NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is sometimes necessary to remind ourselves of the names of the members of the Cabinet that governs England. Individually they are known well enough, but collectively they are often lost in the haze that hangs above the peaks of politics. The theory of corporate responsibility gives them a further indistinctness; so that the Cabinet becomes in the mind of the ordinary spectator, not a committee consisting of known public men, but a mysterious entity of which these known men are only partially the masters. Nothing less than some such explanation as this can account for the extraordinary apathy with which acts of the Cabinet are witnessed that would disgrace for ever each and every separate member jointly and severally. For this reason it is necessary, as we say, sometimes to recall the names of its members.

We need not go through the whole list; but the Cabinet includes Lord Morley, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. Halilane, and Mr. Birrell. Consider almost any one of these names separately and we should be inclined to think well of it. They are none of them, perhaps, men of ideas in the most modern sense; and no one would expect of them any great contribution to civilisation; but for all that, England would be entitled to regard herself as better team in the sporting sense of the word. There are certain omissions for reasons as satisfactory as those given for the exclusion of certain names from a county or all-England eleven. Taking them, however, as a committee under the first necessity of having to work together, the selection made by Mr. Asquith may be said to be as good as could be made under the circumstances. As a matter of fact, it will not be realised fully how much optimism a Cabinet composed of these persons really did produce in England. Quite the largest source of the Liberal enthusiasm of the last few years has been due to this, and to this alone. It was felt that with such a committee at the helm of affairs there was every hope of a radical change in both domestic and foreign conditions. At any rate, English Liberalism had its chance at last.

Nothing need be said at this moment of the series of bitter disappointments which proved to be awaiting the country at the hands of its chosen Cabinet. Many of them, we freely admit, were inevitable, being based on illusions. In others the case for the Cabinet might, by an extremely sympathetic observer, be made to appear if not favourable at least full of extenuation. In still others the case was against them, but the plea for mercy was audible, and was admitted. But we are bound to say that the latest act for which the Government has made itself responsible appears to us to be beyond explanation, extenuation, or forgiveness. We do not refer to the Conference on the House of Lords which is still continuing. On that it is impossible to express any opinion until the issue is announced. Certainly, in holding the Conference at all the Cabinet has listened more respectfully to the solicitations of its enemies than paid consideration to the feelings of its friends. That, however, was no more than might have been expected, in view of the simple fact that its friends were less strenuous in defence than its enemies were in attack. Besides, the proposals of the Conference are still to be revealed.

Neither are we disposed to regard Mr. Asquith's postponement of Women's Suffrage as politically unforgivable. There are more considerations than one in the so-called Representation of the People Bill which was introduced by Mr. Shackleton with the support of all the women's societies. Like many other ingenious compromises, it disarmed criticism within the ranks of the friends of the cause without at the same time either completely satisfying them or allaying the opposition of its opponents. On the contrary, in the instance of the proposed Bill for enfranchising women on the municipal...
basis, some of the professed adherents of Women's Suffrage have been added to the ranks of the enemy. We have not the time to detail the possible objections to the Bill as it stands, but they are neither few nor contemptible. It is, however, on grounds of tactics alone that we can understand Mr. Asquith's refusal to give it facilities. Should it pass, we are pretty sure that the majority of the women so enfranchised would vote Conservative at the coming General Election; at the election, that is, in which the future of Liberalism is supposed to be at stake. The chief of Liberal election-agents would be guilty of attempting suicide if he presented his opponents with three-quarters of a million votes on the eve of a decisive engagement.

What we do find almost past credence in the recent acts of the Cabinet is the Honours List as presented to the world on Friday of last week. Such an amazing exhibition of Bubb Doddingtonism we do not remember to have seen before or even read of in the most corrupt periods of English history. The affair is worse than a...
would interest themselves in the government of the country, make laws for their upright fellow-countrymen, and deal suitably with malactors. In the United States, however, as everyone knows, this is not the case. When the Presidency of a country is an elective office it does not follow—in fact, it is impossible—that the candidate elected actually represents the wishes of the majority of the people: he is merely the nominee of the political party which has managed to get into power, and this is done in the United States by bribery on the largest scale ever known in the history of the world, and in France by the wholesale "rigging" of the ballot-boxes by the sub-prefects.

In such circumstances the President of the United States, like the President of every other Republic I have visited, is not respected by the people of the country as is, say King George V., King Alfonso, and even the German Emperor, by their respective subjects. An elected President is bound to be soiled by the filth of politics, associated, as the office is in every Republic, with bribery, corruption, and intrigue. But a hereditary ruler, or a dictator with power to nominate his successor, which comes to pretty much the same thing, is uncontaminated in this way. Hence the desire of many patriotic Americans to lift the Presidency out of the mire of politics, with the unsavoury associations I have already mentioned, and to make the office, as far as may be, hereditary. There are the facts; and if any interest is shown in this matter I shall be pleased to go into it more fully.

For 1,900 years the Vatican has had the finest drilling in statesmanship that it was possible for any institution to have, and at the end of such a long apprenticeship I am surprised to find the Papal headquarters falling into several tactless errors. The protest of the Nuncio against the religious toleration just proclaimed in Spain by the Prime Minister, Senor Canalejas, after many consultations with the King, comes at an inopportune moment in view of the fact that an English Government is now trying to satisfy the Roman Catholics of this country by a change in the King's declaration. The Borromeo Encyclical, too, which has just been causing such a stir in Germany, was another piece of grotesque ineptitude.

The situation in Spain is just this: the town voters are mostly careless in their religious beliefs, and at all events utterly opposed to government of Spain by Rome. They are prepared to stand by the Govern-
The Situation in Egypt.

A Reply to Duse Mohamed.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

The article on this subject in The New Age (June 16) is, to say the least, imaginative, though evidently written in good faith. Perhaps you will allow me to point out a few inaccuracies and to comment on the issues where the facts are truly stated.

Far from being freely chosen by the Egyptian people (Duse Mohamed is confusing him with Muhammad Ali) Ahmed Bey Arabi (afterwards, by his own exertions, Pasha) and his friends worked hard for quite five years to get a following. They secured the native Egyptian troops by espousing their grievances; but a majority of the Ulema and the notables were notoriously hostile until overawed, while the fellahin were, as usual, indifferent to the ambitious strife of "great ones" till the forcible recruiting began. Then they were driven in like sheep by Arabi's troopers. In some villages there were no men left to reap the crops. The idea of Ahmed Arabi approaching the Khedive Muhammad Tewfik with a proposal to throw off the Turkish yoke would have set him right; and elsewhere he extols the French in their dealings with Orientals, with the same indifference for historical facts. Thus the French did not grant anything to the natives of Algeria till they had crushed a reactionary movement: and they have been severe critics of our recent leniency towards the Young Egyptians. If "young" Orientals would study their own histories rather than those of Europe they would spare some illusions and much heartache. Louis Napoleon (as Duse Mohamed suggests) says that the English mind is better at a general view than the Egyptian, though the latter is much keener for immediate aims. Methinks we understand too well. Hinc ille lacrimae.

I am glad Duse Mohamed admits that the Copts would have a bad time in an Egyptian ruled by Nationalists, because it is a fact which Young Egyptians have hotly and repeatedly denied. The Copts, like all downtrodden races, have had to use their wits, and so have strengthened them. They provided most of the Government clerks under the old Turkish regime, were not merely agriculturists, as Duse Mohamed suggests. With religious equality they have risen naturally as the Jews have done in Europe. But that English officials in Egypt love them better than the Muslims, or accord them more preference than they earn, is absolutely false in my experience. The charge of Christian fanaticism hurled against the English Government day after day, year after year, by writers in "Al Lewa" and other Nationalist periodicals, is designed to alarm the Muslim reader, who, however, has kept "more than usual calm"—a proof of the average Egyptian is no more fanatical than the average Englishman; he regards a cause as much "particular" if the English language is not English. He who does not understand it, and has not meddled rashly.

The French squadron at Alexandria did not, "on the British fleet being sighted, immediately put to sea," in 1882; that happened in Nelson's time!

"In dealing with oriental races," writes Duse Mohamed, "the official mind is too prone to undervalue anything unEnglish. Nor can the British official realise that the English mind is better at a general view than the Egyptian, though the latter is much keener for immediate aims. Methinks we understand too well. Hinc ille lacrimae.

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Republic or Empire. IV.

A Women's Convention.

By Francis Grierson.

Scene: A small hall at Washington. Time: The spring of 1910. Women delegates are present from every State in the Union. On the platform sat the delegate from Kansas, a large, powerful, square-shouldered woman, who filled every inch of the arm-chair. She was president, moderator, presiding elder, special pleader, judge and jury all in one. She made one think of a physical upheaval of Nature, a manifestation of the form of the eternal feminine, and if it had been a case of political chéres la femme no one would have had far to look; her simple presence would have suggested the words: "There she is!" And if there had been a single doubter in the room all doubt would have vanished when the president, with lowered head, gazed out at the delegates over her huge gold-rimmed spectacles like a bull which had sighted the red flag and was getting ready for fatal work. It was not so much her bulk that imposed respect on the delegates, but two large, round, steel-grey eyes, supported by a Roman nose and a protruding chin which held as in a vice a whole set of dentist's pearly-white teeth and gave her martial complexion a still more terrible and deathlike pallor. The president was now taking "points." She was silently separating the goats from the sheep. Looking at her, one would have suggested the word's "The sheep from the goats," cried the delegate from Washington that the real trouble will begin. I warn you now his hair will be ornamented by something besides osprey feathers and the wish-bones of canvas-back ducks. Nothing will stop him but the bleeding scalps of folk who want to live in peace and honor their own potatoes. I said just now that I had passed through more than one epidemic of disease, all of 'em catching, without losing a hair, but you can't take part in two epidemics of slaughter, as Roosevelt did, without losing your character. I haven't come here to tell you how young David slew Goliath with a sling, or how Samson slew the Philistines with an ass's bone. The good poet speaks of the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but I want you women delegates to fight with winged words and let 'em sting like yellow hornets. A woman without a tongue ain't no more than a sheep in wolf's clothing or a settin' hen disfigured as a sparrow hawk. Here the President lowered her head and one more looked over her spectacles at the delegates.

She gazed at them for some moments, then, raising her head, she resumed: "Before I left Topelia I put the question to the Judge: 'What, in your opinion, is the difference between a Dictator and an Emperor?'

'Well,' he said, 'let me begin with a President. A President is a man who fights for the people, a Dictator is a man who fights against the people; but an Emperor is a man who raises a big army and fights the whole world.' Then I said, 'There ain't but two steps from the Presidential chair to an Imperial Throne.' 'That's about it,' he said; 'there ain't but two steps.' And now, before getting right down to business, I'm going to separate the wheat from the chaff.'

'The sheep from the goats,' cried the delegate from Nebraska, in a loud voice.

'I thank you," sodded the President, with curt dignity. "My husband the Judge wears a goatee, but that don't make him a goat; but there are two or three delegates here to-day who might just as well wear 'em, although there ain't a man in this hall." She stopped and took three steps to the left, stopped again, riveted her great round eyes on a middle-aged woman sitting in the fourth row of seats who was dressed in a fashionable tailor-made costume, and asked: "Madame, what State are you from?"

'Aubuchan,' replied the lady, surprised at the sudden brusqueness of the question.

'What city?'

'Philadelphia,' was the reply.

'What church?'

'Saint,'——The delegate's words were cut short by the powerful voice and peremptory tone of the President:

'You are a member of the church that held a service in commemoration of the beheading of King Charles I. not long ago?'

'I am," stompered the delegate.

Philadelphia has always been called the Quaker comes peering around. What he wants is two good wisdom teeth, one to tell him to chew his own cud and the other to tell him when to stop bucking like a bronco. I said just now that it is time to stop twisting the British lion's tail and attend to our own beast."

"Our bête noire!" shouted several delegates together.

"I suppose," continued the President, without moving a muscle, "they think a bête noire in the White House would make a right nice contrast. We're living in a black and white country. Next winter, when I want to say right here, had Mrs. Roosevelt insisted on going to Africa with the old man, had she kept his powder dry and made him penetrate to the heart of the jungle, he might have brought home something worth while. A spotted gorilla, for instance, instead of speckled antelopes; but I guess he was afraid to spill the blood of such a near relation. The snap-shot picture men would have taken them both together, and people would have had some trouble telling one from the other. It's when the bête noire comes back to Earth in Washington that the real trouble will begin. I warn you now his hair will be ornamented by something besides osprey feathers and the wish-bones of canvas-back ducks. Nothing will stop him but the bleeding scalps of folk who want to live in peace and honor their own potatoes. I said just now that I had passed through more than one epidemic of disease, all of 'em catching, without losing a hair, but you can't take part in two epidemics of slaughter, as Roosevelt did, without losing your character. I haven't come here to tell you how young David slew Goliath with a sling, or how Samson slew the Philistines with an ass's bone. The good poet speaks of the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' but I want you women delegates to fight with winged words and let 'em sting like yellow hornets. A woman without a tongue ain't no more than a sheep in wolf's clothing or a settin' hen disfigured as a sparrow hawk. Here the President lowered her head and one more looked over her spectacles at the delegates.

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Philadelphia has always been called the Quaker
City,' proceeded the President. 'Were the Quakers in love with kings?'

'I don't suppose they were.'

'Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?'

'It was signed in Philadelphia.'

'Were the Quakers born?'

'In Philadelphia.'

'Then you are an American; yet you come here to plot against the American democracy. You come from the city where the Declaration of Independence was signed and sealed,' continued the President, with imperceptible coolness. 'You want the man with the sword. You would like the mighty hunter who has just put to death eleven thousand animals, most of them as innocent as hens with spools or owls trying to sleep in the day-time. Old John Roosevelt killed these varmints in cold blood; what do you think he would do if he got worked up to blood heat, het up to boiling point? I ask you, and I expect you to answer me before all the delegates, do these United States hold varmints enough to ease his blood-curldin' proclivities? And if so, where be they? He has cleared the mountains of b'ar and the plains of antelope. He is now on the trail of the great American Gezalo, who is Albumso powerful.'

'We used to be a re-public,' shouted the delegate from Missouri.

'In George Washington's time we were Christians,' exclaimed the delegate from Georgia; but the President continued: 'As the delegate from Pennsylvania is unable to answer my question, I am going to put one to the delegate from Baltimore: Are you a Roosevelt woman?'

'I believe in a strong man,' was the answer. 'We want a man who will fight sin with a two-edged sword.'

'Your power is immense,' said the President, with her inexhaustible aplomb. 'Suppose you had a husband who got so used to runnin' amok with his gun that just to keep his hand in he used the big broom-stick on you. When the judge first took to possum hunting I used to go out with him moonlight lights and tell him when to pull the trigger and see that he got his possum. He was markin' a stout woman with a red face.

One night, after I had been sleeping about two hours, I was awakened by two hands gripping me by the throat. It was the Judge. He stammered out: 'I was just dreamin' that you was a poison playin' dead, and I wanted to make sure I had the varmint.' 'Well,' I said, 'we'll see about that'; but the Judge never went huntin' again. I put him to raisin' chickens. A man ain't given to stranglin' chickens, at least not till their feathers have sprouted. The more liberty you give a man the more licence he expects. A man's inexhaustible aplomb.'

'At that rate,' exclaimed the President, 'we'd better burn this convention and start hearin' and branding round-up and have done with it. I've been doing my best to make a fair statement of facts, but I've only got as far as goats, and until we brand 'em and turn 'em out to browse we'll not make any headway.'

'I move,' said the delegate from Michigan, 'that the members from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Albany be struck off the roll of this convention as dangerous persons, the wives and emissaries of plutocrats, the Trust women.'

'I have heard of trusted fow-els,' said a small, elderly body in the middle of the hall, 'but this is the first time I ever heerd o' trusted women.' She was the delegate from Alabama.

'Well,' said the President, 'you've not come all the way from the Indian Territory for nothing.'

'We ain't no Territory, we're a State!' snapped the little woman.

'Then,' remarked the President, 'you might just as well be for all you know about the Trusts.'

But the Oklahoma delegate would not give up yet, and she blurted out, 'I guess we'll have to stay in Washington till the dog-days if we don't soon come to the point and get some resolutions carried.'

'It ain't a question of dogs, it's a question of how to muzzle the tiger-cat,' said the President. 'In the first place Tait is the tool of Theodore Roosevelt, and we'll have to watch him till Roosevelt begins to set his minions to work. I want you to know I'm here to stay. I ask the delegates from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Albany to take a bee-line for the door, and the quicker the better.'

'There was a silence. Then the delegate from Alabama rose. 'I came here to vote for a dictator. I am opposed to a policy of sop, and if we can't have Roosevelt as Dictator then let us have him as Emperor.'

'Out with her!' 'Traitor!' 'Imposter!' 'Black sheep!' were cries that arose in every direction.

She was quickly followed by the delegate from Baltimore: 'The real Church favours authority.'

'Even if it is against the masses;' I came here to cast my vote for Roosevelt as the coming man. He will come with the big drum.'

The delegate from Pennsylvania followed: 'The East and the West are divided,' she declared. 'Every year the gulf that separates the two sections of the country grows wider. You can't make oil and vinegar mix. America is not great now, but she will be when we become an Empire with a great army to support us... you delegates who esckew wines and liquors to raise your right hand...

'All but five delegates responded. 'This convention is dry,' declared the President. 'It will be a bad day when this meeting gets wet with anything stronger than tea and water.'

'This convention seems to me about as dry as a salted mackerel, and ought to feel pretty thirsty,' remarked a stout woman with a red face.

'May I know what State you represent?' asked the President.

'I am from Albany, New York,' said the delegate. 'We don't want to hear any more,' the President snapped out. 'Your legislators at Albany don't want any salt fish to make them drink; they have the Tamy-many thirst—whisky like whales.'

The delegate from Ohio clapped her hands and cried out: 'Sharks! sharks! Human sharks!'

A tall woman, dressed in black, rose from her seat, and shouted in a high, piercing voice: 'I demand that the goats be separated from the sheep before this convention proceeds to business,' a remark which brought the delegate from California to her feet with a bound. She pointed her finger at the delegate from Philadelphia. 'I charge that delegate with being an enemy of woman and a disloyal American. I am not going to say she belongs to the goats, I say she is a black sheep.

'At that rate,' exclaimed the President, 'we'd better turn this convention into a hearing and branding round-up and have done with it. I've been doing my best to make a fair statement of facts, but I've only got as far as goats, and until we brand 'em and turn 'em out to browse we'll not make any headway.'

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in our enterprises abroad." But the noise and shouting of angry voices drowned the words that followed, and the speaker made her way to the door, where she joined the delegates from Baltimore and Albany.

It was a good while before the uproar ceased. At last the President knocked three times on the table and called the meeting to order. She was the only woman in the hall who was not excited. "I now call on the delegate from Illinois to address the convention," she said.

The Illinois delegate stepped on to the platform. "I am not going to mince matters," she began. There is no time left, and this convention is too wrought up; but I want to ask you all, do you or do you not realize that this question of Imperialism in America is a question to be settled by us women? If you do not realise it, then the question will be settled by the men for the women—I mean for the women of the eastern cities.

You have just seen which way the cat has jumped." ("Three black cats," cried a voice.) "A delegate from Oklahoma said a moment ago she had never heard of trusted women. It is not the women who are trusted but the multi-millionaires who are trusted by the women. This country is being hurried into Imperialism by the fast sets of Washington and the eastern cities, who find American society too slow to suit their Babylonian ambitions. Roosevelt is a tool in the hands of the using him as a figurehead to force in the first steel wedge. He is not a far-seeing man; he has about as much vision as a bull-frog in a marsh. If we women let him, he will get us an army, a navy, and then an Empire to keep them busy. A big army is not going to hang round and play with paper bullets. You have had a taste of the strenuous man, you will get the sinewy man next, and then the man sinister.

Put Roosevelt in the White House for the third time, and he will be our Flying Dutchman of the navy! Europe and Asia will combine against us. We shall have all we can do to mind our own business for another fifty years. I want to see a convention of women called to meet in Washington next fall in which six hundred delegates will take part. I call on our President here to begin instructions to that effect."

Needless to say, the President was not long in issuing the required instructions; and after singing "The Star Spangled Banner" the meeting was adjourned.

THE END.

A Fatal Sermon.

By an Anglican Curate.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, purified from all sin."—Rev. xxii. 2.

"And his servants shall serve."—Rev. xxii. 3.

These three texts, though separated, are closely related. I shall deal with the first, the Holy City, to-night; with the second, the Churchless City, next Sunday; with the third, the City of Service, on the following Sunday.

In a spiritual trance St. John, or whoever is the author of the Apocalypse, looks into heaven; and when he desires to communicate to his fellow-men the divine vision of this spiritual world, he makes use of the veil which hides from their dull eyes things which he sees clearly, he seeks for a symbol by means of which he may represent heaven to them, and of all the things that are upon this earth he can think of nothing more suitable, nothing better, than a city.

Were you or I trying to teach people what heaven is like, do you suppose that we should ever think of a city for a single moment? More likely our thoughts would go out in pictures, silver streams of sparkling water and rustic scenes! Ah! you say. It was not any city that John was thinking of; it was Jerusalem.

To us the very word breathes poetry and rings with music, but remember that Jerusalem the city was just the capital of their country. It had its temple, it is true; likewise its courts of wickedness. The temple itself was profaned by the merchants who trafficked within its hallowed walls, buying and selling therein, transforming it from a place of worship and a house of prayer into a den of thieves. Well, then, it was Jerusalem with all its dark spots which was the best symbol that St. John could find to represent heaven.

And we realise its strangeness when we change the name of the city and read: "And I saw the holy city, new Y—, coming down from God out of heaven—Y—, with its mills, where there is gambling, obscene talk, and indecent behaviour, though, thank God, many hold aloof from these things; Y—, with its public-houses, reputations of men and women in the streets of W— Hill and G— Street, Y—, where the workers for the most part toil for a very inadequate wage, this Y— a symbol of heaven! How impossible it seems! And the impossibility applies to all other towns and cities out of the dirty workshops of evil work, evilly transfiguring it from a house of prayer and peace, to any supernatural descent, to any heaven, to any kingdom of light."

And, however strange the city symbol may seem to us, however remote from heaven and near to hell, there is a reason for it. St. John's choice of the holiest symbol in all the religions of the East shows that the religion of Jesus Christ has to do with realities.

A picnic by the river is pleasant on a fine day, but life is not a long picnic save for the few: for the many it is a very bitter struggle. Men are engaged in arts and crafts, in the market place, in buying and selling. Here life is intense; here in the busy towns the multitudes live and die; and so here is it that St. John finds his truest symbol of heaven, because the religion which Jesus Christ has taught him does not necessarily flourish best in the palace of the king or in the dirt of the streets.
councils, and all the shady tricks of business such as the adulteration of cloth, which goes on in this district and kindred dishonesty. Amid all these things walks Jesus Christ unsullied. He does not feel out of place. On the contrary, it is here that He feels most at home, because here there is the most work to do. Therefore, my brethren, those of you who devote your

selves to making good cities, good towns, good villages, you are doing a God-like work. You are real men instead of religious dreamers and pious nincompoops; and no religion is worth anything at all not capable of gripping the city where life is so intense; and not only gripping it but changing it.

And, brethren, since we are insisting on reality so strongly, let us not forget to test our lives from time to time. We need not bother about testing the lives of the others, we have enough to do with our own. And the test of a heavenly life is this—Christ is there. But, alas! to many this is an unmeaning phrase. We hear it; it is familiar

Therefore, my brethren, those of you who devote your

place. On the contrary, it is here that He feels most

at home, because here there is the most work to do.

Your work and you as in a fire. And wherever you

find anyone doing anything to redeem the life of

anyone in any way there you see Christ; there is the

test of a heavenly life is the presence of Christ, that is,

the presence of the redemptive spirit.

And then after testing ourselves we want to test the world as we live. The greatness by the size of its buildings, the breadth of its streets, the grandeur of its town hall? Such are false tests.

"A great city is that which has the greatest men and women, if it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world." So we see that the test is the same, for no life is great unless Christ is there, and no city is great with great men—and great women, also, for women must occupy positions equal to the men in the cities yet to be built. But now do not make that a paltry and contemptible excuse for social inactivity. Men make the city, it is true; it is also true that the city makes the man. How many a young man, straight and clean, has gone from the country to London, and been caught in the whirlpools of vice! The city makes the man. Work then for your city, for in so doing you are working for your brother-men and their salvation.

With John we must realise the significance of the city. It is the symbol for heaven. John dreamed; it is for us to see that John's dream is realised, for us to make this city in which there should be no thirst and needless suffering, cities like unto heaven.

But if we would realise John's dream we must first dream. We must see L—and B—and Y—. in their dirt, their squalor, their selfishness, and their

wickedness, and, having seen these accursed things, work for the new L—B—and Y—, holy cities, coming down from God out of heaven.

My brethren, my brethren, the Kingdom of God is at hand. Haste ye to enter in! My brethren, are you surprised that Edward Carpenter cries—

"Ah, England! Are the children of God asleep? No wonder you are weary! weary of talk! Weary seeking amid the scramble, amid the scramble of words and the scramble of wealth—seeking, seeking, seeking for a God!"

There ever will be weariness in England until we all seek not a, but the, God, and God is love; and so he saw visions. We want to see visions and dream noble dreams. In all ages men have had visions. Let us then share the visions of all the men of all the ages; let us have the vision of the modern poet:

"I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth, I dreamed that the new city of Friends, Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest, It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city.

And in all their looks and words." Let us dream with John of the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, wherein all things are new. Let us dream with Ezekiel of a city christened Jehovah-shammah, which, being interpreted, is "The Lord is there." And then, for heaven's sake, let us wake up and go out and work for these things with all the strength of soul and mind and body which God has given us, with the song of Blake upon our lips and in our hearts:—

"I will not cease from mental fight Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant land."

[On the day following the preaching of this sermon the preacher's request will so please you, and not allowed—though he was not acquainted with this prohibition until the following Saturday night—to continue the projected course, or, in fact, to preach any more at the Church during the three months that he remained until his resignation had taken effect.]

The Philosophy of a Don.

XV.—Arms and the Superman.

DESPITE our unfortunate divergence of opinion on most subliminary matters, or—who knows?—perhaps because of it, Shav and I remain good friends. Truth to tell, I do not take him very seriously, and he boasts of nothing. "We are trying for a laugh," he said, "Laugh I let laugh." So the world should not be surprised if it heard that he and I, forgetting by common consent the failure of our Crystal Palace expedition, agreed to visit together the Army Pageant at Falstaff Palace.

We arrived just in time to witness a brace of charges of knights in full armour led to destruction by Jeanne d'Arc astride a snow-white steed. Other knights were earnestly striving to keep their seats, while their horses were doing their best, poor brutes, to ignore the noise of musket-fire and stage-thunder. From another corner of the ground came lusty bursts of cheering, as some hero of long ago paused in a warlike address, punctuated with imprecations no

"Ah, the world! Happy is he who dreams—ports—shooting competitions, rifle associations, boy scouts—!

"Let us be off. I am fed up with theatrical masquerades," he replied, curtly, moving towards the exit.
"By all means," said I, following, "since these things bore you—"

"How can they help boring me?" he asked, drawing an ostentatious breath of relief as we walked away. "We have got military parades, shooting competitions, rifle associations, territorial, and a lot of other terrors. What for? All these, I take it, are efforts, futile enough, to create what is called a martial spirit amongst us. Bah! You might as well try to bring helmets and mail-shirts back into use. The whole thing is preposterous."

"Why?"

"Don’t you see why? In the good old days of Chivalry, Divine right, and Serfdom no one was respected who did not prance about the world idiotically clothed in uncomfortable steel, with a huge knife dangling by his side and a horde of martial cut-throats trotting at his heels. That was the life of a medieval gentleman—a life inspired by the noble principle that he might take who could, and the devil might take the weak. It was an unquestionably heroic life: full of romance, poetry and adventure. When not so employed, the man of peace and sanity was regarded as a poor, despicable, unnecessary creature. Rightly so, for his attitude was a protest against the creed of the age: the greatest happiness of the smallest number. Thus a martial spirit was engendered in our medieval forebears. It was logical enough then; it looks foolish enough to us now. So will these modern efforts look to our posterity a few centuries hence."

"On the surface things may seem alike," said I. "But things are not always what they seem. We have changed much since those days. We—"

"We have changed nothing, except the names of things. The main difference between the militarism of the Middle Age and that of the present day is that the men who roar war now seldom fight themselves—our modern heroes prefer to conquer their laurels by other people’s labours—our national saints find it easier to praise than to earn their beatitude by other people’s martyrdom."

"You are not fair. Every Briton is as ready to die for his King and Empire now as he was in the past." Shav laughed.

"Every Briton is ready to die for his King—by proxy. Every patriot is prepared to serve the Empire—in the person of any poor beggar who cares to enlist; that is to say, who agrees to kill and to be killed for a living."

"I admit," said I, "that the fine old tradition of patriotism has, in the course of time, undergone certain modifications. Yet—"

"Modifications do you call them? I would call them vital perversions. Patriotism once meant a sincere prejudice, rooted in blind ignorance and nourished by the instinct of self-preservation. At the present day it is only a feeble washy sentiment fed by nothing more real than newspaper ravings about the German Peril, the Yellow Peril, the Black Peril, the White Man’s Burden, and other unholy hallucinations of the same base sort."

"You forget that only a few years ago many Englishmen of all ranks—dukes’ sons, cooks’ sons, sons of millionaires, and sons of milliners—did not hesitate to go and die in India for their country. Why? Not because they were conditioned in the old English spirit, but because they were indoctrinated with the modern spirit. The men you have just mentioned, in so far as they went to Africa not from love of adventure and plunder, but from love of their country, were misguided lunatics. Fortunately, there are not many of that sort in England. Our ordinary Englishman feels, in his obscure, middling-headed way, the fundamental falseness of the position, and so he is anything but eager to shed his blood in its defence. His reluctance is much more healthy and respectable than the vapouring sentimentality under which he tries to disguise it. His instinct tells him that he cannot have things both ways. If he wants war, he must be content to be poor. Everyone desires to help himself as large a portion of this world’s goods as he can. That desire fosters, consciously or unconsciously, love for peace. And that is precisely where the most ludicrous self-contradiction of modern English statecraft comes in. England lavishes the major portion of her treasure and talent on militarism, and there never was a time in English history when the people of England were less prepared, in mind or in body, for fighting. Quite right, too. Why on earth should anybody at the present day and age be taught to fight? Apostles of militarism assume that the more willing to fight a man is, the better member of society he is. It is all nonsense—a stupid superstition inherited from the unhappy past, when, as I have already shown, eminence in throat-cutting was a patent of nobility and a sword an inseparable item of the complete gentleman’s outfit. At this time of day the men who want to fight are anarchonic survivors, and their attitude is the negation of the creed of the age, the greatest happiness of the greatest number. I would treat them as criminals and the Apostles of Militarism as their accomplices."

"I don’t know how others may feel," said I. "But I am for military preparations without being in the least anxious that we should ever fight. Indeed, I consider readiness for war the safest guarantee of peace. The same principle applies to the martial training of individuals: it is the best possible antidote to worship pugnacity. Those who clamour for war do so, for the most part, because they have never been taught what war really involves. In addition to this negative gain, martial training brings with it many positive benefits. Look at what drilling and discipline have done for the Germans, morally and physically, and what they have done for those Englishmen who have been, or are, soldiers, sailors, and territorials—how the life of the camp and deck has straightened their backs, broadened their chests, cleared their eyes, and turned shambling and vicious loafers into useful, vigorous men. Properly viewed, militarism is one of the most effective forms of civic idealism."

"A mechanical automaton is not my ideal of the perfect citizen. But let that pass. Militarism, if it is inspired by any consistent ideal, it must be by an ideal which is morally hostile to civic freedom. Whether they know it or not, the promoters of the martial mania are paving the way for a Stratocracy far more than the Poturocracy under which the millions of this country are groaning at present. At the lowest estimate, militarism means national exhaustion. Have you ever calculated how much of the intellectual, physical, and financial capital of this country is annually wasted on military preparations and pageants—guns, explosives, submarines, dreadnoughts, air-ships, manoeuvres, and what not? I haven’t; but I am certain that such a calculation would prove that England spends upon her army and navy sums which, if devoted to the physical, moral and mental improvement of the masses, would make the English nation the most prosperous and civilised in the world. That would, indeed, be enough, but it is only this point of view that, in our rulers, act as if they believed that the best way to serve their country is by spending its resources, not
in the making of Englishmen, but in providing the means of destroying foreigners. O England, fertile in fools!

"England is not the only country that realises the necessity of armaments," said I, with some, I hope not unmerited, warmth.

"No, of course not. France is just as mad. Germany is stark mad. The same with every other European nation—they are all mad, more or less, each in proportion to its size. One, Russia, is alreadyumbled into the pit towards which the others are blindly rushing; but the warning has been utterly wasted. In America you find a rapid approximation to a similar level of lunacy. Even Asia, the placid, the lazy, the now, it might be said, the chimeras; but common experience tells one that force of arms. Therefore, I denounce wars and international quarrels. In denouncing military prerarations, you don't take into account national consciousness. Every nation, by the fact that it is a nation, is naturally opposed to every other nation, and consequently, under actual conditions, it can only preserve its separate existence against the opposition to others by means of its own power. The instinct of self-preservation is now, as it always has been, at the root of international mistrust. The problem, you see, is not so simple as you imagine.

"Never with us. The problem must simplify. If people only had the sense to approach it simply—that is, to adapt to international relations the laws which govern the relations between man and man in every civilised country. Why should a single murderer taken by itself be condemned to death, but murderers organised into an army be applauded as heroes? Does a crime become a virtue by being multiplied?"

"My dear Shav, every nation wants to live and develop, and there is not enough room on this planet for them all to live and develop without treading on each others' toes."

"Rubbish! There is, or ought to be, ample room. It is not so that lack of land, but sense and sensibility, instead of behaving like drunkards in a public bar, nations have only to behave like sober folk in a private drawing room, and the difficulty of overcrowding vanishes at once. With that difficulty eliminated comes all others for no reason under the sun, national, racial consciousness and the rest of the sacred stupidities. But, of course, that postulates a larger measure of intelligence than human beings are gifted with. Hence their attachment to exploded superstitions, commercial rivalries, tariff irritations, military preparations, and all those absurd abominations. Hence strife and reciprocal throat-cutting. The whole thing, I repeat, is preposterous.

"You are theorising, my dear Shav. Let us face things as they are. Philosophers have often said what most normal men and women have always felt, and at moments of abnormal candour may have confessed—namely, that man was born to be happy; and, arguing that strife and reciprocal throat-cutting do not materially add to the stock of human happiness, they arrived at the startling conclusion that strife and reciprocal throat-cutting are things superlatively absurd and foolish. But even philosophers have been compelled to admit that their excellent reasoning has never been disproved except by facts."

"So much the worse for the facts. Many things are true which are not facts."

"Precisely," said I. "Feelings, for example, are usually distinguished from facts, but they are true all the same, and have to be taken into account. Now, take one of these feelings. Although happiness, in one form or another, is the aim of man's activity on earth, strife and reciprocal throat-cutting are not felt to be incompatible with that aim. What does this indicate? It indicates one of two things; either that man must be endowed with an amount of imagination that no planet, on the most liberal calculation, could safely bear for more than three-quarters of an hour, or else that strife and reciprocal throat-cutting are good things. Now, seeing that man, so far as the history of the animal is known to us, has always been a fighter, and yet our planet has not yet come to grief, it is reasonable to conclude that men are not fools. Ergo, strife and reciprocal throat-cutting are not evils. On the contrary, judging from the cases with which they are cultivated, they must somehow conduce to man's welfare: they must make him feel happier. This, to my mind, is the only logical inference from the facts. Otherwise, how do you account for this other fact—that, although throat-cutting have been denounced by sages, and occasionally even by saints, since the beginning of time—have been condemned by moralists, and are, theoretically, held in the utmost abhorrence by all nations, yet more than incisive, arbitrary, and of religious morality, cling to them with such
obstinate affection? Don’t we hold thanksgiving services when God, the Father of all, has helped us to slay an exceptionally large number of His other children? All things considered, then, I am inclined to the belief that philosophy is wrong and human nature right, my lect., of course, if you asked me for my own private opinion, I would say, purely as a matter of personal taste, that I prefer my happiness without slaughter, just as I prefer my salmon without mayonnaise, and my roast lamb without mint sauce. But I realize, too, that I am in the minority; and who am I that I should presume to impose my own preferences on my fellow-creatures?"

"I quite clearly see your point," said Shav, who had listened to the lecture with quite some 

"Still, I cannot help thinking that mutual slaughter is bad form and a mistake—except, of course, when undertaken for the love of God; or, to be less old-fashioned, in the service of Civilisation; or, to be quite up to date, for the cause of Humanity."

He went off laughing. I felt slightly irritated. I don’t exactly know why. Perhaps it was the result of a protest of my intellectual stomach against Shav’s everlasting deluge of mustards and lives. For instance, the late Mr. Herbert Spencer with his usual sagacity discovered, is not simply repugnant; it ends by producing indigestion. Man cannot live by mustard and cress alone; and, when all is said, even Oxburgh don is a man in some respects.

With Baby’s Help.

By Stephen Reynolds.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

The lounge at the Black Lion Hotel was a carefully furnished, very select room; it communicated with a large fantastic den of muskrats in a tin. It was thus she felt; for steady thought was, to her, the highest virtue of a philosophe. And give up the child! Go into service? And give up the child! Go into service?

The triple electric light of the room was uncomfortable for the eyes, and still more uncomfortable were the large fantastic red dragons ever climbing up the wallpaper. They made the atmosphere of the room tense rather than restful. Better had a glimmering nightlight been its sole illumination.

About half-past seven o’clock in the evening a woman, ill at home in the lounge, was seated in one of the green plush chairs, which had been drawn up to the table, the better to enable her to reach her glass of stout. She was carefully dressed in widow’s finery—a somewhat worn black skirt, a black blouse newly washed, a large gold earring, and a hat with a dull black ribbon. For the stout’s sake, her veil was raised from the lower part of her face. In contrast to the black garb, and to the black hair which wound head and ears in its convolutions, her complexion appeared of the same reason her hands, besides being ingrained at the finger-tips with laborious dirt, looked coarsely red. Under the hard electric light her rounded face and stiff figure were accentuated by a strange expression of quiet chats, commercial bargains, intrigues, assignations, whose belly the virtues of somebody’s whiskey were imprinted in red and black. The triple electric light of the room was uncomfortable for the eyes, and still more uncomfortable were the large fantastic red dragons ever climbing up the wallpaper. They made the atmosphere of the room tense rather than restful. Better had a glimmering nightlight been its sole illumination.

About half-past seven o’clock in the evening a
Impressionism.

By Walter Sickert.

I have to use the word after all. It is a label I have always disliked and kicked against, but when a label has been used for a matter of forty years, it is, perhaps, useless to protest. So I will say no more about it, and just use it like everybody else.

A certain temperate fury of intellectual curiosity has led some French writers, some French painters, and some Frenchmen who are perhaps half painters and half boorooms, to reason in this manner. "Impressionism," they say, "gave us something new. The generation which brought it forth is passing away. What they produced was good because it was new. Hence-forth art that is to be vital will have to be something quite other than Impressionism, and something brand new. The art of the Impressionists bewildered and enraged the bourgeois and eventually secured a high value in the market. Therefore if we now produce things that astonish and annoy the public we shall become classics." In the language of the stage-manager they cry for a "strike and set." The Impressionist act they consider is played out, the curtain is down.

I would invite the new French school, the Violentistes, the Tantpisistes, shall we say, to consider for a moment that intellectual evolutions take more than one generation to deploy. One generation suspects a potentiality, the next hints at it. Tremendously the third stammers a few syllables, and so it goes on.

We may perhaps say that the addition made to the wealth of ideas by the Impressionists was twofold. They have shown us that composition has infinite possibilities, infinite permutations and combinations other than those already found by the old masters. In this discovery their chief guide was nature. But their research was greatly stimulated and sharpened by the importation of certain work from the Far East.

It is interesting to compare the different uses to which this stimulus was put, on the other hand by the French Impressionists, and on the other by Whistler. The Impressionists being, to begin with, a group, and therefore usually braced, at once simple and rigid, having their roots firmly embedded in the tradition of the school of their country, digested the East, took from it what they wanted for their nourishment and rejected the rest. What they learnt was entirely assimilated. They went on with their own business, like a cobra who has swallowed a goat, goes quietly on with his own business of being a cobra with the goat inside him.

Whistler, coming from a country with no traditions, did not stay long enough in France to affiliate himself to the French school as he might have done. (Sisley, who was an Englishman, did this.) Whistler had the egomaniac view of art and life, and did not understand the spirit of the hive. So that when, among the Chelsea aesthetes, he came under the fascination of the Japanese imports, he did not digest what they had to teach. He painted pictures in which Japanese fans were pinned on to English walls, and Japanese pots were arranged on English shelves, and English ladies or models were popped into kimonos on Chelsea
balconies. He took the art of oil-painting, of which he was just getting a real grasp, and thinned it into an imitation of the gouache delicacy proper to a Kake mono. (Condor, painting on taffeta silk with gouache, took a more cunning path.) Whistler, instead of the cobra who had swallowed the goat, was rather like a cobra who wondered whether he hadn't better become a goat. His immense talent, his natural genius for painting, his exquisite eye for colour, his profound sense of drawing in three dimensions, his passionate romantic feeling, just these industries puzzled him to produce an office of infinite beauty and pathos. But fatherless as he came into the world, so he left it childless, while the Impressionists have peopled a universe with their art. I say this with due respect to the weight that must be attached to the opinions of Mr. Rickeits and Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

Perhaps the importance that we must attach to the achievement of an artist or a group of artists may properly be measured by the answer to the following question: If the practice of the great primitives and secured their effects by the juxtaposition of definitely intentional colours, rejecting entirely the softening and distorting veil of brown which made, of a mechanical product for a small surface. The canvases they produced were such as are suitable to the rooms we live in, and to the growing mass of customers of moderate means. They introduced the group system into exhibition rooms, showing that one picture by an artist, though a detachable unit, also forms a link in a chain of thought and intention that runs through his whole œuvre. By their better heightened and steady purpose they succeeded, led by Durand-Ruel, the Napoleon of dealers, in creating a circle of convinced and understanding patrons. They were willing to work for bread and water and their materials for many years. Masterpieces changed hands for £2, for £4. As to £12, "ça c'est déjà un prix." In that direction lies the salvation of English painting. A generation is arising here that has learnt its lesson from the Impressionists. They want little patrons for little portraits, little still-lifes and little landscapes. They will no longer consent to prepare expensive exhibition-posters, to "submit" them, or to pass the best nights of their youth awake with the hope of some day, by the favour of an "expert" or a group of "experts," hanging in Mr. Tate's collection by the side of Milais's "Speak, speak."


If evidence of Shakespeare's aversion from great women were needed, no more convincing proof could be offered than the absence of the wife of Polonius from the actors in "Hamlet." That she was in his thoughts when he wrote the play a consideration of the text and a notice of Shakespeare's avoidance of her mention will show. Beyond the explanation of Laertes,

That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold, to my father; for my sex,
Even here between the chaste, unsnatched brow
Of my true mother,

there is no direct reference to her. Ophelia "speaks much of her father" when she is insane, but not one word of her mother. This conspiracy of silence between Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia leads us to infer that she died during the childhood of Laertes and Ophelia; but that Shakespeare should have dramatically murdered a medieval Medea and given us a comic sketch of her husband classes him with Aristophanes, not with tragic poets like Aeschylus and Euripides. Euripides would have put Dame Polonius on the stage, would have shown her bearing or resenting the whole burden of the tragedy: Shakespeare, the rejected of Dame Fitton, tosses us off with Polonius. In "Macbeth" he shows us a man deprived by violence of his wife and children, and the sketch, though slight, is very small; in "Hamlet" he had the opportunity of showing us a great woman deprived by violence of her husband and children, of rivalling the worth of Polonius. The fact that he declined the task proves his weakness as a tragic poet much as his indifference to women who were not in love.

That the wife of Polonius was a strong character there is no doubt. Laertes evidently did not inherit his habit of prompt action and terms speech from Polonius. For Polonius, Hamlet, the keenest judge of character in the play, has nothing but contempt; the word "fool" is ever on his lips. These todays old fools.

Thou wretched, rash, astounding fool, farewell.

Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave
Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.

Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house.

True, Hamlet is the only person in the play who has this view of Polonius: Laertes and Ophelia both love him, the Queen calls him the good old man; Claudius replies to Polonius' question:

Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

"Not that I know," his cautionless betraying his ignorance of Polonius; but Hamlet is the only person
who has eyes, and he sometimes makes the mistake of supposing that other people are equally gifted. "Follow that lord, and look you mock him not," is his caution to the player; his perception of the ridiculous character of Polonius will not let him speak without a jibe. His contempt for this "great baby not yet out of his swaddling cloths" overflows, and the "great baby's" daughter suffers in consequence. But Laertes is "a very noble youth." When Hamlet is nearly throttled by him he exclaims:

What is the reason that you use me thus?

When he meets Laertes in the fencing match he concludes a generous speech of apology thus:

Sir, in this audience, Let my disclaiming from a purpose evill Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot my arrow o'er the house And hurt my brother.

There is no end to his admiration of Laertes, and as we know the type of man that Hamlet admires we may be sure that Laertes possessed the qualities of his ideal.

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay in my heart of heart, As I do thee, he says to Horatio. The reproach that he constantly addresses to himself is that he does not "with wings as swift as meditation, or the thoughts of love, sweep to his revenge."

For it cannot be But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall To make oppression bitter; or, ere this, I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal, he says. Laertes has this quality of prompt and decisive action that Hamlet admired, and had his blood not been tainted with the trickling tortuosity of Polonius the tragedy would have taken a very different turn.

Apart from the character of Laertes, though, there are indications of his mother in his speech and in the speech of Polonius. It cannot be doubted that the style is the same: Carlyle declared of Napoleon that "there are words in this man like Austerlitz battles." Polonius contemplates with reference to his discovery of Hamlet's madness that "he went round to work." The only doubt of his conclusion that he will allow is that it is brain of mine Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath w'd to do. He is as fond of espionage as a minister of Louis XI, and he loses his life in repeating the childish device of Polonius who said to his mother. He is ever in the rear of circumstance; he comes after Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the arrival of the players, and on another occasion to bid him go to his mother. As the man, so the style. His sentences rattle like the scales of a snake; he is afraid of a plain statement, and lengthens the most trivial declaration with particulars and parenthases. He cannot even say "I have a daughter" without adding, "have, while she is mine." His conception of plain speaking is:

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis p'y; And p'ty 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure; But farewell it, for I will use no art.

The instructions he gives to Reynaldo when he sends him to Paris show him completely; the tortuous policy resulting in the involved utterance of which he himself loses the thread. Yet it was Polonius who said:

Great brevity is the soul of wit. It is obvious that he was quoting; the observation was as foreign to his nature, policy, and ideal as the terseness of its expression was impossible to him. We see the real Polonius in the tag that he attaches:

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes. His memory of Dame Polonius flung this bursting grenade among the chaos of his thoughts and shattered his style; he quoted it just as he would have quoted "the molded queens" had the opportunity offered, and appropriated it to his own credit exactly as he did the knowledge of Hamlet's love for Ophelia.

(As I perceived it, I must tell you that, before my daughter told me.)

We find similar compact utterances in his farewell to Laertes.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of need, he says, and tags a with the unnecessary addendum: But do not dull thy palm with entertain'ment Of each new hatch'd, unfed'd gomade. Beware of entrance to a quartel.

Give every man thine ear, but fear thy voice.

The apparel oft proclaims the man. Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

To thine own self be true, are all evidences of another personality, and that he was quoting a woman is proved by the nature of the aphorisms and by the fact that in his capacity of "assistant to a state" he has not one phrase of a similar character. His wife's interest being limited to her household and the care of her children, she had nothing to say of politics; and Polonius' addresses to the throne lack the naked vigour of these epigrams. We see the same quality in Laertes appearing side by side with a proximity caught from Polonius, but not yet vitiated by his senile imbecility.

"This nothing's more than matter," he says when Ophelia babbles nonsense, a phrase that equals his mother's maxims in terseness. His farewell to Ophelia in the first act is full of similar forceful phrases, decorated with a poetry of exposition that is a great improvement on his father's crackling comments.

It is possible, then, to construct some idea of Dame Polonius if only by a process of elimination. Ophelia was her father's daughter in every sense, and with that conceit of himself that marks him he has an affection for his copy than for the son who has a large resemblance to his mother. He talks father-like and foolishly to Ophelia, but he hurries Laertes off the scene with the recollected wisdom of his wife. The fierce filial devotion of Laertes when he demands his father from the king is the transformation of the passionate maternal love of his mother. She must have been an ardent nature, swift in action, brave to the point of rashness, with little to say and that very much to the point, a woman born to rule. As I do thee, In my heart's core, ay in my heart of heart, That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him to say of politics and the thoughts of love, sweep to his revenge.

"I should have fatted all the region kites"

or, ere this, the observation was followed with single-minded stringency, and not to be deviated from on any account. Some of his critics have been pleased with the impartiality he has dis-

Anticipatory Reviews.

By Eric Dexter.

IV.—Without Prejudice.*

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY'S latest play is so much in the style of his others, with perhaps one exception, that one might almost begin to think that he had set out on his career as a playwright with a programme, which he has been followed with single-minded stringency, and not to be deviated from on any account. Some of his critics have been pleased with the impartiality he has dis-

played, and have praised it as the real dramatic impartiality, whilst others have quarrelled—even violently—with this very trait of Mr. Galsworthy, declaring that he falsifies the whole effect of his plays by the aloofness with which he treats his subjects. The former critics will be delighted, and the latter exasperated, by the drama which Mr. Galsworthy will publish in 1912, and which he has not yet begun to think about.

"The Level Scales" is the story of a man whose whole passion was to be even-handed; and it shows the impossibility of attaining even an approach to such a state of mind. The play opens with a duologue between Everard and his wife, in which Finkle at once displays the bias of his thoughts. He sits before the fire with a pair of boots beside him, whilst his wife is clearing away the breakfast things:

Finkle: I'm puzzled again, Jenny.
Jenny: What do you mean, Everard?
Finkle: It's these boots. Shall I put on the right one first, or the left one?
Jenny: Good heavens, are you going to begin that again?
Finkle: Haven't you any sense of justice, Jenny? I begin to think so women have.
Jenny: Oh, you carry justice too far.
Finkle: (reflectively) Yesterday I put on the left boot first, while you were cleaning the other. But then—let me open the door to refer to his pocket-diary—I put on the left boot first on Wednesday also.
Jenny: Suppose you go without your boots?
Finkle: Jenny, you are heartless. If you knew the agony of mind in which I put on my socks this morning! Here is the keynote. And in the second act Jenny says to her mother:

Everard is going mad, I think. Do you know, he was late for business yesterday, because he lay in bed half-an-hour too long, considering which leg of his trousers he ought to put on first.

Mrs. Mary: Why not put on both together?
Jenny: It's an hour practising that last night. He does it so well now, mother. Eut then he worries over his sleeves. He can't do them both at once.

At office, where a subsidiary part of the plot commences, Finkle says to his assistant:

Finkle: No: I can't bear Groggi's restaurant. Whale: Do you mean the restaurant at the A.B.C.?
Finkle: Yes, the restaurant on the A.B.C., and the next day, of course, to Groggi's.
Whale: It's a wonder you're not poisoned.
Finkle: I'm always ill on alternate days.
The "of course" is delightful.
Finkle's sister Anangke has two suitors. But, being smitten by her brother's disability (this delicate touch should win over the rubensists), she cannot choose between them. Freddie and Frankie implore her to decide:

Anangke: But I love you both!
Freddie: You might as well say you love neither.
Anangke: If my love is nothing to you—
Frankie: That isn't it. If there were three of us, what would you say then?
Anangke: I never thought of that. Suppose I married and then there was someone else! I think I'd better wait a bit.
Freddie: Then good-by. Anangke: Stop! Can't I marry you both?
Five seconds later she has no suitors.
The first scene of the Third Act is the Thames at a regatta. Finkle, Jenny and Anangke are in a row-boat, and he explains that he has a little flutter on the next race. "There are fourteen competitors," he says.

Jenny: And whom did you bet on?
Finkle: All of them, naturally. I couldn't make up my mind to back any particular one.
Jenny: But how many can win?
Finkle: Only one.
Anangke: I ought to make some money, anyway, because you're sure to have backed a winner.

The race being rowed (it will need some very "realistic" staging), Finkle finds, to his surprise, that he has lost twenty pounds. He is much depressed. The others persuade him to row up the river "where it's quiet; then you can swear, Everard," says Anangke. He does so; and his swearing upsets the boat.

Finkle is a fine swimmer. Neither of the ladies can swim. One can only imagine the catastrophe. After swimming around for awhile, trying to decide which to save first, Finkle swims on shore, in order to toss for it and so relieve himself of the necessity of making a decision. But he finds that he has paid away every coin he had except a double-headed penny! So he throws it on the bank whilst the two women drown. The curtain, with the lonely thinker gazing on the placid sheet of water as the silver Thames ripples to the sea, is magnificent.

The last scene is Finkle's study. Haggard, and worn by free-thinking, he has determined to commit suicide. He pulls out a revolver, and dropping into verse, declaims the fine soliloquy Mr. Galsworthy has put into his mouth:

This world, where justice is not to be had, I've had enough of; sick of it I am
(like poor James Jones), but unlike him distraught.
I search for equity and find despair.
For just as justice just is, just am I.
Forever, it is a bitter bitter thing.
That I, who would not wrong a pair of trousers by taking left ere right, or right ere left,
Who ponder o'er my slippers, and am pensive
 Ere I endue my nether limbs with socks,
Who have sought for joy and found but strife—
--I must see my wife and sister drown
Come, death!

He raises the revolver to his head, and then remembers that it has five chambers. Which shall he fire first? And must some be left unfired? He puzzled over this.

Resolved to be impartial to the last.

At length, worked up to a frenzy of self-hatred, he determines to fire one shot into each foot, two into his left arm, and the last into his brain. Only after firing the first four shots does he discover that the revolver is loaded only in four chambers; and the curtain descends on his scrambling to the window and throwing himself out.

I cannot do justice in the brief space at my disposal to the vivid presentation Mr. Galsworthy makes of his characters. "The Level Scales" will enhance the reputation of its author; although it cannot be called a satisfactory play.

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

I wish to draw attention to a rather remarkable French book which may possibly have escaped the notice of even those readers who specialise in modern French literature. "Parmi Les Hommes," by Lucien Jean (published by the Mercure de France, 3frs. 50c.) I am rather late in the day, as the book was issued last year, but never mind. Lucien Jean (his real name was Dideonne) was born in 1870 and died in 1908. He was the son of Parisian artisans, and at sixteen became an employee of the city of Paris; he remained a humble employee of the city of Paris to the end of his life. His health was feeble. He had to work hard; and I should doubt whether Paris ever paid him more than a hundred a year. He took his vocation seriously. He married and became the father of a family. He never tried to escape from the worldly humility of his sphere. He had a few friends, of whom one was the late Charles Louis Philippe. At twenty-five he entered into the fringe of literature and frequented the conversations of "La Plume," where were to be met the men who did, and still do, the hard and ill-paid work which renders possible the half-dozen small and really literary reviews of Paris. He actually founded a little monthly of his own, "Aujourd'hui," and ran it with his own money for several months. It died. He died. A year or so after his death his friend M. Georges Valois issues this simple volume containing short stories, character sketches, essays, impressions and criticism. He
never had fame; he never will have fame. But read the nine short stories. Read especially pathos in the first, an extraordinary charm in the what you think of them. There is surely the most brutal parody ever composed. Brutal, "L'Enfant," and "Souvenirs de l'Hôpital," of over-production—not in England alone do such accu-

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With malicious satisfaction I contrast this unaffected and artistically modest volume with the two loud-splash-

Those who would see what French parody now is should read "A la manière de. . ." by Paul Reboux and Charles Muller, published by Bernard Grasset. M. Grasset is a very young publisher who is probably destined to rival the great houses—the Murrays, the Longmans, and the Macmillans of France. M. Paul Reboux is the son of Catherine Reboux; and Catherine Reboux is—or, rather, was, for she no longer practises in person—the most celebrated hat maker in the world. The authors of "A la maaïre de. . ." have "taken off" Octave Mirbeau, Toits, Loti, Dickens, Zola, Daudet, Lamartine, and others. The parody of Mirbeau is surely the most brutal parody ever composed. Brutal, but not good! On the whole the volume did not im-
pres, but something different. I have added another really good novel to the English sevenpenny series

Messes. Nelson have now entered the field of Parisian publishing. They have started with works by Alphonse Daudet and Balzac—a series of reprints in a white and some modern fellows writing good stuff), but his best work is on such a very high level that one has got ac-

With regard to the sanguinary letter in the last issue of the New Aor, in which the "Reviewer of Vernon Lee's "Althea,"" took me to task for saying that I had not read his article on "Althea," or if I had, I had forgotten it. Having read my para-

I venture, somewhat indelicately, to prophesy that a hundred years hence the names of Cecil Sharp and Thomas Beecham will figure largely in the English musical dictionaries of that day. I confess to an in-

I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that the singing of Elena Gerhardt is the most superb thing of our time. It is possible that she could not (she certainly does not) turn vocal somersaults in the manner of Tetrazzini or Melba for instance. My own visits to recent music.

By Herbert Hughes. I

In my obstinacy I still think that Vernon Lee's article was "very brilliant," and that the "English Review" is in literature on the side of the angels. And in my obstinacy I still think so. But there can be no doubt that I am getting old.

Vernon Lee's article was...
—the dear things are often so pathetically right and so ridiculously wrong. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Beecham, with whose names there will not be the usual risk of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes, work upon lines as far apart as the Poles. In a sense both are public beneficiaries. In the last few years Mr. Sharp has a more formidable public patronage than any man alive or dead; and Mr. Beecham for art music in England is doing more than the dreams of any raving idealist have ever prophesied. One evening recently I went to hear Mr. Sharp give a lecture on the unsophisticated folk-dances of the English peasant in that most conservative, sophisticated and academic of all places in Western Europe—the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street. Mr. Sharp told how the Morris dance still survived in some out-of-the-way Oxfordshire villages; that it is a ceremonial dance associated with semi-Pagan, semi-Christian rites and ceremonies, and that, in those obscure parts of the country where it recently survived, and survives, it is, and was, danced (at Whitsuntide especially), with the utmost ceremony and formalism. The Country Dance, of which there are I do not know how many million variants in Mr. Sharp's MS. books, is a pleasure dance pure and simple, that had so much clarity in its soul that it went to France and came back to us, centuries after, as a Contre Danse in post-Napoleon days, before the early and middle-Victorian quadrille abominations of our grandmothers. (Early-Victorianism is in danger of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes,—so much for that.) Then Mr. Sharp, a pupil of a Polytechnic Institute in Chelsea, trained by Mr. Kimber, a traditional Morris dancer, danced beautifully while Mr. Sharp played the tunes on (alas!) a piano forte. The dancing was gay and beautiful as anything that could be, and as far removed from the manicured automaton of our grandmothers. (Early-Victorianism is in danger of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes,—so much for that.) Then Mr. Sharp, a pupil of a Polytechnic Institute in Chelsea, trained by Mr. Kimber, a traditional Morris dancer, danced beautifully while Mr. Sharp played the tunes on (alas!) a piano forte. The dancing was gay and beautiful as anything that could be, and as far removed from the manicured automaton of our grandmothers. (Early-Victorianism is in danger of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes,—so much for that.)

Mr. Beecham's philanthropic work at Covent Garden and His Majesty's Theatre is, in its way, the most important musical event of the last two hundred years. I do not doubt that those unversed readers of this paper who have idleness enough to read my occasional column will hardly appreciate all this wild language about two men of comparatively unknown attainments. But let me assure you that, on the one hand, Mr. Sharp, in collecting and assisting in preserving the folk music and dance of so many English centuries, has done more for England, and for the world, than any man who has been more widely read. Mr. Kimble, in his notes of last week he remarks:—"Mr. Sharp's achievements. On the other hand, also let me assure you that Mr. Thomas Beecham, in the face of much adverse criticism and pessimistic warnings, has carried through a successful season of opera at Covent Garden, and is now engaged at His Majesty's Theatre upon the most memorable reason of opera conique ever given in this country. At Covent Garden his season included the first performances here of "Elettra," which, while not so widely sung as the other, and his present season at His Majesty's includes a festival of Mozart's light operas, which will have been accomplished before these, and was the most superb opera (mostly superb operas), ranging from Mozart to Arthur Sullivan ('"Ivanhoe"'), Debussy and Richard Strauss, Mr. Beecham has been doing, and threatening to continue doing, the work of generations of art patrons and promoters. Mr. Beecham has been (as no doubt he anticipated) somewhat handicapped by engaging a British cante for these performances. The desire is praiseworthy, no doubt, for it encourages young British singers to study seriously for the operatic stage, for which some of the finest music in the world has been written; but it is also in the nature of an exposure of our present operatic talent (hang that word). Some of our hopefuls can sing prettily enough, but only about three of them can act. Anyhow, the performance of "Hansel und Gretel" gave us an admirable soloist in Mr. Harry Dearn. His voice is well known on Messrs. Beecham's platforms, but his jolly, casual playing of the fiddle at Humperdinck's masterpiece was altogether pleasant and something of a discovery.

Miss Marie Novello and Mr. Gervase Elwes both appeared recently at the concert of the South Herts Orchestral Society. Miss Novello is one of the finest of the younger pianists, and the vitality and exuberance of her playing of a Mendelssohn concerto were most joyful to listen to. Both she and Miss May Harrison, the fiddler, have convinced me that Mr. Turveydrop Mendelssohn was an engaging personality. I have been taken to task for repeating it, but I still agree with the man who said he had the soul of a dancing master. . . . At this concert Mr. Elwes sang some of the songs of Roger Quilter, which are making history in their own gentle way. In some occult fashion Mr. Quilter has captured the soul of Robert Herrick and translated its fragrance into pure Herrick music. His settings of "To Daisies" and "Julia's Hair" rank with the best of Schumann's settings of Heine. Indeed, I do not doubt—and I have said so before in this place—that Row has speaking from the anti-anticlassical point of view; to-morrow I will plead the beauty of mid-Victorian drawing-room architecture and design, but just immediately after Mr. Sharp played the tunes on (alas!) a piano forte. The dancing was gay and beautiful as anything that could be, and as far removed from the manicured automaton of our grandmothers. (Early-Victorianism is in danger of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes,—so much for that.) Then Mr. Sharp, a pupil of a Polytechnic Institute in Chelsea, trained by Mr. Kimber, a traditional Morris dancer, danced beautifully while Mr. Sharp played the tunes on (alas!) a piano forte. The dancing was gay and beautiful as anything that could be, and as far removed from the manicured automaton of our grandmothers. (Early-Victorianism is in danger of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes,—so much for that.) Then Mr. Sharp, a pupil of a Polytechnic Institute in Chelsea, trained by Mr. Kimber, a traditional Morris dancer, danced beautifully while Mr. Sharp played the tunes on (alas!) a piano forte. The dancing was gay and beautiful as anything that could be, and as far removed from the manicured automaton of our grandmothers. (Early-Victorianism is in danger of being either pathetic or ridiculous when the time comes,—so much for that.)

Drama.

By Dudley Doughty.

The Uncritical Attitude.

There is an epidemic among authors at present of a craving to teach critics their business. Mr. Shaw refers in his recent interview to the "vulgar operation" of his last play by the Press. Mr. Barker has, I believe, devoured to the torrent of Mr. Walkley's quotations from Aristotle. And now Mr. Jacob Tonson is attending the funeral of the late Repertory Theatre at a respectful distance behind these two chief mourners, but with a shrill lamentation all his own. In his notes of last week he remarks:—"Whenever anybody honestly tries to do anything for the sake of literary art (of which the drama is a branch) be sure that he will be attacked on all sides as though he was a menace to society. But let a man honestly support ancient prejudices and foolishness, and even the most ruthless critics will have an indulgent word for him. This is natural." I desire to point out that it is not natural, for the simple reason that it does not happen to be true. Dramatic criticism in England may be at a very low ebb, but the canons of the "Reformation" are not necessarily forgotten when the Albert Hall has crumbled to dust.

Straus' improper comic-opera "Feuersnot" is to be produced at His Majesty's on July 9.
what does Mr. Tonson expect? On what other ground would he have them condemned? He continues:—

"As may or may not be bad plays, but I will lay the price of a mourning suit that either of them is infinitely superior to, for example, ‘Glass Houses.’" Why “Glass Houses” rather than “The Bad Girl of the Family” or “The Dawn of a To-morrow”? Clearly the argument is transparable to saying, “This may or may not be a rose, but I am prepared to wager that it is infinitely superior to a carrot.” I trust that Messrs. Shaw and Barker will be duly grateful to Mr. Tonson. And as for the mourning suit, he may purchase it himself with a good conscience, and wear it in memory of “Misalliance.”

"Execrable or superb,” he goes on, “Mr. Granville Barker was bound to produce them, because they were plays put seriously forward by serious dramatists who have led the movement which has made the repertory idea possible.” This is indisputable. A manager is at liberty to produce anything he chooses. But Mr. Tonson is sitting dictatorially upon the fence. His contribution to the repertory controversy can be of no avail unless he is prepared to state whether, in his own opinion, the plays referred to are execrable or superb, and to support his contention by argument. That is the function of criticism. In this hard world Mr. Tonson cannot have his cake and eat it. He cannot criticise the critics and, at the same time decline to criticise the plays they have condemned. If his plea means anything at all it means that two or, if we may be permitted, two experienced and successful dramatists should be judged not by its intrinsic merits or demerits, but by its superiority to a commonplace adaptation from the French or by the previous services to the drama of its authors. In making such a suggestion be does criticism a grave disservice. It is infinitely more important to the drama that the defects of a serious play shall be pointed out than that its virtues shall be praised. The virtues can well look after themselves, whereas if we are entitled to demand from the Theatre—the giving of a real artistic pleasure. The pleasure is lasting. The emotion that art gives us cannot be destroyed. But the faults of plays—particularly the fundamental weaknesses of bad construction and slovenly workmanship—readily find imitators and help to set up a false tradition that retards a movement. This danger is at the present moment a very real one. I have above quoted Mr. Jacob Tonson’s article in the ‘Morning Post’ on July 21st, 1910, saying:—

"Artistic terns (of which the drama is a branch).” Now there is a sense in which it is true that the drama is a branch of literary art, for the dialogue which clothes drama is a part of literature. The writer who is convinced that his own views are sound he will kill it and has failed; it is the business of criticism to ensure that the repertory theatres writ small shall not follow its example."

Mr. Tonson (as he has several times remarked) is the author of a number of novels. I have no doubt that as a good craftsman himself he understands and esteems the value of craft in the writing of fiction. It is the more surprising, therefore, to find him taking the field in defence of the casual school in the Theatre. I have read Mr. Tonson’s literary criticism with great interest for several years, but I have not yet considered that the repertory theatre movement needs gentle nursing. As a writer with a potential interest in the royalties of provincial repertory theatres akin to Mr. Tonson’s own, I can assure him that the movement needs nothing but the support of the literary public, and it is in great need of criticism—of serious criticism that ignores the standards of the commercial theatre, and demands no less than the best that dramatists can give. But it is well out of its swaddling clothes, and it can dispense with Mr. Tonson’s well-meant offer of the bottle.

It is an admirable rule, hallowed by all the creeds of all the Churches, to affirm and afterwards to prove. I have referred to the later Shaw-Barker plays as representing the casual school in the Theatre. If Mr. Tonson wants my reasons, I refer him to my article in a recent issue on “The Alleged Break Up of Dramatic Tradition,” in which I attempted to show that the most pressing need of the present Theatre is the restoration of an effective dramatic form, apart altogether from such intellect-matter as’s. The whole of the present trouble arises from bad logic. There is a fallacy known, I believe, to logicians as a false syllogism or illicit conversion, which may be expressed in the statement “Every rhinoceros is a quadruped, therefore every quadruped is a rhinoceros.” Translated into the terms of the Theatre, it reads, “Every play is a dialogue, therefore every dialogue is a play.” Of all dramatic errors, this is the most insidious. The Repertory Theatre writ large has fallen partially into it and has failed; it is the business of criticism to ensure that the repertory theatres writ small shall not follow its example.

This controversy elsewhere is rapidly approaching the point of senility. On Thursday last Mr. Shaw addressed an extraordinary letter to the “Daily Telegraph” in defence of himself and Mr. Barker. After stating that “Misalliance” represents a return to the Greek form of drama (on the curiously inadequate ground that it observes the unities of time and place) he continues:—

"I entirely agree that ‘recent views, sound opinions’ are more desirable than ‘original views.’ At the same time, I regard a writer who is convinced that his views are right and sound as a very dangerous kind of lunatic. He is to be feared, for his presence and his delusion is that he is the Pope, or even a higher authority than the Pope.” After this, Mr. Wallisley should have no difficulty in demolishing him. It is only necessary to point out (1) Unless a writer is convinced that his own views are sound he is not worth listening to at all; and (2) there never was any one so admirably coxcombic, so passionately convinced of the rightness and soundness of his own opinions as Mr. Shaw himself. In his prefaces he extols his own “normality of vision”; in his dramatic criticisms in the “Saturday ” he lectured anybody and everybody ex cathedra for many years. The inference must be so distressing to all right-minded Shavianists that I forbear to draw it. But the really satisfactory conclusion is that the school of “Misalliance” and ‘The Madras House’ is clearly on its deathbed. Another of Mr. Shaw’s letters to the “Times” will kill it outright, and I look forward confidently to seeing Mr. Tonson in his mourning suit.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

"What is the matter with Art?” recently inquired "Aesthetic" in the “Wallasey News.” A few years ago, when wandering about the world, I came across a philosopher-recluse plastered, swallow-like, against the Andes. Here amid vital influences shed, abandoned to speculation. He had felt the lack of appreciation, and was now on his way back to Eden in quest of the true Self, wherein he had discovered appreciation is alone to be sought and discovered. Leaving him to float on his mood in an elemental world of ecstasy, I went my way. Herein is the reply to “Aesthetic.” Art, like philosophy, is suffering from want of appreciation, but not the sort usually understood. I mean not, however, discarding the point here. Man has interposed money between himself and it. The present one is compelled to speak of the work of his intelligence, or want of it, in terms of money. This was the direction of Mr. D. S. MacColl's passion, energy,
enough enthusiasm and artistic outlook when summing up the points of the Whitechapel Art Gallery at the concluding ceremony. Said Mr. MacColl referring to the impressionist works, "The pictures we see now will be sold in fifty years time just as the Pre-Raphaelites are now being sold. There will be plenty of painters unmoved by this bifold statement, especially those who are turning out these same pictures. As a painter Mr. MacColl was no doubt annoyed with the public want of appreciation of art. But how annoyed the Director of the Tate Gallery was when his fellow experts' treatment of the same subject. It would, however, appear as though he did not notice it, for I did not hear him say there were far too many of some painters' pictures in the exhibition, and not enough of some other painters' works. I do not blame this, and nothing by several new and deserving men. And there were other things that escaped him. His long list of appreciation contained no mention of Conder's exquisite "Brighton," nor of 'Nirvana,' and a beautiful full, delicately portfolio scrap by comparatively unimportant little living men. Every student of Chavannes must know that his studies were made with a definite object, they were notes for larger pictures, and their interest for us is chiefly reflex. They are, so to speak, the records of the great draughtsman, of Albert Crawhall, Sir John Millais, and the modern architectural study of Dieppe, with its more deduced impressionist influences; and the wonderful Joseph Sargent. Nor did he express sorrow at Johannes Vermeer being obliged to put up with a dreadful Milais, and his very poor Puvis de Chavannes. But perhaps he felt like the rest of us, that Sir Hugh Lane had, all things considered, formed a really creditable nucleus of a collection, which, if imperfect and proportioned, would no doubt later receive the right additions."

A further explanation of the want of appreciation may be sought in the artist himself. I sometimes think that it is the fashion among many modern artists to do exactly the wrong thing. They exhibit work to inspire dealers, and not to inspire appreciation. The exhibition of J. May Crawhall at the Alpine Club Gallery nicely illustrates my meaning. Side by side with drawings by de Chavannes there were sketches by living men. The first were membranda by a great dead man, the second, the portfolio of Albert Rothenstein. Seeing that it points to a source of much scientific, political, philosophical movements have been expressing themselves for the last century or two, in little groups contained in watertight compartments, each refusing to become accessible to the ideas of the other, or to expand and form new associations, each, in fact, remaining so exclusive and limited in its operations as seriously to imperil the value of the work as a whole. Does not this, itself, seem like a stubborn refusal to even read plainly another man's idea? For, surely, my letter may be called catholic alongside that of the Art Editor! As a communist, who has fought his little fight for a wider communism, as one who has "enthusiasm without fanaticism, and independence without anarchy," I give the universal idea, revived by Mr. Huntly Carter, my blessing. But it was unnecessary to state this; I am twitted (again without argument) by Mr. Gordon Poel. He put the question to me, in which he indicated"the artistic's being merely a light, and the critical imperfection of those that utter it. This is as illuminating to me as the statement that Philip Taylor Barnum, in speaking of his performing elephants, chimpanzees, and Japanese mermaids, were enabled by a путтель saying that they saw burning or hot anything. But I certainly must agree that reduced to the Art Editor's "final analysis," there is no difference between one art or another, nor between this and that. It is all wrong. Notes, scraps, memoranda should be kept for the biographer, who will bring them into their proper proportions and relations, or burn them. There are of course exceptions, and one may be made in the case of the refined, refreshing, and observed line draughtsmanship of Albert Rothenstein. Seeing that it points to a source of much sincere work. Of other exhibits the series of woodcuts, presumably by Miss G. Darwin, should have inspired most praise. Her work is really remarkable for things considered, formed a really creditable nucleus of a collection, which, if imperfect and proportioned, would no doubt later receive the right additions."

Work more likely to inspire praise and poets may be found at the Goupil Gallery. One might write a sonnet on the "Passarelli" (41) and some very fascinating verse on the two "Peploe" (25 and 45), painted very rapidly but with great knowledge and dexterity. Swan's scholarly work would carry some verses well up the slopes of Parnassus, and the three charming Sisley pastels (10, 11 and 12), with their delightful fresh colour, to higher slopes. Though there is no dazzling palette to lift poets to the heights, there is much in this summer exhibition to prevent them from remaining remote and inglorious.
With regard to the letters of Mr. Schloesser and of Mr. O. E. Post there is nothing to reply in the way of argument. It is lucidity itself, and the difference between Mr. Schloesser and myself is simply one of judgment. I think permanent European morbidity, that which Catholocism is the concrete form. He does not, I think that if you train men to a servile condition in which they shall be well housed, well looked after, and thoroughly managed by other people at the cost of their honour and freedom, you do not tend to make of them men willing to sacrifice anything for an ideal. He does. I brought in my reference to Germany not because Mr. Schloesser's name is German, for I don't suppose he is a German for a moment of the German (or Prussian) example is this, that in Prussia by treating men in this way you make them incapable of revolution. There is no more virile action is less to be feared from the masses of the population than Prussia.

Mr. Schloesser thinks, apparently, that we shall live to see Prussia a State in which the means of production shall have been turned into a common stock, and given to the masses. I do not. There again, the difference between us is merely a difference of judgment. It is not and I hope of positive consequence.

Again, Mr. Schloesser, like many Socialists, is of the opinion that the ideal of a State in which the mass of citizens own the means of production as private property, is a funny sort of fad held by one man, and to be described by his name. I should have said that such states had, as a fact, Europeans for long periods of time and had proved happy and stable. I should have added that such an ideal appears to have been the normal ideal of heroes from the very earliest moments of our records. Mr. Schloesser does not think that; and again, the question is a question of judgment, not fact. I judge European history, early history especially, on the whole to have been written truly. He does not; and neither of us can prove our case because it is a question of opinion.

As to what Mr. Post says, it is evident that in a normal and healthy society of the sort I describe economic security would be generalised and would not be universal.

The minority not in possession of the means of production as private property, is a minority of economic insecurity and would be inevitably, by public opinion and the general atmosphere created by the economic freedoms existing all round. Citizens in such a State are the citizens as the minority who would be "employed" here and there and would not be in the same condition or anything approaching to it, as the vast majority are to-day in those unhappy and diseased societies to which collectivism appeals as a desperate way out.

Mr. Post further asks how the insecurity of this minority, however small in a normal healthy State, can be kept from cancelling the security of the great mass. Why should it threaten that security? When has there been the presence of a certain small proportion of waste or exception of itself destroyed a society? What has ruined economic security in Europe since the beginning is not a series of mechanical changes, but a change, or rather a corruption of minds which produced and counselled the methods which ultimately built up modern capitalism.

T. MARTIN WOOD.

A SHORT DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

1. Socialism is based on the assumption that human well-being and happiness in society on this earth are the first and supreme object of human endeavour, and that this utilitarian aim (in the widest sense) is the sole criterion and sanction of luxury.

2. That the more explicit determination of the above initial assumption is to be found in the ethical triad—"liberty—equality—fraternity"—as being its necessary condition even though in the precise nature of its application it may vary with circumstances inasmuch as it is relative and not absolute.

3. That the primary material means to the realisation of society which is winning the favour of Society, if that is worth anything. But still, as Mr. Sickert points out, "Tilly Pullen" elsewhere prevails. He does not object to her, only he would tell her it on his own behalf, that it would become interesting. He bids the artist start off and follow her to her "shabby little house," as if he were there to find salvation. And it is, perhaps, the painter's lack of subtlety and vulgar "Graphic"-artist-ship to the phase of life that conditions her existence, this implies, to approach the fount of inspiration. But he fails to add that life cannot be approached by the artist except by special invitation, and that it is not possible to approach life at the same table. It is not snobbish to have the predilection for the expensive side of life. And it is quite time that some psychologist made an attempt to explain the difference between the snobs and those who, following Vandyke and Watteau, like this life for its own graces. Mr. Sickert does not seem to infer that the Degenerate, taste in life, the predilection for the laundry woman and the worn-out dancer could or should be everybody's. On glancing again at his article I see perhaps he does not infer this, he says that "there is wealth of beauty and consolation in following out the form of anything." Coming from him, I can only hope that this is a funny sort of fad held by one man, and to be described by his name. I should have said that such states had, as a fact, Europeans for long periods of time and had proved happy and stable. I should have added that such an ideal appears to have been the normal ideal of heroes from the very earliest moments of our records. Mr. Schloesser does not think that; and again, the question is a question of judgment, not fact. I judge European history, early history especially, on the whole to have been written truly. He does not; and neither of us can prove our case because it is a question of opinion.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"TILLY PULLEN, ETC."

It is quite right of Mr. Walter Sickert, on behalf of beauty, to point out that beauty is not an attempt to put back the old fallacy of the former's lack of subtlety and vulgar "Graphic"-artist-on-a-large-scale style, every woman turns to something worse than a burmaid and puts it on to the Degas taste in life, the whole human constitution which is winning the favour of Society which is winning the favour of Society, if that is worth anything. But still, as Mr. Sickert points out, "Tilly Pullen" elsewhere prevails. He does not object to her, only he would tell her it on his own behalf, that it would become interesting. He bids the artist start off and follow her to her "shabby little house," as if he were there to find salvation. And it is, perhaps, the painter's lack of subtlety and vulgar "Graphic"-artist-ship to the phase of life that conditions her existence, this implies, to approach the fount of inspiration. But he fails to add that life cannot be approached by the artist except by special invitation, and that it is not possible to approach life at the same table. It is not snobbish to have the predilection for the expensive side of life. And it is quite time that some psychologist made an attempt to explain the difference between the snobs and those who, following Vandyke and Watteau, like this life for its own graces. Mr. Sickert does not seem to infer that the Degenerate, taste in life, the predilection for the laundry woman and the worn-out dancer could or should be everybody's. On glancing again at his article I see perhaps he does not infer this, he says that "there is wealth of beauty and consolation in following out the form of anything." Coming from him, I can only hope that this is a funny sort of fad held by one man, and to be described by his name. I should have said that such states had, as a fact, Europeans for long periods of time and had proved happy and stable. I should have added that such an ideal appears to have been the normal ideal of heroes from the very earliest moments of our records. Mr. Schloesser does not think that; and again, the question is a question of judgment, not fact. I judge European history, early history especially, on the whole to have been written truly. He does not; and neither of us can prove our case because it is a question of opinion.

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2. That the more explicit determination of the above initial assumption is to be found in the ethical triad—"liberty—equality—fraternity"—constituting the aim of Socialism is a reality and not merely a formal "liberty—equality—fraternity."

3. That the primary material means to the realisation of the ends of Society are the means of production as private property, and material of production, distribution and exchange by the whole community, and their working and utilisation for the purposes of a classless cooperative community would supersede the present class-state.

4. That the only ultimate criterion of truth in all things is human perception and human reason duly trained and
exercised; and that all (so-called) truth claiming to derive itself from any other channel is illusory.

5. That seeing that as stated in (1) social utility or the reverse is the sole criterion of conduct, and that (c.f. 2) liberty, personal and social, is fundamental to Socialism, it follows that those actions characterised by Mill as self-regarding actions, i.e., such actions as have no direct social reference, are morally indifferent, and hence the course of the individual, direct or indirect, with regard to them is contrary to the principles of Socialism.

[It must be borne in mind here that in order to come under the ban of society it should be demonstrable that a particular action must necessarily or probably be directly injurious as to some interests, not that it may so indirectly. The latter is usually a matter of individual opinion, and once the judgments of mere private opinion in these matters exalted to the rank of law, the past and present death-knell of all liberty whatever. Hence, in the liberty essential to Socialism is involved the full freedom of the individual in matters not directly controversy between the personal liberty guaranteed by Socialism. One must learn here, it may be observed, to distinguish between aesthetic repulsion and moral blame.]

6. That for the present time and as far as we can see, democracy in politics is the best means of obtaining, through political progress, political Socialism, though democracy is but the means to an end (viz., Socialism), and not that end itself, since the means, democracy, implies the will of other individuals or affecting the structure of society. For example, all coercion of the individual in sexual relations apart from the question of offspring, is an infringement of the personal liberty guaranteed by Socialism. One must learn here, it may be observed, to distinguish between aesthetic repulsion and moral blame.

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7. That the first political aim of Socialists in the present day should be the destruction of the power of private property, either as exercised directly by the representation of the interests of private property in the legislature, or indirectly by existing Government bureaucracies, which, have in their hands the administrative powers of political and social machinery, is actually obtaining a power which, in either case of the representation of private property, and to further the interests of the property classes.

AN OLD SOCIALIST.

[We shall be glad to receive similar "Short Definitions" from our readers.—Em N.A.]

AN EREWHONIAN VISITOR.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

On arriving in England from Erewhon, I find myself plunged into discussion on all sides of the Constitutional question, and yet the solution finally adopted by us Erewhonians of the same problems does not appear to be so much as mooted over here. True, it is drastic; but, as finally noted for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, apropos of the Poor Law:

"For it is not the way of a wise surgeon to waste tears and encomiums on a disease that needs the knife."

In Erewhon some years ago, as in England to-day, a growing change had taken place in the House of Lords (a survival of the Middle Ages, but not of the finest, but the effete of the nation, existed side by side with the multitudinously voiced claim of women to a share in the government of their country. Reform was admittedly necessary; yet opinions and efforts rose and broke, like waves, on the rocks of prejudice, till an observant recluse, who had nothing to lose by audacity, emerged from his retreat and made a speech, of which the following is the briefest possible summary.

Fellow countryman, he said, "let us look things squarely in the face. It is clear (1) that there must be two Chambers; (2) that the Lords must go; (3) that the women should have a say. Now, what is this? In the old Parliament, Lords or ladies, or both, have the vote. In this Parliament, do they have the vote?"

I penned the subjoined address to my Fellow countryman:—

"To the Editor of "The New Age."

I fancy that the caustic brilliance of Mr. Alfred E. Randall is occasionally discernible—and in the article in this week's issue of The New Age, "Professedly Gorged Saysberries," with my fancy informing me in this wise, I penned the subjoined address to your contributor, and trust that with your usual wisdom and tolerance you will give it a place in your correspondence columns.

Sir,—This is the sense your horoscope affords (Bungay informed me)—so be careful Elf, and keep a sharp look-out upon yourself.

O what a pity 'tis you weren't "ended"!—Yes, head and shoulders higher than the crowd. But you, intent upon your own mad jingle. Of prose and rhyme, deliberately did single Some wretched ugly tares of crass expression To lend you point. Now, friend, your pet obsession Which paralyses sense and weakens diction, To prick therewith that iridescent bubble— A minor versifier's reputation.

I, now, my fine critic, without affectation I'll say at once that I, and even you, could turn out better lyrics or the view Of an intelligent people. You cite with scorn That there was grain to greet your awful eye, And keep a sharp look-out upon yourself.

Once more the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of the flock, Randall is once again discernible — and in the article in this week's issue of The New Age, "Professedly Gorged Saysberries," with my fancy informing me in this wise, I penned the subjoined address to your contributor, and trust that with your usual wisdom and tolerance you will give it a place in your correspondence columns.

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O what a pity 'tis you weren't "ended"!—Yes, head and shoulders higher than the crow...
does this mean that parts one and two were also inde-
cipherable and inserted without the author's corrections?
Again, the addition of a "to be concluded" at the end would
have explained everything, even to M. Bourget himself.
But the short paragraph prefixed to the article, and the fact
that nowhere did any indication appear that it was not
definitely concluded, naturally led the reader to wonder at
M. Bourget's abruptness, and also to the author's letter in the
"Echo de Paris." Why was some such indication given?
It is odd, is it not, that the third part of the article
does not always escape the fatuous. In particular I
view no such phrase as
"Roosevelt: The Great Chief of the Boy Scouts."
reaches nearly the acme of fatuity. Moreover, in printing
not I that
Sidney Webb: Socialism on wires. S. L. T.
a number

I have tried my hand on some popular personages with
the following results. If the epigrams are not good it is
not I that am to blame.
Asquith and Balfour: A pound of lead and a pound of
feathers—which is the heavier?
John Burns: Robespierre turned Turgot.
Winston Churchill: The Adventurer (L.)
Austen Chamberlain: The fabulous frog in cautiously
untefaction.
Kitchener: The Iron Mask.
Roosevelt: The Great Chief of the Boy Scouts.
Morley: The paralytic podagogue.
Sir Edward Grey: The draughtsman at chess.
Rosengarten: The cardboard Sphinx.
Lloyd George: Socialism with blank cartridges.
Sidney Webb: Socialism on wires.

* * *
MORE EPIGRAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have tried my hand on some popular personages with
the following results. If the epigrams are not good it is
not I that am to blame.

"The NEW AGE" REVIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I say a word about your reviews? In common with
a number of other people, I find in them a carping spirit
which is steadily growing, and an affectation of superiority
which does not always escape the farrious. In particular I
beg you to allow me to record my opinion that the review,
in last week's issue, of Mr. George Bourne's "Memos of a
Surrey Labourer"—a work published some two years ago—
reaches nearly the acme of fatuity. Moreover, in printing
such an article THE NEW AGE is inconsistent, for it has
spoken and again that Mr. George Bourne is a great
writer, and his two Bettoworth books, great books. In my
view no such phrase as "Mr. Bourne's obtrusive and offensive
personality" ought to have appeared in THE NEW AGE.
I send this protest because I have a particular regard for
THE NEW AGE.

AROLEN BENNETT.

Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, W. M., "Sable and Purple," Morning
Leader, June 25.

ARNOLD, J. C., "Woman and the Law," Daily

BEGBIE, HAROLD, "Old and New: Some Con-

BELLOC, HILAIRE, "The Death of Wanderer
Peter," Daily News, June 24; "More Little Towns: Bourg
d'Oisans," Westminster Gazette, June 24; "The Un-
known People," Morning Post, June 25.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "Summer Shows," Sat-
urday Review, June 25.

BLACKWOOD, ALGELRON, "In a Caucasus

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "To Be or Not to Be," Clar-
ron, June 24.

News, June 25.

CLODD, EDWARD, "Primitive Man—His Mark!"
Daily Chronicle, June 25.

C O X, HAROLD, "The Conference in Being,
Graphic, June 25.

D R I N K WAT ER, JOHN, "The Waterways of

DUNSMANY, Lord, "Jestsam," Saturday Review,
June 25.

FAWCETT, Mrs., "Women in Politics and the
Vote," Times, June 25 (letter to the Editor).

FORD, ISABELLA O., "A Day with the Moun-

FOSTER, FRANK, "Problems of Municipal Con-

G A L S W O R T H Y, JOHN, "Women and the Sub-
trage," Times, June 21 (letter to the Editor).

G R A H A M, STEPHEN, "A Night in a Russian

GREEN, F. E., "Keep Off the Earth: By Order of

HEWLETT, MAURICE, "An Uncritical Crisis,
Labour Leader, June 24.

HUBERT, "Nature versus Nurture: Is Genius the
Product of Birth or Training?" Sunday Chronicle,
June 26.

LANG, ANDREW, "The Publication of a Mur-
derer's Confessions," Illustrated London News,
June 25; "The Psychology of Golf," Morning Post,
June 24.

LEE, VERNON, "Monsieur Bourget on France and
England as Joint Tutors of Germany," Westminster
Gazette, June 25.

LUCY, SIR HENRY, "Changes and Changes," Ob-
server, June 26.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "Premature Peace: The
Conference and its Issues," Morning Leader, June 20.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "What is True about
England?" Morning Leader, June 23; "The Grocery
Duties: A Useful Protectionist Weapon," Daily
Chronicle, June 24; "The Big Revolver," Daily News,
June 22.

O'CONNOR, T. P., "An Unsettled House," Re-
nold's, June 26.

PALMER, E. CLEPHAN, "The Philistines' Club,
"Morning Leader, June 25.

PINON, R., "Une Confédération Balkanique Est-
dible Possible?" Revue des Deux Mondes, June 15.

PUGH, EDWIN, "Judicious Praise," Morning
Leader, June 25.

RAWNSLEY, Canon, "How the King Came to

RHYS, ERNEST, "Thackeray and the House of

RICKETTS, CHAS., "Chinese Paintings in the
British Museum," Morning Post, June 20.

ROOD, CLARENCE, "London's Lure," Daily

RUNCIMAN, JOHN F., "The Divine Mozart,
Saturday Review, June 25.

SACKVILLE, Lady MARGARET, "Mr. Locke's
Muse," Literary Post, June 22.

SHAW, G. BERNARD, "Leaving Aristole Out,
"Times, June 23 (letter to the Editor).

SINCLAIR, UPTON, "Warren at St. Paul,
"Clarion, June 24.

TIT TERTON, W. R., "What Were Life without a
Figure?" "Vanity Fair, June 22.

TRENC H, HERBERT, "Dramatic Values and a

Leader, June 22.

UNIAČEK, JOHN, "A Shavian Philosophy," Vanity
Fair, June 22.

WALTERS, GEO. (of Sydney), "The Victory of the
Australian Labour Party," Christian Commonwealth,
June 22 (letter to the Editor).

WARD, Mrs. HUMPHRY, "Women in Politics and
the Vote," Times, June 20 (letter to the Editor).

WELLS, H. G., "The Endowment of Motherhood,
"Daily Mail, June 22; "Roosevelt in Europe," Collier's
Weekly, June 18.

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

32.—HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

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1880 AN OLD MASTER. Comedy, one act.

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1896 THE ROGUE'S COMEDY. Three acts. (Macmillan. 2/6.)
1896 THE RENASCENCE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA. One vol., 340 pp. 8vo. (Macmillan. 6.)

1897 THE PHYSICIAN. Four acts. (Macmillan. 2/6.)
1897 THE LIARS. Comedy, four acts. (Samuel French. 2/6.)
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