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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 fierce light of it. But nobody either has been more hedged about with discreet mendacity. We do not suggest for one moment that this mendacity was of a sinister nature. On the contrary, it has been on the whole well directed. But there is no power without mystery, and it is the function of the Crown to create and preserve the mystery even when the appearance of publicity and openness is most conspicuous.

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What so many people who are not psychologists as well as politicians fail to realise is that a Constitution such as ours, unwritten and fluid, is not merely a work of art as well as of ratifice, but of living art. Exactly as it is the business of a dramatist to produce an atmosphere in which his hero, of however intrinsically poor stuff, may be made to appear grandiose and romantic, so it is the purpose of the persons in whose hands are the functions of the Crown to create a magnifying atmosphere through which the actual person of the King may be beheld by those without the magic circle in a large heroic form. All the more easily is the creation of this illusion possible when the person of the King in question lends itself to the part. And it is not the least of the merits of King Edward VII. that his natural qualities were such as readily lent themselves to the task of the Crown, and did actually give the

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

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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 sense 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 æsthetic, 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.

* * *

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 criterion 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, at bottom, that the Englishman is no partisan. John Bull is neither a politician nor a lover of

politicians. To him the whole breed is no more than a necessary nuisance, of whom one set is on the whole as good or as 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. Strategy, in short, he had as little of as Nelson. What there was needed of strategy in his foreign policy was supplied by the officials of the Diplomatic Service, whose work was doubtless considerably lightened by the fact that King Edward was related by 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 naive, benevolent in intention, but with a 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 popularity approaching idolatry in which he has been held. At each successive death of the great men who lived during the reign of Queen Victoria, the public has been instructed to believe that each was indeed the close of his age. Tennyson was the last, so was Lord Salisbury. Then it was Meredith, and only recently it was Swinburne. But all these announcements of the real close 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 for a moment on the circumstances of the Queen's death and on the historic as well as family relationship in which the late King stood to the late Queen, will fail to realise at once that King Edward was spiritually the mere executor of Queen Victoria. The impulse of her epoch flowed over, as it were, and merged in his reign, begun actually before her death, colouring it with the peculiar tones of the Victorian era. King Edward VII. was adored almost as much as the son and successor of his mother as for his own qualities and merits.

* * *

This fact, indeed, puts the seal of difference on the two accessions to the throne which the last ten years have witnessed. The accession of Edward VII. was neither felt to be, nor in fact was it, a leap in the dark or a plunge into a new period. Everything that the late King did on the throne had been anticipated and expected, both from the evidence of his own public life and from the impetus given to his times by the long reign that drew to a close in him. But the situation is strangely different at this moment, and all the surrounding circumstances mark it off as unique in English history for many a generation. For if it is felt, as it is clearly felt, that the era of Victoria is indeed and at last over, who is so bold as to dare forecast the nature of the epoch that is now opening? We venture with all sincerity to refer our readers to some remarkable articles contributed to this journal over the signature of Judah P. Benjamin, and dealing in an almost prophetic style with these very questions. Of what their value may prove to be we have only this assurance, that though they were mostly drafted by our contributor some ten or a dozen years ago, the first chapters have only now begun to grow intelligible. With this hint we will leave our readers to examine them again at their discretion.

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., if we may frankly speak our minds, is himself not the least unknown of all the factors. And surrounding him and England are elements which, if less unknown, are certainly causes of anxiety. Unrest, that is the word which best expresses the mood of the European mind at this moment; but whether the unrest is of the dawn or of the twilight, which of us can say? All we know is that never was the time more clamant of sincere and wise reflection. Now, if ever, it were better that men should never have been born than that they should put their minds to needless strife. Never was the necessity for the association of men of good will more urgent, more indispensable, more fateful in its portent.

* * *

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. There are, we shall all admit, principles at stake in the political discussions of the day which may conceivably require to be fought out in a fiercer and more barbarous form than on paper or on the platform; but only if their initial stages are allowed to be enacted amid lying and shouting and bitterness and recriminations. All those elements, so tragically common in the last few months of political strife, must be softened and civilised if not entirely destroyed, unless the nation is to reap their fruit in the blood and tears of civil war. What one journal can do while maintaining its principles to secure their victory or to suffer their defeat by reason, by persuasion, and by all the arts of intelligent appeal, THE NEW AGE will do. For, as Marvell said of King Charles's cause, that it was too good to be fought beastly for, we, too, regard the cause of democracy and the cause of Socialism as too good to be won by means which the best of men have ever despised. 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 wordy threats 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 bearing of the question on the Crown, but the introduction—unnecessary, in our view, as 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 no intention of considering at length the

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 mere 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 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 civilisation, must often appear as prophets, though indeed 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 grouping. Every member is impelled to re-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 it 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 squatting on his haunches and lashing its tail furiously before preparing 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 claim, 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 skilful burglaries or other offences makes the worm turn. A riot is the natural sequel, and as the Europeans are indirectly the cause of the trouble they not rarely bring down upon 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 the statute referred to does not 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' Groat! Imagine the "Daily News" and the "British Weekly"! It cannot be denied that, wherever Christian missionaries go in the Eastern countries, they invariably breed strife and discontent in the long run; and there seems no reason why, because a few ignorant fanatics in Great Britain foolishly subscribe thousands of pounds yearly for missionary work abroad, a bunch 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 Socialistic 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 only Germany can manoeuvre some sudden coup abroad. Hence, argue these wise persons, if it be found necessary to bring some compulsion to bear on England the Fleet will be there, ready for use, while, if it be not wanted, no harm is done.

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 avowedly anti-militarist; while the constituents who return this Party to the House of Commons are exactly the contrary. I only give this as a friendly hint in the event of the war scare becoming more intense about the beginning of July. In this connection, it had better not be forgotten that the Australian Labour Party is pledged to conscription and an Australian Navy.

Last week I referred to the Persian difficulty, and to German's desperate efforts to get a footing in the country. It may now be noted that Sir George Barclay, British Minister at Teheran, has arrived in London,

and at the time of writing M. Isvolsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, has reached Paris after having seen the King at Biarritz. While M. Pichon is having another little confidential chat with M. Isvolsky, Sir George Barclay (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 ~~alone~~ or later. Since M. Isvolsky 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.

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Practically no news has come to hand from Egypt since last week—no 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 so many people 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 unique figure in the political and social factors not only of Europe but the world. His prestige extended to the remotest islands of the Pacific and was felt in all the democratic states and countries of the two Americas. 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 Democrat who inspired respect by a natural dignity which seemed at all times unconscious. This dignity 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 mien 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 mere vanity! The world forgives talent and genius for displaying signs of vanity, but in a King it is taken as a palpable weakness. There never was a ruler of a great nation who felt less vanity, showed less vanity than King Edward, and he seemed to be free from the tyranny of capricious moods and states of temper. These were potent virtues. In a ruler moods soon become intolerable to the individual and the public alike.

Another of the late King's virtues was tact. There are people who think tact can be acquired like the fashions in clothes or a decent complexion. Such a thing is impossible. The more I see of society everywhere the more convinced I am that tact, of all the social requisites, is the rarest. There are hundreds of great lords and ladies, to say nothing of great officials, whose progress through life is one long routine of blunders. Tact, like wit or humour, is born with one. It is common sense applied to the people, the incidents and the circumstances of daily life. Now common-sense is of all worldly and practical things the most uncommon. Tact requires as much attention in little as in big affairs; with it nothing is unimportant, and it, too, seems to the onlooker unconscious, precisely because it is so natural. A bungler trying to attain tact assumes a condition of chronic buffoonery. Tact in society implies an easy manner, a good memory, ready powers of judgment and discrimination, and for the time being a neutral attitude. In this sense society resembles a skating-pond, where the people of tact per-

form their evolutions on the solid ice and the fools and fanatics risk the outer edges and the holes. The real tactician takes no risks. The late King avoided risks while appearing to take no notice of the gravest perils. He carried about with him an atmosphere of seeming neutrality which disarmed suspicion and quieted apprehension. Instead of always taking counsel of his counsellors he often counselled them, and without the slightest agitation or hurry he appeared at the right place at the right time, and always as if doing the thing for amusement or recreation.

There is no modern instance of such an unostentatious demeanour. The power exercised by the late King was power inherent. Such a personal element is born with the individual. All that we assume is false and futile. The late Queen Victoria was before everything else a woman, and her far-reaching influence was the result of her natural and womanly temperament. The late King was before everything else a man, and his far-reaching influence the result of perfectly natural powers. Not for three centuries has England seen a ruler with so little ambition and so much personal power, so little vanity and so much simple dignity, so little political influence and such vast diplomatic dominion. On his journeys about Europe he carried an Empire with as much seeming unconcern as he would a pocket-book full of bank-notes, and it is evident that this seeming unconcern disarmed all sorts and conditions of inimical people in politics, diplomacy, and the great social and cosmopolitan world everywhere.

King Edward's presence among the nations had a neutralising and tranquilising effect on the minds of rulers and statesmen, but perhaps even more on the minds of the public.

In France he was called the first gentleman of Europe; and there is no city so fastidious and critical as Paris in matters of personal deportment and personal appearance. The Parisians have been for centuries the arbiters in questions of taste, dress, tact, and manners, and it is nothing short of wonderful that they should have forgotten national rivalry and old animosities and hailed King Edward as the one living embodiment of all the political and social amenities.

I am convinced that without the late King's personal contact with the French people no entente would have been possible between the two countries.

England's loss cannot now be summed up. Perhaps not for a year or two will it be possible to realise what the world and the Empire have lost. We have, for one thing, parted with a great personal force, and are now face to face with a world where the impersonal will rule; groups will usurp the place of the individual, assemblies will dominate over personality, party ambitions will override the calm authority of the man of undisputed power.

To those who cling to the illusions created by time, temperament, habits and routine, which seemed real and permanent, the sudden death of the King will remain for a time like the vague memory of a dream. Not for months to come will certain minds be made to realise the vast changes that must ensue. And one thing is certain—a giving way to feelings of pessimism or despondency will bring no good to persons or parties. Those who loved to dream away the days as well as the nights will now be forced to look at realities. Arguments and vain discussions will mend nothing. Yet it is idle to try to hide the rude fact that many people will never recover from this unexpected blow to the even tenor of their lives. It has been said of some people that nothing matters, not even death; but there are events and forces greater even than death. There is a state called "a living death." It is infinitely worse than anything else one can possibly conceive. I see in the passing of the late King a change and an awakening far greater than anything that could have been brought about by a great war with a nation like Germany. A great war would have left the thing we are pleased to call "Society" exactly where it was.

The death of King Edward has probed to the roots of the Upas tree of illusion.

Women and Freedom.

By D. Triformis.

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's Celestine, whose young man won her 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 "Heresy and Humanity." "The gist of heresy," she says, "is free personal choice in act and in thought, the rejection of traditional faiths and customs, quâ traditional." Note that "personal choice in thought." It is a distinguished phrase. "Herd suggestion is always in a haze." "We are humane 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 units, you sing the same song, you wave the same flag. Humanity is sympathy with infinite differences, with utter individualism, with complete differentiation, and it is only possible through the mystery of organic 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 physical pain, physical sickness; there will come the day when to hurt mentally and spiritually will be equally impossible, because the mental and spiritual life will be one."

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 all too brief article might be very different from mine. 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 given from without. Mental freedom must be begotten from within. Thought begets it; and its only outward evidence is personal choice—a happy, but never a noisy, thing. The woman who is mentally free, knowing how imperceptible is the evolution of this freedom, knows, also, that to try and impart the free mind to a person who wants still to be shouting and waving a flag would be of as much use as to fasten a wing upon a lizard and bid it be a bird and fly.

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. costing, says Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, a thousand pounds. We are to have "banners and colours in our Procession surpassing all that has ever been seen before." Now, will you say we have no right to the vote? A thousand pounds—twenty-seven bands—banners that beat everything!

The W.S.P.U. are fond of quoting Christ, that Example of violence, to excuse their tactics. One cannot at least imagine Christ going round for money to help His cause, or to buy banners surpassing all that has ever been seen before. The revelations concerning 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 com-

mercialism 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 week is a week of sacrifice that will be expressed in the precise and definite terms of silver and gold." Aye! and what we shall 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 few persons will need more than their own sense of 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. "Wage unceasing warfare until women enter upon their inheritance, and the victory is won." That means we shall begin slapping and pushing again; and that, further interpreted, means that unless we provide gladiatorial shows for our supporters, the W.S.P.U. will soon be forgotten. Our friends 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 even keep order for the sake of the city while we are turning it into a Donnybrook. And 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 are the rioters. For let us understand that it is not 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 the acts of the militant suffragettes have driven into actual opposition to their own enfranchisement. The militants do not hesitate to mention the French Revolution and to talk glibly of bloodshed. "We hope politicians will not force women to bloodshed." Who is going to shed this blood? Mrs. Pethick Lawrence? It is not likely; but some half-daft listener, drinking in the suggestion, may commit the crime which will land her in a criminal lunatic asylum. One cannot readily believe that our great Leader or our dear Treasurer has ever really read a history of the French Revolution; for, otherwise, their utterances about it must be termed as one would not care to term them.

But let us get away from these abominations. Freedom, won in such ways, is not the freedom for which women are seeking. We are not bodily slaves. No man forces us to marry, nor does the Government send its police to drag us back to a husband we dislike. Bodily free, then, all the slavery we endure we endure because our minds are not free. When we think freely we shall choose freely, we shall act freely; but "personal choice in thought" is the first condition of acting freely. No man can give us that mental freedom, but with mental freedom gained from within ourselves, we should scarcely fail to convince our fathers and brothers of our right to the vote. Everything we might say or do would assist us, if we were mentally free. Men are contemptuous now of our conventions, our superstitions, our prohibitive and censorious preferences. That can scarcely be too often repeated, for this contempt is at the bottom of men's opposition. Our own minds must free us since our own minds enslave us. When Miss Beatrice Tina wrote: "The militant suffragettes have saved us from the last

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 its 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, daily, 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 content to be herded nor 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 Stout 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 over their own money, 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 any of these great public services, the women, with faith truly touching, leave the educational, charitable, benevolent, and municipal drudgery.

Dear, dear! And to remember that our own W.S.P.U. has just these same 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 wildly 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 so sad 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—airplane—Manchester," he whined, incoherent and, to all seeming, inconsolable.

"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?" murmured 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 on our own English soil—"

"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."

"No; 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. The narrow Jingoism of some people like our poor friend Chesterham may be a very despicable passion; certainly, if carried to excess, it tends to become an unlovely picture of selfishness and maudlin senti-

mentality. But true patriotism involves some kindness 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 homely affection which a man feels for 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 hackneyed or published in the 'Spectator,'" I said with composure. "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, laws, institutions—all of which constitute so 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 unwonted 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 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 establishing a 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 expound 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 his 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—didaction. It is a dangerous and shallow creed which dogmatizes 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 awaited 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 re-

demption. 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 ribaldry, my dear Shav. Patriotism is a thing sacred, and, like all sacred things, it is incompatible with a sense of the ludicrous. Laughter has killed more gods than fear has ever created. But I will not despair 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 primeval 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 iniquitous wars of conquest, and which in France makes otherwise sane and humane Academicians babble 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 babble 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 that he is not only a man, but 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 irrevocably bound up with the destinies of his country."

"That is precisely where the mischief comes in. I have not the least desire to be bound up with anybody else's destinies. It is a most immoral doctrine 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 now denied us!"

"You are right. Heretics are not now burned, but they are barred. Although you may have no very high opinion of your fellow-men, you would hate to be estranged from them."

"Why, yes, I confess that I like my fellow-men much more than I admire them. On the whole, I rather think I love them, and in order to love mankind one must not expect too much from them."

"We have wandered from the subject of our discussion. Where did we leave off?"

"I denounced your doctrine of patriotism as immoral."

"Yes, I remember. I did not quite understand what you meant. Euclid is an excellent guide in morals, and one of his best maxims is that the whole is greater than the part."

"No, not greater, only bigger," said Shav, with a laugh.

"The State has certain claims——" I insisted.

"Pray, don't talk about the claims of the State to me. What do I care about the State? For all I know to the contrary, the State may have been necessary in primitive times, just as human sacrifices were necessary then. How can that affect me at the present day? I know that I do not need the State any longer, and also that I cannot submit to the self-sacrifice necessary to its maintenance. You are free to organise your lives as you think best. I have neither the intention nor the pretension to dictate to you. I know only what I need and what I do not need, and among the things that most emphatically

I do not need is fusion with other men. Therefore I cannot acknowledge any exclusive adherence to any State, nor subjection to any government. Quite possibly there are men who still consider these things necessary or even indispensable. I do not wish to argue with them, for I cannot demonstrate to them either the usefulness or the harmfulness of the State in general. Personally, I believe that a man may be virtuous and capable, and yet remain an isolated unit, his creed one of individual attainment, uninfluenced and unfettered by any corporate responsibility. Exclusive attachment to any country, nation, race, or whatever you choose to call it, is a remnant of barbarism. The truly civilised man has no country—his country is everywhere."

"The gipsies seem to have arrived at the same conclusion—that nothing contributes so much to civilisation as the want of a fixed abode. Certainly nothing contributes more to one's ease of mind than not to be attached to any one spot of God's earth. It is the vagabond's ideal of happiness," said I, with fine irony.

"Extremes meet," replied Shav. "For the truly civilised man as for the vagrant there are only two things: 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 deny 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*, decadent, or any other kind of d— 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—deliberate and indestructible convictions!"

"Same thing."

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

"And yet," said I, essaying 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,

That does not decide their removal;

I daresay England will survive all the same,

In spite of your stern disapproval."

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, for example, without even an effort to estimate its worth as a home-maker; we isolate important things from their context in social life, and believe that we are fit to make a cross on ballot cards.

A few weeks ago a lady wrote to me from a county where farmers are still to be found, by rare good fortune, and the subject of her letter was this: Could I not write for some important newspaper a thorough

series of articles, "The Homes of Poor Hodge"? My correspondent was moved by her subject, and told me that even on big estates in her neighbourhood the cottages were not fit for human habitation. Too true. But on other estates, as is common knowledge among architects, good cottages are charities, inasmuch as their cost of production is in accord with philanthropic principles, and not with the tiny wages which English farming is now able to invest in the work of labourers. Under these conditions business becomes anti-social, for labourers cannot afford to pay a just rent for good housing, nor can we complain if a landowner, applying to his practical affairs the routine laws of business management, declines to spend more on his working-folk than is profitable to himself as a paymaster. Philanthropy and business are such bad neighbours in our present civilisation that it is amazing to me that Hodge and his cottage keep even a downcast self-respect, seeing how grievously both have been hit by impoverished farming and dwindled wages.

Thorold Rogers will prove to you that Hodge in our days of wealth has been far less fortunate in his lot than he was as far back as the thirteenth century, which is not a pleasant fact for me to write at Christmas in the year of grace 1909. Poor Hodge! He has helped to win England's battles from the times of conscripted archery; 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, and when 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 insecurity 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 "Landlodes put such sweete baits on the rackt rents that as good it were to be a perch in a pike's belly as a tenant in theyr farmes"—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 manor system, had not as yet passed away from him, and English towns still felt and owned their dependence on the fruitfulness of the fields and flocks of England.

To-day, on the other hand, townfolk 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 townfolk have refused to listen, and no statesmen thought it worth their while even to safeguard national farm industries when railway after railway was laid down, with the result that railway companies can and do ask such freight charges as no steamship company would dream of imposing as a tax on agricultural produce. In fact, our railway system has severed farmers from their markets in towns, while steamships have had for their 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, helps to foster that tyranny of town over country 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 our fertile sky for no useful purpose whatever, waiting for that enchantment of common-sense 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 claptrap 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 missis. He is terribly afraid of becoming worse off than his lot has been during the last fifty years; he is also pitifully eager to find solace in any election chatter that promises, however vaguely, to improve his position; and this will go on until Hodge, like many another Conservative, finds that Socialism is the only logical remedy for the many terrible evils 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 gain ascendancy over the few that enjoy life. Socialism is nothing more than the logic engendered by new conditions in their slow war against old customs, traditions, and privileges; and Conservatives see this more readily than do Liberals, because of that sympathy which causes extremes to meet.

But Hodge, unluckily, 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 tragic irony which sounds in La Bruyère's description of 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 jacquerie of the fields has not yet come to England with unemployment 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 Oraisons 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. Are these pessimists glad—really, honestly, exultingly 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.

But the living Drama is not to be found in a National Theatre in which King Shakespeare is enthroned. It must be the result of countless experiments 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 close round the throat, and only leave the face exposed, yet through their thin tissue it can be plainly seen that the limbs are straitly swathed in the manner of Ancient Egypt. The head is wreathed 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 a colossal and compelling calm, 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—for on the breast of the dead Titaness perches—there is no other word to express the Puck-like vivacity of the attitude—a tiny child: its eyes meet yours with the direct, clear yet unfathomable look of the human creature still too young to be self-conscious. There is the same disproportion in the size of the figures which marks Praxiteles' Olympian marble.

The tiny eerie thing in the picture is as small compared to the figure of the dead, as is Dionysos to his bearer. And this child of the future has in its gaze millions of unfolded possibilities—dominating all, one receives the impression of an intense vitality.

The Protean shapes of modern drama, many of them insignificant in themselves—and happily not too conscious of their own significance—are springing up all over the country. Dionysos in his infancy lives again.

Sometimes it is a village play, a "morality" or mystery; sometimes a pageant; now a school drama, a masque, a pastoral, a pantomime—satirizing local events and persons; a musical sketch, a procession, a Christmas antic, a morris dance. Here and there a new form, which the critics, still glooming, assure us is not drama at all, because Aristotle said so.

And for most of these attempts we have to thank not the professional actor, but the amateur—the amateur in the original sense of the word—who has his reward in the assurance that drama is once more alive, reflecting life as it flows by.

It is an amateur society that has suggested these thoughts. Stockport is a town of some seventy thousand inhabitants, one of those terrible industrial smotherers in the North of England where life is hard, unlovely and sordid. It is only five miles from Manchester, but refuses to be overshadowed by its mighty neighbour.

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 as the mill girls in the gallery saw 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 history of the society amazed me far more. I had long 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 afternoon 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 such a 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 dramatist was unrepresented, 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, Pinero and Sudermann, had all been glad to help the Society to their uttermost. Happening 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 all this been accomplished? To me, as to 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 distinction is unknown, and even its subscription of six shillings a year is a raised subscription—it has been less.

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 foundation 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 jeer, 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 business manager); 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 instance, 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 critical, notices with which the far-famed "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, outside its own immediate task it sends a number 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.

JAC.

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 floating faery-like forms 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 mouth of hell. 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 Peewits, 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 destitution 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 sympathy 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, if he hadn't been and got married! We'd have gone to London with him."

"You might 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 huzzies for servants. I wasn't a servant—not a real one. I was a help. He swore, by God, he wouldn't have me in his house again. If he's sold the pigs well and isn't drunk, perhaps he'll do something when he sees me out here."

"'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!—lie down then."

She shivered, and sat down on a heap of chalk; the dog lay on her skirt. All around the Downs looked 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 through the grass. The Peewits had gone, and only the hoarse Corncrakes croaked loudly in the fields over the brow of the hill. The woman felt the cold air cut her like a knife as she waited by the side of the road.

Presently, in the dusk, a heavy dog-cart came along the white chalk road. Two men were in it. The

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 roused the old man, who, seeing the woman, gave his companion a heavy 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, ha!" 'Twas she as fooled my Joe!"

But he drove on, and then whistled for the dog. "Bruno, yer! Bruno!"

Bruno ran 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 shrilly, 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 nowise different from a tuft of stunted furze-bush.

In 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 made a deeper sound amongst the pines. The woman lay unconscious on the ground, while the dog slept by her or prowled along the edge of the wood.

* * *

Next morning the sun rose with a clear and hopeful splendour, giving a fresh brilliance to every blade of frosted grass. But through his absence only the dog had lived. A shepherd found the woman and her child sodden with the white frost-fog, dead, and stiff; and they were taken to the workhouse mortuary.

The Emotional Power of Genius.

By Francis Grierson.

IN one of Mr. Arthur Symonds'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 study. 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 Meissonnier, the Brontës more fascinating 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 that great actress 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 amateurish impression of her 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 critical 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 concoct a sensational scene. Everything that is arrived

at by mere study fails to achieve the highest result. Profound feeling then, is one of the principal ingredients of genius, if, indeed, it is not the leading trait. All the great orators, from Demosthenes to Burke, possessed this power, and speakers may be witty and fluent and wise and convincing, but great they never are without the faculty to generate and transmit emotion. What is the cause of this emotional power? For everything has a reason and a cause, and none but the superstitious believe in machine-made intellects. The cause is to be found in a broad and active sympathy with everything that lives and moves, a natural and spontaneous appreciation of everything animate and inanimate. "Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt," "a sense of tears in mortal things," beneath all a substratum of passion, above all a region where imagination conceives and creates.

There are two kinds of art—the kind that springs from simple instinct, and the kind that develops by degrees, assuming a higher and higher place in the category of genial force according to circumstance and experience. When we witness the performance of a lightning calculator, or an infant musician who, at the age of three, plays the piano and composes tunes, we may, without running any great risk, lay a wager that such a performance belongs to the realm of pure instinct.

Of the many prodigies brought before the public during the past twenty years, how many have developed genius? Scientists and philosophers who pretend to explain away personal sympathy and personal antipathy have not only all human nature against them, but the whole force of the physical and moral universe. Writers who attempt to explain away genius by some theory which reduces it to the level of mechanical impulse are not taken seriously. On the other hand, the empirics who try to explain it by the hypothesis of neurotic influence have made themselves ridiculous. Only the ignorant are impressed by this sort of reasoning. According to the neurotic hypothesis, Darwin possessed a weak intellect, because he wept when he received a letter from a brother scientist who wrote to encourage the great thinker in his work. There never yet has been a great scientist who did not possess a finely strung temperament. The scientific charlatan when he prates about genius, forgets that Bacon, Kepler, and Newton were men of genius.

Some people are disagreeably surprised when they see an artist or a writer suddenly achieve success in a new sphere of productivity. Art-genius is to certain minds a sort of blind impulse, unthinking, unreasoning, void of personal passion and personal power, and whenever it turns its attention to the world of pure intellect people with pet theories and metaphysical fads receive a blow which stuns them. For, if genius is a machine, what right has it to think, criticise and formulate? It ought to permit the illiterate and the superficial to amuse themselves by tagging to it impossible explanations inadmissible by science, experience, and common-sense.

Eleonora Duse is "the artist of her own soul," and all other artists are in the same position. This is why the ones who create are such fearless critics. "Actors and actresses must all die of the plague," said Duse. "They make art impossible." The true emotional temperament is always accompanied by a critical power that is at once keen, subtle, and trenchant.

Millet, the artist who depicted more emotional power in one simple attitude than any other artist of his time, was one of the most fearless critics that ever lived, and he saw what none of the others could see.

Genius is not so simple a thing as some good people suppose it to be. Above all things it is exceedingly complex. The unphilosophical take the most trivial appearances and effects for the principal traits and causes of genius. Duse's acting was taken by the crowd as the acting of one who had learned new stage tricks and invented fresh illusions to interest and to hold her audience. To the crowd she was simply more clever than any of the others. With the incompetent everything is a trick. In their opinion the self-made

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 means than 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 mere children in philosophical 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 success as one 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 the writing of a single page comparable to a page of "Lohengrin" or "Tannhäuser," and Guy de Maupassant failed to achieve the profound emotional results of his master, Flaubert.

A world separates creative genius from the platitudes and the gestures of mere art. Compare Millet's "Angelus" with the dramatic pose shown in Meissonier's "1812." Millet's "Angelus" is natural, unaffected, and moving; Meissonier's masterpiece is all technique, pose, and artifice, and it is a comfort to know that after the prodigious and continued commercial success of Meissonier, it was the "Angelus" which at last attained the highest price ever attained since painting became a recognised art.

Regarded 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 of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," the acting of Ristori in the poison scene in "Lucrezia Borgia," the singing and acting of Gemma Bellincioni in "La Gioconda," Sir Henry Irving's conception of the Jew in "The Bells," the impersonations of Eleonora Duse, and the fabulous sum paid for Millet's "Angelus"! All these things mean fortune as well as distinction. The emotional power of genius only needs seeing and hearing to make itself felt, and it is one of the few things which makes its way without public advertisement. It is a human intellectual and psychical magnet.

Genius is absolutely human. Philosophers and metaphysicians, with but few exceptions, become mere names in the hierarchy of thought, owing to the lack of the one great factor needed to give their work any vital value—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 vision, his sincerity, became identified with the two peasants in the picture; they become idealistic realities. We all know what a "sympathetic nature" Millet possessed, the faith he had in his own judgment, and the patience which, night and day, upheld him in his long and trying ordeals.

Artists and writers who expect to succeed by a hocus-pocus of guess-work are foredoomed to failure. How simple it all looks! Perfect poetry seems as if it had been turned out of a patent thinking-machine; a perfect picture looks as if the painter did nothing but mix his paint and put it on the canvas; a perfect story or essay reads as if the writer did no more than write down the fine sentences while some kind fairy spoke the words. But it is not so. Inconceivably complex are the chromatic gradations of tone and colour required in the ensemble of atmosphere and attitude in giving to any work of art a distinctive psychic significance and charm; delicate beyond analysis is the suggestive tone which feeling and imagination create out of things and conditions ignored by the ordinary observer. All genius re-acts on genius. While imitation fails to produce the desired result, there is something in original and personal work which tends to create agreement in another form of art. Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe" is a poetic companion-piece to Millet's "Angelus." Imitation is only possible when

the artist is working in the same medium of art. Here in one unique moment we see how poetry still rules as the dominant factor in the world of intellect and feeling. There is nothing it cannot reach and equal. Millet's great picture appeals to our feelings through a sentiment rendered universal by the spirit of religious emotion in the simple attitude of the two figures; but the attitude hardly does more than suggest speech. It is the silent submission of the ages to the burden of the eternal days and hours, and the two figures might possibly be dumb in their helplessness but for the poet who endows them with a new and universal meaning. He causes the picture to live with the vital movement of labour. He has changed the course of destiny by a far-reaching voice called forth after mute millenniums of servitude and enthrallment. If, as Herder says, it requires genius to criticise genius, it is no less true that it requires the work of genius to inspire genius. Millet gave us the attitude, Markham has given us the gesture of the sons of toil. In the picture the two peasants bow the head, in the poem the head is raised and the arms are lifted. Spinoza has said that one emotion obliterates another. This is true in the ordinary affairs of life. It is not true applied to emotional works of poets, writers and artists. The poet inspires the musician, the musician the artist, and the artist the poet, and all creative work is a sort of perennial fountain whence flows the magical stream of vital emotion, in *sæcula sæculorum*, and the only potent, supernal, and insurmountable magic is that created by colour and form in art, melody and harmony in music, suggestion and rhythm in words.

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 beings in *matinée* hats that hates art, as it hates all realities, as it hates work, childhood, 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 shilling. They are under orders which they must obey on pain of starvation. To criticise them would be 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 peep-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 am forced reluctantly into French—*museau*, *frimousse*, *binette*—but words are poor things, even in French. The place that is filled, in works of art, by the obscenity called the body, is replaced by a perpendicular cascade of chiffon, on which gleams an occasional gem, and always, *de rigueur*, one long thin, oscillating chain. In this chain are twisted delicate fingers without nails. Their well-bred contor-

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 the wife of an honourable civil servant, and I may be stepping out of a City Atlas at the corner of Orchard Street, but my unutterable 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 nowhere 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 can necessarily only speak of what I have happened to see, “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 Bukovac. 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 formula 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 knighting of Sir William Crossman. I think the portrait of his late Majesty will probably remain the best document in history that we have in this kind. Our too self-conscious 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 Pettie, 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 crowded composition. His tableaux were set rather for the stage than for canvas. Painters will understand me when I say that the furthest figures in them made holes in the wall that was supposed to be behind them. This is most noticeable in the Queen of Swords, and the banquet 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 further off. 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 men dress well from an innate 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 moralists are often the first to acknowledge. 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 men wearing striking apparel. Some men wear silk hats because they think a high hat gives them a 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 phrase. 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, jewellery 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?

"Don't you see," 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 came to you unsought. But leaving aside these reasons, take my advice and wear the king's ring to offset the bad effect of your unfashionable clothes."

"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 ha'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, I mean the minds of that large class who 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 the humble person of old whom they knew but did not honour. They now saw in me a personage and 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 sentimental, it caused them to look upon my presence in their house as an honour and a favour, it made them regard me as a quasi-sacred being, possessed of some secret and extraordinary influence. Here then was a force at once visible and tangible. The ring was a touch-stone of power for the bourgeois mind. In its light the snobbish mind saw nothing but royalty, dazzling and foudroyant. Thackeray claimed all 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 Chinese dictator. Look and kow-tow, says the modern bauble worshipper. After becoming acquainted with these facts no one can wonder at the talented young artists who seek, by hook or by crook, to paint the portrait of some 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 snobbery 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 tradespeople 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 love 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 in England are considered of no importance except in the small and limited circles of the cultured few.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

THE reception given to Messrs. Nelsons' new series of full-length, well-produced 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 and all publishers 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 commanded 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.

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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 much relation to literature, that 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-commissioned 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.

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The second and more important reason has to do with that truly English word "wholesome," a word which strikes terror into all commonsense people, implying false prettiness, slurring-over, hypocrisy, wilful blindness, and often downright artistic dishonesty. The real meaning of "wholesome" is "unwholesome." It recalls the worst traditions of British magazines and British modern fashionable comedy. Messrs. Nelsons have made the grave mistake of labelling their new series as "wholesome." Immediately that word appeared on the advertisements, the very backbone of the class to which Messrs. Nelsons wished to appeal was irritated into antagonism. I presume that Messrs. Nelsons have not been aiming at the most stupid class in England—the ordinary West End library public. That public was already fairly well satisfied with the existing machinery of reading: only the more enlightened section of it was kicking—and not at price, but at enforced "wholesomeness" and

general fatuity. I presume that Messrs. Nelsons have been aiming at a far larger public than the library public. 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, bad as it is, is less bad than the taste of Belgravia, for the reason that Tooting is more industrious than 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 standards of the West End of London.

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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 books, who buys books when he can, and breathe 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 new public. If any section of the public had to be offended it should surely be the flabby, not the backbone! The experienced reader with any commonsense 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 of them have quite a lot to say even about prostitutes, of whom there are a hundred thousand in London, but whom it is "wholesome" to pretend do not exist!

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I wonder when publishers will learn that it is always wiser, from their own commercial point of view, to give an artist carte blanche. If they have sufficient confidence in an artist to commission a book from him they should prove that confidence. Now as Messrs. Nelsons are making a feature of "wholesomeness" they must have had some sort of an understanding, either formal or informal, with their authors that the commissioned novels should conform to a publisher's notions of "wholesomeness." 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 it be 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 ruled out, had they had the refusal of it, as being unwholesome. 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 must 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 means 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. Their tepid interest 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 mean this 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 means, 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. (Fitzfield, 1s. net); "Thirty-six Poems." By J. E. Flecker. (Adelphi Press); "Songs from London." By F. M. Hueffer (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net); The "Mountainy Singer." By Seosamh MacCathmhaoil. (Maunsell, 2s. 6d. net).

MR. W. H. DAVIES is an artful man, and super-tramping 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 deserting the muse." Yet despite the charming work in this little volume, there is evidence also, I think, that Mr. Davies has given us 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 nutting 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 people will love him. Really, to read this book is like taking a walk through the country with an observant guide. The thing is actual, you can breathe the fresh air; he shows you the "sweet antics" of

. . . a Squirrel in the boughs,
Who, after he has made the green leaves fight,
Slides to the ground for safety;
he takes you

. . . down some green lane
That's only ten feet wide, and only one
Foot in the centre white; which is the time
When June, with her abundant leaves and grass,
Makes narrow 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 yon town, and had
Stones all round me, hard and cold,
My flesh was firm, 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 care.

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 Time,
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 staleness holds
This mortal flesh.

Though I do love to feel the rain,
And be by winds well blown—
The mystery of mortal life
Doth press me down.

And, in this mood, 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;
Red roses on my right,
And on my left side roses are
A lovely white.

The little birds are full of joy,
Lambs bleating all the day;
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 well. . . . Perhaps Mr. Davies is wiser than his reviewers.

Mr. James Elroy Flecker is another kind of poet; but a good poet. Mr. Davies draws his inspiration from the fields and woods, and is content with its ready expression. But Mr. Flecker is inspired by humanity and life, and refines on his verse until he has attained its perfection. Many of the poems in this book have already been published in an earlier volume, "The Bridge of Fire," and are now reprinted much altered; one piece, *Tenebris Interlucentem*, especially, printed first of all as ten-syllable verse, now appearing in eight, and the result is excellent:—

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on the blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The tree, the wind, the golden day.
At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And someone there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

I think it was Coleridge who gave away the secret of reducing tens to eights. Yet with all Mr. Flecker's daintiness of touch, and even the sincerity of much of his work here, you feel that verse and poetry are only a kind of accomplishment with him. He is not like Mr. Davies, a poet before everything. You feel it in the choice of his themes; how "modern" and dilettante they are: The Ballad of Camden Town, The Masque of the Magi, Joseph and Mary, Ideal, A Miracle of Bethlehem, Litany to Satan (from Baude-

laire!), and yet how well it is done. And I wonder whether refinement and the wines of Oxford, London, and Paris have spoiled Mr. Flecker's talent. Could they? Still, I admire most of these thirty-six poems.

And yet another dilettante poet, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and a delightful one, too, as all dilettante poets are. A short while ago Mr. Hueffer was complaining of poets who withdrew to the Hesperides and left modern life untouched; and by Goddès fay, here he is doing the same thing. Only he sometimes finds the Hesperides in London:—

FOUR IN THE MORNING COURAGE.

The birds this morning wakened me so early it was hardly day:

Ten sparrows in the lilac tree, a blackbird in the may,
A starling somewhere in the mews, a songthrush on a broken hat

Down in the yard the grocers use, all cried: "Beware!
Beware! the Cat!"

I've never had the heart to rhyme this year; I've always wakened sad

And late, if might be, so the time would be more short—
but I was glad

With a mad gladness in to-day that is the longest day in June.

(*That blackbird's nesting in the may.*) For only yesterday at noon

In the long grass of Holland Park, I think—I think—I heard a lark . . .

I heard your voice; I saw your face once more . . .

(*Upon that packing case
The starling waked me ere the day aping the thrush's sober tune.*)

Is that not very fine? And there is more of the same quality in these Songs from London, every one of which has the same individual touch.

Mr. Seosamh MacCathmhaoil (Joseph Campbell) is perhaps one of Ireland's most popular poets. A furore 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 wingèd song
Against the hulk of England's wrong.
Were poisoned words at his command
'Twould not avail for Ireland . . .

He is really and truly a bard, and in different circumstances might have been one of those wandering singers, like Raftery 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 cedarn cradle holds thee,
And twilight, like a silver-woven coverlid
Enfolds thee.
Moon and star keep charmed watch
Upon thy lying;
Water plovers thro' the dusk
Are tremulously crying.
Sleep, white 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.
Brigid sits 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 the volume a handy one for slipping into the pocket on occasion.

"Songs of the Army of Night," by Francis Adams (Fifield, 1s. net). A new and revised edition of a fearless and a brave poet, which every Socialist should buy. There is much that is just 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 personifications of inanimate things, thereby damning himself as an unimaginative blockhead. In truth, the Japanese imagination is so intense that it invests everything with life as a matter of course. This volume needs no recommendation. We could quarrel with the translations, 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," say the publishers, will find no signs of a failing of the author's inspiration. He writes vigorously in swinging rhythms of a life that is new to us, and in so far interesting, melodramatic. But 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 if, after all, the sword is not the only remedy. This confession of despair is, however, preceded by an acute analysis of the problem itself, an analysis all the more interesting in that it is novel to most Socialists. Mr. Chesterton sees in the political game nothing but the movement of puppets whose wires are pulled by the rich men who supply the party funds. Every political party is thus only nominally representative of the people; in actual fact, its members are the paid delegates of the wealthy class. It follows, of course, that the measures which are passed are only incidentally and discreetly advantageous to the people at large. The prime object of both parties is the common object of satisfying the maximum demands of the wealthy with the minimum concession to the demands of the rest of the community. But if this analysis is true—and we do not doubt that it is—we confess that the remedies Mr. Chesterton suggests appear to be beyond reach. It is obvious that if the power of the secret party funds could be broken, the power of the party system depending on them would be broken, too. But how is this to be done? Mr. Chesterton suggests payment of election expenses and payment of members, to enable poor and independent candidates to be returned. Admirable if it be possible; but will the existing omnipotent caucuses permit measures to be passed

which would infallibly break their power? We have recently seen that even the Labour party, which started as a democratic party, has refused to consider payment of members as an alternative to their compulsory levies; and if they have failed the people, where is there hope left? Mr. Chesterton frankly turns to the people at large as the final hope in their own emancipation. He would have a People's party, distinct and separate from the existing caucuses. Admirable again if only it were possible; but again we have to ask whether a People's party could hope to accomplish much in the face of the caucuses organised against them. Given payment of members, adult suffrage and the rest of the electoral programme, the people would have only themselves to blame for their subjection; but it is just those measures which would put power into the hands of the people that we see small chance of obtaining.

That Mr. Chesterton himself shares this view is evident, as we have said, in his concluding query. He ends, indeed, on an interrogation, on the question 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 an estate, and 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 garden. 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 leapt the barrier, floored a keeper, and continued to reach his bathing place by the shortest route. With this mild skirmishing the war began. There were retainers 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, cajoling 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, refusing to suffer humiliation, threatened to abandon her estate and move elsewhere, leaving the path desolate to a desolate sea. And so, upon the calling of a truce, Lord Lynborough gave a week of earnest consideration to the matter, being a man of leisure, and at last sent an embassy with a scroll, setting forth the terms of an agreement. The path should be Helena's path, upon condition that he should come that way each Midsummer Eve, to do homage to its owner, and to kiss her hand. Accordingly he came, but not to kiss her hand 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 Meredithian music is lacking. There is not persiflage enough to fill the sails of so slight a craft, and it drifts from calm to storm. There are no pinnaced rhapsodies, no dancing delicate conceits, to lift expression above the commonplace. To compare the dialogue of "Helena's Path" with that of "The Sentimentalists" 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 authors' fault than her own. She was required to take her precious path much too seriously. So was the audience.

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Meanwhile Mr. Frohman has been hatching other chickens elsewhere. "Parasites," produced last week at the Globe Theatre, has nothing to do, it should be explained, with the governing class. It is described upon the playbill as a play by Paul M. Potter, adapted from "La Rabouilleuse," 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 impressive. The sordidness and ugliness remain, the impressiveness has long since vanished. All the old characters are there; the old miser, slave to a young and faithless mistress; her mercenary lover; a few toy soldiers, large as life; and finally (for Mr. Bouchier) a fantastic nephew to upset their plans. They talk of little, and think of nothing, but the old man's money. At first one wondered who were the parasites, but this soon became clear. They all are. Surely it was a mistake, even from the commercial standpoint, to produce such work. It is extraordinarily difficult to feel any lively interest in other people's inaccessible property.

The dialogue, when Mr. Bouchier 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.

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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.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

THE Velasquez "Venus" remains much where it was before it caught Mr. Greig's eagle eye and aroused his characteristic curiosity, and the contents of the dark lower left-hand corner of the picture are still shrouded in mystery. The result of the investigation of eight of England's "famous" experts, following on that of six of England's "best" experts, demonstrates the fact that the doom of an old master is always at hand, but that it will never be quite accomplished while there are two persons alive to take part in a controversy concerning its authenticity.

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The "Venus" controversy, which has competed with the "Veto" and "Rubbers" as an entertainment stuffed with good things, would seem to have been expressly designed to enable views to be expressed in the daily Press coming either from reliable persons or from gibbering idiots whose proper place is in the nearest lunatic asylum. It is interesting to speculate on the dismal plight to which the historian in the future will be reduced when he comes to survey the various pronouncements in order to extract a clear, concise, and definite opinion on what has been said concerning the history, spirit and method of the picture which still retains a feeble and precarious hold upon Velasquez.

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His article will be found, no doubt, in the chapter devoted to fakes, frauds and doubtful old masters. He will speak on the momentous question thus:—

"In April, 1910, a general meeting was held at the National Gallery to discuss the question of the authenticity of the Velasquez 'Venus.' Mr. James Greig was in the chair. The discussion was opened by Mr. Greig stating that he believed he had discovered initials which might be those of Mazo. A number of experts, critics, artists, and outsiders contributed to the discussion, each in his own characteristic manner. The theories and explanations they advanced showed clearly that the only person who knew anything about the picture was the one who painted it. Some of them maintained it was a supreme masterpiece by Velasquez, and therefore priceless. Others doubted whether Velasquez painted it, but held that it was technically perfect and fully worth the price paid for it. A third group maintained it was not by Velasquez, and was technically imperfect. While a fourth group upheld the contention that a signature existed which supported the technical objection to the picture and its attribution. Briefly put, the conclusions were: It is probably so and so. It is probably *not* so and so. It is so and so. It is *not* so and so. It is *certainly* so and so. It is *certainly not* so and so. This certainly was done before so and so. This certainly was *not* done before so and so. This certainly was done after so and so. This certainly was *not* done after so and so. One person alone stood out from the giddy throng and did not contend either way. He it was who, when asked, 'Who is it by?' replied, 'I don't know and don't care. Ask me who it is *not* by and I will tell you. It is not by Phil May, and I don't want to run the National Gallery.' He said this with the air of a man who fears no contradiction.

* * *

"Before the contention had reached this stage a committee, composed of England's six experts, was

invited by the National Art Collections Fund, from whose hand a grateful nation had received the princely gift, to examine the canvas. When the more sceptical among the meeting heard the names of England's six official experts their hopes sank low; nor were they doomed to disappointment. Needless to say, the six 'best' were all against the signature, and all for the picture as Velasquez's own. This was precisely what was needed to set the controversy going at full speed, and when it had reached the aforementioned stage and everybody was beginning to get sick of the samples of judgment flying about, it was resolved, in the public interest, to give one of those good old British juries, representing all sides, an opportunity for displaying its critical, artistic, logical, and forensic talents. Accordingly England's eight 'famous' experts were summoned. Then the hopes of the doubting Thomases rose high; but again they were doomed to disappointment, for all the committee had to offer in return for a huge slab of advertisement was admirable samples of contending conclusions in five cantos—conclusions which amounted practically to nothing at all. The energies of the committee, carefully watched by the National Gallery policeman, had been devoted to the elucidation of five points, and the report was as follows:—1. The B. M. signature.—Six members of the committee are of the opinion that it is so and so and so and so. Three members of the committee are of the opinion it is not so and so and so and so. 2. The Mallet.—Six members are satisfied that it is so and so and so and so. The remaining members are satisfied that it is not so and so and so and so. 3. The Date.—The committee agree that it might be so and so and so and so. 4. The Mengs signature.—Some members say it might be this or that. 5. The Erasure.—Two members believe 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, indeed, 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 all about it." 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 had this simple method of settling the question been adopted in 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—nothing 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 defunct wranglership and on whose æsthetic and monetary value no six unofficial persons are agreed. And the question whether we have purchased it in pursuit of our duty to æsthetic tradition, or, as more likely, in pursuit of our apish duty to commercial tradition, is still an open one. I believe that sooner or later it will be found that nothing but commercial tradition rules the National Gallery roost. When that moment arrives the humiliation of the National Gallery and its old men will be complete. Till then it will be a barren islet in a weary sea of dreary words, dear to the lover of weird noises but not to the *real* old master of the future.

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For a confirmation of my views see last week's "Punch."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Will you permit me to answer very shortly the comments of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesterton upon an article in THE NEW AGE headed "Mr. Hilaire Belloc versus Mr. Sidney Webb on Social Reform"?

First for Mr. Belloc. He touched on three points. In the first place he says that in describing Mr. Webb "nothing personal crossed his mind." I am unwilling to believe that detraction has become such a habit with him that he is unconscious when he uses it in controversy; but in the face of his assertion what else am I to think? Readers of THE NEW AGE know perfectly well who Mr. Sidney Webb is; the label "Statistician" was therefore not necessary for purposes of identification. Nor can I think that such a master of words as Mr. Belloc would sprinkle them about without meaning. Now I maintain that, like a good deal of Mr. Belloc's controversial outfit, the word statistician applied to Mr. Webb does not contain the essential truth. Mr. Belloc replies that it is "correct and honourable," which does not meet my point. But he adds—and over this I am glad to shake hands with him if he will allow me—"I shall be delighted to change the description at a moment's notice for one more honourable and more correct." May I suggest that if in future he finds it advisable to describe Mr. Webb, he should use the word "Statesman"?

Next, as to my use of the word "capital." In writing about Socialism, I naturally meant the capital Socialists wish to socialize. If Mr. Belloc did not use the word in that sense I think he ought to have done so, or at least have defined his particular use of the term. In the meantime may I refer him to Mr. E. R. Pease's brilliant analysis of the Capital Socialists mean, when not otherwise defined, in the Fabian tract called "Capital and Compensation"? When I spoke of wages in connection with the effect produced by legislation regulating the relation of employer and employed, I had Mr. Herbert Spencer's celebrated essays in my mind. He alleged, if I remember rightly, that the tendency of the factory legislation, to which Mr. Belloc in the opening part of his article referred, was to lower wages, the only way in which he could escape the conclusion that such legislation had the effect of distributing capital. I was replying to Mr. Belloc's assertion that so-called socialistic legislation had done nothing to distribute capital. He now says that he was not within a million miles of the subject of money payment and real wages about which I detected a confusion of mind. It is true that I had carried his general assertion into detail. I was, I admit, answering 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 in it, not mere claptrap, 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 might have been 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, using the word slavery as he does. Mr. Belloc muddles 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-Anarchist point of view may help my second critic to understand why 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 damns thought beyond its own limits. I meant to rouse no prejudice; quite the reverse. That Mr. Belloc's creed is all in all to him—not something outside his politics, or any other part of his active and most interesting career, again only does him honour in my eyes. I wish that some of our Socialists were as thorough in their creed. They might then understand it better and would not allow their enthusiasm for a measure which embodies its spirit to be shaken by devices of the enemy or by the want of a "reply" I did not profess to give.

I see Mr. Clifford Sharp, whose job it obviously was to reply—I apologise for my intervention—has done it very thoroughly. Let us hope that his article may have the effect of restoring Mr. Chesterton and his three enthusiastic friends, whose souls Mr. Belloc and I have jeopardised, to the orthodox Fabian fold!

In conclusion, I may point out that in rejecting the little plank I kindly threw him, and denying that he hinted even parenthetically at an appeal to a popular vote in cases of destitution as a practicality, Mr. Belloc has parted with the only scrap of positive matter in his article, and remains floundering in a sea of dreary negation; thus completing the contrast between his own absolute impotence and Mr. Webb's fertility in statesmanship.

CHARLES CHARKINGTON.

EUGENICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Dr. Saleeby's assertion that I have since heartily assented to the "Eugenic" propositions I refuted in my "Mankind in the Making" is absolutely untrue. I am quite at one with Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw in regarding such "Eugenics" as Dr. Saleeby propounds in your last issue as childish nonsense with cruel possibilities.

H. G. WELLS.

DR. SALEEBY 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," nor about such eugenics as I advocate. I referred to his contemptuous remarks about "Galtonian eugenics." When Sir Francis Galton read his paper on "Eugenics" to the Sociological Society in 1904, Mr. Wells criticised him (Sociological Papers, 1904, pp. 58-60), accusing 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 sterilisation 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 1909 Mr. Wells writes in "T.P.'s Weekly": "It has been the perpetual wonder of philosophers, from Plato upwards, that men have bred their dogs and horses, and left any man and woman, however vile, free to rear offspring in the next generation of men. Still that goes on. Beautiful and wonderful people die childless and bury their treasure in the grave, and we rest content with a system of matrimony that seems designed to perpetuate mediocrity. A day will come 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 1909, "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. SALEEBY.

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FELLOWSHIP AND UNSOCIALISM.

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 blatant unsocialism of professing Socialists. Phrases from Morris to the effect that "Fellowship is Heaven and lack of Fellowship is Hell" have a curious outcome in the action of Socialists who take a pride in being singular among the crowds they meet. Either a Socialist is in character and in manners a Socialist, or he is, as Mr. Shaw says, an "Unsocialist." And no theory of economic rent or loud protestations of sympathy with the poor will compensate for the feelings of contempt and hatred of their fellow men which obviously inspire such conduct as I have seen these last few days. There is no wonder that Socialists are unpopular if their chief pride is in their Unsociability.

NEO-SOCIALIST.

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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 tigress," as "Eugenist" states. Men of genius have also been criminals, so have ministers of religion. Does "Eugenist" think that genius "as such" does not "uplift?" nor the religious life "as such?" 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 drunken creature can do the same and bring diseased wretched little embryo criminals into the world."

"True, but because vile people degrade a great achievement by doing it with vile results, it doesn't make the thing itself less noble when it's greatly, worthily 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 may? And surely an ounce of experience is worth a ton of statistic. Lastly, "Eugenist," a little courtesy in argument won't do the eugenical ideal any harm—it may even help to promote it!

MAUD CHURTON BRABY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I thank you for forwarding a proof of Mrs. Braby's letter. What man on earth would have accused me of discourtesy for writing, "If men would cease gushing?" The expression is not un-Parliamentary. But it is a woman's way to charge you with rudeness when her case is weakened. However, I apologise. But then, how am I to proceed? Because I want to express my conviction that Mrs. Braby is not even an ordinarily clear thinker. She writes of genius as though it were, like parenthood, common to all animals. Genius is a distinguishing quality—maternity is not. A work of art is "a great achievement"; a baby is not, any more than a kitten. Parenthood can only be made distinguished by directed intelligence. Mrs. Braby was apparently so annoyed at my "discourtesy" that she could not read my letter straight. I said that to cure themselves of gushing women should look at statistics. The plain implication was that, confronted with the results of irresponsible parenthood, women might take a little interest in eugenics. "An ounce of experience is worth a ton of statistics" snaps Mrs. Braby. The poor little "ounces of experience" who blight our nation are precisely the result of unlimited gush, and if it be discourteous to say so in that way, Mrs. Braby may instruct me how she would prefer it said.

In a recent article on "Ignorant Mothers," Mrs. Dauncey gives away, unconsciously, a good deal of the prevalent gush of women writers. Her readers are told: "Once a woman is a mother you can do very little with her. She thinks she has nothing more to learn." After that, Mrs. Dauncey appeals to God knows whom to have the daughters of the rich educated in maternity. Her article is bewildering. "Reform the mothers of the rich. Not the mothers—they are hopeless. Begin with the daughters." "Maternity is woman's highest, holiest, happiest attainment." But who could sanction the curriculum of maternity in high-class girls' schools? Assuredly only these mothers whom Mrs. Dauncey despises all the while she is gushing about the highness and holiness. It is clear that she believes maternity petrifies women at whatever degree of stupidity they may have previously arrived. That is nonsense as a generalisation; 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 feminise an historic joke, are they not trying on a D. S. Wheedle?

EUGENIST.

* * *

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 standing 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 imperfections of character such as might tell in a human personality don't count in a Divine one. Self-centred egoism, childish irritability, etc., all vanish at once when we dub the personality in question God. God-men we know were cheap enough in the first century of the Christian era, and from our information concerning some of them (e.g., certain deified emperors) we may judge that perfection of character was not then regarded as a *sine qua non* of Divinity. But Christians in all ages have professed to think otherwise and have always been supposed to look up to the Jesus figure as to that of an exemplar for men. Under the circumstances, then, the attempt to wriggle out of the responsibility of having paraded a figure not even humanly perfect as something superhumanly so, seems a little shabby. While myself regarding it as highly probable that the central figure of the Gospels is a "composite photograph" (so to say) containing traits of more than one local celebrity of the time, I cannot agree with your correspondent who contends there is something mysteriously contradictory in it as it stands. I can find nothing in it that is not perfectly consonant with the type of the wandering Messianic prophet (partly genuine enthusiast, partly not) who infested Palestine before the Flavian Conquest. These Christians certainly do seem hard put to it to maintain their position.

And now one last word to Mr. Dunkley who would scent an inconsistency in my admission that Christians were persecuted by Pagans with my contention that Christianity introduced the principle of religious persecution into the world. The inconsistency is apparent, not real. The persecution the Christians (at times) suffered was but the sporadic counterstroke to their own habitually aggressive attitude to Paganism. It did not spring from any principle inherent in any contemporary Pagan cult or philosophical creed. It was, in the main, moreover, almost exclusively political rather than religious. The theory of the sin of misbelief and the duty of faith in dogma which are the theoretical bases of religious persecution were unknown to Paganism, and originated, as I said, with Christianity, becoming the levers by which the

Christian Church succeeded in maintaining and consolidating its authority over mankind. The ancient Pagan world knew nothing of religious persecution as *principle*. This it was left for "Christ and his Church" to establish.

E. BELFORT BAX.

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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 that feeling means and how it may torture 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 treated him to console him after his dismissal, and the sight of a sick wife and crying children, were too much for his hereditary instability. For a brief period he fell back into the savage and acted 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 scenes of mortal terror and despair which must be daily and nightly happening in that cell of living death.

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 hung a dozen male procurers a dozen times a week and got rid of them all, he would then have to invent a machine to dispose quickly enough of the female procurers. Mr. Masefield's glimpse of real life has surely sent him Fantee. Why not hang every kind of criminal as we used to? Why not burn them?

In the meantime, before the ferocity of this reformer gets hold of other reactionaries, will everyone who believes in humane methods of reform please write to the Home Secretary (it is no longer a hopeless thing to appeal to the humanity of the Home Secretary) and ask a reprieve for the man at Wandsworth?

BEATRICE T. HASTINGS.

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HUNTLY 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 pretends to misunderstand 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 very comprehensive word) which embraces those creations.

I spoke of the pavement artist exercising the same creative force (which we call "art") as Vandyke exercised. It was hardly necessary for me to say that the results were of very different value; on the one hand "The Piece of Salmon" cleverly done, on the other hand "Cornelius Van der Geest" now in the despised National Gallery. I added, the first "positive," the second "superlative." 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 and naturalistic manner and that subsequently he developed a style in which the form and substance of things were little indicated. I asserted that he was the greater *artiste* when he reached that period and was concerned with the abstract beauty of which his lovely visions are formed.

Artists, generally, share with Turner this process of development, and Mr. Carter's well-known bias is for works of art in which the development has well advanced. He asserts that in expressing this obvious fact that I show that I do not understand the distinction between art and science. He is too cryptic!

He concludes "art is an abstraction, and we can no more develop, teach, or acquire it than we can eat it." I admit that the Divine gift of creative power which authors, musicians, poets and painters receive from the gods, cannot be acquired; but I affirm that it can be "developed" and that it can be "taught" in which direction it can be most nobly directed and very much more. If Mr. Carter denies this, then he must lay aside his pen and give up instructing painters and public what is good and bad in their art and in their art collections. He is fond of a theory that the sight of good pictures and sculpture is of little assistance to painters and sculptors. That is a critic's fancy. Let him ask a good or an indifferent painter of what value National Galleries (or otherwise) are to him and I think the answer will be adverse to Mr. Carter's notion.

For us, who paint, and know how hard it is to make even

a pleasing picture, we salute with honour and understanding the pictures in our National Gallery. They have been the source of inspiration of noble modern pictures, and they will endure when the rubbish from "one-man shows" and equal horrors have been forgotten.

JOHN WITCOMBE.

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VIVISECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The letter signed "Arthur Hood" in your issue of April 28 is one of those which one reads and re-reads with the puzzled query, "What is the writer driving at?" He first objects to Mr. Rosmer's opinion that the apathy of the public about vivisection is due either to ignorance or inhumanity. He says there are "far more natural causes" for that apathy; but he does not supply them. His own letter, in fact, lays it down that the cause is inhumanity, for that letter is nothing but a complaint of the law of capital punishment (about which he writes feelingly) and of the cruelties of sport (which appears to be thrown in merely for controversial purposes). Men are, he suggests in their laws and practices so inhumane that it is not to be expected that they will take up the cause of vivisected animals. Does not this only confirm Mr. Rosmer's statement that "civilisation has made men inhumane and selfish towards"?

The fact is, Mr. Hood wants an excuse for disagreeing with the anti-vivisectionists, so he hits upon the old point-less device of reminding them of other existing cruelties. I should like to remind him of one factor which puts vivisection into a class apart. All other cruelties are relics of a barbarous state, and tend naturally to disappear. We have stopped torturing criminals, and we shall no doubt in time stop capital punishment. We have forbidden bear-baiting, and in time other sports involving cruelty will go. I believe that we shall also, in time, discard the use of flesh food. But vivisection is a new vice—a deliberately adopted, speciously justified form of cruelty which increases with the march of what is called "civilisation." Moreover, it is based on the principle that the amount of suffering to be inflicted is to depend solely on the exigencies of the experiment—the victim is simply not to be considered at all. This principle is not allowed to guide the butcher or the horse-owner; it certainly does not guide the hangman! It is being wrested from the sportsman by successive acts of legislation, first regarding domestic and gradually extending to wild animals.

Mr. Hood agrees with one of Mr. Rosmer's contentions. He himself supplies an example of the other. For it is obviously ignorance which induces him to present the picture of "an earnest surgeon" fancying that he can bring relief to man "by operating on rabbits." Vivisection is carried on as a system, a profession, a "science." Its devotees need no more be inspired with undiluted zeal for humanity than need Paulhan, White, Shackleton, or Peary. They are simply interested in their hobby and anxious to excel. Professor Starling told the Royal Commission that "scientific curiosity" was the greatest asset a nation could have, and praised men who "put everything second to the advancement of knowledge." Lord Justice Moulton, put forward to present the ethics of vivisection, said he would justify it just the same "if no single practical result in curative science could be shown." To call vivisection "by far the most humane and tender-hearted of their species" is simply ridiculous.

If Mr. Hood will "lift his eyes from a too ceaseless contemplation" of the murderer who is to suffer as he has caused another to suffer, and will study animals a little, he will find evidence that they, too, can "look forward," and that they "live by communication and sympathy with their fellows"—including in the latter term man, who so abuses their trust and love.

BEATRICE E. KIDD.

Secretary British Union for Abolition of
Vivisection, 32, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

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"THE LOGICAL CLIMAX OF THE MODERNITY
MOVEMENTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

After reading Mr. Huntly Carter's reply to my letter I feel as if accused of speaking disrespectfully of the equator! He sees no difference between naming an English artist and disparaging his works in an English paper, and speaking disparagingly in the same paper of a French decadent movement in France! Mr. Carter has yet to learn that a great number of those modernity movements, both at home and abroad, failing to attain fame, strive vehemently for its monetary equivalent—notoriety. To this end they paint outrageously bad things for the purpose of shocking people and making a talk. Thus they egg one another on in the downward course, each trying to go one worse than his fellow, so the logical climax is the donkey's tail masterpiece of Neo-Impressionism. But I have seen in the Salon des

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 whisking of a brush tied to a donkey's tail.

I am sorry if I said anything which could fairly seem to disparage individuality in art; I have always preached 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 Salon des Indépendants for the liberty 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 authorities) appoint an authoritative body 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 accuses me of judging things from an old-fashioned standpoint. My announced principles are to seize the good in the new while it is new, and not to wait for it to become fashionable and out of date. In dealing with artistic movements I hold that it is little use to judge the movements of to-day by the criteria of yesterday; I always try to anticipate the swing of the pendulum, and judge from the standpoint of to-morrow. Thus I am generally in advance of the time; and am amused to see our smart up-to-date writers arriving at ideas I have been sneered at for announcing long before! I am simply waiting for the laggards to come into line.

With regard to the philosophic question, I must leave Mr. Carter to settle accounts with "G. B. S.," who will be surprised to hear the later developments of his thought described as "Mid-Victorian." The history of art shows that it has always reflected the thought of the time; and the modernity movements represent the Anarchism, the Nihilism, the Materialism, and that movement in "thought" which would divorce art and criticism from brains. We shall get our 20th century renaissance of art when all the splendid new developments of constructive thought, which are the antithesis of the above, find their expression in the plastic and pictorial arts.

E. WAKE COOK.

THE WORKS OF G. K. CHESTERTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In its present state your Bibliography of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is entirely misleading and useless. The following is a fairly reliable if not exhaustive substitute:—

- 1900. The Defendant. Essays. (Brimley Johnson, 5s.; afterwards Dent.)
- 1900. The Wild Knight, and other Poems. (Grant Richards, 5s.; afterwards Dent.)
- 1900. Greybeard at Play: Literature and Art for Old Gentlemen. Illustrated by the Author. (Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d.)
- 1902. Twelve Types. Critical Studies. (A. L. Humphreys, 3s. 6d.)
- 1903. Browning. "English Men of Letters." (Macmillan, 2s.)
- 1904. The Napoleon of Notting Hill. Novel. (Lane, 6s.)
- 1904. G. F. Watts. Critical Study. (Duckworth, 2s.)
- 1905. The Club of Queer Trades. Stories. Illustrated by the Author. (Harpers, 6s.)
- 1905. Heretics. Essays. (Lane, 5s.)
- 1906. Charles Dickens. Critical Study. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.; now 5s.)
- 1908. Orthodoxy. Essay. (Lane, 5s.)
- 1908. The Man Who Was Thursday. Novel. (Arrowsmith, 6s.)
- 1908. All Things Considered. Essays from "Illustrated London News." (Methuen, 5s.)
- 1909. George Bernard Shaw. Critical Study. (Lane, 5s.)
- 1909. Tremendous Trifles. Essays from "Daily News." (Methuen, 5s.)
- 1910. The Ball and the Cross. Novel. (Wells Gardner, 6s.)
- 1910. What's Wrong with the World. Essays. (Cassell, 6s.)

Also Illustrator of:

- 1901. Nonsense Rhymes by Cosmo Monkhouse. (Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d.)
- 1903. The Great Inquiry, by H[ilaire] B[elloc]. (Duckworth, 1s.)
- 1906. Biography for Beginners, by E. Clerihew. (Laurie, 6s.; now 1s.)

Also Introducer of:

- 1904-9. Various Volumes in "The National Library." (Cassell); "The Red Letter Library" (Blackie); "Everyman's Library" (Dent.)
- 1907. The Book of Job. (Wellwood, 6s.)
- 1909. A Vision of Life, by Darrel Figgis. (Lane, 3s. 6d.)
- 1910. Thackeray. Introduction and Selections. "Masters of Literature." (Bell, 3s. 6d.)

Also Contributor to:

- 1902-3. "The Bookman Biographies"—Carlyle, Dickens, Stevenson, Tennyson, Thackeray, Tolstoy. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.)

- 1904. England a Nation: Papers of the Patriots' Club. (Brimley Johnson, 3s. 6d.)

To which may be added:—

Works long overdue:

- Charles Kingsley. ("English Men of Letters.")
- George Meredith. ("Contemporary Men of Letters.")
- A New Volume of Poems.

(NOTE.—If the origin of the essays in "All Things Considered" and "Tremendous Trifles" is assigned, it should also be stated that "The Defendant," "Twelve Days," and "Heretics" were similarly derived, partially or entirely, from contributions to the "Speaker" and "Daily News.")

F. G. HOWE.

[We thank our correspondent for his courtesy. We must repeat, however, that the omissions in the bibliographies are not ours. In every case the lists are submitted to the authors.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

CONCERNING ERROR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

To err is hardly human when it takes the 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 you printed on page 14) 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 surely conveys little impression 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 some consolation to know that Mr. Fifield is reprinting the verses in their original form in a brochure of verses which he will issue at the beginning of June.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

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 there are enough readers of THE NEW AGE to form a party and have a very enjoyable time for a moderate sum. Will "Week-end" consider the suggestion and inform your readers?

B. L.

Articles of the Week.

AFLALO, F. G., "About Animals: The Virtues of the Llama," Morning Leader, May 2.

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

BELLOC, HILAIRE, "The Mercy of Allah: V.," Morning Post, May 7.

BENSUSAN, S. L., "The Tramp," Morning Leader, May 4.

BURGESS, JOS., "Reminiscences of a Socialist Agitator: V. Curran's Candidature at Barnsley By-election, 1897," Christian Commonwealth, May 4.

CHESSER, ELIZABETH SLOAN, M.B., "Women and Girls in the Factory," Westminster Review, May.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "Don't," Daily News, May 7.

COMSTOCK, SARAH, "The Kindergarten of the Factory Girl," Collier's Weekly, Ap. 23.

DAVIES, EMIL, "Canals versus Railways," Labour Leader, May 6.

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

DILLON, Dr. E. J., "The Case of Finland against Russia," Contemporary, May.

DITCHFIELD, Rev. P. H., "The Manor-Houses of England," Graphic, May 7.

DOUGLAS, JAS., "Sir Horace Plunkett: The Man with a Mission," Morning Leader, May 2; "Why Waste Kitchener?" London Opinion, May 7.

FIENNES, GERARD, "The Sovereignty of the Seas," Daily Graphic, May 3 and 6.

FRASER, J. S., M.B., C.M., "The Sad Plight of the Modern G.P.: Too Many Doctors with Ever-decreasing Incomes," Daily Express, May 5.

FYFE, H. HAMILTON, "What British Flying Men are Doing," Daily Mail, May 3.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "Socialist Butter and Liberal Margarine," Clarion, May 6.

GREEN, F. E., "The Small Holding in May," Daily News, May 6.

"HUBERT," "The Referendum in England: Some Objections to it Examined and Answered," Sunday Chronicle, May 8.

HUMPHREYS, ARTHUR L., "The Modern Book-seller," Evening Standard, May 3.

LAJPAT RAI, "Arya Samaj: Its Aims and Teachings," Contemporary, May.

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

LONG, R. C., "Recent Russian Literature: I. The Literature of Self-Criticism," Westminster Gazette, May 6.

LOW, A. MAURICE, "United States Politics," Morning Post, May 4.

MACDONALD, J. RAMSAY, M.P., "At Benares: An Interlude in Religion," Daily Chronicle, May 2.

McLAREN, Lady, "Idle Women: Should Men be Expected to Support Them?" Daily Chronicle, May 3.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD, "The Revival of Morris Dancing," Daily Mail, May 6.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "Tory Tactics: The Constitutional Issue," Morning Leader, May 2.

MIDDLETON, RD., "The Philosophy of Gambling," Vanity Fair, May 5.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "The New Census and Unemployment," Morning Leader, May 5; "No New Taxes?" Daily News, May 4.

MORGAN, Prof. J. H., "The Constitutional Issue: IV. Legislation and the Ministry," Westminster Gazette, May 3.

ORR, WILBUR T., "The Color Line: America's Problem," Morning Leader, May 5.

OWEN, HAROLD, "Our Sense of Humour," Daily Chronicle, May 4.

PARRY, Judge, "The Need for Air Laws," Daily Mail, May 4.

PENGELLY, R. S., "Secret Service: How Rockefeller's Millions are Employed," Morning Leader, May 4.

REYNOLDS, STEPHEN, "May-Babies," Daily News, May 2.

ROBERTS, Rev. DREW, "Are Socialists Opposed to Religion?" Westminster Review, May.

RUNCIMAN, JOHN F., "Covent Garden and its Sports," Saturday Review, May 7.

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

SIDNEY, ROBT., "Natural Education," Westminster Gazette, May 5.

SPIELMANN, M. H., "The 'Solid' Arts: The Royal Academy II," Morning Leader, May 3.

STEAD, W. T., "Memories of Cecil Rhodes," Daily Chronicle, May 3 (review).

STRACHEY, ST. LOE, "The Referendum," Times, May 4 (letter to the editor).

TITTERTON, W. R., "Before the Palace," Daily News, May 7.

TOMLINSON, H. M., "Romance: Landfall in the Brazils," Morning Leader, May 3.

WATTS, J. HUNTER, "Labour Day in Paris," Justice, May 7.

WHITTEN, WILFRED, "The Street and the Statue: The Memorial to Dr. Johnson," Daily Chronicle, May 7.

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

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