the heart of the matter, and the discussion of this may be tolerated without peril. It is not only the chief acknowledged weakness of the House of Lords (acknowledged, that is, by the Rosebery party), but it is also the chief obstacle to the grand experiment of democracy. Negatively defined, democracy is simply the absence of class rule, and in this sense the participation of an hereditary House in legislation is undemocratic. Though, therefore, it could be shown that the hereditary ruling class had all the virtues of Seraphim, the idea of democracy would nevertheless be opposed to it.

Mommesen in his "History of Rome" makes a fine distinction between institutions of a class and institutions of a democratic or popular character: "According to the same law of nature, in virtue of which the smallest organism infinitely surpasses the most artistic machine, every constitution, however defective, which gives play to the free self-determination of a majority of citizens infinitely surpasses the most brilliant and humane absolutism; for the former is capable of development, and therefore living; the latter is what it is, and therefore dead." In illustration of this, Mommesen adds a footnote of peculiar significance, and referring to the emancipation of slaves in the Southern States of America—that great act of democracy, carried through as it was by the greatest democrat the world has ever seen—Abraham Lincoln, did, in fact, determine the whole of America's future from that hour. As an absolutism admitting the status of slavery as an institution, the United States had before it a perfectly mechanical future, calculable almost in terms of foot-pounds; but so soon as democracy won, the potentialities of American history became as varied as those of a living organism. The absence of class-rule gives an open field for the free play of intelligence and will.

The immediate results of democratisation may well appear to be an argument against democracy. Nobody can pretend that the condition of the American negro under democratic freedom is in many respects superior to his condition under slavery. Similarly it is easy enough to prove that the feudal system in England gave advantages to the labourer which were far in excess of those he enjoys to-day. But this is reckoning by the visible material and immediate results of emancipation only. Few American negroes, though economically wretched in their freedom, would return to slavery though their chains were to be gilded. As one of them said: "There's a kind of looseness about this yere liberty that I kinder likes." And no agricultural labourer of our extensive acquaintance would deliberately restore feudalism even to secure himself a certain protection for the rest of his life. There is, of course, no arguing about these things; they are the simple

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The Lords have done their best to make the question of the Lords supreme as an issue before the country, though not, of course, in the form suggested by the Liberal Party. Throughout the long discussion of its own reform inaugurated by Lord Rosebery practically nothing was heard of the real question at issue, namely, the relations between the two Houses. The hereditary principle, however, is a little nearer acknowledged weakness of the House of Lords (acknowledged, that is, by the Rosebery party), but it is also the chief obstacle to the grand experiment of democracy. Negatively defined, democracy is simply the absence of class rule, and in this sense the participation of an hereditary House in legislation is undemocratic. Though, therefore, it could be shown that the hereditary ruling class had all the virtues of Seraphim, the idea of democracy would nevertheless be opposed to it.

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dogmas on which democracy rests. And we may there-
fore be quite certain that no matter what the immediate
results may be, the abolition of the power of an her-
editary House, the House of a Class, would meet with
the inward approval of the vast majority of men.

The choice is obscure, as we say, by the obvious
demeans of the alternative to class-rule. Lord Salis-
bury, among others, during the debates of last week
took occasion to criticise the methods and composition of the
House of Commons. Nothing, in fact, is easier.
The House of Lords is in its composition the perfect
and birth

virtue of their class and birth

principle. Consequently, we must assume the Lords to
remain what they are, a body of legislators ruling by
subordination of the Lords to the will of the elected
Chamber as a frail organism is inferior
to the House of Lords, as a frail organism is inferior
to the House of Commons, but they are even encouraged;
and their presence often lowers the tone of thought and discus-

comparative efficiency is proved by the celerity

higher degree of lucidity than prevails in the House of
Commons. Its superior dignity goes without saying;
its reforms are petty, ungenerous, and usually extorted.

Contrast these characteristics with those of the House
of Lords, and you see at once that on their surface
merits the Lords have nothing to fear by the comparison.
The House of Lords maintains its atmosphere at a
higher degree of lucidity than prevails in the House of
Commons. It is a higher intellectual plane. Its principles go
without saying; and its comparative efficiency is proved by the celerity
with which it performs its share of legislation.

Note, too, how the "backwoodsmen" are kept in the
House of Lords. But that distinction of Mommsen's
was the Irish Party, which has proved
necessary in the absence of complete abolition; it is the
tactic of the Government on the Veto
or the Blackford type. But he does not see, nor did Mr. McKenna enlighten
us, what views of foreign politics are involved in the increase.

All we can do, as fair-minded people, is to put ours-
elves in the place of a Cabinet responsible not merely
to the Liberal Party but to the country at large. What
would England have its Government; regarding both,
the country would hail with enthusiasm the general
limitation of armaments, the establishment of an
international tribunal, and the creation of a world-police.

But the country does not believe that these are immedi-
anty possible owing to the unwillingness of other coun-
tries to co-operate. Rightly or wrongly, the general
view is that the rest of the world is not ready for the
realisation of our own desires for peace. Consequently
we must maintain our strength at an unchallengeable
height. We are not less that the removal of our
military preparedness in this reasoning is its effect on our propaganda
of peace. While we are relying on force, we neglect to prepare strenuously for reliance on reason. But that
is due largely to the fact that instead of supporting
peace our pacifics make war on war, a proceeding as
useless as it is stupid. With the exception of the
Labour Party, which, to its credit, maintains constant
relations with the Labour parties of other countries,
we have no bond of union with other countries. They rely merely
upon their own sentiment to avert war when it threat-
ens, never dreaming that the maintenance of interna-
tional peace requires as strenuous (and, let us add, as
expensive) a policy as the construction of a world-police.
If wars must be "engineered," so too must peace; and
in the absence of the latter we must fall victims to the
former.

The Labour Exchanges inaugurated by Mr. Churchill
appear to be already justifying some of the hopes and
few of the fears of their promoters and enemies. So
long as they are regarded as merely a device for in-
creasing the mobility of labour they have their place, and
will continue to have their place under any system
of industry. But even if the percentage of their suc-
cesses should prove to be double or treble their present promise, we cannot hope that they will solve the problem of unemployment. What few people realise is the fact that a margin, sometimes greater, sometimes less, of unemployment is absolutely indispensable to modern private industry. Social as it may sound, without unemployment there would be no employment—of the private order, that is; since labour would then become a monopoly with which only the State could deal. Mr. Buxton promised on behalf of the Government further instruments of the Minority Report on the Poor Law. These will infallibly work out in the direction above indicated. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

Foreign Affairs.

The German Social Democrats are pressing the Prussian and German Governments hard. In all the political moving and countermoving the Social Democrats have scored every point. Their leadership is magnificent. It is a pity the Labour Party cannot be led by such men as Bebel and his lieutenants. In Germany the reactionary parties are to be prosecuted for their share in the Lord Chancellors, and not to the Reichstag. The Social Democrats are continuing their determined agitation against this Bill. They have also carried a remarkable motion in the Reichstag. The German Chancellor at present is responsible to the Emperor, and not to the Reichstag. The Social Democrats proposed a resolution that a Bill should be introduced making the Chancellor responsible to the Reichstag and liable to impeachment. This motion was accepted by a narrow margin. Nothing will happen immediately, but it is a sign that the personal rule of the Kaiser is being steadily undermined. The German Chancellor has introduced a Bill admitting Alsace-Lorraine into the German Constitution as a federal province. The Government would be very ill-advised to accept the Bill. This is being pushed on by the railway financiers, according to the "New Freie Presse," who are interested in the maintenance of their railway concession, which will shortly lapse. The neutralisation scheme is due to the personal rule of the Kaiser. The neutralisation is agreed upon, China may seize the opportunity to play Russia, the United States, and Japan off against each other. The mail from the Far East has brought the text of the speeches made by the murderer of Count Izod and his accomplices before sentence was passed upon them. They used similar language to Dhingra, and justified their act on the ground of patriotism. "We have perpetrated a crime, sacrificing our lives, for the sake of the Orient and the independence of Korea. We were not actuated by personal sentiment." It is somewhat awkward for the teachers of patriotism that their lessons should be used to glorify murder and assassination. But there is no escape from the logic of the argument that a Korean who is a patriot is taught by patriotism to destroy those who oppress his country.

The bureaucracy which is misgoverning the British Empire has concocted another sedition ordinance. The loci this time is Southern Nigeria. No act of sedition has been committed in Southern Nigeria during the fifty years England has ruled. These are the terms of the precious instrument.

Whoever by words, either spoken or written, or by signs, or by visible representation, or otherwise, brings, or attempts to bring, into hatred or contempt, or excites, or attempts to excite, enmity, disaffection, disloyalty, or feelings of enmity towards his Majesty or the Government established by law in Southern Nigeria, or attempts to promote feelings of enmity between different classes of the population of Southern Nigeria, shall be punished with imprisonment, which may extend to two years, or with fine, or with both imprisonment and fine.

The reasons for suddenly rushing this ordinance through are most discreditable. There have been large defalcations of public funds, preceded by an expropriation of natives, whose houses were situated by the railway course and interfered with. The Lord Crewe has sanctioned the setting up of an established church with a grant-in-aid of £480 per annum plus £5,000 towards the erection of the new church. Those concerned in the defalcations have vanished. Mass meetings of natives have been held to protest against this official corruption, but without avail.

Mr. Regional Enoch has brought forward a novel theory of Imperialism. He suggests that the English government should exploit the real estate of the Empire, and not leave the development of its rich natural resources to private companies. He argued that every municipality in Britain should acquire an area of the free land in the overseas dominions and hold
it in perpetuity as a heritage of the people. Certainly the Empire would then be an Imperial democracy, instead of a means of profit to "the Anglo-Judaic plutocracy which is the curse of society." The County Council of Surrey would administer the industrial development of its province better than the Rothschilds or Wernher, Beit and Co. administer their concessions and mines. The treatment of the natives would be more humane. "STANHOPe OF CHESTER."

Mr. John Redmond.

In the course of the constitutional struggle which has now lasted over nearly six months, the country has discovered that it possesses two statesmen who know their own minds, and are prepared to take a definite line. One is King Edward VII., and the other is Mr. John Redmond. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget contained a distinct assertion of principles of taxation which, if they did not amount to Socialism, if all events were recognised by the enemies of Socialism as a step in that direction. Handicapped as those proposals were by an unfair attempt to "tack" a vindictive piece of teetotal legislation, they had no fair chance of receiving that general support from the country which every truly democratic movement must have in a country where the independent mind is still a very modest thing beside that of the Nationalists. The People's Budget would have swept the country; but the enemies of Socialism who have been wanting through the Liberals is chiefly courage. It is courage in the Independent Labour Party is still a very modest thing beside that of the Nationalists. They lost the final one on the morrow of the election. One or two Labour members have distinguished themselves for a mandate and the Liberal Premier, who changed his mind about the famous "guarantees" of the Albert Hall pledge. If that were so, the courageous course for the Ministry would have been to resign the moment they found the guarantees were not forthcoming. No adviser is a bad adviser from the present moment. One or two Labour members have distinguished themselves by not going to a royal garden party. Are they aware that it is more than twenty years since the Irish Party was in the conditions of the Liberals? The"People's Budget contains a declaration of Mr. Asquith's, this programme is perhaps the least attractive that could possibly be offered to them. It is a purely parochial measure, inasmuch as it ignores the whole question of an Imperial Senate. Now it is significant that all the Colonial statesmen who have contributed to the discussion have taken the same line as The New Age in proposing that the Upper House and the Cabinet, and possibly even the approval of the Irish Party, and should command that of the Liberals.

Every self-governing Colony—and we might safely add India as well—is in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. The Standing Committee of Imperialism, contributed £10,000 to Parnell's fund. Consequently every Colonial representative could be relied on to support the Irish demand. In addition, every Colony is Liberal. At the time of the Jubilee procession, when all the Colonial Premiers rode through London, every one was a Liberal Premier. There are no hereditary Chambers in the Colonies, no Established Churches, there is no feudalism, and very little clericalism outside the Roman Catholic ranks. Consequently, at the time the Colonial members would probably vote to be generally on the side of progress. The English Liberal statesman, knowing that, does not strain every nerve to obtain the inclusion of Colonial members in the House of Commons. The House of Lords must be, like Viscount Morley, a "true Conservative"—but not a very true one. Mr. Redmond's last pronouncement is as straightforward, as wise, and as courageous as his previous ones, and may be taken to settle the fate of this Ministry and Parliament. He foresees an election, and he foresees defeat; and that being so he desires to get it over as soon as possible, in order to prepare for the future. The responsibility for this failure rests not on him and his followers, but on the Cabinet, and the section to whom they have surrendered. The original policy of Mr. Asquith, after his party's defeat at the polls, there can be no doubt, was to frame a general scheme for dealing with the House of Lords as might have commanded the confidence of the country, and possibly even met the approval of the King. Unfortunately he had to deal with followers who cannot work a sum in simple subtraction, and who believed that 270 was more than half of 670. This tyrannical minority believed itself strong enough to overpower King, Lords and Commons, to say nothing of the country, and carry through a greater revolution than the one of 1688. They have had their way, and by the time the dissolution comes Mr. Asquith and his colleagues will have drawn about £2,000 a piece in salaries, and burdened the country with a bloated naval and military establishment. That will be the net achievement of the present "Government."
The Right and Wrong of Marriage.
By Allen Upward.

The Royal Commission now examining into the divorce laws affords an illustration of the difficulties which hamper every effort in the direction of sane legislation in this country.

The most prominent of the proposals before the Commission is one to grant the poor the same facilities as their richer fellows, and to provide for the maintenance in his absence.

Many of the other proposals may be considered more open to criticism from a sensible standpoint. But so far from there being a real object of apprehension. The Commissioners, and the witnesses before them, pretend to be discussing these reforms on their merits; but it is a pretence. What they really have in the back of their minds is the religious sentiment which is predominant up to the present. And the real question for the Commission is how far it is possible to make one view prevail over the other. These views may be described as the natural, the ascetic, and the puritan.

The natural view of marriage underlies the custom of betrothal, followed by coition. A young man and woman come together, as it were, to ascertain whether they are suited for each other. The procedure has come down from pre-Christian times. It seems to have everything to do with the procreation of children and the regulation of concubinage.

The ascetic, or strictly Christian, view of marriage is that it is the regulated indulgence of lust, an evil in itself, but a lesser evil than promiscuous fornication or tormenting desire. Paul puts it that it is better to marry than to burn, and the Church of England lays equal stress on the two objects, coitus, or marriage, the procreation of children and the regulation of concubinage.

The history of this view of marriage is worth tracing, because Christian morality in general is derived from the two very different sources, which have been constantly confounded, and no more so by Nietzsche.

Asceticism, as distinguished from puritanism, may be traced back to India, where the Fijian custom of killing off the aged was replaced, perhaps in Dravidian times, by the slightly milder practice of turning them out into the forest to perish as their strength decayed. The religious spirit of the Hindus invested this custom with the character of a voluntary preparation for death, or rather the next life. At a certain age the householder handed over his worldly affairs to his eldest son, and retired into the forest to acquire merit with a view to his future transmigration, by passing the remainder of his time in semi-starvation and meditation.

There is need to dwell on a subject in which the ascetic idea penetrated the conscience of Europe. First came the Buddhist teaching by which all mankind were urged to embrace the ascetic life, no longer as a preparation for a single change, but as the means of reaching the end of all changes in Nirvana. The Stoics, more materialist than the Hindu, and busied with this life rather than the next, still more the Cynics, made the attempt to reconcile the Buddhist ideal with the European spirit, more by the slightly milder practice of semi-starvation and meditation.

The Essenes were distinguished by their belief in an approaching catastrophe, the end of the world, a belief still surviving among the Plymouth Brethren and other small Christian communities. With them the ascetic life was a preparation for this great change. That is the view which meets us in the Christian gospels, and especially in the Sermon on the Mount. Indulgent on there are many children divorce practically does not occur. There could be no stronger evidence that the folk view of marriage is the sound and right one. The folk law of divorce is well remembered, if only for its quaintness. The husband leads his wife into a market-place, with a rope round her neck, and in another, for a different proposal, the ceremony operating as a divorce and re-marriage at the same time. There could be no better reform than to legalise this ancient custom, merely changing the venue from the market-place to the police or county court; but it is to be feared that no such simple and sensible proposal would have been adopted without sufficient consideration, and cases are on record of its being resorted to in the nineteenth century.

It seems to have everything to recommend it, more especially the fact that it does not lead the divorced woman without any stigmata. But that is what we are not to do, and that is what would be done in any community entirely or mainly composed of people who were in their right mind. The mission is one to grant the poor the same facilities as their richer fellows, and to provide for the maintenance in his absence. A solicitor at Monmouth informed me that he had been asked to draw up a lease of this kind, and he was required to put in a proviso that the children of the union should be the property of the lessor. When answering these objections from a sensible standpoint.

Another custom which still survives in the Forest of Dean, and probably elsewhere, is that of assigning a wife on lease for a term of years. This is done when the husband is going to seek work elsewhere, and it is the advantage of providing for the wife's maintenance in his absence. The clause as to the children is: "No agreement made hereunder shall prevent the said tenant from re-letting her, with her own consent, to another man, for some nominal consideration, such as a shilling or a pot of beer, the ceremony operating as a divorce and re-marriage at the same time. There could be no better reform than to legalise this ancient custom, merely changing the venue from the market-place to the police or county court; but it is to be feared that no such simple and sensible proposal would have been adopted without sufficient consideration, and cases are on record of its being resorted to in the nineteenth century. It seems to have everything to recommend it, more especially the fact that it does not lead the divorced woman without any stigmata. But that is what we are not to do, and that is what would be done in any community entirely or mainly composed of people who were in their right mind. The mission is one to grant the poor the same facilities as their richer fellows, and to provide for the maintenance in his absence. A solicitor at Monmouth informed me that he had been asked to draw up a lease of this kind, and he was required to put in a proviso that the children of the union should be the property of the lessor. When answering these objections from a sensible standpoint.

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many points pertaining to the Mosaic ritual law, the
mismonger of the "got" and indeed of the whole New
Testament, is strongly biased against marriage, as an
institution clearly superfluous on the eve of Doomsday.

The failure of this expectation left the Christian
Church still in a highly anti-social frame of mind as
regards the "secular life" as a compromise with the world.
It may be laid down as the only cardinal principle which distinguishes Christian from
natural morality, and the Christian from the man of the
world, that the Christian professes to consider this life
of marriage.

It is otherwise, of course, when they
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Aryan, ideal assert itself, till it finally broke with asceti-
cism altogether in the Lutheran revolt. That revolt, it
may be regarded as practically a European. Accord-
in the true Christian teaching, and marking
the difference for others than the aged and worn-out. We shall
probably be right in thinking that those whom it fasci-
nates are occasionally men and women of morbid temper-
ament. Regarded as voluntary madhouses, the Catholic monasteries seem deserving of the
utmost respect. It is otherwise, of course, when they
degenerate into prisons for the unwilling, or alm-
houses for the lazy; and they call for the very strictest supervision when they presume to undertake the re-
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Architects and the Public.
By W. Shaw Sparrow.

There has been for at least a century far and away too much freedom in the public arts of building; public, because architecture, whether good or bad, is never private or concealed, unlike books, which can be hidden in boxes and cupboards, unlike pictures, which can be either stored in rooms or created on the wall, and unlike any other art, which is silent without interpreters. And because architecture is for ever on view in its permanent exhibition in the open air, we know at once to the people to whom it belongs, whether they love art and cultivate the mind, in a manner of manliness, or despise it, in matters of taste, in hurried ideals, in hurried economies, and habits of weak compromise.

For these reasons, no doubt, architecture ought to be put under a proper kind of national discipline, in order that it may be guided by the best minds in great function as a public historian. Underbred manners and the over-weening bombast of trade customs should not be left undirected in the meaner kinds of building, to the injury of towns and of country nooks, now becoming handsome places keep away the money that holiday-makers bring and spend. But it is clear also that when art is put under official routine there is a grave fear that its work will be stifled by a frigid anonymity. Can we imagine Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Plato, or Dante, or even Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Plato, or Dante, in a department of the War Office in the domain of art would be terrible. Men who are not their equals in artistic perception? A DB.

The discipline we need here is not of the laying down of rules, but of the guidance and protection of the many requirements of town-planning, and many others, all poke fun at the far-scattered disorganisation of the household arts, as distinguished from the factory trades for the home.

Further, why is it that so many persons employ builders rather than architects? And why do rate-payers, even in these days of jury-building, buy houses without good advice from an architect? I have put these questions to many layfolk, and the answers have been always the same, that they had better known, that they are practical, and that really an architect’s position and charges are very hard to understand. More often than not I find a layman has consulted Whitaker, and finds that an architect’s fees include 7 per cent on the valuation, that cost £1,000. And I notice that men of business object to that uncommon usage. An architect, they contend, is a financial adviser, and as such he should not earn his bread by a percentage on the cost of production. He should be in a position to suggest alterations to accepted plans without provoking suspicion in a client’s mind. If the act of spending money is to increase a man’s income, why should a client trust his architect? There is a lack of public education in this art; as work, as a rule, suggests a good many modifications, involving extra expenses; and your client is likely to say to you, “Well, yes; I suppose we ought to do these things; but, then, they try to feather their nest; you get 5 per cent, of the extra cost.”

These are the views expressed by men of business, practical men of the world, and I cannot see that architects will be gained by holding opinions of a different kind. They serve to live, they live to please; but what can they lose by giving? If they are not to be trusted for this and that, and then win for themselves reputation rewards like those which fall to the lot of great barristers and painters?

In the fifteenth century an architect was engaged for a single job, he got a fixed salary with board and lodging; he was fined if he took more than a given number of holidays in a quarter; and all this old discipline is too long. And hole-in-the-corner politics in bricks and mortar have already come by their own in the London County Council.

Unhappily, too, architects are unable to protect themselves. Union is the last neediness that artists think about. They look at things from so many points of view that they talk and wrangle far too much, till their energy for action becomes as futile as evaporated steam. Then they say: “We are artists, individualists.” A moment later, having forgotten that remark, they add: “We haven’t a chance; there are so many forces against us.” Just so. The unorganised go down before the charging big battalions. As authors fear publishers, so architects fear building contractors, who are the most pressing requirements of town-planning, and by what sort of committee should watch and ward be these questions to many layfolk, and the answers have been always the same, that they had better known, that they are practical, and that really an architect’s position and charges are very hard to understand. More often than not I find a layman has consulted Whitaker, and finds that an architect’s fees include 7 per cent on the valuation, that cost £1,000. And I notice that men of business object to that uncommon usage. An architect, they contend, is a financial adviser, and as such he should not earn his bread by a percentage on the cost of production. He should be in a position to suggest alterations to accepted plans without provoking suspicion in a client’s mind. If the act of spending money is to increase a man’s income, why should a client trust his architect? There is a lack of public education in this art; as work, as a rule, suggests a good many modifications, involving extra expenses; and your client is likely to say to you, “Well, yes; I suppose we ought to do these things; but, then, they try to feather their nest; you get 5 per cent, of the extra cost.”

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In the fifteenth century an architect was engaged for a single job, he got a fixed salary with board and lodging; he was fined if he took more than a given number of holidays in a quarter; and all this old discipline would be of use now to young men, for too much freedom at the beginning of a career in art unfitts the mind for concentration. Few young architects know the dogged self-control required week by week for months in the writing of a book. That is one reason why success prompts them to undertake many commissions at a time, and to employ many assistants in large or expensive offices. This error of judgment is noticed and disliked by laymen. A country gentleman said a little time ago: “If I buy from Tadema a beautiful picture of a woman, I pay him £5,000; I know for certain not only that the work is entirely his own, but that he has given it to months of undivided thought and loving care. On the other hand, if I build myself a house for £60,000, I am likely to hear that my famous architect has wasted the money in all sorts of houses in hand, as well as a large public building. Is that any pleasure to me? Am I satisfied with occasional visits from my chosen servant? I would sooner have the comfort of seeing my own house finished in my time for a year. I am afraid of a large office staff in architecture, as I am of school pictures by Rubens.”

That is a criticism that architects should weigh with care, because the best patrons demand most for liberal payment. Is the profession of architecture to be outside the common etiquette of business among good employers?
The Awakening.
(In Westminster Abbey.)
By Judah P. Benjamin.

A SONG OF DEMIURGUS.
When the Erl king dreams
All the elfins laugh,
When the Eagle screams
Then the goblins quaff
From brimming horns the wine of death,
And madness rules the earth.

When the banshee sings,
In the gloom of night,
O'er the graves of kings
In the glow worm's light,
The demijure wakes from his trance
And leads in Mammon's mighty dance.

Then all around, around they go,
Was ever death exalted so?
In folly's maze they whirl and sip
The sweets from passion's poison lip,
And in a madding circle swing,
Like some great dragon on the wing.

Now once again the banshee sings:
'Twill be when threè the New Year brings;
Now once again the elfins laugh,
'Twill be when Eagles rule the half
Where once by Mammon's mighty jaw
Fashion and greed defied the law.

A VOICE FROM THE POETS' CORNER.
Saviour, Saviour, out of the rock of sorrow
All the fountains of the world do flow;
Behold the plough of anguish in each furrow!
The people weep while desert wastes they sow.

Saviour, O Saviour! all the great are reaping
In Mammon's fields the sheaves of golden grain,
With want and hunger all the world's a-weeping,
While festive music drowns the voice of pain.

A VOICE FROM THE PIERIDES.
The soul of melody is hovering nigh
With melancholy smile and tender sigh;
Around the ruins of memory she lingers,
And with Æolian fingers
Touches the worn and weary strings
That sleep in windless aisles on high.
Over the ruins of souvenirs she sings,
And with a breath of rapture flings
The magic tones through field and air,
O'er valley, stream, and haunted hills,
That wrap the wingless soul's despair;
And with her mystic lute she sings
The sleeping world with dreams of light.
Through endless regions of the night.

FIRST JUDGE:
Is it time for judgment, O ye shadows,
That glide beneath the moonbeams' chilly glow,
Musing in mute remorse through silent naves
In frenzied doubt 'twixt twilight and the morn?
Is it time for judgment, O ye phantoms,
Whose thought in wisdom's muteness now exists
But as a sleeping thing roused by soft airs
That play upon the heart-strings of despair?

SECOND JUDGE:
Is the dispensation closed for ever
That stamped with pompous pride your haughty brows.
Your bloodless hearts, your pulseless love and praise,
Your lives without a breath of passion pure?

THIRD JUDGE:
Is this the dawn or twilight's brooding wings
Folding in owl-like stillness o'er the dead
To compass yet another dreary age?
Is this the dawn, or has another night
Begun a cycle of delirious sleep.
Winding in serpent-coils these mouldy shrouds
Around the listless bodies in the tombs?

FIRST JUDGE:
The sap that fills the coursing veins with fire,
The eye with light, the lips with life and love,
Is wanting here amidst this halting throng,
Whose shapes are void of vision, for they dwell
In souvenirs that flash across the mind
Of far-off scenes and incidents of time;
These reminiscent shades no will possess
To mind the ship of fate, whose sails are set
To catch all winds, both fair and foul, that blow.

SECOND JUDGE:
See! their eye-balls roll, their lips are parted
To speak the words that none shall utter here;
Their boneless fingers clasp the crumbling shrouds
And tattered robes that fold the famished throng.

FIRST VOICE FROM THE TOMBS:
My crown is turned to spikes of steel
That rust in furrowed ruts of pain.
Upon my throbbing head I feel
The hail of heaven's rain.

SECOND VOICE:
The musk that from my mantle wove
Illusive scenes of scented state
And honeyed compliments of love
Sicken my soul with hate.

THIRD VOICE:
The rubies and the opals on
My crown are turned to serpents' eyes,
That cast a horrid light upon
The shrouds of bloody dyces.

FOURTH VOICE:
The ermine's cold as snow and hail
Upon the lonely mountain height,
The purple of my robe is pale
As lilacs in the night.

FIFTH VOICE:
Sighs, laughter, pain and pleasure seem
Now near, now distant, things appear
Far off as in a mystic dream,
And fill my soul with fear.

SIXTH VOICE:
Take off the mantle and the crown,
This sceptre is no staff of life;
The passing show that brought renown
Has vanished in the strife.

The Abbey slowly fills with spirits rising for judgment.

FIRST VOICE:
Their names, their titles! What are these skulking forms
That stalk like human wolves aroused too soon
From lethargy and license of the maw
After a night's debauch? Where stand their names
In bloody dyces stamped on the book of Life?
In what season, century, epoch trace
The founliness or the failings of their rule?
What are their names, their titles, their accounts,
And who those forms that with uncertain gait
Advance with jealous look and halting step?

SECOND VOICE:
Kings and knights and knaves of valorous mien,
Mailed warriors who wielded battle axe
And vengeful sword and sabre flings of death,
Bold captains of the nation’s burnished fleet,
Bronzed by the sun and surf of distant seas,
And queens and queenly beauties and their friends,
Learned and ignorant, worldly and wise,
Bishops and ministers in mimic state,
Whose robes were modelled in the offices
Of kings and queens, and the sovereign standing stand;
Victor and vanquished now in wistful pause
Waver like beams of light on silent wolds,
When as the scudding drifts with boreal chill
Veil the last rays of autumn’s dying year.

FIRST VOICE:
And who is this, the palest of the pale,
Last of the languid host who trembling walks
Supported by two forms in tattered folds
Of faded tartan that trail the ground? Her pallor e’en exceeds in bloodless hue
The famished faces loosed from hungry vaults
Gling in mute expectancy and awe,
Like dreams embodied on abandoned shores
Beside the haunted desert of the soul.

CHORUS OF VOICES:
Hark, how the trumpet is sounding loud and long!
Under the vaulted nave, o’er tomb and aisle
That lets us stand upon a brink and gaze
To sit and see such phantom pageants move
And in Nepenthe’s name a censer swing
And go where we can see the light of dawn
And form an arc of green-eyed vanity.

A VOICE FROM THE POETS’ CORNER:
Oh, how this music moves the longing heart’s desire,
And old and wistful dreams revive with heavenly fire,
Now through the mystic aisles the wondrous echoes roll
That call the spirit back to form and sense
From sceptred horrors in such spectral forms.

FIRST JUDGE:
Approach! Approach the altar’s sacred bar
That gives peace and will and love and life;
Advance and take thy place for evermore
Among the children of the heavenly rest.

VOICE OF THE SEEER:
None speak, but thought takes form and all desires,
Yearnings, covert and covetous, that slept,
Rise up like bees o’er bowers of empty bloom.
To seek for nectar where the canker worm
Has taken all the sweetness from the flower;
In swirling circles dart, in magic maze
And wild confusion, hissing through the air,
The spectral thoughts rush in, and out, and round,
Belched from the bonds of dreadful destiny,
As ribs of steel burst from the seething steam.
The clammy mould that binds their aching brows
Grows heavier with increasing dust of years;
In pyramidal calm and dread repose,
Illusive images distress and quail
The soul by awful sights that rise and fall
Where gaping vistas without end dissolve
On surging seas of phosphorescent light,
That glimmer on the tidal waves of time,
Or sweep eternal through night’s dreaded gulf.

[Henry VIII. appears, supported by two forms in bishop’s robes. They stagger up from the depths of the Abbey through the multitude, who gaze in silence and horror.]

SECOND JUDGE:
Here they come! Stand aside! Let them come up!
Give them room to move, as they walkied the earth,
Freely, without hindrance; for they are robed,
And would walk as they once did, in glory.
Give them full room and let the mournful shades
In proud procession glide, till they attain
The final realm of Mammon, dust and ashes!
Hail to the pomp of Time’s illusive show!
They have a mien and meaning all their own;
Such pride belongs to avarice and dreams
Of conquest, and the sight of doubtful sense;
The tinsel on their robes has colour yet,
For such is sight and form, illusion’s work,
And precedent and all that bears its name;
But limp the garments hang, all substance gone,
That caused them like the peacock’s plumes to swell
And form an arc of green-eyed vanity.
Dreams within dreams, shades upon shadows fall;
The pallid pomp of power, once pitiless,
Comes like a gliding plague to fill the air
With the old odours of anointed things
That call the spirit back to form and sense
And all the worldly state possession claims.
Oh, what a waking dream that lets us look
With open eyes on pride so ghastly grown!
That lets us stand upon a break and gaze
At the dread chasm that separates our age
From sceptred horrors in such spectral forms.

CHORUS OF VOICES:
Waft them away beyond oblivion’s brink
And in Nepenthe’s name a censer swing
In smoke of incense with the odour gone,
To wrap in sable hue the fading hosts,
And waft them from the shores of Life and Time.

A VOICE:
Let us go hence; this is no place
To sit and see such phantom pageants move
Like vapours rising in the moonlit air
From depths that hide the frail and frightful forms
Of soulless eyes and bodies without heart.
God in His wisdom bids His saints return
At a fixed hour; the limit of endurance
Is writ upon the scroll of Fate’s decree;
Our songs have been as whispers in a night
Of long and wistful silence; let us up,
And go where we can see the light of dawn!
Cycles of time and ages move around
The centre of fixed periods, ages move
On moons, and the Law eternal reigns
That was, that is, and shall be evermore.
As ripened fruit into the apron falls
The hour of holy promises at last
Falls in Time’s lap, and then the waiting soul
Eats of the heavenly manna of the word.

TO FRANCIS GRIERSON.
Thy feet have found the pathway thro’ the maze,
Nor strange to thee, World-wanderer, is the road
That leads thy trusting steps to the abode
Of all creations empery. There stays
Some magic with thee from thy early days,
Some tender touch an angel hath bestowed
To keep thy Spirit young, a love that glued
And glows in glory still about thy ways.

At thy right hand a cherub, at thy left
A seraph with a song serene; and thou,
Thy soul, that knows not pain nor any fear,
Hast made their lore and love the mystic weft
Of all thy weaving, worthy to enfold
The form of Truth herself till she appear.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.
The Philosophy of a Don.

1.—Concerning Heretics.

There comes a time in the history of every man—and, I suppose, of every woman, too—when he, or she, feels the need of a theory of life: what people call a creed or a philosophy. The helmsman, or helmswoman, must know whither he, or she, is directing the boat; a mere pulling of the oars, be it ever so vigorous, is not of much use.

I feel that I have reached that time; for I celebrated my twenty-fifth anniversary last month, and simultaneously my election to a Fellowship at St. Mark's College, Oxbridge. Therefore, I consider that the moment has come when I ought to record, for the benefit of my contemporaries and of posterity, my attitude towards the universe.

I will begin with some well-considered criticism of a character that has become somewhat too common of late—a character to whose activity on the stage of modern life may, I hope not unjustly, be traced most of our modern problems, perplexities, and sorrows—and I mean the heretic.

The dictionary definition of a heretic, I find, is "a person who holds principles at variance with the established, or generally received, principles of thought or conduct." This seems to me both prolix and inadequate. I would rather venture to describe the heretic as a person who suffers from an incurable proclivity to make decent people’s flesh creep, to irritate his opponents and to make his friends uncomfortable. He seems to have been born crying "No," and certainly, Shay you have some of the courage and self-esteem a far higher virtue than the habit of eggs laid by one great goose—all encased in conventional shells of the same colour and pattern; all smooth, bald, and uniform. If, by some underrated

A good old days he performed a social service of some value: he supplied the fuel Inquisitorial bonfires were fed with. Now he is simply treated as if he carried in his pocket the germ of all the plagues that have ever afflicted humanity. He moves through life mysterious, ununderstood,.unloved, and alone; neither giving nor receiving sympathy; an object of universal suspicion—most cordial when least declared—in short, as a sort of glorified pariah. It was, no doubt, of him that the poet said:

You say that the highest are ever alone.
Like the peaks and the stars that are lonely.
We agree that the region you claim as your own
Be not only your own, but yours only.

My friend Shaw is one of these melancholy solemnes, the proud outsider who lives apart from the herd being alone. He is not content, like the cultured comedians with whom our playgoers are so well acquainted, to attack the light foibles, the little peculiarities, and the microscopic sins of the daily routine. No, Shaw’s is a famous, and even infamous, part in the world’s history, a part which is an uncharitable and abominable pastime—unsocial, unChristian, unEnglish; in one word, ungentlemanly. For, I take it, it is the essence of gentlenessmanliness to walk soberly between the traces of tradition; it is the essence of heresy to be for ever kicking over the traces. It is the essence of gentlenessmanliness to practice an economy and secrecy of the emotions; it is the essence of heresy to be for ever kicking over the traces. It is the essence of gentlenessmanliness to do both his laughing and its crying aloud in the streets—or, maybe, on the stage. It is the essence of gentlenessmanliness to spare other people’s feelings; it is the essence of heresy to outrage those feelings. A gentleman, I admit, may be eccentric in externals; but in all the things that matter he is a conformist. To him self-restraint and self-suppression are qualities of greater value than self-expression or self-assertion; and reticence a far higher virtue than the habit of gush and gossip popularly called eloquence.

Now, the heretic is the very antithesis of all this. He is aggressively scornful of received opinion. He will have nothing to do with recognised standards of thought, except to denounce and defy them. The view of anyone who accepted Shaw’s valuation of things—if anyone could find so extraordinary a fellow as to consider that he was—would be that this island of ours is the saddest region in the whole of the solar system. Everybody here seems to him to be either a rogue, or a downtrodden victim, or, at best, a lunatic.

In brief, Shaw is a heretic of the largest, most unspiring, and most undatable type. This will become abundantly clear from the following Platonic dialogue which I had with him the other day.

"The part of virtue," said I, "has often been a famous, and even infamous, part in the world’s history, and certainly, Shaw, you have some of the courage and bad taste required for playing it. But those who have played it successfully had something more than that."

He naturally wanted to know what this additional attribute was. Whereupon I spoke thus:

"You cannot criticise others effectively unless you yourself have some settled ground of criticism. If you are bent on exploding conventions, the first thing needful is to have your feet set firm on fact. And that means recognising the indestructible and eternal realities which always lie at the root of the destructible and ephemeral conventions. When Archimedes offered to move the earth he stipulated for a place to stand on."

"I don’t quite see why you should drag on Archimedes out of his grave," said Shaw, with a laugh.

"I don’t at all approve of the hyena-like habit you dons have of exhuming old Greek and Roman corpses to prop up your arguments with. It isn’t nice. Let us go on with our discussion. You people talk about indestructible realities and facts. Very well, I presume I am as real and indestructible a fact as yourselfs. I have my convictions, you have your conventions. You may be right, or I may be right; perhaps all may be right, or we all may be wrong—which, by the way, is much more likely. Anyhow, that question does not affect the case in the least. To be on good terms with yourself—that is the one and only thing that matters."

"In the same way you might argue," said I, "that a freak, because it is as real a fact as the type which it disgraces, should presume to be taken as a fair representative of the type itself."

You are a victim of your own metaphors, my dear fellow; what you call a freak I would call an individual. Of course," he added, with a smile of exasperating tolerance, "I do not expect civilised people to appreciate the difference. Civilised people are like so many millions of eggs laid by one great goose—all encased in conventional shells of the same colour and pattern; all smooth, bald, and uniform. If, by some underrated
temperamental accident, one of the embryo goslings ventures to break through its shell and to behave like a creature not absolutely devoid of individuality, it is at once pounced upon by the other goslings as a freak—a presumptuous, precocious, horrid, unbearable off-spring! "I will peck at everyone else"—this is the Alpha and the Omega of your civilisation. *Degeneres animus timer argut: *civilised people lack even that lowest form of moral courage which enables a savage to be immoral—they have no impulse to evil.*

"What, then?" I asked, "is that boosted individuality, and what the happiness derived therefrom?"

"It is the highest form of mind to be found on this terrestrial plane," Shay replied; and then he added, modestly, "And on this plane it is very God."

"Oh!" I said, with a gasp.

"Yes," said he, with a smile; "individuality, as my moral adviser puts it, is the very life-blood of greatness. Let all your activities come from your own being—stamp upon things your own image and superscription, defy yourself; and though the world may despise you, deride you, excommunicate you, crucify you, in the end it will forgive you all your superiority, adopt all your heresies, make complete surrender, and worship you. All the dogmas of to-day were once heretical. So says my moral adviser, and I think it's right. But, even if the world were not to do any of these fine things, it makes little difference. We cannot all be happy. Some of us must be content with being merely great."

I ventured to hint at the existence of such a thing as common-sense. "All other gifts," I pointed out, "are of secondary value; for if you are wedded to common-sense they may be productive of something useful, but if divorced from common-sense they are barren and dangerous."

Shay laughed—the merry, irritating laugh of obstinacy.

"Common-sense," he said, "is safe; it cannot fall, for it has nothing to fall from. It is the lowest floor of intelligence—the floor on which all the slowest minds of the age meet and bear one another to smug, sleepy self-complacency. Progress has no deadlier enemy than your common-sense. The whole of history proves it. Common-sense was the Athenian jury which sentenced Socrates to death; Christ was crucified by the common-sense of Rome; and it was common-sense that denounced Darwin in our own time. Common-sense is the eternal Pharisee."

"Still," I urged, "you must have some fixed standard of judgment. Common-sense, it seems to me, is just what that is."

"That is just what it is not," retorted Shay. "Even the ground floor is liable to earthquakes. To-day's common-sense is not the common-sense of three hundred years ago. Three hundred years ago it was common-sense to believe that the sun goes round the earth, and Galileo was very nearly roasted alive for daring to differ. To-day it is common-sense to believe that the earth goes round the sun, and the Zetetists—if you have ever heard of the tribe—are laughed at as monomaniacs for thinking to hold the opposite view. It all comes to this: common-sense will never accept a truth until it is vulgarised into a truism. It puts me in mind of that toothless, decrepit old beast in the nursery tale that could not eat his fodder until it had been thoroughly mastisiated by his most vigorous enemy—hours. In one word, my dear fellow, common-sense is an ass!"

"That may be so," said I, undismayed, "but you must admit that the sun is not the world is ruled by that ass. When you are at Rome, you must think, or at least act, as the Romans do. Try to hit it as much as you like, I know, Shay, that you would hate to be cut off from the world. You love the world, and you cannot live without an audience."

"Why, I love the world well enough as a listener. I don't want it for a master. The world is all very well in its proper place . . . ."

"Which, I suppose, is to provide a conventionally dull background for your luminous personality," said I, sarcastically, for I can be terribly sarcastic when I am roused.

"Precisely," he answered, serenely. "These are the first sensible words I have spoken for a week."

With that he left me.

Well, for my part, I am glad to be able to say that I have nothing in common with Shay and his heresies. I am not great enough to be careless, nor small enough to be reckless. In public opinion, I have a certain character for respectability to maintain, and I cannot afford the luxury of individuality. I am a don.

**Impressions of Italy.**

By Francis Grierson.

1.

The bane of the modern travelling world is to be found in the tendency to see people, climate, countries, and art through someone's tinted spectacles, and, above all, the aid of such a thing as Ruskin before coming to Italy, how many Germans have been hypnotised by Goethe's impressions, how many novel readers have made themselves drunk on Madame de Staël's Corinne before seeing this most individual of all countries.

The only people who escape this blunder are the French. It is all but impossible to fool a Frenchman in this way: he persists in being influenced by his own impressions. He makes use of a guide-book only for the routine details. Another fatal drawback is to come to Italy expecting to see the Florence of Dante. There is about as much relation between Dante's age and the present as between Shakespeare's age and the age of Dickens. The fact that Italians dress like other people and in the modern fashions ought to be sufficient to bring people to their senses in this matter. What concerns me when I walk in the Lungo is what living people look like, what they are doing, and what they think. Americans too often come to Italy possessed with the rage of Ruskin, not at his best, but at his worst. Foreign visitors rarely see a thing as a whole. Their impressions are just as often wrong as right, and some of the supposed authorities are positively colour-blind. There are writers on Italy who are unable to distinguish the difference in shades of trees, hills, sky, and atmosphere. The actual colour of the olive tree seen at a little distance, is not green but a neutral grey: seen close at hand it becomes a grey-green. The cypress at a little distance is what artists call a terre-vert, and under a cloudy sky a cypress grove comes much nearer being black than any shade I ever saw in the dark forest of Black Forest. There is what one might call a fixed orthodox superstition about Italy. The superstition is imbibed not in Italy, but long before people come here. This perversion teaches the horror of visitors to smile or weep at the wrong things and in the wrong places. Ruskin's exaggerations have had and are still having much to do with this far-fetched sentimentality. Ruskin, in about eighty per cent. of cases, is admired not for his real beauty as a writer, but for his rare aesthetic penetration, but for his errors of judgment. As for the lesser writers, most of them spoil a good thing by trying too hard to depict what is perhaps beyond anyone's powers to adequately depict in words. Italy is at once illusive and real, and to describe things as they are writers should be artists and poets, with a strong sense of the real. Italy is too wrongly wrought, too positive, too realistic to be treated

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metaphysically. Abstruse ethical criticism renders the subject still more illusive. The Italians come to the reality through the medium of poetry, music, and literature; they have never been much influenced by the abstract methods of the cold north nor even by the cold logic of the present Renaissance. Nietzsche is appealing to the scientific and philosophical mode of thought in a manner which is quite new to Italy. But while the Italians are becoming more scientific they remain at heart poets and artists because the Italian temperament cannot, even if it would, get rid of pure literature and poetry. If I were asked in what country the social movement is going to bear the best fruits, Italy would be my answer. The social changes occurring here will be conditioned and coloured by a native temperament of this wonderful race, and give both the race and the old system, an old lie, or an old superstition. Giovanni Papini, like many of his co-workers in Florence, is an abnormal growth. Among the hundreds of French Protestants I have known in Paris all were incapable of illuminating complex questions of art and society with a rhetoric moralizing the way a native born Frenchman might. He was not afraid to wrestle with Spencer and fence with his imagination harbour ferocious beasts yet to be tamed or annihilated, but he will hardly take the trouble to think in a manner which is quite new to Italy.

Great writers begin by demolishing something—an old system, an old lie, or an old superstition. Giovanni Papini is much more than a pragmatist. He is not to be compared to Taine and William James, "a real genius for trenchant and untechnical phraseology." This is because he is always himself. He is too much of a poet to be himself of a load of opinions and judgments about the social movement is going to bear the best fruits, Italy would be my answer. The social changes occurring here will be conditioned and coloured by a native temperament of this wonderful race, and give both the race and the old system, an old lie, or an old superstition. Giovanni Papini, like many of his co-workers in Florence, is an abnormal growth. Among the hundreds of French Protestants I have known in Paris all were incapable of illuminating complex questions of art and society with a rhetoric moralizing the way a native born Frenchman might. He was not afraid to wrestle with Spencer and fence with his imagination harbour ferocious beasts yet to be tamed or annihilated, but he will hardly take the trouble to think in a manner which is quite new to Italy.

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The Luft Bad.
By Katharine Mansfield.

I think it must be the umbrellas which make us look ridiculous.

When I was admitted into the enclosure for the first time, and saw my fellow-bathers walking about very nearly "in their nakedness," I stricken that I could know the umbrellas gave a distinctly "Little Black Sambo" touch.

 Ridiculous dignity in holding over yourself a green cotton thing with a red paroquet handle when you are dressed in nothing larger than a handkerchief.

There are no trees in the "Luft Bad." It boasts a collection of plain, wooden cells, a bath shelter, two windows and two odd clubs—one, presumably the lost property of Hercules or the German army, and the other to be used with safety in the cradle.

And there in all weathers we take the air—walking, or sitting in little companies talking over each other's ailments and measurements and "ills the flesh is heir to."

A high wooden wall compasses us all about; above it the pine trees look down a little superciliously, nudging each other in a way that is peculiarly trying to a débutante. Over the wall, on the right side, is the men's section. We hear them chopping down trees and sawing through planks, dashing heavy weights to the ground, and singing part songs. Yes, they take it far more seriously.

On the first day I was conscious of my legs, and went back into my cell three times to look at my watch, but when a woman with whom I had played chess for three weeks cut me dead, I took heart and joined a circle.

We lay curated on the ground while a Hungarian lady of immense proportions told us what a beautiful tomb she had bought for her second husband.

A lot of black railings. And so large that I can go down there and walk about. Both their photographs are there, with two very handsome bead wreaths sent me by my first husband's sisters.

There is an enlargement of a family group, taken by a professional at a cost of immense proportions. She pointed to a little bag beside her—"a packed food," she said, "a friend of mine could keep nothing down to burn brightly under layers of superfluous flesh?"

"A delicate woman," volunteered the Hungarian, "hein. Fancy, she has a separate plate for each of her front teeth! But she has no right to let her daughters wear such short sailor suits. They sit about on benches, crossing their legs in a most shameless manner. What are you going to do this afternoon, Fraulein Anna?"

"Oh," said the Coral Necklace, "the Herr Ober-leutant has asked me to go with him to Lansdorf. He must buy some eggs this afternoon to have them in the evenings."

"Are you an American?" said the Vegetable Lady, turning to me.

"No."

"Then you are an Englishwoman?"

"Well, hardly."

"You must be one of the two; you cannot help it. I have seen you walking alone several times. You wear your—"

I got up and climbed on to the swing. The air was sweet and cool, rushing past my body. Above, white clouds trailed delicately through the blue sky. From the pine forests streamed a wild perfume, and the branches swayed together, rhythmically, monotonously. I felt so light and free and happy—so childish. I wanted to poke my tongue out at the circle on the grass, who, drawing close together, were whispering meaningly.

"Perhaps you do not know," cried a voice from one of the cells, "to swing is very upsetting for the stomach? A friend of mine could keep nothing down for three weeks after exciting herself so."

I went to the bath shelter and was hosed.

As I dressed, someone rapped on the wall.

"Do you know," said a voice, "there is a man who lives in the Luft Bad next door? He buries himself up to the armpits in mud and refuses to believe in the Trinity."

The umbrellas are the saving grace of the Luft Bad. Now, when I go, I take my husband's 'storm gamp' and sit in a corner, hiding behind it.

Not that I am in the least ashamed——

Books and Persons.
(An Occasional Causerie.)

I have just been reading a play by Mr. T. Sturge Moore, "Art and Life" (Methuen and Co., 5s. net). Previously I had never been able to make much of Mr. Sturge Moore's activities in literature. He was connected in my mind with precious occasional periodicals, to which I used to subscribe in the hope, always dashed, of finding something splendidly new and powerful therein. I have tried to read his verse, and I have read some of it with no effect. He appeared to me to belong mentally and emotionally to the class of Mr. Laurence Binyon, the class which is tormented by a praiseworthy ambition to say stylistically what it has to say, but which in my opinion is somewhat handicapped by having nothing whatever to say. You can always distinguish this class in newspaper criticism by the careful and earnest praise lavished upon its work. It is invariably credited with "the true poetic mission";
if it writes music, its music is invariably called "musically." You must have noticed this in the Press. It is the great enthusiasm. It is misgiving not with prejudice, although the book was recommended to me enthusiastically by one of the first bookmen in these islands.

Mr. Sturge Moore gives the greater part of his book to an exposition of the theories and beliefs of Flaubert, and quite a little space to William Blake. He is extraordinarily interesting—and confusing. And more than either, he is stimulating. All novelists, all creative artists, who take themselves seriously ought to read "Art and Life," except those who have wide acquaintance with the vast French literature relating to the practice of literature, and in particular with the correspondence of Flaubert. To those who possess this acquaintance, Mr. Sturge Moore is not necessary, but even to them his enthusiasm will be stimulating. His value is that he causes you to think again, and again, about what you are trying to do when you write creatively. His value is that he would make the English artist a conscious artist. He does, without once stated it, bring out in the most startling way the contrast between, for example, the English artist and the Continental artist. Read the correspondence of Dickens and Thackeray, and then read the correspondence of Flaubert. The valuable part of the book consists in his vague enthusiasm, and in the multidutinous extracts he gives from Flaubert. To a reader not familiar with French literature about literature Mr. Sturge Moore may well be a wonderful revelation. Really, he is only a populariser, and not a very good one. The book, if it has any arrangement at all, is exceedingly badly arranged. He does not state what I have learnt from the publishers' advertisement on the cover (which is well written), I doubt if I have even an obscure idea of what anybody has been listening. I was going to say that I was only preaching about it, but I say that I shall continue, and I trust that Mr. Sturge Moore will continue.

So much I say in favour of him. I could say a good deal against him. He does assume, put out a rather illuminative remarks concerning Blake, but I cannot see that he arrives at anything original about Flaubert. The valuable part of the book consists in his vague enthusiasm, and in the multidutinous extracts he gives from Flaubert. To a reader not familiar with French literature about literature Mr. Sturge Moore may well be a wonderful revelation. Really, he is only a populariser, and not a very good one. The book, if it has any arrangement at all, is exceedingly badly arranged. He does not state what I have learnt from the publishers' advertisement on the cover (which is well written), I doubt if I have even an obscure idea of what anybody has been listening. I was going to say that I was only preaching about it, but I say that I shall continue, and I trust that Mr. Sturge Moore will continue. * * *

The Island Providence. By Frederic Niven. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Calico Jack. By Horace Newte. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

The first of these is a dull story with an ugly allusion; the second is a dull story with ugly allusions. Perhaps the distinction of demerit belongs to Mr. Niven; his ugliness is the more primitive. Doubtless each of these people with the craving to write believes himself to be a realist. The difference between them and the realists is that where when writers from all kinds of life, are able to maintain their position apart from the vileness they depict, our two authors are not.

Mr. Niven, at his worst, is unquotable. His mind is not above psychologising a baby's thoughts or putting that baby to shame for a laugh from whatever public he may have. He thinks a five-year-old boy noted the "little flat breast" of his girl playmate. As an example of Mr. Niven's dull incompetence, we quote the following description of the child's imaginings when he was lost:—"He bethought him of the old man of the Coliseum and Miss Vesta Tilley are out of Mr. Newte has never personally met any but the most disreputable artistes, had only had the chance of playing in a fifth-rate sketch at low-class halls, and had had to content himself with observing the woe that ensued or re-enter their dressing-rooms; still he must have guessed that these haughty persons led a rather different private life from those in the profession who would hang with "Calico Jack" and his like. Wh, even if all Mr. Newte's information had been gleaned in some bar or other down at Hoxton, he must have heard of good halls and of clever performers. But apparently the Coliseum and Miss Vesta Tilley are out of Mr.
Mr. Bailey feels bound to make a mock sacrifice of Jerry to the prejudice as sincere. We have not the illusion to their public. We will show us the capture. Only Lady Hill whispers to somebody: "Well, I believe that Humphrey's return may not be quite unconnected with our dear Eleanor."

Humphrey had been by way of wanting to be a Socialist, but he has changed his mind. Keeping up the Scott-Mahons of The Priory is one's first duty. As to Socialism, soon after leaving Oxford "experience matured Humphrey's views, and his love of liberty and self-realisation had made him understand the humanity of his art. It is a hopelessly by its environment. To help without (Socialistic) cant in this sort of work seemed to him a useful thing." So he deserts his aged father and the country districts, perfect as these are, and tears down to the East End. Incidentally, Eleanor is interested in the East End—from a distance. Eleanor maliciously spurs him forth to the slums and a life of endeavour, and herself stays at the Carlton when in town. After a week, another letter from her, which is tedious, is addressed to a little Cockney girl; but the author sees to that, too. Rosa is a true woman, and when she finds out that Humphrey's fancy for her is not prompted by real love, whatever else may be its cause, she breaks off the engagement he had made with her after Eleanor proved so supercilious. So the ancestral mansion is not sold for the benefit of the poor. Desmond Coke has dark-age views upon other subjects than Socialism. We hear, for instance, that his love’s heart is in the country, but his jealousy, Humphrey's secession from the East End, is worth remarking. The poor old father dies in loneliness, and Humphrey stands once more in the great rooms of The Priory.

"Generations of Scott-Mahons, all in his Aunt Jane’s voice, cried ‘Duty!’ to him with insistent scorn; or so it seemed to Humphrey, for conscience has a million disguises." This poor creature—this stagnant, contented, typical Scott-Mahon—one is glad to think was at last set free of the Ashes of illusion, Socialist and altruistic, and let continue his run after the Beauty, Eleanor.

Lord Loveland Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The baser part of the multitude delight in degradations, apart from any hatred; it is the satire they best understand," wrote George Eliot. When enjoying the sport of man-baiting, the human mob has usually invested some charge against the creature it wished to see stripped and degraded—some religious or moral outraged conscience. I however sated, sufficed as justification to outward conscience. The popular authors of "Lord Loveland" evidently consider the conceit of this young marquis ample reason for putting him in the pillory for the delection of their readers. We will treat the motive as sincere. We have not the illusion that certain authors write "down" to their public. Authors write what they must. Show us the public, and we will tell you what the author is. Insecurity never won a public yet. Loveland is cousin to Lady Betty, whose American husband, Jim Harborough, "works at interest in her novel. The result is a dignified success. Would that our numerous men writers had her courage. Affecting to despise the Fair Sex, they groble the best of subjects in her service. "Storm and Treasure" must be recommended with an excuse for this prevailing chivalry. Then we may say that it stands high among the best modern novels. Beauty for Ashes. By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.) Eleanor de Kay is a modern young "lady." Snubs the young man whom we all know she will ultimately marry in quite the way in certain circles. "Oh, please don't worry about compliments, Mr. Scott-Mahon," says (Him). "The sort of thing for our sort isn't it? And you know quite well that we neither of us want a bit to talk to one another, except that mother wants a chat with Lady Hill." Ye-es! But Humphrey has trotted her up—"tall, dark, graceful—in a word, distinguished." And he walks home very angry, and sits through dinner in a sullen and persistent silence which bodes nothing less than matrimonial chase and capture for the elaborate Eleanor. The chase is long and far field, and Desmond Coke is charming enough not to show us the capture. Only Lady Hill whispers to somebody: "Well, I believe that Humphrey's return may not be quite unconnected with our dear Eleanor."

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an idea" which shall cure the marquis of his fancy that all Avignon is for him. This double idea is to write letters to New York society people, hinting that a person pretending to be the Marquis of Loveland is likely to arrive in the States. C. N. and A. M. Williamson seem absolutely unaware that this was a caddish trick. When Loveland, reduced to being a waiter, is stared at and baited by a crowd of Society ruffians, one man—by neat compliment a journalist—becomes uneasy at the exhibition of the marquis "taking his punishment. But this whole book is one long, stark, staring exhibition of the marquis taking his punishment! C. N. and A. M. Williamson are certainly blind to the fact that the thing is revolting, and we leave it to psychologists to explain their flight of imagination which took in a glimpse of decent taste as exemplified in the attitude of the crowd.

We regard this book as the first fruits of Francis Grierson's "The Valley of Shadows," with this difference, that Grierson saw the Real in the Obvious, while this man sees only the Symbol and its attendant beauty. There is a reason for this, and it is characteristic of the Keats type to feel; nothing has roused him. The dreams have not even 2s. net.)

**OTHER BOOKS.**

*East London Visions.* By O'D. W. Lawler. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

We regard this book as the first fruits of Francis Grierson's "The Valley of Shadows," with this difference, that Grierson saw the Real in the Obvious, while this man sees only the Symbol and its attendant beauty. There is a reason for this, and it is characteristic of the Keats type to feel; nothing has roused him. The dreams have not even 2s. net.)

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**Drama.**

**The Madras House, a Comedy by Granville Barker.**

It is possible that the literary historian of the remoter future, engaged in inventing a theory and writing a book about it, will hit upon the idea that the plays ascribed to Mr. Granville Barker were not written by him at all. He will, no doubt, hold strong views upon the question of whether Shakespeare was Shakespeare, or Bacon, or a trust. (It is only fair to assume that, in the absence of further evidence, this latter controversy will continue until Doomsday.) Perhaps he will even be concerned to point out that by involving illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester—a fascinating speculation with regard to the Virgin Queen. But if the same historian condescends to literary research in the Edwardian era, and has an oblique mind and a nose for ciphers, he may discover that by discreet manipulation of the thirteenth letter of the thirteenth line of every speech in "The Madras House" the word SHAW appears upon each page. Overjoyed, he will then contribute a lengthy article upon the subject to the "Thirty Century Review" (I am sure that our spinsterly "Nineteenth Century and After" will be making desperate efforts to keep up with the times), and, having reaped twenty guineas or its equivalent in the Communist State, will turn his attention to other authors of the Shavian school. In case he should happen upon this issue of The New Age in the British Museum I desire to inform him that his discovery has been anticipated. The word SHAW is unerringly true. He may abandon his ciphers, and seek a more useful occupation.

I do not mean to imply that "The Madras House" is, as some critics have suggested, an imitation of "Misalliance." That would be too appalling. It contains a vast deal of fine and individual work, and is as destitute of real argument as "The Economic Sophisms of the Protectionists. The Protectionists of 1910 are as detestable as real argument as those of 1845. Only a doctrine grounded upon the sands of fallacy could have so long persisted, as most minds prefer the fallacious to the logical method of analysis. The advocates of colonial preference and the revival of home agriculture by means of duties on foreign corn would do well to consider the passages in "The Arsenal of the Free Trader": "If anyone tells you that the basis of the food of the people is agriculture, reply: The basis of the people's food is corn. This is the reason why a law which gives us, by agricultural labour, two quarters of corn, when we could have obtained four quarters without such labour, and by means of labour applied to manufactures, is a law not for feeding, but for starving the people.' If you are told that the wages of labour should rise with the increased price of provisions, reply: 'This is as much as to say that in a ship without provisions everybody will have as much biscuit as if the vessel were fully victualled.'"

An excellent book for clearing the Protectionist mind.

**The Chronicle of a Pilgrimage.** Paris to Milan on Foot. By Harold Munro. (Brown and Langham. 2s. 6d.)

The chief fault of this tramp across Europe is that the author was too intent on the guide book which he evidently carried in one hand and the note book in the other. Except with one exception: he look those points of interest which guide books do not contain. He passes through Fontainbleau and revises memories of Napoleon and the Court of Versailles, but is silent concerning the great painters who were connected with the place, and so he passes through France, Switzerland, and Italy, without even stopping to contemplate some of the more common things. The exception is the scenery, for which he has sympathy and feeling; he describes it, if not with inspiration, at least in an interesting way.

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**Economic Sophisms, or Fallacies of Protection.**

By Frederic Bastiat. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

The Cobden Club has been well advised to publish M. Bastiat's ruthless and humorous exposure of the economic sophisms of the Protectionists. The Protectionists of 1910 are as detestable as real argument as those of 1845. Some of these arguments were written by Mr. Shaw, a shorthand writer in the course of a wet Saturday afternoon, but the author of "The Madras House" clearly laboured at its birth. Its characters talk, on the whole, honestly. One feels pretty certain that they are not
in it are the *mannequins* of the dressmaking department, who parade the stage at its opening. Visualising their sensuous poses, and influenced by their radiation of sex, the audience is almost hypnotised into acceptance of Constantine's view of women, and of his plea for treating them as another sort of human. Well he can, reduced, to all intents and purposes, to three—the voluntary, the romanticist, and the worker. Well and good; that covers a great deal of ground. But what correspondingly distinctive types has he to offer among women? There are the *mannequins*, Miss Yates (the unmarried mother who disappears after the second act), a rather independent, self-possessed enigma; Amelia (Constantine's deserted wife), tearful and miserable; and Jessica Madras, little more than a fastidiously refined animal, a man of brains and all the congenital laziness of her class.

Not one of these is given an opportunity, even if she had the power, to state the case from her own standpoint. The audience is all about women as if they were men, and as a result finds its life rather lonely, even with his wife Jessica. But it is Constantine Madras, Philip's father, who has found the real woman. It was a mind so inexplicable as to be indiscr...
“Rosmersholm.” Rosmer was a good talker. If he could have been put upon the stage, without being submitted to the test of a crisis, should we have known anything about him? He might well have bluffed the audience for four acts, and created an entirely false impression. On the other hand, Rebecca West, in the same play, talks extraordinarily little. Yet she is a far more vital actual woman than any in the plays of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Barker. She meets her emergencies quietly as they arise. As she sits at the head of the table in the first act, Rosmer on her right, Rector Kroll on her left, silently watching them, she gives the key to her character in the drama. In the moment when Kroll turns away to the window, and she exchanges a word or two with Rosmer in an undertone, using the familiar “Du,” she tells the whole of her history. And when the critical moment comes she does not make speeches. She just packs her portmanteau. In a play at the Repertory Theatre, Rebecca West would talk a great deal, but she would not explain herself. The dramatic issue would be destroyed by words, and her personality obscured by over-intellectualisation. The truth is that life is too short for the discursive method on the stage. This method is a healthy and natural reaction, a protest against the fatuities of a drama without ideas at all, but it will not produce great works of art. In the case of “Misalliance,” and in lesser measure of “The Madras House,” the proper comment would seem to be a variation of Judge Brack’s cry at the close of “Hedda Gabler”: “People don’t say these things!” “The Madras House” was extremely well played. Whatever the Repertory Theatre may do for the drama, it has already formed a remarkable school of acting.

Ashley Dukes.

RECENT MUSIC.

“Elektra” has been the most prodigious success. Nothing like it has been written, or is ever likely to be written again, unless Richard Strauss is redundant. Its financial success compares with the box-office arithmetic of Melba nights. Even the King had to go. What does it all mean? Who likes it? I am sure not 1 per cent. of the vast audiences that fill Covent Garden understands one jot of what the music is driving at. And the music is driving at something. It drives at the most colossal human tragedy the mind of the artist has ever conceived, and it intends to deliver that tragedy in music of terrifying power and beauty. Strauss has gone further than he has ever gone, further in several directions. He has concentrated more agony into what he has already done, as the score of Orestes requires. He has written into it more tenderness, more beauty that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most colossal human tragedy the mind of the artist has ever conceived, and it intends to deliver that tragedy in music of terrifying power and beauty. Strauss has gone further than he has ever gone, further in several directions. He has concentrated more agony into what he has already done, as the score of Orestes requires. He has written into it more tenderness, more beauty (I had almost said sentiment, but I don’t want to be misunderstood) than he has ever done in anything before. And this is the great and startling surprise of the opera.

Rot of the most irritating kind has been written by funny paragraphists about the size of the orchestra, the new instruments required, the bizarre effects to be heard—non-sensical nonsense that would bring fours to the cheek of the most abandoned charlatan. Instead of which the music is almost decorous. I have only heard “Elektra” twice, and I have not yet seen a score, but my present impression is that it is, judged strictly as music, the greatest opera since Elektra’s recognition dramatically miles ahead of anything in the Ring, although technically it is Wagnerian music extended and developed.

It is, of course, as unlike Debussy’s “Pelleas and Melisande” as possible, and the Frenchman’s opera, notwithstanding all its epoch-making, is sentimental in comparison. From amidst all the ordered chaos of the music one can remember a few things. Elektra’s recognition dramatically miles ahead of anything in the Ring, although technically it is Wagnerian music extended and developed.

“Parsifal.” But to Wagner the music of Richard Strauss bears merely a technical relationship. Everything else is different. Elektra, bereft of her reason, dances madly to death to music of the wildest ecstasy. Wagner’s brain could have excerpted such a thing if he knew that nothing that will never be written again, not even by Strauss. I do not feel competent to say anything more about it at present.

The late Mr. William Blake once observed that exuberance is beauty. This ever-fascinating piece of mysticism occurs to us in examining the recent progress of Hubert Bath. Like all people of genius, he has his artistic limitations, and it is my sincere regret that he is at present working (as far as his public is concerned) far too comfortably within those generous limitations. I should like to see him more frequently hit a boundary. It has been suggested to me, in conversation, that his choice of subjects: Rossetti, Fiona Macleod, and Ribaldo doggerel from the Ingoldsby Legends—a few that occur to me off-hand—shows a certain exuberance of temperament. But if I do not believe this is precisely the sort of exuberance praised in Mr. Bath’s aphorism. Mr. Bath writes some ‘pot- boilers,’ which he himself would be the last to take seriously. I do not know whether this can be classed as exuberance, but no one who knows anything of professional life can blame him for that.

His present danger, however, lies in the fact that the public is beginning to take seriously some things which are not of his best. The Leeds Festival people have put on his “Wedding of Shon Maclean.” Now this is a very jolly piece of music, much jollier than “The Dreamer of Gerontius.” The Germanic germ of this is interesting. A festival in England is nothing if it is not academic. Yet I suspect it was merely because this music had gone a little out of fashion that Mr. Bath was invited to turn their backs upon that it was included in the programme at Leeds. Here we come to the conclusion that Bath is writing down to the academies, do we not? I do not think he is deliberately or consciously doing so. “The Wedding of Shon Maclean” contained, in addition to a good deal of original and amusing music, some sentimental weaknesses which just prevented it being the best thing of its kind done in England. But the subject was a crude one, the libretto being a clumsy ballad of half-way humour. Bath’s music nearly saved it. “Look at the Clock,” first produced by the Queen’s Hall Choral Society a few weeks ago, is a subject (taken from the Ingoldsby Legends) of the same “humorous” type, a type of humour not now tolerated even in the schoolroom. Again, his music to this is very jolly, and the brilliant little overture nearly saves the words. It will be nearly as popular as the “Wedding of Shon Maclean,” and add much to Bath’s reputation in the provinces. But where is the real Hubert Bath? Where is the youth that wrote the music to Fiona Macleod’s “Moon Child”? I am sad at the retirement of that rare personality from the field. The present articles is not a good one, and I fear Hubert Bath will not write much more. He merely serves a purpose which could be just as well achieved by other people, and I can only conclude that his chiefest limitation lies in not knowing his limitations—and in not understanding Blake. Other people could write “Look at the Clock,” but nobody else could have written his music to Fiona Macleod’s prose.

I am told that Mr. Runciman in the “Saturday
Review' has called "Elektra" 'students' music.' Only last night a friend reminded me that there comes a time in our lives when we can no longer appreciate novelties. HERBERT HUGHES.

**ART.**

Continuing his quest of the historical old master in the Gallery nicknamed the National, the observer whom I last week got into a state of excitement with the [Membrana]like things having no kinship to those of the Uffizi, and with the Giottoque things that belong not even remotely to the Giotto of Padua, and with other things in which there is as much Byzantine tradition as in the rind of a Stilton cheese, comes in due course to Pierpont Morgan's £100,000 altarpiece. (Quite lately I gave the sum paid for this Raphael as £70,000, and for the Ansidei as £100,000, through being misinformed by an official. The sums should be reversed.) * * *

On looking at the lunette which represents a third of the picture and its price, two suspicions enter his mind—whether Raphael did not paint it, or, if he did, he was inexcusably drunk at the time. For it is impossible to suppose that Raphael did not know that a sky should be an azure sky and not a ground of thick blue mud, that the flying figure on the left should be an angel and not a peppy-face ballet-girl in a fit, than the draperies should be worthy of a painter and not of a peasant, that the cupid's heads should not have jester bells round their necks, that the colour of the angels' wings should not be dark and dirty but complementary to the draperies, that the sleeve of the left angel should not be red with a yellow light or yellow with a strawberry shadow, that floating ribbons should be soft and joyous and not ugly black lines zigzagging across the canvas. He cuts it off with the screen in the centre of the room, looks at it carefully, and rubs it out. 'An exquisitely-construed acracy. A hodgepodge of idiot detail painted to amuse the inmates of a lunatic asylum. The whole thing is so bad I wonder people have the insolence to talk favourably of it. They do so to keep the price up. But apparently Mr. Pierpont Morgan, or the enlightened gentleman he employs to lavish his money on dealers, is quite willing to accept this as the best Raphael could do in the way of a lunette, and to ignore the obvious fact that it is not by any means the highest definition of genius. This lunette represents £30,000, and there are in England men and women that a tenth of the sum would set free to produce work beside which the lunette would fall dead as rubbish.

* * *

Then he turns and glances at the Ansidei Madonna, Raphael, representing the £70,000 plunge of Boxall, R.A. He shudders, and passes on to the £30,000 Darnley Titian. He reflects: 'Granting even that it has one or two beautiful features—that, for one thing, its texture, or what can be seen of it under the dirty varnish, is very wonderful, that in spite of having been rubbed and scraped to death, some of its original qualities are still apparent—is it worth £30,000? It is not miraculous, like the Velasquez portrait in the Uffizi, which, indeed, worth many thousands. He passes on again, the once gorgeous Ariadne, which Ruskin mentions in his charge of vandalism against the National Gallery, and recalls his words where he says bitterly, 'I returned to England in the one last trust that though her National Gallery was an European jest, her art a shadow, and her connoisseurship an hypocrisy, though she neither knew how to cherish nor how to choose, and lay exposed to the cheats of every vendor of old canvases—yet such good pictures as through chance found their way beneath the prosperous portico, and into those melancholy and miserable rooms, were at least to be vindicated thenceforward from the mercy of republican, priest, or painter, safe alike from musketry, monkery, and manipulation.'

Leaving this dishonest Titian which represents the master not as a great colourist but as a painter suffering from incurable colour-blindness, he comes next to it obviously trying hard to be honest. The Portrait of a Poet, though buried under a thick coat of varnish, has for quite a long time been trying to identify itself. It has been rechristened repeatedly, now as an autograph as a genuine Titian, now as an autograph Van Dyck, and now as a genuine Giorgione. The astounding honesty entitles it to the credit of having begun life in a painter's studio. The pitiful attempts to label it will serve to indicate the true basis of our old-master worship. We are in love with commercial names. Certain famous pictures in the National Gallery are famous by reason of their names. Remove the names and keep them removed, and the Gallery would be closed in a week. Who would look at old masters without a name? Who was able to buy, beg, borrow, or steal them? Who is going to fake, forge, or copy nonentities? What would connoisseurs do who exist solely to christen, and christen, and christen old masters? Their occupation would be gone as surely as Othello's.* * *

The passing of the New Gallery has been deplored as a national calamity, and set down, as usual, to the credit of a long-suffering and uncomplaining public. No one has brought home to the public that the grotesque conduct of Messrs. Halle and Comyns Carr, whose management of the gallery in the interest of art and artists, not to mention their own social circle, is a matter calling for serious attention. On my own part I shall inquire into the matter of attempting to counterfeit the grotesque Swiss of Messrs. Halle and Comyns Carr, whose management of the gallery in the interest of art and artists, not to mention their own social circle, is a matter calling for serious attention. On my own part I shall inquire into the present system of running and managing big exhibition galleries, and among the questions I shall put are, Why do these galleries show such a lack of discrimination in those they invite to sample and applaud their ware? Why do they neglect the new and unknown man? Why do they neglect the Press? Why, for instance, does the Water-Couler Society's Gallery, 5a, Pall Mall East, compel me to interview money-takers and superannuated soldiers whenever I wish to give it half a column of free advertisement? * * *

The French impressionists and neo-impressionists were entirely concerned with light and atmosphere, but the subject which the late J. Langton Barnard, whose paintings are at the Bailie Gallery, sought to treat was colour. In this treatment of the subject he seems to have been impelled by some abstract conception rather than by the painter's clear vision of contrast and harmony. Perhaps, as the biographical notes would seem to suggest, he was more of a scientist than an artist. I leave the subject and proceed to theoretical research rather than to the expression of flashes of intuition. In any case his works are numerous and varied, and something more than a rough statement of meteorological facts. The exhibition of water-colours at the gallery of the Old Dudley Art Society takes one back to the time when Girtin broke away from tradition, passed beyond the Indian ink sketch and the stained drawing, to the secret and mysterious personality of the great water-colour school, and links that school with the present. It is one of the commonplace of criticism to say the works exhibited here are for the most part old-fashioned. True, none of them are violently up-to-date. In them are the light and colour of the earth and sky nicely caught and carefully transferred to paper. They are just the sort of thing for people with jaded nerves who are seeking a change from the strenuous Titians and the squeezing minnows elsewhere. As an impressionist, Henri le Sidaner, at W. Goupil, the Gallery, does not offer anything new, but rather editing what has already been said and putting it ship-shape for the market. He is a very clever and capable editor who states technical principles clearly, makes an emphatic assertion of essential ideas and ideals, and his work seizes familiar scenes and incidents. Even his mistakes have brains behind them. The perspective of "Le Palais Royale" is very wonderful, but the colour is a
little too hard for evening effect. The shaft of the fountain, for one thing, is too black. I have often seen "La Seine" as he describes it. That evening blue atmosphere is charming—very successful. "La Boule- vard" is fine here. It has a great composition fully expressed. It is a finely-balanced composition, the painter has dipped his brush in vibrating atmosphere. The whole thing is complete. Stand back, and what eloquence and radiance that magic daubing acquires. There are three other important pictures. They will all repay careful study, especially from a point of view of impressionist technique.

HUNTLY CARTER.

INSURANCE NOTES.

Since January we have expected what has now happened. It was quite evident to those in touch with the inner rings of insurance that the decision by Justice Joyce would be looked upon as a breach of faith. The whole thing is complete. Stand back, and you will see the atmosphere is charming—very successful. The company had been registered before the plaintiff moved. The question was whether he could extend to the present company. He did not think he could.

An adverse decision would have caused enormous confusion and endless litigation. After all, Mr. Justice Joyce has a scheme, as he describes it. That evening blue error of regarding the words "altruism," Mr. Upward continued, for instance, division of labour, becomes a real one. The tree ceases to be representative. It is neither natural nor bene-

MR. BAX'S CONSIDERATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with interest the article "Altruism," Mr. Bax has written, for while it conveys the impression of a real and lasting value, he must not be surprised if it is not to be interpreted as the roots being sacrificed to the branches; on the contrary, the roots' only means of survival lie in the earth; and far from being sacrificed, they find their fullest expression here. Mr. Upward continued, for example, that slum life represents a necessary division of labour, beneficial to the social life of our kind, and analogous to the roots of a tree, I beg to enter a stinging protest.

E. ROGERS.
This, I am afraid, is simply untrue. Rabbi Hillel probably did advise the idea, but it is not mine either. The current sayings of the time embodied in the Gospel narrative, but Christian morality, as we find it stated, e.g., in the Sermon on the Mount, is indeed a parable, a new morality, unique in kind and original in source. Mr. Bax concludes by saying that "two things Christianity has given the world, viz., religious persecution and religious hypocrisy." I can't see. The world persecuted Christianity before Christianity persecuted the world; and the hypocrites we have always with us, among professed and among professing Christians. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Bax's bitterness against Christianity is the result partly of his ignorance of what Christianity is. He does not apparently know the New Testament. Till he has studied that more thoroughly he is not entitled to judge Christ or Christ's religion.

Perhaps in his enthusiasm he has subjected him to the persecution and hypocrisy of professing Christians. I hope Mr. Bax will forgive me suggesting so personal a motive; but, unfortunately, only too often our opinions are influenced by private considerations.

E. H. DUNKLEY.

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

My comments had no definite target, and were not specially directed against the Argentine Republic, but were dwelling directed against the Argentine Republic, but were dwelling.

The terrorist régime in the Argentine during the state of siege was commented upon in many newspapers sent to me, and your correspondent's denial is vague that I cannot accept it. The majority of English people might be willing to suppress all Socialist papers, but such a ground for justifying such a procedure, but the strike was not a success because of the number of workmen outside the unions. A resort to a general strike, moreover, is hardly a fortunate example of industrial peace and art. As to the rich classes, it is undeniable that "the white slave traffic" is largely with Brazil and the Argentine. Need I say more?

Anybody who has been connected with cases requiring the taking of evidence on commission in South America knows the taking of evidence on commission in South America.

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be that I am advocating a general auto da fé of Catholics at the earliest opportunity. How such an impression arose I am at a loss to understand.

My remarks were called forth by a "note" of an able and esteemed contributor to The New Age, who, with all his merits, has one slight weakness, to wit, a constantly recurring dread lest the poor Papist (for whom he has a special sentimental regard) should be intolerantly dealt with.

I am far from so far from the existing French law being too severe in placing stumbling-blocks in the way of Catholic propaganda, there were many persons who thought that much was shown in this direction. Can you blame Socialists and Freethinkers who regard the "morality taught by religion," understanding by "religion" Christian dogma, as fundamentally rotten, for seeking to shield, not adult persons—there the principle of toleration may expeditiously come in, I admit—but young and immature minds from being infected by such dogma?

We often hear in the present day talk about the "intolerance of Atheism." Well, so far as I am concerned, the only intolerance that I defend is intolerance of intolerance. Organised dogmatised theology is, in its very essence, intolerant, and hence has forfeited, ab initio, all claim to recognition of this, it might be well if we had a little more of the dastardly murder of Francesco Ferrer last autumn only shows that at the beginning of the twentieth century the Catholic Church still retains its worst poison fangs. This event may expeditiously come in, I admit—but young and immature minds from being infected by such dogma?

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E. BERGREN BAX

THE PERSECUTION OF POETS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Our attention has been drawn to a ridiculous and offensive article under the above heading published in your paper above the initials "R. M.," which may or may not stand for "Ridiculous Montrosity." A presumably Socialist, if not literary, journal might have had the honesty attached to decent journalism to become better acquainted with other people's motives before vilifying them. Such an article shows a singular lack of intelligence, discretion, and discernment. We have nothing further to add to this opinion of what a candidate for "literary scavengership" has thought fit to say about a distinctive literary event which is producing excellent results.

The Director P. R. S.

Articles of the Week.


BARING, MAURICE, "Diminutive Dramas: After Euripides, 'Electra,'" Mar. 17.

BELLOC, H., "All that the "Fifth Town," Westminster Gazette, Mar. 18.


EDGECUMBE, Sir ROBT., "Who Wants 'Reform' of the House of Lords?" D. Chronicle, Mar. 18.


GALSWORTHY, JOHN, "Penity, Let us Rest!" (a paper on the position of women), Nation, Mar. 19.


GRIFFLE, FRANCIS, "George Sand and Her Circle: A Brilliant Group of Lovers," Literary Post, Mar. 15.


HUBERT, "Wages for Wives: The Latest Woman's agitation and Some Fallacies on which it is Based," Sunday Chronicle, Mar. 20.

HUME, MARTIN, "The Elisabethan Literary Man," Literary Post, Mar. 15.

JEFFERIES, the late RICHARD, "Winter and the Birds" (hitherto unpublished essay), Pall Mall Gazette (literary supplement), Mar. 18.


LANG, ANDREW, "On a Brass Door-Knocker," Morning Post, Mar. 18.


LUCY, SIR HENRY, "On Cutting Off the Nose to Spare the Face," Observer, Mar. 20.

MACDONALD, JOHN F., "Another 'Affaire': The Amazing M. Deuz," Morning Leader, Mar. 16.


O'CONNOR, T. P., "Irish and Radicals: Some Misunderstandings that Need to be Removed," Reynolds's, Mar. 20.

PEARY, R. E., "The Discovery of the North Pole," Literary Post, Mar. 15.


PETT RIDGE, W., "No Thoroughfare" (article on the trainline of lads), D. News, Mar. 14.

PUGH, EDWIN, "All is not Vanity," Morning Leader, Mar. 18.


SPEILBAN, M. H., "When Painting Becomes Art," Morning Leader, Mar. 15.


WALKER, NANO H., "The Wife's Allowance (hitherto unpublished essay), Pall Mall Gazette (literary supplement), Mar. 18.

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