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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE were a good many lessons for political students in the debates and divisions on Mr. Shackleton's Conciliation Bill. The result was never in doubt from the outset, but the methods of arriving at it were interesting. The obvious deduction to be drawn from the debate itself was: How much better it would be if all subjects were debated without the party whips. We are never inclined to flatter the House of Commons, but on this occasion a serious subject was seriously and seemlily discussed. For once in a way, as everybody has observed, votes were actually influenced by arguments.

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Regarding the merits of the Bill itself, we have already expressed our view that they have little or nothing to do with the merits of Women's Suffrage. Far from regarding its Second Reading passage by a majority of 109 as a triumph for the women's cause, we regard the subsequent division in which the proposal to refer the Bill to a Grand Committee was defeated as both more democratic and more respectful to women's claim to rank as citizens. Women, like Alexander, ought not to desire to steal a victory. If they are to win the vote let it be by the frankest possible means and in the full glare of discussion. Victory may be longer coming by that route, but it will be sure and stable.

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Complaints have been made by the promoters and advocates of the Bill of treachery in the Government and among prominent Liberals. Frankly, we see none. It is nonsense to pretend that in a debate during which parties were abolished the Government exercised any control over the division. It is equally absurd to believe that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George had deliberately manufactured a bomb to explode in the ranks of the Bill's friends. With many of Mr. Churchill's arguments against the Bill we cordially agree. As Mr. Snowden observed, the possibilities of faggot voting under the Bill, of which Mr. Churchill made a great point, were purely academic. Nevertheless a genuine Reform Bill would have avoided the appearance of an old evil. As for Mr. Lloyd George's opposition, it was exactly consistent with his previous utterances on the subject of Women's Suffrage. More, perhaps, than any other member of the Cabinet he has been responsible for the promise that Women's Suffrage shall be considered only as part of a large measure of electoral reform. Without completely stultifying himself he could not now very well support a measure which is no more at best than an instalment, and, at worst, might prove an impediment, to the larger Bill.

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On the motion that the Bill be referred to a Grand Committee the division, as we anticipated, was nearer to the party lines. What else, we should like to ask, was to be expected? It argues a very superficial acquaintance with politics to imagine that a party on the eve of a decisive General Election would risk presenting its enemy with a new battalion of voters. Advocates of Women's Suffrage may believe that their cause is infinitely more important than the maintenance of the Liberal party in power; and they may be right; but they can hardly expect the Liberal organisers themselves to admit it. Nor, in our opinion, is this view of theirs to be altered by finesse on the part of the Suffragists or by the threats of force or by force. Those who have argued that all reforms of any magnitude have been won by force and point as illustrations to the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867, must beware of confusing the force exhibited by communities as a whole with the force at the disposal of a section merely of the community. It must never be forgotten that the Reform rioting, etc., of towns like Bristol, Manchester and London was *general*; only a small class, and that the governing class, refrained from joining in. The force of the Suffragists, if they should unfortunately resume it, will be anything but general.

* * *

We do not, however, believe that force will be resumed, except, perhaps, by individual Suffragists, whose threshold of consciousness is unstable. There has been, on the whole, too much sweet reasonableness on the other side to make the resumption of force by the Suffragists anything but obviously barbarous. Moreover, the weakness of their propaganda has been made plain in its failure to affect as yet the conversion of the main body of women. Men, we may say, are now quite prepared to concede the vote to women on condition that the women generally demand it. Such Egyptian-dark arguments as Lord Cromer relies upon find no support even amongst his own sex. No, the people still to be convinced are the women themselves; and we may hope that the interval between now and the prospective great Reform Bill may be filled with Suffragist propaganda amongst the women of our cities and villages. We should like to add, if we may without offence, that a little more liberality of mind and intelligence among the suffrage advocates themselves would do their cause no harm. Concentrated as they have been on the vote, they have run the risk of thinking of the vote and nothing but the vote. The vastly wider problems of Feminism in general have been too much

ignored. The remedy is to make the movement a movement of ideas. Political emancipation will certainly follow.

* * *

Writing as experts on the subject of Education in England, we cannot profess to find in Mr. Runciman's long and dull speech on the Estimates either much comprehension or much illumination. In one sentence alone did he come somewhere near the centre of his theme. Discussing the condition of the Elementary Schools, with which on the whole he seemed to be more satisfied than he has any right to be, Mr. Runciman remarked: "In giving freedom to the teacher you give freedom to the pupils." As a statement of fact, that sentence is incontrovertible; but we should like to know what, beyond piously expressing it, Mr. Runciman has done to see it put into practice. When we listen to arguments against Socialism drawn from the imaginative forecast of its probable bureaucracy we turn instinctively to the bureaucracy that exists to-day in the very noon of capitalism, under the ægis of capitalism and on its very lap, so to say. Despite the immense advance in educational theory, the practice of education remains as bureaucratic as ever. Especially in our Elementary schools, everybody is considered and everybody is legislated for, save and except the one set of persons, namely, the teachers, on whom in the last resort everything depends.

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We have frequently expressed our view, based on a very wide experience, that the country has in its elementary teachers as fine a body of men and women as could be wished for. Only their work has been and still is pitifully hampered and frustrated by ignorant officials, scarcely one of whom could be safely entrusted with the management of anything more human than a grocer's shop. On every side and in every way, the freedom of the teacher is restricted and frowned upon, so that in the long run, after many a weary struggle, he either leaves the profession or sinks to the level of an automaton moved by the officials as on wires. Far from being expected or encouraged to "try experiments," as Mr. Runciman suggests, the experimentation of the elementary teacher is always taken at his own certain peril. What of personality he may have he is neither expected nor even permitted to use. The limits of his functions are menially defined, and a breach in them is rewarded by disfavour in official circles and measured in money and promotion. These things, we repeat, are known to us as they are to the profession generally. Why are they not known to Mr. Runciman?

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It is plain from Mr. Runciman's remark that "his inspectors report teachers as lecturing too much," that his information is derived solely from Government inspectors. But they are by no means the guilty persons. Taking them all in all, the Government's Education Inspectors are a liberal and fair-minded body of men, intelligently concerned in maintaining the rights and freedom of the teachers. It is not they of whom the teachers stand in awe. The officials who have done their worst for elementary education in this country are in the vast majority of cases the local inspectors, directors and what not, appointed by the local education authorities themselves. Often men with little or no education, but with a capacity for what is called organisation, they make the teachers' lives a misery, and, in consequence, the children's lives as well. No words of condemnation that we can use are too hard for them. If, as is undoubtedly the fact, elementary education in England has been a lamentable failure, the cause must not be sought either in the teachers or in the Government inspectors, but in the petty narrow-mindedness, the rigorous stupidity and the upstart insolence of the red-tape-worms who run local education authorities as grant-earning machines.

* * *

Unfortunately they do earn grants and thereby justify their existence to the rate-saver; and in this they are, if not actively assisted, at least not forcibly prevented by the Government inspectors. Yet in sober truth, if a grant can be withheld for inefficient sanitation or equipment why should it not be withheld for stupid management? As we say, the key of the situation lies in the freedom of the teacher; in the freedom of the teacher is the hope of education. Where the teacher is not free the management is to blame and should be penalised. Nothing but a stopped grant will bring these rhinoceri to their humane senses. Doubtless Mr. Runciman will reply that his inspectors have instructions, which they follow, to encourage the teacher in every way. We do not deny it. What we deny is that it is to the interests of teachers to follow the instructions of His Majesty's Inspectors in the teeth of the usually contrary instructions of the local inspectors who control the salaries and appointments.

* * *

This liberation of personality for use in our elementary schools is the one thing needed to save our popular education from its continued failure. For forty years now we have tried the effect of impersonal instruction, of instruction in which no personal magnetism of the teacher was supposed to enter, and with what effects we see. Elementary pupils leave their schools with a smattering of information on many subjects, but with no vivid recollection or personal impulse derived from their teachers. In such schools the subjects of instruction are everything, the teachers nothing. Nonentities they are expected to be, and nonentities in school hours they often become; with the inevitable result that the rising generation has neither knowledge nor experience nor respect nor recognition for the precious gift of personality at all. This is the more pitiable since in other spheres we are beginning to discover that ideas alone are not everything. Even intelligence itself is only the half of wisdom; the other half is the personal character or genius of the person. Where is that understood in the management of our elementary schools? There the possession of a personality by the teacher is regarded as a disqualification. He is told, as we once heard with our own ears, that his business is not to think but to obey orders. And whose orders? The orders of a local inspector who could not speak the King's English.

* * *

The suggestion first made in The New Age a year or so ago for the formation of Socialist Representation Committees has resulted at last in the formation of a Provisional Committee for the Promotion of Common Action among Socialists, of which the hon. sec. is Mr. H. Alexander, 3, King William Street, Charing Cross, W.C. The members of the Provisional Committee are as follows: James Adderley, J. A. Allan, H. Alexander, G. Moore Bell, Cecil Chesterton, E. C. Fairchild, F. Victor Fisher, F. H. Gorle, F. C. Hagger, A. S. Headingley, James Macpherson, Conrad Noel, A. A. Purcell, John Scurr, S. D. Shallard, C. N. L. Shaw, and A. M. Thompson. A circular has been issued to all Branches, Councils, Societies, and Clubs likely to be interested, and the following questions are being put to them. We may add that the hon. sec. will be glad to receive replies also from Socialists of no organisation:

Provisional Committee for the Promotion of Common Action Among Socialists.

1. Is your Branch, Council, Society, or Club in favour of united action for the holding of public meetings or conferences for the advocacy of Socialism, and prepared to take such steps as are necessary to its accomplishment?
2. Is your Branch, Council, Society, or Club in favour of the issue, under joint auspices, of literature explanatory of Socialism, and advising membership of one or other of the Socialist bodies?
3. Is your Branch, Council, Society, or Club willing to co-operate for independent Socialist representation on local authorities?
4. Is your Branch, Council, Society, or Club willing to co-operate for the purpose of impressing on Trade Unionists the need for independent Socialist representation?
5. Is your Branch, Council, Society, or Club willing to co-operate in the work of registration of the names of persons in favour of independent Socialist repre-

sentation, but belonging to no Socialist organisation, and of receiving their contributions for propagandist or local election purposes ?

6. Is your Branch, Council, Society, or Club willing to co-operate in the formation of Socialist Representation Committees for the election of Socialists to Parliament in constituencies where no conflict need arise with the local or national Labour Party ?

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

ON starting to draft out this article I heave a sigh of relief, for I am seated in the Berlin express and St. Petersburg is being left further behind every moment. The officials at the Imperial Public Library were very kind, it is true, and the admirable collection of Latin and other MSS., "acquired" from Poland, is interesting, while my friends at the Foreign Office waxed communicative over a dish of barany-bok-s'kashei, washed down by lampopo. But all this does not indemnify one for having been obliged to spend hours in the company of Finnish patriots. At first they reminded me of the patriots of the eighteenth century whom Dr. Johnson referred to with such pointed wrath; but it was soon clear to me that the Finns had not even the scoundrelly and admirable energy of our own great-grandfathers—it was merely a case of Exeter Hall aping the Directory.

* * *

The two principal treaties concerning Finland are the Convention of Olkyoki, signed in November, 1808, and the Treaty of Fredrickshamn, September, 1809. In these instruments, and in any modifications which have since been made, it is abundantly clear that Finland was all along regarded as a captured province, and that its elevation to the dignity of a Grand Duchy, with the reigning Emperor of Russia as Grand Duke, together with the establishment of a Finnish Diet, was only a privilege and not a right. Now, during the nineteenth century, practically all Russia's attention had to be given first to the Balkans and secondly to the Far East. Taking advantage of this, the Finns appear (to an impartial observer, at least) to have deliberately aimed at complete separation from Russia, such as the Nationalist members claim for Ireland. Whole batches of laws were passed, aimed directly at Russian subjects in Finland, and it is surprising to find that a great Empire has tolerated this state of things so long, bearing in mind that Russia had undertaken the defence of Finland and had exempted the Finns from military service. Yet Russian subjects in Finland have been treated much worse than the English in South Africa in the time of Kruger. They were not allowed to be appointed trustees, they were not recognised as medical men, they could not be elected as members of town or village councils and the like. They have been restricted in regard to holding land, and they are hedged in by dozens of bye-laws when we come to consider their commercial position.

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On the other hand, these vexatious restrictions imposed on Russians by the Finns have never been imposed on Finns living in Russia. In any part of the Russian Empire they enjoy equal rights with the other inhabitants. The enquirer may be puzzled to explain this state of affairs; but, from an examination of the most important documents concerned, chats with many officials who are likely to know, and a study of the historical side of the question, it seems to me that the gross negligence of the Russian authorities has led the Finns to claim as rights certain concessions which were intended to be privileges and nothing more, and which are clearly referred to as such in the official documents. When, as the result of Finnish agitation for complete separation from the Russian Empire, it is felt necessary to make a move in the matter from St. Petersburg, a carefully organised protest is made, and every important newspaper office in Europe is flooded with pamphlets giving the Finnish side of the question—a somewhat crude side, it must be admitted, after one has examined the papers dealing with the case from the opposite standpoint. What would Englishmen think, for example, if Scotland had been granted an independent parliament for local administration at the time of the Act of Union, and had straightway proceeded to make use of it to prohibit Englishmen from holding land, publishing newspapers in English, or engaging in commercial enterprises, and then, on England protesting after a century or so of this treatment, at once making use of all the subtlety of the Caledonian intellect to explain away the Act of Union! Yet the case of Finland is analogous to this. No one who has studied military defences would assert for a moment that Russia could tolerate what practically amounted to sedition at the gates of the capital. In brief, since the Finns could not make proper use of their pseudo-independence they cannot grumble if it has been taken away from them.

* * *

The new Treaty which has been signed between Russia and Japan is going to prove a strong factor not only in the Far East, but also nearer home. Although it has been known in diplomatic circles for some time past that negotiations were proceeding, it was not believed, particularly in Berlin and Vienna, that the instrument would be so far-reaching as, reading between the lines of the text, we can see it will be if occasion demands. The immediate result of the announcement that an agreement had been concluded was a German and Austrian Press campaign, instigated by the Wilhelmstrasse, to the effect that Japan was endeavouring to negotiate a Treaty with Turkey, to come into force when the present Anglo-Japanese Treaty expired, in order that Japan might then exercise a certain amount of influence on India in view of the Sultan's religious authority over the Mahommedan population. Of course, the wish was in this case father to the Press campaign.

* * *

The present position of affairs, then, is this: Formal Alliances or Conventions connect France with Russia, Russia with Japan, and Japan with England. In other words, apart from any secret "understandings" there may be, the strongest military power (Russia) is directly allied to the strongest naval power (England). Supporting this combination are France, with the third strongest army in Europe, and Japan, with her powerful navy and army, and still more powerful prestige, in the Far East. If this does not put the German Navy scare to sleep for a time, nothing will. Of course, I do not necessarily mean that we should neglect our forces altogether, as the fatuous Mr. Byles would have us do, apparently.

* * *

While dealing with armies, it is worth while commenting on a statement made in the "Daily Mail" leader a few days ago, viz., that only 158,000 men, according to Mr. Haldane, were now available for foreign service, or words to that effect. The number of regular troops now stationed at home is given as 136,000. But our total number of effectives at home and abroad (excluding an effective Territorial force of 210,000 men) is 470,000. Apart altogether from this, the Boer war was sufficient to show two things: First, that a large number of men will eagerly come forward and volunteer for the front on special occasions; and, secondly, the magnificent organisation of our marine transport services, by which regiment after regiment, with stores, ammunition, etc., was landed in South Africa in an incredibly short time. It is well known to military experts that if it were really necessary to assist one of our allies, a quarter of a million men could be concentrated in any part of the world as fast as our ships could take them there, and this without unduly imperilling the defences of the Empire. If, indeed, it were thought that the Empire was in jeopardy, Volunteers and Reserves would soon bring this number up to 500,000. How proud those ethnologically backward and philosophically aberrant Teutons must be to think that old-established Powers are earnestly reckoning up their chances of being put out of business!

The King's Declaration.

An Ethical Point of View.

By William Poel.

HAZLITT, in one of his essays, says that "Religion, without superstition, will not answer the purposes of fanaticism, and we may safely say that almost every sect of Christianity is a perversion of its essence, to accommodate it to the prejudices of the world." Then, later on, returning to the same subject, he says that "Religion is an anticipation of the preternatural world, and it in general requires preternatural excitements to keep it alive. If it takes a definite consistent form it loses its interest: to produce its effect it must come in the shape of an apparition. Our quacks," adds Hazlitt, "treat grown people as the nurses do children—terrify them with what they have no idea of, or take them to a puppet-show." In immediate connexion with these quotations may be given one from Dr. Mahaffy's new book, in which he writes: "The gloom which overshadowed the Middle Ages was due to the spiritual tyranny of the Church, which had distorted the sweetness of early Christianity by an odious manufacture of artificial horrors." If, then, there is truth in any one of these quotations, Englishmen, in my opinion, are remarkably indifferent to the necessity of bringing criticism to bear upon questions that are of vital importance to the well-being of the community, not that there is wanting an abundance of criticism of a theoretical kind on the nature of Religion, on its origin, on its relation to Science, on the Soul, on Immortality, on Theology, and on Belief, but there is lacking that kind of non-speculative criticism which points out that Religion which professes to conform to principles of truth and honesty cannot promise rewards in Heaven to those who ignore right conduct on earth. And for this reason I contend that Mr. Asquith's mended, or rather altered, version of the Royal Declaration is open to criticism because, if it comes into law, it will weaken the cause of morality in this country, and unsettle the political principles on which our Constitutional laws and liberties are based.

Now the Church of England, as at present constituted, is an ecclesiastical establishment of a positive and practical character which is not only free from the political defects of Roman Catholicism, but also from the indefinite and factious spirit of extreme Protestantism. Moreover, the right of private judgment to ignore the dictation of ecclesiastical authority, and to uphold the individual responsibility of a human soul before God, is weighed against the right of Papal control to define purgatorial punishments, and afterwards to indulge in the illogical pretension of granting venal indulgences; so that the National Church, as by law established, is in some important respects a democratic institution favouring religious liberty; by which I mean that the Government of the country, by the will of the people, is armed with sufficient authority to stop any advance on the part of the Church towards arbitrary power. Perhaps we were the first nation to recognise, collectively, that so subtle an influence as that possessed by a priest over the consciences of his fellow men must be restrained within limits fixed by the laws of the State. For this reason we do not regard the Archbishop of Canterbury as the supreme head of our Church, because we refuse to acknowledge two masters, one over our actions and another over our consciences; and as a consequence the religious as well as political authority in this country becomes concentrated in the hands of the Government under the Sovereign. Our nation, in its social aggregate capacity, favoured putting an end to the monastic system and to all ecclesiastical militia of the court of Rome because it considered, and with reason, that the existence of these orders was not compatible with the best interests of the nation. But more than this, we have set up the authority of Scripture as one that is higher than the authority of Pope or Church, and maintain that transubstantiation is contrary alike to reason and Scripture, and that the only way to overthrow sacerdotal domination is to purify the doctrine of the Sacrament of the Altar from the superstition by which it has been converted into a miraculous act depending on human intervention. And it is above all things important to bear in mind that but for Papal despotism the Crown would never have become in this country the guardian of the Church, and but for the Pope's claim to rule the consciences of English Catholics, and therefore their liberties, the intervention of the King's prerogative in matters of religion would never have been demanded by the English people. On this point Mr. Asquith's remarks, in bringing in the new Bill, were singularly misleading, and showed an ignorance on the subject inexcusable in one who was making himself responsible for calling upon Parliament to alter the King's Declaration. Had the Prime Minister taken the trouble to consult any standard History on the subject, he would have found his arguments refuted. In this respect, it is only necessary to mention Bishop Creighton's "History of the Papacy," a churchman with strong Anglican leanings who in no sense was a bigot.

Dr. Moyes, a Roman Catholic Canon, writing in this month's "Nineteenth Century," says: "There is nothing more vile than idolatry, and few things more contemptible than superstition," and yet, strange to say, no reference whatever is made by the Canon to the doctrine of transubstantiation, in which it is his duty as a good Catholic to believe. Indirectly, we know how Dr. Moyes will solve the riddle of this inconsistency: "All Revelation," he writes, "presupposes a revealing authority standing outside of ourselves and our private judgment, and consequently one whose affirmations, if they are Divine, must limit our personal liberty of doubt or denial"; and again later on are these words to the same effect: "Revelation which, in turn, is the liberty of Almighty God to talk to his rational creatures and tell them secrets of His life and work too sublime that they should be able to see the reason why." But the danger to the State of this kind of reasoning is obvious. No restraint, says Blackstone, in his Commentaries, should be laid upon rational and dispassionate discussions of the rectitude and propriety of the established mode of worship, and Walter Savage Landor amplifies this need with real eloquence:—

"The Romanists, our great oppressors, think it presumptuous to search into things abstruse; and let us do them the justice to acknowledge that, if it is a fault, it is one which they never commit. But surely we are kept sufficiently in the dark by the infirmity of our nature: no need to creep into a corner and put our hands before our eyes. To throw away or turn aside from God's best gifts is verily a curious sign of obedience and submission. He not only hath given us a garden to walk in, but He hath planted it also for us, and He wills us to know the nature and properties of everything that grows up within it. Unless we look into them and handle them and register them, how shall we discover this to be salutary, that to be poisonous; this annual, that perennial?"

In fact, no religion, say Landor, can be "sublime" to the extent of depriving a man of the right to use the highest faculties with which his Creator has endowed him in elucidating its mysteries. "What a piece of work is a man!" says Shakespeare. "How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" But in the opinion of Dr. Moyes this earthly paragon, called man, is a being unfitted to ask his priest questions about religious doctrine, presumably because the Canon may find them inconvenient or unpleasant to answer. In fact it is no part of the divine mission of the Catholic Hierarchy to find excuses for superstition.

Now if we refer once more to our greatest legal authority, Blackstone, we find him stating it as a principle of good law that all evils should be estimated according to the mischief which they produce in civil society, and to expose a political or religious error is

not less the business of the State than of the individual, for every known error sanctioned by the State is apt to weaken the authority of that State. A misdemeanour which is punishable by the municipal law may have in it nothing criminal, but it is made unlawful by the constitution of the State for public convenience. The offence is not naturally perhaps an offence at all; its criminality consists in its disobedience to the supreme power of the State, which has undoubted right for the well-being and peace of the community, to make unlawful that which is in itself harmless; "and," continues Blackstone, " among offences so punishable by law must be included offences against the law of nature such as the right of some person or persons to maintain that they have an extraordinary commission from Heaven to perform miracles, or of those who terrify and abuse the people with false denunciations of judgments." In fact, all persecution and oppression of weak consciences on the score of religious persuasions are highly unjustified upon every principle of natural reason, civil liberty, or sound judgment.

II.

It must be admitted that in the wording of the present Declaration there is no tact nor subtlety shown, and that its meaning is unpleasantly obvious; yet these drawbacks cannot be put down to mere temper, or haste or even ignorance on the part of those responsible for drafting the document. Written in face of the experience that solemn promises had been broken in the past by English princes professing the Protestant faith, and with a genuine dread of prevarication when dealing with matters of superstition, together with the knowledge that words easily can be twisted to mean something different from what they are intended to do, there was good reason for the language used being explicit. When we find to-day Canon Moyes protesting against " idolatry " and " superstition " with a vigour that the extremest Protestant might have used, and yet content to generalise without demonstrating, and to disclaim without specialising, it cannot be said that there is no longer occasion for the King's Declaration to be explicit. Mr. Redmond's objection to the present form is based on the contention that " it was assumed that the person who made the Declaration was of a character so unreliable that he might do so insincerely." This, however, is not a matter of opinion, but of facts, and unfortunately the facts support the assumption. Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, contends that the present Declaration singles out " special, and to the Catholics, sacred and most cherished doctrines as though from some peculiar obliquity of their own they required, what no other form of religious heresy or religious dissent in the country is regarded as requiring," and that in consequence twelve millions of His Majesty's subjects throughout the Empire have their solemn religious convictions outraged. But this is a most misleading statement to make, and directly opposed to experience. The great Catholic Church, which draws its inspiration and government from the Vatican in Rome, under the autocracy of an infallible Pope, does not come under the category of any other religious denominations. It does not exist on the same basis as any voluntary institution, nor is it the outcome of any spiritual movement on the part of the English people. A good Catholic can only hold those religious opinions that are sanctioned by the Roman Hierarchy, as every Catholic tract will show. He must *adore what he does not understand;* believe *that it is far easier to be saved within this Church than without it;* that this Church *is the only Church appointed by God to bring men to eternal salvation;* that *she is the one Ark of Salvation for all;* that *men cannot escape the punishment of the life to come and reach the eternal happiness prepared for them unless they hear the Church.**

Now, can a man who accepts Roman Catholicism, with its promise of substantial advantages in the next world, besides its prediction of eternal punishment without them, can he be said to hold doctrines that are "sacred" and " cherished," or to have convictions consistent with reason and conscience? An old proverb says that neither great poverty nor great riches ever listen to reason. If, then, there are the poor who are ignorant and superstitious, and the rich who are anxious to unload their sins; these are the two classes that form the bulk of Mr. Asquith's twelve millions of Catholics, who are not loyal enough to tolerate that their British King shall define his Protestant faith. And, perhaps, if the truth were known, some of the poorest would like to escape from their ecclesiastical masters if they knew how! Of course, if the Declaration put an English Catholic under disabilities that deprived him of some of his duties and privileges as a citizen, exception might be taken on democratic grounds. But instead, imagine a signpost marked " Danger " set up in front of the path which Catholics follow, because it is a path leading in a direction outside of human experience and into regions never before penetrated by man, notwithstanding the Church's assurances to the contrary. Here is the crux of the controversy! Does a pharmaceutical chemist complain because Government compels him to register all patent medicines or infinitesimal doses of poison he sells, notwithstanding his assurance that they will heal all those who are sick? There need to be regulations for priests as well as for chemists, for both healers receive payment for the blessings they confer, and neither of them could, for a moment, continue their charitable labours without the assistance of money. On the economic side of the question much could be said; but I will only mention one incident that came under my personal observation. I was inspecting a Church in Florence about three years ago, when I noticed that preparations were being made for a funeral of more than usual magnificence, and I asked my cicerone, who was a young friar, if it was to be the funeral of some rich nobleman. " Oh, no," he answered, " it is for a lady, but she is not rich, only she has given a lot of money to the church for a grand funeral." Further inquiries led me to infer that here was a case in which money had been received by a church in exchange for promises made which were of a nature so hypothetical that no State, in the interests of morality, should have allowed them to be negotiable. Meanwhile this " grand funeral " deprives a young son of those few pounds which to him would have been invaluable upon his entrance into the world of realities.

III.

The agitation for the reform of the King's Declaration has roused public interest in a document which, in itself, is unimportant, except as a safeguard against future contingencies. Once in a life time the King, on ascending the throne, declares his right to uphold the Protestant faith. What were the actual words spoken the man in the street probably never knew. Except for a few officials and experts not two Englishmen until yesterday could have repeated two words on the scroll. Now all this is altered. Throughout the length and breadth of the Empire the two Declarations, the old and the new, have been read side by side and their differences noted, so that neither declaration can now be considered applicable independently of the other, and, in the eyes of the world, the character and conscience of the nation stand to be judged by the issue. If the old Declaration remains in favour it will mean that the omissions in the new one are not commended, and if the new one is preferred that the protestations in the old one are condemned. Now, if the King speaks the new Declaration, as no doubt he will, he must tell his people as effectually as if the words themselves formed part of the Declaration : " Please note that I make no allusion to the word Transubstantiation, no reference to its doctrine being idolatrous and superstitious, nor make any mention of the adoration of the Virgin Mary." But does Mr. Asquith seriously believe that it is less humiliating for the King to speak words which bear this interpretation than to speak the words of the old Declaration? In one case the King humiliates him-

*The words in italics are copied from "Credo," being "a simple explanation of the chief points of Catholic doctrine," and published by the Catholic Truth Society, 1905.

self before the Protestants, who are by far the largest number of his subjects, and in the other before the Catholics. But there arises a more serious difficulty than this, because the new Declaration, in my opinion, is a set-back to the cause of morality and may have disastrous consequences in the future upon liberty of speech and conscience, not because the King fails to insist sufficiently on his Protestantism, but because, as head of a Protestant State, he fails to declare his authority. Read in conjunction with the old Declaration, and as a successor to it, the new form means, in addition to the above interpretation : " I, King George, who as a Protestant believe that twelve millions of my subjects are taught erroneous doctrines, dare not publicly say so." Here is the climax ! Rome and politics have silenced an English King's right to denounce religious errors that have long since been exposed in the light of knowledge and reason. This is the actual outcome of the controversy, if the new Declaration become law. The notion that this is merely a question about wounding the susceptibilities of His Majesty's Catholic subjects is pure delusion. For two hundred and fifty years the old Declaration has existed without disturbing the loyalty of Catholics to the Protestant throne, because that loyalty is based on a regard for the civil rights and liberties Catholics enjoy under our Government, together with the further privilege they enjoy of practising their religion without hindrance —a privilege which everyone knows that Protestants do not enjoy in a Catholic country. But the Rationalist urges that the Protestant creed is as superstitious as is the Catholic one; and asks why the King should be expected to uphold one doctrine and denounce another. There is, however, a difference. The miracle of the Resurrection, the only undisputed superstition in the Protestant churches, is not accepted because it happened to-day, and is a reasonable explanation, when we think what inconsistencies a space of two thousand years can bridge over. If a Protestant church maintained that Christ died last Friday, was buried on Saturday, and rose again from the grave on Sunday, the English people would not allow its Church to accept the statement as an article of faith in the face of medical evidence to the contrary. On the other hand the doctrine of the Mass proclaims scientific truth, to-day, to be an outrageous lie, an opinion that is indefensible.

Let us assume that the new Declaration Bill has passed all its stages, a Bill which I contend is of no value to anyone except as a preliminary protest against the right of the King to dominate in matters of religion. The State, then, has surrendered to Church interference. But has the Government or the electorate realised the petty tyrannies and intrigues that will follow upon this moral defeat? The danger of our time is not in our democracies, but in their becoming the sport of groups acting for self-interested motives. And, indeed, there are substantial dangers to which the common frailties and temptations of our electorate are daily exposed, and with which religious designs are sure to become entangled. When the religious convictions of individuals forming a State are not robust it is easy for influence and money to control and direct them. To-day it may be open to question if belief in the sovereignty of the Established Church be not more in favour with the Anglican Clergy than an acknowledgment of the right of the State, through the King, to control the destiny or laws of the Church. Catholic support could easily be obtained to influence the electorate on this question provided that the Established Church would no longer uphold the "monstrous notion" that Transubstantiation was either idolatrous or superstitious ! Or, the Roman Hierarchy might be informed that the doctrine of Transubstantiation would find favour with many who at present are indifferent on the matter, provided the Catholic vote were given to all Tariff Reformers who were willing to believe in the miracle ! In fact the politically religious combinations that could be organised to this end are numerous.

Even if the Bill receive some amendment in Committee it cannot satisfy the ethical conscience so long as its object is to protect superstition for sentimental reasons. Far better to have no Declaration at all. The contention that the King still declares himself a Protester is a mere farce, when the King is too cautious to declare against what it is he protests. Protestantism had but one object, and that was to dethrone Catholicism, the one religion that has been man's life-long foe, because it is a religion not intended to establish citizenship, but to destroy it. So long as the King's Declaration opposes trafficking in the name of religion, and maintains that the dead leave us the experience of this world but not of the next, it does all that in the name of religion it should do. In this spirit was the old Declaration drawn up, and against this spirit is the new one launched.

In this sad business there is no gleam of light to be seen anywhere, in Parliament or in the country outside of it, unless, indeed, the Labour Party and Socialists stand to their guns and remain true to their mission in life as pioneers in the great fight for the emancipation of man. Then they cannot save the disaster, but they will save their reputations and show they are statesmen and not mere politicians, while the force of their example will inspire confidence in the minds of all right-thinking men and women throughout the Empire. But the position is a difficult one. The Irish Party are friends and allies of the Labour Party, and side by side they hope to fight many a battle in the cause of freedom, and amongst others for Home Rule in Ireland. Yet it may perhaps be suggested that without courage, in matters of conscience, there is no ultimate victory in any good cause. I do not offend my brother by telling him that I repudiate the doctrine taught in his Church, at least not to the same extent that I excite his contempt by seeming to tolerate opinions which he knows I abhor. Before they step into the wrong lobby let me ask those men who have toiled through the hardships of life, who have faced mockery and disgrace for the good of their cause, and who know that poverty, wretchedness, and death are things divine, because undeserved—let them stop to consider if their fellow friend in suffering, the MAN Christ, could have voted with those who have made a puppet-show out of the story of his Life and his Labours.

REMOUNTED.

(Suggested by a Drawing by Mr. Jack B. Yeats.)

O CATCH his head ! O catch his head !
Old Dan, you've stole my daily bread !
You traitor, for to fail me so
On these damned sands of Derry-voe :
We led the hunt, when down you go,
Five furlongs short of Derry-voe.

I'm ruined now ! I'm ruined now !
O damn you, Dan, you bloody cow !
And damn and blast this agony—
Great Christ, I'm dead below the knee !
Damn Derry-voe, both sand and sea !
Your sands have been the end of me.

O Patsy man ! O Patsy man !
Was ever since the world began
Such luck as mine—a stinking jock
Whose hands and heels are all his stock !
Dan's not so much as scraped a hock—
Come heave me on the bloody crock.

I cannot win ! I cannot win !
But, Patsy, shove my smashed foot in
The stirrup. Though my day is past,
And on the dunghill I'll be cast,
I'll finish—God ! I'll finish last
Although I never rode so fast.

I've lost my race, I've lost my race—
But Derry'voe's damned steeplechase
I'll ride it out. Let Dan's head go :
I'll finish yet at Derry-voe.
Alive or dead, my Moll shall know
I passed the post at Derry-voe.

NORREYS CONNELL.

The Philosophy of a Don.

XVIII.—Of Cannibalism.

"ADVANCED thinkers," Shav said to me one evening, "have propounded the view that human beings should be slaughtered and consumed for the benefit of humanity. The proposition, though enunciated as an axiom, seems to me to admit of discussion. What do you think?"

At the moment I naturally took this to be nothing more than a post-prandial paradox, in execrable taste, no doubt; but otherwise devoid of all criminal significance. Subsequent events, however, have led me to the conclusion that Shav's words were not spoken in jest. But I will not bias the reader's judgment by dwelling on my own conclusions.

"I am afraid I am not competent to express a definite opinion on the subject," I replied. "But looking at it from a merely personal point of view, I would rather have nothing to do with the slaughter or the consumption of my fellow-creatures. The truth is, I do not much care for human flesh. Perhaps I may be limited in my tastes."

"Of course you are. But this is not a matter of private taste—it is a question of public duty"—and he proceeded to enlarge upon the benefits that would, forsooth, accrue to mankind from a revival of human sacrifices. Something in my face must have betrayed the horrified scepticism that agitated my mind, for Shav suddenly left off arguing and burst into one of those fits of vocal rage that make intercourse with him so trying at times.

"I might as well address my remarks to a brick wall," he cried out. "You can never rise above the level of the trite and the familiar. The slightest draught of original thinking seems to give you a mental chill. Your intellectual limbs are fettered to the earth by all sorts of humdrum fallacies and homespun prejudices. You will never learn how to fly. You will always creep."

"My dear Shav," I expostulated. "It is not my fault that I was born conventional."

"You were not born conventional. Nobody is born conventional. You have made yourself so. It was yours to have galloped to freedom when you got to know me. But you chose to go on hugging your chains."

"Very well, then," I said, with a heroic effort to humour him. "Granting, for argument's sake, that the principles you advocate are meritorious. How do you propose to carry them out? Which portion of the human race is to be sacrificed to which?"

"The inefficient to the efficient."

"What is your criterion of efficiency? The term is not an absolute but a relative one. The men who are efficient for one function may be inefficient for another. The man who can drive a bargain need not necessarily be able to drive a cab. The man who can rhyme beautifully is not always capable of reasoning coherently. The man who produces books very often is unable to produce babes. In many cases you will even find two kinds of efficiency mutually antagonistic. The efficient burglar is the man who can despoil a house undetected. The efficient policeman is the man who can defend a house against spoliation. The efficient physician is the man who can preserve life, the efficient soldier is the man who can destroy it, and so forth. Now, I ask, which of all these functions is to be taken as the test of efficiency? Measured by any of these standards, my dear friend, you would be doomed several times over; for, profound as is my admiration for your versatility, I do not think that you could compete successfully with the professional burglar, policeman, physician, pater-familias, and all the other experts in their respective avocations. Every one of them is certain to beat you in his particular *métier*, and then I might be compelled, by a sense of public duty, to have you for dinner; which, I confess, would be as distasteful to me as it might be to you."

"Your reasoning is lame," said Shav. "I do not propose to sacrifice any of the useful members of society you have enumerated. Only the useless and the positively harmful will have to be slaughtered and consumed."

"Who are the useless and harmful?"

"That is a question I cannot answer just now. All I can tell you at present is that I am endeavouring to organise a cannibalistic movement. You shall hear the details in due time."

There the matter ended for the moment, and I had almost forgotten all about it, when two days ago, whilst spending a week-end with my dear aunt in the country, I received the following communication from Shav:—

"You will be interested to hear that the movement of which I spoke to you some time ago is an accomplished fact. I have elected myself president of the society, and your colleague Chesterham elected himself secretary. His admission into our counsels, however, turned out to be a mistake. Fortunately it has been corrected. Like him, he inaugurated the proceedings at our first meeting with a motion that we should alter our name from W.M.C.A. (The Wise Men's Cannibal Association) into Y.M.C.A. (The Young Minds' Cannibal Association). I opposed the motion on the ground that those initials are already the property of another public body with a slightly different aim, and there might arise misconceptions highly detrimental to our reputation. So his proposal was unanimously rejected, and he has resigned. A good riddance.

"Our programme, in general terms, is to begin with the most obviously obnoxious class of the community—viz., missionaries. For, whatever difference of opinion there may exist as to the usefulness or uselessness of other classes, there is an edifying unanimity as regards these indefatigable sowers of discord and inveterate partisans of orthodox stagnation. Of course, when this species has been disposed of, others will follow. But we have found it expedient not to make our ultimate objects public prematurely. A full and frank avowal would have deprived us of the valuable co-operation of thousands of future victims. As it is, this deliberate limitation of scope at the beginning of the movement has already procured us numerous adherents from various quarters. Some have joined out of a direct sympathy with our aim, others because they are convinced that by supporting our cause they are indirectly serving their own fads. Thus, for example, we have now amongst us several well-known diplomats and writers on foreign politics. They can hardly be described as cannibals on principle, or, at all events, as pure cannibals. Yet they see reason to work with us, because one of the first fruits of our success will be the elimination of one of the most frequent causes of international friction. For a similar reason we count among our allies many smart ex-Colonial Secretaries of State, Viceroys, and other Imperialists, as well as several philosophical ex-Prime Ministers, who, however little they may know their own minds on less important matters, and whatever their difficulties may be in striking the balance of imbecility between their opponents and their followers, yet clearly realise that friendlier relations with the coloured races will inevitably end in the peaceful extermination of the latter—a consummation which, they say, is devoutly to be prayed for in the interests of civilisation, humanity, and the British Empire generally.

"Further, we can confidently rely on the hearty support of the enemies of clericalism all over Europe. The Government of a certain friendly Continental Republic, whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, has signed a secret treaty with us, undertaking to continue hunting priests and monks of both sexes out of its territory, so that they may be forced to transfer their missionary zeal and their wonderful skill in the concoction of liqueurs to the less civilised parts of the world and thus fall an easy prey to our Pacific and other brother-cannibals.

"These are the principal classes of comparatively disinterested sympathisers on whose active assistance we can count. To these may be added a vast crowd

of respectable men and women who are ever ready to devote their spare time to any noble public enterprise for the mere sake of seeing their names in print, or of being asked to dinner. Also a mob, almost as large, of born reformers and other broad-minded bores who will eagerly embrace and champion any creed—religious, intellectual, sartorial, or fiscal—provided it is new, or they think it so.

"You must not blame us for accepting the services of such backboneless allies. Alas! robust and sincere enthusiasm is so rare that, if a cause depended on that alone, nothing good or great would ever be achieved in the world. We act on the same prudent maxim as Providence; for the promotion of a virtuous and beneficent end, we do not hesitate to make use of any instrument that may be ready to hand, however unworthy; of any vessel, however unclean. After all, it is the 'liquor' that hallows the bottle.

"Now a few words as to our plan of campaign. We shall first select out of our myriad supporters a staff of eloquent platform speakers and well-trained demagogues who will perambulate the country during the next General Election, address meetings, bribe constituencies, and, in one word, educate the public mind. Secondly, we shall devote a portion of our funds to the systematic conduct of a propaganda through the Press: several influential organs of various shades of opinion have already been converted, by a liberal promise of advertisements, to the cannibal cause. Thirdly, we shall publish text-books designed to explain and defend the cannibal faith: a list of such works, which are to be put into circulation without delay, is ready, only awaiting the means of producing them. Fourthly, the difficulty of getting into touch with the cultured classes is to be met by the adoption of artistic methods: the illustrated cannibal magazine is a need of the moment. Fifthly, we cannot forget the children now being taught in the board schools. They are in danger of having their minds perverted for life unless we supply a corrective in the form of surreptitious cannibal literature. Lastly, for the masses generally, we intend to flood the country with tracts and leaflets, carrying the message into every English home.

"But we realise that a propaganda at home alone, however successful, is not sufficient. Cannibalism in England can never be much more than a revival, and in any case, a long time must elapse before people reacquire a lost habit.. This brings me to another aspect of our movement—the invigoration of cannibalism in those lands where it still flourishes as a genuine survival. For this purpose we have established an extensive correspondence with the native universities, churches, chambers of commerce, and other representative bodies all over the cannibal world, partly through our official organ, 'The Cannibal Chronicle,' which is printed at the British and Foreign Blood Society's Press in seventy-two languages and dialects, and partly by private wires. I am glad to be able to say, on the strength of reports received daily from Seranglas Archipelago and other parts, that the agitation in those lands is even more promising than it is in England.

"As I have already stated, for the present and some time to come, we shall depend for our supplies entirely on the clerical classes—curates, deacons, priests, bishops, archbishops, archdeacons, archimandrites, patriarchs, popes, and the like. Before this supply is exhausted, as it is possible it may be, we shall, please God, have extended our operations to other fields. Perhaps dramatic critics will be our next food, to be followed, in order of merit, by poets, politicians, plutocrats, etc. But there is plenty of time to think of these. For the present and immediately future centuries we apprehend no dearth of supplies—provided, of course, the public continues to respond to our appeal with the enthusiasm which it deserves. Gifts to the society may be made at once, or by instalments. They may be made either in cash or in kind. The smallest curates will be thankfully received and acknowledged in our official organ, with the donor's name and address in full.

"I sincerely hope, my dear friend, that you and your excellent aunt, who always is in the van of every philanthropic and patriotic movement, will not refuse us your precious co-operation both as propagandists and as contributors. Your aunt is a power in the parish, and her example is sure to find many followers. Once the cult has become fashionable, its success is assured. It will spread like an epidemic, and the future generations will speculate on the miraculous causes which have brought about its rapid diffusion. Pray draw her attention to the following advertisement which I have just seen in a local newspaper: 'Live Stock: Two Rosy Pastors in full song 7s. 6d. each.' Let her find out where these rubicund divines are to be had. Such a bargain!

"Let her also order Jobling, when he drives her out, to keep an eye open for stray curates. He and the footman between them ought to be able to do something. Let her, further, give the tenants a hint to organise kidnapping parties. I do not think the local constables will offer any serious opposition, when the object is fully explained to them. But, if there are any members of the Force with a bias on the wrong side, there is no lack of means of overcoming their scruples—the hospitality of the kitchen, for example; a few shillings judiciously distributed; the influence of the housemaids, etc. Where there is a woman there is a way. The chapel people also might be of use. But, of course, no poisoned bodies will be welcome.

"The main opposition that I anticipate in your aunt's household will, I fear, be from the cook. Cooks are an incredibly bigoted sect. I have approached the Carlton chef on the subject and found him a rock of conservatism. He had the impudence to tell me: 'You can't do nothin' with clerical meat. I've tried it; but it won't do. It's that tough and tasteless—camel is venison beside your curate. There ain't no kind of flavour in 'im. It's the same with all human flesh mostly.' In vain did I quote to him the dean's statement that a young, healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled. He shook his head contemptuously and said that the author did not know what he was talking about: 'It must be one of them bloomin' Yankee quacks as advertise in them noospapers all sorts of rubbishy hinventions,' he said. 'No respectable cook would serve up a child, leastways not to a respectable party as knows wot good eatin' is.'

"Such are our cooks. Our Liberal Cabinet is a hotbed of revolution compared with our kitchens. But, again, my dear friend, where there is a woman there is a way. If your aunt's cook proves impervious to reason, she may pension him off. But I should first try an increase of salary. In anticipation of ultimate success, I enclose a few extracts from the 'Complete Cannibal,' our official cookery book:—

"1. A young deacon, newly ordained, will always make two good courses for a small bachelor dinner of six, not prize fighters. But a first-class chef might get three. There are even cases on record of a single twenty-one-year-old parson yielding four courses, besides soup. But these must have been abnormal cases: either the parson was exceptionally plump or the cook exceptionally resourceful; and it should be borne in mind that, though plump parsons are not uncommon, cooks of genius are extremely rare. For a fat parson may be made—with time and a fat living; culinary artists are born.

"N.B.—As a rule you can count, in addition to the minimum of dishes above mentioned, also on the joints which may be served up cold the next day at lunch.

"2. Missionaries are to be caught young, and, if possible, before they have been abroad. They are tenderest at the age of nineteen. The popular saw, 'when there is an r in the month missionaries are in season,' is an exploded fallacy. Unlike oysters, they are always in season; subject to certain limitations. Missionaries in certain parts of the globe seem to thrive, e.g., Americans in China. It is a question of climate and nationality. As a general rule, avoid those who have been reared on the West Coast of Africa.

Last week a whole party of distinguished French judges who had dined on three missionaries fresh from that part of the world were mortally poisoned. (See 'Transactions of the "Société Anthropophagique," ' vol. xii. p. 27.) Also eschew all clerics reared on the principle of plain living and High Church thinking.

"3. A beardless monk makes a toothsome mouthful. This ancient aphorism has been corroborated by recent experiments. Dominicans are especially recommended: Chops à la Fallières, with pommes chips; steak with pommes nouvelles; entrée with tomato sauce, with two teaspoonfuls of cayenne pepper, or sweet peas.

"4. Secretaries of missionary societies, provided they have done some work, are good for sausages. Otherwise they are good for nothing.

"To these precepts you will, of course, be soon able to add more from personal experience.

"I append for your aunt's perusal the ménu which our chef has drawn up for our first annual banquet :—

"Cantaloup, Consommé à la Pape, Prêtrailles, Bouchées de Ris de Curé, Sorbet au missionaise, Quartier d' Evêque, Petits Prêtres, Soufflés glacés aux Diacres, Croûtes à la moine, Dessert, Café, Benedictine."

Scarcely twenty-four hours had elapsed after the receipt of this disgusting communication when I saw, in this morning's papers, the following telegram :—

"TERRIBLE FATE OF TONGA MISSIONARIES.

"Seattle, July 20.

"The barquentine 'Mary Winkleham,' which has arrived from Tonga Islands, reports that the Rev. Horatio Hopkins and the Rev. Hezekiah Judkins, Presbyterian missionaries, have been eaten by cannibals on Savage Island."

The report adds that there is a revival of ancient religious customs in the Tonga, Society, Solomon, and Cook groups, the natives feasting on human flesh of European provenance.

Is this a fortuitous coincidence or a fatal consequence? I leave it to the reader to decide according to his sense of probability and of the value of evidence. I have my own suspicions on the subject—suspicions which nothing but my extreme fear of the Libel Law prevents me from making public.

Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding.

By Katherine Mansfield.

GETTING ready was a terrible business. After supper Frau Brechenmacher packed four of the five babies to bed, allowing Rosa to stay with her and help polish the buttons of Herr Brechenmacher's uniform. Then she ran over his best shirt with a hot iron, polished his boots, and put a stitch or two into his black satin neck-tie.

"Rosa," she said, "fetch my dress and hang it in front of the stove to get the creases out. Now, mind, you must look after the children and not sit up later than half-past eight, and not touch the lamp—you know what will happen if you do."

"Yes, mamma," said Rosa, who was nine and felt old enough to manage a thousand lamps. "But let me stay up—the 'Bab' may wake and want some milk."

"Half-past eight!" said the Frau. "I'll make the father tell you, too."

Rosa drew down both corners of her mouth.

"But . . . but . . ."

"Here comes the father. You go into the bedroom and fetch my blue silk handkerchief. You can wear my black shawl while I'm out—there now!"

Rosa dragged it off her mother's shoulders and wound it carefully round her own, tying the two ends in a knot at the back. After all, she reflected, if she had to go to bed at half-past eight she would keep the shawl on. Which resolution comforted her absolutely.

"Now, then, where are my clothes?" cried Herr Brechenmacher, hanging his empty letter bag behind the door and stamping the snow out of his boots. "Nothing ready, of course, and everybody at the wedding by this time. I heard the music as I passed. What are you doing? You're not dressed. You can't go like that."

"Here they are—all ready for you on the table, and some warm water in the tin basin. Dip your head in. Rosa, give your father the towel. Everything ready except the trousers. I haven't had time to shorten them. You must tuck the ends into your boots until we get there."

"Nu," said the Herr, "there isn't room to turn. I want the light. You go and dress in the passage."

Dressing in the dark was nothing to Frau Brechenmacher. She hooked her skirt and bodice, fastened her handkerchief round her neck with a beautiful brooch that had four medals to the Virgin dangling from it, then drew on her cloak and hood.

"Here, come and fasten this buckle," called Herr Brechenmacher. He stood in the kitchen puffing himself out, the buttons on his blue uniform shining with an enthusiasm which nothing but official buttons could possibly possess. "How do I look?"

"Wonderful," replied the little Frau, straining at the waist buckle and giving him a little pull here, a little tug there. "Rosa, come and look at your father."

Herr Brechenmacher strode up and down the kitchen, was helped on with his coat, then waited while the Frau lighted the lantern.

"Now, then—finished at last! Come along."

"The lamp, Rosa," warned the Frau, slamming the front door behind them.

Snow had not fallen all day; the frozen ground was slippery as an ice-pond. She had not been out of the house for weeks past, and the day had so flurried her that she felt muddled and stupid. Felt that Rosa had pushed her out of the house and her man was running away from her.

"Wait, wait!" she cried.

"No. I'll get my feet damp—you hurry."

It was easier when they came into the village. There were fences to cling to, and leading from the railway station to the Gasthaus a little path of cinders had been strewn for the benefit of the wedding guests.

The Gasthaus was very festive. Lights shone out from every window, wreaths of fir twigs hung from the ledges. Branches decorated the front doors, which swung open, and in the hall the landlord voiced his superiority by bullying the waitresses who ran about continually with glasses of beer, trays of cups and saucers and bottles of wine.

"Up the stairs—up the stairs!" boomed the landlord. "Leave your coats on the landing."

Herr Brechenmacher, completely overawed by this grand manner, so far forgot his rights as a husband as to beg his wife's pardon for jostling her against the banisters in his efforts to get ahead of everybody else.

Herr Brechenmacher's colleagues greeted him with acclamation as he entered the door of the Festsaal, and the Frau straightened her brooch and folded her hands, assuming the air of dignity becoming to the wife of a postman and the mother of five children. Beautiful indeed was the Festsaal. Three long tables were grouped at one end, the remainder of the floor space cleared for dancing. Oil lamps, hanging from the ceiling, shed a warm, bright light on the walls decorated with paper flowers and garlands, shed a warmer, brighter, on the red faces of the guests in their best clothes.

At the head of the centre table sat the bride and bridegroom, she in a white dress trimmed with stripes and bows of coloured ribbon, giving her the appearance of an iced cake all ready to be cut and served in neat little pieces to the bridegroom beside her, who

wore a suit of dress clothes much too large for him and a white silk tie that rose half-way up his collar. Grouped about them, with a fine regard for dignity and precedence, sat their parents and relations; and perched on a stool at the bride's right hand a little girl in a crumpled muslin dress with a wreath of forget-me-nots hanging over one ear.

Everybody was laughing and talking, shaking hands, clinking glasses, stamping on the floor—a stench of beer and perspiration filled the air.

Frau Brechenmacher, following her man down the room after greeting the bridal party, knew that she was going to enjoy herself. She seemed to fill out and become rosy and warm as she sniffed that familiar festive smell. Somebody pulled at her skirt, and, looking down, she saw Frau Rupp, the butcher's wife, who pulled out an empty chair and begged her to sit beside her.

"Fritz will get you some beer," she said. "My dear, your skirt is open at the back. We could not help laughing as you walked up the room with the white tape of your petticoat showing."

"But how frightful!" said Frau Brechenmacher, collapsing into her chair and biting her lip.

"Na, it's over now," said Frau Rupp, stretching her fat hands over the table and surveying her three mourning rings with intense enjoyment; "but one must be careful, especially at a wedding."

"And such a wedding as this," cried Frau Ledermann, who sat on the other side of Frau Brechenmacher. "Fancy Theresa bringing that child with her. It's her own child, you know, my dear, and going to live with them. That's what I call a sin against the Church for a free-born child to attend its own mother's wedding."

The three women sat and stared at the bride, who sat very still, with a little vacant smile on her lips, only her eyes shifting uneasily from side to side.

"Beer they've given it, too," whispered Frau Rupp, "and white wine and an ice. It never did have a stomach; she ought to have left it at home."

Frau Brechenmacher turned round and looked towards the bride's mother, who sat sucking her bonnet strings. She never took her eyes off her daughter, but wrinkled her brown forehead like an old monkey and nodded now and again very solemnly. Her hands shook as she raised her beer mug, and when she had drunk she spat on the floor and savagely wiped her mouth with her sleeve.

Then the music started, and she followed Theresa with her eyes, looking suspiciously at each man who danced with her.

"Cheer up, old woman," shouted her husband, digging her in the ribs; "this isn't Theresa's funeral." He winked at the guests, who broke into broad laughter.

"I *am* cheerful," mumbled the old woman, and beat upon the table with her fist, keeping time to the music, proving she was not out of the festivities.

"She can't forget how wild Theresa has been," said Frau Ledermann. "Who could with the child there? I heard that last Sunday evening Theresa had hysterics and said she would not marry this man. They had to get the priest to her."

"Where is the other one?" asked Frau Brechenmacher, "and why didn't he marry her?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Gone—disappeared. He was a traveller, and only stayed at their house two nights. He was selling shirt buttons—I bought some myself, and they were beautiful shirt buttons—but what a pig of a fellow! I can't think what he saw in such a plain girl—but you never know. Her mother says she's been like fire ever since she was sixteen."

Frau Brechenmacher looked down at her beer and blew a little hole in the froth.

"That's not how a wedding should be," she said. "It's not religion to love two men."

"Nice time she'll have with this one," Frau Rupp exclaimed. "He was lodging with me last summer, and I had to get rid of him. He never changed his clothes once in two months, and when I spoke to him of the smell in his room he told me he was sure it floated up from the shop. Ah, every wife has her cross. Isn't that true, my dear?"

Frau Brechenmacher saw her husband among his colleagues at the next table. He was drinking far too much, she knew—gesticulating wildly, the saliva spluttering out of his mouth as he talked.

"Yes," she assented, "that's true. Girls have a lot to learn."

Wedged in between these two fat old women, the Frau had no hope of being asked to dance. She watched the couples going round and round, she forgot her five babies and her man, and felt almost like a girl again. The music sounded sad and sweet. Her roughened hands clasped and unclasped themselves in the folds of her skirt. While the music went on she was afraid to look anybody in the face, and she smiled with a little nervous tremor round the mouth.

"But, my God," Frau Rupp cried, "they've given that child of Theresa's a piece of sausage. It's to keep her quiet. There's going to be a presentation now—your man has to speak."

Frau Brechenmacher sat up stiffly. The music ceased, and the dancers took their places again at the tables.

Herr Brechenmacher alone remained standing—he held in his hands a big silver coffee pot. Everybody laughed at his speech except the Frau, everybody roared at his grimaces and at the way he carried the coffee pot to the bridal pair, as though it were a baby he was holding.

"Look inside," he shouted, as the bride examined the gift and stammered nervously. "Look inside; that was all my own idea."

She lifted the lid, peeped in, then shut it to with a little scream, and sat biting her lips. The bridegroom wrenched the pot away from her and drew forth a baby's bottle and two little cradles holding china dolls. As he dandled these treasures before Theresa the hot room seemed to heave and sway with laughter.

Frau Brechenmacher did not think it funny. She stared round at the laughing faces, and suddenly they all seemed strange to her. She wanted to go home and never come out again. She imagined that all these people were laughing at her, more people than there were in the room, even—all laughing at her because they were so much stronger than she was.

. . . .

They walked home in silence. Herr Brechenmacher strode ahead, she stumbled after him. White and forsaken lay the road from the railway station to their house—a cold rush of wind blew her hood from her face, and suddenly she remembered how they had come home together that first night. Now they had five babies and twice as much money, *but*——

"Na, what is it all for?" she muttered, and not until she had reached home and prepared a little supper of meat and bread for her man did she stop asking herself that silly question.

Herr Brechenmacher broke the bread into his plate, smeared it round with his fork, and chewed greedily.

"Good?" she asked, leaning her arms on the table and pillowing her breast against them.

"But fine!"

He took a piece of the crumb, wiped it round the plate edge, and held it up to her mouth. She shook her head.

"Not hungry," she said.

"But it is one of the best pieces and full of the fat."

He cleared the plate, then pulled off his boots and threw them into a corner.

"Not much of a wedding," he said, stretching out his feet and wriggling his toes in the worsted socks.

"N—no," she replied, taking up the discarded boots and placing them on the oven to dry.

Herr Brechenmacher yawned, stretched himself, then looked up at her, grinning.

"Remember the night that we came home? You were an innocent one, you were."

"Get along! Such a time ago I forget." Well she remembered.

"Such a clout on the ear as you gave me. . . But I soon taught you."

"Oh, don't start talking. You've had too much beer. Come to bed."

He tilted back in his chair, chuckling with laughter.

"That's not what you said to me that night. God, the trouble you gave me!"

But the little Frau seized the candle and went into the next room. The children were all soundly sleeping. She stripped the mattress off the baby's bed to see if he was still dry, then began unfastening her blouse and skirt.

"Always the same," she said—"all over the world the same; but, God in Heaven—but *stupid*."

Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt as Herr Brechenmacher lurched in.

Meditations and Reflections.

By Francis Grierson.

I.

A CERTAIN spirit of curiosity is natural to everyone, but the faculty of observation in its true sense belongs to the seer, the poet, the philosopher, and cannot be acquired by study or imitation. Those who possess it think it so natural that they marvel when they find others do not possess it, and what at first was considered the most natural thing in the world comes to be regarded as something almost painful in its originality. What people accept as observation is in most cases but a spirit of trivial and superficial curiosity, which serves but to confuse issues and judgments and render the subject more confused and mysterious.

Ibsen has said that a man who sat sometime in a room would, if he were an observer, be able to tell the pattern of the wallpaper. I should say that mere curiosity would make one remember the colour of the wallpaper, observation both the colour and the pattern.

II.

When we speak of a man of ideas we usually mean one of action, one who loses no time in turning his impressions into form. If he be a writer he puts his impressions into words, if an artist he puts them into colour, if a poet into rhythm, if a musician into combinations of sound.

III.

Poetry is an altar where the sacrament of the passions is exposed to the gaze of the whole world for the consolation of a few communicants.

IV.

Take two landscapes: one sublime and the other beautiful; the first fills us with wonder and awe, but the second fills us with delight and satisfaction. Eloquence in literature corresponds to sublimity in nature, it fascinates the intellect; but charm takes possession of the soul and holds it against all rivals. "Le charme," says Lamartine, "est la qualité indéfinissable qui est le génie de l'agrément"; and in another place he calls it "Cette sorcellerie du génie."

V.

True vision consists in distinguishing the merits of the living. No original judgment is required to sound the praises of people who were once well known, but whose names have been forgotten. The greatest and most important discovery is the discovery of the now, and the man who cannot see the merits of the living is without authority when dealing with what is past.

VI.

Horace speaks of "divinæ particulam auræ," the divine particle which up to the present time has defied the probings of the most subtle science. It is this auric atom which at all stages of the world's history has burned the fingers of so many meddling people. This element is the master of human beings, human states, and human destinies, but human beings are never masters of it.

VII.

Man, in his ignorance, thinks he is doing a wise thing when he invents a new name and adds it to some old ism. It costs nothing, but it flatters the vanity of human nature and pedantic philosophy, for these are for ever trying to bring the infinite mysteries within the confines of a stopper bottle or a glass show case.

VIII.

An artist who is compelled to go into society must lie with liberality and listen to lies with the patience of a saint.

IX.

Montaigne says: "Philosophy is sophisticated poetry," but Novalis declares the difference between the philosopher and the poet to be more apparent than real, and he is right. Poems, books, paintings, and musical works are finished productions; a system of philosophy is never finished. The philosopher is always constructing, the artist is always creating.

X.

Emotions are the arteries through which passion is infused into the intellect.

XI.

What the wise want when they read is not the detailed development of an idea, but the suggestion of ideas. The greatest books are the suggestive books.

XII.

Games of chance fascinate because of a vague hope most people entertain of becoming evolved in the rhythmic circle of any easy and romantic destiny. It is through superstition that many clever people attempt to enter the charmed precincts of nature's mysteries. With the superficial luck is that mythical lever which is supposed to raise them above the pains and the patience displayed by talent and hard work. With many luck is not only a substitute for labour, but a sort of alternative to the gifts of genius. The illusions and delusions engendered by notions about luck cling to most people to the end of life; there are people who will admit anything sooner than admit their lack of foresight and their lack of ideas. When a man of talent and imagination works out an idea successfully the superstitious man declares it was bad luck that prevented him from finding the same idea; he never stops to think that an idea is worthless unless it be treated in a special manner, that ideas must be dressed like hides before they can be brought to market, and that the luck that could bring an idea would also have to bring with it a beginning and an end, with all the patience and the polish that such work implies.

XIII.

The difference between imitation and appropriation is the difference between diffuseness and concentration. Great artists and thinkers appropriate without imitating.

XIV.

Jealous friends are more to be feared than rivals in love; for in this kind of jealousy one has to deal with a sort of tyranny which is constantly manifested by a number of persons in different places.

XV.

In the last orchestra of classical veterans Johnson wielded the trombone, Goldsmith the flute, and Boswell the fiddle; but he scraped not only with the bow, but with his hat, his head, and his wits, and he led the company through the mazes of each conversational dance with a verve and bon-ton that made Johnson forget the pangs of gout and the others forget the pangs of jealousy.

XVI.

The danger of some of our modern luxuries is the facility with which they may be obtained, for, as soon as they become popular they become pernicious. Knowledge, which was once a necessity for the gifted, is now a superfluity of the masses, and a greengrocer's errand boy will show as much cynical wit as any Camille Desmoulin of the revolutionary boulevards.

XVII.

The expression, "I have found an idea," is incorrect, for ideas are not found. Ideas come unsought, while walking, reading, or listening to good music. It is only the man who occupies himself with experimental science who searches with success, and always in material regions. When an artist or a writer anxiously seeks he loses that spontaneity and inspiration which alone give value to art and thought.

XVIII.

The ridiculous writer is one who says stupid things from lack of a sense of humour; an absurd writer, one who says stupid things from lack of judgment. Humour in the hands of a writer who goes beyond his depth often turns to absurdity, and then we have books like "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

XIX.

What a contrast between the daily life of a man of talent and his best work! What a gulf between the contents of the book and the manner of the man! The truth is man is a dual being. Emotions and dreams and the secret sources of personal inspiration spring from the interior, from a world far more real than that which lies on the surface. What we see is but the envelope which hides the real being, the movements and the actions of the physical body which work like an engine put into motion by the steam and rush of modern life. For this reason the difference between the work and the man is more striking to-day than ever.

XX.

The poets are the most prophetic and, therefore, the safest critics. In our day a poet who cannot write a critical essay, or take an active part in the principal discussions of the hour, is considered an insignificant personage. A poet must know how to think as well as to dream; he must be a man of ideas as well as a lapidary of form, in order that he may be able to resolve social problems with the same facility with which he incorporates a sentiment in verse. To-day we are only permitted to dream if we possess the capacity for active and philosophic thought; and the world is inclined to contemn the poetic faculty if it is not accompanied by at least two additional forces—those of action and of progress.

XXI.

There is a distinction between the heart and the mind analogous to that between art and science. The mind, left to reason alone, becomes disconsolate; science, left to demonstration alone, becomes materialistic. The mind divorced from the heart is continually at war; science divorced from sentiment is cruel.

XXII.

Seneca declared that suicide was preferable to the loss of freedom under the tyranny of Nero; Goethe preferred the contemplation of art and the consolation of philosophy to the honours of the Court; all the greatest poets and thinkers have broken the fetters of cliques and schools in order to think and speak for themselves. What have they not endured for the freedom of personality! A man has nothing else he can call his own. His clothes, his money, his name, and his titles may be passed on to another, but his personal identity comes and goes with him; it rises out of ancestral ages by a cumulative process of psychic chemistry, the temperament being prepared from generation to generation until at last the magic is complete and the creative mind lives in a personal and plastic form apart from all the others. The artifices of men have never held a distinctive personality in check for long, not even in the case of the most humble and impoverished. We see the great personalities in all postures, sitting like Saint Theresa minding sheep, or Jacob Boehm mending shoes, or Spinoza polishing spectacles, by and through these things dominating the trivial and rising above the material. Spinoza was one of the humblest philosophers that ever lived, yet he refuted all preceding systems and imposed one of his own.

XXIII.

An inspiration of any kind is a severe strain both on brain and nerves. We cannot remain long on the summit of a Chimborazo, supposing we attain such a height, and bad things are not the only ones purchased dearly, for after all, nothing is so costly as the supreme. It is impossible for poetic and artistic genius to proceed by the middle course without losing in power and distinction. The rules laid down methodically are soonest broken by the men who invent them. One of the chief delights of Wagner while at Venice was in listening to the public band playing airs from the lightest Italian operas—the very music he had done so much to ridicule and kill. The mental pendulum had to swing to the side of the trivial, the pleasing, the nonchalant; the composer had to descend from the saintly heights of "Tannhäuser," from the metaphysical summit of "Parsifal," to the regions of music-hall art, to effect what physicians call the reaction. With Jonathan Swift this reaction often occurred in pot-houses, among coachmen and lackeys; Rubens found it while watching his wife ironing; Bonaparte while playing with the baby, or making laws for the government of actors. Even tyranny found it in Nero's fiddle.

The naked and the Nude.

By Walter Sickert.

Charles Keene once said to me, and, if he said it to me he must have said it to others, that he thought the fault of most modern art teaching was the excess of drawing and painting from the nude.

I pass by, without dwelling on it, the art school modification of the nude which sometimes encloses the two main articulations of the body, the source and centre of the balance of the figure, in a bag, from motives of propriety. So that when I speak of the nude I must not be understood to mean a man in bathing-drawers. Imagine Mantegna's Hercules and Antæus both in bathing-drawers!

What Charles Keene meant was clear to me at the time, both from other conversations I had with him on these subjects, and from the incessant confirmation I had then received, and continue now to receive, from my daily experience as a teacher and a draughtsman. The nude has taken on with time some of the qualities of an examination subject, with time a series of crammers, not all intelligent, have overlaid the subject with receipts, short-cuts and panaceas. An inconsistent and prurient puritanism has succeeded in evolving an ideal which it seeks to dignify by calling it the Nude, with a capital "n," and placing it in opposition to the naked. An interdict to representations of the naked figure, such as was in force in certain Catholic countries in the middle ages is worthy of respect, and is consistent. The modern flood of representations of the vacuous images dignified by the name of the Nude, represents an intellectual and artistic bankruptcy that cannot but be considered degrading, even by those who do not believe the treatment of the naked human figure reprehensible on moral or religious grounds. Will any clear-headed person maintain that the whole production and multiplication of the nudes with which the exhibitions in

Europe are flooded, culminating in the publication and export of such catalogues as "Le nu au Salon," owe their stimulus to purely artistic grounds? Does not every petty dealer convicted of the sale of photographs of the naked put up a plea that they are necessary for the use of artists? Has anyone ever heard of an artist who had the slightest use for such things?

The nude is even becoming fashionable. I hear that the latest thrill discovered by enterprising dilettantes is to collect little bevies of the supergoose, de la haute, to draw from "the life." Magical phrase! I would wager that the major part of these enthusiasts could not put on paper a respectable drawing of a boot-jack or a gingerbeer-bottle, both of which at least keep still.

I had been wondering for years to what it would be possible to compare the obscene monster that has been evolved for public exhibition under the name of the Nude, and regularised as such with a certain sanctimonious unctuousness by the press. To the human form it bears just enough resemblance to make it impious as well as ridiculous. I was sitting one night, sadly, in one of the two-house-a-night "Empires" in a distant suburb, when a "living picture" act was put on the stage. "Diana," "The Three Graces," we have all seen and smiled at the naïveté of these doubly edited and anodyne incitements to the worship of beauty, and to the culture of the masses. "The Wave" is an unvarying item. Clad in pink tricot from the neck downwards, not only as to her five-toed feet, but to the tips of her pointed stays and the tips of her ten fingers (tricot does not wash as easily as flesh, and costs more to wash), a somewhat stiff little packet, like a second-hand lay figure of the cheapest make, floats, not without a strand of gauze, on the crest of the property billow. The only thing human is the pretty little face, fixed in a discreet and deprecating smile. A friend who was with me said, "There you have it. There is the academic nude. There is the simplified nude." The audience, nourished for generations on the Academy and Chantrey bequest nudes, responded with enthusiasm, convinced that here was Art without what the papers call "vulgarity." The Puritan and the artist may well join hands and cry, both equally shocked, "If this is the nude, for heaven's sake give us the draped, and let's say no more about it."

To return to the studio and the students. I maintain that, owing to the inertia of routine, the nude is too exclusively the subject of study in art schools. Still-life and the antique, intelligently taught, can be made interesting enough for all the training a student requires until he has grasped the principles of drawing, and the underlying philosophy of the very abstract and complex union of judgment and will that constitutes drawing from nature. And then, when he knows, as Whistler used to say, which end of the brush to put in his mouth, the human figure, the proper study of mankind in the studio as in the library, awaits him. It is then that I would suggest that he should work at least twice from the draped model for every once from the nude, and for the following reasons.

The nude having, as I said, become the almost exclusive pass-subject, the standard and criterion of official draughtsmanship, has become overlaid with cribs and glozes. That the student may not sink, the subject is encased in cork jackets and bladders, that he may not fall, there are crutches for the study of the nude. On the head of the nude is what the Germans call a Fall-hut, a baby's tumbling-cap, and the feet of the nude are girt around with a go-cart. The cyclists' touring club of art have riddled the nude with triangles and notices of danger, with scorings and soundings and finger-posts, and elevations, to such an extent that fresh observation by the student is very difficult. I speak from experience, and my greatest difficulties as a teacher have always been with students whose minds were so entirely crammed with this abracadabra of precautions, that they had lost the faculty of tracing freely and naïvely on paper the gentle lines they saw in nature before them.

When we wish to test the knowledge of Latin of a student we give him a passage of "unseen," and not a chapter of the Gallic war. The problem in teaching drawing is to present the nude sufficiently varied by the draped, for it to retain its freshness of impression for the student. There are many artifices that a draughtsman may use to get away from the obsession of the cliché, to keep out of the old ruts of expression, and find fresh words and living thoughts for truths that are ever young. We remember how Mantegna, in his Dead Christ at the Brera, found inspiration in the unusual aspects of foreshortening, how Degas has incessantly chosen to draw figures from unaccustomed points of view. We must try so to pose, so to light, and so to "cut" the nude, that the student can forget the lifeless formulas of generations of ushers, and see what creative artists have ever seen in the nude.

He will never learn to do this except by drawing constantly from the draped figure; firstly, because, strange as it may seem, clothed figures are less hackneyed for purposes of artistic study than the nude. The second reason is conclusive. It is because folds in clothes can only be drawn, if they are to be drawn at all, quickly, that is within the limited time that the best model can hold a pose. Let us put it at forty minutes for an average. Real education in drawing from the life is not only an artistic education, it is one of the most strenuous mental and moral educations that can be given to the human intelligence. Lord Morley said truly, at the Academy dinner I think it was, that work was the taking of definite decisions. Decision is the fence before which our poor humanity will eternally jib, and which it is incessantly inclined to refuse. Education is the training to face these decisions, to take them, and their consequences. It is the training that must enable us cautiously but firmly to test our strength in relation to these decisions, until the facing them becomes a second nature. Whistler often said to me from the depth of his soul, "We have only one enemy, and that is funk."

My father used to say, and I am sure he was right, that a student's earliest studies should already be of the nature of documents, to be used for a work that he intends. The history of the finest achievements in art bears this theory out. Our modern education, in vacuo, our practice of turning like squirrels in a cage of purposeless studies, is wasteful and deadening. It is like the procession of the "seasons" of a flirt, compared to the humblest marriage, a procession in which the curve of brilliancy soon ceases to be an ascending one.

If this be so, and if our studies of the nude are not to be regarded as mere gymnastics, and our faculty to treat the nude, if acquired, is not in later life to be exercised solely to the limits of the dinner-dress of a femme du monde, certain other considerations impose themselves. The nude occurs in life often as only partial, and generally in arrangements with the draped (Giorgione, Velasquez, Manet, Degas). Compositions consisting solely of nudes are generally (I have not forgotten certain exceptional flights of genius, such as the Rubens, in Munich, of the descent into hell) not only repellant, but slightly absurd. Even the picture or two (I think there are two) of the Master Ingres, which is a conglomeration of nudes, has something absurd and repellant, a suggestion of a dish of macaroni, something wriggling and distasteful. I think all great and sane art tends to present the aspect of life in the sort of proportions in which we are generally made aware of it. I state the law clumsily, but it is a great principle. Perhaps the chief source of pleasure in the aspect of a nude is that it is in the nature of a gleam—a gleam of light and warmth and life. And that it should appear thus, it should be set in surroundings of drapery or other contrasting surfaces. Some of our abler moderns have shown that they understand this. I can quote in my favour the practice of Mr. Strang (backs of men sitting by a canal) and Mr. Lambert.

Coreena.

By Richard Buxton.

Coreena, in the palaces
Of Connacht, danced and sang
While drunken cheers and softer praise
About her rang.

The golden gauze that hid and showed
The sweetness of her limbs
Was like a golden cup, wherefrom
Rare wine o'erbrims.

The princes looked on her and loved;
She loved their thirst for her;
Was none in Connacht more beloved,
Or sinfuller.

She died while yet in height of youth:
Such sinners die unshriven;
No mass was spoken for the soul
Flying toward Heaven.

She clambered, fearing, up the stair
Unto the fast-closed gate,
And there, by the unyielding iron,
In tears she sate.

She wept until the flood of tears
O'erwhelmed her bruisèd thought.
Three angels, at the word of God,
The dancer sought.

The eldest said, "Come, carry her
Down to the place of death.
It is God's ordinance, and we
Do what He saith."

They laid her on the black wayside,
And turned to go away.
"But stop!" the youngest angel cried;
"Hear what I say."

"Look at her lying by the way,
So youthful and so fair:
Her beauty wrought her woe on earth;
What will it there?"

They turned again and looked on her,
And did the kindly deed.
Her body fled, Coreena stayed,
Changed to a weed.

Her soul worked in the two green leaves
And in the twisted stem.
Sorrow and shame came into her,
And faith with them.

Sudden, with that soul-blossoming,
The plant sprang into flower,
A delicate small bloom that fell
Within the hour.

And where the four white petals were
There grew a feathered seed,
That raised itself upon the breeze
With anxious speed.

All through one fearful second, it
Swayed in the doubtful wind,
Then blew towards Heaven's gate and left
Black hell behind.

Above the fast-closed gate it flew
Unto the throne of God,
And fell where even Gabriel
Had never trod.

God bent His fearful glance on it;
Withered the husks away,
And from the cerement of the seed
Rose Coreena.

"Think you," said God, "I did not know,
You angels, what you did?"
But the kind sternness of His voice
None terrified.

"Coreena, penance you have done
For all you did of sin;
Expect eternity of life
And joy herein.

"But you and the three angels who
Saved you from blackest hell,
Look at the earth beneath you now;
Say, is it well?

"Now do I plant within your hearts
That most divine unrest,
That bids you work till bad be good,
And good be best."

Joy seized them, joy for work to do,
In joy they oped the gate,
Not heavy, as from banishment,
But all elate.

The Russian Dancers: M. Mordkin.

By Marcelle Azra Hincks.

That a modern dancer should possess even a few of those qualities wherewith the satirist Lucian has invested his ideal dancer of antiquity seemed an impossibility. But M. Mordkin has come to show that Lucian's dancer was not entirely the fiction of a poet's imagination, nor an ideal type which could not be found in the world of reality. If he cannot claim all the virtues which Lucian deemed essential to a good dancer—virtues which would be of little use nowadays, considering the different and narrowed scope of the dance—he has undoubtedly approached far nearer to the classical ideal than any dancer I have ever seen. For with a fine physique, splendidly developed by a gymnastic training as vigorous and efficient as that of an athlete, with a flawless and perfect dance technique, he combines the artistic and emotional gifts which, in classical antiquity, were considered as necessary to a dancer as they are in modern times to a good actor. I have selected M. Mordkin, rather than Mlle. Pavlova, for especial notice, not because I consider her less of an artist than M. Mordkin, but because I think that "dancing-men" are, as a rule, particularly uninteresting and unsatisfactory, that dancing has been looked upon for a long time as an art for women only, and as a career too trivial and effeminate for a man to pursue, and that M. Mordkin, with his striking personality, his wonderful talent and his manliness, has proved that all the modern prejudices against "dancing-men" are due rather to the absence, hitherto, of a proper conception of the art of dancing for men, than to that art itself. He seems to me to be the answer to all the doubts which have been raised as to the capabilities of men for dancing, he has shown that a man may dance without having those qualities which in women we admire, but despise in men. He never attempts to be graceful in the same manner as a woman; he remains always, both in repose and in movement, the type of perfect manliness and strength. For this, then, if for nothing else, he deserves to be specially admired and praised. He makes one understand the eulogies of dancers which we find in the ancient writers and poets. He alone of all dancers is worthy of that high praise which to the modern mind seems so exaggerated when it is bestowed on a thing which has no parallel at the present day.

Moreover, M. Mordkin has brought back to the dance the only qualities which can make it again a living art, and give it fresh vitality. He has revived expressive and emotional dancing, and transformed what at the present time is the most artificial and super-

ficial of the arts into something living and deep. He has dramatic gifts as marked as any of the best modern actors, and by the most subtle means, through the limited medium of dance-gesture and movement, he expresses his emotions in a most convincing manner. And he is one of the only dancers I have ever seen who has an interesting personality, and allows it to appear in his dance. M. Mordkin has shown us in fact what the dance should be, and what it can be, given the proper conditions and certain gifts which are essential to all artists.

During the last few years there has been an extraordinary revival of dancing in England, and the interest manifested by the public has proved that dancing is not such a dead art as many would have us believe. Some phases of this revival unfortunately have been distinctly unpleasant and inartistic; but even these seemed to prove that some effort was being made to bring the dance to the high place which it deserves amongst the arts. Why I admire M. Mordkin above all other dancers is that he seems to have solved the problem which, in this revival of dancing, we have been attempting to solve in so many different and unsatisfactory ways.

The dance has become an entirely artificial and meaningless art, and at the present day it has lost all the significance which it had at its origin. The religious import which it possesses in primitive and savage societies has wholly disappeared, and, indeed, much of the religious sentiment of modern times is opposed to an art which, more than any other, is concerned with mere physical beauty, and with the expression of the emotions. I think that the decadence of dancing is due largely to this antagonism; in antiquity, on the other hand, dancing formed part of the religious and social life of the people, and was consequently one of the most vital and flourishing arts. Besides, another cause of the decadence of the dance is that, naturally, as civilisation advances we find more adequate means of expressing ourselves than through rhythmical movement and expressive gesture; poetry, music and acting, which in their rudimentary stages are so closely connected with the dance, become in their later phases entirely differentiated from it, and the dance, having developed into more complex forms, gradually loses its original importance and dwindles into a minor art. With the ancient Greeks only it seems to have flourished even in later times, along with drama and comedy, which had both arisen from dancing. But with the Greeks the dance never lost the characteristics which alone seem to be its raison d'être, viz., the expression of the emotions. With us, on the other hand, dancing has ceased to be an art of expression; it is a mere mechanical formula, a set of stereotyped postures and movements, with little or no meaning, more or less graceful if the dancer happens to possess certain physical advantages. But never does it touch any emotional chord in our nature, nor does it appeal in any way to our intellectual faculties. What, indeed, can be duller and less beautiful than the great ballets which, in England, have not even the redeeming quality of good technique in the executants, and are merely spectacular effects of somewhat doubtful artistic merit? The modern art of the ballet is perhaps the best example of an art in which nothing remains but form; it is an empty husk, void and dead, with no meaning, and with no reason for existing. During the last few years I think that this has been unconsciously realised by the public; latterly it has been consciously realised by people who take a serious interest in the dance. The want of something better has been felt, and a great reaction has taken place in the world of dancing. The revolt against form, which occurs in the history of all the arts, at last occurred in that of the dance. But like most revolutions it has been extreme, and has rushed too far into an opposite direction. We have had recently our "impressionist" and "naturalistic" schools of dancing, where technique and form were totally discarded and scoffed at; we have had a series of "inspired" amateurs hopping aimlessly and vaguely gesticulating on the music-hall stage, striving to express undefinable emotions, in a very unconvincing manner. And "emotional" dancing, without order, restraint, and artistic form, through which alone emotion can be satisfactorily expressed, seemed to have failed us as much as the mere conventional and meaningless ballet.

M. Mordkin has arrived in time to solve this problem which confronted us. He has shown us wherein lies the happy medium, and what may be done by going back to the source of dancing, which is emotion, and yet by expressing that emotion always through the medium of artistic form. For whilst adhering strictly to the rules which must be followed in all æsthetic manifestations, he expresses the emotions and passions which alone give life and vitality to the dance. And such are his powers of expression, so perfect is his training, the facility with which he moves and gesticulates, so wonderful is his facial expression, that we can imagine how, if he had lived at a period when the scope of dancing was considerably wider, when dancing was an art such as that which Lucian describes, when the greatest variety of human emotions were expressed by this means, M. Mordkin would have been one of those dancers whom poets and writers alike considered to be the "living poetry" of their time.

Although M. Mordkin has realised the classical ideal of a dancer, I fear that I cannot hope that he has much altered the state of things in the world of the dance; for his is an exceptional personality and an exceptional talent. He has shown us what an artist may do for the dance; but when he goes will others come to take his place, and understand the art of dancing as M. Mordkin understands it? Still, even if no permanent improvement has been made by M. Mordkin's appearance, we can at least be grateful to him for having given us a vision of the dance at its best—the dance so beautiful and perfect, so living and young, that we can at last realise how Terpsichore was considered to be the worthy sister of the Muses.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

SOME weeks ago I pointed out (what was to me a new discovery) that certain passages in the German translation of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" did not exist in the original English version as printed; and I suggested that Mr. Robert Ross, Oscar Wilde's faithful literary executor, should explain. He has been good enough to do so. He informs me that the passages in question were restored in the edition of "De Profundis" (the thirteenth) in Wilde's Complete Works, issued by Messrs. Methuen to a limited public, and that they have been retained in the fourteenth (separate) edition, of which Mr. Ross sends me a copy. I possessed only the first edition. I do not want to part with it, but the fourteenth is a great deal more interesting than the first. It contains a dedicatory letter by Mr. Ross to Dr. Max Meyerfeld ("But for you I do not think the book would ever have been published"), and some highly interesting letters written in Reading Gaol by Wilde to Mr. Ross (which had previously been published in Germany). In the course of this dedicatory letter, Mr. Ross says: "In sending copy to Messrs. Methuen (to whom alone I submitted it) I anticipated refusal, as though the work were my own. A very distinguished man of letters who acted as their reader advised, however, its acceptance, and urged, in view of the uncertainty of its reception, the excision of certain passages, to which I readily assented."

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This explains clearly enough the motive for suppressing the passages. But even after making allowance

for the natural timidity and apprehensiveness of the publisher's reader, I cannot quite understand why those particular passages were cut out. Here is one of them: "I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art. I altered the minds of men and the colours of things; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characteristics. Drama, novel, poem in prose, poem in rhyme, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty. To truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as the supreme reality and life as a mere mode of fiction. I awoke the imagination of my century so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase, and all existence in an epigram. Along with these things I had things that were different. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease." It is difficult to see anything in the factitious but delightful brilliance of this very characteristic swagger that could have endangered the book's reception.

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Mr. Ross's letter to me concludes thus: "'De Profundis,' however, even in its present form, is only a fragment. The whole work could not be published in the lifetime of the present generation." This makes, within a month, the third toothsome dish as to which I have had the exasperating news that it is being reserved for that spoiled child, posterity. I may say, however, that I do not regard "De Profundis" as one of Wilde's best books. I was disappointed with it. It is too frequently insincere, and the occasion was not one for pose. And it has another fault. I happened to meet M. Henry Davray several times while he was translating the book into French. M. Davray's knowledge of English is profound, and I was accordingly somewhat disconcerted when one day, pointing to a sentence in the original, he asked, "What does that mean?" I thought, "Is Davray at last 'stumped'?" I examined the sentence with care, and then answered, "It doesn't mean anything." "I thought so," said M. Davray. We looked at each other. M. Davray was an old friend of Wilde's, and was one of the dozen men who attended his desolating funeral. And I was an enthusiastic admirer of Wilde's style at its best. We said no more. But a day or two later a similar incident happened, and yet another.

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Wilde's letters to Mr. Ross from prison are extremely good. They begin sombrely, but after a time the wit lightens, and towards the end it is playing continually. The first gleam of it is this: "I am going to take up the study of German. Indeed, prison seems to be the proper place for such a study." On the subject of the natural life, he says a thing which is exquisitely wise: "Stevenson's letters are most disappointing also. I see that romantic surroundings are the worst surroundings for a romantic writer. In Gower Street Stevenson would have written a new 'Trois Mousquetaires,' in Samoa he writes letters to the 'Times' about Germans. I see also the traces of a terrible strain to lead a natural life. To chop wood with any advantage to oneself or profit to others, one should not be able to describe the process. In point of fact the natural life is the unconscious life. Stevenson merely extended the sphere of the artificial by taking to digging. The whole dreary book has given me a lesson. If I spend my future life reading Baudelaire in a café I shall be leading a more natural life than if I take to hedger's work or plant cacao in mud-swamps." I disagree as to the dreariness of Stevenson's Samoa letters, but the passage is certainly precious, and the thirteenth edition of "De Profundis" a book to be obtained.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

WHAT is the test of a good picture? Surely its power to impress the mind and to linger in the memory. This at least will be the opinion of those who have chosen memory for a religion. The importance of the memory in estimating artistic work may be gathered from the fact that everything in life, vegetable, animal, and human, depends upon memory. I have not space to go into the question of the relation of art to subtle psychology, or to discuss theories of heredity in conscious and unconscious memory, that have been dealt with by Samuel Butler, Hering, Semon (Die Mneme), Francis Darwin, Bain (Law of Association), and many other conscious and unconscious scientists. Some persons will maintain there are several ways of testing a good picture, but others will agree that the memory-test is an adequate one. In any case, it will serve my present purpose.

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Among the pictures I have seen recently and vividly remember is a series of paintings, "A Moorish City: Tetuan," by Henry Bishop, at the Baillie Gallery, Bruton Street. Why do I remember these pictures more than I remember so many others? It is because they are the work of a painter who has found himself. They are instinct with the finest poetry of self-realisation. I do not know Mr. Bishop. I have never met him, but in his pictures I can imagine what he is. He is a man of fine sensitive temperament, an artist in the truest sense, who, like the men of the early ages, has gone in search of the Grail. To-day the temperament and its perfect expression is the quest of the artist. He has probably wandered in many places, through Europe, through France, Germany, Spain and Italy. He has made his search along the Boulevards, has spent evenings in some café of the Nouvelle Athènes, or other, where he has doubtless felt the influence of the Parisian Degas, has questioned his methods, and has learnt the secret of his subtle design. Perhaps it was in Paris, too, that he found Whistler and came to such a masterly understanding of that master's subtle harmonies. Searching in this way, impelled by inner necessity to find the expression of his own temperament in the finest methods, in vital and necessary things, he was doubtless carried far.

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Truth to self will be the standard of the artist of the new age. Self is hidden in nature; it is for the artist to bring it forth. Mr. Bishop must have felt this, and every effort of his has led consciously or unconsciously towards its realisation. Thus he reached Morocco, where at last he was on firm ground, where he found his self in nature and accordingly felt nature, observed and expressed it as a living and beautiful thing. Here Mr. Bishop placed himself in communion with what he loves most and we see his temperament set forth in symbols of white walls and spots of jewelled colour moving softly against them. The secret of his appreciation is solved in subtle designs, woven from picturesque streets and arched doorways, spacious courts and walled-in spaces, in rhythmical lines of blank buildings flung gently against sky and sea; in subtle harmonies of colour found in crowded market-place, in lanes of ascending and descending light and shade; in the understanding of just values, tones and tints. So he gives visions of a picturesque country warmed by the cool glow of the tropical sunshine, of a land which shimmers with the delicate luminous harmonies of pinks, blues, violets, gold-browns, silver-greys, and orange-golds, beautiful patterns, as it were, wrought on the white walls by the magic of sunlight at all hours of the day.

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He gives us a series of distinguished decorative notes any one of which is well worth possessing. Look at "The White Doorway," one of the most successful

things, especially fine in quality of paint; at "The Mosque Tower," very delicate in tone, very rich and harmonious; at "A House in Ruin," surely a favourite with those who understand a good picture; at "The Arched Street," a most beautiful canvas, possessing the most perfect harmonies of colour and qualities of paint; at "The Market Place," for its wonderful mystic effect of an Eastern city undergoing twilight transformation; and at "An Open Space," a walled amphitheatre with just one or two children, mere specks of brilliant colour introduced to give it height and space. These and many others—"A White Street," "Within the Gateway," "A Mosque," "A View of Tetuan"—are beautiful statements of beautiful facts by a distinguished artist. They are pictures to remember always. And as the buyer may look into them for exhilaration, so the student may look into them for instruction in the science of painting. The first may understand and share the joy of the artist's lyrical mood; the second may understand and share an intimate knowledge of paint and painting.

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We all have our little ways of translating ourselves, and while Mr. Bishop translates himself in poetical fact, Mr. Robb may be seen in the next room sauntering about "Arcady and Elsewhere." He, too, is strongly possessed with the idea of harmony, and harmonises in line and colour all the time. He has developed his style but has also fallen in love with it and has allowed it to take a too strong hold of him. I noticed that the incomparable trio, Corot, Whistler and Conder, were with the artist behind his pictures. There is very little to choose between the canvases. Perhaps the three large studies (25, 36 and one unnumbered) are the best. At the first exhibition of the St. George's Society, just closed, there were quite a number of stalwarts who have found themselves. I thought the work by Messrs. Shackleton, Maxwell Armfield, Walter Bayes, and Cayley Robinson (scene designs for "The Blue Bird") quite justified the exhibition. The interesting Madox Brownish study by Edgar W. Davis, and some clever illustrations by M. V. Wheelhouse also added to its reputation. But I am still wondering by what strange chance Mr. Watts and his pictures were included. Watts never succeeded in finding himself, but went through life with a paint brush in one hand and a book of philosophical recipes in the other. For what good the philosophical treatise was to his science it might have been a cookery book.

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Mr. Vereker M. Hamilton is another painter who is not expressing his temperament. Though his studies and sketches at the Dowdeswell Galleries reveal considerable charm and his work is on the whole very carefully composed, his pictures do not stick to the memory like burrs. He is in search of fact and fiction and his quest for both seems to be motived by a real desire to be sincere. "The Princess in the Forest" and "The Fountain Pond" are interesting Arcadian fancies, while in "The Thundercloud" and "A Spate" the attempt to get the colour of the sky into the waters beneath is quite successful. The exhibition of water-colours by Sir William Eden at the Carfax affords further examples of charming and sincere work. If there are no masterpieces among the exhibits, there is much to demonstrate Wilde's statement that an artist is not an isolated fact. Sir William is the resultant of a certain milieu, and what that milieu is may be gathered from his feeling for certain subjects. His portraits of streets and houses and interiors are admirable in their way. I was particularly interested in the studies numbered 3, 21, 26, 35, 42, 46. I do not like the artist's preference for a low key. I think that low keys really ought to keep outside the radius, for a time, so as to give high keys a chance. We want more light, and less dark, colourmen.

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George du Maurier, in late Victorian attire, has taken possession of the Leicester Galleries. I think he is waiting patiently for someone to come along who really does know him. One or two critics have tried to rehabilitate him but without much success. Mr. F. Anstey introduces him as a creative artist and talks of his "creations." Did du Maurier create Wilde? I was under the impression that du Maurier moved in society and selected and drew existing types. He was a society caricaturist out and out. To-day we have got men who *can* draw but no one who can take du Maurier's place in his own department. That is why his work is so interesting. It is unique and should be seen. As for Mr. Anstey, he must really take care. If he goes on in his present reckless fashion he will discover that Mr. Roosevelt, or even Mr. "Punch," is a creator.

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Errata.—In last week's "Notes," for realism and dry read realisation and day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DICKMAN CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have Mrs. Dickman's permission to make public the following letter. It speaks for itself as a testimony of her belief in her husband's innocence.

1, Lily Avenue,
Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dear Mrs. Hastings,

I cannot thank you sufficiently for the interest you are taking in my husband's case. We have been married for nearly eighteen years, and up to the time of my husband's arrest no one could truthfully say that we owed a penny we could not pay. My boy and girl are highly educated, and if this dreadful trouble had not come upon us my daughter would now have been preparing to take her degree in music. At the time I wrote the letter to my husband, which was illegally used by the prosecution, I had thirty-two pounds in savings, which I did not want to touch, besides a little money in hand. When the money to pay defence and to discharge a loan entered into by my husband was offered to me, I at once wrote to the superintendent of police and gave him the name and address of the friend who lent it, and asked him to let the fact be known so that my husband's case would not be jeopardised; but instead of that they represented things in their own way. I have had four months' experience of the police, and I am frightened at the depths of devilry to which they will descend in order to prove their case. My husband was in prison for nearly four months, dressed in *prison clothes*, fed on *prison food*, in solitary confinement, and after three days in the dock they say that because at the end of two hours in the witness box he got bewildered, then he is guilty, and, in addition, he is a very highly strung and sensitive man. I can't write any more. I am afraid I am not very coherent, but the injustice of the whole thing appals me.

Yours sincerely,
ANNIE DICKMAN.

The more I study this case, the less I think I would stake my life that Dickman is guilty. The circumstantial evidence so far from being, as the judge suggested, complete, is incomplete; and on two grounds. Firstly, because the chain of evidence itself is missing in links, and secondly, because the defence was defective both in what was omitted altogether and in the failure to stress strongly enough upon vital points. To minimise the difficulties of the defence would perhaps be impossible. The distortion of innocent detail (notably the wife's letters, written about last Christmas) by the prosecution, seems diabolical. Further, it must be remembered that while the prosecution had unlimited means at its disposal, the defence was hampered by lack of funds.

The prosecution seems to have regarded Dickman in two lights according as it fitted in with their theory. As the "Newcastle Daily Journal" says: "All through, the prosecution explain everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy. It is of course urged that the prisoner had the money. Well, if he had, why did he keep the bag with its tell-tale letters? His mind would clearly be directed to the subject. Yet he kept it. He went to the police-station with this very bag in his pocket, although he had every chance even at the last moment to destroy it." When it suits the prosecution, Dickman is alleged to be an ingenious criminal, and at other times, more of a fool than one can believe. For instance, in the alleged rehearsal of the crime and care to conceal traces of money and weapons, the assumption is that he set to work cleverly; on the other hand he is supposed to have kept the gloves stained with the blood of the victim lying openly in his hat-stand drawer; and he failed to arrange an alibi. Of the weak links in the

prosecution one of the most unsatisfactory is the absence of proof as to where the murder took place. Except for the negative evidence of persons who merely did *not* see Nisbet after Morpeth, there is none on this vital point. The man Mrs. Nisbet saw with her husband was, even, not necessarily the murderer. Then the absence of stains from Dickman's clothing, especially from his boots, takes a good deal of getting over. The complete failure to trace pistols or money proves that the police have been able to do nothing but gather together the suspicions and half-beliefs of three or four voluntary witnesses; and of the voluntary testimony, Dickman has supplied by far the greater part.

As regards the defence one or two criticisms may legitimately be made. It appears as if further witnesses should have been called for Dickman. We do not need to be told how shy many people would be of testifying on behalf of a man accused of murder. (In getting signatures for the petition, some people have done everything except actually accuse me myself of complicity. Liberals and Suffragettes seem most bigoted.) Yet, surely some of Dickman's friends might have corroborated his statement that he habitually carried a Lambton bag as a purse. Then, why was not the whole episode of his previous visit to Hogg at Stannington examined in detail? It might have gone far to dispose of the judge's suggestion that Dickman went to rehearse the crime; though probably no one outside the jury who were sitting under that terribly hypnotic summing-up, takes the suggestion seriously. A man planning a capital crime would be hardly likely to cap his day with a friendly visit. Similarly, Dickman's account of his walk to Stannington and entering a field to be ill should have been examined by reconstruction. The very unpleasantness of his symptoms might have afforded a defence for him. In this connection the "Daily Journal" says: "When he first mentioned his illness he did not know he would have to go into nauseous details, and even at the very last he spoke of his infirmity with reluctance." If he had pie and ale at the station, that is the very sort of diet to cause the trouble he did describe. Again, if he was suffering when he was arrested, that would go far to explain his not exerting himself to go to the police. Why should he have gone if he knew nothing of the crime?

As to Dickman himself, there has been nothing brought against him which could even be twisted into bad character. How many sporting men would have come off so well? His appearance (cruelly libelled by our so-called illustrated papers) is that of an ordinary family man. His manner in court as described by a legal expert in the "Daily Journal" was simple. "His story from beginning to end remained unshaken. He came through the trying ordeal well, save for answers that were quite unnecessary and ought not to have told against him although undoubtedly they did. He had admitted to pawning things, and he should in his own interest have frankly admitted being in difficulties. The most innocent witness is always afraid to admit anything."

The judge's summing-up was an able speech for the prosecution, and this is significant to people who know that Mr. Tindal Atkinson, a personal friend of Lord Coleridge, is in ordinary a civil, and not a criminal, lawyer. I understand that when a civil lawyer undertakes a criminal prosecution for the Crown, it is legal etiquette for the judge to support him. The summing-up had an overpowering effect upon the jury. The fact that three juryman have since signed the petition for reprieve proves that at least three have had the high courage to avow their error. If Lord Coleridge had taken it into his head to favour the accused, his summary might have been twice as able; it would certainly have been twice as convincing. More and more people are beginning to protest against the implication of the whole community in the death of a possibly innocent man. I hear that the hon. secretaries of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment and of the Penal Reform League respectively, are unfortunately out of England. Every available hand is needed to be raised against the sentence. People of special influence are advised to address the King directly. The Home Secretary has shifted the responsibility of finally condemning Dickman; and remembering the disgusting number of executions (certain to result in more murders) which have taken place since the begining of the new reign, it is a matter of no moment whether or not Mr. Churchill deposits his power of mercy at the door of the Appeal Court. In the case of Craig, executed last week, the jury strongly recommended him to mercy, and five thousand people in the district petitioned for the man, who had undergone seven years' penal servitude, enough in itself to have injured his mind; he was hanged all the same. Five thousand people are nothing to the Home Secretary, any more than a jury's recommendation.

I close my letter with a quotation from a leader in another Newcastle paper, the "North Mail.": "Capital punishment upon circumstantial evidence alone is too grave a risk for humanity to tolerate."

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The result of this trial has undoubtedly left the public mind in a state of dissatisfaction. The case for the prosecution is held to be most unconvincing by many legal experts, including Mr. R. D. Yelverton, ex-Chief Justice of the Bahamas, Lord William Percy, K.C., and others. Had that case been clinching there could not be the dissatisfaction expressed in local controversy. There is, of course, some prejudice against the prisoner among that class which, through associating the accused with the case, recreates itself by stone-throwing at Mr. Dickman's wife. From the time when Mrs. Dickman had to protest in court against the sketching of the prisoner to the occasions when Mr. Clark had to protest against Dickman's detention without sufficient evidence, and Mrs. Nesbit's reversal of her previous inability to identify a man seen at Heaton station, there was room for grave doubt whether Dickman was connected with this cruel crime. It is strange that the detention of Dickman does not seem to be the result of detective work, and this, with the finding of the bag weeks afterwards by other than detective work does not argue a competent case for the prosecution. Fair-minded men will, in the public interest, demand that all danger of a blunder, as in the Beck, Edalji, and Edlingham cases, be avoided. We have a horror of crime, and so should demand safeguard against judicial crime in compensation for a first misdeed. We have a respect for law, and so should demand moderate and not vindictive interpretation of its purposes. There is a penalty for crime, but there are legal processes which can operate to deal with the margin of doubt in a case. These processes should be put into operation.

The evidence of identity is hopelessly unconvincing, as regards identification at Heaton, at the police court, etc. Identity was by suggestion, except in Heppell's case. It is not proved where the murder was done, nor that it was done by one man. We are told that a witness looked into the compartment after Dickman's exit from some part of the train and found it empty. Yet the prosecution alleged plenty of blood splashed about the compartment. We are not told whether anything was done exhaustively to check all other passengers, stations, etc., nor what other theories were tried. We do know that while Dickman was under remand a presumably innocent man, he was subject to the degradation of prison clothes and diet, etc., which would affect his tone for the trial; also that no official contradiction was made of the shameful rumours current in the city, associating him, as a desperate character, with other murders. A wife may not give evidence against her husband, but the prosecution used letters on details of domestic expenditure from the lady (such as might be written by any wife), to sinister advantage by associating them with sinister matters. Again, Mrs. Dickman has stated she told the police whence she obtained the money to repay a loan to a Mr. Cohen, in May, the authorities being apparently satisfied. Yet the amount was commented on as a repayment in May, after a murder in March!

Let me earnestly add my voice to an appeal against an execution on evidence. Copies of a petition for signatures can be obtained of Dickman's solicitor, Mr. E. Clark, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

JOHN LINDSLEY.

Newcastle.

[We may add that a copy of the Petition lies for signature at the *New Age* office.—ED. *N.A.*]

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WILLIAM MORRIS MEMORIAL HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I notice a letter in your paper of July 14 from Mr. T. Alleyn Lloyd criticising somewhat severely an elevation of a proposed building as a memorial to William Morris, which he states appears on a circular bearing my name, with other well-known friends of Morris.

I can only say that *I have never seen this circular*. Mr. Lloyd does not state by whom it is issued or from what address? I should like to know.

WALTER CRANE.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I would point out that the design is "under consideration" only, and not finally settled yet. It is intended to give subscribers an idea of the proportions of the building to be erected. Had Mr. Lloyd taken his own advice and "made enquiries" before rushing into print, he would have learnt that the committee had appointed four gentlemen, two architects and two artists—all associated with Morris, or well-known exponents of his views—to consider all drawings and plans to ensure that nothing unworthy shall be erected. I shall be interested to learn Mr. Lloyd's detailed objections, and can assure him that any honest criticism will be welcomed and have every consideration from my committee.

53, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.

PERCY A. YOUNG, Hon. Secretary.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

May I be allowed to add my testimony to that of Mr. Lloyd respecting the design for the Wm. Morris Memorial Hall? It would indeed be a pity if this design were carried into execution—and so embarrassing to Socialist speakers when contending that art will prosper under Socialism.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

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VOTES FOR WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Some three years ago (I think) I suggested, in the columns of the NEW AGE, a solution of the Suffrage question which I thought ought to meet both the Suffragists' objection to adult suffrage and the democrat's objection to the Limited Bill. It was that women should have a vote on the same terms as men, but with a special franchise giving married women a vote if their husbands were qualified. This would meet the Suffragist objection that women ought not to wait for the vote till men had altered their own franchise laws; while, on the other hand, it would meet the objection that the mass of working-class women, and especially of married women, are excluded under the present Bil.

When I first put forward the proposal I remember that Mrs. Billington Grieg rejected it on the ground that she did not want "fancy franchises" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Society of which Mrs. Grieg is so prominent a member has accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Freedom League either to accept my suggestion or else to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are favourable to the oligarchy.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. We have been continually asked to support the Limited Bill as "a step" on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread." If this appeal were sincere, would not the promoters of the Bill have been eager to leave open the possibility of taking two steps and getting the whole loaf? As a matter of fact, they deliberately and avowedly framed their Bill so that it could not be extended in a democratic direction, even if Parliament wished to extend it. How can such a policy be reconciled with a genuine desire to pave the way for Adult Suffrage?

CECIL CHESTERTON.

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THE "REALITY OF SEX" DOGMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will anyone who resents the tyranny of the doctrine, so much relied on in the House last week, which may be shortly called the "Reality of Sex" dogma, have the kindness to communicate with me?

It is a dogma which is essentially subversive of all morality. For it assumes that our character and conduct are determined for us by forces which, whatever our desire, we have no power to alter. The one human creature need not think about being delicate; the other need entertain no ideal of being independent. The spirit is to be crushed into one or the other mould. It is a doctrine profoundly irrational and desperately grotesque.

Will anyone who thinks so join forces with the writer? The Suffrage societies and the Socialist societies do not, as such, contradict this pseudo-scientific specialisation in character. A new organisation is needed to counteract a new danger—and urgently! The "Reality of Sex" dogma implicitly involves the surrender of all the hard-won freedom of society to-day.

Temple, London. THOMAS BATY, D.C.L., LL.D.

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S. VERDAD AND UNCRITICAL CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I had for some time been looking forward with more or less melancholy interest to such attacks as those which have recently been made in your columns regarding my articles on foreign affairs. But my withers are unwrung. What seems to me to be decisive in the matter is the complete absence of unanimity among my critics. Mr. Bax writes confidently of what is not the Socialist view of foreign affairs; but it would be much more pertinent if he could tell us what is the Socialist view. I confess that I do not know what it is, nor can I discover any trace of it even in the writings, otherwise authoritative, of Mr. Bax himself. Are we therefore to take the indications of foreign policy as contained in the Labour members' questions in the House of Commons as our guide? If that be the case, Mr. Bax must tell us why the Labour members should be right in respect of foreign policy, about which they can and do know little, and wrong in respect of home policy, about which, presumably, they are well informed. It is quite clear, however, that nobody takes the Labour Party seriously so far as its views on foreign policy are concerned, except perhaps misguided revolutionaries in India and elsewhere (not excepting England). There is nothing consistent in it, nor, as I said a few weeks ago, is it even representative of the views of their constituents.

If not to the Labour Party, however, where can we look for the Socialist view of foreign policy? Plainly not among the leading independent Socialists, for they are hopelessly divided among themselves. Mr. Hyndman, for example, would evacuate India to-morrow; but he has his doubts about Egypt. Mr. Bax on the other hand, to judge from his letter, would evacuate Egypt and not India. I will not refer to the notorious case of Mr. Blatchford, since, as his views on foreign policy and other matters did not prove to the liking of his readers, he has arranged to exchange them for other views which, let us hope, they will like better. I may gently remind your readers, however, that on the subject of Germany THE NEW AGE is not alone. Mr. Bax, again, is inclined to make a fuss because the "Daily Mail" printed two articles by Mr. Wells and did not insert a reply from—from whom? Shaw? Lloyd George? or some other well-known public man? No: from "a perfectly competent Socialist" ("perfectly competent" is splendid) "and a member of the S.D.P." But Mr. Marlowe is a good business editor, and he doubtless recognised that however "perfectly competent" this member of the S. D. P. might be he was not so good a "draw" on the "bill" as Wells. In fact, nine "Daily Mail" readers out of ten wouldn't know what "S.D.P." stood for; and space in any London newspaper is valuable.

What, then, is all the trouble about? I go to a great deal of unpaid pains to keep myself informed of the facts of foreign affairs and to communicate them to your readers. That the facts I report do not square with the wishes of some of your readers may be unfortunate, but it is scarcely my fault. In no single instance, I believe, have I been convicted of inaccuracy, and when I am I shall be only too eager to be set right. Meanwhile I dissent strongly from the view that any writer on foreign affairs in a Socialist journal must maintain a Socialist policy that nowhere exists. If such a policy existed, it would, of course, be the business of THE NEW AGE to support it; but I repeat that it does not exist, and that up to the present no Socialist body with which I am acquainted has earned the right, by study and experience and discussion, to lay a policy down.

Regarding the letter of Mr. Nevinson, who objects to my charge of sentimentalism, it is true that I named him along with Mr. Massingham (who is most certainly not "one of the finest guides of public opinion," as his colleague asserts); but my charge is equally distributed over the whole Liberal, and, for the matter of that, the Tory Press. My criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt when he was in England would surely have convinced my readers that I am as little disposed to the sentimentalism of jingoism as to the sentimentalism of pacificism. As a matter of fact, I profess myself to be no more than a student of foreign affairs, concerned, as you, Sir, profess to be in the matter of home politics, less with their pretended control than with their intimate understanding. I see in the partisan discussions, mostly ignorant or inadequately informed, of foreign affairs in the ordinary daily and weekly papers, rash conclusions drawn from insufficient and misleading data—not to speak of certain information which is deliberately suppressed at times. My business is to check these data, and, where possible to complete them, leaving my readers to revise or not the conclusions they have hitherto drawn. If in this task I discover advocates on one side or the other deliberately or unconsciously distorting facts, or suppressing them, in obedience to a desire to make things look better or worse than they actually are, I have no hesitation in calling such people sentimentalists; for that is their just and proper designation.

I now turn to what is, perhaps, the most serious consideration of all, viz., the attitude that should be adopted towards the nationalist revolutionaries in subject countries like India, Egypt, Finland, and the like. I separate the problems connected with these countries from the widely different set of problems connected with our Imperial relations with native races. It is useless to address these latter directly; they must be spoken for, and I have no desire to criticise anybody who speaks for them with knowledge and sympathy. But the case of nationalist revolutionaries is quite other than that of oppressed natives. The revolutionaries are presumably engaged in an attempt to obtain their own independence; and my sole concern with them is that they should set about their task with something like intelligence and a sporting chance of success. Now, I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion, arrived at in every instance on the spot, and after numberless observations of and interviews with revolutionaries themselves, their chances of success with the means they are employing, and by the means recommended to them by Liberal advocates in England, are so remote as to be virtually none. What is quite evident is that the revolutionaries everywhere have one of two courses

open to them: force or intelligence; and of these force has, to my thinking, hopelessly failed. It has failed in Russia, it has failed in Finland, it has failed in Egypt, it has failed in India, it has failed in Ireland. If somebody tells me that it has succeeded in Turkey the reply is obvious: it succeeded in Turkey because the mass of the inhabitants, as well as all the leaders of the movement, were prepared to form a new régime, and on the whole they have proved equal to their task so far. But this is not the case in Egypt, nor is it the case in India. In both these countries the revolutionaries are, in general, incapable of conceiving, and still less of organising, the force necessary for a real revolution. All they can do is to murder an official here and there and to talk assassination—as useless and inept a proceeding as to attack the tide with a besom. But since force of a physical nature is beyond their compass, their only available means is intelligence, cultivated by education and stimulated by the application of brains. I count myself and my sympathies on the side of brains, everywhere and all the time. If the Egyptian or Indian nationalists prove themselves superior in intelligence to their English officials, the date of the English evacuation is already fixed. But so long as they are manifestly inferior in intelligence, I am prepared to defend them in all that they may do to acquire it. Mr. Moussa, for example, complains that education in Egypt is impeded by the English Government. This is wrong, and I think the Egyptians are right in protesting against it. On the other hand, the Egyptians were wrong in regarding the crack-brained Wardani as a hero; he was a lunatic.

In conclusion, I will take the liberty of repeating my contention that I am more entitled to an opinion than most of my critics because I have made a general study of the subject; and in every instance I have supplied the facts on which my conclusions are based, so that my readers may either agree or differ with the evidence before them. A desire not to trespass further on your space prevents me from going into the historicity and aptness of Mr. Bax's sixteenth-century argument; but I must take another line to protest against his "to virtuously champion," for a split infinitive always gets on my nerves. Finally, I repeat that, in the absence of an agreed or formulated Socialist policy on foreign affairs, THE NEW AGE is quite justified in presenting the facts of each case as it arises and in expressing an opinion rigorously based on them. To say that my views are the views of the Tory Press is simply childish, and, *pace* Mr. Bax, I do not stand in need of "whitewashing."

S. VERDAD.

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WELLS v. WELLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

No one, I imagine, will grudge Mr. Wells his "second thoughts" about the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, nor, when the time comes, his third thoughts. But since he goes out of his way to insinuate that other sympathisers, whose portraits appeared beside his on the pamphlet referred to, have also "fallen away," perhaps you will allow me to state that this suggestion is perfectly baseless. Amongst the very large number of individuals, prominent and humble, who, during the past eighteen months have joined the National Committee and publicly advocated the principles of the Minority Report, Mr. Wells (as far as the central office is aware) is the only one whose second thoughts have been less favourable to those principles than his first.

CLIFFORD SHARP.

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TORIES CONTRA MUNDUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I note that while distributing blame, deserved or otherwise, over Socialists, Liberals, and Labour men, Mr. Kennedy carefully refrains from referring to the demerits of the Conservatives, whom, presumably, we are to look upon as angels of light. Having given us a specimen of his destructive talents, perhaps he will now let us see what he can do in the other direction. Are we to sheive the three parties mentioned, influential or not, and look to the Tories and the House of Lords for the salvation of the Empire?

F. R. Y. EPPSBURY.

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A VIEW OF THE NEW ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The culture of a man is so embedded in his art that we are apt to fall plump into his meditations before we are aware how private they may happen to be, and yet there are some who have no meditations of their own, but give themselves up obediently to limitless, restless nature, happy in the belief that every good and every perfect gift hopelessly and from the first lays outside of their reckoning. While sight and insight seem desirable, a whole arithmetic has arisen to prove the thousand strange and exacting things that would happen if men were to curb their associations and become simply spectacles. It is thought, indeed, that to shrink and become their fleshly rim is the ideal condition for an artist; but it is plain that theory may be made to fit capacity with delicate precision, and I, for my part, do not hesitate to lay aside the whole science of picture-making as idle and futile. It is well to be definite.

Perhaps it was a ruinous heresy which sought to trim art to the service of passing holy orthodoxy, for by it the artist was reckoned pious or impious according to the name he gave to his picture. But it is nevertheless still true that we look for more than paint in pictures, valuing that particular sagacity which makes form and colour significant beyond the reach of text-book recommendations which praise the repetition, the science of those things art is only happy in once.

Trivial subject-matter needs, in painting, as in verse, an excruciating nicety in its dress; as though to atone for the lack of one quality, it must have another piled up and running over. Great subject-matter may be trusted to lift its parts worthily and require no apology.

The objection to the personic in art is not greater than the objection to the posturing which attempts at the new English Art Club to impose upon us by other primitive methods. We cannot escape from the positive expressiveness of painting, however subtle our personal speech may be; since this is its purpose and the end that, by one means or another, we would be at. To say nothing wonderfully would introduce a new whimsy for which Nature has not as yet properly provided: leaving the wonder uncounted, there are hopeful signs in Suffolk Street at the time of writing.

Among the New Englishmen, I am made to feel that many men paint from the same dull interest in colours which would prevent them from making a single piece of furniture, were they set in a carpenter's shop instead of a studio. They view everything from one remote professional standpoint, growing year by year more utterly provincial from living in London. They have no apparent contact with life or ideas which are in any degree worth recording, but go on stating their intense appreciation of problems the like of which in his own good craft any decent cobbler surmounts modestly every day of the week and breathes never a word about.

Orpen, as an instance, can reach to the height of a good portrait; but open the door ever so little to him and he can only figure a woman falling out of bed, or, with pathetic insensitiveness, fill in the neat outlines of his "Portmarnock" drawing with oil paint. It is clear that he has no personal volition in the matter of subject. If it is of no consequence what he paints, then let him exercise worldly wisdom and choose good models: it depends on them.

I pass in discontent Steer's "Muslin Dress," a pictorial scheme by no means so well planned as it might be; Sargent's casually mighty statements about places he has visited; Connard's elaborate exercises in windows, mirrors, and unexpected people. They all prove to me sufficiently that men may wander up and down the world possessed of keen vision and supple hands and yet be incapable of using them to any vital purpose. The luxury of possessing beautiful things, the splendour that the earth wears for those who can see and interpret—these fail to move them to any more supreme effort. They also do not know what to paint.

Only a few of the New Englishmen do know what to paint, in fact, and one of these is Shackleton, who seems to me admirable beyond any praise I can give him. He has made his paint do his work, and not its own merely; yet ruled by so fastidious a sense of beauty and sentiment, how it blooms and thrills! The handling is intricate and delicate beyond the dreams of the painters, who stay where the artists' colourman dropped them. Shackleton uses tradition: I can see Turner and Stott there; but from each he has taken what he wants, wisely. His Harvest picture has none of the raw sense of locality in it which contents some men; it has been wrought into a type, its maker's strong imaginative power moving outside and beyond it. The sea-piece, more slight than the others, has in it the vital heat changed, as this artist may change it endlessly. His other subjects I could only name to praise them, for his is a great lyrical gift, obscured a little by the presence of raucous companions.

I shall not mention the several pictures which had stuff in them pleasant to me: they were few, and, I think, particular. But there were two distinctive and delightful ones, by Mooney (a new name to me)—green, spangly, just things, having to do with gardens and children. They are innocently imagined and made, melancholy in the very gaiety of their recollection.

From all this it would appear that the New Englishmen are more worthy in their adventure than by habit. Their use is to have adventures: their habit tends towards mortality of itself. Let us leave it at that till another day.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

A SHORT DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"An Old Socialist" calls me naive and lamb-like, but I cannot return the compliment. For a Socialist I find him uncommonly crafty and fierce. His bubble has been pricked, and now he seems annoyed that it has burst. The moral is: Do not blow any more Socialist bubbles. My critic does not deal with any of my illustrations which were intended to show that no actions are really "self-regarding," but that every act from the cradle to the grave performed by one citizen involves injury to another. Instead of denying or disproving these statements, he suggests a grammatical quibble and raises some nice points of casuistry. He complains that I completely ignore the distinction between direct and indirect actions. The distinction is more difficult to establish than "An Old Socialist" apparently supposes, and to establish such distinctions was not my purpose. My purpose was to show that no actions, whether direct or indirect, can truly be called "self-regarding." If "An Old Socialist" thinks otherwise, will he favour me with a few examples? Besides, we must remember that indirect actions are often more injurious than direct ones. Again, when he says that my language postulates the absurdity that all actions have equally a social reference I can only marvel at his mental acumen, but when he goes on to say that if every act from the cradle to the grave performed by one citizen involves some injury to another, then it is plainly the duty of every citizen to shoot himself, I marvel at his mental obliquity. My contention is that *all* actions have a social reference, but to what extent is a question of degree, and this was suggested by the qualifying words "more or less." May I add, in conclusion, that this statement, or "maxim" (*sic*), which my critic, with a wealth of invective unusual in a Socialist, calls "a piece of copybook twaddle," "stale stuff," etc., is one that has been used again and again by Lord Pembroke, Herbert Spencer, Wordsworth Donisthorpe and other thinkers of repute. My critic's reading has been more restricted than I supposed. The final word of warning as to the danger of Socialism degenerating into a "cast-iron tyranny" will evoke a sympathetic response in at least one, Socialist breast. (See Mr. H. G. Wells, "Daily Mail," June 27th.)

S. SKELHORN.

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THE W. E. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Over the signature of "Oxford Graduate" I have, in recent numbers of THE NEW AGE made certain charges against the W.E.A., some of which "I.L.P. member of the W.E.A." has attempted to answer. The principal one, viz., that relating to the hole-and-corner memorial which the W. E. A., or its officials, tried to foist on to the Trade Union Congress, my opponent has not answered at all, except by a foolish and futile denial. Before these words have been long before your readers, the memorial will be accessible in published form.

My opponent says that a motion to adopt the Trade Union Education Programme as basis was "ruled out of order" by Mr. Sanders, who was in the chair. I have the testimony of at least two eyewitnesses that the motion was, at any rate, discussed. Mr. Sanders, to do him justice, has since severed his connection with the W.E.A. However that may be, the fact remains that a group of trade unionists on that occasion tried to get their education programme adopted as the basis of W. E. A. policy, and failed. The refusal to adopt it has not been without effect on trade unionists; for example, in this week's "Railway Review" I read that the Luton Branch of the A.S.R.S. rejected an invitation to join the local branch of the W.E.A. on this very excellent ground. The same may be said of the refusal to accept as an object "the restoration of the educational endowments which have been stolen from the poor." Such language would have horrified the W.E.A.'s plutocratic patrons!

Your correspondent treats the support given to it by the Duke of Westminster as a "trifle." But the Duke is not the only reactionary backer of this body. Among the "guarantors and donors" to the Central Fund for 1908 appear Sir W. Anson (who opposes the raising of the school age for children), Mr. Cadbury, Lord Crewe, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. George Wyndham. If your correspondent can state that these gentlemen have since withdrawn their support, I am open to correction. But a body which enjoyed their patronage does not seem a wholesome one for trade unions to be mixed up with.

My opponent even makes light of the General Secretary's attendance at the Empire League Conference. No doubt "to attend a meeting" is not necessarily "to express sympathy with it"; but to go to a Conference as delegate of an association must be taken to indicate approval of the object of the Conference; and that is what Mr. Mansbridge did. The agenda of the Conference show clearly that he was present as delegate of the W.E.A. Is there any record that he put the democratic and trade union standpoint in any speech, or made any report to his association of such a kind as might clear his presence there of doubtful interpretation?

The W.E.A. is really a semi-official body, largely financed by the Board of Education. At least, Sir R. Morant, at the Oxford Conference of 1907, spoke of pouring "a golden stream" into the W.E.A., and Mr. Mansbridge is on the Consultative Committee of the Board. This may be all right for the W.E.A., but what becomes of its democratic and "Labour" character?

I have appended my own name this time. Will "I.L.P. member of the W.E.A." do the same?

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.
("Oxford Graduate.")

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FOREIGN MORALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the "Times" of Saturday, the 10th inst., and in other papers as well, I found a report of a speech made by Mr. John Murray at a Conference on Public Morals at Caxton Hall, in which the following words occur: "Books of immoral, sensual, and impure tendencies were bad, but they did not exhaust the category of noxious literature. He believed there were books published at the present day on religion, on social questions, on politics possibly, but *certainly on philosophy*, which did more harm even than the immoral books, because they could be more openly talked about, and people could read them without shame. He was only expressing his own personal view, but he believed the books of Henry George, Karl Marx, and Frederick Nietzsche had done, and were doing, a great deal of harm. He would class them as noxious literature. He also reminded his audience that all three were foreigners."

Now I do not wish to quarrel with Mr. John Murray on a question of personal taste, nor do I wish to dwell on his amusing juxtaposition of Karl Marx and his greatest foe Frederick Nietzsche. We may readily forgive this small slip on the part of a publisher whose familiarity with books may only too easily breed contempt for their contents.

The implication, however, that these three writers being foreigners, are therefore easily understood to be immoral, ought not to be allowed to pass unchallenged. For this reason I would invite Mr. Murray to consider that, not only the immorality which he deprecates, but also the morality from whose standpoint he condemns these writers, is of a distinctly foreign growth.

This morality was produced neither in Piccadilly nor in Paternoster Row, but in Palestine. I suppose patriotic Mr. Murray will be extremely grieved by this statement. "Him a foreigner too!" as the English servant-maid woefully exclaimed when the news was broken to her that Jesus Christ was not a Britisher either.

J. M. KENNEDY.

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A GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I hope you will be able to spare enough of your valuable space for a few remarks in answer to a most unreasonable attack on Eton, which appeared in THE NEW AGE in an article by Mr. W. L. George, entitled, "A Gentleman of England." This article, written in the first person (I sincerely hope it is not Mr. George himself!) unwarrantably accuses Etonians of sundry offences, while the cloak of fiction, under which the incident is related, makes it difficult to know how far the author is sincere. The tale tells of a person whose pride is in bicycling, in having "a powerful leg-thrust" on the stretcher of a "single-sculler," and in making very florid and far-fetched eulogies of nature. His appreciation of literature leads him to call Gray's Elegy "sodden rot," and his sense of humour is gauged by his asking a boatman to let him have the Royal Barge. This individual, while sculling up the river near Windsor, with unpleasant thoughts about everybody (though he declares himself pleased with the "living blooms ablow"), perceives, on rounding a corner, two Etonians on the bank, one of whom he has once met in London. He approaches them with the professed intention of talking to them about "the licking we got at Henley and Gray's Elegy, and suchlike "sodden rot" (he does not seem to be going to be very pleasant) and is careful to show them his "powerful leg-thrust" in order to inspire admiration. As he draws near, the youth he has met is not sure whether he recognises him, shifts nervously from foot to foot, blushes, and eventually makes off, pretending not to see the oarsman. The hero of Mr. George's story attributes this behaviour to his own "sandals," "tweed coat," and "infamous cycling stockings." Of course, the man knows best what his stockings were like, but it is quite possible that the boy's behaviour was not due to the personal appearance of the sculler so

much as to unpleasant recollections of the individual in question, or—still more probably—to a boy's natural shyness. I am sure I have done worse things at Eton than this through shyness myself.

This incident alone does not seem a sufficient reason to warrant an attack on Eton. I will therefore attempt to discover the grievances which Mr. George has so cleverly concealed under his parable. In the first place, he complains of the boys as of the "Windsor of to-morrow," and asserts that, "like Windsor, they did not move, they were." The conceiver of such cryptic remarks may well be troubled; nevertheless, to alleviate the writer's misery, I may as well declare that practically none of these boys will be what he calls "the Windsor of to-morrow," and that there is more progressiveness in Eton than Mr. George seems to imagine. We cannot all be Socialists at fifteen. A little later he acuses the boys of "looking at the water with the indifference of those who own what they do not enjoy." Now the river does not belong to Eton boys, and, moreover, I can assure Mr. George that every Etonian enjoys the river not only for the exercise and pleasure that he gets upon it, but also from the love of its beauty and the appreciation of its charm, which is none the less real because they do not assert that "it is dappled here and there like a peacock's tail" (as Mr. George insists twice), or compare the ladies on it to "dark tea-roses." Mr. George then inquires: "Why could not one of them throw a stone into the water just to see the splash, like a real boy?" Well, I have often seen Eton boys throw stones into the river myself, but it is difficult to see why they should be any more real for so doing. When once you have proved that the splash invariably occurs, the occupation appears somewhat trifling and pointless! If we are to take the story literally it would appear that snobbishness and rudeness were the objects of the attack. Yet I believe that Eton manners are generally commended even by the enemies of that foundation, and I am absolutely certain that snobbishness does not exist at Eton, although, like most other people, many Etonians become snobs on leaving school. The chief characteristic of a young Etonian's behaviour to comparative strangers is shyness, as anyone who has been there knows. So that even if the incident of Mr. George's story actually occurred, we need not be terribly shocked; and, considering the account Mr. George gives of his hero, of his behaviour, and of his unpleasant disposition, I am inclined to think that he must often receive the same treatment elsewhere. There are many other inaccuracies which do not add credit to the tale. For example, "tall, lanky youths" at Eton do not wear "jackets"; Eton did not get a licking at Henley, but won the Lady's Plate; Gray's Elegy may have its faults, but it is certainly not "sodden rot."

This kind of attack is not very honest. If Mr. George has anything new to say against Eton, let him do so in a calm and reasoned essay which may in turn be met by reason. Effusions of this sort are misleading and childish.

F. L. BIRCH.

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"NEW AGE" POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reference to Mr. Belfort Bax's letter, may I suggest that for every reader S. Verdad loses for his part of your paper he perhaps gains two. And may I also add the opinion that "Notes of the Week," too, in your last issue were more admirable than ever? For one, I am only too glad, if your correspondent, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, will let me, to second his letter. There is a happy part to be played by a paper that at this moment will refuse to entertain a one-eyed party view—Socialist party no less than any other. Socialism is a movement which should be dissociated from party. In the shape of party what has it advanced up to the present, beyond its leaders' portraits? Apparently only a voting scheme whereby the untrained intellectually can turn the tables on the trained. Has not the time arrived for detaching the theory of constructive Socialism from the Radical—the iconoclastic party? Perhaps I should add that my impression of THE NEW AGE is formed as a reader, and that my acquaintance with its staff only extends to its Art-Editor's handwriting.

T. MARTIN WOOD.

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MAHOMEDANISM AND WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The wide knowledge of foreign countries claimed by S. Verdad (I hope it always is) should have prevented him from making so crude and obvious a remark as "the Oriental influence exercised on Spain by the Mahomedans has spread to Spanish South America, and Mr. Hirst notes that the ladies of the better class do not appear freely in public." Neither do they in any Latin country. Mr. Hirst should have refrained from an observation worthy of a Cook's tourist on his first visit to Paris. It seems to strike the widely-travelled S. Verdad as a valuable contribution to knowledge. The Mahomedans, too, had nothing to do with it; it was the Catholic Church that was responsible for most of these ideas affecting women. I undertake to show S. Verdad that the Mahomedans exercised very little influence on Spanish social life or culture. His comparison of South American culture with North America is absurd. I advise him to read Valera's "Cartas Americanas."

E. d'A.

Articles of the Week.

ADDERLEY, Hon. and Rev. JAS., "The Oxford Amateurs," Westminster Gazette, July 11 (Review).

ARCHER, WM., "America and Mark Twain," Morning Leader, July 16.

ASKEW, J. B., "Marx, Engels—or Hyndman," Justice, July 16.

AUSTIN, ALFRED, "Byron in Italy," National Review, July.

BEGBIE, HAROLD, "'Martyrs to Science': A Danger to Humanity," Daily Chronicle, July 14.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, "The Military Hegemony of Germany" (second article), World, July 12; "The Tree of Knowledge," Morning Post, July 16.

BERNSTEIN, E., "What German Wages can Buy: A Tale of Sixty Fortunate Trippers," Daily Chronicle, July 13.

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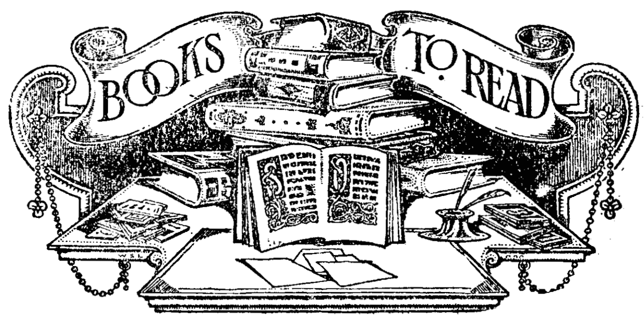

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