NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We hope we do not need to apologise for devoting our editorial columns this week to the case of a possibly innocent man condemned to be hanged. There have been events in the political world during the last week on which ordinarily we should have commented. For example, the debate on the Civil List was in our opinion a confirmation of our growing view that collusion takes place between the two parties on all matters relating to the rich. Their only occasions of difference are when the poor are under consideration. These and many other instances could, if we had had something to say, too, of the railway strike, one, perhaps, of the most remarkable strikes known in the history of trades unionism. To that subject, however, we shall be able to refer later. Lastly, we should certainly have examined Mr. Churchill’s proposed Prison Reforms with some care, since we reckon the growth of Humanization out of Civilisation by society’s code of criminal punishment. Just because, however, the view is not only a breach of the law which judges are sworn to maintain, but not yet formulated in law, should be made to prevail even in the face of the legal profession itself.

Such a case arose only last week when a judge, quite properly in our opinion, declared a murderer insane at the moment of the murder in opposition to the judge’s and the police, who held that he was not.

Again, it is evident that the public has certain responsibilities also over and beyond those belonging to the legal profession. We, that is, are not only responsible for the laws already formulated for the guidance of lawyers, but we are also responsible for seeing that those laws are constantly being adapted to such new views of crime as prevail amongst us. If it should happen that far-reaching discoveries are made by scientists in criminology and in penology, it is the business of the public to see that the conclusions from these discoveries are incorporated with as little delay as possible in our code of crime and punishment. It may happen, and often does, that before these new views are actually embodied in law, cases arise which should properly take them into account and yet cannot do so because the legal profession is still bound by the formulated code. In such instances we contend that it is the duty of the judge in the first place and of the public acting through the Home Secretary in the second place to see that the new views current among the public, but not yet formulated in law, should be made to prevail even in the face of the legal profession itself.

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* * *

Such being our view of the rights and responsibilities of the public in the matter of crime and punishment, we may proceed to remark that though the punishment of death by hanging remains for murderers on our statute book, the last few years have seen a great change in public opinion on the subject. We would not go so far as to affirm that the public, if canvassed individually, would prove in favour of the total abolition of capital punishment, but we are perfectly certain that the British public is grown of late so humane as to prefer in almost every case that capital punishment should not take place. We would, that is, prefer not to hang a murderer if we could conscientiously avoid doing so. Almost any excuse, sentimental or otherwise, is employed by a large and growing section of the population to sign petitions for the reprieve of even convicted murderers. In the case of Jesshope, for instance, though there was no doubt as to his guilt, some thousands of his neighbours beggared that he might not be hanged. Similarly, last week, the man Craig, undoubtedly a guilty man, received a petition in his favour signed by no less than five thousand persons of his immediate neighbourhood. These and many other instances go to prove our contention that the public generally, whatever the letter of the law may be, are less and less disposed to acquiesce in the punishment of criminals by death.
Now we are inclined to believe, as we have said, that this growing disinclination to civil murder is a good sign. It encourages rather than flouts. Nobody actually suffers by the substitution of life imprisonment for capital punishment. Society does not suffer in any way, nor is the irreparable stain of hanging cast upon the innocent relatives of the guilty man. Society suffers twice, if, therefore, the grow- close examination of the case, but we think the public of the executors of the crime of punishment. In short, circumstantial evidence is as good as any other; and evil effects of the punishment of crime, we may fairly rejoice and wish the new view well. We may do the judges who tried the case at Newcastle and on on circumstantial evidence, who actually died in prison ing the Appeal of Dickman contained the details of the very issue of the morning papers announc- ing the company of Nisbet, and with him walked up the platform to the front part of the train under the eye of Hepple, who had known him for twenty years, took his seat along with Nisbet, and was seen alone with him at Heaton Station by the wife of the murdered man, who also had known the accused for some years. Would not, we ask, a man who was about to murder Nisbet have been put off his purpose when he found that he had been seen alone in Nisbet’s company by three persons, one of them the victim’s wife? Whatever reasons operated to postpone his crime a fortnight before, they could not be greater than the reasons for postponing it on March 18, as certain to be detected as if he had been caught in the act. Again, we have it from Mrs. Dickman, who supplemented the printed evidence, that Dickman on his return from his crime reached home about five, invited a friend to stay to tea, and without changing his clothes, took the whole party to a music-hall in the evening. Later on, when questioned by the police, he offered every assistance in his power and actually supplied the information which formed part of the evi- dence against him. Are these things compatible with the theory of his guilt? On the supposition that he was innocent there is not a single suspicious detail in the story of his day’s doings. There is nothing at which the hearer would remark that it was strange. But on the supposition of his guilt he must have been the clumsiest criminal that ever rushed into crime with all the signals against him. Regarding the evidence of the four or five witnesses to Dickman’s association with Nisbet it is only fair to say that not one of them is conclusive by itself, nor are they conclusive taken all together. We may agree with the Lord Chief Justice that the summing-up by Lord Coleridge was able without agreeing with him that it was fair. We may further affirm that the review of the case by the Lord Chief Justice and the two new facts before him was neither in our view absolu- tely fair nor conspicuously able. Two of the four or five witnesses, indeed, were totally discredited by the new evidence; the one by the proof that he had been deliberately led to the police by the public interest in Dickman, the other, Mrs. Nisbet, by her inconceiv- able failure to recognise her husband’s companion in the train at Heaton as Dickman, a man, it now transpires, she had known for years. A just Judge would, we think, have discounted far more, if not all, of Mrs. Nisbet’s evidence after that proof of her weak- ness. And if he found it necessary so emphatically to censure the police for “leading” Hall, surely he should have discounted Hall’s evidence completely away. Not much of the evidence against Dickman would then have remained, since with the weakening of two links the remaining links were proportionately weakened. At the end of it all, however, we are disposed to return to our original attitude of doubt. An element of doubt there surely is in the evidence as well as in what we may call the probabilities of the case. We begin with the Lord Chief Justice did not share this. The question remains whether that element of doubt is sufficient, not to acquit Dickman, for that is no longer possible, but reasonably to entitle him to reprise. Taking the view that justly or unjustly it may be, contingent on certainties alone, but may occasionally act on prob- abilities, we see no convincing reason why both the jury and the judges in the Dickman case should not stating that no guilty man would run the risks of de- tection which Dickman ran with his eyes open. We are asked to suppose, for example, that Dick- man had planned the murder of Nisbet at least a fort- night before the day of the crime. He had rehearsed the railway journey and prepared his explanations. Yet when the crime came off the elapsed time between the station only a few minutes before the train was due to leave, encountered Nisbet at the booking-office and was there seen by Raven, afterwards left Nisbet and took a murderous refreshment of pie and beer, re- turned to his seat alone with Nisbet, and was seen alone with him at Heaton Station by the wife of the murdered man, who also had known the accused for some years. 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have given the verdicts they have given. The English code, unfortunately, does not admit the verdict Not Proven; and, consequently, juries must balance doubt against certainty. But the difficulty arises when, as in the case of Dickman, the elements of certainty and doubt are so mingled that it is hard to tell which is greater. There is too much doubt to give to the accused; there is too little certainty to give to the law. In such cases we do not complain if judges, predisposed to favour the law, balance themselves rather against than for the accused. It is inevitable that they should. But in such cases, we repeat, it is the business of the community to intervene as the highest court of appeal and to declare in the interests, not so much of the accused by the law, as of the people at large, that while the evidence may be sufficiently convincing barely to satisfy the law it is not sufficiently convincing to satisfy the enlightened conscience of the public. We therefore appeal on behalf of the public to Mr. Winston Churchill, as our public mouthpiece, to discharge his duty to us of repriming Dickman with the same fearlessness with which the judges have discharged their duty to the law of condemning him.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In view of the report that the Spanish clergy and religious orders have managed to capture the schools, charitable institutions, hospitals, and so forth, largely owing to the indifference of the Spaniards themselves, Señor Canalejas, the Prime Minister, has for the last few days been discussing matters with representative priests to see whether a compromise cannot be arranged. However little compromises may suit the Latin temperament, it is very probable that one will be arrived at in this instance. The members of the Cabinet will abate a little of their demands—though it must be admitted that these demands are by no means extreme—and the Vatican, after some show of protest, may be expected to agree to the terms arranged in Madrid.

This procedure will only be altered by some internal troubles in Spain, when the Vatican will seize every opportunity of strengthening its position; and, as it happens, such troubles seem only too probable. The fusion of the Republicans with the Socialists has enormously strengthened the revolutionary element, although there is only one Socialist deputy in the Cortes. The Carlists are awaiting a favourable opportunity of allying themselves even more definitely with the Clericals than they are now doing, as, in the event of the accused by the law, as of the people at large, that while the evidence may be sufficiently convincing barely to satisfy the law it is not sufficiently convincing to satisfy the enlightened conscience of the public. We therefore appeal on behalf of the public to Mr. Winston Churchill, as our public mouthpiece, to discharge his duty to us of repriming Dickman with the same fearlessness with which the judges have discharged their duty to the law of condemning him.

Fortnight after the first explosion in Germany? Why should four important Cabinet Ministers, including even the Foreign Secretary, have resigned very shortly afterwards?

Now, in looking over the text of the Borromeo Encyclical, when I happened to be at Berne a few days ago, I could see nothing in it to provoke an angry outburst against the Vatican. (By the way, how many of the journalists who have recently written so vividly about the Borromeo Encyclical have actually read it?) Clearly, then, the indignation was engineered; the difficulty was to find out who engineered it. After some investigation I ascertained that the trouble was due chiefly to the Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg. He was having some trouble with the Catholics in the Reichstag, he expected to have more; and he saw in the Borromeo Encyclical a convenient means of bringing the Catholic Party into disrepute. He seized his opportunity, for which, everything being fair in politics, he cannot altogether be blamed. A carefully-fanned flame lighted up the country from end to end, much to the bewilderment of those at the Vatican.

This manœuvre was followed up by a series of questions in the Reichstag, answered by the Government in a we-won't-stand-any-Vatican-nonsense tone. Hence notes of protest, explanations, apologies, etc. It did not occur to the Austrian Government until several days afterwards that a diversion against the Catholics there would be no harm; so the publication of the Encyclical by an obscure priest was made the basis of a Press campaign and indignant comments on the Vatican by outraged Evangelicals. While the affair has now blown over, there is still a feeling of soreness in Berlin; but doubtless the German Chancellor thinks the experiment justified by results, though, to be sure, certain members of his Cabinet did not see eye to eye with him.

A great deal is expected from Baron Schoen at Paris. The former German Foreign Secretary is well known in the French capital, and is liked there, so far as Germans can be said to be liked in France. Besides the readjustment of one or two commercial matters, the Kaiser hopes to undermine the Entente Cordiale, but this I do not think he will be successful. It is as well to bear in mind, however, that, with a few honourable exceptions, practically any French newspaper can be bribed by interested parties. The only reason why Press campaigns against England and English policy have not been more used of late in the French Press is because the French nation is not now in the mood for paying attention to them; nor because German money is scarce.

Within the last week or two, I regret to say, the relations between Great Britain and Turkey have become rather strained. The trouble is not only due to Sir Edward Grey's dilatory tactics over the settlement of the Cretan difficulty, but also to new arrivals. Communications have not been noted of late in the Turkish Press, which, however, has been heard by the English Public Relations Department, has been made to the Turkish representative here, and, if these fail to bring about an understanding, a Note has been drafted, and will be sent to the Porte, if it has not already been delivered ere these lines are in print. German influence is paramount; Balatconan Turkey, is the last thing desired by those anxious for European peace, and all possible diplomatic steps will be taken to check its progress.
The Endowment of Genius.

A Symposium conducted by Upton Sinclair.

Some time in 1903 the "Independent" published an article of mine entitled "My Cause," in which I told the story of the writing of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling." The article began as follows:

I, Upton Sinclair, would-be singer and penniless rat, having for seven years waged day and night with society a life-and-death struggle for the existence of my soul, and having been slaughtered by the "New York American" as a would-be martyr (having routed my last foe and shattered my last chain and made myself master of my own life; being in body very weak, but in mind so strong that I could not be deterred, have sat down myself to compose this letter to the world, before taking my departure for a long sojourn in the blessed regions of my own spirit."

The article then went on to outline a plan which I had conceived for the endowment of young writers.

In the seven years which have passed I have not forgotten the subject, but have written about it occasionally and have lost an opportunity to suggest the matter where I thought anything might be accomplished thereby. The document which follows sets forth the present status of the matter:

Seven years ago, apropos my book, "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," I published in the "Independent" an article advocating the public or private endowment of men and women who have shown signs of great literary talent. Recently I had an opportunity to urge the matter upon the attention of a well-known philanthropist, and at his request I submitted an outline of a plan. He requested to obtain the opinions of representative writers upon it. I would be pleased if you would state what you think of it.

What I have in mind is a permanent endowment, analogous to the "Nobel Fund" and its purpose would be the encouragement of vital creative literary work, by the establishment of scholarships or prizes, to be given for: a period of two or three years, with the possibility of continuation if the candidate's work should make it seem worth while.

First of all, the establishment of such a fund would call attention to the fact that there does not exist in America any provision for the maintenance of young men and women who wish to learn the difficult art of creative writing; nor any way by which Genius may be recognised and saved from extermination.

The provisions of such an endowment would have to be drawn with care. They should make clear that what is sought is fine, perfect, and well-bred work; work of a forward-looking tendency, by writers whose future is before them; and work of a new and path-breaking nature—not simply conventional and well-bred and academic work. The invariable exclusion of the candidate's work would make it seem worthwhile.

I am afraid that this subject may have been overlooked or neglected. It seems to be a general agreement that something ought to be done on the subject, but a few question the efficacy of the method which I have suggested. I shall be glad to hear from others to whom the subject may appeal.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Fairhope, Alabamas, U.S.A.,
March 30, 1910.

I have submitted to the editors of "The Independent" and also of The New Age in London all the letters which I have received, except a couple which were marked private. As will be seen, the opinions expressed concerning the plan are very diverse. There seems to be a general agreement that something ought to be done on the subject, but a few question the efficacy of the method which I have suggested. I shall be glad to hear from others to whom the subject may appeal.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

H. G. WELLS.

I wish very much that such a scheme were possible, but I do not think it is. I advocated something of a kindred nature in my "Men with the Sensitive Nerves," and I might tell you of a score of other efforts for a living. Also we should exclude books which have a considerable sale, for there is no need to help successful authors.

The success of the undertaking would of course depend upon the selection of the judges. We could not please everyone, nor hope for infallibility; we could only do our best: endeavouring to pick three men who (1) have produced vital work themselves, (2) have shown penetration, sympathy and balance in their judgments upon the work of others. A certain number of the prizes should be by the award of all three judges; there should be at least one prize for each judge to award on his own individual opinion. In a matter of importance such as this, it would be worth making many mistakes to achieve one success. If we could save one to the Chaterson or Keats it would be worth all the cost and trouble.

The awards should be for three classes of work: poetry, fiction, and prose writing of an inspirational character. The rewards for the first class might be $2,000 for first, $1,500 for second, and $1,000 for third; for the second class $3,000 for first, $2,000 for second, and $1,000 for third; for the third class $4,000 for first, $3,000 for second, and $2,000 for third. The total annual value of the prizes would be at least $10,000.

The establishment of the "New Theatre" is Upton Sinclair's dream. Many years ago, I published in the "Independent" an article, "Arthur Stirling," I published in the "Independent" an article, "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," I published in the "Independent" an article advocating the public or private endowment of men and women who have shown signs of great literary talent. Recently I had an opportunity to urge the matter upon the attention of a well-known philanthropist, and at his request I submitted an outline of a plan.

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I am deeply interested in the literary endowment plan which you have placed before me; there are many things to commend and nothing to condemn it. For one thing, it would tend to give dignity to poetry and hope to poets. While it might call out more poets, it would also tend to win the hearts, the affections, the confidence of the nation. And anything that will add to the poetic treasure of the nation will add to the nation's glory. Verily, in these times of materialistic fatalism, anything should be welcomed that will add to the ideal element in our civilization.

All thoughtful minds are aware of these facts, and in England they try to solve the problem by granting ample pensions to all literary men. But nothing whatever has been done in America to help her struggling geniuses, and yet there is no land where the sensitive spirit has a harder struggle. I congratulate you, Mr. Sinclair, upon your noble thought, and I wish you success in your generous efforts in its behalf.

Is it desirable that true genius be relieved of care? Would not men like Defoe, Dickens, Carlyle, Meredith, de Balzac, have written better if they were always kept free from struggle? Was not often financial need the origin of the great works of the bards, the authentic sayers? I heartily endorse your plan.

The difficulties that beset the administration of a scheme of this sort are many, and I have no personal interest in the literary endowment plan, but I do think that, as a matter of fact, the poverty of the recipient is unnecessarily, because we don't need any more fiction, and the fiction writer has a chance for commercial returns. If
we are to continue to live under the present wolf-den organisation of society, we ought to take care of the men and women that are struggling and fight. So long as literature is produced for profits, it will be more or less soiled, but poetry at least is too exquisite an art to be degraded by business. If Swinburne had been obliged to earn his daily bread, we should never have had the "Songs before Sunrise."

BLISS CARMAN.

Your circular letter has interested me very much. It is like your altruism; you seem always to be thinking of some new way to improve the human race. In the plan you outline I can see no objections; and I believe that even the most ardent theorist for social reform must eventually come to your way of thinking. 

For instance, in the most perfectly organised society, poetry would still be in need of something more than popular support. In the very nature of poetry there will always be something a little in advance of our common aims, understanding, and aspirations. If it is worth while, it cannot ever be quite fully valued in its own day, or rather, I should say, widely enough valued to be self-sustaining. And when you truly point out, the best poets who have come to maturity have always had some means of livelihood at their command. The idea that any sort of an artist or workman is all the better for being doomed to a life of penurious worry, is such a silly old fallacy, one wonders it could have persisted so long.

A little hardship is good for every man at the beginning of his career, no doubt. Gives tone to his moral system and tempers his chastity. But it is a crushing. The plight of bewildered and struggling genius is a disgrace to us all, but one which your noble purpose would do much to alleviate, I believe.

And then, too, in your scheme no man need feel that he is being endowed, that he is being removed from the universal brotherhood of workers (if he be sensitive on that point). It would really be only paying him decently for his time, recognising him as a useful member of society.

I believe that genius can be educated, and ought to be. But of course we cannot expect the State to look after that just yet. It is trying to educate the average mind; that is a silly old fallacy, one wonders it could have persisted so long.

I have your notable proposal in the memorandum of March 30, and, while heartily admiring the generous instincts that inspire it, must regret that in my humble judgment your scheme presents little promise of aiding art. It takes three generations, not three judges, to decide for a work of art. We cannot expect the State to look after that just yet. It is trying to educate the average mind; that is a silly old fallacy, one wonders it could have persisted so long. And I for one am very glad that you are able to place exceptional confidence in your own judgment, and no question of its righteousness, and if it is carried out with a fair amount of care, I believe it will succeed.

EDEN PHILLPOTS.

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I cannot seriously believe with Mr. Herbert Quick that the lava-flow of mediocrity and drivel poured out here and in America smothers many treasures, as Vesuvius smothered those of Pompeii; for to obtain a hearing is very much easier than it was thirty years ago—thanks to general improvement in education. Moreover, an original man has a better chance to be heard in your country than in mine, because your magazine literature is alive and alert, and fairly ready to welcome a new thing. It is not entirely unadulterated by religious, or other, prejudices, or hat off to the young person's parents. Here, these forces rule, because they represent the money, and an artist who lives by writing can only boil the necessary pot with discomfort. No; your budding genius is in better case than ours; you are going on all right, save for a stupid petticoat prejudice. We are, indeed, obliged to have our Strictness, our Puritanism, as God has ordained us, and not elsewhere. I wish merely to give a general notion of my ideal of a judge.

Among the prizes, I think the best is a "Trust of the results at which you aim."

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ARNOLD BENNETT.

I think very well of your plan for aiding young authors, provides you secure a proper collection of judges. The whole difficulty lies there; in my own country judges, neither authors who have produced first-class work, nor Shaffur authors who have only reputation with the public. The former would be too individualistic and impatient in their judgments, and the latter would be afraid of really original, powerful stuff. The stuff which you want to encourage, and ought to encourage, would almost shock both these classes of men—"I mean shock them artistically. Nevertheless the judges must be practising experts in literature, intellectually and morally, and in every class, the better they are. I should say, from broad-minded critics, fond of and versed in some foreign literature besides their own, who have pre-
How the Rich Rule Us.

By Cecil Chesterton.

1.—The Problem of Democracy.

Some time ago I wrote in The New Age an appeal to King Edward VII. to exert his prerogative, drive the oligarchical Cabinets and Parliaments which have usurped the ancient powers of the Crown, and, relying upon his people's support, revive Bolingbroke's ideal of a patriot king. I do not know that I was much noticed, or that the Majesty did not take my advice, but I was somewhat surprised when many Socialists rebuked it as inconsistent with democracy. I was, it seemed, an enemy of the people, an impugner of representative institutions. I wished to undo the work of the glories of 1688, that usurpation which gave us civil and religious liberty (as exemplified in the Penal Laws) and established a régime under which its authors and their descendants were enabled in the short period of a century and a half to steal no less than one-twentieth of the annual income of the country. Finally, I was endangering the British Constitution. Really, the enthusiasm of Radicals and Socialists for our Constitution (which, as Mr. Podsnap said, was bestowed on us by Providence) is the most amusing feature of the amusing farce which we call English politics.

Nevertheless, I am a democrat. I am also, for practical and immediate purposes, a believer in representative government. But if we are to think clearly about the matter, we must keep the two things distinct. The true democratic régime is that where all men have votes and their votes are equal. Thus, for example, in a primitive society, where there is no standing army, where every man is a soldier and where the population is small enough for the human units to act directly, the democratic régime is the definition of democracy. It is the vote, the merely the means to an end—fighting. And, to a democrat, the vote is merely the means to an end—democracy.

Democracy is government by the will of the whole people. Wherever the will of the mass prevails and is embodied in the laws, there, under whatever forms, is democracy. Wherever the will of a minority prevails against the will of the mass, there, under whatever forms, is oligarchy. Thus, for example, in a primitive society, where every man is a soldier and where the population is small enough for the human units to act directly upon each other, the form of government may be theoretically the same. But if the society is large enough and the nearest possible approximation to pure democracy, for without the active support of his subjects the king or chief will not be able to enforce a single law. On the other hand, in a society of another type you may give every man a vote and every woman too, but if the representatives of the people habitually pass laws which their constituents dislike there is no democracy. That is to say, there is no democracy in Great Britain at the present time.

That Great Britain is governed by oligarchic and not by democratic methods is proved by the character of our legislation—especially of our most recent legislation. In a pure democracy no measure would pass the legislature of which the people, if consulted, would not approve. This ideal may be unattainable, but there ought to be some decent approximation to it. In modern England it is practically reversed. The more universally detested a Bill is in the country, the easier it seems to be to pass it through the legislature. No three cheers could be given to the people than the Prevention of Crime Bill, the Street Betting Bill, and the Children Bill. All three not only passed but passed almost without opposition through both Houses. It is true that the Licensing Bill, which might fairly make a fourth with them, though it passed the Commons by aye majorities, was hotly resisted—and finally rejected by the Lords. But this is emphatically one of those exceptions that prove the rule. The Conservatives opposed the Licensing Bill, not because it outraged the poor, but because it antagonised a powerful commercial interest. This they showed by deliberately inserting in the "Children's" Bill the worst and most oppressive provisions of the measure they had destroyed. Generally speaking, it remains true, that if you find a proposal labelled "non-controversial," you may pretty safely bet, firstly, that it is violently unpopular, and, secondly, that in some form or another it aims at increasing the power of the rich over the poor.

The object seems to be the destruction of all the peculiar forms of the nineteenth century, we are still governed oligarchically—nay, it might almost be argued more oligarchically than before the first of those reforms was carried.

We may dismiss at once the facile explanations of short-sighted Radicalism. It is not owing to the existence of the Lords that we are not a democracy. That House sometimes acts as a buttress to wealth and privilege. More often it is a mere pawn in the party game, a useful tool for the Conservatives, a scarcely less useful scapegoat for the Liberals. Personally, if we are to be governed by an oligarchy, I think that it might as well be on the whole that it were an avowed and unmistakable oligarchy. I think I would rather that the Duke of Sussex should sit in the Upper House admittedly on the sole ground that he is the Duke of Sussex than that Lord Althorp, the Beaulieu, should sit in the Lower House, really because he is the brother of the Duke of Sussex, but theoretically because he is the one man whom the electors of Slumpington feel sums up and expresses their interests. The case of the House of Lords is the case of the issue of oligarchy against democracy is clear. In the latter it is confused. And, as a matter of fact, the Peers, owing to their sense of the indefensibility of their position, are generally more afraid of public opinion than the Commons. Fear of the people makes them pass the Trades Disputes Bill, which they hated; fear of the people could not prevent the Commons from passing the Licensing Bill, which the people loathed.

Nor must we seek the solution in the direction of further extension of the franchise. Such an extension is doubtless desirable in itself, but it does not meet the special evil of which I am speaking. The oppression from which we suffer is not an oppression of non-voters by voters. It is an oppression of voters and non-voters alike by those who are supposed to represent them. The thing primarily needed is not so much to give more people votes as to give the vote a greater effective value.

The vote is an instrument. It is necessary to insist on this truism at the risk of being tedious, because its neglect perplexes more than one present-day controversy. It is the custom of many men and of still more women to talk about the vote as if it were in itself something separate and sacred. In so far as the vote enables the voter to influence the machinery of government it is useful. Apart from that single purpose it is just as useless as the detached pendulum of a clock would be to a man on a desert island.

Because the vote does within certain limits enable its possessor to press upon and so influence the action of the machinery of government, it is desirable, from the democratic standpoint, that every citizen should possess it; for the equal pressure of all citizens on the machinery of government is the definition of democracy. But it must always be remembered that the vote is by no means the only and by no means the most direct and powerful instrument for the purpose. I have already mentioned one more direct and, when available, more powerful instrument. It is the right of individual resistance. That is not possible for the masses under present conditions. And, while all the instruments at the disposal of the people for controlling the State except the vote have rusted, new instruments, much more potent and certain in their operation than the vote can ever be, are now at the disposal of the rich.

The ordinary Englishman believes (or believed until very lately) that he lives under a system substantially democratic. The votes of the electors, he imagines,
control the member of Parliament, and the votes of the members of Parliament control the Government. This fallacy—for it must be a fallacy since the facts clearly do not correspond—arises just from that habit of ours in treating votes as if they were the only things that could influence the State. At every step in this process of election and division there are abundant possibilities of deflecting or nullifying the effect of the vote, and the instruments for the purpose are possessed, in abundance by the rich class that governs England.

It will be my business in the articles which are to follow to point out the nature of these modern instruments of oligarchy, and finally to suggest, so far as I can, how their operation can be checked.

The Philosophy of a Don.

XIX.—A Nightmare.

I am perturbed, distressed—I may say, annoyed. My friend Shav, as I have already recorded, boasts that he reads no papers, except those to which he contributes, and that in those he reads only his own contributions. I have, of course, no reason to doubt the veracity of his boast. It must have been a pure mischance, or perhaps the malvolence of a lime friend, that brought into my possession my discourse of his cannibalistic activities. However that may be, the upshot was a scene in the course of which he accused me of breach of confidence, and even forgot himself so far as to threaten me with an action at law. Now, as a man of breeding I detest scenes, and as a man of peace I deeply regret that I should have given him cause for offense.

After wasting a whole day in anxious cogitation and bitter self-condemnation, I resolved to go where all men should go who wish to torment themselves in peace—I sought solace in sleep—the innocent sleep that day's life, sore labour's bath, balm of hurt minds, and inevitable physiological law.

Ignorant people are in the habit of talking about sleep as an idle, almost sinful, indulgence. Therefore they limit and curtail their slumbers with the same scrupulous, not to say superstitious, conscientiousness with which Eastern ascetics limit and curtail all carnal appetites and aptitudes—and that without the plea of necessity! This is, of course, the psychological peculiarity of those misguided persons: the Eastern ascetic makes a hell of this world, prompted by the unphilosophical hope of earning paradise in the next; the Euro-american makes a hell of this world, by the unphilosophical hope of realizing a larger and fuller life—the Ideal Life.

I am proud to say that in this, as in nearly every other respect, I differ from ignorant people. I regard sleep not as an idle or sinful indulgence, but as a necessary occupation—a secret and beautiful business, though somewhat unrelated to the ordinary facts of life.

Therefore I spend no inconsiderable portion of my existence in a horizontal position. In so doing I obey an inevitable physiological law: the higher the development of the brain, the more repose its owner seems to need. An ordinary man requires at most seven hours of sleep; a policeman is usually satisfied with six. Sir Isaac Newton, in a letter to a friend, confessed that, without eight or nine hours of the company of Morpheus, he was not worth one scavenger's peruke. I can sleep for eleven or twelve hours continuously without experiencing any fatigue.

My capacity for prolonged slumber is, in a great measure, a natural gift. I do not suffer from that restless sense of the value of time which makes it so hard for common men to lie abed of a morning. I think that the sun looks at its best when seen through the blinds of one's bedroom. I feel no inclination whatever to enter into a competition with birds in their ludicrous pursuit of the proverbial worm; of what earthly use can the worm be to a don? Candour compels me to add that in this I am not unique. Most scholars of the present time possess the same capacity for matutinal slumber; which is a merciful provision of Nature, otherwise such creatures would spend the bulk of their lives in winging their way to and from the new offices, and so would be prevented from cultivating the virtues without which one's self is more dignified and with more pleasant than drunkenness. Therefore, if properly constructed, are to the man of breeding these what the Bacchic orgies were to the worshippers of Dionysus: a divine ladder which enables him to climb over his normal limitations, to touch the objects of his desire, to commune with his gods—and that without any of those disagreeable and degrading sensations, physical and mental, which so often accompany return to sobriety after a vinous debauch. I have nothing but pity for the man whose dreams are built on the ordinary three dimensions of waking existence; for it is evident that he misses the essence of dreaming, and his sleeping joys are no better than other men's waking labours. No, a dream, to be of any practical value, must be built on more than one axis and dimension in style. It must possess that vague inconstancy, that freedom from logical consistency, that subtle and sublime inconceivability which permeates all poetry, all prophecy, all mysticism, all that we call in brief, differentiates intuition from mere intelligence.

Such a dream may be described as a solemn initiation—as an entrance into a complementary existence vastly superior to the waking state. The waking state is but a kind of gate which unlocks the gate of the Enchanted Garden, admitting the dreamer into the Elysian Lawns of unreason and unreality, permitting him to wander at will over them, to play there, to drink of the charmed fountain of pure fancy, to taste the sweet fruit of happiness, to realise a larger and fuller life—the Ideal Life.

This may be taken as a general definition of all proper dreaming. But the particular form of the self-realisation naturally depends upon the individual temperament of the dreamer. "Tell me what you dream, and I will tell you what you are" is a maxim literally true inasmuch as one usually dreams of the very things one longs to be or to do, if he only could. A man's nocturnal adventures are not a contradiction, but only an exaggeration of his diurnal aspirations. St. John found in sleep the mystic city which materialised for him his ideal of spiritual perfection; Samuel Taylor Coleridge composed one of his most beautiful and poetic writings whilst he lay under the influence of Chloroform. Robert Louis Stevenson was indebted to a dream for the strangest scenes in his strangest romance. I, being neither mystic nor poet, but a logician, derive from sleep profits connected with my mental processes. I take an empty and imaginative, but of a solid and strictly intellectual order. Like Dr. Johnson, I continue in my dreams the contests of wit which form the main occupation of my waking existence. But, unlike the great lexicographer, I never experience the mortification of imagining that my antagonist has the better of me. On the contrary, I have found by experience that I am even more acute in my sleeping than in my waking hours. The imaginative scenes of my dreams represent the persons of my acquaintance in truer accord with their real characters than their everyday utterances and actions. They reproduce endless physiognomic signs that escape my waking observation. They bring into relief mental features of which my waking intelligence took no account. In one word, they reveal to me the inmost minds of my opponents. Likewise, when problems and not persons are the subject of my dreaming, a vision often brings to light the cardinal factor which had lain hidden from my eyes when open. I can easily understand how that comes about. My waking thoughts are cramped and hampered by all sorts of re- tracting and prejudicial influences; all preconception—which, probability, the prejudice against incongruity, the sense of the absurd, the horror of the ludicrous. Sleep sets me free from all these confining barriers. It is this emancipation that I prize above all things in the fascinating art of dreaming. Sleep, the morning beautiful sleep! How often have I not had occasion to...
bless the man who invented thee
not yielded to me the answer to riddles that tortured in
ation of the powers of reflection. My judgment does
experience any depression; for I know all the time that
dreamer, easily be mistaken for spontaneity. There-
proves that in my case sleep involves no fatal diminu-
dreams with incalculable pains. I have caught myself
more than once in the act of doing
not fail me entirely even in my dreams.
stage
the construction of my nocturnal achievements stage by
as some sudden noise woke me whilst reading it aloud.
But, upon reflection, I felt disposed to regard the defect
as if I deavour to describe my experience as accurately
all proper dreaming.
Such, in barest outline, is the general character of my nocturnal essays: though at times fantastic, they are never grotesque. Last night, however, I enjoyed the luxury of a novel and disturbing experience. It must, if I mistake not, have been a rudimentary imitation of the phenomenon vulgarly known as a nightmare, and I have no doubt that it was caused by the unpleasant episode to which I have already alluded. I will endeavour to describe my experience as accurately as if I were preparing a report of it for the Psychical Research Society.
I lay in bed, in the ordinary way; but, despite a liberal dose of port, followed by a patient perusal of Mr. Arthur Benson's latest masterpiece, sleep would not come. My mind, overstrained by the long tension, still insisted upon working on and on, restlessly and reck-
lessness, without governance, order, or decency, like a wind that has got control. In the brief lucid intervals I found myself stringing together interminable discourses made up of half-re-
membered odds and ends gathered from many sources and in many languages. The curious part of it all was that these heterogeneous rigmaroles wore a semblance of coherence; though in reality they possessed only the logical connexion of a game of consequences, or of an article by my colleague Chesterton.
Then I dozed off from sheer exhaustion; but still my sleep was not more than what is called dog-sleep. I could hear myself muttering, and was at intervals awakened by my own voice. Finally, however, I must have lost consciousness in earnest. I do not recall my sleep; I know not; but in the middle of the night I suddenly woke in great terror. I sprang out of bed and struck a
light. My eyes fell on my own reflection in the look-
glass, and the candle trembled in my hand as though it read in my face the horror of my dream. What was it? I could not recall.
I put the candle out and was on the point of returning to bed, when I heard wheels, grating and scrunch-
ing upon the gravel outside. I must explain that my
friend who was staring up at my window as if expecting
me to come out ready to face the world was not.
His appearance aroused such a feeling of horror in
me that I withdrew my head quickly. When, half-a-
minute later, I looked out again—for I could not resist the impulse of watching the disturbed features of my face remaining, and I recognised it as that of my friend
Shav. I am not superstitious. Yet I may wish that I had not had that hideous nightmare.

The Prayer of Beggarman Death.
(A Rime of Happiest Import for Humanity).

DEAR Lord, this world is all too hale, And I, old beggarman, am forced To skip and flap before the gale— Uncrowned, unclothed, unhoused! There is a bitter plague of health, No maid and timely wars to drain The lands that stuffed me fat with wealth Of mangled flesh and fevered vein.
Oh, when shall India's famine maw Grant me her bronzen bodies thick? Or Cholera, grey in tooth and claw, That stinges my sponging cities cold and thick? By Peace and doctors I am doomed! Like War and my ally Disease; Scant food I've had since I consumed Shag Russians and plump Japanese!

Dear Lord, be kind, my sorrows heeding; Must I alone seek food in vain? Oh, let me mow the human grain, Or else I perish, faint and bleeding!

Science, alert and lightning-tanged, Defeats my plots upon the seas, And though few murderers are hanged, I cannot live alone by these. I was fleshed with bodies fair— Babes, women sweet, and strapping braves, Sittasting at my tables bare, And famish by my empty graves.
Men fall to pieces ere they die, Old sapless carcasses and tough, Marrowless, bitter, cankered dry— I must have upon this hard... Leeches with syringes, draughts and pills, Harass and bound me, filled with spite— Oh, dash them with Thy plagues and ills! Or must I crumble in Thy sight?

Dear Lord, be kind, my sorrows heeding; Must I alone seek food in vain? Oh, let me mow the human grain, Or else I perish, faint and bleeding!

Where must I make my final stand? My scatty living seek—Oh, where? For men have mastered sea and land— Their fear of me! the realms of air! Shall meat be mine from out the clouds, Me that was  king over all the Earth, Am racked and robbed by Life and Birth. Remove the pestilence's ban— Free Thy volcanoes—yield me life! Oh, pity Death the beggarman!

DEAR Lord, be kind, my sorrows heeding; Must I alone seek food in vain? Oh, let me mow the human grain, Or else I perish, faint and bleeding!

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.
Princess Helene von Racowitza.

By Francis Grierson.

During one of my sojourns in Munich, while sitting in the salon of a friend, in the Leopoldstrasse, a visitor was announced. She was clad in black, and I could hardly distinguish her features owing to the dim light of a winter's afternoon. The lady was the Princess Helene Racowitza. I did not know the name, and I was no wiser than I was before, but on taking a seat near enough to engage in the conversation, I was instantly struck with her beauty and her charm. Her presence gave the illusion of a room full of witty and cultured women, and although her conversation disclosed a mind of the highest intelligence, there was nothing of the masculine to be noticed in her looks or her manner; she was a woman with a womanly charm, and a distinction which even the most unobserving could not fail to notice. We talked for an hour, my interest increasing as she mentioned name after name of persons I knew or had known in different capitals of the world. We talked of friends in Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. Writers, artists, and composers had sought her for her marvellous beauty, and some evenings later, when I saw her in evening dress at her own home, I seemed to be in a place where the flowers were growing, especially roses of the most delicate tints, for her presence suggested an atmosphere where there are two kinds of personal beauty. One is physical, and has nothing to do with intellectuality, the other is inseparable from culture; and after knowing the Princess Helene Racowitza I could better understand the rôle beautiful women have so often played in the world of politics everywhere. I was not surprised when I learned that Bismarck had tried very hard to engage the Princess to go to Paris as a German spy at the Court of Napoleon. Bismarck had seen her and her beauty, and in her presence knew that if it were “high tide or low tide” a complaint would be made to the master, who would say: "Never mind, Helene must be painted again; the art dealers buy all my Venetian ladies and studies of heads wet from the easel, so I’ll paint to-morrow, and shall all have enough once more." In this way Helene von Racowitza sat again for the benefit of everyone.

One day while Makart was at work, the Princess was sitting for a Venetian Dogaressa in a gorgeous costume, the gown of which was of gold brocade with scarlet and sea-green velvet, with a cap and crown of the period, her hair like a golden flame amidst the splendid colours, Lenbach, who had his studio next to that of Makart, rushed in and said: "Hans, leave off work! Liszt and his friend, the Countess Dönhoff, and a number of others are with me, and are just coming in to see you.

Makart was exasperated. He did not want to leave his fascinating task, and refused; but Lenbach said, "You can't help it; they are coming, here they are," and in popped the Abbé Liszt, followed by the Countess Dönhoff and the others, but not before the Princess Racowitza had been sent in to hide in a niche under the big window which Makart had hidden with palms and flowers. Here she watched the party, and heard the exclamations of delight in German, French and Hungarian, while Makart did his best to divert their attention to other parts of the studio. At last they left. princess emerged from her hiding place, but at that moment Liszt, who wished to say something to Makart, came back, and, discovering the beautiful Dogaressa, cried out, "Who is this?" Lenbach said his best to induce Liszt to go, and said, "The Countess is waiting."

"Let her wait," was the curt answer from the devilish Abbé, and, turning to the Princess, he added, "Who are you, and why have we never met before?"

After some explanations he asked Lenbach to keep the Dönhoff and the others away from the studio; then he said to Makart, "You want to paint this picture here? I tell you it is impossible. You will never be able to do it. Show me what you have painted." On seeing the canvas Liszt shook his long hair, and said with diabolical aplomb, "No, that won't do; but have you ever heard me play?"

"Yes," answered the Princess, "once at my parents' house and yesterday at the concert.

"Then," said Liszt, "you have not heard me, for at that time you were too young, and in the concerts I am never myself. Well, Makart, to-morrow evening I am coming here to you, and then I will play, there on that piano, for this woman."

And so it was. Liszt came and played, and conquered, as he always did. Those were the days when pianists seemed to be without rivals. They were greater than princes. No general in all Germany attracted so much attention as Liszt in the 'fifties and 'sixties. His word was law. In certain towns people ceased work on the day of his visit. Duchesses scrambled for the bits when he broke a wine-glass, and all our pianists and fiddlers of the present rolled into one could not influence the world of art and fashion as he did at that time. It seems that writers and artists can be fat and distinguished, but they are not scientists, they have forbidden to exist. The stage is ruder to-day than the past. Makart as Liszt grew stout lost his fame. His influence lay in his personal appearance, aided by his talent, which was never great enough to be creative.

In Paris Helene Racowitza sat to Carpeaux, the famous sculptor, who used the model for his "Genius of Danting," in the fine group on the Paris Opera House, a group which I particularly remarked the time the Opera House was finished. In Paris the Princess also sat for Henner, at that time one of the great portrait painters of the day, and who declared that the exact colour of her hair could not possibly be reproduced in painting. To Henner the Countess Diane, my friend the witty Comtesse Diane, whose hair was more of a red, and much less difficult to paint. Everywhere the beauty of Helene von Dönniges,
Princess Racowitza, produced a never-to-be-forgotten impression. What would German Socialism be to-day had Lassalle married Helene von Dönniges?

Nietzsche and Nonsense.
By Edmund d’Avergne.

In The New Age of July 7 there appeared a curious attack on Mr. Bernard Shaw, which the author, Dr. Oscar Levy, had, with what seems an excess of caution, taken care to copyright in the United States of America. In this country that provision would have been needless. Those who have read the author’s prefaces to the works of his disciples will admit that he possesses an originality of style quite inimitable.

After painfully making our way through a number of metaphors that suggest a close acquaintance with Mrs. Beeton’s invaluable cookery books, and recoiling before such dagger-thrusts as “the oread-and-butter Fabian miss,” we realise that Dr. Levy disapproves of Mr. Shaw; and that he disapproves of him on these grounds: that he has something suspiciously like faith in man and justice; that he dare not call himself a disciple of Nietzsche; that he admires Wagner, and that he was born (like Nietzsche) on the wrong or north side of the Alps. Let us deal with the last of these odious charges first. If I appealed to justice I might plead that Mr. Shaw was not probably consulted as to the place of his birth; but Dr. Levy, I understand, regards justice with as much contempt as logic and humour. Let me then plead that if the north produced Shaw, Milton, and Washington, it can boast Nietzsche, Beccaria, and Beethoven. And though the lively sons of Italy may, and every one of the attributes distaste—such harem-born sons as crouch beneath our yoke in India. Socialism is for man—it mould make him a better chance you have to produce healthy individuals. Not at all, say the Nietzscheans; keep down the masses and you get better classes. One would suppose that if one thing would tend more than another to produce a vigorous, active aristocracy it would be strenuous competition and pressure from below. It requires no great skill in the boxer, when they are equally matched, to get a real aristocracy you must have a pure democracy. Let us all start fair and the best man will win.

The Nietzscheans talk a lot about aristocracy. By that word some of them mean the actual nobility of these islands. Mr. Thomas Common talks about the “meritorious rich.” They believe in blood and descent; and strangely ignorant of history, confound it with strength. They do not seem to have heard of the later Bourbons, Braganzas, and Wittelsbachs.

It is, however, a part of the tactics of the Levites to imagine every individual object of their dislike possessed of all and every one of the attributes distasteful to them. Dr. Levy abhors morals, Northerners, Socialists, weakness, and Christianity; therefore, in the most ferocious atheistical Catalan Socialist he sees a priest-ridden follower of the Nazarene, a scrupulous stickler for morality, a feeble weakling, and a Nogri-wegian. The Nietzschean is not perhaps conspicuous for mental acuteness, but I think that here he is a little adroit. His ideas are deliberately confused in order to confuse his assailants, and so to divert their attention from the essential fallacies and contradictions of his doctrines. For this reason we will not bother ourselves with Shaw’s or Nietzsche’s views on Wagner; and we will content ourselves with saying as to the second count in the indictment that if Shaw ever called himself a Nietzschean, he deserves a worse castigation that it is in the power of Dr. Levy to inflict. I shall be told, of course, that the essence of the spirit of Nietzsche is not to be learned from his books or his apologists; that his teachings are as different from those of Dr. Levy as are those of Christ from the Bishop of London’s. But when we speak of Christianity, we mean Christianity as it exists as a living force to-day; and when I speak of Nietzsche I am prepared to accept the interpretations of Dr. Levy and Mr. Ludovici, with an understanding that he does not read anything else for the last ten years or so.

Well, Shaw believes in right and wrong, and the Nietzscheans do not. Therefore Shaw is a Protestant and a decadent, even as Moses and Mohammed were Protestants and decadents. What nonsense is this! “Only not monstrous because so very ludicrous,” as was unfairly said of Lacordaire. Dr. Levy does not believe in right and wrong or morality. His, so far, is no new gospel. He will find plenty of Jews and Gentiles in Throgmorton Street and Seven Dials who do not believe in Sociality; but they are not such fools as to put the rest of the world on their guard by telling them so. The Nietzschean attitude reminds one of Mr. Winkle, who took off his coat very deliberately, announcing loudly that he was about to begin, and was greatly relieved when he heard the sound of the guns. Instead of sneering at morality, let the English Nietzscheans produce a good first-class criminal such as would have pleased De Quincey. It is the weak Christian that produces the vigorous, active and aristocratic weakly Socialist who knows how to throw a bomb and to fight like a demon on the barricades.

The primary object of human endeavour according to these placid sages, should be to hurry and to direct man along the path of evolution. Man must develop into something better. What is this better? Mr. Ludovici says frankly that it is a question of taste. He wants a strong man. Now, to begin with, here is a sort of morality, and an altruistic morality. We have a duty towards an unknown and hypothetical posterity. What is this but exaggerated altruism? Christianity is a peculiarly dilated sort? Nietzsche would laugh at me for helping the man I do see; I must do all I can for the creature I (and no one else) ever will see. This seems a sort of Sociality, says the puzzled empiricist, all this forethought for the race. But at this point I hear Dr. Levy in his wrath repudiating the silly tub-thumping Socialist; he, of all men, is hateful to him. Yet, surely the healthier the stock of man along the path of evolution. Man must develop his faculties, and that is retarding the march of man towards the goal. The helping-hand, the standing together in moments of danger—these are the instincts of the Nietzscheans, that is retarding the march of man towards the goal. The helping-hand, the standing together in moments of danger—these are the instincts of the Nietzscheans, that is retarding the march of man towards the goal. The helping-hand, the standing together in moments of danger—these are the instincts of the Nietzschians, that is retarding the march of man towards the goal. The helping-hand, the standing together in moments of danger—these are the instincts of the Nietzschians, that is retarding the march of man towards the goal. The helping-hand, the standing together in moments of danger—these are the instincts of the Nietzschians, that is retarding the march of man towards the goal.
The language of art.

By Walter Sickert

There is a saying of Diderot's which is full of consolation for the critic. Though it is often quoted I venture to repeat it for the encouragement of such of my critical brethren as are inclined to suffer from one or two retrospective doubts as to their own wisdom or infallibility. He says, "I would rather have foolish things said on matters of importance than have them passed over in silence. At least thus they become subjects of discussion and dispensation, while what is elided is elided forever."

Since the "night of time," as they say in France, criticism has set in opposition the words "subject" and "treatment." Is it not possible that this antithesis is meaningless, and that the two things are one, and that an idea does not exist apart from its exact expression? Pictures, like streets and persons, have to have names to distinguish them. But their names are not definitions of them, or, indeed, anything but the loveliest kind of labels that make it possible for us to handle them, prevent us from mislaying them, or sending them to the wrong address. If the names we give pictures were indeed their subject, there would have been need of but one picture in the world entitled "Madonna and Child." The subject is something much more precise and much more intimate than the loose title that is equally applicable to a thousand different canvases.

The real subject of a picture or a drawing is the plastic facts it succeeds in expressing, and the more those plastic facts are able to give to us of the dimensions of space, the suggestion of weight, the promise of movement, the pathos of poetry, of sentiment that it succeeds in conveying, is conveyed by means of the plastic facts expressed, by the suggestion of the three dimensions of space, the suggestion of weight, the prelude or the refrain of movement, the promise of movement to come, or the echo of movement past. If the subject of a picture could be stated in words there had been no need to paint it. Writers on art wisely, in their own interests, mostly ride off at once from any real subject, either with a picture or its subject, to irrelevant secondary reflections capable of being turned on to that subject. The nearer a writer on art is to the heart of the subject, the better he knows that the subject is very poor copy. The subject would require words that are a little too simple. The excessive simplicity of the words required would render the expressions meaningless, or merely risible to readers accustomed to literature. More riper perhaps to English ears than to any other could have been so drilled to avoid and despise words bordering on the expression of feeling. (I am assured, on excellent authority, by a French friend that he has been told an English gentleman must not sign "your affectionately").

Writers on art not infrequently take refuge in what are called in politics "planks." These planks are always of a quasi-political nature, as that for instance—

(a) Sir William Richmond must not be allowed to put up mosaics in St. Paul's;
(b) The Chantrey Bequest is to buy pictures from the New English Art Club;
(c) That the death of this or that second-rate portrait painter or illustrator is a blow from which British Art will never recover.

The instinct of these writers guides them aright. An actor knows that he cannot take the corner without a point to make. And "points" are not made with illuminating ideas, nor ideas that will bear examination or reflection. They are meant to bring the house down, or their more modest ambition may but be to "get a hand," after which their purpose is served. I cannot remember who it was said "Peut-être les émotions douces sont elles peu littéraires." I think it was Flaubert. Certainly nothing is less literary than the language of the plastic arts. There are persons born with a natural gift for reading this language, persons to whom it speaks clearly, intelligently, and profoundly. I am not now speaking of artists.

Certain generalisations not at all uncire, of the nature of queries rather than assertions, that I seem to have observed. In the quarter-century they may not be without interest, and may elicit from other observers confirmations or refutations of much greater interest. On the whole I have noticed (and I waive aside gently, but firmly, the foreseen accusation that I now propose to evade the world) that there are two categories of opinion, that I like, and those who do not—I have noticed that the language of art has a meaning for men, and very little for women. This is almost a truism, and one only way of stating the fact that the male mind deals willingly with abstract and naturally at home with abstract ideas, while the female mind, fortunately for the race, is entirely concentrated on positive and personal and immediate considerations. Women are interested in art when it minister to their vanity, as in the flattering portrait, or even in the unflattering portrait, when this exhibition brings them personal advertisement or notoriety, or when they suppose it places them a peg or two higher in those social classifications they understand so well. Women are interested in literature that represents scenes where they would like to be, alone, or in sympathetic society. They are interested in optimistic presentations of life, in which the figures represented are given sympathetic parts, in which they look nice or good, and in which the language of art is read naturally or willingly, or of themselves. They may be free of that language, and learn to read it through sympathy with a man who understands it. The marrying of the minds may give the woman the key to some of the mansions of art, just as it may give a man the key to some notions of economy and commonplace, and to the thousand and one short views that it is so vital he should understand in this dangerous and makeshift life.

Then again, I think the language of art is one that is not often legible to young men for two reasons. The one is that life itself is too interesting and absorbing to young men to leave many blank pages on which the artist may write. It is true that art is one long roll of nature, a matter of long preparation, of many preludes, that it comes as a cumulative revelation, prepared by long underground processes, like all the work of nature, by repetitions unconsciously received, by drawn-out longueurs, tracts of aesthetic education, that seem, as they unroll themselves, most uneventful and most insignificant. There is no coup de foudre in the understanding of art, so love at first sight. A man who does not know Corot and Courbet can certainly not understand Picasso, any more than a man can appreciate Keenly Judy who does not love Leech and Cruikshank or Leech and Cruikshank without a knowledge of Gillray and Rowlandson. Nor, indeed, can he truly appreciate those if he has not turned with a nightly, hand the pages of the work of Mantegna. The whole of art is one long roll of revelation, and it is revealed only to those whose minds are to some extent what Flaubert was speaking of a woman whose heart is free, calls vacant. It is not for those whose minds are muddled with the dirt of politics, or heated with the vulgar clarion of society. Strangely enough the history of art proves that she has often smiled on the elderly tradesman who has circumscribed his life to minding his own business, and has found a most intelligent and complementary resource to his useful and dignified life in the love of art. Flaubert says in one of his letters that his object is to avoid annoyances, and that it is certain that in doing everything to avoid annoyances to himself, he is likely to cause as few as possible to anyone else.

We are fond in England of talking of "refinement," and by that we mean we do not as a rule mean what the French mean when they say "raffinement." The word "refinement," as currently used in England, stands, I believe, for a highly cultivated capacity for suffering acutely from noise and drabness, for appreciation of abstract clothes, from inferior cooking, worst of all, perhaps, from inferior service. We bring our children up with the greatest care, in our admirably appointed homes, and our still more admirably appointed schools, to the highest potential perfection.
possible for suffering more than probable torture. When we have added to this a strenuous exclusion of as much education as we can keep out of them, or keep them out of, we are rather proud of ourselves. "At least I have dowered my children," we say, "with refinement." With the utmost scrupulosity, and with the firmest conviction of the importance of the possible length of a character in a room with the "wrong" wall-paper, and as a corollary of the wall-paper, a mild liking for inoffensive and slight water-colours in the "right" mounts, and framed in a "rigid" way. For a general public taste we rely entirely on snobism, on the hope to secure the tip from some one else who has got the tip from the "right" tipster. The refined are perhaps further from art, who is a man rather than any creature.

A curious and undoubted fact is that in these days literary culture tends to foster not indiffercence, but positive hostility to painting. Writers of talent, writers of intelligence, great intellects, great hearts, great comprehensions in the world of more human letters, almost always cordially detest art. They accept the more ordinary and pushing official exponents of art, and as their thoughts, which are not verbal thoughts, would be possible for suffering more than probable torture. When in the same spirit as admits these same representatives, the more ordinary and pushing official exponents of art, the most cultured writer will perhaps mention his century is absurd.

He curiously projects the Tractarian movement as a return to medievalism. He does things, Mr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" as "a sort of vade mecum of self-delusion." (I wonder when the cult for Newman's style will die out?) I should like to have his views on "The Rennyn's In Memoriam." Golden Smith is sometimes exquisitely dry. He writes: "Then came the catastrophe of Parnell, who, at a critical moment was convicted of crim. con. It is impossible to read Mr. Morley's account of the scene of distraction which ensued, making the moral map of a man's convenience, and of the sorrowful decision that crim. con. would be an awkward thing to carry in face of the Nonconformist conscience, without feeling the presence of a comic element in the narrative."

After warmly and yet cautiously praising Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, he adds, "Yet one cannot help being rather sorry that the stump should have been so much dignified by Gladstone's practice. It is a great evil. To say nothing of its effect upon the passions of the audience who listen out to something that will convey to them, or keep them out of, them, or keep them out of the statesman; it deprives us of the opportunity of hearing more than a faint whisper of his real character, and of the sorrowful decision that crim. con. would be an awkward thing to carry in face of the Nonconformist conscience, without feeling the presence of a comic element in the narrative."

Another little work to which Goldwin Smith's death has attracted renewed attention, is his "No Refuge but in Truth." Alas, it has always lost any value it ever had. It was written for the "Lancet" -- a journal of the "Daily Telegraph" about religious belief, and it consists mainly of letters written to an American paper. It is interesting as a document, because it describes the final stage of first-class intelligence sorrowfully wondering what is going to happen if after all, as science asserts, we cannot know the Unknowable! The old publicist is very brave in face of the dreadful situation, but he is also somewhat comic. It is difficult to credit that a historian of such philosophic temper could put faith in "the restraints of religion," but apparently he did so. And apparently he had a timorous hope that some new thing would be written and given to the press by so great a man. Then came the news that the editor of the "Lancet," Mr. Austin Unwin has published a work by Goldwin Smith's review of Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone," under the title of "My Memory of Gladstone." I cannot say that I am passionately devoted to the memory of Gladstone, and it is an absolute certainty that I have never read and never shall read Lord Morley's masterly biography; but I am interested in Goldwin Smith's little book if only for the reason that certain mandarins have stated his Eng- lish to be the finest English style of the period. Of Goldwin Smith I think I had read nothing except his occasional contributions to the "Manchester Guardian," and though I had noticed that he was a writer who would use words with precision, I had not noticed that his style was absolutely peerless. The style of "My Memory of Gladstone" is very good indeed. Sentence after sentence is handled with real skill. Indeed, there is not a weak or a clumsy sentence in the work, which, but a few years hence, would not have had some very special message to mankind. But I was wrong. Mr. Austin Freeman is naught but a proud and apt pupil of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. His machinery is the same, his stodginess is exactly the same, and his flashes of unconscious horror are nearly as not quite so brilliant. Everything that is to be found in the three stories which I have so far read—in an American magazine. I much doubt

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

By Jacob Tonson.

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whether I shall read any more of the series. My desire for a really artistic detective short story is still unslaked, and my belief that such a story can be written is still unshaken. But doubtless in the end I shall be compelled to do the thing myself.

Anticipatory Reviews.

By Eric Dexter.

V.—Encore La Pingouine.*

Those of us who, enthusiasts for L'Ile des Pingouins, sought in the French master's books as they appeared for further allusion to that charming country, will be made happy by the publication in 1917 of this book dealing with the village of Ste. Zaire in La Pingouine. It is but a small volume in large type; but the old spell of delight will surely be felt by those who linger over its pages.

In the thirteenth century the village, isolated in the dreary inland moors, had a communal life strong in all the elements of romance. The people inhabiting the huts that made up the village, "une race fécondes, primitive, pleine de la tendresse et de la superstition," lived their days apart altogether from the turmoil of the outer world. The glory and storm of the first Crusade had never touched them, even by hearsay; and the famous well of Ste. Zaire had always been a conservative place from which it never departed. Witches were burnt, never gave the matter a passing thought in the early days. But a remarkable epidemic of dabblers in the black art strained in 1245 the resources of our peasants. Eight witches were suspected, seized, tried and burnt in that year; and three wizards were summarily dealt with. The processions of all the inhabitants had scarcely returned from casting wizard III. into the well of Colquet, ere the difficulty of obtaining water began to be felt acutely. Everyone now flocked to the well of Ste. Zaire, and the inconvenience of coming from long distances to draw water was not the only consequence.

For the centre of the town was the property of two inhabitants, the Seigneurie, and the formidable fact that it had its own method of disposing of the wizards.

Ste. Zaire had always been a conservative place, and it had its own method of dealing with wizards, from which it never departed. Witches were burnt, but for male magicians another fate was reserved. Any man convicted of the practice of wizardry was seized, bound and cast down a well. The well was sealed up, and a dead tree erected over it as a sinister sign; and thenceforth the place was shunned.

Now, any but a primitive mind would see that the number of wizards that could be thus disposed of was strictly limited. But wizards are scarce and wells were plenty amongst these simple villagers, and they never gave the matter a passing thought in the early days. Towards the middle of the century, however, the shortage of wells began to be an inconvenience.

We read:—

There were four wells left. The western end of the village was served by the water from Colquet; two wells near La Polleine were frequented by people from north and east; and the famous well of Ste. Zaire in the centre of the valley—round which the village had grown—made up the four which in 1243 were left out of the twenty-four that had been formerly on the heights, which in turn infected all who came to pray before them. The Seigneurie were desperately afraid, and Polyte was the only one in the village that smiled.

At last (we read) the abbé hit upon the obvious reason for this affliction. Heaven was punishing them for allowing Polyte to practise his infamous trade. They must get rid of him! This was all very well: so everyone said. But throw him into a well they dared not. At last one of the younger sprigs of the Seigneurie, irreverent acion of an impious race, suggested that they should consult Polyte himself on the subject. "Tell him what we want," said the Seigneurie. "He knows a lot. Let's ask him."

So we come to the most delightful scene in the book. The abbé, with a crowd of villagers, calls upon Polyte, and, after some sparkling, hints at the object of his visit:—

—Y a-t-il de sorciers? demande Polyte.
—On n'a vu que toi, répliqua le prêtre.
—Vrai, vu que j'ai ici le monopole, dit l'autre. Il réfléchit.
Puis il se mit à rire.
—Eh bien! parlé! fit l'abbé brusquement. Tu ris, et nous mourons.
—Il me semble que si je vous donne des conseils, je mourrais et vous riez.
—Cela nous ne ferait pas de douleur, répondit l'abbé très simplement.
—Merci!... Mais l'aime la vie. J'ai des enfants.
—Combien? demanda l'abbé.
—Plus que toi, mon père, ricana Polyte.
—C'est doux, ce n'est pas un crime.

After this little breeze the negotiations proceed. Polyte's advice was worthy of him. After securing a full quittance from heaven and man alike for his wizardry, past and present, and after obtaining freedom from molestation for the future if he gave up his magical practices, he suggested naively that if they unscaled all the old wells, saved one for the treatment of any more wizards that came along, and used the


The impoverishment of the people, and the resultant degradation that fell upon them. Within a very short time, before 1250 in fact, the two men owned the whole village, with all its pastoral and agricultural lands. Two brick mansions, the home of Polyte and the home of Polyte, shone in the gentle slopes which looked upon the moors; and in them a brood of idle, haughty and useless people flourished unsteadily.

But this was not all. For the most curious episode is that of the peasant named Polye.

One fine day, just at the opening of the summer, the dwellers in Ste. Zaire were astonished to see a great sign hang over one of the huts in the main street. There was no mistaking the meaning. In plain letters, the few who could read expounded to those who could not, were the words: "Polyte, Wizard. All sorts of magic and divination done on the premises." And within sat Polyte, radiant and silent in a curious coloured gown, waiting for his customers.

You will perceive at once the difficulty of the villagers. They flocked to their abbé, who was himself no less puzzled. To seize and bind the venturous Polyte was easy; but who had the hardihood to suggest flinging him into the well of Ste. Zaire? There were indeed a few who said roundly that in such matters tradition was not to be defied, and that if they wished not to incur the just wrath of heaven they must treat Polyte as they would any other wizard, migrating thereafter in a boat to some other place where water was to be had. But the Seigneurie up on the hills soon put a stopper on that proposition by imprisoning the few who spoke for it. Recognising the fact that the traditional way of dealing with wizards could not be operative in the case of Polyte, they took him under their protection, and he soon built up a roaring trade. They put up his rent again and again; but he did not care, for the few sous the peasants could spare went always to Polyte for advice. Soon another mansion appeared on the heights, wherein lived Polyte and his family, en Seigneur.

But a plague came to trouble the peace of Ste. Zaire, and it raged horridly through the narrow streets. The people tried as usual every means of getting rid of it. Processions were no use. Sprinkling holy water on the images only infected those sacred things, which in turn infected all who came to pray before them. The Seigneurie were desperately afraid, and Polyte was the only one in the village that smiled.

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Personality in Dancing: Anna Pavlova.

By Marcelle Azra Hincks.

So many new and interesting aspects of the dance have been revealed to us by the Russian dancers at the Palace Theatre that it is difficult to select one which is more worthy of praise than the other. Perhaps we do not yet fully realise how much these dancers have taught us; the widening of the range of the modern dance, enriched its characteristics, and shown the innumerable possibilities of an art which, at the present day, is so limited and narrow.

Mlle. Anna Pavlova, M. Mordkin, and their company have, of course, given infinite pleasure to the thousands of people who have admired their dancing; and for this alone we should be grateful to them. But it seems to me that they have done far more than this, and that we are entitled to understand the significance of the new elements which they have introduced into modern dancing, we might benefit by their teaching, and when we go, they might possibly leave behind them more than the memory of their beauty and grace. For those who are not so much interested in the art, as I was, their visit to London should be both an example and a gain.

One of the greatest merits of the Russian dancers is to have revived "expressive" dancing, and given some meaning and emotional significance to an art which, deprived of these, becomes trivial and dull; they have, indeed, revived that "expressive" dancing of antiquity which the Greek and Roman poets praise beyond measure; and, moreover, in doing this they have not, like many other modern dancers, broken away from the conventional technique, or the accepted forms of the dance, but have infused new life into these forms, and attained that perfect balance between inspiration and technique which is the ideal of all art. Their dance shows that "form" may reveal, and not extinguish or hide, those emotions and feelings which alone give some artistic value to dancing. It follows that in expressive dancing the element of personality or individuality, the soul as it were, is the dominating feature, and this is one of the most striking features which these Russians bring forward in their dance. And as I consider that personality is as necessary in dancing as it is in all the arts of music and acting, and this is one of the most striking features which these Russians bring forward in their dance. And as I consider that personality is as necessary in dancing as it is with all the arts of interpretation, and that it is perhaps the one quality which may yet raise the dance from its present level to the rank which it deserves amongst the arts, I feel that it would be difficult to lay too much stress on this particular achievement of the Russian dancers, nor would the highest panegyric of this aspect of their dance be undeserved.

Individuality in dancing has been hitherto very little considered either by dancers themselves or by the public. We have never sought it in dancing, and it is an element which, in modern dancing, has sunk entirely in the background. We never, in fact, think of criticising or analysing the personality of a dancer in the same way as a dramatic critic endeavours to seize and define those particular characteristics of which an actor's personality consists. With a few exceptions, such as dancers who have left the beaten track, and therefore call for especial consideration and criticism, as, for instance, Isadora Duncan or Ruth St. Denis, this is the case. But even when those dancers have refined the critics, or looked upon by audiences, has been entirely from the point of view of purely superficial and external qualities: the beauty of the figure, their grace of movement, the lightness, quickness and agility; and although I do not despise these attractions, which, on the contrary, I consider very necessary to dancers, I yet believe that there are other things more important than these, and I do not approve of a criticism which limits it no further than curves and colours. The outward form is, after all, but an expression of the inward, and has value only in so far as it does this adequately. Most of the criticisms of dancers seem to me as unsatisfactory as though musical critics were to limit their observations to a mere description of the external qualities of the performers, of their idioms and manners, or, again, if dramatic critics were content with describing the external traits of actors without seeking to grasp the inner characteristics which alone determine a great actor. This can only be done by widening the range of the modern dance for within its present limits it is almost inevitable that the individuality of the dancer shall be absorbed in the ensemble, which levels all dancers to the rank of unthinking and unfeeling puppets, and where, as in the spectacular dances, far more than moving ornaments, almost as insignificant individually, as the painted scenery; and (b) when dancers themselves understand that dancing is a mode of self-realisation, and, above all, an expression of temperament. I cannot express in writing how, practically, as I have seen on the dancers who, within the last few years, in the revival of dancing which has taken place in England, have striven to express their temperament in the dance; and how they were all more or less unsatisfactory, and either showed us merely crude and inartistic expressions of emotions, which were far too chaotic and vague to be impressive, or else allowed us to see "temperaments" which were either very interesting and commonplace, or else very uninteresting and ugly. Dancers, like actors, must first find an artistic and temperamental gift, and, secondly, they must learn how to reveal and express these perfectly by means of art forms.

Anna Pavlova has shown that it is possible to do this in the dance, as it does in music and acting; she has an extraordinarily interesting personality, an artistic temperament of the finest order, and she expresses herself through the medium, and within the limits, of the most severe art-forms. Her beauty and natural grace have already been praised by others, who merely gave voice to the feelings of admiration and delight which we all experience in seeing such a vision of loveliness. But beyond this, it seems to me that Anna Pavlova has a higher order, which account more than her beauty for the interest which she has aroused in London, and for
the spell which she casts upon all those who see her. It is her personality that has conquered the public more than anything; it is that power of holding the interest of an audience, of swaying their feelings, of appealing to their emotions and intelligence, which entitles Anna Pavlova to be ranked with the greatest actresses of the world. I think that we have not yet realised this, being, as I have explained above, unaccustomed to adopt an analytical standpoint in looking at dancing. Anna Pavlova, however, being above all an "artiste dramatique," must be judged as such, and criticised rather as an interpreter of emotion than as an ordinary modern ballerina.

Hers is a subtle and complex personality, so full of "finesse," of delicate charm, and refinement that it is difficult to define in words. There is some subtle attractiveness about her which takes the form of a picture painted in delicate colours, with innumerable gradations of soft light and shade, wherein no discordant note destroys the perfect harmony of the whole. And though her emotional nature is distant from that of the modern artiste, there is in her a power of including all the emotional chords in our nature, and playing upon them as a skilled musician plays upon an instrument, yet she never does this by exaggeration, by a rictous exhibition of passion or unaided emotion, but ever keeps within the limits of art, and possesses that restraint which is far more effective and impressive than anything else in art.

She seems to suggest or indicate a mood, or an emotion, and conveys it through subtle means, rather than by over-accentuation, or by a crude and realistic rendering of it. Her art is, therefore, "classical" in the true sense of the word, and not romantic. Yet with all this she combines a wonderful vivacity of temperament, and a spontaneity which I have rarely seen in anyone. It might be said that her nature is akin to joy, for there is an extraordinary sense of pleasure and delight and freshness in her dancing. She is like a spirit of joy and sunshine, and every gesture and movement of her face is imbued with the most exquisite sense of poetry.

Anna Pavlova is, indeed, the ideal dancer, and in her we see the perfect harmony of body and spirit, which must be henceforth, as it was in the days of the Muses, the work of a skilled musician. If dancing was really a fine art, the aim and ambition of all those dancers who would bring back the dance to its ancient glory.

Suum Cuique.

By M*thw A*n*ld.

Ever since my old friend the "Edinburgh Review" did me the honour of ranking my prose style with that of Mr. Frederic Manning, I have been exceedingly eager to study some of Mr. Manning's work so that I might be able to make the application of the comparison for myself. It is no easy thing to hold of very newly-published books in this part of the universe; but that journal, The New Age, which with all its faults I would have loved for the free play of the mind that distinguishes its conduct, has put me in the way of a few recent volumes: one of these volumes, what but one by the very Mr. Frederic Manning about whom the "Edinburgh Review" had so excited my curiosity. My envy, too, I must confess; for not with merely me did the "Edinburgh" associate Mr. Manning. In the matter of its irony alone may my work claim to have been said to resemble his. Where am I, indeed, when this further estimate is considered? The "Edinburgh Review" declares about Mr. Manning's book "Shakespeare's Sonnets and Portraits": "If Lucian, Landor, Rénan, and Anatole France could have collaborated, the result would have been some such work as this." For a moment my attention was drawn away from the colossal significance of this comparison by the very fascinating rhythm of those four famous names. Lucian, Landor, Rénan, and Anatole France! There is a tripping cadence here which I cannot wonder should have proved irresistible, and an energy the close which symbolises still for me the well-remembered decision of my ancient Whig acquaintance. However, my absorption with the metrical sensiveness of the reviewer at length released me, and I began to take in the meaning behind the names Lucian, Landor, Rénan, and Anatole France! "Ah," I exclaimed. "With what impatience may I not come to regard the loss of time I am now spending on a mere sing-song, though happy, string of names? Let me at once cut the pages of this volume of verse by Mr. Manning, so thoughtfully sent me by THE New Age. There is a star of a poet now upon earth, one who combines with his own personal genius the flow and drive of Lucian, the vigour and self-confidence of Landor, the scholarship of Rénan, the modernity (and therein all qualities of spiritual humanness) of M. Anatole France. As I understand is even yet remembered of me in the world, I criticised aforetime whether or not a man who elects to write about Theseus and Hippolyta should qualify to do so by possession of the gift of the grand style. Mr. Manning's own choice of a classical subject constituted a claim to the grand style. Well, let us now, proceeding on our plan, compare the above lines of his "Theseus and Hippolyta" with an example admittedly in the grand style. Byron has—

Theseus and Hippolyta.

Now, as I wrote some time before 1870, style is the last matter in the world for verbal definition to deal with adequately. One may say of it as is said of faith: "One must feel it in order to know what it is. . . . Yet, let us, in what we say or write, follow the rules that we say by examples. I think it will be found that the grand style arises in poetry when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject." I imagine few persons will dispute with me whether or not a man who elects to write about Theseus and Hippolyta should qualify to do so by possession of the gift of the grand style. Mr. Manning's own choice of a classical subject constituted a claim to the grand style. Well, let us now, proceeding on our plan, compare the above lines of his "Theseus and Hippolyta" with an example admittedly in the grand style. Byron has—

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
And the sound of their . . .
In translating Homer, one had often to render details of which we were always made to feel that, at least, we were hearing of the matter at first hand, from one whose descriptions were not garrulous or gossipy, but contained itself, plain, inevitable statement. Further, in the "Iliad," such descriptions are very few among the diversities of scene, incident and emotion. (I will not here refer to the manner of Homer.) In so short a composition as Mr. Manning's "Theseus," it is an error to devote very many lines of the six hundred which include the whole, to details of wounds and blood. The culmination "all bloody" is very feeble. Listen to this, as mere matter, from Homer: "For not in the hands of Diomed the son of Tydeus rages the spear, to walk off destruction from the Danans; neither as yet have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus, shouting out of his hated mouth; but the voice of Hector the slayer of men bursts round me, as he cheers on the Trojans; and they with their yellings fill all the plain, overwhelming the Achaeans in the battle." Where, now, is Mr. Manning's Hippolyta for all that she "smote?"

Agenor, cleaving his throat
Speechless: and smote through the breast
Polytheres; and Euenor then,

That is merest gossip, and the recurrence of the verb "smote" in these few lines is anything but impressive. Theseus now enters, and Hippolyta is forced to abandon her chariot and fly. And swifter behind.

With a love made hot by his hate,
Strained he pursuing. The wind
Lifted and played with the fold
Of her chlamys; and showed made bare
The swift limbs shining, as gold
From sunlight, and streamed through her hair
As wind in a cresset of fire,
As tresses of flame in the night.
White she stood, desired, from desire,
Till the brakes hid the flame from his sight.

I find in this passage provocation almost to say that Mr. Manning's verses have no proper reason for existing. But, as I once before compelled myself to admit of another versifier, we all have a right to exist, we and our works. Yet, when I behold dismal stuff like that above being cooly written around such a subject, it occurs to me that perhaps I was altogether too tolerant before 1870. In nobleness of idea, in clearness of syntax, in grace of diction, and in matter of sense. The tenth line, besides (or through) containing a bad pleonasm—"desired"—sounds affected.
The metre is unsuitable, too full of checks and pauses, for the subject of the two hundred odd lines of the passage is deficient. The first five lines are ignoble. The ninth line cannot be got into the syntactical mould at all. "The wind ... streamed through her hair ... as tresses of flame ... is non-sense.

I do not think Miss Waterston was fortunate in her performance of the Largo movement. Their performance of the Largo movement was the best thing they did that afternoon. As wind in a cresset of fire,

The swift limbs shining, as gold
From sunlight, and streamed through her hair
As wind in a cresset of fire,
As tresses of flame in the night.
White she stood, desired, from desire,
Till the brakes hid the flame from his sight.

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I do not think Miss Waterston was fortunate in her performance of the Largo movement. Their performance of the Largo movement was the best thing they did that afternoon.

Miss Jean Waterston sang at this Walenn concert. Before going to the concert I had been warned by a Scottish correspondent that I should hear a singer of genius. I cannot faithfully endorse the superlative praise of my friend, but I do consider Miss Waterston one of the best native singers I have yet heard. A little has yet to be accomplished in the way of vocal technique before Miss Jean Waterston can claim a very high place among contemporary artistes. In the singing of "Frühlingsglaube" her German was not good, final consonants being softened and smoothed over until they were inaudible. This is not good singing, and the Walenn Hall is too big a place (I generally sit pretty far back as I prefer listening to music a little way off); but when she sang Schumann's "Der Neusbaum" one forgot all the defects of the previous song and surrendered to the completest admiration. Miss Josie Heath played the delightful accompaniment as it should be played, and the sympathy between voice and instrument was not the least of the things that made the performance so intense. Indeed, I would say I have never heard that beautiful song better sung. . . I do not think Miss Waterston was fortunate in her choice of the two Sinding songs and one by Mr. James Friskin. The second by Dr. Sinding, "I Seraillets in the Tyrolese Mountains," . . .
Have," was nice enough but undistinguished, and the Swinburne song of Mr. Friskin seemed to me a most unbelievably unlikely business. I have a great respect for songs that happen; some strange constitutional defect prevents me appreciating the deliberate composition.

I must plead a temperamental aversion to something else. It is Walford Davies' "Peter Pan" suite. This also is too calculated to persuade anybody that it is anything but desk music. He was a little boy in a nightclub. He and his friends have no business to the gardens. It is wonderful that he could fly without wings, but —

Such an academic flight! I cannot think he got beyond Prince Consort Road, South Kensington. . . . The second movement is supposed to suggest the Hyde Park Serpentine is sometimes a pretty dull place; if you have ever walked round that lake with only fourpence in your pocket and to-morrow's lunch to think about the place can be deadly dull indeed. Mr. Walford Davies must have been thinking of the outcasts when he wrote his music—nothing so drab you could possibly imagine. But when Mr. Barrie suggests . . . it is a lovely lake and there is a drowned forest in it. If you peer over the edge you can see all the trees uprooted, and they say that at night there are also drowned stars in it, you want to believe a little of this, and you would indeed, but in each case they have been put to music of obvious tricks in harmonies could not save the situation. . . .

. . . At Miss Kirkwood's concert Mr. Percy Grainger played the "Jeux d'Eau" of Maurice Ravel. For the last couple of years I have been observing this young Frenchman's work, and I regret to admit that I cannot yet discover any indication of the godhood attributed to him by his friends. If he really possessed a sublime egotism one might overlook the fact that he has been disposed to live in the same centenary as Claude Debussy.

I have not yet had an opportunity of hearing "Feuersnot" at His Majesty's, but I hope to record my impressions shortly. The notoriety of Dr. Richard Strauss is the result of much combining among the professional music-tasters. Herr Runciman has discovered Mozart and denounces the restaurant music of Johann Strauss with the same tub-thumping vigour with which he made his impotent attacks on Richard's "Elektra." Mr. Beecham doesn't appear to be any the worse for all the skirmissies going on around him, and his activity is overwhelming.

I have just been going through Miss Broadwood's volume of folk-songs, published last year, and have been immensely attracted by several ballads in it. With an irresistible sentiment of associations I was drawn to one entitled "The Belfast Mountains," which has a quiet, ballad-lyric reference to diamonds being hidden in the Cave Hill near that extraordinary town. Miss Broadwood does not specially claim for this tune that it is indigenous to England, and I have a gentle suspicion that the original of the Astrin mountains is in the second and third lines. It has never been written, I imagine, somewhat altered during the last two or three generations, and not improved in the final cadence, which is a little self-conscious, but it is a lovely tune with a sort of pathos in it that belongs only to immortal music.

Everybody who cares for songs about pirates and things should read the ballad called "Henry Martin, or Salt Seas." To be properly enthusiastic about this ballad one would exhaust all the available slang of our present disreputable and find it wanting. This one makes you think of white china dogs with black noses, old prints of Lord Nelson, and so forth—

The lot is fell on Henry Martin. The youngest of the three, To go a-Scootche and live all on the salt sea, salt sea, To maintain his two brothers and he.

The song goes with a terrific swing; there are many verses, and the incident it celebrates occurred three hundred years before Nelson lived. Having a mentioned heather in connection with one of Miss Broadwood's tunes I rather dislike insisting on the salt in this one. Perhaps you have seen Captain Hook in "Peter Pan," and recollect the piratic tune that accompanied him everywhere. As a compromise let me hint that it is something like that, only this blows half a gale or stronger.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

To-day men and women are bloodless. They have lost the power to be passionate and sincere. Great passions sweep across the face of modern passionless life. Having an essential Spanish ancestress of mine when she plunged a knife into the heart of the man who grossly insulted her—and leave them mere eccentrics. Burning words surge to their lips and wither in flippant cynicism. It is an age of one mood—a particularly ugly mood—indifference. It is an age of wax, and civilised society is a figure of wax floating on a stagnant pool. If only men and women would let themselves be, themselves, set free those three powerful passions, hate, love, and logic, life would be ennobled, and art held high. If love is to transform the world it must be passionate love. We ask of artists the passion of love that led Turner to praise nature as it had never been praised; of critics the passion of love that led Rusk in to praise Turner as artist has never been praised; of the public the passion of love that bound Duret to the French Impressionists as patron has seldom been bound before. We ask almost in vain.

Join the democratic gathering of the A.A.A. at the Albert Hall. Move among the paintings of all schools, of all nationalities, in the glorified music-hall with which Prince Albert sought to popularise music. How many are passionate, personal, and sincere? have intuition, aspiration, detachment? are themselves? A score? Probably less. It will be seen that the Foles stand highest in these respects. Perhaps because they inherit high culture; because a long and terrible persecution has given them depth and breadth, the force and fire to plead personally and eloquently; because, too, they are born colourists, harmonists, and designers. They live in a blaze of colour and for its purpose of decoration. Here, for instance, are the two canvases by Albert Wolmark. In them the instinct for fine colour, tone, and rich decoration, is undeniable. The passion of love—the love of art—burns brilliantly in them. The artist's dominant mood—the desire to please himself, not the crowd, is insistent. Here is a powerful decorator who should be stamping his strength and individuality, his love and passion on London's noblest buildings. Love and sincerity are apparent, too, in the tender, subtle harmonies of S. de Karlowaski, the treatment of colour and line by Vladimir Granow; the charming "Anemones" by Viga de Sedlecka; the delicious improvisations by brilliant Konrad Krzyzanowski, whose purely decorative treatment of line and colour is suited to tapestries, not to pictures. These merits were conspicuous in the work exhibited last year which I have already mentioned, and the very talented [Konrad Krzyzanowski]. Why are these and other talent and little-known artists not exhibiting?
Who among the English painters here are is love with their works, and loving things that ought to be said. The reply may be generalized from the challenging mood of the artists themselves. As the men, it is seen in the smooth, distinguished style of John M. Beresford (4); the poetical serenity of (B. Beman (5); the innovatory Stiles (7); the screen and silence of (C. Goddard (3); the massive Murray (1).

Malcolm C. Drummund (345-9): the just vivacity of Hazlewood Hartley's two portraits; the richly illuminating temper of [Harold Gilman (295-9); the purity of the middle class and professional man who can afford to spend (E. Francis Boyd (265-8)); the consummate dexterity and strength, sincerity and nature-love of J. Hodgson Lobley (378); and of colour in Charles Ginner's "Corner of Chelsea"; in the graceful design, the lucid and clear style of Charles E. Pottenger in "Eden"; in the joyous outburst of S. F. Gore (713), fascinated by his own vision of his rich decoration; in the consummate dexterity and boldness of [I. D. Fergusson (1016 a.b.); and in the strength, sincerity and nature-love of J. Hodgson Lobley's "Harvest." As to the women, it is seen in the statements more or less deeply expressive in the work of Elsa M. Henderson (inspiring colour and line), Ethel May (poetry of the daffodil, Helen Maurice Heath (simplicity and daffodil), Aira Macgillivray (simplicity, movement and force), Mabel Harrison (strong individuality), Ethel Walker (subtlety and eloquence), and of Ethel Sands a most skilful master of the medium she loves to use, she has unlimited powers of self-expression in the beautiful decorated panel by a Japanese woman, O. Tanosuke, unfortunately touched by Western influence; the strong, purposeful sculpture by David Edstrom, or the spirited character sketches in clay by Mrs. Jackson (9); or the "art" is that of the Japanese woman, remaining ignorant of the price at which it is really worth. The average indolent man (especially if, like the one we are talking of, he has no touch of that artistic temperament which is most likely to buy bread) is quite good in its way. He hates cant and humbug, and his laughter, which is quite sincere, is directed to achieve this wider public the artist should drop the prices, this is the matter that wants rectifying. There is a public, a large one, for "little portraits, little still-lifes, little landscapes," but there is no market, or none readily known and accessible, and the artist is compelled to leave them there. There are two or three who have a market which is quite good in its way. It hates cant and humbug, and its laughter, which is quite sincere, is directed to achieve the wider public the artist should drop the prices, this is the matter that wants rectifying. There is a public, a large one, for "little portraits, little still-lifes, little landscapes," but there is no market, or none readily known and accessible, and the artist is compelled to leave them there. There are two or three who have a market which is quite good in its way. It hates cant and humbug, and its laughter, which is quite sincere, is directed to achieve the wider public the artist should drop the prices, this is the matter that wants rectifying. There is a public, a large one, for "little portraits, little still-lifes, little landscapes," but there is no market, or none readily known and accessible, and the artist is compelled to leave them there. There are two or three who have a market which is quite good in its way. It hates cant and humbug, and its laughter, which is quite sincere, is directed to achieve the wider public the artist should drop the prices, this is the matter that wants rectifying. There is a public, a large one, for "little portraits, little still-lifes, little landscapes," but there is no market, or none readily known and accessible, and the artist is compelled to leave them there. There are two or three who have a market which is quite good in its way. It hates cant and humbug, and its laughter, which is quite sincere, is directed to achieve the wider public the artist should drop the prices, this is the matter that wants rectifying. There is a public, a large one, for "little portraits, little still-lifes, little landscapes," but there is no market, or none readily known and accessible, and the artist is compelled to leave them there. There are two or three who have a market which is quite good in its way. It hates cant and humbug, and its laughter, which is quite sincere, is directed to achieve the wider public the artist should drop the prices, this is the matter that wants rectifying. There is a public, a large one, for "little portraits, little still-lifes, little landscapes," but there is no market, or none readily known and accessible, and the artist is compelled to leave them there. There are two or three who have a market which is quite good in its way.
of horses and other animals in actual warfare. The pro-
vision of these men to humanize combatants, and the Red Cross does not cover the Army veterinary
department. In consequence, wounded horses may be left lying on the field, if the victors dares to put them to suffering being liable to be fired upon.

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ment to institute another signatories of the Convention of
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EDMUND B. D'AUVENGERE.

MAHOMETANISM AND WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reply to your correspondent of June 21, the pre-
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women are practically the same footing as Northern American women. This is not so; and I quote from Mr. Hirst's remark as part evidence of the fact. Knowledge of this sort being of purely relative value, the information

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relying upon mere social or financial influence and become accustomed to relying instead upon a solid philosophical influence. I hope this is clear. Who is best fitted for expounding the philosophy of Socialism? It is something personal modesty prevents me from saying; but it must come.

J. M. KENNEDY.

A GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your correspondent, Mr. F. L. Birch, assures us that "Eton manners are generally commended" and that "Etonian behaviour to the maintenance of the above organisation from defects is shyness." I suggest that Mr. Birch will wish to reside in Windsor for a short time.

Windsor.
F. W. F.

A SHORT DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Skelhorn appears to think I am annoyed with him. Let me assure him I am not annoyed with him at all, least of all for doing something which he has failed to do. The suggestion that he has demolished my definition of Socialism with his hoary crossword book wisdom is comical, and shows Mr. Skelhorn as a gentleman suffering from the malady known as swelled head—and such persons are always uncomical. Mr. Skelhorn maintains that I have not dealt with his "illustrations," in which he jumbled up self-regarding with non-self-regarding actions and reductions, but failed to make a difference between them. To have done so would have been to insult the intelligence of the readers of THE NEW AGE while needlessly wearying them. My meaning I made perfectly clear. While it may not be difficult to show a personal casualty "that no actions are really self-regarding," there is no distinction really more easy to draw for practical purposes if one has the will, than that between those actions which are relatively self-regarding, since they have only a possible and indirect social reference, and those actions which necessarily depend upon the material success of one or more for woe, but it seems hardly necessary to discuss seriously with a gentleman who maintains "that every act from the cradle to the grave performed by one citizen involves injury to another"! So I will leave Mr. Skelhorn with those remarks to marvel at my mental acumen, or any other characteristic of mine he likes. Even though my definition may not be perfect, failing a more redoubtable antagonist than Mr. Skelhorn, it certainly holds the field.

AN OLD SOCIALIST.

S. VERDAD AND HIS CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

However "exhaustive and peculiar" S. Verdad's information concerning foreign affairs may be, it is quite evident his knowledge of Socialism is strictly limited, otherwise he could hardly have committed himself to the preposterous statement that a Socialist policy in colonial and foreign affairs does not exist. Mr. Verdad states that he has been unable to find any indications of such a policy in his own writings, and I am prepared to rest my case upon something still more "authoritative," to wit, the published resolutions of the International Socialist Party in America. I would particularly refer S. Verdad to the resolution on foreign and colonial policy passed at the last Stuttgart Congress of 1907, together with the generally assumed belief that the resolutions of the foreign critic of THE NEW AGE would have extended at least to the authoritative pronouncements, not of individuals, but of the general organisation of Socialist Congresses, as regards his own special subject. However, as Mr. Verdad challenges me, I am prepared to tell him briefly what the Socialist views on such matters are:

(1) Socialism is opposed to all that tends to consolidate and prolong the reign of the capitalist system and its representatives, the present governing classes.

(2) It can, therefore, have no sympathy with the attempts of existing governments by means of their bureaucracies to manipulate alien populations, be they half-civilised or imperfectly civilised, in the interests of these classes at home. The hypocrisy involved in the pretence of "benefiting the natives" only aggravates the saucy Oriental point of view. The European races have no more right to benefit the Asiatic or the African against his will than a quack doctor would have to "benefit" him by forming a surgical operation on him or by ramming drugs down his throat without Mr. Verdad's consent, or, still more, in the teeth of his opposition.

(3) Socialist policy in connection with backward races aims at guaranteeing them their independence and preventing them from being forcibly harnessed to the chariot of modern capitalism. Its policy is not a policy of "hands off." So long as modern civilised races have nothing better to offer backward races than the curse of modern capitalism so long at least must this policy continue. The same policy applies to small and weak peoples within the circle of European civilisation.

(4) As regards international relations between the great Powers the policy of Socialism is essentially a peace-at-any-price policy, the sole possible justification for war being the advancement of the cause of the proletariat against the capitalist class.

In a word the international solidarity of the Socialist proletariat is the aim, and the sole aim, of a Socialist foreign policy. Such a policy must necessarily take this form of imperialism, which necessarily presupposes oppression and exploitation. The aim of Socialism is the free federation of peoples, and not the domination of a strong power whatever that power may be.

So there Mr. Verdad has my version of the foreign policy of Socialism, which I think he will find to agree with the pronouncements of most Socialist bodies and of the international congresses!

Mr. Verdad asks why the Labour party are usually right on questions of imperial policy (from a Socialist standpoint) and very often wrong in home policy. I really cannot tell him. All I can do is to repeat that it is not a question here of "information," as he seems to think, but of principles and points of view.

Mr. Verdad talks loftily about his "facts." Now what do his "facts" amount to? The coloured and prejudiced statements of certain reactionary Continental journals and of officials with whom he has come in contact, which he accepts at their face-value as though dictated by the Holy Ghost and retails for the benefit of THE NEW AGE reader as the only unimpeachable veracity on foreign politics.

Socialists will decline to accept Mr. Verdad's unsupported affidavit as to the unimpeachableness of "facts" that come from such tainted sources. After Mr. Verdad's defence of Russian crime and treachery in Finland, however, I venture to think every Socialist is entitled to expect of your readers to have about taken his measure. I should like to ask, by the way, Mr. Verdad's authority for stating that Hyndman is opposed to the evacuation of the Sudan territories. In contradistinction to Hyndman, would not hail with satisfaction the emancipation of the Indian populations from the British yoke? What now, if that were the case?

For the rest no one can read Mr. Verdad's notes, I am sure, without the conviction that for him nothing is truth that does not fit into his reactionary imperialist scheme of things. If he has ever shown up an official falsehood I have never seen him do it. But I suppose a bureaucrat is like God and cannot lie! As Mr. Verdad protests against the allegation that his views are those of the Tory press, I would much like to challenge him to point out in what essential particular they differ from the latter. Side issues like that of Roosevelt don't concern us here. There are plenty of full-blooded British jingoies who reposed Roosevelt's vulgar impudence in presuming "to teach his grand-mother to suck", or, more accurately, that of "the "Times," "Standard," "Mail," "Express," or "Pall Mall."

E. BELFORT BAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Give me a little of your space in which to congratulate Mr. Verdad on the firm stand he has made against the recent attempt in your columns to gag him.

Mr. Verdad's, however, is a lamentable thing that readers of THE NEW AGE who cannot agree with Mr. Verdad's views should protest against the expression of them. Your readers, one would think, would be the last to deny the right of free speech.
Mr. Nevinson comes forward with an objection to the word "sentimentalist" on the ground that it is vulgar and ineffectual. Used as Mr. Verdad uses it, the word describes accurately something which it is said has been made not in its ineffectuality that stung Mr. Nevinson to protest. As a matter of fact the word always acts like magic.

Not less than Mr. Verdad is The New Age to be congratulated on having found a contributor who so evidently knows his subject. REGINALD WADE.

IDEAS OR THE VOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am surprised at the boldness of The New Age in advocating a "movement of ideas" in this country! Personally, being a Socialist, an idea is a thing for which I can work, but as a nation we are too "hard-headed and practical" to grasp ideas, and we therefore mistrust them.

People say "I shall believe it when I see it," and the conclusion is they either believe very little, or, when some tangible object is presented to them, believe all sorts of things they have never, and will never, see. Show them a flagstaff in the street, and all will agree that an invasion is going on. Give them a Noah's Ark "made in Germany" and straightway they believe in an invasion, they hear the guns of foreign Dreadnoughts and their knees shake. Show them a flagstaff in the street, and all will agree that a battle is on. Give them a Prayer Book (expensively bound if possible) and they believe in God. Similarly show a man that his sister can vote and he will believe in the equality of women. The vote is just that thing which can be seen sufficiently to cause an Englishman to assimilate the idea behind it. We all know and believe now, that the woman's movement would be spoken of as an impossible dream if we ever ceased to agitate for something tangible and went in mere "ideas." Forty years ago I have tried to give the "idea" business on the nation's impervious brain, yet it is only now when badges and flags and processions and arrested women have been actually seen that the nation is beginning to take root.

No! To The New Age I leave the herculean task of instilling ideas in the English mind. Give me the Vote! RUTH CAVENDISH BENTINCK.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

You suggest in "Notes of the Week," dated July 21, that the passing of the Conciliation Bill into law would be "stealing a victory" and that "if the vote is to be won it should be by the frankest possible means and in the full glare of discussion." The term "stealing a victory" purely applied to the conciliation Bill would apply also to all those Parliaments who have expressed their desire to enfranchise women and then allowed Government pressure to deter them, than to women who have made the same consistent demand, always aimed straight at the enemy, and have repeatedly recovered from blows below the belt to hit again fairly and squarely, at their adversary. Is victory even, if partial, under such circumstances, a "steal"?

Can anything be more frank, can any "glare" be more full than the campaign carried on in open street and public park, in town hall and the House itself for forty long years? Surely if members of Parliament watch the current of public thought a selection of them could be entrusted to deal with this Bill in committee; if not, the women are provided it be their own weighing, and not the weighing of a few and the faint-hearted obedience of the remainder.

That the House is inclined to be faint-hearted seems borne out by votes adjacent to space that the apparition of an old evil in the form of the possibility, even academic, of faggot voting!

With the statement that Mr. Lloyd George has been consistent we agree, only whereas you assume he has consistently wanted woman's suffrage to become law by its formal acceptance by the Cabinet, it is, of course, a faint statement which it is impossible to credit him with sufficient political knowledge to know that such a part of such a future bill would have little or no chance of going through, and his consistent opposition to woman's suffrage as a separate measure is the least consistent opposition to the principle itself. Mr. Churchill's last attitude to the Bill is of less importance as it is less consistent. But to say that parties were abolished and that the Government exercised no control over the division seems a strange interpretation of the fact that the three leading metallers of the Cabinet used all their official position against it, and when their followers per- emptively in voting independently of such coercion, one of them called fifty of their members together to know the reason why, and intends giving them another lecture on "Principles v. Party."

You say on the one hand the vote is a retrospective of party which could be given only if the Liberal majority was now, and on the other the Liberal party is a new battle of voters. Since the justice of the franchise movement seems to be the result of and only the colour of their votes considered and the House failed to divide on party lines under this considera- tion, how would the Liberal party be presented with the new battle of voters? Surely it would be the strengthening of both parties, and it would rest with the party which could show the soundest or most attractive programme to win over the new unattached bill. Is it not duty to do which the Liberal party fears? If so, the agitation for suffrage might it be certain which programme that it may appeal to the coming electorate of women and so justify their pretension that the women's needs have their consideration. Surely a Government claiming to be Liberal after admitting a certain principle to be right, will not abstain from putting it into effect until the demand from men and women becomes irresistibly overwhelming. Men and women throughout the country have for some time had unusual opportunity for expressing themselves on this subject by means of the suffrage and anti-suffrage societies and their respective publications. The Suffrage demonstrations are continual and throughout the land, the "anti" demonstrations are conspicuous by their absence. Is it with you admit the women are thinking of nothing but the vote, they refuse to identify themselves with those who seek to hinder their attainment of it. We must not, we must not, believe that the main body of women are converted to the demand for the vote since even the earnest appeal of Lords fails to attract them.

The present movement is most certainly a movement of ideas, and the chief of these is that political emancipation must precede, not follow, citizen activity.

ROSE LAMARTINE YATES.

DICKMAN TRIAL AND APPEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I am surprised, to find the appeal resulted in dis- missal, and a confirmation therefore of the previous finding that a conviction can be upheld on such evidence, on such an entire absence of expert deductive work, on such a complete chain of distorted circumstance and indifferent identification should give us to think I believe if this case is allowed to go to an execution (fixed, I believe, for August 9) we are, if we do not protest, allowing a precedent of grave public danger. The case has been ably dealt with by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings in the Newcastle press and in The Suffrage demonstrations are continual and throughout the land, the "anti" demonstrations are conspicuous by their absence. Is it with you admit the women are thinking of nothing but the vote, they refuse to identify themselves with those who seek to hinder their attainment of it. We must not, we must not, believe that the main body of women are converted to the demand for the vote since even the earnest appeal of Lords fails to attract them.

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VOTES FOR WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

You suggest in "Notes of the Week," dated July 21, that the passing of the Conciliation Bill into law would be "stealing a victory," and that "if the vote is to be won it should be by the frankest possible means and in the full glare of discussion." The term "stealing a victory" purely applied to the conciliation Bill would apply also to all those Parliaments who have expressed their desire to enfranchise women and then allowed Government pressure to deter them, than to women who have made the same consistent demand, always aimed straight at the enemy, and have repeatedly recovered from blows below the belt to hit again fairly and squarely, at their adversary. Is victory even, if partial, under such circumstances, a "steal"?

Can anything be more frank, can any "glare" be more full than the campaign carried on in open street and public park, in town hall and the House itself for forty long years? Surely if members of Parliament watch the current of public thought a selection of them could be entrusted to deal with this Bill in committee; if not, the women are provided it be their own weighing, and not the weighing of a few and the faint-hearted obedience of the remainder.

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BEATRICE HASTINGS.
Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "Sarah Siddons," Morning Leader, July 23.


BARNEES, GEO. N. M.P., "Raising the Wind for Royalty," Forward, July 23.


BERNSIN, EDWARD, "Political Scene-shift in Germany," Nation, July 25.


KONODY, P. J., "The Turner Rooms at the Tate Gallery," Daily Mail, July 19.


NOEL, CONRAD, "Socialism and the Church," Clarions, July 22.


WEBB, SIDNEY, "Can Unemployment be Cured?" Labour Leader, July 21.


Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

36.—SIR CHARLES DILKE.

1868 GREATEBRITAIN. (Macmillan. 3/6.)

1874 THE RELIGION OF PRINCE FLORESTAN OF MONACO. (Macmillan. 1/—)

1877 THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPEAN POLITICS. (Chapman and Hall. 12/-.)

1888 THE BRITISH ARMY. (Chapman and Hall. 12/-.)

1900 PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN. (Now 1 vol.) (Macmillan. 12/6.)

1892 IMPERIAL DEFENCE (With Spencer Wilkin- son.) (Macmillan. 3/6.) (2nd edition. Con- stable. 2/6.)

1893 BRITISH EMPIRE. (Chatto and Windus. 3/6.)

1905 MEMOIR OF LADY DILKE. (Prefixed to her Book of the Spiritual Life.) (John Murray. 10/6.)

37.—JOSEPH McCABE.

1897 TWELVE YEARS IN A MONASTERY. (Smith, Elder. 7/6.)

1897 MODERN RATIONALISM. (Watts. 3/6.)

1899 LIFE IN A MODERN MONASTERY. (Grant Richards. 6/-.)

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