NOTES OF THE WEEK

Few of those who have written on the life and character of King Edward VII. have any title to be heard. Of the personality of the King most journalists could and did know nothing. One might almost suppose from the phrases of intimacy which fell from their pen that the late King was one of the best known of men. This in a sense he was. Nobody who occupied an English throne has ever before been so defiantly in the public eye. But nobody either has been more ignorant of the secret of his enormous influence in society and in the world, his indirection to the scholar and student, his love of pleasure and his rigid practice of duty, were shared by him with the vast majority of his subjects. These qualities were understood and appreciated exactly because they were common; and in their magnified form they made of King Edward the most popular and representative king that has perhaps ever sat upon a modern throne.

In the case of the late King it is not difficult to discern the romantic conception to which his personal qualities most easily lent themselves in the workshop of the Crown. For his qualities were in almost every case the typical qualities of the average Englishman. No man among his subjects was ever indeed more typically English, and no king was ever made to appear more symbolic in the largest sense of his people. It has never been recorded that King Edward ever had a taste for doing anything that the average Englishman does not himself desire to do. Moreover, he had the courage to follow his bent in the certainty that it would never lead him beyond the pale of the average Englishman's private approval. His love of sport, his aversion to the aesthetic, his love of travelling and mixing with men of the world, his indifference to the scholar and student, his love of pleasure and his rigid practice of duty, were shared by him in common with the vast majority of his subjects. These qualities were understood and appreciated exactly because they were common; and in their magnified form they made of King Edward the most popular and representative king that has perhaps ever sat upon a modern throne.

World the impression of a great man as well as of a great king.

This identity with his age and nation was, no doubt, the secret of his enormous influence in society and in politics. In society his will was law, because he was the King, but still more because he was the ordering of what is English. We deny altogether that he was merely, if at all, the first gentleman of the Empire; above and beyond this trivial claim, he was the first man. In politics this enabled him to stand outside the party system as few public men have succeeded in standing, as still fewer could have stood in his position. Nor was this entirely due to tact, as the eulogists suppose. Impartiality in politics was so natural to him as to seem at times sheer indifference. At this very moment we may frankly confess that nobody outside the charmed circle of the Crown can truthfully say what the King's opinions were even on the vexed question of the House of Lords. We were able to report almost verbatim his celebrated conversation with Mr. Asquith at Brighton; but in the press and elsewhere, as we saw with interest, the text of his remarks was edited out of all recognition. Once more, in fact, it was the personal element that prevailed and impartiality that was made to appear. This aloofness from partisanship, existing naturally at first and afterwards magnified by the diplomacy of his entourage, undoubtedly reflected the real impartiality of the average Englishman in politics. For it is true, let bottom, that the Englishman is no partisan. John Bull is neither a politician nor a lover of partisanship.
politicians. To him the whole breed is no more than a necessary nuisance, of whom one set is on the whole as good as or bad as another. By enacting this view of things, King Edward was assured of the inward assent of all his people.

We turn for another illustration to his much advertised work as the nation's ambassador abroad. Here again, when once the aggrandising medium of Royal effulgence is dissipated, we see the average Englishman in action. It is highly probable that of all the treaties and compacts, marriages and arrangements which King Edward VII. is popularly supposed to have accomplished, no more than a single one here and there was really due to his premeditated strategy. Short of that, he had little. What there was needed of strategy in his foreign policy was supplied by the officials of the Diplomatic Service, whose work was doubtless considerably lighter than on the circumstances of his reign being related by the blood or by marriage with at least six of the leading kingdoms of Europe. To these kingdoms he stood, as the Continental papers habitually represent him, in the position of uncle, friendly, sincere, frank and somewhat benevolent in intention, but with his shrewd eye to business; in fact, as a typical Englishman of the non-official order. No doubt whatever, this was the character in which he appeared to foreign eyes; it was also the character in which, with more grandiloquent phraseology, he was represented at home.

But there is another aspect of the late King which, in a very special degree, accounts for the popular appeal and attraction which the Victorian era has for us. The last genuine link with the Victorian age has been broken with the death of King Edward VII. Nobody who will reflect will fail to realise at once that King Edward was spiritually adored almost as much as the son of the leading family of the Victorian Era have been premature. The last genuine link with the Victorian age has been broken with the death of King Edward VII. Nobody who will reflect will fail to realise at once that King Edward was spiritually adored almost as much as the son of the leading family of the Victorian Era have been premature. The last genuine link with the Victorian age has been broken with the death of King Edward VII. Nobody who will reflect will fail to realise at once that King Edward was spiritually adored almost as much as the son of the leading family of the Victorian Era have been premature. The last genuine link with the Victorian age has been broken with the death of King Edward VII. Nobody who will reflect will fail to realise at once that King Edward was spiritually adored almost as much as the son of the leading family of the Victorian Era have been premature. The last genuine link with the Victorian age has been broken with the death of King Edward VII. Nobody who will reflect will fail to realise at once that King Edward was spiritually adored almost as much as the son of the leading family of the Victorian Era have been premature.

We write this because by a grace not altogether our own merit, THE NEW AGE has been the one journal in England which during the last six months of political darkness resolved on and maintained from the very first an attitude of benevolent neutrality in regard particularly of all such problems as we know are not to be solved in the naphtha glare of partisan discussion, still less by violence. That is what we shall all admit. We invite our contemporaries to meet us in that spirit and thereby to ensure that the opening era shall be marked by signs which shall stamp it as a nobler successor of the Victorian age.

And may we now put in a plea for an Act of Oblivion in regard to the immediate past? There will not be wanting partisans ready to hint that the death of King Edward VII. has been hastened by the doings and sayings of some over-zealous opponents of the House of Lords and by the wording and shouting addressed to the Crown. Let us say at once that there is no truth whatever in these suggestions. Our sentiment cannot carry us to the extent of declaring with Mr. Seddon and Mr. Crooks, or with the repentant "Daily News," that under no circumstances whatever should the King's name have been introduced into the discussion of the House of Lords; but neither are we prepared to endorse the somewhat wild words of Mr. Keir Hardie. These views are extreme, but their very extremity is a proof of their honesty. Harm they may do, and on this account they are to be deprecated; but nobody with any sense of fact will dream that all the words of all the Radicals in England would have turned a hair of the late King's head grey or were meant to do so. When a constitution is under discussion it is a foolish super- stition to suppose that one part of it can be isolated. What we have over and over again deplored is not the discussion of the hearing of the question on the Crown, but the insinuation, by some at least, that it was unwise—of the personality of the late King into the arena. However, that is all done with now; and we sincerely hope that, since there have been faults on both sides, both sides will agree to cancel and forget them.

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We have said that the circumstances of the reign now begun are significant of the opening of a new era. Indeed, there is nothing lacking to give it all the appearance both of significance and of anxious significance. King George V. of whom we must frankly say, that the last genuine link with the peculiar tones of the Victorian era. King Edward VII. was the last, was the least, and there is much to be said for the statement that the reign of King Edward VII. has been hastened by the doings and sayings of some over-zealous opponents of the House of Lords and by the wording and shouting addressed to the Crown. Let us say at once that there is no truth whatever in these suggestions. Our sentiment cannot carry us to the extent of declaring with Mr. Seddon and Mr. Crooks, or with the repentant "Daily News," that under no circumstances whatever should the King's name have been introduced into the discussion of the House of Lords; but neither are we prepared to endorse the somewhat wild words of Mr. Keir Hardie. These views are extreme, but their very extremity is a proof of their honesty. Harm they may do, and on this account they are to be deprecated; but nobody with any sense of fact will dream that all the words of all the Radicals in England would have turned a hair of the late King's head grey or were meant to do so. When a constitution is under discussion it is a foolish superstition to suppose that one part of it can be isolated. What we have over and over again deplored is not the discussion of the hearing of the question on the Crown, but the insinuation, by some at least, that it was unwise—of the personality of the late King into the arena. However, that is all done with now; and we sincerely hope that, since there have been faults on both sides, both sides will agree to cancel and forget them.

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changes which the death of King Edward VII. will inevitably produce in the political situation. Plainly they are at present incalculable. But they will be preceded by a movement of adjustment in circles nearer the Throne than merely party politics. Few people realise, indeed, how remote in fact are party politics from the living centre of things. Actions which for the public are visible only when they are manifest in political form have almost invariably been the consequence of a history long previous to their ostensible origin. Those who belong to what is called the "inner ring," extending throughout the world and forming a kind of open yet secret fraternity, the real oligarchy of Europe, most often approach, though they are but describing the effects of causes they have themselves set and seen set in motion. When one of the active members of the "inner ring" dies, there takes place a new group, because they care for the religion, but adjust himself to the new element; and in the process to bring about changes in the public world whose signs are political events. We may be very certain that the situation as it was last week will have changed in many ways by next week, and is indeed at this moment in process of change. What will finally emerge is hard to say. Only this is certain—that we shall have to clean the slate, in Lord Rosebery's famous phrase, and to begin our writing all over again. Let us see to it that our first word is "goodwill."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Once again have the Chinese put the fear of God into the missionaries, and the yellow devils who had risen at Chang-sha a few weeks ago are now sitting down—not, however, in the calm attitude of the old gentleman taking his ease in his inn; but rather in the manner of a tiger squattting on his haunches and lashing its tail furiously preparatory for another spring. As the cause of this and other similar risings is not very well known to the average Englishman, it may perhaps be worth explaining at some length.

By a law passed several years ago for the benefit of Europeans living in China, it was enacted that any Europeans accused of offences against the law should be tried by the Consular Courts instead of by the native magistrate. Owing to an unfortunate slip on the part of the Chinese translator, the word "European" was assumed to mean not only "European" but also "Christian," and when the various missionaries make converts in China these converts eschew, and have long been allowed, the right to be tried in the Consular Courts also. The result has been that many Chinese of the very lowest class have become Christians, not because they care for the religion, but in order that they may carry on their work of petty theft, robbery, murder, and other outrages without having to undergo trial by their own more law-abiding countrymen; and, given a chance, the average Chinaman, in his native land at all events, is more law-abiding than the average European.

It often happens, however, that the Consular Court may be a thousand miles from the scene of the crime, and, rather than go to the heavy expense of taking criminals such a long distance to have them tried, the people of their district in most cases prefer to let the matter drop. But frequently, much more frequently, indeed, than is reported in the papers, a series of skillful burglaries or other offences makes the worm turn. A riot is the natural sequel, and as the Europeans indirectly the cause of the trouble they not rarely bring down upon them themselves the wrath of the indignant celestial. This, although the new railway loan was also a factor, was the main cause of the recent outbreak at Chang-sha, and the tale will probably be repeated again, and again, and again.

It is obviously impossible to provide adequate de-

fence for every European throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire. Two alternatives remain: a short act making it clear that the term "European" in respect to murder and other offences include Chinese Christians; or the expulsion of the missionaries. The first would call forth an outcry from the "converts" and doubtless lead to a good deal of rioting; besides raising protests on the part of the missionaries, as in such case few more "converts" would be made. The second plan would be hailed with delight all over China and would probably meet with little opposition from the emancipated Continental nations of Europe, as apart from the Vatican; but just imagine the howls of anguish that would arise from the canting hypocrites between Land's End and John o' Groats! Imagine the Daily News and the "British Weekly"! It cannot be denied, however, that a few ignorant fanatics in Great Britain foolishly subscribe thousands of pounds yearly for missionary work abroad, a bundle of similar fanatics at the other end of the world should be employed in vilifying a system of religious philosophy which was known for several centuries before Christianity was heard of.

Without the slightest intention of attempting to emulate the unique "National Review," I cannot help remarking that the information which has reached me from the German Foreign Office regarding the concentration of a large portion of the German Fleet within twenty-four hours' steaming of the English coast is by no means satisfactory. Somebody seems to be looking for trouble; and, in substance, I am assured on high authority that the following is the correct explanation.

For weeks past, of course, all Prussia has been in a ferment over the new Franchise Bill. Naturally the Junkers do not love it; and all the upper classes, especially in view of the recent gigantic strides made by the Socialist element, are prepared to go to any extreme rather than let this proposed new Franchise become the law of the land. The very strongest influence is being brought to bear on the Kaiser, who is not so strong-willed as he looks in photographs. More police, say the Junkers; more troops, more ships, the streets running with blood, a quarrel with France anything but the Franchise Bill. I have been given to understand that the Kaiser has now come round to the views of the camarilla, viz., that all will be well if all will be well if the Franchise Bill is enacted; and, in substance, I am assured on high authority that the following is the correct explanation.

On any ordinary occasion arguments like these would merely be laughed at; but it must be remembered that they are only possible owing to the deplorable weakness of the present Cabinet. At present the indications are that Germany is determined to force a war somewhere in order to break the power of the Socialists and evade the consequences of the Franchise Bill. And, while dissociating myself from the alarmist tribe, I can testify from my own personal experience of Germany within the last few years that nothing would be more popular throughout the Empire than a war with England. It must likewise be pointed out that the English Labour Party is awfully anti-militaristic, and if there is no sign of a breakdown of a group of similar fanatics at the other end of the world the Fleet will be there, ready for use, while, if it be not wanted, no harm is done.

Last week I referred to the Persian difficulty, and to Germany's desperate efforts to get a foothold in the country. It may now be noted that Sir George Birdwood, British Minister at Teheran, has arrived in London,
and at the time of writing M. Isselvsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, has reached Paris after having seen the King at Biarritz. While M. Picton is having another little confidential chat with M. Isselvsky, Sir George Barley (who, of course, has returned for the benefit of his health) will be advising Sir Edward Grey about the tough nut which must be cracked, now or later. Since M. Isselvsky had an interview with the King at Biarritz his presence in London was not considered necessary, and at the time of writing he is on his way home to St. Petersburg.

Practically no news has come to hand from Egypt since last week—or news in this instance being bad news. And the worst, as I pointed out last week, has yet to come.

The New Era.

By Judah P.' Benjamin.

WHEN the late Queen died after a glorious and wonderful reign, the Victorian Era did not come to a close as has been thought. It continued with King Edward, and only now has it come to a close for ever. With the passing of the King a great chasm has been created between the old era and the new. King Edward was a great popular ruler. He never willingly offended either persons or Parties, never meddled with the liberties of States or nations, never thrust himself to the front to make himself conspicuous. King Edward was an aristocratic P-\text{o}-\text{m}-\text{o}-\text{cr}-\text{at}-\text{ic} who inspired respect by a natural dignity, that was as simple and natural as his tastes in every-day life. There are two kinds of pride, but only one of vanity. There is a pride that suggests hauteur and assumption, and this gives offence. As a matter of fact, it has nothing to do with the true spirit of aristocracy. The late King possessed the spirit and countenance of pride as distinguished from assumption on the one hand and vanity on the other.

It is a man which cannot be assumed. The late Queen Victoria possessed this quality, perhaps, the most precious gift a Sovereign could possess, and King Edward inherited the spirit, the look, the attitude and the feeling. But what worlds separate that spirit and that countenance of pride as distinguished from assumption on the one hand and vanity on the other. There is a pride that suggests hauteur and assumption, and this gives offence. As a matter of fact, it has nothing to do with the true spirit of aristocracy. The late King possessed the spirit and countenance of pride as distinguished from assumption on the one hand and vanity on the other.

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Women and Freedom.

By D. Trifonis.

By an admirable article Miss Jane Harrison assuages my despair of the "Englishwoman." Let us pray that this may set a standard which will forbid that journal to harbour such heroines as Mrs. Rentoul Esler, Celestine, whose young man won her heart with the following words: "Princess, in my dreams I only aspire to carpet the ground you tread. My hopes do not lift themselves to the level of your heart."

Miss Harrison saves the situation this month. She writes on "Art and Humanity." "The gist of heresy," she says, "is free personal choice in act and in thought, the rejection of traditional faiths and customs, qui traditional." Note that "personal choice in thought." It is a distinguished phrase. "Her " suggestion is always in a haze." "We are human, so far as we are conscious or sensitive to the individual life. Patriotism is collective herd instinct, it is repression of individuality. You feel strongly because you feel alike, you are reinforced by the other homogeneous this may set a standard which will forbid that journal may be given from without. Mental freedom may be gained from without. Mental freedom will be begotten from within. Thought begets a spiritual union. We have come most of us now to a part the free mind to a person who wants still to be between, physical sickness will be equally impossible, because the mental and spiritual life will be one only.

I hope this is not too much liberty taken in quoting. My intentions are good. I must not go very far as if in comment, however, as Miss Harrison's elaboration of her article, which might lead me astray. It is my desire to dwell upon the phrase "personal choice in thought," for that seems to me to describe the starting point of freedom; and we may find the principle of freedom here. Physical freedom may well march around and wave a flag, dancing for very joy of unchained limbs. Released convicts and slaves fittingly breathe deep and set off somewhere at a run. But mental freedom is a different thing and has different attributes, inward and invisible, corresponding to the outward and visible manner of its advent. Physical freedom may be begotten from within. Thought begets a spiritual union. We have come most of us now to a sort of physical union by sympathy and imagination. To torture even an enemy's body would be to us physically impossible, because the mental and spiritual life will be one only.

Women who imagine that by herding themselves in large numbers and parading the streets, they are proving their right to freedom, are actually proving that they are a herd with that subconscious distrust of reason, which has always distinguished herds and mobs. Mobs do not believe in the way of reason; they believe in noise and banners and the power of money. We are soon to have a procession of the W.S.P.U. for the Consumers' Association. The Salvation Army are a current proof of the impossibility of keeping the spiritual force clear when commercialism --salvation shops, salvation tea, salvation uniforms, etc.--has once got a footing in a movement. And commercialism has been introduced into the women's movement by the Women's Social and Political Union. As Mrs. Pethick Lawrence so enthusiastically voices it, "Self-denial, a week of sacrifice that will be expressed in the precise and definite terms of silver and gold." Aye! and what shall we get for it will be a Procession, etc., etc., etc. But we shall not buy freedom, for freedom is not to be expressed in terms of silver and gold.

It may be asserted that some practical reforms have needed money to bring them about. If the case is challenged and examples are given, I shall be delighted to analyse the subject. Yet I imagine that we are a herd of few persons who need moments of clear right to show them the difference between the commercial appeal of, for instance, Dr. Barnardo, and all he could do with money and the commercial appeal of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and all she can do with money.

And what is to be our next move towards Freedom? The capital letter here!--if we cannot appeal with our twenty-seven bands to "the conscience of those who would keep us in subjection while they exploit and degrade our sex"? Our answer comes from the same noble pen. "Let us turn our rage uncaged and bid our women enter upon their inheritance, and the victory is won." That means we shall begin slapping and pushing and pulling; and that, further interpreted, means that unless we provide gladiatorial shows for our supporters, the W.S.P.U. will go no farther. The Police will keep order for the sake of the city while we turn it into a fair. They are well trained, these police. They will keep order for the sake of the city while we are pretending it into a Donnybrook in thus keeping order between us and an electorate that does not wish to have us shouting at it in the streets, they are obeying a Government which is obviously more in line with civilisation than the rioters. For we, in the same way, as Mr. Churchill or Mr. Anybody in the Government who mobs the suffrage meetings. It is the electorate--yes, this same electorate that fought for its own enfranchisement because being composed of men it could fight, and besides, was not averse from violence. We, as women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence.

Women who imagine that by herding themselves in large numbers and parading the streets, they are proving their right to freedom, are actually proving that they are a herd with that subconscious distrust of reason, which has always distinguished herds and mobs. Mobs do not believe in the way of reason; they believe in noise and banners and the power of money. We are soon to have a procession of the W.S.P.U. for the Consumers' Association. The Salvation Army are a current proof of the impossibility of keeping the spiritual force clear when commercialism --salvation shops, salvation tea, salvation uniforms, etc.--has once got a footing in a movement. And commercialism has been introduced into the women's movement by the Women's Social and Political Union. As Mrs. Pethick Lawrence so enthusiastically voices it, "Self-denial, a week of sacrifice that will be expressed in the precise and definite terms of silver and gold." Aye! and what shall we get for it will be a Procession, etc., etc., etc. But we shall not buy freedom, for freedom is not to be expressed in terms of silver and gold.

It may be asserted that some practical reforms have needed money to bring them about. If the case is challenged and examples are given, I shall be delighted to analyse the subject. Yet I imagine that we are a herd of few persons who need moments of clear right to show them the difference between the commercial appeal of, for instance, Dr. Barnardo, and all he could do with money and the commercial appeal of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and all she can do with money.

And what is to be our next move towards Freedom? The capital letter here!--if we cannot appeal with our twenty-seven bands to "the conscience of those who would keep us in subjection while they exploit and degrade our sex"? Our answer comes from the same noble pen. "Let us turn our rage uncaged and bid our women enter upon their inheritance, and the victory is won." That means we shall begin slapping and pushing and pulling; and that, further interpreted, means that unless we provide gladiatorial shows for our supporters, the W.S.P.U. will go no farther. The Police will keep order for the sake of the city while we turn it into a fair. They are well trained, these police. They will keep order for the sake of the city while we are pretending it into a Donnybrook in thus keeping order between us and an electorate that does not wish to have us shouting at it in the streets, they are obeying a Government which is obviously more in line with civilisation than the rioters. For we, in the same way, as Mr. Churchill or Mr. Anybody in the Government who mobs the suffrage meetings. It is the electorate--yes, this same electorate that fought for its own enfranchisement because being composed of men it could fight, and besides, was not averse from violence. We, as women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence. The women who do not feel disgust at physical combat are but a handful compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have compared to the number of women in this country who dislike the methods of violence, and many of whom have attacked the organised suffragettes but not politically or commercially. If the case is not forced on the women who desire enfranchisement by the force of authority, women, are averse from violence.
ignominy of the slave—the obligation to give thanks for enfranchisement," she penned, though in a spirited style, one of the most foolish fancies of the average thoughtless woman. It seems positively dear to some women to think of themselves as the revolting slaves of men. That parrot phrase, proper enough for a slave, is improper for a woman, and doubtless it has done much mischief among women. But if we set our minds upon becoming free from within, we shall see that such epigrams, though fascinating, are untrue.

One of the difficult things in the world is to review one's life, dispassionately reflecting and dispassionately approving or condemning. Yet a little time, given to this purpose would soon discover to us those occasions upon which we have acted freely; and it would both invigorate and calm us to find, as we should find, that our lives had been largely self-controlled. In striving to become mentally free, it is of importance to reject, for the time being, outside influence. We must stand, each one, by herself. I quote Miss Harrison again, but, again, I am bound to remind readers that she may utterly disagree with my conclusions. "So long as we will not trouble to know exactly and intimately, we may not, must not choose." We must, that is, for safety, follow the herd. Individuals, people who know themselves are neither able nor willing to be the leaders of herds. For the herd seeks only its self-interest. We need not turn further than to this same number of the "Englishwoman" to see how hard herd proclivities die.

In an article on the franchise in New Zealand, Lady Chesterham has the following paragraph:— "We seem to be able to get any measures we want through our vote. We have, of course, the right to stand for any educational, charitable aid or benevolent board, or municipal office, but women seldom avail themselves of the opportunity. We are all so busy in our domestic life that we cannot find time for public duties that can be performed by men who are elected by our votes." Women in New Zealand have gained absolute control, not only of their own money, but of a definite share of a deceased husband's money, equal divorce rights, and have raised the standard of women's wages. But to men, whom they could not trust to do anything, it is of no more importance to reject, for the time being, outside influence. We must not turn further than to this same number of the "Englishwoman" to see how hard herd proclivities die.

Dear! And to remember that our own W.S.P.U. has just these ends in mind and is not identified with a single humanitarian project. There is probably not one humanitarian or charitable movement which has not suffered through the money given towards votes for women. But what would you? We must have our thousand-pound-procession. That way lies Freedom!

The Philosophy of a Don.

VIII.—Patriotism.

While Shav and I were peacefully imbibing our post-prandial coffee this evening, the door of the dining-room suddenly flew wide open, and in rushed my colleague Chesterham—hatless, breathless, and waving a pink newspaper over his dishevelled head.

"O, my country, my country!" he sobbed, sinking into a large armchair.

"What has happened?" I asked, somewhat alarmed; for, accustomed as I am to my colleague's surprising lack of self-control, I had never before seen him in such a state of collapse.

"We are beaten—beaten again—disgracefully beaten!"

"Who is beaten?"

"We—England—O, my country, my poor—"

"By whom?"

"By the French—Paulhan—aeroplane—Manchester," he whined, incoherent and, to all seeming, insensible.

"Oh," said I, relieved, "Is that all?" and I resumed my cigarette.

"Really, Chesterham," said Shav, with one of his most sardonic smiles, "next time you have an attack of patriotism you must give your friends a few days' notice."

"How could I give notice?" mumbled poor Chesterham, wiping his eyes with a large yellow handkerchief.

"It was all so sudden—so unexpected—the second defeat within a few months. I bore the cross-channel disaster bravely enough. But this—this a rout of our own English soldiers!"

"Air—you mean air," Shav corrected, mercilessly.

"Our English air," the other adopted the correction meekly. "It was too much for my nerves," and he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"My dear Chesterham," I said, soothingly, for his condition moved my compassion, "you must not allow your patriotism to prey upon you like that. Remember that we boast of being a nation of sportsmen, and M. Paulhan, I presume, has won his victory by fair means?"

"That's just what makes me so miserable. It was a fair victory and a fine victory, too. He is reported to have performed the flight in splendid style—with the greatest ease, comfort, and grace in the world, as the paper puts it."

"Well, then, why do you cry?"

"I cry because he isn't an Englishman."

"Everybody cannot be an Englishman. Be reasonable, my dear fellow. Some people have to be foreigners. It is a great misfortune for them, no doubt; but it is not their fault. Of course, I should have liked it better if an Englishman had won, but—"

"I am quite content that the winner should be a Frenchman," interrupted Shav. "A competition is a competition, and the prize belongs to the best man, no matter what his nationality may be."

"Of course, of course," I said. "We all admit that; but still—"

"There is no 'but' about it. I don't at all sympathise with that paltry parochial spirit which you call patriotism. I call it a barbarous and stupid anachronism."

"I cannot stay to hear my country insulted and to have my feelings outraged!" cried Chesterham, rising to his feet.

"You needn't," replied Shav, drily.

Chesterham picked up his pink paper and strode away, banging the door after him.

"Your attitude is somewhat un-English," I said to Shav as soon as we were left alone.

"I am getting rather sick of that word," he answered. "It is the fashion nowadays for people to call everybody and everything that makes them uncomfortable 'un-English.' I am no genealogist; but, I believe, I am as English as any decent, self-respecting man may need to be."

"Your applause of the Frenchman was not quite in good taste."

"I don't care a half-penny stamp about your 'good taste.' The Frenchman has earned his victory, and I, for one, admire him, applaud him, and congratulate him heartily!"

"So do I, so do I," I said. "But, at the same time, I feel my cheeks getting a little hot with a sense of humiliation and shame."

"I have no objection to your enjoying your own emotions in your own way; but I cannot share them. If anything, I rejoice to see our self-conceit now and then humbled by a practical demonstration of our shortcomings."

"You are not a patriot."

"If patriotism means hatred of every country except one's own, I am not a patriot."

"Not love of one's country, as I understand it, does not imply hatred of every other. Blended with this love there is a genuine interest in humanity."

"That's just what makes me so miserable, your good taste, Shav."

"Your good taste?"

"Yes; yours is un-English."

"I appeal to your patriotism, then—your love of one's country."

"I am not a patriot."

"But, Chesterham, your strong love of humanity is a genuine interest in humanity."

"That's just what makes me so miserable; that's what makes me sick of that word—"
mentality. But true patriotism involves some kindliness towards mankind at large. No misanthrope can be a true patriot, and no true patriot has ever been a misanthrope. Like Jacques' melancholy, patriotism consists of many simples. First comes, of course, the love of country—the home in which a man feels is his habitat—the place where he was born and has grown up. That is one of the most deeply-rooted of human sentiments, and may be narrowed into love of a parish-pump or broadened into loyalty to an imperial flag. Secondly—

"Well, I—am—damned!" Shav whispered, with deadly distinctness and deliberation, to his cigar. "I hope you are exaggerating matters, Shav," I said, kindly.

"You are disclosing hitherto unsuspected depths of fatuity and platitudinarianism," he retorted. "Why, man, you talk like a leading article in the 'Spectator.'"

"A truth need not be the less true because it is hazed over or published in the 'Spectator,'" I said with compose. "And the best proof that what I am telling you is true is that it has always been affirmed from the time of Aristotle to this day. Every political thinker has recognised that between man and mankind stands and must always stand the Nation, with its special language and territory, and its peculiar origin and history, with particular manners and customs, traditions, emblems, institutions—all of which constitute many titles to separate existence. The Nation is not an abstraction. It is a solid fact—a society which, united by a thousand ties of sentiment and interest, forms one self-supporting body, which recognises the law of right for and within itself, and in its corporate character is opposed to all other societies of a similar kind—are you awake?" I broke off, for Shav's uncustomed quiescence was uneasily suggestive of slumber.

"Oh, yes. I am wide awake and as far from a convert as ever. Why, in the name of sanity, should I be conceited enough to think that one part of the earth is superior to every other simply because I happened to be born in it? You talk about the nation—what is a nation but an aggregate of individuals fortuitously brought together, and now held together by a common tariff and a common hunger for their neighbours' property?"

"You seem to think that the forces which weld men into nations are purely economic, accidental, external. That is a fallacy the error of which is completely demonstrated by commonsense, historical fact, and, above all, by moral feeling. It is a view that it has arisen among persons of limited intelligence—persons devoid of the highest capacity of distinguishing man from animal—persons who do not feel the necessity of a more intimate relation between themselves and their fellow-creatures—in one word, persons devoid of moral consciousness."

"In that case, it is utterly useless for you to endeavour to convert such persons. How can you persuade me of the existence of a feeling which I do not experience? You might as well expand the beauties of music to a person born deaf, or the glories of colour to a born blind. You are simply wasting your breath.

"Oh, I don't think so. A child may by nature, or by the accident of its early upbringing, have no proper sense of honour, but if he falls into good hands he may turn out an honourable man. Or he may begin life with a complete insensibility to the subtleties of wit and by a fortunate chance find the secret of appreciating a joke. The same with every other virtue and aptitude. All is a matter of education—didactation. It is a dangerous and shallow creed which dogmatises on the absence of special qualities as a sign of some mental or moral deficiency that cannot be supplied. Michelangelo saw in every block of stone a statue, which only waited the artist's hand to come forth. In the same way, I see in every individualist the makings of a good patriot."

"I am glad you don't think me utterly beyond redemption. If so, do not suffer the block to remain dull and formless a day longer. Let your erratic hand touch it, that something of beauty and value may be made out of it. Only, pray, be quick, for I have to be at the Court Theatre in half an hour."

"You will never become a patriot so long as you indulge this spirit of ribility, my dear Shav. Patriotism is a thing sacred, and, like all sacred things, it is incompatible with a sense of the ludicrous. Laughter, gods, has killed more good ideas than it has ever created. But I will not despise even of you. Let me then begin with the incontrovertible axiom that patriotism is the most aboriginal of all human sentiments. I hope you agree?

"Readily! Aboriginal—that's exactly what it is; a reversion to primaeval ancestor-worship! A savage cult—another form of narrow-minded intolerance and selfishness—the sickly kind of selfishness which here in England inspires us to wage injustices wars of conquest, and which in France makes otherwise sane and humane Academicians babbble of their native fields and their dead one day, and preach the extermination of the Jews the next, simply because the Jews, on their part, poor fools, also like to babbble of their ancestral fields and of their dead—Bah!"

"No, no! What you are describing is not patriotism at all. It is rabid Chauvinism. Sober patriotism means the sense of citizenship—the individual's belief that happiness must be sought and ambitions realised in and through the community of human beings of which he is a member. The patriot knows not only that he is not a man of a special group, with a past behind him, shared by the other members of that group, and with certain political ideals before him to which he and they are committed. The result of all this is that a patriot feels himself irretrievably bound up with the destinies of his country."

"That is precisely where the misbelief comes in. I have not the least desire to be bound up with anybody else's destinies. It is only the State which I hate altogether. I am quite content to work out my own destiny in my own way, unattached and untrammelled. Jackals herd together, my friend, the lion walks alone."

"I have always said that you are a heretic."

"I am; and I am not ashamed of the fact. Neither am I proud of it. Autos-da-fé have gone out of fashion. Heretics are no longer burned at the stake. Even the beatitude which comes of martyrdom, is no longer desired."

"In that case, it is utterly useless for you to endeavour to convert such persons. How can you persuade me of the existence of a feeling which I do not experience? You might as well expand the beauties of music to a person born deaf, or the glories of colour to a born blind. You are simply wasting your breath."

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"I am glad you don't think me utterly beyond re-
Poor Hodge.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

Home is to civilisation what the land is to everything that lives and grows, the great nourisher, and the terminus of all our thoughts concerning it. Yet this truism is very little understood. We speak of "The State" without realising that we mean "The Home"; we accept or we reject big movements like female suffrage, as if they were not concerned with life processes at all, as if they were not the fruit of the labour of the home-farmers. But the individual and humanity—the nation does not exist. It is an obsolete barrier which the truly civilised man has over-stepped through his culture. So says my Moral Adviser.

"That vague ideal of humanitarian cosmopolitanism is too large for this limited world, my dear Shav. It has never succeeded, and it will never succeed, if you, or your country, or your race, people do not give you credit for breadth of mind or largeness of heart. They call you dépaysé."

"You can call me dépaysé, déraciné, décadent, or any other kind of — that may appeal to your fancy. But I cannot feel otherwise than I do, and I cannot speak otherwise than I feel. The individual must, first of all and above all, be true to his own ideas."

"But the individual, my dear Shav, owes those very ideas to the nation and to the past from which he sprang. He obtains them by means—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, let us have no more of such stuff, as stupid old Dr. Johnson used to say," he exclaimed, laughing in a manner that disarmed resentment.

"Some of your own prejudices are quite as vigorous as his ever were."

"Prejudices did you say? Convictions, sir—de-liberate and indestructible convictions!"

"Same thing."

"Not at all. A conviction is what you think yourself; prejudice what the other fellow thinks."

"But you," said I, "writing a last shaft, "blood is thicker than water."

"So is beer," laughed Shav, running off to his theatre.

Alas, poor Shav! as the poet has said—"

"Although all our customs lie under your blame, and in many countries he has been out of his depth in these questions just because they are no longer essential to each other, that they don't care a snap of their fingers for Hodge and his English land."

Town and country now have opposing civilisations just because they are no longer essential to each other in England as they used to be, and ought still to be. An ideal State is that in which the country nourishes the towns, and the towns by their support enable the country to perfect its arts of husbandry. Let that reciprocal amity be weakened by any means whatever, and degeneration in the State begins to show itself, like rot in an oak tree. Many historians have told us this during the last century, but townsfolk have refused to listen, and no statesmen thought it was worth starting a correspondence about it; and in many countries he has been a very admirable colonist, strong, cool, and loyal.

During those centuries when England's wealth grew on the backs of England's sheep, the Golden Fleece would have been her most fitting national emblem of power, Hodge was valued, and his home-improved age after age, until village masons became most excellent architects, whose work we are now proud to collect into books. Then, under Henry the Eighth, a fundamental change began, and Hodge began to cry out in a wilderness of pressing grievances, among which were such questions as racked rents, the loss of common lands, the insecurity of tenure, and the increased security of wage.

When Queen Elizabeth paid a visit of State to Cowdray Park, Sussex, she was told in a public speech and in the voice of Hodge that "Landlords put such sweete baits on the ractt rents that as good as it were to be a perch in a pike's belly as a tenant in theyr farms"—a graphic statement of fact which Shakespeare himself could not have improved. But yet, after all, our Elizabethan Hodge was in paradise when we compare his position with that of present-day farm labourers and little tenant farmers. All the good things belonging to his ancient protector, the manorial system, had as yet passed away from him, and the English towns still felt and owned their dependence on the fruitfulness of the fields and flocks of England.

To-day, on the other hand, townsfolk are so occupied with Teneriffe bananas, Russian wheat, American meat and fruits, and scores of other things grown by Mother Earth in distant parts of the world, that they don't care a snap of their fingers for Hodge and his English land. Town and country now have opposing civilisations just because they are no longer essential to each other in England as they used to be, and ought still to be. An ideal State is that in which the country nourishes the towns, and the towns by their support enable the country to perfect its arts of husbandry. Let that reciprocal amity be weakened by any means whatever, and degeneration in the State begins to show itself, like rot in an oak tree. Many historians have told us this during the last century, but townsfolk have refused to listen, and no statesmen thought it was worth their while even to safeguard national farm industries when railways are making the time and the means by which the railway companies can do and ask such freight charges as no steamship company would dream of imposing as a tax on agricultural produce. In fact, our railway system has served farmers from their markets in towns, while steamers were used for the same purpose. The policy the importation of foodstuffs at the lowest possible freight prices, no matter what harm may be done to Hodge and his land; and all this, inevitably, goes on by rate on the industrialists, which owes the bulk of its present authority to steam machines and their industrialism, which keep very far...
from our thoughts the old-time pastoral landscapes of fields gleaming with harvests or dappled with flocks and herds.

Some months ago, while travelling in a train through our home counties, I was astonished by the absence of animal life in mile after mile of hedged grazing land, which lay under sky for no useful purpose whatever, waiting for that enchantment of communio-ness in politics which will recall into the nation's productive work every inch of good farm earth to be found in the British Isles. Not till then will Hodge regain his lost rights in the art of home-making: and not till then will the vexed question of Free Imports versus Tariff Reform be answered in a spirit of national fair-play. As long as country districts are offered as sacrifices to the greedy selfishness of towns we cannot as a race be progressive, since the land is not performing those functions which would make it an active and a vigorous part of the body social.

But the difficulty is that, amid the daily tornado of newspaper politics, mere claptap to catch votes rules over care and liking for honesty in thought; and it is so easy to silence poor Hodge by filling his mind with fears about dear food, or by giving him prospective small holdings to discuss with his friends. He is terribly afraid of becoming worse off than his lot has been during the last fifty years; he is also pitiably eager to find solace in any election chatter that promises, however vaguely, to improve his position; and the Conservative, like many another one, timorous and servile, finds that Socialism is the only logical remedy for the many evil's that are incident to modern democracies. With vast wealth on one hand and gathering pauperism on the other, England is in a bad way: and the many that suffer must in the long run go on ascendency over the few that enjoy life. Socialism is the vigorous part of the body social.

This will be self-conscious. There is some feeling that they will probably find it hard to change the attitude—too to go on as before, and take a different tone. For change their note they must. It is a case of—Drama is dead, long live Drama.

But the living Drama is not to be found in a National Theatre in which King Shakespeare is entombed. It must be the result of countless experimentations from all kinds of sources and springs, no matter how small and how muddy they may be, so that they run with the Water of Life.

This aspect of English drama somehow persistently associates itself in my mind with a picture in black and white I saw in Berlin some years ago—a small picture, but which has the unforgettable quality of all Max Klinger's work. It shows you a couch strewn with wreaths and boughs, on which lies in state the Titanic figure of a dead woman. The coverings of the couch are drawn quite round the throat, and only leave the face exposed, yet through their thin tissue can be plainly seen that the limbs are straitly swathed with laurel, and falls so that the profile is sharply outlined against the dusky background. Surely before Klinger conceived that magnificent form, set for ever in the colossial and compelling image of the dead, he must have spent hours in the wilderness of ruddy sand, where the greatest of the wonders of the dead world guided him to this result. But the picture has a message rather than a riddle—a message which can easily be read—on the breast of the dead, as is Dionysos to his Titanic figure of a dead woman. The coverings of the picture, but which has the unforgettable quality of all Dionysos in his infancy lives again.

But Hodge, unhappily, sees very little. Thought is not in his line as yet. You get out of him what you put into him, for his inherited nature is very akin to that of the soil, his nursing mother through many centuries. He has never been in England the object of a pathetic interest akin to that which Millet had for the French peasant, nor has he ever deserved that sympathetic interest which Millet had for the French peasant: "Certain wild animals may be seen scattered over the country, males and females, black, livid, and burnt up by the sun, bound to the earth, in which they poke and fumble with invincible obstinacy; they have a kind of articulate speech, and when they rise upon their feet they show a human countenance, and indeed are men." This jacobere of the fields has not yet come to England with unemploy-ment and starved agriculture, but the position of Hodge is pitiable enough in his relation to my subject and to the interests of England.

Amateurs in General and The Stockport Garrick Society in Particular.

For how many years have we listened to jeremiads on the drama in England? The higher dramatic criticism scarcely fulfilled its legitimate function unless it preached death and dissolution. Drama was dying—she was dead.

Like the great French preachers our critics made their reputations by Oraison Funèbres. They must be so used to harrowing our feelings in this gloomy strain that they will probably find it hard to change their note. The pessimists glad, honestly, eternally glad—now their sermons are out of date? For the credit of human nature, even critical nature, one hopes they are, but somehow there is a more genuine ring about "I told you" than we often hear in "Well, I am sure no one is more delighted to acknowledge, etc." or any other stereotyped phrase with which our Job's comforters resign their office and take a different tone. For change their note they must. It is a case of—Drama is dead, long live Drama.

Some weeks ago I was present at a performance of "Othello" given by the Stockport Garrick Society. I had braced myself to endure, and I have seldom been more pleasantly astonished. The mounting, for a small provincial theatre, was good, but for once I thought nothing about "production" in Shakespeare. I seemed to feel the moving story in its own way, as a Frenchman would have seen it. Not for a moment was one's mind distracted from the play itself by any attempt to exploit unduly the qualities of any particular performer. And, if this performance astonished me, what I now learned of the auditorium of the New Theatre I have not been aware of its existence. I knew some of its members—several are now shining on the professional stage; I had occasionally heard rumours of its activities;
but I had no idea of the repertory it could boast; the
newest plays as well as old. For instance, on the after-
noon of the day on which I saw “Othello,” had been
played “The Enemy of the People.” Puzzled
at the possibility—or rather the impossibility—
of the feat, if the Ibsen play was given for the first
time, I was told it was a familiar feature in the
Society’s repertory. It had already been played
to audiences amounting to over three thousand
people. Scarcely a modern form with the light forms it was univer-
sal, and this speaks highly for the reputation of the
Society—in every case without fee.
Of course, Bernard Shaw was the first favourite, but
Hauptmann, Synge, Maeterlinck, Galsworthy, Yeats
and Arnold Bennett figure. Perhaps and Sudermann, had al-
ways been glad to help the Society to their uttermost.

Having to mention “Joy”—“We have played
that,” said a member, but he was reminded that it had been
done by the Marple Dramatic Society. And then I
further learned that from the Stockport club branches
had sprung which did similar work in neighbouring
towns.

How, I asked myself, has this all been accomplished?
To the most people in London, an amateur society
suggested the “idle rich,” and that delightful piece of
fun which Brandon Thomas and Weedon Grossmith
used to play, called “The Pantomime Rehearsal.”

Money, vanity, and incompetence have too often been
the characteristics of the amateur in the dramatic
world.

Now what are the secrets of this northern
Society? How has it achieved such results? Certainly
not by wealth. It is completely democratic; class dis-
tinction is unknown, and even its subscription of six
shillings a year is a raised subscription—it has been
left.

How then do these few hundred young men and
women—nearly all of them obliged to earn their own
living—differ from other young people in the towns of
the size of Stockport? In the first place, at the
foundations of the Society is a great enthusiasm. This
was the spirit that chiefly struck Mr. William Archer
when, with Miss Horniman, he was recently entertained
by the Society—an annual dinner at which such guests
of honour are entertained being among the activities of
the Stockport Garrick.Braving the inevitable jest, it is
frankly an educational society with propaganda. It
was this spirit which inspired Mr. Edwin Heys, the
first secretary of the Society (now Miss Horniman’s husband); and his successors, up to Mr. Leigh-
Turner—who now holds the reins of office—have kept
the enthusiasm which has enabled them to get through
work which would have made the fortune of many a
business firm over and over again.

Another reason for success is that the Society
contains many members who have no wish to act—for in-
stance, Mr. Albert Johnson, J.P., a former Mayor of
the city, who has been the Garrick’s president since it
started ten years ago. Its business manager, Mr.
Hayman, is really a business man, and takes an artist’s
pride in the work of the “front.” Again, the prompter
for “Othello”—Mr. Leigh, a clerk in a Manchester
bank, had regularly for six weeks held the book during
rehearsals—another bank clerk, Mr. Gibbons, being the
stage manager—and was pronounced by the expert
“coach,” the only professional concerned, to be the best
prompter he had ever met. Those who know what
“prompting” means, and how it is generally done in
amateur circles, will realise from this fact the quality
of the enthusiasm which animates the Garrick Society
more thoroughly than even from the favourable, though
erudite, notices with which the famous “Manchester
Guardian” encourages their aims.

As a last witness to the value of the Society, which
will some day be recognised as the true source of a
mighty stream, the river of a living national drama,
outsets in an immediate task of its members to first nights at the Repertory Theatre in
Manchester, a valuable nucleus in its audience.

This, then, is one of the rills springing from the
ground.

THE NEW AGE
May 12, 1910

Turned Out.

By Stephen Reynolds.

One evening in early autumn the sun was low
down between Morgan’s Mount and Cromwell’s Camp—
sinking, as it were, behind the edge of the Downs. All
the west was overspread with flaming clouds, which
changed their colours with the sun’s decline and
their floods with the light winds of the air. Tongues of
heavy grey broke from the clouds that made a canopy
above the sun; the West was gloomy in its fierce intensity.
Underneath, the trees on the distant horizon burnt with a
lurid red—it might have been the end of one of those
sunless days of the summer’s end. Some of the splendid
light overflowed into the East and tipped its feathery
cirrus clouds with gold; whilst the hills shone with
radiance, or seemed grey and grassless under deep
shadow. There was no sound save the melancholy
cry of the Pewits, and the rush of wind through the
grass like the sound of the sea on a far shore.

A woman and a dog were alone on the hills.
Silhouetted against the sky, they looked black and meanly
small. The woman was evidently of the country. She
was soon to become a mother. Sorrow, felt rather
than thought of, looked from her tearful eyes, and her
face suffused with a uniform flush of redness. She was
wrought upon by her deep and the fear of her coming pain,
and she had no relief by thinking on
the after-joy of mothers, for she knew that she could
but add a living burden to her heavy life.

As they walked over the down the dog put up a
hare, and was called in by the woman. Then, while
he looked up at her with eyes seemingly full of symp-
athy which asks no questions, gives no advice, she
vaguely felt that he would understand, and told him
about her sorrow.

“Poor Bruno! your master’s gone back to London;
and only left me you—and this. What shall we do
now his father’s turned us out?“ He’s gone back to London,
where he was married before, and nobody but me—not even his father—has
got to know. What shall we do? Oh, Bruno, no
more than a week left!

“I was happy for a year, Bruno—so happy! And
now we’ve nowhere at all to go to. But I’m glad I
was happy.

Bruno, I loved your master! He doesn’t love
his church wife a bit—I’m sure he doesn’t. He’ll be
unhappy now, like me. Oh, Bruno! Poor Bruno! you
must have got lost or been poisoned there,
Bruno.

“What can we do? In a week’s time it will all
be over. We may be in the Workhouse. The old
man said we could get off there, and if they find us
they’ll want to send us to it. I won’t go—and they’d
take you away.

“His father used to be kind to me; before he said
he wouldn’t have no brazen-faced hussies for ser-
vants. I wasn’t a servant—not a real one. I was a
valet, and only left me you—and this. What shall we do
now we’ve nowhere at all to go to. But I’m glad I

“Twas his son, anyhow.

“The later he is from market the more he’s likely
to be drunk.

“It’s getting late now. It’s cold up here. Poor
Bruno—I lie down then.”

She shivered, and sat down on a heap of chalk; the
dog lay on her skirt. All round, the heath and the
blue-grey; for the sun was now below the horizon, and
the glory of the sunset was shrunk to a night-cap cloud.

The wind, unwarmed by the sun, still rushed
out here.

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elder, the old farmer, held the reins; but he was rather guided by the horse than guided it. His red face and bloodshot eyes contrasted, even in twilight, with his stubby white beard. He was market-day drunk.

When the cart approached the chalk-heap the dog barked and chased the old man, who seeing the woman, gave his companion a hearty nudge. He drew himself up and pointed to her, and his laughter went round the hills in a hoarse loud cadence.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! I was she as fooled my Joe!"

But he drove on, and then whistled for the dog.

"Bruno, yer! Bruno!"

Bruno, a short way after the cart, turned, looked back at the woman. Fearful lest he should return to the farm, afraid to face the night alone, she cried out shirilly, and he went to her.

"Damn you!" roared the farmer.

He whipped up his horse.

Then the woman lost all hope. She stumbled to the edge of a small pine wood. There she sank to the ground in a black heap, at which the dog sniffed and whined.

It grew still colder; and, as the moon rose in a clear sky, an autumn frost spread over the Downs. No one of the few passers by saw the stricken woman.

In the cold deceitful moonlight the little group looked none different from a tuft of stunted furse-bushes.

In the time the wind bore with it a woman's groans—for a few minutes a human being's first cry on earth; and again it rushed alone through the grass, and mingled itself round amongst the pines. The woman lay unconscious on the ground, while the dog slept by her or prowled along the edge of the wood.

The Emotional Power of Genius.

By Francis Grierson.

In one of Mr. Arthur Symons's most illuminating pages he says of Duse:—"Her face expresses all the emotions of the world, which she has felt twice over in her own flesh."

The words "the emotions of the world" imply a quality of universal sympathy, a catholicity of temperament, which cannot be assumed by reading or studying. This quality is of all others the one which distinguishes great artists, poets, and writers from thousands of others in the same profession. It made Michelangelo more human than Raphael, Millet more attractive than Thackeray, and Duse a greater actress than Sarah Bernhardt. Technical perfection does not imply creative power. Madame Bernhardt is perfect as far as dramatic art can go, but great actresses is limited to the confines of her own temperament which no art or science can change.

People who see Duse for the first time are likely during the first two or three scenes to receive an amazement of their acting. Playgoers have not been used to the unaffected and the spontaneous in dramatic art. They have been accustomed to artifice, not to natural feeling and unaffected gesture; but the mind soon realises the difference between the real and the artificial, between the joys and the sorrows of real existence and stage tears and laughter, and when Madame Bernhardt weeps, in "La Dame aux Camélias," only the inexperienced are impressed by the acting, and the truth is, Madame Bernhardt has never felt "the sorrows of the world." We are in the presence of a great artificial actress, but not a great emotional personality. At such times she does what the melodramatists of the Adelphi do when they con-
Millionaires arrive at their vast wealth by luck instead of by business insight and absolute calculation. The ordinary mind can no more conceive what genius is than that it can imagine what is going on in another planet, and I have often been amused by people who think they possess culture enough to appreciate intellect in others, but who, when the test comes, prove themselves children in philosophic insight. Goethe says:—"The older we grow the more highly we value natural gifts; we learn that there is no way of manufacturing them."

If genius were mere cleverness, clever people could imitate it with as much power as a clever conjuror imitates the tricks of another. Everything accomplished by device and technique can be taught and appropriated. When Wagner died, all the young composers of Europe set out to imitate him. In no case has the imitation resulted in success as one clever conjuror imitates the tricks of another. Nevertheless, Wagner failed to achieve the profound emotional result in another form of art. Edwin Markham's "Angelus" with the dramatic pose shown in Meissonier's "Angelus" is natural, unaffected, and moving; Meissonier's masterpiece is all artificial, posed, and artificial. It is a proof that the prodigious and continued commercial success of Meissonier's "Angelus" which at last attained the highest price ever attained since pictures became a recognized art, was separated from a purely material plane, emotional power is a great "commercial asset.

Consider the material success of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights," Hugo's "Les Misérables," the perennial success who endow them with a new and universal meaning. Here in the picture looks as if it had been turned out of a patent thinking-machine; there is nothing in it that it cannot reach and equal. Millet's "Angelus" is natural, unaffected, and moving; Meissonier's masterpiece is all artificial, posed, and artificial. It is a proof that the prodigious and continued commercial success of Meissonier's "Angelus" which at last attained the highest price ever attained since pictures became a recognized art, was separated from a purely material plane, emotional power is a great "commercial asset."

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The emotional power of genius only needs seeing and the sympathy with every phase and condition of life which fringes the border of the unfathomable, that sympathy with every phase and condition of life which fringes the border of the unfathomable, which accompanies the poetic and the creative faculties of all true genius. Millet, by his sympathy, his view, he became identified with the two figures in the picture; they become idealistic realities. All these things mean fortune as well as distinction. Edwin Markham's "Angelus" with the dramatic pose shown in Meissonier's "Angelus" is natural, unaffected, and moving; Meissonier's masterpiece is all artificial, posed, and artificial. It is a proof that the prodigious and continued commercial success of Meissonier's "Angelus" which at last attained the highest price ever attained since pictures became a recognized art, was separated from a purely material plane, emotional power is a great "commercial asset."

Goosocracy.

By Walter Sickert

Whether we eventually give the accomplished fact political recognition or not, we occidentals have already long been living under a goosocracy. A walk through the Royal Academy or any of the exhibitions brings this fact home to us pretty clearly. An appreciable fraction of the painters of the day wear the livery of this fair despotism. It is a government of beaux in matinée hats that hates art, as it hates all realities, as it hates work, childishness, home, maturity, literature, thought, and for which, of course, pain, old age and death do not exist.

An art-critic can naturally have little or nothing to say about the work of the ever-present regiment of painters who may be said to have taken the goose's feathering. They are under orders which they must obey on pain of starvation. To them, as to all others, art is as ungenerous and cowardly as it would be for a civilian to strike a soldier in uniform.

We can resume, in passing, what is the general nature of their orders, and then pass on to the work of the free men, with which it is more properly the function of the serious critic to deal.

The task of the fashionable portrait painter, the painter of the femme du monde ("Comme si nous n'étions pas tous du monde," as I once heard [Degas say], has been somewhat simplified of late by the very able draughtsmen who illustrate the advertisements of our great dry-goods stores.

From every other page of our daily and weekly papers, the required ideal plays with us a self-possessed and disquieting game of peek-bo. In the year of grace 1910 she consists of three parts. The chief is a ravishing hat, for the description of which I must refer you to abler and more sachverständig pens. A little face, for the description of which I have forced reluctantly into French-museum, frimousse, binette—but words are poor things, even in French. The place that is filled, in our great dry-goods stores, is taken by the very able draughtsmen who illustrate the advertisements of our great dry-goods stores.

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tions suggest a soul slightly misunderstood. Their message—I am always reading about the message of art, and I wish to be in the critical fashion—may be summarised somewhat as follows: "Yes, I may be only an honourable civil servant, and my first duty may be stepping out of a City Atlas at the corner of Orchard Street, but my utterable soul is crystal-gazing. I see myself run away with by a sheikh in the desert, on a fiery Arab steed." Of so much can our talented advertisement draughtsmen persuade us in a few deft lines.

My only complaint is that when the "message," somewhat baldly indicated above, is translated by the fashionable portrait-painter into oils, on his canvas, a good deal "goes lost," as the Germans say so expressively. I believe, speaking as an old technical hand, that better results could be obtained by sticking closer to the black and white exemplars. On the whole it would be better to square them up, adding just the little touch of sufficient resemblance that is needed. The originals generally suggest the curtain, the Hamlet chair, and what not, that form the accessories of the mowbray in which these solitary soul-tragedies are enacted, with more lightness and tact. But it is impertinent of me to advise my abler colleagues. Candour compels me to admit that I have myself once or twice attempted this branch of art, and failed ignominiously.

In the Academy of this year, as in every previous one that I have seen, there are many admirable portraits that have nothing whatever in common with the necessary and quite legitimate production I have sketched above. As it is, fortunately, not my business to write what are called notices, I need only speak of pictures which have suggested to me something I wish to say, and I have necessarily only speak of what I have happened to, "perceived at the hazard of the opera-glasses," as the French journalists say in their fashionable intelligence.

An admirable portrait, which should serve as an antidote to the poison I began this article by describing, is that of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany by Rubens. It is a work in which the painter shows the highest respect for himself and for his sitter. The agreeable face is solidly modelled without fear or favour, and there is not the slightest attempt to convert the portrait of a matron into the vulgar and flimsy fashion that is current. The example of good taste thus set by an august and royal lady may perhaps not be without influence in a society which is still sufficiently subservient. Another able and efficient piece of portraiture is the picture by Mr. Hatherell of the knightings of Sir William Crossman. I think the portrait of the late Majesty will probably remain a precious document in history that we have in this kind. Our too self-concious criticism is rather apt to treat the ability to render such scenes as negligible, as something almost to be apologised for. This is only the other snobbishness, the inverted variety, which is probably to-day the preponderant one.

The portraits of the great Orchardson are as good as anything he had ever done, and, in that, his death may be accounted happy. He came of a good school. I have always regretted that the small and distinguished group who held those traditions, the fine old Scotch school, of which was also Pettic, did not, in their turn, form scholars to carry on the working of a vein that would have given a rich yield. They were descendants of Rubens through Wilkie. I have always loved and appreciated them. Orchardson's strength was in single figures, a sufficient achievement for one life, when the quality is as high as was his. He was somewhat lost in crowd composition. Painters will understand me when I say that the furtive figures in them made holes in the wall that was supposed to be behind them. This is most noticeable at Queen of Scots picture. All figures enact their scenes in a somewhere. I am inclined to think that, in good composition, the order of consideration must be from the somewhere, to the figures in it. The opposite order of design, from an incident, backwards, to the chamber in which it takes place, is generally fraught with disaster.

The finest portrait this year is certainly Mr. Storey's portrait. This work is a striking proof of a truth on which I am always insisting—that there are still admirable traditions in the hands of men now living. Such contact I find more stimulating, more interesting, and more helpful even than teaching that comes to us from the further oil. Somehow his mother's milk has more interest for a baby than that of his great-grandmother.

A King's Ring.

By Julian Talbot.

Men wear fine clothes for two principal reasons, to wit: to satisfy their vanity and to impress other people. Sometimes motives peculiarly distempered, as from a sense of refinement, and sometimes from sheer business motives, hating the very clothes which worldly policy forces them to put on. Dress, therefore, is not the silly thing that some would-be moralists think it, but a power, an influence, a symbol in the world of fact and reality, a power which even the slightest person has the first to the knowledge. Why did the late Mr. Gladstone wear a very high and prominent collar? Why did Disraeli wear a dandy waistcoat? Why did Tennyson walk about London with a flowing purple mantle? Why did George Borrow carry a huge green umbrella? Why did Liszt walk about Paris with a huge red umbrella? Why does a man wear a single eye-glass? And last, but not least, why do judges and lawyers wear wigs? I know now what you are going to answer, dear, worldly reader; I know what your answer will be; to impress other people. Lawyers and judges wear wigs and gowns to impress both saints and sinners with the dignity of the law. Precisely. And men of talent and genius wear conspicuous things for exactly the same reason. Tennyson wore his purple cloak because it not only suited him, but it distinguished him from the fashionable nobodies of Bond Street, and George Borrow carried his green umbrella in Richmond Park as a sort of canopy to protect the head of a man the like of whom never walked in Richmond Park before. But there are business and material reasons for wearing striking apparel. Some men wear silk hats because they think a high hat gives them dignity which they themselves do not possess. Some of the most inveterate fools I know wear eye-glasses. That is to distinguish them from the millions who could not be hired to wear them. And then, thousands dress fashionably because it pays them to do so. The philosophy of dress! What a world there is in that. The people who ignore this philosophy are perhaps the people who have failed in life. We are living in a world of illusions, where men judge everything by appearances. It makes no difference what your banking account may be, if, from an attack of gout, you are compelled to go about in old patched-up shoes, for you will be taken for a ruined gentleman or some bohemian actor waiting for an engagement. One philosopher has told us that the world is a lie, and another that all we see and touch is illusion. Certainly the greatest error we can fall into is the error of not taking the world as it is. I had travelled about for years, ignoring the value of dress and growing more and more indifferent to all that pertains to fashion, considering life too serious to lose time over what I regarded as trivial and superfluous. But the time came when I grew wiser. A friend said to me: "As you won't dress in the fashion you ought to wear, as a matter of material benefit, one of the presents your friends have given you. There is the king's ring, for instance. Wear that and you will soon see its good effects." Now, jolly words, and the butt and me, and I always disliked, and the king's ring, in particular, was so big, so brilliant and so conspicuous that the few times I wore it I always put it off with a sense of relief, and it lay for months, and even years,
hidden away with other souvenirs from friends titled and untitled. What, I asked, has jewellery to do in my life? and how were such things as rings and scarfpins to influence me in the world of thought, in the region of pure intellect, where illusions and phenomena exist not?

But the same friend answered: "You are not reasoning like a philosopher. You are living in a world of matter and of fact, and not in the clouds; consider things and people as they are. And then he laid stress on these words: "You have made a great mistake in not looking upon that ring and other similar objects as symbols of power."

Then I began to reason about it. Was the ring, indeed, a symbol of power? I said the friend, "that such presents were not given you for doing nothing? Do you think for a moment that such an object as the king's ring, or the pin of the princess, could have been obtained if you were a clerk in a city bank?"

"I admit," I said, "that these souvenirs all represent so much money, and in looking at them the ordinary mind immediately thinks of their material value."

"But this is not all," said the friend; "there is another side of the question, and one of much more importance; the artistic mind knows very well that these things represent something which money cannot purchase; in your case they symbolise a success which cannot be attained by any other means. But leaving this, these rings represent my take my advice and wear the king's ring to offset the snobbish mind saw nothing but royalty, sentiment, it caused them excitement and senti-

Here is an idea," I said. "I will wear the king's ring and take particular note what follows." And I did. The result was amusing and instructive. Cabmen demanded a shilling a mile more, newsboys expected a penny for a half-penny paper, barmaids at the railway buffets were more attentive, and the waiters in restaurants much more polite. The ring had an extraordinary effect on waiters. Under the electric light the big ruby shot forth crimson flashes which were reflected in the facets of the brilliants surrounding it, and every motion of the hand was the cause of new combinations of colour. Under the electric light the ring was dazzling, and the waiters expected their tips to be just double. But all these details were insignificant compared to the effect of the ring on another class of minds, minds of such large scale as possess a certain refinement but who are incapable of any deep or critical thought. Here the result was magical. In their eyes the ring had changed me. I was no longer a humble person whom they despised, but a personage, a power. What I was and what I could do made very little difference with them. The one thing which stood out beyond all others was the possession of this ring. I turned them into chattering enthusiasts, it made them excitable and senti-

mental, it caused them to retire into their shells for a space for the purpose of private meditation. I am utterly convinced that the price of novels must come down. Messrs. Nelsons' venture has had every advantage that capital and organisation could give it, and, of course, it has com-

manded a certain amount of praise in the press—you do not give out whole-page advertisements, paying from £200 to £350 each therefor, without getting discreet editorial treatment in return! At the libraries there was a grand opening rush for the books—and I am far from saying that a prodigious number have not been sold—but the general feeling of the reading world is one of disappointment, and this feeling has been expressed at the library counters.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

The reception given to Messrs. Nelsons' new series of full-length, pretentious novels at two shillings has not been particularly enthusiastic, whereat many authors are rejoicing, but not myself. I should have preferred a very striking and dramatic success, such as would have caused all libraries to pull their self-consciousness, which is fatal, for it means nervousness.

The second and more important reason has to do with that truly English word "wholesome," a word which strikes terror into all commonsense people, impatient of re-belling false pretence. I claimed that Englishmen as snobs; but supposing eighty per cent. of the people to be snobs, that would leave a powerful majority to live, move, and act in a world of illusion and show. Read and tremble, says the edict of the Church to you unsound. But leaving aside these modern bauble worshippers. After becoming acquainted with these facts no one can wonder at the talented young artists who seek, by hook or by crook, to paint that great un-titled personage in order to impress that vast body of nobodies who hold the purse-strings of the world. For the snobs possess the least brains and the most money. Certainly there is nothing subtle or vague about that fact. But the game of snobs and persons works both ways; it is played by bishops and butlers, by lords and by laymen, by grand ladies and by ladies' maids, by painters and the people who sit to be painted, by statesmen and the tradepeople who supply them with wine and meat. Why does a nobleman go about with his coat of arms painted on his carriage-door? Does the earl wish to impress the marquis? Does the marquis expect to influence the duke? Not at all. Among themselves the game is a deceit and a bore. A nobleman goes about with the symbols of nobility emblazoned on his carriage to impress the world of snobbery. The snobs are deeply impressed, and it does not hurt the lord.

The era of snobbery tells its own story; it explains the absence of religious motive except among Roman Catholics and members of the Salvation Army; why statesmen are chosen for their titles and wealth instead of for their knowledge of the world and their less of progress; why the people who give the biggest parties are the chosen leaders of society, both titled and untitled, and why art, literature, and science is England are considered of no importance except in the small and limited circles of the cultured few.

The disappointment is, of course, with the quality of the novels. I am not going to name any names; but I will say that only one of the four books yet issued has been more or less in accordance with the reputation of the firm. One is quite inferior (even judged by commercial standards) and that the other two are mediocre. There are at least two reasons for this. The first is that specially-commis-

sioned novels have a way of being second-rate, and that they are still more likely to be second-rate when they are commissioned for a new series. It is not that the authors are in the least unconscientious. It is that they become self-conscious, which is fatal, for it means nervousness.

The second and more important reason has to do with that truly English word "wholesome," a word which strikes terror into all commonsense people, impatient of re-belling false pretence. I claimed that Englishmen as snobs; but supposing eighty per cent. of the people to be snobs, that would leave a powerful majority to live, move, and act in a world of illusion and show. Read and tremble, says the edict of the Church to you unsound. But leaving aside these modern bauble worshippers. After becoming acquainted with these facts no one can wonder at the talented young artists who seek, by hook or by crook, to paint that great un-titled personage in order to impress that vast body of nobodies who hold the purse-strings of the world. For the snobs possess the least brains and the most money. Certainly there is nothing subtle or vague about that fact. But the game of snobs and persons works both ways; it is played by bishops and butlers, by lords and by laymen, by grand ladies and
general fatuity. I presume that Messrs. Nelsons have been aiming at a far larger public than the libraries. Messrs. Nelsons ought to have known that the taste of this larger public is superior to the taste of the library public. Messrs. Nelsons have proved this themselves in their sevenpenny series. The taste of Tooting, for instance, is less superior than the taste of Belgravia. (Take away from the libraries all the subscribers whose moral and intellectual character is not being daily vitiated by rank sloth or by mere futile, foolish busyness, and where would the libraries be?) And, except in the cathedral cities (overridden by the combined snobbishness of clericalism and militarism) the taste of the provinces is superior to the taste of London; and the further north you go, the more the taste improves. There is around Manchester a population vaster than that of London, a population relatively enlightened and sagacious, a population industrious, a population with a florin in its pocket for a new book. But this population has no particular use for the usual library commodity, and it very genuinely and properly looks down on the aesthetic standard of the West End of London.

It is scarcely conceivable that Messrs. Nelsons could have thought to attract more readers than they would repel by insisting on the word “wholesome.” Take any average decent fellow who habitually reads, who likes his books where he can, and bridge the word “wholesome” to him, and then see his lips curl. And it is the people who habitually read, and who buy books when they can—it is these who count, who are the backbone of the public. If any section of the public had to be offended it should surely be the flabby, not the backbone of the public. If any conception knows what to expect from that word “wholesome.” And the literary history of the last fifty years has taught him that ninety per cent. of the masterpieces—the books out of which money has been made and will be made for a long time yet—are not “wholesome” in the publishers’ sense. Catalogue the outstanding books from “Adam Bede” and “Richard Feverel” to “Esther Waters” and “The Way of all Flesh,” and see how many were anathema, and would have been anathema to-day had they been published for the first time. God bless my soul, most many were anathema, and would have been anathema to-day. And the literary history of that word “wholesome.” Such an understanding makes second-rate work almost inevitable. If the lamented Charlotte Yonge had been alive and had received a commission accompanied by a “Please let us have something ‘wholesome,’ even she would have felt shocked, and would have worried herself all through the book as to whether she was really being quite, quite “wholesome.” Let us take another instance, “Tess of the d’Urbervilles.” Here is a work which Messrs. Nelsons would have refused out, had they had an understanding of it, as being unhistorical. But will anyone say that “Tess of the d’Urbervilles” would not, in addition to being a “best seller,” have added immensely to the artistic and moral prestige of the series? All that Messrs. Nelsons, or any other firms that wish to capture the large waiting public, have to do is to publish the very best books they can get hold of. Instead of saying to an artist, “We want something ‘wholesome,'” they might say, “We want the very best and honestest work you can do.” In this way they will obtain a certain proportion of conventionally wholesome works, and a certain proportion of works that will impress and disturb persons who are worth impressing and disturbing. In this way and in no other will they obtain genuine authority for a new series at a new price. And authority is commercially valuable. It adds to the respect of the more intelligent portion of the public. It always wins in the end. The less intelligent portion do not respect books at all. They mildly and negligently like or dislike them. They care alone will never keep an enterprise going for long. Publishers who are not prepared to purchase and pay for the respect of the intelligent ought to go into the pap-bottle business. I do not expect them to apply particularly to Messrs. Nelsons, towards whom I feel decidedly sympathetic. They have done something for literature after all. But I am convinced that the “wholesome” policy in regard to this new series is a blunder. It aims, first, that people of taste are alienated, and second, that the series cannot possibly, save by sheer, rare accident, include an absolutely first-rate work by an absolutely first-rate author.

Verse.

By F. S. Flint.

“Farewell to Poesy.” By W. H. Davies. (Friedel, 1s. net); “Thirty-six Poems.” By J. E. Flecker. (Adelphi Press); “Sermons from London.” By F. M. Haddock (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net); The “Mountain Singer.” By Susanah MacCathmhaoil. (Maunsel, 2s. 6d. net).

Mr. W. H. Davies is an artless man, and superannuating the earth has taught him tricks as well as given body and bouquet to his verse. Farewell to Poesy, indeed! And have not all his reviewers rushed into print to tell him that no, this cannot be? His publisher, too, reassures “the admirers of Mr. Davies’ fresh and delightful gift. . . He is not describing the muse.” Yet despite the charming work in this little volume, there is evidence also, I think, that Mr. Davies has given up the bloom of his speech and it is the bloom which is his attractiveness. The good fruit of sense comes after the poetry.

Mr. Davies is an artless artist; he sings because he is intensely interested in his own emotions. And because those emotions are made up of an hatred of towns, of being pent up in the coops of labour, and of a superabounding love of freedom and leafy quietness, the open country and all its delights, all of which he expresses with fresh imagery. His verse appeals directly to all those who, like and unlike himself, can and cannot say:

Indeed this is sweet life! my hand
Is under no proud man’s command;
There is no voice to break my rest Before a bird has left its nest:
There is no man to change my mood Would I go putting in the wood.

Mr. Davies has been compared to Herrick; Wordsworth and Blake; I have myself in these columns likened him to the French poet, Francis Jammes; and indeed he is akin with all four. I like him least in his Herrick moods; he is trivial then; he has not, either, the tender sweetness, simplicity and imagination of Jammes at his best. But his parentage, with Wordsworth and Blake is undeniable and patent, and for that persons will love him. Really, to read this book is like taking a walk through the country with an observe guide. Though the path may he obscured by the fresh air; he shows you the “sweet antics” of a Squirrel in the bushes, Who, after he has made the green leaves fight.

Slinks to the ground for safety; he takes you
don a sheep lane That’s only ten feet wide, and two miles long Foot in the centre which, is the time When June, with her abundant grass; Makes the broad paths of lanes, and lanes of roads. And you hear the birds, the

... distant bark of a dog, the moo of cow Or calf, the baa of sheep; or the church bell That made forgetful birds renew their song. And then he half apologises for turning his back...
selfishly—on the world. But how can he help himself?

When I was in your town, and had

Stones all round me, hard and cold,

My flesh was first, my sight was keen,

And still I felt my heart grow old.

But now, with this green world around,

By my great love for it! I swear,

Though my flesh shrink, and my sight fail,

My heart will not grow old with hate.

When I do hear these joyful birds,

I cannot sit with my heart dumb;

I cannot walk among these flowers,

But I must help the bees to hum.

My heart has echoes for all things,

The wind, the rain, the bird and bee;

'Tis I that—now—can carry Tune,

Who in that town must carry me . . .

I wish to quote one other poem for its perfection:

THE DARK HOUR.

And now, when merry winds do blow,

And rain makes trees look fresh,

An overpowering stillness holds

This mortal flesh.

Though I do love to feel the rain,

And be by winds well blown—

The mystery of mortal life

Dolls press me down.

And, in this comes, come now what will,

Shine Rainbow, Cuckoo call;

There is no thing in Heaven or Earth

Can lift my soul.

I know not where this state comes from—

No cause for grief I know;

The Earth around is fresh and green,

Flowers near me grow.

I sit between two fair rose trees

And on my left side roses are

A lovely white.

The little birds are full of joy,

Lambs bleating all the day;

And the colt runs after the old mare,

And children play.

And still there comes this dark, dark hour—

Which is not born of care;

Into my heart it creeps before

I am aware.

Having written that poem and published his fourth book of verse, one could wish that Mr. Davies had indeed said Farewell to Poesy. It is difficult to write about oneself for ever without repetition, and a sorry thing to see a man writing with talent after having written with genius. But perhaps Mr. Davies has an inexhaustible voice . . . Perhaps Mr. Davies is wiser than his reviewers.

Mr. James Elroy Flecker is another kind of poet; but a good poet. Mr. Davies, Mr. Flecker, Mr. Hueffer, and Mr. Campbell are all poets with an individual manner:

Mr. Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (Joseph Campbell) is perhaps one of Ireland's most popular poets. A furor of enthusiasm greeted him when he recited, at a recent Irish national concert in the Queen's Hall, one of the poems in this book:

The poet loosed a winged song

Against the hulk of England's wrong.

Were poisoned words at his command

To avail not for Ireland . . .

He is really and truly a bard, and in different circumstances might have been one of those wandering singers, like Rafferty of whom Mr. Yeats speaks. But what he may have lost in passion he has gained in beauty and in art.

I am the mountainy singer—

The voice of the peasant's dream,

The cry of the wind on the wooded hill,

The leap of the fish in the stream.

And he sings of quiet and love, beauty and peace, travail and pain, sorrow and death; not as abstractions and ideas, but as they image themselves in life. Here is a "Cradle Song":—

Sleep, white love, sleep,

A cauliflower cradle holds thee,

And twilight, like a silver-woven coverlid

Enfolds thee.

Moon and star keep charmed watch

Upon thy lying;

Water plovers through the dusk

Are tremendously crying.

Sleep, while love mine,

Till day doth shine.

Sleep, white love, sleep,

The holy mothers, Anne and Mary,

Sit high in heaven, dreaming

On the seven ends of Eire.

Brigids beside them

Spinning lamb-white wool on whorls,

Singing fragrant songs of love

To little naked boys and girls.

Sleep, white love mine,

Till day doth shine.

There is a mystic, too, in Mr. Campbell, as well as a writer of quaint humour and poetry; and of political songs that are not offensive as art; his speech is his own, and its beauty is not to be denied.

Mr. Davies, Mr. Flecker, Mr. Hueffer, and Mr. Campbell are all poets with an individual manner: that is, their experience of life is translated into gold, and each man stamps his coinage with his own effigy.
BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Famous Poems" (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s. 6d.). A portable volume of fairly well-chosen poems, chronologically arranged, though the title excludes surprises. A famous poem is not necessarily a good one, this volume contains proof enough; nor is Thomas Gray a great poet, and his Elegy would have sufficed. But still there is enough of the great classical work to make this a handy one for slipping into the pocket on occasion.

"Songs of the Army of Night," by Francis Adams (Fillet, 1s. net). A new and revised edition of a fearless and a brave poet, which every Socialist should buy, for it is just that is a pot rhetoric, and much like "One among so Many," which is sincere and passionate treatment of the downtrodden. Hatred of hypocrisy, tyranny, oppression, sham and cant: these are Adams' themes.

"The Master-Singers of Japan," translated by Clara A. Walsh (Murray, Wisdom of the East Series). A fool, an English professor, we believe, once wrote that the Japanese had no great amount of imagination because of the absence in their poetry of personalizations of inanimate things, thereby damning himself as an unimagination blockhead. In truth, the Japanese imagination so intense that it invests everything with life as a matter of course. This volume needs no recommendation, but at the moment, we are repeating one:—

Would that my sleeve were long and wide enough to cover all the sky, and shelter thus:
The fair Spring blossoms from the scattering wind!

"The Ballads of a Cheechako," R. W. Service (Unwin, 3s. 6d.). We do not know what a Cheechako is, and we have no liking for Colonial ballads, even though by "the Canadian Kipling." Those who admired the "Songs of a Sourdough," will find no quibble with the translations, but at the moment, we are repeating one:—

What is a "Sourdough"?

REVIEWS.

Party and People. By Cecil Chesterton. (Alston Rivers. 2s. 6d. net.) We hardly know whether to call Mr. Chesterton's book a programme, a criticism, a manifesto or an apology. And this doubt, we submit, is in consequence of Mr. Chesterton's own attitude. Lucid, interesting and well-informed as the volume is, its reading leaves us unconvinced that Mr. Chesterton himself has come to any decision. At the very close of his discussion of the political problem he asks:—

Whether, after all, force may not be necessary. Of this, however, we may say that it is an even more hopeless remedy than strategy. Force has never put the people in power at any time in any country. It has invariably, when it has been successful, substituted one governing class for another; King Log for King Stork or King Stork for King Log. Neither in force therefore is there any remedy for the people against their parties.

Since the book closes with an interrogation, we also for the moment may leave the question open. Mr. Chesterton has performed a great service in raising it in so stimulating a form.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

What is the Repertory Theatre driving at? It has been rumoured that "Trelawny" and the present playbill are merely pot-boilers, designed to provide funds for less popular artistic successes in the future. But the least one can ask of a pot-boiler is that it shall keep the pot boiling. And here is Mr. Frohman producing "Helena's Path," a comedy far too elusive and undramatic to be conceivably successful with the multitude, too idle and superficial to satisfy the few, and moreover thin, trivial, unreal to a degree. Let me outline the epoch-making series of events out of which Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox have fashioned a three-act play. Helena, Marchesa di San Servolo, possessed and plotted against Lord Lynborough another. They were neighbours, but Lord Lynborough had apparently omitted to call and make the lady's acquaintance. He bathed daily in the sea, and daily took an immemorial path that traversed the boundary of the Marchesa's gardens. Purchasing a padlock, and setting up a barricade of gorse and other prickly shrubs, she closed the path, denying right of way; only to have the padlock returned by parcels post, while Lord Lynborough leaped the barrier, a peeler and the present playwright, and continued to reach his bathing place by the shortest route. With this mild skirmishing the war began. There were retirers upon either side; on Helena's, two ladies of the garden, a middle-aged colonel, and an angular solicitor; on Lord Lynborough's, a young private secretary and a jovial antiquarian, both pleasant, healthy creatures with towels about their necks and an air of recent immersion. Lord Lynborough played cricket with the village club, in feudal fashion, providing vast luncheons for the yokels in a striped marquee. He stole away Helena's supporters, capling the ladies with roses and politeness and the men with food and drink, while she...
captured his secretary and his antiquarian, touching their hearts by implication of ill-usage, tempting them with coquetry and a fluttered parasol.

Upon this, Lord Lynborough declared that he would go to law, and certainly the law was upon his side; for the oldest inhabitants remembered using the path in his boyhood, seventy years or more ago. Helena, president, was anxious to save her estate and move elsewhere, leaving the path desolate. So upon condition that he should come that way each Midsummer Eve, to do homage to its owner, and kiss her hand, he agreed and left it alone. There was peace henceforth in the garden, and the hands of summer were set back to spring.

A butterfly comedy, this; a butterfly comedy of idle people. Yet it is not altogether undistinguished. The setting pleases; the personages are real enough in outward show. Meredithians, some have called them. But that is just what they are not. The dialogue fails. The true Meredith music is lacking. There is no pinnacled rhapsodies, no dancing delicate conceits, to lift expression above the commonplace. To compare the dialogue of "Helena's Path" with one of "The Red Herring" is to set the prattle of a drawing-room song against the symphony of Beethoven. And from the neo-Meredithians may Heaven preserve us! The men played well. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as the Marchesa, was a little heavy, but this was rather the author's fault than the actors' own. She was required to take her precious path much too seriously. So was the audience. * * *

Meanwhile Mr. Frohman has been butchering other chickens elsewhere. "Parasites," produced last week at the Globe Theatre, has nothing to do, it is explained, with the governing class. It is described upon the playbill as a play by Paul M. Potter, adapted from "La Kaboulleuse," by Emil Fabre, which was founded on a story by Balzac. Certainly it bears traces of much tinkering, to very little purpose. In Balzac's original form, the story was no doubt sordid, ugly, and impulsive. The sordidness and ugliness remain, the impressionless, has lost all slight craft, and it drifts from calm to storm. There are no pinnacled rhapsodies, no dancing delicate conceits, to lift expression above the commonplace. To compare the dialogue of "Helena's Path" with one of "The Red Herring" is to set the prattle of a drawing-room song against the symphony of Beethoven. And from the neo-Meredithians may Heaven preserve us! The men played well. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as the Marchesa, was a little heavy, but this was rather the author's fault than the actors' own. She was required to take her precious path much too seriously. So was the audience. * * *

The dialogue, when Mr. Bourchier is not upon the stage, is clumsy and dull. When he is there he is often clever enough to make it amusing, but he can never save the play from being worthless. If our managers want patchy adaptations of this kind, why do they always go to France for their material? Berlin and Vienna can give them stronger foundations to build upon, and better parts. * * *

The Play Actors produced "The Red Herring," by Robert Macdonald, at the Court Theatre last Sunday week. Much of the writing was so good that it was a pity to waste it upon such a subject—a mechanical comedy of intrigue. The play gave an opportunity to Mr. Leon Quartermaine, who did well in the part of a young diplomat manipulating the affairs of Europe with the ease borne of a profound conviction that whatever complications he causes, the fourth act will put everything straight.
invited by the National Art Collections Fund, from whom a grateful nation had received the princely gift, to examine the canvas. When the more sceptical among the members of the committee of experts hoped their hopes sank low; for they were doomed to disappointment. Needless to say, the six officials examined the canvas. When the more sceptical of the experts had concluded that the picture as Velasquez's own, this was precisely what the national experts the committee were of the opinion that it is not so and so and so and so. 3. The Mengs signature.—Four members see no signs. Three members are silent. The remaining members are satisfied that it is not so and so and so and so. 4. The B. M. signature.—Six members of the committee are of the opinion that it is so and so and so and so. 5. The Mallet.—Antique members have concluded that the picture as Velasquez's own. This was precisely what the National Gallery expected. The remaining members insist that they see signs. Four members see no signs. Three members are silent (wise members!). At this point the future historian will be carried out in a faint, unless, however, he has been born to deal with delicate and infinite matters of the kind.

The investigation of the impartial "eight" practically brings the controversy to an end, and we may breathe freely once more, and say thankfully, "Now we know what is not true." But one thing remains to be done. Mr. W. T. Stead must ring up Velasquez and submit the latest report to him. I feel sure that everyone will await Velasquez's reply with becoming patience. I might mention that this simple message would not have been sent to the National Gallery had the first place, fewer signatures of all sorts would have found their way to the dark corner of the "Velasquez" where that of Mazo is said to be reposing.

What, for the present, is the last word on this controversy? It is simply this—noting has been proved. From the mouths of experts with their signature theories, of pedigree members with their formal evidence, of artists with their technical training, of dealers with their monetary estimates, has come nothing but confusion and contradiction. The damaging fact remains that we have purchased a picture for £42,000 whose chief merit is that of reviving the fertility in statesmanship. CHARLES CHARRINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.


To the Editor of "The New Age."

Will you permit me to answer very briefly the comments of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesherton upon an article in "The New Age" headed "Mr. Hilaire Belloc versus Mr. Sidney Webb on Socialism."

First for Mr. Belloc. He touched on three points. In the first place he says that in describing Mr. Webb as "nothing but a Socialist" he knew perfectly well who Mr. Sidney Webb is; the label "Socialist" was therefore not necessary for purposes of identification. Now I maintain that, like a good deal of Mr. Belloc's controversial outlay, the word "Socialist" does not contain the essential truth. Mr. Webb quotes his reply to the word "Socialist." He would use the word "Statesman." Next, as to my use of the word "capital." In writing about Socialism, I naturally meant to call attention to the fact that Mr. Belloc did not use the word in that sense which I think he should have used. As a matter of fact, I refer him to Mr. E. R. Pease's brilliant analysis of the Capital Socialists mean, when he spoke in speaking of "capital." I spoke of wages in connection with the effect produced by legislation regulating the relation of employer and employed. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Herbert Spencer have both dealt with the problem, which he could escape the conclusion that such legislation had the effect of distributing capital. I was replying to Mr. Belloc's assertion that socialism called such a legislature as he had in mind. Mr. Belloc, in his reply, shows that he was not within a million miles of the subject of money payments and real wages about which I was talking. Mr. Belloc has gone on to say that I am bound to say it is true. It is true that I had carried his general assertion into detail. I was, I admit, talking Herbert Spencer even more than Mr. Belloc.

And that brings me to the last point. I did not criticise Mr. Belloc's servile State philosophy, because I pointed out that everything he did, not more chary, had been refuted when it was advanced nearly thirty years ago by Herbert Spencer. True, Mr. Belloc contrasts "Socialist" with "Servile," but in that he only shows the weakness in philosophic analysis which I might have expected from his training. Herbert Spencer said "All Socialism involves slavery." He might have added, "all political life involves slavery," and he would have been equally right. Furthermore, it was the word slavery as he had used it in his reply to Mr. Belloc middled it up with questions of income, but as far as there is any "philosophy" in the matter he takes Herbert Spencer's position.

And this Servile Socialist versus Liberal-Antiarchist point of view may help to show the critical under which I classed Mr. Belloc as I did. But I added, "If he would allow himself to think a little." And this further justifies my reference to Mr. Belloc's real creed, which I meant to put to him in a way which he could not escape the conclusion that such legislation had the effect of distributing capital. I was replying to Mr. Belloc's assertion that socialism called such a legislature as he had in mind. Mr. Belloc, in his reply, shows that he was not within a million miles of the subject of money payments and real wages about which I was talking. Mr. Belloc has gone on to say that I am bound to say it is true. It is true that I had carried his general assertion into detail. I was, I admit, talking Herbert Spencer even more than Mr. Belloc.

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EUGENICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Dr. Selby's assertion that I have since heartily assented to the "Eugenics" is absolutely untrue. I am quite at one with Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw in regarding such "Eugenes" as Dr. Selby propounds in your last issue as childish nonsense with chaotic implications. By G. WELLS.

DR. SELBY REPLIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Wells attributes to me an assertion I never made and calls it absolutely untrue. I said nothing about "Mankind in the Making," not about such eugenesics as I advocate. I refer to a particularly vicious "Galtonian eugenics." When Sir Francis Galton read his paper on "Eugenesics" to the Sociological Society in 1904, Mr. Wells criticized him (Sociological Papers, 1904, pp. 55-60), securing him—for instance—of merely inventing another name for the popular American term "stirpiculture" (which Mr. Galton had invented himself), and declaring that "now and always the conscious selection of the best for reproduction will be impossible," and that "it is in the sterilization of failures [cruel possibilities] here—[C.W.S.], and not in the selection of successes for breeding, that the possibility of an improvement of the human stock lies."

But in 1903 Mr. Wells writes in "T.P.'s Weekly": "It has been the persistent wish of philosophers, a non-Irish up, wards, that men have bred their dogs and horses, and left any man and woman, however vile, free to rear offspring in the next generation. Well, shall I tell you about the wonderful and beautiful! These childless and livery crew in the grave, and we rest content with a system of matrimony that permits men, with a son of something in the world, when men will be in possession of knowledge and opportunity that will enable them to master this position, and when it is assured that every generation shall be born better than was the one before it.

In 1904 "now and always the conscious selection of the best for reproduction will be impossible"; in 1905, "a day will come," etc.

My contention was that "prominent critics are changing their minds—perhaps without being aware of it," and I am heartily obliged to Mr. Wells for his demonstration.

C. W. SELBY.

FELLOWSHIP AND UNSOCIALLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have been much struck during the last few days of national mourning with the strangely ostentatious and, in some instances, positively blasphemous, eulogizing of professing Socialists. Phrases from Morris to the effect that "Fellowship is Heaven and lack of Fellowship is Hell" have a curious overtones of philosophy, a point I have observed to be singular among the crowds they meet. Either a Socialist is a Sociologist, or he is, as Mr. Shaw calls him, a "philosopher." And the theory of economic or loud protestations of sympathy with the poor will compensate for the feelings of contempt and hatred of their fellows who are mediocrity, and not so much as the ordinary type of the wandering Messianic prophet. Under the circumstances, then, the attempt to propagate his views, if the work has been driven into a corner as to the perfection of their ideal figure they may have previously arrived. That is nonsense as a generalization; and nonsense calculated to harm the cause of Eugenics when women read between the lines. I leave it to the plain man whether gushing "reformers" are sincere. To feminize an historic joke, are they not trying on a D. S. Whedee?

C. W. SALEEBY.

MRS. BRABY'S "DOWNWARD."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Even if "all the great female criminals have been mothers," it hardly proves that "maternity as such no more uplifts a woman than a tigeress," as "Eugenist" states. Men of genius have also been criminals, so have ministers of religion. Does "Eugenist" think that genius "as it is" does not demand nothing for the religious life?" He attributes rather too much responsibility to mothers; "every one of our lunatics, criminals and diseased" had also a father.

I refer "Eugenist" to the following passage in "Downward":—"But any bad woman can do it—any weak drudge, the same woman who is diseased, wretched little embryo criminals into the world."

"True, but because vile people degrade a great achievement do not destroy its results, it is far from being itself less noble when it is greatly, worryingly done. And what greater thing is there for a woman to do?"

As for "Eugenist"s final advice that "women should cease gushing over themselves and study statistics," I humbly ask, if women may not write of the glories of motherhood, who can declare that the Colonial Paper is not a precious addition of statistic. Simply, "Eugenist," a little courtesy in argument won't do the eugenic ideal any harm—it may even help to promote it.

MAUD CHURTON BRABY.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

These Christians (Christolaters) are indeed a funny folk. Somewhat in the manner of the Scotch parson referred to by me in my original article under the above heading, and whom I regarded as speaking alone in his views—when driven into a corner as to the perfection of their ideal figure they all seem prepared to shelter themselves behind the proposition that "the best is nothing."

My contention was that "prominent critics are changing their minds—perhaps without being aware of it," and I am heartily obliged to Mr. Wells for his demonstration.
Christian Church succeeded in maintaining and consolidating its authority over mankind. The ancient Pagan world knew nothing of 'an execution as such. This was left for "Christ and his Church" to establish.

THE CAMBERWELL TRAGEDY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

There is a man in Wandsworth Prison lying under sentence of death. His execution has been fixed for Tuesday, the 17th inst., three days before the late King's funeral. This man is not a ripper or a systematic poisoner. He struck down a man whom he believed to have "lost him his job." Men know what is going on in our courts of justice, even a sane and well-controlled brain. The condemned man comes of an epileptic family, as most homicides do. Drink, to which several misguided friends are prone to console him after his dismissal, and the sight of a sick wife and crying children, were too much for his hereditary instability. For 30 years he has been a habitual criminal, praised in a language so drenched with the vengeance of a savage. He is sane now, and, with everything about him to remind him that he is to be strangled at a certain hour, he sits thinking about it. Sits! We can all imagine the scene of mortal terror and despair which must be daily and nightly happening in that cell of lives despoiled.

I see that Mr. John Masefield favours execution for male procurers. He writes that he has personally studied the subject. It seems to me that he has not studied it much. If he had, he would have seen that the numbers of these times a year, and got rid of them all, he would then have to invent a machine to dispose quickly enough of the female procurers, Mr. Masefield does not appear to have really liked Van Goyen. Fante. Why not hang every kind of criminal as we used to? Why not burn them?

In fact, the severity of this reformer gets hold of other reactionaries, who will everyone believes it humane methods of reform please write to the Home Secretary. As he no longer a hopeless thing to appeal to the humanity of the Home Secretary and ask a reprieve for the

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

May I be allowed to refer to Mr. Carter's letter of April 14 in which he misunderstands my previous letter and alleges that I have taken up an absurd position? I protest against this unfair practice of quoting a sentence detached from its context and imputing to it a meaning which otherwise it would not possess.

He says that I "admit that there is only one art." and that I maintain further "that there are degrees of excellence in art." I was careful in my letter of April 7 to distinguish between "art" as an act of creation and "art" (that comprehensive word) which embraces those creations. I speak exclusively of the same creative force (which we call "art") as Vandyke exercised. It was hardly necessary for me to say that the results were very different. But I did so because I am not cleverly done, on the other hand "Cornelius Van der Geest" now in the despised National Gallery. I added, the first "positively," the second "superlatively." That is what I meant by degrees of excellence in art.

Mr. Carter takes exception to my remarks on Turner. I stated a fact. I said that he began painting in a realistic style in which the form and substance of things were little discernible. He said I was "positively," the second "superlatively." That is what I meant by degrees of excellence in art.

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Indépendants, at the International, and at the N.E.A.C. works more deliberately shocking to artistic sensibilities than anything that could be produced by the accidental whirling of a brush tied to a donkey's tail.

I am sorry of I said anything which could fairly seem to disparage the work of Mr. Carter; I have always reckoned that it is the artist's most precious birthright of originality; and art without it is worthless. But this a vastly different thing from the anarchical individualism which Socialists are always rightly denouncing; that chaotic lack of organisation which is the antithesis of the Socialist ideal. Mr. Carter lauds the Société des Indépendants for the liberal accord accorded to the artist to exhibit what he chooses; yet in his main article when dealing with ugly buildings he asks indignantly, "Why do not they (the Socialists) apply an analogous liberty of artists to direct and control art matters?" So the moment Mr. Carter tries to deal with a practical problem he cries out for the very authoritative control which he applauds the Artistes Indépendants for abandoning!

Mr. Carter repeats the old old charge by which so many of our critics have demonstrated their own blindness. He have been sneered at for announcing long before the Club of Queer Trades. Stories. Illustrated by George G. Watts. Critical Study. (Duckworth, 6s.)

The history of art shows that it has its present state your Bibliography of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Dr. E. J. Dillon, B.A., "Don't," Daily News, May 3.

"The Issue with the Lords," Nation, May 7.


DAVIES, EMIL, "Canals versus Railways."


* * *

CONCERNING ERROR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To err is human but to do err in form of corrupting the text. The kind of mirth which ensues on that is diabolical. And I know I took some pains to make the MS. of "The Spanish Gipsy" (which I printed on page 18) quite legible. Truly, we esteem it an honourable thing to be admitted among the ranks of your contributors, but only on condition that you do not change our verses into mockery.

To come to particulars: I did not write "Great shoulders she," which is an accidental whisking of the picture, but "Great shouldered." As for the last stanza it should run:

Bred of the mountain night and dread with power Prophetic, masterful, indifferent,
The daughter of the Night, and doorkeeper Of that yet unimaginable Day That every night descending on the land Presages, and that every evening sees Waiting at fall of dark, upon the hills-- As darkness fell upon the hills I met The challenge of the Gipsy-woman's gaze.

It is something I wish to know that Mr. Field is re-printing the verses in their original form in a brochure of verses which he will issue at the beginning of June.

HENRY BRYAN BINDS.

A HOLIDAY TOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The letter of "Week-end" in a recent issue makes a very useful suggestion, but I should like to point out that few of us (at all events those of us who work) get more than a day, or at the most two days, at Whitsun, and consequently could not manage a tour abroad then. But if "Week-end" would organise a tour for the summer holidays (say for July or August, or both times) I am convinced that many English readers would form a party and have a very enjoyable time for a moderate sum. Will "Week-end" consider the suggestion and inform your readers?

B. I.

Articles of the Week.


BARING, MAURICE, "Diminutive Dramas: The Governor of Britain," Morning Post, May 3.


DAVIES, EMIL, "Canals versus Railways."

Labour Leader, May 6.

DICKINSON, G. LOWES, "The Issue with the Lords," Nation, May 7.


LANG, ANDREW, "What is Poetry?" Morning Post, May 6.


SARP, EVELYN, "In Search of Middle Age," Morning Leader, May 5.


TOmLINSON, H. M., Romance: Landfall in the Rockies," Morning Leader, May 3.


WILLIAMSON, DAVID, "One Hundred First Numbers: Notes on 'No. 1' of a Hundred Journals."

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

25.-ROBERT HICHENS.

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