The vocabulary of politics is grown so conventional that words once fresh and full of meaning have lost their value. Moreover, they have been repeated and repeated until they no longer mean what they originally did to express, but in many cases they are now assumed to mean the exact contrary. We despair of conveying to our readers our appreciation of the difficulty of conveying a meaning to them as to ourselves.

Let us make the attempt with a few of the words that have been employed as counters in the recent political discussions. We have often defined the position of the New Age as democratic in contradistinction to oligarchic, and Socialist in contradistinction to individualist. What real meaning do the words convey to our readers, and what intention do they suppose underlies their use by us and others? That they convey at present ideas alien, repellent and inconsistent is evident in the fact that nothing particular happens as the result of all our reasoning. Clearly, if the words mean to everybody what they mean to us, the conclusions at which we arrive would either be falsely reasoned on or would be acted on. That nobody points out the false reasoning in our position, or, on the other hand, adopts our conclusions, proves that either the majority of our readers are intellectually fatigued or that they are wanting in spirit. The only other conclusion to be drawn is that our words have not the same meaning to them as to ourselves.

Consider first the relation between the two ideas of Oligarchy and Democracy. Now, we intend to convey by the word Oligarchy a system of government in which power is confined practically to a single class. That class may be the class of the nobility, as it was yesterday, or it may be the class of the wealthy, as it is today; or, again, it may be the class of the hand labouring proletariat, as Mr. Keir Hardie, for example, says it will be to-morrow. But whatever class it is, if we choose the noble classes under compulsion from among the three at the disposal of the Oligarch, we do so because the noble is the best of all the classes that ever existed was even in its palmiest days barbarous in comparison with a gifted individual of genius contemporaneous with it. Plato was as much above his contemporary aristocratic class in humanity and culture as that class was above the helots. On the whole, therefore, if we choose the noble classes under compulsion from among the three at the disposal of the Oligarch, we do so because the noble is the best of a bad lot.

We must, however, abandon the still surviving belief that in England at this moment we are ruled by an oligarchy of the nobility. There are occasions, of course—and the present is one of them—when this seems to be the case. Of all the myriad changes now taking place about the Throne practically nobody but hereditary nobles and their circle has any cognisance or control. For once the politicians, even the highest, are seen to be out of it. What may be called Royal domestic changes are in full swing, as evidenced by the plethora of enigmatical Court news, without the direction of the party leaders. But this is a comparatively isolated and rare instance of oligarchical power exclusively exercised by the nobility. In a week or two, when the Bedchamber officials have scrambled into place, and all the thousand and one adjustments of royal degrees have been made, the situation will devolve upon the party politicians who represent, not so much the noble class, as the class of the wealthy.

That, in fact, is the position as it must normally be faced; and it is entrenched in wealth and in wealth alone. Everybody knows, even if everybody does not realise, that money and the possession of money are normally the insignia of power. And this power is none less absolute for being on the whole ostentatiously and self-abnegatory. Henceforth in England, for example, the unblushing purchase of political power which is still to be seen in America. Candidates do not (except occasionally, and then it creates a scandal) openly buy their seats in Parliament, but they purchase them from their incompetent and unblushing friends. Nevertheless, the thing is done, not merely occasionally, but almost universally, only in...
so subtly-simple a fashion that most of our electors are completely hoodwinked, and our infantile Press is able to brag that our public life is pure. Pure, however, it can never be while there remains that hidden source of absolute control in what is called the Party-fund, a casket of evils even more devastating than Pandora’s, a centre of corruption which spreads over the whole of public life, poisoning it with a misma none the less deadly for being unobserved. We call particular attention to this fact of the Party-fund, since it is the source of motive force of the oligarchy of the wealthy classes. Dispose of this, make the Party-fund impossible, and you infallibly destroy the power of wealth as wealth in politics. Leave it untouched, and though everything else may change, the oligarchy of wealth still remain omnipotent.

* * *

It works quite simply though without much noise, being in fact what is called the machine; and it works in this way. Is there a member of Parliament in either of the political parties who has not made himself obnoxious to the wealthy? Then he will discover during his election that the party forces are no longer at his disposal. Not only will the prize bullies of his party refuse to speak on his behalf, but the officials of his local organisation (all depending in the last resort on the Party Fund) will give him the cold shoulder. There will be for him none of the pickings of the public purse. His recommendations for paid positions will be ignored, his private correspondence for personal assistance for his friends will be passed over, he will be shunned as a man of no account and of no power. Under these circumstances, it is ten to one if he will re-enter Parliament.

* * *

This applies, as we have said, to one party no less than to the other. Distinctions, in fact, of Liberal and Tory are no more than distinctions between the right and left of the machinery of election. Their power is all the greater for appearing to be divided, for then they can tear in pieces whatever comes between them. The interests in which they tear are invariably the interests of the body whose blood the Party Funds supply: the wealthy donors of thousands of pounds sterling. But what, it may be asked, is the object of all this endeavour? First, self-preservation; one of the elements of the example is an exception and not even a model. No one who employs to create it.

Philosophers like Cincinnatus might resign the post of a party leader, but the party officials are still more to be trusted with power, than either of the classes that has ruled or does now rule England. This is democracy. For the very essence of democracy is to be able to compel. And it is the possession of this alternative to what has been the exclusive rule of the wealthy oligarchy, and each may be used in turn. The interests in which they tear are invariably the interests of the body whose blood the Party Funds supply: the wealthy donors of thousands of pounds sterling. But what, it may be asked, is the object of all this endeavour? First, self-preservation; one of the elements of the example is an exception and not even a model. No one who employs to create it.

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It is simply the absence of the exclusive rule of the State by a single privileged class. No government, however selected, is a genuinely democratic government if it contains members of only a single class. No Government, on the other hand, is undemocratic that contains representatives of all classes, and to which members of one class may belong exactly on the same terms and with the same facility as members of another class. Such a government only deserves to be called a popular government and a democratic government in the true sense of the word, since it represents not, as of old, merely the noble class, nor, as now, merely the wealthy class, but in the future the class of the day-labourer, but all classes, each according to its political capacity and merits.

Challenged, therefore, to explain our political faith we would reply that we are Democrats, that while we would reply that we are Democrats, that while we would reply that we are Democrats, that while
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

**INSULUS FURENS** will doubtless be upon us by the time this article is in print; but the death of King Edward will probably restrict his platitude to more modest dimensions than we had at first expected. For it is true that we have already conveyed our thanks to a suitable omnipotential quarter. Sweet are the uses of advertisement when the powerful influence of pushfulness and limelight induces the vast majority of the public to take the Rooseveltian legend seriously.

The great "Teddy" first came into prominence when he was appointed Commissioner of Police of New York City in 1895, and began his campaign against the corruption which has always been rampant among them; he had met with little success in his endeavours to stamp out bribery when he became Assistant-Secretary to the U.S. Navy in 1897, but all his former career faded into insignificance when he organised the celebrated corps of Rough-Riders at the outbreak of the war with Spain. Not even Mr. Roosevelt himself, we suppose, would compare the exploits of this corps with the work of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, for instance; but in the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king—a proverb which may be applied not only to the Rough-Riders in Cuba, but also to Mr. Roosevelt himself as the sovereign lord of the American nation.

The American Constitution is a curious and interesting document, and there is nothing in it about electoral machinery and "rings" and caucuses and "bosses," though without these very necessary adjuncts it would not be easy to understand how the Republican party has managed to hold power so long. The well-known precedent has been established that no President shall hold office for more than two terms in succession, the hereditary principle being, of course, abolished altogether. Now, the Republican political machine has not been working smoothly of late, and even before Mr. Roosevelt went out of office the caucus determined that he should come back again, a kind of dummy President being appointed in his stead. Mr. Roosevelt, as has been acknowledged in certain political circles in the States, made a breach in the spirit of the Constitution by practically nominating Mr. Taft to succeed him, this paving the way for the establishment of the hereditary principle. Some people are asking whether he proposes to appoint his son Kermit on the next occasion. Mr. Taft, as may easily be seen from his utterances, does not like the job: he was expected to fail from the start, and thus bring his predecessor into greater prominence.

As the presidential election is held in November, 1912, the elected candidate assuming office in March, 1913, it was arranged that Mr. Roosevelt should prolong his tour until the summer of this year, as the campaign begins, as a rule, at least a twelvemonth before the actual election. Mr. Roosevelt will have a magnificent reception on his return to New York, and will thus be in the limelight when the next presidential candidates are being selected. Another tub-thumping expedition follows and then comes the ex-President's triumphant return, to lead the Republicans with his well-known courage and ability—after they have intimated to him in which direction they wish to proceed.

In short, Mr. Roosevelt is a convenient man for the financiers, who do not care what says against the Trusts so long as no drastic steps are taken to break their power. Besides, this mighty hunter before the Lord can never let racial destruction out of his head for long at a time; and another heated controversy on this subject will draw attention away from the Trusts again. It would be impossible to deal with the vast problem of modern America, and Mr. Roosevelt's relation to it, except on the limits of another article, but from the hints given above the sagacious reader will perceive that much-needed social reform, which is inti-

mately bound up with the problem of the Trusts, is not likely to receive much attention for some time to come.

M. Briand has come back to power, and there is little difference in the political situation. This does not matter very much; for France is stagnant just now. The separation of Church and State has been recently completed, and the school question is not likely to have any far-reaching effects. The Old Age Pensions Bill has also been passed; it now only remains to find the money to pay for them—a stiff task—and also for urgent and very necessary naval expenditure. The French Navy has been scandalously neglected in recent years, though the Army is, at the present moment, well-nigh perfect, anti-militarist protests to the contrary notwithstanding. M. Briand is a very clever man, within limits; but mere debating powers, however brilliant, have never yet sufficed properly to carry on the affairs of a nation.

In Spain, too, we are face to face with dullness. Few indeed are aware that a general election has just taken place in that country. Señor Canalejas has a majority, and a "Liberal" Government is in power; but its principal duty will be to mark time until something turns up. And although the first member of the Cortes to sit as a Socialist—Senhor Pablo Iglesias—has been elected for Madrid, and the Republicans have gained a few seats elsewhere, nothing is likely to happen—yet.

Something, however, may possibly turn up in Morocco about the autumn, when the Moorish agricultural problem becomes interesting. The reader may be reminded that this unsubdued Spanish preserve requires roads before it can be fully developed from the Spanish commercial point of view. Spain claims the right to construct these roads—a claim which will doubtless be conceded by the Powers interested. But the Moors, who view new roads with suspicion as inventions of the devil, or whoever corresponds to that great personage in the Arabic table of fallen saints, don't want highways of that sort; and they know perfectly well that Spain cannot at present afford to keep an army of some 300,000 men in the Rif, partly to hold the Moors in check, partly as a garrison, and partly to protect the workmen. The nature of the country renders military operations difficult, and a large army of occupation would be required before the Spanish financiers could hope to reap any profit from the territory they have acquired. Hence the authorities may again bring forth some interesting incidents in the Rif.

In another quarter, too, the autumn may have some surprises in store for us; for it is expected that the Turkish army will manoeuvre on a large scale about September. The recent incident at the opening of the Cretan Chamber, when Greek flags were hung round the hall, made the Porte wax wroth, but, on account of the Albanian trouble, they are grinning and bearing it for the time being. In Albania, indeed, many of the Turkish soldiers have refused to fire on their co-religionists, and desperate efforts are being made to compromise. It is hoped that the Republicans will be restored shortly, so that later in the year Generals Turgut and Djavid Pashas may have a longed-for opportunity of "laying" the impudent Cretans and Greeks what's what.

It may be recollected that out of the 300,000 odd inhabitants of the distressful island some 270,000 are Christians of the Orthodox Greek Church, only some 30,000 being Moslems. Bitter racial feeling is thus accentuated by religious fanaticism. The loving telegrams passing between Constantinople and Athens do not reflect the state of mind of either country; for they are eager to fly at one another's throats. Few, however, care about articles like these, unless the Balkan question, would not be likely to cause the Powers to squabble among themselves.
"The Squirarchy’s Heel.”

By John Cawker.

Liberal politicians are vehement just now in denunciation of what they are pleased to call "the heel of the squirarchy." A natural soreness, resulting from their rout in rural constituencies, has led to much eloquent unperformed speech in Parliament, and elsewhere—an orgy of Jabez Windbagism—and the formation of "The Gladstone League." The elastic sides of the shoes of "Women Liberals" are quivering with suppressed agitation at stories of intimidation, victimisation, and dismissals, rife in circles frequented by defeated and disgruntled Radicals. The columns of the "Daily News" are oily with Uriah Heepish indignation at "the corrupt conservatism" of "the gentry" of such counties as Dorset and Berkshire. But we hear no word of the Nonconformist employers of labour of Glamorgan (Mid) and Yorkshire (West Riding) unless it be to vaunt their superior morality and "staunch Liberalism." Indeed, what is damnable and unclean in a country squire, or a wealthy Tarty Reformer, is pure zeal and enthusiasm in a sweating manufacturer and a dissenting divine.

The aberrations contingent upon a diet of cocoa after all are of small importance and best overlooked; but there are not wanting signs that the aggressively respectable section of the representatives of labour mean to enrol themselves among the Ignes Fatui and Children of the Wind. This is horrible! Suppose, for a moment, that they persuade their followers to set off in chase of them and their maggot, victimisation. Will they these followers seek victims of proselytism run mad, nor in the crowded mills of manufacturing England, and deep down in the coal mines of South Wales, but in Berkshire lanes and Dorset valleys? Then confusion will be worse confounded. The comparatively inoffensive squireen, lord of a handful of feudal souls, will be beautifully badgered—much to the ultimate good of his immortal soul, doubtless; but the masters of thousands of wage slaves—named "free men" in Liberal parlance—would escape unscathed.

There is victimisation enough—or, if you will, undue influence, or, better still, influence—at work the world over. We find it in Radical Derbyshire and in Unionist Down, in Protestant England and in Catholic Spain, in autocratic Germany and in republican France, in white Belgium and in the black Congo. Moreover, it seems idle for Socialists to deny that the Labour Movement is tainted to a marked degree with the thicc accursed thing. Look at it how we will, it is not possible to regard the trade unionist compulsory levy for Parliamentary purposes without misgiving. To advance the majority argument is futile. It is an argument which can be used with equal effect by any party or sect when it wishes to undertake any peculiarly dirty work. By means of a bare majority the lives of the Roman Catholics or Socialists of Manchester could be made unbearable, and South Wales would be the mercy of the narrow and fanatical leaders of political Nonconformity—the truly conservative (in the worst sense of the word) body in existence.

To deny the validity of the majority argument in this matter is, moreover, not to deny the wisdom of majority rule. In a democratic state the minority must submit to the ruling of the majority, but they are not or should not be—denied freedom to belong to the minority, neither may they be forced into economic support of the upholders of adverse views, except in so far as every citizen is compelled to maintain the Government temporarily in power. To reverse the Osborne judgment would lead in my view to very real victimisation in thousands of cases, and it would be a serious retrograde step.

The whole business of compulsory collection is a gargantuan task, and beyond the powers even of Henderson, Mabon, Brace and John Williams. A Labour Party built up on a forced levy is diseased at the heart, and is likely to prove a source of severe depressions (witness the present), if not to die. Besides, Labour candidates are now realising the eternal truth of the adage, "You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." You can force a levy upon your followers, but you cannot make him vote for you at election time.

But why should any real reformer be blinded by the phrases of "robust Radicalism," and imagine that victimisation is the work of political Conservatism only? Why attempt to create the false impression that it is more frequently used as a weapon by the squares and the dames of the Primrose League than by commercial magnates and the ladies of the W.L.A., or, for the matter of that, by the ladies of the W.S.P.U.?

It is plain to the Socialist that victimisation is the inevitable outcome of the existence of a possessing and a dispossessed class. So long as a man is dependent upon the whim of another man—Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist—so long will his bread be bought by victimisation, or undue influence, or influence at election or at any other time. As believers in liberty, political, religious and economic, we should much like to know the difference between the victimisation of Conservatives and the "steps" taken by trade union and party leaders to make their followers toe the line. Perhaps the Master of Elbluff or Lord Hugh Cecil will oblige?

It is not for us (Dieu merci!) to set up a defence of those kindergarteners, the squares, they are easy prey for the whirling, wordy Lloyd George. But does the illustrious (or should we say notorious?) President of the Gladstone League believe for a moment that victimisation of Liberals by Conservatives is one whit more common than victimisation of Conservatives by Liberals, or of Socialists by both? We think not. But knowing the power of the political myopia, and the strange assumption that all poor men, except flunkeys, are Liberals, and for fear of allowing our case to go by default, we feel safe in directing his attention to the tactics of his protégés in Mid-Glamorgan during the last by-election. I happen to know that they spared no pains in making sure the election and calling of their post.

We already hear the cries of "Proof, proof." We smile. There is never going to be a proven case of victimisation, maugré "The Gladstone League," unless one has a hysterical woman who has been victimised, or is victim. Men have learnt the value of "the gospel of silence," in this matter at least, and "mum's the word" when you sack a politically recalcitrant servant.

There is a gleam of unconscious humour in Robertson's "History of Free Thought" (unlikely spot) which bears on our subject. He says:—"The psychology of Aristophanes, who freely ridiculed and blasphemed the gods in his own comedies while reviling all men who did not believe in them, is hardly intelligible, save in the light of parts of the English history of our own time, when unbelieving indifferentists on the Conservative side have been seen ready to join in turning the law against a freethinking publicist for purely party ends.

Poor freethinking publicist! You happened to be a Liberal, and the Conservatives thought that they could "do something for the Almighty" on this occasion at Mid-Glamorgan, as well as put in a shrewd bundle on their own account. We are afraid that if the attention of the "Daily News" were called to the wrong, great would be its sorrow at the manifold sins and wickedness of the other side. But my tolerant friend, is not the party of which you are a distinguished member, fond of the same game? Have not you taken part in elections where the whole artillery of religious prejudice has been brought to bear on Socialist opponents? Examine "the Christian" leaflets issued by indif-
fertident Liberals in the Mid-Glomagon contest, and cease to prattle of "the Conservative side," for with this evidence before you we feel sure it will savour of cant, and read like misrepresentation for "purely party ends." Our sorrow for your suffering is heartfelt, but on second thoughts we will reserve our copious tears until you raise your voice against the "Socialism is Atheism" cry, and our subscription to "the Gladstone League" unless Mr. Asquith passes a "Right to Work" Bill. We will reserve our scathing criticism and the due force of bigotry like economic independence. Why, to profess belief in God has in many cases been found a sure road, and the only sure road, to bread and butter, even in Nonconformist Liberal Wales, the land of grievance and imperfection, religion and coal. Depend upon it, you cautious, evolutionary Fabian souls, who form the bulk of the Progressive vote, a sound measure ensuring work to all the worthless, and the all wrong-fully "sacred," would not only end victimisation, but the reign of Stiggins, and it would rejuvenate a deeper hullabaloo over their petty tyrannies. Presumably, if it were not for these jack-a-napes in these matters is not out of place here. May it send the earnings of the aged when pensions were granted playing, not by the squire, but by the manufacturer. The "Daily News," having got hold of a few parsons who have been acting the "giddy goat," makes a fine hallucination over their petty tyrannies. Put another way, if it were not for these jack-a-napes "Liberalism would have swept the rural constituencies." Bah! A kindly hint that dissentering ministers are not as Caesar's wife in these matters is not out of place here. May it send the胳膊 that maintains "D.N." to the Front a vigorous crusade of inquiry. Some of the ugliest tricks with signs of Genius. The provisions of such an endowment would have to be drawn up by such a man who would make clear that what is sought is young rather than perfect work; work of a forward looking tendency by writers whose future is before them; and work of a new and exciting nature, simply conventional and well-bred academic work.

This is great: Pegasus will have a body, but whether that body would have borne Shakespeare, or Keats, or Balzac, for instance, to glory, is doubtful. Shakespeare's adaptations were young and certainly not perfect work; would such judges as are here suggested be able to detect a writer with a future before him if he offered such stuff as Shakespeare's early adaptations? Would even Venus and Adonis have suggested a forward looking tendency, a work of a "new and path-breaking nature" to any three men of his time who had themselves produced "vital work," or "shown penetration, sympathy and balance in their judgments upon the work of others." Who would not recognise the Genius of Keats in his first volume except, perhaps, in the sonnet on Chapman's "Homer," and any committee of experts be likely to award an endowment on the promise of one sonnet? Balzac wrote forty novels before he put his name to one: I believe that Professor Saintsbury has read them, and stated that they do not deserve to remain in the oblivion to which Balzac's are doomed; and I am sure that such a committee of three men "who have produced vital work themselves" be likely to agree with Professor Saintsbury in the case of a new Balzac? Committees must look for a man with a future behind him, or trust to their own inspiration. The writer's past work is not apparent till it appears, and the early experiments and imitations disfigure it from the critical eye. The difficulty of Genius (I use the capital initial, in emulation of Mr. Sinclair's reverence for the quality) is mainly confined to its pubpilage, to the years of service that precede its entrance into possession of its kingdom; and who can recognise a master in a servant? When the Genius is asserted, whether in the vital creative work is produced, the enemy is found in the very men who have themselves produced vital work; and what chance of recognition has the full-fledged Genius from those who are established to sit in judgment upon him? Apart from these speculations, though the articulation of the back-bone of Pegasus needs other consideration. There are to be manuscript readers who will receive salaries estimated at three thousand dollars inclusive. To them will be entrusted the task of selecting the work which will promise what we are unwilling to entrust to the three judges, who, by the way, will take another three thousand dollars. The office expenses are estimated at another thousand dollars. The prizes suggested are one thousand dollars for three years in each class (fiction, and prose writing of an inspirational character), and two prizes of five hundred dollars for three years. The total will be twenty-five thousand dollars for three years, of which about thirty-five per cent. will be dissipated in distribution. There is, of course, no mention of
The Philosophy of a Don.

IX.—Our Degeneracy.

My colleague Chesterham continues as inconsolable over our defeat by M. Paulhan as Calypso was over her desertion by Odysseus. His grief, like the goddess's, at first sought expression in streams of hot tears; but gradually it crystallised into a hard despondency which now finds its relief in gloomy lamentations, followed by even gloomier prognostications.

"Take the cross-Channel and London to Manchester flights as an example," he said to me this morning for the sixtieth time.

"Yes," I said, politely, "What about them?"

"On both occasions the machines, as well as the men, that beat us were of foreign make!"

"Well, there is nothing very astonishing in that. The art of flying originated on the Continent."

"That's just what makes our defeat so galling. We have not only allowed foreigners to make the invention, but we have failed even to copy it successfully when it was made. The only contribution this country has so far made to the struggle for the mastery of the air is one of unpatriotic cheers and prizes for foreigners who were permitted to beat our own men first on the sea, which Britannia rules, and then over the very land we live in. Why is it so?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is owing to our want of Protection."

"Don't say that what people say every time the foreigner gets ahead of us in anything?"

"Is there Protection in brains as well?"

"What is your explanation then?" I asked, a little annoyed at the unexpected aptness of his retort.

"Degeneracy," he replied, promptly. "We are not what we used to be. We have degenerated. England—my country!—has degenerated very much, and is degenerating every day."

"You needn't despair," I said, in an encouraging tone. "A nation can be stimulated to achievement by the sting of failure quite as effectively, if not quite as pleasantly, as by the elation of success."

"I wish I could share your optimism," he said, shaking his head. "England has not many vigorous minds left. There are a few, but I see nothing to succeed us."

"A very sad prospect, indeed," I commented, simulating a sorrow which I was far from feeling.

"It is more than sad. It is heart-breaking. Fast living and low thinking is the order of the present day. We get so many and varied impressions that nothing remains to give a lasting colour and character to our minds. It took some two hundred years for the Arts of flying to originate; it took some two hundred years for the men to learn. It is more than sad. It is heart-breaking. Fast living and low thinking is the order of the present day. We get so many and varied impressions that nothing remains to give a lasting colour and character to our minds. It took some two hundred years for the Arts of flying to originate; it took some two hundred years for the men to learn.

"My boy, I like you: I fancy your style; I'll back you to the tune of a thousand: go in and win." The sportsman finds his favourite for himself; but as long as no committee is to be chargeable to likely candidates; and he enters into personal relations with the one on whom his choice falls. But the well-known philanthropist who is too lazy to find his own omission and I herewith undertake to provide a serviceable set.

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observe. Consider it from any point of view you like, ours is an age of small things and small men—with, of course, a few exceptions. Don’t you agree?"

"I am not quite sure," I replied, guarded. "Personally I should not much care to live in such an age as, say, the age of Fra Angelico, when the streets of Florence ran with blood, or in the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Columbus discovered a new world and heretics were roasted by the hundred in the old. Little do I love heretics, I love autos-da-fé still less. I am afraid I am not sufficiently fond of blood and of human sacrifices."

"Oh, that is purely a matter of personal taste. It does not affect the principle in the least. Take, if you prefer, the eighteenth century—the century of Pitt and Fox, of Burke, Johnson, and Garrick. What do you find? Everybody in those days drank and drank largely: drank to find joy, drank to forget sorrow; Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and, above all, Porson, were three-bottle men; and how many a great speech was made in the House, how many a weighty book was written in the study, how many a brilliant paradox was fired off through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realise the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just comes to this: he wants, if only for a brief hour, to enter regions untrodden by sober feet, and to gather to himself new experiences—experiences denied to prosaic, abstemious folk like yourself. A drunken debauch, properly viewed, is a quest for life, a quest for God."

"All this, supported as it is by so many eminent and presumably competent experts, may be true or may not. But, supposing that it is, and that the decline of intoxication amongst us is a mark of national degeneracy. How do you account for it?"

"A board of Fish Commissioners once asked a Scotch game wader why the salmon were no longer running up a once famous river, and to their surprise were answered: ‘I dunno, laddie, but one thing I can tell you: I just canna hae fath to fill the water.’ He was right; without a constant and abundant supply of pure, sweet water in our streams we cannot have fish."

"That sounds convincing. But how does it bear on the subject of our discussion? Surely you cannot thirst for water!"

"You are obtuse. The pure and sweet water to which I referred has nothing to do with H2O. I spoke of parables,"

"That is the worst of you great prophets. I wish you would sometimes make allowances for the stupidity of your hearers."

"Well, then, since I must interpret, the water I mean is the water of Faith—orthodox Christian faith. We have lost faith. We are deeply, not to say fatally, touched with intellectual scepticism—denominating and paralysing. I attribute our sterility to the prevalence of the critical spirit, which is the principal and peculiar curse of our age,” he said, lowering his voice to a whisper of fathomless solemnity. Then, all of a sudden, as if captivated and carried away by the exuberance of his own cleverness, he cried, waving his arms like a semaphore in a state of corybantic exaltation: ‘It is all over with England! All hope abandon, ye who enter!’"

"My dear Chesterham,” I said, scarcely able to suppress my laughter. “don’t be more absurd than you can help. The critical spirit which distresses you so sorely is not the peculiar attribute of our age. It is the privilege of all ages of high and wide culture—from the age of Euripides down to the present day. If we knew more about the civilisation of the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Martians, we should probably find the same state of things in Babylon, Nineveh, and Mars at certain periods of their development. So be comforted, scepticism is a normal stage in our growth.

"No, it is a symptom of decay—the penultimate step towards dissolution. You did not find scepticism in the Middle Age?"

"I do not admire the Middle Age!” I said with emphasis. Chesterham looked disappointed in me. So I hastened to rehabilitate myself in his esteem by a slight concession: ‘Of course, the Middle Age had its good points."

"Yes,” he said, somewhat pleased. "Whatever the Middle Age may have lacked, it had Faith—faith in God, which is only another way of saying faith in himself. It was that faith that made life bearable and robbed death of its terrors. Death was believed in so earnest to be the door to another and better life—to eternal life. The ancient philosophers found their mythological birds, in the form of quoth the raven, quoth the raven, you know, like rhetorical cant, or pious platitudes, to our medieval fathers and mothers were the literal statement of a
plain fact—plain and inspiring. With the departure of faith life has lost its meaning, and Death has regained his old empire. Which of us now believes in eternal life?"

"Well, I said, "you cannot expect things to remain always as they were. A child believes in a great many things that grown-up people reject as incredible. Besides, a great deal of mediæval faith was due to a system of pious frauds, such as nurses employ to keep their charges quiet, if not contented."

"It is precisely the disappearance of pious frauds that I regret. I have a deep regard for pious frauds. They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together."

"All frauds, pious or otherwise, are harmful," said I. "No, they are useful. They only become harmful when they are found out—when, the plaster of faith having been removed, they are exposed. And that is just my quarrel with the Critical Spirit: it has exposed the pegs and nails by scraping off the plaster of faith, which once covered them so nicely."

"Buildings have to be scraped from time to time. The grime which accumulates and disfigures them must be removed. Preservation is impossible without periodical restoration," I maintained stoutly.

"Restoration is a dangerous process. Grime, in the course of time, becomes a kind of cement. They try to remove what disfigures you are apt to weaken that which preserves. There is no strength except in rigid orthodoxy."

"So you would have unquestioning faith at any price?"

"Yes, Faith was the cement that kept the fabric of mediæval life together. What is our modern substitute? We must have some kind of cement, or else all this majestic pile would have trembled about our ears long ago. What is it?"

"I can only think of Finance. If we have any creed at all, it can only be the creed of platolatry."

"We are a wealthy nation," I admitted, cheerfully. "Yes, we are a wealthy nation," groaned Chesterham, mournfully. "And yet when Settlement Day comes, we may be found insolvent. Our knights of the counter, our captains of the cloth-yard, our high priests of Finance, preaching the gospel according to St. Mammon—what would they avail us on such a day?"

"I don't know, I am sure." But do you really think we are never going to have great times again?"

"I don't know," he said, thoughtfully. "Things may get worse, and then it is possible they may get better. England is a land to which great misdeeds belong. She is enjoying a sort of Sabbath year. We are suffering from exhaustion, and shall go on lying fallow, until something may some day come to rouse us from our torpor," he said, with the despair that keeps hope alive.

"What sort of thing do you expect?" I asked.

"Anything big, no matter what, that will touch the imagination of our people and stir up its faith. Only something national, something affecting everybody, can recall us from an age of scepticism to an age of orthodoxy."

"If we were in the Spring of life, I should have said something like the advent of a Messiah. As it is, I will suggest a big war, a splendid victory over someone or something, or a crushing defeat, or, better still, a financial crash becomes the fall of England! Pending such a salutary catastrophe, I will try to do what I can to re-establish orthodoxy."

"Having thus spoken, he waddled off, with a firm step, his head in the air, and his hat well at the back of it."

"I doff my hat to the old Sargent, the old Sargent! I may agree with him that great deeds go along with great misdeeds; but, speaking for myself, I am quite happy to live in an age of small vices and small crimes, even at the cost of smallness all round.
may measure the painter's estimate of his sitter's wit.

It is a pitiful thing, and one of the best proofs of the nullity of art-criticism in this country, that Sargent's painting is accepted, as it is, as the standard of art, the ne plus ultra and high-water mark of modernity. Let us try to arrive at a reasonable and just estimate, devoid alike of detraction and of hysteric abasement.

I have said that he has the supreme virtue in a portrait-painter of an eye for character. He has a great gift for placing his shapes where he wishes, safely and firmly. The colour is unconfused, and the quality of execution is slippery, and has no beauty or distinction of its own. The paintings might be described as black-and-white sketches on a large scale, in adequate colours, of turn outting our satisfactory likeness with a certain brilliant allure, and the little touch of piquant provocation that respectable women are always so anxious to secure, has seldom been solved by an able hand or a juster eye. And really of the landscape sketches, which my critical colleagues believe may measure the painter's estimate of his sitter's wit.

The problem of likeness, rapidity, and the sitter's taste to two productions. Compare the degree of passion, of colours. The problem of turning out satisfactory likeness, and on each occasion it seemed as if I had met her for the first time. She was known in society as the Countess Camille, and I had not yet succeeded in learning anything more definite about her family relations.

The Countess Camille was invariably accompanied by a little German baroness, who was a good linguist, and who acted as her companion. I had known the Barones a long time, and at last concluded that she herself did not know the true history of the Countess.

And so it was.

One day I stood at the station in St. Petersburg, waiting to board the train for Paris, when two ladies approached; they were both enveloped in the eyes in furs, the weather being still cold for the middle of April, and as they came nearer I recognised the mysterious Countess and her German companion.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "how delightful! Let us travel together, at least part of the way; I always dislike travelling in a compartment set aside for ladies."

"That would be charming," I remarked, and the train was about to start I assisted her in, with the little Baroness following. We were the only occupants of the compartment, and were soon settled in our places, and by tipping the guard I made sure that no one else would intrude on our privacy. We talked of the weather, of the past season at St. Petersburg, of the opera, and many other things, the Baroness chiming in now and then with her nervous, tremulous voice, dotting our conversation here and there with exclamations and interrogations.

And now I observed every look and movement of the Countess. There was no denying the extraordinary beauty, half Oriental, half Russian, of the woman seated before me. I had seen no face like it, even in Russia, where one sees so many women of a strangely complex type of beauty. Every time I looked at this woman, enveloped in furs of the rarest black fox, I received a fresh impression of bewilderment and mystery, and I felt that peculiar indefinable charm, to fascinate. I tried to guess her age, but in the maze of conflicting impressions I soon gave it up.

After a good deal of light talk, she opened a small satchel and took out a phial that glittered with all sorts of gems set in fantastic shapes, with arabesque characters engraved between the delicate spiral work of the stones. I did not realise the rare and peculiar beauty of this phial until the Countess held it up, opened the outer stopper by pressing a spring that chimed in now and then with her nervous tremulous exclamations and interrogations.

"This is a souvenir of my sojourn in the Orient," said the Countess, with some languor which I thought so, she exclaimed, greeting me. "It was."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "how delightfully! Let us travel together, at least part of the way; I always dislike travelling in a compartment set aside for ladies."

I had heard of her at the Embassy in Vienna, and when I was promoted to a more important post at St. Petersburg I had the good fortune to meet her on several occasions, but always at a reception or a ball, and on each occasion it seemed as if I had met her for the first time. She was known in society as the Countess Camille, and I had not yet succeeded in learning anything more definite about her family relations.

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"This is a souvenir of my sojourn in the Orient," said the Countess, with some languor, which I thought so, she exclaimed. "Its effect is intoxicating! The odour puts one into a dream!"
The Countess gave a slight nod of assent as she began nonchalantly to fold a cigarette. For the moment I was so amused at the child-like amazement of the Baroness that I was hardly conscious of the potent effect being produced on my own senses by the odour from that corner of the room. I recognised in its ingredients the attar of roses and a slight tinge of musk, but more I could not make out, although I guessed in silence for a long time, calling to my mind all the rarest scents which I had known in my travels through the world.

"And now," said the Baroness, still under the stimulus of the odour which seemed to vivify the very air we breathed, "perhaps you will tell us something about Constantinople; for we may never again have an opportunity like this."

The Countess Camille opened her pelisse at the neck, and at that moment I noticed a marked change in the expression of her face. I seemed to see her as another person. Her large, almond-shaped eyes looked deeper and deeper before, and her face became diffused with a slight crimson glow, which gave to her complexion a magnetic brilliancy that was dazzling. Surely this was a face that might appeal to the heads of stevedores and gentlemen of genius, and I congratulated myself that I was not in danger of succumbing to the magic of her perfumes, her jewels, her magnetic looks, and her winsome gestures. At last she said slowly:

"You have known me some time, and no doubt you have heard strange rumours about my early life."

"Certainly, Countess," said her companion, with a twinkle of expectation in her grey eyes.

"And yet you have only heard legends and old women's stories," said the Countess, as she made one of those bewitching gestures with her marvellous hand. "My aunt had just time to pinch my cheeks while shaking the ashes from her cigarette. "I will tell you some episodes in my early life and you will be surprised at my youth, for I have been guessed at forty; and the expression of her face now looked sinister. The agate eye me in the strangest manner possible."

The immense house we were in seemed to me more silent than the convent I had just left, and I could not help wishing myself back there again. The convent seemed like home compared to this strange and splendid mansion, where no sounds were heard, not even the whisper of a fan. It was this fact which impressed me so strangely.

"My aunt was walking up and down the little room we were in, her face wearing an expression of suspense and anxiety. I said to myself: 'It is evident that I am from the central core in this work, and my head swam with all sorts of fancies.' Could it be that I was to be shut up in this house, bound over as a servant of some sort? Or was it that I was to become companion to some invalid? These thoughts were at times so strong, the colour out of my cheeks, for my aunt exclaimed, harshly: 'What is the matter? You are as pale as if you were going to be executed. You look like a fright, all your beauty gone!'

Then the curtains parted, and a tall valet, in black and gold livery, ushered us through another richly furnished room, then through a small door hung with Oriental drapery. My aunt had just time to pinch my cheeks when we entered this room, and we were conducted, in a roundabout way, up a narrow staircase, and within two hours' time we were on the high personage on whom we were about to call.

"Our hostess is seated in a large easy-chair, the other partly reclining on a Turkish divan. They were smoking hookas. The one in the easy-chair half rose and bowed indifferently as we came in, while the other never moved, but eyed us as one might, much as a mechanic entering the room with a salver of sweetmeats. The room was filled with tobacco smoke, which made me cough, and this gave my cheeks a little colour. Coffee was served in Turkish cups, and while we were sipping it, the man in the easy-chair rose and began to walk nonchalantly about the room, ending by walking slowly around me in a circle, gazing at me all the time. I felt embarrassed, not knowing what to say or do; but my aunt seemed pleased, and, seeing her so self-assured, I succeeded in mastering my nervousness. My aunt conversed with this man in German and Turkish. He now sat down again, and said to my aunt in German: 'That man on the divan is Kallif, my twin brother. He is here from Constantinople on a visit.'"

"Yes," replied my aunt. 'I knew you had a twin brother, although I had never seen him.'

"I now took a good look at this man Kallif. He was the image of his brother in the easy-chair before us, and after close scrutiny I saw that his features only differed from those of his brother in this: one eye was the colour of copper. The agate eye with the features of a human owl, blinking under a light that seemed too strong for his strange, weird eyes. His glance inspired me with horror, yet I stared at him as one might a creature of the zoological garden."

"After some words in Turkish, my aunt rose to go. We were shown out through another suite of apartments, up and down other stairs, and I now realised the immense size of the house.
"Our carriage was waiting for us in the courtyard. On the way to my aunt's home, in another part of Vienna, she said:—

'The two men you have just seen are twin brothers, sons of my aunt's and who married a wealthy Turk of Constantinople. Racham, who talked with us, was educated in Vienna.' She was silent for a time, then resumed: 'The two brothers are very wealthy; the gold and silver treasures in this house must be worth a vast sum. Kallif, who was lying on the divan, comes to visit Racham every two years, bringing with him from Turkey the spoils of conquest and other perquisites, amounting to millions, which are hidden along with the other treasures in secret places. Kallif is sly and silent, but so much the better. I trembled while my aunt was making this revelation, and I could see Kallif's eyes—half owl, half snake, as if hypnotising his victims before destroying them."

Vienna, she said, brother, fearing a panic or revolution in Constantinople. On the way to my aunt's home, in another part of Paris; I did not even know her actual address, and I knew full well the inutility of appealing to any of the domestics.

"Several days went by. Racham was quietly buried, and I saw very little of Kallif, much to my relief, as you can guess. I had regained much of my calm, and began to think that, after all, everything might yet be well, when, the day after the burial of Racham, Kallif came to me and bade me follow him to another part of the house, saying he wished to show me something. Meeting the glance of his agate eye, I was too terrified to refuse. He led me down to the grand staircase, through the hall, and we entered a room hung in rich draperies with mystical characters in Arabic and Turkish. The place seemed wrapped in a vague element of mystery."

The little Baroness laughed with delight as the Countess paused a moment and waved her lace handkerchief for with one of those charming gestures of which she had the secret, and I again caught a whiff of the wonderful scent. It seemed to envelop me, and I felt a sensation of exhilaration mingled with a slight drowsiness, and I began to wonder whether this feeling was produced by the perfume or some secret power exerted by this mysterious woman."

She continued her story:—

"We now entered a smaller room. From the ceiling hung several lamps encased in pure gold filigree. A glow of light fell on a bowl encrusted with opals, set in a basin of malachite."

"Sit here,' said Kallif, pointing to a pale green divan which the flickering lights rendered all but transparent. He then walked round the room. When he came to the bowl of opal he stopped and looked at it, and, as if meditating some important act, he then took from his pocket a small bunch of keys, cautiously replaced the phial. He came once again and stood beside me."

"Musk, sandal-wood, attar of roses.' "Yes,' I said, 'but that is not all!'

"Ah,' he replied, 'the fourth ingredient must remain a mystery; but if ever you do guess it the secret will be yours."

"But he continued as he walked towards me, 'we do not move,' he continued, as he walked to the far end of the apartment.

"I saw him unlock a small casket and take out something, carrying it in his hand as he again came towards me."

"He unfolded some tissue-paper and held before me a crystal-like stone of unique shape, bordered with rubies and black diamonds. He held it out before me, and I gazed into it. Suddenly he grasped my left hand

"In a flash I saw his sinister meaning, and my brain reel. He made a movement as if to caress me, but I sank to the floor in a dead faint.

"It must have been late at night when he opened my eyes. I was in my own room, with a low fire burning. On the sofa lay a tall, elderly woman, whose name was Milka. I had occasionally seen her about the house, in what capacity I hardly knew, but I had a vague idea that she was the housekeeper. Slowly everything of the previous day came back to me, and the mental agony I went through for the rest of the night I leave to your imagination. Rack my brain as I would, I could not see my way to escape from this house, and I had no idea who might be my husband. My aunt was hundreds of miles away in Paris; I did not even know her actual address, and I knew full well the inutility of appealing to any of the domestics."
and placed the stone in it. I shuddered as something like an electric shock passed through my arm, and just as I was about to express my surprise, Kallif bent his head down close to mine, and looking into my eyes, said, in a significant tone:—

"You see it is an agate!"

"Instantly I thought of his agate eye. I looked at the eye, then at the stone; they were exactly the same colour. As I moved it, the black diamonds darted fire from jewels.

"And now the old life had passed away, and a world of romance was before me. Define it all I could not, nor did I wish to try."

"Kallif took the agate stone and put it under lock and key once more, and said in a casual manner, 'I think you now understand that I only want your aid; you will assist me in my work at Constantinople.'"

"He led me back to my own apartments where the woman Minka was awaiting me. This woman I had almost begun to like; she seemed very kind, but to confide in her I did not dare."

"A few days after that eventful evening, we started for Constantinople, Minka being my constant companion. Kallif had no longer complete control over my mind. But I did not fear him; it was a sort of indifference I now felt."

"Arrived at Constantinople, I found myself in a dream-palace that seemed to have been erected on the place of some Arabian Nights entertainment. Everything was varied, caving, and full of the most extraordinary curtains, worked in weird designs leading anywhere, of an unearthly shimmering effect, that serene glow and fascinating glamour about everything from ceiling to floor that I had witnessed in Vienna, but spread out here through the mazes of the palace, into doors and mysterious panelling which we had entered the room just as I myself had done on a dozen different occasions in different rooms in the house."

"I saw by his look that he was baffled. He could not of that moment have found his way out, if he were to via the whole world by succeeding. Kallif knew it, and I knew it, but I pretended not to know. Then a panel, fixed in the centre of one of the walls, glided aside without the slightest noise, and a tall dark man appeared, with a huge military moustache. He, too, after greeting Kallif, glanced with a half-dazed expression towards the spot where he had entered; but I had my eye on that very place, and saw what he did not see; a magnificent fan-shaped screen of peacock and ostrich feathers fold silently together, thus hiding the sliding panel which had let him in. Next to this door was another panel, and had the military man sought an exit by the way he had come, he would have chosen the wrong one."

"I had quite forgotten the presence of the distinguished visitors in the study of doors and mysterious entrances, and my eyes roamed everywhere on the look of the room. I was thinking what the next scene would enter somewhere near the same place, I was mistaken. Kallif greeted the third guest—a short, fat man—just behind my seat, but I turned too late to see where he had entered. The fourth guest was ushered in by a Nubian servant through two small folding-doors; as they closed again, curtains glided over them. This guest was the Russian diplomat. There was now a strange trumpet sound in one of the outer rooms, a curtain was drawn aside, and a faik appeared followed by a hunchback. The faik looked like a Hindoo; his eyes shone like black beads, his nose was hooked like the beak of a vulture, on his turban was a small ruby serpent, while his costume was covered with various emblems.

"During the evening a screen which stood at one end of the room and a little to one side was removed by a servant without any noise and without a word being spoken, and then stood a table laid with a service of gold, and filled with rare delicacies and wines, many of which were new and strange to me. Eight chairs were placed at the table, three at either side and one at each end. Kallif placed me at one side in the centre, and the Russian at my right; the seat at my left was for a gentleman who wore rose-coloured clothes and my jewels, as if I had been created for the room. I looked to see if I could distinguish the door through which we had entered. It was impossible.

"Kallif now returned, and as he approached me I noticed a faint smile on his hard, cynical lips; he made a motion for me to rise. He led me a little way towards the middle of the room where the lights seemed to merge in a soft mystic glow. He pronounced some words in Turkish or Arabic which I did not understand, made a gesture in the air with his hands, and fastened a clasp of black hair, what do you think? The agate crystal with its rubies and black diamonds! There I was, with a talisman on my head as great as a crown. I cannot tell you what my feelings were on that evening! I looked into Kallif's face; his agate eye was larger, brighter, and more unearthly than ever. All of a sudden I felt ten years older; I knew, without any explanation from Kallif, that he had endowed me for the moment with a power, not for my own use, but for his political ambitions."

"Ah! he half groaned, as he gazed at the agate gem in my hair, 'this shall I accomplish something!'

"He turned about and fixed his gaze on a corner of the room where I saw that some drapery partially hid a doorway. There was not a sound to be heard, and Kallif stood motionless, as if awaiting some event. Presently the window lights and illusions unknown at the Austrian mansion."

"Kallif took the agate stone and put it under lock and key once more, and said in a careless manner, 'I think you now understand that I only want your aid; you will assist me in my work at Constantinople.'"

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"Kallif now returned, and as he approached me I noticed a faint smile on his hard, cynical lips; he made a motion for me to rise. He led me a little way towards the middle of the room where the lights seemed to merge in a soft mystic glow. He pronounced some words in Turkish or Arabic which I did not understand, made a gesture in the air with his hands, and fastened a clasp of black hair, what do you think? The agate crystal with its rubies and black diamonds! There I was, with a talisman on my head as great as a crown. I cannot tell you what my feelings were on that evening! I looked into Kallif's face; his agate eye was larger, brighter, and more unearthly than ever. All of a sudden I felt ten years older; I knew, without any explanation from Kallif, that he had endowed me for the moment with a power, not for my own use, but for his political ambitions."
We have must have been seated at the table about half an hour when a mysterious music began. It seemed far away, beyond any of the rooms near us, floating here and there, now a little nearer, now farther away, then just outside, then overhead, between the ceiling and the floor. We had up to this time been served by four black servants, but now, during this music, they slipped away, first one, then another, and were not seen again. The guests helped themselves to the wines which the servants had taken the precaution to place before them. At the sound of the music Kallif’s face lit up with an expression of delight, his agate eye rolling in a kind of ecstasy, and I became aware that a secret battle was raging between Kallif on one side and the fakir on the other; now Kallif took from an inner pocket the phial of mysterious elixir and handed it to me behind the chair of the Russian diplomat at my right. As he did so I heard the faint click of the stopper being opened. Instantly an odorous wave enveloped the table, and apparently right under my chair, beneath the floor, the ruffled sounds of a tom-tom began a low, measured, faint beat at first, but at the table was now perfumed except Kallif’s and my own. The beating of the tom-tom grew louder, more ominous and suspenseful, and swiftly and silently leaving the table, I hurried down in my seat until my head was on a level with the diplomat, who now seemed in a stupor and suspense. But suddenly, and with him the half-stupefied company. But now the Countess took my hand, and, without a word, they hurried to an exit from the palace, Minka having secured a wrap for me as we passed my apartments. She immediately set out for that city. At Kallif’s palace she soon found Minka, and, with her aid, as I have just told you, effected my escape. Not long after we were informed that Kallif never recovered from the effects of that terrible evening, having passed away some days later. And did either of the twins leave you anything? asked the little Baroness, her face full of wonder.

When we got back to Vienna, we found that Racham had left me the mansion with everything in it,” said the Countess Camille, while she proceeded to make the table收拾齐整, "and I had the work in beginning a search for the treasure, which, she declared, existed somewhere in the secret vaults of the house. She worked like one possessed. While I held a light, even the fakir’s face and countenance changed. She had examined four rooms without result, when, just as we were about to leave the fifth, we noticed a peculiar Japanese screen, which seemed to fit in the wall. When this screen was removed we discovered a small door that led to a hidden room with a heavy iron door at the end. This was opened after a great deal of trouble. We now entered an iron vault, in which stood several large safes. After several days of work and suspense, in which formalities had to be complied with, my aunt stood in wonder and ecstasy over sack upon sack filled with precious objects. There were collars of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, ropes of pearls, hundreds of rings. She looked like a mad woman as she pulled out the ropes of pearls and strings of precious stones, and threw them in confusion around her neck, one on top of the other. She spent longer and longer endure it. As for me, I could not help laughing, she looked so comical.

She declared she was so bewildered that she could not longer endure it. As for me, I could not help laughing, she looked so comical. Guards were placed at each door until everything was duly counted, registered, and sent to the bank. I let my aunt keep all the jewels and the mansion, with everything in it. I kept for myself the fortune in coins and bonds. And the mysterious agate? I asked. I must have dropped it in my flight, replied the Countess, with seeming indifference, "for I never saw it again; but a long time afterwards I discovered that I still possessed the precious phial. But the secret, the secret of its contents? chimed in the Baroness, with eager curiosity.

The face of the Countess Camille assumed a dream-like expression, and for some moments she was lost in reverie. Amidst the noise and confusion of moving trains, she began in that marvellous voice that was hers, and in tones so low that I could just distinguish the words, "I made a most significant discovery”—when the door opened, and in stepped my former chief at the Legation at Constantinople, none of us having noticed the train coming to a dead stop. My old chief, a man of great dignity and tact, saluted the Countess with marked deference, for he, too, had met her on former occasions. The conversation became formal, and, two hours later, the train having stopped at another junction, there was a general changing of places, we became separated, and during the journey, to my great disappointment, I did not see the Countess Camille again.

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Once every two years Mr. Churchill produces a new novel, elaborate in its scope, carefully written, and always entertaining material with which to pass away a day of rest. Mr. Churchill started far back in American history, and has not ennobled as far as the period when automobiles and "bridge" were just becoming the fashion. I have read with interest everything that he has written, not only because I like to pass a day of rest now and then, but because Mr. Churchill is our most prominent popular novelist and sells several hundred thousand copies of each of his books, and is therefore an important sign of the times. The thing that strikes me about his work is its peculiar intellectual and spiritual immaturity. I feel this more and more, as he comes to deal with modern themes and with the everyday life about us. His people are convincing as far as they go, but they never seem to me to go beyond the age of seventeen. All their morals and ideals are the most essential of those which people cherish at that age.

In his previous two volumes Mr. Churchill had got far enough to make the discovery that draft is widespread in our politics and is a very harmful influence. He rebuked it sternly, as it might be rebuked by General Hughes in Albany, or by President Roosevelt in the Sorbonne. And now, in his last volume, Mr. Churchill grows even bolder, and attacks the dangerous problem of divorce. I was interested when I made this discovery, because I knew that I would find out in Mr. Churchill's novel just exactly how far the mind of the American people has progressed on the subject.

When you wish to write a novel dealing with divorce, you have always one situation: a man or woman has in some way been led into an unworthy marriage; and later on in life the man or woman discovers the true soul-mate; and then what is to be done? The old solution was to have them renounce and suffer many years, now and then, but because Mr. Churchill it-takes them not only in order that they perform any work of social usefulness and importance. Instead of going abroad for a year or two, as such a couple naturally would, they settle themselves in a town and proceed to let the town make them miserable. We are given to understand that among the three people to live in Reno, Nevada, and get divorces

The divorced ex-husband is still alive, and so the heroine's third marriage is under the bar of divorce, quite as much as was the second one. Is the seventeen-year-old moralist to understand from Mr. Churchill that a divorce and one re-marriage constitute a social crime, while a divorce and two re-marriages constitute a happy ending?

August Bebel's Memoirs.

By George F. Sampson.

In view of the enormous influence exerted by August Bebel in the Socialist movement, which has made itself felt not only in Germany, but throughout Europe in the last fifty years, his memoirs cannot but be of interest even to us in England, who, in spite of our insularity, are, or should be, to some extent concerned in this movement. But, even if the movement itself interests us indifferent, we cannot fail to be attracted by the personality of its leader in Germany, who, after a long life of fierce struggle against the powers of reaction, has, on account of bad health, retired into private life, where he is at present engaged in adding his reminiscences to the already long list of his works.

The present book is the first volume, and, if the writer's health permits, is to be followed by a second, and perhaps a third, in the near future. The ground covered by this volume is the first 30 years of Bebel's life, and particularly that intricate period of the history...
of Socialism in Germany from 1860 to 1870. In respect of the events of these years the author claims a special interest for the book, as there is no other person now living who took such an active part in them.

Herr Bebel was born in 1840 in the barracks at Deutz-Cologne, the son of a non-commissioned officer who died some years afterwards, leaving a wife and two young children in the utmost poverty, which continued for years to them for many years to come. Herr Bebel relates with touching simplicity the sufferings which he had to undergo in his childhood and early youth from poverty and ill-health. In one place he says it was for a time almost his sole ambition to eat bread and butter for once in his life to his heart's content. After serving his apprenticeship to a turner at Tvetel, he wandered on foot from place to place in South Germany, until he came by chance to Leipzig, in 1860, an event which proved of incalculable importance not only for himself but for the development of the movement which was just commencing. He says:—

"I had hitherto not had the slightest desire to see Leipzig and Saxony, and had it depended on me, I should not have seen them. And yet this journey was in more senses than one a decisive one for my entire future. Thus does chance often move the destiny of mankind."

Throughout his book he refuses to take any credit to himself for the important position to which he attained, and in the preface he ascribes it to the 'favour of circumstances.' In Leipzig he joined the Working Men's Union, in which Bebel subsequently became a member and record in book-form his personal impressions. This fault, if such it may be called, has made some portions of the book much heavier than one would have expected from the pen of a politician of the specially quick and shrewd kind. Herr Bebel and the mass of details concerning the petty quarrels that distinguished German home politics in the sixties cannot possibly claim much interest from the outside European reader.

On reading, however, the portions of the book that treat of Herr Bebel's private life, for which naturally few or no documents have been used, we are fully recompensed for our slight disappointment; for they are of real human interest and throw a clear light on the aspirations of an honest, powerful nature, while at the same time showing at any rate some of the qualities and circumstances which helped to raise the turner, August Bebel, above the poverty of his youthful surroundings, and to place him in a leading position in European politics.

REVIEWS.

King Edward the Seventh. (Nelson's Library. 7d.)

This book is not only interesting but pleasant, and very useful for sharpening our over-fat memory. Actually received by us on Wednesday morning (the 11th), it contains not only an account of the life of King Edward VII., but the details of his last illness and death. The whole narrative is well written, and the volume should sell well.

The Woman Napoleon Loved. By Tighe Hopkins. (Eveline Nash. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Hopkins is a master of that light touch, which in the case of other writers of memoirs of this kind often strikes us as deliberate and forced. It is to the credit of this author that he makes a very well-worn theme at once entertaining and illuminating. He confirms us in the belief that Napoleon was so much absorbed in the external business of life that he never drank very deeply of life itself. He was, of course, a specialist, and the specialist is usually a lop-sided kind of man. The ardent tones in which he often addressed his mistresses might deceive those who forget that the man whose passion is not real always expresses it in the most conventional terms. He was not very fortunate in his choice of mistresses—none of them strike us as interesting, except, perhaps, Madame Fourès, who was the most sympathetic of the sisterhood, if only because she was the lover—"the mistress"—of the dictator of Europe; it is doubtful if she cared much about Napoleon Bonaparte. Mme. Fourès is perhaps the most sympathetic of the mistress, viz., the woman who for so long kept her relations in secret. It is a secret which the world would gloat over to-day, but the unknown outpourings of her passion may have been ended by the flames."

Socialistic theory contained in the first volume of Karl Marx's 'Capital.' The differences between the two Socialists were not removed until 1875, when the Marxists, represented by Liebknecht and Bebel, came to a compromise with the followers of Lassalle, and formed the present Social Democratic Party.
almost wish his biographers had been as discreet. Napoleon was not little enough to mistake himself for a conqueror of women, and his meagre adventures in the fields of passion might have been left to oblivion. The April " Quest" (a quarterly devoted to the search for a completely satisfying reality, and edited by G. R. S. Mead) provides more or less profitable reading. Under the "Figment of Race," Mr. Otto Rothfeld levels a lance at anthropology. "Referring to the tendency of the sciences..." he proceeds to plunge into "the metaphysics of race," and introduces us to the theories of a number of well-known German metaphysicians. He succeeds in proving that his title is no more absurd than the work of the tyro in gynaecology, for it is the direct cause of the rise of Christian Science, Emmanuelism, and such cults. Happily, a body of experts in psychopathology is now countering the injurious influence, for an affectation of knowledge will not supply the public's demand for real psychic treatment, and finally an interdict on all mental healing except that proposed by the various authors is uttered, and the medical profession of America is almost implored to include the methods of psychotherapy in its "armamentarium."

Dr. Jones, in his paper on "Psycho-analysis," says: "The sooner we face the shameful but undeniable fact that unqualified empirics can relieve distressing affections in cases that have defied medical skill, and can produce results where we fail, the sooner will this flagrant lack in our system of education be remedied, and the better will it be for the dignity and honour of the medical profession." As these various gentlemen quote each other as expert authority it is worth our while to notice briefly what they teach and how they agree.

The first paper need not detain us. It is by Dr. Morton Prince, and its title, "The Psychological Principles and Field of Psychotherapy," is sufficiently explanatory. The next paper by Dr. F. H. Gerrish on "The Therapeutic Value of Hypnotic Suggestion" contains nothing that is new, but this passage must be quoted: "It has been alleged that the therapeutic effects of hypnotic suggestion are but transient; that if any benefit results from it in a short time the patient will relapse into his former condition. Nobody acquainted with the facts could possibly make this criticism. The effects of no remedy, when administered in a manner that can fairly be made, are more enduring than are those of hypnotic suggestion." We have italicised one sentence, because we want to quote Dr. Jones against it: "Hypnotic and other suggestional acts merely apromote pathogenic idea. The idea itself persists, because it has not been reached and dealt with, and sooner or later it will again manifest itself either in the same direction or in some fresh guise."

The next paper is entitled "Simple Explanation and Education as a Therapeutic Method," and it is written by Dr. Taylor. This method consists in the discovery of the mental attitude of the patient towards his ailments, and raising the patient's general view, and "pointing out in a painstaking way the correct way to mental health through a realisation on the part of the patient of his previous misconceptions and
through an accompanying effort toward the establishment of more rational mental adjustments." It seems to us that arguing a neurotic subject into the perception of the error and offering no real guarantee for the cure of it. Dr. Taylor concludes with the admission: "It will naturally fail in the psychoses, in hysterical states associated with fundamental disorders of personality. The patient has a high degree of fixity, matters to which no doubt others taking part in this discussion will refer."

Dr. Waterman discusses "The Treatment of Fatigue State." In his introduction, he says: "Any effort on the part of the patient to struggle against this so increases the fatigue as to accentuate other symptoms, and cause great discomfort, while, on the other hand, continued rest is courted in vain." After sections describing physiological, psychological, and psycho-pathological fatigue, we are introduced to Weir Mitchell's rest cure, which is damned with faint praise, and Dubois' conversation method, which is used by Dr. Waterman. A case quoted will illustrate this method. The patient was a young man of twenty-one, a member of a neurotic family. He was in almost perfect physical condition, but was so exhausted by monotonous monotonous talk suggesting sleep. This induces light sleep, according to Dr. Gerrish. He says that "arguing a neurotic subject into the perception of the error, and offering no real guarantee for the cure of it."

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Dr. Gerrish hypnotises by placing the patient in a recumbent position, in which remedial suggestions are given. The patient is put in a relaxed recumbent position; he is told to lie down and rest. "His continued efforts to do well in his studies, with the constant worry whether he should not be able to do well in his athletics, caused him in the middle of his first year in college to become more and more fatigued. In spite of fatigue, disinterestedness and the factors which were helping to keep him from recovery, he was made to realise what his possibilities were, and how he must apply himself to gain his ends. The tasks put upon him were made rapidly more and more difficult, so that at the end of six weeks he was doing a normal amount of studying, and was rated as one of the first class men in putting the shot and throwing the hammer." We admire and envy the potency of Dr. Waterman's conversation method.

Dr. Jones' "Psycho-Analysis" is highly probable that Freud's success in the treatment of psycho-pathic cases is not so much due to "psycho-analysis" as to the unconscious use of the hypnoidal state. There are other papers dealing with "Obsessions and Associated Conditions in So-called Psychasthenia," "Psychoprophylaxis in Childhood," and "The Relation of Character Formation to Psychotherapy," by Drs. Donley, Williams, and Putnam respectively.

We began by considering this "symposium of funny; we conclude by thinking it contemptible. To our knowledge of psycho-therapists this "galaxy which cannot be duplicated on this continent of America has added nothing. It has deduced no law, discovered no power, invented no method. The concern of these various professors and instructors of medical schools is not with therapeutics, but with theories. They are applying a pathological method of diagnosis and analysis to psychology, but they make no attempt to explain the inter-action of mind and body; and the vexed question as to whether there can be functional disorder without some organic change, which must determine the therapeutic method, is ignored. We find this book as instructive as Dr. Hyslop's description of hypnotism as being due to a supposed inhibition of the amoeboid movements in the pseudopodial, protoplasmatic compartments of the neuro spongium.

The Passions of the French Romantics. By Francis Gribble. {Chapman and Hall. 1s. 6d. net.}

Mr. Gribble warns his readers that they will find little besides stories in this book. "If they have been properly told," he says, "they ought to be entertaining; however, they have been so taught that they ought to be instructive." Entertaining they are, in the sense of
room style, but no more instructive than after-dinner yarns. We do not need to be told that artists forget the seventh commandment, and if there is any occult connection between art and adultery, we should like to see it demonstrated. But Mr. Gribble is not concerned to demonstrate anything but historical fact, and he tells his stories with taste and something of cynicism. He seems to be more interested in his book than in his characters, and his detachment is inhuman, but he does not tar all his subjects with the same brush. He is as pleased to demonstrate the chastity of Lamartine’s relations with Graziella and Elvise as he is to explode the legend of Victor Hugo’s domestic felicity. De Musset and Alexandre Dumas are among the first, and it is possible to imagine any of these people doing anything in conclusion.

imagined in these pages. We may note one curious effect, as a result of design and not of accident, as the circumstances is to excuse themselves. For the rest the book is entertaining. The author’s impressions of station life in India are obviously first hand.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

The opening of the Royal Academy inaugurates the season for outbursts of all kinds in the daily and weekly papers. One of the first to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered for the display of the highest and best that contemporary British art could produce; that it constituted a kind of summing-up of the state of progress of that art, and of the direction which it has taken in recent years. There is a path from earth to heaven, there is apparently no way of return. When one man has had the opportunity of accomplished work in his youth, he is as pleased to demonstrate the chastity of Lamartine’s relations with Graziella and Elvise as he is to explode the legend of Victor Hugo’s domestic felicity. De Musset and Alexandre Dumas are among the first, and it is possible to imagine any of these people doing anything when the mystery always is their transmutation. Thus, as in the case of Lamartine’s relations with Graziella and Elvise, Victor Hugo’s domestic felicity, De Musset and Alexandre Dumas are among the first, and it is possible to imagine any of these people doing anything when the mystery always is their transmutation.
realise. The fact is the present picturesque Piccadilly could be. No exhibition ever played more persistently for beauty, to encourage an enthusiasm for art, to promote a clearance of humanities and offensive pictures, pictures that do violence to the aesthetic sense, pictures that represent in an idiot manner living and dead persons and persons who ought to be dead, pictures calculated to confer a breach of the peace between critic and painter, and pictures that lead to the overcrowding of long-suffering lunatic asylums. Pending the decision of the R.A. to carry them out, I may point out two facts which lead me to believe that as a body it is not utterly beyond salvation. The first is the favourable attitude of the R.A. towards women's work. Among the many good things by women which have found their way to the Academy this year are the notable exhibits by Elizabeth Forbes, whose "June at the Farm," is the best thing in its room; by Florence K. Upton (172); by Harriet Backer, who has however one better than "The Little Girl at the Door"; by Laura Knight, in whose "Boys" the figures are a little too hot in colour; by Flora Lion, her clever study, "The Skylark," being rather black in colour; by Alice France, "A Windy Day"; and by Betty Fagan, "The Jet Ornament." Another fact is the practical sense shown in the quotation in French from Millet with which the R.A. adorns its catalogue. It says in effect that an artist must be touched before he can touch others. As I refuse to accept favours from this body, I was touched for a shilling for admission. I was further touched for a shilling for a catalogue. Beyond this, I was touched by the two shillings worth of value I received. In fact, I was touched all round—touched to tears. But it seems the R.A. can both touch and refuse to be touched. It was untouched by the King's death, and its doors remained open on Saturday, the 7th inst. From this I infer the Academy is no longer Royal.

A further suggestion is that a room should be set apart for the encouragement of the exhibition of the works of foreign artists just as they are encouraged by the Paris Salon. It is true that there is the danger of exhibiting foreign painting the R.A. would kill its own members' works, and half the people who exhibit at the Academy would go out and hang themselves. Still, the holocaust of the kind is much needed. As a fourth suggestion, I would add that the R.A. should alter its "gilt frame" rule in the interest of penniless painters and art alike. To compel artists with limited means to spend large sums on gilt frames for pictures is to impose an impious tax upon them, and the R.A. has imposed this tax quite long enough. Another thing is the gilt frame very often tends to oblige further the honour and distinction of adopting exhibition walls with 1910 has long been transferred to the Bond Street dealer, and there is no excuse for the R.A. to continue to share it. It may be urged by the R.A. that the retention of the "gilt frame" brings in the shillingsworths at the front door. In reply, I must say to the R.A. that by continuing to beat a gilt drum to the six most vulgar persons in the gallery it is making too advance in the direction of art or common sense, though it may be demonstrating its ability to give the public a fine circus performance.

It is obvious that these three suggestions, if carried out, will leave the R.A. somewhat nearer civilization than it is, and will help it to make a clearance of humanities and offensive pictures, pictures that do violence to the aesthetic sense, pictures that represent in an idiot manner living and dead persons and persons who ought to be dead, pictures calculated to confer a breach of the peace between critic and painter, and pictures that lead to the overcrowding of long-suffering lunatic asylums. Pending the decision of the R.A. to carry them out, I may point out two facts which lead me to believe that as a body it is not utterly beyond salvation. The first is the favourable attitude of the R.A. towards women's work. Among the many good things by women which have found their way to the Academy this year are the notable exhibits by Elizabeth Forbes, whose "June at the Farm," is the best thing in its room; by Florence K. Upton (172); by Harriet Backer, who has however one better than "The Little Girl at the Door"; by Laura Knight, in whose "Boys" the figures are a little too hot in colour; by Flora Lion, her clever study, "The Skylark," being rather black in colour; by Alice France, "A Windy Day"; and by Betty Fagan, "The Jet Ornament." Another fact is the practical sense shown in the quotation in French from Millet with which the R.A. adorns its catalogue. It says in effect that an artist must be touched before he can touch others. As I refuse to accept favours from this body, I was touched for a shilling for admission. I was further touched for a shilling for a catalogue. Beyond this, I was touched by the two shillings worth of value I received. In fact, I was touched all round—touched to tears. But it seems the R.A. can both touch and refuse to be touched. It was untouched by the King’s death, and its doors remained open on Saturday, the 7th inst. From this I infer the Academy is no longer Royal.

A further suggestion is that a room should be set apart for the encouragement of the exhibition of the works of foreign artists just as they are encouraged by the Paris Salon. It is true that there is the danger of exhibiting foreign painting the R.A. would kill its own members' works, and half the people who exhibit at the Academy would go out and hang themselves. Still, the holocaust of the kind is much needed. As a fourth suggestion, I would add that the R.A. should alter its "gilt frame" rule in the interest of penniless painters and art alike. To compel artists with limited means to spend large sums on gilt frames for pictures is to impose an impious tax upon them, and the R.A. has imposed this tax quite long enough. Another thing is the gilt frame very often tends to oblige further the honour and distinction of adopting exhibition walls with 1910 has long been transferred to the Bond Street dealer, and there is no excuse for the R.A. to continue to share it. It may be urged by the R.A. that the retention of the "gilt frame" brings in the shillingsworths at the front door. In reply, I must say to the R.A. that by continuing to beat a gilt drum to the six most vulgar persons in the gallery it is making too advance in the direction of art or common sense, though it may be demonstrating its ability to give the public a fine circus performance.

The British Fine Art Section of the Japan-British Exhibition is quite up to last year's average, and adds greatly to the value and interest of the Exhibition itself. It contains a number of capable and intelligent pictures, many of them old friends, as it were, whom I remember to have met at various times and in various parts of the country. One of the features of the exhibition is the wonderfully realistic scenic painting in the Japanese Garden carried out under the direction of Mr. Julian Hicks by his competent assistants. As a guide to English aesthetic taste, the beautiful little stone erections in this same garden should be compared with the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association's hidest erections elsewhere. Another thing is the picturesque land of Japan, the latter from the pleasant land of the Devil's-terk-art-we-want-utility.

The New Age
Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

Three Published Plays:

Don, by Rowland Beresford, The Earth, by James Bernard Fagan and Fish Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

What the Public Wants, by Arnold Bennett. (F. Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Fish Unwin has just begun the issue of a new series, "Plays of To-day and To-morrow," an intelligent anticipation, for whatever may happen to the plays of to-day, the plays of to-morrow will certainly be published in book form to be read by future generations. The ideal of a repertory theatre, indeed, is one with such a literature of its own, forming a complete record of its work, offering a convenient medium for the exchange or translation of plays, and constantly attracting new hearers from the reading class. The first two volumes of Mr. Fish Unwin's library are "Don" and "The Earth," both of which have been seen in London during the last twelve months. "Don" was noticed here on its production last autumn, and its run has only lately come to an end. It reads well, for the same reason that it plays well—because of the simplicity and directness of its style. But the end has made them speak of him "as a great poet," "a statesman," "a modern Shakespeare." This is an intelligent anticipation, for whatever may happen to the plays of to-day, the plays of to-morrow will no doubt have the same reason that it plays well—because of the simplicity and directness of its style. It remains as weak and unconvincing as ever; even more unconvincing, I think, in reading than upon the stage, and just as immoral. This alone prevents "Don" from being anything like a great play. It means that Mr. Besier has made friends and developed an idea very skilfully, but unable to work it out. I do not know whether the audience that gave the play such a successful run felt any interest in the love affairs of Ann Sinclair and Stephen Bonington, or experienced any satisfaction in seeing the curtain fall upon their embrace. I am quite sure I did not. I find Ann detestable. Stephen is not above a suspicion of priggishness, but he is at least a real human being. Mr. Besier has made them speak of him "as a great poet," "a man of genius," "famous as a poet and thinker wherever English is read." This was a mistake. It is altogether too much to live up to. When Stephen Bonington returns, he turns out to be no nothing of the kind. He is certainly generous, sympathetic, vital above the average, but that is all. His virtues are of the human virtues, with a dash of fine courage and a limited imagination in which enables him to see the fun of everybody except himself. One can well imagine him as a writer of verse, but as a novelist he is at least a kind of special providence. He is certainly generous, sympathetic, vital above the average, but that is all. His virtues are of the human virtues, with a dash of fine courage and a limited imagination in which enables him to see the fun of everybody except himself. One can well imagine him as a writer of verse, but as a novelist he is at least a kind of special providence.

The failing is hardly peculiar to the artistic temperament, a scandal, an abuse, he never rests until he roots it out and sets it right. He's just watching over everything that goes on everywhere, and keeping it up to the mark. When I think of all he is doing, I can't help feeling I say it with all reverence—that Sir Felix has more power for good than all the preachers, police, and politicians in the country. (With a little laugh.) And nothing is too small for him. If a child gets lost, if a thief from her husband.

Lady Susan: Eh?

Miss Janion: Or the other way about—is it the police who find them? No, my brother—he always gets in first. And if there's a mystery, a scandal, an abuse, he never rests until he roots it out and sets it right. He's just watching over everything that goes on everywhere, and keeping it up to the mark. When I think of all he is doing, I can't help feeling I say it with all reverence—that Sir Felix is, in his way, a kind of special providence. Lady Killone: Indeed, one might almost say an extra special providence.

Mr. Arnold Bennett was a little unfortunate with his play "What the Public Wants" as another satir on popular journalism. Before it was produced by the Stage Society, Mr. Oliver Onions' "Little Devil Doubt" had already been published, and "The Earth" was in the middle of its run at the Kingsway Theatre. "What the Public Wants" is also entirely topical, and should have been first in the field in order to have its full effect. Sir Charles Worgan, the prospective editor of the Daily Mercury" and eighty other papers, is much more convincing than Mr. Fagan's Sir Felix Janion. All the men in the play are real, and all the women either in Emily Vernon, widow, or to consider her engage-
THE NEW AGE

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THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUTION BILL.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Clifford Sharp has ascribed my criticism of the Prevention of Destitution Bill to "ignorance." On defending the punitive provisions of this measure, he has distinctly contended that the persons subject to reformatory treatment can turn up in the morning at the detention colonies and leave in the evening after the day's "treatment." This is such a gross miss-conception of the facts that one can only conclude that Mr. Sharp has been so busy analysing other people's ignorance that he has not had time to correct his own.

In my article I cited the clause of the Bill:

The persons subject to reformatory treatment shall be detained compulsorily until... (p. 180).

On page 128 there is a repetition of this argument: "So long as he commits no crime and neglects none of his social obligations so long as he does not fail to get lodging and clothing for himself and family—so long as his children are not lacking medical attendance when ill, or deserted at school, so long as no one asks or obtains any form of public assistance, he will be free to live as he likes." Consider the spirit of those words. It is admitted on all hands that poverty is so great in this country that vast numbers of workmen cannot feed their children properly. Mr. Sidney Webb's cure for this sorry state of affairs is to commit such workmen to "detention colonies," that is prisons, in the sense that "the colonists" will be restrained by segregation from seeing their families, earning threems and retaining themselves as decent citizens. With the growing poverty in England the justices will be sitting day and night committing poor people to such detention colonies and the maintenance and training division shall also establish one or more detention colonies of the reformatory type, to which men would be committed to become "recidivists and to be pulsitely detained and kept under discipline upon conviction of any such offences as vagrancy, mendicity, neglect to maintain family, or to obtain public assistance for their maintenance if destitute." The wording of this paragraph is a little inconsistent; but the emphasis upon the voluntary aid of the trade unions is clearly the principle of Mr. Sharp's programme.

Undoubtedly the Minority Report is receiving considerable support from the Trade Union, Labour and Socialist movement. Yet I do not think these proposals would be set up an industrial helot class. It is fair to admit that the residents in these detention colonies would not be utilised for the "breaking" of ordinary strikes. But there are some strikes, such as railway strikes, postal strikes, and newspaper offices, in which the pressure of public opinion in capitalistic circles would force any Government to resort to these detention colonies for the supply of labour. The Minority Report is that it organises a floating mass of labour under the complete and punitive control of the Government. Remember that Mr. Oscar Wild and Mr. Sharp are nothing if not anarchists. Socialism is authoritarian; if there are governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have industrial tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first. The Minority Report is authoritarian root and branch, and the remedies therein are far worse than the existing disease.

Mr. Sharp has fallen back on an old controversial trick by asking what is the use of mere destructive criticism. The answer is this: Unemployment is an enormous and complex problem. There are numerous impossible proposals for curing it; but before adopting any prescription one should be sure that it does not lead to "the last state of man." The organised helot system is more dangerous to society, to my mind, than the present industrial chaos. My suggestion is that the trade unions themselves should deal with this evil. The middle-class bureaucrat is the most hopeless blunderer in these matters of industrialism. The Trade Unions, the know what unemployment means from a painful experience. They are the experts on the subject, because they are men whose daily bread is endangered by the continuous and under- and over-employment of the proletariat. Whether this humble proposal be good or bad, I respectfully but strongly urge all Socialists and Trade Unions to reconsider the attitude towards the Minority Report. The recent remark about Labour Exchanges was based on the fact that during the short time these institutions have been in existence they have provided "blacklegs" in strikes in Scotland and Wales.

C. H. NORMAN.

ART CRITICISM.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

What does Mr. Carter mean when he writes that the "caricature of John Galsworthy by K. Bruce" in the International Show is so ignorant of the canon of taste at the moment obtaining in the artistic world that I dare not deliver my opinion that the mask in question is a beautiful piece of work; but I can attest the point of fact that it is a singularly striking portrait of Mr. Galsworthy's face, so well that it bears a lively eye the instant I entered the room in which it is placed.

NoREYES CONNELL.

REGGER'S PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AND REFORM.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Sir,—We are informed, through the Press, that improvements of some sort are to be made to Regger's Park, the old and picturesque place of resort, but the contemplated alterations in the Society's domain—which, by the way, ought surely now to be under the management of the Government—do not seem to be either very radical or to be very extensive.

The Gardens for some years past, it is well known, have been the object of so many alterations and improvements that certain of its features, and it is deeply to be regretted that in regard to one of them, in particular, the directorate seem to be so little disposed to be influenced by what is fairly to be admitted as just censure, as coming as it does from quite competent and impartial critics.
To begin with, the exceedingly cramped "cabined and confined" housing of many of the occupants has evoked much animadversion. Especially the excessively narrow space allotted to the unhappy urina and uina species—the bears and wolves—is to be reproved. In the natural habitat, the bears, and wolves in all meats, the space at the disposal of the Society has been unduly sacrificed to the luxurious pleasure of the human at the cost of the animals. Some rather feeble attempts to concession human feeling, much remains to be done before this too conspicuous iniquity is lessened. Even the wretched arrangements in the Gardens by the taking in of part of the adjacent park, as has been reasonably suggested—"even without such obviously to be regretted a sacrifice to the enjoyment is possible simply by the addition of some proportion of the

...improvement after all. Mr. St. John G. Ervine for the knowledge that such a "slump" exists, for I had not the misfortune to read the first edition of my book, I claim that the influence of the Labour Party has "frightened the Lords into attempting a counter-revolution, a sort of Liberal Socialism. ..." I have yet helped to bring about. I believe that it is largely owing to a presence in the House of Commons that the Liberals have been able to do so completely. Nothing Liberal that no Tory or Liberal will care to waste money on fighting them. I no more believe in the "slump" than Mr. Ervine himself.

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. St. John G. Ervine's opinion that the "slump in Socialism has damped my soul," expressed in your issue of last week, has amazed me. Indeed, I am indebted to Mr. Ervine for the knowledge that such a "slump" exists, for I had not the misfortune to read the first edition of my book, I claim that the influence of the Labour Party has "frightened the Lords into attempting a counter-revolution, a sort of Liberal Socialism. ..." I have yet helped to bring about. I believe that it is largely owing to a presence in the House of Commons that the Liberals have been able to do so completely. Nothing Liberal that no Tory or Liberal will care to waste money on fighting them. I no more believe in the "slump" than Mr. Ervine himself.

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HUNTY CARTER
GODLY MISSIONARIES.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Verdad's indictment of Christian missionaries in Eastern countries is not a whit too strong. During a visit to Ceylon I found that the natives who had not come in contact with the missionaries abstained from theft, lying and strong drinks. In Colombo, which is full of Christians, the madhouses and prisons are packed. In that fiercely western town you see the most degraded specimens of humanity conceivable. Some of the "converts" have become brothel-keepers, and others, and users. The Gospel is spread through the medium of tracts which refer to the Buddhists as "ungodly heathens." Mr. Verdad's suggestion that the missionaries should be expelled from China and elsewhere is excellent.

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

THE SHAM SCIENCE OF EUGENICS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The New Age containing my little dispute with Dr. Saleebey has been following me about the country and has only just reached me. Dr. Saleebey shows a familiarity with the text of my writings about Eugenics which is only equalled by his blindness to their spirit. To treat my statement that it is only by the sterilization of failures, i.e., the lack of off-spring, that a species progresses, as its essential question is, I hold, just arrant bosh and endowing the monogamic marriages of the sort of people So-and-So or for sterilizing Such-a-person on, the strength of the reproductive possibilities of the So-and-Sos, and make it possible to say ("the chances are by his blindness to their spirit. To treat my statement that it is only by the sterilization of failures, i.e., the lack of off-spring, that a species progresses, into an admission that types can now be distinguished for deliberate sterilization, shows a real ingenuity in misconception. I have never at any time admitted anything of the kind. No doubt it is possible to say "the chances are" that So-and-So will father or mother, as the case may be, finer, bolder, more versatile or more subtle children than Such-a-person; but no sane sociologist is for mixing So-and-So perforce to a second So-and-So or for sterilizing Such-a-person on the strength of the reproductive possibilities of the So-and-Sos, and make it less likely that the Such-a-persons will leave offspring. At present we western Europeans have matrimonial institutions that limit the possible legal children of the most wonderful creatures alive to the number one single partner can give them, and the possible variations upon their heredity to what that partner can introduce, and any science of Eugenics that does not begin upon that and concentrate upon that as its essential question is, I hold, just arrant bosh.

H. G. WELLS.

Articles of the Week.


LONG, Prof. JAS., "The Late King as a Farmer," Daily Chronicle, May 10.


LYNCH, Dr. ARTHUR, M.P., "Ireland's Progress," Daily Chronicle, May 11 (review).


PALMER, ETHEL, "Women's Education; A Plea for Practical Training," Sunday Times, May 15.


SNOWDEN, PHILIP, M.P., "The Late King and the Political Situation," Christian Commonwealth, May 11.


[At the last moment before going to Press it was discovered that the MS. list of other important articles had been lost in the post.]

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

26. L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

1902 BRITISH TRADE AND THE ZOLLIVEREIN ISSUE. (First formulated reply to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals). (Commercial Intelligence Publishing Co., Ltd. 1/-)

1903 ELEMENTS OF THE FISCAL PROBLEM. ("Pre-American King and Socialism.") ("Pre-American King and Socialism.")

1903 THROUGH PREFERENCE TO PROTECTION. (Free Trade Union. 3d.)

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