NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If they had any gratitude, the Radicals would now be thanking their moderate friends, ourselves among them, for having saved them from the worst excesses of their recent fanaticism. Only a few weeks ago charges of treachery were being freely brought by them against not only their nominal leaders, but even against their "great leader" Mr. Asquith. Because he did not consult P.W.W. every hour of the day, or invite Mr. Massingham to his Cabinet meetings, and because, moreover, in the absence of such heart-to-heart talks, P.W.W. and Mr. Massingham were unable to divine the direction of events, these journals concluded that not only were they being blinded, but their party and their country were being betrayed. We did our best then to point out that it was probable that the Cabinet knew its business, that Mr. Asquith's famous Albert Hall pledge to obtain guarantees or die applied to an electoral and not a royal guarantee, that the result of the election gave ministers a legitimate excuse for differing in details, that the Parliamentary majority in January was not what it was in November, and that, on the whole, Radicals would do well to "wait and see." They have waited with some impatience, it is true, and not without frequent alarums and excursions in quest of referendums and political wild-fowl of that description; and their patience has at last been rewarded by the spectacle of a Cabinet that has, we hope, succeeded in satisfying both Radicals and some of the more immediate political Socialists' that it means business.

We are not out of the wood, however, by a long way yet; and a number of cautions must be addressed to our friends both in the Cabinet and out of it, which we trust will be received in the spirit in which they are offered. In the first place, it is our duty to repeat our warning that there is no royal road to revolution. Acting on the advice of his Radical supporters, Mr. Asquith has at last consented to do now what he was prepared to do on the morrow of the late election had his majority been unquestionable and unexceptional, namely, advise the King to exercise his Royal prerogative and to create peers to overawe the opposition. But having consented to offer this advice, the Premier has wisely declined both to define in advance the form his advice will take and also to announce whether he will further advance that his advice will be followed as well in those matters not to interpret too liberally (or shall we say Radically) the text of Mr. Asquith's statements. The meaning must be taken not at its maximum, but at its minimum value. And at its minimum value it is obvious that Mr. Asquith's announcement means no more than that he will consult the King's discretion in the matter of exercising the Royal prerogative.

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Now, we are equally convinced that the best advice that could be offered the King by Mr. Asquith is the advice not to take the advice to create peers seriously and at once. There has been a great deal of talk about demanding guarantees of the King; but those who know anything of what is due to one of the persons of the constitutional trinity know very well that the demand might fairly be made from the other side. The Crown, that is, may not unnaturally demand guarantees in return for guarantees. Suppose, the King might say, "that you won't give me a pledge, what do you suggest, are you prepared in return to give me a pledge that the country will back you up?" The Crown has no desire to alienate both the Lords and the People by a single and irretrievable act. The alienation of the Lords with the full consent of the people might be possible, and even patriotic and necessary; but if there is any wish that the people will not consent on the fullest reflection, then the risk should be taken, not by the King, who never sought the dispute, but by the party that did.

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This reasoning appears to us unanswerable by anybody who takes the trouble to put himself in the place of the King; and it enforces the conclusion we came to last week that a General Election should be held immediately on the rejection of the Resolutions by the Lords. We are glad to see that our words have had their effect in inducing the "Nation" to withdraw, or at least to modify that appeal to let his royal oligarchy to making sure that the nation, as well as the "Nation," was in favour of revolution. In its current issue, the "Nation" not only discards the Referendum (which, now, by the way, has left Mr. Barnes for that Home of Lost Causes, Mr. Mowbray), but actually contemplates without a shudder a General Election in June; supported, no doubt, in its new resolution by Mr. Churchill's bold words on Tuesday: "We are not frightened; we are prepared to trust the people, and to
run the risk." The "Daily News," similarly, is now prepared to echo our advice and to face a General Election without flinching. And both journals, we may add, repeat our contention that the Election should be fought as far as may be on the single issue of the Democracy versus the Oligarchy.

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So far, so good. But there are still one or two considerations, and one in particular, to be taken into account. Mr. Churchill was unwise enough to enumerate the major measures which would be passed when the Lords' veto was removed; we deplore altogether any mention at this moment of what may be done when the Lords' veto is removed; but if these promissory notes are to be drawn at all, we hope that the list will be so ludicrously incomplete as Mr. Churchill made it. Only four measures did he name at all; and these were Home Rule for Ireland, Disestablishment of the Welsh Church, a Passive Resisters' Recompense Act, and Electoral Reform. Frankly, if that is all Mr. Churchill's Cabinet hopes to be able to do after abolishing the absolute veto of the Lords, the revolution is not worth the trouble of making. What, as Mr. Balfour pertinently asked, have any of those measures to do with Social Reform? Not one of them is of the slightest economic importance to a single poor man in the country. We have been led to believe that when once the Lords' veto was destroyed there might then be the beginning of the real economic revolution, by which this country is dying, the revolution which will distribute the means of life equitably to all. After all, that is the test of social reform, whether it makes the rich poorer and the poor richer; everything else is idle wind. If, therefore, the list of reforms to which Mr. Churchill regards the House of Lords as an impediment, there is not placed a single measure of Social reform in this material sense, then either the list is shamefully incomplete and should never have been published, or it is wickedly incomplete and should be instantly repudiated.

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We may be perfectly certain that a good deal of capital will be made by the Unionists out of this, we hope, inadvertent, but none the less significant, catalogue of Mr. Churchill's. We have seen that Mr. Balfour has, in fact, already begun to make capital out of it, and with every justification too. Challenged to name any measures of Social Reform which the House of Lords would be likely to reject, he has already taken the ground that the sins of the Lords were not past so much as to come, and that their action in rejecting the Budget because it contained Socialist finance demonstrates their determination to nip in the bud any of the reforms of which Socialists think to be necessary. But presented with such a list of mighty reforms as that compiled for our fruition by Mr. Churchill, Mr. Balfour has only to say, as indeed he did say, that they are trifling and less than nothing in comparison with the promises the Unionists are prepared to make in the direction of Social Reform. Never forget, Mr. Balfour told his party, never forget that you are the party of progress. Programme for programme that commands assent if we are to take the Liberal programme as exhausted by Mr. Churchill. However, the last has not been heard of this by any means; nor will the country at large be allowed to forget it.

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What really we are afraid it comes to is this: that the Labour party have not given the Government trouble enough. All the other constituents of the Coalition, the Irish, the Welsh, the Nonconformists, and the Radicals, have sold their support and have given up the struggle; but the Labour party, acting honestly and on conviction, without haggling and without bullying, are to be ignored on that very account. It is very coincidental, is it not, that the list of reforms promised by Mr. Churchill, whether with or without premeditation, did in fact provide a sop for exactly the four partners of the Coalition that have done their best to make things hot for the Government? The Labour party has, so far as we know, never once brought charges of treachery against the Cabinet, has never threatened to defeat the Government if this or that procedure were not adopted, has not bargained for its support of the Budget, even of those clauses which the party opposed last year, nor has it threatened, like the Radical, that it would go to holy war if its views on education were not adopted by the Government. For all its magnanimity and its rare political honesty, the Labour party is now, it seems, to be rewarded with something even less than a promise; it is to be, in the words of the post-revolutionary Cabinet, absolutely ignored.

* * *

All we can say is that if such is to be the case, or if such is made to appear to be the probable case, the Liberals will be wise to postpone the General Election until their term of office is expired. Let them remain in office, with the help of their Welshmen and their Nonconformists and their Irish Nationalists, as long as they like. So soon as they go to the country, the truth of their political ingratiation, cowardice and meanness will be made known and a revenge taken. Is it to be supposed that the Labour party, and not only the Labour party but the Labour and Socialist movements, deliberately suspended their proper work of economic agitation and education simply in order that the passage of trumpery tinkering with pettiflogging grievances of a petty politicians could be facilitated through the House of Lords? We will except, if anybody objects, the Home Rule Bill for Ireland; but does anybody seriously pretend that the other measures included can compare with the Right to Work Bill or a Direct Income Tax Bill, or a Railway and Mines Nationalisation Bill? We have only solemnly to repeat our warning that it would be better for Liberals to stick in office until their salaries are paid out of the country, rather than to risk the revolution which will distribute the means of life equitably to all. All the other constituents of the Coalition, the Irish, the Welsh, the Nonconformists, and the Radicals, have sold their support and have given up the struggle; but the Labour party, acting honestly and on conviction, without haggling and without bullying, are to be ignored on that very account. Never forget, Mr. Balfour told his party, never forget that you are the party of progress. Programme for programme that commands assent if we are to take the Liberal programme as exhausted by Mr. Churchill. However, the last has not been heard of this by any means; nor will the country at large be allowed to forget it.
Neither Mr. Taylor, who moved the resolution, nor Mr. Harvey, who seconded it, appeared to realise the gravamen of the charge they had to meet. It was to the point that the rule the Governor is seeking to enforce involved a trespass on the right of the individual to choose his political representative freely and without regard to unrelated considerations. That such a right had been in fact ignored by general negligence for forty years could not be held to destroy it altogether; and it has always been open during these forty years to any member of a trades union (and more patently since the Labour party came into existence) to resume his right with the practical certainty that the law would support him. There was, as everybody will admit, less ground of offence when the Labour members, returned and maintained by trade union funds, discharged trade union business in the House of Commons as the paid delegates of their societies, and for the rest were free to present their constituents. After this manner, we believe, two or three representatives of the elementary teachers' union were returned to Parliament, among whom was Dr. Macnamara, now a member of the House of Commons, and that on no secular support by his union. If we remember rightly, however, one of the teachers' paid representatives was a Conservative and the other a Liberal, so light was the pledge exacted from them. And so long as the political representatives of the trade union remained free to pursue their business in either party at the discretion of their direct constituency, so long no question of political freedom in their union was involved. But when it came to taking a pledge not merely to carry out their general contract but to associate strictly with a single political party and to be bound by the constitution of that party, the question of freedom was quite properly raised.

We are, however, far from disposed to regard the formation of the Labour party, even with its pledge-bound constitution, as a mistake; still less to regret that the early sectional character of Labour representatives has been transformed. Only it must be recognised that these things sensitive actually have been made and that they require a readjustment if not a complete reversal of the old trade union conditions. Mr. Taylor, for instance, was inclining to make a merit of the fact that the Labour party was no longer sectional, but was fast following in Mr. Hardis's train and we said that he should become, a national party with interests co-extensive with the interests of all; but this potential virtue of the Labour party is precisely what deprives it of the right to be supported compulsorily by trade unionists. Trade unionists may plausibly argue that a sectional party, a party completely devoted to their sectional interests, is well within their right to maintain by compulsory levies; but a party that aims further at the general interest has no claim to their exclusive support. 'We will maintain,' they might say, 'Mr. Shackleton or Mr. Seddon, since these men are, so to say, our delegates; but why should we maintain Mr. Sanders or Mr. Stanton Coit, whose first allegiance is due to their party?' We do not profess to be discussing the question fully, since other opportunities will certainly be presented. But we suggest that the case for the Labour party's contention needs considerably strengthening if it is to be won. Also we suggest that it will be well served, in view of the discussion which has already taken place, to consider the alternatives to their extreme demands.

Our criticism of the Government's reply to the case as presented on Wednesday is that it was confined to generalities. The Attorney-General may have been right to urge that this was not the moment for any declaration of contentious policy, but that argument would have applied to Mr. Churchill's little list even more emphatically. As an alternative to the reversal of the Osborne decision, the Attorney-General asked:

"Would not payment of members meet most of the difficulties?" Of course it would, and of course that is the only practical alternative. But can the question be said to commit the Government to a promise the Payment of Members is actually promised? That the Labour party is dead? While that grass is growing the Labour steed will be dying. We will ask another question: Should not the Labour party now refuse further support of the Government until Payment of Members is actually promised?

**Foreign Affairs.**

By Stanhope of Chester.

Mr. Roosevelt's holiday tour has been upsetting the respectable gentlemen who control the Chancelleries of Europe. The Vatican incident very much annoyed the Viennese politicians, and there was no enthusiasm in Vienna at Mr. Roosevelt's visit. "Inspired" statements have been issued in the Berlin Press containing a list of the subjects upon which Mr. Roosevelt is advised to hold his tongue. Two of the forbidden topics are the Anglo-German rivalry in armaments, and the Prussian franchise question. Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have already damned the Reform Bill of the Prussians. While Germaic representatives are being made to prevent him calling upon Herr Bube! European diplomacy will not breathe freely until the "Teddy Bear" is safely back in his own den. That is the worst of the diplomats. They are so immersed in the dignities of a Reform Bill, that they can be made to forget his right with the practical certainty that the law would not matter. The democracies of the world are still the pawns of financiers, diplomats, princes, presidents, and kings. That is a truth which should never be forgotten by the democrat.
mand of the sea." The wildness of this accusation must militate against the other statements in this astonishing article. The real explanation of this anonymous onslaught on Sir Eldon Gorst is that he had been giving the Young Egyptian Party a large share of influencing the Government than Lord Cromer did. The leader writer does refer to the deportation policy as reactionary, and he denounces the employment of native police for English police. Unquestionably, there is a good deal of substance in these two points. The employment of illiterate native police may produce a series of miscarriages of justice such as have been the scandal of India for years past. Undoubtedly, all is not well with Egypt. The bureaucracy of Lord Cromer has been too rapidly transformed by Sir Eldon Gorst in some departments. In other respects, such as in the establishment of deportation oases, which are something like Mr. Sidney Webb's detention colonies, Sir Eldon Gorst has set up a reactionary machinery from which even Lord Cromer shrank. The British administration is blowing hot and cold in Egypt, and there is discontent on all sides.

The Anglo-Russian Loan was rightly rejected by the Persian Government. The conditions were onerous and oppressive. Persia was requested to hand over her finances to the practical domination of a number of French financial experts who may be better described as giving the development of the Persian economy in return for a share of the product, with one proviso that the country should cease to be a factor in the economic relations of the Middle East. Had Persia consented to the loan, her future history would have followed along the same lines as that of Egypt. The country would have been divided into spheres of influence, as Russia and England. Persia's shadowy independence would have rapidly disappeared before the reality of Anglo-Russian suzerainty and occupation. Sir Edward Grey's methods in the past few months in Persia have been very shifty. He pledged his word of honour that the Russian troops would not permanently remain in Persia. He stated, specifically, to a correspondent and in the House of Commons, that the presence of Russian troops was a matter of temporary policy which would be removed on the establishment of the Persian constitution. Sir Edward Grey assures the world that the Russian troops are in Persia, and are likely to stay there for many years. Persia may become a second Egypt; but the pacific penetration of Persia as tariff manipulators and revenue thimble-riggers would create religious and political difficulties which did not exist in Egypt. The partition of Persia would raise the whole Central Asian Question and bring the Asiatic and Mohammedan races into conflict with Russia and England.

The victory of the Labour Party in Australia was generally anticipated, though the optimist hardly expected such big gains in the Senate. Mr. Fisher, the leader of the Labour Party, is not likely to have had doubts. Mr. John M. Robertson, supported this measure because of its curative value. There is a bitter irony about this process of stamping out any good there is in a man by the awful inhumanity of penal servitude. Some members of Parliament, such as Mr. John M. Robertson, supported this measure because of its curative value. Mr. Seddon whose servile speeches as, for instance, Mr. John M. Robertson, supported this measure because of its curative value. There is a bitter irony about this process of stamping out any good there is in a man by the awful inhumanity of penal servitude. Some members of Parliament, such as Mr. John M. Robertson, supported this measure because of its curative value. 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system in the world? To be of any utility preventive detention should be made concurrent with the term of penal servitude. The only result this Act has had is to lengthen the terms of statutory imprisonment by five or ten years, where being a member of a trade union has been proved against him he can be sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and ten years' preventive detention, or twenty years' penal servitude and ten years' preventive detention. These legislative failures, the Home Secretary has said, will be remedied, thanks to the cloak of curative proposals, five or ten years' additional punishment to the established statutory punishments for given offences.

This kind of legislation is founded on a totally incorrect notion that of segregating criminals in a society where the chaotic state of social conditions must lead to crime. The criminal law, once a man has gone astray, has its grip on him for ever. Police supervision, after a first conviction for a serious offence, will keep the released prisoner securing honest employment, or will persecute him out of it. He must live, so he is driven to commit another crime. Such is the process which must inevitably end in penal servitude and preventive detention.

The Children Act, with its heavy penalisation of carelessness, is an enactment which has amazed even hardened police magistrates. Happily its very severity is rendering it unworkable. The other day three children were committed for light thoof. The mother was charged under the Children Act with manslaughter. The magistrate (I think quite illegally) refused to hear the case, and dismissed the prosecution with some strong remarks about the class life should be remembered in considering this crime. Speaking from the poorer classes, who are too ignorant to understand the horror of it, I have been struck with several common factors. The offences are usually committed by ignorant men who are unaware that they have done anything wrong. They are widowers, as a rule, who commit the offence in a semi-somnolent condition, living in large houses, are well off, and are well educated. It is class tyranny of the worst description. Carelessness in the home has reached the dignity of a crime. Well, if the Government officials at the Home Office were held criminally responsible for their negligence hardly one of them would not be serving a long term of penal servitude, with five years' preventive detention as a curative. In 1908, also, it was considered that when most atrocious sentences are being inflicted, is the Incest Act. Again, the peculiar disadvantages of working-class life should be remembered in considering this crime. Speaking from a painful experience of these things, I am sure that allowing children to be born in a room without a fireguard are offences. Now, the very poor cannot buy large beds to avoid overlaying, nor can they afford fireguards; moreover, their intelligence cannot grasp what this oppressive Act has imposed upon them as parents or guardians. The middle and upper classes who sanctioned this Act in Parliament live in large houses, are well off, and are well educated. It is class tyranny of the worst description. Carelessness in the home has reached the dignity of a crime. Well, if the Government officials at the Home Office were held criminally responsible for their negligence hardly one of them would not be serving a long term of penal servitude, with five years' preventive detention as a curative.

The Children Act, 1908, was drafted by an educated and well-paid Jewish bureaucrat. Most of the causes only apply to the poorest classes, who are too ignorant to understand the horrors of it. Overlaying and allowing children to be born in a room without a fireguard are offences. Now, the very poor cannot buy large beds to avoid overlaying, nor can they afford fireguards; moreover, their intelligence cannot grasp what this oppressive Act has imposed upon them as parents or guardians. The middle and upper classes who sanctioned this Act in Parliament live in large houses, are well off, and are well educated. It is class tyranny of the worst description. Carelessness in the home has reached the dignity of a crime. Well, if the Government officials at the Home Office were held criminally responsible for their negligence hardly one of them would not be serving a long term of penal servitude, with five years' preventive detention as a curative.

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Concerning Second Chambers.

By St. John G. Ervine.

ALLISON came into the smoking-room.

"Are you reading the 'Times'," he said. "You are probably being informed by that journal that a Second Chamber is absolutely indispensable to the integrity, etc., of this great nation. Remarkable paper, the 'Times.' I doubt whether there is a man on its staff who is conscious of anything that has happened in this world since 1840."

"Surely," said I, "you, as a reasonable man, agree that some sort of Second Chamber is absolutely necessary?"

"As a reasonable man I object to Second Chambers altogether, and I will undertake to destroy the case for any such institution in fifteen minutes."

"But, my dear fellow, all nations of consequence and most nations of none have a Second Chamber. How do you account for the fact that when an automatically-governed nation sets about establishing a constitution it never dreams of omitting a Second Chamber?"

"Isn't the reason obvious? Is not England the pioneer country in constitutional matters? Do not all nations which contemplate fundamental changes in their system of government look to England for guidance? And looking to England, what do they find there? A House of Lords! When we abolish the House of Lords, ultimately other nations will follow suit."

"You mean that seriously?"

"Absolutely."

I don't agree with you. I think a Second Chamber is necessary.

"Why, O my babe and sucking, why?"

"Because it is essential that all legislation should be considered dispassionately by men subject to no emotional influences, in order that no hasty or vote-catching Bills may become law."

"O thou of little faith in democracy! What subject on this earth has ever been considered dispassionately? The impartial man does not exist, and ought not to exist. A man without prejudice is a man without principle. No, no, my friend, these things must be judged by their fruits, and no Second Chamber that the wit of man can devise can possibly be free from bias. And let me tell you there is no such thing as honest legislation, particularly in this country. Take the Land Clauses of Lloyd George's Budget. Were land taxes sprung on the public? Have not people been talking about these things for a generation at least? Does not a society exist in this country for the sole purpose of educating people in the knowledge of the need for such taxes? Hasty be blowed!"

"Superficial, Allison," said I. I think not. Now take all this rubbish which has been talked of late about the necessity for a revising chamber, removed from all chance and electoral influences, to stand between the emotions of the people and the people's reason. How does this sort of stuff work out in practice? As between one intelligent man and another, you must admit that the present Lords is a deplorable institution."

I admitted as much.

"Mind you," he went on, "the charge against the Lords is not that it is abnormally sily. It is conceivable that it is an abnormally able Second Chamber, resting on the same foundation as that on which the Lords now rests, would be an infinitely more serious danger to the democracy than a congregation of entirely fatuous old gentlemen and partially grown-up young fatuous old gentlemen."

"And what would you say to the deep bassoon?"

"I would say that Mr. W., on an officer charged with conspiracy to procure abortion (in this instance twenty years' penal servitude), and in "unnatural" cases a sickening catalogue of judicial harshness. His record in civil cases will show how incompetent a judge he is. During a recent six months he presided at the following trials: --Wyler v. Lewis, Roper v. Hyatts, Ltd., Woolner v. Baker, and Papé v. O'Driscoll. Of the case occupied thirty-four days, the second case occupied eight days, the third case occupied ten days, and the fourth case occupied eleven days. In every one of these cases Mr. Justice Phillimore's judgments were reversed by the Court of Appeal. Several minor cases, intervening between these big actions, were taken to the Court of Appeal, with similar consequences. One or other of the parties to these actions has been represented by Mr. Justice Phillimore. It is a conspiracy to protect him. It is a conspiracy to humanise, if not to abolish, the law."

"And my heart was one with the heart of the lion, And louder I played, with a touch of iron; Tuned by the holy Seraphim.

In the lonely desert; under the moon, I played in the desert on my bassoon:

That is the great danger to the democracy; to stand between the emotions of the people and the people's reason, and not to be the voice of their heart."

DESOLEATE.

Under the moon, on a night of June, I played in the desert on my bassoon:

It was most marvellous to play
In the lonely desert, under the moon,

With the moon to the deep bassoon:

And louder I played, with a touch of iron:

For I was desolate and grim,

And my heart was one with the heart of the lion,

Tuned by the holy Seraphim.

E. H. ViSiak.
a reformed House of Lords would to all intents and purposes be precisely the same body as the present House of Lords. The great taunt hurled at the "backwoodsman" was that they attended at Westminster so infrequently, that they actually had to go at a snail's pace about. A reformed Lords, therefore, would mainly consist of the persons who now attend with some show of regularity. The more we change the House of Lords on those lines the more it will be the same. If, however, the case against the Lords is finally and irrevocably this—that it is a chamber concerned primarily and eternally with the maintenance of the vested interests of a small portion of the community against the interests of the remainder and a greater portion. A Second Chamber composed of the clever members of that minority, and owing no sort of responsibility to, and deriving no sort of authority from, the majority, would not make any ameliorative difference to that majority. Probably there would be an insidious negating of the efforts of democracy towards greater democratic control, so insidiously that the democracy would not know what was happening. The mob can understand the habit of mind of a person who while he has the approval of his own circle, and of all sorts of futile subscriptions to hospitals, refuse rabbits to the sick, and reduce his contributions to the Sunday school treat if certain taxes are enforced; but it will find considerable difficulty in directing itself to the action of persons nominated for their lifetime by the people, who pretend that a violent infringement of constitutional law is the same thing as a referendum.

"But why not an elective Second Chamber?"

"But why an elective Second Chamber? Surely an elective Second Chamber? Surely an elected Second Chamber? Whether elected by the members of the Commons or the electorate directly, will amount to this—that the Government of the day will have a majority in the Lords, and automatically the Lords will repeat the performances of the Commons. The worst of some people is that they think such a thundering lot of that blessed word 'elective.'"

"I am inclined to think that an elected Second Chamber would serve our purpose. I do not think much of your point. There are a number of eminent men, great scientists, artists, philosophers, preachers, doctors, and what not, whose views one never hears in any fullness concerning current politics, because they will not submit to the rough and tumble of a popular election. And their views ought to be heard, and would be heard if we had a Second Chamber composed of persons nominated for their lifetime by the Commons."

"That," replied Allison, "is wicked—positively wicked. It is the most brutal and cynical charge that has ever been made against the mob, that it is too low and inferior for its great men to come into contact with it."

"Don't mean that!"

"Oh, yes, you do. You all have that at the back of your mind when you talk in that strain. It sounds so reasonable to say that we cannot expect the eminent Smith, the great chemist, or the remarkable Jones, the biologist, or the astounding Robinson, the philosopher, to submit to the rude heckling of a hefty navvy. Imagine Darwin, you say, being invited by a labourer in Bermondsey to chuck it, or being flatly insulted by a leering clerk in Brixton. It's very specious, but it's muddied ended, all the same!"

"Explain," said I.

"Well, first of all, it seems to me to be the greatest nonsense to assume that because a man knows all about elections, or the book of Genesis that he therefore knows all about government. It does not seem to me to follow that because Darwin knew how species originated that therefore he knew how species should be ruled. The argument is on a par with the highly fashionable argument that because an Englishman who knows nothing about a Cabinet of business men. That eminent man, the Earl of Rosebery, shared with the equally eminent Mr. Horatio Bottomley the renown to be derived from such a bright thought. Good heavens! try to imagine the Boxed around by a Cabinet of stockbrokers, insurance agents, and licensed grocers!"

"I made a gesture of annoyance.

"No," he went on, "I'm not being superficial! I'm not sneering at trade! I leave that sort of thing to tenth-rate suburban smart-set novelists and decadent minor poets. Not that I mean to stoop to this. The really fatuous suggestion that England should be governed by a man who has built up a successful business or achieved great renown in a science is the very reason why he should not be allowed to interfere in the governance of England. For this reason. As things are, the building up of a successful business demands the exercise of thought and energy and time on that business, and that business alone. That is to say, the great business man is a specialist, and a specialist is, of all human beings, the very person who ought not to be allowed to interfere in any part of government, for he is the very type of a man who is more interested in himself than in anything else. That is a reformed House of Lords would to all intents and purposes be precisely the same body as the present House of Lords. The great taunt hurled at the "backwoodsman" was that they attended at Westminster so infrequently, that they actually had to go at a snail's pace about. A reformed Lords, therefore, would mainly consist of the persons who now attend with some show of regularity. The more we change the House of Lords on those lines the more it will be the same. If, however, the case against the Lords is finally and irrevocably this—that it is a chamber concerned primarily and eternally with the maintenance of the vested interests of a small portion of the community against the interests of the remainder and a greater portion. A Second Chamber composed of the clever members of that minority, and owing no sort of responsibility to, and deriving no sort of authority from, the majority, would not make any ameliorative difference to that majority. Probably there would be an insidious negating of the efforts of democracy towards greater democratic control, so insidiously that the democracy would not know what was happening. The mob can understand the habit of mind of a person who while he has the approval of his own circle, and of all sorts of futile subscriptions to hospitals, refuse rabbits to the sick, and reduce his contributions to the Sunday school treat if certain taxes are enforced; but it will find considerable difficulty in directing itself to the action of persons nominated for their lifetime by the people, who pretend that a violent infringement of constitutional law is the same thing as a referendum.

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that the working man does not respect them. They may have suspected it before; they know it now, and it will make men of some of them. No, old chap, the man who later no more the idea that an eminent man is too great to be becled by the common man should be dis- franchised for the remainder of his unnatural life. What we want is a system of short Parliaments—three-yearly affairs, like the L.C.C. I think you could get practical continuity of policy, if you want it, by making one-third of the members of the House retire annually. You could get over the difficulty of proportion of members to party by means of proportional representa- tion. That would be better than a referendum, much less clumsy and over-complicating. We don’t require a Second Chamber. We—your and I, the mob, the com- mon man—never did require one. It was only the lord—the holder of a vested interest, the superior person—who needed it. And, my friend, I assure you now is the time to abolish the superio..."n...".

The Philosophy of a Don. V.—Style.

"Why do you publish so little? I am sure you must have a lot to say. Why do you never say it?"

This question was addressed to me the other day by my colleague Chesterham. At the moment the Spirit of Flippancy prompted me to answer airily.

"Perhaps I have too much to say to say much."

"By dooming yourself to silence you miss one of the greatest delights in life," he went on. "Words are the strongest links between man and man."

"Words?" I retorted, "are like leaves, and where they most abound much fruit of sense is never or seldom found."

"The one thing that distinguishes a human being from a brute is speech, and the more highly developed the human being the more abundant his speech. Look at me," he said, with unconscious cynicism.

"Speech," I rejoined, "is largely a matter of nose. I am convinced that, if monkeys cannot talk as you do, it is only because they have no nose to use as a sound- ing board."

"You are joking," he said, looking at me suspicously.

"No, I am not joking. Haven’t you heard that a distinguished American surgeon, officially attached to the New York Zoo, has declared that it is so? It is also reported that he has undertaken some experiments in order to prove his theory. He has selected two orang-outangs, two adult monkeys, and one intelligent baby monkey, upon whose faces will be grafted artificial noses. I am very anxious to see the result of the operation."

For some reason or other Chesterham took this sally as a personal insult, and went away muttering unprint- able things.

Perhaps he was right in resenting my levity; but I must say I think I was right in speaking. For, although in talking to him I maintained that my scantly expression is wholly due to my excess of sense, as of a curious kind of chronic aphasia from which nearly all dons suffer. Rem tene, verbia sequantur, says Cicero, and the saying may be paraphrased into: "Take care of the sense, and the words will take care of them- selves."

I have no doubt that Cicero knew what he was talking about; for are not my shelves encumbered with ten large volumes of his sounds? But I cannot conscientiously corroborate his dictum either from personal experience or from my observation of my brother Boeotians. We all, being scholars, must of necessity have a great deal to say. Yet scarcely one of us seems to be able to say it with any ease, grace, or even ordinary intelligibility. The sounds, somehow, refuse to take care of themselves, and the simplest idea, when we attempt to express it, becomes more cryptic than any Pythian oracle. It must have been an Ox- bridge don who enunciated the aphorism that Silence is golden.

As I have already hinted, I myself am an eminent instance of this strange inarticulateness. My conversa- tional powers—I say it from no vain love of self-disparagement—are neither very brilliant nor very copious; one does not possess in any marked degree the Ciceroian gift of fluency. My stock of words is limited—even more limited than is my stock of ideas.

In brief, I am like Plotinus who is described by Por- phyry as one ονομασίαν ενός λόγου η Μετοχή."

It is only fair to add that this limitation does not distress me in the least. I am not like the "fool" of Ecclesiastes who "travaileth with a word as a woman in labour of a child." There is no itch of self-expression in my composition. I can hold my tongue as easily as other men can wag theirs.

If anything, I am rather proud of this capacity. For many years ago Diodorus declared that "those who speak most know least," and I have found, from long and painful experience, that habitual conversationalists seldom have anything of real value to impart. It is true that the very same makes it very hard for them to say anything of real value. In speaking, they seem to be actuated by a desire to enlighten themselves rather than their listeners; and the most emphatic of their asser- tions often have no real substance or strength in their own beliefs. The majority of them do not aspire even to that measure of coherence. They are frankly con- tent to disporn themselves in a sort of intellectual chaos. But while their conversation may lack in definiteness is more than made up by its extent. Like an opulent river of the Orient, their stream of vocables spreads over the dinner-table, aimlessly yet ruthlessly, submerg- ing beneath its tepid volume all the ordinary landmarks of logic. On listening to their inexhaustible inanities I am sometimes tempted to ask, with the Disciples in Bach’s "Passion": "To what purpose is this waste?" I hate waste, if it be only of water.

In utterance, therefore, as in thought, I am temperate. There are extremely few topics I care to discuss with strangers, and I am usually prevented from discus- sining even those topics partly by nervousness and partly by an intuitive perception of their unsuitability. As a rule, I do my best to endure silently and stoically the aggressive volubility of men and women, and I only talk in self-defence. And when I do, I prefer the obvious to the abstruse. Unlike Chesterham, I am not afraid of being original. I do not strain after novelty, I do not shy at platitudes. I do not try to scintillate. I speak, as I think, in well-established formulas more or less skilfully applied. I have the courage to be commonplace; for I well know that even a truism may contain an untruth.

Let me give one example of my conversational art:

She: "How funny that you should have come across my cousin Jones?"

I: "This world is such a small place, after all, isn’t it?"

Silence.

I: "And how have you enjoyed your holiday?"

She: "Oh, we’ve had a perfectly charming time. Things look so much better in the sun—don’t you think?"

I: "Yes. I have always said that the sun does make a difference."

Silence.

She: "The sun, too, has been perfect. Things look so much brighter in the sun—don’t you think?"

I: "Of course, if you leave your umbrella behind, it’s sure to rain."

Silence.

Such is my ordinary conversation: simple, sober, clear, direct, Attic. There is nothing forced about it.
It is the spontaneous exhalation of a peculiarly constituted genius. Rather heavy? Why, so is gold.

And I write just as I speak. Here are some of my favourite epigraphs:

1. "Aristophanes was a great comedian—a very great comedian; but, of course, he wrote for the masses. Hence his coarseness, his vehemence, his picturesque-ness—in one word, his vulgarity."

2. "Virgil is a grand poet; but somewhat tiresome."

3. "Marcus Aurelius seems to have been an honest man, a thoroughly honest man, though not very amusing."

4. "Horace is a charming writer. He captivates always and captivates all. Turning over his pages is like travelling in a land where it is always after dinner."

These epigraphs have appeared at various times in the pages of the *Oxbridge Review* and met with general assent in the best of our Boonton circles. Everyone said that, although so pithy and sententious, they are nothing far-fetchtched about my style—nothing of the exercise in cleverness for its own sake. I think the criticism was perfectly just. With some of our best writers, I find, the habit of correct writing often produces a certain appearance of labour and study. Others there are who suffer a more subtle frustration—authors so fastidious as to hide themselves deliberately in commonplaces lest they should degrade their high calling. But that is not the case with me. In my case style is, indeed, as the great Gibbon says, "the image of character." I am no neo-phraseur by nature—no connoisseur of epigram or paradox. In fact, I loathe the sale of fashion of writing with a great loathing. In my judgment, epigrammatic smartness verges perilously on pertness. Besides, it is so easy to be epigrammatic in these days. As the Poet has said:

Nothing is that's worth a damn.

Ink is fluid epigram.

Epigrams are the delight of small, acute minds, as fireworks are of children. While their brilliance lasts, they may lighten our leisure and stir our grosser sensibilities into a ripple of amusement. But they fail to reach the deeper layers of the soul, and for that reason they do not last. How could it be otherwise? Your comments," he persisted, "are of the expected and inevitable."

"So are the seasons of the year, so are the sunrise and sunset, so are the snows and the roses, so are all the beautiful phenomena of Nature about which our poets rave most glibly. They are all expected and inevitable. Are they, on that account, the less welcome?"

He was obliged to concede the irrefutable logicality of my argument, and to agree with me that no style deserves the name of good which is not, above all things, true and simple. Of course, I admit that mere truth is not always sufficient. For example, who wants to be told, at this time of day, that Julius Caesar is dead, or that murder is a crime, or that Mr. Balfour is clever? Such statements, be they as true as they may—and their truth is largely a matter of opinion—are rather very interesting nor even humbly instructive. They add neither to the wisdom nor to the joy of life. At best, they are mere prosaic facts, just as a coal-scuttle and the Poet Laureate are facts. Yes, truth alone, though a virtue, may prove a very tiresome one.

A tiresome virtue! Could the most vivacious of humourists desire anything more ineffably depressing?

Simplicity also, I grant, may be carried to the point of monotonity, just as courtesy may be carried to the verge of mendacity. But my style, though simple, is not monotonous. There are two kinds of simplicity: the simplicity that charms, and the simplicity that verges of mendacity. I love the world enough to laugh at it; not enough to help it laugh at me.
The Ethics of Trimalchion's Dinner Party.
By J. Stuart Hay.

TRIMALCHION was a portly person with a big income and a large house. He lived in the earlier period of Augustus' Empire. He was one of the freedmen and ex-slaves, even though fabulously rich, who found that no expense had been spared, no vulgarity coming, and that she has done her little all, when she and her crowd enterprises for his guests as each course appeared; and that she has a soul above the preparation of her generally speaking, above petty details in arrange-" Bite by Bite," said Petronius, and I will write the record of at least one feast whose magnificence shall submerge your quasi phantasmal condition in a plutocratic flood, which in turn will encircle you in the halo of a golden fold.

Petronius was writing up in his patron much what Mr. Punch writes down to-day, Mrs. Boundermere and her oooe of wealth; with this difference, that whereas in London you begin by being smart and end by going into trade, Petronius tells us of the people who began by going into trade, and ended by being stupid. Of course, Petronius, like Mr. Punch, is very pleasant reading. Unfortunately, he is very little read, his charm is not that which appeals to chambermaids.

But to the feast. As Mons. Loubet remarked shortly after he vacated the Presidential Chair, "The destinies of France are involved in the supremacy of our old friend Petronius Arbiter on his disappoint-ments, confiding to that worldly-wise journalist that he wanted to get into society, and begging advice as to how he should do it. " God bless our home," that is principal which, though fine, was not manners which had made the millionaire, and they expected to rise accordingly. Trimalchion, silver was like refuse. As the pause lengthened a slave from the farmyard appeared, carrying with him a basket which contained a wooden hen, whose wings were spread as though she were hatching. From beneath this fowl other slaves drew peahens, eggs, which were then distributed to the guests; " not, of course, the mere tasteless absurdities which we were expecting," said Petronius, "but fasouilles in rich pastry, each containing a succulent little figpecker surrounded with peppered egg yolk. Unfortunately, the second course was spoilt, for the Goddess of Idleness mixed the sauce, and it was too heavy. Trimalchion's ostentation had ordered them to weigh not less than half a pound apiece. Indeed, with Tri- malchion, silver was like refuse. A page dropped a platter, and was cuffed, not for the mess he had made, but because he had stooped to pick the dish up; " let the sweepers be called to remove the refuse " was the order of magnificence.

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To-day amongst smart folks there is a custom of serving nothing but champagne; even if they be pluto- cratic and not smart, they will still serve the same wine and tell you its value. It is, however, a beverage lighter than brandy and soda, which is best served to demi-reps and gourmets, and Trimalchion was neither; he was just a bald-headed old glutton in a red gown, a man who liked his money's worth. He, therefore, paraded amphonie marked Optimian Falerna, 100 years old," that is, of no great value; but he did not sufficiently notice the compliment, he tried to enhance it by remarking that " there was no mistaking medicine for Madeira, or chemicals for claret here," and added that the night before he had had more im- portant guests in the house, but they had not had less wine to them. Perhaps it was another of the things best said otherwise; certainly Petronius thought omitted, no bit of ostentation had been forgotten in order that the donor might shine in the eyes of another world.

Perhaps a sample of the menu would awake memo- ries of Plutocratic dining tables in certain parts of Britain's metropolis; but they will be memories with a difference. The point of similarity is extravagance, not to say that expected ostentation. Not on little extravagance is acceptable; indeed, one has known occasions when a lot of it was extremely gratifying, and most comfortably assimilated; but so is originality, and ostentation is never such; on the contrary, it is abyssally commonplace.

Not so imperial Rome, it was startling, filled the world with the uproar of its incredibilities; but common- place never. How different was Trimalchion to Mrs. Boundermere. One scarcely thinks that she would have cared for the earlier party, with Agamemnon as fellow guest, and the chorus of shrieking song which greeted her entrance into Trimalchion's dining-room; it would have been so embarrassing to that lady to have had the local choir manuring her toes and finger-nails to the accompaniment of their latest glee, and Boundermere himself would have been horribly disillusioned with his host's butler presenting the pre- liminary cocktail with a sharp-toned ditty set to music. Unfortunately, chez Trimalchio the servants all sang, and all sang loudly, urged on by the old bounder him- self, so that if you refused one dish in order to avoid the complement, you had to endure the performance when the next appeared.

By way of hors d'oeuvres, Trimalchion served dormice baked with poppies and honey, or, at your choice, sausages from a silver gridiron, covered with plums and pomegranates. Between whiles, there circulated a little ass in bronze, whose paniers held olives, black and white. Now, in Rome the between whiles were surprisingly long. Lamprimdius tells us, concerning the Emperor Heliogabalus, that his feasts often lasted more than a day, and when one considers the fact that he used to take each course in the house of a separate friend, one can quite believe it. Maccenas introduced amazon athletes, who wrestled for the gratification of the company, as though they had been at the games, and performed other unmentionable courtesies during this period of digestion.

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Perhaps a sample of the menu would awake memo-
skeleton with curiously fashioned joints, which danced to the eternal music; to drown which we had to shriek as though at the dead. Then followed what Fortunata was pleased to term the Zodiacal dish. It was a huge hemispherical tray of silver engraved with the 12 signs of the Zodiac, on each of which were arranged one or more: over Gemini were kidneys; over Leo, figs; over Capricorn, a lobster, and so on and so on; the while an Egyptian boy perambulated a silver oven with hot bread.

All was so admirably thought out, but it was spoiled by the objugations of our host to eat heartily, since we were only now beginning, though, in truth, we felt most uncomfortably satiate. The remark was unnecessary, the discussion beyond control. So another fast and furious out with wings like Pegasus, Caviare, and fish which swam in a miniature lake. Wild boar with baskets of dates hung from his tusks. It was here the triumphal climax, at which a huntsman, as carver, was called into requisition. You can imagine Mrs. Goldberg's astonishment when she saw live thrushes fly from the gash made in that carcase. It was an artistic measure, which referred to his master's immense wealth and magnificence, as we learnt when the President Loubet is right when he assimilates the art of cookery to the fate of nations. The cultivation of cooks means a return to the ages of vitality and well-being for the inner man; it also means the art of digestion, with the return of the rare things of the other ses which has induced him to follow up the label of a statistician with the further taunt, "aided by his wife." Whatever the motive, the fact must be admitted: it is too notorious to be denied. In this particular task, indeed, considering that Mrs. Webb sat on the Poor Law Commission, and that Mr. Webb did not, Mrs. Webb might almost have figured as criminal-in-chief, whereas Mr. Sidney Webb, as statistician best represents, it seems to me, the mediæval idea of the Pater Seraphicus. His character being one of unstinted benevolence, he has given himself wholly to humanity. But, alas, his superiority, like Dr. Johnson's, according to Bozzy, angers people because he will not stop.

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Granted that the Bill is not rightly called Socialism—and why should it matter to Mr. Belloc, such a stickler for ideas versus words, what it is called?—let us see what it is and whither it leads. To further servitude, says Mr. Belloc slovenly "ideaism," which Herbert Spencer, a far abler dialectician and better equipped social philosopher than Mr. Belloc, came so hopelessly to grief. But, worse than this, the Bill still permits the rich to enslave the poor. It tends to the whole Parthian horse of things by statesmen by naming it. Every time the iniquitous relation between employer and employed is recognised in a Bill the rivets of the chain are to that extent strengthened by legislation.

Now what in the name of sanity is the Bill—or any other Bill for that matter—to do, unless to recognise things as they are, instead of as Mr. Belloc or I would like them to be?

What is the alternative? And here Mr. Belloc is completely out of thought and meaning—he who is so bitterly scornful of muddle-headedness!—shown by the veriest tub-thumping friend of the "pore."

The Bill, in common with all recent legislation which gives responsibility to employers, does nothing, so he tells us, to redistribute the employers' capital, and therefore we are moving, not in the direction of Socialism or of something else which, if Mr. Belloc will permit himself to think a little, can mean nothing but anarchism, but on every hand.

Mr. Belloc throughout his article makes a quaint distinction between Socialism and his own creed, whatever it may be. Socialism, it seems, collects, whereas he would distribute the means of production. This is not the place where this extraordinary antithesis can be examined. But he makes a mistake which shows he has not mastered the first elements of economics. He confuses money payment with real wages.

He does not see that if an employer is compelled to redistribute the capital on the theory of the equality, condition, and health of his workmen, to that extent, other things being equal, he is compelled to distribute his capital.

All this talk of "servitude," which is, of course, not worth detailed examination, only proves that Mr. Belloc is like all persons of his type of mind when first his approach politics, finds himself among the Communist anarchists. A good company—it numbers Ruskin and Morris—a great ideal, may it some day come to pass among men—though that must be when People are long past away! Then it has nothing to do with current politics. Just picture the sort of administration which Mr. Belloc, who certainly has no experience in that direction, proposes as a present possibility, if he has anything to propose at all against the socialism of which he calls it, "creative" thought. "When did I propose anything?" thinks Mr. Belloc "pas si tête.

But we have caught him. He has much to say, like most "Radicals"—that is what anarchists themselves call in Parliament—about how things should not be done. He even takes trouble to invent picturesque abuse, such as, "spewing out of his mouth the inhuman stuff represented by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. But in an unguarded moment he has actually given us a hint of how they should be done. It is only in a parenthesis of a few words, but 'twill serve. He pours contempt on the "authority" proposed by the Bill, and especially on the power given to a committee of the County or borough Council, for doing certain things connected with the "very poor." mainly, it seems, because those bodies are composed of well-to-do people. But the most shocking of all tyranny he finds in the clause which provides for an appeal from the committee to the popular vote. When that is the case his work is seldom of very much importance. I would rather liken style to a tool.

Many critics aver that the style is the man, and no doubt it is very often the best part of an author; but when that is the case his work is seldom of very much importance. I would rather liken style to a tool. If the man is a good craftsman he will often make a better thing with a bad tool out of mediocre stuff than a bad craftsman will make with a good tool out of excellent stuff. Indeed, if the bad craftsman does achieve beauty at all it is usually by a succession of flukes; and you will generally find on a close examination that the beauty is of that meretricious sort which has to be overloaded with ornament in order to conceal faults of workmanship; whereas the good craftsman in a few simple strokes will be found to have devised the far more difficult effect of an austere perfection. Moreover, he has made what he set out to make, and so the result of his labours has a definite, consistent meaning, whilst the other, trusting more or less to luck and a potful of paint, has made only a closely-wrought glittering thing that is meaningless. Thus there is more of the true spirit of art in many a humble headstone in a village churchyard than there is in the Albert Memorial.

It is a far cry from Phericydes, who is said to have invented prose, to the writers of the school of Mr. Bart Kennedy, who may claim to have invented a language and punctuation. Yet that ancient moonstruck Greek who first set words free from the trammels of poetic metre has this in common with the modern heaven-born journalist who brings them to a full-stop as often as possible, that his work is as little remembered to-day as the work of his successor is likely to be remembered to-morrow. The one established, and the other carries on, the same long tradition; that is at once the likeness and the difference between them. They both try to express themselves in the most direct and telling fashion. They both created a new mode out of old materials, as the up-to-date maiden creates a new frock out of her mother's wedding-dress. It is still the same silk or shoddy, only the pattern, the style is altered.

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No. The thing that really counts is sincerity, for sincerity implies inspiration, and though sincerity may, and very often does, manifest itself in absurd or grotesque or even ugly forms, it is never banal or vulgar as affectation must be. For affectation is the death of art. It is not the art that conceals art, but the art that has nothing to conceal which is truly the highest art of all. The author who unduly vaunts his mastery of technique is as stupid as a tailor who should who wore his garments inside out to display the neatness of his seams instead of relying on their general appearance to attest his proficiency.

In the moment that style becomes self-conscious it begins to deteriorate. I believe, for instance, that if I were writing on any other subject than Style in Literature, and were not as an inevitable consequence acutely aware of the fact that I am setting up standards by which I must myself be judged, this essay would be better written. All authors of experience know that, as a rule, their best work is that which they have done with the least effort, and in proportion as they have found progress difficult so have they found the result ineffective. In this respect the literary stalwarts of the past have left us with a good deal to envies.

They had never heard of "Art for art's sake," that stultifying ordainance! It was art for bread-and-butter's sake with them, or art for the sake of the message whose aid we cannot legislate? It is a true demagogue's suggestion, utterly unworkable, leading nowhere, but sounding so democratic to people who do not think about democracy but only mouth it.
they had to deliver; and so long as the bread-and-butter was won or the message was delivered they cared nothing about the means employed. They did not spend the whole of one morning and the whole of the ensuing afternoon in putting it back again, as the late Oscar Wilde pretended that he did. They said what they had to say in the best way they could; they left the rest when they had nothing to say that they devolved upon mere elegance. But nowadays, when all the most fruitful themes are hackneyed, we are more dependent upon the originality of our manner than the originality of our matter; and it comes about that those who have the least to say are usually the most careful how they say it. Thus we find such romanticists of the school of Robert Louis Stevenson as Maurice Hewlett, whose only ostensible function in the sphere of letters is to retell old tales, refining and polishing their diction and welding it into new forms and combinations as a housewife contrives a patchwork counterpane out of odds and ends of cast-off, worn-out finery. But whereas Robert Louis Stevenson wrote penny dreadfuls with a quilt that was shaped out of borrowed plumes—plumes from the wings of dead-and-done geniuses—his disciples have only their gold-nibbed stylographs to help them to ape the sedulous ape, to imitate the imitator. If you open a book, say, in second-hand goods to market, you will see how he created his own style whilst their style may be said to have created them. Strip away their dainty trappings of words and you will discover at last only an ingenious piece of mechanism; but the more you strip away his rags and tatters of slang and poesy the more flesh and blood you will lay bare.

And within the compass of this contrast is contained, I think, the whole difference between the man who writes because he must and the man who writes because he would rather like to. There are many variations in second-hand goods to market, you will see how he created his own style whilst theirs may be said to have created them. Strip away their dainty trappings of words and you will discover at last only an ingenious piece of mechanism; but the more you strip away his rags and tatters of slang and poesy the more flesh and blood you will lay bare.

You may or you may not like Rudyard Kipling's style, but you cannot deny that it is inimitable. It is proved to be inimitable by its imitators, who achieve only turgidity where he achieves distinction. And you may or you may not like Maurice Hewlett's style; but you are bound to admit, if you have any literary sense, that if he belongs to a school which has been caught, or has been derived from Maurice Hewlett's exemplars, by many other writers, popular and unpopular, any one of whom might under-study any of the others without much risk of his fraud being discovered. But there are Maurice Hewlett, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Bernard Capes, and that last, most abject recruit, H. C. Bailey, are names that occur to me in this connection. They are all dealers in old curiosities, and their style is, appropriately, the style of Wardour Street, or, less appropriately, the style of Mr. Clarkson, costumier.

And there is no harm in their antics for those who approach life in the carnival spirit of one taking part in a fancy-dress ball; but if your point of view is that of one to whom life is real and earnest, then their antics, though at first they may seem amusing enough, will presently begin to bore, and end by exasperating you. For you cannot believe in them. Their armour on their backs may not fit them. Their swords as so obviously made of painted wood and their pea-balders hired for the night. If they would only put off their masquerade and come heme with you and spin you a yarn across the fireside, I am at a loss to say. They would only put off their rags and tatters of slang and poesy and let you escape from their grip. If it is a style difficult to follow (as it may be), then it is still engaging, as chess is. If it is easy and graceful it is never more to be himself, lest he seem false to other men.

What is good writing, then, if these styles that I have tried to indicate are bad? I think that good writing, like a well-cut Colman's, is really a mystery. You only realise its goodness afterwards. If at the time it seems to be demanding your admiration, you may be pretty sure it is not admirable. If it seems to mock you as it runs: "Just notice this. Isn't this fine? Doesn't this grip you, thrill you?" it is probably rather poor stuff. Good writing does not insist upon itself, unless they are out to dazzle with historical romance and grace. They are afraid of the sneers of successful mediocrities who, lacking force and fire and liveliness themselves, solemnly assure their younger rivals that it is bad form to be brilliant; that it is better to be dull; that it is beneath the dignity of the great to write well, to be profound; even children of mature age—throw in a little make-weight of pretentiousness and affected. Their swashbuckling idylls are as inferior to the honest blood-and-thunder of Stevenson's Treasure Island as Stevenson's Catriona is inferior to the honest tale of Cowper's Task.

But there is a very different style in vogue just now, which is hardly less pernicious and abominable than this artificial ornate style. It is that style which I had in mind when I denied that simplicity is everything. For simplicity implies absence of style, and you will find that the style of our modern authors seems to follow of sheer perversity. But the reason why even those who know better do this is that they are afraid. They are afraid to let themselves go. They are afraid of appearing to strain after an effect, and so forgo the effect, although they could achieve it without strain. They are afraid of the sneers of successful mediocrities who, lacking force and fire and liveliness themselves, solemnly assure their younger rivals that it is bad form to be brilliant; that it is better to be dull; that it is beneath the dignity of the great to write well, to be profound; even children of mature age—throw in a little make-weight of pretentiousness and affected. Their swashbuckling idylls are as inferior to the honest blood-and-thunder of Stevenson's Treasure Island as Stevenson's Catriona is inferior to the honest tale of Cowper's Task.

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something to say to be a genius. It is from this same lack that Mr. Andrew Lang and Mrs. Meynell and the lady who writes as "Vernon Lee" have always suffered. One feels that any of these could have done finely in literature if only they had ever been interested in it as they really are. It is the personality of things that they can write, whilst such a mind as that of Bernard Shaw should be hampered by an inability to express itself except in the language of not-very-smart journalism, and that a man of his wit who has time in epigrams should never have coined one phrase or saying that will outlast his day. If only the style of such masters of prose as these I have mentioned, or others such as G. S. Street and Kenneth Grahame, could be grafted on to Bernard Shaw's originality and vivacity the master of literature that we have been for the last fifty years, as it is, who understands so much is doomed to be misunderstood because of his incoherence; whilst these others' great gift of words only serves to reveal their shallowness.

Stylistics is to literature what clothes are to the human body. If the body be puny or weak or misshapen, well-made clothes may do much to disguise defects; but the face, which may stand for the soul, is always left bare. And if the soul, or the face, be vacuous or silly or forbidden the most beautiful raiment will not countervail. Some as the crypticisms of the Ormulum. In H. G. Wells we have the vision allied with a voice that has greatness are likely to be scattered and lost for want of dots and dashes and aposiopeses. His elements of that Mr. Andrew Lang and Mrs. Meynell and the others' great gift of words only serves to reveal their shallowness.

**The Order of the Seraphim** - III.

**By Allen Upward.**

**Humanity.**

The English word Man has been replaced by the Babu word Humanity within the last hundred years, and almost within the last generation. The change of words marks a change in man's opinion of himself. As long as the Christian religion prevailed the word Man was used as one of the pair, God and Man. It marked off the creature from the vault the serpent, and therefore its use was associated with a sense of modesty and even abasement. The word Humanity has come in rather to mark off mankind from the other animals, it is a term of praise and pride, reaching apotheosis in the phrase the Religion of Humanity—which is the religion actually prevalent to-day over the Western world.

In this its modern religious use the word Humanity is charged with two ideas, distinct although connected; first, that there is an infinite gap between the highest animal and the lowest human form, and secondly, that there is, or ought to be, no gap at all between the lowest and the highest bipeds having broad nails.

The first of these ideas is carried to its extreme limit in the practice of vivisection (which I am not here concerned to excuse or abuse); the second, in the political constitution of manhood suffrage. On landing in the East End of London the most intelligent chimpanzee may be bought, imprisoned or slaughtered with impunity, while the ape-like dwarf of the Andaman Islands becomes entitled to legislate for the university of Cambridge. That he is not entitled to any vote in legislating for the Andaman Islands, when he goes back, is merely one of those freaks of the British Constitution in which patriotic Britons are taught to take a pride.

With the first of these two ideas we are only concerned in so far as it helps to illustrate and support the second. The dogma we have to investigate is the equality of man, proclaimed a hundred and fifty years ago by Rousseau, adopted into the constitution of the United States of America, and accepted as a self-evident truth by most of those writers who govern the governments of the world to-day.

This famous dogma, or delusion, ought to be treated tenderly, because it was inspired by tenderness. I do not think I could have brought myself to say it nay unless I had first satisfied myself that it was working as much harm to the underman as to the overman; that it was cruel to the tree's roots to make believe that they were buds, and when they asked for water, to give them light.

Then, in his own peculiar genre, there is Mr. Robert Blatchford, who also pulls a good oar and sings as he rows. At his best Mr. Blatchford has a style which is better than Ruskin's; clear, strong, vivid, picturesque, easy, and graceful, yet concise and full of pith. There is no writer, living or dead, who says more precisely what he wants to express himself entirely by means of words, and at the same time strews so many dots and dashes and aposiopeses. His elements of greatness are likely to be scattered and lost for want of fusing a medium. To a future generation the cliches and colloquialisms of the "Tony-Bungay" will be as tiresome as the crypticisms of the Ormulum. In H. G. Wells we have the vision allied with a voice that has grown hoarse and broken from misuse. And as he confesses to certain streaks of a slovenliness which seems to be an unavoidable defect in him, we may regard his last state as hopeless.

A fellow galley-slave is Mr. Robert Blatchford, who also pulls a good oar and sings as he rows. At his best Mr. Blatchford has a style which is better than Ruskin's; clear, strong, vivid, picturesque, easy, and graceful, yet concise and full of pith. There is no writer, living or dead, who says more precisely what he wants to express himself entirely by means of words, and at the same time strews so many dots and dashes and aposiopeses. His elements of greatness are likely to be scattered and lost for want of fusing a medium.
of Life meant them to read it; and hence they have not known what they were talking about.

It is the same with those who vulgarly attack Trades Unionism or Socialism or any other honest and honourable effort to grapple with the task which the feudal aristocracy deliberately laid down, in order that they might concentrate their minds, as Carlyle remarked, on preserving their game.

To what shall we attribute these mysterious impulses?—one of them destined to turn the mind of the world towards the worship of the gods and the quests of mankind, and the incalculable tides of love, the other to the front by some. Plantagenet sire; an ancestral serf may be expiated by the cowardice of a Bourbon or the philanthropy of a Howard. Here is, at all events, fruitful soil for such a seed as the dogma of Humanity, and here one truth which it falsely expresses.

The teaching of every prophet is shaped, under the Law of Shapes, by the conditions with which the prophet finds himself at strife. The original doctrine of Siddharta was that man's path to happiness lay through the extinction of desire. But this meant that each must work out his own salvation. Now there was not true that every man can work out his own salvation.

The clock of secular time struck the hour last at that decisive moment when Prince Siddharta, meeting a leper by the wayside, was so penetrated by the contrast between the leper's misery and his own happiness that he left wife and child and rank and riches, and set himself to discover the cause of human sorrow, and its cure.

There is no need to labour the case against intellectual heredity. It is the opposite error, the belief that all foals can win the Derby, and all puppies be trained to perform equally well, with which we are concerned.

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The Time Spirit revealed itself by other lips than those of the Buddha. In the same age K'ung the Master was engaged in shaking the superstitious reverence for unworthy princes among the Chinese, and founding the system of government by an educated class, drawn from all ranks of the population. Even in barbarous Europe the Greeks and Romans were deposing their hereditary priesthood, and replacing them by consuls and archons and elected magistrates. Ancestor-worship received its death-blow everywhere round the globe almost in the same century.
political equality about as far as it has been carried in modern times.

VI.

We are now in a position to see through the shallow sophistry of Maine on the subject of Roman law. The great code which has supplied the working morality of the English law has had its rise in the humble and accidental circumstance that the older Romans were too jealous of their City law to extend its benefits to foreign immigrants. To meet the case of the growing population attracted to Rome from outside, the magistrate who had to frame a simple code based on those general notions of justice which were common to all the surrounding peoples.

The body of law thus put together, and expanded from year to year with the growth of empire, could not but eclipse by sheer merit the archaic Law of the City. Accordingly the latter fell into disuse, and disappeared amid the later legislation of the emperors, while the more liberal code was developed into a universal jurisprudence, stretching its sway into three continents.

Such a phenomenon was well calculated to impress the mind of any thinking man, and the great jurists who laboured in the civilisation of mankind were fully conscious of the grandeur of their task. The mission of Rome had been defined by Virgil—

"To fix the age of peace.

The broken spade, and beat the haughty down;"

and if the sentiment of human equality does not breathe in those lines, which, however, few will deny, the decisions were afterwards erected into the standard of law lost his life in resisting tyrannical violence. Justinian's editor, Tribonian, launched his immortal

"The little old gentleman in a crinoline with the delicious

This it came to pass that in the end they identified their own code, distilled from the laws of all nations, with that natural law which the Stoics professed to discern written in the consciousness of mankind: and who shall say that they were wrong? It was something more than a coincidence, it was a case of theory and practice working towards the same point, and corroborating one another. Julian and Gais, Papinian and Ulpius felt that art must not be confounded with English judges, enslaved to precedents, and juggling with technical reasons for common-sense decisions. They were legislators rather than lawyers, they acknowledged no authority but reason, and they worshipped law as a sublime experiment in morality. They dignified their achievement with the proud name of the Law of God.

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It remains to be shown that the dogma of Humanity as interpreted by Saint Paul was the true interpretation, and the right corollary, of the Dhamapada and the Corpus Juris. The little old gentleman in a casque on the left of the picture is Cham, all span, as they say in France. And on the whole the touch of the born painter, doubled with that of the man who knows, almost too well, what painters like in painting. It is almost maximum painting to a limit of the expressionism movement movement in France. And on the whole the touch of the born painter, doubled with that of the man who knows, almost too well, what painters like in painting. It is almost maximum painting to a limit of the expressionism movement in France.

New Wine.

By Walter Sickert.

Mr Francis Howard and his friends of the International Society, Paul and Carjat, and Grasset, have taken the by the horns. With an altruism worthy of Arnold von Winkelschild they have seized an armful of the French lances and pressed them into their own bosoms in the Grafton Gallery.

Now that Julian's Lane has been knighted for admiring Mussert, I wonder if Manet would ever have been knighted for being Manet—and that Manet is classified in London as Mesopotamia, it might perhaps be permissible without blasphemy to speak the sober unholy truth about him. He was the magnificent painter of the morceau. Give me a ham by Manet, a few oysters, a dish of figs, but an "Ecce Homo" is not for him. Give me by Manet a head with a bonnet, a figure in a crinoline with the delicious mixture of grace and gaucherie that touches the heart, and clings to the memory, the eternal feminine that we can hold on canvas in the sunshine of art for years after the dear model has eluded our grasp. In composition like the Ecce Homo "he stands on ground, where he stands firm and is supreme, on a quaking morass. He becomes the critic, the appreciator. He says, "See how I admire Velasquez, Ribera, etc.;" in fact, "See me tumble! It is curious that the idea of a tableau vivant in a coalhearth dates. I can see it redrawn by Cham with appropriate legend, "Le Christ ennuyé par ce que les soldats Romains ne veulent plus manger des roses, mais demandent avec insistance des asperges."

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Now, let us look a few pictures to the right, at No. 145, a perfect flower of the best that the impressionist movement has yielded. Less tapeague, less

Now, without moving from here, let us turn and divine Pissarro! Now this artist-impressionist, this painter-impressionist differs from the mass of theory-impressionists that the movement naturally bred. A good pupil and a greater than Corot his master. A pupil not of the large, heavily-framed Bond Street Corot, the silvery sky and oblique—the Corot we know to England, but the Roman Corot, the studio-model of the little canvases they know and value in France. And on the whole the touch of the born painter, doubled with that of the man who knows, almost too well, what painters like in painting. It is almost maximum painting to a limit of the expressionism movement in France. And on the whole the touch of the born painter, doubled with that of the man who knows, almost too well, what painters like in painting. It is almost maximum painting to a limit of the expressionism movement in France.

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VESPERS.

The earth smokes like a censer swung

On the ladder of Heaven's lowest rung

The tangled branches drip and drip,

On the ladder of Heaven's lowest rung

The tangled branches drip and drip,

On the ladder of Heaven's lowest rung

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pictures painted by artists as servants of their customers. And, on the other hand, pictures painted by artists, in my opinion, are the best of the draught-players on the shingle, being French, may have the esprit to say: "Tout de même, sommes nous assez ridicules comme ça," but the work is not done, from the professional portrait-painter’s point of view. There are artists of drawing rooms by Mr. Blanche, who is a professional portrait-painter. Every touch bespeaks them painted for the owners of the rooms. Livery is an honourable wear, but liberty has a savour of its own.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)
By Jacob Tonson.

I FREQUENTLY read the London literary letters of some of the principal American papers, because for some reason or other I am often mentioned therein, always with gratifying decorum and respect, so that I discover the said letters among my press-cuttings. And I think the time has come to inform plainly the editors of the principal American papers that in respect of literary matters concerning London, their wonders and organisations are still capable of improvement. American editors seem to fancy that an English novelist is the ideal person to send over the news of literary London. Mr. John Murray and Messrs. Methuen, for instance, are the "Chicago Evening Post" employers Mr. Shan F. Bullock, who is a novelist of reputation and excellent performance. What his experience as a journalist may be I know not, but his contributions to the "Chicago Evening Post" are diverting. In a letter recently to hand he discourses with evident joy on a notorious speech of Sir Alfred Bateman at the annual meeting of the Royal Literary Fund. Sir Alfred, you may remember, stated that he knew of a case in which the author had been offered £15 for the copyright of a book, etc. On this text dozens of sermons have been preached in the press during the last month, each more silly than the others. But Mr. Bullock can improve on the text. He knows of a firm of publishers whose price to "well-known authors" of novels is "£25 down for all rights." I should much like to know the names of the firms—and the authors. Of course, there is nothing to prevent a well-known author from accepting £25 in full payment for a novel; but the well-known author who does so ought to consult a doctor, or to put himself in the hands of the Public Trustee, or at any rate to employ an agent. What is the matter with him that he has quitted the maternal breast too early.

Mr. Bullock, characterizing them as "lesser writers who must live and provide for families and rainy days," mentions, in one breath, Madame Albonesi, Mr. Charles Garvice, the brothers Hocking, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts. (To put Mr. Phillpotts in this galley displays a want of reason or other I am often being mentioned therein, and as the body comes to its power with years it bears the master always teaching, never at rest, speaking with a distinct voice, unfolding pictures without end, and the amanuensis cannot keep pace with this tyrant who hurries him on with "See this," and "See that," working while the body sleeps, showing portions of the way and work of life which are still far ahead, planning out the whole life right up to the end, giving everything eagerly, if with pain, when the time comes. That is genius, the power that works not for the man, but against him. No labour can make what is not there. Application makes a man able to learn, but not to teach, and if the master be absent no learning will call him, just as without learning—or great tribulation—he cannot be awakened; for genius is nothing but the power of reading what has been written upon the mind in an unknown tongue; and without a Daniel the writing cannot be interpreted; and Chaldeans and astrologers will strive in vain.

The above sentences, as you have now no doubt guessed, are not by the undersigned. I purposely omitted the inverted commas in order to get the better of the reader’s tendency to skip quotations. It appears to me that here and there they contain extraordinary platitude by Sir William Robertson Nicoll upon which applications cannot be confidential secrets. Needless before of authors who issue four novels in one season. We will not pretend that because a book has bored us it is a good satire. We have read before of a case in which the author had been offered £70 to £80 a book at times, and occasionally £100 and £150 with serial rights.
The Exiles of Fallo. By Barry Pain. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Pain exports to Fallo a gang of well-meaning but misunderstood people, some of whom are described by Mr. Pain in the following words: "We've wanted Sweetling for years. He was the Hazeley Cement swindle, as you may remember, and the Tarlton Building Company, and a lot more. There's Hanson, who killed his girl; Mast, a nasty case; Fel- longa, who sold the little old lady; Baringstoke, who forged his uncle's name; Trimmer, of the Cornish coal fraud—a whole lot of back numbers nicely bound together."

These good people build a club house and live like gentlemen; they drink, they play cards and chess, and go on drinking; but when the rebellion fails and Martyn Holmes was married. The native king is managing director. Sometimes they vary their pleasures by committing suicide. They are in danger of being exterminated by the natives when the rebellion failed, and Martyn Holmes was married.

This is a novel dealing with the rebellion of the Nor- wich commoners in the time of Edward VI. Kett was the leader of this revolt; it failed, and he was "in- famously done to death at Norwich Castle." He is not the hero of this romance. The Norwich rebellion occurred so that Martyn Holmes, printer's apprentice, should have some adventures, fight and defeat Lord Mautham, and marry Mistress Rose Crainer, the printer's daughter. The hero expressly declares that "he had no right to speak, for he was of poor estate and of no high gifts; he was one in a perilous venture, but of a nature too pure and rare to be outcast and despised." To remove this inequality some upheaval was necessary; so the Norwich rebellion served its purpose. As the hero failed in almost everything he undertook and yet married Mistress Rose, perhaps his remarks quoted above sprung from a too great modesty; perhaps his lady was not too good for him. Anyhow, Kett suffered death for leading the rebellion, the rebellion failed, and Martyn Holmes was married.

For Kett and Countryside. By F. C. Tansley. (Jar- rold. 6s.)

This is a story of ministerial life in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland at the present day. The book opens with a talk between three divinity students, Mackenzie, De Stuynier, and Lewis Pink. Lewis Pink is a hypo- chondriac, with all the tame virtues of impotence; De Stuynier is a genius, we are told, of the mystical, poetical type, and after an unsuccessful and socially disastrous ministry to fisher-folk he becomes a Catholic. Mackenzie began his career by a faux pas with his landlady's daughter, continued it by marrying her, and astonished everybody by living comfortably, if not happily, with her. Of course she is only a beautiful body, and Mackenzie has doubts about the immor- tality of the soul. But he meets a young lady named Melicent Marquess, and the rest of him, for all she led him in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. We have seen her at the Eustace Miles' Restaurant, and it will take us as long to become conscious of the fact that we love her as it did Mac- zenzie, about four years.

At the Sign of the Burning Bush. (Catto and Windus.)

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In the large gallery they will come to the feature of the International Society’s exhibition. If the vision of vibrating colours, the sound of singing canvases does not arrest them nothing will. Faced with the modern delicate problems of light and atmosphere, solved with a rare freshness and purity of colour, opinion may develop as the public are led to make the mistake of assuming that truth and fidelity is or is not in tune. To one observer the spectacle of the canvases of living and dead French revolutionaries will appear chaos illumined by dazzling flares; to another their wall of bright tones will release the effect of making majority of the English canvases look extremely dirty in colour and messly in execution. Even the rich, harmonious interiors of the Frenchman, J. Blanche, will seem mechanical and tame by contrast. To these ends the reception accorded to these works of different merit by the impressionists will appear mechanical and tame by contrast. One observer will declare that Monet is very unfavourably represented; that Manet, though obviously sincere, is seen under the mantle of the earlier Spanish School; that Sisley, in one specimen (137), is getting dirty through exposure. Another observer will be seized and held by the poetry of American Mary Cassatt, who feels, understands, and loves paint, whose delicate touches by the considered, minute veracity of Pissarro, who here introduces him to one of his finest things (145), the sensation of a faintly sultry winter day with an atmosphere full of snow; delighted with the subtlety of Sisley (143) in the characteristic, vivid, lightning-like impressions by his work is hung in a landscape filled with haunting shadows, luminous and full of rich violet colour; and enchanted by Simon Bussy’s symphony to the glory of sunlight. Though he may inquire of this painter why he spots certain objects in pure black when the whole thing is coloured, he will not fail to pay a tribute to the many fine features of work in which he is shown two telling figures thrown in relief against a mass of houses crowding down to the dim blue river; in which everything is important; in which the two women mean something, and are not stupid lay figures like the woman in Nicholson’s (112); in which everything, in fact, palpitates with the joy of life. Another spectator will be attracted by the daring extravagance of C. Guérard, who shows how the strongest primary colours can be used without crudity, and whose work has a decorative value which the average muddy and colourless work of our day does not possess; and caught by the amazing technical ability and rapidity of vision of which the two women mean something, and are not stupid lay figures like the woman in Nicholson’s (112); in which everything, in fact, palpitates with the joy of life. Another spectator will be attracted by the daring extravagance of C. Guérard, who shows how the strongest primary colours can be used without crudity, and whose work has a decorative value which the average muddy and colourless work of our day does not possess; and caught by the amazing technical ability and rapidity of vision of which the two women mean something, and are not stupid lay figures like the woman in Nicholson’s (112); in which everything, in fact, palpitates with the joy of life.

In passing to the other galleries many observers will be struck by the able work by Alexander Jamieson, by the excellent Mark Fisher which seems to say that the painter’s best qualities are derived from the Impressionists; by the interesting qualities of Mr. John Lavery’s canvas, which, however, is lacking in pleating a feeling. The woman’s face is too muddy. They will note the two Charles Ricketts for the painter’s fine ability to express emotion in colour; the distinguished designs by Shropshire (590 and 57) and they will advise Horace Mann Livens to take a note from the French and get more freshness and the joy of life into his colour, and less mud. The very charming colour sketches by Irma Richter will interest them, and the meretricious Cheap-Jack productions by C. Léandre will make them ill.

But a pick-me-up may be found in the interesting Pre-Raphaelite water-colour by Edgar Davis, and a tone that will complete the rest of the exhibition by Lucien Simon’s clever impression of pelican life (253), he will hear the movements. If they find that F. H. Newbery’s “Regatta,” though possessing excellent intentions, strikes a flat note, they will discover that the performance by Olga de Boznanska (259) is perfectly in tune. Here they will admit is a clever Polish painter, whose masterly and sincere treatment many of our English portrait painters might take a lesson from. C. Halford’s quiet and effective note on Nature will lead them to another the use of bright tones will have the effect of making majority of the English canvases look extremely dirty in colour and messly in execution. Even the rich, harmonious interiors of the Frenchman, J. Blanche, will seem mechanical and tame by contrast. To these ends the reception accorded to these works of different merit by the impressionists will appear mechanical and tame by contrast. One observer will declare that Monet is very unfavourably represented; that Manet, though obviously sincere, is seen under the mantle of the earlier Spanish School; that Sisley, in one specimen (137), is getting dirty through exposure. Another observer will be seized and held by the poetry of American Mary Cassatt, who feels, understands, and loves paint, whose delicate touches by the considered, minute veracity of Pissarro, who here introduces him to one of his finest things (145), the sensation of a faintly sultry winter day with an atmosphere full of snow; delighted with the subtlety of Sisley (143) in the characteristic, vivid, lightning-like impressions by his work is hung in a landscape filled with haunting shadows, luminous and full of rich violet colour; and enchanted by Simon Bussy’s symphony to the glory of sunlight. Though he may inquire of this painter why he spots certain objects in pure black when the whole thing is coloured, he will not fail to pay a tribute to the many fine features of work in which he is shown two telling figures thrown in relief against a mass of houses crowding down to the dim blue river; in which everything is important; in which the two women mean something, and are not stupid lay figures like the woman in Nicholson’s (112); in which everything, in fact, palpitates with the joy of life. Another spectator will be attracted by the daring extravagance of C. Guérard, who shows how the strongest primary colours can be used without crudity, and whose work has a decorative value which the average muddy and colourless work of our day does not possess; and caught by the amazing technical ability and rapidity of vision of which the two women mean something, and are not stupid lay figures like the woman in Nicholson’s (112); in which everything, in fact, palpitates with the joy of life.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your correspondent, Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, will perhaps pardon me if I do not reply completely to all her questions. I am occupied with other subjects for the moment, and I am not a very quick writer. But Mrs. Jacobs' willingness to listen to a point of view which must be so different from her own is altogether too pleasing a phenomenon to be mixed."

"D. Triformis", than I could give it here. I pass by, also, her protest. My objections have been directed against the method of violence and theatrical display through which that force is worked from thousands of centres—was one solitary half-crown. Who can doubt longer that the orgies of rough-and-tumble procedure, and the puppet-shows, though these comparatively, are innocence itself, have cheapened the heart and hardened improvement when the question is set upon reasoning and understanding is declared by the militants at thirty pieces of copper?

"Your Deserts"

Your question about the difference between natural functions and effects have a way of getting curiously to listen to a point of view which must be so different from her own is altogether too pleasing a phenomenon to be mixed."

Mrs. Jacobs begs me to answer the following question: "What has brought the suffrage question out of the drawing-rooms and around the ladies to anti-suffragist—a very send form of enthusiasm. And here, perhaps, I may refer to what is certainly the most short-sighted of all the recent militant movements, namely, the appeal to outside suggestions and my plea for reason. The latest outcome of their councils indicates that they may be worse employed than in attending to outside suggestions: I am much indebted to your correspondent for her patience in questioning me, and I trust that my replies may not increase the differences between us.

D. TRIFORMIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

D. Triformis stigmatises Lady McLaren's Charter as a "vain scheme for the protection of women." Of course, it is not protection but justice women ask for, and the power to decide, with men, what justice demands. It is difficult, however, to know the campaign is helped by such ridiculous propositions as the following:—

"The Militants ought to set themselves to the task of prison reform, instead of worrying about the vote. They have insulted women men, believing their "rivals" will disappear the day the vote is gained. Women are cowards, who put up with anything to get marriage too dear, and is sheer madness.

"D. Triformis" have had hundreds of years of maintaining their independence, and if they liked could find a hundred more.

The means of this sneer at women's cowardice is easily attained by the falsehood of the statement about the hundreds of openings available to them. How are women to fight against the assumptions that, although they originated in times when women-men-rage the world, the conditions of masculine control of position and capital. These assumptions are: (1) A woman needs less than a man to live on; (2) that marriage is the proper goal of all women who are not too unattractive, and for the latter there is always the domestic and the more disagreeable service of the community.

Many businesses need capital, but daughters in the classes where money can be found are rarely able to obtain it. Parents will not allow them sums sufficient to free them from the domestic, office-board, and time-sheet, much less capital to risk in business.

Many women, late in life, are left money with the express object of their not having to work. They stood no chance of being entrusted earlier with any capital. Were a dowry to be used, they would, perhaps, have been granted more liberally enough.

The cheerfulness under infidelity alluded to so genially is, some readers of THE NEW AGE may be surprised to hear, frequently in whole, or in part, the cheerfulness of ignorance. The freelance, "in a week.

Your correspondent, Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, will perhaps pardon me if I do not reply completely to all her questions. I am occupied with other subjects for the moment, and I am not a very quick writer. But Mrs. Jacobs' willingness to listen to a point of view which must be so different from her own is altogether too pleasing a phenomenon to be mixed."

Mrs. Jacobs concludes, with vicarious asperity, that the militant leaders, although at "large for the present," are too busy pursuing "peaceable" propaganda to attend to me my plea for reason. This islands. The latest outcome of their councils indicates that they may be worse employed than in attending to outside suggestions: I am much indebted to your correspondent for her patience in questioning me, and I trust that my replies may not increase the differences between us.

D. TRIFORMIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

D. Triformis stigmatises Lady McLaren's Charter as a "vain scheme for the protection of women." Of course, it is not protection but justice women ask for, and the power to decide, with men, what justice demands. It is difficult, however, to know the campaign is helped by such ridiculous propositions as the following:—

"The Militants ought to set themselves to the task of prison reform, instead of worrying about the vote. They have insulted women men, believing their "rivals" will disappear the day the vote is gained. Women are cowards, who put up with anything to get marriage too dear, and is sheer madness.

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to the increase and upkeep of which she frequently con- tributes, is to be spent on the family or on the amorous pastimes (usually relatively very costly) of the husband. This is usually the case with the less prosperous and the calling of mistresses and prostitutes is recognised as an honourable and necessary one. Perhaps then the money spent on these pastimes at least on the devil that matters. There are accounts as that on polo-playing and scientific research, hobbies, let us say, to be set against theatre-going and pictures: if he spends but a few cents or an outlay which come once and for all to the woman apart from household expenditure, instead of a system of "coax, badger, or risk it," he might take first hand information on the subject of destitution in its politics, in its economics, and morally, all that precedes application to the guardians.

Mr. Bax finds the figure to be that of a short-tempered person the superior brother sees, now an entirely lovable one: a mine of information, now a violent person with hot denunciation on his lips, now a nature-lover, now a person fond of children, now a violent person with hot denunciation on his lips, now a violent person, now a person fond of children, now a nature-lover, now a strangley isolated person, in the world, but not of it. The idea is strange, complex, and contradictory, and for this very reason, monstrous as it may sound, some of us find the explanation of that strange figure of which the Evangelists give us such contradictory judgments, monstrous as it may sound, some of us find the explanation the Church gives of it more satisfying than the explanations of modern men.

P. D. E.

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THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUION BILL.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Is not Mr. Bello's criticism of the Anti-Destitution Bill detached and unrealistic, just because it is ideological? He has an idea about the future arrangements of social conditions, and he visualises this idea and its implications so vividly that his practical judgment is overwhelmed. One's view of what the next development of society ought to be--whether it is to distribute among the poor the corkings of the means of production, either or both, by turns or mixed, or neither--cannot be left out of account in the con- sideration of the question of the Anti-Destitution Bill.

Mr. Bax finds the figure to be that of a short-tempered person the superior brother sees, now an entirely lovable one: a mine of information, now a violent person with hot denunciation on his lips, now a nature-lover, now a strangley isolated person, in the world, but not of it. The idea is strange, complex, and contradictory, and for this very reason, monstrous as it may sound, some of us find the explanation of that strange figure of which the Evangelists give us such contradictory judgments, monstrous as it may sound, some of us find the explanation the Church gives of it more satisfying than the explanations of modern men.

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THE NEW AGE for April 14th two letters, dealing partly with the central figure of the Gospels, one from Mr. E. Belfort Bax and one from a rather superior brother to his sister, make one think of the recent remark of a speaker to the effect that it is possible to disbelieve in that figure, but that it is not possible to rationalise it away in human terms. This attitude to this figure.

But Mr. [Bax] and the superior brother both attempt this impossible explanation. Mr. Bax finds the figure to be that of a short-tempered person the superior brother sees, now an entirely lovable one: a mine of information, now a violent person with hot denunciation on his lips, now a nature-lover, now a strangley isolated person, in the world, but not of it. The idea is strange, complex, and contradictory, and for this very reason, monstrous as it may sound, some of us find the explanation the Church gives of it more satisfying than the explanations of modern men.

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A SLICE OF LIFE.
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have frequently observed the strange hostility of your reviewers towards almost all the novels noticed in THE NEW AGE. In the case of "A Slice of Life," was written for men only, whereas the contrary was the case. If your critic be a woman, I shrewdly surmise she happens to be childless.

"A Slice of Life," was the victim.

"Downward," your critic states, was written for men only, whereas the contrary was the case. If your critic be a woman, I shrewdly surmise she happens to be childless.

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"Downward," your critic states, was written for men only, whereas the contrary was the case. If your critic be a woman, I shrewdly surmise she happens to be childless.

"A Slice of Life," was the victim.
Finally, your reviewer does me a great injustice in the statement that the idea of the soul does not occur in this book; that it is all concerned with material needs and bodily comforts. This is a lie, as all readers will quickly find out for themselves. I might quote here the opinion of Mr. Charles Marriott, who writes: "I do not think I ever came across any mention of the soul in a novel." But since your reviewer does not understand matter, or he would know that the best part of a woman's soul is in the mother-heart; he would have understood better my story of the women who—coined of passion, and indiscriminate materialist, egotist, found her soul only in that great golden moment when her babe quickened to life, and from that day strove to climb upward, led by a little bread.

MAUD CHURTON BRABY.

(Author of "Downward: A Slice of Life.")

[We naturally look for something better, and therefore, we cannot, nor should we, try to apply all the novels adversely reviewed in our pages. It is not our fault that they are many, or that Mrs. Braby's is among them. Authors only remedy is to write better novels.—Ed. "N. A."]

** ANOTHER REAL LETTER. **

"Leave thy sister where she prays."

Dear X.,

April 13th, 1910.

I have re-read your letter in THE NEW AGE, and wish I had more time to talk it over with you.

"You are so plain speaking that I can understand c'est sur tout la pitie," and as I grow older in life and free-thought I feel as if I did not feel once—towards those who need a faith. I look on that need as written in a man's or a woman's destiny, which is the same as that of the inborn temperament and the happy or unhappy development of that. I think faith or non-faith is only secondarily a question. The basis of the one is formed and out of others, the better I understand faith. But clear thinking is always to be desired and strenuously thought for," as Spinoza said. And as one must try to sit in judgment on one's emotions, for the sake of human dignity and for the discipline needed in life, so one should look one's faith in the face, if one can. However, it is hard, and I (though quite without faith) can see that. And, as I see now that there is no single joy in life that has not something of illusion clinging about it, I do not feel as if I could build on the edifice of the so-called truth which is so dear to those who utilize it. The records and symbols of most great illusions in man's history are more sacred to me now than they used to be. Yet I cannot live down illusion myself. And though I look to the future with a need to hope for mankind, I see how difficult it is to leave the old paths.

I have come across very little bigotry in my own life, and therefore perhaps I am too ready to believe that an ideal is sought by others where there is nothing really in view but the world and the things of the world. But I begin to feel that bigotry can be fought better by fair, temperate, plain speaking than by a passion for liberty. Bigotry easily creeps in, I could find it in my heart to fly at all ably. And then they say: "Why should not they dabble?" Why should not I allow that others must take a point of view different from mine: it is a spirit that is opposed to the teachings of any particular faith or not, I expect none from anybody except such as the social forces have hummed into them; or, such as their own temperament inclines them to. As to how the morality of the great mass of the people is to move on a bit, I don't as yet see, and how they are to get any inward felicity I don't see either. Blind patriotism, blind affection, blind faith, serve that purpose. If I reason I see nothing which looks hopeful and rational, too, but the world and the things of the world. But to those who need a faith, that it is all concerned with material needs and bodily comforts. This is a libel, as all readers will quickly find out for themselves. I might quote here the opinion of Mr. Charles Marriott, who writes: "I do not think I ever came across any mention of the soul in a novel." But since your reviewer does not understand matter, or he would know that the best part of a woman's soul is in the mother-heart; he would have understood better my story of the women who—coined of passion, and indiscriminate materialist, egotist, found her soul only in that great golden moment when her babe quickened to life, and from that day strove to climb upward, led by a little bread.

M. K. B.

** ANTI-VIVISECTION. **

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

Will you kindly allow me to correct an inaccurate statement made by your contributor D. Triforium has plenty of ground for despising the artificial Andromedia of Euripides. The Greek name of this woman signifies "Man Fighting." Professor Murray has made very pretty experiments with this character in connexion with such particular faith, and I expect none from anybody except such as the social forces have hummed into them; or, such as their own temperament inclines them to. As to how the morality of the great mass of the people is to move on a bit, I don't as yet see, and how they are to get any inward felicity I don't see either. Blind patriotism, blind affection, blind faith, serve that purpose. If I reason I see nothing which looks hopeful and rational, too, but the world and the things of the world. But to those who need a faith, that it is all concerned with material needs and bodily comforts. This is a libel, as all readers will quickly find out for themselves. I might quote here the opinion of Mr. Charles Marriott, who writes: "I do not think I ever came across any mention of the soul in a novel." But since your reviewer does not understand matter, or he would know that the best part of a woman's soul is in the mother-heart; he would have understood better my story of the women who—coined of passion, and indiscriminate materialist, egotist, found her soul only in that great golden moment when her babe quickened to life, and from that day strove to climb upward, led by a little bread.

Yours ever,

FLORENCE A. UNDERWOOD.

** SOCIOLOGY AND SUPERIOR BRAINS. **

To the Editor of "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Robert Jones has forgotten that it is a reviewer's business to review a book, not to preach his own or Mr. Jones's ideas of political economy. Wealth may be defined by everybody to suit themselves, but the fact that professedly answers and demolishes Mr. Mallock's arguments ought at least to deal with them. If Mr. Jones will read Mr. Mallock and TRIMBLE, and SHAW, and T. K., he may be able to see that I was not preaching 18th century or any other economics, but was simply protesting that the pamphlet did not answer Mr. Mallock.

YOUR REVIEWER.
Articles of the Week.


BJORKMAN, EDWIN, "Björnson, the Poet-Reformer," American Review of Reviews, April.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

22.—EDWARD CLODD.

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1892 MEMOIR OF H. W. Bates, Prefaced to "Naturalist on the Amazons." (Murray. 18/-.)

1897 PIONEERS OF EVOLUTION. (Cassells. 5/-.)

1898 TOM TIT TOT. An Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale. (Out of print.) (Duckworth.)

1900 GRANT ALLEN. (Out of print.) (Grant Richards.)

1901 STORY OF THE ALPHABET. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1/-.)

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