NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The words connected with the Representative System itself are as nebulous in their character as the rest of the political counters. We cannot hope to dispel the mists perpetually rising on these words from the Serbionian bogs of Fleet Street; but we can, perhaps, convince our readers that both in the recent, and again in the forthcoming, political discussions, The New Age at any rate has used and will use words with due homage to their meaning. For the want of such intellectual respect, many democratic journals and journalists have, in our opinion, gone wrong; and again, is far better as a representative than a mere representative man; all we must deny is that he is representative because he is expert, or that his expertness entitles him to election. Other things being equal, an able man, again, is far better as a representative than a fool; but again we must say, he need not be more representative on that account. A delegate is most certainly no representative at all, for reasons we will now proceed to state.

Most readers are familiar enough with the terms microcosm and macrocosm. They are also probably familiar with Plato's conception of the State as the "Man write large." We need to combine these two ideas in order to grasp the nature of Representation. For just as, in theory, the microcosm repeats the macrocosm, and is its image reduced to scale; and, again, in Plato's conception, the State in its multiformity, visible and organic, is only the individual mind enlarged and magnified to scale; so the representative man of any community, large or small, is alone he who embodies all the main characteristics of that community in the same proportion as they prevail in the community as a whole. Plato's ideal State was the man writ large. Our ideal representative is the community writ small. Nothing else in our opinion deserves the title of democratic representation but the election by a community of a man or of men who does or do actually reproduce or embody the main characteristics of the community itself.
It must be admitted that such representative persons are of rare occurrence: even the jury system, for instance (perhaps the best surviving legal witness of early folk-wisdom), stipulates for twelve men to form a single representative panel. Experience seems to have convinced our forefathers that no single person could be invariably trusted to be representative. Consequently they endeavoured to balance probable prejudice against probable prejudice. Twelve men taken at random were a rough and ready substitute for the single representative man. Rare, however, as such individually representative men are, the search for them will not be facilitated by adopting electoral machinery which would be fatal to them. Nor, again, will it be facilitated by substituting for representation a form of delegacy however disguised. The real objection to delegacy is that it presupposes what never exists in any community, a unanimity of opinion, precise and formulated, in regard not to one subject only but in regard to a whole network of subjects. In short, a delegate is invariably non-representative in the true sense, since at best he is the spokesman of only a section of the opinion of a section of the mind of a section of the community.

But if this objection holds of the delegate system, it holds even more clearly of the system of Proportional Representation, which, in more accurate language, is a system of Multiplied Delegacy. The thing is taking enough at first sight. Everybody deprecates the failure of every large expression to find expression in our parliamentary system. These minorities are so geographically scattered that though collectively and in mere numbers they appear to be entitled to a spokesman, they are in any given area completely swamped. And since they are very often intelligent minorities, the failure to have them "represented" seems the more deplorable. Our pity, however, should not be wasted on minorities any more than our praise should be wasted on majorities. Only in a perfectly gross fashion is our system of discovering the representative man by counting votes a democratic system at all. If in the last resort, we should be prepared to maintain that a truly representative man, wherever he appeared, would be unanimously returned. He would have a walk-over in every election at which he stood. Majority rule is only a rude substitute, as we say, for this representative unanimity. But it carries with it no particular occasion for bewailing the fate of the minority.

Let us see, further, how this system of Proportional Representation would work out. It is obvious, at once, that members returned to Parliament by this means would inevitably assume the status of delegates, delegates of the group of faddists who elected them. Moreover, since the faddist conception of government would then prevail, we may assume that the vast majority of our M.P.s would, under the system of Proportional Representation, be nothing more than mouthpieces of various societies, cliques and interested sections. Parliament, instead of presenting the desirable appearance of a collection of typical Englishmen engaged in discussing English affairs, would be a museum containing the selected specimens of all the talking cults of the country. Its voice, instead of being that of England, would be the Babel voice of propagandist England. We say this with complete detachment since it is obvious that Socialists have by the moment at any rate, everything to gain by Proportional Representation. Given such a system, we could certainly muster up enough votes to entitle us to quite a number of delegates in the Parliament of Fads. Only it happens that we should prefer to have no voice at all, than to have a voice among faddists and specialists. Our appeal is to the community and the representative man. Failing that we have no appeal to a cultivated Bedlam.

We return, then, to our conception of the Representative, the embodiment of the characteristics of the community for which he stands. It would be well if all our self-styled democratic reformers would concentrate their minds both on his image and on the means that must be taken to secure him a hearing. At present, he is, like the community itself (whose fate is similar to his, for he is symbolic), obscured, pushed aside and trampled upon in the crush and the rush and the push of interested sectional delegates. Every "peculiar" person, whether able or foolish, whether abnormally clever or abnormally silly, is his enemy. Every several interest, whether of wealth or of poverty, of class or of creed, of profession or of temperament, is opposed to him. Each of these considers first and foremost his own interests or the interests of his class or group; and they are necessarily less than or different from the interests of the whole. The representative man is the synthetic man as distinct from the analytic man. He is the community individualised and acting in a single body. Like the community, his interests, while opposed to all sectional interests when exclusively or excessively pursued, really embody them all, are tolerant of them all, because, in the last analysis, they are spiritually the sum of them all. Only such men are truly representatives.

It will be seen, we hope, from the foregoing inadequate analysis of Representation that we have good grounds not only for the view of democracy we elaborated some weeks ago, the re-statement of Socialism we ventured last week and the criticisms we have consistently opposed to the recent political attempts either to fortify or to abolish the Lords without the consent of the people; but also for our condemnation of the proposed employment of the Referendum and, still more, for our objections to the theory of Proportional Representation. All these pilots and theories have, we contend, their single root in the false conception of the nature of Representative Government. All of them will inevitably dissolve on examination or break down in practice. Remains, therefore, the true conception of Democracy and of Representative Government, which needs in these days to be expressed and enforced as often and as clearly as opportunity and ability permit. All the more, too, because it is certain that before the great political issue of the House of Lords is seriously approached, the overhauling and establishment of our electoral system is imperative. We should not be surprised, in fact, if the autumn sees the drafting of a new Reform Bill, in which the principles of Democracy are either formally recognised or silently repudiated. It behoves democrats therefore to be ready.

We have not discussed the question of the Franchise, for the reason that in theory at least the extension of the Franchise either to include women or to include all adults is not vital to Representative Government. Not vital. It is conceivable that an extremely limited franchise might give us a really representative body of men. It is also quite possible that the widest franchise available might still further confuse the issues of Representation proper. At the same time, considering the fact that the franchise at present is neither one thing nor the other. It does not ensure us the return of Representative men, nor, on the other hand, does it ensure us the return of as many varieties of interests as actually exist in the nation. Since we have been driven to the franchise as a means of discovering Representative men, or the best available substitute for them, our only course is to adopt the means thoroughly and to extend the franchise to adults without discrimination of sex. Nothing short of that will complete the conditions for the experiment that democratic government is making.

This does not prevent us, however, from heartily supporting the women who are endeavouring without reference to democratic theory to secure a voice in the
return of parliamentary delegates. As we have often explained, two principles are at present involved in the franchise agitation: one, the abolition of the sex disqualification, and the other, the abolition of the property qualification. Both of these disqualifications, by the adoption of adult suffrage, can be abolished at once, so much the better. But we shall be glad to obtain them singly rather than not at all. Hence we support the women's demand, and also the demand of the adult suffragists. There are milestones on the road to Dover.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

One of the angriest men in England at the present time is Theodore Roosevelt. The King's death took the limelight completely away from him, and Teddy out of the limelight is like a fish out of water. Water is such a lack of ethnological knowledge which prevents him from being able to distinguish between an inferior race, such as the Congo negroes, which cannot be civilised, and races which were civilised even before Europe, not to speak of America, had awakened from barbarism, such as the Hindoo, the heathen Chinese, or the Arab. This lamentable ignorance caused the ex-President to commit a gross breach of good manners, to wit:—

When King Edward's funeral procession left Westminster Abbey, M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, representing France, and his Excellency Sanad Khan Montaz-os-Saltaneh, representing Persia, travelled in the eighth carriage. The last-named gentleman can probably trace his ancestry back to the time of Moses, or thereabouts; but all the gall of the democratic American rose when he unexpectedly found himself confronted with someone who was darker skinned than himself. Scarcely had the procession started when Teddy pulled some document out of his pocket, held it in front of his face, and began to read. This was observed en route by one of the correspondents of "Le Temps," who wired to his paper that Mr. Roosevelt had been seen reading a newspaper during the procession. The latter seems to have contradicted Theodore Roosevelt. The King's death took the limelight completely away from him, and Teddy out of the limelight is like a fish out of water. In addition to this somewhat heatedly by saying that he was only looking at a plan of St. George's Chapel. Even this scarcely explains what seems to be a piece of glaring discourtesy; for M. Pichon was afterwards heard to complain privately that the American representative did not exchange half-a-dozen words with him during the journey, while Sanad Khan has passed certain mild comments upon the ex-Presidental scowl. "Le Temps" is to be warmly thanked for having taken this matter up and brought it into publicity. Will some of our snobbish English papers soon follow suit?

At the very moment—due allowance being made for difference in time—that the Emperor Wilhelm II. was kneeling in prayer beside King George V. at the coffin of Edward VII. in Westminster Hall, his emissaries in Persia were, with the full support of himself and the German Government, endeavouring to foment strife between Persia and Russia. The latter seems to have contradicted Sanad Khan Montaz-os-Saltaneh, representing Persia, travelled in the eighth carriage. The last-named gentleman can probably trace his ancestry back to the time of Moses, or thereabouts; but all the gall of the democratic American rose when he unexpectedly found himself confronted with someone who was darker skinned than himself. Scarcely had the procession started when Teddy pulled some document out of his pocket, held it in front of his face, and began to read. This was observed en route by one of the correspondents of "Le Temps," who wired to his paper that Mr. Roosevelt had been seen reading a newspaper during the procession. The latter seems to have contradicted Theodore Roosevelt. The latter seems to have contradicted Theodore Roosevelt. The King's death took the limelight completely away from him, and Teddy out of the limelight is like a fish out of water. In addition to this somewhat heatedly by saying that he was only looking at a plan of St. George's Chapel. Even this scarcely explains what seems to be a piece of glaring discourtesy; for M. Pichon was afterwards heard to complain privately that the American representative did not exchange half-a-dozen words with him during the journey, while Sanad Khan has passed certain mild comments upon the ex-Presidental scowl. "Le Temps" is to be warmly thanked for having taken this matter up and brought it into publicity. Will some of our snobbish English papers soon follow suit?

At the very moment—due allowance being made for difference in time—that the Emperor Wilhelm II. was kneeling in prayer beside King George V. at the coffin of Edward VII. in Westminster Hall, his emissaries in Persia were, with the full support of himself and the German Government, endeavouring to foment strife between Persia and Russia. The latter seems to have contradicted Theodore Roosevelt. The latter seems to have contradicted Theodore Roosevelt. The King's death took the limelight completely away from him, and Teddy out of the limelight is like a fish out of water. In addition to this somewhat heatedly by saying that he was only looking at a plan of St. George's Chapel. Even this scarcely explains what seems to be a piece of glaring discourtesy; for M. Pichon was afterwards heard to complain privately that the American representative did not exchange half-a-dozen words with him during the journey, while Sanad Khan has passed certain mild comments upon the ex-Presidental scowl. "Le Temps" is to be warmly thanked for having taken this matter up and brought it into publicity. Will some of our snobbish English papers soon follow suit?

My correspondent at St. Petersburg has put certain information before me which warrants my stating that Germany has smashed the combined forces of the French and Russian armies in Persia and the Powers will continue for some weeks yet; but it will be made clear at Teheran that monkeying about with German loans will not meet with the approval of the Powers interested. In pursuing their present policy, the German "Machthaber" hope, first, to secure a certain amount of prestige in Western Asia, and secondly, to postpone for some time the dread day when the franchise question has to be thrashed out thoroughly at home. But, even when confronted with stern opposition in Persia, Germany is not likely to go to war; for that, just at the present time, would be suicidal. The Kaiser is far from being a Frederick, and not even a Frederick would have the hardihood to fight against the combined forces of the French and Russian armies and the British navy.

What, however, is likely to happen in another decade, the Kaiser is now reported to be taking an interest in the question of a franchise to India. It appears that the old-fashioned, non-conformist poke-bonnet as a horse's eyesight is restricted by the use of blinkers, expresses anxiety lest certain British and Russian soldiers should not be removed from Persia soon enough. To withdraw from Persia and let the Germans assume complete control of the country is, it seems, one of the most urgent tasks of European statesmen. The "Daily News" does not suggest that this latter event would take place; but that it would happen if the foreign troops were withdrawn is not doubted by any writer on foreign affairs who knows his business. It is this utter inability on the part of the "Daily News," to grasp the sequence of certain happenings, to understand what event is likely to follow on the heels of another, that makes one curious to know what enthusiastic and idealistic believer in universal peace is directing its foreign service.

I may add that the only Liberal paper in the kingdom that shows any broad grasp of foreign affairs is the "Westminster Gazette," and this, I suspect, is not due so much to efficiency of organisation as to inspiration from some official source (English).

Probably the negotiations and wrangling between Persia and the Powers will continue for some weeks yet; but it will be made clear at Teheran that monkeying about with German loans will not meet with the approval of the Powers interested. In pursuing their present policy, the German "Machthaber" hope, first, to secure a certain amount of prestige in Western Asia, and secondly, to postpone for some time the dread day when the franchise question has to be thrashed out thoroughly at home. But, even when confronted with stern opposition in Persia, Germany is not likely to go to war; for that, just at the present time, would be suicidal. The Kaiser is far from being a Frederick, and not even a Frederick would have the hardihood to fight against the combined forces of the French and Russian armies and the British navy.
The General Mourning.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

There is an advantage in dealing with this subject in The New Age. One feels quite sure that the Queen-Mother never reads it. A Socialist is always badly hampered in dealing with royal persons in papers which royal persons may conceivably read. Having not the very faintest respect for royalty as such—being wholly void of the idolatry on which the whole affair is founded, he realizes that the persons who wear the crowns and carry the sceptres are human beings and fellow creatures; and he is immediately troubled with all sorts of kindlinesses and delicacies concerning them of which the ordinary loyal idolator has no conception.

If by some accident any other royal persons should take up this number of The New Age, I justify this article to them as expressing a large body of public opinion which has watched the proceedings of the last few weeks in constrained silence. Otherwise I should not disturb the huge enjoyment with which their loyal subjects have positively wallowed in the pageantries of Westminster Hall, and gushed over accounts of the private feelings of the late King’s relatives written by people who have never met them.

To begin with, I am in an apparently unique position among journalists writing on the subject. I know nothing about the late King Edward that every cabman in London does not know. Apart from inevitable glimpses of him at the opera and at public ceremonies, I was never in his presence, nor he ever in mine, except once; and that was for a moment in the French Salon in 1906. When I was looking at the pictures in one of the rooms, I heard a curiously loud voice through the doorway; and presently the owner of the voice came in and revealed himself as the King of England. Having, as an Irishman, no particular interest in kings of England; and feeling, as an inveterate republican, some remorse in the presence of a man whom I thought it desirable, on general grounds, to befriend, I looked at him with some real and some simulated curiosity (for the sake of politeness), and went my way, which lay in the opposite direction to his, as we had started through the Salon from different ends. Being one of the literary glories of his reign, I should perhaps have told him who I was, so that he might have taken a good look at me; but I could not feel quite sure that he would appreciate the chance, as he was not fond of the higher drama, and never repeated his solitary visit to the Court Theatre.

I cannot, on the strength of this momentary opportunity for an acquaintance (followed up by neither of us), pretend to that intimate knowledge of King Edward’s character, his domestic affairs, his feats of diplomacy, and his political opinions, which so many of my colleagues seem to have enjoyed. I repeat, I really know no more than any man in the street; but I repeat, I do not know; and neither, dear reader, do you. The one thing that we both do know in this connection is that in all countries, when the last monarch becomes in the fulness of time the last monarch but one, and the scraps of truth that leak out about him here and there have accumulated sufficiently to form a credible biography (usually a foreign one) we always learn that the deceased was, for better or worse, a very different person from the one portrayed in the obituary notices. I conclude that whatever King Edward was, he was not the hero of the ridiculous articles and “communications” which have just swept out of notice the 130 men perishing in the burning mine, and other vulgar items of mere news.

But the popularity of the late King is not the less interesting for being founded, not on any real knowledge of his political activities, but on the general impression produced by his personal appearance and by that part of his doings which was reported in all the papers, and was well within the comprehension of Tom, Dick and Harry, who know no more of high statecraft than they do of the higher mathematics. For if in the papers we knew nothing about the late King, in another we knew a good deal more about him than about our own fathers. He was a much bechronicled and bephotographed man; and we do know that he liked races which he was well within the comprehension of Tom, Dick and Harry, who know no more of high statecraft than they do of the higher mathematics. For if in the papers we knew nothing about the late King, in another we knew a good deal more about him than about our own fathers. He was a much bechronicled and bephotographed man; and we do know that he liked races
there have been great generals, great Churchmen, great lawyers, great statesmen, who would have made a hopeless mess of it. He may have had higher capacities—I repeat that I do not know, as monarchies have to be so arranged that the people shall not know—but it was unquestionably this universally intelligible capacity that made him popular. A capacity for the highest achievement as a King, a poet, a philosopher, a mathematician, a jurist, a theologian, or what not that is rare, great, and difficult, would have left him without a friend in the street. It was the jovial figure with the field glasses on the racecourse, or with a cigar between his lips on the deck of a yacht, a model to all stockbrokers from Friday to Tuesday, that we liked. It may be that this was only the leisure side of his life; but how do we know? Ask me to what virtues of his I can testify, and I must reply, "The virtues of a respectable signalman: punctuality and diligence in his routine: punctuality which he carried to such a point that he had his own private Daylight Saving Act, and when he stayed at your house you made it all the clocks half an hour." Beyond that I am ignorant. But if I knew more, and said it, how many of the Westminster Hall five-mile queue would understand it? If it were anything very kingly in the higher sense, they would probably think it very heartless. The usual virtue of being on the top of the knowledge of the people you are popular with. The English people must raise themselves much higher than they stand at present before any king can be proud of his popularity. Edward VII. was rivalled in popularity by Theodore Roosevelt; and Theodore is popular, not because of high and rare qualities (which for all I know he may possess), but because the public feels that if fate had made him chairman at an old-fashioned music-hall, he would have played the part to perfection.

The moral is that you cannot have it both ways. You cannot make a man a king and then know anything about him. The divinity that hedges a king is, in the last analysis, a general agreement to pretend that he is what no man ever yet was: the just man made perfect. A King, in short, is an idol: that is why I am a Republican. I know as well as anyone that if you have an idol, you had better save disputes about the succession by making the post hereditary instead of elective. But why should any human being be made a political convenience of to this extent? Has not the King an indefeasible right to be a man, and not an idol? For Mary, the proud mother of five strong sons, he was forced to bring them up to a decaying trade and an unhappy lot? Eminence of any sort is not hard to bear; for I can testify (being eminent myself) that the public has all the fun and the eminent one all the work and the wear and tear; but to be the victim of a conspiracy to pretend that you are impossibly eminent in everything must be almost beyond human endurance. When you have been a born actor and even then you would be happier on the stage, where you could change the play and the part occasionally. No: Kings should be made of wood or stone, like Athene in the Parthenon: we have no right to sacrifice human lives to our superstitions. Two incidents of the obsequies were disquieting. One was Mr. Rudyard Kipling's requiem in the "Times": "As you were in the eighteenth,"

Contrast this with the effort of Charles Dickens to make us ashamed of our mummeries in honor of King and the Undertaker. A King of terror should be an example to every bricklayer's widow of simplicity, despatch, and scrupulous regard for public health. Ostentation, extravagance, festivity masquerading as mourning (even American newspapers used a casket, because American snobbery thinks that coffins cheap and vulgar), and the really horrible method of abandoning the body to slow decay instead of giving it the classic honours of the pyre: all these things in our own time, through the nineteenth and twentieth century, are only more into disrepute; and the Royal Family was supposed to be, as far as its court chairs permitted, in the movement for simplicity. But this State funeral has been a deliberate inculcation of the bad old fashion; and in consequence a good deal of hard-earned club money that should be spent on the needs of widows and orphans will be spent on beer and mourning and ugly coaches and the like. Please remark that I do not, like Judas, say that the money spent on the obsequies should have been given to the poor or saved, though I agree entirely with Mr. Blatchford's opinion that a nation has no right to spend money on pageantry until it has fed and clothed its children. But at least it would have been spent in noble ceremony and trophy and monument—in short, in improving the occasion, and not in casting back towards the days when Death was the King of Terrors, and had orgies in his honor when he struck a man down.

But if it were true, then King Edward was the flatterer of all these infamies, and the complacent betrayer of all the traditions which have made his country great among the nations. But it is not true. Mr. Kipling had added another verse praising King Edward for his kind thought in providing a comet for the consolation of his people after his funeral, that verse would not have been a whit more absurd than the rest of the poem.

Edward himself must have held this: else Queen Victoria would have lain in state. The custom, we had hoped, was as dead as George III., whose lying-in-state was the last precedent. After him three English monarchs were buried without this morbid and superstitious rite. And now the twentieth century begins by ordering "As you were in the eighteenth,"
Judicial Murder.

By Beatrice Hastings.

As everyone knows by this time, we, who wish to abolish capital punishment, have once more failed to save our man. Every plea which could have been offered was offered and determinedly rejected. The true plea of temporary insanity—the sentimental plea of a new accession to the throne—the plea that some thousands of the public were moved to petition for a reprieve—none availed. Some one in office was set upon Jesshope's death, and every other opinion was made impotent. To all prisoners throughout the realm, with trial expedition of Jesshope, remission of sentence was granted. Only this man was set beyond mercy—above every convict, murderers previously re-prieved, violent robbers, seducers of children, cold-hearted frauds—all you can name that are condemned—above them all, Jesshope, hitherto innocent of any crime, a family man, a working man, a man who had been employed in one situation for three years, but lately had become a little intemperate, a little strange in his ways, Jesshope beyond the whole nation was considered unworthy of the sovereign's grace. Our dis-tracted workman became something of a figure. Whoever chooses may believe him a unique individual. Yet, in the face of three other current cases which I shall cite, of murder by men like Jesshope, charged with the solitary crime of their lives, it is certain that he is not altogether unique. We need to understand the cause of such sudden and mysterious change in these persons with a view to arousing public opinion to demand an inquiry on their behalf.

The three cases I have in mind of men shortly to be brought to trial for murder are those respectively of the man at Wimbledon who suddenly killed his wife, and the man at Sunderland who killed wife and baby, and then cut his own throat, unhappily for these persons with a view to arousing public opinion it is certain that he is not altogether unique. We need to understand the cause of such sudden and mysterious change in these persons with a view to arousing public opinion to demand an inquiry on their behalf.

Now, in none of these cases is there a criminal record of any kind. In each case are of strange behaviour noticed previously to the murderous culmination. Is it not clear that each of these men, each so disordered as to have been on the point of murder, ought to have been placed under supervision? Obviously, had they been but one or two days, soon enough in care of people qualified to recognise the signs of derangement, these murders would not have happened. In the Wimbledon case, the wife but the day before her death said to her young daughter, "Your poor father is not right." She knew, and we know now, that he was "not right"; but she, being a poor woman, had no immediate means of saving her husband from himself; she could command neither doctor nor nurse for him, and we have put this crazy man in prison and are about to torment his far over-wrought mind with a trial, an inevitable conviction, black-cap business; and if those of us who will try to save him fail again, the officials will break his neck. What a dreadful affair! The Bradford man, after doing his mad deed, actually went to work, where he kept on telling people, in a foolish way, that he had killed his wife and nobody took any notice for hours!

Mental illness is a recognised disease. If any of our relatives or friends displayed symptoms of violence or deep melancholy we should pack them off to a home of rest, where attendants would watch them, keep irritating people out of their way, and deny them intoxicants, and see that there was no knife or other weapon left about. But the poor man, struggling against this awful disease, cannot rest; he must fight it out while going to his daily work; must live among the very conditions which have ruined him, and if at the crisis of his fever he commits murder or attempts suicide, he is banished from prison and subjected to torture and infamy. It must be realised that when the crisis of mental fever seizes a man, that crisis, resulting so often in an act of violence, can no more be avoided than if the fever of a physical fever may be safely passed without medical aid. And just as, after the physical crisis, the patient, recently unconscious and raving in delirium, is then relieved of the torture he has undergone, so when the crisis of the mysterious mental fever has passed, a person who at that crisis has committed murder or attempted suicide, appears afterwards often rational enough to seem a fit subject for judicial condemnation. But what a lot we need to learn yet about such sufferers. In the cases of galloping neurasthenic fever which lead so frequently to violent acts, the poor are helpless. If Mr. Sidney Webb's scheme for the prevention of destitution included the certainty of medical aid, I, for one, am willing to take my chance of getting into the bug-bear detention colonies.

In a former article on this subject I remarked that evil men have discovered for themselves the frightful torture of telling a man the date of his death. That torture is forborne by Death itself; it is nowhere in Nature. Naturally, therefore, most people are totally unable to imagine themselves in the situation of knowing the exact hour of their death. Let anyone try to realise what even one minute of waiting for certain death means. To achieve, one would have to replace a useful and pleasant death by nerve-shattering. We do not know what we are doing when we abandon a man to the companionship of the merciless death-watch. Nor, sureiy, do many realise what a murderer's family endures during the next three weeks wait for his execution. Seventy-five out of every hundred murderers have never been previously convicted. That implies a respectable family connection. Jesshope, a murderer's family, is an absurdity; the criminal is never worse during the three weeks wait for his execution. The unfortunate man's solicitor had appealed in the usual way for a revision of sentence; and this act, in the view of the Home Secretary, having "automatically" set forward the day his death was to be announced, it means that the day no longer fell during the obsequies of the late King! Who will remain unmoved by contempt for the man who could allow a prisoner's appeal for mercy to become the means of his death? It is a rotten story.

Finally, in considering the evils of State murder, the effect upon the community is important. In the hangman, what a spirit for civilised people to tolerate! The squallid scenes of execution mark the great days in his life. Every murder means a blood-feast for this creature; and he makes money while indulging his cold lust under protection of the law. We cannot encourage such a ghoul to practise in our midst without suffering for it. Yet, if we were dealing with a murderer as dreadful as a hangman, we might, for our own sake, hesitate to put him to a violent death. "Society," says Mr. William Archer, endorsing the opinion of some of the wisest judges, "society loses far more than it gains by protecting itself with such weapons as the gallows." And the most terrible reflection is that we mostly kill sick men—men charged with a single crime and no means beyond reclamation to defend themselves in the cases I have mentioned as coming on shortly? For if public opinion is not speedily aroused, the Home Secretary, from whom, alas, there is nothing to be hoped, will send these dejected, mind-sick men also to the gallows.

The address of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment is at Margaret Chambers, 145, New Kent Road, S.E. The hon. secretary is Mr. Carl Heath.
Autobiographical Notes of a Modernist.

By Professor Minocchi.

I was born on August 26, 1869, at Raggiolo, in the Casentino (see Dante: "Inferno," canto xxx., l. 65), not far from Campaldino (Dante: "Purgatorio," canto v., l. 92). Left an orphan in early childhood, my uncle, a priest, who had a parish near Florence, undertook my education, and, when I was ten years old, as soon as it was possible, took pains to place me in the seminaries of Florence. After nine years, and in conformity with my uncle's ideas, I was sent, in November, 1888, to the Almo Capranica College of Rome, in conformity with my uncle's ideas? I was sent, in November, 1888, to the Almo Capranica College of Rome, in-...
Presbyter in order to be able to deny that the Gospel was written by John the Apostle! And you, I said to me, take care! He dismissed me in a brusque and icy manner. I succeeded, all the same, in obtaining from him a special benediction (which costs nothing) for the "Religious Studies." The next day, I had another interview; it was strongly denied in the Vatican, and some months afterwards the Jesuits went about saying that it was a lie, and that I had never obtained an audience with Pius X.

From 1899 to 1903 I was much occupied with Franciscan studies, and I published in 1900, on the biographical sources of Saint Francis, a work which has been well received by Sabatier in France, and Goetz and Erleman in Germany. In 1904 I published, from a MS. in the Vatican, a Franciscan legend, in which there are some chapters containing hitherto unknown facts on the life of St. Francis. In 1907 I published a critical translation of the prophecies of Isaiah, with a Modernist introduction, with the approbation and protection of Cardinal Sambon. Thereom I succeeded in 1908, when Cardinal Vampa was dead, Pius X., not being able to condemn my book, condemned (in 1898), by a device of the Bible Commission, the thesis which I published on Genesis (the only Catholic commentary that has ever been published).

In 1907, from June to December, I made a long journey (in part with Father Lemerin) in Russia. On the one hand they are the southern shores of Lake Baikal, in China, and in Manchuria, as far as Port Arthur and Pekin, in order to visit, with a free moral and social aim, the Italian workers who were employed on the Russian railways. An article of a Modernist tendency, which I published on August 14 in the "Giornale d'Italia," on the subject of my visit to Tolstoy and of our conversation on the great problem of the day, made a great stir in Italy, and was even noticed abroad, and brought me to the step of breaking with the Vatican.

**Some Forecasts of the Coming Dispensation.**

In response to our invitation to record a forecast of the character of the coming era, we have received the following communications.—Ed. N. A.]

**Adcock.**

While thanking you for the suggestion, I agree that completely with George Eliot that "prophecy is the most grand duty a writer has to attempt before any forecast of the new era, and can only hope with the poet that "Although unknown the times that are to be, Yet shall they prove most beautifully strange."—Mrs. John Addis.

We are rather biased just now by a natural sorrow at the death of a good King, and by those human sentiments and sympathies that all men are the better for being able to feel; but I think that, at the back of it all, most of us know that no king, however good he may be, will ever again count for much in this country except in so far as he becomes the living and visible representative of the ideals and the general will of his people. In the realisation of that fact lay King Edward's greatness and the secret of his reign came to an end; for, as I say, the king no longer makes the people; and during these last nine years the manhood of the nation has fairly wakened up and put an end to many bad dreams. I like to think of King George V. is going to lead us all the way to the millennium, but I do say that throughout Edward's years we were marching towards it, and that he and his queen together we shall be a little nearer to it still. The people are really alive at last; they know what they want, and in these last nine years the.picture has been revealed to them. The Lords may fight as they will for their arrogant privileges; they are six hundred in a nation of forty millions, the bulk of whom are not asking for privi-
deleges, and think that so much more should be given to anyone, and right with so much might behind it is bound to prevail. "King George is destined to be the first democrat in Europe; for to-morrow is the day of the democracy, and the feudal spirit that haunts the Upper House is a selfish and obsolete ghost that belongs to the night and will invisibly vanish at cock-crow.**

**Mr. Gilbert Cannan.**

I only had your letter yesterday, when the new epoch was already some weeks old. I see no reason for being pessimistic about it. We have inherited Dreadnoughts and war scares and a good deal of sentimental patriotism from the Victorian era; but also we have inherited wealth and many great ideas. We shall, I hope, do away with the follies and employ the great things; but, anyhow, the inheritance in itself forces us to energy and vigour. It may even force us to stand upon our ancient faith in imagination and courage, which have rather been lost from view in the frenzy of scientific discovery. Two great movements girded up their reins to the Victorian era—art and religion—demanding the emancipation of an enslaved class and an enslaved sex. The jargons of these two movements have already become a commonplace in the language and in the life of the English, and the half-ideas, half-truths, half-feelings, half-thoughts to feed the demagogic minds. That will be bad for art, but sooner or later there should be a fine explosion—an explosion if you like—and that is the natural aim of art. I hope there will be many healthy revolutions and explosions, and I see no reason why there should not be as many as I see in my wildest dreams.

Speaking as a dramatic critic, I feel that there must unavoidably be explosions and revolts in the theatre. There has been a quantity of talk about the theatre being the pulpit of the world, the voice and the machine of religion. It is clear to those who think at all that the Victorian era which is passing or passed was one in which a rigid and cruel individualism attempted to justify patriotism by the Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount. It is true it might easily have done it by the former, but by the latter it was as impossible as it was profane. I have often said that it is a certain back of patriotism seems to me to be more than village pumpism tempered by profanity. This

**Sir Francis Yane, Bt., J.P., President of the National Peace Scouts.**

It is clear to those who think at all that the Victorian era which is passing or passed was one in which a rigid and cruel individualism attempted to justify patriotism by the Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount. It is true it might easily have done it by the former, but by the latter it was as impossible as it was profane. I have often said that it is a certain back of patriotism seems to me to be more than village pumpism tempered by profanity. This
may be said also of the economic doctrine of individualism when the Church of Christ is used to support principles which, if they are worth anything at all, should be capable of promotion. But take an Englishman, the logic of racial strife will disappear. On that day of anarchy, if we then choose, we shall have seen that there was some underhand influence at work setting race against race, country against country. Of course there is, and it is of the same character.

The upper class, no blame to it, will always be a vested interest in favour of war because their breed and butter is in it; besides traditions. We have something to do if we wish to prevent this. But the people, the common people, those who have no especial military traditions, those who have no possible circumstance can gain through war, these common people, now the governors, will put a stop to it, because of the children.

The new era, please God, will do this, and it clearly should do so. At the present time with the enormously increased means of transport and communication or France is in effect no larger than was Kent or Cumberland a hundred years ago. There is now infinitely more exchange of thought and ideas between Germany and England than at the end of the eighteenth century existed between Yorkshire and Huntingdon, or Devon and Surrey. Directly the peace is in this year of grace, and they have been much more loudly than did the aristocracy when they were deprived of their power, but the howling is a part of their game.

As a National representative in 1832 Sir Roger de Coverley was replaced by that ridiculous shopkeeper dressed as a clergymen. This causes the real Church to see that they have been unnaturally divided one from the other by class, and the idea is getting nearer to each other in thought and sympathy. The age which we are entering now is one when men are feeling that they have extended the period of peace, strong, but to protect the weak; not to defend vested interest, but the common interest; not to full down and worship something because it is called a National Institution, but rather to consider how far such an institution is for the benefit of mankind. We are returning, in fact, to a more childlike age.

It is true that class division has lasted longer in this country than elsewhere, because when the aristocracy reigned in one of our great public schools, when as an excuse sir said he was going so that he might be hardened, that mankind did not require hardening but softening. I told her also that her son was being sent first of all to be made into castes and degrees. We are making for unity of boys as cads, to form themselves in their most plastic years, to receive the noblest leading and are in danger of obtaining a knight one must have a definite duty for our brothers. Society courtesans and frivolous men represented as persons of importance, actors and actresses, salaried football and cricket players, elevated to the position of national heroes, dress and bridge, things which are only excusable as pastimes placed before serious work.

Let us in this new era get rid of these things, let us have the hearts of men, let us wake up, as the King said, let us see that to be a gentleman one must work, that to be a knight one must have a definite duty for our brothers to perform. All the new age that has been done has been an excuse for the most vulgar form of conceit, will take its place as a powerful influence making for unity. Our Empire of conquest, of conquest, will have lost its place when the Empire of conscience, of conscience, has very little to build up our heritage. Justice, forethought, humanity, have brought distant lands and varying races together, and in this it would have been lost—as America, indeed, much lost more than a hundred years ago.

The Empire will take its place as an educational medium to the child, that races are not naturally separated by blood—indeed, we of all races having very mixed blood, should have been the last to think so, and that the empire of the globe is a fitted by every part of the human race has been united by humanity and by wise government, so all the lands can by equal wisdom be co-ordinated. For what does it amount to, these divisions? When we one day awake from our medieval dreams to realise that a foreigner was not ipso facto a scoundrel, that it was just as easy to love a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, as to love an Irishman, the logic of racial strife will disappear. On that day of anarchy, if we then choose, we shall have seen that there was some underhand influence at work setting race against race, country against country. Of course there is, and it is of the same character.
gather, in detecting causes now at work and tracing out their results and effects. But it is, I believe, destined in the future to show that the bond between action and effect is so vague and complex beyond human reckoning that the law of cause and effect cannot be trusted. This is the case with many Acts of Parliament which a few years ago would have been denounced as socialist, but are now supported by proclerical and anti-democratic and nationalistic elements. King George V has visited almost every part of the British Empire, and no doubt he has given a great deal of time to the consideration of the development of the Empire and the welfare of the people. The question is, how can this be done in a way that is both beneficial to the Empire and compatible with the interests of the people of the Empire? The answer is, I believe, that the Empire should be organized on a more democratic basis, and that the welfare of the people should be the primary consideration. The Empire should be a union of equals, in which the people have the right to determine their own destiny. This is the ideal that I believe the Empire should strive for, and that we should all work towards achieving.
The Philosophy of a Don.

XI.—An Elegy on Poetry.

I do not know whether it was the effect of the port or of the hour. I have often noticed that there is a certain quasi-magical, tongue-loosening virtue in the small hours of the morning as well as in port—a subtle, insidious and irresistible power that impels to garrulity and indiscretion. Be that as it may, Chesterham and I, as we sat up philosophising the other night, fell into a strangely sentimental strain of talk.

"Although I have been so successful as a journalist," he confided to me, "I feel that Nature intended me for a poet."

"Indeed!" said I, somewhat taken aback.

"Yes, Poetry has always been a sacred, though secret, passion with me. Since I was a child in frocks and pinafores hardly a day has passed on which Poetry has not occupied a large part of my thoughts, hardly a day has passed on which Poetry has not occupied a large part of my thoughts, hardly a day has passed on which Poetry has not occupied a large part of my thoughts. Mr. Buggins, my venerable bed-maker, as she boxes seem to nod gaily, almost roguishly, to me. It is an arrogance that goaded me into unusual aggressive-ness.

"But I think I can understand the feeling. Truth to tell, I myself am not altogether a stranger to it,"—and, impelled partly by the occult influences already made a memorandum on his cuff, "that I have already could send it to the Examiners as an alternative subject for the meta-

"Yes. It does sound rather incongruous," I said, "but I have no taste for statistics and facts. I am all for ideas and broad principles," he interrupted with a naiveté and a mystery of information.

"None whatever," I agreed. "I, for one, feel perfectly sane, almost stupid, in March."

"Just so. But it is May anybody might without loss of self-respect—by the way, I'll make a note of the idea. It may come in useful for my next article"—and, pulling his epicuous cuff down, he committed the inspiration to linen.

"I am entirely of your opinion," I said. "I have for some time past held the theory that Adam must have wooed Eve and that Theocritus must have composed his idyls in May. Even in Sicily I doubt whether Polyphemus could have forgotten himself so incomparably at any other time of the year. It is only in May that our kindly and romantic impulses have the force that leads to folly."

"That reminds me of a report I saw in the papers the other day, that the demand for the aid of the Cleveland Humane Society on behalf of abused wives falls off go per cent. between the months of May and September. Significant, isn't it?"

"Very. Who, indeed, could be such a marble-hearted monster as to maltreat even the most antiquated and most inconveniently affectionate wife in May? Have some more port," I said, pushing the bottle towards him.

"Thank you," and, raising his glass, he solemnly recited—

"Let those drink now who never drank before; And those who always drank, now drink the more!"

After his confession I did not like to ask whether the lines were a quotation, or one of his own premeditated improvisations.

"A scientific work on the relation between the seasons and the emotions based upon accurate mathematical statistics still remains to be written. You might do worse than try your hand at it. You could easily get your facts. . . ."

"Oh, I have no taste for statistics and facts. I am all for ideas and broad principles," he interrupted with an arrogance that goaded me into unusual aggressiveness.

"Facts," I said, "are the flowers principles are distilled from. An idea is nothing but the refined essence of a million facts."

"I thought we were talking about feelings," he said, "feelings also are facts," I retorted. "But I will not press the point. Are you going to undertake the work I have suggested?"

"There is something in your suggestion; but I must treat the subject in my own manner. I think I will attempt a light, easy, fantastic essay—a tremendous trifle—you know the sort of thing I mean. There is always a market for that sort of thing. Eh, what?"

"Oh, I am sure those who like that sort of thing, will like your tremendous trifle. What do you propose to call it?"

"It might be entitled 'The Calendar of the Heart,' or 'Greybeards at play,' or 'The Call of the Boss,' or, in fact, anything; and if refused by Punch, I could send it to the 'British Weekly.'"

"It is only fair to tell you," I said, lifting my glass and looking gravely over its brim at Chesterham as he committed the same thing to the Chairman of our Board of Examiners, as an alternative subject for the metaphysics paper."

"Oh, that makes no difference. What did he say about it, though?"

"He said that it was unacademic. Of course it is, I replied; but then so is May. Besides, I added, why should we not endeavour to develop the emotional as
well as the intellectual side of our pupils? He answered that service in chapel was ample education for the emotions.

"True," commented Chesterham, concisely. "But what can an Oxford examiner know about poetry? Did not your dons once consider acrostics a form of literature, and do they not still love a pun dearly?"

"I know nothing about acrostics," I said, impressively. "But perhaps there are things for which I have a sneaking esteem. They are the small change of wit. You cannot deal always with gold and silver. This, however, is by the way. I am greatly interested in your enthusiasm for poetry—have some more port?

"Thanks. Poetry, between ourselves, is the one

dominant force in the world. She rules matter. She

rules feeling—in fact, is there anything in heaven or earth or in the vast beyond that Poetry does not rule? She is the embodiment of all

beauty, all refinement, all enchantment. She is the

balm of hurt minds, the solace of sick souls, the coun-

sellor of the perplexed, and the companion of the lonely."

I felt touched.

"Why, then," I asked, softly, "have you wasted so many valuable years of your life climbing the dismal columns of the halfpenny Press, instead of tripping down the slopes of Parnassus?"

"Alas!" he sighed, "I was compelled to. Let me
tell you the sad tale of my life. When I began to cast
about for a career, I found that nobody nowadays cared for Poetry. Nobody aspired to grasp at the immortal

verities guarded by the gods. Our cultured masses, I

found, exhibited a lamentable desire to be amused or

abused rather than elevated. They seemed to consider

memories an encumbrance and anticipations a super-

fluous. Nothing vague allured them from afar. They

lascivied their piaudits and their pounds on plays like

that fellow Shaw's, and they would not pay a penny for
golden rainbows and glowing stars.

There came a pause, during which I sipped my port

and Chesterham gazed dreamily at the ceiling. Then

he resumed:

"I found our literature an expanse of arid prose—a

land of promises unfulfilled—a wilderness empty and

barren as an old maid's life. Formerly writing was

a religious vocation. When I began to write it had

already become a commercial competition. So, in order
to gain a share in the spoils of the time, I decided to
climb where it was probable to climb. I joined the

crowd that sought not perspere for the crown of journalism

success; and, as you know, I have not perspired in

vain. But now I realise the awful tragedy of it all. My

achievement has proved my doom and my bereave-

ment."

"It is never too late to repent," I said, anxious to

comfort my poor colleague in his anguish. But it was

no use. The most profound, ingenious and witty

aphorisms of the wise man of the world appear stale,

flat, and unprofitable when addressed to the ears of one

who is grimly determined not to part with his grief.

"What would my reward be, if I exchanged the

short-winded jade of journalism for the long-winged

pegasus of Poetry?" he exclaimed, wearily. "How

often can anyone nowadays truthfully say that he has read

straight through a modern book of poetry? Our

critics have no praise for the gift of approaching big

things boldly, directly, and intimately. The only

flights appreciated in England nowadays are aeronautic

flights, and those performed by foreigners. Take the

London to Manchester. . . ."

"For heaven's sake, have some port," I exclaimed.

alarmed, and in my eagerness to divert his thoughts from

that unwholesome topic, I emptied the bottle into his

glass. My tactics proved successful. By the time Cheste-

ham had drained his glass, snacked his lips, and

wiped his large yellow pince-nez and handkerchief, he had completely forgotten what he was going to say. My conscience smote me a little.

"So you think that, speaking poetically, we are in a

bad way?" I asked.

"Bad" does not convey one tithe of my meaning.

We live in an age of steam engines, electric telegraphs,

motor cars, and general stultification, my dear fellow,"

he said, as with trembling lips and glass to his lips. "The sound of the railway whistle

and the tooting of the motor horn have frightened Pan

and Poetry out of England. Now it is all prose, and

pretty rotten prose at that."

"I must confess," I said, "that I think you are

unduly depressed. In the first place, even granting,

for argument's sake, that we have no poets left, I

cannot quite regard their disappearance as a matter

for nation's mourning. At best, you have merely a

more commentator on events and sensations which he

has not in any way helped to bring about. Helen, I

believe, would have eloped with Paris, and Troy would

have been sacked, just as easily, had Homer never
given publicity to the social. Paradise could be lost

and regained without Milton's assistance. The

sovereign power of the passions was felt long before

Sappho was born. The sight of flowers in spring and

of snows in winter would arouse in us the same feel-
ings of pleasure or pain, had Thomson and Herrick

never sung of them. A thing of beauty is a joy for

ever, whether Keats or Euripides says so or not—and

so forth. But your regrets are really misplaced and

your funeral parades slightly premature. Despite

railways, motor cars, board schools, and all the other

triumphs of Civilisation, the world at this hour is, I

think, just as poetical as it ever was. Poetry is not
dead. She is exerting herself to the utmost.

When the stream be awearie of flowing,

When the wind be awearie of blowing,

When the clouds be awearie of fleeting,

When the lambs be awearie of bleating,

When the heart be awearie of beating—

in short, when

At that moment St. Mark's clock was heard oppor-
tuneely booming three.

"By Jove! I must be off," cried Chesterham, jump-
ging up with an agility which, all things considered,

astonished me not a little.

"Must you really go?"

"Yes, I must. I have an article to write for the

'D.N.'"

He tottered away, leaving me completely portless,
yet not unamused. I have a strong suspicion that my poor colleague, in bewailing our life as unpoetical, only betrayed his own prosaic nature. With men like him, I have observed, it is always so. They quarrel with their times for the same reason for which bad workman quarrels with his tools. The actual and the familiar is not inspiring, simply because they themselves are incapable of inspiration. They do not know that the Infinite, the Noble, and the Beautiful are in every man who is sane enough to be a man. They like to imagine that Poetry dwells in some dim, far-off fairy-land of the past. Hence their dolorous dirges

and pitiful self-miserations: Ah, if they had only had the good fortune to be born a few centuries ago, what heroic liads they would have written, what rivers of

lyric tenderness they could have poured forth, with

what floods of sweetness and light they could have

certified the earth! Hence also their amputious admira-

tion for the Middle Age and their ridiculous

denunciations of the present age. Hence, in brief,

"The Wild Knight and other poems."

Although no pathologist, I think I can explain their

case. With men of that type poetry is a matter of

luxury rather than of necessity. It is a morbid volup-

tuous craving for some exotic delicacy, desirable

mainly for its rarity. It is not a luxury rather than of necessity. It is a morbid volup-

tuous craving for some exotic delicacy, desirable

mainly for its rarity. It is not


* I have recently discovered that Euripides must have read Keats to some profit. His θέαν διάν ψυχήν αἰώνια (Bacchae 881) sounds suspiciously familiar.
The New English and After.

By Walter Sickert

GEORGE MOORE used to say of a sometime critical colleague of ours that he wrote like a man yelling abuse up the area steps at Burlington House. A friend of mine, who had the privilege of making his studies of Rubens-Wilkie-Orchardson tradition of execution, of his sources, but I am safe, at any rate, in describing it.

The New English Art Club has now run for about a quarter of a century, long enough to make it possible to gauge the direction of its influence. Like all original and earnestly cultivated with the wisdom of self-preservation, it has grown and consolidated itself on reasonably practical and diplomatic lines. If it had not it would not have been alive to tell the tale. It has accomplished what it set out to, and like many middle-aged brooks, resigned itself cheerfully to not accomplishing what it couldn't. Most of the more serious reputations of the day have been made or strengthened on its walls. Of the makers of these many remain, and men have moved on, urged by a natural desire for larger and more popular audiences. But I doubt if any unprejudiced student of modern painting will deny that the New English Art Club at the present day sets the standard of painting in England. He may regret it or resent it, but he will hardly deny it.

If our English shyness and passion for conformity has, as I believe, a deadening effect on the size of the canvas. The immense majority of Monets of Pissarros, of Sisleys, of Sisians are on a small scale, and, we may be certain, for nothing are they so. Theirs is an art closely conditioned by an incessant readjustment and restatement of the message sent from the eye to the hand. I doubt if you are free to alter the size of the stitches in this tapestry of sensibility as you please. Certain relations in nature are stable. A general would be ill-advised, it seems to me, who ordered the step, in marching, to be thereby lengthened. A cup must always retain a certain proportion to the hand that lifts it, and the mouth that is to drink from it. So I am inclined to think that, wherever we have been tempted to do impressionism on the scale of the exhibition picture, we have run considerable risk of losing the essence of what we had learnt from the French impressionists.

It is certain that the impressionists put themselves out more than we do in England. We all live like gentlemen, and keep gentlemen. A glance round the walls of any New English Art Club exhibition does certainly not give us the sensation of a page torn from the book of life. There is an over-insistence on two motifs. The one the August-site motif, and the other the smartened-up-young-person motif. It may be that it is just this concession which is leading on the plain man to appreciate us. My diagnosis clinches the other way.

It is admitted that the painters in this country are crying out. Whatever we utter, from north, south, east, or west, is one long litany. Art is not encouraged! The Briton is inarticulate, and will not buy our bow-wow, etc! Are we quite sure that we have not overlooked one little point? Is he perhaps too artistic, and do we perhaps disappoint him? Have we underrated our audience, the most fatal of all mistakes?

After all, I can remember that it was as long ago as 1890 that the undergraduate began to set up, and take notice of impressionism. Then the "Degas," Signor Guiseppe, to quote Signor Guiseppe, has provided a composite product in which an educated colour vision imposes a limit to the size of the canvas. The colour imposes a limit to the ratepayer. There is an over-insistence on two motifs. The one the August-site motif, and the other the smartened-up-young-person motif. It may be that it is just this concession which is leading on the plain man to appreciate us. My diagnosis clinches the other way. The pictures at the New English Art Club are often described as impressionistic, and their paintings called impressionist. This always surprises and amuses me. When I used to hear about an exhibition picture, of which I have spoken heard, it may be that there is more force of character shown in this gentle, well-mannered abstention, more serious criticism of modern fashions implied, than the ablest pen can ever accomplish.

The New English Art Club pictures have tended to be a composite product in which an educated colour vision has been applied to themes already long approved and accepted in this country. In this tendency, some may see the wisdom of the serpent and others dangerous compromise. I will take as examples of pure impres-
inhabitants of some far-away municipality wanted “raising.”

The New English Art Club are not in receipt of public money, so that they are well within their rights in rejecting or accepting whom they please. But they will not meet the needs of the rising generation, and keep their lead, unless they see their way to hang each man’s work in groups. This has been found the only way to give the painters who cannot afford to paint exhibition pictures—what someone has called annual posters—the consideration they require. And the future of painting lies with the twelve and the twenty pound, not with the five-hundred pound picture.

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

The death by drowning of Alfred Nutt will grieve every bookman who is acquainted with the inside of London bookishness. Primarily Alfred Nutt was a bookseller—not one of the greatest, not one to rank with Quaritch of London, Vynich of London and Florence, Rosenthal of Munich, or Rahir of Paris—but still a very fine bookseller, specialising in excellent, dry, ascetic items of which the crowd never hears. I personally preferred his father’s old shop in the Strand, to the somewhat over-formal new one in Long Acre, but the latter was a good shop, if harsh in its atmosphere; and foreign literature and the literature of folklore were really understood there. The average large book-shop in London produces the same effect on a bookman who enters it, as the R.A. on a genuine painter, or a West End theatre on a genuine student of the play—that is to say, it absolutely desolates, and fills him with a desire to go and lean up against the nearest bar and have a drink. Alfred Nutt’s shop was not thus. It inspired respect. And you were aware that somewhere behind those discreet glass partitions was a man who really did know something about something: indeed, a first-class savant. It will be a pity if Alfred Nutt’s works, large and small, are not collected and re-issued uniformly by one of the learned societies. * * *

He was also a publisher, who published what took his fancy, with a splendid negligence of public taste. He once wrote to me and suggested that I should write a novel about a certain subject. I asked him to visit my agent. That he at once did so, and the answer was, "I am not deeply interested in your subject, but, though corruption is spreading in England, and the quality of the London daily press is admitted to be merely tedious."

* * *

On the whole the most literary halfpenny Paris daily is the "Figaro". It has a large corps of good writers, and is free from photographs of corpses. It is not a Socialist paper. The "Figaro" is steadily improving. The "Figaro" gets more and more reactionary, and three of its aged chroniqueurs refuse to expire. And the "Journal des Débats" is merely tedious. * * *

To show the usefulness of academies in encouraging real literature, there have just been two elections to the French Academy. The first seat was won by a prelate, and no one but a prelate had the slightest chance of getting it. The second election was a long duel between a general of the army and the keeper of the Versailles Palace. There were two other candidates: one a titled gentleman, and the other M. Maurice Maindron. Of all the hand and M. Maindron alone is a literary artist. He received less votes than anybody. As the supporters of the General (Langois) and the keeper (de Nolhac) persisted in making a tie of it, the election for the second seat was postponed. And yet many people in England want an English Academy that shall be formally charged with the interests of imaginative literature!

* * *
Robert Doddsley. By Ralph Strass. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

We must protest that a guinea is too much for a book of this kind, although it has fifteen illustrations and is padded out with a bibliography of seventy-two pages, four appendices, and an index of twelve pages, making 407 pages together. The subject, too, is not promising, and Mr. Strass has no enthusiasm for it. 'It will,' he says, 'that the appearance of a life of Robert Doddsley should be heralded by an apology. Instead, I prefer to quote a sentence from Isaac Reed's eulogy of the publisher-poet, which explains the attractiveness of such a subject. It was his happiness,' he says, 'to pass the greater part of his life with those whose names will be revered by posterity.' In reply to this, we may say that unless his character is entertaining in itself, or his relation with famous people illuminates them or himself, he is not worth resurrecting. Dodsley cannot stand the test. He began his London career as a footman, wrote a satire, and by some means induced Daniel Defoe to write a preface to it. His success encouraged him to proceed, and in a few years, and in a feat, 'The Toy Shop' was commended by Pope, and introduced by him to John Rich. Its production at Covent Garden on February 3rd, 1735, met with success, and Dodsley was able to retire from domestic service and become a publisher in Pall Mall. In the course of a fairly successful career he introduced Johnson, Shenstone, Akenside, Sterne and Burke, to mention the most famous, to the British public. He made anthologies, founded magazines, collected and published old plays, wrote books and poems, and his plays, with one exception, were successful. The production, in 1758, of his tragedy 'Chone' restored Covent Garden to popular favour, caused a dignified dissolution of friendship between Garrick and Dodsley, and enabled Dodsley to retire from business. He spent his last years in writing and collecting fables, and visiting and receiving visits from friends. He died on September 23rd, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. Edmund Burke wrote to him on one occasion, 'You are a lucky man, and meet friends wherever you go,' and Dodsley was known as the 'little friend of all the world'; but, says Mr. Strass, 'the reflected glory of his friends has vanished with the source of it, and a more sober judgment will place him with the minor people of his time.' Even Edmund Gosse, with all his enthusiasm for bookish people, can only say: 'It would be impossible to make a better or a more complete list of the friends of James Doddsley.' He was just 'Doddy'-everybody's friend, in love with books and bookish people, a plain serviceable bourgeois personality. It is plain that Dodsley is not a man to be remembered, and we fail to see why we should be reminded that he has been dead for 146 years when we are told that even in his works 'there is nothing distinctive, nothing that a hundred other men of his day could not have written with equal ease, with equal success, and nothing, with one or two exceptions, that will be remembered.' The exceptions are a song and an epigram. It is plain that Mr. Strauss did not enjoy writing this book, and it is equally plain that we have not enjoyed reading it. Dodsley, like Ephraim, 'mixed himself among that people,' and in an age not turned; and Mr. Strauss might have spared himself and us a weariness of the flesh had he chosen a more interesting character.

Lift-luck on Southern Roads. By Tickner Edwardes. (Methuen. 6s.)

This is a delightful book. It is a record of a vagrant home-coming from Torquay to Arundel, an itinerary towards home provided by a determination not to get there too quickly. On foot or by lift-luck, Mr. Edwardes journeyed from the summer of Torquay, through the autumn of Devon, Somerset and Hampshire, to the winter of Sussex in the fall of last year, and met with some adventures. Mr. Edwardes rode when he could, in motor-cars, traps, coal-carts, on loads of straw and haddin, traction-engines, caravans, anything that came along; but surely the most extraordinary lift must have been the coast down-hill on the step of the engine's footplate! Mr. Edwardes is a romantic, and romance followed him everywhere; but we do not quite believe that his water-cress man sung three songs to him, the last being the fine 'Maid of Somerset,' if Mr. Edwardes contrived them while he was there; and we cannot believe that Mr. Edwardes remembered eighty-four lines of poetry after one hearing. This incident savours of invention, as, too, does Mr. Edwardes' intervention in a court-shoot. But there is so much that is nice and interesting in the book that it is unfair to carp at these two incidents. If they didn't happen, they ought to have happened, for they are right with the atmosphere. We feel that Mr. Edwardes enjoyed himself, and he has made us enjoy ourselves, too; and we do not believe that he wished to try a tramp along this road ourselves.

An Introduction to the Study of Literature. By Mr. W. H. Hudson. (Harrap. 21s.)

The University Extension Lectures differ from most other educational courses in this particular, that they teach the student how to study; they do not give results, but pre-crite methods. This course follows the same tradition as the others by the same master. He reads them in chronological order, using the comparative method of criticism and cultivating sympathy. From the works to the biographies, from the biographies to the histories of the times, from the histories to the literatures of other countries that have influenced us, until we have gone through the literature of the world from the very beginning to the '48 of the Dead.' By this time, if the student is still alive, he will be able to account for the genius of the writer who first aroused his admiration. His taste will be improved, and he will be able to dispense with most critics and all book reviewers. He may even be able to dispense with University Extension Lectures. Of what use the student will be, Mr. Hudson does not tell us; but the student will have the pleasure of studying, and of finally being able to account for the genius of any age, and the use of the comparative, inductive, and judicial methods of criticism will enable him to thoroughly understand the works of the great artists. As we said, this book is for students, and to students it may be commended. Mr. Hudson has done his work well, and has emphasised the obvious with frequent quotations from other people. There is nothing technical in the book, except the customary chapter on 'The Elements of English Metre,' and the ordinary reader may find its language difficult. We hope these pages, although he will not be tempted to adopt Mr. Hudson's method of enjoying books.

Points for Posternity. By Hugh Blaker. (Palmer. 2s. 6d.)

'Points for Posternity' is really history in the making, by Mr. Hugh Blaker. In other words, those who come after us, the world-makers and breakers,
not to mention the hirsute persons who sit on fenses and roar, will discover what England of the Twentieth Century was according to Mr. Blaker's experience. In one particular, the author has indeed his report for our civilization. The report takes the form of an all-embracing indictment of contemporary society, of every trade and profession, from acting to matrimony, and it is intended to make the work of the author range of social iniquities and indecencies and blasphemies against mankind with which the author is not in sympathy. But in spite of its feverish energy, its violent language, its half digested facts, it is in my opinion, the reverse of convention and orthodox religion, it will not cause much weeping and gnashing of teeth among the faithful of our own time. Nor is it likely to produce any marked effect on politicians— if it reaches so far—even as a rather sly piece of humour. The fact is the author has neglected to observe those golden rules which he has been careful to lay down for the safe conduct of other persons, and has left himself without a leg to stand on, to speak. He tells us that "the unscrupulousness of historians is proverbial; they lie like picture-dealers, and when they are not lying like picture-dealers they often imagine their spurious goods to be genuine." He then proceeds to explain how historians must be truthful. "They must say that their heroes did not do." He thereupon proceeds to write a book in which he relates what the people of his own day did really do. History, he seems to say, is not proper and reverent spirit in which to read history is to look upon it as a joke." Yet he does not hesitate to take it seriously and to quote it for the purpose of bolstering up his own argument. Then he warns us against the personal element in an historical work. "As the entire historical atmosphere of a book is coloured with the personality of the writer according to his political and sociological outlook, one is very largely reading an account of prejudices, usually set out as carefully as possible by a poor fallible mortal priding himself on his impartiality." In the volume before us we find Mr. Blaker setting forth a whole bookful of prejudices. Again the author questions the nature of truth. "You say, then, there is no such thing as truth—To us of course not!" If truth varies according to the conception of each generation, it will continue to vary, and it is reasonable to believe that what is truth to Mr. Blaker will not be truths to the posterity for which he is writing. So, for this reason alone, it is a pity he has bothered to write his book. For the rest, he has said nothing new. His score of indictments has been made before by Havelock Ellis, Father Bernard Vaughan, and others. That Mr. Blaker succeeds in making the age entirely repulsive is a high compliment to his talents.

John Lothrop Motley and his Family. Edited by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay. (Lane. 16s. net.)

Most educated people will know John L. Motley as the author of "The History of the Dutch Republic" and of "The United Netherlands," and probably are not concerned to know him in any other capacity. To judge from the estimate of him contained in the present collection of " further " letters their wisdom is great. It is a question whether the editors have added anything material to his reputation by publishing these letters, since that do not tend to strengthen or deepen his character, but the reverse. Briefly considered, they reveal that Motley was a fool in art matters; assiduous in his historical studies; an affectionate husband and father of his own. He had a great deal to say worth saying about the American Civil War which he himself describes as "looker-on in Vienna," in which capacity he cultivated the friendship of Bismarck, and sought to teach the latter one or two cardinal principles of American diplo-

macy; that he sometimes addressed Bismarck as " dear old Bismarck " and Bismarck addressed him as " Dear Mot," which is short for Motley. Indeed, this stack of letters, including interpolated ones by Mrs. J. L. M. on social affairs and dull details of domestic economy, throw a very superficial light on the historian. They cover a very eventful period of political history—the period of the Russo-Japanese war, which shows little or nothing of the course and terrible effects of these wars, and the strong expressions of feeling which they called forth in Motley are omitted. The editors have not even done their work well in editing these letters. It is not a wise thing to translate out of the original German and French unless the translations that follow are exceedingly well done. That this is not so may be seen from Bismarck's letter, the concluding "passage of which (p. 112) is no doubt a mistranslation for "good soldier." The volume is well got up and contains a number of reproductions of interesting contemporary portraits.

Persia in Revolution. By J. M. Hone and Page L. Dickinson. (Unwin. 3s. net.)

After glancing through this book one might turn to Messrs. Hone and Dickinson with the question, "Where is the revolution?" To which the authors would doubtless reply, "The revolution? Ah, there you are! There was not much of a revolution, at least, not in Persia. The revolution, the great revolution, took place outside Persia. It started with the Russo-Japanese war, passed to Austria, thence to Turkey, thence to Persia. Persia, bitten by the craze for a constitution, demanded a parliament. The Shah granted one and took it away again. A civil war followed. The Shah was deposed and his son took his place. That was all that took place, and all that could take place in a vast and poor country like Persia, with its widely scattered, thinly populated districts, and possessing but a comparatively small army." Then one asks the authors why they did not record even this much? And they could have added a little more. They could have mentioned the string of events that fired the revolution in Persia, and, apart altogether from sentimental reasons, this is not so may be seen from Bismarck's letter, the concluding "passage of which (p. 112) is no doubt a mistranslation for "good soldier." The volume is well got up and contains a number of reproductions of interesting contemporary portraits.

these creatures, and that the gap between them and us is no longer unbridgable. They offer us inexhaus-
tible opportunities for future research other than by vivisection; and now that we have mapped out their runic records, now that they can be syphilited, and that their blood in its reactions exhibits a striking affinity with that of man, I venture to hope that they may be reserved for a happier task than the scalpel and injecting syringe.

And in comparing the methods of treating the insane exhibited by the Irrenhaus and another institution he observes, "Curiously enough, the day after visiting the admirably organised and beneficent Irrenhaus, we saw in an asylum of a neighbouring country a young girl escaping like some wild beast: ... the sight was repulsive in the extreme, and carried the miad back to the time when the insane were thought to be literally 'possessed' by devils." Among a great number of useful facts Dr. Campbell mentions that "human brains are sent to Professor Edinger's laboratory from all parts of Germany in order to obtain his expert opinion regarding them." We would suggest as an extension of the Professor's useful career that he be employed by the English Government to examine the brains of some of its leaders.

Rambles with an American. By Christian Tarele. (Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is not only a guide book, but a breviary, written for the benefit of the worshippers of Dickens, Scott, Stanger, and generally, to Stratford-on-Avon, to Edinburgh, to Glastonbury, and a variety of other places. At each place we are treated to sentences from one or other of the authors mentioned, to any facts from the biographies that may be appropriate, to references to anybody else who may have been connected with it, and to expressions of satisfaction at having seen something of the places described by the authors mentioned. The quotations from other authors are governed by this rule: No quotation if they got drunk. Thus Burns is mentioned with disparagement, but is not quoted. The legend that Shakespeare got drunk at the Falcon and slept for thirty hours under a tree is dismissed as shameful, and the other poets and writers were presumably too bibulous to be worth mentioning or visiting. There is no trace of appreciation of literature as such; one would think that the only value of poetry and novels lay in the fact that the places mentioned in them can be visited by the worshippers. There is no appreciation of architecture, or even of old houses as such. Mr. Fairfield, the American, says: "I don't think I can resist the temptation of mentioning other associations with one's fellow-creatures." His hobby is simply the discovery of places mentioned by a few reputable authors. He delights in discovering, for instance, that the site of Oliver Goldsmith's house in Green Arbour Court is now part of No. 3 platform of Holborn Viaduct Station. To us, who do not worship stocks and stones, the book is not only valueless but boring; it adds nothing to our appreciation of an author to stand on a spot where he stood; a quotation or a posting, or any other of the authorities mentioned. To others who feel differently on this point, the book may be interesting; but a guide-book that is written in a presumably hansom style, and adorned with suitable sentiments and properties, may be too literary for the mere tourist. Perhaps the book is intended as an appendix to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature!"

The Martyrdom of Man. By Winwood Reade. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

This is the twentieth impression of a book that continues to charm him contrivance for the same or any other reason. When it was written the author appears to have been in the thros of primitive politics and "advanced" religion. The book shows that on the one hand he "defended monarchy, praised the hereditary system of the House of Peers, and declared that the whole Government of our country was as nearly perfect as any Government could be"; and on the other he declared that Christianity must be "thrust aside, thus taking a step which has been described as the new civilisation started by Paine. In consequence, the book was denounced by the Press, the "Saturday Review" condemning it as blasphemous. The activities of the Press, however, only secured it an enormous circulation, such is the perversity of mankind. Reade's politics and "atheism" are of little account to-day, seeing that the position he held is completely reversed. The House of Lords is going by the board, and Christian integrity is reasserting itself. The book is a valuable record of historical facts of religious and positive science compiled under the influence of Darwin by a mind touched by genius. Mr. F. Legge contributes a long and important introduction of forty-five pages.

Eton under Hornby. By O. E. (Fifield. 2s. 6d.)

According to the author of this book there have been far pleasanter places for training the youthful mind than Eton under Hornby. Hornby himself appears to have sunk into that curious and narrow state of intellectual which is the fate of the don grown old in schoolmastering. "He lived, as far as was possible, a hermit's life, and his assistant masters could only follow the bad old system which was long traditional at Eton." "He was a firm believer in the efficacy of flogging for almost every kind of offence," and "swished" on occasions without mercy. The author, an old Etonian, is very outspoken on the faults of the Eton systems of education, discipline and religion, and his strong indictment will not fail to attract attention.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

Herr Ludwig Thoma is a jovial spirit. He is not a great dramatist. His work is pungent rather than sublime, and I think he would be the first to admit that it has no epoch-making significance as literature. Even as a satirist he lacks subtlety. In Munich they compare him with Bernard Shaw, but that is only their little joke. He resembles rather a decatholised, altogether unmoral, Rabelaisian Chesterton, brimming over with vitality, and ready at any moment for a game of intellectual leapfrog. To see him at his best, with eyes without meaning, is a magnificent sight, never to be forgotten, as he shoots in a spray of snow down the slopes above Garmisch and out upon the frozen surface of the Rissersre. The democratic habit is spontaneous with him; he is quite naturally one of the people. He links the art world of Munich, with its night cafés and carnival balls, to the life of the mountain peasants. The Bavarians love him because he represents the quintessence of all that they are, with their lightness of heart and heaviness of touch, physical indulgence and mental irresponsibility, submission to control and love of laughter. Most of all, they love him for his superb impudence. They know that he was imprisoned for lèse-majesté and that upon his release he contrived for the Thoma's experiences in prison—the Café Leopold thrilled with them! He had complained to the authorities of the lack of intellectual stimulus, and had been provided with two
The action of “Moral” passes in Emilsburg, chief city of the Duchy of Gericloth (which may be taken as Wurttemberg, Baden, Saxony or any of the minor States). Emilsburg is provided with all the typical institutions of the local capital. It has its Grand Duke and Hereditary Prince, its omnipotent police, its university, and its Liberal-Conservative Union to keep Socialism in check. Its bureaucracies revolve ponderously in its acclamatory orbit, and its citizens discuss morals and politics ponderously after dinner. But above all (and this is the subject of the play) Emilsburg has a Vigilance Society, lately formed for the protection of its youth. Morality is at a premium for the moment, and when a young and zealous police officer receives an anonymous letter pointing out that a certain Madame Ninon de Hautville maintains an organisation which, one infers, occupies them when they are not at home, the play is never anything but stagey and superficial, however, they were not called upon for any emotional effort, and it was impossible to judge of their real powers. The really disquieting fact is that Mr. McEvoy should have written such a farce so soon. He is one of the dramatists—until the other evening I should almost have said commonplace—of whom all others—must be taken seriously. And that the author of “The Three Barrows”—an extraordinarily fine piece of work, with scenes of real cottage life—should be responsible for a farce, such as “The Village Wedding,” in which the third act consists of a scrimmage in a wood and the fourth act of a scrimmage in a parlour, passes comprehension. This is writing down to actors and audience with a vengeance. It is worse, for such false realism can only stultify the players themselves, and shut them out from everything that is fine in dramatic art. The alternative is perfectly clear. If life at Emilsburg (or anywhere else in the country) is coarse and libidinous, and mechanical that the dramatist can get nothing better out of it than “The Village Wedding,” let the players say at home and the artist take to gardening. But if, as we know already, and as Mr. McEvoy has himself shown us in his other work, this life is passionate and full of power, vivid as a folk-song, an almost unexplored field for the artist, let it be expressed fully and let the players have their way. But if we know already, and as Mr. McEvoy has himself shown us in his other work, this life is passionate and full of power, vivid as a folk-song, an almost unexplored field for the artist, let it be expressed fully and let the players have their way. But if, as we know already, and as Mr. McEvoy has himself shown us in his other work, this life is passionate and full of power, vivid as a folk-song, an almost unexplored field for the artist, let it be expressed fully and let the players have their way. But if, as we know already, and as Mr. McEvoy has himself shown us in his other work, this life is passionate and full of power, vivid as a folk-song, an almost unexplored field for the artist, let it be expressed fully and let the players have their way. But if, as we know already, and as Mr. McEvoy has himself shown us in his other work, this life is passionate and full of power, vivid as a folk-song, an almost unexplored field for the artist, let it be expressed fully and let the players have their way.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

In your issue of April 28th, Professor George D. Herron speaks very pessimistically of the future of the Socialist movement in America. He agrees with him that things do not look hopeful, but I differ from him as to the reason. He thinks that “enthusiasm of humanity” is lacking in America. I do not think so. According to my observation, there are quite as many of what H. G. Wells calls “men of good will” in America as there are in England, and more than there are in Germany. But the best men and women of America absolutely refuse to join the Socialist parties even although many of them believe in the Socialist ideal. I have talked with many such men and women, honest, sympathetic, and intellectual, and I know that they abhor the Socialist parties. I will tell you some of the reasons why.

In the first place, there is no intellectual freedom in either of the Socialist parties. The fundamental doctrine of both of them is that all things under Karl Marx are verbally inspired. If any member expressed a doubt of this, if he even ventured to point out some of the frequent errors in simple arithmetic which are found in the writings of Marx, he might escape immediate expulsion, but he would be looked upon as a dangerous person, to be got rid of on the first convenient excuse. Some time ago I was talk-
ing to one of the ablest writers and speakers in the American Socialist party, who is a distinguished university graduate, and can converse in half the languages of modern Europe. He is an artist, too, I know, but has you done so in your classes? Marxism is largely out of date, but what's the use of saying so? It would only lead to a heresy hunt. You go ahead and try and do the best you can; then I'll follow.

A few years ago the State committee of the Socialist Party in Colorado refused to allow the branches of the Party in that state to adopt a platform without a licence from them. This committee was composed of ignorant men, not one of whom had the slightest acquaintance with economics, or any other branch of human knowledge. They refused to allow another to call five intelligent and honourable Socialists, all of whom were ministers of religion, Carl D. Thompson, Franklin H. Wentworth, J. Stitt Wilson, Benjamin F. Wilson and W. H. Wise. These men were forced to listen to speak because they insisted on advocating Socialism on grounds of justice and humanity, instead of confining their charges solely to the argument from economic determinism. No word is so utterly despised or so often ridiculed in the American Socialist press as "justice."

In many States the manual labourers in both parties adopt a tone of truculent insolence to people who are quite as useful to the world as they are. A doctor, a dentist, or a teacher, is surely a more necessary person than a gold miner or a man working in a distillery. But the Socialists of many American States think otherwise, and assume towards these persons, and even to clerks and shop- men, a tone which would make it impossible for these persons to join the Socialist movement without complete sacrifice of self-respect.

The result is that in America humane and intellectual persons either stay out of politics, or become anarchists, or else waste their energies in petty and futile schemes of reform. Enough, however, in the Anarchist movement to make a great socialist movement in any country. It is doubtful if any Socialist party in the world has a finer lecturer than Emma Goldman, or a more acute reasoner than Benjamin R. Tucker, or a more exquisite writer than Voltairene de Cleyre, or a more accomplished scholar than C. L. James, the son of G. P. R. James, the novelist. If these people had lived in England they would have been ornaments of the Socialist movement. Living in America, they went into the Anarchist movement, because they found the Socialist movement too repulsive to be touched with decent fingers.

Of course all this is bound to change. But no person in England can form the faintest idea of the difficulty of organizing a Socialist or any other movement in America. England is a small country, and has a capital. Nine-tenths of the able men and women in England live in London. America has nothing in the faintest degree approaching a capital. There is no town in America which contains one-tenth of the population of London. There is not merely live apart, but they are separated by such enormous distances that they are lucky if they meet once in a lifetime. Chicago and New York are a thousand miles apart, and San Francisco is two thousand miles from any place. In such circumstances it is tremendously difficult to form any intelligent party composed of poor people who cannot afford to travel. Even thought travel's very slowly in America. Thus it will take a long time to build up a Socialist movement in the United States. I am an optimist, but I do not fancy I can build up the movement as the English did, in a generation or two. But I think I can make a beginning. Furthermore, the average American is at least as humane, and cornet, and intellectual, as the average man of any other country. R. B. Kerr.

**LIE IN ART.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

By one sentence in his generous defence of Mr. Fowler (inadvertently, perhaps) does something less just to the work of another fine artist. He says, "In painting (or any other medium) the "actual look" is as far off as ever." This is unfair to the late James Sargent.

Sargent has all the vivid magic actuality that Mr. Fowler ever aspirated for success. The subject matter of Charles's work was for the most part less vivid, less arresting than Sargent chooses, but the "actual look" of any subject by the pupil of a dappled-in-and-in of English woods, lanes and hedges, were presented in his best work with a delicate truth, a strong reality, such as the photographic sense, that has never been excelled. Those who really studied the exhibition of his work some time back at the Leicester Galleries will know this is no over-statement.

While there has been seen even finer examples, there are now at Whitechapel, amongst others, two pictures that will serve. One is in the little room downstairs, the other, badly hung, upstairs. It's a wood scene. Now I ask any painter who has really seen nature, if the "actual look" of trees, the depth and mystery and gluy of them, the baffling transparency of shade, the sparkle of light, have been painted with more genuine "actuality."

There is no need to refer to a system of red, yellow or blue dots. splodges or streaks: the thing itself, the beckoning allure of a wood is before you if you like you could walk in. And the whole is imbored with a rare sense of beauty.

Charles got as near to Nature as any Englishman, and seeing what scat reward he bad in his lifetime I feel that at least he should be given the benefit of what appreciation is due to a real record of the "actual look" (again) of the things he painted.

I trust this won't seem irrelevant, but Mr. Fowler widened the field.

HOPE READ.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Information supplied to me by shareholders interested in all the industries I quoted in my previous letter, is better evidence to me than Mr. Thornton's details.

There is some mistake about the period of suppression in the Argentine. My comment was founded on the information contained in the protests of the various socialist Parties against the "state of siege" which was not usually intervene on behalf of foreign anarchists of the lowest and most despicable type.

I repeat my observation that the lives of workers in South America—not merely Peru—is "a hell." I happen to believe that the lives of the workers in nearly all European countries is "a hell." In South America all modifying legislation, such as advanced factory legislation, limited legislation against sweating, old age pensions, workmen's compensation, etc., is absent, thus aggravating the conditions of the workers.

As to the "system of justice being corrupt," surely the Jabez Balfour scandal was an amazing instance of Argentine judicial methods. "Scotland Yard" persuaded various officials on the one side to surrender Jabez Balfour, while his friends were bribing right and left to secure a bogus arrest on a warrant of debt. The Argentine Court certainly behaved in a scandalous manner in this case. It is absurd to expect me to fill columns with such cases; but others are the fashionable litigation and the Chilian claims cases, etc.

Here is the testimony of Senor A. B. Armandis as to the general character of the commercial and upper classes of South America. "There are hundreds of wretched parents in Europe who do not know whether their daughters are dead or alive, for they have suddenly vanished, not leaving any trace behind them, and all their inquiries after them have been in vain. Well, we can tell where they have been brought, and what has become of them. They are in Buenos Ayres, or Rio Janeiro, and, the general character of the commercial and upper classes of South America.

As to the "system of justice being corrupt," surely the Jabez Balfour scandal was an amazing instance of Argentine judicial methods. "Scotland Yard" persuaded various officials on the one side to surrender Jabez Balfour, while his friends were bribing right and left to secure a bogus arrest on a warrant of debt. The Argentine Court certainly behaved in a scandalous manner in this case. It is absurd to expect me to fill columns with such cases; but others are the fashionable litigation and the Chilian claims cases, etc.

There are hundreds of wretched parents in Europe who do not know whether their daughters are dead or alive, for they have suddenly vanished, not leaving any trace behind them, and all their inquiries after them have been in vain. Well, we can tell where they have been brought, and what has became of them. They are in Buenos Ayres, or Rio Janeiro, and, the general character of the commercial and upper classes of South America.

As to the "system of justice being corrupt," surely the Jabez Balfour scandal was an amazing instance of Argentine judicial methods. "Scotland Yard" persuaded various officials on the one side to surrender Jabez Balfour, while his friends were bribing right and left to secure a bogus arrest on a warrant of debt. The Argentine Court certainly behaved in a scandalous manner in this case. It is absurd to expect me to fill columns with such cases; but others are the fashionable litigation and the Chilian claims cases, etc.

There are hundreds of wretched parents in Europe who do not know whether their daughters are dead or alive, for they have suddenly vanished, not leaving any trace behind them, and all their inquiries after them have been in vain. Well, we can tell where they have been brought, and what has become of them. They are in Buenos Ayres, or Rio Janeiro, and, the general character of the commercial and upper classes of South America.

As to the "system of justice being corrupt," surely the Jabez Balfour scandal was an amazing instance of Argentine judicial methods. "Scotland Yard" persuaded various officials on the one side to surrender Jabez Balfour, while his friends were bribing right and left to secure a bogus arrest on a warrant of debt. The Argentine Court certainly behaved in a scandalous manner in this case. It is absurd to expect me to fill columns with such cases; but others are the fashionable litigation and the Chilian claims cases, etc.
noticed by anybody who will roll up his flag and look around him for five minutes. First, there is the armament, about which I wrote last week, and the demands of which—producing in it a generally defensive armament, and not planned for any definite enterprise—grow in the proportion in which they are accepted to. Then, a variety of other things as the Cumberland miners may be suffocated with less fuss than attends the natural demise of an elderly gentleman in comfortable circumstances who happens to have embodied the idea of the State, and that an inspector or mines at the other end of the kingdom may thus deliver himself:

* "You say that the Socialists of England have become embittered through being misunderstood," and you seem to imply that this is what has "set them against England."

You say that the Socialists of England have become embittered through being misunderstood, and you seem to imply that this is what has "set them against England."

That does not matter in the least. If Socialists were the world over, the factories of that country or to initiate any factory legislation would be the most effective method of the present thing in which the Japanese take their patriotism. He gave it as his opinion that if they were convinced that their national supremacy could be secured deeply into the heart of a people, that lives annually in factories, the Japanese would cheerfully assent to such a condition. I do not think Mr. Alden is a "Sympathetic writer," because I fancy his idea was that the evil was caused by want of Christianity. But I suggest that a patriot should find it as dulcet and decorous to die for his country in a workroom as on the field of battle.

You say the Socialists of England have become embittered through being misunderstood, and you seem to imply that this is what has "set them against England."

That does not matter in the least. If Socialists were the world over, the factories of that country or to initiate any factory legislation would be the most effective method of the present thing in which the Japanese take their patriotism. He gave it as his opinion that if they were convinced that their national supremacy could be secured deeply into the heart of a people, that lives annually in factories, the Japanese would cheerfully assent to such a condition. I do not think Mr. Alden is a "Sympathetic writer," because I fancy his idea was that the evil was caused by want of Christianity. But I suggest that a patriot should find it as dulcet and decorous to die for his country in a workroom as on the field of battle.

You say the Socialists of England have become embittered through being misunderstood, and you seem to imply that this is what has "set them against England."

That does not matter in the least. If Socialists were the world over, the factories of that country or to initiate any factory legislation would be the most effective method of the present thing in which the Japanese take their patriotism. He gave it as his opinion that if they were convinced that their national supremacy could be secured deeply into the heart of a people, that lives annually in factories, the Japanese would cheerfully assent to such a condition. I do not think Mr. Alden is a "Sympathetic writer," because I fancy his idea was that the evil was caused by want of Christianity. But I suggest that a patriot should find it as dulcet and decorous to die for his country in a workroom as on the field of battle.
have made his case had he shown that "Piers Plowman" represents, not one solitary voice crying in the wilderness, but the protests of five poets in succession, moved to action by the iniquities of the great and the misery of the poor.

Why does Mr. Gilbert, whose paper is a tissue of rash assertions, not tell all of his hedges, translate "Londe" as London? "Londe" of course means land, as anyone familiar with oldish English knows; and curiously, this very fact Mr. Gilbert ignores. One of the evidences adduced that the poet was named Langlands—"Londe Londe." But the facts about the authorship that have been uncertain, few and slender, at any rate, are matters of common notoriety; and how any person who looks up his subject, or reads the literary papers, or even the two "Mail," could fall into such a quagmire, I can't imagine.

**H. BELLOC**

**LAUGHTER—GRIM AND GAY.**

To the Editor of "The New Age.”

The title of the first Socialist comic paper in Great Britain is not "Laughter—Grim and Gay" as stated by Jacob Tonson in last week's causerie, but "Laughter Grim and Gay." The mistake is pardonable. "Laughter" was born in Manchester, and might be expected to take on the colour of its environment. I would not trouble you with this born in Manchester, and might be expected to take on the colour of its environment. I would not trouble you with this.

H. BELLOC

**CHRIStIAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.**

To the Editor of "The New Age.”

A fortnight ago I heard a young missionary just returned from India preach on the ideal of holiness. In the course of his sermon he said: "The Mohammedan ideal of holiness is to say certain sentences. Arabic often three times a day. The Hindu ideal is, if possible, lower. This is the case with a Hindu holy man sitting by the roadside; he has not been washed or combed for years; he lives in idleness on the donations of the villagers. This is the ideal of Hindu". He then proceeded to expound the Christian ideal of holiness.

R. M. HOOPER
To the Editor of "The New Age."

In reply to Mr. E. H. Dunkley, I merely to say that the Christian missionaries abroad, based on what I myself actually saw and heard in Japan, China, India, and the Straits Settlements, not "twenty years ago," but in the course of the last twenty years, have been found to be working_voluntarily, from no desire to do so, from no public pressure—that I did not purpose to pronounce upon the truth or falsity of what has been believed in these matters, but merely
to collect what has been advocated. My critic seems not to have read even this first sentence with care.

Further, my critic says that my efforts have been "centrated in the locality" where I live, and in American institutions to which I happen to have access—and to this he attributes the alleged unsatisfactory conclusion as to the historical fact! Again, if he will read carefully the passage that he seems to quote, and examine the references in the book, he will find my mistakes, if any, in his." Finally, there is no answer to a sneer. It is quite possible that the unhappy mood of the writer impaired his power to read accurately and to draw sound conclusions. If there are mistakes in my book (and I admit one that my critic did not find) I shall be grateful to the kind critic who points them out. Connelia Steketee Hulst.

* * *

THE ENDOWMENT OF GENIUS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

If all Mr. Shaw's friends are as careful as Mr. Fifield to stop "the wild rush to Mr. Shaw's door," it is not surprising that so many of his "backings" are unrecorded; but I asked for information, and Mr. Fifield has supplied it. Samuel Butler is taking his proper place to-day chiefly through Bernard Shaw's "backing," but as Mr. Fifield is re-publishing Butler's "Unconscious Memory" at the end of May, and Butler is a man of equal genius to the photographer. Brielux, too, is hardly relevant to my argument, as he has had in his own country a considerable popularity, and cannot be the "struggling genius" that my critic seems to regard him as. Of the photographers, the writerRodope colossal the alleged unsatisfactory conclusion as to the historical fact!

As to the correspondent's second argument, that the missionaries do not vilify the religion of the people among whom they work, I assure him that he has been misled. They do, I have heard them. The proportion who do not, in my judgment, formed at first hand, would not be more than 5 per cent. at the outside.

I am quite willing to break a theological lance with Mr. Dunkley. Christianity is just what Disraeli said it was in one of his happiest epigrams—Judaism for the multitude. These movements are essentially decadent and are thus the reverse of all THE NEW AGE.

In the generous page where you permit one to criticise my work, I have added to the list of instances one or two not usually cited. I have spoken S. VERDAD.

If our critic can establish that Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals, he will have proved his point. Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals; in fact, he seems to have mistaken them.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Hunty Carter, in his "reply" to my last letter, imputes my confusion of thought and his controversial conclusions to me; no wonder he is so uncomplimentary about them, they are bad, and I must repeat the charge. Instead of meeting statements fairly and squarely, he makes

The proportion who do not, in my judgment, formed at first hand, would not be more than 5 per cent. at the outside.

Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals; in fact, he seems to have mistaken them.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

The logical climax of the modernity movements, as I have defined them, is the logical climax of the modernity movement, as are the reverse of all THE NEW AGE stands for—outside Mr. Carter's department.

E. Wake Cook.

ST. GEORGE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In the generous page where you permit one to criticise his work, I have added to the list of instances one or two not usually cited. I have spoken S. VERDAD.

If our critic can establish that Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals, he will have proved his point. Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals; in fact, he seems to have mistaken them.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In the generous page where you permit one to criticise his work, I have added to the list of instances one or two not usually cited. I have spoken S. VERDAD.

If our critic can establish that Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals, he will have proved his point. Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals; in fact, he seems to have mistaken them.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In the generous page where you permit one to criticise his work, I have added to the list of instances one or two not usually cited. I have spoken S. VERDAD.

If our critic can establish that Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals, he will have proved his point. Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals; in fact, he seems to have mistaken them.
tary, British Committee of the International Socialist Congress.


PENGELLY, R. S., “Royal Pageants: Are London Streets Big Enough?” Morning Leader, May 27.


CROMPTON, the late HENRY, “Rabelais,” Positivist Review, June.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

28.—HENRY W. NEVINSON.

1889 LIFE OF SCHILLER. (Scott. 2/6.)

1895 NEIGHBOURS OF OURS. Scenes in the East End. (Arrowsmith. 5/-)

1896 IN THE VALLEY OF TOPHET. Scenes in the Black Country. (Dent. 3/-)

1897 CLASSIC GREEK LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE. With pictures by John Fulleylove. (Dent. 21/-)

1898 THE THIRTY DAYS’ WAR. Scenes in the Greco-Turkish War. (Dent. 6/-)

1900 LADYSMITH. A Diary of the Siege. (Methuen. 4/6.)

1901 THE PLEA OF PAN. Imaginative Essays. (Murray. 5/-)

1903 BETWEEN THE ACTS. Scenes in the Author’s Experience. (Murray. 9/-)

1904 CHAPTERS ON FRANCE IN MR. HALLAM MURRAY’S “ON THE OLD ROAD.” (Murray. 21/-)

1905 BOOKS AND PERSONALITIES. Literary Essays. (Lane. 6/-)

1906 A MODERN SLAVERY. Account of the Slavery in Angola and San Thomé. (Harper. 6/-)

1906 THE DAWN IN RUSSIA. Scenes in the Revolution. (Harper. 7/-)

1907 SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE CAUCASUS IN “HARPER’S MONTHLY.” Scenes in the Revolution.

1908 THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA. Scenes of Unrest. (Harper. 10/6)

1909 ESSAYS IN FREEDOM. Personal and Literary Essays. (Duckworth. 6/-)

"LAUGHTER,"

THE SOCIALIST HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATED PAPER. A PINE CARICATURE IN EVERY ISSUE.

This Week: PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

Next Week: VICTOR GRAYSON.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY; 1/8 per quarter, post free.

Published at 50a, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER; London Agent: GEO. VICKERS, ANGEL COURT, STRAND.

NOW OPEN. ADMISSION 1s.

"Better than its title."—JACOB TONSON. "The title was an inspiration."—Mr. T. KERR, Secretary of the Newcastle Socialist Society.

"LAUGHTER,"

THE SOCIALIST HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATED PAPER. A PINE CARICATURE IN EVERY ISSUE.

This Week: PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

Next Week: VICTOR GRAYSON.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY; 1/8 per quarter, post free.

Published at 50a, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER; London Agent: GEO. VICKERS, ANGEL COURT, STRAND.
IN THE NET OF THE STARS.

By F. S. FLINT.

"Artistic courage and simplicity of an advanced kind are needed in order to be one’s self as Mr. Flint is himself in this book."

JACOB TONSON.

"Follow my advice and get this book. Do not follow me in lending it, for I am doubtful if you will ever recover such a charming delightful thing, once you let it escape out of your hands."

HENRY BAILEY, in "The Bookman."

ELKIN MATHEWS. 2/6 net.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following rates: Per Page 3/6; in columns 1/3 th.

CIGARETTES DE LUXE

Post free, “NEW AGE” BRAND.

Direct from the Manufacturers.

2s. 6d. per 100 Turkish or Virginia.

2s. 8d. per 100 Egyptian Blend.

2s. 10d. per 100.

We save you the middleman’s profit besides giving a better quality Tobacco. All our Cigarettes are hand-made from the finest tobacco made fresh to order for every customer, which ensures the best aroma.

Every Cigarette bears the imprint “NEW AGE.”

In the event of any customer not being satisfied, we return money.

We save you the middleman’s profit besides giving a better quality cigarettes at the price.

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING

By the Rev. J. EDGAR FOSTER, M.A.

PREFATORY.

The most complete and practical text-book on this subject. The system herein taught is very simple and easily acquired. There is no possibility of forgetting a discourse during delivery if prepared according to instructions.

Price 2s. 6d. per copy, post free.

From J. F. SPRIGGS, 21, Paterenoster Square, London, E.C.

Descriptive circulars free on application.

Neave’s HEALTH DIET

(Manufactured by the Proprietors of Neave’s Food For Infants.)

Especially valuable for Dyspeptic, Congenital, Invalids of all Ages, etc., in account of its digestibility and strengthening properties. Delicate and growing children should have this cocoa with nourishing and health-giving diet for daily breakfast.

Quickly & easily made. Sold in 1/3 & 3/6 tins by Grocers and Chemists.

A sample will be sent on receipt of two penny stamps—mentioning this Publication.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO.

Fordingbridge, Hants.

There is no one who would not be the better for drinking Fry’s Cocoa for breakfast, lunch, and supper. The day’s duties would seem lighter, and the night’s sleep be sounder for it, so beneficial and health-giving are the effects of the beverage.”

Cocoa for breakfast, lunch, and supper. The day’s duties would seem lighter, and the night’s sleep be sounder for it, so beneficial and health-giving are the effects of the beverage."

Fry’s CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

The Cocoa

"PAR EXCELLENCE."


PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., BY A. BONSAI, AT THE CHANCERY LANE PRESS, 12, 12, AND 79, CURSITOR STREET, E.C.

AGENTS FOR SOUTH AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA: GORDON & GOTTI, Cape Town; and (S. Africa), CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD. Printers to the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 58, CURSITOR STREET, E.C. (Stopford Brooke), 19, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

"OLD FALSE TEETH.—We give highest possible prices for all teeth, whether gold or silver in any form. Bankers’ references; straightway dealing. Woolfall & Comyns, Southport.

"THE SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP is highly recommended by several eminent novelists and all past students for its instruction in JOURNALISM, SHORT STORIES, and ADVERTISEMENT-Writing. Pastoral tuition or correspondence.—For prospectus apply Secretary, 12, H.D. Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH.”—The Unitarian Argument "(Bliss), " Eternal Punishment " (Stopford Brooke).

"Atonement " (Page Hoppes), given post free.—Miss BAINET, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.—To Let for Summer, Flat and Cottage, either or both, Flat on British Museum, suit two people, large room (two thrown into one), three other good rooms, comfortable, bath room, constant hot water independent of fire, close four tubes, three terraces, summer houses two minutes, but light, airy, and quiet. Cottage, Berkshire, excellent trains, acre ground, accommodation seven people, beautiful garden, tennis. Rent moderate as present tenant wishes to spend summer abroad.—Write Box 444, Office of the New Age, 58, Curzon Street, E.C.