The limitation of Supply to a period of six weeks, terminating in mid-May and at the climax of the Veto sentiment is preparing seriously for its campaign against the Lords. There are, however, in this plan more considerations than meet the eye. It is to be remembered that within the last week or two Mr. Churchill, for one, indignantly disclaimed any intention of refusing himself supplies, properly arguing that the celebrated action of the Commons in the reign of Edward IV. was not a precedent for the action of a Liberal Government in the reign of Edward VII. He was supported, if we remember rightly, by most of his colleagues in the Cabinet and by one at least of the Liberal organs. Also his view commended itself to common-sense persons who regard the maintenance of the King’s government as the paramount duty of the King’s Government, apart altogether from partisan aims and considerations of the good of their party programme. These views, however, have now been abandoned, as so many views before them have been, under pressure of forces for the most part unseen and, unfortunately, for the most part inscrutable.

We do not say that the reasons so frankly given by Mr. Lloyd George for reversing the practice of recent years in the matter of the period of Supply are not good enough for the Opposition. The lamentable, and we fear probably prolonged, absence of Mr. Balfour from the councils of the Unionist tacticians has meant the restoration of party considerations in their ranks to the ancient place of authority. The session began with the restoration of party considerations in their ranks to the good of their party programme. These views, however, mitigating the rigours of partisanship by encouraging individual independence and by co-operation among the best men. All this, however, faded into the common light of politics so soon as it was realised that Mr. Balfour would be unable to lead his party effectively, and so soon, therefore, as his lieutenants began to quarrel amongst themselves for the vacant chair. You shall read the Unionist Press now in vain for so sincere patriotic utterance. They are frankly partisan, and by reaction the Liberal Party have become partisan in the same degree.

Normally it is the duty of a Government when in doubt about its policy to move towards its Left Centre, there where the heart is. All great Liberal leaders have done this, both in England and in Parliaments abroad. By so doing they shift their centre of gravity and so live, but in the direction of life and with the least danger to their existence in the process. We certainly expected that the present Government, when it found itself between the two extreme demands of the ultra- Radicals on the one hand and of the oligarchs on the other hand, would have moved no more than a step to the left, where, on the constitutional issue at any rate, they would have found themselves at the true point of equilibrium. In this view we expected that the Budget would have interested the Veto and the temptation would be made to force both through the House of Lords. But that course, as everybody knows, has been abandoned in favour of the proposals of the extreme Left, who, contrary to political speculation and precedent, have now found themselves quite unexpectedly leading instead of merely supporting the Government of the day.

We do not pretend to be epoptoe in the temple of political mysteries, but there are several explanations open to students of these things. It is not enough to point to the position of the Irish as the sole determining factor of the situation. Unionist journals are fond of portraying Mr. Redmond as the real dictator of the moment; but unless there existed certain plans in the mind of the Government which Mr. Redmond is prepared to assist, his nominal dictatorship would be brought to an end by the resignation of the Government. Evidently the Government find Mr. Redmond’s “dictatorship” tolerable, and, on the whole, easily tolerable. Otherwise we may be pretty sure that simple petulance alone would drive its members to see Mr. Redmond damned before they would obey him against their own interests. We must suppose, therefore, that the apparent obedience is real agreement, and that the Government either desires what Mr. Redmond desires or at least desires the same thing for the time being. And a similar explanation, we think, can be found for the other charges brought against the Government by its critics. Most of these would turn out, on examination, to be no so much proofs of bad faith or of weak
surrender or of wily strategy as of simple expedient dictated by the circumstances of the moment.

One reason is that we keep in touch more with theories than with cumb without posed to point to dangers which are ordinarily over-

posals brings us nearer to the moment when the country looked. Dangers there must needs be, since not the

nary elector will not understand the enormity of the form. But we join Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in his view

point at least. If the Veto proposals are laid now that the Government will secure the Budget, if

News being done to keep the country in touch with the real successful. Again, we have to deplore that nothing is

opinion, otherwise, as we urged last week, it is doomed to fail, because the country

takeable assent. It is essential, in our view, that the proposed

attitude of the largest section of the Liberals, our sole preference being for such a view as will really succeed. It is essential, in our view, that the proposed

decision upon the Lords should be made with the unmis-
takeable assent and consent of the mass of public opinion, otherwise, as we urged last week, it is doomed either to be unsuccessful or to be reversed when suc-

cessful. Again, we have to deplore that nothing is being done to keep the country in touch with the real issues. Where are those meetings which the "Star" called for? Where is the fiery Cross of the "Daily News"? The country cannot be politically educated in a week of general election, and every day that brings us nearer the rejection by the Lords of the Veto pro-

posals brings us nearer to the moment when the country must be asked to make a decision.

The effect of the limitation of Supply will probably be rendered innocuous by the simple fact that the ordi-
nary elector will not understand the enormity of the denial of the Budget, which is the subject of our main dis-

sion. But we join Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in his view that the failure to pass the Budget would compromise the Government seriously in its next appeal to the country. Majority or no majority, everybody expects now that the Government will secure the Budget, if nothing else. Lord Lansdowne no longer blocks the way. He has put his House right, in appearance, on that point at least. If the Veto proposals are laid before the country with the Budget still unpassed we should not like to prophesy the result. Mr. Redmond should be urged to reconsider his opposition to the Budget, and to pass it before the Lords have signified their intentions in regard to the Veto resolutions. One wonders whether the much talked of "holy war" will be construed as wanting something for nothing, or at least as involving the Government in the charge of refusing half a loaf because it could not immediately obtain the whole. Such a view would not increase the popularity of the Liberal Party.

It will be seen, we hope, that we keep in mind the ultimate aim of democratic reformers, which is the extinction of the hereditary principle in legislation; but we hold a more realistic view than most reformers of the opposition to be expected. And it is for that reason that we prefer to move slowly but surely with the main army, rather than rapidly but rashly with the handful of the pioneers. Mr. Belloc, being in "a unique and individual position" in the House of Commons, is entitled to sharpshoot at his discretion. All that is imperilled are his own skin and such few principles as he alone stands for. But the case is different for a group aspiring to become a national and a nationally trusted party. It would be sheer madness for a responsible Socialist to declare himself so brutally indifferent to his opponents as Mr. Belloc declares himself to be. Mr. Belloc tells us that he has no regard for the political as well as military—to smash your enemy when you have him in your hands. That may be war, but it is not magnificent. Nor is it within a thousand miles of the practice of democracy. We prefer, on the other hand, not only a purely democratic solution. Extreme views, in our opinion, are doomed to fail, because the country

is or is not conducive to the end we set before ourselves is mainly a question of constitutional machinery. And in this matter we are content to take the view that

prevails among the largest section of the Liberals, our sole preference being for such a view as will really prevail and bring the question a little nearer the demo-

cratic solution. Extreme views, in our opinion, are doomed to fail because the country is or is not conducive to the end we set before ourselves and that is our sole reason for preferring Mr. MacDonald in this matter to Mr. Belloc. Incidentally it happens that Mr. Belloc is also an extreme anti-Socialist. That is good ground for our distrust of Radical views on anything else.

In the "Labour Leader" of last week Mr. Clynes, we observe, renews his perennial complaint of Socialist criticism of the Labour party. This attitude is fast be-

coming puerile, particularly in view of the suggestion made by Mr. Belloc that "no man in 1910 talks of war," that the question of a coalition between Liberals and Socialists must shortly be faced. If the Labour party is to take its place as one of the permanent parties of the State it must win its right by not only succeeding militarily but by its moral and political superiority. During the present crisis we have frequently said we have nothing but praise. This does not prove us, we submit, inimical to the Labour Party on principle. Quite the contrary. The Labour Party, however, are indifferent to approval as they are indifferent to criticism. Praise they regard as their due; but critic-

icism is always inspired by malice. This comes of being the spoiled child of politics. If, however, the question of a coalition really to be faced is now at another time is indispensable. All our previous criticisms, in fact, resume their edge. What self-respecting party of advanced Social Reforming Liberals would submit them-

selves to alliance with a group as watertight from ideas outside their class as the Labour Party has shown itself to be? If the Labour Party cannot endure the criticism of its friends, but boycotts and ostracises the most powerful of them at the earliest opportunity, how will it illustrate to the rest of the supporters of the most prospective allies whom it is unable to expel? A modern marriage assumes an equality between the two contracting parties, and is deservedly a failure when the equality does not prove real. Would there be any real equality between a group composed of the best brains of the Liberal Party and a group of Socialist-Labour members whose best brains had been battered out of their ranks? Everything points, as we have said, to a renaissance of political Socialism so soon as
the present cometery constitutional crisis is over; but that
renaisance will be transient unless the group of poli-
tical Socialists in the Labour Party open their ranks as
well as their minds to the entertainment of national
ideas distinct from class ideas. That we regard as the
precedent condition of any fruitful alliance with
Liberals. It will then be possible also to remain inde-
pendent if the circumstances warrant it.

Foreign Affairs.

The enormous increase in the Naval Estimates will
apparently be progressive. The working classes have
been cajoled into supporting this vast expenditure on
warships and armaments, whose only uses are to defend the
property and lives of the wealthy. A soldier receiving a
shilling a day, or a workman earning 2s. a week, has
nothing to save from foreign attack. Yet the soldier
hires his body to the Stock Exchange financiers and to
the landed owners, while the workman allows the pro-
duce of his labour to be taken from him and expended
upon warships and armaments! It is pitiful. This
particular increase is most disastrous from the workers'
point of view. The intention of the Government last
October was to allow for an increase in 1911 of old age
pensions to 7s. 6d. per week. The Budget for 1910
was being prepared by the Treasury officials on that
basis; but the rejection of the 1909 Budget and the
demand for increased Naval Estimates destroyed this
democratic project. The workers should remember this
at the next election. Mr. Robert Blatchford’s respon-
sibility for robbing the aged poor of this addition to
their wretched pittance of five shilling a week is heavier
than anyone else’s, except Lord Northcliffe and the
Conservative Party.

Another misfortune of this profligate expenditure is
the wedge it has driven into the ranks of the workers.
In Germany, for instance, some hundred workmen at
Krupp’s have protested against their dismissal, due to
the reduction in German naval expenditure. The dock-
yard and arsenal constituencies in England swung over
to the Tory Party at the last election, because they
wanted more employment, though every penny ex-
pended upon armies and navies represents so much
waste. On the Continent there is one form of waste in
expenditure that is positively terrible—namely, State
expenditure upon brothels. For France to cease erecting
brothels would throw a lot of workmen temporarily out
of work; for England to cease building warships would
also temporarily deprive bodies of workmen of their
employment. Sir Fortescue Flannery, naval construc-
tor and “big Navy man,” might lose his income tem-
porarily if the “big Navy movement” were to lose the
wedge it has driven into the ranks of the workers.

The women of Paris would be benefited far more
by a minimum wage than they are by the Governmental
erection of brothels. The workmen of England are
wretchedly housed. The present naval and military
expenditure would provide far more employment were
it devoted to rehousing and buying land for town-plan-
ing purposes. The creation of military and naval
forces is an ingredient in the creation of wars. It is
well known that the military stationed in remote parts
of the Empire molest peaceful tribes just to keep their
hands in. M. Hercule has summarised the argument in
his book, “My Country, Right or Wrong,” in the chapter
on “Why the Ruling Classes preach Patriot-
ism”:

A great war in Europe, whatever its issues, is a rain of
gold for the providers of cardboard boot-soles or damaged
meat, for the railway companies, for the bankers, who, after
the defeat negotiate loans of five milliards for indemnities,
for the great gunmakers and cartridge manufacturers, who,
during the war unload their stocks, and who, once the war is
finished, set to work to heap up new supplies, improved
in accordance with latest experience. What a gold mine
patriotism is for the ruling classes; but also what a fool’s
trap for the people!

No wonder the house of Rothschild, not a member of
whom has spilt a drop of blood on behalf of any cause,
good, bad, or indifferent, tried to impose Conscription
on its clerks!

The text of the latest measure against liberty in
India, the Press Act, has been received. The Act is
directed against writings calculated “to bring into
hate or contempt His Majesty or the Government
established by law in India.” The further definition of
offenders under this section is astounding. These
defences “may be committed by any newspaper, book,
or other document containing any words, signs, or
visible representations which are likely or may have a
tendency, directly or indirectly, whether by inference,
suggestion, allusion, metaphor, implication, or other-
wise,” to have the prohibited effects. This is an im-
portant attempt to suppress criticism. In the interpre-
tation of this description, it will fail because of its ab-
surdity. If such an Act were passed in England every
Tory journalist in London would be now in prison.
For three months every Tory paper, from the “Times”
to the “Daily Express,” was trying “to bring into
hatred or contempt the Government established by law
in England.” The spirit now prevalent in India can be
gathered from the Maharajah of Burdwan’s reference,
in the Legislative Council, without any rebuf from
Lord Minto, to Mr. Keir Hardie as a “sirdar white
cootive.”

The Duez scandal promises to develop into a huge
political affaire. M. Duez had been entrusted with the
liquidation of a certain part of the property of the
Religious Orders which had not complied with the
French Law of Associations. His defalcations
amounted to hundreds of thousands of pounds. The
French Republic has been very unfortunate in financial
scandals. The Royalist-Catholic Party now has the
chance it has been waiting for. The elections are com-
ing on in several months, and the results may prove
very unpleasant to all the advanced parties. The
Catholics have been re-organising so vigorously in the
provinces and in some of the smaller towns that they
are confidently anticipating a large turnover of votes.
The fraud revealed in the Deez affair is of a peculiarly
unpleasant kind, and its political consequences should
be very important.

The perennial Congo question has been once more
solemly debated in the House of Commons. Worthy
Nonconformists like Sir George White have called upon
the Government to take “belligerent action.” It is a pity
that Sir George White cannot devote a little of his
eloquence to the cocoa slaves of San Thomé and
Angola. Sir Edward Grey naturally declined to pledge
himself to do anything until the Government scheme
had been tried and found wanting. Sir George White was
the gentleman who denounced “the present wicked,
 wasteful, and appalling expenditure on armaments” at
the Free Church Council. Is it not a little inconsistent
to demand “belligerent action” at one assembly and
deprate the expenditure needful to provide the means
of taking “belligerent action” at another assembly?

“STANHOPE OF CHESTER.”

March 17, 1910

The New Age
The Paris Floods and the Paris Commune.

By Adolphe Smith.

In describing the Paris floods, the widespread distress they occasioned, the devotion of the population, the soldiers who helped in the work of rescue, many correspondents compared this recent calamity with the great siege of Paris in 1870–71. Present in Paris during the Franco-German war, and during the Commune, and having now only just returned from investigating the measures taken to cope with the evil effects likely to have now only just returned from investigating the measures taken to cope with the evil effects likely to result from the floods, I am especially qualified to make similar comparisons. But what I would say on the subject differs absolutely from the picturesque vignettes drawn of the soldiers’ bivouacs in the streets. Such word-painting may be made artistic and interesting, but does not carry us very far. On the other hand, Paris has played so important a part in the history that anything which enables us to better understand the psychology of the Parisian people is of real practical importance. Thus, in the present instance, anyone who has observed the attitude of the population when so large a part of Paris was under water will be better able to understand why the outbreak of the Commune was possible.

It must be noted that there are 80,000 houses in Paris, and that of these 14,000 were suddenly invaded by the waters from January 10th to the 31st of January last, and by the 31st of January the waters had so far subsided that the work of cleaning and purification was begun. A large portion of the underground railway was flooded, and so were many of the electric generating stations. Consequently the means of communication, of sending messages by telephone, and of electric lighting were unexpectedly interrupted. But all these and many other sensational events were graphically described at the time. What one would now like to know is that every eye-witness testified to the marvellous resignation, courage, devotion, of the entire population, and was greatly impressed by the ingenuity, the extraordinary resourcefulness, of the people.

The "lancelet" of March 18th insists especially on these characteristics when it describes the difficulties of removing with only 40 ambulances some 800 patients from flooded houses, and the necessity of prompt disinfection.—The underground railway operation involved the destruction of all goods which had been soaked, especially in the houses where cesspools overflowed or the soil pipes burst. The "petit bourgeois," whose soul is supposed never to rise above his station, was so completely helped to save the Republic, proved himself capable of the noblest altruism. Instead of resisting, he willingly helped to destroy his own stock-in-trade, and showed that he had no concern about his own business could prevent his doing his duty as a citizen. If his goods might he the means of spreading an epidemic, he readily gave them all up and saw them consigned to the flames. Thus there has been no epidemic. The death-rate in Paris is lower than usual, and never before have so many houses been so thoroughly cleansed.

All those who have had anything to do with the gigantic task of disinfecting 14,000 houses in a few days, and the work involved in the rescue of their inhabitants, are loud in the praise of the Parisian population. The heroism and the whole-hearted devotion, the ingenuity, the desire to take initiative, to be up and doing, and the absolute selflessness of it all have profoundly impressed foreign critics—public officials and everyone who has been on the spot. Dr. Henry Thierry, who is the chief of the disinfecting services and has visited some 5,000 of the flooded houses, spoke to me on the subject with the deepest emotion. He is still very much excited, but he told me that his seniors had said the attitude of the population reminded them of the siege of Paris. To this I at once replied: "Yes, and it explains the Paris Commune. Imagine," I went on to say, "if someone, some high authority, the Prefect of Police or the Prefect of the Seine, or the Prime Minister, had come forward and forbidden anyone to help unless it be some State official in full uniform."

To-day Paris is saved from the most dreaded consequences of the floods because the generous impulse, the altruism, the devotion of the population were encouraged and allowed free vent. So also in 1870 Paris might have been saved from the German invasion if full scope had been given to the marvellous resourcefulness, ingenuity, of the Parisians, who are known to be those people that distinguish the true Parisian. Of course, I do not mean the pimp and procurer who provides for the needs of the cosmopolitan capital of vice that is located round and half-way to the Grand Hotel, where British and American visitors generally congregate. That is not Paris. When, under the Commune, Paris really did govern itself, a battalion of the National Guard from Belleville swooped down to the grand boulevards and surrounded the Café Américain—so named for its proprietors, and its best patrons. Then, as now, it was one of the principal resorts of gilded vice; but, while civil war was being waged, the Commune thought these wealthy idlers might better compete with the Germans, in spite of their silks, satins and diamonds, were marched off to the St. Lazare prison to make sandbags. The men—of course, mostly foreigners, including Englishmen—were called upon to place these sandbags in the advanced trenches.

The insurrection of the Paris Commune was due to the conviction that Paris and France could have been saved if the ardour and devotion of the civil population had been allowed full play. In other words, the Government of the National Defence should have treated the Parisians in 1870 as the Prefects of the Police and of the Seine treated them during the floods of January and February, 1910. This was not done because the population of Paris was, and, for that matter, still remains, essentially revolutionary in its instincts and aspirations. Though the members of the Government of the National Defence called themselves Republicans, they were desperately afraid of their revolutionary following. If they could have defeated the Germans with the few regular troops, the sailors and the Garde Mobile under their command, this would have been quite delightful, proper and safe. But to be victorious with the aid of the revolutionary Garde Nationale of Belleville and Montrouge, of the gardes de la paix of Moncey and Montparnasse, of Grenelle, La Villette and Charonne, this would have constituted too great a humiliation for the professional military men and the drawing-room officers. It certainly was not with the National Guards from the principal resorts of gilded virtue that the Germans could be fought and conquered.

The Paris Commune of 1792 had certainly largely contributed to recruit and organize the Sans Cadet army which defeated the high-trained troops the Duke of Brunswick commanded at the Battle of Valmy. But the Commune also inspired the storming of the Tuileries, and this led to the final overthrow of the monarchy. To beat the Germans in 1870 with the pretorian army of the Second Empire or some other army similarly constituted and led; to win victories on orthodox professional military lines would have been very nice indeed; but to hurl the civilian population of Paris against Teutonic militarism was quite another matter. To make the war a fight between freedom and the people, against despotism and privilege, rather than between French and Germans, was to open the door to a new principle, and this boded no good to the privileged classes. To win another series of battles like those of Jemmapes, Wattingnies, and Fleurus might possibly result in another 1793. There were no powerful aristocrats to fight against despotism and privilege, rather than between French and Germans, was to open the door to the un-
Paris up to the age of sixty were unbrigaded in the National Guard and armed. The worse weapons, however, were given to them, and they were employed in the police duties rather than in fighting the Germans outside, the walls of Paris. Then, when the National Guard asked to be led against the enemy, they were told they could be of no service because they had no field artillery to accompany them. Thus directly where being raised, the street corners, money collected, taken to the Caul Ironworks, where the celebrated cannon of the National Guard were cast. Thus, and at their own cost, the Parisians procured the necessary field-pieces. No wonder when the men who had fought the Dukes, afterwards in peace with Germany, which had consented to give up Alsace and Lorraine rather than employ the revolutionary forces at their disposal, attempted to lay hands upon the cannon of the National Guard, the people rose in their indignation. Paris would not be disarmed while the Royalists threatened to abolish the Republic. Paris would not allow those who had refused to employ its best men and energies to exercise undisputed power. Paris on March 18, 1871, preferred to proclaim the Commune. This great and victorious historical precedent was, it is true, revived too late to save France against the Germans, but it was in time to defeat the reactionary intrigues of the Parliament and in time to save the Republic. The policy of the Government would have rested on support of Paris if M. Thiers had not taken the most solemn pledges to maintain the Republic. Paris, however, would never have resisted the Government if, during the war against Germany, the Government had trusted the people of Paris. What the Parisians were doing, when roused by some great emergency has once more been demonstrated. During the recent floods they have once again excited the surprise and admiration of the world, and this time without let or hindrance. Consequently the greatest benefits have ensued, and the antagonisms due to party and religious differences have been largely forgotten in the common endeavour to bring succour to the victims.

Germany and England.

(Translated by Ashley Dukes from Herr Ledebour's speech in the Reichstag on March 7.)

In the course of his short statement, the Chancellor expressed the same views on naval policy that every Chancellor from time immemorial has considered it his duty to express the same views on naval policy that every Chancellor from time immemorial has considered it his duty to do when roused by some great emergency has once more been demonstrated. During the recent floods they have once again excited the surprise and admiration of the world, and this time without let or hindrance. Consequently the greatest benefits have ensued, and the antagonisms due to party and religious differences have been largely forgotten in the common endeavour to bring succour to the victims.

The next argument is that we need the fleet for the defence of our coasts and our shipping trade. In reply to that I appeal to a high authority, who stands nearer to you than to us, to the former Secretary of State, Mr. Churchill, who said, "The whole civilized world is rearmed, and we are not behind the line." That was before the war. The German Socialists have voted for further naval preparations. He adds: "We do not believe this, but the statement places us in a difficult position in the House of Commons. It is characteristic that the Chauvinists in England should seek to spread this view, while we constantly hear from the reactionary parties: "Follow the example of the English Socialists! They are patriots!" I hope I have finally silenced that cry. (Socialist cheers.)

The method of the Government is to treat the Reichstag with the same diplomacy as a foreign power. The relation of the Government to Parliament is that of the President of the United States to the population of Berlin, except that the latter gentleman does not descend to diplomatic measures, but issues orders to his men to sabre peaceful citizens. (Socialist cheers.)

After our experiences of the past few years we can no longer rely on the benevolence of the Government, and fairly. We must for ever ask ourselves, "What is behind all this? What is the man aiming at?" What is the effect of such a policy upon public opinion?
in other countries? In introducing these diplomatic methods of double dealing into public political life, the Government discredits itself not only with Germany, but in the eyes of all foreign powers.

The Vice-President: You are forbidden to say of our Fatherland that it discredits itself in the eyes of foreign Powers.

Herr Ledebour: My point is that the conduct of our Government has a discrediting effect abroad. I have no idea of the importance of the dignity of a nation; they say, I do not understand their business. The consequence is that the respect paid to Germany abroad sinks lower and lower when other countries see what the German people has to out up with at the hands of its Ministers, who, in our opinion, cannot be honoured as serious statesmen. (Socialist cheers.)

Why Not?
By D. Triformis.

They haven't, and it can't be because they couldn't. Perhaps, we said to ourselves, they believe a dignified silence sufficiently refuting our charges, and best calculated to keep them respectable in the eyes of the world. But then, we reflected, they know that the world in growing old, has seen many a pretentious rogue more than the dignity of silence because that was the safest thing he could possibly do. In fact, the dignified silence is nowadays accepted as the judgment of a pretender upon his own doings. A man who represented himself to be an honest, astute, and interested has the right to have them brought out and considered as scarcely doing justice to any cause he pretended to represent. For causes cannot be pleaded altogether successfully by a dignified silence. Further, the man would certainly be thought by many persons to have something to hide. An individual has the right to hide the skeleton in his cupboard, but for skeletons in the cupboards of public movements everyone interested has the right to have them brought out and destroyed. The skeleton in the cupboard of the franchise movement is stupidity.

The great women who are leading so many others to their "glorious Destiny to be noticed. And we are obliged to dismiss the idea that they believe silence is as something more. We think that such astute persons must know that silence is as a complete vindication, because they say they are as astute, and astute persons must know that silence is as good a defence for pretenders as for prophets, and must further recognise that as leaders of a public cause they have not the rights of individuals to ignore challenge.

Our next idea was that we might have made statements which nobody on earth would believe, such as those preposterous notions of the anti-suffragists that the Pankhursts are paid ten thousand a year, or that Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence give all the anonymous subscriptions, or that militant tactics were conveniently dropped when the danger of forcible feeding caused them a certain amount of nervousness, as they are irreligiously nicknamed, never print any other woman's name on the Albert Hall posters on purpose. But no; such things we never said. We confined our attack to matter actually found in "Votes for Women." We could not therefore, have avoided the founded extravagance in our charges. Then we wondered whether, perhaps, the W.S.P.U. had never heard of The New Age, and was innocently unsuspicuous that any attack was being made by a contributor to that paper.

First, after a long time, we put it to ourselves whether, perhaps, we were not indeed too insignificant to be noticed. And there, we decided painfully, lay the fact. The great women who are leading so many others to their "glorious Destiny to be despised! No absolutely wise person would expect us to dwell upon it here. We want to creep away and be alone for a bit.

One bright thought is left us. Suppose they had replied, they might have replied in their manner to poor Mr. Dove Wilcox this week. He wrote a whole column of "Votes for Women" and was violently attacked for it. We have found extract after extract quoted for and against our "Votes." He does not suppose them worth arguing with. But to be despised by the despised of Mr. Belloc is a fearful fate. Nobody will expect us to dwell upon it here. We want to creep away and be alone for a bit.

Our poor rambling wits wonder why, then, the editors incurred the danger of thinking over an error in printing our humble word "serious," applying to constitutional methods, as "glorious." Heaven may chastise even an inadvertent theft from the dithyrambic trasures of the W.S.P.U., these great women, we repeat, think about us what Mr. Hilaire Belloc thinks about them! He does not suppose them worth arguing with. But to be despised by the despised of Mr. Belloc is a fearful fate. Nobody will expect us to dwell upon it here. We want to creep away and be alone for a bit.

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A Celestial University for
England.

Those readers who may have been puzzled by the brief
Reuter message announcing that the leaders of Chinese
proselytising zealots, who proved to be the
advengers of armed hordes of Western savages.

The Imperial Highness Chang opened the proceedings
by reading a brief rescript from the Emperor. His
Celestial Majesty declared that his divine predecessors
had suffered for their indifference to the spiritual welfare
of the barbarian nations, the immemorial peace of the
Empire having been disturbed in recent times by
ignorant and brutalising accounts. Whole pages were
entirely occupied by the proceedings of indecent
conduct on the part of men and women.

It was evident that such a religion must have fatal
influence over education and the entire life of the people
who believed in it, or even pretended to do so,—for one
of the worst features of Western moralities was the uni-
versal hypocrisy, the instructed class being compelled
to feign respect for the most degrading superstitions
out of fear of their inferiors. He could assure them
that it would not have been safe for him to say what
he had just been saying, in Oxford, for instance; indeed
of Heaven had lately come to think that perhaps they
gave too much attention to the study of the Chinese
classics. But what would be the ultimate result of the
literatures, or rather the grammars,
of ancient India and Persia; and had made it the
Supreme Being, who had been depicted at various times
as that accorded to barbarian missionaries in China.
The staple contents of the English papers were brutalising accounts
of murders and other hideous outrages, and descrip-
tions of indecent conduct on the part of men and
women, so wild and coarse that they would have been more
tawese to admit of description in civilised ears.

MARCH

Some time in Europe, and especially England, could
have been written as in the same religion, sometimes fought and murdered each
other whenever there were any disputes that could not be
settled by the sword. The worst sects were the
imperialists, who enjoyed a monopoly of the
printers and learned journals. All these abusers of Chinese
missionaries, so well known to the authorities, had been
instructed to preach a more debasing form of
Christianity, which was to be the
exclusive study of the literatures, or rather the grammars,
of the Confucian canon, they had set up for the sake of
exclusive study the literatures, or rather the grammars,
of ancient India and Persia; and had made it the
Supreme object of education to train the future rulers
of the Empire to write doggerel verses in a language
and metres no longer used or understood by the Persians
and Hindus themselves? (Low laughter.) Yet
such, he could assure them, was the system firmly
rooted in England, and threatened to become
more dangerous than the acts themselves. Whole pages were
given up to the encouragement of gambling, whether
in stocks and shares or in horse races. And whole editions of many papers were dedicated to reports of
particularly brutal and bloody game played in which
the object was to catch the purpose, before vast crowds who from time to time
burst into the arena and fought over accusations of foul
play. So hopeless did he consider it to attempt to
civilise such a people that he should have opposed the
project, had the Imperial Spirits not commanded it.

His Excellency Huan Ching, President of the Board
War, reminded the last speaker that the proposed
education of the Western barbarians was really a
measure of self-defence. The White Peril, as it had
come to be called, was not in itself a
phrase, but a catchword, which was the
starting point for two purposes of aggrandisement and spoliation. The
barbarian missionaries had long been among them; they
grew more audacious as time went on; and a French
priest had boasted in his own country that every convert
made by his friends became, not only a good Catholic,
but a good Frenchman. All these abuses of Chinese
hospitality had their governments behind them, and the
European Powers were only waiting till they could
agree among themselves as to the division of the spoils
before they invaded China again, in order to partition
the country between them. The last time the Western
hordes broke into Pekin they had plundered and
destroyed as it was the nature of savages to do, and the priceless treasure of the
empire, which had taken two thousand years of scholarship to
be adorned, had been destroyed for ever. Let them take advantage of the
brief respite granted to the Empire by the mutual
hatred of its foes, to impress their
power, in the hope of
do so, with some elementary respect for the arts and sciences of civilised life, so that their fate might not be
worse than it formerly had been at the hands of the
Huns.

The command of the Imperial Spirits was then obeyed.

Alexander Vaughan.

*This appears to be a mistake. Lord William Cecil is the
principal promoter of the movement to set up an English
university in China, for the ethical improvement of the
Chinese.
The Drawing-room Table in Literature.

The British drawing-room of last century was a centre from which many paralysing influences radiated. Here the British matron, surrounded by her virginal daughters, sat enthroned. The men—husbands, brothers, sons, and their friends—were to all appearances interlopers. They took their cue from the ladies, and studied only the convenience of the latter. They effaced themselves, and deliberately talked a kind of nonsense which was called conversation. They wore clothing of subdued and dark hue, which served as a foil to the feminine glory; they sat on the more uncomfortable chairs, and were careful to take their tea and their tea-cake after the others. It was all very touching.

The lady of the house, or British matron herself, was enormously respectable. She always did the right thing, and she let you know very clearly by the sound of her voice that she was doing it. She was by no means really at all innocent; but she cultivated a select atmosphere of innocence around her, and (for the most part) she really expected to keep her daughters in that atmosphere and condition. Certain vulgar topics, such as manual labour, the working classes, atheism, physiological needs, and the facts of sex, were never even mentioned; and many of the young things actually grew (difficult as it is to believe) under a general impression that such things either did not exist or were of no importance.

If the drawing-room of the nineteenth century had been only a boudoir, so to speak, for the ladies, its influence—though bad—would have been comparatively limited; but seeing it was the rendezvous of politicians, artists, and literary men (who were expected to play the part of circus lions), its demoralising tendency can easily be imagined.

The effect on literature was mournful. To say that a book was "not fit to lie upon a drawing-room table" was to give it its coup de grace. What sphere of life or usefulness (it was tacitly assumed) could a book possibly have if this one were denied it? And so came about the curious result that the great tradition of English literature stooped in the middle of last century to the feeblest imaginable censorship—that indicated above—and became disemboweled, "spiritualised," unreal beyond words, and simply adapted to the supposed needs of the childish Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Grundy's Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning (to cite the poets) swam or floated in a vague atmosphere, as the case might be, of nature-mysticism, broad-churchism, or abstract intellectualism; but without reference to the facts of earth. Swinburne began in the positive key of passion, but modulated quickly into the political mode when he found how his first poems were being received. Even Carlyle, with his thunders, dared not of passion, but modulated into the political mode when he found how his first poems were being received. His "Frederick the Great," for instance (not to mention other works) most carefully ignored the sexual aspect of his subject, although a glimmer from that side would have thrown quite invaluable light upon his hero. What a way of writing history! And yet is, on the whole, "Frederick the Great," not heroic," says Havelock Ellis in "Affirmations," "but has been confined within the stifling atmosphere of the drawing-room, that English poets and novelists have ceased to be a power in the world and are outside the parlours and parlance in the earlier time, and which are available for the use of Shakespeare or the translators of the Bible have now been dropped out of class-current speech, and more decisively still out of literary use. And the consequence is that the language is not only poorer by half, but by many words; that whole group of words—that group, namely, which represents the coarse, the concrete, the vulgar, and the physiological side in human life and passion.

Supposing, for example, it were declared that the bass notes of music were vulgar and offensive, and that two or three octaves at the lower end of all pianos must be excised, we should have a similar situation! "Oh! is not the treble sufficient?" someone would say; "so beautiful, you know—so ethereal, so flexible, so fairy-like, so musical!"

One has only to compare the Elizabethan with the Victorian literature to see how widespread was this infection, and to understand the disability under which our authors suffered in the latter period—and, indeed, still suffer. A thousand words which were in common parlance in the earlier time, and which are available for the use of Shakespeare or the translators of the Bible have now been dropped out of class-current speech, and more decisively still out of literary use. And the consequence is that the language is not only poorer by half, but by many words; that whole group of words—that group, namely, which represents the coarse, the concrete, the vulgar, and the physiological side in human life and passion.

The author to-day is like a bird with one wing tied. He cannot get that balance and poise which will enable him to really soar into the heights. When he says for a gruity word, phrase, or motif, what is the very purpose of giving all the more poetry and uplift to something which is to follow, he finds the former denied him, and therefore, in its degree, also the latter. And the evil is so far rooted that it can only be slowly mended. A writer can only use the language which is to hand and current, and cannot, without becoming artificial, go too far afield. He is dependent on the milieu in which he is plunged. The attempt among the classes in Great Britain to leave out or ignore one great half of human nature has led to a widespread paralysis of the other half, for I doubt if ever the moral and religious developments (in any valid sense of real power) were feebleer in this land than they are to-day—or were, at least, towards the close of last century.

But the Victorian age has passed, and its effects are passing. The drawing-room of those days is disappearing. The British matron is taking flight before the American heiresses: and the virginal daughters are turning into mistresses, suffragettes, and "working women." The Drawing-room Table—now rather an old-fashioned piece of furniture—has been sold or given away, and has descended into the houses of the lower and middle classes, where it still refuses to allow "Ann Veronica" to soil its cloth! But to all appearances its true function, its raison d'être, cannot last long; and soon, perchance, we shall find it only in the mission-room or the pawnshop!

The whole phenomenon which we have been describing is one of the many curious collateral results of our commercial system. Granted a society in which the mass of the people are ignored, and feeble ideals are cultivated, of an intellectual and spiritual life unfed and unnourished, and with the result, he finds the former denied him, and therefore, in its degree, also the latter. And the evil is so far rooted that it can only be slowly mended. A writer can only use the language which is to hand and current, and cannot, without becoming artificial, go too far afield. He is dependent on the milieu in which he is plunged. The attempt among the classes in Great Britain to leave out or ignore one great half of human nature has led to a widespread paralysis of the other half, for I doubt if ever the moral and religious developments (in any valid sense of real power) were feebleer in this land than they are to-day—or were, at least, towards the close of last century.

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Renaissant Italy.

By Francis Grierson.

In coming to Italy after a long absence I asked: What part is Italy taking in the social, philosophical, and political movements of the world—what are her young men thinking and doing? What is the outlook for progress? It was soon answered, not by mere words but by facts and figures. There is in Florence a philosophical institution, the like of which, all things considered, is not to be found in London, Paris, or Berlin, nor has it an equal in New York or Chicago. This institution was founded by Mrs. Scott, an American lady who was born and bred in Illinois at a time when that wonderful country was practically all prairie land, whose parents knew Lincoln, Douglas, and other leaders of the ante-bellum days, and who, like myself, breathed the free air of democracy when that ill-used word meant what it implied. Before coming here I had heard much concerning the cultural and philosophical movement in Italy, and I was not prepared for what I have experienced since my arrival; nor was I prepared to find such a large number of readers of The New Age.

What makes this society stand out from all others of the kind is the fact that its mission does not lie in the vague and misty future; it is already doing its work; it is in flourishing order, radiating its influence, sending out thought-rays to intellectual centres of the world in a manner that would astonish even the most progressive and advanced thinkers of London, Berlin, and Paris.

In other countries such institutions are always more or less tentative. We of the North are always groping for something positive. Even the Liberal League, with its wealth and membership, is not prepared for what I have experienced since my arrival; nor was I prepared to hear much concerning the new philosophical movement in Italy, and I was not prepared for what I have experienced since my arrival; nor was I prepared for what I have experienced since my arrival.

These young men respect age when it is abreast of the times. It is knowledge and culture they seek, not academic titles, social position, and precedence. Many of the leaders are graduates of universities and scientific institutions. They are equipped for the scientific and philosophic fray in the fullest sense of the word. They are social reformers, philosophic progressives, in the highest and broadest meaning of the words. It is idle for any body of men, no matter what they style themselves, to expect to influence intelligent people by an external appeal to simple political questions. England will never become fat by feeding on political husks. Even swine must have something better than husks. "Bald economic problems" are not enough for thinking minds now. The appeal of the new Italy is not to mere political methods, with machine-made-Utopian-Act-of-Parliament progress. The appeal is from intelligence to intelligence. It is practical. The Florentine leaders have expressed their ideas by practical and scientific methods, by hard work, by brilliant polemics, by fearless courage and absolute independence. After all, what would their culture matter without their moral courage? This want of moral courage is the bane of English culture. A people who dare not speak out for fear of this or that church, this or that convention, this or that authority, are ripe for all sorts of blunders—political, social, and religious. Reformers fail in their land for the reason that people expect a single quality, or a single force, to change the whole face of society. We work like slaves for the cause of the thing called progress, without considering qualities and forces in relation to other immediate qualities and forces. We are under the delusion that when we give a man three big meals a day, with beer and tobacco, and a comfortable house to live in, we are doing wonders. How many people can see but a man's lives in comfort, unless his mind be instructed and developed. Unless we call the soul be wrought upon, he remains on a plane no better than that of the well-groomed horse, and sometimes not so intelligent as a horse?

In writing of the Florentine group of thinkers, Prof. William James says they manifest a "refreshing spontaneity, brevity, and impertinence." This is because, as I said before, they are absolutely independent. They are here in the land of the living, not as clay in the hands of the conventional potter, but as thinkers and artists working out their own salvation and helping others to do the same. Italian writers and wits have always been known as impertinent in the sense of expressing something intensely individual, something original and spontaneous. It is futile to try to make a typical Italian act and think and feel as Englishmen and Americans do, and, instead of being full of the incoherence and habit, Italy is the natural home of realist. Italian culture is so universal that everything is reduced to the actual; there is no groping about for meaning, no loss of time in making a choice, no metaphysical haggling, and no fancy cleverness blundering in the vague and misty future; it is already doing its work; it is the fullest genius the world has ever known. Leonardo and Michael Angelo are but types of hundreds of Italians of lesser degree to be met in the Italy of to-day. In this country philosophers are on the same plane as poets and artists. In England and Germany thinkers try to reason without feeling. Of course, they never succeed; but the very act of trying spoils all they do. Germany, England, and America have never recovered from the Philistinism of the Reformation. Martin Luther in building one edifice destroyed many that contained vital truth and vital beauty. Italy by some magical process escaped the ravages of Germanic Philistinism, and Italian Puritanism has built on this edifice of sentimental hypocrisy which makes new England the weak, reactionary thing she is. Michael Angelo would have been impossible under a Martin Luther or a Cromwell; a Leonardo and a Michael Angelo could not come to Italy to realise the meaning of passion in repose, of power in beauty, of the ideal in the real.

In the North repose usually means laziness, a calm spirit too often stands for lethargy, a philosophical outlook is another name for routine. We are always trying to fool ourselves. Our notions of progress are usually of the vaguest description. This is owing to our incapacity to see things whole. In spite of the geographical situation of Italy, the Italians are to-day intellectually the most cosmopolitan people in the world. This is the home of the born linguist, the all-round thinker, the intuitive artist, the optimist who is not always preaching optimism, because it is already in the air, the climate, and the character. In London and Paris the pessimist abounds. Young people here, but I have been struck with the smile that lights every countenance. The whole nation smiles. I have met no blasé people here, but I have been struck with the smile that lights every countenance. The whole nation smiles. I have met no blasé people here, but I have been struck with the smile.
they were too contented; they had two thousand years of culture to live on without turning a finger to arrive at anything new and different. And compare the ease and repose of a city like Florence with the hurry, the nervous strain, the long hours, the illusions and delusions of New York. In England and America things are always beginning; in Italy things began somewhere between two and three thousand years ago.

In Italy the thing called genius does not astonish and bewilder as it does in the North. It simply delineates a thing like a painter, and forgets the astonishment that would have to live without it. I regard Italy as the place where thinkers and philosophers will sift the wheat from the chaff in the critical process now going on, and where the best will be more likely to survive. My reason for this is to be found in the fact that Italians are the only people who can afford the luxury of time. They have no reason to be in a hurry, and their repose is in no way a sign of indifference or letting things go. But they can afford to take time, seeing that at a given moment they arrive at judgment with the quickness and vividness of a flash of lightning. I am often surprised at the Hibernian spontaneity of Italian wit. I have not met with a cultured Italian without a lively sense of humour. Perhaps it is the same sense that has saved them from the ravages of the microbe of dissention and fanatic unrest. A cosmopolite who is a fanatic does not exist, but a learned Italian is impossible. If a Italian is going to live in his own country by this he is distinguished from all other cosmopolitan minds. And no wonder. He has the finest climate in all Europe, a bountiful soil, the most brilliant present, and the most promising future. If Rome is the mother of religion, Italy is the mother of nations, and all peoples come here; while the Italian student of human nature has but to keep his eyes and ears open and he will meet with all the types of the civilised world parading before him. As a matter of fact, the Italian has good reason to take it easy. England and America have for the past thirty years poured out her fanatics over this superb country, and among this wonderfully tolerant people, and the people are not yet spoiled. There is something in the sunny climate that evaporates the facts and the mad notions of Anglo-American Puritanism; there is in the people something that lets the isms of the chaotic present roll off them as the rain rolls off the Italian sky.

The French, having nothing pessimistic became both blasé and cynical. The Third Republic was worse than the Second Empire. During the Second Empire the Parian knew how to smile and laugh, and the people were prosperous, although they were living in a fool's paradise; to-day they are crying out as seldom as he refuses to follow the blind leadings of the philosophers. His cynicism is like his impertinence, healthy and a sign of a robust intellectual constitution. The smile of the Italian is a perpetual peace offering for the repose of his own soul. I have already discovered in this smile, at certain times, a strange mingling of cynicism and pity, a mingling of superhuman patience and the quickness and vividness of a flash of lightning. It is sometimes the union of Macchivelian wisdom, Dantesque feeling, and whole tones of other things never expressed in poems, novels, or dramas. Nothing but the most complex music could translate the Italian smile into audible expression. Perhaps this would be better to say that it does duty at the moment where language ceases and music is suggested. Compared with it domes, dramas, operas, and architecture take a second place, for these things are the products of the national smile, which, I am convinced, is as old as Caesar, and must have lit the face of Virgil and Maecenas at the banquets of Augustus. It is the most characteristic thing in all Italy, and, as far as I know, there are few properly appointed gentlemen in Italy who would think of reading. And when they are not doing these things they spend vast sums trying to approach Royalty, thinking it finer to be received by Kings and Emperors as a licentious democrat than to remain at
home working to solve some of the urgent democratic questions of the time.

One of the most interesting studies of this question is to be found in the variety of millionaire types, although the great majority do look, act, and think alike. I have noticed in Germany that the Teutonic millionaire still loves the gravel roads, the green fields, and the hogs head. He is a democrat who loves the common while desiring the shine and the glitter of titles and show; but his brother, the Chicago pork-packer, would as soon think of eating black bread and smoked sausage as he would of eating main. It is not easy to insull a Berlin millionaire, but once of the Chicago type is as touchy and explosive as dynamite.

In Chicago I was struck with the pokopathologist and dimensions of many of the millionaires. They are "in tune with the infinite" possibilities of Porkopolis culture, and, in the words of the witty author of "The Game of Eliaabeth," they are "thick through," and inhabit queer mansions, containing drawing rooms which made the French count exclaim: "Dieu! un salon d'hippotame! They love fried chicken, and escape their own pork, deeming abstinance the better part of virtue. This is what shows the parvenu millionaire is not such a fool as he looks. But he has many bad habits, and one of the worst is that he is given to backsliding proclivities. He often goes up Chicago and removes to New York. Here he is snubbed and he begins to wonder if, after all, it would not be a fool he would be to work out of Harvard and Yale and Princeton and the rest that peculiar college-bred, cotton-mill culture that rolls out of the New York and Yale and Princeton towns. He lies in bed at night wondering what real difference there can be between himself and August Belmont or any of the New Yorkers, seeing that they call themselves social equals in a country given to equal privileges to all. All his habits and his creature now begins to be very unhappy. He felt at first a vague, gnawing discon tent without being able to say whether the gnawing was in the region of the solar plexus or the cerebellum. Now in New York he feels certain it is not in the stomach. He has a suspicion it lies in his imagination, but in this he is never fixed, and he begins to wonder if, after all, it would not be better to live under a monarchy in Europe than to be snubbed by Republicans at home. In New York the Chicago millionaire comes in contact with another type, that peculiar college-bred, cotton-mill culture that rolls out of Harvard and Yale and Princeton and the rest with ever-increasing rapidity, as tape rolls out of the machine. In Chicago the young man meets the New York man, and tries to get even with him by bluff, but the assurance of the "culture" that has been pressed into the youthful scion of millionairism at the fashionable university by the cotton-gin process is not to be talked out of. Certain it is not in the stomach. He has a suspicion it lies in his imagination, but in this he is never fixed, and he begins to wonder if, after all, it would not be better to live under a monarchy in Europe than to be snubbed by Republicans at home.

Maleke and Patulu had loved each other for quite a long while. They made no secret of it, and Patulu's people did not worry, as they were quite content that the two should work in the same field, and, moreover, he certainly had no intention of going to work for any other man, white or black, to get any. While he was healthy, young, and strong, what a fool he would be to work! If others were fond of work they were welcome to it, and he would never hinder them, but Maleke's idea of pleasure ran on quite other lines. Hunting and love-making, with an occasional hunt for relaxation, seemed to him to afford a fitter and happier way of life.

He had once been persuaded to go with some of his friends to work. The stories of wonderful things to be seen in the white men's places: houses as high as trocs, the stench of water running down the streets, the devils blowing smoke; and shops, lots of shops, together with big windows, where one could see so many things—"there could not be names for them all"—quite obscured the fact that he could have to work. His experience was not a happy one. The morning after he arrived he felt a little tired, and so instead of rising with the others when he heard a whistle blowing he turned over on the other side for another half-hour snooze. He had it, and was satisfied; but just as he sat up a white man came in and asked him, in some strange tongue, why he was not out with the other boys at work. Maleke did not understand, but, from his tone and looks, thought the man was annoyed at something. Anyhow, he opened his fine mouth in a prodigious yawn, and began to rise, when, to his surprise, the white man jumped forward and kicked him most painfully.

Such an unprovoked attack fairly astounded Maleke. It was quite outside his code of ethics. He sprang away and stared at the man; but when he saw him rush forward with his sjambok up to strike, and heard the term "pledeful"—which had become incorporated into his native tongue for application to such as one disagreed with—he took it as a challenge to fight. For this he was quite willing, although the form of it was strange to him. Dodging under the white man's arm, he darted for his sticks, and, swinging round, feinted to him by bluff, but the assurance of the "culture" that has been pressed into the youthful scion of millionairism at the fashionable university by the cotton-gin process is not to be talked out of. The chocolate woman comes proudly on to the scene. The millionaire man, poor fool, thinks he rules something or somebody. In reality his wife rules him with a whip of scorpions. When she grows tired of her husband she divorces him apparently, or any strange new thing in a strange, crazy world ripe for the worst. But we think of the time when the remnant of Imperial Rome went mad in the ninth century, when a vast oblivion came over the nations, when all Italy rotted away, and the dust and ashes were blown out of her ruins and were scattered to the four winds of the world.

Enough to Worry a Man.

By Richmond Haig

There is something troubling Maleke. He is in love with a good woman. One New York millionaire deals with another, unless there is reason for it, and then, if the reason is a good one, his method of quarrelling is always worthy of it.

Just now he is uncertain whether he should have all the neighbours in to drink beer or look to the heads of his asseigings. This is because his intimately personal feelings are asserting themselves. In calmer moments the business and legal aspects of the question seem to offer possibilities which make him swear.

The way of it was this: Maleke and Patulu had loved each other for quite a long while. They made no secret of it, and Patulu's people did not worry, as they were quite content that the two should work in the same field, and, moreover, he certainly had no intention of going to work for any other man, white or black, to get any. While he was healthy, young, and strong, what a fool he would be to work! If others were fond of work they were welcome to it, and he would never hinder them, but Maleke's idea of pleasure ran on quite other lines. Hunting and love-making, with an occasional hunt for relaxation, seemed to him to afford a fitter and happier way of life.

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The thing was too simple. Maleke sprang back on guard, but was amazed to see the white man drop on his knees and put his arm on the ground. In Maleke's experience such a tap might have raised a bruise, perhaps, but as for knocking a man down, what sort of soft stuff were white men made of?

Maleke bent over the silly creature who had challenged him to fight and turned him on his back. The white man opened his eyes and then put his hand to his head, which he found a bit broken and bleeding; then he stood up, and Maleke jumped away and stood on guard again, not knowing whether the fun was coming or going. For a white man, however, was sleeping in the middle of the room quickly, without a smile, and Maleke, still wondering at the strange ways of these white people, put his sticks down, threw a blanket over his shoulder, and went outside.

In a minute or two he saw the white man who had kicked him coming up with two blacks, who carried assegais as well as sticks. Maleke saw they were coming against him, and he thought it a pretty mean way of coming things, but as his mates were all away, and he had no assegais with him he just stood and waited for them. He thought that although they might abuse him they would surely not strike an unarmed man.

Things took a most unexpected turn, however, for the whites' anything to the blacks, who were of a different tribe from Maleke, and they ranged up one on each side of him, holding their knob-kerries ready, and ordered him to hold his hands out.

Maleke commenced to explain what had happened to the blacks, and one of them dug him in the side with a stick while the other raised his kerrie. Maleke held out his hands, and one of the blacks took some iron things from his belt and snapped them on to his wrists; then, digging him in the back, they marched him off to a house where he was bundled into a small room, the irons taken off his wrists, and he was locked up alone.

Poor Maleke did not know what to make of all this. Food and water were brought to him, but those who were to look after him thought he could not last long, whereas the white man had still a bit broken and bleeding. Maleke had never had any money in, his life, and the lashes fell across his back. He was wondering all the time what strange world he had got into, and what he had done to bring all this upon his head.

During the first six months he worked a great deal of freedom and the thought of home.

Maleke had been long from home, and none knew quite what had become of him, so that Patulu, in the end, had been badgered into becoming the wife of Madimbane. She had gone to his house just a week before Maleke returned.

Now Maleke was in his own country, where one could think and act as a man, so he pulled himself together when he heard the news, and started off at once for Madimbane's born lands, where he had found Patulu working. Patulu came at once to his call, and, explaining in a few words how things had happened, listened to what he had to suggest.

That night Patulu went to Maleke's house as his wife. Of course, there was a great deal to do. Maleke defied everybody, and Patulu would not be moved, so Madimbane claimed his cattle back from her people, and got them in time.

The case was brought before the chief, and Maleke, who had only a few goats of his own, which were required for milk, had to agree that whatever cattle he received in exchange for his first daughter should be handed over to Patulu's people as payment for his wife.

Now, in two days' time it will be exactly nine months since Patulu came to Maleke's house. A daughter was born three days ago, and Maleke is troubled as to whether he is the father or whether Madimbane has the better claim.

Patulu declares the child is the image of Maleke, and swears he is the father; but already Madimbane—who was rather hurt that Patulu should leave him so unceremoniously, and appears to be a bit of a Shylock—has informed Patulu's people that the child is his, and that the cattle returned for the wife did not constitute payment for the daughter as well. He claims the child or her value in cattle.

Maleke is worried. He would dearly like to fight someone—Madimbane for preference—and perhaps he will; but at the same time he quite sees the right and reason of the whole position. There is nothing absurd or unfair or wrong in any of the claims; and, having had experience of white men's laws, he cannot help appreciating this.

For himself, unless he can fight over it, Maleke feels absolutely helpless in the matter, but—Patulu is unusually quiet; there is something hard, and fatal in the chief's beads to a dead chicken that she will lick Madimbane.
St. George's School.
A Practical Prospectus.
By Allen Upward.

The following prospectus is not meant as a contribution to any general scheme of educational reform. It is a strictly practical proposal in the interest of a particular class of boys.

No one feels more strongly than the writer the imbecility of educating the future rulers of the British class of boys.

them an education worse in many respects than that strictly practical proposal in the interest of a particular MARCH has yielded concrete proof of the grave injury which and for such there is no more alarming sign than the change, in face of the opposition of the priesthood. In the meantime the only course open to genuine reformers is to create schools of their own, embodying the prin-

kind in the making. In the eyes of a Baconian, one should be of an individual boy finding himself in the worth many volumes of theory and criticism. The programme has been drawn up partly as a further justification I am permitted to quote from a letter recently written to me by a master in a private school whose pupils were-(the principal is now dead)—that first turned my attention worse in many respects than that provided for the pauper.

But all this has long been admitted and deplored by everyone who has the welfare of the nation at heart; and for such there is no more alarming sign than the unalterable public opinion of the failure of society who receive least public sympathy has yielded concrete proof of the grave injury which the favoured classes do to their own children by giving them an education worse in many respects than that provided for the pauper.

The present project, however, is independent of the foregoing considerations, because it is inspired by the conviction that no one system of education can be adapted to all boys, and that any public system must be adapted to the average, or middling, boy. It is further inspired by the belief that the greater variety there is among schools, the better chance there is to create schools of their own, embodying the principles which they think essential. And I cannot too severely reproach in lines. Perhaps I ought to add that I have not approached the subject solely as a theoretician, but with a friend, built up Seaside Camp, and so on. In addition I once lived for two years in daily intercourse with the masters and boys of a private school whose pupils were prepared for Eton and other fashionable establishments; and it was the painful impression then made on me—the principle of no deadlin—that first affected any change, in face of the opposition of the priesthood.

The programme has been drawn up partly as a response to parents who have complained to me of the stupefying effect on their children's minds of the fashionable school curriculum, and have expressed a wish that I should undertake the education of their children on my own lines. Perhaps I ought to add that I have not approached the subject solely as a theorist, but after an active experience of work among the young, which has included the management of a centre for Recreational Evening Classes, the organisation and control of a Seaside Camp, and so on. In addition I once lived for two years in daily intercourse with the masters and boys of a private school whose pupils were prepared for Eton and other fashionable establishments; and it was the painful impression then made on me—the principle of no deadlin—that first affected any change, in face of the opposition of the priesthood.

By way of further justification I am permitted to quote from a letter recently written to me by a lady whose experience as a professional teacher strikingly illustrates the evil to be remedied:

"I have done a good deal of educational work myself, and, with a friend, built up a very large and profitable school for girls; but, much as 1 love teaching, the limitations and conventions of a curriculum whose chief object on my mind as an examination success became so irksome that I gave up school work, to take up some occupation in which I could at any rate feel sure that I was doing no harm. . . ."

"I had slowly and surely come to the conclusion that the ordinary school was only suited for the mediocre girl, and that the finest individualities who had come under my influence were those to whom I had been least able to do justice."

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL
For boys whose abilities the stereotyped educational routine is not designed to foster.

1.—THE SCHOLARS.

The first principle represented by St. George's School is individualism. The school is made for the boys, and not the boys for the school. The entire system is designed with a view to the needs of a particular class of boys, and no boys not belonging to that class will be received, except by inadvertence.

The drawback inherent in public or general schemes of education is that they have to be adjusted to the needs and capacities of the majority. They therefore fail to do justice to the exceptional boy in exact proportion as he is either above or below the standard.

This truth has been recognised and remedied already in the case of those boys who fall below the standard. There are numerous schools and institutions, public and private, specially designed for the benefit of vicious or diseased or idiotic boys, in short for the boy who is too bad for the ordinary school. But there appears to be no provision made for the boy who is too good.

St. George's School is intended to fill this gap. It is an attempt to provide the boy of exceptional character and intelligence with an education specially designed for him. Designed, that is, to give his faculties free play, and help him to go to his natural height; and not to cramp him, and keep him down to the level of the majority. It may be thought that the young "overman" is sufficiently provided for by the scholarship system. But in the first place that system only encourages two faculties in the boy, those of mechanical memory and industry; it positively discourages those of originality and self-education. In the second place that system does not really afford the scholar a different education from that of the ordinary boy; it merely stimulates him to go faster and farther along the same track. In that way, if a boy is doing anything interesting, it is likely to prove actively mischievous, by tempting him to neglect his natural bent in favour of useless studies on which examiners have set a premium.

2.—GENERAL CONDITIONS.

St. George's School is named after that legendary Overman, the figure of Light overcoming Darkness, whom the Dark Ages transformed into the Patron Saint of England. The name is meant to indicate the nature of the ideals which will be set before the scholars.

The course outlined below is not a Procrustean bed to which all the scholars are to be adjusted, but rather a menu from which each individual is to choose anything he requires. Nevertheless, while every effort will be made to do justice to the differing characters of different boys, no master can honestly pretend that he is capable of doing justice to all the boys who may come under his care. For that reason, if the Master of St. George's School is of opinion, at any time after the reception of a boy, that he would be likely to do better elsewhere, he will not be allowed to remain. Such a decision will not pass out of the School at the age at which it becomes special. Boys intended for particular careers will be necessary for them to receive technical training; and boys intended for the classical universities will be advised to leave sooner or later according to whether it is desired that they spend some time at a public school, or receive the necessary special coaching from a tutor.

In no case will boys be coached or crammed for any examination; but it is hoped that the education will
qualify them to pass successfully any test of a rational character, such as that for Osborne, and that the leaving certificate of the School will serve as a diploma of merit for boys passing direct from the School into active life.

The Master will do his best to advise and assist boys in the choice of a career, having regard to their abilities and their private circumstances. He has knowledge of lads who are earning £500 a year in business at an age when he is living in the same circumstances; and of young men who have left the universities covered with academic honours, only to find the utmost difficulty in obtaining employment. It may easily be cruelty in disguise to let a boy who has to make his own way in the world, live in the society of rich men’s sons, and emerge fit for nothing but poorly-paid drudgery as an usher or government clerk.

As soon as the funds of the School are sufficient, free admission will be granted to the children of parents in distress circumstances, who seem most likely to profit by the education offered.

Girls will be admitted on the same conditions as boys.

3. THE COURSE.

The ordinary course of education proceeds, no doubt rightly, on the assumption that the ordinary boy cannot think for himself; that he requires to have his mind managed for him, given as information, useful or otherwise, as he can digest; but to be trained to think and act on lines laid down for him by others—whether by William of Wykeham or some more modern educationalist. The boys who pass through such a training happily may emerge with many valuable qualities, such as integrity, industry, and prudence, but they are nature’s undermen, and they are most likely to prosper in subordinate positions, and along regular grooves.

There are other boys in every generation, and must be till the race is exhausted, who have minds of their own, and the fine edge of whose intelligence is only blunted by the ordinary curriculum. These boys require to be led, not driven, to be given reasons rather than rules; to be helped to learn, rather than to be taught.

It is for this latter class only that the course of St. George’s School is designed, and therefore it is of a much less formal character than that of the ordinary school. The course may be divided roughly under two heads, corresponding to the two meanings of the word educate—to bring up and to bring out. The training, beginning with the body and animal functions, is directed to make the boy a healthy, honourable man, beginning with the body and animal functions, is so helping him to discover and develop bis own faculties, much less formal character than that of the ordinary school. The course may be divided roughly under two heads, corresponding to the two meanings of the word educate—to bring up and to bring out. The training, beginning with the body and animal functions, is directed to make the boy a healthy, honourable man, beginning with the body and animal functions, is so helping him to discover and develop his own faculties, much less formal character than that of the ordinary school.

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Girls will be admitted on the same conditions as boys.

(1) Health. Active out-door games will be preferred to drill and formal gymnastics, but the scholars will not be allowed to regard games as the serious business of life, at school or afterwards. Scouting and exploration will be combined with education in geographia, history and natural science.

(2) Manners. It will be taken for granted that every boy wishes to be a gentleman, and to be taught how to become one. In the early years of school behaviour will be enforced by corporal punishment in the case of boys whose character requires it. As fast as the scholar grows able to understand them, the higher motives which should inspire conduct will be explained to him; and if they prove insufficient, he will not remain at the School.

(3) Ethics. At a suitable age the scholar will begin to receive practical instruction and advice on the conduct of life. The character of the world in which he has to play his part will be explained to him, without cant on the one hand, or cynicism on the other; and he will be warned against the pitfalls that await him in business, in society, and in his own character.

Throughout his school life each scholar will be invited to come to the Master at least once a week, and to confide his troubles and difficulties to him in the character of a friend. The purpose of these talks will not be to extract confession of wrongdoing from the boy, but to comfort and cheer him with the knowledge that the Master cares for him, and wants to understand and help him.

TEACHING.

(1) Practical Accomplishments. As much time as is necessary in each individual case will be given to the strictly necessary tasks of reading, writing and reckoning, to which singing, drawing and typing will be added in most cases. Boys not of a mathematical bent will not be asked to take up algebra or the more advanced rules of arithmetic. Geometry will be taught in the practical forms of drawing and mensuration. A knowledge of English weights and measures will be imparted, as far as possible, in concrete form, and not by means of tables.

French and German will be taught in conversation until such times as the scholar himself feels the need of grammars and vocabularies. Boys who show an aptitude for these or other languages will be strongly advised to pass some time at a school in the countries where they are spoken.

Latin and Greek will not be taught except in connection with English philology.

(2) Knowledge. The scholar will receive a general introduction to the field of knowledge, according to the following plan, and will then be aided in studying those subjects which most appeal to him:

| Mathematics | Mechanics |
| Physics | Astronomy |
| Chemistry | Geology and Physical Geography |
| Biology | (Botany and Zoology) |
| Anthropology |
| Physiology | Psychology | Sociology (History and comparative politics) |
| (The body and its functions) | (The mind, reason and imagination) |

(3) Cultivation. True cultivation must begin with the language in which the scholar thinks. In learning to express himself clearly he learns to think clearly. The English language is fortunately free from anything worth learning in the shape of grammar, but its duplicative vocabulary, half Dutch and half Latin, renders philology a very important part of education.

Literature should form rather the recreation than the task of an intelligent boy. He will be advised and assisted in the choice of books, and his critical taste will be aroused in due course; but he will not be asked to encumber his mind with the rubbish of scholasticism.

The history of England and the Empire will be studied in connection with that of Europe and the world. The scholar’s memory will not be burdened with useless dates and names, but he will be taught to think in centuries, and to remember events by their logical connection with each other.

On approaching modern times the scholar will require some explanation of the great controversies, religious and political, that have divided, and still divide, his own and other nations. Very great care will be exercised to put the facts before him with fidelity, and the principle involved with fairness, so as to guide, but not to influence, his future choice among competing sects and parties. The Master’s aim throughout will be to lead each boy to select the associations in which he can be happiest and most useful to himself and others, and he will consider that he has failed in his object if his scholars are found hereafter all holding the same opinions and pursuing the same ends.

Conflicting advice was once asked why he had given contradictory instructions to two different disciples. He explained,—"The first was too slow; therefore I urged
him forward: the second was too hasty; therefore I held him back." That is the whole secret of education, considered as an art, and not only a science; and in so far as it is an art what is best in it must elude the theorists and the training colleges, and the true teacher must be born, not made.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

A novel by the founder of the "English Review" must have at least the interest of its authorship. I believe that Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's modesty objects to the naming of names in competition with that review. Such an objection is quite futile. Whoever mentions Mr. Hueffer will mention the "English Review," and if Mr. Hueffer wished to avoid publicity he should have avoided founding the most genuinely literary monthly that, perhaps, ever existed in England. Another instance of Mr. Hueffer's excessive modesty is to be seen in the paltry list of nine works "by the same author" given opposite the title-page of his new novel, "A Call" (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). The British Museum's usual showy gesture of its generous candour, discloses Mr. Hueffer as the author of some thirty-five separate books.

"A Call" is a very pretty thing. You can see in it throughout a preoccupation with questions of form, of technique—strictly, a preoccupation with the art of literature. A rare quality, and one which must give pleasure to anybody whose reading in fiction has been wide enough, and his judgment sound enough, to enable him to perceive that, for want of that preoccupation, English fiction as a whole is badly second-rate, even the best of it. The style is as a rule distinguished; but in some places it is not, and here and there, in the weak spots, one catches Mr. Hueffer at the craftsman's trick of sticking a word in an unusual situation in a sentence of prodigious distinction by artificial means. In the mere writing, Mr. Hueffer owes something to Mr. Henry James, and perhaps also he has learnt from Mr. James some of the charming grace which is displayed in the construction of the book. It is a mild novel. It deals with tragic matters, and probably not meant to engross. It induces reverie and reflection. I have seen it upbraided for coldness. It is not bold. But then, fortunately, it is not sentimental; and most reviewers are unable to differentiate between sentimentality and warmth.

I may say that I consider "A Call" to be profoundly and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. The characters, with one exception, never do anything except give orders to excellent servants and discuss the states of their bodies and their souls. So far as the novel shows, they have no real interest in any of the arts. They are heroically egotistic. They contribute nothing to the welfare of the Society from which they draw everything. They are, first and last, utterly and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life.

He finds the vulgar. It is Mr. Cannan who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life. It treats of the lazy rich. I refer to the matter not because I think that the Repertory Theatre people need protection from Mr. Cannan, who needs protection from Mr. Cannan. He has merely run away with himself, and, like Leigh Hunt's pig, is dashing and hopelessly untrue to life.
times. We are not ready to believe there was anyoromance in them worth the name. In fact, we prepare
to be very badly bored by any novelist who is known to
to favourable and menaced scenes. It is no good. That is
it. For as publishers do not fear the re-
tribution of failure in the case of incompetent sensa-
tional or psychological novels, they know better than
to issue any quantity of quasi-historical rubbish. As
in the novel "Cousin Hugh," by Theo Douglas, an im-
mense amount of study must have been faithfully under-
taken before that writer could have produced her novel
of such easy and such central interest, and pleasing as it
seemed, so capably unobtrusive in detail and colour that we were never jerked or sur-
prised into noticing that the time was not too old, just
so Miss Bowen has nobly fulfilled the duty of a his-
tory, it is a home we do not particularly love.
In the middle of a very long chapter one is not willing
that the men who

have sunk so basely, that these who had professed
loving the Republic were come to murder him. Cornelius
says: "I wonder why they hate us so much, poor men.
It is futile to be imperscrutable and make it worse. That is
all the secret. So long as we have implacable saints we
shall have implacable devils to tear them in pieces." "No extreme"
is still excellent advice.

It is curious that we have not yet spoken of the Prince
of Orange. He, intriguer as he was, though for his
own throne, had not the qualities to permit a crystal
divination of his character as in the case of John de
Witt. But Miss Bowen has presented him dramatically,
and the reader can well afford to dispense with a psy-
chological study which might have obscured rather than
realized the brooding, obdurate temper of this royal pupil
of the hapless de Witt.

The Pool of Faery. By M. Urrughart. (Mills and Bocn.
egs.)

We are willing to concede that Hilary Gibbon, a mys-
tical village boy, "The Fool of Faery," is next,
histories, "Toalfit," the village idiot, the wisest person
in Straw Bretton. Hilary and Mrs. Clarkson, a grass
widow, get lost at a picnic, and arrive home an hour or
two after the other guests. Fearful scandal in the
village. Miss Beverley writes to the absent Mr. Clark-
son to acquaint him with this that a husband should
know. Husband cables back "Liar," and the scandal
promptly subsides. Wonderful! One word from hubb,
thousands of miles away, settled the question.
Fortunately, that the "Fool" cannot write, and so, and
most of our great plays and novels work around plots
which have not been the inventions of the dramatists
and novelists, but were taken from histories and myths
built up by many generations. There are plenty of old
histories awaiting the research of intelligent writers
sincere enough to admit themselves weak in the matter
of dramatic construction. At present, any significant
and insipid act of ordinary life seems to be considered
of the subject for the maids and the melodramas and
novelists and dramatists to mediocrity. Great subjects
are rare. Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides knew
this. They all write about the same subjects. Shake-
speare roamed the world's literature for his plots. But
the modern writer, who has been brought up on books,
"The Pool of Faery," and who has read little,
affirm. Thanks be that there are signs this decadent
madness is by way of a recovery! There may be short
shrift presently for the author who offers the public
three hundred pages of rubbish on the amazing plea
that it is "all his own," Publishers recognise that this
fad of "originality" is already doomed, and they are
beginning to produce books wherein the subject is, as it
should be, of pre-eminent importance. Such a subject
as "The Pool of Faery," should be written by one who
understands the power of energy

OTHER BOOKS.

Modern Journalism. A Guide for Beginners. By a
London Editor. With a preface by G. R. Sims. (Sedg-
wick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

There is no room for doubt that this book really was
written by "a London Editor," or, at all events, by a
successful journalist. The writer is obviously the real
thing. His knowledge of everything connected with
the trade of newspaper production is exhaustive and of
the "inside" which is a rare weapon in the modern jour-
nal. He has the power of controlling his own fate;
but he cannot, or at least does not, write Eng-
lish. Moreover, he clearly does not care whether he
writes English or not, nor whether his phrases and
sentences will bear close analysis. They are not meant

OTHER BOOKS.
to bear analysis, but merely to sound well whilst conveying some sort of a generalised meaning. Thus the author speaks of the "ethics of journalism," when what he had in mind was simply "journalism" as the technique of journalism. That is the "Daily Mail!" all over— it sounds all right.

But these little points, we repeat, merely serve to mark the book as the work of a practical man who knows what he is talking about and has a lot of really useful ideas and a good deal of encouragement to give to the beginner in London journalism. That is to say, to the male beginner, for this particular "London Editor" has little desire to encourage the lady journalist. His view that he is contemning an honest character. His phrase "she is full of "travails," "bad journalistic conventions," and "pseudo-dignity," not to mention a lot of unnecessary French phrases, like "pied-à-terre," etc. The amount of jealousy which she will exhibit is not creditable to her sex but exceedingly deficient in honourable instincts" ...

"she endeavours to foist on you articles which you had never commissioned. She will come in with a ridiculous idea on your busiest day," etc., etc. But perhaps this isn't all quite true.

Dean Swift. By Sophie S. Smith (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

There is nothing new to say about Swift, and if this book had been a mere vindication of him we should not have read it with the pleasure that has accompanied our perusal. Churton Collins' brilliant monograph summarised all the evidence, and the true Swift became apparent in the process. Sophie S. Smith has brought the man from the evidence; she has given us not a mere familiar portrait, but an actual perception of one of the great figures of history. She has added nothing to the evidence but a quickening spirit, and Swift has made of his own language, and the felicity with which the authoress uses her quotations makes us intimate with her hero. Her very skill in portraying the man perhaps deprives him of the power of explaining him; certainly we find the chapter on "The Poet and Moralist" the least satisfactory. It seems unnecessary to us to deny the charge of coarseness in Swift's writings, and it seems futile to explain his "realism," as Sophie S. Smith prefers to call it, by saying "he is frequently at a loss for a rhyme, and interposes some coarse word or thought," when we declare that he constructed his masterpiece of rhyme with admiring despair. Dr. Bucknill, in the appendix reprinted from "Brain," admits quite frankly that "in the fashion of the day Swift was too fiesty to give to the beginner in London journalism. That is asking too much. Mr. Gould should instead have devoted himself to writing half the stories and filling in the details himself. Still, as it stands, the book supplies the teacher of imagination with good materials for giving children in their lessons in art. It has nothing to do with the authority of the Bible or Church, nor any reliance on supernatural motives. The appendices include a very useful syllabus of moral instruction, which, if administered in responsible doses, should soon turn out our citizens creditable to our civic, national, and international life.

A History of Art. Vol. I. By Dr. G. Carotti. (Duckworth and Co. 5s.)

Mrs. Eugénie Strong, the editor of the English edition translated by Miss Alice Todd, writes in a preface note: "Professor Carotti's lucid picture of the history of ancient art, as revealed by modern research, needs no commendation to ensure its welcome among all classes of teachers and learners." But perhaps we may be permitted something in the way of an eulogy. The book is a dictionary and a guide, with its five hundred and forty illustrations; but it is also a luminous human document, a solace for moments of depression, a companion through the hours of deliberation. The book is strong, and the paper and printing excellent; the details in each miniature reproduction are perfectly clear. This first volume deals with art from the earliest period. There is an admirable bibliography, with books for beginners asterisked, and a complete index to the letterpress and illustrations.

The Humane Review. Vol. X. (Messrs. Bell. 4s. 6d.)

The "Humane Review" continues its task of civilising a barbarian race. The present volume contains the most varied and most effective protests against modern life. If we eat flesh, we are told by H. S. Salt that we ought to be logical and become cannibals; if we kill birds and animals and adorn ourselves with their feathers and skins, we are savages; if we catch them and keep them alive in zoological gardens, or dead in museums, we are condemned as barbarians in an article on "Purgatory and Charnel-Houses." We are only allowed to admire Swinburne in so far as he resembled Shelley, and are taught to despise the absence "of any real sympathy with all that love animals." We conclude from our reading of this volume that life is unbearable at present, and inconceivable if the humanitarian instinct prevails.
ART.

A masterpiece, by Velasquez (7), has been found, and once more the pretensions of the picture and sentimental press, is about to indulge in hysteria. A masterpiece has disappeared from St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. As both masterpieces have the same subject, namely, Charles I., it may be that the one con

vocation of the other, in order that they may conveniently appear in a more desired form. It looks as if in this way the execution and re-Birth of Charles may go on indefinitely—at least, in the picture trade.

There are three aspects of the National Gallery which make it an object for contemptuous laughter. These are: (1) its organisation; (2) the relative merit of its pictures; (3) their arrangement.

* * *

I wish it were possible for all sane and artistic persons interested in the national collection to go to the National Gallery, put the trustees into the witness-box, and ask them whether the directors have always been given a free hand in buying pictures and have bought a large quantity according to their own individual taste and judgment; whether they have constantly made mistakes, as when they refused to acquire the "Apollo and Marsyas Raphael" when Boxall gave £40,000 for it, and £50,000 for Raphael's Grave Robbers, and £70,000 for a Raphael which nobody, not even the most inveterate fanatic, would swear is worth more than half that amount; whether there was a wholesale cleaning of the pictures by Sir Charles Eastlake; on its canvas pictures have been re-attributed and re-attributed; and whether the pictures were left glassless and exposed to the destructive action of the London atmosphere for over fifty years. I defy the trustees to return any answer but yes. Then I wish it were possible for these same persons to proceed to the foreign section of the Gallery, and put each picture in turn into the witness-box, and ask it whether it is genuine; whether the whole or any part of the work on its canvas can be given unreservedly to the original painter; whether it has been cleaned or repainted, and been severely maimed in the process; whether, as it stands, it can have a valuable improving and educative influence upon contemporary taste—even supposing that art can improve and educate in the sense that instruction is improving and educative; and whether it can afford means of encouragement to artists of real but not immediately recognised talent—even supposing that one can speak of encouragement of the kind. I challenge them to do this, and to arrive at no conclusion but one. The majority of the pictures stand convicted of sinning in practical value is nil.

The whole thing is stamped "R.A. choice." Let him pass next to a so-called sample of the fifteenth century Italian school (1456). Look at these feet like wedges of wood planted side by side, covering the original drawing, the legs and feet wandering about the canvas, daubed in red to signify they belong to the composition. Originally the Madonna's face was the arresting feature of the picture; now on looks at the feet first. Look at this robe. Was it intended to be gold or this hideous dark work? Look closely, and there is the design of gold underneath. The Memmi's and their followers painted in gold and designs of gold. They gave their own names to work the most beautiful pictures by the most skillful hands. An eighteenth century tourist found it in one of the Tuscan furniture shops, built it up finally with his own hands, and sold it to the ignorant R.A. It is, without exception, the most glaring, impudent thing to palm off on an unsuspecting public. To put such a thing in a public gallery is an unequalled piece of effrontery.

Then let the observer pause before this "School of Giotto" (698). He will see it was a Giottoesque thing once. Now it is all bed restorer's work. Below the nose of one face—once a Giotto face—there is the unmistakable outline of the old master's drawing. The contours of these faces were once delicate green and gold that glistened. Let him look at the second. There is no sign of any other colour. They were given their present hideous brown daub. School of Giotto, or School of the R.A.? Let him next pass to another miracle of art, the Spinello (498). In it the central group of four figures is Spinello. That St. John is unmistakable; it has Spinello's quaint drawing and pure colour. There is no ugly black outlining anywhere. The illustrious predella belongs to the school of signboard painting. It is restored out of knowledge. Then he may turn to the Gaddi (579). "School of Gaddi!" I hear him exclaim. There is about as much resemblance between these canvases as there are clothes on Hans Breitmann's mermaid. It is the work of a house restorer, and not pretty or painstaking at that. And (579) is the School of Gaddi again. School of horrid bug! The whole thing is simply execrable. Then he will smile happily and start off in this wise: "As soon as Giotto, and Gaddi after him, started painting, crowds of inferior artists arose to imitate them. They turned out this kind of thing. And this is one of them. Nothing leads to anything in the company of evil companions, was at least received into Abraham's (meaning the R.A.'s) bosom. No, that is not fourteenth century paint. Here I can see the fourteenth century drawing under the seventeenth century paint. Under this pig's hide are traces of the original stuff. The old fellows painted low down, and sought to express beautiful skin, and
their contours were very tender. So faked work of art of the early Italian masters. "

The eighteenth century aquatinters. Among the draughtsmen and painters whose work there is an interesting image in " differs in excellence. The two most interesting plates are and Geor George Morland. The two most interesting are and the one by , is in the strictest sense a tone etching, and the other, by , has the character and feeling of a line etching. Next, if they are asked to select from the etched work to be seen at Messrs. Coldrum's, 11, Sloane Street, they will be wise to choose one by , or , or , or , or .

The total income was £905,939, an increase of £29,081 over the previous year. The accumulated funds now amount to £1,508,149, which includes a surplus for the year of 5s. per cent. in 1907 it increased this by 2s., and again, in 1908, by 2s. The total industrial bonus is only a distribution of recent birth in the industrial branch of the business, and when given, is not generally remarkable for vivid colour. Apparently Miss Parsons sees flowers only in bright sunshine. But there are other effects, and she should seek them. Parsons sees flowers only in bright sunshine. But there are other effects, and she should seek them. Parsons sees flowers only in bright sunshine. But there are other effects, and she should seek them.

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possible restrictions on their liberties compatible with the joint aim. We believe, rightly or wrongly, that Company 476, anasarca. rights are of no greater weight than men's, and believe that the same principle holds good for the State. Socialists are of the opposite opinion. Both are agreed that the object of the shareholder in a company is to vulgarise the State to the exclusion, if possible, of the State, to enforce fulfilment of contract, and to guard the country they occupy against invasion. Anarchists deny that the shareholder is more honest, but, by that reasoning, they would use the name, instead of “socialist,” to fuse Individualism with Anarchism—in this sense. Socialists believe that having of necessity created a board of manage-ment, the capitalist would do well to build towers, to run omnibuses and trams from its stations to neighbouring towns, and possibly to lay out tea gardens and erect Eiffel towers for the attraction of customers. Similarly they believe, having of necessity created a legislature, it is well to employ it to educate and, perhaps, supply with boots and breakfast the children of the community, to main-tain for them the gaols, to look for the morals of old and young by putting down drink and gambling and juvenile smoking, to examine literature and the drama, to establish a standard of propriety in painting and sculpture, to define the true form of religion, and to perform a hundred other functions beyond and outside what we may call the irre-ducible articles of association. Experience shows that a multiplicity of functions is bad for trading associations, and all the more so that it is bad for States. Neither view is wicked or hateful: one is mistaken.

Time was in this country when the wives and daughters of men whose land yielded less than 40s. a year were for-bidden to wear fur, when a goose might not be sold for more than 5s., and the master of a house must take more meals when the loan of money; when all must go to church or pay a fine of 5s.; when a yard of cloth had to measure 37 inches, for fear of shrinking; in short, in cities and towns alike.

Most of these silly restriction on our liberties have been swept away. Do we want them back again? And shall we ask for more?

"But," replies my antagonist, "the Statute of Labourers imposed a maximum wage; it kept, or tried to keep, wages down; we want to impose a minimum wage, to keep wages up.

Not nowadays, sir. I protest against the words implying no possible failure. "We do not blame our forefathers for the State-interference, but for their unrighteous objects; we desire Socialism, but declare that it has no political and direct bearing on the question.

Very likely. All the Individualists has to say in reply is this: Your aims and objects may be better or worse; in either case they are doomed to failure. If they are bad, so much the better.

Many sincere and altruistic Socialists seem to believe, erroneously, that advocates of laissez-faire are opposed to the Individualist, that there is no possible difference between them. There is, be no mistake.

As an Individualist I want to see the working classes better housed; I want their children to be better fed and clothed; and I am more than willing to see more education. I only look forward to the day when no employer of labour will be such a fool as to try to screw more than six hours' work out of his employees, or try to keep them alive on poor pay. If only Individualists and Socialists (the intelligent in both camps) would renounce their worthless allies, and struggle for the elevation of the mass of the people, the scene of Mr. Gladstone's dream of a strong Centre Party might be realised. But he and his friends must cease to rely on the moderate man.

The most obvious and true fraternity must follow, not precede, the elevation of the mass of the people. The gentleman who is a fool enough to think the country is his property is not fit to be spouted. Let them appeal to the enthusiasts who understand what they want, though they may differ as to the means of obtaining it.

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will Mr. Carter please be definite? When I review in my own mind the pictures for whose sake I revisited the National Gallery, I am at a loss to understand the grounds of Mr. Blaker's charges.

The real defect of the National Gallery is the handful of false attributions, the so-called Melozzo da Forli and the Botticelli which is labelled Botticelli. And "The Madonna of the Rocks" microscopy became quite popular, also, although it is good enough to be a Leonardo.

FRANK BETTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Blaker continues to strengthen my position in a most unexpected manner. Briefly restated, the position is this: That the real old master hardly exists in a recognisable con-dition outside his own country; that the old master, as we know him in this country, is not the real old master; that all the talk about the necessity of copying and collecting the old masters is, in fact, the invention of money-making shopkeepers. For proof, I offered the National Gallery. Mr. Blaker objected, much to my advantage.

And he is doubtless aware that R.A.'s have been directors of the National Gallery, and loaned them to pretentious provincial exhibitions, to enforce fulfilment of contract, and to guard the country they occupy against invasion. Anarchists deny that the shareholder is more honest, but, by that reasoning, they would use the name, instead of "socialist," to fuse Individualism with Anarchism—in this sense. Socialists believe that having of necessity created a board of manage-ment, the capitalist would do well to build towers, to run omnibuses and trams from its stations to neighbouring towns, and possibly to lay out tea gardens and erect Eiffel towers for the attraction of customers. Similarly they believe, having of necessity created a legislature, it is well to employ it to educate and, perhaps, supply with boots and breakfast the children of the community, to main-tain for them the gaols, to look for the morals of old and young by putting down drink and gambling and juvenile smoking, to examine literature and the drama, to establish a standard of propriety in painting and sculpture, to define the true form of religion, and to perform a hundred other functions beyond and outside what we may call the irre-ducible articles of association. Experience shows that a multiplicity of functions is bad for trading associations, and all the more so that it is bad for States. Neither view is wicked or hateful: one is mistaken.

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letter, but has not shown that any one of the deductions was wrong. His criticism throughout has been vague and general. He has been content simply to deny some easily ascendant claims of the defence, to make assumptions, misquotations, or quotations, without their qualifying clauses, and endless mis-statements, as those who have been given to us false and prejudiced opinions by paring my article and letter with Mr. Blaker's two letters. In all this he has clearly demonstrated, as Mr. Ernest Taylor points out in the latest of artists, that extreme difficulty exists in this country of attacking old-established institutions that are dangerous because not founded in truth but in false sentiment. There are certain persons, many of whom belong to the old and who are, required to substitute the old and condemn the new in the most emphatic and arrogant manner, and absolutely refuse to examine the multitude of truths offered to them. Mr. Blaker ignores certain essential facts that I offer to him, or to give a reason for their approval or condemnation. Mr. Blaker harps upon the desire of the masses to receive satisfaction. He does not acknowledge that some of the moderns he mentions are the direct outcome of the modern methods of education which he deplores. He will not see they have refused to continue on the old lines, have broken away from the old tangle of technical traditions in order to establish an entirely new one. A careful study of the old men—which study I have never denied—has led them to reject their methods in favour of a technique utterly different from that adopted by the old men. By so doing they have been enabled to adapt their personality, with greater conciseness, with greater force, with greater beauty. They have had a conception of the truth and mystery of life such as the old men apparently never had. They have seen and expressed extraordinary assertions of life in a word, they have replaced the slow, laborious mister, excluding life for the rapid technique, expressing it with eloquence and precision.

Mr. Blaker states he is the one man in the world to detect "fakes." He offers me a motor-car if I can deceive him. Well, I give him a "fakes," and he will prove that he has not proved the latter to the hit, I will give him the latest thing in a full-fledged Great Western Railway express carriage and send him home carraige.

Mr. John Witcombe in his letter, and the "Art Chronicle," in its issue of March 3rd, question the soundness of my proposition for the new form and the "Art Chronicle" will agree with the proposition in another form, "As I understand art, it cannot be taught." If this does not satisfy I will explain my meaning more fully. I fore I can deal with Mr. Witcombe's letter I must first know what precisely he means by art. He speaks of "all art," "pure art," "art is convention." To me art has no qualifying adjectives. There is neither German art, nor Italian art, nor moral art, nor good, bad, and indifferent art. There is art; art only. If this is Mr. Witcombe's art, let him say so, and he shall have satisfaction—but not my blood.

HUNTY CARTER.

MRS. GALSWORTHY'S "JUSTICE."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Last week's criticism of Mr. Galsworthy's "play, "Justice," rather suggests that the trial scene should be omitted, as the evidence for the defence is a recitation of what was known in Art. It is a commonplace that the dramatic motive for introducing the evidence for the defence. It is necessary to adduce evidence for the purpose of showing that an individual who is not a criminal type (if there are any such) will commit a crime in a moment of temperamentally irresponsible, when the ordinary protective canons of public opinion are or weakened under emotional stress. The point of view, unless directly expressed, would not occur to most audiences as a natural consequence of the events in the first act. The delay broke down, as, under English law, irresponsibility must amount to a temporary loss of sanity, for which there was not sufficient in Falder's case. It is an essential part of the play that this should be brought out, as it is a direct proof of Falder's guilt. The evidence for the prosecution was rigorously excised, for the sake of the Crown witnesses could have denounced in the audiency that Falder's defence was not convincing. A long experience of counsels' methods enables me to state that they never mention in their argument adjectives. There is neither German art, nor Italian art, nor moral art, nor good, bad, and indifferent art. There is art; art only. If this is Mr. Witcombe's art, let him say so, and he shall have satisfaction—but not my blood.

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HUNTY CARTER.

SOUTH AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As a resident in the Argentine Republic during the past eighteen years, allow me to draw your attention to what I consider to be the most misstated points in Mr. Chesters' criticisms of the "Times" South American supplement, in your issue of January 6th (page 220).

1. To speak of the "terrible exploitation " of the working classes reveals complete ignorance of the conditions obtaining in this country, seeing that the working classes are far better off here than in Europe, both as regards pay and hours of labour. The same benefits have been secured principally through their own efforts, aided by their unions, is, no doubt, true; but that does not alter the facts.

2. With regard to the agricultural situation profitable is it that every year several thousands of immigrants arrive from Italy, Spain, and other countries, the majority of which return to Europe, at the end of the harvest, and the remainder of the year on their earnings, these being sufficient to tide them over till the next harvest, when they again emigrate to Europe. The Franco-Prussian War caused the landlords to almost double the price of land, and the same right should be given against judges and barristers.

* * *

C. H. NORMAN.

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Court of Criminal Appeal, in any case, would have modified it.

While writing, I might cite a case at last Leeds Midsummer Assizes, where a man of humble origin was charged with making false certificates, which were drawn up by an expert, and brought home to me by ocular evidence. A man named R. was convicted of criminally libelling a solicitor. Mr. Justice Bray was the judge, and in his summing up, namely, for attacking lawyers, a heavy sentence was passed, in this instance of twelve months' hard labour. I believe this is the maximum sentence which can be imposed for criminal libel. The libels were atrocious in language that their violence deprived them of any consequences they might have had upon the prosecutor. The prisoner gave notice of his appeal. Sir John Henry, on account of his conviction Mr. Justice Bray sent for R. In consideration of an apology, and of his abandoning his appeal, this ferocious sentence was reduced to four weeks' imprisonment. The prisoner made a lengthy appeal, and was on the point of being there released, on the ground of his sufferings in prison. What the particular conditions were I cannot say, but in the seven days' interval the man had lost all his self-respect, and had aged fearfully. He was a physical and mental wreck. He was an educated man, and the prison system had obviously injured his mind.

The levity with which crushing sentences are passed is strikingly exemplified in this case. A sentence of twelve months' imprisonment is proved to be a vindictive sentence by its reduction by the very judge who imposed it to four weeks. The sneering manner of the judge in Mr. Galsworthy's play is a fair representation; Sir John Bigham has the same outlook of moral cant as is typified in this trial scene. Many other Common Law judges are worse, notably Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Justice Phillimore, no doubt not one of those who has probably sent more men to penitent servitude for moral offences than all his brother judges put together.

3. The press is in a state of enmity with all litigants and prisoners the right to sue judges for false imprisonment and negligence. Doctors, solicitors, accountants, bankers, surveyors, architects, and several persons of no profession, can sue and the same right should be given against judges and barristers.

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* * *

C. H. NORMAN.
the assassin of Colonel Bacon and his secretary, M. Lartigue, Russians driven by oppression from their own country, and received with open arms by this land of liberty and promise, who, ever since their arrival, instead of showing gratitude, were engaged in chastising her maid with a birch. The victim's great pain, proceeding from our friend's room. We both rushed in, and there, to our surprise, saw our friend busily engaged in teasing the backwoods, and, moreover, "Stanhope of Chester's great attack seems to be directed particularly against Argentina.

In conclusion, I submit that articles containing such manifest nonsense are invited to the shores of Nietzschean dreamland, with the startling information that all the truth the faith by the writer—can only redound in prejudice to the paper in which they are published and the Socialist cause. More care should be taken in verifying the facts before committing to print allegations of a calumnious nature.

L. X.

FROM THE BACKWOODS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The NEW AGE has a weakness for prophecy, and at times is given to forecasting the character of new dispensations and the future of the country, new, small, and optimistic, where foresight takes the form of real estate investments, in the sure and certain hope of a rich harvest of unearned increment in the near future. The British Columbia solution of the Sphinx riddle is material prosperity, and plenty of it. Give us big cities, more railways, new industries, and we shall be happy. But now comes Judah P. Benjamin from the South. He has arrived at a correct perception: "We are about to enter a phase of existence so new, so unfamiliar, is given to forecasting the character of new dispensations and the future of the country, new, small, and optimistic, where foresight takes the form of real estate investments, in the sure and certain hope of a rich harvest of unearned increment in the near future. The British Columbia solution of the Sphinx riddle is material prosperity, and plenty of it. Give us big cities, more railways, new industries, and we shall be happy. But now comes Judah P. Benjamin from the South. He has arrived at a correct perception: "We are about to enter a phase of existence so new, so unfamiliar, so strange, so unlike, so fantastical paradoxically, so extravagantly unhistorical, so ironically bewildering, that it is hardly possible to imagine the minds of the enlightened of any country, or a great part of the readers of THE NEW AGE."

The leaders of the Socialist party, which counts amongst its followers a number of enlightened and indefatigable workers, amongst whom may be mentioned Dr. Palacios, Dr. Dickmann, and Dr. Justo, were to be seen walking un-made streets in the city during the state of siege.

With regard to the declaration of a state of siege for sixty days, the policy of such a measure may be questioned, but with regard to the action of the Government, it is approved by an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the Republic.

The statement that "the workmen, whether Indian or South American, are living in a hell" is simply rhetorical nonsense. Indian workmen are practically non-existent in the Argentine (the total coloured population in the province is less than 10,000 Indians and 1,000 negroes), and with regard to the working classes generally, as stated before, they live under conditions more favorable than those obtaining in Europe.

I have confined my remarks to the Argentine Republic because my knowledge of this country enables me to speak with authority; and, moreover, "we have not the right to believe in a public opinion by faith alone" can only redound in prejudice to the paper in which they are published and the Socialist cause. More care should be taken in verifying the facts before committing to print allegations of a calumnious nature.

T. W. HOAN.

THE CLASSICS FOR DEMOCRACY.

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Since the rule, been a rule, as well as edited and written by men with antipathies to democracy, it is very desirable that the working man, if he takes Professor Gilbert Murray's advice to heart, may be warned of the very human and partisan persons, the original authorities.

For instance, the working man will not arrive at a correct valuation of the democratic leader, Cleon, by taking his admirers next to his enemies, Cleon's, Sophocles, Euripides, and Pericles; moreover, paradox was our friend's great attack seems to be directed particularly against Argentina.

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FROM THE BACKWOODS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The NEW AGE has a weakness for prophecy, and at times is given to forecasting the character of new dispensations and the future of the country, new, small, and optimistic, where foresight takes the form of real estate investments, in the sure and certain hope of a rich harvest of unearned increment in the near future. The British Columbia solution of the Sphinx riddle is material prosperity, and plenty of it. Give us big cities, more railways, new industries, and we shall be happy. But now comes Judah P. Benjamin from the South. He has arrived at a correct perception: "We are about to enter a phase of existence so new, so unfamiliar, so strange, so unlike, so fantastical paradoxically, so extravagantly unhistorical, so ironically bewildering, that it is hardly possible to imagine the minds of the enlightened of any country, or a great part of the readers of THE NEW AGE."

The leaders of the Socialist party, which counts amongst its followers a number of enlightened and indefatigable workers, amongst whom may be mentioned Dr. Palacios, Dr. Dickmann, and Dr. Justo, were to be seen walking un-made streets in the city during the state of siege.

With regard to the declaration of a state of siege for sixty days, the policy of such a measure may be questioned, but with regard to the action of the Government, it is approved by an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the Republic.

The statement that "the workmen, whether Indian or South American, are living in a hell" is simply rhetorical nonsense. Indian workmen are practically non-existent in the Argentine (the total coloured population in the province is less than 10,000 Indians and 1,000 negroes), and with regard to the working classes generally, as stated before, they live under conditions more favorable than those obtaining in Europe.

I have confined my remarks to the Argentine Republic because my knowledge of this country enables me to speak with authority; and, moreover, "we have not the right to believe in a public opinion by faith alone" can only redound in prejudice to the paper in which they are published and the Socialist cause. More care should be taken in verifying the facts before committing to print allegations of a calumnious nature.

T. W. HOAN.
Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "A Section and a Slice" (criticism of The Madras House), Nation, Mar. 12.
ARCHER, WM., "Theatre versus Hospital," Morning Leader, Mar. 12.
BAM, Sir PIETER, "An Imperial Senate," D. Mail, Mar. 10.
BELLAIRS, CARLYON, "The Dreadnought Problem," Pall Mall Gazette, Mar. 8.
BENNETT, ARNOLD, "Human Nature Notes: Can an Englishman really Enjoy Himself?" D. Chronicle, Mar. 9.
BESANT, ANNIE, "An Appeal to the Government and to Europeans," Clarion, Mar. 11.
BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "Land Syne," Clarion, Mar. 11.
CLOUDD, EDWARD, "Meredith in Memory," D. Chronicle, Mar. 12.
FYFFE, HAMILTON, "To-day in Egypt: Some Cairo Contrast," D. Mail, Mar. 8.
GREENWOOD, JOHN H., "The Village Settlement: An Object-lesson in Small Holdings" (Seddonville, N. Zealand, etc.), D. News, Mar. 7.
HORSLEY, Canon, "Unfit Scholars: The Need for Early Medical Examination," D. Chronicle, Mar. 10.
KENEDEY, BART, "Trials of the Stage," Reynolds's, Mar. 11.
LANG, ANDREW, "Vampires," Morning Post, Mar. 11.
MACDONALD, JOHN F., "Incognito: King Edward and Paris," Morning Leader, Mar. 11.
O'DONNELL, F. HUGH, "Concerning the House of Lords," Pall Mall Gazette, Mar. 10.
POLLOCK, Sir F., "Lords and Commons," D. Chronicle, Mar. 11.
WALLACE, Dr. CHAS WM., "Shakespeare's Signature," Westminster Gazette, Mar. 12.

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

15.-EDWARD CARPENTER.

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