NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We wonder, if the French Revolution were to occur to-day, whether a single English daily would take the trouble to inquire into its meaning. This reflection is induced by the spectacle of our English Press on its knees before the vulgar facts of the recent French railway strike, but blind to the significances, the moving ideas, of the strike itself. From the moment of the declaration of the strike, with its extremely dramatic and instantaneous spread, to its dramatic and equally sudden "collapse," our chroniclers concerned themselves wholly with picturesque stories of trains held up here and of motor services organised there. Then appeared on the scene the romantic hero of the piece, without whom no story for the children is complete: M. Briand, the resourceful, the prompt, the unbending, the courageous, the daring, etc., etc.; by whose magic the strike was made to collapse and to fall like a house of cards. Then followed jubilations over the defeat of the iniquitous workmen, more honour and glory to M. Briand, the resourceful, the prompt, the unbending, the courageous, the daring, etc., etc.; and with the additional argument that each class, and particularly the workmen class, should be not merely encouraged to hope for satisfaction, if not exactly assisted in winning, at least not seriously hindered in the great and glorious struggle between the classes. But it is not on the material result of such a rehearsal of the General Strike that we would dwell so much as upon its moral effects. These include undoubtedly an increase of self-respect arising from the conscious possession of power among workmen. Everybody who regards politics psychologically is aware that the defect in modern States is the apathy of the working classes. It is the possession of virtues, such as those of honesty, industry, thrift, and sobriety, which has been engendered by centuries of failure. Classes of individuals more than single individuals cannot continue to fail to satisfy their natural desires over very long periods without at last inducing in themselves a feeling of despair and an attitude of fatalistic resignation towards society. Classes of individuals more than single individuals cannot continue to fail to satisfy their natural desires over very long periods without at last inducing in themselves a feeling of despair and an attitude of fatalistic resignation towards society. Classes of individuals more than single individuals cannot continue to fail to satisfy their natural desires over very long periods without at last inducing in themselves a feeling of despair and an attitude of fatalistic resignation towards society. Classes of individuals more than single individuals cannot continue to fail to satisfy their natural desires over very long periods without at last inducing in themselves a feeling of despair and an attitude of fatalistic resignation towards society.
has put a high price on its services such as to make them precarious or their absence dangerous, the individual or the class has become valued in the superlative indispensably necessary; not precarious nor dangerous is infallibly to be despised. Some inkling of this new doctrine is undoubtedly filtering its way into the minds of masses of workmen, and the propaganda of the General Strike is the firstfruit of it.

We are quite prepared to be told that the doctrine of the General Strike is immoral in theory and inexpedient in practice. Immoral in theory it certainly would be if politics or statecraft were nowadays the science and the art it once was or was claimed to be. If anywhere there existed in any State a governing class intent on maintaining society in political health by rules other than those of the quack and the charlatan; a disinterested class of scientific statesmen supremely indifferent to anything but the highest welfare of society; a class, lastly, of Platonic guardians; then, indeed, the doctrine of the General Strike might be regarded as immoral, since it would imply the subversion of knowledge and reason by brute appetite. But no such ruling caste of disinterested politicians exists in any State to-day, and, further, from being a mere rebellion or revolt as politically immoral, even the most Conservative of journals is compelled tacitly to invite rebellion. In what other sense, for example, are we to read this article which concludes words which appear in an editorial article in the current "Spectator":—

While we hate the slum and all that it means with a deadly and uncompromising hatred, we feel that the only real remedy is for workers to determine, come what may, that they will not live in slums . . . If there is little or no resistance to slum life, slum conditions are bound to grow up.

Are not the obvious assumptions of these opinions, first, that there is no disinterested body of rulers spontaneously and by their own profession concerned to abolish slums as fatal to the health of a state; secondly, that if not the slum dwellers themselves nobody and no class will trouble to improve their conditions; and, lastly, that "what may," by anarchical means or by any other, the slum dwellers' duty is to refuse to live in slums—failing which the rest of society will acquiesce in their condition and tell them that they have their deserts? Plainly these are the underlying assumptions of the "Spectator"’s political philosophy and in our opinion they lead directly to shear anarchy, and, as we have maintained above, to more than mere approval of the General Strike, to a positive incitement and invitation to violent means of every kind.

Now, being Socialists we are in the position of being able to approve as necessary and inevitable the propaganda of the General Strike without, however, either inviting it or regarding it as anything but a desperate remedy. In our view it is the disgrace of the governing classes that not only should the conditions of workmen render the threat of a General Strike advisable, but that the governing classes themselves should be so purblind as positively to see no other means of dealing with the situation. It is as if a doctor should refuse or be unable to administer remedies until his patients had been driven mad; at which point he decamps leaving poisons as well as medicines at their untutored disposal. But if the "Spectator," on behalf of the governing classes, frankly informs us that the case, that the custodians so-called of Society have no intention of stirring until the slum dwellers are driven mad, what alternative have we, who, as the intellectuals, hold the balance between the governed and the governing, but to cry Havoc and let slip the dogs of war? As a matter of fact, there are three ways of abolishing flogging conclusively proved. (Rather than submit to the degradation of flogging, Russian nobles' sons committed suicide, with the consequence that flogging in such schools has now been forbidden.) The fallacy of Mr. Shaw's view lies, however, in this: that with the command of the government by the governing classes (vide the "Spectator") of their responsibilities and duties, there is, literally, no other way of reform open to the working classes than this of sheer industrial revolt. Let us put it in this way: If the manifest grievances of the working classes demand to be remedied by the governing classes, despite all appeals to reason and duty; if, further, the political weapons at the disposal of the poor are so loaded against them that their "kick" is more disastrous than their blank carriage and life; and, not quite, as bad as the case by Mr. Cecil Chesterton in our own pages; and if, finally, all the means of armed resistance, whether by rioting simply or by a general rebellion, have been carefully preserved in the hands of the oligarchy; what way, we ask, is left open when all other ways is the worst of all possible ways, admitted that the disease, admitted that society should never permit it, what other way, we continue to ask, is left open when all other ways are closed and the grievance remains?

We were able a few weeks ago to quote Mr. Sidney Webb against himself in the matter of the Osborne decision. Let us now quote Mr. Shaw against himself in the matter, if not exactly of the General Strike, of a situation which any fair-minded reader will see to be parallel. In "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. Shaw's earliest and, to our mind, his best book, writing on the subject of Women's Revolt, Mr. Shaw employed an illustration which has become classic. We shall give ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage in full length, merely readily since the book unfortunately is out of print:—

If we have come to think that the nursery and the kitchen are the natural sphere of a woman, we have done so exactly as English children come to think that a cage is the natural sphere of a parrot—because they have never seen one anywhere else. No doubt there are Philistine parrots who agree with their owners that it is better to be in a cage than out, so long as there is plenty of hempseed and Indian corn there. There may even be idealist parrots who persuade themselves that a cage is their paradise and that the expression of desire to the happiness of a private family by whistling and saying "Pretty Polly," and that it is in the sacrifice of its liberty to this altruistic end, that a parrot arrives at the satisfaction of its soul. I will not go so far as to affirm that there are theological parrots who are convinced that imprisonment is the will of God because it is their lot, and that I am confident that there are rationalist parrots who can demonstrate that it would be a cruel kindness to let a parrot out to fall a prey to cats, or at least to forget its accomplishments and coarsen its naturally delicate fibres in an unprotected struggle for existence. Still, the only parrot a free-
souled person can sympathise with is the one that insists on being let out as the first condition of its making itself agreeable. A selfish bird, you may say: one that puts its gambling family first and is so fond of its own happiness that it would rather be a slave to its own family than a slave to any other thing. All the same, you respect that parrot in spite of your conclusion. And if it persists you will have either to let it out or kill it. Or, we will add, it will kill itself in beating against the bars. Very well, if in the foregoing extract from Mr. Shaw we substitute Workmen for Women, does not the reasoning apply exactly to the General Strike? What women have been advised to do? What women have been in desperate straits to do? They may do it, workmen may equally be strongly advised to do in the same straits; for it will be observed that at bottom the industrial struggle is not for economic advantage primarily but for respect. Like the revolt of workers against the revolt of workmen is at bottom in fact moral, and its aim is the redress of a moral grievance whose symbols only are poverty, excessive labour, and bestial conditions. In naming the General Strike "Chinese women in the bars" we have not only gone back a view expressed twenty years ago, but he has overlooked the moral advantages to be derived from an attitude which by commanding respect ensures that all things afterwards shall be added to it.

Leaving the proletariat to accept the invitation of the "Spectator" to refuse to live in slums, "come what may," and with Mr. Shaw's parrot to serve them as an example, we turn now to the politics of the week. The cloistered classes play classes. The Conference of the silent Octave is as impossible as yet to say much. All that can be gathered is from signs that appear in the papers of preparations for an immediate General Election. These signify, it would appear, either that the Conservative has actually broken down or is or is on the point of doing so. Last week no less than four meetings of the Eight were held, and on Friday we are to suppose that Mr. Balfour, the only member of the Tory four that counts, delivered an ultimatum which required the consideration of the Liberal four at a separate meeting on Saturday morning. What was the conundrum for them to solve or whether they solved it we do not know; but, again from straws that blow in the wind, we gather that the drift of the discussion has been in the direction of vastly constitutional changes than ever were contemplated when the Conference began its labours. If so, much the better, since anything that really establishes democracy in England is not much to be desired on every point of view, and any constitutional change that does not make for democracy is a conceivable proposal of the present Conference.

We say this because we happen to believe that not only is the mind of political England set towards representative government, but it has become more rather than less confirmed in this vocation from contemplation of the Osborne judgment and the agitation connected with it. Whatever else the decision of the law lords in this matter has done it has compelled attention to the real nature of representative government. We were, it is clear, drifting politically with the winds and currents of expediency before the Osborne judgment sharply reminded us that there was both a port and a compass. And if it is required of the Labour Party (the brain cells of the body politic) has concluded that as delegates the Labour members have no right in a national and representative assembly, it is further to be surmised that when the time comes public opinion will be found to have heard for its sake against the House of Lords. We have no particular evidence that this is the case, yet we are prepared to believe and to act on the belief that the proposal to abolish the veto of the Lords is more generally accepted to-day than it was before the Osborne judgment was canvassed.

But if more rather than less radical reform proposals issue from the Conference, either out of the back or the front door, it is certain that not only will they be more favourably received by their friends but they will be less unfavourably received by their enemies. The Unionists, in fact, are less united than almost any political party has ever been. We can easily imagine that under the circumstances Mr. Balfour would not only not trouble to win a General Election, but he would be at some little pains to see that all the spade-work of the millstone of Tariff Reform was hung about their necks by the malicious Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; and it may conceivably be Mr. Balfour's duty to see that the third is so patently and grossly lost that even Mr. Garvin may perceive that Tariff Reform is dead. If that is the intention we really do not see why a General Election in January should not be held so as to settle the political issues well in advance of the Coronation. No, Payment of Members has long been in operation in other countries—in fact, England is a surviving exception—without producing much of a crop of working-class members. But, on the other hand, the door is open for them; it will be open to, and of, and their enemies that the drift of the discussions on the Osborne judgment and the agitation connected with them. Payment of Members, while only remotely contributing to the direct representation of the workmen, will certainly conduce to their indirect representation by publicists and politicians of a professionally humane order.

With the concession of Payment of Members it is unlikely, as we observed last week, that much force will be left in the Labour agitation to reverse by legislation the Osborne judgment. What may remain, however, and we hope it may, is a determination to equip Trade Unions for the work that is and may be proper to them. For instance, it is generally agreed that of the coming industrial legislation, of which the next Liberal Government must see a good deal, the unions will be expected to take a share of the responsibility in administration. Their technical knowledge as well as their organisations will be urgently required to supplement and in some cases to dispense entirely with, bureaucratic or governmental machinery. Their position will be something akin to that of the mediaeval Gilds, voluntary bodies with legal privileges but with corporate responsibilities. Individually their members will, of course, be used to join in an association of selection, but corporately they must remain outside party politics at the cost of forfeiting their rights to national responsibilities. It is an enormous subject, and covers an immense area in which discussion will be long; however, the Cabinet has the courage to stick to its guns, to institute Payment of Members, and to refrain from encouraging Trade Unions to re-enter politics, the discussion will be worth entering on, for a new and rosier future for Trade Unionism will have dawned.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdá.

I FULLY expected that the "Daily News," in defiance of all diplomatic usage and common-sense, would call for the immediate recognition of a new Portuguese Republic, and I was right. It did. And nevertheless it had been announced previously that the opinion of the Portuguese people as a whole had not been taken; that, indeed, the people were not yet ready for voting, and that before the elections came off a dictatorship of six months would be necessary. This dictatorship, it appeared, would be upheld by the Army and Navy; so here we have our old Bouverie Street friend calling out for a democratic thing as the recognition by our Government of a military dictatorship. The "Daily News," in fact, has been down the area again. Why will people write on subjects which they know so little about?

From a diplomatic standpoint, of course, the Portuguese Cortes elected not long ago are still in esse: and in the ordinary course the Republic cannot be officially recognised until new Cortes are summoned, for, let it be remembered, there is a Monarchist majority of thirty in the present Chamber. If the Monarchists were approved of by the majority of the nation, then their decision would be made known by a Republican majority in the next Cortes. If, however, there is a dictatorship for six months, the natural conclusion is that it will take the Provisional Government time to ascertain the monarchial influence in the country districts, which, indeed, is now being done. The Revolutionaries showed remarkable perspicacity in blocking the roads and railways and interrupting the telegraphic service; but assuredly if the country regiments could have arrived in time a speedy end would have been put to the revolt. As it is, the Lisbon affair was in no sense a popular movement, pace the newspapers. It was a case of revolution in the usual sense, or, if you prefer, the working classes mostly hid in the cellars. This information, indeed, is now beginning to filter into the columns of the Press, whose special correspondents tell a different story from that related by the passengers on the Asturias.

In point of fact, no one who is at all acquainted with the Portuguese character will be in much doubt as to what has taken place. Set of fairly strong scoundrels have been hustled out of the way, and their places have been taken by a set of rather weak knaves. Formerly the elections were jerrymandered in favour of the Monarchists, and the rebels, being set off by seeming soccorbutes, have lost its effect. The mild sarcasm of Confucius and the dictatorial maxims of Lao-Tse appeal more to the modern mind than the blustering of Robespierre and the turgidity of Barère. References to "austere morality" and "immaculate justice" and, above all, "order and work," far from arousing enthusiasm and patriotism, merely provoke a contemptuous smile and pitting sympathy from the philosopher and lead the labourer to scratch his head, exclaiming: "What Swede is this?"

I need not say, Senhor Braga's proclamation did not impress me. The flamboyant rhetoric of the French Revolutionists is out of date in these days, and since lost its effect. The mild sarcasm of Confucius and the dictatorial maxims of Lao-Tse appeal more to the modern mind than the blustering of Robespierre and the turgidity of Barère. References to "austere morality" and "immaculate justice" and, above all, "order and work," far from arousing enthusiasm and patriotism, merely provoke a contemptuous smile and pitting sympathy from the philosopher and lead the labourer to scratch his head, exclaiming: "What Swede is this?"

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While the hands of the Spanish revolutionaries may be strengthened to some extent by the Lisbon rising, it must not be assumed that Spain is equally ready for a Positivist Government. Lerroux, the Spanish revolutionist leader, is young and ignorant; Perez Galdós, the well-known novelist, is becoming old and rather stupid. Again, the Monarchist sympathisers in Spain have become more united and are now in a better position than previously to combat the revolutionary elements.

Quietly during the last few months, however, Spain has been concentrating her troops round Tetuan and Melilla, and another Morocco outbreak may shortly be troubling us. In Spain, it must be recalled, these expeditions are ascribed by the majority to the malign influence of the Jesuits and not to King Alfonso person-ally. Nevertheless, the Iberian Peninsula will be a lively spot for some months to come.

I have some grave news from Greece about the position of the dynasty, and unless matters are very tactfully handled the throne cannot be considered as safe.
The Uses of Osbornity.

By Cecil Chesterton.

II. Back Stairs or Front Door.

The rich, as I have already pointed out, have the keys of our Constitution in their pockets along with other unblushed favours from the State. The main entrance which they themselves use is shut, bolted and barred against the poor. But there is, or was, a narrow back door by which a few selected and not very dangerous ex-workmen were allowed to creep in and take their places, with lost tidiness and awkwardness, at their masters’ tables. The Osborne judgment means that that door is closed.

Now, my real and rooted objection to the present Labour agitation is this: that it involves the assumption that this system which made the path of the rich in politics broad and easy, and the path of the poor narrow and beset with difficulties, was a just and natural one, that the poor ought to be content with getting a few picked men into Parliament in certain picked constituencies, and that the wealthy political class ought to have the main part of the representation in their own hands. I do not like to see the representatives of Labour (that is to say of the People of England minus their exploiters) whining round the back door and begging that it may be opened to them once more. I would rather that they demanded the key of the main entrance.

The key of the main entrance is the Payment of Members and of election expenses. This, in my opinion, is the chief argument against it. This reform, so long overdue, is, from the democratic point of view, so obviously just and necessary, that it seems waste of time to argue in favour of it, especially in The New Age. But some of its implications and consequences, perhaps, fully escaped even those who enthusiastically endorse it. And these implications and consequences are important as explaining not only the hostility (open or covert) of the official parties, but the coldness and secret unwillingness of the Labour Party itself.

The effect of Payment of Members and of election expenses will undoubtedly be to make Members of Parliament less dependent on their party and more dependent on their constituencies. The latter point was actually urged by Mr. Balfour with innocent oligarchism as an argument against it. If members were paid, or I should rather say, if members other than those on the front benches were paid, out of public funds, they would, Mr. Balfour thinks, actually vote as their constituents wanted them to vote. Mr. Balfour does not seem to have asked himself what is the good of a representative system if it does not represent, or how one can be said to represent a constituency if he is in the habit of saying “Aye” when his constituents would say “No.” But, however that may be, I do not think that there is any doubt that the effect of paying Members of Parliament would be that they would be called to stricter account by their constituents—to almost as strict an account, perhaps, as they are now called by the secret Party Caucus. If they wanted to keep their seats and salaries they had to have to toe the line. This is right; for, though it may be heroic to champion an unpopular cause, you have to realize that at the expense of those who dislike it, still less to call yourself the representative of such people.

The second effect of the Payment of Members out of national funds would be that it would be far more difficult for those who dislike this to “leap in” in a party. The most effective way of keeping a party together is to encourage ambition as rich men can pour out money like water in order to buy power. The poor man, when he wins an election, the poor man will always be at a disadvantage, not only in fact, but by the very theory of their position, as rich men can pour out money like water in order to buy power; while, even if his motives are sordid, he will be more afraid of offending his constituents, who can deprive him of his salary, than of offending the party managers who cannot. It is, therefore, certain that one effect of paying Members would be to make it more difficult for Labour to keep its party ties, and in no direction this would be felt more directly than in that of the Labour Party. I fancy the Socialist element in that party would have “bolted” long ago but for the pressure brought to bear on them by those who hold the purse-strings.

But there is one enormous advantage which Payment of Members has over the reversal of the Osborne judgment. It is that the poor man would, under such a system, enter Parliament as a citizen. The Labour men who entered Parliament by the use of the Trade Union funds came in by a special process different from that by which other members were returned. They were, not only in fact, but by the very theory of their position, exceptions. The psychological effect of this both on themselves and on the House of Commons was enormous. They became shy and self-conscious, as a workman would be in an upper-class drawing-room. They felt that the eyes of the world (that is of the governing class) were on them. They wished to show that they were not not rowdies or bounders, that they were fit to associate with gentlemen. So, when the politicians complimented them on their helpfulness and assured them that they had thoroughly caught the tone of the House (as set by the rich), they were as gratified as a timid school-girl who receives a compliment from her mistress. The result is that their speech and behaviour in the House are quite different from their speech and behaviour at Trade Union Congresses and other assemblies of their own class. And, at bottom, because, deep in their sub-consciousness, they have a sort of feeling that they have no real right to be there. Payment of Members is the public recognition of their right to be there, not as specialists tolerated on account of their helpfulness, but as free citizens possessing the same right as all other citizens to take part in the government of the State.

Of course, I fully admit that the Payment of Members and of the official election expenses goes only a little way towards a solution of the problem. It would not of itself destroy the plutocratic power over the legislature, though I think it would considerably weaken it. But the returning officers’ fees are, after all, only an infinitesimal part of the cost of elections, and so long as rich men can pour out money like water in order to win an election, the poor man will always be at a disadvantage. This may partly be met by limiting more strictly the amount which may be spent by anyone for electoral purposes, and by dealing drastically with the scandal of party funds. But that does not necessarily mean that the ~ was formally promised for the purpose of supporting certain candidates yet spending money which is not included in the election expenses. I also do not see why certain election expenses other than those of the ~ should not be paid for by the nation. I think at least every candidate ought to be allowed to print and circulate his election address, and, perhaps, a certain quantity of literature at the public expense.

But that is not all. I leave not touched yet on the secret evil which is everywhere eating out the heart of England and quietly soaking our politics with silent, unseen corruption. How that evil may now be attacked and attacked on the principles laid down by the judges in the Osborne Case will be the subject of my concluding article.
Our Yesterdays.
By Holbein Bagman.

All history and biography and a great deal of science are accounts of our Yesterdays. It is true, of course, that every day, leading up to a chain of events to the circumstances that surround us To-day. This helps to explain the interest we take in past times and in dead races of men. The Yesterday of the world is, in fact, our Yesterday, having as much influence for good or for evil over our present condition as almost any act of our own. Civilization and religion and agriculture and government are bequests from the days that have passed away. Even in little things we feel the close relation. The Greek knot in which the women of every English household knit their hair comes down from antiquity, from the women of Athens, who used it at least 500 years B.C., and in their turn received it from others. The art of stiffening linen with some kind of starch and ironing it in pleats and folds was practised in Egypt 5,000 years ago.

Nowadays science is having as much to say about past times as history itself. Yesterday, thanks to science, has grown to a position of much greater importance in human affairs. It is true that science has revealed to us that great word of science which explains our relationship to the lower animals and to plants, and our sensitiveness to the influence of climate and soil and everything else that is spoken of as environment,—evolution, the driving force of the ages, which makes it possible for man to feel the influence for good or for evil over our present condition.

But science has not taken Yesterday out of human thinking than it ever held before. Evolution, the theory that is capable of being trained into excellence? Then human thinking is a surprising new name for Yesterday. Yet another name is Heredity. Are you a promising craftsman? Do you possess any faculty of brain or hand or will which is capable of being trained into excellence? Then Yesterday has been kind to you. We find that men are often farthest in the path of progress before the father and grandfathers trod before them. Business aptitudes and talents are inherited. Several generations are needed to make a great cabinet-maker, a musician, or even a cricketer. Yesterday is often the largest part of us, our Yesterday is the name.

Yesterday, therefore, has printed itself upon our hearts and our minds and all that we are. We carry its likeness in our very faces, which resemble those that time has covered, and even in our moral disposition. "The best part of every man is his mother." If we are at all proud of ourselves for any good reason, we ought to be very pious towards our parents and grandparents. Our health, innocence and understanding, if we should make good of the old folks who nursed our father and mother in infancy, whose heads time has silvered, whose feebleness and (it is possible) fatuousness we may be tempted to despise. The grandmother whom we take to live with us is often the noblest and most capable member of our family, the most venerable she is in our regard of her the more good sense and piety belong to us.
En Voyage; or, The Traveller in England

By Vincent O'Sullivan

Consider, as a preliminary, the boredom of the Commercial traveller. To mount daily into the same dusty railway carriage; to change daily from one town long ago explored to another still less novel; to meet the inevitable "commercial traveller" at the same invariable hostel; to swallow the eternal strong tea; to be dependent for company of the chances of the inn; to seek refuge in a stifled sleep in an uneasy chair, only to be roused by a "boots" turning off the lights; to stumble to an unrestful couch and long for the morning: all that seems about as much as one can stand in the way of penurious life, but he knows not his own happiness. For the irony of the Commercial traveller's situation is, that racking boredom and ennui are the means to any form of excitement, he, poor wretch, is doing as a task. How bitterly he would smile at the physician who should prescribe him "a little change!" The very taste for reading he manifests proclaims how heavily winged is his soul. Seeing how a railway journey will encourage a dependence on printed matter in the most unlitigious. I myself, in a train that for hours through a summer's day stopped at every wayside station, feeling that I must either read or go mad, have read carefully a two-columned article which described the working of a large furniture store in the London suburbs. And this explains how it is that the gentleman in a frock-coat, with a morose, unhappy look, who occasionally descends from the second-class carriage where he has entered, has resisted the blandishments of the comic papers he has left strown on the floor behind him. He has tried them merely as a drowsy physic.

He needs it, I think. You, however, may think not. You may think I have confused the traveller in a light too lurid, and encumbered him with superfluous sympathy. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps the traveller reads the comic papers, not as a resource, but with passionate interest. Certainly you have it on your side that another kind of boredom is the boredom of the Commercial traveller dwindles to insignificance, whose existence, in fact, is one huge yawn, relies hardly at all on printed matter to sharpen an appetite for life which becomes hourly duller. As you ask, perturbed. Circumspice! At this season of the year the American has dropped into London on the way home. You meet him and her in all the big streets of the West End, vague-looking, tired-looking, slow. Time, you perceive, has no meaning for them—no meaning and no importance. In their own idiom, they burn time. Seeing them, you may have envied them. They have—many of them at all events—plenty of money. With the impetus to imagination which the idea of any descendant possessing much money gives, you picture them, perhaps, in a swirl of dissipation: horse racing, yacht racing, attending Anglo-American marriages. Alas! Disconcerted, we discover that it is quite otherwise. Disconcerted; because it is so hard for us to realize that anything unless you have the art of life to boot. I have heard of a lady of great wealth who, finding herself always unwell, became convinced that the one means to regain her pristine health was to give away all her money. Her friends, of course, considered her mad, and employed lawyers and doctors to erect barricades. Now, there was really nothing so mad in her notion that her riches were the cause of her ill-health, and that she would be better poor. It is, in truth, quite probable. But where the poor lady gave herself away, and offered a plausible excuse to her detractors, was in her choice of beneficaries. These, if you please, were the Zulus. For what would the Zulus find to do with your bank notes, your sovereigns, your small change? A few spearheads, a few feathers and beads, much liquor—there would be the sum of their innocent pleasures. These satisfied, the Zulus would feel an imperious need of getting rid of their superfluous cash. They would burn it, they would bury it in the sand, rather than have it lying around.

Well, have you never connected this revolt against useless possessions with the long stations of our travellers in the dressers' rooms for the purchase of unnecessary expensive apparel? Sometimes you even find them buying not only what they don't need, but what they wait for to the last minute. Moreover, as soon as ever you see a woman in private life extensively decked with diamonds, you may know that she is simple and barbarous, and that her life has terribly arid spaces of vapidness and boredom which she dreads. Many of my travellers affront the noon-day sun in diamonds.

There is an hotel in London where they gather in large numbers in the courtyard, and I often go there to watch them. Here they are seeing Europe, and what is worse they are doing it not as the native, Englishman, but as the foreigner, the American. Alas! They are seeing it sitting on the pavement. The Englishman is shy of sitting out of doors in town; old instincts of privacy surge; he feels himself obnubilated by the street. But these people, from long training, take publicity easily; they come from the railway journey, and will encourage a dependence on printed matter in the most unlitigious.

There occur an altercation with a cabman, they brisk up the street. But these people, from long training, take publicity easily; they come from the railway journey, and have begun the day confidently. Reminding themselves sternly that they were on a tour of pleasure, they have sallied forth at some miserable hour of the morning dressed in a feverish hope. But sights fall or fail; some must be left for to-morrow; there only remains the refuge of the hotel, where they sit spurring their flagging energies, perhaps by a little change!—for your true American is never happy—how much better they would like it, at Rockaway Beach or Naragansett Pier.

They are, by this time, somewhere in the country, the backbone of the country, with their engaging naivety and candour and simple boastfulness—not the absurd people who are scrambling to get into some kind of society or other in some European capital, and to marry their daughter to a title. About many of the people here hangs the fragrance of the Hawthorne romances and the stories of Miss Wilkins. They reveal themselves in the plaiative voices of the women. A girl passing brushes against my shoulder. "Pardon me," she says. She is very pretty, with the wistful, tired, American prettiness; she is very provincial, notwithstanding the up-to-dateness of her dress; she is, one sees, very lonely. That gentleman yonder, who has just sat down, looks weary and lonely too. The dressing on his boots has been gathered at the Tower, the British Museum, the Mint. The Mint!—think of that! Have you ever been at the Mint? Have you ever even been at the British Museum? But as for these people here—you will think I am going a little too far. They, from the railway journey, are shown to the various attractions of the country, is how to get through the day. They have begun the day confidently: reminding themselves sternly that they were on a tour of pleasure, they have sallied forth at some miserable hour of the morning dressed in a feverish hope. But sights fall or fail; some must be left for to-morrow; there only remains the refuge of the hotel, where they sit spurring their flagging energies, perhaps by a little change!—for your true American is never happy—how much better they would like it, at Rockaway Beach or Naragansett Pier.

For these here are some of the true Americans, the backbone of the country, with their engaging naivety and candour and simple boastfulness—not the absurd people who are scrambling to get into some kind of society or other in some European capital, and to marry their daughter to a title. About many of the people here hangs the fragrance of the Hawthorne romances and the stories of Miss Wilkins. They reveal themselves in the plaiative voices of the women. A girl passing brushes against my shoulder. "Pardon me," she says. She is very pretty, with the wistful, tired, American prettiness; she is very provincial, notwithstanding the up-to-dateness of her dress; she is, one sees, very lonely. That gentleman yonder, who has just sat down, looks weary and lonely too. The dressing on his boots has been gathered at the Tower, the British Museum, the Mint. The Mint!—think of that! Have you ever been at the Mint? Have you ever even been at the British Museum? But as for these people here—you will think I am going a little too far. They, from the railway journey, are shown to the various attractions of the country, is how to get through the day. They have begun the day confidently: reminding themselves sternly that they were on a tour of pleasure, they have sallied forth at some miserable hour of the morning dressed in a feverish hope. But sights fall or fail; some must be left for to-morrow; there only remains the refuge of the hotel, where they sit spurring their flagging energies, perhaps by a little change!—for your true American is never happy—how much better they would like it, at Rockaway Beach or Naragansett Pier.

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with rogues whom they met in some bar, have eventually found themselves swindled of their money, is not to be put down so much to the native simplicity of the American. Without general atmospheric influence the faculties induced by boredom. Find the same man in Chicago leading his usual life and he will discourage the stealthiest "crook." Here, irresponsible and demoralised in a foreign land, he takes his company with the chances of being robbed. Nay, he is not too much surprised when that happens; it is one more traveller's tale come true.

But far by the greatest part of our travellers forgo these moody experiences, content with the solved mystery of the theatre. Surely, all the apperceived words that have been fired at the British drama must lose their sting in face of its medicinal uses for American travellers. The day with its sights is over; the evening meal is eaten; night cries fretfully from the avenues and squares. An agitation is in the air, a heady excitement for those who can arrive at it, which intensifies the loneliness of those who can't. Boredom with its thousand claws leers in the corners of hotel rooms. Then, at this moment of crisis, the words of the minutes are written, the agitations are compounded, and that the worst we wicked ones may expect is a chemical reaction. This is a pleasing hypothesis; but there lingers yet some of the old, goodly terror of orthodoxy.

There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination, and without the possibility of being misconceived. You may talk of your dreams; and you may tell what you heard a parrot say. Both Morpheus and the bird are incompetent witnesses; and your listener dare not attack your recital. The baseless fabric of a vision, then, shall furnish my theme, and that the limited field of pretty Polly's small talk.

I had a dream that was so far removed from the higher criticism that it had to do with the ancient, respectable, and lamented bar-of-judgment theory.

Gabriel had played his trump; and those of us who could not follow suit were arraigned for examination. I noticed at one side a gathering of professional bondsmen in solemn black and collars that buttoned behind; but it seemed there was some trouble about their real estate titles, and they did not appear to be getting any of us out.

A fly cop—an angel policeman—flew over to me and took me by the left wing. Near at hand was a group of very prosperous-looking spirits arraigned for judgment. And who do you belong with that lump? the policeman asked.

"Who are they?" was my answer.

"Why," said he, "they are—"

But this irrelevant stuff is taking up space that the story should occupy.

Dulcie worked in a department-store. She sold Hamburg edging, or stuffed peppers, or automobiles, or other little trinkets such as they keep in department stores. Of what she earned, Dulcie received six dollars per week. The remainder was credited to her and debited to somebody else's account in the ledger kept by G—.

"Oh! primal energy, you say, Reverend Doctor—well, then, in the Ledger of Primal Energy.

During her first year in the store, Dulcie was paid five dollars per week. It would be instructive to know how she lived on that amount. Don't care? Very well; probably you are interested in larger amounts. Six dollars is a larger amount. I will tell you how she lived on six dollars per week.

One afternoon at six, when Dulcie was sticking her hatpin within an eighth of an inch of her medulla oblongata, she said to her chum, Sadie—the girl that waits on you with her left side:

"Say, Sadie, I made a date for dinner this evening with Piggy."

"You never did!" exclaimed Sadie admiringly.

"Well, ain't you the lucky one? Piggy's an awful swell; and he always takes a girl to swell places. He took Blanche up to the Hoffman House one evening, where they have swell music, and you see a lot of swells. You'll have a swell time, Dulce."

Dulcie hurried homeward. Her eyes were shining, and her cheeks showed the delicate pink of life's—real life's—approaching dawn. It was Friday; and she had fifty cents left of her last week's wages.

The streets were filled with the rush-hour floods of people. The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness to come in and attend the singers with faces like those carved on cherry stones by the old salts in sailors' houses. Turned and stared at Dulcie as she sped, unheedingly. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odoured petals.

Dulcie stopped in a store where goods were cheap, and bought an imitation lace collar with her fifty cents. That money was to have been spent otherwise—fifteen cents for supper, ten cents for breakfast, ten cents for lunch; another dime was to be added to her small store of savings; and five cents was to be squandered for liquorice drops—the kind that make your cheek look like the toothache, and last as long. The liquorice was an extravagance—almost a carouse—but what is life without pleasure?

Dulcie lived in a furnished room. There is this difference between a furnished room and a boarding-house. In a furnished room, other people do not know it when you go hungry.

Dulcie went up to her room—the third floor back in a West Side brownstone-front. She lit the gas. Scientists tell us that the diamond is the hardest substance known. Their mistake. Landladies know of a compound beside which the diamond is as putty. They pack it in the tips of gas burners; and one may stand on a chair and dig at it in vain until one's fingers are pink and bruised. A hairpin will not remove it; therefore let us call it immovable.

Dulcie lit the gas. In its one-fourth-candle-power glow we will observe the room.

Couch-bed, dresser, table, washstand, chair—of this much the landlady was guilty. The rest was Dulcie's. On the dresser were her treasures—a gilt china vase presented to her by Sadie, a calendar issued by a pickle company, and a copy of "Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster-of-paris plaque of O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a small card that read: "Mr. Muldoon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Benvenuto Cellini. Against one wall was a plaster-of-paris plaque of an O'Callahan in a Roman helmet. Near it was a violent oleograph of a lemon-coloured child assaulting an inflammatory butterfly. This was Dulcie's final judgment in art; but it had never been upset. Her rest had never been disturbed by whispers of stolen coxes; no critic had elevated his eyebrows at her infantile entomologist.

Piggy was to call for her at seven. While she swiftly makes ready, let us discreetly face the other way and gossip.

For the room Dulcie paid two dollars per week. On week-days her breakfast cost ten cents; she made coffee and cooked an egg over the gaslight while she was dressing. On Sunday mornings she feasted royally on veal chops and pineapple fritters at "Billy's" restaurant, at a cost of twenty-five cents—and tipped the
waitress ten cents. New York presents one for the personal column and the other to read—were citations for one to run into extravagance. She had her the old blue spelling the six cents for the week paper!—came to six cents to buy clothes and—

The girls said that Piggy was a "spender." There were dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that. The landlady stood there with a spurious smile, sniffing her bed, crushing her black tip, and cried for ten cents.

At ten minutes to seven Dulcie was ready. She turned to the dresser to get her handkerchief; Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady. "Tell him I'm in bed. It is an awful thing to go to bed with a good-she left the dress. "Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

When the girls named her, an undervalued stigma was cast upon the noble family of swine. The words-of-three-letters lesson in dog protecting dogs upon the streets at the end of a string was ended. "And don't put on so many airs and scold so with your eyes. I wonder if you'd be so superior and snippy if you had to live on six dollars a week."

It was not a good sign for Dulcie to be rude to General Kitchener. And then she turned Benvenuto Cellini face downward with a severe gesture. But that was not inexusable; for she had always thought he was Henry VIII., and she did not approve of him.

At half past nine Dulcie took a last look at the pictures on the dresser, turned out the light, and skipped into bed. It is an awful thing to go to bed with a good-she left the dress. "Tell him I'm in bed. It is an awful thing to go to bed with a good-she left the dress. "Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

The girls looked at themselves in the wrinkly mirror. The reflection was satisfactory. The dark blue dress, fitting without a stranger, and who, like me, had accidentally fallen of her trunk, and had a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

When her cry was over, Dulcie got up and took off her best dress, and put on her old blue kimono. She wanted no dinner. She sang two verses of "Sammy." Then she became intensely interested in a little red speck on the side of her nose. After that was attended to, she drew up a chair to the rickety table, and told her fortune with an old deck of cards. "The horrid impudent thing!" she said aloud. "And I never gave him a word or a look to make him think it!"

At nine o'clock Dulcie took a tin box of crackers and a little pot of raspberry jam out of her trunk, and had a feast. She offered General Kitchener some jam on a cracker; but he only looked at her as the sphinx would have looked at a butterfly—if there are butterflies in the desert.

The rest of it comes later—sometimes when Piggy asks Dulcie again to dine with him, and she is feeling lonelier than usual, and General Kitchener happens to be looking the other way; and then—

As I said before, I dreamed that I was standing near a crowd of prosperous-looking angels, and a policeman took me by the wing and asked if I belonged with them. "Who are they?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "they are the men who hired working-girls, and paid 'em five or six dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?"

"Not on your immortality," said I. "I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies."

A Christmas Tree and a Wedding.

(Translated from the Russian of F. M. Dostoevsky
by R. S. Townsend.)

The other day I saw a wedding, but no, I had better tell you about the Christmas tree first. The wedding was very fine, but the other event was much more entertaining. I don't know why the wedding reminded me of the Christmas tree, but it happened in this way. Exactly five years ago on Christmas eve I was invited to a children's party. The host was one of those well-known business men with connections, many acquaintances, intrigues, etc., so that one might have thought the party was given as an excuse for parents to come together and talk over certain interesting matters in a most casual and innocent manner. Being an outsider and having no interesting matters to talk about, I was allowed to spend the evening in a sufficiently independent way.

There was yet another man who it seemed was also a stranger, and who, like me, had accidentally fallen stern yet tender look in his eyes. She used to have little fancies that he would call at the house sometime, and ask for her hand in marriage; and he would be so much in love that he would talk against his high boots. Once, when a boy was rattling a piece of chain against a lamp-post, she had opened the window and looked out. But there was no use. She knew that General Kitchener had a great army against the savage Turks; and he would never step out of his gilt frame for her. Yet one look from him had vanquished Piggy that night. Yes, for that night.

Dulcie turned like an automatic doll to the landlady. "Tell him I can't go," she said dully. "Tell him I'm sick, or something. Tell him I'm not going out."

After the door was closed and locked, Dulcie fell upon her bed, crushed her black tips, and cried for ten minutes. General Kitchener was her only friend. He was Dulcie's ideal of a gallant knight. He looked as if he might have a secret sorrow, and his wonderful moos-tache was a dream, and she was a little afraid of that.
upon this family happiness. He was one of the first
to catch my eyes. A tall, meagre individual, very
serious and elegantly dressed, but one could see at
a glance that he was quite an uninteresting and
unattractive person. When he retired into a corner he at once
ceased smiling and frowned heavily. Besides the host,
he seemed not to know a single soul. He was evidently
frightfully bored, but, nevertheless, held out bravely to
the end in the part of a perfectly enchanted guest. I
learned afterwards that he was a provincial who had a
very important affair in the capital and had come to our
host with a letter of introduction, and whom our host
patronised not at all con amore, and had invited to the
party out of sheer politeness. Nobody entered into
conversation with him or offered him a cigar, and as
there were no card tables our provincial seemed at
a loss to know what to do with his hands. To keep them
employed he kept stroking his side whiskers incessantly
during the whole evening. The whiskers were certainly
very fine, and from the arbour with which he stroked
them one might have thought that the whiskers were
created first and foremost and the man added after-
wards in order to stroke them.

There was yet another man who
took my fancy, but this was a great personage: he was
called Julian Mastakovitch, and he was obviously a
much respected guest. He stood in exactly the same
relation to our host as our host to the man of the side
which Joseph and hostess patronised him and with un-
bounded affability, hovered round him, introduced all
their guests to him, their eyes even filled with tears
when Julian Mastakovitch happened to remark that he
rarely spent an evening in such a pleasant manner.

I felt in the presence of this great personage, so that after admiring the little ones I with-
drew into a small sitting room which happened to be
quite empty at the time and sat down in a sort of
bower which occupied almost half the room.

The children were delightfully sweet and most
emphatically did not wish to be like their elders in spite of
all the admonitions of mammas and governesses. They
stripped the Christmas tree in the twinkling of an
eye to the last bon-bon and had succeeded in breaking
half the toys before they even knew whom they were
intended for. Especially sweet was a curly, dark-eyed little fellow who wanted to shoot at me with his wooden
gun, but of all the children the one who attracted the
most attention was the sister of this boy, a child of
eleven, beautiful as the day, quiet, thoughtful, with large
dreamy eyes. The others seemed to have offended her,
and so she retired into the room where I sat and occu-
pied herself with her doll. A short time ago I had
seen someone point to her father, a rich farmer, and
had overheard him say, it might be four thousand.
At any rate it's bound to be fifty thousand in all, deducting something for
the trousseau.'''

He finished his calculations and was just about to
leave the room when his eye fell upon the little girl, and
he stopped short. He could not see me through the
greenery. He seemed extremely excited and could scarcely contain himself; he rubbed his hands, peered
round cautiously, and drew near the little girl on tip-toe.
He approached her with a smile, bent down and kissed her
forehead. The child screamed at this unexpected
attack.

"What are you doing here, my dear child?'' he
asked, stroking her cheek and peering round cautiously
at the same time.

"Playing,''' answered the child.

"Are you playing with him?'' Julian Mastakovitch
pointed to the boy.

"Go into the drawing-room, little one,''' he said to
him.

The boy sat still and gazed at him with wide-open
eyes, Julian Mastakovitch looked round and again
went about the little girl.

"What have you got there, dear child? A doll?'' he
asked.

"Yes,''' replied the little girl.

"Do you know what your doll is made of, little one?''

"No,'''

"It's made of rags, dear. Go into the drawing-room
to your chums,''' he said severely to the little boy.
The children clung to one another.

"Do you know why they gave you a doll?'' asked
Julian Mastakovitch, lowering his voice.

At this point Julian Mastakovitch peered round more
cautiously than ever, and dropping his voice still lower
asked tremulously:

"Will you love me, dear child, when I come to visit
your parents?''

He again attempted to kiss the child, who was almost
on the verge of tears, when the red-haired boy began
to whimper out of sympathy for her.

"Get out! Get out of here!'' Julian Mastakovitch
cried angrily, "Go into the drawing-room to your
chums! Don't! Don't go! Leave him alone! You go
away!'' burst out the little girl.

At this moment a noise was heard in the door-way
and Julian Mastakovitch drew himself up nervously; the
red-haired boy, quite terrified by this time, ran away
departing the dining-room. I suppose in order to avoid
the din Julian Mastakovitch also went into the dining-
room. He was as red as a lobster and seemed annoyed.
with himself for his recent behaviour. It may be that he was so carried away by his calculations that he was led to act in the undignified manner of a school-boy going straight for the thing he wants.

I followed them into the dining-room and was met by a strange sight. Julian Mastakovitch, red to the ears, was bullying the little boy, who was backing away from him, but evidently too frightened to run away.

"Get out! What are you doing here? Stealing fruit, eh? You good-for-nothing! Get out!"

The boy, resolving on desperate measures, crawled under the table. Julian Mastakovitch took out a large pocket-handkerchief and began striking the boy with it under the table. I may say that Julian Mastakovitch was rather stout and the effort made him puff and pant horribly.

I was so amused at the spectacle that I burst out laughing. Julian Mastakovitch turned round, and on catching sight of me became somewhat confused, but at this moment our host entered the room from the opposite direction. The boy crept out from under the table, brushed his elbows and knees, and Julian Mastakovitch instantly raised the handkerchief to his nose.

"Yes. I may say that Julian Mastakovitch was rather stout and the effort made him puff and pant horribly."

"Ah! I" exclaimed Julian Mastakovitch, who had scarcely had time to collect himself.

"What are you standing there for?" asked, turning to the boy.

"Go into the drawing-room." At this point I could no longer contain myself and laughed aloud. Julian Mastakovitch stared at me and asked the host who I was. They left the room whispering surrounded by fathers, mothers, host and hostess, and such a trousseau as on other occasions. This year M. Colonne proclaimed himself "spiritual" by embellishing his programme with an ornamental and varied group of virtuosos. It was an occasion for allowing oneself to be brushed with cosmopolitan adoration. I think I may also affirm that on this evening the regular habits were inconvenient by the close proximity of persons more eager to watch orchestral pantomimes than to experience artistic emotions. The magnetic attraction exercised by the virtuoso on the public seems to be somewhat similar to that which draws a multitude to a circus. There is always the hope that something dangerous will be attempted. M. Ysaye will play, and at the same time he will balance M. Colonne on his shoulders, or M. Pugno, as a finale to his piece, will hold up the piano with his teeth. None of these acrobatic feats are essayed.

Ysaye played the Concerto in G for violin of J. S. Bach as he alone can without appearing in any way an extraneous factor to the music. He possesses that freedom of expression, that apparently unstudied beauty of tone, which are gifts essentially necessary for the interpretation of this master. This was all the more noticeable, as the rest of the execution was heavy and laboured. It seemed as if the accumulated weight of past centuries was heaped on to Bach's music when it is played in this rigid way. Yet this concerto is an admirable work among many others already inscribed in the note books of the great Bach. One finds that with the "arsenique" of an "arabesque," he has given it a "spirituel." One has never understood why, seeing it never condescends to adapt itself to the sentimental demands of those of whom it is said that they "like music." But it prides itself on eyes were stained with tears. Her severe classic features added a certain dignity to her beauty, but behind it one could see a perfectly naive child.

I looked again at the bridegroom and recognised Julian Mastakovitch, whom I had not seen since the evening of the children's party about five years ago. I examined the bride more carefully. "My God!"

From the gossip of the crowd I learnt that the bride was very rich. "A dowry of fifty thousand roubles, and such a trousseau!" someone remarked.

At all events, his calculations were correct, I thought, as I pushed my way out of the crowd.

M. Debussy's Musical Impressions.

(Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich.)

On Good Friday the symphonic concerts are called "spiritual." One has never understood why, seeing that the compositions which are played "spiritually" are the same as on other occasions. This year M. Colonne proclaimed himself "spiritual" by embellishing his programme with an ornamental and varied group of virtuosos. It was an occasion for allowing oneself to be brushed with cosmopolitan adoration. I think I may also affirm that on this evening the regular habits were inconvenient by the close proximity of persons more eager to watch orchestral pantomimes than to experience artistic emotions. The magnetic attraction exercised by the virtuoso on the public seems to be somewhat similar to that which draws a multitude to a circus. There is always the hope that something dangerous will be attempted. M. Ysaye will play, and at the same time he will balance M. Colonne on his shoulders, or M. Pugno, as a finale to his piece, will hold up the piano with his teeth. None of these acrobatic feats are essayed.

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compelling, if not their devotion, at any rate their respect. It must have been easily noticed that one has never heard anyone whistling Bach in the streets. 

Tchaikovsky has not been denied to Wagner. On the boulevards, at the hour when the captives of pleasure are coming out of the prison-houses of music, they may happen to hear the Spring Song and the opening phrase of the Meistersingers being miserably whistled. I imagine very well that for many this is the highest honour that can be paid to their music. Nevertheless, without any desire to appear singular, one may be of a different opinion. I must add that this ornamental conceit has completely disappeared. People have succeeded in domesticating music. All, even the most humble, are ready to sing accompanying phrases, or to whistle the melody, for which they are given hearty encouragement.

But to return to M. Ysaye, who subsequently played a transcription of his own of a study in waltz tempo of Chopin. The critic has written that Ysaye displayed more virtuosity than art. This annoyed some exceedingly severe individuals who clearly showed their small amount of taste for the expenditure of such a large measure of virtuosity on a mere trifle. Some must always understand a joke, why, therefore, should a sense of humour be forbidden to M. Saëns?

M. Pugno next gave a performance of a concerto of Mozart, whose melody is so well written as to be suitable for the piano. Of course, as usual, he transcended it. In the interval Herr A. Van Rooy, of the Bayreuth Opera, sang Wolfram's lied from the song competition (second act of "Tannhäuser") with so much charm that one almost forsook them all for him to learn music; it is only one mediocrity more. If now and again some genius tries to shake off the heavy yoke of tradition, people set to work to kill him with ridicule; then the poor genius makes up his mind to die quite young, and he finds that the only enterprise for which he is given hearty encouragement.

The Ninth Symphony.
The choral symphony has been surrounded by a mystery, one could perhaps elucidate it by the idea of the finale to this symphony had been recorded in over two hundred different ways, testifies to his determination research and to the purely musical nature of the thoughts that prompted the work—(Schiller's verses have there only a sonorous value). He wanted this idea virtually to sum up his actual development, and if in itself it is of marvellous beauty it is also magnificent, because it responded so completely to his expectations. A more successful example is not to be found of the plant conformity of an idea to its proposed form; each of its grounds is a fresh joy; and this without fatigue, without appearing to repeat itself, seemingly like the imaginary budding of a tree whose leaves would all sprout forth at one and the same moment. In this work of such enormous proportions there is nothing useless, not even the andante which some modern aesthetes have pronounced too long. Is it not a respite deftly foreseen between the rhythmic persistence of the scherzo and the instrumental torrent leading the voice irresistibly to the glory of the finale? Besides this, Beethoven's writing did not suffer from the confusion of the orchestrations; the number nine must have impressed itself on his mind in an almost fatalistic manner and forced him to surmount himself. I do not think anyone can doubt that his genius succeeded. As to overweening humanity which broke through the traditional barriers of the symphony, it came from his soul inebrated with the desire for freedom, and which, by irony of fate, was imprisoned by the heavy yoke of tradition, people set to work to kill him with ridicule; then the poor genius makes up his mind to die quite young, and he finds that the only enterprise for which he is given hearty encouragement.

Henri Becque, one of the greatest dramatists of the nineteenth century, and certainly the greatest realistic French dramatist, died at the close of the century in all the odour of obliquity. His work is now the chief literary topic in Paris, and it has indeed rivalled the Portuguese revolution and the French railway strike as a subject of conversation among people who talk like sheep run. This dizzy popularity has been due to an accident, but it is, nevertheless, a triumph for Becque, who until recently had won the esteem only of the handful of people who think for themselves. I should say that no first-class modern French author is more perfectly unknown and uncared for in England than Henri Becque. I once met a musical young woman who had never heard of Ibsen (she afterwards married a man with twelve thousand a year—such is life!), but I have met dozens and scores of enormously up-to-date persons who had never heard of Henri Becque. The most fantastic, and yet the most extemporaneous performances have been performed in England, but I doubt if the London curtain has ever yet risen on a play of Becque's. Once in Sobe, a historic and highly ceremonious repast took place. I

Books and Persons.

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The NEW AGE

October 20, 1910.
entertained a personage to afternoon tea in a restaurant where afternoon tea had never been served before. This personage was the president of the incorporated Stage Society. He asked me if I knew anything about a French play called "La Parisienne." I replied that I had seen it often after any other modern play, and that it was the greatest modern play of my acquaintance. He then enquired whether I would translate it for the Stage Society. I said I should be delighted to translate it for the Stage Society. He expressed joy and said the Committee would sit on the project. I never heard any more. No doubt the Committee sat on it.

Becque wrote two absolutely first-class modern realistic plays. One was "La Parisienne." The other was "Les Corbeaux." Once, when I was in Paris, I saw exposed among many other books in front of the window of Stock's shop near the Théâtre Francais, a copy of "Les Corbeaux." Opening it, I perceived that it was an example of the first edition (1882). I asked the price, and to my horror the attendant hesitated and said that he "would see." I feared the price was going to be big as he came back. This turned four francs, adding, "It's our last copy." I paid the four francs willingly. On examining my trophy, I saw that it was published by Tresse. Now Stock became Tresse's partner before he had that business to himself. I had simply bought the play at the original issue of its publication. And it had fallen to me, after some twenty-five years, to put the first edition of "Les Corbeaux" out of print: I went home and read the play and was somewhat disappointed with it. I thought it very fine in its direct sincerity, but not on the same plane as "La Parisienne."

Antoine, founder of the Théâtre Libre, director of the Théâtre Antoine during brilliant years, and now director of the Odéon (which he has raised from the dead), was always a profound admirer of Becque. It was through Antoine that Paris had such magnificent performances of "La Parisienne." He had long expressed his intention of publishing "Les Corbeaux," and now he has produced "Les Corbeaux" at the Odéon, where it has been definitely accepted and consecrated as a masterpiece. I could not refrain from going to Paris specially to see it. It was years since I had been in the Odéon. Rather brighter, perhaps, in its more ephemeral décorations, but still the same old-fashioned, cramped, provincial theatre, with pit-tier boxes like the cells of a prison! The audience was good. It was startlingly modern for the Odéon. The play, too, at first seemed old-fashioned. It has bits of colloquial prose and other dodges of technique now demodified. But the first act was not half over before the extreme modernness of the play forced itself upon you. Tchekov is not more modern. The picture of family life presented in the first act was simply delightful. All the bitterness was reserved for the other acts. And what superb bitterness! No one can be so cruel as Becque to a "sympathetic" character. He exposes ever so foolishness of the ruined widow; he never spares her for an instant; and yet one's sympathy is not compromised. This is a play. I had not read the thing with sufficient imagination, with the result that for me it "acted" much better than it had "read." Its sheer beauty, truth, power, and wit, justified the great length of the last act. We thought that Becque had continued to add scenes to the play after it was essentially finished. But it was well that we were mistaken, not he. The final scene began by irritating and ended by completely the public. Tension, the principal meal part, was played by M. Némes in a manner which amounted to genius.

October 20, 1910. THE NEW AGE

M. Robaglia, handed this play to M. Henri de Nouflage to finish—heaven knows why! M. de Nouflage has written novels. The play beret of importance, and he is the editor of "Gil Blas," a daily paper whose importance it would not be easy to under-estimate; and his qualifications for finishing a play by Becque are in the highest degree mysterious. The finished play was to be produced at the Odéon, where it has been definitely accepted and consecrated as a master-
I’ve tricked them! At dawn another dies, Caught in the net of liars’ lies. But the black night is shot with bars; And, through the dark, two stony stars Peer forth like gaoler’s eyes.

THE MURDERER.

Lassalle’s lawyer, he had approached Helene’s grandmother with a proposal, probably at Lassalle’s request. True, he arranged a meeting at his house, but he swore both of the secret brothers; and he may have been sincerely friendly to them without being prepared to jeopardise his relation with her family. Neutrality is not hostility, and if Holtoff’s advice was not neutral it had sufficient warranty in facts to be reasonable. His letter may have disappointed Helene’s hopes; and it certainly was unfortunate in the moment of its arrival, but duplicity cannot be fairly alleged for these reasons. Holtoff may have enjoyed Lassalle’s conversation and admired his powers and promise, without being committed to the assertion that fair qualities were appropriate to the mysterious functions of a husband. If Lassalle suffered from syphilis, as Bernstein suggests, Holtoff was at least justified in his advice. Whether the letter was genuine or not, it served the purpose of Herr von Dönniges, who have always managed to correspond with that rascal Lassalle.” He then left me. I read the letter upon which Ferdinand and I had built to many hopes. He advised me in Heaven’s name to do nothing against the wishes of my parents. Lassalle was not a fit husband for any girl of good family! This was Lassalle’s best friend!

The one on whom he counted and trusted implicitly—my best friend!

Elizabeth Evans denies the authenticity of this letter. I do not doubt that Herr von Dönniges would have stooped to forgery, but it is not likely that the necessity for it would have occurred so early in the struggle. Moreover, Helene states that she left a letter from Holtoff on the table, and as Holtoff was an old friend of the family, and had seen her father’s indignant refusal of the first suggestion of her marriage with Lassalle, it was not likely that he would offer any advice. But Helene places the matter beyond all doubt by her statement:

I heard later, as soon as he had received my letter, Holtoff went to my uncle in Berlin, talked the matter over with him, and then wrote to me in the manner described. My uncle assured him that my family would never consent to this insane marriage!

So Holtoff made up his mind to become a turncoat.

It certainly seems unfair to brand Holtoff as a turncoat. As far as the Princess’s narrative goes, he had never suggested the marriage, and finally sung Lassalle’s lawyer, he had approached Helene’s grandmother with a proposal, probably at Lassalle’s request. True, he arranged a meeting at his house, but he swore both of the secret brothers; and he may have been sincerely friendly to them without being prepared to jeopardise his relation with her family. Neutrality is not hostility, and if Holtoff’s advice was not neutral it had sufficient warranty in facts to be reasonable. His letter may have disappointed Helene’s hopes; and it certainly was unfortunate in the moment of its arrival, but duplicity cannot be fairly alleged for these reasons. Holtoff may have enjoyed Lassalle’s conversation and admired his powers and promise, without being committed to the assertion that fair qualities were appropriate to the mysterious functions of a husband. If Lassalle suffered from syphilis, as Bernstein suggests, Holtoff was at least justified in his advice. Whether the letter was genuine or not, it served the purpose of Herr von Dönniges, who have always managed to correspond with that rascal Lassalle.” He then left me. I read the letter upon which Ferdinand and I had built to many hopes. He advised me in Heaven’s name to do nothing against the wishes of my parents. Lassalle was not a fit husband for any girl of good family! This was Lassalle’s best friend!

A Grand Pretender. V.

By Alfred E. Randall.

Herr von Dönniges knew how to organise victory. He had already imprisoned Helene in her room, and forbidden the servants to communicate with her; he even threatened to shoot anyone leaving the house. In addition to these precautions, he petitioned the authorities and obtained from them a guard of soldiers to defend Lassalle. This was a belated reply to her letter from Wabern announcing her engagement. The Princess says:

“The next morning after my first entirely sleepless night, my father appeared and handed me Holtoff’s letter, which he had opened, saying, “Here, read—you can see for yourself what your good friend thinks of your disgraceful behaviour.” I rose and praised Him who made the sun that blasted me. The clock ticks on; nothing can be done. The universe.

FAITH.

The clock ticks on: the past is gone; its sorrows fade. And every ghost of the dread host is laid.

Nothing can do us any scath; Nothing can curse: Nothing can rob us in all the world.

THE NEW AGE. October 20, 1910.
He continued to tell me that shortly before his departure from Berlin, after Dr. Arndt had told him everything they had been doing to me, he had sworn to sacrifice all for my happiness, even to giving me to Lassalle, but to throw dust in my parents' eyes, he suggested my openly announcing my engagement to himself. I shook my head.

"But do you not see, beloved, that this is the only plan that can save you? It is only in such circumstances that they would trust you to me," and here he burst into sobs.

"I am and must be your faithful Moorish page."

We mingled our tears, but our heavy hearts saw no gleam of light in the future.

I replied, "I must tell you that in spite of your being so good and noble, the day I see Lassalle, nothing will part me from him again, even if to reach him I had to step over all your corpses—yours included. This is the truth, and I have never lied to you."

Maybe these words, uttered passionately, and revealing the depths of my feeling for the first time to him, caused him to pause a moment. Then he put his arms round me, and said gently, "Even then you would still find me at my post taking care of you." After this, he went to tell my parents I had accepted his proposal.

(To be concluded.)

Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

IV.—Hermann Sudermann.

Sudermann arrived at a critical point in the history of the German Theatre. In 1889 the revolutionary Freie Bühne (the Free Stage), discoverer of Hauptmann and pioneer of Ibsen, was established in Berlin. In November of the same year Sudermann's first play, "Die Ehre," appeared at the Lessing Theater, and was received with an enthusiasm altogether beyond its merits. The early catchwords of Ibsenism and advanced drama had just reached the ears of the general public, and the audience, steeped in the demi-monde sentiment of Dumas and the theatricality of Sardou, welcomed Sudermann as the prophet of a new era. He tempered the Scandinavian winds to these shorn lambs of the theatre. He nursed them tenderly, adding a cautious teaspoonful of modernity to their mother's milk in order to flatter their vanity and assist digestion. "Honour" was his theme—the honour of an officer and a gentleman. He attacked the conception with bourgeois bravado. He ridiculed the duel as a vehicle of personal satisfaction. But in place of honour he had nothing to offer but the vague and ambiguous, theatricality and falsehood. There is not one glimmer of reality in the whole play, and the hero, a young merchant, is a man of straw upon whose making no artist could conceivably have wasted an hour. All this may have appeared highly revolutionary to a Prussian Junker or an officer in a cavalry regiment, but after Ibsen it contributed less than nothing to drama. The production of "Die Ehre," in short, was a landmark in theatrical history, but not in the history of the theatre.

Sudermann, however, had displeased the military caste, and his next play, "Sodom's Ende," was condemned as immoral and suspended for a time by order of the Court. This was unfortunate, for there is nothing which stamps an author as "advanced" so distinctively as a conflict with the censorship, and nothing (in Germany) so likely to gain him popular respect as an artist. Sudermann was instantly classed with his betters, Ibsen, Hauptmann and Strindberg; although in reality "Sodom's Ende" was as trivial a piece of work as "Die Ehre." It was followed by "Heimat" (Magda), and this, the third play of an already successful author, marked him finally as a pedlar of stale wares. Sudermann's instinct for the
theatre and nothing but the theatre led him here to the apotheosis of the commercial playwright—the creation of a great emotional part for a great actress. "Magda" is a dramatisation of half-truths and commonplace. It is superficial to the point of nausea; it has all the surface characteristics of a great play, but the compelling force is lacking. Your true dramatist is driven to write because he has something definite to say. Sudermann is never so driven. With a cold-blooded refinement of theatricality he devises scene after scene, arranges situation after situation, purely for the effect of the moment. His "curtains" are mechanically perfect. He has wit, geniality, real gifts of dialogue, sense of the theatre—everything but the mind that can choose a worthy subject and handle it finely. That "choosing of the subject" is all embracing. It means more than a single dramatic idea. It includes a whole group of personalities with an infinite interplay of thought and feeling. From this vast material the dramatist must choose, and it depends upon the quality of his choice—that is to say, upon his own temperament—whether his play shall be distinguished or commonplace. Sudermann has always made his choice in the spirit of the theatrical purveyor. Dumas and Sardou did the same, and if Sudermann were content to rank with them there would be no necessity to deal with him amongst the artistic. But Sudermann is different. He claims to solve the problems of the age. In "Die Ehre," as we have seen, he deals with the conception of honour; in "Magda" with the problem of the artist-woman and her family; in "Das Glück im Winkel" and "Das Blumenboot" with the woman and marriage in the lower class; in "Leben in E" with the socialisation of the family; in "Morituri" with the eternal masculine; and in "Johannisefeuer" with the instincts of heathendom breaking out in the lives of modern men and women. In every one of these plays Sudermann displayed ceaseless and full ambition that comes mercifully to make glad our filled by life, and, indeed, should never be fulfilled. No matter what the laws may be that rule the world all too carelessly... However that may be, once in all the year comes our night of freedom. Do you know what these flames are that are shooting up there? They are the ghostly fires of the red plumage of the birds of Paradise that we could perhaps have sheltered for a lifetime, had they not flown away. There is a sort of old chaos—things the old ones used. And though law and comfort rule our lives at other times this is Midsummer Eve. To those old pagan fires I raise my glass to a new high for ever as they flame to-night! Hoch! Hoch! and once more, Hoch!... Will no one drink with me?

MARILKKE (trembling): I will. (They touch their glasses, looking one another in the face.)

The passage is characteristic of Sudermann's method. Slowly, sentence by sentence, through two long acts, the play has climbed to reach this scene. The thrill was predesigned. It is the motive of the drama, not the inevitable result of Midsummer Eve—"Johannisefeuer"—young hearts on fire—wild longings—painted rhetoric—"heathendom" and the Church. Here is matter enough and to spare. A flare of red light in the background; the family party about the table, ruled by the inexorable Vogelreuter; Georg and Marikke upon their feet, touching glasses; "ghosts of dead desires," "red plumage of the birds of Paradise." This is the triumph of the playmaker—the pinnacled third act. Later on comes the anti-climax; much of anti-climax. The Johannis fires are out. Georg and Marilkke are left alone. The house is still. And the ashes are kindled once again. Marilkke, daughter of the gipsy-woman, comes to Georg and kisses him. "My mother steals. I will steal too!" The curtain falls.

In that word "steal" lies Sudermann's confession of impotence. The love of Georg and Marilkke is stolen love. Why? Because they dare not face Vogelreuter and tell him what has happened. He "would strike them both dead." Vogelreuter is an honest Protestant, with no sympathy for heathendom, and Vogelreuter wins. In the end Georg marries Trude, and Marikke is left watching them set out for the church.

Once again it must be said that Sudermann solves no problems. He is incapable even of presenting them fairly. His only real and living characters are figures like Vogelreuter, who destroy dramatist's force of unintelligent will. Such a person cannot be moved either by emotion or logic. Both break about him harmlessly in sentimental spray. To make him the arbiter of life is to appeal to a stone wall. Sudermann, like so many dramatists before and after him, has made the impossible. He has tried to get great drama from second-rate people, second-rate life, second-rate thought. From all his work two facts emerge. The first, that he is technically the most accomplished of living playwrights. The second, that he has never drawn a memorable personality nor said a memorable thing.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE USES OF OSBORNITY.

Sir,—I do not want to discuss the general question of whether it is or is not "against democratic theory" that Trade Unions as such should be directly represented in Parliament. I write simply to make some observations regarding the line of policy adopted recently in your editorial columns, and in Mr. Cecil Chesterton's article of last week.

1. The Osborne judgment does not make it impossible for a Trade Union to have a representative in Parliament. What it does do is to prevent Trade Unions contributing to a central fund to be expended for political purposes by an independent body, i.e., it makes the formation of a Trade Union party organization impracticable. If any Trade Union chooses to pay its secretary a good big salary, sufficient to cover all expenses connected with the maintenance of Ruskin Hall, that is another matter; but strictly defined law cannot prevent it doing so. And if the Osborne judgment remains unreversed there is little doubt that a number of Unions will adopt this course whether or not payment of members is in the meantime secured. Consequently, the appeals to "public policy" made by those who object to this course of action, need not be considered. If the Courts, contrary—as I think all impartial persons agree—to the intention of the Act of 1871, have assumed the power of dictating the expenditure of Trade Union funds, they have laid it down that the clause in that Act which names the main functions of Trade Unions is a clause not merely of definition but of limitation.

I have no copy of the clause by me, but this decision certainly means that the Courts can, if and when they choose, cut the Trade Union expenditure within very narrow limits indeed. Under the terms of the judgment delivered by a majority of the Law Lords the Courts could certainly prohibit trade unions from contributing to political purposes, such as the maintenance of Ruskin Hall. Indeed, I think they would be obliged to do so if any members of the unions and not merely Union leaders were to demand an injunction. Probably also they could prohibit contributions from one Union to another for strike purposes, contribution of a near-work character which go to support the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and all other contributions, which in their opinion, are not suitable to improving the condition of the members in their own particular trade. It is no use replying that these things are not likely to be done. The point is that they are possible, that they can be done, and that if at any time the governing classes become sufficiently frightened, they will be done. At all costs, quite apart from the question of direct political representation, it is necessary that the Courts should be deprived once and for all of the power of defining the proper function of Trade Unions.

No doubt it is true, as Mr. Chesterton says, that the demand for the reversal of the Osborne judgment is not so decisive of the welfare and fate of the case as the Taff Vale judgment. But that is only because the rank and file have not realised the full implications of the latter decision and the obstacle with which they are threatened. If it is decided on grounds of public policy to maintain the Osborne judgment in so far as it prevents applying to party funds, well and good. I am prepared to admit that provided we get State payment of members and election expenses there is a good deal to be said for it. But the Osborne judgment must be reversed—even though the Act which does so make contributions by Trade Unions to party funds illegal. That is to say, it must be made clear that Trade Unions have the right to dispose of their funds exactly as they please, except in so far as Parliament has specifically decided otherwise.

CLIFFORD D. SHARP.

P.S.—May I add that the agreement of some of us with Mr. Chesterton's pessimistic view regarding all existing political parties only adds to our anxiety to see the Osborne judgment reversed. Amidst all the difficulties and dire threatening failures which seem to beset working-class movements in the field of politics, it is always possible to draw comfort and confidence from the knowledge that, although Labour parties may fail, there is always the great organised economic movement represented by the Trade Unions to which we can appeal. It would be a great mistake to threaten the untrammeled development of that movement, along whatever lines it may itself select as best suited for the attainment of its purposes, raising the economic status of the worker, threatens the very basis of our confidence that the mastery of the governing classes will sooner or later be broken down. The Osborne judgment is the reply of the lawyers to the Trade Disputes Act; the Osborne judgment is the reply of the lawyers to the Trade Disputes Act.

Sir,—You kindly say Mr. Chesterton's hand and not allow him to dilute Mr. Skelhorn's thorn. Has Mr. Skelhorn had the opportunity of answering one or two questions I should like to put to him? The questions are as follows: Where is Rocky Mountain-day? Where is the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages? Where will England and Modern America be in another hundred years? if governed on Joint Stock Company lines? Napoleon—"the master among men of affairs"—finish his career again? Mr. Skelhorn gibes at Mr. Chesterton for wishing to reconstruct from below rather than from above, and suggests that the task should (must) be approached from the centre rather than from the circumference. May I ask, is the centre the "above" or "the below"?

* * *

LABOUR AND POLITICS.

Sir,—Mr. Kirkby ingeniously constructs a chain of evidence which convicts the writer of your "Notes of the Week" (October 6) of a tendency to anarchism. But a chain is no chain if it lacks a link, and I propose to observe of one of the links that it is really no link at all, but a slip of the pen or of the printer. When I wrote (as I suppose I did) that "Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally would be better off out of party politics," I meant to say: "Both Trade Unionism and the working classes generally would be better off if Trade Unions were out of party politics." Your courteous and able correspondent will perceive that his conclusion is no longer supported.

THE WRITER OF YOUR "NOTES OF THE WEEK."
But this "blind affection" of literary hero-worship, which refuses to recognize grave faults in the object of adoration, is far from being confined to adoration of the Stratford player. Once the idol has been set upon its pedestal, with the general acclamation "all refusal by worship indiscriminately is regarded as rank heresy," "Homer," Milton, Dante—to name but the most eminent among the poets—is adored like a god. Perhaps, among modern prose-fictionists, the most striking instance of blind hero-worship is the great popular hero, Dickens. No one would think of criticizing with public safety in view a very large proportion of his productions—even of his (by the general run of conventional critics) most admired fiction! Mr. Wake Cook evidently believes, with Professor E. Wake Cook himself, in the following form of the Latin satirist) affect disastrously the productions of the most adored poet and prose fictionists; and tediousness and trifling—whether the result of mental exhaustion of a popular writer, and of the unceasing demand of the interested publisher, or of whatever other cause—too often are in painful evidence.

In my firm conviction, for the mass of readers in particular, as regards the public free libraries—it would be an incomparably more efficacious improvement of the public interest in the higher ethics and of the higher education, were there a judicious editing and excision of all the books generally re- garded (and professedly read) as the masterpieces of genius made by a thoroughly well-selected commission of competent, impartial critics.

But it is a special matter of this criticism, it is as respects the Shakespearean mixed drama that this compression, effected without fear or favour, is, especially and devoutly to be desired. "Nullus Additus Jurare in Vera Magistrat.

ODURE RHYMES.

Knowledge is charity, sympathy, kindness; Ignorance only is maker of hell.  
If Mr. Hooper (for whom I have the greatest respect) would read and inwardly digest a selection of Mr. Chesterton's works, which I should be delighted to catalogue for him, I have little doubt that he would soon become convinced of the truth of those words.  
My point is this: I have found that my own unreasoning longing for freedom, for the struggle for greater depth, greater breadth, greater strength of life, but this necessity which has created God, and the life-force out of itself to give point and direction to the strife.

Let "Victim of Conscience" take courage. His strength lies not in any philosophic system nor in any religious creed, but in the efforts of mankind, not in the interests of mankind, but in the interests of the universe that can be imagined. He will understand that if all the philosophic systems were to collapse to-morrow, and all men turn pessimists, so far from "toppling over into a nothingness" he would feel himself impelled to even greater efforts on behalf of the truth, the freedom, and the justice that his nature craves for.

Let that unreasonable be his reason. Let him satisfy himself for the time being that he must strive for great and greater things for no other reason, proximate or ultimate, than his irresistible inner impulse. He has found himself, once he has recognised his own verity as distinct from others' visions, he will have power to create his own gods, his own paradises, and to help others to create theirs.  

Sir,—In your last issue "A Victim of Conscience" asks: "What is the good of benefiting mankind?" The question betrays an ignorance of the real meaning of the philosophy to which he clings, or he would realise that his first duty is the 'benefiting' of mankind, not in the interests of mankind, but in the interests of the universe that can be imagined. He will understand that if all the philosophic systems were to collapse to-morrow, and all men turn pessimists, so far from "toppling over into a nothingness" he would feel himself impelled to even greater efforts on behalf of the truth, the freedom, and the justice that his nature craves for.

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A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

Sir,—By his question, "What is the good of benefiting man?" "Victim of Conscience" reveals himself to be an Intellectualist, and, taking the question seriously, answers: "Because the good of man is the good of mankind, and the good of mankind is the good of the universe..."

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REVISION IN PORTUGAL.

Sir,—The omnipresent prophet on foreign affairs of THE NEW AGE is again in his element. The following periscopic paragraph was published—

"The threatened revolution in Portugal inspires me merely with lively interest. To see men who are knitting their brows and saying fiercely that there are several Cromwells among the revolutionary elements, I have only to recall those who are immortal—Oliver." If there were even John Wilkeses among the Portuguese Republicans I should leave for Lisbon to-morrow. But there isn't. Therefore, as unintellectual as the coup which has just been executed at Lisbon, it is unfortunate that Oliver should have been misinformed as to the loss sustained by Mr. Verdad's lamentable absence from Lisbon on the memorable occasion of the Revolution is irreparable. But it is not so. Mr. Verdad was at the time of the Autumn number (1906) of "Poet Lore," an American quarterly, while "Swanwhite" is published in English by Brown Bros., Philadelphns. The issue Wedekind's play, "Frühlingserwachen," has been translated into English under the title, "The Awakening of Spring," and was published by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Philadelphia, in 1904. A review of the translation appeared in "The Athenaeum" in (I think) May of this year.

ALLAN WADE.

NOTES OF CRITICISM.

Sir,—To an American who has cause to be dissatisfied with the characterlessness of most of our weeklies and monthlies as a class, such a paper as THE NEW AGE is rather refreshing. I suppose that anywhere in Europe one is more likely to find papers expressing the views of a fixed class than in America. But, of course, the particulars may be so much addicted as in America to pleasing all who can be obtained through the usual agents.

And here, by the way, my contribution for this week is completed. There is nothing else to say. So much for literature. As for life, the fires of the world are burning. The threatened revolution in Portugal inspires me merely with lively interest. To see men who are knitting their brows and saying fiercely that there are several Cromwells among the revolutionary elements, I have only to recall those who are immortal—Oliver. If there were even John Wilkeses among the Portuguese Republicans I should leave for Lisbon to-morrow. But there isn't. Therefore, as unintellectual as the coup which has just been executed at Lisbon, it is unfortunate that Oliver should have been misinformed as to the loss sustained by Mr. Verdad's lamentable absence from Lisbon on the memorable occasion of the Revolution is irreparable. But it is not so. Mr. Verdad was at the time of the Autumn number (1906) of "Poet Lore," an American quarterly, while "Swanwhite" is published in English by Brown Bros., Philadelphns. The issue Wedekind's play, "Frühlingserwachen" in English. Any of these, I suppose, can be obtained through the usual agents. E. L. A.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.
AN ENDOWMENT SCHEME.

Sir,—Having been more than commonly interested in the various proposals lately made in these columns and other papers for the support of genius, I find it impossible to have set out my views long before this, only I was restrained by the reflection that many persons might, rightly or wrongly, think I had set up my claim to be the very person that the deus ex machina must be prepared to consider his money for. However, since several of these difficulties—prevents them from making plain the only manner in which any deus ex machina might possibly be used—considering that some of the solutions they propose are not known, 

I have come to the conclusion that I may be the very person that the deus ex machina must be prepared to consider his money for, and that he might, therefore, address deaf ears. However, since several geniuses of my acquaintance have put forward in unmistakable language what they do need, it occurs to me that perhaps modesty, or the fear that the plan I have so often heard them suggest has not been sufficiently considered, that my assumption is not correct, and perhaps the deus ex machina might be prepared to consider his money for.

For example, what they do need, it occurs to me that perhaps modesty, or the fear that the plan I have so often heard them suggest has not been sufficiently considered, that my assumption is not correct, and perhaps the deus ex machina might be prepared to consider his money for.

P.S.—The deus ex machina must not expect necessarily to be made an honorary member, or, unless otherwise qualified, to come near except at stated intervals, when he may entertain the whole club or refurbish the place.

A LABOUR DAILY.

Sir,—The announcement made by Mr. Keir Hardie in the “Labour Leader” of his intention to publish the first number of a Socialist daily newspaper on May Day next year has excited considerable interest among Socialist but among intelligent persons generally. The preliminary information given by Mr. Hardie necessarily is vague, but from his proposals it seems certain that a nominally costing a halfpenny, shall be printed in Manchester and sold to the public at a charge of fourpence per week. Since Mr. Hardie even now has several small and dependent Labour Party should consider seriously whether or not they are prepared to pay for this halfpenny evening paper the sum of sixpence per week. Now, there can be no doubt that a journal dealing with the Socialist and Labour point of view is highly desirable, indeed, absolutely necessary; for it is a means of informing and astonishment that in England we do not have the sort of newspaper that in many there are many largely-circulated and efficiently-conducted Socialist newspapers. The urgent necessity for a daily publication of the calumny of the Barrepress and a continuous exposition of our point of view is sufficiently obvious; and therefore in treating Mr. Keir Hardie’s proposal in this article, I will assume that there is no opposition to his idea of founding a newspaper. But it is desirable that some criticism of the scheme, vague though it is, put forth by Mr. Hardie should be offered; and it is with this intention that the letter is written.

I find it difficult to understand why the proposed new paper should not be called a “Labour Daily.” For example, the Union indeed may be made sublime, and if anyone is possessed of the novelistic notion that where both man and woman are types of genius they are bound to become furious jealousy, let them die in that belief. All the same, it is safe not to marry the word as to artists deliberately marrying a sort of major-domo—such are nearer blank bell than they dream—and I proceed to unfold the plan.

A labour daily built and secluding mansion is necessary. It is to be temporarily endowed only as to initial expenses a figure of comedy, a married artist is certainly a figure of tragedy, though the last individual to confess as much would naturally not usually been that the artist could not earn enough for his own support, but that some female relative—wife, sister, or sister—has tacked herself on to be kept out of the way. Counter examples may be adduced to show that certain artists have apparently not suffered from the proximity of uncongenial or over-fond relatives; but the mass of evidence from Ovid to Dante and Milton exhibits everywhere the sign of the struggle of men of literary genius to pursue their labours in spite of environment. Though want is, of course, a different matter but the artist could not earn enough for his own support, but that some female relative—wife, sister, or sister—has tacked herself on to be kept out of the way. Counter examples may be adduced to show that certain artists have apparently not suffered from the proximity of uncongenial or over-fond relatives; but the mass of evidence from Ovid to Dante and Milton exhibits everywhere the sign of the struggle of men of literary genius to pursue their labours in spite of environment.

P. S.—The deus ex machina must not expect necessarily to be made an honorary member, or, unless otherwise qualified, to come near except at stated intervals, when he may entertain the whole club or refurbish the place.
narrow; its interests are limited; its influence is nil. Consider for a moment the sad case of the "Labour Leader." If the new journal is to be a daily edition of that paper, then it, too, had better be given up. I doubt if it can succeed in obtaining the ten thousand pounds which he states he must possess before the paper is published. I make bold to assert that a considerable number of readers of the "Labour Leader" do not buy it, not because it interests them, but solely out of loyalty to the I.L.P. The manner in which it is put together, the style in which it is written, the viciousness of its reports, the incompetence in its branch meetings, the inability to understand that discontent in the movement is a matter calling for serious consideration beyond the mere production of a paper which will make the "Labour Leader" contemptible to the people who support it most assiduously. Precisely what value accrues to the Socialist movement through the publication of a whole page of paragraphs of this character, I cannot imagine: --

Fipleton I.L.P. Our comrade, John Jones, delivered a rousing address on "Free Trade, Tariff Reform, and Socialism" in the market place. Attendance good. Many questions. Moderate collection, "Labour Leaders" sold out. Next week William Williams will speak on "Tory Hypocrisy." Nor can I discern much point in the extraordinary effusion culled from the members of the I.L.P. in various branches outside the immediate purview of politics which is a strong argument that its productions are contemptible. The book "The Movement." There is, too, a neglect of all things respectating paper to take any serious notice of it; but the London stage at this date makes it impossible for a self-respecting Socialist in England to take any account of it, beyond an obscure paragraph, that vision had better fade away like the stars in the morning. The new journal must be prepared to satisfy the curiosity of the common man concerning the exploits of Dr. Crippen; it must be good, at the least, as the average of newspapers, but one which is much better; but, despite that fact, the level of most Socialist papers is distinctly below that of the least efficient orthodox journal. Socialists, journalists or not, require food and clothing and shelter like other men, and if the Socialist journal is not prepared to pay its contributors, it will not get their work. The old herey which still haunts the minds of the labourer that the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brain is only playing at work, and that he is prepared to do less good for the sheer delight of the thing is one which the experience of all journals which do not pay their contributors have dispelled long ago; but apparently it is clung to tenaciously by all Socialist editors from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald onwards. What has been made by Mr. Hardie. I desire as keenly as any man to see a Socialist journal flourish in England. The desperate necessity for such a paper becomes obvious to any man who takes part in a bye-election. The Bermondsey result might have been very much different had there been a Socialist journal to counteract the journals of the Liberals and Tories; but unless Mr. Hardie is prepared to put an efficiently-conducted weekly in the hands of the people as well desirous from any attempt to cope with the matter.

ST. JOHN G. ERMINE.

SENSE AND SENTIMENTALITY.

Sir,—In stating that the artist's duty is to avoid sentimentality and to create beauty, Mr. Jacob Tonson is not so wide of the mark. The scandal is that so many persons, sincere people produce sentimentality and other forms of ugliness in large quantities every day, so sincerity is not the test. For example, nobody doubts Mr. Corelli, but . . . . RAYMOND NEEDHAM.

THE SHEFFIELD CONGRESS AND EDUCATIONAL ENDOWMENTS.

Sir,—May we be allowed to draw the attention of your readers to the present position of an important question in education politics, which our Union has for many successive years brought before the Trade Union Congress as part of its general education programme. We refer to the demand for the restoration of the wealthy university and public school endowments which have been stolen from the poor. Socialists and Trade Unionists will perhaps remember that when the Minister of Education was asked at the recent conference of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress for a Royal Commission to inquire into the present state of university and public school endowments, and to recommend how the universities and public schools may be brought under public control, the Prime Minister made the reply that the Royal Commission must not only give the history and present value of the endowments, but must also consider the future of the poor, but also that it shall issue recommendations showing how the universities and public schools may be brought under public control.

We appeal to speakers and to members of the Socialist and Trade Union movements to keep these demands well to the front. This is especially necessary at present, as an organisation known as the Workers' Educational Association, which is in close touch with the Board of Education, is anxious to make it appear that the working-class organisations did not demand a Royal Commission on university education on the lines of a reactionary memorial sent many months ago from the office of the Workers' Educational Association to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. This memorial has now been published, with comments, in pamphlet form by Mr. A. H. M. Robertson, an Oxford College, who has thus done a great service to the working-class movement.

We hope that members of branches of Trade Union and Socialist organisations which have forwarded our memorial to the Workers' Educational Association will study the proposals laid down in the memorial, and ask themselves how they would like such representatives to be made accountable. Mr. Hardie, in his name, makes the proposal, in the name of "workpeople," and without any proposal for accompanying public control, for large Treasury grants for the universities. Following Lord Curzon's lead, the memorial asks for grants—not from philanthropists, it is true—but from the Treasury, for the University of Oxford as distinct from the Colleges. This, too, in the name of "workpeople," and without any reference to the Trade Union demand for a return showing the history and present value of the wealthy endowments of the colleges at Oxford—endowments which, according to Lord Curzon's own showing, are worth at least an annual income of over a quarter of a million. Large grants from the Treasury are also asked for, that university professors may have a higher rate of trade union wages, and that universities may carry on scientific research into the causes of the diseases from which the working classes suffer. "In return for securing these blessings for the universities," and for shielding them from public control, representatives of Labour are asked to "consider" the proposal to set up a "National Universities Council," whose duties would be "advisory" and not "executive" and we are further told that "the presence or absence of the representatives of Labour in any such body or bodies as the National Commission may deem advisable had better be a guarantee against anything like unwise interference." The memorial makes the proposal for a balance-sheet of the endowments, either of the universities or of the great public schools.

After a perusal and systematic propaganda extending over many years, in which the Gasworkers' and General Labourers' Union has taken a bold initiative, we claim that the time has come for the proposals made by Mr. Hardie to be put into practice. As Lord Hardie well points out, the children are not yet fed adequately; they do not get the medical treatment they need; and we have not secured the maintenance of the children necessary for raising the school.
Articles of the Week.


SAXON, EDGAR J., "Sun Worship," Open Road, October.

SPIELMANN, M. H., "Rights of Brains: Copyright in Art," Morning Leader, Oct. 11.


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