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 issue was 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 suitably discussed. For once in a way, as everybody has observed, votes were actually influenced by arguments.

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 arguments as Lord Cromer relies upon them in the community. Victory may be longer coming by that route, but it will be sure and stable.

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.

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 riots, 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 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
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 compre-
sension or illumination. In the first place, he seems to
have forgotten that the elementary schools of this coun-
try are in the vast majority of cases the local inspectors,
who are in the petty narrow-mindedness of their move-
ments, and in this they are, of course, far more
behind the general movement of ideas. Political emancipation
will certainly follow. Mr. Runciman remarks: "It
is not to think but to obey orders. And whose orders?"

We have frequently expressed our view, based on a
very wide experience, that the country has in its ele-
mentary schools as fine a body of men and women as
could be expected or encouraged to "try experi-
ments," as Mr. Runciman suggests, the experimenta-
tion 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 mentally defined, and a
breach in them is rewarded by disfavour in official
esteem or respect for the precious gift of personality.
Where is that understanding in the management of our
elementary schools? There the possession of a personality by
the teacher is regarded as a disqualification for any work by
the teachers. In such schools the subjects of instruc-
tion, which they follow, to encourage the teacher in
his work. We do not deny 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 elemen-
tary 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 to attach them
their teachers. In such schools the subjects of instruc-
tions 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
co-operative for independent Socialist representation on
the local authorities.  . . .

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. Coleridge, F.
Headingley, James Macpherson, Conrad Noel, A. A.
Parcell, 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:

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
Unions the need for independent Socialist repre-

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 Socialism repre-
sentation, but belonging to no Socialist organisation, and of receiving their contributions for propagandist and 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 and 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 have a sigh of relief, for I am seated in the Berlin express and St. Petersburgh 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 down by lampo." 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 scoundrily and admirable energy of our own grandparents—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, 1868, 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 the pension to the dignity of a Grand Duke, 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 to theibles 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 subject 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. 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 foreign service, and, secondly, that we can 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 come to between the German and Austrian Press campaign, instigated by the Wilhelmsstrasse, 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 Mahomedan 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 foreign service; 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. Moreover, it is clear 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 have come forward reckoning up their chances of being put out of business!
The King's Declaration.
An Ethical Point of View.

By William Poel.

Hazelitt, 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. This 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 change in the shape of an apparition. Our quacks," adds Hazlitt, "treat grown people as the nurses do children terryfing 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 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, 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 natural responsibility of every 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 indulgences; so that the National Church, as by law stipulated, is an ecclesiastical establishment of a positive 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, 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.

The King's Declaration.

In apprehension, how like a dream! "In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a ghost! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! But in the opinion of Dr. Moyses this earthly paragon, called man, is a being unfitted to produce his effect it must change in the shape of an apparition. Our quacks," adds Hazlitt, "treat grown people as the nurses do children terrorizing 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 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, 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 natural responsibility of every 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 indulgences; so that the National Church, as by law stipulated, is an ecclesiastical establishment of a positive 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, 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 natural responsibility of every 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 indulgences; so that the National Church, as by law stipulated, is an ecclesiastical establishment of a positive 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, 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 natural responsibility of every 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 indulgences; so that the National Church, as by law stipulated, is an ecclesiastical establishment of a positive 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, 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.
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 citizen and the subject are both punished in 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," for upon 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 claim to perform miracles, or to prophesy; 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 or subtlety shown, and that its meaning is unpleasantly obvious; yet these 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. Therefore, the extremest Protestant might have used, and yet content himself with such words as "idolatry" and "superstition" with a vigour that the most extreme Protestant might have used, and yet content to generalise without demonstrating, and to disclaim without specifying, 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 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 supremacy 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 people. A good Catholic cannot 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. As pointed by God to bring men to eternal salvation; the doctrine being idolatrous and superstitious, nor make any mention of the adoration of the Virgin Mary. But does Mr. Asquith with serious heart 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-
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 upon the nature of the religion which the King must resist 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 doctrines that the King must not assume that the Roman Hierarchy as an article of faith in the face of medical testimony, cannot satisfy the ethical conscience so long as it exists 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 liberties and liberties enjoyed by 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 unscrupulousness which the Protestant created is as superstition and bigotry as 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 super-stition in the Protestant Church, 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 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-morrow, and for ever more.

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 times is not of spies, but in their becoming the sport of groups acting for self-interested motives. 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 in favour with the Anglican Clergy than an acknowledgment of the right of the State, through the King, to control the destiny or laws or 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 the electorate if the Establishment of another Church would be organised to this end and be 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 Protestant 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 religious death is 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. 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 prejudice, 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 my 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.

REMOVED.

(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!
Darn 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 that be mine for once
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,
On then, anyhow, I'll be just,
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 steepleshake
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.
The Philosophy of a Don.

XVIII.—Of Cannibalism.

"ADVANCED thinkers," said Shav 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-panzitl paradox, in execrable taste, no doubt; but otherwise devoid of all criminal significance. Subsequent experiences, 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 more aptly described as an inveterate vegetarian—" and then I might be compelled, by a sense of public duty, to propose to sacrifice any of the useful members of society.

"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 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 frozen 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 humanitarian race is to be sacrificed to which?"

"The inefficient to the efficient." And Shav added, "It is not my object to discuss the question. I am merely putting it forward as the test of efficiency. 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 vocations. Every one of them is certain to beat you in his particular walk, 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 an avowal that we would 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 similar object. Further, if he had not speedily disavowed me, there might arise misconception 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 classes of the human race, 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 mortal 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 invaluable 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 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 least 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 friendly relations with the coloured races will inevitably lead to the peaceful extermination of the latter. 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 barbarous compatriots."

"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 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 and out of the way.

"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. The Press is 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 as little value as an orange. After all, it is the "liquor" that halloes 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 permeate the country during the next General Election, address meetings, breathe constitutions, 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, which will be a natural and vigorous organ of the prevailing shades of opinion that 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 canonic faith; and 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 acquire 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 Serangas 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 cen- turies, however, I have no dearth of allies. 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 in cash or in kind. Small gifts 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 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 some- thing. Let her, further, give the tenants a hint to organise kidnapping parties. I do not think the local consuls 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 shil- lings judiciously distributed; the influence of the house- maids, etc. We know the Press, and partly through the press 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 already stated, for the present and sides soup. But these must have been abnormal cases of the country with tracts and leaflets, carrying the mes- sage in the form of surreptitious cannibal literature. 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.

"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 cen- turies, however, I have no dearth of allies. 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 in cash or in kind. Small gifts 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 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 some- thing. Let her, further, give the tenants a hint to organise kidnapping parties. I do not think the local consuls 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 shil- lings judiciously distributed; the influence of the house- maids, etc. We know the Press, and partly through the press 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 already stated, for the present and sides soup. But these must have been abnormal cases of the country with tracts and leaflets, carrying the mes- sage in the form of surreptitious cannibal literature. 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 acquire 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 representa- tive 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 Serangas 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 cen- turies, however, I have no dearth of allies. 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 in cash or in kind. Small gifts 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
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 clergies 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 teaspoonsful 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 ménus which our chef has drawn up for our first annual banquet:—"

"Cantaloup, Consommé à la Pape, Prêtendailles, Bouchees de Ries de Curé, Sorbet au missionnaire, Quartier d'Évêque, Petits Prêtres, Soufflés glacés aux Diacres, Croutes 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 harqueintonne 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, Solomons, and Cook groups, the natives feasting on human flesh of Europeana procurrence.

"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 his neck-tie.

"Rosa," said the Frau, straining at the waist buckle and giving him a little tug 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 straightened her brooch and folded her hands, assuming the air of dignity becoming to the wife of a 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

"I'll make the father tell you, too."

Rosa drew down both corners of her mouth.

"But 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 jesting 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 Festaal, 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 Festaal. 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 decorrated 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

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, until every body 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 fight. You go and dress in the passage."

Dressing in the dark was nothing to Frau Brechenmacher. She looked 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."

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."
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 church with her. 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, and kept 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 any 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 mourning rings with intense enjoyment collapsing into her chair and biting her lip."

Herr 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 heart hardened 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, "she's 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 bride-groom wrenched the pot away from her and drew forth a baby's bottle and two little cradles holding china dolls. As he dangled these treasures before Theresa the hot room seemed to heat 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 forlorn 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, 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'agrement"; 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 "divine particulum auri," the divine particle which up to the present time has defied the probing 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 many people to the end of life; there will be 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.
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 can show as much cynical wit as any Camille Desmoulin of the revolutionary boulevards.

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.

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.”

What a contrast between the daily life of a man of talent and his best work! What a gulf between the artist and 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.

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 in danger of the poet being ground upon by at least two additional forces—those of action and of progress.

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

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 the thousands, doing 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.

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 poetical and artistic genius to proceed by the middle course without losing in power and distinction. The rules laid down methodically are sooner 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 Antaeus 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 pedantry 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 "Lo 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 up paper for the etable drawing of a boot-jack or a gingerbread-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 uncouthness 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 suburb, with a "living" picture, act was withdrawn, the "Diana," "The Three Graces," we have all seen and smiled at the naiveté of these doubly edited and anodyne incitements to the worship of beauty, and to the culture of the masses. "The Wave," in its modern splendour used to say, which end of the brush to put in his mouth, so to pose, so to light, and so to cut the nude. We remember, 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. What 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 to say, clothes 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, in the limited time that the best model can hold a pose. Let us put it at forty minutes on the 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 that work was the taking of definite decisions. Decision is the fence before which our poor humanity will eternally jib, and which is incessantly inclined to refuse. Education is the training to face these decisions, to make 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 intends. His history of the finest achievements in art bears this theory out. Our modern education, in vacuo, our practice of turning like squires in a cage of purposeless studies, is wasteful and deadening. It is like the procession of the "seasons" of a flirt, compared to the humdrum marriage, a process that has 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 the living picture 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 difficulties 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 Ingres, in his"The Three Graces," we have all seen and smiled at the naiveté of these doubly edited and anodyne incitements to the worship of beauty, and to the culture of the masses. "The Wave," in its modern splendour used to say, which end of the brush to put in his mouth, so to pose, so to light, and so to cut the nude. What the student can forget the lifeless formulas of generations of ushers, and see what creative artists have ever seen in the nude.
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 bruised 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 leales
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 cement 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, than to that art itself. He seems to me to be the answer to all the doubts which we find in the ancient writers and poets. He alone of all dancers is worthy of that high praise which we bestow 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-
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 even more than music 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'ètre, 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, more or less graceful if the dancer possesses certain powers of expression, so perfect is his training, that we can only imagine how, if he had lived at a period when the scope of dancing was considerably wider, when dancing was an art in a very unconvincing manner. And such are his powers of expression, so perfect is his training, 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 aesthetic manifestations, he expresses the emotions and passions which alone give life and vitality to the dance. And such is the problem which, in this revival of dancing, we have been attempting to solve in so many different and unsatisfactory ways.

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 art of dancing; 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 mother 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 for 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.

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 had art, 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 used a mode of expression for 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. I let truth take from truth. I gave what was false no less than what is true its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence. I treated art as the supreme reality of life as a mere mode of fiction. I broke 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 nature seep into long spells of senseless and sexual ease.” It is difficult to see anything in the factious but delightful brilliance of this very characteristic swagger that could have endeared the book’s reception.

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 appointed 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 poetry. But it has another fault. 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. “I’ve looked at each other. M. Davray other, and old friend of Wilde’s, and was one of the dozen men who attended his desolate 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.

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 Moutons d’é- taire,’ 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 one is the unconscious life. Stevenson merely extended the sphere of the artificial by taking to digging. The whole dreamy book has given me a lesson. If I spend my future in reading Baudelaire in a café I shall be heading a more natural life than if I take to hedger’s work or plant cacao in mud-swamps.” I disagree as to the dreaminess of Stevenson’s Samoa letters, but the passage is certainly precious, and the thirteenth edition of “De Profundis” a book to be obtained.

Among the pictures I have seen recently and vividly remember is a series of paintings, ‘A Moorish City: Tetuah, 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, 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, spent evenings in some café of the Nouvelle Athènes, or other, where he has doubtless felt the influence of the Parisian Degarès 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 the 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.

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 arches 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, red-browns, silver-greys, golds, beautiful patterns, as it were, wrought on the white walls by the magic of sunlight at all hours of the day.

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 unique 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 Mr. du Maurier's place in his own domain. That is why his work is so interesting, and so unique and selected. 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.

Errata.—In last week's "Notes," for realism and dry real reading 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,
Jemison, 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 two years, and in 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. With this 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 bank who should ask 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 write any more. I am afraid I am not very coherent, but the injustice of the whole thing appals me. 

Yours sincerely,

ANNE DICKMAN.

The more I study this case, the less I think I would take my life that Dickman is guilty. I have no 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 explains everything of difficulty as due to the marvellous foresight of the prisoner, but this mode of reasoning does not satisfy one. 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 from the defence; 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 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 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 press comment. The jury, however, evidently were affected by some prejudice against the prisoner among that class which, through associating the accused with the case, recreates judicial crime in compensation for a first misdeed.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I would point out that the design is "under consideration" by, and not finally settled by, the Home Secretary. It has been referred to a committee of sitter panel members, 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 press comment. The jury, however, evidently were affected by some prejudice against the prisoner among that class which, through associating the accused with the case, recreates judicial crime in compensation for a first misdeed. I shall be interested to learn Mr. Lloyd's detailed objections, and can assure him that any honest critic will be free of print in my committee.

JOHN LINDSLEY.

Newcastle.

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

WILLIAM MORRIS MEMORIAL HALL.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I noticed a letter in your paper of July 14 from Mr. T. Alleyne 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 would like to know.
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 is quite right that any scheme of this kind were carried into execution—and so embarrassing to Socialist speakers when contending that art will prosper under Socialism.

* * *

Arthur J. Penty.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Some three years ago (I think) I suggested, in the columns of the Daily Mail, a solution of the Suffrage question which I thought ought to meet both the Suffragists' objection to adult suffrage and the democrats' objection to the Limited Bill. I thought 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.

The democrats' objection that women should not wait for the vote till men had altered their 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 Bill.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

As I have for some time been looking forward with more or less melancholy interest to such attacks as those which have discovered among the leading independent Socialists, for they are hopelessly divided among themselves. Mr. Hyndman, for example, would evacuate India; whereas Mr. Bax, on the other hand, wishes to keep it. I could not bringing his views about Egypt. Mr. Bax, on the other hand, to judge from his letter, would evacuate Egypt and not India. I therefore cannot agree with Mr. Bax, except in so far as his views on foreign policy and other matters did not prove to the liking of his readers, he has arranged to go to India, for there is a higher law, he will like better. I may generally remind your readers, however, that on the subject of Germany THE NEW AGE is not alone. Mr. Bax says, again, is inclined to make a fuss because the "Daily Mail" printed two articles by Mr. Wells and did not insert a reply 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 would read a full page of words by Mr. Marlowe, and space in any London newspaper is valuable.

What then, is all the trouble about? I go to a great deal of unpaid public work myself, and I suggest to you, Mr. Editor, to accept 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 Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

The Suffrage societies and the Socialist societies do not have anything to Communicate with me?

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.

While I am writing, may I remark that there is another favourite Suffragist appeal of which this Bill makes nonsense. Mr. Bax says he will not accept a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. Whatever the value of this argument at the time, it is gone now. The Socialists of ten years would have accepted a Bill which establishes a "fancy franchise" for women. I therefore now call upon Mrs. Grieg and the Women's Suffrage League to be so good as to admit that they only object to "fancy franchises" when they are of a democratic character, but not when they are preferable to the present system of giving a vote to married women at any rate.
open to them: force or intelligence; and of these force has proceeded, hopelessly failed in Russia, has failed in Finland, it has failed in Egypt, it has failed in Ireland. If somebody tells me that it is impossible to form a new Constitution, 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 cases, as in every other country, the one which is capable 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 assassinations, producing no real progress to attack the tide with a besom. But since force of a physical nature is intelligent and capable of conceiving, their only available means is education and stimulation 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 the '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 protest against it. On the other hand, the English have of late been more and more to refer to the crack-brained Wardani as a hero; he was a lunatic

In conclusion, I will take the liberty of repeating my contention that my words of praise as to the work of any one 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 pronouncement has been based, and in as many cases as possible I have either agreed or disagree with the evidence before them. A desire not to trespass further on your space prevents me from going into the history and art 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. Lastly, I repeat, in the absence of an agreed or formulated Socialist policy on foreign affairs, THE NEW AGE is quite justified in presenting 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 favorable to those principles than his first.

WELLS v. WELLS.

To the Editor of 'The New Age.'

I note that while distributing blame, deserved or otherwise, to 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 the central office is aware is the only one whose second thoughts have been less favorable to those principles than his first.

TORIES CONTRA MUNDUM.

To the Editor of 'The New Age.'

The culture of a man is reckoned pious or impious according to the name he gave to his principle, in general, but in such a way as to hide the whirlwind by the light of the sun. 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 it is absolutely necessary for the animal who is the ideal condition for an artist; but it is plain that theory may be fitted capacity with delicate precision, and I, for my part, would maintain that the 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 principle, in general, but in such a way as to hide the whirlwind by the light of the sun. 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 it is absolutely necessary for the animal who is the ideal condition for an artist; but it is plain that theory may be fitted capacity with delicate precision, and I, for my part, would maintain that the 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 principle, in general, but in such a way as to hide the whirlwind by the light of the sun. 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 it is absolutely necessary for the animal who is the ideal condition for an artist; but it is plain that theory may be fitted capacity with delicate precision, and I, for my part, would maintain that the science of picture-making as idle and futile. It is well to be definite.
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 unthinkingly crafty and there is nothing particularly new and now he seems annoyed that it has burst. The moral is: Do not blow any more Socialist bubbles. My critics are not at one 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 person directly affects another. Instead of ignoring or disproving these statements, he suggests a grammatical quibble and raises some nice points of casuistry.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

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 Causton Hall, in which he says, "The activities of the W.E.A. are, I believe, as a whole, quite exceptional. They are immoral, sensual, and impure tendencies were bad, but they did not exhaust the category of noxious literature. He believed there was a need for a new and perhaps less prosaic form of criticism. 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 PaterDomor 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 British citizen before...
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 touch of shyness myself.

This incident alone does not seem a sufficient reason to warrant an attack on Eton. I will therefore attempt to discover the grievance of Mr. George. We cannot all be Socialists at fifteen. A little later he accuses 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 appreciative sense of its charm, which is none the less real because they do not assert that “it is dappled here and there like a peakcock’s tail.” (as Mr. George insists twice.) 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 doing so. When once you have proved that a splash invariably occurs, the occupation appears somewhat trifling and pointless! If we are to take the story literally it would appear that sobriableness and ruggedness were the chief characteristics 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 sobriableness does not exist at Eton, although, like most other people and 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 can tell. And may I also add the impression that “Notes of the Week,” too, in your last issue, and that my acquaintance with its staff only extends to its Art-Editor’s handwriting.

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.

The wide knowledge of foreign countries claimed by S. Verdaz (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 latter class do not appreciate the influence in public.” Neither do they in any Latin country. Mr. Hirst should have refrain from an observation worthy of a Cook’s tourist on his first visit to Paris. It seems to strike the widely-travelled S. Verdaz 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. Verdaz 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.”

ARTICLES OF THE WEEK


ARCHER, W.M., “America and Mark Twain,” Morning Leader, July 16.

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


GRAHAM, R. B. CUNNINGHAM, “Porfirio Diaz,” Nation, July 16 (review).

HARADA, Prof. JIRO, “Japanese Art and Artists of To-day,” Studio, July 15.

HUBERT,” “Poltroon Politics: Mr. Voting-both-Ways and the Woman’s Bill,” Sunday Chronicle, July 17.


LANG, ANDREW, “Chats with Cricketers,” Morning Post, July 15.


LYNCH, Dr. ARTHUR, M.P., “The Real Indian,” Daily Chronicle, July 16 (review).

McCALLAGH, FRANCIS, "The Tyranny of Luggage," Morning Leader, July 15.


MURRAY, Prof. GILBERT, "Totems," Saturday Review, July 16.


RUNCIMAN, JOHN F., "The Annual Meeting of the National Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor," The Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, Justice, July 16.


SAMPSON, Low and Co. (New edition. 2/- net.)


SHAKESPEARE, J., "Is a Crisis in the Negotiations near at Hand?" Reynolds, July 17.

SIBSON, ENGLAND.


TAYLOR, RUSSELL, THOMAS, "The Soul of Trade Disease and Destitution," National Review, July.


MODERN WOMAN: HER INTENTIONS.

By FLORENCE FARR.

Beautifully bound in half canvas gilt, 21. 6d. net.

CONTENTS:—The Vote; Women’s Incomes: The Variations of Love; The Thing Divided; The Green Houses of Japan, Beauty and Motherhood; The New Psychology: The Imaginative Woman; Experiments; The Savage; The Barbarian; The Civilised.

"An admirable gauge of the woman’s movement. ‘Modern Woman’ is a summary of modern opinion about woman, and the merit of the book is that the right facts have been telescoped. The chapters on women’s incomes, the world divorce, beauty and motherhood, and the green houses of Japan, contain not merely the facts about these things, but, we repeat, the facts nearest the border which may safely be approached in a book intended for general reading. In resisting in popular form many of the right sentiments, Miss Farr has done a real service."—New Age.

CHARLES DICKENS:

The Apostle of the People.

By EDMIN PUGH.

Cheap edition. 320 pp., cloth gilt, 25. 6d. net.

"Mr. Pugh has written this extremely interesting book with the avowed object of proving that Dickens was a socialist in all but the name. It is not only an interesting book about Dickens, but the only interesting book about Dickens—unless we except Mr. Chisholm’s book."—London Daily News.

SOCIALISM IN CHURCH HISTORY.

By Rev. CONRAD NOEL.

Crown 8vo, canvas gilt, 25. 6d. net.

Over 6,000 lines of favourable criticism of this book have appeared in the Press.

THE CHURCHES AND USURY.

By H. SHIELDS ROSE.

152 pp., Wrapper 1s. net, cloth 2s. net.

POUNTS FOR POSTERITY.

By HUGH BLAKEY.

Crown 8vo, cloth 25.

THE TRUE STORY OF JACK CADE: A VINDICATION.

By JOSEPH CLAYTON.

120 pp., Wrapper 1s. net, cloth 2s. net.

SEXUAL ETHICS.

By Prof. AUGUST FOREL, M.D., Ph.D., L.L.D.

Introduction by Dr. C. W. SALESBURY, F.R.S. (Edin.).

2nd edition. Stiff wrapper 1s. net, cloth gilt 2s. net.

WOMAN’S WORST ENEMY, WOMAN.

By BEATRICE TINA.

Stiff wrapper 1s. net.

LEADERS OF SOCIALISM.

By G. R. S. TAYLOR.

155 pp., Wrapper 1s. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net.

HAS LIBERALISM A FUTURE?

By S. D. SHALLARD.

96 pp., Wrapper 6d. net.

Full Catalogue post free.

FRANK PALMER,

12-14, RED LION COURT, FLEET ST., LONDON.
Messrs. JOHN BAILLIE and GARDINER

have the honour to invite the Readers of The New Age to an Exhibition of Paintings,

"A Moorish City: Tetuan," by HENRY BISHOP,

on SATURDAY, JULY 9th, 1910, and during the rest of the Month, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

THE BAILLIE GALLERY, 13, Bruton St., Bond St., W.

MEDALS, ROSETTES, BADGES,

FOR ALL SOCIETIES.

MADE AND SUPPLIED BY

TOYE & CO., 57, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

Catalogues, Designs, Estimates, etc., free on application.

NEW AGE VOLUMES.

A SET OF NEW AGE VOLUMES, New Series, Vols. 2, 3, 4, and 5 (Vol. I. is entirely out of print) will be sent post free in the United Kingdom for 12s. 6d. (Orders from abroad should be accompanied by 2s. extra for postage.)

All Orders for this Special Offer should be accompanied with a remittance and sent direct to

THE PUBLISHING OFFICE,
12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisement rates inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Words</th>
<th>Insert.</th>
<th>Insert.</th>
<th>Insert.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-8</td>
<td>12d.</td>
<td>1s.</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9-16</td>
<td>1s. 6d.</td>
<td>2s. 6d.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17-24</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td>5s.</td>
<td>6s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25-32</td>
<td>5s.</td>
<td>7s.</td>
<td>8s. 6d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33-40</td>
<td>7s.</td>
<td>9s.</td>
<td>10s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41-48</td>
<td>9s.</td>
<td>11s.</td>
<td>12s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49-56</td>
<td>11s.</td>
<td>13s.</td>
<td>14s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57-64</td>
<td>13s.</td>
<td>15s.</td>
<td>16s.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post Monday morning for the same week's issue.

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

Remittances and orders, should be sent to the Manager, THE NEW AGE, 28, Curzon Street, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

AMBITION. PEOPLE who would escape the average in writing should apply to THE SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP, 14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.


CARMENDON—27, SOUTH VILLAS—Board Residence; use of drawing-room, bath; convenient for all parts.

FREEHOLD COTTAGE, KENT.—Old style Cottage with nearly acres land; country and sea: two hours London, return Sunday fare, 2s. 6d. Gps. including collection Antique Furniture; unfurnished 2s. 6d. Fishing, bathing, golf links near; ready for occupation.—Jawson, 34, St. James Square, London, W.

NEW THINGS—A NEW TIME—THE NEW MAN.

Read ZION'S WORKS. In Free Libraries.

LD FALSE TEETH.—We give highest possible prices for above: offers made; if unacceptable, teeth returned. Dealers in old Gold or Silver in any form. Bankers' reference; straightforward dealing.—WOOD & COMPANY, Southport.

UNITARIANISM.—An AFFIRMATIVE FAITH."—"The Unitarian Argument" (Bliss); "External Punishment" (Stopford Brooker); "Amenity" (Hage Hoppé), given post free.—Miss BURK, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.—To Let, for Summer, flat and cottage, either or both: Flat near Pettish Museum, suit two people, large room (two beds and one), three sober good rooms, comfortable; bath room, constant hot water independent of fire; close to four tubes, three terraces, omnibus within minutes, but light, airy, and quiet. Cottage, Backham, excellent trains, car road, accommodation seven people, beautiful garden, tennis, J H. moderate as per-nite tenant wishes to spend holiday abroad.—Write Box 444, Office of the New Age, 38, Curzon Street, E.C.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1910, at 8 p.m.

SONG RECITAL by Miss JENNY ATKINSON.

YOLKS, MR. SPENCER DIXE.

ACCOMPANYING: MR. WALTER MACKWAY, Prof. R.A.M.

ORGAN ACCOMPANYING: MR. BOTHWELL THOMSON.

Stalls, 4s. Area and Balcony, 2s. Tickets to be had at Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, and of Musters, Larg & Co., 16, New Oxford Street.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & After Dinner.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

ÆOLIAN HALL.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1910, at 8 p.m.

SONG RECITAL by Miss JENNY ATKINSON.

YOLKS, MR. SPENCER DIXE.

ACCOMPANYING: MR. WALTER MACKWAY, Prof. R.A.M.

ORGAN ACCOMPANYING: MR. BOTHWELL THOMSON.

Stalls, 4s. Area and Balcony, 2s. Tickets to be had at Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, and of Musters, Larg & Co., 16, New Oxford Street.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,

have just issued a NEW CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS, being No. 372, August, 1910. Post free on application. Contains many excellent bargains. All the books on view both in London and Croydon.

NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON & 14, GEORGE ST., CROYDON,