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"It was soon plain that the revolution which had struck down Parliament and the monarchy alike was without sanction from the nation at large. Half the judges retired from the Bench, etc., etc." The passage occurs in Green's "History," and refers to the Cromwellian Revolution. The question for Liberals to ask themselves is whether such language will have to be recorded in the revolution now under discussion. We naturally hope that so damning a verdict on the political instinct of the leaders in the anti-Lords crusade will never need to be made; but we are convinced that the verdict will be inevitable if the wild policy recommended by some of the Radical backwoodsmen is pursued to its bitter conclusion.

It is, as we have often said, to ensure that the revolution, whenever it shall be made, shall be made to last, that we urge on Liberals in particular and on Unionists who desire to avoid a conflict with the nation the considerations we have enumerated during these last eight weeks. With the passage of the Budget and the suspension of Parliamentary sittings during a month's recess, there comes the opportunity that we have long awaited of resuming the reasonable discussion of the issues involved. To paraphrase a saying of Joubert's: "Reason until force is necessary"; and nobody will deny that, however necessary force may prove eventually to be, the moment for its use has not come yet. Until it has come, we at any rate shall continue to reason and to look facts in the face, even when they are most disagreeable.

We must deprecate in this phase of the long campaign the use by responsible and, in fact, leading journals of words and phrases which close the avenues to reason. For example, no good can possibly be done by the "Nation" writing contemptuously of Unionists as "baffled gamblers." In the lesser issues of party politics such language is more picturesque than dangerous; but in an issue involving a possible—we do not say probable—civil war, such terms are to be regretted. As a matter of fact, though we ourselves have no doubt whatever of the side on which political freedom and the hope of the future are to be found, the actual issues are so confused and mingled with other considerations that it is quite conceivable that the "Nation's" Unionist opponents may have good grounds in appearance for their views. In some respects, indeed, we frankly admit that the Unionists have even better ground for their political attitude than many Radicals have. For many of the views expressed by Unionists there is, we have no doubt whatever of the side on which political freedom is under the heel of the landed magnates, but among electors who freely apply their minds to political problems. Under these circumstances, offences of language addressed to representatives of the Unionists are offences offered to whole bodies of electors, that is, to organic parts of the nation; and this is not a means of ensuring that the revolution, even if it be done, shall not be undone by the actions thus roughly and unnecessarily overridden.

We know that this attitude of ours will be mistaken by partisans as an intention and an invitation to compromise. Nothing, however, is farther from our thoughts. It is both natural and praiseworthy that Unionist opponents may have good grounds in appearance for their views. In some respects, indeed, we frankly admit that the Unionists have even better ground for their political attitude than many Radicals have. For many of the views expressed by Unionists there is, we have no doubt whatever of the side on which political freedom is under the heel of the landed magnates, but among electors who freely apply their minds to political problems. Under these circumstances, offences of language addressed to representatives of the Unionists are offences offered to whole bodies of electors, that is, to organic parts of the nation; and this is not a means of ensuring that the revolution, even if it be done, shall not be undone by the actions thus roughly and unnecessarily overridden.

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will set up single chamber government. Now we do not for one moment believe that the resolutions, even if embodied in an Act, would do any such thing. On the contrary, as Mr. Asquith has so clearly conceived the proposed Act, even if it embodies the resolutions to their commiss, will immensely enlarge the potential control of the Second Chamber over legislation. So much so, that we can readily believe that if the Lords' were well advised, they would instantly close with the offer made to them and rehabilitate their House together with their power. But while this is true in fact, in the popular mind the argument that the Liberals are preparing to set up single chamber government will prove very damaging. And on this ground, in view of the necessity of carrying the nation with us, it is as well that anti-Lords speakers should be prepared to meet the objection, even to anticipate it. Such a piece of policy is plainly to be learned from the Unionist specification of grievances.

Again, it is difficult to make Radicals believe how inflammable is the material they are handling when they take up the King's name in their discussion. Addressing as we are an audience practically in camera, we may admit that the respect bordering on reverence in which the King is held is not merely distasteful but nauseating. Nobody can receive such idolatry without danger and nobody with judgment can view it with pleasure. But the fact remains that the position of the King is such that if Utopia could be won only at the expense of a slight upon the King, the nation would not only forgo Utopia but visit with punishment the statesmen who dared attempt to win it at the price. It is for this reason that we repeat with damnable iteration our warning that there is no royal road to revolution. We wish there were; we wish that King Edward VII. dared take the advice once offered him by Mr. Cecil Chisholm of the Daily News, and address the people in their attack upon an oligarchy that governs him no less than it governs them. But we know very well that there is no hope of that; and meanwhile it is folly to add to our popular difficulties by even appearing to bully the most popular personage in the Empire.

There is no need, of course, in anticipating the election cry of the Unionists that the Crown is in danger, to instantly swear that it is not. The "Daily News" in particular has alternately stormed and slobbered over the King's name to an extent that makes P.W.W.'s articles on burlesque. Such an attitude is a blow to the cause of democracy. On the other hand, there is no reason why we should not refrain both from bullying and from slobbering. Everybody, however earnest in the anti-Lords crusade, realises that the Crown has had no part or lot in the action of the peers, and consequently that it is unfair to make excessive demands of the King. However in fact the King may be the keystone of the arch of privilege, the relations of the Lords and Commons are none of his making, nor is the Crown directly concerned in defining them. Theoretically and in the public mind, the Crown stands for England; and an attempt, therefore, to bully or coerce the Crown (even the appearance of it, O Mein Herr! It is) will be felt by the masses as tantamount to an attempt to dragon the nation. Is there any doubt about it? Will anybody deny it? But the conclusion is that Liberals must be prepared to treat the Crown not merely with ostentatious courtesy but with the most patent generosity.

We cannot say that we think Mr. Asquith's publicly expressed decision to advise the King to create peers (if that is what his words were meant to convey) was well considered. The popular objections to such a course were conclusive to the Cabinet in January, and April did not see them lessened. True, it may be said that the Budget was in consequence enabled to be passed; but we deny that the passing of the Budget required any such preliminary. Whatever he may diplomatically have said to the contrary, Mr. Redmond would not have voted against the Budget after the Veto resolutions were passed, even without Mr. Asquith's declaration regarding the Crown. The whole affair gives plenty of colour to the Unionist charge that the King has been overflirily regards the New Salome; a declaration which, though untrue, will do the Liberals a good deal of damage. As a matter of fact, we happen to know that the decision of the Cabinet to make the announcement was come to after the passage of the Budget had been assured. An act of unwarrantable generosity.

The case for omitting any further references to the Crown in this matter is really overwhelming. In the first place, there is no manner of doubt that if the resolution is set aside the proposed resolution of the Crown will not hesitate to make the guarantees if they are needed; but in the second place there is also no manner of doubt that such guarantees would not be needed. The House of Lords will not be so foolish as to admit several hundred new Piers into the Empire.

That, we maintain, leaves democrats nothing better to desired. It is, in popular phrase, "up to us" now to demonstrate more positively than all other of the nation is in favour of the modification of the Lords' veto. If there is no such majority, or if that majority cannot be relied on to remain a majority for as long as you please, then what becomes of the Liberal contention to represent the popular feeling? Then, "the Liberal Nation," we observe, has no fear whatever that an election in June or July would return a decisive Liberal majority. Then, in heaven's name, what further is there to be done by going cap in hand to the King or by continuing to demand the Lords as truculent and gagmaners? For our part, we do not remember a more straightforward offer of political sincerity than this of the Unionists as represented by the "Times." With no fear whatever that an election in March will return a decisive majority, and we have no doubt that if this "feeling" is in favour of Revolution the majority will be regarded as decisive whatever its arithmetical dimensions.

We can only suppose that Liberals who still oppose a General Election on the single issue are in doubt of either or both of these reasons. If this is so, as we urged last week, it is not merely impolitic to throw the onus of choice upon the King, but downright tyrannical. The King might well say, in the words of King Pelagius in Aeschylus' "Suppliant":

"Make not me choose; for that is hard, The State must share my counsel, as I said, Though I be sovereign; lest my people say, Should aught untoward be sequel to this act, Honouring chance-comers, thou hast ruined Argos.

What would Liberals say in reply to that? Obviously, they would have nothing to say.

We may add to our arguments for an immediate
General Election two which have emerged since last week. We have said that Compromise is in the air. Let us now add that without a General Election Compromise will not merely be in the air, it will be in Parliament. These front bench politicians, simpletons must be told, do not meet at each other's houses without discussing the situation in friendlier and more sensible terms than in Parliament. The report of the fact that Compromise has already been discussed, and the terms drafted. If the rank and file of the Liberal party combine with the Radical firebrands to make a General Election impossible, and yet continue to demand a Rich Revolution by Royal prerogative, we have only to say that their leaders (the Cabinet, that is,) will not hesitate to sell them, as the less dangerous alternative. For, under no circumstances whatever will the promise to create Peers during the present Parliament be either seriously asked for or seriously given. Is that plain enough? In fairness to The New Age, let it be remembered that we are not at this moment defending or attacking the advisibility of creating Peers. Given the nation behind us, we would employ the Royal prerogative in the teeth, not only of the Lords, but of the King. But that is not the situation; or, at least, it is not conclusively proved. Consequently, the Cabinet is neither entitled nor is it disposed to take the high hand as Radicals would have us do short, no General Election means Compromise without fail.

In passing, we may consider the probable terms of such a Compromise. They have been already published in sketch not in detail. The financial veto would be abolished for ever; the House of Lords would be reformed somewhat or the lines of Lord Rosebery's resolution; and, in addition, a Liberal Government would be entitled to nominate a number of Lords of Parliament to sit in the Second Chamber during its tenure of office. That is the nucleus, at any rate, of a Plan of Compromise which exists, to be put into prac- tice. We need not dwell on the Capitalisation, razing and levelling, attempt unauthorised violence. We will not discuss the suggestion here; and we will hope that it need never be discussed.

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The other argument in favour of a General Election is the rising temper of the Unionist party. We are not among those who delight in seeing their politi- cal opponents driven into a corner and smashed without concern. We know it is not a wholesome charge of all our national miseries were actually at our mercy, whether we should have the hardihood to dispatch them. Fortunately for us, the case is not so tragic. We have seen that the future of Democracy demands the abolition of the House of Lords; we believe that equality with the middle and rich classes is the first condition of freedom and the abolition of class rule the first condition of equality. But we are prepared to believe also that there are not only many friends of democracy among the Unionists, but many enemies of Democracy among the Liberals. Till it comes to the arbitration of the ballot-box, therefore, we are content to reason as best we can and with what persuasion our case can offer. In any event, since, as Mr. Austen Chamberlain has recently said, everybody is wiser than anybody, we are prepared to leave the decision to the verdict of the nation. That being our view, the rising temper of the Unionists does not gratify us in any way. What is worse, it augurs ill to the cause in which we are contending. Should violence be attempted and the Crown coerced to make Peers, in the circumstances of national doubt revealed by the last election, we are assured that many thousands of Unionists would, in familiar language, go on strike against the Government that indulged in it. Are Radicals prepared for that?

[We shall have pleasure in presenting our readers next week with the Index of the volume which the present issue of The New Age closes. With the next issue of The New Age will also be included a special Supplement devoted to modern science and edited by Professor Patrick Geddes.]

Foreign Affairs.
By Stanhope of Chester.

The White Slave Traffic has been the subject of another International Conference. This Traffic will never be suppressed so long as the rich are not penalised for their employment of procurers and procuresses. The White Slave Traffic is one evil which cannot be laid at the door of the poor. The middle and rich classes alone can pay the price for the girls who are the victims of this Traffic. The National Vigilance Association has never undertaken the prosecution of a rich man or woman for offences of this kind. It is an association which is run as a moral hobby. It is absurd to imagine that this disgusting traffic is confined to girls. Boys and young men are often decoyed at the instigation of wealthy men and women to be seduced into a life of vice. Unhappily, this unnatural side of the moral cancer is neglected by legislators and reformers.  

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There is a strange myth current that the Jew has a higher standard of morality than the Christian. This myth has about as much foundation as the theory that the Jew's abominable financial methods are due to their having been persecuted in the more reputable employ- ments. "The Jewish Chronicle" has frankly spoken out on the subject of the Jews' connection with the White Slave Traffic. Its comments throw some light on the so-called finer sense of sexual and domestic morality among the Jews:

"Hence it has come about that all who know anything of the conditions prevailing in the White Slave Traffic are agreed that if the Jew could be eliminated it would shrink and be reduced to comparatively small proportions. Do we not owe it as a bounden duty to humanity, since Jews are the chief offenders, that we Jews shall be foremost in ridding the world of the scourge of this noxious calling?"

The reason for the Jews' preference for this "noxious calling" is simple. The profits of the White Slave Traffic, like the profits of high finance and rapacious moneylending, are enormous. The Christian is often sneered at for his alleged jealousy of the world's possessions of the Jews. The high-minded Christian, who believed in Jewish emancipation, has been disgusted at finding that the Judaic plutocracy has obtained control of society by means of financial moneylending and procurement profits. That is the real explanation of the steadily-growing anti-Semitic feeling in England. The Jews, moreover, have consistently ignored humani- tarian movements. Their action in regard to the White Slave Traffic has been forced upon them by the criti- cisms of the Roman Catholic workers against this traffic.  

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The growing dangers to health from the prevalence of prostitution are attracting considerable international attention. The importation of the Chinese slaves—at the instance of the Judaic plutocracy—into the Transvaal without their womenfolk compelled the Government to allay the evil by permitting native women intercourse with the coolies. Now that the coolies have returned to China, these native women have been haunting the streets of the towns. The result has been a frightful outbreak of syphilis in Rhodesia and the Transvaal, which is threatened to spread all over South Africa. In California there is a wave of venereal disease. The cant of the Puritan mind of the American citizen may be judged by the circumstance that the Californian
The Prevention of Destitution Bill.
A Reply to Mr. Belloc, M.P.

By C. D. Sharp, Editor of "The Crusade", the Organ of the Committee for the Break-up of the Poor-Law.

There was a completeness about Mr. Charrington's article in last week's New Age which makes me very loth to add anything to the controversy. I gather, however, that Mr. Belloc takes his own criticisms of the Prevention of Destitution Bill very seriously indeed, and that since he is a member of Parliament he has a right to expect a serious and more or less detailed reply.

Let me then deal first with a complaint which appears in Mr. Belloc's opening sentence and reappears at intervals throughout his article, to the effect that the Webbs' scheme concerns "the lives of people much poorer than themselves." How Mr. Belloc ever came to put on paper a personal sneer so silly as this I cannot imagine. As a piece of ill-mannered foolishness and malice it could scarcely be excelled, even by the honourable gentleman who told his constituents that Lloyd George had fixed the supertax to begin where his own salary ended. The latter had, I believe, the excuse that he was making an electioneering speech, whilst Mr. Belloc's equally fine effort is part of what is supposed to be a weighty, sincere and considered judgment upon a very widely and honestly supported scheme of reform.

To what sort of Poor Law reform, nay, to what conceivable piece of social legislation might not such a sneer be applied? It is hard indeed to see how Socialists, or special reformers of any sort, hope to escape it except by confining their attention exclusively and for ever to the question of the House of Lords. Perhaps that is what Mr. Belloc, as a good Liberal, would really like.

Let us pass, however, to Mr. Belloc's main complaint, that the proposals of the Prevention of Destitution Bill have nothing to do with Socialism. It is a strange complaint to come from the pen of a militant Anti-Socialist. It might have saved trouble if Mr. Belloc had addressed it direct to the Anti-Socialist Union. But I would not appear to grudge an opponent a new mode of attack, and so I will endeavour to reply as fully and faithfully as I can.

"Let anyone," writes Mr. Belloc, "pick up this document, the Prevention of Destitution Bill, and consult the whole of its 95 clauses, to discover, if he can, in any of them the machinery by which it may tend to put the control of the means of production into the hands of the mass of the citizens."

I am bound to admit that in this matter Mr. Belloc's suspicions are well founded. The searcher will look in vain, the machinery is not there. Socialists have no doubt attempted many quaint and wrong-headed things in their time, but I do not think they are ever likely to attempt to nationalise the means of production, distribution, and exchange in a Bill purporting to reform the Poor Law. It is a jolly idea, and may one day perhaps find the place it deserves in the mythology of Fabian guile. But in the meantime I am afraid that even that arch-juggler Mr. Sidney Webb would shrink aghast from a scheme so unquestionably devious.

This, however, is no answer to Mr. Belloc's more general question: "What has this scheme to do with Socialism?" Now I frankly admit that it is a very difficult thing to produce a satisfactory definition of Socialism. Mr. Belloc, who is very fond of hard and fast definitions where other people's opinions are concerned, will no doubt deny this and produce one of half a dozen words. But I hope his definition fails to satisfy the great mass of people in Europe who call themselves Socialists, it will not, with all his logic and authority
behind it, be of very much practical use. This much, however, Mr. Belloc may take from me, that no Socialist that I have ever come across or heard of in this country or abroad would accept "the social ownership of the means of production" as anything like a complete definition of Socialism. It is a convenient formula, expressing an essential feature of the revolution which Socialists seek to bring about. But it takes no account whatever of another feature which Mr. Belloc will find occupying an important place in every Socialist creed, the whole deals with the moral relationship between the individual and the community.

Just as "laisser faire" meant much more than mere private ownership, so Socialism means much more than mere social ownership. "Laisser faire" denied the existence of any mutual responsibility between the individual and the community except the bare obligation of the former to avoid crime and of the latter to protect property. Socialism, on the contrary, affirms and extends the idea of that mutual responsibility, and exalts it to the position of the first principle of social organisation. That is to say, we desire, quoth Socialists, to develop the utmost possible on one hand the devotion of the individual to the service of the State, and on the other hand the recognition by the State of its great responsibility for the welfare of every citizen. The hope of Socialism depends absolutely upon the full development of this mutual relation and every change, therefore, that in any way promotes it is part and parcel of Socialism. Take, for example, changes like the establishment of Old Age Pensions and of the public feeding of school children, which were actively advocated for years by all Socialist bodies in this country, are regarded by Socialists as instalments, if minor instalments, of the State for its more helpless citizens, and both, though especially the former, have tended to make thousands of poor citizens regard the State as something more than the mere protector of the property of the rich. It is entirely vital to Socialism that everyone should feel a personal advantage and a personal interest in the existence of organised society; and these two reforms (to which, of course, might be added most of the Factory, Education, and Public Health Acts), being a considerable step in this direction, are rightly regarded by Socialists as instalments, if minor instalments, of Socialism. Yet none of them has anything directly to do with the ownership of the means of production, and might fairly be conceived of as an indirect connection, but it is not necessary for the purposes of my present argument.

Now the foregoing explanation fully justifies, from the Socialist point of view, the aims at all events of the Prevention of Destitution Bill. Those aims are, firstly, as the title suggests, to prevent the occurrence of destitution; and, secondly, to provide for those who are necessarily dependent in a way more adequate, more efficient, and less cruel and iniquitous than the present Poor Law system. The present Poor Law, taken as a whole, is indiscriminately "detrimental"—that is to say, it is based on the idea that the community should repudiate all responsibility for the individual to the utmost limits tolerated by civilisation. The new scheme denies the whole philosophy of deterrence, and substitutes for it the philosophy of mutual responsibility. As a single example, under the present Poor Law we withhold public medical assistance as much and as long as we dare, under the new régime we shall provide it readily and generously, but we shall recognise at the same time the Erewhonian principle that to prevent disease in himself or in his dependents is a duty which the individual owes to the community. That is why Socialists regard the proposals of the Minority Report as endorsing their support.

There are other reasons, of course, of which I will mention one, because I think it is a matter which Mr. Belloc does not at present understand. It is commonly imagined that the driving force behind Socialism is the extreme poverty of a section of the community, and that our doctrines find most favour where misery and degradation are most rife. The facts, however, are diametrically opposite to these. We have learnt by long and bitter experience that it is not the destitute or sweated worker who makes revolutions or who even wants revolutions. Just as a man who gets beyond a certain degree of starvation must be forcibly nor bound to do in order that he may live, so there is a large class of persons in this country who must have a higher standard of life imposed on them from above—or, as Mr. Belloc would put it, must be managed by people richer than themselves—in order that they are discontented. Nor can we ask for liberty and independence be reborn in them.

It is the well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed artisan, earning comparatively good wages in a well-regulated industry who turns most readily to the Socialist ideal. The chronically under-employed, underfeed underpaid man turns rather to the ideal of the soup kitchen. Mr. Belloc, with his intellectualist fancies about Democracy, may not believe it, but there are men and women at the bottom of society as personally worthless as any of his favourable favour"—to be called "laisser faire" for food, so there is a large class of persons in this country who must have a higher standard of life imposed on them from above—or, as Mr. Belloc would put it, must be managed by people richer than themselves—in order that they are discontented. Nor can we ask for liberty and independence be reborn in them.

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thing of the alternative methods which Mr. Belloc would propose. If he can suggest a way by which popular control over these matters can be rendered more effective he will have earned the gratitude, not only of people who have spent their lives studying the question, but of the whole human race.

In Part III. of the Bill, which deals with the Able-bodied and the Unemployed, and sets up Training Establishments and Detention Colonies. Mr. Mr. Belloc is so upset at these proposals that he calls the Training Establishments compounds, where men will be "huddled" in high walls, whilst their families are relieved "in some place apart." As you read his burning description you can almost see the chains and the lash and the solitary cells in the dark background.

You might, indeed, once more place Mr. Belloc in the attitude, to put it mildly, of the most ironical spectator that his proposition to put men in a "placer; where their wretched families are confined—or in the vulgar tongue, to their homes. It is true that all these arrangements are to be made for persons who are regarded as "idiots," but that is what Mr. Will Thorne does not see any way out of this unless Mr. Belloc will resign his seat in favour of someone less wealthy.

It is evident of Mr. Belloc's controversial ability that he is careful to make no distinction between the Training Establishments and the Detention Colonies. He does not assert in so many words that they are one and the same thing, but the suggestion falsi is quite successfully contrived. The compulsory methods of the Detention Colonies are a regrettable necessity applied to those for whom the Training Establishments are intended they would amount to gross tyranny. The distinction between the two is, therefore, as vital to a reasonable understanding of the scheme as the suppression of it is to Mr. Belloc's case.

Before leaving this point I want to ask a question of Mr. Belloc. The loathing which he expresses for the inhuman wickedness of applying the principle of compulsion to any section of the poor is so extreme that he would rather go to the stake than be himself a party to anything of the kind. Yet when a Bill was brought in by the Labour party containing a Detention Colony Clause corresponding almost exactly with the provisions of the Bill, Mr. Belloc was so far from denouncing it voted for it? Why is his attitude, to put it mildly, so different when the proposal comes up again as part of a scheme devised by Mr. Sidney Webb?

I have no doubt Mr. Belloc has a satisfactory answer to this question, but I should like to know what it is.

With Mr. Belloc's more general attack upon that great body of regulative legislation which has been won by the trade unions I have not space to deal. When he says that it is all leading to what he calls a servile State, I am confined to the statement that it is doing nothing of the sort. He makes, for instance, a bare assertion to the effect that in regulating the relations between employers and employees you are building barriers which prevent the collection into public ... hands of capital which is now owned by a privileged few. I can only reply that in the opinion of people who want that collective ownership which Mr. Belloc does not—the very reverse is the truth.

An attack upon regulative legislation, very similar to Mr. Belloc's, was made in last week's New Age by Mr. C. H. Norman, who referred to Labour Exchanges as "blacklegging" and industrial regulation the entire Trade Union and Socialist worlds are wrong and they are right, it is surely unnecessary to argue offensively, executes the whole scheme for breaking up the Poor Law; he has at no time exhibited the slightest anxiety of Labour Exchanges in checking the exploited and the weak. He pictures the tyranny of the Prevention of Destitution Bill. He is rightly indignant at proposals by which vagrants can be trained, by force if necessary, to maintain their self-support, who are not only of people who have spent their lives studying the question, but of the whole human race.

In short, Mr. Belloc is frankly obstructionist and nothing else. There is no question of his intentions, but that is what his actions amount to. He writes as a friend of the poor and of the oppressed, but only to devote all his abilities to denouncing the attempts of other people to improve their lot. Our present Poor Law system is a disgrace to a civilised country. It needs reconstruction not in ten or twenty years time but now. What is Mr. Belloc prepared to do about it? Has he an alternative scheme? and, if so, what steps is he taking in the matter? He has now been in the House of Commons for over forty years. Has he in that time done anything or written anything or said anything there or elsewhere to awaken public opinion to the evils of our Poor Law or of our capitalist system generally? To put it broadly: If I were to assert that Mr. Belloc sits in Parliament simply for private rather than public reasons, and as long as a person who sincerely elects to vote for them we must not grumble. But when a man who has done nothing to show he does not belong to this category speaks as if he were the sole representative of democracy, the sole friend of the great British proletariat, we have a right to tell him that we find his pretensions wearisome.
Theodore Roosevelt.
By Professor G. D. Herron.

I.
I have been asked by the New Age to write about Theodore Roosevelt. It is difficult to write of so dominant and delusive a personality without in some measure using language that fits the subject. In both word and deed is Mr. Roosevelt himself so terribly personal that it is impossible to write about him in an impersonal way. To speak of him in any terms that at all characterise him is to lay oneself open to the charge of personal feeling. I confess I do feel deeply about Mr. Roosevelt, but it is because I believe him to be the most malign and menacing personal force in the political world of to-day. He is the embodiment of man's return to the brute—the living announcement that man will again seek relief from the sickness of society in the bonds of an imposing savagery. He is a sign, and one of the makers, of universal decay. He is the glorification of what is rotten and reactionary in our society in the bonds of an imposing savagery. He is a sign, and one of the makers, of universal decay. He is the glorification of what is rotten and reactionary in our society. To speak calmly of one whose life and achievements are a threat and an insult to the holiest spirit of mankind, this is not easy for anyone who cares about mankind, or carries within himself the heart-ache of the generation. About other men one may write judicially, and leave something for inference. But one can only truly write about Mr. Roosevelt by telling the truth about him; and that means the use of plain and terrible words. That is the tragedy and terror of having to speak of him at all.

Quite recently I have been criticised for saying that Theodore Roosevelt is the most degrading influence in our American public life and history. I said this because it was true. It is what many thoughtful Americans know; it is what no one with a reputation to lose will say. We are all afraid of him; we are afraid of him just as we are afraid of the plotted revenge, of the bludgeon from behind, of the knife in the back, of the thief in the dark. No one knows what this man will do if one enters the lists against him; but whatever he does, it will be to avoid the question at issue, and to come at you unawares; to seize an advantage that only the dishonorable and shameless accept. Whatever he does, he will never fight you fair; he will never strike a blow that is not foul. About some respects, Mr. Roosevelt has the field quite to himself; the majority of men would have availed him to have, Mr. Roosevelt's opportunity for investing the blood-cup to the lips of the nation, and who bids the nation drink. And one of the strangest ironies that ever issued from academic ignorance, and what will prove to be one of the historic stupidities, is the endowment of this naked militarist with the Nobel Peace Prize; and this because, in the interests of the great bankers and of his own military policy, he was instrumental in depriving Japan of the full fruits of her victory.

Theodore Roosevelt leads a recession in the life of the world. He betokens the enfeeblement of mankind, its lack of a living faith. He is the ominous star of the New Dark Ages, wherein the faithless soul of man will seek forgetfulness and excitement in military murder and political bestiality. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has imposed upon the world an impression of strength; but he is essentially a weakling, an anthropological atavism, the re-excel of the savage at one time, and of the hysteric at another. Intellectually, he is an atavism, the re-crudescence of an antique type; he belongs with the rulers of the Roman degeneracy, or with the lesser Oriental despots.

And Mr. Roosevelt is the last man whose name should be spoken of in connection with democracy. He does not believe in democracy at all; nor in freedom at all. He is no more of a democrat than Genghis Khan or Louis XI. He likes liberty less than Cromwell did; and Cromwell liked liberty less, by far, than did Charles I. Only these are big names to put beside the name of a man so morally small, so ignorant of essential excellency, so ruthlessly inconsiderate of his fellows, as Theodore Roosevelt.

But supposing Mr. Roosevelt were one of the soul's gentlemen, supposing he politically meant to do social good, it is by methods that belong to the darkest phases of human history—the methods of the tyrant who believes his own will to be the only righteousness, and all opposition to that will to be the one unrighteousness; and who proceeds to stamp its opposers with what he means to be an indelible infamy, or to kill if he can. As the best example of this sort, Cromwell tyrannized over a nation, and over the souls of men, for their own salvation and for the glory of God. And this is the method by which every tyranny or tyrant seeks justification. It is the only method Mr. Roosevelt cares for or believes in.

Yet no man ever ruled other men for their own good; no man would be rightly the master of the bodies of his brothers; no man ever ruled other men for anything except for their own undoing, and for his own brutalisation. The possession of power over others is inherently destructive—both to the possessor of the most skulking personal revenges with the air of a champion of the public good.

But it is not against a mere individual that I protest. I object to Mr. Roosevelt from the fact that he voices and incarnates the fundamental social immorality, the doctrine that might makes right—that no righteousness is worth the having except that which is enforced by brute words, or brute laws, or brute fists, or brute armies. Mr. Roosevelt stands for a life that belongs to the lower barbarian and to the jungle. He has set before the youth of our nation the glory of the brute beast instead of the glory of the soul. The nation has been hypnotised and saturated with his horrible ideals, as well as by his possessional and intimidating personality. Of course, the nation is itself to blame, and in this reveals its own decadence, for the heroes we worship, and the ideals we cherish, are the revelations of ourselves. Yet it is this one man, more than all others, who has awakened the instinct to kill and to conquer, and all the sleeping savagery of the people. It is he who has put the blood-cup to the lips of the nation, and who bids the nation drink. And one of the strangest ironies that ever issued from academic ignorance, and what will prove to be one of the historic stupidities, is the endowment of this naked militarist with the Nobel Peace Prize; and this because, in the interests of the great bankers and of his own military policy, he was instrumental in depriving Japan of the full fruits of her victory.
power and to those over whom it is exercised. And the great man of the future, in distinction from the great man of the past, is he who will seek to create power in the peoples, and not to gain power over them. The great man of the future is he who will refuse to be great, at all, in the history of the world. The man who will literally lose himself, who will altogether diffuse himself, in the life of humanity. All that any man can do for a people, all that any man can do for another man, is to set the man or the people free. Our work, whenever and wheresoever we would do good, is to open to men the gates of life—towhich the nations are turning now. We are already in sight of that culmination in America. We must hence reach the last accessible man and compel him to buy; we must sell to the uttermost man on the outermost edge of the earth, or our economic world-machine will fall upon itself. We Americans must have the market of China, else there will come a sudden day when twenty million men will be in the streets without work. And twenty millions of men will not go down to starvation without bringing down the national structure with them.

Now Capitalism knows that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man that can be depended upon to get for it the Chinese market. It also knows perfectly well that our whole system of government has long since broken down. America is practically being governed without law. There is absolutely no constitutional method of social reform. There is a long time of darkness and suffering, of hypocrisy and compromise, and of depthless disaster, before there will be any real social awakening in America, or any effective spiritual power upon which to draw for a revolution. It is for this reason Mr. Roosevelt is the nation’s psychological necessity. There is nothing for it but the strong man—the man who will govern us without law. Mr. Roosevelt knows this; and he has known it for many years; and all his life he has been getting ready for it. And not only America, perhaps Great Britain as well, will turn to Roosevelt as the only force relentless and purposeful enough to carry through the very restoration in which the rest of the world will be involved. It is the inevitable outcome of the capitalist system that the workers of the world will become too poor to buy the things they make. We are already in sight of that culmination in America. We must hence reach the last accessible man and compel him to buy; we must sell to the uttermost man on the outermost edge of the earth, or our economic world-machine will fall upon itself. We Americans must have the market of China, else there will come a sudden day when twenty million men will be in the streets without work. And twenty millions of men will not go down to starvation without bringing down the national structure with them. Now Capitalism knows that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man that can be depended upon to get for it the Chinese market. It also knows perfectly well that our whole system of government has long since broken down. America is practically being governed without law. There is absolutely no constitutional method of social reform. There will be war with Japan for the market of China. There will be glutted markets, under-consumption of economic goods, universal unemployment, and the sudden standstill of industry and the paralysis of even the semblance of government. Roosevelt will seem the only salvation from Anarchy. When he returns to Washington he will return to stay as he means to stay. He is by nature a man utterly lawless, and the nation is now practically lawless. He and Roosevelt have the market of China, else there will come a sudden day when twenty million men will be in the streets without work. And twenty millions of men will not go down to starvation without bringing down the national structure with them.

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The Philosophy of a Don.

VI.—A Plea for Plagiarism.

Certain mean and malevolent persons have written to inform me that they have recognised in my "Philosophy" ideas and expressions which they remember having seen in the works of other Masters. This, if I mistake not, is a temptation to inordinate conceit, to covet, to annex it, are but three stages of one automatic function. It may be wrong, but what can I do? It is constitutional. I have the instinct of acquisition as highly developed as an Imperialist statesman.

"Have you no qualms of conscience afterwards?"

"I suppose I must have—in my sleep. The other night I dreamed that I was dead and that I went to hell. There is nothing surprising in that, you will say. Perhaps not. What shocked me, however, was the exquisite fitness of my punishment. I was condemned to march up and down the nether regions through all eternity bearing aloft an immense banner made up of all the passages I had stolen in my life neatly stitched together."

I gave my friend credit for, at least, one piece of original composition. A few weeks later, as his ill-luck would have it, I chanced upon the very book whence the rogue had gained his infernal dream. But for that accident—due to my exceptionally wide acquaintance with books—I should have continued to believe that my friend had invented that impressive banner himself. As it is, I only recognised in him a kindred spirit. Why should I not encourage him? He was ashamed to confess what he was not ashamed to do. I will not imitate him.

I suffer from no false shame in the matter of borrowing—for philosophically viewed, it is not stealing; only borrowing, or the innovation of the intellectual property, of course, to the individual from whom I borrow: nothing is more irritating than to have one's own stories repeated to one. No, I like to give back to the human race collectively what I have taken from its constituent members, as the clouds return in generous showers to the earth at large what they have absorbed in drops from her various seas. This is not a matter for shame, but rather for self-felicitations. The riches accumulated by the sweeter life's other men are mine to use and diffused; and those riches are like the waters of the ocean—the most you can swallow from them will not diminish their perennial supply.

But I do not believe in "acknowledgments" any more than the clouds do. I am content to know that I think in invented commas; but I do not consider it necessary to keep saying "that phrase is So-and-So's, not mine." Conscientiousness of this kind rings a little suspicious to my ear. Methinks, it is too much of a weak premise to the pride of learning—and a pride of a peculiar offensive type: the pride which parades itself under the mask of humility. Lucifer in his everyday accoutrements is a respectable person enough; he only becomes despicable when he assumes the garb of the grass-snake. In the same way, the modesty of men of letters which proclaims itself by the display of invented commas has always impressed me as only a more subtle, more sophisticated, and more intolerable form of vanity.

Personally, I prefer to pay to my readers the delicate compliment of pretending that they are able to distinguish, without any extraneous assistance, between the words of my own brain weaving and those of my borrowed. I do not suffer from no false shame in the matter of borrowings, but I do not imitate him. I borrow from others; and, if I ever employ invented commas, I do so from higher motives than that of mere ostentation of learning. On one occasion, for example, I found it expedient to pass off an invention of my own under the sanctimonious guise of the genuine work of some established reputation—Moses, Solomon, Daniel, or whatever the contemporary equivalent might be for our Shakespeares, Bacons, and Barabbas Shavs. No! They acted as they did because they had a positive doctrine to assert, and they did not cultivate at any cost—even at the cost of self-effacement. I have no such ambition. Indeed, I should be very angry if anyone suspected me in a desire to proselytize.
Therefore, I see no reason whatever why I should sacrifice my identity and honesty by masquerading under another prophet's mantle. Happen what may, I am prepared to bear unflinchingly the whole of the glory that the work may be, whether it be, in part or in whole, imputed to the author of this stupendous work.

Why, then, did I, in that memorable instance, father upon a hypothetical parent the legitimate offspring of my own compulsion? It was so by the necessity of showing that what at first sight looked like a self-contradiction was really a profound generalisation. I had ventured, for the first and last time in my life, to perpetrate a paradox; and the proof-reader, unaccustomed to such things, quarried the phrase on the margin, and suggested an emendation.

"Evidently," I said to myself, "the proof-reader can make no sense of this; what assurance have I that other readers will be more fortunate?" For some weeks I writhed between the horns of an excruciating dilemma: whether to turn my paradox into a platitude by adopting the proof-reader's emendation, or to delete the phrase altogether. Both operations seemed equally painful. At last, a happy compromise occurred to me. I decided to preserve my dictum intact, but to tone down its dazzling brilliance under the shade of inverted commas. By doing so I saved to the world a phrase at the sacrifice of personal fame.

That was the only time when I indulged in this sort of inverted plagiarism; and since then I have amply repaid myself for that solitary act of literary suicide. So far from uttering my own thoughts under an alien mask, I have-appropriating such offerings to the public, undetected, all the precious and rare gems that I have picked up in the various intellectual bazaars wherein the delight of my life to explore and to deploil—have more especially as some of those bazaars are inaccessible to the ordinary man; for, being a scholar and a philosopher and one gifted with seeing eye, I love to depart from the beaten track of original creation, and, roaming leisurely about the labyrinthine alleys of our great libraries, I note and copy many curious things which, if properly appreciated, may serve as a corrective of the picturesque vagaries of writers who mistake their mental indigestion for divine inspiration.

As there is one class of man I abominate, it is the fussy, crusty, musty, literature detective, who thinks it wrong to plagiarise anything that may not be too incriminating; for, as it is so easy to descend into the dark recesses of our great libraries, to show the various editions of the Old Testament, to show the various degrees of probability, plausibility, possibility and impossibility attaching to various historic statements. That method be universally adopted—which the gods forbid!—a publisher's prosaic establishment would soon be converted into a lunatic asylum, and a writer's pages into an unequally moral.

Far so far as I am concerned, my "Philosophy," by that rule, would be transfigured into something like a parody on Joseph's coat; each passage, often each particular sentence, would have to be printed with inky marks of different colours, ranging from the blackest dye, marking pure and undiluted plagiarism, to the faintest pink, indicating the various degrees of theft which constitute an author's usual titles to originality. Such a process would obviously be too expensive for the publisher and too humiliating to the writer. If the reader is so minded, he is at liberty to picture these pages printed in that fashion.

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In Santa Croce.

By Francis Grierson.

I.

Years after Enren Renan had ceased to believe in religious ceremonies he confessed that he could, were he to give way to his feelings, pass whole hours every day at the cathedral, musing over the old church, meditating on the mystic signs and symbols, in the dim light, shut off from the noises and the crowds of city and street. Most old churches have something in common, yet all possess some individual characteristic. A cathedral can be called "aura" of its own, created by the shape and the dominant colour of the stained glass windows. And I found, after a long experience, that all have their days, hours, and seasons, like mortals, and even certain people. There is something personal in their mystical quality, and it is useless to attempt to take them by storm. Rarely does an ordinary tourist get so much as a glimpse of the soul of an old church; what they usually see is the glare, if the sunlight strikes the windows. No lasting impression has been made because no understanding has been attained. When I first entered Notre Dame de Paris, in 1869, what impressed me most was the somber purples of the stained glass, and after that the deep depression caused by the funereal aspect of the whole interior. It was a place where a Savonarola might have announced the downfall of the Empire in accents fitting the mystical terror of overpowering people by their gloom. Notre Dame on a cloudy day in autumn is the first degree of a purgatory for saints and sinners alike.

No wonder the middle ages was a time of fear and trembling for those whose faith was fixed in the rites and ceremonies of the Church. But imagine Bossuet delivering one of his great funeral orations in one of the old churches of Paris. A memorable prison for prelates, poets, monks and mystics! I spent a whole winter poring over the orations of Bossuet and the great classical preachers of his time, and I too, after the lapse of centuries, felt the fire of his eloquence, and I seemed to hear the terrible words pronounced from a pulpit of gloom in the midst of flickering tapers, before a congregation of Royal Princes, nobles and the greatest dignitaries of France, when the foundations of Royalty seemed to be slipping from under the feet of the brilliant orator, during a silence in which all held their breath: "Madame is dying—Madame is dead!" That was the time when poetry, literature and religion were inseparable.

From the sombre aspect of Notre Dame de Paris to the worldly splendours of Saint Isaac's at Saint Petersburg there is a wide gulf. In Saint Isaac's I could never more myself believe I was in a structure created for serious meditation. I could not discover or feel anything mystical or medieval here. Saint Isaac's is a fitting place for ordinary tourists who worship the magnificence of mammon, and who judge of the beauty by the cost, or of the worldly splendours of Saint Isaac's at Saint Peters-

burg there is a wide gulf. In Saint Isaac's I could count for more than poetic illusion and religious feel-

ing. Nevertheless it contains one priceless masterpiece: La Pietà of Michelangelo, enough to infuse a ray of divine fire into everything near it. After Saint Peter's it is a relief to get back to the calm mysteries, the superb colouring, the poetic enchant-
ments of cathedrals like those of Stras-

bourg, to say nothing of others in France and else-

where, or of the old churches which hold a greater charm than the vaster structures. Paris is the city for enchanting churches, but the finest music I ever heard was in the cathedral of Milan.

The secret of perennial youth is wonder. When things cease to evoke a sense of wonder mystery vanishes and art dies. When Emerson declared that the sight of flowers in spring no longer aroused in him the feeling of awe aroused in the heart of his friend when he had lost the sense of poetry, for when poetry withers wonder is an impossibility. This blase feeling in Emerson made of him an intellectualist, keen and alert, but not penetrative when dealing with the mystical genres of poetry and art. The Old Church of Santa Croce in Florence is certainly no place for the intellectualist. Here as nowhere else, we require to sense the poetic aura which pervades everything. Nothing is to be added to what I might call natural art. The form and tone of the interior are so simple and natural that everything not in strict harmony with this naturalness comes as a disagreeable surprise; for example, the female figure on the tomb of Rossini, which is as out of place in an amateur actress rehearsing a role in a classical drama. Rossini died in Paris in 1869, and his tomb in Santa Croce represents the best that Italian art could furnish, yet a more striking contrast could hardly be imagined than that created by this work, and that of former epochs here. Beside the work of the sculptor, the colours of the windows, the marble slabs under foot hiding the bones of so many knights, beside the pillars arranged to produce an illusion of distance, and so many other interesting and impressive things, what was to be seen in the wonderful old church? More important than all I saw some living, human beings. Ruskin says, with truth, that in landscape one fails to produce the desired effect when the artist has left out the living figure. An old church like Santa Croce destitute of the living is no better than a desolate tomb. The poor coming here to worship are the vital dews and accents in the solemn silence of the days, seasons and cycles of the centuries; they animate the marble with palpitating life and assume a kind of gesture for the dead. Italian gesture is sometimestic for part of musical eyes. I saw a lady, late, with an Italian actor could do with his arm and hands. We were amazed and delighted. But in a church like Santa Croce the gestures are not for the eyes, but for the soul. Great thoughts come from the heart, while a picture infuses a ray of divine fire into everything near it. Neither did I find that I was in a structure intended for nothing but ostentatious show.

But of all the great show places of the world the most pompous and the most pagan is Saint Peter's at Rome. A vast storehouse of polished marble, it imposes by its vastness, and its emptiness, its emptiness without a soul, without colour or warmth, character or mystery. Nevertheless it contains one priceless masterpiece: La Pietà of Michelangelo, enough
but that of some quaint garden, half shade and half sunshine.

Above all, Santa Croce is a place for poets. This is the real temple of the muses, where Michelangelo sits enthroned as the Jupiter of them all, poet before everything else, and for the best of reasons: poetry is the supreme medium of all the creative faculties. Dante possessed a greater imagination and more illusion. In the temple of Michelangelo there was no place for illusion. He was the greatest emotional realist. The Christian world has ever known. I can find no match for him in the ancient world except Isaiah, and I never could think of Isaiah looking like Dante. He is the divinity beyond the purely poetic and Michelangelo the ineffable artist, is very great. The truth is, Dante has to be reached, while Michelangelo reaches us; the one works on our imagination, the other on our feelings. And between the two powers—imagination and feeling—the last grips and holds, while the other moves us as in dreams. Compare the two heads—they are both here in Santa Croce—a cold, impersonal dignity characterises the features of Dante, who seems to be absent from our world; Michelangelo abides with us. He is emotion controlled by art, feeling expressed in sheer power.

His bust which sits above his tomb is so intensely real that the large and powerful statues below, which are intended to mean many and nothing in comparison. Of all the faces known in the world of art, that of Michelangelo contains the most expression. All his work in marble is simply the result of this, the hamper power in this sense. His marble too often leans to violence, as in Rodin and Zola. The realism is not muscular contortion and violent gesture, but the expression of power from within.

A genius like Michelangelo does not seek to impose on us his theories and his thoughts; he attains the miraculous by creating a form for his emotions. How is such a thing possible in marble? It is done in music and poetry, but how can the cold marble embody an emotion, or rather a whole universe of emotions? Yet this has been accomplished in the marbles known as "Night and Day," "Morning and Evening." In the figure supposed to symbolise the evening we are face to face with the decline of ages.

The poet can see from what a distance such a figure descends. Every evening has had a morning, and the morning of this wonderful figure endured from Romulus to Caesar, its noon from Saint Augustine to Dante, and now the twilight of the Renaissance descends on a world withering under the immeasurable weight of all the art and empire of a swift and abysmal civilisation. All supreme art is nothing but a stupendous effort to shorten the shadow of death that looms in perpetual menace before the imagination of us all.

Compared with this mountain, always visible to the poet, all other realities appear as pleasant hills, fleeting clouds, and ephemeral passions; compared with this Reality the world itself is a sham, ambition a lie, popular applause a deception, the opinions of people a futile imperfection.

Dante's true greatness was shown in his attitude towards the world—he put it behind him long before he passed away, and in the life of Michelangelo, who lived in the mountain of the world, nothing mattered. The most robust genius seen in the light of clouds, and ephemeral passions; compared with this, the greatest effort to shorten the shadow of death has no more relation to the opinions of the world than the highest art had to the opinions of the man in the moon. Dante, Beethoven, Goethe, Michelangelo, and a thousand others here and there were, and are, possessed by the one mystery, the unfathomable mystery that has nothing to do with praise or blame, censure or appreciation; that man, we may do, say, must and will persist in working out what he sees and what he feels. The man who works for popular applause does so either because he is limited to the little things of the day or because he has not yet learned to know his true powers.

It was to Santa Croce that the poet Vittorio Alfieri used to come to seek for inspiration, and his lines beginning "O gran padre Alighieri," were addressed to the Dante monument here. For myself I prefer the much simpler motto of a tomb of Alferi. It is the work of Canova, simple, beautiful and serene; and perhaps after this tomb the one that impresses me most is that of Galileo, whose face is turned towards the skies, and whose attitude suggests the sublime thought of Immanuel Kant, who said that the two things which move him most were the "starry heavens and the moral law."

Exhibitions.

By Walter Sickert.

When Bismarck was asked in 1893 by the American Minister for an expression of opinion on the World's Fair at Chicago, he said, "If I were to give an honest expression of my view that would probably be such as it may be difficult to explain to persons having no political knowledge.

A writer on the politics of the picture trade, however, fortunately has no such reasons for reticence. Though it is probably an unpopular thing to say, I am inclined to think that the stagnation in that trade, of which we hear loud complaints on all hands, is partly due to similar reasons. I think the price of the commodity has been forced up beyond its proper value. And of that forcing up I am inclined to think that the exhibitions, habit, developed to excess, is one of the chief causes.

Neither scolding nor lamentation will help us. I should certainly not be depriving myself, as I am, of too little leisure that is left to me, nor handling such a detestable instrument as the pen, if I did not think I could point out certain useful truths. I believe that I see these truths clearly enough, and I see no signs that they are sufficiently understood by writers on art who are not artists. "Si nous avons quitté nos travaux et nos plaisirs, Mister Jonson et moi, ce n'est pas pour des prunes."

What I believe myself to have learnt in these matters is due to a residence of many years in France. It is due to the observation of consequences that I can see and have undoubtedly accured to painters and painting in that country, from conditions and attitudes that do not prevail here. Not only do they not prevail here, but they exist here, and on the canvases of our own country are moved outside a handful of people almost small enough to be described as a family.

I believe that the painter is very largely the mere dupes in the prevalence of the exhibition habit. That he is playing the game of others with little advantage to himself. That he is making the running rather for landlords, dealers, framemakers, colourmen and experts, than for himself and his own development. As in all human error, a large part is involuntary and passive. We do as our fathers did, only more so. They founded societies and academies. We form more societies and more academies. They liked
“honours.” So do we. If we cannot get the best letters after our names, we are inclined to form a new society and get other letters. One set of letters in the long run conveys as much as another set. We think if we get into “Who’s Who,” and our addresses into “Art and Artists,” and have our work reproduced in “The Studio,” it will somehow, in some vague and mysterious manner, do us good, advance us towards the Millennium. We find that these things procure us wine merchants’ circulars, money-lenders’ advertisements, and income-tax forms, and nothing much else.

In the production forced upon us by the exhibition house, its colour, its style, its mannered phrases I cannot imagine. They are difficult enough to follow even with the whole permanent. And I also respectfully doubt whether I have not been to the students of Oxford who listened to Dr. Stopford Brooke’s Lectures, originally issued seven years ago. To me and George Bourne, for example, which are of per-

The main and real sore is this. We are forced into painting the exhibition picture, on a scale that does not suit either our technical equipment or our modern architecture. And the only billet for the exhibition picture is the permanent gallery in the provinces or the colonies. And there are not enough colonies and provinces to go round. What does the rank and file member of an exhibiting society think of his galleries, his guineas or so, and his framemaker’s bill? An expensive cup of tea for his family and a small party of ladies at the private view, and his name, in bourgeois, in the papers, if he is lucky, once every six or seven years. He hopes that he is paying dearly enough, a little accretion of prestige. Does he get what he is paying for? And note that in some cases the poor devil has the naiveté to put up with the chance of having his year’s work rejected, by a committee of his own choice.

The devil has the naiveté to put up with the chance of his work being hung. Probably his wife’s too. These are the minor, and only occasional troubles.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

AFTER a very long interval I have been reading a book of Sir Leslie Stephen’s: “English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century,” a volume in Messrs. Duckworth’s “Half-Crown” Readers’ Library. This “Readers’ Library” is an enterprise of great virtue. It is advertised as “a series of copyright volumes of individual merit and permanent value,” and it certainly contains books, by Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson, and George Bourne, for example, which are of permanent value. I find myself, however, unable to admit that Dr. Stopford Brooke’s “Studies in Poetry,” or Mr. Joseph McCabe’s “St. Augustine and His Age,” are any more permanent than a domestic animal is permanent. And I also respectfully doubt whether there is any permanence in any publisher’s offer to provide a table of contents or titles to the several lectures. You walk into the porch of the book as into the dark. I have a considerable esteem for Sir Leslie Stephen, as all users of the “Dictionary of National Biography,” must have felt, and contributions to the dictionary have always seemed to me to be very excellent. He is really erudite; he differentiates well between the important and the unimportant; his taste is cultivated; and he can keep calm about heroes. But such qualities, sufficient for a dictionary article, do not suffice for the full equipment of a literary critic, whose creative force, whose imaginative force, must possess an alluring or a compelling individuality. Sir Leslie Stephen lacks these. He may be able to condense; he certainly is not able to expand. He is admirable in the arrangement, judiciously kept under the covers, and he certainly is not able to expand. He is admirable in the arrangement, judiciously kept under the covers, and a failure in clothing the exhibition picture, on a scale that does not suit either our modern technique, or our modern architecture. He is admirable in the arrangement, judiciously kept under the covers, and a failure in clothing the exhibition picture, on a scale that does not suit either our modern technique, or our modern architecture. He is admirable in the arrangement, judiciously kept under the covers, and a failure in clothing the exhibition picture, on a scale that does not suit either our modern technique, or our modern architecture.

In the same connection I may state that at least one of the authors of the opening volumes of Messrs. Nelson’s new series of novels at a florin, has been paid £2,000 in cash for his book. Correspondents are apt to remark that I seem to be very interested in the cash side of literature. I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am. Apart from an unholy desire to be able to look my landlord and my greengrocer in the face, I am very interested in the cash side because I am.
of short stories; not as a novel, nor even as a "work of ingenious specification." Writers of contemporary and conversion before them, I trust that other publishers will now abandon the pernicious habit of falsely describing books of short stories as novels.

Present-Day Criticism.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that the writers of inferior fiction should comprehend what suffering a reviewer has had to endure before he becomes belligerent. Lively and warm-blooded criticism is the resort of only very desperate reviewers; reviewers, moreover, whom even the horrid insults offered nowadays to literature cannot induce to surrender the standards really held not against themselves but against the attitude. For they are legion and we are very few

So thoroughly have most critics learned that detachment is the best attitude for criticism, so overwhelmingly have we carried into practice this dictum, that the motive of criticism, which is to make the best prevail, has become obscured. The standard of taste is immaculate and invincible, and no man may touch it except with his written permission. This neglect of critics to keep the literary atmosphere pure has allowed the commercial author and the publisher to believe themselves dictators of taste.

Of recent years the early decease of reviewers has been made a bye-word. Conscientious critics die young. All writers of the Order are excellent craftsmen and have travelled a great deal. Everyone of their order has unpicked their mattresses every spring. They are to the Continent, and it is profitable to peruse their cuts to the bone and bites to the brain and blinds to the judgment scale. But he achieves this by bearing these tom-toms at their own game, an exploit impossible to anyone who happens not to be born with the ear for cacophony.

For a reviewer whom literary offences only render desperate, there are temptations to detest and hate and loathe and despise with a personal superciliousness the writers who take advantage of the nervous break-down of critics and of the consequent anarchy of taste. Both health in criticism, which health is free play of the mind, and the condition of health, which is liberty to express a motive of criticism, which is to make the best of critics and of the consequent anarchy of taste. Both health in criticism, which health is free play of the mind, and the condition of health, which is liberty to express that the motive of criticism, which is to make the best health in criticism, which health is free play of the mind, has permitted the commercial author and the publisher to believe themselves dictators of taste.

One of the results of the continued ill-health of critics is the power exercised in English fiction by a large and unselect body of writers who have one and not the "Daily Telegraph," Mr. James Douglas manages to keep his whistle wet. He keeps in tune with the masterpieces of the critics de young. All writers of the Order are excellent craftsmen and have travelled a great deal. Everyone of their order has unpicked their mattresses every spring. They are to the Continent, and it is profitable to peruse their cuts to the bone and bites to the brain and blinds to the judgment scale. But he achieves this by bearing these tom-toms at their own game, an exploit impossible to anyone who happens not to be born with the ear for cacophony.

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One of the results of the continued ill-health of critics is the power exercised in English fiction by a large and unselect body of writers who have one and only one canon by which they work. They used, before this title became cheap, to call themselves artists. So still do style each other. But the newest distinction among them is to be a literary craftsman. These craftsmen write you anything you will, from an epic to a paragraph. It must be admitted—and herein lies their power and the danger of them—that they are excellent craftsmen; but that is all they are. And while they imagine themselves to be maintaining Literature, they are actually depressing Art to the level of their excellent craftsmanship. Knowing the value of a tight market, they usually publish only one novel a year; though, with truly mechanical zest, they could produce four or five works of equal quality. They have travelled a great deal. Everyone of their order has done the Continent, and it is profitable to peruse their books if you are going to Spain or Italy; for they are better than the books which guide to the most comfortable hotels and the boarding-houses where people absolutely unpick their mattresses every spring. They are to the unwary young writers, who take them for models, what a grammar is to a child—an inoculation against classical enthusiasm. They have perverted the public, and have made it a more desirable thing to describe, with excellent craftsmanship, a dinner and the restaurant, or to copy down exactly the conversation of a rustic, or to ring the marriage bells for the billion time, than to offer the sacrifice of time and money and prejudices which fits a writer to treat a worthy and beautiful subject.

These excellent craftsmen, these engineers in literature, have constructed and laid down and macadamised to oblivion many of the ways. However, they have their limit. They would certainly not sacrifice the popularising Parnassus. But they don’t know where it is.

Though no one can prophesy, it is at least possible that if critics could reduce the pretensions of this class of writer—an expert will say confidently—there—of inferior fiction might be created.

REVIEW.

OLIVIA L. CAREW.

There is no doubt that the author favours a particularly crude and unprincipled character. Richard Carew, a man who has a moderate inherited income, sacrifices a dream of succeeding as a painter for what was "in his own mind almost as doubtful," the chance of excelling as an architect. In this profession opportunities for success are more likely, carew says, "I'll take the risk;" and, if he be not mistaken, he will find that it is true.

Having thus chosen the second best for himself, he becomes, in consequence, "half-cynical, half-humorous towards life. He goes to America for a holiday, "partly for business, partly because he is restless;" this half-everything of a man, in Boston, finds something which completely interests his nature. It is the spectacle of a girl, bent with all her mind and heart upon perfecting her intellectual faculties, and not merely desiring fame but honestly working to get it. Carew, " thinking her the loveliest little creature alive," and being troubled by no doubts as to his right as a second-best individual to pursue her, marks down his quarry. And now we may examine the character of Olivia, because upon her actual character depends the worth of the author's deduction of Olivia's probable movements. Miss Syrett makes the girl accept Carew's unprovoked proposal of marriage, be driven to misconduct for the sake of experiencing that passion Carew apostrophises, and, finally, give up her intellectual ambition to return to the arms of her delighted and all-forgiving husband.

We soon discover by fixing our attention upon certain facts, that Olivia was fundamentally the ideal partner for a cynical, sensual man. Her idea of culture was to cram for examinations, read no novels, go to no theatres, talk about Emerson, and attend institutional lectures! We are informed that "she had the scrupulous nicety, that almost sacred purity of surrounding, which made her house, as well as her person, a temple of cleanliness, and the profession of either the unpardonable sin." So unpardonable in Olivia's eyes was this sin that she accepted Carew's proposal to marry after three days' acquaintance, although she shrank from his kiss as a "besmirchment of her purity." This soap-and-water cleanliness, this purity skin-deep acted as a mad incitement to the half-cynical, half-humorous Carew. He thinks her so young, so babish, so fluffy. "In her lack of responsiveness he read merely a girlish modesty which he respected as he would have respected the innocence of a child. When she was his wife everything would naturally be different." A month or so later, the "child" becomes his wife. And the rest of the book sneers and jeers while Olivia's pretentious culture and shallow purity are gradually beaten down. She imagines that Carew will allow her to continue her study of short stories as novels.

The NEW AGE

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was the mental and moral warfare in a new spirit of realism which the whole of the material employed to make "The Mystery of the Green Heart" of six-shilling length is summed up by Mr. Max Pemberton in the evidence given by his detective-prince at the trial of the inevitably innocent gentleman charged with poisoning the owner of the jade heart.

There is apparently nothing new to be done in the amateur detective line. The Prince, like Sherlock Holmes, beats Sir Somebody of Scotland Yard at his own game, always foreseeing events and turning up at crucial moments with tedious infallibility. In the Holmes stories, all capably short, the interest is hung upon the method of the detective's brooding, and his readers to be curious about the personal history of the poisoned woman, Lady Anna; and so every fresh arrival (and the newcomers are countless) upon the scene of the mystery contributes some detail of the lady's character or of her past. A long chapter describes the trial of the innocent accused. It is not so interesting as a murder column in the "Star," because we feel sure Captain Ferman is going to get his man. Mr. Waineman, however, is able to convey to his readers the conviction that every conceit of the writer's imagination is worth putting into a novel.

Mr. Waineman comes to grief on all these three readings of his book, which is a psychological "study" of the maiden and married feelings of two feminine phantoms of his imagination, begins with a psychological study of two tomfits! Mr. Waineman penetrates to the minds of the tomfits in his very first paragraph. "The sire was quite unconscious of the near presence of humanity in the summer-house near by." One pines to understand deeper. True, Mr. Waineman tells us a great deal about how the dear birds loved spring and how good the straw smelled in their nostrils. But even the precious information that they "vaguely" felt the delirium of youthful joys does not satisfy us. We cannot help wondering whether they knew Queen Anne was dead and such things so important to the story of the wife of Nicholas Fleming. But the feminine phantoms are the wife of Nicholas Fleming. They were so exactly alike, you see, that when one of them was drowned the other one took her place! In order to convince us of his truthfulness to life and nature, Mr. Waineman has written down everything that girls ever did or leaned upon anything, or coughed, or were stung to the quick, or bit their lips but what their creator had it down in his notebook. He describes a sudden fear which came to one of their hearts, at ten lines' length, and one is bound to believe it, because a page and a half afterwards it occurs again with natural phenomena to support it. "All at once she shivered; the air became cold, and the atmosphere heavy."

Palacio-Valdes said: "Epics which reflect entire civilisations, but not contemporary modern novels." And he meant to complain about the insobriety of modern novels. But how querulous and unreasonable seems this sort of objection when one compares, let us say, the anger of Achilles the Achilian with the wealth and depth of emotion of an Anna Avelan of the Villa Mon Repos.

First Love. By Marie Van Vorst. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

Miss Van Vorst in her dénouement is guilty of a very wicked lapse from moral logic. She tells the story of John Bennett's love for Mrs. Bathurst, who has a pig of a husband. It is an old and ordinary situation; but so long as the author sticks to realism she carries us along the old road at a fine speed. John and Mrs. Bathurst are quite charming people, and conduct themselves with all possible restraint until the
husband dies. In the natural order of things they would have married each other, being nicely in love. The natural ending is rejected.

In a novel called "Valerie Upton," by Anna D. Sedgwick, the very coarse conclusion ruins a good book. Mrs. Upton is represented as a woman of extreme refinement. Her daughter Imogen is a roughshod Puritan, and supposed to inherit her heavy feet from "papa," Imogen disgusts her lover, and finally she marries someone else. Jack comes to love Mrs. Upton, who is one of the eternally young women. He finds nothing to prevent an avowal, and he makes the avowal. She fences. He stammers, "Yoe—you haven't anything else to say to me?" "Nothing, my dear Jack, except that I wish you were my son." Miss Sedgwick does not allow us to suppose she sees anything vulgar and even brutal in this speech from a woman who has sensibility that makes half the material of the story. But it is clear from that sentence that poor "Papa" was not altogether to blame for the bathos and brutality in Imogen. Mamma also could use the hobnail.

In "First Love" two people who have always behaved with as much modesty and restraint as their unhappy circumstances permit suddenly are imagined by the writer to have become false to themselves. The thing might conceivably have happened in real life; but, in the case of a woman, being thoroughly conventional animals, would have betrayed their fundamental vulgarity in a score of ways. It is true that Mrs. Bathurst long endured the presence of an obnoxious husband, and the world nowadays might thereby suspect her of having a rather thick skin. On this suspicion her subsequent conduct is comprehensible. But then Miss Van Vorst precisely gives us to understand that the wife has her own apartments. Also, Mrs. Bathurst's supposititious callousness, even if admitted, would not account for the insensibility so suddenly developed by John Bennett.

We must decide either that the two characters have been wrongly presented up to the two hundred and eighty-fifth page, or that the author thenceforth despaired of parting from realism and taking to imagination, falls into moral inverisimilitude. The book is worth reading for its earlier chapters; the first one is truly affecting. The style is rather raw, occasionally uncouth; but the sincerity of the incident, and the natural dialogue compensate for a small shock to literary taste. Miss Van Vorst would doubtless have avoided some pitfalls if she had taken Mrs. Bathurst for her more intelligent character. Nevertheless, however, she presents him dramatically, not psychologically.

OTHER BOOKS.

Folk-Lore of the Holy Land. By J. E. Hanault. (Duckworth. 5s.)

Every race has its "folk." The Germans have their little folk (kleinevolk), the Swiss their earth and hill people. And these weird people breathe into the ears of the country people superstitions, mythology, traditions, customs, and what not. Mr. Hanault, a close student of Syrian character, has gathered into his book many of the stories of the Sinai-Arabs. It is difficult to place them in their right setting from the primitive Palestinian legends, anecdotes, ideas and superstitions. They are just a quaint compound of puerility and wisdom; all alike delightfully fantastic and impossible, quaintly humorous and queerly realistic, and everywhere strange anachronisms project and stick like burrs. We learn in one how the devil sneaked into Noah's Ark under the disguise of a Russian pilgrim; Adam "smoking his narghileh"; and learn how Noah turned his bitch and she-ass into damsels and palmed them off on the two suitors who were clamouring for the hand of his daughter. Two or three features should be noted. Though a book of Oriental tales it is one for polite ears, and readers of all kinds may turn to it without fear of encountering any frankness not met in Mrs. Hanault's book. Again, it has nothing to do with origins or the analogies of comparative mythology. It is a delightful book of quaint stories, with a charm and scientific importance of its own. This is the second edition. The notes are fairly exhaustive, but an exhaustive index is still needed.

The Marriage Ventures of Marie-Louise. By Max Billard. (Nash. 12s. 6d. net.)

The lives of French queens seldom make interesting reading. They furnish for the most part records of women who are but mere ciphers, and whose careers are not by any means comparable with those of the fabled Egyptian and Assyrian queens. Occasionally, however, a woman has occupied the throne of France whose circumstances has conspired to invest with a robe of tragedy and the halo of a popular heroine. Marie Antoinette and Josephine are notable examples. Such women deserve to be written about, but the rest—women who are not sovereigns by achievement, not reformers and not conquerors, not unlike her husband at heart, or behind the throne, not prime movers in epoch-making events—these women might very well be neglected by biographers. Marie-Louise is a negligible quantity. She was an Austrian, and, like many other Austrian women, was fickle, unstable, unattractive. Marie Antoinette and a recent Queen of Saxony are further examples. She was not even politically strong. Her one uncertain claim to attention was her commonplace feminism for women. The author has made this book, and in order to make it appeal to a wide audience that cares for society notes or court scandal of the Lady Cardigan brand, he has made it appear that the archduchess who married Napo-

The Queen's Historical Jesus. A Critical Study of Reimarus to Wrede. (Black. 10s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Schütz's latest light on "the quest of the historic Jesus" is a negative one. In his book he brings together a great number of learned Germans—religion.
ists and rationalists—Reimarus, Hase, Schleiermacher, Strauss, and others. With them he associates Rénan and Taine. With one or two, he may say, if it were as it were, sets them talking of Jesus—especially that Jesus which they were chiefly occupied in resurrecting by their researches. He does this so successfully that there is no chapter that is not sound and sketched in with a considerable knowledge and a wealth of detail of the philosophical and Christological speculation of the authors to which it is devoted. As a result of all this talk the author declares that “Jesus as a concrete historical personage remains a stranger to our time; but his spirit which lies hidden in his words is known in simplicity and its influence is direct.” This failure to obtain a convincing portrait of the historical Jesus is not surprising when we remember that the Son of Man comes to all of us, and to each of us he appears in a different guise. As a matter of fact, his portrait varies just as each individual experience varies, as each individual’s desires and ideals vary. Certainly if Schwitzer had borne this metaphysical truth in mind at the outset he would not have started on his quest, or at least have set about it in a different manner. He should have recognised that religions are always changing, that in less than a century a divinity becomes unrecognisable, that each century has its own religion and forms its own conception of the ruling divinity, that in time there is nothing left but the spirit underlying these things. This is the only thing to approach that spirit truly and to symbolise the divinity which it represents much as the Greek symbolised the collective spirit of the Christos. He should have remembered there have been all sorts of Christ—Christ of the Roman-Gregorian, Christ of the Church of Leo X., the socialist-Christ of Leo XIII., the Christ of St. Paul, and the Christ of to-day. Then he would have seen the hopelessness of his task of creating a satisfactory portrait of Jesus from the research work of a number of individuals, and would doubtless have planned his work to deal in order with the birth, development, and character of the Jesus-spirit, first in Christ-myths, then in Jesus as Son of God, then as Son of Man. In this case his conclusion would not have been pessimistic, but the reverse. The work as it stands is a scholarly survey of the investigation of the life of Jesus by Germans and other theologians.

Self-Help. By Samuel Smiles. (John Murray. 15. net.)

Sin and Palestine. By Dean Stailey. (John Murray. 15. net.)

The River Amazons. By H. W. Bates. (John Murray. 15. net.)

These are the first three volumes of Murray’s Shelley Library, and we could have wished for some more classic classes than these. Still, we have no doubt that they will appeal to a public that is not open to our influence, and as mere books they are worth the money. They are well bound and printed, appropriately enough, on heavy paper, and we hope to see them peeping out of the coat pocket of every member of the Y.M.C.A. We dubiously welcome them as being instructive.

Drama. By Ashley Dukes.

The ominous sign of “House Full” has appeared of late upon the portico of the Repertory Theatre. I say ominous in any suspicion that all plays attractive to the general public are necessarily bad, but because the present playbill seems to indicate that a halt has been called and that some struggle is apparent between mobbery management and Quixotism. His original prospectus, issued to the Press in the form of a “heart-to-heart talk” about the theatre, showed that he had hit upon an original but entirely honourable method of losing a great deal of money. He was going to produce plays, plays by anybody and everybody, conversational plays and literary plays, plays with plots and plays without plots, debates and dialogues of every imaginable kind. In especial, he was going to produce the New Drama. “I advise the dramatist to learn the conventions of the theatre,” he said, “but chiefly in order to disregard them.” Indeed, Mr. Frohman seemed to have joined those enthusiasts who, in their hatred of the “theatrical” in every shape and form, will be content with no less than the complete emancipation of the drama. One could almost hear them prompting him. A plot? Quite unnecessary. Action? A superstition. Continuity, construction, technique? Away with them! Form? A sham. Stagecraft? A vulgar, laborious heresy. Let us soar.

The theatre has now been open for two months, and what has happened? First of all, every original play has disappeared. Justice had some twenty-five performances, which under a repertory system must be accounted a success. “Misalliance” had eleven, Meredith’s “The Sentimentalists” only six, and “The Madras House” nine. These latter must all have been, commercially speaking, failures.

Meanwhile the repertory has been whittled down to “Prunella” and “Trelawny of the Wells,” both of them revivals and both clearly popular. Hence the “House Full” phenomenon. I remarked the other week upon the entirely new audience attracted to the theatre by the production of “Trelawny.” The audience was noticeable at “Prunella.” It has a Dorothy-Minto-Irene-Vanbrugh air about it, and is no doubt largely attracted by these ladies, quite apart from the plays in which they appear. The little band of the faithful has been drawn in, and the wayward hope of receiving further crumbs of modern drama at Mr. Frohman’s pleasure. As with the audience, so it is upon the stage. The moderns have been ejected for the moment, and repertory is at a discount.

If all this only meant that we get “Prunella” instead of “Misalliance,” I for one should not quarrel with the exchange. “Prunella” was the Court Theatre “Peter Pan.” It has a way of pleasing everybody, and as it goes on for a very long time, there is no harm done. If you get tired of it one year, it comes back with a new freshness the next. Mr. Joseph Moorat’s odd, elusive melodies will bear hearing many times, and there are new actors to be seen in the old parts. As for the present revival, I thought it less happily conceived in cast and acting, but better in all other respects, than at the last performance at the Court Theatre in 1907. Miss Dorothy Minto seems to have got into a groove. As Prunella she does everything much as she used to do, but her work lacks imaginative quality. I like Mr. Charles Maude’s Pierrot better than Mr. Graham Browne’s, but Mr. Arthur Whitney misses the effectiveness of Scharlem. Miss Nigel Playfair is better in the last revival. The three old maids, Prim, Privacy, and Prude, are incredible as members of the same family. The new costumes are pleasing, and it was a happy idea to use Mr. Norman Wilkinson’s admirable scenery from “The Sentimentalists” for the Dutch garden.

Evidently this theatre will need, sooner or later, a safety-valve for its successes—another house, that is, whither plays like “Trelawny” and perhaps “Prunella” may be transferred for an undisturbed run. Unless some arrangement of this kind is made, the “repertory” will soon be no more than a name. Mr. Frohman owns or controls so many theatres that there should be no difficulty in establishing a second string, and he might have the additional satisfaction of making up commercially in the one house what he lost artistically in the other. This would probably have been Mr. Herbert Trench’s method at the Haymarket, had he not hit upon the easier way of turning and turning and “The Blue Bird,” and run them both out together.

At all events, it is certain that the original repertory audience, an extremely coherent and reliable audience, although small, will grow with its under a long course of visitors. It is to the place of the theatre, for they may object that it is not worth his while to satisfy the wants of these few hundred, or at most very few hundred, people, but without them he will not get any further.
Another revival has been Mr. Lewis Waller's production of "The Rivals" at the Lyric Theatre. Much of the individual acting here is good, but the whole performance lacks dignity and sense of form. It is a vulgarisation of Sheridan. The comedy of manners needs a high standard of rhythm of speech and restraint of bearing which this company seems quite unable to achieve. And O'Keeffe, droll as he is, forgets that the figures are modern people, fresh from modern fashionable comedy, practising their own particular tricks. They seem out for fun at any price. "The Rivals" is certainly full of very good fun, but it is not fun of Mr. Lewis Waller's and Mr. Robert Loraine's especial kind.

ART.

By Hunley Carter.

The National Gallery is again the centre of divided opinion; again an object of sensational interest not only to artists and the artistic, but to every honest person that despises snobbbery, jobbery, misappropriation of public funds, the fallacy of the traffic in aesthetic culture, and the impudens and impudent assumption of public taxation. The train has been fired by a letter to the "Morning Post," in which the writer, Mr. James Greig, claims to have discovered initials of Velasquez painted on a Recumbent Nude, and a modest nude on the line of Titian's Venus, proving incontestably that Velasquez, who resides abroad, and who advances the reasonable price of a recumbent nude, and a modest nude on the line of Titian's Venus is redolent of Paris and demi-mondaine life. Go to the National Gallery for the Venus, for it has not Velasquez' feeling or colour or exquisite art, and it is also obvious to any but ignorant people that the picture is not as old as Velasquez' time.

Looking through the correspondence called forth by Mr. Greig's letter, I find that my attack on the National Gallery Old Masters was in its main contention thoroughly justified, and I do not feel the least inclined to withdraw it. What was that main contention? It was that the National Gallery does not fulfil its purpose, and is not by any means what it claims to be; and nothing justifies its high charge of public maintenance. Such a contention was bound to fall with violent criticism. Several wrong-headed and puerile persons have opposed it. They, on their part, claim that the National Gallery does fulfil its purpose, and fully justify its existence, and this for three reasons. It affords an historical survey of the great schools of painters; it produces and promotes aesthetic culture in the public. The reply to this twaddle of twittering sparrows is that the National Gallery is not a representative collection of the great schools; it has big gaps, and it does not possess what it ought to possess. Many of the best specimens of the old masters in this country are not at the National Gallery. They are at Dulwich, and Windsor, and Hampton Court, and the Diploma Gallery, and elsewhere, and there are likely to remain till our peculiar and ha'penny paper views on art and art education have made their way to Hanwell. England once had the advices of forming a real and lasting representative collection of old masters. Charles I., who was an enlightened and intelligent collector, who not only encouraged great painters, but had agents in all the principal centres of artistic Europe, died before his works were bought. The loss to Paris, seeing that it is a picture by a Parisian artist, is redolent of Paris and demi-mondaine life. Go to the National Gallery for the Venus, for it has not Velasquez' feeling or colour or exquisite art, and it is also obvious to any but ignorant people that the picture is not as old as Velasquez' time.

As to the second point, I have yet to learn that hubbard, sad, and mad pictures, made-up pictures, vilely-restored pictures, fakes and dealers' booms, and pictures that sail daily under all sorts ofaliases, can inspire and produce profitable study for the painter. With regard to the attempt to confer aesthetic culture on the public, it may be said at once that it is an impossible one. The assumption that culture can be bought and sold like picture varnish is too silly even for the English race. But this question of the artificial stimulation of aesthetic culture has must appear to be simple-minded. It rests on that biological discovery which is leading us into a new age, and it is closely related to eugenics. Perhaps I might induce Sir Francis Galton, who has recently expressed cordial sympathy with the New Age departures in Art and Science, to throw some light upon the subject.

I have received further letters from painters and others who are convinced of the advisability of artists taking up arms in their own defence. Thus, Sir W. B. Richardson writes:

I have read all the art articles in The New Age just now. Absolutely healthy! If we allow the purely literary man to assume the place to be absolute arbiter it will be our fault. We must be up and at it, and teach the public not only by our brush, marble and stone, but by "words which, ever unacademic their diction may be, they read straight . . . I wish you success quite sincerely. It is just what is wanted.

And Sir Hugh Lane says: "The Art Supplement is the best thing of its kind I have come across." He is strongly of the opinion that painters should write about exhibitions. From Sir James Guthrie I have received the following:

I am very glad to see you so vigorously taking up the cause of art, and hope to be allowed to have my word among the rest.

Many who have adventured in the problems which art affords have forsaken wrangling and sought assurance in the quiet of the studio and the workshop; feeling, I daresay, that by keeping their talent furbished they could make the cause a great one from the beginning, for themselves at least. And I have shared this view of the matter, but have heard the rising tune of discontent and felt that we deserved not to wait long for public expression. Yet, to apportion blame would be hard while the artist is so willing to wait upon commerce (whose ideals he has apparently accepted as his own) and while a means of selling a vast accumulation of adventitious work is the extent of the reform he seeks. Many things will have to be done before the true way into The New Age, thanks to your benign energy. I hope the obvious developments will follow; a mere supplement will not satisfy us for long, you know.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Constantin Guys. By H. Grappe.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By Arthur Symons.

Hodler and the Swiss. By R. Klein.

RECENT MUSIC.

By Herbert Hughes.

Strauss and Anti-Strauss.

Strong men have been belabouring each other mightily over the question of "Elettra." The "Spectator" in its piety denounces it on the score of decadence, no less. Fancy dismissing Baudelaire or Verlaine from serious consideration as "artists beyond the pale" of their poetry! Surely it is one thing to object to Hofmannsthal's rendering of the Greek tragedy, and quite another to discuss the music of Richard Strauss to that rendering. The "Spectator"'s personality is being more than a little spoilt by its new style. Posters have not yet had a chance of "placing" Strauss as an artist, and the "Spectator," loathing Strauss, loses no opportunity to instruct future generations in the art of appreciation and in the polite exercise of polemics. Mr. Runciman in the "Saturday" utters a different shrill, and to the unintinitiated a more effective one. He labels it Kapellmeister-musik. (Think of the anti-theorist.) Now this is effective because it is wildly untrue, and we surmise that Mr. Runciman knows that.

In the correspondence columns of the "Nation" Mr. Shaw has firmly trounced Mr. Ernest Newman for raising the cry of "banality," which Mr. Newman will be rejoiced to see was also raised by the "Spectator." If a man has something to be banal he will take a lot of persuasion to convince him; not even historical comparisons will do. Personally, I cannot conceive any honest human being considering the Chrysosthenes music in "Elettra" banal. I can only think that the anti-Strauss crew are predisposed to fight against any sort of appreciation whatever, is so taken by surprise at the simple beauty of it that he seeks refuge in this cheap affectation. The score is spotted with uglinesses, but these are inevitable and are never insisted on for their own sake; the drama has moments of horror. Cankering agony, and the music in the most natural manner expresses this agony. Strauss is a realist, but in "Elettra" he has successfully avoided anything that could be labelled as meretricious realism. In my opinion he has in this opera reached a height of passionate beauty he had never attained before. I will not believe that Strauss sat down deliberately to invent the ecstasy and delirium of this music. Ecstasy and delirium have not yet become an exact science; thank goodness we have this one consideration left to us in these post-Wagnerian days. Even poor old Prout never promised us that we could be obscure by formula.

An entertaining concert was recently given by the Resident Orchestra of the Hague. Dr. Viotta, the conductor, came to the Queen's Hall with quite a good character, and in a conventional programme—a Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, Beethoven's Fifth, Mendelssohn's fiddle Concerto, and Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung"—he indicated a charming and romantic misbehavior of the classics. Under his baton the Bach was fussy and Beethoven merely bland. The "cellos were weak in the Brandenburg, which gave the feeling of the structure ever toppling over and never quite succeeding until the last bar. It was all played at an angle of 2 degrees. The Beethoven's performance was very funny. I had never realised how urban the Fifth Symphony could sound until the Dutch orchestra played it. It was played with the utmost good-nature and suavité, and sounded rather like one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. As a matter of fact this is a romantic orchestra. The wind instruments are superb, the wood in particular reminding one of the Lamoureux in Paris; each man is an artist of high merit, but is no great joy to hear them do anything. Their best performance of all was "Tod und Verklärung," a fine piece of Byronic romanticism—early Strauss (1886)—and in this I think they could give our orchestras a good coaching.

Although they accompanied in the Mendelssohn Concerto abominably (obviously from lack of proper rehearsal with the soloist), I rather liked the way the Dutchmen took the piece, or rather the way Miss May Harrison took them through it. There are two ways in which Mendelssohn is usually regarded: one as being the last of the Beethoven period, which is wrong; and the other as being a romantic early-Victorian, which is right. As a classic he is played formally, which is absurd. Miss Harrison was not afraid to rub in the tempo rubato (more power to her elbow) of which many of her critics disapprove. She let us have all the sentimentality, all the dash, all the deportment of that infamous composition. Truly he had the soul of a dancing-master.

Miss Harrison's playing is immensely improved, and she is now a violinist to be reckoned with. As a native artist, very young, she is in the front rank, and I have no doubt that before long she will possess that coveted thing, a European reputation. Her manner is her own; and so is her virtuosity.

Some books on music have recently come into my possession.* "Music and Socialism" is a well-meaning tract by Mr. Edgar Bainton containing a few excellent sentiments about music for the people and so forth, but of no literary or propagandist value. The "Development of Chamber Music" by Mr. Richard Walthew is a reprint of three lectures delivered at South Place Institute. This should fill a little gap in the student's library of text books. It contains some honest opinions. "Music: its laws and evolution" by Jules Combarieu is a worthy addition to the fine International Scientific Series of Messrs. Kegan Paul. It deals with the metaphysics and aesthetics of music in a profound and illuminating manner. It has been left to a French writer to present us, in this excellent translation, with our standard work on this subject. Until this appeared, we had not, in English, a volume of such importance, and to all those who care for the constructive criticism of music in its scientific aspect I can heartily recommend it. I cannot myself do justice to the book in a short notice, but I hope to refer to it again. "Unmusical New York" is superfluous. It is a bombastic advertisement of Mr. Klein's experience in America, in which nobody but Mr. Klein can possibly be interested. It is vulgarly written, and fit only for an impresario's bookshelf.

* "Music and Socialism." By Edgar L. Bainton. (Fellowship Press, 1d.)

** "The Development of Chamber Music." By R. H. Walthew. (Bookey and Co., 6d.)

*** "Music: its Laws and Evolution." By Jules Combarieu. (Kegan Paul, 4d.)

"Unmusical New York." By Hermann Klein. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BELLOC v. MR. SIDNEY WEBB.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Charrington is very kind to me in the article which he has written in the issue of April 21, but there are two points in his statements which call for a reply from the author of "The New Age." Mr. Charrington means by capital something other than that portion of the means of production which can be distinguished from land, we are using the same word to two different senses. Mr. Charrington further says I confuse
money payment with real wages. I never said a word about either, and nothing I wrote was within a million miles of the subject. Mr. Charrington objects to my suggestion of a servile State. I do not contest that definition nor attempt to expose any fallacy in it. I say that the unstable equilibrium of society like ours must end in one of three things: a collective State, a servile State, or a State in which the means of production are distributed among a very large number of citizens. I define the servile State, I say that it is an ideal antagonistic to the ideal of the collectivist State, the servile State or any else can be how or where I am wrong, I shall maintain that these three issues are the only possible issues to the present situation. For were I to deal with merely what is omitted my large readership will be in a position to judge whether I do not more upon your space. H. BELLOC.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Quite apart from the merits or demerits of the Minority Report and of the Bill which has been founded on it, will you allow me to tender a more emphatic protest against Mr. Charrington's "reply" (?) to Mr. Belloc in your last issue?

Personally, I have declared myself in favour of the broad principles of the Minority Report, although I am inclined to think that on first reading it I blue-pencilled the mendicity and vagrancy proposals as intolerable, but I confess that I thought Mr. Belloc's attack on the "Prevention of Destitution Bill" a very damaging one, and at least three Socialists, who had previously been enthusiastic for the Bill, have told me that they were gravely unsettled by it. I was, however, prepared to suspend judgment until I had heard the reply of the other side. If Mr Charrington's article is to be taken as that reply, I fear that judgment must not go by default.

Mr. Belloc's criticism was a perfectly fair one. He contended that the provisions of the Bill tended not towards Socialism (which he understands, but rejects as undesirable) nor towards the wider distribution of private capital (which he advocates, but I reject as impracticable), but towards the reduction of the unemployed to the status of slaves. In support of these contentions he draws a picture of the worker under "maintenance and training," separated from his family, compelled to work whether he likes it or not, and that whatever is dictated by others, forbidden to leave the "colony" as he wishes to do so, and obliged to accept any job that may be offered to him. This is a true picture of the Bill, there can be no doubt that Mr. Belloc has proved his case.

Does Mr. Charrington attempt to prove that it is not a true picture of any one word. His article consists of a résumé of the objections of Mr. Webb to the Minority Report. He accuses Mr. Belloc of holding opinions which everybody who has ever paid the smallest attention to his writings knows that he does not hold, and shameless and unscrupulous attacks to religious prejudice which Mr. Belloc had done absolutely nothing to provoke.

As far as I have engaged more than once in controversy with Mr. Belloc, I hope that for the honour of Socialism such methods will be abandoned and the case decided by the fair conflict of reason with reason.

Cecil Chesterman.

A Correction Corrected.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Miss Florence Underwood informs an amused world of an inaccuracy in my article. She wishes it to be thoroughly understood that she has an extremely high a priori respect for a paper which is apparently run in the interests of her opponents, these being, of course, the Liberal Government. Well, I will no longer suggest, since she objects, that she could not so far as she is able to pay for the only paper in England which is open for free discussion. I will take her objection ad litteram. But in that case I must ask her to tell us what her letter is to the "Academy." I am most unhappy to have brought a hometown nest about the ears of THE NEW AGE. It must be having roar with laughter," and of another picture, "Italy is packed with such tame and unpleasant specimens of Old Masters, and all waiting to be snapped up by the tradesman-collector." I quote the latter because it is too astounding
to be passed over in silence. I have not been a great deal in
London of late, and I have not gone to any of Mr. Huntly Carter's
shops, but I have read about some of the few exceptions, and
saw none but modern copies (which were certainly atrocious
enough !)--the exceptions being Old Masters either at
millionaire's prices, or so bad that evidently the tradesman-
collector hesitates to buy them (or they would not be still there!)

As to the former, I don't remember No 138, but he it
good or bad, who, in the name of all that is artistic, would
ever dream of taking the "sane person's" judgment as a
criterion of a work of art? Isn't it just that "sane person"
who deposnig to the damages to art and artists which Mr. Huntly Carter is for ever lamenting? Didn't he (the
same person !) laugh at the halfpenny papers! As a painter in a
very serious light, he hardly falls into the hubris of unknown
and budding geniuses; but there are quite so many of them as Mr. Huntly Carter would have
believe scared like a--MILDRED JENNINGS.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."  

I must gracefully retire. I cannot get at Mr. Carter. He
takes no sort of interest in the questions at issue, none of which will he answer. I had hoped that he would take them seriously and expose his views in the same vein as that in which he recently slew the Primitives, annihilated Velasquez, and reduced Raphael to smirheens. Unfortunately he would not rise to the bait.

I positively refuse to repeat the hackneyed passage of
Mr. Rosmer, in a letter in your issue of April 21st, affirms
that we are called upon to admire as being at least
equal to the best Old Masters, with a fervour hardly to be
matched in any animal, because men live by communication and sympathy with their fellows, and from these he is rigidly debarred; he is able also to look forward, which an animal cannot do, and he will multiply in his poor warped mind the grim horror of his hourly upstairs murder. Therefore I contend that so long as the law and the much-boasted sportsmanship of Englishmen foster cruelty, it is to be lacking in sanity to attempt to arouse thoughtful persons into hysterics over vivisection.

A further reason why they that operate on rabbits and dogs can discover a means of bringing some relief to the suffering masses of deformed and tortured human creatures, you can do liberty to the animals, and in a certain number of days he will have nothing to think of saving his own approaching violent and shameful death. His suffering exceeds that of any animal, because man live by communication and sympathy with their fellows, and from these he is rigidly debarred; he is able also to look forward, which an animal cannot do, and he will multiply in his poor warped mind the grim horror of his hourly upstairs murder. Therefore I contend that so long as the law and the much-boasted sportsmanship of Englishmen foster cruelty, it is to be lacking in sanity to attempt to arouse thoughtful persons into hysterics over vivisection.

If an expert could be got at the hubris of unknown
and budding geniuses; but there are quite so many of them as Mr. Huntly Carter would have
believe scared like a--MILDRED JENNINGS.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."  

Mr. Bax writes (THE NEW AGE, April 14): "My chief
point against Christianity is not the imperfections of the
Christ-figure, but the principle of bigotry and persecution
the religion of Christ introduced into the world. Further
down he says: "The anti-vivisectionists resemble a waspish
district-visitor who rails bitterly against a woman because the
doorsstep is filthy, but who takes no more notice of the
cruder filthiness of the woman's children." 

ARTHUR HOOD.

* * *

VIVISECTION.  

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."  

Mr. Rosmer, in a letter in your issue of April 21st, affirms
that he is unable to decide which of two reasons it is that
causal is more inert on the question of vivisection. His reasons are: first, ignorance of what
takes place; second, that "civilisation has made men unhuman and unholy towards others." But if Mr. Rosmer will lift his eyes from the too ceaseless contemplation of the vivisection question, he would, I think, discover far more natural causes than either of the two he has brought forward.

In the first place, the anti-vivisectionist is illogical. He
flings the question of vivisection in the face of his opponent, and then, to the question, "What would you do in its place?", he cannot see masterly painting in this latter picture he can see it in nothing, ancient or modern.

In his argument for vivisection, and for race-bettering and repairs, he finds them where they do not exist, and passes over the most regretted example of all. Hollein's famous "Duchess of Malfi" with the implausible condemnation, that especially
she has been badly damaged and repainted in several places. I will give him a loophole and say that perhaps it was this which made him describe Hollein's work as technically bad. . . . Phew! HUGUE BLAKER.
modern writer has said, that "not Caesar, nor Napoleon, not Plato, nor Bacon, as a rule, lived to-day for a little, or a thousandth part of that eighteen months' ministry of the provincial carpenter." The Christian explanation of the life and death of Jesus is, I think, really reasonable one, viz., that He who was born of the Virgin was God as well as man.

Believing this, then I really can't trouble myself with the problem who first introduced bigotry and persecution into the world. In bygone centuries Christians persecuted unbelievers with the rack, and Jews with the inquisition, because they perceived them by criticising their articles in The New Age! We are more gentle now than they were in the elder time, but why do Christians persecute at all? For the very same reason that they believe that they know the truth of this world and the meaning of life, and they want unbelievers, for their own sake, to know it too. Their methods of propagating their faith may be quite wrong, may be, in fact, quite inconsistent with the spirit of their religion, yet their intentions are good, and the end they have in view is intelligible.

E. H. DUNKLICK.

"THE LOGICAL CRITIC OF THE MODERNITY MOVEMENTS."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

My letter under the above heading in "The Academy," April 2, seems to have given your critic, Mr. Hanly Carter, a bad quarter of an hour. He realises the deadly blow this donkey's tail masterpiece has dealt to these movements, so he mis-states the case and tries to insult and libel me. I overheard his professional shouts of praise for whose living depends on his brush as if the idea of a picture by him was too horrible to be thought of, is to sail in peaceful and happy waters. I realise that Mr. Wake Cook, among other critics, was not "painted" by an artist using a donkey's tail as a brush, as he implies, but a brush was tied to a little exhibit, and dipped in various coloured paints. This donkey was irritated into whisking his tail in vigorous protest, the canvas was put within range, and in this way masterpiece of Impressionism was produced, and hung in the Salon des Indépendants. Mr. Carter says that the society has shown himself to be in his work, Mr. Wake Cook here mis-states the case and tries to insult and libel me. I grant that if a critic states that your readers have a distinct common bond in their appreciation of The New Age's social gospel. Should this view commend itself to a sufficient number of readers, action might be taken forthwith. A definite objective must then be chosen; why not a conducted tour at Witsuntide to the Hague, Scheveningen, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam? The cost would not exceed £4 in any case and might be less. One detail is essential, namely, the Guild of American Adhesion will guarantee to exempt from the charge of not fewer than twenty readers.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"A PROPOSED TOUR IN HOLLAND."

For reasons given below, it appears to me possible to arrange an enjoyable Whitsun tour, in which readers of The New Age should participate. The amount of touring on the Continent indulged in by the average man or woman is circumscribed by the limits of his or her income, and the fact is often overlooked that expenses are much reduced when such outings are not carried out on individualistic lines. Railway companies grant substantial reductions when twenty tourists journey together, and hotel proprietors have a reduced scale for a large company of visitors.

An objective, I think, will be desired, however, against touring in a party is the lack of a common denominator in tasks and ideas amongst the co-travellers. One wants to visit the Louvre; another wants to visit the Louvre; the proper enjoyment of one another's society might not exist between a Garden City artist and a Barnsley footballer. This consideration leads me to point out that it is possible, and just as intelligible, to suggest that your readers have a distinct common bond in their appreciation of The New Age's social gospel. Should this view commend itself to a sufficient number of readers, action might be taken forthwith. A definite objective must then be chosen; why not a conducted tour at Witsuntide to the Hague, Scheveningen, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam? The cost would not exceed £4 in any case and might be less. One detail is essential, namely, the Guild of American Adhesion will guarantee to exempt from the charge of not fewer than twenty readers.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"GROUP-PARASITISM."

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The law-workers are indeed a vexing interest. It is sickening to hear some of those Old Bailey barristers talk, they have no more regard for their clients as human beings than barristers have for mutton. And many of those grave and hoary-headed hypocrites who pass from being counsel familiar with all villainy


HIRST, F. W., "The City and Free Trade," Free Trader, May.


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25. G. K. CHESTERTON.

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