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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE can very well understand the officials of the Labour party growing impatient of the criticisms and complaints they have lately been receiving from their own members. To them it must seem like the spectacle of Nero fiddling while Rome is burning. Few of those outside the inner ring of Labour politics (and Labour, too, has its inner ring) know how perilous is the situation in which the party finds itself as a consequence of the Osborne decision. For the moment and in the public eye things are going on much as usual, but in fact all the premonitory symptoms of dissolution are visible within the headquarters of the party itself. Now we are not by any means disposed to add to the difficulties which the Labour party are experiencing even by an adverse criticism of the steps they are taking to meet them. On the contrary, if we had the ear of the rank and file of the Labour party we would defend their leaders at this moment and to some effect. It is not entirely, or even mainly, their fault that the slump in Labour and Socialist politics has occurred at a moment when the Osborne decision threatens to convert a slump into a death; nor, again, is it altogether or even mainly the fault of the so-called malcontents among the rank and file. These mutual charges of treachery are, in fact, unworthy of the Labour party, and the sooner they cease the better.

Anybody who knows anything of practical politics knows that the most difficult thing in the world is to organise the working classes politically. To begin with they are at the outset necessarily untrained, and not only untrained but uneducated. The other classes start their political education with an immense tradition behind them and with all the advantages of leisure and education with them. The working classes, on the other hand, have no political tradition worth speaking of, their education is bad, their occupation is usually demoralising, and, in consequence, their capacity for grasping ideas, for putting them into action, and for selecting and trusting their leaders, is, in general, small. It is even smaller in England than elsewhere, since, as Bagehot says, England is essentially a deferential country, that is, a country in which the working classes are strongly predisposed to respect every class but their own. In addition to this, English political life has for centuries been conducted on the principle that only men of wealth and rank have any right in politics at all. Not only have poor men been not expected to

take much part, but, by various devices, they have been prevented from taking much part. And since politics is thus largely a question of money, it follows that working men have been able in the political market either to purchase nothing, or at most something which is not efficient for any very great object.

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The attempt made during the last decade of the last century and continued to the present to superimpose on the Trade Union or industrial organisation of working men a political organisation; or, rather, to employ an industrial organisation for political purposes as well, was in every sense a well-conceived experiment. All honour is due to those who conceived it, and still more to those who have been attempting to carry it to a successful issue. The difficulties in the path were, as we say, enormous, but so long as they were mainly internal they were overcome in a thoroughly workmanlike way. It is easy enough to point out now the errors that undoubtedly must have been made. For instance, we have always contended that the rigid exclusion from leadership of anybody save promoted workmen was a great mistake. Later on it might have been good policy to prefer trained and educated working men to members of the middle class, but in the initial stages, while the rank and file had so much politically to learn, and the party needed to make a good show, the addition of middle-class leaders would have been of inestimable value. Sir Charles Dilke, it is said, was once willing to lead the Labour party in Parliament; and we have not the smallest doubt that he would have led it better than Mr. Keir Hardie or Mr. Henderson or Mr. Barnes have led it. But the class-consciousness which the party theoretically denied proved too strong in practice, and in the end the motto appeared to be: "No middle-class man need apply."

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As we say, however, these errors need not be overestimated; they may or may not have been fatal. Had the political purposes of the working classes been as clear as their industrial purposes, no errors of this internal character would have been ruinous. On the other hand it is obvious that the legal prohibition which has now come on the industrial organisations to employ their funds politically must sooner or later have proved a very lion in the path. The question, we now understand, is precisely this and nothing more: is the existing political organisation of the working classes to be irretrievably destroyed by the Osborne decision, or, in the alternative, what must be done to save it? Everything else is, for the moment, of the most minor concern. No demonstrations in Parliament or elsewhere will alter the fact that by the time of the next General

Election the Labour party will be faced with the prospect of bankruptcy or something approaching extinction. It is, therefore, as will be seen, a question of life and death for the Labour party; and in the presence of such a question every other criticism is of less than no value at all.

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We must not be supposed to be unfriendly to the Labour party if we say at once that their fate no longer lies in their own hands; nor if we go still further and say that on the whole, in view of all the circumstances, we think that their extinction *in their present form* would not prove ultimately a calamity to the working classes. That their fate is not at their own disposal is obvious from the fact that unless the present Government reverse the Osborne decision or concede Payment of Members, the game is up. In other words, the Government is the determinant of the situation. Now it happens that there are many superficial arguments against the Government troubling its head about the Labour party at all. Labour votes are quite unnecessary to the Liberal Cabinet at present, and it is by no means unlikely that at a general election the existing Labour members would be replaced by Liberal members even more amenable to Government control than the Labour members have proved to be. Again, it is perfectly certain that the reversal by the Cabinet of the Osborne decision would prove extremely unpopular and make the Government more enemies than friends. And as for Payment of Members, the practice is an innovation of considerable magnitude, and at the first glance the political risks involved in attempting to pass the measure might easily be regarded as too great to be run merely for the beautiful eyes of Labour representation.

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A deeper view of the case, however, makes it clear that the Liberal party has only a little less to lose by the destruction of the Labour party than the Labour party itself. It would look bad if it could be demonstrated that Labour representation was destroyed by Liberal consent. And looks in politics are sometimes everything. At present there is no doubt whatever that the existence of the Labour party side by side with the Liberal party is as much a defence for the latter as it is now and then a nuisance. Extreme measures will never be popularly demanded of Parliament so long as a Labour party sits at Westminster. The mere existence of the Labour party in Parliament is taken by working men as a proof that everything that can be done for them is being done; and they are in consequence less disposed to agitate on their own account. Widespread strikes and unemployed demonstrations of a disorderly character, for example, are well known to have been considerably diminished in number since the Labour party was formed.

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All this, in our opinion, goes to show that the Liberals have more to lose than gain in permitting the Labour party to be destroyed. They would not only possibly lose in actual Parliamentary voting strength, but they would certainly lose immensely in prestige wherever the working classes are numerous and articulate. And not only would they lose positively, but negatively they would lose still more. It is against the Labour members themselves that at present most of the criticisms of the working classes are directed; the Labour members, in fact, take practically all the blame for everything that goes wrong in a Liberal administration. But let them go, and the Liberals are left without a buffer against proletariat criticism; the whole brunt of it would fall directly on the party. On these grounds, therefore, we are not at all afraid of prophesying that the loss of the Labour party would prove a Liberal loss as well. It only remains for us to prove that in the long run the loss of the Labour party as we now know it would be no great loss to the working classes.

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Of course it all depends upon what the working

classes might do; but we take it that once having tasted political power they would not tamely part with it for ever. Butter is proverbially hard to get out of a dog's mouth. Similarly, political power can seldom be abstracted from a class that has recently won it. What the working classes (we are thinking particularly of the organised trade unions) would probably do in the event of the Liberal refusal either to reverse the Osborne decision or to establish Payment of Members would be to resume their old pre-Socialist plan of sending to Parliament their paid secretaries. This would be better than nothing from their standpoint, but it would not be enough. It would not be enough for the simple reason that it would be less than they have now. We may therefore assume that the deficit of their power would be made up by a renewed activity in industrial matters, and in a form more resembling that of the well-known General Confederation of Labour in France. By a kind of divination, in fact, something of this kind is beginning even now to grow within the trade unionist movement, in preparation for a felt contingency. Everywhere Unionists are saying that political action is played out, and that only a general strike is of any use. The doctrines of what is called in this country "Industrial Unionism" are slowly spreading; and we are confident that the first real defeat of the Labour party would be instantly followed by an enormous accession of strength to the movement in favour of the general strike. Labour leaders would then become Labour agitators indeed; and they would be all the more justified both in their own eyes and in the eyes of their constituents after having attempted to work politically only to find themselves forcibly prevented.

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The effect on the Socialist movement of the destruction of the existing Labour party would undoubtedly be to strengthen it considerably. Critics must remember that from the outset there have always been Socialists who objected to the alliance, and who have spent much of their energy (and, let us add, venom) in attempting to break it. Politically much more intelligent than their trade union colleagues, they have felt themselves hampered at every turn by the necessity of dinning into the heads of trade unionists not only Socialist ideas but the elementary principles of independent political action. To be quite frank, we do not think that Socialists know much of these things themselves; but at any rate they have a clear notion of where they desire to go and of how they will attempt to get there. The dissolution of the alliance between the trade unions and the Socialist bodies would therefore undoubtedly be followed by an attempt on the part of the latter to secure for themselves independent Socialist representation; and this in turn would necessitate a renewal on a vast scale of Socialist propaganda. The working classes as such would probably be left largely in the hands of trade union organisers and Labour agitators of various kinds, while the Socialists proper would devote themselves, as we say, to propaganda of their ideas among all classes, and particularly in constituencies where the average of political education is already pretty high. This prospect, we admit, is not unpleasing; and though we should be the last to will deliberately the break-up of the Labour party, we cannot pretend to be driven to despair by its contingency.

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To conclude. We are of opinion that the wisest course for the Liberal party to adopt in its own interests is the institution of Payment of Members and the retention of the Labour party intact at Westminster. Failing that, the trade unions must take the fullest advantage of their old powers, equip their secretaries as representatives, and meanwhile push on the work of industrial unionism on a formidable scale. The Socialists, on the other hand, must prepare to take the field again on their own account and to renew their early propagandist activity coupled with the development of Socialist Representation Committees for electoral purposes. We add this one piece of advice, which, however, we know will not be taken. If the

Labour party would insist on adopting among their candidates at the next Election half-a-dozen first-rate middle-class Socialists not only would the question of funds be settled but the future of the Labour party would be assured.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHEN the United States of America defeated Spain some twelve years ago and assumed control of Cuba and the Philippines, only a few far-sighted men were able to perceive that a new and important factor had loomed up upon the diplomatic horizon. For century after century the affairs of practically the whole world had been settled at half a dozen courts in Europe; and it was not until 1899 that the delicate equilibrium of international politics was disturbed by the rise of a new Power.

Always on the alert, of course, our well-informed Foreign Office was quick to appreciate this new position of affairs; and even keen diplomatists in both hemispheres were startled when, in 1902, it was announced that Great Britain had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan—the first of the kind to be made between an Eastern and a Western Power. It says much for the continuity of our foreign policy, indeed, that this agreement was renewed by a different Government when it was due to expire in 1907; but this very fact, taken in conjunction with the approaching completion of the Panama Canal, has served but to intensify the situation.

In consequence of the impetus given to the already rapidly-rising American prestige by her victories, it has come about to-day that the United States wields a sphere of influence extending from Cuba to the Philippines, to say nothing of the control she exercises over the South American Republics. But this is not enough. What every good Yankee hopes to see in the future, whether near or distant, is the complete American domination of Canada.

It will be recollected that, a few months ago, during the naval scare, New Zealand and Australia came forward with offers of ships. It was understood that, in time of war, the vessels of these two colonies were to be placed at the disposal of the Imperial Fleet; but, though Canada at the same time made arrangements for building the nucleus of a navy, it was on the distinct stipulation that these ships were not to take part in a war in which the Mother-country was concerned without the express permission of the Canadian Government. In the hurly-burly of the general election this clause was lost sight of by the public here, and as the naval scare afterwards died down no one has since brought the matter up. But that this clause existed at all is most significant, in the full sense of this much-abused word, and throws a new light, surely, on the relationship in which Canada stands to the remainder of the Empire.

Now, while Canada is larger in area by a few thousand square miles than the United States, the respective populations are estimated in round figures at 7,100,000 and 90,000,000; and this factor is in itself a powerful influence. But in Canada as in other countries the affairs of state, while ostensibly settled by the nation, are really managed by the party leaders; and the party leaders, forsaking the barrenness of the west, are nearly all to be found in the eastern states, in the same way as English politics are directed from London. And probably the most politically important eastern state is Quebec, with a population estimated at 1,700,000, of whom nearly 1,500,000 are the Roman Catholic descendants of the old French settlers.

It is impossible to deny that this is another factor of grave importance. These million and a half of the most cultured people in the Dominion speak the old seventeenth century French as their native language; and it may come as a surprise to many English readers to learn that travellers who speak English only have

some difficulty in making themselves understood in the province of Quebec. But it is the language that, in the end, makes a nation; and it should never be forgotten that 1,500,000 Canadians look fondly back to France as their native land, and, while they have strongly objected to the anti-clerical policy of the French Government, and cannot be said to regard England with the warlike eyes of their ancestors, they certainly do not share the patriotic feelings of the other colonists with respect to the Mother-country.

Apart from the fact that the Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and scores of the higher Government officials are French Canadians, the influence of this large section of the population on the national life is still further seen in the schools and universities, in the general character of the eastern population, and, above all, in such literature and art as Canada can claim. The moral is that, if some unexpected event took place which brought the federation of Canada and the United States within the range of practical politics, the French Canadians would be, to say the least, neutral.

The American influence on Canada, however, is even less subtle, and probably much more powerful. Both countries have one important point in common: an intense hatred of the Asiatic labourer, which was exhibited only recently by riots at Vancouver and San Francisco. And the Anglo-Japanese agreement—which, as everyone knows who is familiar with Far Eastern events, is absolutely necessary for the protection of British interests in the Pacific—has acted as a further stimulant upon those in both countries who await the American control of Canada as a matter of course. Great Britain allying herself with a country hated by both America and Canada was something quite unforeseen, and aroused in certain districts of Canada a remarkable feeling of irritation against England—a feeling which was eagerly fostered by the United States.

It should be borne in mind that the Canadians are to a very large extent brought up on American literature, school systems, business principles, and journalistic methods; and this is a training which is bound to leave its mark on coming generations. But, above all this, it must be pointed out that within recent years large numbers of American farmers have begun to emigrate into Canada; and the difference between these steady, hard-working, well-to-do colonists and the physical wrecks sent out from England by charitable bodies is noteworthy. The calling of the former is that of farmers, and they know their business. On the other hand, I have visited farms in Canada which had been allotted to Englishmen, and found them occupied in many instances by ex-boot-makers, carpenters, and even bricklayers—men who were absolutely ignorant of the essentials of farming, and who, during the first two or three years of their "farming" experience, could support themselves only by such shooting and fishing as was to be had. The bulk of these people "chuck up" the land after a time and flood the unemployed of the great cities; but, since our few really capable colonists are swamped by these unfortunates, it is the latter who come to be looked upon as typical Englishmen. After this, how can we be surprised that the "No English need apply" advertisement has arisen?

In a word, unless experienced English farmers can be induced to settle in Canada by the hundred, all English influence in the Dominion will be crowded out, first of all by the French Canadians, and secondly by the rapidly-increasing number of American emigrants, over a hundred thousand of whom took up farms in Canada last year alone, and who will naturally continue, by voice and vote, to do all in their power to bring appreciably nearer the federation of Canada and the United States, so that, to quote the words of a leading New York paper, "the Stars and Stripes may at length fly all over North America from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico." I have indicated the more immediate remedy; but it is not the only one, nor yet the most important.

How the Rich Rule Us.

By Cecil Chesterton.

V.—The Secret Senate.

MACAULAY declares in one of his essays that the remedy which the reformers of the eighteenth century ought to have applied to the evils of Parliamentary corruption was the publication of the debates and divisions in the House of Commons. Now Macaulay was an admirable rhetorician and an honest man according to his lights, but he was a simple-minded Whig who could never see an inch before his nose. Thus, entering public life when the children of the rural poor were being deliberately driven into the factories of the most atrocious slave trade that ever existed among men, he could declare with perfect innocence that Goldsmith could never have seen in England such spectacles as he describes in the "Deserted Village." And just as he had no glimpse of what was going on in rural England all through his lifetime, so he had no suspicion of the change that was already creeping over politics. He thought that if only the proceedings of Parliament were public there could be no corruption. He did not realise that power was being gradually transferred from the Parliament that sat with open doors to the Cabinet that sat with doors hermetically sealed.

The directors of the House of Commons are a small group of professional politicians. For the purposes of the party game they are arbitrarily divided into two teams, but in reality they form one homogeneous body. By this body the rules of the game are framed and the policy of the country ultimately directed. Whenever the interests or prestige of the whole body are threatened, the pretence of disagreement disappears, the two Front Benches combine, and the disciplined legions obedient to the party whip present a united front to the enemy.

We English are very fond of congratulating ourselves upon the fact that our public men of different parties are on friendly terms in private life. Now, that a man should understand the point of another from whom he really and violently differs, should give him credit for good motives and respect his personal character is doubtless a sign of magnanimity, and is worthy of admiration. But one may be below rancour as well as above it. Freedom from bigotry may be due to indifference as well as to breadth of mind. Douglas telling Percy that he is "the most courageous knight that ever he did see" is fine, but no one has ever admired the conduct of those Italian mercenaries of the fifteenth century who fought bloodless campaigns and enlisted on the field of battle under the enemies' banners, because they cared nothing for the cause for which they fought or for the event of the war, but only for their wages and the exercise of their trade. The freedom of our politicians from violent personal feeling certainly bears more resemblance to the indifference of these professionals than to the generosity of good fighters forced to recognise each other's valour.

The fact is that the leaders of our political parties do not quarrel because they have nothing to quarrel about. They do not disagree privately because they do not really disagree publicly. Their tolerance is by no means extended to anyone whose action tends to disturb the system of government which both parties exist to support. It was not extended to Parnell. It was not extended to Mr. Victor Grayson. It extends only to the "other side" in the game, not to those who would spoil the game by making it a reality. To "honourable gentlemen opposite" the politicians feel no more hostility than the Oxford and Cambridge "strokes" feel towards each other. But to those who

would expose and shatter the political method upon which their power depends they feel all the fury that a hunting squire feels towards a farmer who shoots a fox.

It would be most unjust to suggest that the parties to the bogus political warfare do not wish to win. They do. Besides the sporting interest which attaches to all games, there are very material prizes to be gained. The political offices at the disposal of a Government carry with them large salaries, and the constant tendency is to make them larger, as was done only recently in the case of the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board. To many a politician the difference between power and opposition means an important difference in income, and this factor, which we are all too well bred to take into account, has been the determining one in many a political crisis. Payment of members is often opposed on the ground that it would tend to produce the professional politician. We are past that fear. We have the professional politician already. Only, by offering enormously lucrative jobs to a dozen or so members of Parliament, we succeed in adding all the vices of the gambler to those of the prostitute.

I have said that there is among politicians a quite genuine desire to win in their sham fight. But that desire is subordinate to another—the desire that the sham fight should continue. Victory itself is not so important as the preservation of the game.

I was only a boy when a Committee of the House of Commons sat to inquire into the Jameson Raid. That the Committee was really sitting to prevent any inquiry into that mysterious incident was soon only too obvious. But there was one thing which puzzled me very much in those days of my youth and comparative innocence. That the Conservatives should seek to conceal any scandal in which the Conservative Government might have got itself involved seemed natural enough. But why should the Liberals lend themselves to such a proceeding? Mr. Chamberlain was the most powerful and popular of their opponents. To discredit him, to drive him from office, perhaps from public life, ought to have been, it would seem, a prospect that would make their mouths water. Yet, instead of ruthlessly following up a scent which at any rate appeared as if it might lead to such a result, the Liberal members of the Committee—not, be it remembered, Liberal Imperialists suspect of Rhodesian sympathies, but Liberal purists of the first water, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Ellis—seemed more eager even than the Conservatives to hush everything up. Of course, now that I have obtained some insight into the workings of our politics, the solution of the mystery is simple enough. The fall of Chamberlain might have been a party victory, but it would have been dangerous to the divinity that doth hedge a Front Bencher. It might have made politicians suspect to the people. It might have shaken public faith in the Secret Senate which rules England—to which Sir William and Sir Henry, no less than Mr. Chamberlain, belonged.

But we need not go back to those remote days to find an instance of such a combination among politicians. We have one under our eyes at the present moment. At the last election the Liberal politicians kept their places by raising a cry against the House of Lords. As soon as they were once more firmly seated on the Ministerial Bench they began to think that they had gone a little too far. Behind the factious cries of their duped or mercenary retainers there had been heard the rumble of something that might be the voice of the People. At all costs that voice must be silenced. The Secret Senate was called together. Six of its members are at this moment engaged in "conferring" with each other. Everyone knows, or ought to know, how that Conference will end!

The Secret Senate consists of Ministers and ex-Ministers. It is a close corporation, not elected by the people or even by Parliament. It is supposed to be nominated by the Crown, but in reality it is filled up from time to time by co-option. Now and again

a clever man forces his way into it. Offices are given to adventurers sometimes as a reward for faithful service, sometimes to buy off an inconvenient critic. But in the majority of cases influence is the determining factor. There are certain political families the members of which are regarded as having almost a prescriptive right to office—Cecils, Churchills, Tennants, Aclands, Trevelyans, Buxtons. These connections are not confined to one side of the House. There are noble ladies alive who have half a dozen relatives on each front bench. The Duke of Marlborough was Under-Secretary for the Colonies during the Balfour Government. On the accession of the Liberals to power he was succeeded by his own cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Charles Masterman, perhaps the most profitable purchase which the Liberal Government has made, is married to the niece of Mr. Lyttelton, who sits on the bench opposite him. Such are the tangled skeins of family connection which make the Secret Senate one and indivisible.

Into the hands of this body, oligarchical, secret, self-elected, have passed nearly all the ancient prerogatives of the Commons of England.

But it must not be supposed that it rules alone and uncontrolled. The will of the House of Commons it can indeed afford to disregard; for the House of Commons is enslaved. The will of the People it can also afford to disregard; for the People are powerless. But there is one power in the country which it cannot afford to disregard—the will of those who supply the huge sums of money needed for political purposes. The game is an expensive one, and those who pay the piper call the tune. Thus there is hypocrisy within hypocrisy, sham underlying sham. Behind the mask of democracy is the political professionalism of the front bench oligarchy, and behind this professionalism may be observed the darker features of the frank plutocratic corruption.

To sum up the contentions which I have put forward in these articles, I contend that the democratic forms which dupe the people of England are from beginning to end a lie. Instead of the representative being chosen by the people, he is forced on the people by a social organisation financed by the wealthy. Instead of the Ministry being responsible to Parliament, Parliament is a mere reflection of the Ministry. And the net result is to leave the ultimate power to a set of nameless plutocrats, often aliens, often men whose names would damn any cause with which they were known to be associated.

There are many other elements that give strength to the plutocracy under which we live to which I might refer—the control of the Press not only by proprietors but by advertisers, an administration of justice which from the unpaid country magistrate to the over-paid judge tends consistently to favour the rich, a libel law admirably calculated to make effective criticism impossible. But the consideration of these subjects would lead me too far afield. Next week I must conclude by considering how the evils of which I have spoken might be removed or at least abated.

Materialism and its Critic.

By Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.

I HAVE just been reading the shocking denunciations and the horrific prophecies fulminated by your valued contributor, Mr. Francis Grierson—surely the Rip Van Winkle of the twentieth century—in his article on "Materialism and Crime." As I am an Atheist, and therefore I presume, in his eyes, a base "Materialist," I feel that I ought to have trembled in my shoes on seeing myself so darkly in Mr. Grierson's mirror. But, sorry as I am to disappoint him and those of your readers who perchance have taken him seriously, I found his picture so grotesque as to have a distinctly humorous side. It is a caricature

instead of a likeness, for Mr. Grierson's mirror is a "magic mirror," which distorts where it should reflect.

Religious belief seems to have an extraordinary effect upon the minds of otherwise quite worthy persons. Here is Mr. Grierson, for example, asking whether "materialism will bring our civilisation to an end?" By "our civilisation" does he mean sweated labour, indentured labour, insanitary and overcrowded dwellings for the poor, the need of societies for the protection of children and animals, prisons, public-houses, the thousands of churches and chapels, and the tens of thousands of clergy who, with the vast armies of Christian Europe, fatten parasitically upon the sweat of the peaceful industrious masses? Are these the aspects of our civilisation which Mr. Grierson desires to see preserved? None of them is new, and they are all more or less common to all Christian countries—save, perhaps, Abyssinia. "Or," continues Mr. Grierson, "will crime and insanity compel our civilisation to get rid of materialism?" Crime and insanity unrestrained are capable of working a great deal of mischief, but happily for the future of the world materialism is indestructible even by the criminal and insane. Materialism is essential to life, and without it there can be no life. It is curious that Mr. Grierson does not see this, but too long gazing in that magic mirror of his has apparently spoiled his eyesight.

He looks fondly back to the Christian civilisation of four centuries ago as a civilisation which "looked towards the stars." Four centuries ago might have had happy days for Mr. Grierson, but, alas! for the poor materialist. In the sixteenth century the Inquisition was in full swing in Spain; it was at this period first established with all its horrors in France, and in the Netherlands it was more cruel even than in Spain. The massacre of St. Bartholomew took place in 1572, the cruel burning of Servetus in 1553, of Bruno in 1600, and the persecution of the "materialist," Galileo (who did, indeed, "look towards the stars") in 1632. In England, in the sixteenth century, we were ruled first by that amiable Defender of the Christian Faith, Henry VIII., next by the Protestant Edward VI., then by the Catholic Mary, and finally by the astute Elizabeth, and during the greater part of the century the dungeon, the rack, and the stake were kept busy converting the heretic. The history of Christian Scotland during this period was a history of ignorance, poverty, fraud, violence, and gross religious superstition. In the sixteenth century the new study of the Bible gave a strong impetus to the cruel pastime of witch burning, and the first English law authorising this punishment was passed in 1541. Mr. Grierson refers to ancient Athens and Rome, but it would be difficult to find in their annals anything to parallel the infamy of those good old days of 400 years ago, when helpless old women were burned for witchcraft, and thousands of people were massacred for heresy.

Still dreaming of happy "former days," our modern Rip Van Winkle says that then men feared God, feared death, feared their conscience, and believed in the immortality of the soul. The God feared by these good men of the Golden Age was not the meek and lowly Jesus of the New Theology, or the Larger Hope; it was a God who carried a two-edged sword to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and prepared a hell-fire of everlasting punishment for the heretic and evildoer. True, this conception of the Deity is fading away in Protestant countries, and may soon be confined to Roman Catholicism and the Salvation Army; but whether Protestants are any the worse for this it is not necessary for me to decide. Why it should be a merit to fear death for oneself I do not know. Certainly, a person who has no hell-fire to dread need not fear death. We do not fear a sleep of hours; why, therefore, should we fear eternal sleep? "Some men," said Democritus of Abdera, "who do not understand the dissolution of our mortal nature painfully spend their allotted period of life in confusion and fear, inventing

lies about the time after they are dead." Without these "lies" no one need fear death; it is to the weary "the great deliverer," "the physician who cures all ill." Everyone leading a life of usefulness to his fellows, with even the most modest share of happiness, desires to live as long as he can, it is the idle, the useless, and the desperately unhappy who seek death as the end and solution of all their sorrows. Child suicide is no evidence of materialism, but it is appalling testimony to the unhappiness of the child, for the child seeks death either as "the great deliverer," or else because he has been taught to believe that through death he will pass into everlasting life, where all is bliss and hard task-masters are no more.

Nor is there any reason to fear conscience. Conscience is, as Burton so epigrammatically put it, just "a chronological and geographical accident," it varies with age and country; it is the product of observation and experience, personal and inherited, and is to be trained, perfected, and respected, but not to be feared. You may degrade or destroy your conscience, but your conscience cannot degrade or destroy you.

The belief in the immortality of the soul represents a curious condition of mind in the religious person; he believes in the eternal existence in no one knows where, of something, no one knows what. Until we know what the soul is, it is really not worth while bothering about its promised immortality. The soul is not peculiar to Christianity. I have studied Assyrian souls, Egyptian souls, Hebrew, Buddhist, Pagan, Christian, Mohammedan, Norse, and many other kinds, but they are all depicted according to the fancy of the writer, and are clearly coined out of his own imagination, coloured perhaps by the traditions of earlier imaginings. It is useless to construct beliefs, and very much more useless to attempt to construct moral principles upon such uncertain foundations. A belief in the immortality of the soul must remain the fond possession of those accustomed to build upon the shifting quicksands of religion.

But, says Mr. Grierson, there is no secret trick too mean for a man who does not believe in a soul [whatever that may be], there is nothing to stop him but fear of the law; so long as he escapes the law, he cares for no one. What nonsense this is; what contemptible nonsense! It is believers, not unbelievers, who fill our goals. Ruskin, in some beautiful passages in the Introduction to the "Crown of Wild Olive," too long for me to quote here, says "it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief [in death as the end of all] is inconsistent with either purity of character or energy of hand." Mr. Grierson thinks otherwise, but can know very little of those whom he is so ready to slander because they do not happen to share his beliefs. Let me tell him that an Atheist, receiving the proper moral training which every decent citizen desires for his child, would be taught that the first and highest duty of life is to his fellow men; that he is responsible to them for his conduct; that his aim must be to do all he can to improve the lot of his fellows, and certainly to do nothing which shall add to their miseries. Mean tricks, intolerance, false witness, cause strife and ill-will; therefore these would be barred to him. He would be taught that his highest happiness would be found in furthering the common welfare, his greatest crime in increasing human wretchedness. Neither gods, nor priests, nor selfish hopes and fears about an imaginary soul would be allowed to intervene between him and his duty to his fellow men. The Atheist's responsibility to Society can never be weakened or undermined by any fancied responsibility to the Supernatural; with him regard for human welfare must always be supreme.

There is much that is indeed lamentable in our present so-called civilisation, but the remedy does not lie in sighing after the gory glories and religious frenzies of Henry VIII., Torquemada, or Calvin, nor in creating materialist bogeys for religious knights errant to tilt against. The road to improvement lies in substituting true morality for false, sincerity for hypocrisy, and in making a real desire for human welfare the guiding principle of an honourable life.

The Rich Man's Child.

By R. Dimsdale Stocker.

UPPERMOST in the public mind is the problem of problems: the child. That we are mightily exercised about "the child" is an unquestionable fact. We are no longer old-fashioned enough to be interested, really interested, in anything else. Our whole outlook is prospective. The child is very much "in the air." Whether it will remain there must depend upon whether we are willing to approach the problem in a really comprehensive fashion. At present, I should say, we are not.

The child! But whose child? asks somebody. Such ignorance, of course, is lamentable. Why, who does not know that there is only one kind of child?—the poor child—the child of the unfortunate, down-trodden folk who are at their wits' ends to do anything for themselves, let alone their children. The child! Why, the common child, to be sure: the child of the man in the street, the child of the factory hand, the child of the artisan and the labourer!

The child—the adopted child of the State—is in a bad way. There is no doubt about it. We have facts to go upon: statistics that would melt the hearts of the hardest. But, better than facts, better than any statistical information, we have a conscience—a national conscience—which has somewhat suddenly come to life and begun to make us violently uncomfortable.

It is not surprising that the child should have aroused our conscience. It is not to be wondered at that the wrongs of the child should have impressed us at this enlightened epoch. The only matter for surprise is that our moral sentiment should have sprung so suddenly into being.

In our superior wisdom we have made one or two substantial discoveries about the child. We see—what we never saw before—that something is radically amiss with it. And accordingly we are making frantic efforts to save it.

We have suddenly discovered that a vast number of things are bad for the child—the poor child. And, true to our philosophy, we may find that all these "bad" things are material—very material. For instance, the eugenists are convinced that the child would be all right but for its parents. Authorities on dietetics assure us that improper feeding lies at the root of the evil. Others again complain—and not without reason—of the abominable housing of the child, telling us that until they are quartered at least as comfortably as our horses we need not expect any radical improvement. Still others would adopt a compulsory system of personal hygiene for the benefit of the child, and have it not only housed and fed, but washed, and even its verminous hair removed.

Others, with an eye to the moral culture of the child, not content with such mild methods of "reform," solemnly introduce measures which make it illegal for children to enter such vile places of resort as public-houses. That they should be obliged to stand in the street, in the wind and rain, while their parents are refreshing themselves inside, may be inconvenient. But such physical discomfort, it is thought, is enormously outweighed by its moral advantages.

And so it goes on. Evidently the child—the poor man's child—is in for a good time.

But, meanwhile, where is the rich man's child? Who has heard of him? Nobody—or scarcely anybody. He keeps in the background. Why?

Well, to tell the truth, we are perfectly consistent. We believe, like all practical folk, in material things. And the rich man's child not only has his parents—but the means of looking after him.

We do not pity the rich man's child. He is none of our concern. He has everything that money can procure.

It is quite true that money cannot procure parents—but that does not so much signify. For money can, at

any rate, procure very good substitutes for parents: nurses, governesses, tutors, and the like.

The rich man's child has all that money can get. We know that at least his father's heart is in the right place. He will do his duty by his child. So we leave him alone—and the child as well. Certainly, if he uses cruelty, he can be summoned. But that is unusual. He is generally a gentleman, and will conduct himself as such.

But what of the child? O! he has a glorious time of it. At least, he knows nothing of the hardships of the poor child. He need not play in the gutter, while his parents go charing. There is no fear of his being taken to the public-house. He is safe enough. The rich child needs none of our sympathy.

Perhaps he does not. Perhaps we should have no sympathy for what the rich man's child feels. But sometimes even the rich man's child must feel that he is being neglected.

To begin with, his parents are so apt to be overweighted with a sense of their responsibility towards him, that as likely as not they do nothing for him—beyond bringing him into the world. Even his mother's milk is not good enough for him. And, as he grows up, he may realise that never to have known his parents is almost as bad as to have been blessed with bad parents.

But it is if the rich child happens to be of a philosophic or aspiring turn that the greatest trials will come to him. So long as he is willing to accept the lot of a "gentleman" or "lady"—so long as he is ready to do nothing in particular and do it sufficiently well, he need have no fear. But directly he begins to realise that there is not only an actual, material world, but an ideal world as well, heaven help him!

The rich, like the rest of us, acquiesce in the inevitable. And the inevitable means the frankly material. If you are born of rich parents, you must take the food the gods provide, asking no questions for conscience sake.

It is this fundamental idea which lies at the root of our whole theory of life. At present nobody sees through it—or scarcely anybody. The question is whether the rich man's child will realise it, and be willing to avenger the wrong that has been done him. Unless he does, and unless he can penetrate the shams which serve to perpetuate the present system which stands for our "ideal," there is no hope for society. By all means, let us champion the cause of the child; but let us not, in our enthusiasm for his welfare, exclude his richer brother, under the pretext that he is receiving his heart's desire.

What's Wrong with Mr. Chesterton.

By St. John G. Ervine.

I PROPOSE to do what, so far as I can discover, no other critic in London does: I propose to take Mr. Chesterton seriously. I do so because it is only by this means that you can discover that he ought not to be taken seriously: if you treat him as a huge joke you may find yourself waking up in the middle of the night to say, "Well, of course, it's only his little joke, but after all there may be something in it." That may not be bad for you, because you will not take him with sufficient levity to be influenced by him, but it will indubitably be bad for Mr. Chesterton. He has now reached that age—I am much younger than he is and therefore can give him good advice—when a man's creed is in serious danger of becoming a habit—the unspeakable, god-forsaken age of forty or thereabouts. At the golden age of thirty or younger, Mr. Chesterton believed in the holy will of God and the holy swill of beer, both of which beliefs were intoxicating: a man cannot fill himself with the glory of God any more than he can fill himself with the glory of beer and retain that cool precision which is the outward and visible sign of

an insurance agent: he will go about like Francis of Assisi and Jane Cakebread, seeing visions: he will become kin with the saints in heaven and the sinners in hell. At the age of forty Mr. Chesterton no longer believes in God and beer: he believes in Holy Church and public-houses. It is as though a man had ceased to believe in Jesus Christ and had taken to believing in the Archbishop of Canterbury, as if he had ceased to believe in the Real Presence of God and taken to believing in the Real Presence of Canon Hensley Henson. Mr. Chesterton, who once saw the fine soul lurking in a pint of four-'arf, sees now only the painted hulk of a tied house, imagining it to be an inn where men mix freely and equally: as if there were no such thing as a saloon bar and a jug-and-bottle department. I, who have seen Mr. Chesterton in the flesh, can no longer, alas! see him in the spirit. This pathetic document,* dedicated to that arch sentimentalist, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, M.P., might well be described as the Last Will and Testament of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, sometime of Battersea, but now, by the device of the Evil One, of Beaconsfield: that place which reeks of the odour of Disraeli and Rothschild and Burnham of the Beeches, pawnbrokers and moneylenders all of them! The book is called "What's Wrong with the World," by G. K. Chesterton: it should have been called, "What's Wrong with the World" is G. K. Chesterton; for the point of view for which he stands, if I may mix my metaphor, lies heavy on the soul of man like Christmas pudding on the stomach of a true-born Englishman. In the matter of women, for example, his opinion is singularly like that of the gentleman whom I overheard on the Thames Embankment on a Saturday in July informing his companion that the Suffragists would never get the vote because "they're a bloody lot o' bloody women!" This breezy Elizabethan language will appeal to Mr. Chesterton!

He denies that there can be any comradeship between men and women. "Most of us have heard the voice in which the hostess tells her husband not to sit too long over the cigars. It is the dreadful voice of Love, seeking to destroy comradeship." "A man and a woman, as such, are incompatible." In those two quotations is to be found the essential fallacy of Mr. Chesterton's book. Sex, he would have us believe, is disruptive, catastrophic: it breaks up; whereas the vital truth is that sex is reconciling, that it unites and binds. When the hostess bids her husband not to sit too long over the cigars and wine, she is piteously seeking comradeship and not attempting to destroy it. "Don't let's sit in separate rooms," she says in effect; "let's sit together!" She knows, moreover, that if he sits over his cigars and wine too long, he will cease to be a comrade in order to roll under the table, as was the pretty custom of his forefathers in the eighteenth century. It is not the destruction of comradeship that Love seeks, but its development and intensification: the fine frenzy of friendship that comes from the unity of a man with a woman. Men and women, as such, are not incompatible: they are complementary to one another. These twain, so dissimilar, bear their several gifts to one another and become one flesh: they form the holiest and loveliest of the unities, surpassing the unity of God, the unity of Art, the unity of Man.

Mr. Chesterton has that air of detachment from life which distinguishes bishops and journalists from real men. He misunderstands terribly and awfully the meaning of the phrase "the equality of the sexes." There are signs in his book that he imagines it to mean that women shall have muscles like navvies; as if equality meant similarity, as if being equal in the sight of God (and there is no authority for assuming that the Almighty distinguishes between the sexes; indeed, the angels would tell us that there are no differences of sex in heaven at all!) means that we shall all be like Dr. Clifford or Mrs. Eddy. It is not uniformity that is meant by equality, but dissimilarity standing on the same basis: it is not that we shall all be the same height and wear the same kind of costume,

* "What's Wrong with the World." G. K. Chesterton. Cassell & Co., Ltd., 5s.

but that we shall stand on the same level and have a costume to wear: it is not, as that soul-staggering statesman, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, would say, that men are men and women are women, and that men can never be women and women can never be men, but that men and women are human beings, two aspects of one clay, and that in that capacity alone shall you ultimately, as God will, judge them. I, who am of leaner aspect than Mr. Chesterton, am not prepared to abstain from food because he probably requires more than I do: women should not be required to dispense with votes because of some weird, indefinable thing called the Reality of Sex.

Naturally enough, Mr. Chesterton contradicts himself: that in itself means nothing. For my own part, I contradict myself incessantly, and I would not give a rag doll for the man who cannot detect the fundamental truth that underlies my contradictions. Goldwin Smith was a Unionist in Ireland and a Separatist in Canada: an apparent contradiction in belief which may excite the laughter of the bubbly-minded and yet be thoroughly sound in theory. But where is the reconciling truth in these two extracts from Mr. Chesterton's book? He is describing the exhilarating life of Mrs. Jones, and declaring that he cannot understand why "advanced people" (hateful term!) should rail against the dullness of domesticity:

To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labours and holidays; to be Whiteley within a certain area, providing toys, boots, cakes and books; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology and hygiene; I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it. The obvious answer to this, which Mrs. Chesterton could have given to him, is that it is because it exhausts the mind that it narrows it: if Mr. Chesterton had to write articles for the "Daily News" all day and every day on anything at all from God and beer to Hilaire Belloc and peasant proprietorship, he would understand precisely how the mind by being exhausted can be narrowed. But he contradicts his lyrical description of the general, universal character of the domestic drudge's life a few pages later on:

The most prosaic thing about the house is the dustbin. . . If a man would undertake to make use of all the things in his dustbin he would be a broader genius than Shakespeare.

But surely the whole point against domestic drudgery is that for a woman not merely is the home a dustbin, full of a multiplicity of messes, out of which she has to evolve order and seemliness (a job for a god and not for a human being), but that she herself is turned into something like a dustbin, having dumped down on her a multitude of duties with which she can never adequately cope. A woman may be Queen Elizabeth within a certain area; she may even be Whiteley (God help her!) or Aristotle in a certain area; but no woman can be Queen Elizabeth and Whiteley and Aristotle and survive intellectually: she will become an automatic machine. If Mr. Chesterton does not believe this, let him ask Mrs. Chesterton.

This praise of the "ancient and universal" things at the expense of "the modern and specialist" things, leads Mr. Chesterton to say that "if a man found a coil of rope in a desert he could at least think of all the things that can be done with a coil of rope; and some of them might be practical. He could tow a boat or lasso a horse. He could play cat's cradle or pick oakum. He could construct a rope-ladder for an eloping heiress, or cord her boxes for a travelling maiden aunt. He could learn to tie a bow, or he could hang himself. Far otherwise with the unfortunate traveller who should find a telephone in the desert. You can telephone with a telephone: you cannot do anything else with it." Now, in God's name, what would a man in a desert want to play at cat's cradle for? The one absorbing passion of his life in a desert would be to get out of the desert as speedily as possible; and the rope would not help him to do that. He could not tow a boat or lasso a horse, because there would not be any river or canal or sea there, and no horse to lasso. (If there were a horse there, it would probably be private property, and heaven help him if he tried on

any lassoing dodges with that!) He could play at cat's cradle if the rope were not a rope: if, that is to say, it were twine; or pick oakum if he were that kind of ass, and had never been to gaol to find out what it's like; but he could not construct a rope-ladder for an eloping heiress, or cord her boxes for his travelling maiden aunt; for the eloping heiress would not be eloping in a desert (if she were she would be eloping from a house and people, in which event she would not be in a desert), and certainly his maiden aunt would not have her boxes corded in the Sahara prior to departing for her annual fortnight at Folkestone, but in the green and pleasant pastures of Clapham. He could, indeed, tie a bow, but he could not hang himself, unless he were at an oasis, and then he would not wish to do so. If, however, he were to find a telephone, he would find also a wire and a pole and the haunts of men. He could break the wire if he chose to do so, and hang himself to the pole, or tie the wire round his body and wait for electrocution; but being sane and desirous of getting out of the desert in order that his travelling maiden aunt's boxes might not go to Folkestone unrecorded, he would probably ring up the nearest town and ask for a relief expedition to be sent out in search of him. Which is how the "modern and specialist things" are shown to be more valuable than "the ancient and universal things."

Mr. Chesterton does not omit to show up Socialism in his book, or to sound the praises of intoxicating liquor. There is no doubt a Chinese Chesterton who writes ecstatically of opium. "Socialism," he says, "may be the world's deliverance, but it is not the world's desire." And when I read that I could hear the voice of a high priest in Israel saying that of Christianity. When the Arians went to Athanasius and said that the doctrine of the Trinity was an exploded superstition, and that no one in the world but Athanasius believed in it, Athanasius did not say, "Well, perhaps you're right, old chap! I believe this doctrine to be the world's deliverance, but since it is not the world's desire, damme if I don't turn Arian!" Athanasius answered them boldly, and I regret to say, undemocratically, "I, Athanasius against the world!" and the world, more or less, came round to Athanasius. The truth about all this is that Mr. Chesterton does not understand what the world is getting at; or, perhaps I had better say that Mr. Chesterton is not funny because he has not got the truth in him, for a thing cannot be funny unless it is true. That is why Tariff Reform is not funny, and why Lord Curzon's amazing doctrine of the advantages accruing to mankind from the present House of Lords is not funny. Mr. Chesterton's theory of liberty, which is doing what you dam well like, instead of being willing not to do what you dam well like, is fundamentally false, and therefore devoid of laughter. It is funny to yield and to obey; it is not funny to riot and to snatch. It is the finest joke in the world to be Jesus Christ: it is the saddest joke on earth to be Joseph Chamberlain. The trouble with Mr. Chesterton is that he has never had the joy of doing what he is told; he will not have what he can have, to-day and to-morrow, but insists on asking for what he cannot have, yesterday. To be Chestertonic, what is wrong with Mr. Chesterton is that he is not right. I will show you how in a moment. Once upon a time he lectured to the Fabian Nursery on "The Medieval Theory of the State." He said, among other things, that in the Middle Ages the people had a universal language, far finer than Esperanto, which all of them understood. He meant *all*, and emphasised it in response to questions. Now, when I was a child in Ireland, for I am by the grace of God an Irishman, I had a nurse who could say her prayers in Latin. She taught me, that was a stern Protestant and an unbending Orangeman, to say "Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genitrix, Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis," and a good deal more of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; but she could neither read nor write. Mr. Chesterton, no doubt, will say that she knew Latin, as he says the people in the Middle Ages knew it; but you know it would have been precisely the same to her, if she had been taught to say, "Mumbo Jumbo, ora pro nobis!"

Mr. Chesterton will try to prove that she understood Latin by saying that she taught it to me. She didn't. I did not know what all that meant, and I have just looked it up in the "Garden of the Soul" to see how it is spelt; and I don't understand Latin at this moment.

There is much of Mr. Chesterton's philosophy which is like that.

A Symposium on the Art of the Theatre.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

IN view of the present reform movement in the theatre, the following questions are being put by THE NEW AGE to many persons connected with the theatre, both in this country and abroad.

(1) *Have recent developments, in your opinion, shown advance in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage picture?*

(2) *Do you think that managers and producers are yet using to the full all the advantages afforded by the modern studio?*

(3) *Would you say that artists are availing themselves as fully as they might of the opportunities open to them in the modern theatre?*

MR. JERRARD GRANT ALLEN.

I feel that I approach each of the three questions you ask as a chastened optimist, for while all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, I do believe that the theatre in this country is on the up-grade from whatever point of view it is approached. The advance of late years in the direction of increasing the beauty of the stage picture is enormous, and though we have not yet arrived at making full use of the advantages afforded by the modern studio, no one, I think, could fail to be impressed by the improvement in this direction. In just the same way, though I do not think that artists are availing themselves of all their opportunities, every year that passes shows a striking improvement in this direction also.

MR. GILBERT CANNAN.

I will only say that in my opinion artists are not given enough opportunity of learning the uses that might be made of their art in the theatre, or enough practical encouragement to make them seek out the rare opportunities that occur. There is so much to be done, for the scenery in the average production is generally hideously ugly, most often stereotyped and, being without relation to character, useless in helping to create illusion. Most audiences have to recover from the scenery before they can begin to discover whether they are enjoying the play or not.

On the other hand artists suffer by having nothing to serve but the sweet uses of exhibitions and the taste (too often eclectic) of the connoisseur. It would be a fine thing if they could be made to serve the theatre as the Renaissance fellows served the Church. That can't be of course until the theatre lives by and for ideals, and possesses a permanent quality for keen striving, and is therefore worth serving. The artists might help to create that, or they might not, and the theatre might prove as futile to them as it so often is to writers.

The neo-dramatists seem to be bent on making the theatre serve a political rather than an artistic ideal. I do not believe they can succeed; I know that all this mistaken endeavour is mischievous and hurtful; but if they should succeed the theatre will be no place for artists.

You see, I have not answered your questions, though they have led me on to say more than I had meant to say.

MR. W. J. LOCKE.

I have been thinking over your request with regard to my opinions on the relation between the artist and the theatre, and if I don't respond it is in no curmudgeonly spirit, but simply because I have no definite opinions on the matter. Sometimes I bewail the lavishness of modern productions in this country, and think of the fine acting in the trumpery sets of the French stage. At other times my eyes are gladdened by the beautiful stage picture. So what to think I know not.

MR. C. HALDANE MACFALL.

Your three questions involve each other; so may I answer them as a whole? Nothing great will be done in drama, or in any art, if the idea of "increasing beauty" be the aim of the artist. Art has nothing whatever to do with beauty—it is a far vaster, far more compelling essence than that. It

is the function of art to transfer our feelings—the thing sensed, the mood, the emotion, if you prefer the words—to our fellows. The most powerful means of communicating our sensed revelation of life to our fellows is the drama. No art can approach it. Is not that so? Now, the creator of drama is the playwright; but he cannot create his art alone; he has to employ the art of the player to utter the lines across the footlights with such skill that the audience has aroused in its senses the emotions the playwright desires to create in that audience. He also employs scenery to increase the orchestration of these emotions. It follows that, whether we realise it or not, the scenery has a considerable part to play in enhancing or completing the desired emotions. The audience could not probably tell you that the scenery has assisted; but it *feels* it notwithstanding. I doubt whether many managers would admit it; but, unconsciously, if they want to make the audience feel that the atmosphere of a duchess is to be realised, the gracious lady's rooms must glitter with the splendour of her caste; if a beggar is to walk the stage, a scenic effect of dinginess or sordidness of surroundings must be created. I put crude cases. But what few managers realise (indeed the audience could not explain it) is that colour has emotional values as well as the voices of actors; and that the creator of these emotional values is what is somewhat absurdly and exclusively called the artist, which is to say the painter. But now you hit the hillock on the lawn. Personally, I think, indeed I am sure, that the painter of pictures is not necessarily an ideal painter of the theatre. Colours on the stage *move*; groupings shift. The "painting" of stage pictures is largely different from the art of the studio. Many artists would do "stage painting" astounding well, if they would take as keen and dogged pains to master the technique of the theatre as they do to master the technique of the rigid painting on a canvas. The one man who has shown genius for the scenic art of the stage is Gordon Craig, a son of the theatre—a fine artist in the studio sense it is true—but above all a master of the theatre who is without rival in our age. All that has been done in this realm is due to Craig. But he works at his wondrous art in a foreign land—recognised by alien peoples! What is one to say? If the public clamoured for him, the managers would soon call him to fine enterprise. With the sole exception of Sir Herbert Tree, one hears of no manager who has called Gordon Craig to London. And if Gordon Craig fails, will second-rates win the public taste? It is all a mad whirligig. The which, in brief, is to answer your second question with an unqualified No; and your third question with an unqualified No; which drives one back to answer question one. Certainly there has been marked advance in "beauty of design" for the stage of late (largely due to Gordon Craig), as when Sime and Cayley Robinson designed for the "Blue Bird"; but there was *more* than beauty of design—there was fine art therein.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY.

I fear that I shall not be much good at answering your questions. My personal feeling is almost one of irritation against all scenery and all costume. Of course that is an over-statement. Such a feeling would obviously be absurd. But what I personally want in a play is drama—a clash of character, clash of plot, psychology and emotion.

Now to give this requires real feeling in the writer and the actor; and real feeling is a rare and a very exhausting thing. Hence comes a constant tendency to give an imitation, or something that will "do as well" instead. Scenery, clothes, irrelevant attractions, etc., etc. So that I constantly feel at a theatre that I am not given the thing I came for—drama; I am instead given expensive furniture and gay dresses.

I don't say this feeling of mine is right. I only mention it for what it is worth. The truth, I suppose, is that it is all a question of proportion. Dress is a beautiful thing; but dress should not outshine the person wearing it. I want the person to be beautiful first, and the clothes afterwards. And in most cases it is far easier to get the clothes beautiful. A dull plain middle-aged soul and a dress like a peacock—that is what comes so easily on the stage and everywhere else; and the result is, at times, to make one hate the dress altogether.

To a painter, I daresay, the impression is all the other way. The picture is really the soul and the drama an accessory.

MR. HORACE WYNDHAM, author of "The Magnificent Mummer" and other works dealing with the Theatre.

Frankly, your questions disappoint me. I see no inspiration in them. If however they had touched upon the really important problems of the English stage—such as Should Peers Marry Chorus Girls? Should Actor-managers Produce Shakespeare? Or, Should Dramatic Critics Go To The Theatre?—I could probably have been helpful. You have

missed an opportunity. Under the circumstances all I can do is the following:—

(1) Yes, but only to a comparatively limited extent. The chief direction in which the modern stage picture shows improvement is in that of the lighting arrangements. Except where melodrama and musical comedy are concerned, the heroine no longer makes each entrance bathed in a flood of limelight. This is a considerable advance.

(2) No. The modern studio represents (or ought to represent) the environment of an artist. Theatrical managers and producers, as a class, have no use for an artist and his handiwork. They prefer to employ a carpenter, an electrician, a gasfitter, a plumber, a scene-shifter, a house-painter, and somebody from a Tottenham Court Road furniture shop. Thus equipped, they will cheerfully undertake any production from Shakespeare to Hall Caine.

P.S.—Please note I say "as a class."

(3) No. Artists ought to paint scenery for theatres. With few exceptions, however, scene-painting appears to be confined to able-bodied men whose talents would be equally well employed in whitewashing or the performance of odd jobs about the house. The average theatrical scenery is an unpleasant combination of bad drawing and crude and garish colouring.

[The series of replies to this Symposium, to which many prominent painters, producers, authors and critics have contributed, commenced on June 2.]

The Execution.

By Bart Kennedy.

I.

"I AM here to do my duty," he said with an oath. "And I guess no one's goin' to stop me. My duty is to see that no man is to be stopped workin' if he wants to. And now you fellows have got it dead straight. The law's got to be kept. And by the livin' God, the man who breaks it'll die—and he'll die without gettin' the time to take his boots off. An' now you've got it I guess; an' them that doesn't like it'll not cause me to lose sleep."

Thus did the Marshal deliver himself to the crowd. He was a big, powerful, hard-faced man. And with him were three deputy marshals. But he in himself was a host. He was the sort of man who would die fighting—one who was brave and terrible. Circumstance had ranged him on the side of law and order here at the mines.

For there was trouble at the mines. The old days were gone—the days when every man worked his own claim. Capital had come, and capital had gathered together all the claims, making the whole of them into one concern. And the men now mined out the gold for stated wages. And a dispute had arisen, as disputes will arise between the men who own and the men who toil.

No one spoke after the Marshal had finished. There was not even a murmur. But there were hard looks. A man less brave than the Marshal would have been afraid of the deadly silence that lived in the crowd. Yes, it was silence that indeed lived, for behind it were all kinds of meanings. No one could have mistaken it for the silence that comes from fear. For these men were not as the strike-crowds that one hears of in places in Europe. There were men here who were as brave and as hard as the Marshal himself.

They had come from all parts of the world to this wild place—resolute, adventurous men.

The Marshal turned round. And someone laughed. The laugh broke strangely into the silence.

"Who laughed?" asked the Marshal, harshly. He was facing the crowd again.

"I did," said a tall young man, stepping forward. He was a fair-haired young man with steady blue eyes—an Englishman.

"You're near it, I guess," said the Marshal.

"Oh, indeed," said the young man. "How odd!"

The Marshal turned, after a pause, and went off with his deputies. It had been in his mind to kill the Englishman. But he had restrained himself. The Englishman had looked straight at him, and it is hard to kill a man who looks straight at you. And something had come to the Marshal. It was not fear, or even the faintest suspicion of the shadow of fear. No, the thing that came to this indomitable man was a thing outside itself. It came from the blue, steady eyes, and in a flash his resentment was gone. His desire to kill was gone. But it came again to him now as he strode along. He was puzzled to think why he had not shot him dead. It would have been the best way out of it. The crowd were a hard crowd, and they would have fought. But he was quick with his gun, and he could have answered for five or six of them almost before they could have moved. His deputies were also quick. Why hadn't he killed him.

"I was a damned fool," he muttered.

II.

He would do his duty it didn't matter what came. He was there to uphold the law. If men wanted to work they had the right to work. Who were these fellows that they should take it on themselves to bluff people off? But they wouldn't bluff anyone off while he was there! He would call the turn! He would let them see that he was the Marshal. An insult to the law was an insult to him.

And a curious feeling of great power came over him. He in himself was the law. He was bigger than anyone else. He was bigger than the mine-owners, the strikers, and the blacklegs, and all of them put together. He could act as he thought fit! If he killed a man there was no one who could say anything to him about it. He thought of the man who had laughed. And a sense of wonder came to him as to the reason why he had not killed him. Well, he had not killed him, and that was all there was to it.

He was the whole law, and the power of the law, and the force of the law.

Suddenly his mind went back to a time a year or so ago. He was not on the side of the law then. He was an outlaw—a "bad man"—who hung around Tombstone, Arizona. He had killed many men in many ways. Some of the ways were fair; some of them were not fair. And one day, to his surprise, a proposition had been made to him that he should become a pillar of the law. In wild, western places experience had shown that the desperado made the best Marshal. The desperado became the State's most sturdy prop.

What was the row about in the mines, anyway? Why weren't the miners satisfied to keep on working, and not be bringin' on all this trouble? Why? And a thought occurred to him. It was a thought about the times when every man worked his own claim. He had been round these parts then, and he had staked a claim out of his own—but he had not been lucky.

There had been fights and dissatisfactions then, but—well, it was nothing to what it was now. And for a moment he almost felt himself leaning towards the miners. It was the Syndicate that had caused the trouble. The Syndicate had bought everybody up, and put the men working on wages. No, it was not the Syndicate that caused the trouble! It was men who came and talked to the miners—agitators! The Syndicate had a right to do what it liked with its own. He would stand by the Syndicate, because the Syndicate had done well by him.

But over him there came a memory of years and years ago when he was a boy in the Eastern states. There came to him the memory of a strike. The face of his father came up before him. His father had been a striker. His father had worked in a mine. The owners were—but he brushed the thoughts of the past away from him. He was there now to do his duty! He was there to see that the law was upheld. He was there to stand by the Syndicate, and stand by it he would, even if he had to meet death.

He would do his duty! And his face hardened. He was the Marshal. He was the law and the might and the power and the force of the Law!

III.

The scene was a scene of grandeur and wonder. The sun was gloriously shining here in the calm mountains that raised their heads afar in the blue. The mountains that had borne snow on their heads through long reaches of time! After a glacier glistened, colouring strangely. Calm and strange were these mountains that had been here long, long before the coming of men. These old, strange primeval mountains that had been here in the Dawn! That had been here long, long before the Dawn. They would rise, as they were rising now, when man was gone. A scene, clear, stupendous, strange and wonderful. A scene illuminated by the splendour of the shining sun.

Rising was the voice of waters—a wonderful harmonious voice, living in the midst of the stillness of the mighty mountains.

* * *

A man was standing with his hands bound behind him. His face was firm, and his eye was hard. Around him was a small group of men.

"You are to die," said one of the group to the man whose arms were bound. "You were warned when you came here. Have you anything to say why you should not die?"

"I did my duty," said the Marshal.

Three days had gone since he had delivered his message to the crowd. And there had been fighting and killing. And that morning he had been taken unawares and brought here. The man with the steady eyes had suddenly come upon him, and covered him with his revolver. And the Marshal knew that death was in the steady eyes, so he had obeyed the mandate to come.

"You did your duty!" echoed the voice that had spoken. "Well, perhaps you did. And you are now to receive the reward of your duty."

A flame came into the face of the Marshal. He swore horribly.

"I don't care. Do what you like. But you'll get it after I'm gone."

"You know you are going to die?" said the voice.

"Yes," said the Marshal. "I know. But I don't care. I did my duty."

"You did your duty!" blazed the voice. "You a man from the working class. You whose battle we were fighting—you became knowingly the tool of those who oppress humanity. You did the dirty work of those who crush people like yourself. We were fighting for the cause of those who work. And you came and slew for those who live upon the labour of others. You are a traitor. You are a brave man, but that only makes your treachery worse. Have you nothing better to say than what you have said before you die?"

"I did my duty."

"You lie. You are a brave man, and it is a hard thing to kill you. No one likes to kill a brave man in cold blood. But you're a traitor. But for men like you it would be impossible to ill use and grind the faces of those who labour. Come on! What have you to say?"

The face of the Marshal changed. For an instant a soft look was in it. And then it hardened.

"I have this to say," he shouted. "I don't care a damn for you all. I will fight you all. Loose me, and I will fight you all! You can go to hell! I did my duty. Loose me, and let me die fighting!"

"No," said the voice. "You must die by the rope. You must die as a traitor ought to die."

* * *

The sun was sinking and flooding the wonderful scene with softened radiance. And the voice of the waters was sounding. And the wind arose, as the sun sank down behind the mountains, and gently stirred the body of a man that was hanging.

The Lady.

By Alice Morning.

"I WILL go down on the beach and drink in art," thought the Lady. "I'll put on my blue skirt—it'll save the brown. Yes, there is art out there. Perhaps I'd better have a veil on. I'm sure there's a soul among these fishing people if one could get at it. Purse—pencil—have I got everything?"

She locked the door of her bedroom and went downstairs. In the passage she stood to call out to the landlady. "Mrs. Tibb, I'll be back for dinner at one. I've ordered everything, haven't I?" She knew she had, and the landlady also knowing, nevertheless came dutifully up a few steps.

"Yes, Miss, the bit of pork from yesterday and a cauliflower and the bread pudding. It's a lovely day for you."

"Yes, isn't it glorious! Well, good morning."

"Good morning, Miss."

The Lady went out, carrying herself like a child of the gods, for she guessed Mrs. Tibb would be watching. She hung about in front of the house in royal leisure. Then she forgot about Mrs. Tibb's treat; for she saw that the beach was swarming with fishing men and women. "What luck!" she murmured. "They are launching the boats. I shall see them go."

She went down the steps from the parade to the beach and hobbled along the stones towards the part where the people were busy. Her thin shoes became scratched along the sides and their high heels gave alarmingly as if they might break off. The wind blew stray hairs across her face and raised an itching sensation. She slipped a hand up beneath the veil and tried to push the hairs back, and the veil came a little loose. "Bother!" said the Lady.

The business of the scene bewildered her. She could not classify many of the objects upon the shore, and she saw only a medley of tarry boats and coils of rope which smelled strongly. The shouting of the fishers seemed confused and coarse against the splash and mumble of the sea. "It's awfully hot," she thought, and puffed out her breath. She collapsed beside a great black boat with brown sails and a vivid red water-line; and she took off her veil, intending to tie it on firmer, but she had no time to do so before a horde of brown-faced fellows, large, muscular common fellows, surrounded her and the boat; and they requested her to move away.

"Now, Lady, if you please!"

The Lady felt a tremor run over her body. She scrambled up, avoiding the reach of the giants; for two of them stretched their hands to assist her. They looked at her with a straight, bold gaze which said "Man!" She went the colour of virtue and scowled, adding her own sensation to theirs and inarticulately accusing them of both. "Rude things!" she thought, furiously.

In her hurry to get away from the boat she stepped too heavily among the pebbles, so that it seemed as if she was treading but getting very little further on. One of the men said in a mincing tone: "Perliteniss not requested, Percy. 'Ands hoff!" The fishers all joined in a laugh.

The Lady tightened her lips and hated the men as hard as she could. When she thought they could no longer view her closely from behind, she felt relieved. Beside a group of fisher-women she halted, growing suddenly more self-possessed. She remembered Art. "How I would love to paint them all—'The Daughters of the Deep' would be a good title." She stood gazing at them, making her eyes large and benignant, like those of a patroness might be.

The women, attracted to her proximity, stared back at her, and a young one burst into a laugh, then bowed her head as if to conceal it, but, having thus let her companions understand that she knew what good manners were, she turned upon the Lady, who was already hastening away; and the young woman

called out: "Oi'll tal ye wheyer ye carght yer sunstroke—in the 'Blue Loi-yon!'" The whole party jeered then.

"Wretches," muttered the Lady as she toiled away towards the shelter of the prim Parade. Here she passed into quite comforting oblivion. Here were no insulting barbarians! She walked along at an ordinary pace, looking mostly to seaward, and, since she did nothing rude or ridiculous, no one noticed her.

"I'll have some tea," she decided, and she found a little café. She ordered tea almost pleadingly. While she waited, soothing herself with the lack of humanity, in the coolness and silence of the tea-room, she took out of her bag a tiny mirror and a powder-puff and corrected her heated appearance. Then she smoothed out the veil which she had carried away all rumpled from beside the fisherman's boat, and when the waitress brought the tea, the Lady was herself again.

"Thank you, and one of those cream buns!"

"Lovely weather!" the waitress remarked as she handed the plate of buns.

"Perfect. Don't you wish you could go out?"

"I suppose I do," snapped the girl, going off.

"Disagreeable!" decided the Lady. "I shan't give her a tip."

She paid the exact sixpence of the bill, and, not fearing the scorn of a hired waitress, she pretended coolly to scan the contents of the shop window before moving away.

The Castle Hill looked green and inviting, the Lady thought. "I'll go up and sit on the grass. I can see the whole view from there, and I shan't have to drag this heavy skirt about. Wish I'd put on the brown now; alpaca's so much lighter than serge. I wonder what Dave will say to my having done no work here yet? Not even a single sketch done, and I've been here three weeks. Well, I can't work without inspiration. I need conditions. Whoever heard of a great artist without conditions? Nothing here to inspire me—a tiring place and people detestable. I refuse to work without inspiration! It's an insult to art to do so. Any ants on this rock? A-ah, what a view!"

"S'rimps! S'rimps!" A big old woman in a short blue serge gown set down her basket upon a rock close by. "There's art!" said the lady, and she temporised to keep the shrimp woman talking.

"Are they quite fresh?"

"Carght this marnin', ma'am. My son went out hisself arter 'em. Oi'se on'y a few laft, ye see."

"I think I'll have two pints—no, one pint. I suppose you are a Hastings woman?"

"Barn up on the Tackleway, ma'am."

"I suppose you love the sea?"

"Loves it? Oi don't think of lovin' it. Oi hates it."

"Dear me. I thought all fisher-folk loved the sea."

"Whoy? The sea is a belly, ma'am, an' we dra' from it for us bellies. Oi've larst three men in the sea, swallowed up afore m' oyes. They was three went down at onct, an' oi was left wi' a lad o' noine year."

"How dre-e-eadful! Oh, of course, you can't see the beauty of the sea, then."

"Beauty? Naver seed anny. And no one does see the beauty of anything they've got to live off of."

"Why that's an epigram."

"Is? . . . An' oi heyerd me niece, a young woife, croyin again' the sea a' Christmas, 'It's a Beast—a Beast!' she kep carlin' till they took her aff t' 'soylum. Christ—!"

The old woman broke into a blasphemous invective. The Lady, who only swore occasionally for the sake of piquancy, drew herself up.

"If you're going to use bad language, you'd better be off," she said.

"Beg yer parding! I tharight ye axed me summat, and I was tallin' ye. The s'rimps 'll be threppence. The Lard bless ye, ma'am"—she waited until the coppers were in her own hand—"and give ye understandin'."

Sully Prudhomme and the French Academy.

By Francis Grierson.

SULLY PRUDHOMME was a true type of the Academician. Nature fitted him for the position. Philosopher, poet, and psychologist, he was born in Paris, had the easy manners of a Parisian, the experience which adds certainty to intuition and gives a sort of clairvoyance to his conception of people and things. He was an ideal type of the scientific mind set off by the poetic. In France science seems to go hand in hand with art; there is something mathematical and logical in the national temperament. Pascal and Comte were mathematicians, and Berthelot was aided in his laboratory by an intuition which sprung from a principle of æsthetic harmony in his nature which rendered him susceptible to the most delicate discrimination in matters of art. Take a man like Sully Prudhomme, who was born and bred in Paris, educated at the Ecole Polytechnique, gifted with a philosophical, poetic, and logical mind, and we have a man who is severe with himself, severe with the world, severe with all forms of art and all manner of artists. He begins life by battling with his own illusions. He examines himself. A poet, he knows why he is sensitive; a philosopher, he knows why he suffers; a psychologist, he knows how to distinguish between mental and physical moods, the deceits of the eye, and the realities of sense. Having passed an examination in the university of his own intellect, he is equipped with a rapier-logic that parries with ease the most formidable onslaughts in the realm of reason; he proceeds with caution, works with extreme care, applies a method of criticism to his own moods, sifts, analyses, weighs, and waits, without growing impatient or losing his temper.

Thinkers and poets like Sully Prudhomme never recede from the position which they assume at about the age of forty. The man destined for the Académie is, at that age, a type of the logical order in mental growth. There are two kinds of academicians: the natural and the pedantic. Sully Prudhomme represented the academical mind at its best. Growing up in Paris in a liberal and progressive age, he was not burdened in the beginning with a load of prejudices, as was the case with MM. Brunetiere and Lemaître. There are prejudices which, if left uncorrected till the age of twenty, prove tyrants that mar the repose and the judgments of a whole life-time. The pedantic nature and the poetic nature can no more exist together than fog and sunshine. The man who wrote "Le vase brisé" could not be a pedant if he tried; but when we consider that this poet was also the author of "L'Expression dans les Beaux Arts"—a work which must have cost him fifteen years of profound thought—we may well wonder at the union of the scientific and the poetic of his nature. He thought, worked and lived with method. Even in his short poems—perfect in sentiment and form—the art, as in Keats, elevates the sentimental to a dignified consciousness of his method and his manner. There is power in his sentimentalism, virility in his passion, conviction even in his tears. His intellectual emotions were always manifest in a classical form. There was something Aristotelian in his nature; and there was a touch of Pascalian melancholy in his metaphysical speculations. Sully Prudhomme was a psychologist; but psychological speculation and mystic speculation are two different things. Poet, he longed for the ideal and the immortal; scientist, he was sceptical without wishing it; agnostic, he was willing to

hear all sides, explore all doubtful corners, listen to every argument with patience. This poetic-philosopher was not of a mystical turn of mind because of his penchant for the scientific and the classical. He was an unwilling sceptic. But he could arrive at a belief in the immortality of the soul through some occult demonstration, provided the demonstration accorded with his ideas of common sense and scientific proof. I have often been struck with the calm demeanour of true Parisians under conditions that would disconcert other Frenchmen. Beside them, those from the southern provinces are apt to appear volatile and exalté. A man like Sully Prudhomme takes his pleasures with a certain philosophical method, and he knows both by intuition and experience what to hear and what to avoid. He takes no risks with his time and his intellectual distractions. He is a born economist in regard to visits, promenades, conversations, amusements, meditations and repose. He early learns the art of refusing, which is accomplished not so much by French politeness as by Parisian tact—for there is a marked difference between the two. I could see no difference between the manners of a French duke of the old régime and those of Sully Prudhomme, a man who sprang from the people. No matter where I met him, he was always master of himself: at ease in new situations, ready for any conversational emergency, his wits in harmonious order like a perfectly tuned instrument, entering with zest into any subject of artistic or philosophical importance, able to elucidate the most subtle point in the most metaphysical argument. But he sometimes appeared as if he was thinking of something beyond the actual present. There was a look of abstraction about the blue-gray eyes; and once at his own residence he sat so still and silent that I was on the point of leaving; he seemed fatigued and indisposed; but he was only in a reverie, for suddenly he began to talk with brilliancy. I had noticed this look of abstraction when I first met him in the salon of the Comtesse Diane, an expression that distinguished him from all the other men present. Without a suggestion of the eccentric, in appearance or dress, he presented to the observing eye that cachet which set him apart and made of him a personal unit in a room full of intelligent people.

Ideas distinguish one face from a crowd of faces. People with simple notions, which they often mistake for thought, are what they seem; people who live in the world of ideas are never what they appear to the unobserving world. A man with ideas is ever considering, comparing, resolving, analysing for himself; the brain is continually at work in the most serious and difficult sense of the word. The man with mere notions can never possess or even assume an abstract expression. Nature sets a seal on every countenance. She alone bestows the patent which is visible to all, according to degree, and which the knowing never confound with other degrees. We are told that Victor Hugo used to sit, surrounded by a company of admirers, as if he were alone, in a sort of dream, yet conscious of all that was being said. All the greatest philosophers, artists, and scientists have had this abstract look. It causes many of them to appear bored at moments when other people were being interested. But the attitude of silence is not necessarily one of boredom. With Sully Prudhomme it meant that he was acting naturally. I never discovered the faintest suggestion of pose either in his speech or in his manner. And, somehow, people who are born to any authority or excellence find affectation foreign to their nature and therefore impossible. His attitude is never that of the "official" academician, with a cultivated frown, a single eye-glass, and a supercilious eye-brow, formidable alike in pose and pedantry, but the attitude of one who has arrived, after long years of serious thought and work, at a condition of life in which he feels himself at ease, with no more comfort than is needful.

Sully Prudhomme had no salon, properly speaking; but he had certain days when young poets sought his advice, which the master gave with kindness and affability. He was too sincere to be hypocritical, and too

frank to show flattery. Although living in the heart of Paris, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, the poet rarely accepted invitations of any sort, and he probably received and refused more than any other academician since the death of Victor Hugo. When he left his home he did so with good reasons. He avoided dinner-parties, banquets, fashionable gatherings, and late hours; and this not because of poor health, for the poet when I first knew him was in the prime of life, but because of his dislike of social comedies and comédiennes. His friendship for the Comtesse Diane was a source of bitter jealousy and envy to some women who could find nothing better or worse to say than that Sully Prudhomme was the author of her "Maximes de la Vie." The cause of this jealousy was to be found in the fact that the poet had never appeared at their receptions; they naturally vented their anger on the Comtesse Diane. Jealousy, like love, is blind. In Paris there are so many people who appear night after night at the dinner-table of other people that society lives in the illusion that all Paris is alike in this matter; and Parisians know that among the academicians there are always a few whose function it is to be the orchid in the centre-piece of the social circle.

The Académie represents many phases of life: political economy, the Church, the drama, poetry, literature, and the diner-out. Academicians are well aware that the institution must possess as many typical minds as possible; it is, therefore, filled with types. A few are what Emerson would call representative men. Until recently the Académie had among its members three dukes, one bishop, one statesman, one journalist, and one lawyer. I fear the dukes and the bishop were elected for a special purpose; they were doubtless meant as wave-offerings to the four cardinal points of mammon, grace, fashion, and bon-ton—as frankincense to deodorise the altar of Demiurgus. They sweeten the social atmosphere, as a censor waved in a cathedral envelopes both sinners and saints in the same cloud of sanctified odours. The Duc d'Aumale was certainly distinguished for his generalship as well as for his history of the House of Condé. But he was the son of a king and the owner of Chantilly, and these things combined made the temptation too potent for the Académie to withstand. Perhaps six academicians out of forty are truly gifted, with something original to say, possessing some distinctive trait that is not to be found in their contemporaries. There are in every age a fixed number of scholars, artists, philosophers to every million men. Academies cannot create talent that does not exist, neither can they nullify what is. But by some freak of humour, whether from jealousy or blindness, so great a genius as Balzac never became an academician. Others might be named who never became members—masters in the fullest sense of the word. Indeed, the term, "Immortal," applied to the members, is only exact once in a fixed number of names, as the prizes in a lottery appear in a fixed number of drawings. Talent and genius are not mysterious sprouts which spring up from a seedless soil.

But there are two stumbling-blocks in the path of the French Academy: pedantry and social snobbery. When a certain number of titled men have to be elected it becomes evident that a certain number of untitled authors must be rejected, and among them some who are gifted with real power. The truth is the Académie is a relic of the ancien régime, regilded by the Republic. Its fauteuils have been renovated with republican springs and democratic cushions; but Richelieu's robe hides the springs, the cushion, and the democratic upholstery. The Académie, being a union of two distinct ages, cannot help being paradoxical. Its mind is classical, its heart aristocratic, and its manners modern. Every royalist who becomes a member feels that he returns to his own; every democrat, that he has received a patent of nobility. In his frantic efforts to be elected Zola admitted that he wished to take one foot out of the "Ventre de Paris" and the other out of the dung-heaps of "La Terre"; but the dukes, the orthodox party, and even the republicans—unconsciously metamorphosed into the old

spirit—declared that the Académie was no place for the odours of "La Halle" or the fumes of "L'Assommoir." It was the one fatal blunder of Zola. His enemies laughed and his friends pitied him. What, indeed, was the author of "Nana" and "La Bête Humaine" doing in leaving his cards on the Duc d'Aumale, the Bishop d'Autun, and the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes"? No; the Académie has a secret and invisible line drawn which separates the things that are de trop from the things that are de rigueur. What it objects to is not lowly birth, but that which it considers common in thought and form. Sully Prudhomme was of lowly birth, but the quality of his work is that of the highest culture. Zola tried to storm the academical citadel by repeated and violent efforts, and failed; but the poet-philosopher was, so to speak, one of the fore-ordained. He rose from the most humble social sphere, yet was not opposed, seeing that he was equipped with the accoutrements of pedantic learning (for which he had no use) and a poetic gift which would do honour to the whole assembly. The Académie welcomes a type of intellect such as Sully Prudhomme: a scholar, a dialectician, a poet of the classical order, a born Parisian, and a man of the gravest correctness. The assembly objects to everything that savours of Bohemianism. I cannot call to mind an academician, living or dead, who belonged to the Bohemian world. The Académie does not balk at materialism; it does not refuse realism if enveloped in Gallic wit and art. It does not debar the democratic spirit when it assumes the form of the novels and dialogues of M. Anatole France. For all these elements, once within its fold, become fused in the all-powerful hierarchy of letters. With the Académie a man's opinions are not of such importance as the frame he gives them; and his sentiments are without value unless he can clothe them with the dignity of art. The Académie then resolves itself into a question of intellect set off by art. Sully Prudhomme, had he never written a line of poetry, would have been an eligible candidate as soon as his great work, "L'Expression dans les Beaux Arts," was published. The mere title of this work is enough to indicate the range and culture of the author's mind. The Académie Française loves a mind of this order, for it represents the French character in its most authoritative habit. Those who have judged Sully Prudhomme without having read his prose works can have but a poor idea of his powers as a philosopher and psychologist. In his prose he gives a rational explanation of emotions which spring from art, music, poetry, and beauty in the human form. He tells us why we are influenced by colour, rhythm, sound, and expression.

Between the school of Sully Prudhomme and that of Stéphane Mallarmé there was, and is, a wide difference. Speaking for myself, I may say that I enjoyed the conversation of the one poet as much as the other. I stated in the beginning of this study that Sully Prudhomme was a type of mind that is not easily moved and influenced by the new in matters of literary form. His poems were conceived and written according to strict rules of poetic composition, and he would have young poets write under the same rules. He believed that the principles of art are like mathematical laws, from which there can be no deviation without failure. Whether right or wrong, he was sincere, and sincerity characterised his speech, his writings, and all his acts.

But, if he was conservative in his ideals of art and poetry, he did his best to further the efforts of modern philosophy and social science. In his own quiet way he did more than any other member of the Académie to illuminate certain dim regions of the new psychology. In the higher realms of investigation science without spiritual sentiment is a mockery of the truth; but Sully Prudhomme accomplished the miracle of harmonising certain psychic phenomena with scientific reason and spiritual law. His sphere of thought was as vast as genius itself, and, although labouring under seeming restrictions, his life and work were successful, not only in a local but a universal sense.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

ONE of the moral advantages of not being a regular professional labelled literary critic is that when one has been unable to read a book to the end, one may admit the same cheerfully. It often happens to the professional critic not to be able to finish a book, but of course he must hide the weakness, for it is his business to get to the end of books whether they weary him or not. It is as much his living to finish reading a book as it is mine to finish writing a book. Twice lately I have got ignominiously "stuck" in novels, and in each case I particularly regretted the sad breakdown. Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Forse che si forse che no" has been my undoing. I began it in the French version by Donatella Cross (Calmann-Lévy, 3 frs. 50 c.), and I began it with joy and hope. The translation, by the way, is very good. Whatever mountebank tricks d'Annunzio may play as a human being, he has undoubtedly written some very great works. He is an intensely original artist. You may sometimes think him silly, foppish, extravagant, or even caddish (as in "Il Fuoco"), but you have to admit that the English notions of what constitutes extravagance or caddishness are by no means universally held. And anyhow you have to admit that here is a man who really holds an attitude towards life, who is steeped in the sense of style, and who has a superb passion for beauty. Some of d'Annunzio's novels were a revelation, dazzling. And who that began even "Il Fuoco" could resist it? How adult, how subtle, how (in the proper signification) refined, seems the sexuality of d'Annunzio after the timid, gawky, infantile, barbaric sexuality of our "island story"! People are not far wrong on the Continent when they say, as they do say, that English novelists cannot deal with an English woman—or could not up till a few years ago. They never get into the same room with her. They peep like schoolboys through the crack of the door. D'Annunzio can deal with an Italian woman. He does so in the first part of "Forse che si forse che no." She is only one sort of woman, but she *is* one sort—and that's something! He has not done many things better than the long scene in the Mantuan palace. There is nothing to modern British taste positively immoral in this first part, but it is tremendously sexual. It contains a description of a kiss—just a kiss and nothing more—that is magnificent and overwhelming. You may say that you don't want a magnificent and overwhelming description of a kiss in your fiction. To that I reply that I do want it. Unfortunately d'Annunzio leaves the old palace and goes out on to the aviation ground, and, for me, gradually becomes unreadable. The agonies that I suffered night after night fighting against the wild tedium of d'Annunzio's air-manship, and determined that I would find out what he was after or perish, and in the end perishing—in sleep! To this hour I don't know for sure what he was driving at—what is the theme of the book! But if his theme is what I dimly guess it to be, then the less said about it the better in a paper which lies on the drawing-room tables of respectable Socialists.

* * *

The other book which has engaged me in a stand-up fight and floored me is A. F. Wedgwood's "The Shadow of a Titan" (Duckworths, 6s.). For this I am genuinely sorry; I had great hopes of it. I was seriously informed that "The Shadow of a Titan" is a first-class thing, something to make one quote Keats on first reading Chapman's Homer. A most extra-

ordinary review of it appeared in "The Manchester Guardian," a newspaper not given to facile enthusiasms about new writers, and a paper which, on the whole, reviews fiction more capably and conscientiously than any other daily in the kingdom. Well, I wouldn't care to say anything more strongly in favour of "The Shadow of a Titan" than that it is clever. Clever it is, especially in its style. The style has the vulgarly glittering cleverness of, say, Professor Walter Raleigh. It is exhausting, and not a bit beautiful. The author—whoever he may be; the name is quite unfamiliar to me, but this is not the first time he has held a pen—chooses his material without originality. Much of it is the common material of the library novel, seen and handled in the common way. When I was floored I had just got to a part which disclosed the epical influence of Mr. Joseph Conrad. It had all the characteristics of Mr. Conrad save his deep sense of form and his creative genius. . . . However, I couldn't proceed with it. In brief, for me, it was dull. Probably the latter half was much better, but I couldn't cut my way through to the latter half.

* * *

There is a marked aroma of Académie Française about the volume of newspaper articles by the late Viscount E.-J. de Vogüé which Messrs. Bloud et Cie. have just published under the title "Les Routes," with a memoir by Count d'Haussonville, Academician. I am afraid that I have already described the late Viscount as a mandarin, and I am afraid that I must abide by the description, despite the undoubted tendency, stronger since his death, to rank him with the great authors. He was a worker. He was almost erudite. He had taste. He had ideals. He was disinterested. He acquired fame without trickery. But the fact remains that his individuality was not really distinguished. Only his manner was dignified and glossy, and sometimes picturesque. I doubt whether he was always entirely honest with himself. He had a partiality for the fence. As for instance in his renowned dialogue—à propos of the Paris Exhibition of 1900—between the towers of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, which is a masterpiece of facing-both-ways. He was very *empressé* towards science, but he was always wanting to reconcile science with faith. Similarly, he was the champion of d'Annunzio in France. But at the same time he could not help putting in a good word for Fogazzaro! Imagine it! . . . His style was grandiose, not fine. It was often obscure, like his thought. The Count d'Haussonville says: "Jamais sous sa plume un terme qui soit bas ou une comparaison vulgaire!" More's the pity! At fifty he began to write novels. But he had neither creative power nor narrative skill. He got hold of vast, vague ideas, but was incapable of handling them. His best work, to my mind, is his study of Russian fiction, "Le Roman Russe." This somewhat exhaustive work, though tedious, is useful, and informed by real sympathy. I know that it was very useful to me when, eight or nine years ago, I was called upon to write fully about Turgenev, to celebrate the completion of Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation. "Le Roman Russe" did good. It had influence. In the five years preceding its publication five hundred copies of the French translation of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" had been sold. In the five years succeeding the publication ten thousand copies of "War and Peace" were sold in France.

* * *

Messrs. Bloud have also republished an agreeable series of the late Emile Gebhart's articles in "Le Temps"—"Les Jardins de l'Histoire" (3 frs. 50 c.). They are very varied in chronology, and range from Brutus to Bonaparte. Whatever may be their permanent value, they made admirable journalism, and were an ornament in the flat forehead of the only serious daily paper in Paris. Most of them deal with magnificent and terrific crimes. There must remain many scores of Gebhart's contributions to "Le Temps" still unpublished—quite as good as these, for he seldom fell below himself. No doubt they will ultimately be reprinted.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

By Beatrice Hastings.

ALTHOUGH the expression of public opinion appears to be so far from humane as to permit the Home Office to hang a man on circumstantial evidence with impunity, there is room for reasonable doubt whether this is really so. There was a strong combination to hinder us in our efforts to save John Alexander Dickman. Most effective against us was the Press ban. With the exceptions of the "Daily News," the "Star" and the "Leader," the Press refused even to allow us to advertise that there was a petition for Dickman! Several daily papers (the "Telegraph" muzzled its readers to the end) opened their advertisement columns during the last two or three days, when it seemed as if we were going to win after all. But letters I and others wrote were refused; and I leave it to the discerning to conjecture how many of their muzzled millions of readers must have bombarded the editors that these were finally forced to publish some correspondence, although only after it was too late to save the man's life. Now, who, in fact, was responsible for the boycott, it is beyond me to say. It is not beyond me to point out that the Newcastle "North Mail," after earnestly advocating a protest and petition against the sentence, was suddenly closed down tight; that the "Daily Mail," after accepting the first two of our "Personal" advertisements, then refused us a line anywhere; and that, when public sentiment revolted against the treatment of Dickman in prison, as reported in "M.A.P." and elsewhere, humane leading articles began to appear in the Harmsworth Press, showing that there were men willing enough to write them when they were given the opportunity.

Heaven only knows what machinations were not devised to send Dickman to the gallows after Lord Coleridge condemned him. Against the gloom and fury of the attack upon him, this calm, proud man, with only his whitened head to attest his sufferings, appears a philosopher. Guilty or innocent, he has, by his behaviour, put to shame those who sent him to his death. The stink of this trial has gone over England from that hell, Newcastle, and to quote the words of the remarkable wife who stubbornly holds fast to her self-respect: "Out of this evil good may come."

People wondered at the incredible mercy of the Home Office during the week preceding Dickman's execution. Reprieves flew. Those reprieves were sops for us; and, even so, the Home Secretary had to hurry off on his holiday and leave in charge the Hero of Denshawai to get Dickman hanged at all, and thus restore to the demoralised electorate of Newcastle and North Berwick some sense of security in going to their daily avocations.

It is almost amusing to reflect on the agitation of the cowards who believe in mauling to death our moral maniacs, when two new train outrages were chronicled on the very day of the judicial murder of Dickman. Executions inflame the homicidal mind. Executions to deter homicides are about as sensible as to introduce a culture of scarlet fever bacilli into a patient suffering from that disease. President Fallières knew what he was about when he refused to execute a brutal French soldier for the murder of an old lady. The Paris apaches only grew fiercer and stronger upon the blood of Liabeuf. So evil was the effect of that public slaughter that the police had to go about in fours. Some fools pleaded for the death sentence on apaches accused even of violence; but the President had had his lesson.

In connection with the folly of shedding blood for blood it is interesting to note in the S.A.C.P. report of the results of abolition, how the State of Maine abolished the death penalty in 1876, restored it in 1883, and finally abolished it in 1887. "In 1885 the Governor, in his message, stated that 'there had been an unusual number of cold-blooded murders within the State during the

*"The Ballad of Reading Gaol." By Oscar Wilde. Cheap edition. Methuen. 1s. net.

two years last past.' " Charles Dickens gave his opinion that the punishment of death produces crime in the criminally disposed. Of course, our Denshawai lawyer thinks differently from that. He acted according to his darkness, and the result—two more train outrages while the hangman was still at his filthy work. The homicidal disease travels on easily calculable lines. It will be remembered that eight or nine murders and suicides marked the week-end after the man Craig, who shot at his former sweetheart and accidentally, but mortally, hit her husband, was hanged at Newcastle. Four out of these were love (or rather lust) tragedies, and three of them of domestic misery.

The cheap Press is undoubtedly the means of infection with its detailed accounts of homicidal doings. Some of these papers seem to be written mostly by, for, and about criminal lunatics, and although the news of murder, criminal and legal, may never affect sane minds, such description works disastrously upon those who happen to be hereditarily or temporarily unhinged.

While the subject of prison reform is, as Judge Darling would say, "in the air," comes the timely issue by Messrs. Methuen of a shilling reprint of Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Mr. Robert Ross has arranged a shorter version on the original draft of the poem. This is included, as an appendix, "for the benefit of reciters who have found the entire poem too long for declamation. One may, in these columns, take it for granted that the ballad is familiar; yet, personally, I have not before read it with the effect it gains from being presented thus, two verses to the page, with its clear lines gripping the eye and the words of agony and appeal forcing through like living spirits from the gloom of prison doors.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves
Yet each man does not die.

He does not rise in piteous haste
To put on convict clothes,
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloats,
And notes
Each new and nerve-twitched pose,
Fingering a watch whose little ticks
Are like horrible hammer-blows.

He does not know that sickening thirst
That sands the throat, before
The hangman with his gardener's gloves
Slips through the padded door
And binds one with the leathern thongs,
That the throat may thirst no more.

He does not bend his head to hear
The Burial Office read.
Nor, while the terror of his soul
Tells him he is not dead,
Cross his own coffin, as he moves
Into the hideous shed.

What a picture for English eyes! If one's thoughts dwelled only upon some of our murderous statutes one might imagine that it is by their means that Englishmen have civilised half the world. But, indeed, it is in spite of a few savage enactments that we may justly claim for the English that we are, on the whole, a humane nation and a good influence. True, we countenance on our Statute-books barbarous laws with which barbarous judges do not scruple to do their worst; but we are not afraid to oppose these judges and to demand a cleansing of the Statute-books. I suggest that on every condemnation to death of epileptics, or maniacs, or boys under age, or of men on purely circumstantial evidence, every man or woman who feels to belong to the English Humane Order should protest directly to the Home Office. Many of us would and do protest altogether against legal murder, but everyone who is civilised should decline any part in such cases as those stated above. The power is in our hands. We need only to use it in union. There is a rightness within the humane spirit which shames and defeats barbarism more effectively than could weapons or any external force. Those persons who protested in the press

against the execution of Dickman signed their names: the others hid behind pseudonyms — "Northerner," "A Wife," etc., etc.

Some of the horrors of execution have recently been laid bare. But I know more, almost unspeakable. It is known to very few what is meant by the expression "wedding the gallows." Too horrible, too awful an insult to the man, let alone to any God who made him. But I dare swear the Rev. Lumley, hounding Dickman out of life to the history of Ananias and Sapphira, understands very well what I mean—the inquisitorial devil!

I quote one other of Wilde's verses—

So with curious eyes and sick surmise
We watched him day by day,
And wondered if each one of us
Would end the self-same way,
For none can tell to what red Hell
His sightless soul may stray.

Perhaps none of us can imagine our fate to be this one of long-drawn terror. Yet, in lesser ways, we may have learned to refrain from horrific judgment and irreparable revenge. Happy they who are born clear-eyed—but to most of us sight is not given till we have known the dry-lipped conscience of remorse.

Dancing and Anthropology.

By Marcelle Azra Hincks.

SOME time ago I wished to obtain information on the dances of savages and primitive peoples. From a careful comparative study of the facts which I hoped to collect in works of anthropology and ethnology, I intended to investigate and examine the origins and sources of dancing, and to find what were the emotions which generally, and in a majority of cases, prompted man to dance, and also into what forms these first attempts at expression were translated. But after reading innumerable books on savage life and wading through volumes of anthropological and ethnological journals published in England and abroad, I found that the information which I obtained therefrom was practically useless for my purpose. There were few precise and accurate descriptions of savage dances, and still fewer attempts to interpret their postures and movements, whilst the scientific methods of investigation and comparative study which have been applied so successfully to other branches of anthropology were never applied to the study of dancing.

Having thus found how little useful work had been done with regard to this most important aspect of savage life, and how it had hitherto been neglected, I should like to urge upon students of anthropology the necessity for a special and exhaustive study of the subject, and also to make a few suggestions which may help to clear some of the difficulties which confront them in dealing with it.

The importance of dancing amongst savages is a fact which, I think, will not be disputed by any modern anthropologist. In every work upon savage life the dance is mentioned as one of the principal factors of religious and social life; in every book of travel there is a summary, though inadequate, reference to dancing, and it is generally admitted to be one of the main occupations and pastimes of primitive peoples. Even without such testimony it is known that the dance is, and has always been, one of the first and most constant modes of expression; that it is indeed man's first attempt to give æsthetic expression to his emotions, to express them rhythmically and through definite forms, and that it marks the first stage in the genesis of æsthetic sentiments. "Semi-physiological, semi-artistic, play becoming art," as Ribot so aptly describes it in his "Psychology of the Emotions." The Dance has its primary source in some of the most vital instincts of human nature, viz., those of love and war; hence its prevalence amongst primitive peoples. Sexual exaltation is one of the strongest feelings which occur in life, and love is the mainspring of much primitive art. No art can express erotic emotions better than the Dance, nor diminish

more effectually the subjective disturbance in which it originates. Amongst savages and semi-civilised peoples of the present day there are innumerable dances symbolical of the relation between the sexes, and dancing is connected with erotic manifestations of every description. Erotic inspiration is a principle of a more universal order than any purely social or religious motive. The fighting instinct, which is so deeply rooted in human nature, also finds expression in the Dance, which affords an outlet to the superabundant activity of the savage. This being so, I cannot understand why anthropologists have not devoted more time to the study of savage dances; why they have not already been thoroughly investigated, interpreted and studied in connection with religious and social life. No doubt some anthropologists may have interesting information on the subject, and material which might be extremely valuable and illuminating if it were properly sifted and classified; but why has no one come forward yet and compiled a history of savage dances, and a Corpus which would bring all available knowledge within the reach of every student?

It seems to me that the only obstacles which have hitherto stood in the way of such work should be easily overcome. The first lies in the nature of savage dances, which is difficult and almost impossible to discuss in books intended for the general public. This is the main reason, I think, which has deterred travellers from full and detailed descriptions of dancing. That a discreet silence should have been observed by them is comprehensible, considering the somewhat exaggerated feelings of delicacy and prudery which characterise a large section of the public. Modern travellers have to a large extent discarded this attitude towards savage manners and customs, though there is still too much of it remaining. But surely to anthropologists the question of modesty should be no obstacle, and no aspect of savage life should be left on one side for considerations of such a nature. It would, indeed, be strange if at the present day anthropologists were to turn away from the study of dancing through a feeling of shyness! I fear that if such were the case no further advance could be made in any branch of anthropological research. But, so far as anthropologists are concerned, this obstacle is too absurd and trivial to be seriously considered, and may be dismissed forthwith. A further cause of the unsatisfactory descriptions of dancing in works of travel and anthropology is due to the incapability of many people to describe dancing accurately and in the terms of dance technique, or, failing this, to convey, by means of words, the emotions which each particular dance may have aroused in them, and the impression it had made upon them. It is strange, indeed, how limited are our powers of expression at the present day with regard to the dance. I do not suggest that anthropologists should cultivate the gift of expressing the purely emotional side of the dance, or its mere æsthetic beauty. What I would urge above all is accuracy and precision in description; although when we read the wonderfully lyrical passages in some of Dr. Frazer's works we cannot help wishing that an anthropologist endowed with gifts like these, and with as deep a knowledge of the subject, should undertake to do for dancing what Dr. Frazer has achieved in another sphere of anthropological study. The dance, more than any other art, would lend itself to such a treatment.

And now this is what I would suggest to those who, in future, will enter this new field of investigation. First of all, I think it will be necessary to apply the same comparative methods which have been so fruitful of results in the sphere of religion and art, and to substitute for the uncritical and disconnected work which has hitherto been done with regard to dancing a scientific examination into its origin and sources. The dances of existing savages should be studied; we should know amongst which tribes dancing is most extensively used as a means of expression; we should find what are the feelings which incite to dancing; and dances should be classified and grouped according to

their meaning and purpose. And anthropologists should be trained for this, and become specialists on the subject. They must limit themselves to the study of the dance, for they will certainly find it rich in possibilities and worthy of their whole attention. One of the most essential requisites is also, I think, that those who attempt the study of savage dances should possess a vocabulary of dancing terms whereby steps and movements could be described. How much this is required may be realised by reading the vague and indefinite descriptions of dances in books of travel and anthropology. We are told that the natives "jumped" or "shuffled" or performed "weird" or "indecorous" dances; but were we to endeavour, from such descriptions, to reproduce and reconstruct these dances, we should find it a hopeless task. With very little trouble, however, a dance vocabulary could be learnt, and the dances of savages transcribed in the short-hand method which is used by dancing masters. Of course it would be necessary to acquire some knowledge of dance technique so as to recognise the various movements. It might be objected that savages do not possess technique, and that therefore this knowledge would be unnecessary, but this is not quite the case, for the technique of modern dancing comprises such an extensive range of steps, postures and movements, that almost every possible attitude of which the human body is capable has its name in the vocabulary of the dance; and though the dance-movements of savages may not be done with the accuracy which characterises those of our trained ballerinas, yet we find that they are sufficiently near approximations, and that they may be rightly labelled according to the European methods. This I know from personal experience, having seen some native dances which I was able to note in the same manner as our own dances. Anyhow, for descriptive purposes, this method would prove far more satisfactory, I am sure, than that hitherto pursued.

Another aspect of the subject which would probably be more attractive to anthropologists than the study of dance technique is the interpretation of savage dances. I cannot understand why this has not been attempted already. Almost all savage dances are mimetic and expressive, although in some instances the original significance of the gestures and movements may be forgotten, and merely performed mechanically and handed down by tradition from one generation to the other, savages being very conservative in regard to anything which is connected with their religion and superstitions. But I think that in the majority of cases it will be found that the dances of savages have a distinct meaning, or are performed for some definite purpose known to the dancers and spectators. There is an infinite variety of savage dances, and almost every emotion of which man is capable becomes the subject of a dance. And it should be the task of the future student of savage dances to find the significance of these dances, to trace their connection with the religious, artistic and social life of the people, and to discover the place of the Dance within the range of kindred artistic phenomena.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

"Maxims of Life and Government." By Marshall Bruce-Williams. (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d.)

"The Beau, or the Science of Pleasure." (Stanley Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Mask." (Arena Goldoni, Florence), 2s. 6d.

Mr. Marshall Bruce-Williams' little book of bio-metaphysical aphorisms has one claim at least to be noticed in this column. It is beautifully produced on hand-made paper, and the type is large and uncommon, though perhaps a little too black. As to the author's philosophy of life which he presents in a series of sometimes pointed, sometimes deeply significant aphorisms, it recalls a meeting with a famous metaphysician near Lucerne. I had occasion to show

him an earlier volume by Mr. Williams. He glanced through it. "A work that counts," he exclaimed. I explained it was the philosophic basis of a scheme for reducing to order all forms of human knowledge and making them readily accessible to thinkers and workers. His remark was that there are points of view concerning such a scheme that are open to very severe discussion. This, however, was but a passing remark, may be but one of the Counsels of Caiaphas, and from it I pass to the contemplation of the essential truths in the digest of this earlier work, now before me. To many readers who are unacquainted with Mr. Williams' line of thought it may seem difficult to construct and co-ordinate a scheme of philosophy from a collection of disconnected aphorisms, but they will find the root principles clearly discernible. For instance, Mr. Williams seems to have a wise distrust of bureaucratic government. To him "Bureaucracies, like the bed of Procrustes, shorten the genius and stretch the fool." Mr. Williams has learnt much from Aristotle, Bacon, Goethe and Emerson; but he, too, has a live and definite point of view, and his book is stimulating and well worth reading. If Mr. Williams will clothe the next edition of his slender volume in something better than a sevenpenny cover, and tell his publishers not to mutilate it with a vicious review stamp three pages deep, I shall consider it complete and worthy to be handled alike by the fastidious and the intellectual. Altogether, in fact, the work of a first-class aphorist.

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According to Mr. Bruce-Williams the world to-day is in a state of transition, and in its spreading light a new aristocracy, "a natural aristocracy," is seen preparing to replace the old, the unnatural one. From this and from other sources it would seem as though we were in for an epidemic of aristocracies. News of the coming of another sort, news of its characteristics and requirements, reach me in a new publication called the "Beau." In its first issue this journal states that it is specially constituted to cater for "those who are serious with the serenity of a real aristocracy" (whatever that may mean). It believes that such an aristocracy exists, and it will endeavour in its humble way to reach this neglected section of human society with the sunshine of kind-heartedness and serenity, what time the "monocle and the supercilious air" are banished to the temple of the uncompassionate gods (or words to that effect). This is very pretty, and the serene and real aristocracy should set about congratulating itself without delay—if the news is true. But an examination of the contents of the journal shows that either the news is not true or the aristocracy that the "Beau" has in mind is not real.

* * *

Take the dialogue "The Lily Beautiful," which is wildish, but should be Wilde. Or some of the "Platitudes in the Making," such as "beware of those who agree with you," and "when you tell the truth beware of the consequences," which are neither riotously original nor righteously mature. Or, take the article on how to fascinate men, with its Counsels of Piccadilly Circus. "Look well to your under-clothing," "Learn how to lift your skirt," "Your bathing dress must be a glove. Here shall be no pretence of concealment," "A string of beads is very becoming on décolleté," and so on. This is the kind of charming music-hall suggestiveness that females of a certain class relish, but is nauseous to clean women. Or take "A note on the future of marriage," a superficial article that makes for free-love, and discusses vital sex-matters frankly without disclosing any real knowledge of their origin, nature and true significance, nothing, in fact, but a morbid curiosity; while upholding "the Shelleyan state of marriage" from the Shelleyan standpoint. None of this stuff is exactly worldly wisdom flavoured with serene kindness. It is simply the outcome of life regarded in a Smart-Settish, cynical and satirical manner, and criticised with the flippancy, and without the genial lightness, of a French novel. The "Beau" is not, however, without the seeds of grace.

Its vital appreciation of "Pavlova and the Dancing Spirit," or life at its very highest point of ecstasy; its sane "Last Word on Science, Art, Religion"; and the note on the Theatre, with its plea for unity and experiment,—all these lead one to believe that it may yet become a useful member of literary journalism when it has thrown aside its air of early adolescence and got rid of its manifestations of sexual pathology. Whether it will develop artistically is doubtful. So far as the present number is concerned its only really artistic feature is its get-up. The paper, print and reproductions are exceptionally good. But the illustrations are fairly indifferent. There is an ugly drawing of a nude that an Aubrey Beardsley alone could make attractive, but which as it stands is merely a distorted vision and the keynote of the "Beau" itself. Then there is a pretty design for a menu supposed to be Pavlova and Mordkin dancing, a subject requiring a Degas to give it the right lyrical movement. "The Birth of Superman" is a nice design, but the artist appears to have plumed himself on his knowledge of the Laocoon and of Rubens' types in their coarsest and fleshiest period. The "Les Bacchanales" study is much the best thing. There is something very nice about it that makes one regret it is not seen in more attractive circumstances. The "Beau" has no names and no advertisements; consequently, after all, it has some claim to be considered serenely kind-hearted.

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If the "Beau" is truly anxious to cater for an aristocracy of the real sort, it cannot do better than follow the example of the "Mask," and make its appeal to the elect in art or the artistic. That it has leanings in this direction is shown by the duly acknowledged reproduction of some of the woodcuts of the "Mask." It is, of course, a commonplace to say that the "Mask" is always artistic. Like artistic productions, it has its failings. It sometimes gets very angry and puts out its tongue like a bad child, and does its best to spank its elders without being invited to do so. For instance, in the very admirable July number, there is administering a whole supplement-full of whipping to the incorrigible Mr. Charles Frohman, and further making rude faces at some of the contributors to this paper; that is at some of its betters generally. Still, if the "Mask" is fractious, it is also loveable, and we may readily forgive faults which are but those of an abundant vitality. The present number continues the illustrated article on "The Morris Dance," and contains some scholarly writings on the Genealogy of Pulcinella, by Dr. M. Scherello, and "The Architecture and Costumes of Shakespearean Plays," by E. W. Godwin. And Mr. Gordon Craig gets behind the mask, so to speak, in order to interpret three light and bright acts of essays and criticisms. This is performing an unusual kindness for the "Mask."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE DEPOSITION OF POPES.

Sir,—In a recent issue Mr. Verdad raises an interesting point. He states that a persistent attempt is being made to induce the present Pope to resign, and that "in all the long line of Popes there is only one precedent for this." As a matter of fact the favourite ecclesiastical amusement during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries consisted in deposing the successors of St. Peter.

Urban VI.'s uncertain temper began the schism. Shortly after his election in 1378 his cardinals called upon him to resign, and in an encyclical letter urged Christendom to reject him. They promptly elected a new Pope, Clement VII. In 1409 the Council of Pisa deposed the successors of both Popes, and elected a third who was promptly succeeded by John XXIII. "Godiamo del Papato" might well have been the motto of this pirate Pope. His immorality disgusted a by no means puritanical age, and the Council of Constance determined that he had transgressed the limits even of Papal license. He was deposed, and gradually the remaining anti-Popes died out, but the schism was again revived during the pontificate of Eugenius IV., whose temper resembled that of Urban VI. The Council of Basle elected Felix V. as a rival Pope, and it was left to Nicholas V. to re-establish the Papacy on a secure basis. These

centuries have seen the long struggle between the conciliar or democratic and the autocratic elements. Unfortunately for the Catholic Church the autocratic element conquered.

A. H. M. LUNN.

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TROUBLESOME MISSIONARIES.

Sir,—In your issue of May 12, in an article headed Foreign Affairs, appear some references to China which call for correction.

There neither is, nor ever has been, any law placing Chinese Christians under the jurisdiction of the Consular Courts or withdrawing them from that of the native courts. Most Europeans and other foreigners are subject only to the jurisdiction of their own national authorities, not "by a law passed several years ago," but by treaties with China—in the case of British subjects by the Tientsin Treaty of 1858, Articles XV, XVI, and (as regards mixed civil cases) XVII.

Article VIII of the same treaty provides that persons teaching or professing the Christian religion are entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities, and that while peaceably pursuing their calling, and not offending against the laws, they shall not be persecuted or interfered with. Similar provisions are contained in treaties with other nations, and this provision against persecution is the only ground foreign authorities have for concerning themselves with Chinese converts at all. The "unfortunate slip on the part of the Chinese translator," and the alleged exercise of jurisdiction by the Consular Courts on the strength of it are as fabulous as the "law passed several years ago."

The remedy your contributor advocates for this non-existent abuse is the expulsion of missionaries from China (for I disregard the suggestion of correcting an imaginary mistranslation in a mythical law). It is unnecessary to discuss the question whether so drastic a measure is desirable or not, as it is under existing treaties impossible.

The statement that the Chinese Christian is exempt from the jurisdiction of the native courts being without foundation, it follows that there is no reason to accept the equally baseless assertion that a common motive of the convert in adopting the alien religion is the prospect of wallowing with impunity in "petty theft, robbery, murder and other outrages"; and hence your contributor's account of the causes of the Changsha riots is wrong in every essential particular. It is probably true that the cause of these and similar risings is not very well known to the average Englishman. But it is better that he should remain in his pristine ignorance than be misled by the misinformation with which your contributor offers to enlighten him.

Sir,—In a letter published in your issue of May 26 Mr. Verdad gives his authority for the statements on which I commented in a recent letter. It appears that the "law passed several years ago" was not a law but the Treaty of Tientsin, and that Mr. Verdad was informed by a Chinese official in Peking that in Article XVI. of that treaty, owing to a mistake on the part of the Chinese translator, the term "British subjects" was held to include Chinese Christians.

I am quite familiar with the treaty in question, both in English and Chinese, and can inform Mr. Verdad that the term "British subjects" is quite correctly translated, the only mistake being on the part of the Chinese official in Peking, unless indeed the official was amusing himself at Mr. Verdad's expense. The literal translation of par. 2 of Art. XVI. as it appears in the Chinese text (where, by the way, it comes before par. 1) is "British subjects committing crimes shall be punished by Great Britain," and the words "British subjects" will bear no other interpretation. I enclose a copy of the Chinese in case Mr. Verdad likes to get my rendering verified.

I repeat that this article has never been construed as giving British Consular Courts jurisdiction over Chinese Christians, and that there neither is nor ever has been any law, treaty, or other arrangement to that effect, nor is such jurisdiction exercised in practice.

SHANGHAI READER.

* * *

Sir,—As part of "Shanghai Reader's" first letter is answered by his second, his pretty talent for sarcasm is directed against himself. I have merely to confirm my previous letter on this subject, and to inform "Shanghai Reader" that, even within my own experience, I have known Chinese Christians to claim exemption from their own courts. I will even go so far as to say that this is a common occurrence, despite the article in the Treaty referred to. At the risk of offending "Shanghai Reader," I prefer to believe in the evidence of my own senses. I have never suggested that the missionaries alone were responsible for the various riots in China. When a Manchu administration, supported by something like four million Manchus, is responsible for the government of the Chinese numbering some three hundred millions, regrettable incidents are no doubt liable to occur. I still maintain the principal point

of my argument, viz., that missionaries in the East generally (not merely in China) cause more annoyance and trouble than they are worth. I invite my present critic, and all others, to stick to the main points of an argument and not to fasten like leeches on unimportant details. I admit that in my article I rather loosely wrote "law" instead of "Treaty," but I corrected this myself immediately afterwards.

S. VERDAD.

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S. VERDAD WEEK BY WEEK.

Sir,—To begin with, I must strongly protest against the perfectly gratuitous and absolutely unwarranted assumption expressed by Mr. Fisher at the beginning of his letter on Finland, viz., that "there is a growing distrust among readers of THE NEW AGE against Mr. Verdad's writings." You sir, are ready to confirm my statement when I say that there is nothing of the sort. For the benefit of Mr. Fisher, and of those who have been misled by his inaccurate assertion, it may be worth while pointing out that the great majority of the criticisms on my notes regarding Foreign Affairs are favourable and complimentary; but at this time of day no useful purpose would be served by printing specimens of the favourable comments on the writings of the various contributors to this paper. Mr. Reginald Wade's genial comment on my notes was published a few weeks ago, not only because it was representative of a large number of such letters, but more particularly because it was short and to the point.

On the other hand, it is obviously to the general interest to publish the adverse criticisms, since a discussion on the points raised may serve to clear the air, not only for the writers of such criticisms, but for many other readers of the paper. As I have already said, I myself am very willing to be corrected when I am shown to be wrong; for I am writing impartially and in the interests of truth, which is, after all, a great deal more than most journalists can say. Indeed, so disinterested am I in these matters that the waters under the earth might open to-morrow and swallow up both Russia and Finland into their depths without my caring a brass farthing.

When readers of THE NEW AGE yield to Mr. Fisher's entreaties and turn up his previous letter on Finnish affairs, I advise them for their own good to turn up the following issue also and peruse my reply. My critic, as he says, may not have made a feature of the Treaty of Fredricks-hamn; but I merely contended that he should have done so. I regard this, despite Mr. Fisher's authorities, as the keystone of the Russo-Finnic arch. If he can disprove this the structure will indeed be in a shaky condition; if he cannot, the knocking away of a brick or two here and there will not matter.

Apart from this Treaty the whole question turns on what, I hope, Mr. Fisher will excuse my calling legal hair-splitting. My critic being, I presume, a Finn, or at all events holding a brief for the Russian province in question, will naturally interpret all the previous and subsequent acts, guarantees, and proclamations to his own advantage, while I will hold that, while confirming certain privileges of Finland, these various proclamations, etc., do not give the province that right to absolute self-government which Mr. Fisher claims for it. In short, the Treaty of Fredricks-hamn refers to Finland as a captured province, and it is quite evident that the spirit of all subsequent proclamations is to regard Finland in this light. I do not for a moment suggest that my critic or his countrymen are wilfully misinterpreting the facts; I think they are merely led astray by a very natural bias in favour of their own arguments. I have no particular concern with either side, however, and I assure my critic that I am expressing quite an impartial opinion.

Furthermore, it seems to me that Mr. Fisher does not make his case any better by going back to 1772. When Sweden acquired control of Finland it was deemed advisable, in view of the geographical situation of the country, to provide it with a special form of government, local government, the experiment of bringing Finnish deputies to the Swedish Parliament having proved unsatisfactory. But this special Constitution did not release Finland from Sweden altogether, any more than the grant of a special Constitution to Canada and to Australia disintegrated these two Colonies from the British Empire. If England were defeated by Germany next week Canada and Australia would be liable to be turned over to the tender mercies of the Kaiser's rule, and not all their protests about a special Constitution would save them. In like manner, when Sweden was finally defeated by Russia in 1809, Finland was ceded to Russia by Sweden, as is seen in the Treaty of Fredricks-hamn; and I repeat that nothing can alter this essential fact.

Now when the various Russian emperors promised to respect Finland's Constitution, they promised, formally, just

as much as would be meant by King George V. if he took an oath at his coronation to respect the Constitution of Canada. I say again the whole spirit of all these confirmations is to regard Finland as England regards Canada or Australia, and nothing more. Let any reader of THE NEW AGE look at a map of Europe, and he will admit that it is natural that Finland should form an integral part of the Russian Empire rather than a province of Sweden.

While this explanation, supplementing my last letter on this subject, covers Mr. Fisher's points, there is an additional statement I wish to make, and it bears to a great extent on the Finnish question. Before I do so, however, I should like to remind my readers (and perhaps to inform not a few of them) that the better educated classes in Finland are of Swedish descent, and that until so recently as 1883 Swedish was the official language of the province, being even now spoken in the high schools and universities. When the Russian Government—the Russian Government, mind—set the Finnish language on a par with the Swedish an outcry went up that the barbarians were swamping the cultured elements among the inhabitants. When we speak of "Finns" and "Finnish," it is just as well to understand what these terms actually represent.

The statement I wish to make is simply this: to remind my readers of the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway, and to ask them to consider its consequences on the linking-up of the Russian Empire. There are several empires to be "linked up" besides our own, and the Russian Empire is one of them. Hence the interest devoted to Finland during the last few years. Verbum sap.

Why, however, should the Finns be afraid of being conquered? England conquered Scotland, yet the Scotch govern the British Empire, with the assistance of the Welsh, although England conquered Wales, and of the Irish, although England conquered Ireland. Crete has been conquered by Turkey, yet the Cretans govern Greece. The Welsh, the Scotch, and the Irish have led their "conquerors" by the nose for years, and if the Finns are clever enough they can do the same with Russia; but first of all they must stop whining about their much-disputed "rights," and go in for something more substantial. There is no right in modern Europe except might; recent events have shown this clearly enough. Since, then, Russia is determined to govern Finland from St. Petersburg let the Finns proceed to exploit Russia as the Scotch and the Welsh have exploited England and the Cretans Greece. It is all a question of the intelligence of the conquered nation, and its ability to adapt itself to and ultimately to overcome what at first sight seems to be a rather inauspicious circumstance.

Coming now to Mr. Nevinson's letter, written, allow me to compliment him, in quite THE NEW AGE style: when I wrote "A few men, like Mr. Nevinson, have visited the Colonies," I had in mind the South African war trip which he mentions as being the only time he ever visited a British colony. This is surely entitled to be called a visit, so I take it that this little matter is now clear. Any comments Mr. Nevinson may care to make upon what I may write will be welcome, although we shall both no doubt draw very different deductions from the same facts.

Let our minds travel across the Atlantic. If Mr. Kerr thinks that Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Elinor Glyn and Grant Allen entitle Canada to mount the pedestal of culture, of course I have nothing more to say. I liked "Three Weeks" so well that I actually bought two copies of it at four-and-sixpence each; but the mere fact that it deals with a "daring" theme does not make it literature. It pains me to think that I am not among the "very few select persons" who hand round typewritten revolutionary novels to each other. Can't even Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker get them published? I can assure Mr. Kerr that, despite the railway presidents and the vice societies, there is always room for original literature even in America. My own few works have a certain sale there, and they are by no means conventional. There is a considerable amount of freedom of discussion allowed the U.S.A. ("God's own country," "the land of the free," are, by the way, descriptions often applied to it by its inhabitants), but even in the States there are cranks who pass MSS. about, just as is done in England, France, and Germany to my own knowledge, and, I daresay, in other countries also. My own experience is that the most revolutionary literature—not only in politics, but also in morals—is at present being produced in Russia, and not in any part of America. I think, too, that this will be the case for many years to come; but I have no doubt that Europe will long continue to rely upon the U.S.A. for improvements in typewriters, sewing-machines, book-keeping systems, and new designs in office furniture.

S. VERDAD.

THE LANGUAGE OF ART.

Sir,—Your art critic, Mr. Sickert, has written a dirge, and his need for consolation must be the main reason for this letter of mine. Subject and treatment are, I think, indivisible

in art; they may be separated, however, in argument, since we know them by name, and are able to discern their actual inequality while we will continue to argue from good art as we are able. We are in need of new definitions. The term "literary," as applied to our art, is more loosely used than any other; yet it ought to be possible to determine where anecdote wears itself thin and where the essential rightness of subject-matter begins. How good it would be to discover if it is literary and "sympathetic" to say, "The boy I love is in the gallery," or not so literary to call a picture "Sower," as Millet did in his more laconic speech! I feel that it is true that the boys I love are variously in galleries: beside Millet are Blake and Turner, Michelangelo and Leonardo, and some more. To me these are the big boys whose tradition, if it is not a matter of consanguinity, is not to be fostered by the presence of examples alone.

The modern Latin argument is the product of a suburban kind of intellectualism, which, having divided the parts and secured the body of paint, denies the existence of the spirit it is incompetent to hold. Never ceasing to demonstrate in their work their lack of sagacity as to subject, the artist-critics of the new school assume a scientific basis for painting (on the supposition, I believe, that the example of music bears them out). This may be said to be a counsel of imperfection, having its results, first in a mass of thoughtless productions, and second in a thousand vain schemes for selling them.

Mr. Sickert goes further than that: his sense of art being so fastidious at last, he thinks life is "too interesting" to a young man to allow him to do justice to the remote splendour of painting. This and his various perplexities, however, point to a sinister misconception as to the purpose of art. He utterly fails to perceive that an artist must live naturally the life of his kind amid ideas. He cannot usefully take to himself the ideals of the tradesman, or he will dwindle as an artist. In my opinion art is the true basis of commerce; but until it gains ascendancy again is the enemy of what we now call commerce. But about that I should like to write again. On the main question as to subject and treatment, it may be illuminating to say that there is no evidence to show in their use of titles that Mr. Sickert and his fellows have abandoned subject, except by the natural gravitation of having nothing of importance to express. The way is open for all professional problems to be brought to bear in making "plastic facts" significant to the understanding of men and women; yet I seem to hear Mr. Sickert joining in the fatuous phrases which Father Vaughan uses, and in his outcry against a world which has no faith in his church.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

NIETZSCHE AT BAY.

Sir,—In certain of your issues of the 18th inst. you omit in my letter under the above heading a small but vital word. In the fifth paragraph I am made to say that Mr. Ludovici believes in "an aristocracy of the demonstrably best." It should have read, "I in an aristocracy of the demonstrably best."

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.

THE W.E.A.

Sir,—I much regret that I should have been mistaken as regards the connection of Mr. Sanders with the W.E.A., and of course am perfectly ready to admit my error, due to a too ready reliance on hearsay evidence.

It is quite otherwise with the rest of my charges against this body, of which I do not withdraw one jot or one tittle. Mr. Tawney shall have all the evidence he desires, and more.

In support of my contention that the W.E.A. was largely financed by the Board of Education, I referred to the words of Sir R. Morant at the Oxford Conference of the W.E.A. in 1907. Mr. Tawney has found it expedient to ignore my reference, so I repeat Sir R. Morant's phrase here:—"In particular we believe it is to small classes and solid, earnest work that we can give increasingly of the golden stream." Mr. Tawney, no doubt, draws a distinction here between the W.E.A. and the tutorial classes which are mainly the work of its Secretary, as Miss McMillan claims in the "Labour Leader" of April 22 last.

The distinction between financing an organisation and financing the chief work with which it is identified is not wide enough to be very material to the controversy. Certainly, any classes are eligible for grants "which comply with the Board's regulations." But if the teaching should not be of such a kind as to be acceptable to the capitalist powers that be and their "intellectual mercenaries," I fancy the "golden stream" would be shut off—e.g., would the Board of Education make grants to the Central Labour College at Oxford?

Though the Board of Education is not represented on the committee of the W.E.A., the W.E.A. is well represented

at the Board of Education, its Secretary being on the Consultative Committee of that Department, and having found his way thither in the early days of the W.E.A., when it is difficult to see what other qualification he possessed than his post of Secretary to the association. Hence I call the W.E.A. a semi-official body. I may add the following extract from the "Yorkshire Post":—"The Board of Education's constantly expressed sympathy with the movement is warmly appreciated. The Board even extended to Mr. Mansbridge the privilege of addressing a meeting of the Library Assistants' Association in the offices of the Department, which had never before been allowed to be used for a meeting not directly connected with the Board as an administrative department." And in case Mr. Tawney says that this is all so much gain, I will remind your readers that the President of the Board of Education, last March, flatly refused the demand of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress for a Royal Commission on Educational Endowments. I wonder if Mr. Tawney can point to any utterance of a W.E.A. official expressing condemnation of Mr. Runciman's refusal? No; the W.E.A. prefer to bask in the sun of this reactionary Minister's favour and patronage, and leave the disagreeable fighting to others.

Now I will pass to the question of the memorial, which has already been published, and the responsibility for which Mr. Tawney, on behalf of his association, repudiates. We are given to understand that Mr. Mansbridge is the father of this remarkable literary bantling. In that case, we must assume that Mr. Hookway, assistant secretary to Mr. Mansbridge, was not telling the truth when he said, at an A.S.R.S. meeting at Shepherd's Bush, that the document in question was issued by the Parliamentary Committee. This statement was immediately contradicted at the time by Mr. Thorne, M.P., a member of the Committee, who also stated distinctly that the Parliamentary Committee had never asked the W.E.A., or its Secretary, for information on the Universities. The memorial was therefore, it appears, forwarded gratuitously to the Committee by the Secretary of the W.E.A., without reference to his own organisation; and as its terms are palpably those of a trade unionist memorial to the Government, we have the pretty confession that a single individual has tried to have his private views submitted to the Government in the guise of a trade unionist manifesto without reference to the rank and file! And he is the secretary of a "democratic" body.

I submit to Mr. Tawney that "the leading trade-union body in this country" is the Trade Union Congress, and that the Parliamentary Committee derives any importance it may have from having been elected to take the necessary steps to give effect to the resolutions of Congress. But nowhere in the list of resolutions passed by former Congresses, or put down for the coming Congress, do we find any of the proposals of Mr. Mansbridge's memorial—proposals including profuse grants of public money without popular control of its spending. We do find, however, a repetition of the demand for a Commission on Endowments, which Mr. Runciman refused.

One thing I have done, which is to make this secret memorial accessible to the rank and file of the trade union movement. They can now judge. I hope they will insist on having this matter out at the Congress, and not rest content with having foisted on them behind their backs these proposals for public expenditure without popular control, allocated by a "permanent Council" representative of "Universities, the Board of Education, Commerce, and the Labour movement"—the Labour members being no doubt carefully chosen for "moderation" and harmlessness to vested interests.

A. H. M. ROBERTSON.

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OUT OF AFRICA—SOMETHING NEW.

Sir,—A Dutch friend of mine has sent me the following cutting from our South African paper "Vriend des Volks." Dr. O'Kulis writes to the editor:—

"There is now a command issued at Pretoria that, when people wish to see our Governor or his lady they must make certain special sorts of bows. It is a wonderful sort of bow. I can best describe the 'curtsey' as a dog who, having stolen fat, is again wending his way to his master. I, myself, have a stiff back, and neither I nor my Boer friends have learnt this sort of thing; so we shall have to remain away... If the 'curtsey' is continued no real Boer will be seen at Government House, because one of three things would happen if they went—they would fail in the attempt, or burst out into laughter, or they would walk straight up and give the Governor and his lady a handshake in true Afrikaner fashion... If I were to advise our Governor I should say, send that sort of stuff back to England. We don't understand it and do not care about it."

This recalls a story told about the Governor-General's lady while she was merely Mrs. Herbert Gladstone and of course could not command a bow. After a political reception she pathetically exhibited her dirty gloves, remarking:

"This comes of shaking hands with Liberal members." A Cabinet Minister told me the yarn, so I will not vouch for its accuracy—myself being also a Bushman.

OOM BOOMSLANG.

* * *
S.S.S.S.

Sir,—Would it not be useful to mention specific instances of senseless sounds so that the creators thereof might by chance discern the evil of their ways? If the congregation of St. Stephen's Church, Hampstead, knew that all the rest of Hampstead loathes them for ringing their bells in the ears of the sick and dying in the hospital at twenty yards distance they might seek to worship God with some less cruel ritual. If the townspeople of Rottingdean were warned that people may refuse to patronise that rather raw resort as soon as they know that the electricity engine keeps children awake up to midnight, they might insist on having some attention paid to their own remonstrances even if steam power does cost the company a little more. That's two to go on with. By the way, is it true that Mr. G. K. Chesterton was driven out of Battersea by the organ-grinders? He *did* write a very encouraging eulogy of these musicians; but perhaps he had intended to go into the country, anyway?

E. PORCH.

INHUMANITY IN MINES.

Sir,—As this matter is being discussed a good deal at present may I remark that since the Eight Hours Bill has been in force the conditions of work with the animals have, according to those who are competent to speak, been worse than ever. While the men get off with the 8 hours day, it is no unusual thing in some mines for the animals to have habitually to work double shifts. I have before me the evidence of a driver, who gives the times for the two horses under his charge. Every other day they start work at 9 in the evening, and with only two hours interval in the morning they work continuously until 10 the following evening, and have to be ready at 7 o'clock the next morning to begin an 8 hours shift in the other three days of the working week. Of one of these horses my informant says that it is "in poor condition with a lump as large as my fist on each side of the breast caused by collar chafing, and lame in right hind foot from what is called greasy heel."

That willing and sensitive animals should be treated like this is scandalous and more disgraceful even than the decrepit horse traffic, which we are congratulating ourselves is now becoming a subject of legislation. Any one wanting more information should apply to the Equine Defence League, 27, Beaconsfield Road, New Southgate, London, N.

ANIMALS' FRIEND.

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NATIONAL DEFENCE.

Sir,—It is contrary to my religious principles to ignore this subject of national defence when you feel emboldened to make a remark or two on it in your editorial columns.

In your last issue you say:—

Certain Socialists, we know, advocate what they call a Citizen Army, which, in our view, could not be distinguished in effect from a Conscript Army. But we do not belong to their school. They appear to us to be crying for the moon in supposing that the existing oligarchy would ever consent to the distribution of training and rifles among the people as if they were merely votes. An oligarchy that established such a Citizen Army as Mr. Quelch, for instance, dreams of, might fairly be brought in as having committed suicide during insanity.

And more to the same effect. It is all true, every word of it. I never saw the case put better. What, then, is the value of your own suggestion? Your suggestion, on p. 362, is that "county regiments" should have a status inferior to the regular army, and should be used as a recruiting ground therefor. You say this ground could be relied upon

on one condition. That condition is, that the professional army be not less onerous than the civic army, but more honourable, in the sense that the enhanced responsibilities attached to it carry with them enhanced privileges. What these privileges should be we could define in a single sentence; Trade Union pay and conditions for all regular soldiers on service, with a civil pension for life on retirement.

And then all would be well! Quite so. But your little finger is thicker than Mr. Quelch's body. If the oligarchy will see us further before they serve out arms and ammunition to us as generously as if they were only giving votes, what price the oligarchy when it comes to asking them to give the regular army trade union conditions?

You must see at once that you have strayed into another wing of the same impasse with Messrs. Quelch & Co., by this test alone, and ought properly to confess yourselves beaten. Granted that there exists some way of reconciling democracy with national defence, it is plain you have not struck it.

But let us be imaginative and suppose that the oligarchy has suddenly gone mad and conceded you an army built on your plan.

Trade Union conditions. No more implicit obedience. No more "theirs not to reason why." Exit the principles that it is the soldier's duty not to understand. Enter Ideas. Representations. Strikes—called mutiny in less enlightened times. Act drop.

Second act of the comic opera. Negotiations and arrangements between British Army Union and foreign organisations. Amalgamated Society of Warriors founded. Ultimatum abolishing international war—not on humanitarian grounds, but because the men think they can play a more paying game. International confiscation of the means of production, distribution, and supply. Dramatic moment of oligarchy's awakening to the amusing fact that it had abolished patriotism and organised the class war. End of all things.

Does not reason slide like an avalanche to that conclusion? And don't the oligarchy know it? Why should they assist us to defend ourselves? To prevent our defending ourselves is the clear purpose of the defence of our county.

JOHN KIRKBY.

* * *

A PROBLEM.

Sir,—Two young women of twenty, Sarah and Jane, equal in all respects, in health, strength, intelligence, industry, etc., begin life as washerwomen. Each spends exactly fifteen shillings a week on the necessities of life. Each earns £1 a week. There is this difference only between them: Sarah drinks water; Jane spends eightpence halfpenny a day on beer. This goes on for 45 years, when both are 65 years of age and wish to rest from their labours. Jane having consumed her well-earned £1 every week has nothing left. Sarah has put by £585. As a matter of fact (unless she puts her savings in a stocking) she would now have more than double that sum, say £1,000. But let that pass.

Up comes the wise and just State and takes away some of Sarah's money, I do not care how much or how little. IS THIS FAIR?

I shall be glad if you will publish this letter and append to it the words "Yes. Ed." or "No. Ed." And then we can get on with the argument. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George would kindly express his opinion with equal brevity. It would not take much of his time.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

* * *

DICKMAN, DECEASED.

Sir,—I take this from the "Globe." What a commentary on identificatory evidence! It reads absolutely parallel with the accounts of Mrs. Nisbet's identification of Dickman after the charge had been made against him. The matter below refers to the Gorse Hall, Cheshire, murder.

"On Nov. 17 Mr. Cornelius Howard, a cousin of deceased and formerly a butcher, was arrested at Oldham on suspicion of having murdered Mr. Storrs. At the inquest Mrs. Storrs said accused was 'like the murderer,' and at the trial, when asked by Mr. Williams, the prosecuting counsel, if she could see murderer in court, she gazed round the court for a few moments making no sign. Suddenly her eyes lighted on the dock, and starting dramatically with outstretched arms she sobbed, 'There is the man.' The cook and the niece also swore to the identification of Howard. Accused, however, called witnesses to prove an alibi, among many others the landlord of the Ring and Bells, Huddersfield, who stated that Howard was playing dominoes with him on the night of the crime, and prisoner was acquitted"!!!!

If Howard had been unable to prove his alibi?

La Fayette said, "I shall ask for the abolition of capital punishment until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me." Many men have been hanged since La Fayette wrote that. I wonder how many like Howard?

Until the prisoner is given a free hand to prove his innocence as the prosecution has to procure a verdict of guilty, our criminal courts will continue to be a "grim farce." I have yet to read the case where the evidence of the police doctors and experts fails to support the theory of the prosecution. For the present for every expert called by the Crown the prisoner should be able to call an outside man. How many men have not been convicted on the evidence of Mr. Gurrin, the handwriting expert?—whom Sir Edward Carson lately challenged and derided.

I agree with Mrs. Hastings that doctors are the people to deal with criminals, but unless the one and only aim in their minds is the reformation of the criminal, we shall not gain much. These doctors should not be in the employ of the police anyway, but a body apart. If their aim was solely to cure the criminal the occasional consignment to them of an innocent man would not do much harm. They would only be converting the converted.

D. L. HOWE.

Sir,—Those concerned evidently intend to stick at nothing to vindicate the damaged reputations of "Coleridge and Co." Obviously inspired and very foul attacks on the dead man are appearing in a certain weekly paper which circulates among the "masses." One of these paragraphs is boldly headed "Dickman's Crimes," and proceeds to connect him with another murder. The information, as one of your correspondents pointed out, can only proceed from the Newcastle police; and the sort of mind to which such information is addressed needs little guessing at. Well, some of us will live as long as the police, and will be alert when the Newcastle roughs have lost all interest in the affair. If ever Dickman's innocence comes to be established it will not be to the roughs that the men who killed him will have to account, but to men as powerful as themselves; the roughs will turn, as usual.

It ought to be understood that a good many of the townsmen opposed the sentence. Mrs. Dickman has friends who will stick to her. I can say that one recent gift alone to her is as much as fifty pounds. Let the police publish that; for they know it. Further, her daughter has a good situation with a just man. Good for the fame of Newcastle!

ERNEST NEWSOME.

* * *

Sir,—Your readers may like to know that a subscription has been opened for Mrs. Dickman and her children. Contributions are earnestly requested, and may be sent to me c/o THE NEW AGE, or directly to Mrs. Dickman, 54, Glen-thorn Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne. B. HASTINGS.

* * *

Sir,—I have been sent your issue of August 11, inviting my attention to letters on the Dickman case, Crippen's case, and Capital Punishment, suggesting that I should comment thereon.

Persons who write on this kind of subject have so little personal experience of the subtlety and planned unfairness of everything connected with Courts of Justice that they cannot argue to the point, but take their text from garbled newspaper reports which, when one takes into consideration that any case which lasts a day would more than occupy twelve columns of a newspaper, one ought not to attach the slightest credit to.

The only means of obtaining a fair or accurate report of any case is to sit through the hearing of the case and take a shorthand note—even then, what with the imbecile and dishonest "objections" and interruptions of counsel, who appear to put their whole soul into the case for either the sake of their fees or for advertisement, the constant interruption of judges—judge, counsel on all sides and witness talking at once—even then it is impossible to rely on a shorthand note, unless, as in the Dreyfus case, a newspaper can afford to employ eleven reporters or more.

This said I am pleased to concur in every word Beatrice Hastings says about the muddlesomeness of the witnesses' evidence as reported, and the judge's summing-up as reported, and the Lord Chief Justice's Hosanna on Mr. Justice Coleridge's summing-up (as reported).

The only piece of damning evidence (as reported) against Dickman appeared to me to be that £17 was found on him when arrested, and that he could give no account of where he got the money; this seems to have been passed over; but then, as I have said above, this "fact" may have been imagined.

In my experience, although the verdict may have been a just one, a case is never won or lost fairly. No one knows—least of all the jury—what sharp-practice and perjury, often forgery by the solicitors, has been carried on for two, three to ten and more years before the plaintiff's case comes into court. (Of this the judge takes no notice.)

Observe even in a criminal case what delay is contrived. Can anything be more absurd than these expensive legal red-tape formalities about a man fleeing from justice as Crippen? I agree with Mr. Stocker that the Press is at fault; that the music-hall managers are showing the worst possible taste (as in the Violet Charlesworth "event") in holding out premiums to a silly girl like Le Neve. As long as the great mass of the public run crazy over this sort of thing, what can one demand of the Press? Surely one knows that newspapers exist for the purpose of filling their owners' pockets and not at all for the public good, instruction or benefit.

Therefore cui bono to rail at these everyday and inevitable consequences of an advanced civilisation?

To do any good—and then how long would it take?—reformers would have to form a strong society who would sit in the Law Courts of every kind, and see and hear for themselves what goes on. They would soon advocate the destruction of all the stupid old law books, the Annual Practice, and start an era of law based on justice and commonsense.

As long as the fearful waste of time is encouraged by legal leaders (atrophying all attempts at commonsense), so long will the enormous expenses incurred by Government

in judges' salaries, and by unfortunate litigants in sharkish lawyers' fees and stamps to Government, continue.

As for Capital Punishment. . . The lethal chamber for all idiots, imbeciles and lunatics; and I would certainly not wait for them to commit horrible, cruel and extremely clever murders or burglaries before I put them there. I certainly do not agree that such people are "moral maniacs," nor do I think such worse than the generality of mankind.

We are all creatures of circumstance and education, and no one can feel certain but that he might not go and do likewise.

GEORGINA WELDON.

NORTH AMERICAN CHIEFS.

Sir,—As a respectable citizeness of pagan England I cannot fail to be thrilled by R. B. Kerr's letter justifying the claims of Canada's seven millions to a literature pioneered by the "two boldest popular novelists of our time," Grant Allen and Elinor Glyn. Far be it from me to repudiate Mr. Allen's statement in declaring his own novels rubbish, but Elinor Glyn doubtless "because she is a woman," and "even more admirable" has not yet spat upon her inspiration or condemned her feminine fancies as unfit reading for our hardy Colonial children. Am I to understand as a result of this very natural and praiseworthy modesty she is to accept the precious ointment of the reading public—she is to be provided with a little bower of laurel wreaths sacredly set apart for the production of yet another "Three Weeks"?

But I think it is "hardly fair" to speak of that exquisite creature in purple draperies who ate so many strawberries and cooed like a dove, and was obviously the slave of her sexual passions, as a "real free woman."

If Elinor Glyn is the prophetic woman's voice crying out of the wilderness of Canadian literature, let her European sister novelists lift shekelled hands in prayer that the "great gulf" may ever yawn more widely.

As regards the United States it would seem that the only course open to the entire literary world is to make a pilgrimage into those pregnant fastnesses where stories "too true to life and too vivid in imagination to be printed in any country" are "handed round in the form of typewritten manuscripts" (did ever creation take on so novel a disguise) "among a very few select persons."

Mr. Kerr has touched America with the wand of romance. Fascinating thought! That your companion on the Elevated Railway may be hiding under a striped chewing-gum wrapper the quivering first fruits of his soul.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "Toros," Morning Leader, Aug. 20.

BAX, E. BELFORD, "Democracy," Justice, Aug. 20.

BEGBIE, HAROLD, "Harvest: The Soul of the Peasant," Daily Chronicle, Aug. 16.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, "The Great War in Sussex: I.," Morning Post, Aug. 20; "Home," Westminster Gazette, Aug. 19.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "Art and Life," Saturday Review, Aug. 20.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "Our Wives," Weekly Dispatch, Aug. 21.

BRAILSFORD, H. N., "Mr. Lloyd George and the Conciliation Bill," Times, Aug. 15 (letter to the Editor).

CAINE, HALL, "The Divorce Commission: What does the Evidence Say?" Daily Telegraph, Aug. 15.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Garden of the Sea," Daily News, Aug. 20.

COLVIN, SIDNEY, "Chinese Animal Painting," Country Life, Aug. 20.

DOUGLAS, MARGARET, "The Lace-makers of Buckingham," Daily Mail, Aug. 15.

DUNSANY, Lord, "Impromptu," Saturday Review, Aug. 20.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "The Significance of Slumps," Clarion, Aug. 19.

HARDIE, J. KEIR, M.P., "Karl Marx: The Man and his Methods," Labour Leader, Aug. 19.

HIND, C. LEWIS, "American Paintings in Germany," Studio, Aug. 15; "Llewellyn's Grave: An August Pilgrimage over the Welsh Hills," Daily Chronicle, Aug. 15; "Monuments in the Mall," Evening News, Aug. 20.

KONODY, P. G., "What is Wrong with our Museums?" Daily Mail, Aug. 16.

LANG, ANDREW, "The Bacon-Shakespeare Mare's-nest," Morning Post, Aug. 19; "Ancient Greek Sport," Illustrated London News, Aug. 20.

MACDONALD, JAS. RAMSAY, M.P., "The Indian Nationalist Movement," Daily Chronicle, Aug. 18.

MACDONALD, JOHN F., "French Holidays: The Small Bourgeoisie," Daily News, Aug. 19.

MEYNELL, Mrs. "The Lure of Life: Light," Morning Leader, Aug. 17.

MONEY, L. C. CHIOZZA, "Forte-Piano: Of Certain Loud Words and Soft Arguments," Daily News, Aug. 17; "Cold Figures: Prof. Bowley's Volume of Statistics," Morning Leader, Aug. 18.

O'CONNOR, T. P., "The Late Earl Spencer: An Ardent Home Ruler," Reynolds's, Aug. 21.

OUTHWAITE, R. L., "Taxed Land Values: The Coming Policy Again," Morning Leader, Aug. 17.

SINCLAIR, UPTON, "How to Live Cheaply," Clarion, Aug. 19.

STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE, "The Lure of Life: Collecting," Morning Leader, Aug. 19.

THOMPSON, ALEX. M., "Statistics," Clarion, Aug. 19.

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

41.—DR. C. W. SALEEBY.

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Eugenics. *World's Work*, December, 1904.
The Essential Factor of Progress. *Monthly Review*, April, 1906.

The Survival-value of Religion. *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1906.

The Obstacles to Eugenics. *Sociological Review*, July 1909.

Eugenics and Alcoholism. *British Journal of Inebriety*, July, 1909.

The Psychology of Parenthood. *Eugenics Review*, April, 1909.

The Methods of Eugenics. *Sociological Review* (1910. not yet printed).

Now working at **WOMAN AND WOMANHOOD.** (To be published this year.)

EDITOR of "New Library of Medicine." (Methuen.)

The Celtic Temperament

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Une fois de plus j'ai respiré avec joie l'atmosphère privilégiée, le parfum de la suprême aristocratie spirituelle qui émane de toute l'œuvre si spéciale de Monsieur Grierson. Il a, dans ses meilleurs moments, ce don très rare de jeter certains coups d'une lumière simple et décisive sur les points les plus difficiles, les plus obscurs et les plus imprévus de l'art, de la morale et de la psychologie. Ces moments et ces coups de lumière abondent, par exemple, dans "Style and Personality," "Hebraic Inspiration," "Practical Pessimism," "Emerson and Unitarianism," "Theatrical Audiences," "The Conservation of Energy," etc. . . ces essais, que je mets au rang des plus subtils et des plus substantiels que je sache.

A. B. WALKLEY.

The Celtic Temperament is full of subtle and "intimate" things deep down below the surface of conventional thought, and for the sake of such passages I shall keep Mr. Grierson's book on the same shelf as "Wisdom and Destiny," and "The Treasure of the Humble."

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