the work of their united spirits, written by the method known to Spiritualists as "direct writing." If this is correct, and the opinion is held by many acute judges, the beginning that The Worm objects to is true in fact, and the supposed cynicism of the critic expressed in the following line is seen to be an impossible error.

He is happier in his description of William Black's restricted store,

A salmon and a sunset all his lore.

More oft than any hen that sun has sat;

That saloon when more than any cat.

His description of Bickersteth, who

Watered wicked Milton's Arian strain.
is not bad; but no critic ever continued as The Worm would have us believe:

He dreamt he went to Heaven and not to Hell:
He dreamt he could-write poetry as well.
Alas! how false a prophet slumber is!
Wisely he interprets dreams by contraries.

This is the Shakespearian weakness of dropping out of a character to soliloquise: The Worm forgot that a critic was supposed to be speaking, but as his lapse has contributed such a valuable thought as the last two lines contained in our story, we will not be ungrateful and criticise too severely.

The story or song of the "Scotch Weekly's" Cockney critic is indescribable. I hope that it is untrue.
The Worm declares that he went to a Board school in St. Giles', a very bad district, and then became an errand boy and clerk.

Nor was the sly of Culther left be'oin'd;
Fitman's phonetic lore enlarged my mind, he says; and thus explains his transit to the rank of the penny-a-line reporters. From this position he was ousted by a rival who

Lavished words in more apporlin' flood,
Gave fires more flames and 'omicides more blood.
This forced him to find some worthier occupation, and I turned reviewer. Proide must have a fall;
But better wrote reviews than not at all,
He says, with the true philosophy of a Cockney. It cannot be pretended that he had any mercenary motives, for he declares:
'Tho' for each line where once a penny came,
They dote me out a 'apenny. (Shame, shame?)
I am heartily in sympathy with the parenthesis.

So far The Worm has done justice to a type that is only too common; but I dissent frantically from the rest. These are days when, as Shaw has shown us, a Board school boy can quote Beaumarchais although he learnt to read

Pitman's phonetic lore enlarged my mind,
Nor was the swy
The worm will turn" as his motto, really deserves no notice.

Professor Goose, M.A., is a type of critic that ought to be laughed out of existence; I am glad to find that The Worm has put some of his finest writing into this sketch. He seems to be not merely a critic, but an author of verse as he uses the exordium poetry:

All that you need are words of pleasant sound;
Such words in Keats and Tennyson are found.

He suggests that by using those words, borrowing the themes, and "aping the fastidious air" of these poets, a critic can turn out verse as good as that

Of any scribbling bard who bores us now.
Unlike the other critics at this symposium, he proves his case; he turns to

The bright annals of the Newdigate.
In developing this theme he uses a characteristic paronomasia about Burns and Shakespeare:

The universe, their university.

He has praise only for those who have endured a University education bravely to the end; he does not apologise for Shelley's being "fiercely driven away," he only mentions that Milton "wrestled with their rule, and Gray was bored." He impudently suggests that "Byron's tuft prevailed, and not his worth," and so on.
He speaks with true sympathy of Alfred Tennyson, but he concedes to Alfred Austin in the following:

His muse is more at home with Dr. Jims,
A little less refined than G. R. Sims.
His admiration for Tennyson—"Lawn Tennyson," as he has been called—allows him to insinuate that he influenced Homer, and baptised Apollo,

Tagged Christian morals on to Pagan tales,
Got Bright's good word, and lol

The passage concerning John Davidson has more the flavour of The Worm than of The Goose:

That naughty nun who went upon the spree
After men had his niche in poetry.

The poet would have been a heroic one;
That is the only fault in Davidson.

There is a slighting couplet concerning

Watson the Dull, with his eternal groan,
that I neither appreciate nor approve. Of Kipling, The Goose talks as more properly:

Alas! that Shakespeare's land should have to choose
Twixt Kipling's and Chevalier's coster muse.

I have just been reading some very academic biographies, and a long speech by Professor Goose shows me that the method of construction is deliberately adopted by his prototypes. It is too long to quote for its principle, but the purpose of biography is condensed into one couplet:

Thus gently lead your reader to infer
The idea lies that the Biography

An apostrophical couplet that occurs later is interesting as affording a possible clue to the identity of The Worm:

Hail, lifeless prattlers, who contrive to miss
The very points you ought to notice.
Such a word as "reminisce" should be indicative of an author, but I cannot remember one who has used this word before, not even for the sake of a rhyme. Perhaps my readers can help me. I pass over Professor Goose's acutely perceptive extract about the "directive story, of the way to write an interview, of his rapid criticism of John Strange Winter, Olive Schreiner, John Oliver Hobbes, and Ouida, because I want to come to what seems to be a grossly unfair attack on a living lady novelist.

It is vain for The Worm to assure me in his

But better wrote reviews than not at all,
I doubt if I ought to quote any more of his speech, but all these considerations should have preserved her from this onslaught. I offer her my sincerest sympathy. I have printed the lines to show that The Worm, who quotes "A Worm who wren' as his motto, hardly deserves no mercy when his identity is known. I am really offended with The Worm, and it is adding insult to injury to put such a passage in the mouth of Professor Goose.
I doubt if I ought to quote any more of his speech, but some phrases are so pointed that they deserve printing.

New Woman is old courtesan writ large,
is the academic judgment of a type of woman that eschews sex as a weapon in the battle of life. Of Nordau, the Professor aptly says:

Who writes of madmen should himself be sane, and the concluding couplet is a necessary reproof to those who judge without understanding:

Poets and pocket-pickers are not one,
Nor Nordau, God, when all is said and done.

Such are a few samples of The Worm's style. Although I have not more than half finished his poem, I hope that enough has been written to identify him. I have been obliged to omit much that I considered libellous, more that I was sure was blasphemous, such as the speech of Mr. Blooming Sure, who saw in Satan "The Father of Criticism": but if I have demonstrated what manner of man The Worm is, and enlightened readers concerning his person, shall be obliged if that reader will give me the benefit of his opinion.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.
Pension Sketches.

1.—The Baron.

By Katharine Mansfield.

"Who is he?" I said. "And why does he sit always alone, with his back to us, too?"

"Ah!" whispered the Frau Oberregierungsrat, "he is a Baron."

She looked at me very solemnly, and yet with the slightest possible contempt—a "fancy-not-recognising-that-at-the-first-glance" expression.

"But, poor soul, he cannot help it," I said. "Surely that unfortunate fact ought not to deprive him from the pleasures of intellectual intercourse." If it had not been for her fork I think she would have crossed herself.

"Surely you cannot understand. He is one of the First Barons.

More than a little unnerved, she turned and spoke to the Frau Doktor, on her left.

"My omelette is empty—empty," she protested, "and this is the third time I have said it!"

I looked at the First of the Barons. He was eating salad—taking a whole lettuce leaf on his fork and absorbing it slowly, rabbit-wise—a fascinating process to me.

Small and slight, with scanty black hair and beard and yellow-toned complexion, he invariably wore black serge clothes, a rough linen shirt, black sandal, and largest black-rimmed spectacles that I had ever seen.

The Herr Oberlehrer, who sat opposite me, smiled benignantly.

"It must be very interesting for you, gnadige Frau, to be able to watch... of course this is a very fine hotel. There was a lady from the Spanish Court here in the summer; she had a liver. We often spoke together."

I looked gratified and humble.

"Now, in England, in your 'boarding house,' one does not find the First Class, as in Germany."

"No, indeed," I replied, still hypnotised by the Baron, who looked like a little yellow silkworm.

"The Baron comes every year," went on the Herr Oberlehrer, "for his nerves. He has never spoken to me."

At the end of the meal we were served with coffee. Myself, I felt disappointed that there was not a salute of twenty-five guns.

At last the manager, looking like a German army officer, came in with the mail. He threw my letters into my milk pudding, and then turned to a waitress and whispered. She retired hastily. The manager of the pension came in with a little tray. A picture postcard was deposited on it, and, reverently bowing his head, the manager of the pension carried it to the Baron.

Myself, I felt disappointed that there was not a salute of twenty-five guns.

At the evening, leaving the next day.

It was the first time he had ever been known to enter the Salon. Who could tell what the Future held in store for the Baron?

In the evening of that day it rained heavily. I went to the post office, and as I stood on the steps, umbrella-less, hesitating before plunging into the slushy road, a little, hesitating voice seemed to come from under my elbow.

"I looked down. It was the First of the Barons, with the black bag and an umbrella. Was I mad? Was I sane? He was asking me to share the latter. But I refused it."

At the end of the stair-case she audibly from the landing.

"Not at all!"

He distinctly replied: "For his nerves. He has never spoken to me."

"And why does he sit always alone, with his back to us, too?"

"Ah!" whispered Fraulein Lisa, "he said to me, 'Indeed you please me. I shall, perhaps, write to your mother.'"

Small wonder that we were a little violently excited, a little expostulatory.

Suddenly, the door opened and admitted the Baron. A wise idea," I answered. And then: "And why does he sit always alone, why he carried the bag, what he did all day. But he himself volunteered some information."

"I fear," he said, "that my luggage will be damp."

I invariably carry it with me in this bag—one requires so little—for servants are untrustworthy."

"A wise idea," I answered. And then: "Why have you denied us the pleasure—?"

"I sit alone that I may eat more," said the Baron, peering into the dusk; "my stomach requires a great deal of food. I order double portions, and eat them in peace."

Which sounded finely Baronial.

"And what do you do all day?"

"I imbibe nourishment in my room," he replied, in a voice that clove the conversation and almost repented of the umbrella.

When we arrived at the pension there was very nearly an open riot.

I ran halfway up the stairs, and thanked the Baron audibly from the landing.

He distinctly replied: "Not at all!"

It was very friendly of the Herr Oberlehrer to have sent me a bouquet that evening, and the Frau Oberregierungsrat asked me for my pattern of a baby's bonnet.

Next day the Baron was gone.

Sic transit gloria German Mundi.
The Order of the Seraphim* II.  
By Allen Upward.

CREATION.

We find ourselves swimming like mites upon a grain of dust, swept through the immeasurable halls of ether like drops from the trailing skirts of the sun. We reckon, rather than know, that our life must be moulded and swayed by universal tides of energy on which the sun itself is borne like a bit of yellow straw upon a roaring flood. But into that vast realm of the Beyond our senses do not serve us to penetrate. The only thing we are aware of feeling is light; we drop the sounding-line of sight into the depth, and it reveals a few myriads of stars.

It is to these visible inhabitants of heaven that the inspired thought of Dante turns with prophetic instinct, at the threefold pauses of his great Psalm of the Unseen. It is the stars that the half-scientific, half-poetic, language of the priest-astronomers of Chaldea clothed with personal attributes, and marshalled as the hosts of heaven around the throne of the Most High. That language, grossly misunderstood by a Syrian peasantry, may be recognised to-day as the first utterance of infant science telling its fairy-tale in the language of the nursery.

In the Dark Age the maps of heaven, like the maps of earth, were projected on a false scale; and where the knowledge of the mapmakers broke off they filled up the unexplored regions with pictures of strange and fabulous forms, created by the fears and fancies of savage mankind. In both cases the result of exploration has been to banish most of these monsters from the chart, while reducing others to their just proportions. On earth the anthropophagi are left, but not the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. The crone is found, but it is engaged in the Royal battle with the cranes. In heaven the march of knowledge has been slower, and while the crude figures of Jehovah and the Virgin Mary and so forth, as they were pictured by the monks, have vanished, we are not yet seised of the true character of those influences which, as it were, envelope and penetrate our minds, as ether envelopes and penetrates our bodies.

So far, we know these unseen Inhabitants of Heaven best by their revelation of themselves within ourselves, that is to say, by our own hopes.

If we turn now to the revelation made from without ourselves, and study the story of creation as it is written in the Book of Sense, we must do so, always keeping in mind that we are merely learning one thing at a time. And that thing is, that the ladder of life has been so shaped as to be a ladder in which life ascends, thrusting itself against the hand that moulds and stamps it, and feeding upon the strength by which it was begotten. Therefore, for growth we have to find another reason; as it were, an extra cause; and we shall find it (still on the plane of visible phenomena) in the stimulus of light.

It is the relation of life with light that gives the clue to this evolution. Sensitiveness to light is the birthmark that distinguishes the organic from the inorganic in the dim anterooms of the ocean bed, and without light there is no life. Light is not in itself the ladder; it is the light of which it was first born. Life as a whole may be compared to one great fountain, in which all the jets do not attain the same height. Moreover, in the same way the seed still opens underground, before it braves the light. The infant fingers in the darkness of the womb; the prematurely-born life of birds is guarded by a shell. The first ocean life is so soft that a finger touch will crush it, and it falls asunder by its own weight. There is no air-dwelling form of life as incoherent as the amoeba. The molecule must put on armour before it leaves its native element and walks on the dry land. [Note.—If we regard light as an ethereal phenomenon, we shall be struck by the corroborative given by these facts to the view that ether is denser than matter. This theory, which was put forward by Sir Oliver Lodge in his lecture to the Royal Institution, of which he has favoured me with a copy, will be found in his recent publication, "The Ether of Space."]

II.

Every form of life may be thought of as a tiny fountain rising upward from the earth in search of its origin, and playing, and being played on by, the everlasting light-flood of which it was first born.

Life as a whole may be compared to one great fountain, in which all the jets do not attain the same height. There is a central column ever rising higher and higher, and casting off lesser spouts and jets as it ascends. This is its ascent with which we are concerned. The story of life interests us here only in so far as it is the story of the growth of life from lower to higher forms. Transcending the struggle for existence, as explained by the supreme observer, we discern, and fix our eyes upon, the struggle for a fuller existence, in other words, a better life.

The first struggle would seem to train and arm the creature for the second. It is in conflict with its whole environment that the snail gains its shell, and the lizard its scales. But the logical end of that struggle would seem to be a harmony, in which the animal and the plant and the lizard and the snail have reached, and by which their growth has been arrested. Therefore, for growth we have to find another reason; as it were, an extra cause; and we shall find it (still on the plane of visible phenomena) in the stimulus of light.

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II.
a curious connection between the rising tide of life and the veritable tree which now becomes the home of the developing forms. The beaver only gnaws the wood; the climbing race of animals begins with the squirrel and the lemur, shading off into the ape. A collateral kinsman, the bear, is recognised as such by savages, whose own name marks man’s origin as a forest creature. In lands like Siam and New Guinea man is still a tree-dweller, building his home among the branches like a bird.

Natural man seems half aware of his genealogy. The human neighbours of the orang-utangs believe them to be men who refuse to speak lest they should be made to work. The first discoverers of the gorillas recognised them without hesitation as men. The instinct, or the scientific perception, of the perception of the Egyptians carried them back yet further to a race of “men who had no knee-caps.” Now the freedom of the knee-joint is the most striking difference, morphologically speaking, between man’s immediate ancestors and the lower vertebrates, who have the knee joints under the skin of the belly. And it is evident that this difference is connected with the tree-dwelling habit. Thus man achieved his outward shape by climbing.

The first living forms, those which separate the pygmy from the anthropoid, who are confounded with them under the name of apes, have outdone all but man in the mechanical arts, and in the social art have outdone man. In beauty, and human, will be used as biological terms to mark off all those forms of life that appear to possess articulate speech, and are consequently entitled to the political franchise in this country. The whole purport of what I am about to say is to demonstrate that there are shades and gradations among men as important as those which separate the pygmy from the anthropoid, and the anthropoid from the lower apes.

As the tree rises from the ground it repeats the tale of evolution, sending forth branch after branch on this side and the other, while the main stem still ascends toward heaven.

The lower branches fork and branch again into a thousand lesser boughs and twigs, till the last leaf is beaten into shape by the invisible hammers of perfection. And in the same way the earth-life forks and branches, till the orders become families, and the families become genera species, and there are many hundred kinds of fishes, and a myriad varieties of beetles.

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For each form is reserved its own perfection. The glory of mere size and strength still belongs to those giant lizards whose remains lie like fallen boughs at the tree’s root. Among the living branches the bees and ants have outdone all but man in the mechanical arts, and in the social art have outdone man. In beauty, the butterflies, in swiftness and grace, the birds, put to shame most of the creations of the naturalist. The lion has lost caste and conferred its name on kings. The cat seems not to have been tamed by man, but rather to have quartered itself upon him for the sake of food and shelter and the pleasures of the chase. In return it condescends to accept his caresses, but it associates with him on terms remote and independent, and steadily refuses to obey him. Having thus made man tributary to its selfish comfort and convenience, man has pronounced it less intelligent than the dog, which he has made tributary to his own.

As in nature so in life the tree the main trunk detaches itself more clearly. Man’s most respectable relation is the beaver, that mammalian ant. With him begins the heretical filioque of the Latins, together with the creed, or curse, called after Athanasius.

III

The story of life is illustrated by the tree.

The process by which the seed casts rootlets downward in search of water, at the same time that it sends other shoots upward in search of light, repeats after a fashion the primal fissure into vegetable and animal kingdoms. The plants are given dived senses and lower powers in order that they may play the part of the earth-stomach, digesting the strength of the mineral kingdom for the benefit of the higher order of creatures. In the same way the tree roots are banished from the upper world that they may give life to the boughs below—true savours of their brethren. And when the tree above is cut down, the roots perish also, having no longer an office to fulfill.

We see already that equality, in the sense of sameness of condition, is not the law of life. He who should pluck the tree up, and lay it on its side, in order to afford the roots the luxury of light, would act foolishly, and end by destroying roots and branches together. For to cut out light, but to leave the branches, and the infections in the meaning given to them by those who used them first. Words quickly become idols, and the use of old idols for new gods has been a practice fraught with evil. In these pages the words man, mankind, and human will be used as biological terms to mark all those forms of life that appear to possess articulate speech, and are consequently entitled to the political franchise in this country. The whole purport of what I am about to say is to demonstrate that there are shades and gradations among men as important as those which separate the pygmy from the anthropoid, and the anthropoid from the lower apes.

The story of life is illustrated by the tree. The ancient incantations of the Finns disclose the curious connection between the rising tide of life and the veritable tree which now becomes the home of the developing forms. The beaver only gnaws the wood; the climbing race of animals begins with the squirrel and the lemur, shading off into the ape. A collateral kinsman, the bear, is recognised as such by savages, whose own name marks man’s origin as a forest creature. In lands like Siam and New Guinea man is still a tree-dweller, building his home among the branches like a bird.

In reality the story of man has long ago fulfilled the prophecy of the tree. The topmost twig of life has already branched and budded, and thrown off undermen below and overmen above. The truth stands written for the dullest of all. We shall do wisely to approach the spell of the Finns, together with the creed, or curse, called after Athanasius.

In accordance with Spencer’s law, that what is gained in distinctness is lost in plasticity, the common mark of all the lower forms of life is the wish to rise, and with man they seem to have lost the faculty of growth. They are in equilibrium with their environment. Returning to the symbol of the tree, they are the branches that have attained their level, and can only spread sideward, but not upward. The scientific definition of man is that he is the changing animal, the one that is still growing, in a word, the child of created life. Out of all living forms his is the one on which the hand of the Creator is still visibly at work. Man is the burning mountain in whose enthralling sight all life is turned to ash, while all the peaks around are smitten into ice.

The strength that first lay coiled within the seed has wrought against the Strength Outside, and the tree is the sin and record of the strife. Unless the seed be utterly exhausted, it follows that the tree must grow yet higher, and send forth another bud, and man be overtopped by some life born from his.

VI

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In the meanwhile one hint may be given.

If, therefore, Nietzsche’s utterance has had any strange sound for modern ears, it is because the mind of the modern world has been under the mesmeric spell contained in the word Humanity.

As the ancients above the Finns disclose the wonderful belief that things were mastered when their history was related to them. He who desired to put the iron to service chanted to it the Lay of the Origin of Iron. We shall do wisely to approach the spell of Rousseau after the usage of those old spell-makers, and dispel its power by setting forth its history.

That history is interwoven with the history of the Seraphim, who, indeed, were the first creators of the spell. Nevertheless, for the sake of clearness, it will be far better to dispose first of the hallucination which so much hinders the true vision. The spell which was pronounced to serve the purposes of Love has now passed into other hands, and is used for the purposes of hatred. In dispelling it, for that reason, we shall prove ourselves true followers of Rousseau, otherwise than those who murder in his name.

In the meanwhile one hint may be given.
The last, uppermost shoot of the tree is the most sensitive. The strongest to endure the light, it is at the same time the weakest against material night. Such is the Order of the Seraphim.

Genius is the power of being sensitive to what is divine and a genius, the last delicate bud that sprouts from the tree of man, may be compared to the slender wire that rises from the receiving station to catch the unseen message that comes across the sea from an unseen continent. His duty, like the duty of the wire, is to record that message as he receives it.

All other duties are insignificant beside that. I claim for him the right to discharge it. I deny to Humanity the right to put this conductor to the uses of a haymaker or a horse-boy, winded and broken, to do anything with it that unites it to transmit the messages from Heaven.

POSTSCRIPT.

The daily papers of last Monday, February 28th, report a sermon preached in London by a Bishop Montgomerly, in which he stated his belief that the nearer men lived to the equator the more they felt the influence of God. That is evidently unconscious Solarism, and the Bishop has reached by observation the truth demonstrated above in terms of biology.

I quote this, the very essence of the work, in order to choke off the feeble, the kind, and the altruistic. I would not hawk this book. If I had foreknown what it was I would never have mentioned it, even in this column read exclusively by the brains of England. I would have mentioned it to none, sure that, by the strange force of gravity, the whole should be joined together a book and its fit reader, the novel would in the end reach the only audience worthy of it. I say no more about it.

Books and Persons.

(An Occasional Causerie.)

I have read Mr. C. E. Montague's "A Hind Let Loose" (Methuen, 6s.), and I am not going to advise anyone to follow my example. I do not desire to prejudice his career, but I have my conscience to consider. This is not a book for the intelligent masses; it would be folly to recommend it to them. It is for the secretly-arrogant few, those who really do "know that they are Augustus" within, whatever garment of diffident and wild modesty they may offer to the world. Only those few can understand it. All admiration other than theirs will be either ignorant or dog-like—or both. Everybody on the Press will say that "A Hind Let Loose" is a novel about journalism, but it is not. Journalism is merely the cloak hanging windily about it, as her cloak hung on her. The strongest to endure the light, it is at self of God. That is evidently unconscious Solarism, and the Bishop has reached by observation the truth demonstrated above in terms of biology.

[Having invited correspondence on the subject of these articles, I find it necessary to add that such correspondence should be of a character capable of being dealt with in these pages. It is an unfair tax on the strength of a writer to ask him to reply to correspondent per capita.]

The writer is, of course, American. But the attitude of the average pushing English publisher could not have been more accurately expressed than in this letter sent by one New Yorker to another. The only thing that puzzles me is why the man originally chose books instead of calico. He would have sold more bales and made more money in calico. He would have understood calico better than books. There are two things which a publisher ought to know about novel producers—things which do not, curiously enough, apply to calico-producers, and which few publishers have ever grasped. I have known publishers go into the bankruptcy court and come out again safely and yet never grasp the significance of those two things. The first is that it is intensely stupid to ask a novelist to study the market with a view to obtaining a ready sale. If he does not know himself—if his own taste does not naturally coincide with the taste of the million—he will never reach the million by taking thought. The Hall Caines, the Miss Corellis, and the Mrs. Humphry Wards are born, not made. It may seem odd, even to a publisher, that they write as they do write—by sheer glad instinct. But it is so. The second thing is that when a novelist has made "his name and his market" by doing one kind of thing he can't successfully go off at a tangent and do another way of your own, but to pool your brains with the rest and "throw yourself into the life of the school," and on to your early manhood's deeper training in resemblance to others, and so to the good day, always coming and always here, always to be had by him who wills it with his might, when the initiatory shall inherit the earth."
kind of thing. To make the largest possible amount of money out of an artist the only way is to leave him alone. When will publishers grasp this? To make the largest possible amount of money out of an imitative hack, the only way is to leave him alone. When will publishers grasp that an imitative hack knows by the grace of God forty times more about the public taste than a publisher knows?

JACOB TONSON.

REVIEWS.

NOVELS.

The Ball and the Cross. By G. K. Chesterton. (Wells Gardner. 6s.)

The Ball is the symbol of man's perfection, the Cross of his struggles. The Ball, further, is the symbol of scientific "reality" of religion.

When we gather that Mr. Chesterton is taking sides with the monk Michael in the aeroplane we are quite on the look out for the agnostic Professor to bump up against St. Paul's, or some other church, and spoil his machine. The monk, of course, since he is involved in whatever catastrophe happens, prevents the catastrophe. The Professor, leaning his hand against the dome, expounds a theory of the relative values of the Ball and the Cross symbols. The Cross, he says, is a contradiction in terms. "What you say is perfectly true," said Michael, with serenity; "but we like contradictions in terms." And that, added to the serenity, is supposed to weaken half at least of the Professor's authority. And so it does; because any professor who would argue with a nice old man like Michael, and try to disturb his religious convictions, is misusing authority. And, further, any professor who would deliberately imitate Mr. Chesterton's paradoxical method lays himself open to suspicion of not being a real professor at all. The suspicion is confirmed when he asks old Michael whether the story of the man who destroyed his furniture because its plan included several cross-wise pieces of wood, and who finally committed suicide, is "really true."

After that one is not going to be bullied out of enjoying Mr. Chesterton's book by forcing one's regard upon religious squabbles of his characters. We repeat to ourselves the injunction of Saint Ignatius Loyola to his disciples, an injunction which ought to be explained to the same kindly. "Let him employ all means or understanding, let him correct the same kindly.

If this is not enough, let him employ all available means to render him sound in principle and secure from error." With that said over several times and our eye upon the "available means," now luckily consigned to the Chamber of Horrors, we are secured from the error into which every other lazy minded cast us of taking sides with one or other of the fanatics, whose adventures are an all-sufficient excuse for their existence in a book.

There is a gorgeous Highlander who wants to fight a duel with swords against an atheistic Scotch bookseller on the question whether the Virgin Mary had a tilting partner. This is a very interesting idea which ought to be tried out when we are young as a warning to all of us who inherit the tendency to dogmatic religion: "In the first place, it is to be supposed that every pious Christian man should be more ready to interpret any obscure prophetic allusions, with a meaning in his own good sense. If, however, he cannot defend the proposition in any way, let him inquire of the speaker himself; and if then the speaker is found to be mistaken in sentiment or understanding, let him correct the same kindly. If this is not enough, let him employ all available means to render him sound in principle and secure from error." With that said over several times and our eye upon the "available means," now luckily consigned to the Chamber of Horrors, we are secured from the error into which every other lazy minded cast us of taking sides with one or other of the fanatics, whose adventures are an all-sufficient excuse for their existence in a book.

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19th century, when Spain was waging against them one of her holy wars of extermination. The treatment is altogether too slight. The writing is too pretty, and the dramatic construction is such as to remind the reader of a skit upon a field and a new pasturer readers should be grateful, and the book is well worth reading. But we hope it is only a preliminary to a future romance; this is well enough only as an introduction to the exceedingly picturesque scene and the interesting islanders.

The story of Juan de Betancour and Teneguana is taken from records, and we can understand that the author perhaps did not care to take too many liberties with the facts; but, then, these two young people should have been chosen for picturesque characters since their history is not exciting, and since, moreover, their personal deeds lead to nothing in particular. Juan de Betancour, as the "proud, domineering, reckless, headstrong" descendant of one of the old Norman conquerors and an island woman, might have been expected to do derring deeds. The new Spanish Governor was afraid of Juan, who bore "the name." The Governor need not have been alarmed. Juan attempted nothing inconvenient to the Throne of Spain and the Inquisition. In fact, he played the mission upon every possible occasion, upholding the grandeur of Spain and the belief that the Virgin Mary was a Spanish. We were disappointed in Juan the reckless, the proud. He fought in the Spanish war, and the islanders against the English; in this slight encounter he was taken prisoner by his distant relations; and after many minor adventures, and when all the islanders were dead or "converted" to Rome, he was at the same age that he met with the accident which cost him the sight of one eye. This cabin-boy, who was destined to be father to one of France's noblest patriots, had some singular companions on board. Garibaldi was one of the officers, while one of the passengers was Abbé Mastai, better known as Pope Pius IX.

Léon Gambetta was born in 1838. By the age of ten he had become a keen politician, for he was writing to his father: "Down with Bonaparte!" This was his opinion at that tender age of the future Emperor, an opinion worthy of a mature judgment. "It seems that Napoleon has been elected, although he is as stupid as an ostrich." It would have been well for France could she have heard this whisper "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." His early fluency in writing was as singular as his later fluency in speech. At eleven he was a delightful correspondent and raconteur.

The story of Juan de Betancour and Teneguana is altogether too slight. The writing is too pretty, but his indomitable tenacity carried him through all his privations. There is something a little unpleasant in the way he pushed himself into the chambers (as the writing is) of those who were doing well in the world, and therefore were most able to aid him in his advance. He progressed very rapidly in his legal studies, and was admitted as an advocate in 1860. This passage from a letter written when Gambetta was nineteen foretold the visionary nature of his character. "One doctrine, science alone shall be taught, political economy; one science alone shall be taught, political economy; one principle alone shall be erected, humanity; one principle alone, order; one society alone, the world." Unhappily, his devotion to the principle order led to his overlooking "the altar, humanity;" during the bloody days of the Commune. Like the bourgeois, he chose the lesser and rejected the higher duty. Another of his phrases in the same letter did not accord with his Dictatorship: "Liberty, seated in the centre of the spiritual world can only be approached by passing through a wide avenue—the avenue of progress."

His wonderful oratorical gifts soon carried him amongst the first rank of Parisian advocates. In his early days at the Bar he composed "An Address to the Youth of Italy on the Occasion of the Death of M. Cavour," a finely-worded epistle, which aroused much enthusiasm in Italy and brought Gambetta into touch with the Italian Embassy. It was his first success in the world of politics. From then he rapidly progressed through all the stages of legal and Parliamentary success, until he became Dictator of the National Defence in 1870. That he was the best man in the crisis cannot be affirmed yet, but the gay courag of his nature inspired his downcast countrymen with the joys of hope. He resisted the German demands...
with a cool steadiness which was admirable, but whether his was the nature to cope with the situation of 1870 must be doubted. There is a discreet silence in this book about "the Hundred Days." Gambetta lacked the courage of political magnanimity. His early death was to those literate-than-the-earthly bourgeoisie whose narrow-mindedness and lack of high ideals are slowly ruining France. This book is an excellent companion to the letters containing Gambetta's tragic love story.


This handsome book has been issued by the relatives and friends of Lord Tweedmouth as a slight memorial to his many qualities. There were many tragic incidents in the latter days of Lord Tweedmouth's life, but he bore them all with the coolness of a British aristocrat. The contributors to these memories are the distinguished men with whom he was brought in contact in public life. Lord Tweedmouth was a rare politician in the respect that he destroyed all his confidential letters and documents. The following incident was some months after his death, and was verified to another well-known living politician, who conceals a raging turmoil under a smiling face: "He had a strong, even violent, temper. On one occasion I was alone with him when he was interviewing candidates for one of the General Election. He entertained one who had fought a contest in 1886 as a Home Ruler and had been defeated, and who considered he had not got from Mr. M. the support he thought himself entitled to. From complaining the unsuccessful one took to scolding, and then to violent personal abuse. Mr. M. smiled and poured in oil and wine. It ended in the candidate being pacified, and they parted shaking hands and smiling amicably on each other. But the moment the door closed and we were alone there was a change. Mr. Marjoribanks gripped the table cloth in his clenched hand, tore it off the table, dashed it to the ground," etc., etc. Lord Tweedmouth's closing years were clouded with many anxieties. He never recovered from the death of his wife in 1904, while the disasters which overtook Meux's Brewery Co. involved him in heavy financial obligations. The final blow was the death of his mother in 1908. The campaign of contumely engineered by the military correspondent of the "Times" in connection with the Kaiser's letter to Lord Tweedmouth fell heavily upon his weakened frame. No over, the late Lord was shocked to find many of his friends sitting on the opposite side of the house availing themselves of this opportunity to assail with mocking bitterness a man overcome with many griefs. Lord Londonderry and Lord Rosebery have hardly ever played a more contemptible part than when they attacked their old friend in the House of Lords under the influence of a venomous and unwarrantable party campaign. These are the ways of some politicians, but the fact remains that the Kaiser letter incident was thoroughly disagreeable to all concerned except the late lord. Lord Tweedmouth was not a man of many talents. He was a fair administrator and a tactful Whirl. He went wrong on the South African War under the evil influence of the Inner Circle. But he was a gentleman who did his duty to his country, to his leader, to his colleagues, to his party, and to his friends. R.I.P.

Humanitarian Essays. (Humanitarian League. 1s.)

The Humanitarian League have published five essays in this little volume, the first of a new series, two dealing with the death penalty, two with flogging, and one for mercy to offenders. We are pleased to find Joseph Collinson's splendid expounding of the liberties of the flagellomaniacs reprinted in this volume, and Carl Heath in his "Notes on the Punishment of Death" has given body and substance to Mrs. Bonner's plea for the abolition of the death penalty. We wish that this volume could be as widely distributed as Tariff Reform literature.

Drama.

Second Thoughts on "Misalliance."

Mr. Shaw has said that Socialism would be quite possible but for the Socialists. It is equally true to say that advanced ideas would be quite possible if it were not for the advanced writers. Even truer, I think, for while Socialism depends for its success largely upon the smaller practice of everyday morality, new movements for the reform of religion or the family depend almost entirely upon the tempter shown by their adherents. It is easier to change economic conditions than to bring new inspiration into the art of living. Advanced people generally labour under the curse of being in a small minority. Worse still, they plume themselves upon the fact, and are content to rail blindly at the outer world. This is an unsocial habit. There is really nothing to be proud of in being in a minority. On the contrary, the very essence of devotion to a cause is that the believer should be ashamed of being isolated, that he should not rest content until he has made disciples, and that his aim should be the conversion of everybody to his own faith.

It is from this standpoint that such plays as "Misalliance" must be judged and condemned. In the most intelligent theatre of the first city of the world the time has gone by for mere iconoclasm, for mere railing at convention or shocking of the Philistines. It may be an amusing process, wittily carried out, but we want something more constructive, something more statesmanlike in the realm of faith, in the indication of a new rule of life. Mr. Shaw has shown that he is unable to supply this want. His audience is ready to hear of a new morality, and we are willing to listen to a debate on economics, and it is easy to show a Socialist clerk with a red tie and revolver attacking a polygamist capitalist, and bullied in an almost incredibly vulgar and wearsome scene by the capitalist and his family. This is not debate; it is garrulous, disconnected farce. The condition of debate is that one shall hear both sides, and that the parties shall not be better armed with tricks than the other. The attention of the time has gone by for mere iconoclasm, for mere rail- ing at convention or shocking of the Philistines. It may be an amusing process, wittily carried out, but it gets nothing but the bubbles of marsh gas that rise from the stirring of a stagnant pool. It is prepared for a discussion of freer, more decent and more intimate relations between men and women, and it is pre- sented as a saucy farce. Miss Gargery must have been used to the time has gone by for mere iconoclasm, for mere rail- ing at convention or shocking of the Philistines. It may be an amusing process, wittily carried out, but it gets nothing but the bubbles of marsh gas that rise from the stirring of a stagnant pool. It is prepared for a discussion of freer, more decent and more intimate relations between men and women, and it is presented as a saucy farce. Miss Gargery must have been used to
be compared with the language, let us say, of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in order to see what shoddy stuff the theatre has dealt in. The contrast is even more marked if the women of Meredith could have brought upon the stage, how they would sweep the mob of brainless coquettes and melancholy adulteresses, the Mrs. Dots and Mrs. Tanquerays, into insignificance! How vulgar and contemptible this portrayal of women is, the characters of Pinero and Jones live in an atmosphere of grubby plutocracy. They seek of Pall Mall and afternoon calls, while those of Meredith, true aristocrats, are for ever out upon the countryside discoursing of all the universe, from women to politics.

Oliver Wendell Holmes sighed for a company of people who should talk as brilliantly as the persons of "The School for Scandal." It would be well for us to-day if we had some people to speak with the same discrimination as the men of Meredith. Every sentence of "The Sentimentalists" is perfect in its way, and even the sense of the theatre is not altogether lacking. There are moments of pure comedy. The Barrie plays were curiously contrasted. "Old Friends" was not worth writing, but has a certain artificial, dramatic power, but lacks the least element of surprise. Moreover, it is tediously developed and fundamentally false. "The Twelve Pound Look," on the other hand, is one of the best one-act plays I have ever seen. The successful and wealthy Sims, about to be knighted, as Lady Sims remarks, "for his services to . . . er, for his services," and humbled by the advent of his first wife, who couldn't stand him, is exquisite. Sir Harry Sims occupied the next stall to mine, and had a bad quarter of an hour, no doubt, to the profit of his immortal soul.

A photographers store is the long-felt want. The School for Scandal. It would be well for us to assume that among them would be the following questions, to determine their value to the artist and to the public, what questions would he set himself to answer? Let us assume that among them would be the following:

What is the older master doing for the British public? If so, how? In method, ideal, or in any other way? What is the old master doing for the British public? Is he of any use to it? If so, how? As a factor of public instruction? In forming a judgment and taste in collection? As a model of and influence favorable to a national form of art? In promoting an appreciation of the work of the most modern men? In these or in any other way?

What are our national collections doing for the old masters? Are they preserving a veracious record of him, or a gross libel? A portrait of him as a beautiful whole or in hideous fragments? As a miraculous master or a brazen mendacity?

These are the questions that would doubtless rise up in his mind, and these are the questions that I have formed and shall answer in my own way. I invite other people to answer them in their own way also.

**ASHLEY DUKES**

ART.

Do the old masters help or hinder the most modern painter? Have we any old masters that could help him? Suppose an unbiased observer were to go to the National Gallery to review its contents in order to determine their value to the artist and to the public, what questions would he set himself to answer? Let us assume that among them would be the following:

What is the older master doing for the most modern painter? If so, how? In method, ideal, or in any other way? What is the old master doing for the British public? Is he of any use to it? If so, how? As a factor of public instruction? In forming a judgment and taste in collection? As a model of and influence favorable to a national form of art? In promoting an appreciation of the work of the most modern men? In these or in any other way?

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I have already made special reference to the old masters. Some doubt has been expressed as to my opinion concerning the truth about the National Gallery, and I have the assurance of one gentleman that, comparatively speaking, its collection of pictures is a model of what a collection should be. That is to say, we have done the best that the English can do when it comes to establishing a national picture gallery, and if it is not a gallery containing a representative collection of the work of the world's greatest painters, at least it is one representative and quite worthy of the British public. The method of establishing such an institution is well known, curious, and as follows: First, there is the long-felt want. A private collector offers to sell his pictures to the nation to form the nucleus of the desired national collection. The Government swallows the bait. An enthusiast or two offer to give their own pictures. The Government grows excited, and other pictures in an equally desperate state is run up designed to accommodate all the great pictures of the world and others that are refused house-room elsewhere. Other gifts, donations, bequests, and loans follow in rapid succession. The gallery becomes the common property of celebrities, nomenclatures vulgarians, tradesmen, dealers, and, indeed, all who have a picture to loan, or give, or sell, or conscience and other monies to bequeath for picture-buying purposes. In less than a century it accumulates between 1,500 and 2,000 pictures of a sort and stands unrivalled for quantity if not exactly for quality. * * * * *

It is pretty clear that a gallery established in this way is not going to be all that a gallery should be, or anything near it. As an open door for every kind of picture-owning adventurer it is not going to escape the taint of self-seeking and corruption. If the Government is too busy, too mean, or too ignorant to undertake the buying of the nation's pictures, but encourages English charities to provide them, it is not to be expected that English charity will be able to raise the national custom of gracefully giving away its worthless goods by way of advertisement and advantage. If the Government is too avaricious to desert its policy of commercial speculation have buried this country, and others that are refused house-room have returned in rapid succession. The gallery becomes the national picture gallery to a collection of really fine representative pictures numbering, say, 500, to be arranged and hung for comparison, study, and pleasure, but encourages all comers to dump down anything in the picture line, it is not surprising that collectors should utilise its premises as a safe-deposit during their life and as a tomb for all their treasures. If the Government is too weak or too stupid to forbid owners entering the National Gallery with their pictures, it is not likely that owners will neglect to spread themselves out in a most convincing and disconcerting manner what time the British public rises up and calls them, and not their pictures, blessed for so doing.

Bearing these and one other fact in mind, remembering that ever since its establishment the National Gallery, instead of being an individual institution with a perfect system of administration, has been but an annexe to the R.A., whose leading members have been its directors, instead of being an English charity of art divorced of her patron and bearing no impress of his hand, has been based on charity, like most other English institutions, and thereby made a half-way house for greed and self-advertisement passing to a nation's pictures, blessed for so doing.

The one other fact is rooted in slushy sentiment. England is always said by the feeble-minded and the ignorant to be in a parlour way so far as its attempt to retain the cheap, tawdry, and indifferent works that pass for old masters nowadays is concerned. If a picture with a name, however dishonestly obtained, leaves the country, the cry goes forth that degeneration has set in and the Medes and Persians are at the gates. This cry about the loss of imperishable and unmatchable old masters is sheer cant. The truth is, we do not want any more of the sort of pictures for which we are always clamouring. Our national collections are stuffed full of our sort of old masters. What we really want is room, and plenty of room. We want a general stocktaking and a weeding out of the lumber heap of rubbish and the detestable things under which centuries of elementary knowledge of art matters and commercial speculation have buried this country, and which greet the observer everywhere like a succession of nightmares.
All this is by way of preface to what I have to say concerning some of the fashionable, dearly bought, or loaned, not overwhelmingly artistic pictures of the National Gallery. These pictures are linked with the names of great painters. They are said to be deliriously beautiful and pearls beyond price. This statement confounds flatly with the evidence of one's own senses. In fact, they have no right to take the place in our mind that perfection alone should occupy: no right to occupy valuable wall space that great works alone should occupy, no right to be hanging in high places and revered, what time the honest modern picture goes by neglected. In short, never was the National Gallery efficiently organised to fulfil its place and destiny; never had responsible authorities; never had functionaries with the vision, judgment, or taste necessary to detect, secure, and control great things. It is not yet in any sense equipped as it should be equipped; not yet the haven of the honest and uncondemned pictures alone; not yet wholly friendly to the true and wholly hostile to the false. It has sold its birthright to outsiders, and outsiders will continue to exploit it in the service of their purse and personality, while the purity and the personality of the deathless master goes unheeded.

That the work of the Women's International Art Club, now being exhibited at the Grafton Galleries, is above the average is clear from the beginning. In the first room there are at least a dozen women who have something uncommonly interesting to say in paint. Among them are three artists who are painting in colour, whose work is frank and honest, and not disposed of with a few fierce dashes of the brush but in a complete, substantial, and emotive way. What [S. de Karlowiska] has to say she tells us lucidly in pure and harmonious colour. Her two studies of still life speak in the broadest, simplest, and most convincing terms. Adele von Pinch's "Grune Hut" is at the opposite pole. A corporeal composition in colour, in movement, and in sentiment. Strength, delicacy, and refinement characterise the two studies by Olga de Bozmanika. Mrs. Laura Knight's "Cinderella"; Mrs. Laura Knight's telling composition, "Dressing the Children"; the strong monochromic painting of Maud Button; Flora Lion's characteristic "Portrait Study"; A. L. Swynerton's big admirable composition (52); Mary Creighton's arresting piece of work, "Barbara"; the individual work of E. C. Austen Brown; the interesting pastel work of Bertha Clarke; the experimental etchings in colour by Maud D. Hurst; the studies by a German draughtswoman, Kathe Kollwitz, who is interpreting with a fierce veracity the passages of brutal life—all these should be seen. Amy Atkinson's portrait of Geddes is a liberal.

**HUNTY CARTER.**

**INSURANCE NOTES.**

It is an open secret that the accounts of the Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society for 1909 will disclose something like a record increase in premium income, and a record addition to funds. The figures are apart altogether from the work of the branches taken over from the General Friendly Society. With reference to the Liverpool Victoria Corporation and Friendly Society, the prediction of a joint increase of £10,000 is likely to be exceeded.

The premium income derived by the Liverpool Victoria from the General Friendly Society is put down at £110,000, and from the Corporation and Friendly Society, £20,000 has been secured to the Corporation. So that taking the Society and Corporation and other sources of income, the Liverpool Victoria increase in net premium income for last year is £260,000; surely a most satisfactory result.

One would have thought that last year, with its battle against industrial unrest, its attack on industrial insurance, its ceaseless controversy about illegal policies, its endless debating as to the relative merits of mutual and proprietary companies would have proved to be a poor one. On the other hand, we bear from several sources that interests of all kinds, industrial and otherwise, are at present in a forward state of trade, the year turned out well, both in the matter of increase and in the matter of profit.

We agree with a contemporary that there are to be fewer insurance companies in the future. We have had a flood of new companies during the past year. Now there are not enough in existence to cope with all those demands to which the business of to-day points. Some determined men will win their way through the difficulties, and will found famous offices. But the groundlings will be shut out.

The Registrar's contention that a man must himself be a member of a society before he can take out a policy on the life of a third party in whom he has an insurable interest has been vigorously contested. The Liverpool Victoria leaders, supported by the opinion of eminent counsel, were the first to take exception to the dictum of the Registrar, and others have followed suit. It is argued that the man effecting an authorised assurance on the life of a third party becomes himself the member by virtue of being the policy holder, and that the third party has no membership or standing in the matter.

There is a new field for insurance opened up by the Town Planning and Housing Act, the last legislative triumph of Mr. John Burns. This new Act holds the landlord responsible for all accidents happening, owing to defective construction, in houses let for less than three years at rents of £16 or £26 in the provinces, and less than £40 in London. Broken stairs, falling ceilings, defective traps, and the like, are matters with which every landlord must make the responsibility a very real one, and there is sure to be a filip to the class of business known as Landlords' Indemnity.

At the recent Labour Conference, Miss Macarthur raised a strong protest against the absence of any reference to State insurance. The Trades Congress, she said, had adopted the principle of State insurance, and the Labour Party must not drift into a reactionary and dangerous position. Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., joined in the protest, and maintained that the Government had themselves promised to give State insurance their attention.

It has now been officially stated that "if the rules of a friendly society so permit, a person may become a member for the purpose of obtaining only one of the benefits offered by the society. There is a straitened place in a society in order to effect an insurance for the funeral expenses of the child or other specified relative, without it being necessary for him to effect an insurance on his own life. One can thus make the assurance granted becomes a member, but the person whose funeral expenses are to be paid does not become a member by the form of insurance." Now we have arrived at common sense.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Carter sticks to his guns with a valour worthy of a better cause. He still maintains that Madonnas abound in the National Gallery of which only the faces are original; that Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" is "uninteresting"; that Velasquez's "Venus" is a second-rate piece of craftsmanship, and that Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" is a second-rate piece of craftsmanship. I will now discuss the last two points. Mr. Carter has vigorously contested. The Liverpool Victoria leaders, supported by the opinion of eminent counsel, were the first to take exception to the dictum of the Registrar, and others have followed suit. It is argued that the man effecting an authorised assurance on the life of a third party becomes himself the member by virtue of being the policy holder, and that the third party has no membership or standing in the matter.

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the forefront of the modern movements—Manet, Whistler.

Degas, Monet, Sisley, Cézanne, Seurat, Jongkind, Sargent, Pissarro, Renoir, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Morisot, Degas, Zorn, Mickett, Puvis de Chavannes, and many others—have been inspired by precisely those works which Mr. Carter finds absurd and abortive. The great Victorians possessed the good fortune of Mr. Carter's predecessors of the old masters, and the world masters, and the whole collection of that Tate Gallery—the National Gallery of British Art! is "one of the seven horrors of civilization," in a word, that Mr. Carter has managed to able introductions. The majority of Royal Academicians are equally disdainful of the past. Its exhibitions are consequently the most common and of any importance, and the main society, while many of the contributions in the winter exhibitions, arranged by its members, are the wonder and laughing stock of connoisseurs.

I presume that Mr. Carter admits that Whistler was one of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century. We know of his "The Lady of the Leaping Frog," canons, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," and other important works. The Frenchmen, and, I have heard, the Englishmen enumerated above learnt the best that is in them from the old men.

He clearly has no technical knowledge, or he would see that the technical traditions of painting are in danger of being lost in the hotchpot of modern methods of instruction. Had he such knowledge he would not dare put the centuries against the present generation; or have the temerity to say that old pictures could be "faked," or subvert that authority but an imbecile play the selective attention to pedigrees, circumstantial evidence of genuineness, signatures, etc. He is under the impression that old masters are "faked" on experimental grounds. If any student forger could assume the genius and personality of a great painter! If he can pass off a modern imitation of a great master on me I will present him with a genuine old master. If he can convince me that old pictures could be "faked" or a modern imitation of any great master, I will reward him with a genuine old master.

He is obsessed with the newer movements in art, and blind to the wondrous structure on which these movements are based. In the sculpture of the Parthenon and the paintings of the Egyptians rank very highly as pure art. Does Rodin regard the Parthenon frieze, the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory, as dead shells? Surely his efforts towards greater synthetic quality and rhythmical value are precisely what the Greeks achieved centuries ago! Sargent has painted the portrait of many another "big" picture. Did he not learn anything from Velasquez, Hals, and Van Dyck? Whistler fills a niche; did he not salud Hokusai? Whatever art critics may think of the old masters, I venture to say that artists of to-day are united in their reverence for the achievements of the men whose creations hang in our National Gallery. The straightforward affirmation of sentiment of humanity can we moderns hope to do better than Van Eyck, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, and a host of others did. And after all, this unassuming artist was a true man, but consistent with the fact that painters have set a classic standard of excellence themselves, from which a man cannot escape.

Art is convention, and man has probably made the convention as beautiful as it can ever be. Pride of intellect makes some of us feel that the art and literature of any age of the world, indeed, was the old masters. But for, let us hope, the many, Beethoven, Leonardo, and Shakespeare are old masters who have touched probably the highest of creative heights.

JOHN WITCOMBE.
Potiphar but Mrs. Pettticoat, a duke's third cousin. So you see, everybody who is somebody knows nothing of your Mrs. Pottip蜘.

And his subordinates in the service are not prepared to deny of decorum during this painful episode; but never once destroy the peace of Simla. It is common knowledge that siege have noticed, is not uncommonly the end of informers.

Indeed to match her dignified bearing in the pathetic matter of home would be licked for a cub or cut for a cad who was awkward enough to have mentioned it. An Englishman at any rate of their respective periods. But, as everybody knows, they are very often guilty of that which they accuse others.

If anything more than my disclaimer were needed in proof that the letter published last week is a forgery, one has only to consider the uninformed character of the criticisms. For a moment the spectre of anarchy hovered to my mental understanding; and it would be a bold mind that would question Plutarch's decisions.

I think these remarks are sufficient to dispose of the notion that anyone so thoroughly informed as myself should have written the foolish statements about Andromache and Cornelia. I trust never to see my name again in your pages.

DORCAS GRUNDY.

A PLEA FROM CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A three years' residence in this house of conservation and torpid resignation had gone far towards embalming my faculties with the slow, insidious frost of dullness and pre-mature age, and I have to thank your excellent paper for galvanising me in a recognition of the part I am to play. The publication of my letter of January 13th reached me to-day, and a growing sense of shame and bewilderment surges over me as I realise that my sense of humour has, unperceived, been dying the slow death that waits for disused faculties. It was the article headed "Foreign Affairs" that revealed to me your pernicious condition; permit me to quote, greatly as I do so from whose perusal I date my revival: "But the Polish question is not settled. A nation which invented the liberal idea of nationality must prove to the world that measure becoming law, had all the vitality of individualism. It is the finest example in history of the rights of the minority being safeguarded. It was legislation centred in advance of present civilisation." Ye gods! I thought he meant it! For a moment the spectacle of anarchy hovered to my mental vision over the unfolding landscape of the *new* England. Any wrong-headed member of the legislative body, obsessed with the idea of his private infallibility, or inspired by the desire for private gain, to negative the will of a whole nation! Or was the writer conceiving a millennium, where progress would be no more; where some absolute idea of some infallible truth would have so informed the soul of every individual that all would have to trail together their triumphant career above the black clouds of conflict, failure, and despair, and through the undiscriminated atmosphere of grey and cloud and snow. Any other reader, clear, searching light of English journalism, THE NEW AGE, deliberately chosen to drape his face in the brilliant-hued unsubstantial, miasmatic wraiths of idealism! Three times did I peruse the passage before my torpid sense of humour began to whisper in my ear that this was sarcasm! But I would fain plead with you to make allowances. Your circle of readers in Cathay is yet a small one; it is true; but we trust it is a growing one. Have mercy on the weaker brethren. Instruct the printer to add a note in the margin, in Chinese, if you will, stating where required, "this is sarcasm." By degrees we will learn to do without these swaddling bands.

PUZZLED.

GERMANS AT MEAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To what class do Miss Katherine Mansfield's "Germans at Meat" belong? I am not disposed to say the middle class of the country, and have had much opportunity for observing Germans of the higher middle class at meat, and otherwise. Certainly, I have observed habits described by Mrs. Grundy not to be found in that social stratum. The title of Rat-Counsellor tells nothing. Here, as in England, there are counsellors and councilors. Here, as there, some who have no opportunity of a deeper insight into the Germans than I do, by Emerson as "the finest of the fine arts." English people who believe "Germans at Meat" to be a typical picture of the educated class in this country are surely not those with the Herren Rat and Hoffman, and doubtless as unconvincing. But for all who would avoid indiscriminate generalisation, this protest. M. CHESHIRE.

Dresden.

As for Cornelia of Rome, why, her whole life was one long correction of behaviour. Only three of her twelve children survived their vigorous upbringing. She refused to wed a barbarian and her husband, to the heart of Grundy in Rome rather than reign a queen in Egypt. Read the account of her noble magnanimity towards Fate after her sons had been slain: "Her table was always set for a man of Greeks, and other men of letters, she had always with her. All the kings sent her presents, receiving the like civilities in return, and her whole life had been devoted to the peace of Simla. It is common knowledge that siege have noticed, is not uncommonly the end of informers. Andromache. What a pattern of a woman! She could speak of her sons without a sigh or a tear; her sons were hacked to pieces in the streets. Yet: "She made no change in her way of living. Her tables were always set for a man of letters, she received the like civilities in return, and recount their actions and sufferings as if she had been describing the deeds of strangers." There again—what a woman! The child's life to her last breath—would, indeed, have slain him himself as a last desperate resort, in some, swift, pain-laden moments. There was principle and propriety! For a moment the spectre of anarchy hovered to my mental understanding: and it would be a bold mind that would question Plutarch's decisions.

I think these remarks are sufficient to dispose of the notion that anyone so thoroughly informed as myself should have written the foolish statements about Andromache and Cornelia. I trust never to see my name again in your pages.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Professor Gilbert Murray has been advising the readers of the "Labour Leader," and working men in general, to read the classics. He particularly recommends Herodotus, but I confess myself to a greater taste for Thucydides. What could better illustrate and illuminate the present political controversy than the respective speeches of Cleon and Diodorus before the Athenian democracy recorded in Book III of Thucydides' history? His reflections on Revolutions are also as appropriate at this moment as when they were written. I copy out one passage of startling modernity:—

"The cause of all these evils was the love of power, originating in avarice and ambition, and the party-spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names, the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the multitude, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy, while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their price. . . . Citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both; either they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving." (Jowett's translation, Vol. I, p. 243.)

R. M.

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PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The writer of your article on "Present Day Criticism" has all my sympathy. For a couple of years it was my fate to review books for an English weekly paper, and at first I really tried to say what I thought about them; but the editor was a kind-hearted person, who did not like me to be doubtful that it would be better to pass in silence those things which I did not like, and only praise those that I did. On one occasion when reviewing a novel by a certain well-known author, who at the time of writing must have been suffering from a mental aberration, I remarked that it was "all a muddle and a mystery from beginning to end." The editor told me that this was too strong an expression to apply to the work of a literary bigwig; "all very mystifying" would be better. And I believe that his mind was quite unprejudiced by the advertisement department.

A. S.

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THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Whatever tactics the British suffragettes may employ in the furtherance of their cause in the immediate future, they need have no doubt that their action of the past two years has been most effective in focussing the attention of the peoples of the world on the question of the political enfranchisement of women. In the Western States of the U.S., where even now women hold the suffrage in some form or other, the newspapers and cheap ten cent magazines are the great media of American education when schooldays finish, it follows that whatever a man and woman of the States think is kept well posted about the struggle. America is a great woman's country—woman is coming to her own. On the whole, I find the press sympathetic, even with the militancy of the British sisters. I note, however, that the "New York World" of February 7th hails the news of Mrs. Pankhurst's decision to abandon militant methods as the climax of a struggle. The American newspapers chronicle the moves made by the English suffragists fully as they are written, and as the newspapers of the Continent do, with the honour that is due to the noble fighters who suffered violence that in the end all the race should gain.

California.

ROBERT A. NICOL.

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A SOCIALIST CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

There is a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross Road under whose roof, or, to be more exact, on whose roof, all Socialist societies meet in amity. Is there in London a club where all Socialists can foregather, hear and give the news, and make the propaganda of the world-spirit? I speak from actual knowledge of how keenly the militancy of the British sisters. I note, however, the thanks that the Press is, on the whole, sympathetic, even the furtherance of their cause in the immediate future, they need have no doubt that their action of the past two years has been most effective in focussing the attention of the peoples of the world on the question of the political enfranchisement of women. In the Western States of the U.S., where even now women hold the suffrage in some form or other, the newspapers and cheap ten cent magazines are the great media of American education when schooldays finish, it follows that whatever a man and woman of the States think is kept well posted about the struggle. America is a great woman's country—woman is coming to her own. On the whole, I find the press sympathetic, even with the militancy of the British sisters. I note, however, that the "New York World" of February 7th hails the news of Mrs. Pankhurst's decision to abandon militant methods as the climax of a struggle. The American newspapers chronicle the moves made by the English suffragists fully as they are written, and as the newspapers of the Continent do, with the honour that is due to the noble fighters who suffered violence that in the end all the race should gain.

California.

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