THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART.


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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government are having a long rope, but they will assuredly hang themselves in the end. A fortnight ago we had occasion to deplore the Birthday Honours’ List, the most disgraceful and shameless of which any recent Cabinet has been guilty. This week it is the “Nation” which is almost in despair over the Civil List, a List which adds nearly a quarter of a million per annum to the royal salaries. But what can either the “Nation” or The New Age do? Though time and again we turn away in disgust from the spectacle of an obviously corrupt politics, our wandering eyes rest on no more hopeful vision elsewhere. Willing enough to throw away the dirty water, would it be wise to do so until we have seen? And where is the clean? Apparently we must continue the task of criticism, despairing yet not giving in. Perhaps after some years understanding will begin to dawn on the people.

We are not the only observers to feel alarm at the cynicism of politics, which increases with the apathy of the public. If we were we might feel disposed to enjoy our singularity. But everywhere, and even in the most unlikely places, dissatisfaction is being expressed. We do not know whether the Cabinet has any ulterior purpose in thus making itself an object of despatch and disgust; but certain it is that these feelings in regard to it are becoming widely spread. It is fair to dissociate this dissatisfaction from the merely party recognitions. Willing enough to throw away the dirty water, would it be wise to do so until we are bound to say that we agree with its purport. It is they and their ideals that are perpetually being misrepresented and sacrificed; while, on the whole, it is their enemies whose word is regarded by the Cabinet with deference. This, surely, is the only conclusion to be drawn from the series of concessions made by the Government during the last few weeks; concessions beginning with the holding of a Conference and reaching, let us hope, their climax in the Civil List at which the “Nation” turns.

Something of this moral discontent in the present of politics has become articulate in a novel and somewhat romantic appeal in the current “Hibbert Journal” to the Gentlemen of England. If we understand the reasoning of this highly interesting document we are bound to say that we agree with its purport. It is pointed out that the regeneration of England can scarcely be brought about by the sole agency of the working classes, even with the help of the “intellectuals.” Discredit can so easily be fastened on the equipment or the motives of any leaders in a purely proletarian movement of reform. On the other hand, party politicians are equally discredited. The document therefore appeals to the gentlemen of England irrespective of their class or of their whitem politics, in a word, to English patriots. This is so similar in aim to our own comments of the last six months that we have no hesitation in endorsing it; but we must observe that the race of English gentlemen is rapidly dwindling, that the task before them is colossal, that they are without an organ or an organisation, and that so far as we can see their ideas are somewhat out of date. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, something, we are sure, could be done if properly attempted. The direction, in our view, should be less political than social. less public than private, and less critical than constructive. The model, in short, should be Plato’s rather than Bacon’s.

This brings us, indeed, to the very crux of the problem of modern discontent. From one point of view, as we have repeatedly demonstrated, the party politicians have done no more than they have been permitted to do. And they have been permitted to do what they have done by the astounding apathy of the general public as well as by the cultivated indifference of the
edicated classes. Nobody can accuse the Socialist movement of having failed to do its best to throw the limelight on the appalling conditions of poverty in England. Unless a person is either very ignorant or very brutal he cannot pretend any longer not to know that what is really wrong with England is the bestial destitution of a large minority of its population. Yet though we have succeeded in demonstrating this beyond the possibility of dispute, we have neither succeeded in arousing the poor themselves to resent their condition nor in awakening the rich to a sense of shame. On the contrary, the more we demonstrate the source of England’s weakness, the louder grows the sound of the drums that drown us, and the more supine the faces that need to be helped. So hopeless, in fact, has our task become that we have lately been driven to a mere attempt to make a few people understand, in the hope that understanding will infallibly lead to right action sooner or later. Now the question is: How many understanding men are there among the gentlemen of England? Sodom and Gomorrah would have been saved for ten. England might be saved by a hundred. Are there a hundred gentlemen in England who have the intelligence to understand and the will and the act on their understanding? It remains to be seen what response the “Hibbert Journal’s” manifesto will receive; but we may say that in our opinion the appeal is timely and not without hope.

Returning to the subject of party politics, we note that the “Spectator” complains that the Government is preparing a crisis for November. That may be a legitimate complaint for an enemy to make, but we find in it a proof of that all is not yet lost. We have deployed the masses-faire attitude of the Coalition and flung in their own constituencies, but we understand that activity is to be resumed in the provinces during the Parliamentary recess. If that is so, the Parliamentary crisis may coincide with a greater interest in the constituencies than the last crisis at Westminster enjoyed. It is unlikely that the Conference will report its results before the end of this month, and thus the decisive element in the situation will be deferred to the autumn sitting. Everything, therefore, still depends upon that. We who observe events closely at Westminster are prepared to prognosticate that in a few months at least the crisis will occur which will decide the fate of the Liberal party and, by implication, the fate of the Labour and Socialist movement as well. The “slump” that now prevails is due to nothing more sinister than suspense. The long rope with which the Labour party may in the end hang itself is being paid out in the most ample and generous fashion. Let it continue to be paid out until November at least. Should it happen then that the hopes and sacrifices made by the Labour party are frustrated and endured for nought, the active pursuit towards political independence will prove irresistible. Such a lesson in the incapacity of the Liberal party will have been read in the minds of our rank and file that never again will it be needed. Our generation will not require to be exhorted to independence. Their danger will be in demanding too much.

This, if we are challenged, is our main reason for supporting the Government even against ourselves. We are as acutely aware as anybody can be of the grave defects in policy of the present Cabinet. Not once or twice, but at least on six separate occasions, they have so dismembered their love for their supporters as to kick them downstairs. One thing, however, they have not yet done: they have not irretrievably abandoned the single purpose which still unites the groups that form them. The Birthday Honours, the Civil List, postponement of unemployment insurance and payment of members, charging the rates with old age pensions and the abandonment of the Radical Reform Bill—the are a heavy price to pay for the mere hope of the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. But if not exactly cheerfully, at least they have now been paid; and we shall certainly expect the delivery of the goods. Failing them, everything fails. All our sacrifices will be transformed into new demands; of which the first shall be the instant decision of the last surviving remnant for the Liberal party. With this issue clear before us it is quite possible to endure suspense yet a little while longer.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By S. Verdad.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS are dull outwardly just now; but this does not necessarily mean that there is nothing going on behind the scenes. The Albanian revolt has broken out again; but rigid control of the telegraph wires by the Turkish officials prevents much news from coming through. Unless the Porte handles matters very tactfully, Albania is quite likely, in view of the privileges the district enjoyed under the Hamidian régime, to become a sort of Turkish Ireland. A few weeks ago officials in Constantinople were inclined to think that war with Greece was practically inevitable, hence the sudden calm in Albania for a short time. But now that the Cretan question has been staved off for a few weeks, it is thought that the opportunity may be utilised to let the Albanians see that the Porte does not mean to be trifled with. Despite the visit of the King of Servia to Constantinople, it may be added, and the manifestations of inter-Balkan cordiality, there is no love lost between Turkey and the Balkan States; but the ill-feeling will simmer for some months yet before coming to the boiling point.

In spite of the incredulity and denials of critics who think they know better, I hereby reiterate my statement of a few weeks back that I have special information regarding German official circles. I do not withdraw one word of what I said about the course of German policy in the next ten or fifteen years. Those of us who are not, like the Liberals, eaten up with prejudice against everything to which we object, will readily admit that the proposed German coup has been finely conceived. It is noble. To form an Asiatico-European Teutondom, a Germany-in-Asia, is a gigantic undertaking, and the men who can plan such a scheme have usually sufficient talents to enable them to carry it through. But when mentioning this proposal I said that a straight fight would stop the whole thing; and I now propose to show how such a fight is likely to come about.

To begin with, Germany and Austria count upon taking over the Balkan States without much fuss by offering the different nations sound economic inducements. As the thrones of Servia, Bulgaria, etc., are held by a hair, the protests of the rulers would not count. Prince Alexander of Servia is a weak youth; and King Ferdinand — whom an Austrian diplomat once described to me, with much accuracy, as "a clever man, but a damned scoundrel" — would probably join the combination on the chance of getting something out of it. But the reorganisation of the Turkish army is proceeding calmly and deliberately. The present peace strength is at least 350,000. If all the reserves were called out this force would be raised to about 750,000 men. In five or six years' time, however, it is expected that a much greater proportion of non-Mussulmans will be serving, in which case the Austro-German combination would have to fight its way through more than a million of the best fighters in the world to get beyond Asia Minor. But there are other factors. Let us turn to the Netherlands, the more immediate danger; and, for the sake of comparison, reckon upon the total fighting strength of the various countries.

Let us suppose for a moment that Germany put forth some pretext for the seizure of Holland and Belgium. Protests would immediately be registered by France, Russia, and England, and war would ensue. The European air would be cleared with a vengeance; for Germany and Austria would find themselves against three strong Powers. Italy would be only too glad to seize the opportunity of backing out of the Triple on the condition of remaining neutral. If all the fighting men of Germany were mustered, the total would scarcely exceed 3,500,000. The Austrian force might amount, at the outside, to 1,250,000. Total, 4,750,000. Opposed to this there would be a gigantic Russian army of not less than 3,500,000 men, excluding a paltry 300,000 available in Siberia, and a French force of 1,500,000 men, excluding French colonial troops, and assuming that no English soldiers would be available. Total, 5,000,000, against 4,750,000. But even this is not all. If Austria and Germany were engaged in the death-struggle outlined, Turkey would not wait to be attacked. She would straightway put half-a-million men into the field to recover Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, etc. As the war strength of Belgium and Holland combined is only 200,000 men, I have left them out of the reckoning.

Even if it be assumed for a moment that the English navy sank to a one-to-one standard against Germany, even this, with the crockety fleets of France and Russia, . . . do patriotic Englishmen realise what we are talking about? Here is a country which, until forty years ago, consisted of a number of pettifogging states. Brought together by Bismarck, they formed a parvenu kingdom. In a short time, owing largely to their methods of education, their trade has increased by leaps and bounds, and the country is doing well. Yet, with their navy far below ours in ships, men, and brains, they have frightened us out of our wits, and only a few months ago certain newspapers made their readers shake in their shoes by insinuating that even a two-to-one naval standard on our part might be insufficient to enable us to hold our own against a new naval power: against a country where the railway companies not long ago organised excursions so that the inland inhabitants might be taken to the coast to see what the ocean looked like!

It is of no use saying that a daring commander with a small force can do more than less competent officers with big battalions. In initiative, energy, daring, and commonsense one French soldier is easily worth three Germans. Again, the relations between the French soldier and his officers are much more friendly and agreeable than is the case in the German army. These are matters which, as I promised weeks ago, I will deal with more fully on a subsequent occasion. In the meantime I have pointed out the enormous odds against Germany, even with Austrian support, no matter which way she turns. The German authorities have thought this matter over carefully, and have nevertheless decided that they stand a good sporting chance in a fight. I state the facts and let readers draw their own conclusions. Remember that there is no sentimentality in Germany: the Germans will not hold back merely because what they propose to do is, according to the Gospels, morally wrong. Based on the information now before me, I am inclined to the opinion I expressed some weeks ago: that in twenty years' time we shall probably witness a European war. But if Germany makes war, to quote the words of Mr. John Burns, then God help Germany. And this, as all unscraced Britons must admit, is an exceedingly proper and commendable view to take.

The wise men at the Vatican are greatly irritated at their lack of success in stemming the anti-clerical torrent which has broken out in Spain; but they have presumably gone too far to turn back. I gather that a few riots may take place in the country districts; but, on the whole, I am prepared to bet on the Spanish Government.
Theodore Roosevelt: Another Socialist View.

By J. William Lloyd.

(Reprinted from the "New York Call.")

Professor George D. Herron has recently published in The New Age a scathing and fiery denunciation of Theodore Roosevelt. Eloquent and striking as the article is, I do not feel that it is quite fair or that it squarely hits the mark.

Nature like Herron's quite fail to understand a nature like that of Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt is braver, blunter, more honest, and essentially middle class in all his thoughts and actions. Roosevelt has not grown at all since he was a boy, and represents very faithfully the typical successful American of fifty years ago, in all his conceit, courage, prejudice, certainty of his own infallibility, of the monumental superiority of his own country, and contempt of the foe and the foreigner. That is why he is such an idol of the Americans, especially in the West, where old-fashioned Americanism still survives much more vividly than in the East. The old ideals, still latent in them, they see incarnate in Roosevelt, and therefore they admire him. And the simple middle-class Americans, too, feel betrayed and afraid, with good reason, before the modern spirit of industry, and with deriment turn to Teddy, whom they regard as their champion, and who quite intends to do that. They quite understand him and he them, neither he nor they understand the modern spirit of finance. For there is nothing subtle about Teddy. In the presence of the financiers whom he thinks he can bring to book he is like a schoolboy at Monte Carlo. When one sees Roosevelt contending with such men as Harriman, Morgan, Rockefeller, etc., it is laugh. The modern financier is Nietzschean in ambition and lust for power, Machiavellian in strategy, merciless, unscrupulous, subtle as hell. Roosevelt quite honestly intends to curb and control these men, in the interests of what he considers honesty and good government, and in his great conceit has no doubt of his power to do so. He has no conception of what he is really fighting against, but he loves fighting, loves to attract attention and make a spectacular splurge, and really believes in his own power and that of the law to master the situation. Why he really does nothing and can do nothing is because at heart he believes too thoroughly in divine vested interests, and all the established means, tools, and methods to make any radical fight against them. And so the finance kings are really glad of his attacks. He amuses and interests the people, keeps them quiet and feeling that someone is really being done and the modern lords are going on undisturbed in the rapid process of perfecting their organisation. When in his bull-headed conceit he shuts his eyes, lowers his head, and charges, they step craftily to one side, throw a little legal dust in the air, tip each other the wink, and go on with their plotting. Nobody is hurt, but the people applaud. Teddy feels good and blusters, and there is a general impression that something has been done. These modern financiers are the brightest brains of our time, reck absolutely nothing of blood and tears, broken hearts, broken promises, broken laws, or broken bibles, but go straight to their aim as a bloodsucker to his bloodsuckers, and "Terrible Teddy," a rope on his legs, foaming at the mouth, and charging around the arena with a Quixotic delusion that he is punching something full of holes, is a godsend to them. Long may he live! They are willing he should be re-elected any number of times. He holds the eyes and they pick the pockets.

There are those who hold Theodore Roosevelt a humbug, a mere "bluffer." This is quite unjust. Roosevelt is sincere enough. The fact that he lived for years in the West, among the sincerest men on earth, raised a regiment of "Rough Riders," led these cowboys, fought with them, camped with them, hunted with them, is proof enough to anyone who knows the breed. For the Western cowboy is romantic, braggart, picturesque, fierce, cruel, and brave, but his intuitions are very keen in the judgment of men. He has his own standards of what is manly and demands at least courage and genuineness. Had Roosevelt not been brave and genuine, according to his standards, he could not have endured their criticism for a week. They would have found him out, tried him out, drummed him out. There would have been no delicacy about exposing him. But they felt that here was a man who could not rope a steer or rope a horse thief, shoot a grizzly or shoot a "Greaser," and they idolised him an incarnation of their own ideals. The fact that he could write a book pleased them, all the more for genuine frontiersman, has a reverence for real education and the written word, and a literary man, if he write not too far above their heads, carries a credential that all on the border respect.

Roosevelt has precisely the qualities to capture the affections of the majority of the American people. He is a man of real brain, but it is middle-class brain, and the bulk of the American people are still intensely middle class. His education, his convictions, his religion, his morals, are all of the old-fashioned American middle class. Above all, he is a man of force, of tremendous force. He has that average middle-class commonsense which leads a man to success in his day and generation, and Roosevelt generally is like the Americans worship success and are shy of idealistic extremes. Roosevelt stands for the old-fashioned virtues of hard, plain living, hard muscles, one wife and a big family. They think he is honest, which he is not, but behind the modern spirit he is, because they, too, have the same provincial outlook. It is the case of a leader who fits, understands, and incarnates the spirit of his people. For Roosevelt is the mirror of the American people.

When Roosevelt stands before a European audience, whether of crowned heads or the commonalty, he has not a doubt of the superiority of a genuine Western American over any foreigner or of his own ability to give infallible and much-needed advice. He is quite honest in all this—too sincere to realise even his own conceit—there is no bluff about it. He believes his old-fashioned platitudes to be inspired wisdom, and most of the American people devoutly believe the same. When he says "Thus sayeth the Lord," they all say "Amen!"

But Herron is quite right in saying that Teddy is a peril to the American people. Honest as he is, he is essentially a provincial and a frontiersman. Theodore Roosevelt, a man of tremendous force who absolutely believes in the divine righteousness of his own convictions and therefore does not hesitate to make his own will the law of the land. If a leader who, like Teddy calls him a liar. It is self-evident to him. If he has decided in his own mind that Moyer and Haywood are guilty murderers he sees no injustice in saying so. It never occurs to him, even, that he can be wronging them. There are atheists and free-lovers among the Socialists, therefore Socialism is abominable. It is all very simple. And the fact that the very necessities of the case have forced him to use or favour some Socialist measures in his fight with the trusts makes it all the more imperative that he should proclaim his very real loathing of Socialists, their ideas, and their ways.

One great peril, if Teddy gets into the White House again, will be that of leading the country into some foolish war. For he loves conflict, cannot endure opposition, never acknowledges a mistake, and goes on with bull-headed obstinacy, whatever betides, trusting to blows, bluster, and luck to carry him through. Teddy is no diplomat and could easily insult some proud foreign power beyond endurance. And though he has the primal military qualities of courage and impetuosity, he has no real military genius of the first class because he has no subtlety. A man of real military genius, like Von Moltke, or some of the Japanese commanders in the late war, would make a plaything of him.

And whether in or out of the White House, Teddy
is destined to be the most serious foe Socialism has yet encountered in America. He fully intends to fight it with all his powers, and he intends to fight it by arousing as he does that around these two, andberately wishing to take the nation back to the deadagainst the trust magnates on the one hand and thetheir only salvation. But he intends to be that con-

way to assure American peace is for America to haveproblem at all. Nor is he a nightmare, nor a plottingas he is such

Though not subtle, he has great practical commonsense and he realises that the struggle is not between the plutocrats and the Socialists. He sees that the American people are becoming thoroughly aroused and alarmed at the closing tentacles of the octopus, and if some more conservative champion does not arise they will certainly accept Socialism astheir only salvation. But he intends to be that con-

servative champion and to lead the fight himself, bothagainst the trust magnates on the one hand and theSocialists on the other. We shall see him begin thiscampaign immediately.

It is not fair to Roosevelt to accuse him of delib-

erately wishing to take the nation back to the dead past or to an ‘imposing sacred marriage’; it is rather a terrible force, a natural Berserk, who in-

nately loves battle, but he is quite sincere in consider-

ing himself an apostle of peace. Only he takes themiddle-class view. To the middle-class mind the peace of the world can only be secured by an army of policemen with clubs. Anything else is unthinkable. And Roosevelt, in exactly that way, believes that the only way to assure American peace is for America to have a generation of fierce young men, of exactly his own type, and plenty of forts and big guns and battleships, so that the rest of the world will be afraid to touch her. Roosevelt is not a bad man. He has his ideals. He aspires to be a second ‘Father of his Country.’ He loves to be a benefactor and wants to be exalted. With his usual egotism, he wants to do it all himself. He is jealous of any other finger in the pie. He tries to make himself an example, and considers him-

self a pattern to American youth of a simple, manly,healthy, successful life.

It is the fashion to sneer at his literary power, his natural history, his hunting prowess, and many other things, but all this is unfair. Teddy is a very fair and helpful fellow with the middle-class competitions. The only thing that he wrote when a young man, and before he was otherwise known, have the same style and individuality as his latest works. They are not great, but they are good. His in- terest in opera is not very great. He is a great naturalist. His courage in the chase has never been challenged by the famous Nimrods who have been with him. Teddy is not without his touch of chivalry and he likes to pose as a second St. George, a slayer ofdragons.

Did he shoot fleeing Spaniards in the back at San Juan Hill? Very likely. Consider the middle-class American mind. Remember the popular American slogan, “Remember the Maine and to hell with Spain!” Teddy incarcerned that. He thought no more of shoot-

ing Spaniards in the back than of shooting wolves running. They were Spaniards, foes, monsters, not human beings, not Americans. What finicky criticism it is this.

In brief, Theodore Roosevelt is not a complex problem at all. Nor is he a nightmare, nor a plottingCaesar. He is simply very human, very middle class,

very old-fashioned American. Nor is he a genius. But he is one of the strongest men in the world because he is such a boiling fountain of restless, nervous, ag-
grressive, almost hysterical force; because he has the middle-class commonsense to direct this in the way his countrymen approve most; because he has the special war cries of a portion of the “Ring.” But Wagner, taken in steady doses, often produces fatal results. Once, after having spent the whole summer at Bayreuth and having witnessed all the performances at the Wagner Theatre, I felt ill, not from any results produced onmy nerves by Wagner’s music, but from indiscretion in eating. I went from Bayreuth to Meran, where I placed myself under the care of one of the best German physicians. When he heard that I had attended a Wagner Festival he exclaimed, with a look of pity, “Ach Gott! I have many such cases; Wagner’s music! How terrible! Only the doctors know what it does!” I could not help smiling, for I did not have a word of all this. I was there in Bayreuth during the climax of the Wagner Festival, many of the works of insanity occurred from the study of Wagnerianrôles. Angelo Neumann, in his admirable book “Per-

sonal Recollections of Richard Wagner,” mentions the passage of the role of Wotan, perhaps the greatest of all his part in the Ring, and describes how he had to be led from the stage, in a Wagner performance at Vienna, having lost his reason.

It is the belief that the果 of this splendid fruitless search for the correct pose, the exact intonation, the feeling and the intention of the master that produced theworry and the insanity. In Italian opera the art is simple and clear, and you attain it or you do not attain it, there is no middle ground. In Wagner there is a middle ground, which consists of the
dynamic force which so boils in Teddy. There is and always has been too little heed in this country of principles, laws, or anything else that stood in the way of the thing desired. “Marriage” is the special war cry of the American climate gives all Americans, more or less, the same
moving bags of error and illusion. Italian music is like Italian dancing, a bungler cannot succeed in it. To sprawl about the stage in all sorts of cheap and facile attitudes is not dancing, and this sprawling and posing can be attained by anyone who cares to practice it for a few weeks dressed in a flimsy costume. But it requires some grace to stand on your toes with the desired effect, and still more grace and dexterity to whirl yourself about the stage as if you were assisted by invisible wings. During the past thirty years the stage has lost the sense of proportion and discrimination, and licence has ruled over art and inspiration. In the lyrical world it is easier to shout than to sing, and perhaps this is the reason the Wagnerian rôle has grown up in the green tables so close at hand. No one can induce me to believe that the rôle of Kundry is as difficult to sing as the rôle of Lucrezia Borgia, of Fides or Valentina. Art consists in absolute knowledge, absolute assurance, and a serene application of that knowledge to time, place, and condition. At its highest it has no place for guesswork, no time for trying, and, above all, no inclination for risks and experiments. In spite of its spiritual nature, it is all art and science, and its function is to express with the greatest exactitude, and the pain we experienced spoiled for us the whole of that scene. At that time lovers of Wagner were still fighting hard battles for the glory of the Bayreuth performances, and in the notice I wrote of this performance for my Paris journal I purposely refrained from mentioning Alvary's failure to sing this exceedingly difficult rôle as it ought to be sung. Such battles are no longer necessary, and we can now speak plainly. The truth is, in their efforts to render Wagner triumphant, all alike are spoilt for us the whole of that scene. At last, after he had spent months of time and energy, I was enabled to explain to me at his residence all about the high drama. There is no such thing as philosophical music. Devrient, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, and Hedwig Neumann in his series of unparalleled successes in Italy.

During the past hundred years the operatic stage has been a battlefield for the glory of the Bayreuth performances, and in the music and the singing on all occasions, and in the way the errors and blunders have at last become so numerous that the whole of the orchestra greeting the victims of the roulette tables with the mazes of the waltz prepared the desired effect, and still more grace and dexterity is not dancing, and this sprawling and posing can be attained by anyone who cares to practice it for a few weeks dressed in a flimsy costume. All his best waltzes were heard here during the season, but for me his genius was not displayed so much in his waltzes as in the introductions. "I was never moved to enthusiasm by Viennese waltz music, not even by the "Blue Danube," conducted by the composer, but I could sit for hours enjoying Strauss's introductions," if I could hear them played alone as compositions by themselves.

This beautiful little town was the half-way house between Vienna and Paris, between Italy and Russia. Its pleasures were those of Vienna and Paris, the general atmosphere that symbolised by the tone, the movement and the character of the waltz; the Strauss music made the famous roulette wheel his um hum with a merrier sound, and the masquerade of the lovers was to show. All his best waltzes were heard here during the season, but for me his genius was not displayed so much in his waltzes as in the introductions. "I was never moved to enthusiasm by Viennese waltz music, not even by the "Blue Danube," conducted by the composer, but I could sit for hours enjoying Strauss's introductions," if I could hear them played alone as compositions by themselves.

Baden-Baden was a meeting place for the greatest writers, composers, and artists of France, Russia, Germany and Austria, and it was no mere stroke of chance that caused Viardot-Garcia, the most cosmopolitan lyrical artist that ever appeared on the stage, to make her home in this fascinating spot.

On my first visit to the Viardot villa I was somewhat surprised to see a woman with features so plain. Her age was about fifty, and she had that dignity which is natural to Spaniards of distinction, but, after
being in her presence a short time, her face became so animated that I thought her almost handsome. I soon became convinced that her many triumphs had not been the result of a charming face and a beautiful complexion, aided by conventional singing and the banalities of some of her contemporaries. In Paris I heard of musical directors and professors such as Wartel, the teacher of Jenny Lind and Nilsson, Luigi de Sievers, who gave Rossini lessons on the organ, Samuel David, Aubert, and others, but Viardot-Garcia was a personality of the like whom I had never encountered. We talked of music, singing, and especially of improvisation. She had much to say about Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, and Kalkbrenner. She was particularly interested in hearing about my reception by Aubert, who was Director of the Conservatoire during my first sojourn in Paris.

On one occasion, in the evening, Madame Viardot-Garcia sang the principal air from Fides in "Le Prophète," the rôle she created at the Académie Royale de Musique, in Paris, under the direction of Meyerbeer, the composer of the opera, and I then realised the full meaning of Alfred de Musset's words when he said of her: "Debs pensée de beauté, de beauté poétique, de la grande somme des artistes; avant d'exprimer elle sent. Ce n'est pas sa voix qu'elle écoute, c'est son cœur." But I think Heine's account of her singing best expresses my own sensations on that memorable evening. Writing of music in Paris in the 'forties, he says: "Despite the presence here of that charming couple, Mario and Grisi, we miss Madame Pauline Viardot, or, as we prefer to call her, La Garcia. She is not replaced, and no one can replace her. She is not a nightingale who has only the single talent of her kind, and who exquisitely soaks and trills in the style of spring, nor is she a rose, for she is ugly, but of a kind of ugliness that is noble—I might almost say beautiful, and which often has a charm of great painters and what is called in literature 'génie.'"

In fact, Madame Garcia reminds us much less of civilized beauty and the same grace of our European homeland, than of the strange splendour of an exotic wilderness; and in many periods of her passionate singing, as when she opens too widely her great mouth with its dazzling white teeth, and smiles with such horrible sweetness and such a gracefully charming grimace, one feels at the instant as if the most marvellous and monstrous paintings and living creatures of India and Africa were before us; as if giant palms enlaced by thousand-flowered Ianas were shooting up all around; nor would one be astonished if suddenly a leopard or even a herd of young elephants should run across the stage. Quels prétentions! quels coups de trompe! quel talent grandiosité!

Pauline Viardot-Garcia was one of the few lyrical artists who succeeded in captivating poets, writers, critics, and composers alike. I had heard, at the Paris Opera, Madame Violan Carvalho as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," her original rôle, Titjens at Covent Garden, and, at the opera in Baden-Baden, Gabrielle Kraus, the leading singer of the Paris opera of that year, but all these faded away from the memory after hearing La Garcia. What Heine wrote was true. She was a great creative personality, and it is not so surprising that Tourgenieff reminded her under his scene the first time he heard her sing at Moscow in 1841, when she was twenty, until his death, a period of close upon forty years. The Garcia family was the most wonderful family of modern times, and Paris took of the four of them so much. The Garcia family had in living in the period from 1840 to the end of the century, the other three being Lettizia Bonaparte-Rattazzi, George Sand, and Princess Hélène Racovita. George Sand was the only one of the four whom I did not know personally. They were the ones of whom all men, in their hands men of talent often became as witty and genius as potter's clay. To write about these celebrities with anything like historical accuracy would mean writing a history of the world, the whole world, in the world of art, literature, politics, and music of Continental Europe from 1840 to the close of the century. I could easily fill a volume with the anecdotes and legends I heard concerning them in Paris and elsewhere.

The Philosophy of a Don.

XVII.—A Plea for Polygamy.

ECHOES of the Divorce question now so much discussed have penetrated even into the semi-monastic precincts of St. Mark's. I have noticed during its inmates emotions approaching to mild interest.

"Of course, you, as a man of the world, know more about these things than any of us," said to me our Junior Dean at dinner.

The remark, if it came from anybody else, would have pleased me. But, coming from that saintly youth, it put me on my guard. I have reasons to suspect that our Junior Dean is a little jealous of me, and that he misses no opportunity for making me look ridiculous. In fact, I may say it without any exaggeration or rancour, he spends a considerable portion of his limitless leisure laying traps for me. I spend, perforce, an equal portion of mine evading the same; which is an excellent training in circumspection, self-control, and tact, but not very agreeable.

"My knowledge," I replied with calculated modesty, "such as it is, is purely exotic,"—and there the matter dropped.

At the same time, I felt that I owed it to myself to keep up my reputation as a man of the world, and with that end in view I decided to approach my friend Shav: I have never known Shav fail to offer a solution, wise or otherwise, to any riddle propelled to him. So I inquired into a really big one. But I am aware that such an ideal solution is far too simple and sensible to suit the English mind.

"Let us, then, descend from the heights of the ideal to the humble plane of practical English politics," said I. "Do you condemn marriage altogether?"

"Why, no," he replied, stroking his beard. "I have heard it stated that marriage invariably ruins a man's career and a woman's character. But, as the author of the statement was a charming spinner of tales, I think it is worth its weight in gold—and not a scraple more. Personally, it is true, I am quite free from that insane anxiety, I have observed so many men and women—husbands and wives—who, in their negotiations, as usual. The satirist may laugh, expect to reap from posthumous pushing."

"Such imaginary longevity has no attraction for me. It would have no attraction even if it were not against the experience of mankind. We all wish to live in the persons of our descendants. It may be an unreasonable instinct that prompts us to extend the span of life allotted to us by Nature—to do, as it were, Death out of his poor. But this instinct is so irresistible and so universal that it must have its roots deep in some common necessity—it must serve some great purpose in the general system of things. "Such imaginary longevity has no attraction for me. It would have no attraction even if it were not imaginary. The knowledge that parts of me are still haunting the earth would make me very bad company. I have known several comparatively estimable people live, and even thrive, in that state."
Shav," said I, pleased to find my friend in so temperate a frame of mind, though I knew, of course, that it was largely the effect of the congenial repast I had carefully planned for him.

"I am always tolerant of the weaknesses of my inferiors—by the way, is there any more Apollinaries in this house?" I searched in the book-case where Cripps keeps my drinks.

"I am sorry I can find nothing but port and Rosbach." "My objection," he resumed, presently, "is not to the price, or, if you like to call it principle, that underlies marriage, but to the superstructure."

"What do you mean?" I asked, beginning to smell a heresy—the result, I could not help thinking, of Rosbach on top of Apollinaries.

"At the risk of being denounced as too unoriginal and commonplace, I am bound to confess that I consider monogamy a mistake."

"Oh!"—that was all I could say: so profound was my position.

"The institution," Shav went on, quite inconsistent of his own irreverence, "evidently owes its existence to an uncommonly unintelligent fallacy—the popular notion that man can love only one woman and woman only one man, which I cannot but regard as unwarrantable, vulgar, and humiliating. One would think that human beings were made in pairs, like gloves and shoes!"

"But are they not?" I asked.

"I have an idea," he replied, "that the world would run smoother and faster if it was not tied down. But to this aspect of the question I will revert later. For the present it is sufficient to point out that the populous woman does not have the emotional capacity of the human heart is a limited quantity with which man is endowed at the outset of his life, and that it can admit of no indefinite extension.

It is, of course, acknowledged that there are possible exceptions—persons of super-human vitality and volcanic affections, like the late Jupiter and gods of that sort. But, it is objected, those persons do not count. The ordinary respectable mortal has no vital energy to spare. If his love covers a large area, you must be rated very low. The same, of course, applies to an uncommonly unintelligent fallacy—the popular transformation, re-creation or what you will; but you can no longer, if you are a man of any pretensions to education, call anything fixed, permanent, or final. Nothing is final in life—not even death; nothing, I mean, except stupidity—that is eternal."

"You may be right in theory; but, viewed from a practical standpoint, monogamy—"

"Don't waste your breath. I have thought it all out. Listen. Apart from its theoretical unsoundness, monogamy, I have decided, is condemnable on practical grounds. It is a mischievous habit, and the evils which flow from it are both negative and positive. The negative evil is that the obligation to marry only one woman will be no longer all-sufficing to him; when he will be no longer all-sufficient to her; when they will have thoroughly explored one another—reached one another's limits—learnt one another by heart; when, in a single word, they will be disillusioned. A wise man realises all this, and, realising it, he shies at the monotoy of matrimony under existing conditions. Thomas would marry Thomasina with pleasure, but he is afraid of only one permanent wife.

"My dear Shav—"

"Or, to come to the positive side of the account, suppose that in a fit of absent-mindedness, or while temporarily insane, an otherwise sensible man has committed the fatal error, and the day of disillusion has dawned—what is the result? A life soured by suspicion and daily irritation, or, at best, spoilt by satiety and conjugal frost. Such was, beyond a doubt, the picture which the sage contemplated when he gave utterance to the terrible truism: 'Marriage is the tomb of love.'"

"The experience is by no means general," said I.

"It is universal," retorted Shav, attacking his fifth bottle of Rosbach. "Among birds, doves are notorious for their monomous propensities and, as everyone who has paid any attention to the subject admits, there is no more ill-tempered or undesirable companion on the face of the earth than the bird which by an exceptionally infelicitous poetic fiction, is regarded as an emblem of peace and innocence."

"I know nothing about doves," said I, with dignity. "Neither do I. But I have been assured that those who do that doves luxuriate in some license of language that the mutual alterations of a pair of doves, could they be interpreted into human speech, would bring a blush into an actress's cheek—that is, of course, if the actress happened to be near; that it would make a London cabman turn green with envy,
and a green tomato red with shame. The fact speaks for itself."

"I wouldn’t take the life of a pair of doves as typical of all conjugal life."

"The exhibition of cannibial discord I have described is by no means confined to doves. It has only served it as an illusory one. But even if the contracting parties are not possessed of a sufficiently pronounced individuality to attain the depths of disillusion I have depicted, one wife is as prejudicial to a man’s development as is one idea, either to him into idleness or to bores him into precocious senility. And since ornithology does not appeal to you, I will give you a botanical illustration: the life of a man with a single, all-absorbing wife is like the life of the date-palm, which has only one bud—at the top of its dull, jejune trunk. If that bud dies, the whole tree dies. It withers for want of sap."

"But polarity, or she bores him into precocious senility. And since ornithology does not appeal to you, I will give you a botanical illustration: the life of a man with a single, all-absorbing wife is like the life of the date-palm, which has only one bud—at the top of its dull, jejune trunk. If that bud dies, the whole tree dies. It withers for want of sap."

"Your argument owes such force as it may have to the assumption that polygamy is to be a universal institution. But polygamy, my dear fellow, claims nothing so plebeian. It is, as I have most conclusively proved, an institution suitable only to two extreme classes of humanity: the supremely barbarous and the supremely civilised; and neither of those classes is very large. The latter, at all events, with which I am solely concerned, is, from the very nature of things, sadly limited. Therefore, polygamy, though impossible as a universal institution, may, in reference to supermen, easily prove what dramatic critics designate a mad success."

"What about the women?" I asked. "Would they consent?"

"I believe that all advanced women will hail polygamy enthusiastically, provided, of course, that man allows them the same latitude which he claims for himself. The dictum that woman loves but once in her life and loves to the bitter end, is another exploded prejudice—a remnant of ancestral barbarism—that, however long they may live and however diligently they may search, they will never find anyone who

Persia, and wives—perfectly respectable in Turkey or Persia, perfectly horrid in England. Pooh! It is as plain as daylight that who base their objections to polygamy on morality are building in a profoundly shallow and constantly shifting soil."

"Even if there were nothing else against it, polygamy would multiply domestic quarrels," I urged.

"I don’t see why it should. Dr. Johnson observed that no wise woman ever complained of her husband’s infidelities. A pasha’s wife feels no jealousy towards another. What reason have we to suppose that Englishwomen are less wise than Turkish women? But even if plurality of wives in an English household produced a multiplicity of quarrels—surely it is better to quarrel than to be bored? Anything is better than stagnation."

"Most people prefer stagnation to strife and storm. But that is, of course, a matter of taste and temperament. There is a more serious argument against polygamy—an argument based on a solid statistical law: the approximate equality, in nearly every part of the world, between the numbers of male and female births. For this reason, if for no other, a marital code claiming to be universal must, from the very nature of things, be absurd."

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"I believe that all advanced women will hail polygamy enthusiastically, provided, of course, that man allows them the same latitude which he claims for himself. The dictum that woman loves but once in her life and loves to the bitter end, is another exploded fallacy. The modern woman is just as versatile, as ambitious for self-realisation and as fond of variety as the modern man. Let her, then, enjoy freedom of choice in a matter which concerns her just as much. Perfect liberty and equality should be the true legislator’s maxim. If we are to have polygamy why not also have polyandry?"

"I am afraid no social institution built on such lines could last."

"The highest merit of any social institution is artistic symmetry, and the best guarantee for its stability is logical equilibrium. When all is said, a woman is only a sterner sort of man, and what is food for the gander cannot be poison for the goose."

"Pending this ideal solution, what are sensible people to do?" I asked, giving up the argument in despair.

"They can go on getting married in their shockingly respectable monogamous fashion, but on the clear and solemn mutual understanding that their marriage shall only last as long as love endures. They may sign an agreement to this effect: ‘We, neither of us, are senious to have our lives destroyed as the result of a quarrel. If one of us dies, the other may survive, but we shall never quarrel again.’ In this manner the whole question is simplified and felicity, in a measure, assured. Of course, I recognise that, deep beneath this rational agreement, there may always linger in both the contractors a foolish, old-fashioned, unreasoning prejudice—a remnant of ancestral barbarism—that, however long they may live and however diligently they may search, they will never find anyone who
On Trying Again.

By Holbein Bagman.

That common encouragement of infants, young folk, and beginners generally, of which the reader is reminded by the heading of this paper, seems to enlarge its meaning as we enlarge our acquaintance with the world. "If at first you don't succeed, try again." What is here included, in the familiar precept of our nursery instructress, but the entire significance of politics, philosophy, and religion? Out of the mouths of the appointed guardians of babes and sucklings did the conclusion of a Goethe, who said that every power in the universe hastens to the aid of a well-directed endeavour. Men of science and action, artists and reformers, prophets and philosophers, whatever the belief or no belief they have made explicit to themselves, seem to agree, when their actions speak for them, that the world is governed by will and by idea. For the faith is as implicit in effort itself as it is in the axiom with which our first efforts were stimulated, that the universe and ourselves are a harmony towards ultimate purposes.

Common-sense and inspiration here seem to be in agreement. The common-sense of the Gospels, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," accords well with the saying of Mahomet, who, fleeing across the desert from the hands of those who could not receive new ideas, denied to his one trembling companion that they two were alone. "Is there not a third with us?" What was this but outspoken reliance upon a will we all invoke unconsciously when we counsel perseverance? The agnostic and the denial of all beliefs, I cannot but think, show the same faith implicit in themselves when they set to work and win a brave heart for new endeavours with the aid of the apparently innocuous axiom "If at first you don't succeed. . . ."

I should define faith as the belief that good for man is secured by human effort and not by human effort alone. There may be more in faith than this, something even that defines or prognosticates the good, but there certainly is not less. Our nursery axiom contains the irreducible minimum of faith, the minimum without which action cannot take place, or taking place contradicts the denial of the actor. How can hope live in a world from which belief is absent? He who hopes believes, or at least betrays his unwillingness to set limits to possibility. The doers are the credulous.

"Laborare est orare.

From this point of view it is easy to see that he who lives a better life than I holds a better faith than I, even were I an archbishop. We owe to the churches the darkening of this matter. The churches, which everywhere were founded in their origin on some simple faith, have hardened their beliefs into creeds, and fastened into their creeds the accidental and temporary which science has detected. Modern thinking and knowledge rejects the creeds of the churches, and doing so supposes itself to reject faith altogether. The churches protest that no man who fails to believe as they believe possesses faith, and seeing faith so interpreted it is no wonder that men who have felt themselves unanimously pushed out of the churches consider themselves often times pushed out of religious faith. But how can a man whose desires and energies remain to him even after ecclesiastical censure cease to be a believer, notwithstanding his attitude to other people's opinions? If a man of science works for truth, he has not the belief that truth is worth finding, and he has not the belief that he or his successors will be able to find truth, and that truth ultimately will make itself known and accepted in spite of every kind of resistance? And if a social reformer has been pushed out of religious churches for wishing to change the laws of Church and State—if he goes on working, must he not have found the faith in which to work? And if he dies for his faith, as many a questioner and denier has done, has he not been faithful?

Tell me to what faithfulness in deeds corresponds if not to faith which might be expressed in words? The reformer may not be able to communicate his faith in any form of words. For confession is in his deeds; and I believe that many people in the present day are preferring deeds before words. For one reason, words are so full of perplexity, so uncertain in their meanings, and the churches have made such an abuse of them. We must be willing to read men's faith in their actions, and in fact actions are a better index to faith than language can be. Our deeds are always deeper than our words, and hold more of meaning. It is the meaning of our deeds which we try to express in words, and our life is deeper than our understanding. Words only show us the little bit of life that we have comprehended and made clear to ourselves. Speech is silver, but silence, that is to say action, is golden. In men's feelings we are entitled to look for their faith, though by profession they should have denied faith altogether. He who lives a better life than I holds a better faith than I, his infidelity or agnosticism notwithstanding. It has often happened that a man who has done well has not left himself over enough energy to explain himself well. Or he may have been born, otherwise than in his actions, inarticulate.

If faith in perseverance implies faith in a will that aids our own, or expresses itself through our own, then all men are believers, and we must look for a criterion of faith than the ecclesiastical. It is important that Socialists, for whom particularly I write, should clear their minds upon this matter. By the ignorant, and by those who believe only, we are supposed to be hostile to religion. Now the ignorant are found in our own ranks as well as in the ranks of our critics. There are even Socialists who believe that Socialism has nothing to do with religion, or is an attack upon religion. No opinion, to my way of thinking, could be more inaccurate. The very essence of Socialism is belief in trying again, and something of what that belief implies I have been endeavouring to say in this paper "Society," said Thomas Hill Green, "is governed not by force but by will." Socialism is an attempt once more to bring the institutions and habits of society into a truer conformity with the social will. That will towards progress did not have its origin in my brain nor yours nor in all the brains of the Socialist movement. It is the will of mankind, which once more to bring the institutions and habits of society into a truer conformity with the social will. That will towards progress did not have its origin in my brain nor yours nor in all the brains of the Socialist movement. It is the will of mankind, which once more to bring the institutions and habits of society into a truer conformity with the social will. That will towards progress did not have its origin in my brain nor yours nor in all the brains of the Socialist movement. It is the will of mankind, which once more to bring the institutions and habits of society into a truer conformity with the social will. That will towards progress did not have its origin in my brain nor yours nor in all the brains of the Socialist movement. It is the will of mankind, which once more to bring the institutions and habits of society into a truer conformity with the social will. That will towards progress did not have its origin in my brain nor yours nor in all the brains of the Socialist movement. It is the will of mankind, which
The Allied Artists' Association.

By Walter Sickert

It is certain that a sharper sense of reality has invaded art criticism in London lately. We are a long way from Whistler's snippet (was it from the "Daily Telegraph"?) "the archaism of the iconographic art." Mr. Robert Ross has the courage to say, in the "Morning Post" of July 11th, that we have all thought for forty years, that Du Maurier was "not a draughtsman at all," and to support this opinion with clear and cogent reasoning. Mr. Walter Bayes, in his "Athenæum," July 2d, penetrates to the truth about the departure of great pictures to America, and has the courage to express his opinion clearly. "Art was meant to circulate," says Mr. Bayes, "and when a work of art has reached that point of success at which it becomes a fetish, a centre of accretion in the way of life-limitations, it may speedily form a clot actively dangerous, if allowed to remain in any contorted part of the circulatory system."

Sorely as a critic may be tempted by apathy or good-nature, or sometimes, be it said, by the entire absence of definite conviction of any kind, to drop into the amiable routine phrases of least resistance, the motives for not giving way to this temptation are urgent, and may be summed up in one word—fear. "The useful critic is the one who remembers that he is one party to a contract. He has some special knowledge, or should have, and he is paid, like a wine or spirit taster, for his opinion, such as it is, and the ulterior consequences which may accrue from the expression of his opinion. No progress is possible except on these lines, and the comfortable or good-natured view of a critic's duties renders him not useless but actively noxious. A critic of that kind forgets the most important section of his readers. He forgets that the world is not composed only of the tiny circle of intellectuals in the capital who all know each other, and each other's opinions, can discount them and read between the lines. The people he has to consider are the thousands he does not know, who wisely content themselves with reading the lines themselves.

I have been accused (or what have we not all been accused?) because I have urged painters to sell at the price their work would fetch, of objecting to high prices. I have been accused, because I am convinced of the supreme necessity for the existence of at least one no-jury exhibition in England, on the lines of the Paris Indépendants, of asserting that one picture is as good as another, I, alas, the most "picksome" of critics, as they say in Sussex. In the old Bedford Music Hall, the dear old oblong Bedford, with the sliding doors by which we recall," before the "revels and hall had become two-house-a-night wells, like theatres to look at, there was sung a verse which will always remain with me for its concentrated philosophy and insight—

"Go away, naughty man, go away! One man is as bad as another!"

I take this opportunity of stating publicly that I do not believe and never have believed that one picture is as good as another. What I do believe is that it was urgent, in the present ferment of opinion on art, that all artists and painters should have the opportunity of exhibiting. Those with whom I have had the privilege to act are satisfied that they have done a useful public work in substituting public trial of pictures for trial by jury. In England, one of the most important of our archaisms is the ring (is that the phrase?), and I for one do not propose to walk round the Albert Hall and confer gilt-edged and unreadable prizes, and shiny little wreaths upon the little lights in paper laurel to my youngsters and betters.

The no-jury system is new in England, and little understood, for which reason it may be well that I should for once ventilate it thoroughly in the columns of The New Age.

Of July 11th, the point of departure from the case of a young painter I know who is typical of the class with which it is most important that we should concern ourselves. He is a man somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years old. That he earns his living as an extremely efficient teacher in a provincial town is a proof that he knows his business. He was talking to me the other day about his pictures, which he prepares rather slowly but in the intervals left to him, by practice. I think he has two afternoons a week free. His pay is not extravagant, but as he says, he can afford to prepare work, to pay for models, materials and frames, if, when he has done it, he can be certain of his work being seen in a proper place. For he has decided to prepare work that he has to submit to a jury, who may or may not accept it. He may be rejected for a matter of ten years. These things happen constantly.

What I want to make clear is that I am not appealing from the judgments of these juries. I am thinking of them of the many juries on which I have been, I should count myself as rather among the items who made for exclusion, than for inclusion. Juries that are asked to select pictures for a limited space cannot be too severe. They are there to set up and uphold their standard, such as it is, and they cannot make that standard too high according to their lights.

According to their lights. That is the limitation under which we all suffer. I give a direction, emphasises a fashion; and the most vital and interesting work, the work that contains the germs of interesting growth is often not only out of the current opinion, but violently opposed to it. Are not the most vital and interesting painters, a certain number of men may have started on a road which is parallel with, or which diverges from the line which is in fashion. They may be unable, or they may be in no desire, to conform. There is a risk that these craftsmen, who, to take the lowest ground for them, keep alive a wholesome variety in art, whose work serves as a reminder of roads departed from, whose pictures are concurrent object-lessons with the fashionable product, object-lessons from which each observer may draw his own and several deductions; there is a considerable risk that these craftsmen may be stifled and silenced altogether, to our great loss.

Then consider the members of the hanging committee who are teachers of painting. Are we to carry our fœrule from the class-rooms into the galleries? Is it not better that our authority should end at the doors of our class-rooms? If we like, admire, and vote for the work of our own students as against other pictures, are we not laying ourselves open to the charge of favouritism, or at least of prejudice? If we vote against the work of our own students because we do not honestly think it up to the mark, ought it to be we who are entitled to object-lessons from which each observer may draw his own and several deductions? Is it not a richer and more varied task for us to maintain our circle of educated men, and who probably have a more urgent need to sell than have the teachers?

All the existing exhibitions of selected work fulfill necessary functions. According as people are more or less interested in art, so will they acquire the commodity to be submitted to them unselected or selected. There are collectors who like to rummage for Bibelots in the Caledonian Market at dawn, and others who will only buy in Bond Street at convenient hours. The disadvantage of no-jury exhibitions is, of course, the mass of incompetent work that has to be waded through. In England, also, we are very much more disconcerted by the inevitable clown than we need be. There is generally someone who exhibits to secure the melancholy advertisement of giving the show. Our English common-sensefortunately restricts these performances within narrow limits. The grossly incompetent, again, are rather discouraged than otherwise by full right to exhibit. Nothing chills an unconsidered utterance like a sudden silence, and the consciousness that a whole table is lending such an attentive ear.

But for the growing artist an annual audience is a necessity. And a large, impartial, indifferent audience it should be, too diffused to be a clique. Some of the interesting reputations have been made among the Indépendants in Paris, which has been in existence for about twenty years. The Allied Artists' Association has this superiority over the Indépendants, that it has
not had to apply to the State for premises. Is the exhi-
bition now open at the Albert Hall perhaps not a work-
ing object-lesson of the best elements of Socialism? Is
it a solvent, going concern founded by the poor to help
themselves?


By W. L. George.

I took off my cap and let the wind play among my
hair. The air was soft as the caressing haze that rose
from the water meadows by the roadside. It was laden
with many scents, that of hay, ripe and longing for the
scythe, and of water too, of water that might be slumbrous and hide in its breast the memory of
dead lilies. Before me lay the long white road, wind-
ing in between two hills that were delicate and round
as cups, and then vanishing so as only where the houses begin that are Windsor town.

Above it, white as a white Italian castle, against the
blue sky, blue as an Italian sky, Windsor Castle! I
would have called it beautiful had I not felt that all
was beautiful that day, when summer was ripening and
the living blooms ablow.

The rise of the town drew me, so I pressed harder on the pedals, and, my bicycle responding, I sped on the road. As I rounded curves little whirlwinds of dust followed me, rising like
my nose and his blue shirt baring a hairy chest.

I would go along and lie among the sedges. I
would not stop, for before me lay the river.

The river lay peaceful, somnolent almost, dappled
with sunshine, beyond the Windsor ken. Idly I
watched them, these two boys look- ing at the river with the indifference of those who own what they do not enjoy. They did not move; they were.

As I drew nearer a curious sense of familiarity
came over me; I seemed to know; I seemed to see a
lanky youth who, his hands deep in his pockets, was
merely shook his head.

"Boat, sir?" said a voice.

I looked at the speaker. Yes, this was a real
boater, with his rough black hair, his reitre-like
nose and his blue shirt baring a hairy chest. A
Tudor waterman.

"Why?" I said, "I should like the royal barge."

"Sorry sir, can't manage it," he said, quite un-
ruffled, "but I can do you a single sculler."

And soon in a single sculler where yellow cushions
heaped on the seat made me think of one who once
steered it. I was putting up strokes, matching the
banks pass by lazily and the water flash under
my eyes. How wetly it swished under the cutwater.

Soon I was beyond the familiar landscape of riverside
towns: wharves, waterworks and immemorable boat-
houses. I passed by low-lying meadows, by islands
where swans and cygnets clucked and fought. Then
through the land of bluffs, where now and then, I could catch a glimpse of men and girls sitting in the grass; from an eyot came at
times a stifled little laugh. Then I passed out of the
Windsor influence and into the day. I was alone,
really alone, saving a boat which a young man drove
lustily by me. A girl flaunted in the bows; she had the
colour and the grace of a dark tea rose.

They vanished, and I was again alone. Now I
pulled more slowly, for the solitary moments seemed
precious; I was alone with the blue air, alone with the
ancient river, the bushes dipping low to whisper in its
ear. As I rounded a bend I saw on the bank two
boys in Eton jackets and top hats. I sighed, for
here again was another influence; Windsor of to-
morrow. Idly I watched them, these two boys look-
ing at the river with the indifference of those who
own what they do not enjoy. They did not move;
they were. And I realised with some bitterness that,
like Windsor town, they were. Why could not one of
them throw a stone into the water just to see the
splash, like a real boy?

As I turned round and saw I was right; he was the
pleasant boy I had met in the house in a square where
none may live unless they go or have been to Eton.
He had, I remember, struck me as a healthy boy full
of refreshing bounce; he had met me, ruddy and full of self-assurance as to be tonic. Then I saw that
he was lookin at me. There was uncertainty in his
face; no doubt he had half forgotten me. Well,
I must remind him of our meeting; I would land on
that bank and talk to those two boys of the licking we
got at Henley and Gray's Elegy and such like sodden
rot. So I rowed harder, put a good regular stroke
on; it would never do to come abreast of him without
his observing my powerful leg-thrusts. As I turned
once more I smiled and saw a faint blush on his fresh
English cheeks; he spoke to his companion, a tall,
lanky youth who, his hands deep in his pockets,
merely shook his head.

To reach them I had to steer towards the right.
As I did this I caught sight of my young friend's
face. It bore a strange expression; his blush had
depthened, and there was a queer tenseness about his
nose. It bore a strange expression; his blush had
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nose.
Here’s Rosemary for Remembrance.

By W. R. Titterton.

This way, madam, this way, sir. No, it’s not very imposing at first sight. Just an ordinary shop, it looks. Only the goods are more carefully ticketed. But it’s really very interesting. Shows how clever our poor people are, madam, and how diligent, sir. Yes, all done in the home. It’s beautiful, isn’t it? To think of these pretty little toys, these delicate paper flowers coming out of the hands of the people. Out of the people—cut out of it, you may say, sir.

Usually the whole family works—mother, father and children. You can see them at it in this photograph. Small room? Yes, they’re packed tightly; but that’s good, really; keeps a bit of warmth in the air. Bent and thin they look, don’t they? Stooping over the machines and the closeresse does that. You must have a nap of fresh air if you want to keep blooming. Look at this lace, note the delicate stuff! Something like what I see peeping from under your mantle, madam. Only women make that. You need subtle fingers for such fine traceries. I like the long sweeping lines of the pattern. A work of art, isn’t it? Fivepence threefarthings the artist got for it. Cheap at the price, eh! I warrant you paid a trifle more for your collar.

A dozen lace shawls in three hours—good steady work, sir—2d. an hour.

A thousand cigarettes for two shillings, and lick your own papers. They fix the cases at home in their own time, and do the filling at the factory. Not nice to think about, that paper-licking. The girls are apt to get wedged in their close rooms. They ought to have that part of it done by machines, don’t you think, in this hygienic age?

Tailoring pays well. It’s the aristocracy of home work. The best, say these smart mantles (like your own papers). Only the best hands do that kind. Here’s some A work of art, isn’t it? A university student buys a new corps cap and presses death into his brain as he puts it on. The feathers of your hat, madam, dances along the threads of your face collar, floats in the smoke of your cigarettes, sir.

The messenger of the people I call it. They are not satisfied with their wages, my gentlefolk, and they send this little silent message to collect the debt. You shudder, madam. And you understand. It’s as if you were grave-clothes, is it not? Pity you came? Nonsense! You will soon forget.

And they have forgotten.

Ladies and gentlemen, sweaters and supporters of sweaters, console yourselves; this was all in Germany over a year ago. It is not—which we are, figures say otherwise, we are told, but we know how figures lie. By your comfortable armchairs, by your family jewels, by your wines of pedigree, I swear to you it is not, cannot be, quite so bad. It is, it must be a little, ever so little, better. For the sake of your beauty-sleep you will—

Books and Persons.

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, whose volume of sketches, "A Motley," is now in process of being reviewed, is just finishing another novel, which will no doubt be published in the autumn. That novels have to be finished is the great disadvantage of the novelist’s career—otherwise, as everyone knows, a bed of roses, a velvet cushion, a hammock under a ripe pear tree. To begin a novel is delightful. To finish it is the devil. Not because, on parting with his characters, the novelist's heart is torn by the grief which Thackeray described with such characteristically false sentimentality. (The novelist who has put his back into a novel will be ready to kick the whole crowd of his characters down the front door steps.) But because the strain of keeping a long book at the proper emotional level through page after page and chapter after chapter is simply appalling, and as the end approaches becomes almost intolerable. I have just finished a novel myself; my nineteenth, I think. So I know the rudiments of the experience. For those in peril on the sea, and for novelists finishing novels, prayers ought to be offered up.

In accordance with my habit of re-reading books which have uncommonly interested me on first perusal, I have recently read again "The Man of Property." Well, it stands the test. It is certainly the most perfect of Mr. Galsworthy’s novels up to now. Except for the confused impression caused by the too
rapid presentation of all the numerous members of the Forsyte family at the opening, it has practically no faults. In construction it is unlike any other novel that I know, but that is not to say that it has no constructive design—as some critics have said. It is merely to say that it is original. There are no weak parts in the book, no places where the author has stopped to take his breath and wipe his brow. The tension is never relaxed. This is one of the two qualities without which a novel cannot be first class and great. The other is the quality of sound, harmonious design. Both qualities are exceedingly rare, and I do not know which is the rarer. In the actual material of the book, the finest quality is its extraordinary passionate cruelty towards the oppressors as distinguished from the oppressed. That oppressors should be treated with less sympathy than oppressed is contrary to my own notion of the ethics of creative art, but the result in Mr. Galsworthy's work is something very pleasing. Since "A Man of Property," the idea that the creator of the universe, or the Original Will, or whatever you like to call it or him, made a grotesque fundamental mistake in the conception of our particular planet, has apparently gained much ground in Mr. Galsworthy's mind. I hope that this ground may slowly be recovered by the opposite idea. Anyway, the Forsyte is universal. We are all Forsytes, just as we are all Willoughby Patterns, and this incontrovertible statement implies inevitably that Mr. Galsworthy is a writer of the highest rank. I re-read "The Man of Property" immediately after re-reading Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment" and immediately before re-reading Björnson's "Arne." It ranks well with these European masterpieces.

Glancing the other day at the literary page of a London daily, I saw an article entitled "Maxim and Muriel." Impossible not to examine an article under such a heading. The following is a review of two novels by Maxim Gorky and Muriel Hine respectively. Thus far has the passion and mania for "brightness" driven what was once the most literary morning paper in London, the paper which, in fact, invented the daily literary page! When in due course I see in the same columns "Joey and Georgie," I shall know without reading further that new books by Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. George Moore have appeared.

The catalogue of the "Times" Book Club usually infuriates me by offering for sale, with flourishine laudatory adjectives, new copies of my best books at the price of sixpence (that first sevenpence was demanded). This enterprising American organisation has, of course, bought up the remainder of the said work. Henceforward I mean to be more philippic. Messrs. Watts and Co. are now selling new copies of Herbert Spencer's autobiography (two volumes, 1,098 pages, published at £1 8s.) at 5s. 6d. As they say, it is "a really great bargain." And I am glad that people who do not pay super income tax now have a chance of obtaining one of the most masterly human documents in modern literature. But what a comment on the attitude of England towards its greatest philosopher? If only "Herbert..." (as the aforementioned daily would say) had had the wit to take a few lessons in the craft of autobiography from our esteemed Lady Cardigan, perhaps his final work might have struggled into a second edition, or, at any rate, have gone out of print. But perhaps one day Mr. Arthur Rackham will consent to illustrate it. Then you will see a genuine demand for Spencer. The address of Messrs. Watts, to whom I make a present of this valuable advertisement, is 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

I learn that the daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray has taken to literature at the distressingly early age of nineteen. Miss Rosalind Murray's novel is entitled "The Leading Note."

The Poems of Nora May French have been collected and published (The Strange Company, San Francisco). Ninety-six pages suffice to hold all the work that the editor of the little volume deemed worthy to represent the young, beautiful girl who killed herself in Carmel, California, three years ago. But nearly every line of these poems achieves the aim of poetry—which is, Beauty. Hence, in a time like this, when the printing press spews forth countless objects of no account, true sentiments, together with some genes and evil things, but so rarely gives birth to real objects of true art, the appearance of this little book of naive—yet art-created—beauty is a matter of importance to all those who care for poetry and are concerned regarding America's contributions to the greatest of the arts.

Nora May French's was twenty-six years old when she drank poison and died, leaving directions that her body be burned and the ashes cast into the sea from the granite cliffs of Point Lobos. This is not the occasion to study the sad history of a temperament that could not achieve harmony with its environment; more truly to say that her temperament was poetical in excess, and her environment, that of modern Mammon's worse conditions. Poverty and sickness, and ever-baffled yearnings for a life of romance and beauty impossible for her to live, at last brought this victim of a barbed-wire modernism and an empty purse into the "outer court" of death. She wrote a distinctly prophetic sonnet a year and four months before she died:

THE OUTER GATE

Life said: "My house is thine with all its store; Behold, I open shining ways to thee— Of every inner portal make the free: O child, I may not bar the outer door. Go from me if thou wilt, to come no more; But all thy pain is mine to endure. And must I hear thee, faint and woefully, Call on me from the darkness, and implore? Nay, mother, for I follow at thy will. But oftentimes thy voice is sharp to hear; Thy trailing fragrance heavy on the breath; Always the outer hall is very still, And on my face a pleasant wind and clear Blows straitly from the narrow gate of Death.

This young girl—for even at twenty-six she was still in some respects a child, and many of her poems were written years before her death—had at her command a creative magic of a poignantly beautiful and haunting quality; a magic for which the only word seems to be "spiritual." For while the allure and beauty of material things were always near and dear, yet something concealed for most people within the outward semblances ever thrilled her most sensitive apprehension of inner things—of the spirit and the soul. Yet, unhappily, it was the inner appeal, and the haunting soul, of sadness, of hopelessness (for all souls are not happy and satisfied and good), that ever weighed upon Nora May French.

She lay so unguarded and open to spiritual impressions that at times it would almost seem as if the spiritual world had become objectified to her. In dreams, at least ("dreams" is the word by which we speak of a life impossible to speak of intelligibly), she must have had singular adventures; for here are some prose words which she brought back in memory from a dream—:

"Think not, O Lilias, that the love of this night will endure in the sun. Hast thou beheld fungi, white, evil, resy-lined, poisonous, shrewed by the light? In this wilderness of strange hearts it is not thine alone that concerns me. Many brave hearts of men are more to me than thine. The hearts of men breathed to thy heart; for thy heart, it runs from me, it is quicksilver, it does not concern me greatly."

The soul of this wonderful girl—who was obliged to earn her bread for a peripatetic life—died at the destroying toll of a "hello girl" at a telephone exchange switchboard—a magically gifted transmut-
ing impressions from the ethereal vibrations of Nature's finer forces, as manifested in beautiful land-and-sea-and-skyscapes especially, that gives to her poetry a quality most exquisite and memorable—memorable, not as rhetoric is memorable, in static phrases, but memorable rather as music is memorable; in hummings cadences and evocations of an atmosphere of mystical suggestions—suggestions of beauty, of sorrow, and pain; with occasional radiations of a pure lyrical joy.

YESTERDAY.

Now all my thoughts were crisped and thinned
To clain threads, to gleaming browns.
Like tawnv Grasses lean with mind
They drew your heart across the downs.
Your will of all the winds that blew
They drew across the world to me
To thread my whisper thoughts of you
Along the downs, above the sea.
Beneath a pool beyond the dune—
So green it was and amber-walled
A face would glimmer like a moon
Scen whitely through an emerald—
And there my mermaid fancy lay
And dreamed the light and you were one.
And rickered in her seaweed's sway
A broken largesse of the sun.
Above the world as evening fell
I made my heart into a sky
And through a twilight like a shell
I saw the shining seagulls fly.
I found beneath the sand and land
And lost again, unwrt, unheard,
A song that fluttered in my hand
And vanished like a silver bird.
The chief "work" contained in the little book is "The Spanish Girl," a love tale told in separate poems.

Oh, little book of beauty!—vibrant message from one
A friend on the occasion of his marriage, entitled, rather too vaguely, "The Rose":—
"Ay, pluck a jonquil when the May's awing!
Or please you with a rose upon the breast,
A sweater violet chosen from the rest,
To match your mood with blue caprice of spring—
"Leaving windy vines a tendril less to swing.
Why, what's a flower? A day's delight at best,
A perfume loved, a faded petal pressed,
A whimsey for an hour's remembering.
But wondrous careful must he draw the rose
From jealous earth, who seeks to set anew
Deep root, young leafeage, with a gardener's art—
To plant her queen of all his garden close,
And make his varying fancy wind and dew,
Cloud, rain, and sunshine for one woman's heart.

The editor of the book—Mr. Henry Anderson Lofler, who was advised by Mr. George Sterling and Mr. Porte Garnett—has well achieved his part, for the volume is excellently printed and the verses arranged with pleasing art, while the notes are simply those called for to explain a few points in the text.

Oh, little book of beauty!—vibrant message from one
Lonely woman's inmost heart—may you find your way to beauty's friends in the world!

Some Later Ibsen Stories.

[For most of the following incidents we are indebted to the book, "Samliy med Ibsen," recently published in Norway by the well-known journalist and friend of Ibsen, John Paulsen.]

In Ibsen's play, the "League of Youth," it is undoubtedly the fact that Björnson was rather maliciously represented as the famous Radical, Stensgaard. The truth is that Ibsen and Björnson were of fundamentally different types. Ibsen was revolutionary and uncompromising, Björnson was evolutionary and conservative. Yet, as may be seen from Ibsen's "Letters," the two were never so personally antagonistic as their respective followers. Speaking to Paulsen one day, Ibsen said, "Björnson and I are not enemies as many believe. It is only our henchmen who are deadly opposed to each other. We two are not personally so."

Soon after the appearance of the "League of Youth," Ibsen sent a presentation copy with a friendly note to Björnson. Björnson, however, never acknowledged the book or replied to the note.

As a young man, Ibsen was by no means certain of his vocation. Until he was thirty-two he believed himself to be born for painting. In fact, a pretty big exhibition might be got together of the canvases painted by Ibsen in the days of his early manhood, and scattered now throughout the farmhouses and country villas of Norway. He remained all his life profoundly interested in art, and his judgments of ancient and Renaissance art in Italy are always original. Of Raphael he said: "Raphael's art has never warmed me. His beings belong to the Garden of Eden before the Fall."

Ibsen's conception of drama was of something supreme in literature. The creation of dramas was indeed for him not merely a substitute for life, but life itself. He could not conceive that a man should be able to write both novels and plays; for drama demanded the devotion of the whole of a man's powers. In the art of drama, he said, there are a thousand and one artifices of finesse which the novelist knows not of. "Have you ever thought," he remarked to Paulsen, "that in a play the conversation of the morning must have an entirely different colour from the conversation of the evening?"

Björnson's play, the " Newly-Married," he did not consider a play at all. It was, he said, not a drama, but a dramatised novel.

Jonas Lie, the well-known Norwegian writer of sea-stories, was asking Ibsen's advice one day about a play he was contemplating. "How long," he asked, may a character chatter on the stage? (He had in mind, perhaps, some such conversational plays and displays as we have lately seen at the Repertory Theatre.) "Chatter!" said Ibsen, witheringly, "nobody is allowed to talk nonsense either on the stage or off."

Ibsen, like every other great author, was perpetually being asked to explain what he meant by his plays. Just as perpetually he pretended not to know. "Somebody," he said, "will one day come and tell me what I do mean. The critic is always ready to see a double meaning in everything. In the 'Doll's House,' for example, there is the scene in which Nora enters followed by a porter carrying a Christmas-tree. Nora takes her purse and gives the porter a shilling instead of the usual sixpence. A Swedish critic, if you please, found a symbolic meaning in the act. Nora, he thought, was a Socialist, who desired to equalise wealth, and Ibsen was a Socialist propagandist!"

After the publication of the 'Doll's House,' Ibsen was proclamed by Scandinavian women as the "Woman's Champion." He disclosed, however, any political propaganda, and emphasised his view that he was merely presenting an eternal type of woman. As a matter of fact, in " Hedda Gabler," he appeared to swing round to the opposite pole, and to represent the dark side of feminine emancipation. "Hedda Gabler" was a severe shock to the suffragists. "Is Ibsen no longer our champion?" they asked, doubtfully. "Does he look on us with strange and unfriendly eyes?" Ibsen, however, made magnificent amends in his celebrated speech to women, when he declared that the aristocracy of the future would be born from two movements, that of the workers and that of women.
It is well known that Ibsen’s prose is the greatest Norwegian prose ever written. No translation will ever be able to convey to the English reader the ric-, strength and precision of the original. Not a word is misplaced, for in his writing Ibsen was indeed a master-builder. Paulsen one day asked him for a definition of style. "Tongue," replied Ibsen, "is Ibsen’s power of observation amounted to genius. "You never notice anything," he remarked to Paulsen. "For instance, you don’t remember at this moment the colour of the wall-paper in your own bedroom. But when you enter a strange room I notice the very smallest details. Nothing escapes me. Yes, I see everything."

Ibsen never spoke of his forthcoming plays until they were actually finished. He belonged to the order of "silent authors." He took immense pains to conceal every indication of the nature of his new plays from everybody, including his wife and sons. Only when he was engaged in writing a play, he by chance dropped a scrap of paper on which were the words, "the doctor says." Mrs. Ibsen determined to have a joke, and one day casually remarked, "Who is that doctor in your play?" Ibsen, without a supreme effort, answered "suppose he’s saying something interesting things." Ibsen at first was silent with astonishment. Then he broke out into a fit of rage, full of reproaches for her spying, etc., etc. It was Ibsen’s habit while staying at Arosia, where he lived at four a.m., to have breakfast at eight, and then sit down and write all day. "Writing from Arosia on September 12, 1865, to Bjorønson he said: 'What a wonderful happiness it is to be able to write! It was then that he felt his powers at their highest.

Ibsen’s respect for the complete man was thoroughly practical. He aimed at being himself self-sufficient. He was boasting to Paulsen that he even sewed his own buttons on. Indeed, he made almost a religious act of it. If he was to retire to his own room, he would lock the door, and sew with as much care as if he were copying out a manuscript. Mme. Ibsen afterwards laughingly explained to Paulsen that the buttons so sewn with so much care fell off again unless she herself went over them and fastened them properly. It is not generally known that Ibsen while still a young man attempted in a mood of depression to drown himself. All through his life he was subject to such moods, though not again with suicidal tendencies.

While at Bergen, Ibsen fell a little in love with a pretty girl, who used to bring the young poet flowers from the wood. One day while walking with her the pair were suddenly met by the young lady’s father, who had no respect for an impecunious poet. Ibsen, liking little, told her that he would not meet her again unless she herself went over them and fastened them properly. It is not generally known that Ibsen while still a young man attempted in a mood of depression to drown himself. All through his life he was subject to such moods, though not again with suicidal tendencies.

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ART.
By Hunley Carter.

One afternoon recently turning out of a Bond Street gallery I met an artist looking jaded and worn. He told me he had undertaken to criticise the pictures at all the galleries during the season. It was his first attempt to cross "The Bridge of Sighs," and would be his last. Not even the joy of jumping on his own best friends could induce him to do it again. "There are far too many people painting pictures," he cried. "What is the cure for the picture-painting mania?" I inquired. "There are two cures," he replied. "One way is to destroy all architecture. Architecture is the base of painting, and walls, particularly exhibition gallery walls, are the excuse for picture-painting. Picture-painting is not the excuse for walls as some deluded persons imagine. Do away with walls, and painters would be reduced to hanging their pictures on trees or round their beautiful necks." "Destroy all architecture? That is a negative proposal. Suppose you try a positive one. Teach painters to rehabilitate life as a whole rather than in detached masses."  

"I was coming to that," he said. "The other method of bringing artists to reasonableness and commonsense in the matter of picture painting is to stop all picture painting for ten years. There would still be enough pictures to go round. The value of those in existence would go up, the artist would be forced of the Riot Act, calling out of the military, declared in existence would go up, the artist would be forced to follow in the footsteps of Miss Nelia Casella, whose exhibits at the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, namely, that of being fully modelled little busts in coloured wax richly inlaid with gems. Other artists might turn to produce more of the portrait work enamelled in silver or copper, hung next to Miss Casella's. This is another kind of charming artistic work to be widely encouraged. And others again might avoid the general fault of the work of the members of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, namely, that of being fine piece of work in composition, modelling and what not, when London itself is starving for enrichment of the artist is doing a great deal of harm to art, and that picture painting ought to be stopped by law for a time so as to compel artists to seek other avenues of artistic expressions. Then some of them might turn to the beautiful and illuminating and valuable Art Supplement to The New Age on the Staging of Plays."

By Hunley Carter.

The very clever bronze statuettes by Albert Toft at the Brook Street Gallery, including that exceptionally fine piece of work in composition, modelling and strength of character, "Mother and Child," had brought me back to the relation of art to architecture, and the part sculpture might play in the decoration of our public places. For the fiftieth time I had asked myself why is so much fine energy wasted in turning out studio torsos, statuettes, portrait busts and what not, when London itself is starving for embellishment? Perhaps it is because apparently nothing can bring our public authorities to a sense of the fitness of things, and one can only say they are past praying for. And artists won't pray for themselves.

Several letters concerning the last Art Supplement have been received. The following extract from a communication from Mr. Herbert Trench will speak themselves all out: "To the Art Supplement, "I send you and your beautiful and illuminating and valuable Art Supplement to The New Age on the Staging of Plays."
CORRESPONDENCE.

MATERIALS IN PAINTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As [Mr. Walter Sickert] has alluded to the researches I made some years ago into the materials used in tempera and early oil painting, may I be allowed to call attention to the very striking fact made to speak of the universal prevalence of pure white grounds in the first volume of his "Materials for a History of Oil Painting," the technical process of which he traces in the mummy cases of the ancient Egyptians, which endure to our own day. He discusses the question of the absorbency or repugnance of these grounds (pp. 352, 353) and considers that experimental proof is in favour of the theory that the white ground was prevented from absorbing oil and colour by the ground, to transfer yellow ochre. The ground was found whitest next to the paint, and, if paint flakes, the bare place is always white. Eastlake considers that many of the early Flemish masters, like the Van Eycks, were glass painters, they knew the value of light behind colours. The chapter is long and full of interest. The art of preparing pure white grounds on panels was an expert art in the Low Countries. If the Italian tradition was followed, slaked plaster of Paris would be used rather than whitening. It was a material known to the Flemish tradition, if my memory serves me. This seems to have great qualities of endurance and tenacity, and I find, through a good many years' experience now, that it does not come with size to make grounds white on canvases; but whitening cracks. I don't know any other white material that can be satisfactorily used in this way, unless the oxide of titanium, which gives a ground that is satisfactory. Then, to the use of a white ground, I invariably render it non-absorbent for tempera painting by a mixture of yoke of egg, maize, and a little yellow ochre. So I paint on a shining yellowish ground. I restore the lights with white oxide of zinc paint. Nevertheless, I consider the first white ground of great importance.

For oil painting, thin size, or some other check to absorbency, must be used, as Eastlake insists. It is quite possible egg yolk is used, or perhaps a dilute varnish. On one panel I tried this and it seemed to answer.

Mr. Sickert says the arm in the Polish Rider is painted at one go. Is he sure that there is not a loaded chiaroscuro Rembrandtesque sort---

CHRISTIANA J. HERRINGHAM.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND S. VERDAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In common, I feel sure, with many other Socialist readers of the New Age, I have followed the pronouncements of S. Verdad in his foreign affairs contributions, with growing feeling of surprise and indignation at the editorial place they assume in a journal supposed, at least generally, to occupy a Socialist position. Mr. Verdad, Dr. Verdad, as he attempts to whitewash himself, does not get rid of the fact that with "all his general knowledge of foreign affairs" the "conclusions" he arrives at, the alleged facts before him are those of the average Jingo journal of commerce.

The opinions we form on facts generally depend upon the point of view from which we regard them and upon the point of view from which we regard them and the point of view of S. Verdad is uniformly that of the Tory party. As might be expected, our friend, the "foreign editor" of the New Age, as he styles himself, cannot refrain from茸)fing the question begging apppellative "sentimental" at all who disagree with him. I, for one, am not specially concerned to champion Messrs. Keir Hardie, Nevinson, Liverpool, Bradford, or Massingham, but if these gentlemen are to be accused of a sentimental bias in favour of native populations I can only say that Mr. Verdad and his Government justice can be charged with the possession of an anti-sentimental bias in favour of British bureaucrats.

Mr. Verdad seems to think it his mission to find Socialists in the wrong and to virtuously champion their opponents. He habitually quotes reactionary papers as authorities and then revolts at the suggestion that he himself is reactionary. He naively asks whether Mr. H. G. Wells' two recent articles are to be discounted because they were published in the "Daily Mail"—as if there were any doubt as to this point! Had Mr. W. Batten, a Socialist and Socialism the "Daily Mail" would certainly not have given his articles the prominence it did. As a matter of fact Mr. Batten is a Socialist in every fibre of his being, and he has been treated by a perfectly competent Socialist and a member of the S.D.P., not has been inserted.

I would, before concluding, challenge the "foreign editor" of the New Age, to a single paragraph in all he has written up to date for that journal which represents Socialist criticism of international relations.

For, as I have said before, the facts or information, of points of view, and the point of view of S. Verdad is uniformly that of the Tory Imperialist press. Now it is, of course, open to S. Verdad to say that Turky is right and that Socialism is wrong, but for heaven's sake let him come forward in his true colours and not pose as a super-enlightened Socialist. If the readers of the New Age want "Daily Mail" views of foreign policy in the paper, that is their affair! I am writing these words of protest on behalf of those who do not.

Mr. Verdad's justification for his adoption of the standpoint of British officialism "right or wrong" in his estimation of Foreign and Colonial politics, consists of the tradition that he and the British Government believe the British Empire, with which we are so associated, Egypt and India must be kept under the heel of British bureaucracy, backed by the "milled fist" of British military imperialism. Now, because our British officials and their outposts and wide fields for industrial operations, and British officials posts and sinecures, but because it is good for the Egyptian and Indian populations to be kept under British rule, otherwise we would not the Egyptian and Indian be respectively at one another's throats to-morrow? Truly a delightful argument for a practice which is a joke, but let me reply to it by quoting a historical parallel. In the early years of the sixteenth century the countries of Continental Europe, notably Germany and Italy, were in constant condition—baron against baron, or city against city—modern national unity being as yet embryonic or non-existent. Mr. Verdad and his kind would have pronounced the populations contained at least within the two

last-named countries, as "absolutely incapable of governing" themselves. Now it so happens that Western Europe, notably Germany and Italy, was under the threat of a Turkish invasion, which indeed seemed imminent, and of a possible conquest similar to that of the Balkan Peninsula. Let me say that a pro-Turkish advocate of that era might have enlarged upon the beneficence the Turkish rule and administration in Egypt and India in, and the establishment of a "British peace," just as Mr. Verdad and other pro-British advocates to-day descant on the beneficence of British administration in Egypt and India, and the establishment of a "British peace." through the "order" thus maintained. Yet what Western Europe would have been to-day had the beneficent Turk successfully carried out his object, I do not know; the real effect maintaining order in Western Europe in the early sixteenth century, I, for one, am unable to imagine! Even Mr. Verdad does not probably regret that Western Europe was allowed to work out its own salvation (such as it is, and what there is of it) rather than have received "civilisation," at the kindly hand of the conquering Turk—and this even at the expense of the temporarily anarchical state of affairs then obtaining. Now suppose Mr. Verdad places himself for one moment, if he can, at the standpoint of the Egyptian or the Hindoo, and tries to see how possibly these degraded specimens of humanity, as he deems them, might conceivably prefer to be kept under the heel of the British at one go. Is he sure that there is not a loaded chiaroscuro Rembrandtesque sort---

E. BLATCHFORD.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A cutting from your issue of July 7 has been sent me in which a contributor of yours, Mr. S. Verdad, remarks under the above heading that the opinions expressed on Indian Government by Mr. Blatchford are much more accurate than those put forth in the Liberal Press, particu-
ily by extreme sentimentalists of the Nevinson, Brailsford, and Massingham order."

I am, of course, grateful for having my name coupled with Mr. Massingham, the best of editors and one of the keenest guides of public opinion, and with Mr. Brailsford, whom everyone who studies foreign politics at all knows to be among the best and most accurate of writers on foreign affairs, in the decision of the question whether I allow a contributor to a paper like yours to degrade himself by abusing us as "sentimentalists." Believe me, that word is the cheapest and most misleading weapon now left in all the arsenal of vulgarity. It is cheaper than mud.

If your contributor means, as from a preceding paragraph he appears to mean, that I think England should at once withdraw from India, I shall be happy to say that I agree with him. But if he means it is a silly libel to charge me with such folly; and if he had happened to read anything I have ever written on India, he might have been more fortunate

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

WELLS v. WELLS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Second thoughts are best, and I am glad "If. A. J." has given me an opportunity of repudiating my first all too generous welcome to the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. I have not then given that document an adequate scrutiny, and I was perhaps absurdly over-anxious to display a different spirit towards the propagandist efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Webb that had animated my own attempts to organise a Fabian propaganda. The second edition of the pamphlet from which "H. A. J." quotes does not contain my reckless effusion, and it is to be remaried that the pamphlet is now rules alone upon a cover that once bore numerous sympathisers.

The Break-up of the Poor Law agitation is far more taking at the first onset than it is under more deliberate examination, and I am not alone in falling away from those first enthusiasms.

H. G. WELLS.

VERNON LEE'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A statement in The New Age of the 7th inst. is not correct. In the "Bibliography of Vernon Lee" it is noted that her work on "The Countess of Albany" was published, in 1884, by W. H. Allen and Co., in my "Eminent Women Series."

JOHN H. INGRAM.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

I have been greatly interested in your reply to Mary Gawthorpe's challenge to you to stand for your objection to the Women's Suffrage Bill as desirable, or even fortunate in his other criticisms. Why should the secretary not attend any conference on education he pleased? If the conference was for an objection to the character ascribed to it by your correspondent (about which I neither know nor care), surely commonsense would suggest that the more closely its conclusions were scrutinised, the better. Your correspondent can hardly be serious in suggesting that to attend a meeting is to express sympathy with it. One more trifle and I have done. "Oxford Graduate" apparently thinks he has made a damaging point by saying that a member of the House of Lords subscribes, or subscribes, to the W.E.A. As I haven't the last report by me, I can't say if this statement is right or wrong. But I hope he is right, and I am delighted to hear of a duke doing anything so sensible with his money.

The W.E.A. is governed by its members, 95 per cent. of whom are working people, and its members are not to be bought.

I. L. P. MEMBER OF THE W. E. A.

YOUNG AMERICA.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Young America sends greetings to her critics in The New Age. We are squandering our best crumbs, indifferent, passionate, and going to completely reconstruct civilization. We know that we do not fit into any of your schemes, that we cannot promise ourselves down to a set figure, that we are not diminutive, that we challenge everything that has been. Weep for yourselves, kind critics. Out from the Western mountains will spring an annihilating, reconstructing force. Your religions, sects, and sect-footed flunkieism—all your cherished shibboleths of reform—will be burned up and scattered in the refining fire of magnificent war.

Why tremble for us, you Europeans? Life is paramount.
A SHORT DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Skelthorn is naive. He regards that point in my short definition of Socialism as a "weak link in the chain," which really constitutes the main strength of this definition and differentiates it from other definitions. He does so on the strength of the maxim that "a real self-regarding"—a piece of copy-book twaddle about "a par with the solemn platitudinous fallacies, also belonging to the copy-book order of the day," is "a misconception," that there is no such thing as chance in the world," etc., etc. The hollowness of these formal fribbles it requires but a very little insight to unmask. The only purpose they subsserve is to momentarily nonplus a not too clear-headed opponent in argument. The assumption of our whole life and conduct is that, given the requisite conditions, two wrongs do make a right. It is only when we want to snatch an advantage in argument that the copy-book maxim is trotted out. Similarly our whole thought and action are based upon the assumption that the events of life consist in a synthesis of chance and law—that law, as realised, involves its antithesis, chance. But to return to our sheep! The state stuff about "no actions" being "really self-regarding" is fully met in my letter by my definition of self-regarding actions as meaning such actions as have no direct social reference. This point is amplified in the paragraph enclosed in square brackets following §: That every action may possibly have a social reference, indirect where not direct, is a platitude. But it is precisely this distinction between actions indirectly affecting society and actions directly affecting it on which this part of my definition of Socialism is based. But his distinction Mr. Skelthorn completely ignores. He postulates the absurdity that all actions have equally a social reference. But Mr. Skelthorn goes still further than this, assuming that "every act from the cradle to the grave performed by one citizen involves more or less injury (sic) to another." So it is plainly, therefore, founded on a duty imposed by the highest social morality upon every citizen to go forthwith and shoot himself! No! Mr. Skelthorn, the sacredness of individual liberty in self-regarding matters as defined in my letter of the issue of June is to be thankful. The fact that they persistently read the middle-headed fashion they are thankful. I am open to objection to "Misalliance Married" and to a minor extent in "John Bull's Other Island"; but neither of those plays bored me. Misalliance was that was, because he had flouted the dramatic conventions; I do not agree with Ashley Dukes. Mr. Shaw flouted the dramatic conventions in precisely the same manner in which Dr. Whitby and Mr. Bennet and Mr. Swinerton ought devoutly to be thankful. The fact that they persistently read the reviews published in this journal does denote that in a normal country whose reviews are deliberately read as a matter of course in the same way that the leading articles, middles, poems, and not, are read.

Now, take this matter of the Repertory Theatre! The objection to "Misalliance," so far at all events as I am concerned, is not that it was in a new form, or that it flouted dramatic conventions and had little respect for Aristotle. In these matters I am a Pragmatist. I do not care how an artist gets his effects so long as he gets them. The objection to "Misalliance" is that, Mr. Shaw did not get any effect at all. I believe in the Greek original "Hudson's Bay," a locality which is officially unknown to geographers. The correct term, of course, is Hudson Bay. I should like to make this correction before some kind friend rushes in gloatingly to do it for me. The word left out of my peroration (I presume the Greek type had to be set up separately) was "muddleheaded." It is my experience that the word "muddleheaded" connotes a lanky body, pale features, long, fair hair, and once-ness. Hence I prefer to avoid it in favour of the Greek original; for, if one uses "muddlehead" as a makeshift, the pious Englishman at once thinks of Genesis and is puzzled. I trust you will permit me to call attention to this linguistic delicacy.

N. A. REVIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am a minor reviewer on the staff of THE NEW AGE; therefore, I rush in where my elders (by about two years) fear to tread. If Dr. Whitby and Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Swinerton will believe me, there is no complicity amongst us as to the manner in which reviewing shall be done. We say what we think about a book or a play: it may be cautious, it may be anything anyone likes, but it is definitely and honestly what we think. And in these days, when a great deal of criticism is patently dishonest, and in some cases pernicious, it is the duty of a reviewer to tell the truth. If Dr. Whitby and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Swinerton ought devoutly to be thankful. The fact that they persistently read the reviews published in this journal does denote that in a normal country whose reviews are deliberately read as a matter of course in the same way that the leading articles, middles, poems, and not, are read.
position? Mr. Tonson's doctrine can only be justified commercially; it means, crudely stated, that Mr. Barker were a fool if he were not to produce anything Mr. Shaw chooses to write. In other words, the following book would pay to see anything he chooses to write; it is time that Mr. Shaw's followers were protected from Mr. Shaw and the Liberals. Quite clearly it was Mr. J. S. Mill's duty to refuse to produce "Misalliance" on the ground that it was a bad play, and on that ground alone. Consider the effect it would have on Mr. Shaw! He might have re-written the play; he might have made a good movie out of it; we might now be glorifying in a rich Repertory Theatre where the superannuated by Toby old man now says: "Dawn of To-morrow!"

In this world, Charles the Second seems to succeed Oliver Cromwell with pitiless regularity! Mr. J. M. Kennedy probably does not apply to "The Madras House." I have forgotten what Lane and Dukes had about Mr. Barker's play, but I remember what I said about it myself. The play interested me extraordinarily. Except for the fact that it was over-long and not sufficiently dogmatic, I liked it and enjoyed it. I said so in the "Labour Leader." I did not enjoy "Misalliance," and I said so in the "Labour Leader." That cost me at least two votes at the last election to the Fabian Executive. Two Shaw "admirers," as we call them in the Fabian nursery, declined to vote for me on the ground that I had "no soul!" By God! They voted for Mr. So-and-so, who puts in about two attendances at committee meetings during the year! Who are these people? Is "Misalliance" adversely affecting the satisfaction of knowing that we were right? The "admirers" are beginning to admit it already. When Shaw has been dead three years, they will become Shaw "haters," and then Dukes and I will have to start reminding them of what fine work Shaw has done. In that day we won't refer to "Misalliance" at all.

ST. JOHN G. ERVIN.

**NEW AGE** POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Perhaps you will kindly permit me to comment on certain opinions which are entertained regarding the policy of THE NEW AGE. Some are apparent from the letters you have reprinted published on Socialism; others I have heard in other quarters.

Now, if we want the fanatical explosions of the extreme ideological classes, we can easily get them by going to Hyde Park or by purchasing "Justice." If we want Socialism expounded from the arid economical point of view, without a spark of higher imagination than is necessary to appeal to an artisan of the better class, we can buy the "Clarion," which, by the way, seems to be an unconsciously long time dying. On the other hand, apart from THE NEW AGE, there is no review printed in English which deals with difficult political problems from a standpoint which is at once abstract (not idealistic) and practical. You deserve the thanks of those who desire to view questions of a political nature in their true setting. There is no milieu for the discussion of those questions except in THE NEW AGE. If we want the fair, matured criticism of the past, and the shibboleths are not confined only to Conservatives and Liberals, but are to be found among the Labour men and the Socialists, this is the only forum in which those who shibboleths are the shibboleths of potential activity and reform, whereas the shibboleths of the Socialism are the shibboleths of impotence, envy, and potential bureaucracies.

There is another point about which you may receive complaints. A few of the less clear-sighted Socialists—this group being distinctly in the majority—have blamed the NEW AGE for saying harsh things about the Liberal Government and less harsh things about the opposition. This is the very acme of dull-headedness. Extremes meet in the domain of politics as they do elsewhere. Speaking as one who is, on the whole, a Conservative, I have the feeling that we Tories feel we are much more in common with the Socialists than with the Liberals. If I am not mistaken, I have also seen that opinion professionally or in private conversation. Apart altogether from the gross injustice and unfairness of the Liberal Press, of which we have had so many examples recently, it is becoming clear every day that there is no place for the Liberal in modern politics. He is an anomaly.

Certain parties on the Continent call themselves Liberal, and "Adolf Beck was positively identified as the murderer, after local opinion had become inflamed—

Lord Coleridge stands at this moment for the most irresponsible of men, a gambler on his own opinions. To this lawyer the sucking of blood is by means so serious as he informed Dickman. He instructed the jury:

"I do not presume to judge you!" after the success of his wicked summing-up, he assured Dickman. I am only the minister of the law. He then pronounced very slowly, and raising his hand, "May God Almighty," etc. If we may decide from the Beck case, our police-court news travels tardily heavenward.

**ADVANTAGE** should have been taken of the fact that there was nothing in the world against Dickman but circumstantial evidence to bring the lesson of reason and a decent conscience home to people who are too easy to form opinions upon accidents and fancies. No scientist would base an opinion upon anything upon such grounds as have made this judge assured enough to connive at a prisoner's death. Lord Coleridge's phrase: "If they discharged him, where was he during those two hours?" is one of the oddest that flimsy string of accident, personal belief and fantasy which may hang John Dickman, this judge egged on by the juries, who, except two or three, convince themselves that the man accused was the guilty man. There was a minority who held out for two hours and a half against the verdict, and the cunning of the judge was cunning indeed. Difficult would it have been for the jury to have discovered while he was orating, the subtle, insolent method of Lord Coleridge's attack upon the prisoner. But the reports of the summing-up all coincide to exhibit this judge reversing the judicial procedure by stating first the facts which defended the prisoner, then leaving the details of the prosecution to take effect last upon the minds of the jurymen.

A sign of the North reviving from its recent ferocious fit of prejudice it can easily get them by going to Hyde Park or by purchasing "Justice." If we want Socialism expounded from the arid economical point of view, without a spark of higher imagination than is necessary to appeal to an artisan of the better class, we can buy the "Clarion," which, by the way, seems to be an unconsciously long time dying. On the other hand, apart from THE NEW AGE, there is no review printed in English which deals with difficult political problems from a standpoint which is at once abstract (not idealistic) and practical. You deserve the thanks of those who desire to view questions of a political nature in their true setting. There is no milieu for the discussion of those questions except in THE NEW AGE. If we want the fair, matured criticism of the past, and the Socialism are the shibboleths of impotence, envy, and potential bureaucracies.

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Certain parties on the Continent call themselves Liberal, and "Adolf Beck was positively identified as the murderer, after local opinion had become inflamed—
is not a particle of evidence to dispose the story! One further instance of the invincible prejudice of the judge. About the bloodstained gloves, which strain the chemist declined to swear was even the blood of a mammal, let alone human, the judge is marked, always drawing lighter the remotest possibility of the gloves having been once stained. But circumstantial guesses in the prisoner's favour have not the same weight as these are against him. Undoubtedly Dickman did come without wearing the gloves, but, course he wore them; and although the blood might be fish blood, it is undoubtedly the blood of the murdered man!

Thus we can shuffle away a man's life if we are sanguine minded to do so. If Dickman were never so guilty we should be wrong to try him by the methods of Lord Coleridge. The public is becoming healthily familiar with the ways of lawyers. Science will banish them finally from jurisdiction over criminals. Under the Indian caste system where my mentor has evidently misread his history, the Chandals, the lowest caste, scavengers, and what not. While we suffer them, our immediate business is to maintain them. The judicial murder of Dickman is so poor in character and so woefully lacking in anything of building the hall is to be before subscribing to the fund? The frontispiece is a drawing showing the "Proposed Elevation to the above subject by Marmaduke Pickthall, who appeared on the circular, but I can hardly imagine any of these gentlemen lending their support to a scheme, as I was in the city of Alexandria during its bombardment, thereby giving me with firmer ground, is all very pretty, and was...


GIBBS, PHILIP, "History under the Hammer: The Pass of Killiecrankie to be Sold at Auction," Graphic, July 9.


MARSHALL, ALFRED, "Alcoholism and Ability," Times, July 7 (letter to the Editor).


SMITH, CONSTANCE, "Pottery and Poison: De-
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