January was sufficient to justify the Cabinet in proceed-
ing directly in their frontal attack on the Lords. We, o-
the other hand, though regarding the result of the ele-
cation as far from a Liberal defeat, were equally far from
regarding it as a decisive victory. Neither in composi-
tion nor in popular weight did the Government's
majority appear to us to justify the policy advocated by
Mr. Bélloc of "instantly closing with the Lords and
churning them." Our fear was then that such action
though seemingly bold and straightforward, would in
evitably be followed by a reaction which would undo all
and perhaps more than the former revolution had ac-
complished. And this, we now know, was the view that
ultimately prevailed. Under these circumstances the
only course for the Government to pursue was to re-
define the issues of the election, to disentangle them
from the Budget and other considerations, and after a
period of discussion in Parliament and elsewhere, to
go to the country again on the text of its proposals for
the limitation of the Lords' veto. This course, we
understand, would certainly have been taken if the
death of King Edward had not necessitated the tem-
porary suspension of politics and led, afterwards, to the
Conference from which another solution might con-
ceivably have been obtained. When the Conference,
however, ostensibly proved fruitless, the return to the
method of attempted settlement by another general ele-
cition proved inevitable.

* * *

Having decided on a new reference to public opinion
it remains to be discussed what verdict the country will
take as final. Here, in advance, we find ourselves
unable to name with any exactitude the arithmetical
majority necessary to close the question for sensible
people. Numbers, in fact, are of rather less importance
than weight; and weight is the one thing that cannot
be calculated in advance. Mr. Bélloc, we observe, is of
opinion that the election cannot conceivably be decisive
since in all probability the change in the constituencies
will be represented by a very few seats at most. But
this is to ignore completely the certain moral and
psychological effect of the mere return of the same
numerical majority, let alone its increase by even a
few. The drop from 350 in the Parliament of 1906 to
124 in the Parliament of 1910 was, indeed, a serious
blow to the prestige of the Liberal Party; but it is quite
conceivable that the substitution after the present elec-
tion of 150 or 170 for 124 will be generally regarded
by the moderate section of the country as virtually a
Liberal triumph. It would mean, in fact, that the coun-
try, though still not unanimous, was nevertheless
resolved sooner or later to be; and sensible people,
accustomed to the Bergsonian process of weighing

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We naturally find nothing to cavil at either in the
immediate dissolution resolved upon by Mr. Asquith
with the consent of the King or in the terms in which
the object of the election was defined by the Premier at
the National Liberal Club on Saturday. Both deci-
sions, indeed, follow so closely on the lines we indicated
last week as desirable, that to agree with them is merely
to repeat ourselves. On the other hand, as appears from
the stirring speeches of Mr. Bélloc and Mr. Martin in the House of Commons on Friday and from some indications of bewilderment in the country at large, the explanations and justifications of the election are still so generally obscure that a fresh review of the situation will do no harm.

It must be premised that as suspected by Mr. Bélloc
and many others, the late Conference had more sig-
nificance than yet appears. What precisely that sig-
nificance will prove to be we shall venture to guess in
a moment or two. But meanwhile it must be obvious
to anybody who does not start on a wrong assumption
that with the nominal failure of the Conference (for the
failure was, in fact, only nominal), the parties would
have been driven to resume, at least in appearance, their
posture of last April. The erroneous assumption to
which we refer which has, we believe, led astray not
only Mr. Bélloc but also, as we have frequently ob-
erved, the "Nation," and most of the Liberal Press,
is this: they imagined that the conglomerate majority of 124 by which the Government was returned in

Notes of the Week

Great Britain Abroad

One Year

Six Months

Three Months

All orders and remittances should be sent to the New Age Press, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

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things, in preference to the strictly logical process of merely counting them, would probably conclude that the so-called revolution was over, save for the details.

We say "so-called" revolution for the simple reason that while from one point of view the proposed change in the powers of the House of Lords is a momentous event, from another point of view, the present and immediate discussion is of far less importance, and will only become of great visible importance when the late Conference begins to yield up its secrets. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour are well aware that the actual difference between them is comparatively slight, as it is also between the sober minds of both parties and almost all parties. Everybody, it is clear, whose opinion is worth considering, is agreed by this time that the composition of the House of Lords must be altered; that is, an Estate, is to be transfigured into a genuine Second Chamber having specific functions. It was on this rock that the Conference, otherwise agree'd, really split; but not before a good many contiguous propositions relative to the future were laid down and mutually agreed upon.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine the matter as it were an episode of past and not merely of present history, will find that the above is not the only real bone of contention. It is surprising, indeed, when we have in view the exaggerations of the unreflecting extremists on both sides, how minute is the subject of actual difference, being confined, as it is, to the mere priority of one necessary process over another necessary process. In regard to the composition, for instance, of the inevitable Second Chamber there is, we may say, if no clear agreement, no irreconcilable disagreement. Nobody, it is true, has the least notion of what the Second Chamber, when it is finally formed, will actually consist, whether of partly hereditary, partly nominated, and partly elected members, or whether the House is to be hereditary or nominative or elected only. On the other hand, nobody, as far as we can learn, is prejudiced very virulently in favour of one particular recipe over another. Mr. Masterman, we gather, has expressed himself as all for an admissible Second Chamber; and Lord Lansdowne in the Lords on Thursday seemed to favour an all-hereditary Chamber on the ground that heredity and election make bad bedfellows. But neither Mr. Masterman nor Lord Lansdowne appears what we may call indisputably wedded to his particular fancy; and, in fact, it is as clear as possible that when the composition of the Second Chamber comes to be devised, all parties will enter the discussion almost virginaly without prejudice.

The question of powers, however, is, we admit, rather less easy. Though even here, when the party megaphones have died down, the voice of a common reasonableness may be heard. We certainly ourselves consider the limitation of the veto of a Second Chamber strictly indubitable. Nobody, it is true, has the least notion of what the First Chamber, and, strange as it may appear, to the efficiency and dignity of the Second Chamber itself. It is certain that a newly constituted Second Chamber, however formed and particularly composed of weighty persons, would, if the Chamber possessed an absolute veto over the doings of the First Chamber, inevitably crush all the initiative, responsibility and self-respect of the Commons. That would be inevitable, and we challenge anybody to deny it. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the possession of the absolute veto by the Second Chamber would induce in its members the habit of relying less for their influence on their weight and on their reason and on their ability to impress public opinion than on the gross weapon of simple negation. And this, as we again challenge anybody to deny, would impair the efficiency of the Second Chamber, which is to be the instrument of the Unionists to prove that this is the case. Nevertheless, we are almost sure it is; and we would hazard the prediction that if the present election should result in anything fairly interpretable as a Liberal victory, the opposition to the limitation of the Lords' veto as a preliminary to the creation of a Second Chamber will prove to be much weaker than political novices anticipate, and, before very long, non-existent. Faint grounds for this view may even now be discovered in the extraordinarily subtle speech of Lord Lansdowne as well as in the choice of subjects adopted by Mr. Balfour at his conference at Nort- hampton. No party leader faced with a real crisis on a single issue regarded by himself as vital would have squandered his attention, as Mr. Balfour did on this occasion, over a matter being secondary to the composition of the House of Lords, charged with maintaining the threatened powers of his House, would have been disposed, as Lord Lansdowne was on Thursday, to abandon all his guns to the enemy. The conclusion is that on the two propositions, namely, the need to limit the veto of a Second Chamber and the desirability of transforming the House of Lords into a genuine Second Chamber, the leading minds of both parties are agreed. Again, therefore, we arrive at the only matter really in dispute: the priority of one of these operations over the other; and this must be settled by the coming election.

On the face of it, the procedure adopted by Mr. Asquith appears to us to be so reasonable as scarcely to fail to impress itself as such. Mr. Balfour urged at Nottingham on Thursday that the consideration of powers first would involve the indefinite postponement of the question of composition and that a larger and more comprehensive scheme that should include the definitions of powers and composition in a single act. That also is a point of view and worth attention; but we must never forget that the reaction of an agreed composition might be so strong as to make it easier to remove restrictions of powers. If, for example, it should be agreed in such an inclusive scheme that the composition of the Second Chamber should include persons elected and selected from the very richest minds of the nation, the tendency of public opinion would be immediately to equip that body with the very fullest powers; they would, in fact, be liable in the first sentimental rush of enthusiasm to endow such an attractive Chamber with an absolute veto and every other weapon of control over the Commons; to their own later undoing, as we have pointed out, but nevertheless in a real feeling of confidence. Nobody who has had experience of the appointment of special committees but has realised the wisdom of the general rule that gives precedence to the limitation of its powers and scope over the appointment of its actual members. In this way persons are elected very properly to discharge functions that are essentially temporary; but not the responsibility for the conduct of an absolute constitution over the Commons; and the only matter left in dispute is the priority of one of these operations over the other; and this must be settled by the coming election.

It will now begin to be seen, we hope, what were the real significance and scope of the recent Confer-
ence. Mr. Belloc has maintained that the Conference had it in its power to put an end to the party system of politics by frankly uniting both benches in the joint work of the Constitution, and indeed it apparently had; and if, as we expected, the party system was not so easily abolished, the blame must not be laid, as Mr. Belloc appears to lay it, at the doors of the Conference itself. We would go even rather further and make the deduction that in sober fact the Conference will prove sooner or later to have actually ended the party system; or, at least, to have set in motion the forces and ideas that will destroy it. Why do we say this? In the first place it must never be forgotten that the Conference met for discussion no less than on twenty-one occasions, occupying altogether some fifty or so hours. It is scarcely conceivable out of Bedlam that the meeting of the Eight (including one Premier, one ex-Premier, and two prospective Premiers) attained its legal majority without disposing of political events for a long time to come if not visibly for the immediate present. Secondly, it is plain, as we have shown above, that the final subject of division was, from the point of view of the Conference itself, a trifle; only as it happened, a trifle which the partisans outside the Conference chose for the moment to make decisive. Thirdly, it is to be remarked that by no single member of the Conference nor even by any important politician likely to be in its confidence has either the present Conference itself been written down a complete failure and discredited or the re-formation of a Conference, perhaps on a larger scale, dismissed as impracticable, undesirable, or improbable. Lastly, it cannot fail to have been realised by the members of the Conference that if, as was actually the case, their agreement on all points was rendered nugatory by the remnants of pugnacious partisanship outside, the only course open was to give partisanship free rein for this election and to leave the Conference to assume in one form or another with the practical certainty of this time coming to a fruitful conclusion.

These are only some of the considerations which lead us to conclude that the doom of the party system, as we have described it, is not merely impending, but has already come to pass. Our readers will, if they examine the evidence with care, discover more, and perhaps even more unmistakable indications, of which, we may suggest, the agreement to institute Payment of Members and thereby to encourage the return of independent members, is not least. Still another is, however, rather improbable. Lastly, it is the probability, not the certainty, that on the establishment of a Second Chamber, especially of a popular character, the First Chamber would need all its cohesion and confederate intelligence to cope with it on an intellectual plane. This would, if we mistake not, facilitate still further the decline of the party. On all grounds, in fact, that we can discern, the roots of party in the current sense are being or are about to be loosened. There will still remain the need as well as the rule of combinations of men joined together by a common point of view and for particular purposes and dissolving when these are accomplished; but the present demarcations, so irrational, so nebulous in theory, so gross in fact, will happily pass away. Not until they do, in fact, will it be possible to do what all sensible people desire, namely, place the Army, Navy, and Foreign Affairs above party, but every other subject of legislation as well.

We have certainly not written electioneering notes, nor shall we attempt to do so during the campaign.

For all that, the balance of hope appears to us to lie in the return of the Liberals. It is, as Lord Crewe justly observes, the true duty of the Liberal Party to initiate in regard to the coming changes, if not to determine in detail; and while the disparity of brains between the two parties is what it is, we have no doubt whatever that the country would be wise in trusting itself to the Liberal Party rather than to the dissimulated Unionists. Moreover, it will be of the first importance that in the constitution of the Conference or rather Convention or perhaps simply Committee of the whole House, the leadership in the matter of the Agenda as well as in the resolutions to be carried, should be exercised by the Liberal. We could, if it were worth while at this moment, indicate pretty accurately the subjects which must be discussed in public as well as in the Convention or Committee when it meets. They have already been adumbrated and hinted at in the recent penumbra of discussion which the late Conference cast: Federalism, Imperialism, Colonial representation, Devolution, and so on and so on. All these, it is certain, will be revived within a few months of the return of the present Government. But the fiercest discussions will turn not, as we think, on these, still less on the mere question of the veto of the House of Lords, but on the more difficult question of the composition of the Second Chamber. We write our readers to fill the intervals of electioneering to reflect on the problem.

R*** B*** ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Let them all go! You saw the other day Walking along Whitehall just such an one Tall hat—black coat—gloves—gold-topped cane and all. You said at once, "There goes a man of parts, Fit to rule men—to give the aye and no To popular demands." You thought perhaps He hid the statesman in him well, behind The full complacent lips, the chin's incline— He'd better grow a beard.

Well, yes, I grant He ought to know the interests of the land, Owning more of it than most men do; But what of that? Why, when all's said and done We're made of flesh and blood, not coal or clay Whatever priests may teach. He represents some thousand roods of land, And I, you take me, just so many men, Who, owning not a hand's breadth of the soil, May yet desire to have their children taught This way or that—or neither way per chance. Who, the fitter man to make the law? Or I, the delegate of common men Who have to keep the law they must enforce? He's more removed perhaps from party strife, Can give his judgment calmly, unassailed By popular caprice. Why, so he may; But show me first his judgment's worth more heed Than yours or mine, or this man's, passing us— Did he inherit wisdom from his sire? I had a father, too—as shrewd a man As you would find on this side of the Tweed, And yet I hope you would not give me power To negative the popular demand; I'd use it!

But we'll grant the father's wit Lives in the son—heir both to brains and land— "I hereby, in the sight of such an one, Give and bequeath for evermore—brains Unto my son , . . . and so on to the end. Under which guarantee we set him up, To make laws alone, but to forbid Our legislation as he like it not, Assuming that his father's legacy Gave him not only brains—a mere gift— But ripe experience both of men and things: Made him a statesman by inheritance. Well! I'll believe when he acts one!— Meantime I'd have them learn their trade like men. So many years apprenticed, if you will, Master of some one detail of their craft— Or leave their work to better men than they. Let's have our work done well, not tinkered at; Expert—but here's my train. Good-night to you!

G. D. S.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Irony has recently been brought into some little prominence in this review, and, although the experiment of my esteemed colleague, Jacob Tonson, was misinterpreted, I beg to submit another sample which I take at home and abroad, and we sincerely desire that you may have God's help in carrying out the work to which you have set your hands.

The sentence may be a bit shaky, and I am not at all sure that an idea can be adopted; but that may pass. It may be recalled that if there is one characteristic which distinguishes the members of the present Portuguese Cabinet, individually or collectively, more than another, it is their indifference towards the Deity. Braga himself represented his followers in a thoroughly typical fashion when he attended the meeting of Free-thinkers held at Lisbon on October 13, the anniversary of Ferrer's execution. For Messrs. Cadbury to encourage the Portuguese Cabinet by expressing the hope that their labours may be aided from a Divine source is, therefore, a particularly subtle stroke of irony, and one that should not be spoilt by any further comment of mine. It may perhaps be stretching the meaning of the word "irony" a little; but this thing is too good to be overlooked.

A striking incident in last week's foreign events was the appearance of one of the Brothers Mannesmann at Madrid, and his interview there with the Spanish company which is interested in the Rif mines. The Mannesmanns, whose name was on the lips of every foreign editor in London some months ago, had almost been forgotten. Some time about 1908 they alleged that they had some claims upon a few mines in the Rif, and, when their claims were repudiated by the Moroccan and Spanish Governments, they pestered the German Foreign Office and the German newspapers with pamphlets about the ill-treatment which, as they alleged, had been meted out to them. Bülow was undecided about the matter; but Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the present Chancellor, thought that it would be better for international harmony if Messers. Mannesmann were sat upon, so he arranged for this process to be carried out with due delicacy—a fact which was regarded at the time as a score against Germany by a combination of Powers which I need not specify.

However, the German Foreign Office did not give up hope, and an Imperial visit to Madrid was suggested to see how the land lay. In fact, it was semi-officially announced in the Berlin Press a few days ago that arrangements for it had been made; but Señor Canalejas, the Spanish Premier, had "no knowledge" of it when questioned. I have been particularly interested, however, in one or two quotations from the Spanish papers which have been wired me. They think it is a score against Germany, and they have good relations with an "expanding nation" like the German Empire. France, it is true, is a good friend, but . . . Great Britain is very sympathetic, but . . . . In short, Spain wants to be backed up in Morocco by a country with a good land force, in case Spanish and French policy in the land of the Moors should not exactly coincide; and the patient Teuton now sees an opportunity of securing a foothold on the Mediterranean coast. Alas, España, my almost adopted country! Germany is willing to assist you, but contemptus Germani et dona ferentes.

Apropos of the expanding tendency of the United States, which I alluded to some weeks ago, I would direct the attention of the curious to the news to hand regarding the discovery of the plans for a Mexican revolution. Revolutions, firstly, that they may hold the country together in an almost miraculous fashion for years, and, secondly, that he is an octogenarian. More than once diplomats have asked themselves the question: Who will be the President in Mexico after the death of its President? The Mexicans are naturally of a somewhat turbulent disposition, and they detest their neighbours on the north. On the other hand, Mexico would be a very useful slice of territory for certain American business men to exploit, and advantage will be taken of a period of unrest to do a little more annexing.

It is rather noteworthy that, in European diplomatic circles at the present time, it is taken for granted that American money is at the bottom of the mud organising of a small body of Mexicans to "invade" Texas. It is a matter of common knowledge that now that Pan American organisations have stirred up unrest in Cuba, and that, although the island is now under nominal self-government, the authorities at Washington have many important "claims" if certain "events" should "arise." United States money stirred up trouble in Cuba and Panama, and a consequent feeling of distrust has been excited in South America against the great "Democratic" (in theory) Republic of the north. The wise-accepts say that Mexico will be annexed by the United States within a quarter of a century. I am inclined to think that the United States will find an excuse for quarrelling with the country, will conquer it, and grant it nominal self-government within an even shorter period—say a decade.

On Thursday last the Persian Foreign Minister sent a Note to the Russian representative at Teheran, and incidentally protested against the continued presence of Cossacks in the north of Persia. The Note was returned by the Russian Minister with the curt intimation that no further protests against the Russian troops in Persia would be considered. As no clear explanation of this haughty attitude which, as they alleged, had been meted out to them, Bülow was undecided about the matter; but Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the present Chancellor, thought that it would be better for international harmony if Messers. Mannesmann were sat upon, so he arranged for this process to be carried out with due delicacy—a fact which was regarded at the time as a score against Germany by a combination of Powers which I need not specify.

At this interview between M. Sasonoff and the Kaiser, however, Austrian matters came in for some discussion. It should be stated that, at this interview, Germany was about as anxious to come to terms with Russia, for the purpose of having a friendly Power on her flank, as Russia was desirous of coming to terms with Germany for the same reason. Neither the Tsar nor M. Sasonoff, however, would hear of any arrangement until it was made clear that Count von Aehrenthal should resign the Austrian Foreign Secretaryship as a consequence of the Tsar's coming into terms with the Russian authorities at Washington. At this time of the Balkan crisis, it may be remembered, the Count endeavoured to the utmost of his power to humiliate Russia and to lower her prestige in the Near East, a fact which the retentive Slav memory will not forget in a hurry. The Tsar, however, showed me that the Austrian Foreign Minister, owing to his long spell of hard work, was not feeling well, and that he wanted a rest. No doubt he will soon have an opportunity of recuperating at leisure.
Bankrupt Turkey.

By Allen Upward

(Author of "The East End of Europe: the Report of an Unofficial Mission").

III.—Constitutional Turkey.

At the present moment the Turkish empire is being ruled by martial law under the direction of a secret society of young officers, which reveals itself in public in the guise of a political club, the Committee of Union and Progress. Who is the Robespierre of this all-powerful conclave has not yet been made apparent. It is really an anonymous despotism, and in dealing with this extraordinary government one looks in vain for the responsible head.

"Where is the centre of authority? Is it in Saloniki? We do not know." Such was the confession made to the writer by one of the most experienced diplomatists in Constantinople.

The Grand Vizier is changed every few months, the other Ministers every few weeks, the Prefect of Constantinople every few days; the Sultan, perhaps, will be changed next year. In the meanwhile none of these functionaries seems to possess any real power. It is a procession of shadows—the Hamidian régime without Abdul Hamid.

What, then, has become of the constitution so triumphantly extorted from the ex-Sultan? It has been trampled under foot by the very men who pretended to desire it so much.

The moment the first elections to the Parliament were held, it became evident that their result would be to give the Christians a powerful, if not a predominant, voice in the government of the "Ottoman nation." Either the Christians were more numerous than the Muslims, or their superior intelligence and education enabled them to take better advantage of the franchise. As soon as this was perceived, the elections were everywhere quashed. The legally chosen deputies were set aside, the Young Turks appointed a majority of their own followers, and the Christians were insolently ordered to content themselves with nominating a small number of representatives, approved of by their tyrants. It was liberty à la Turque.

By way of excuse for these proceedings, it is pretended that the Young Turks were obliged to consider the prejudices of the old Turks. A Parliament containing too many Christians, so it is said, would have provoked a counter-revolution. So, therefore, in order to prevent the old Turks from disobeying the Constitution, the Young Turks were obliged to destroy it themselves.

All that would sound more plausible if the Parliament, when it met, had been allowed to exercise any real authority. But that has not been the case. This Parliament is merely a toy to amuse Europe, and gain for the Turks the goodwill of the Liberals of France and England. It sits and talks, and in the end registers the decrees of the anonymous Robespierres. Under its shield the European Powers are defied, and the provinces are oppressed with greater impunity than ever. If the Embassies complain, they are told: "You have no longer any right to interfere with us. We are a constitutional country.

In this constitutional country, the very capital is permanently in a state of siege, newspapers are continually suspended, Liberal editors are murdered in the streets by order of the Committee, and outrages are permitted all over that region which was being withdrawn from the control of Abdul Hamid by the European Powers.

The Constitution is a hypocrisy. Its effect has been, not to bestow liberty on the Christians, but to deprive them of the protection formerly afforded by the action of the Christian Powers.

Under its aegis such liberties as the Christians always enjoyed are being threatened and attacked. Already the Patriarchate has been called upon to give up its privileges, and the Greek communities to close the schools which they maintain out of their own funds.

The name of Patmos should possess interest for Christian ears outside the Ottoman borders. The group of rocky islets of which it forms one is the seat of a tiny population which gains its subsistence by fishing for sponges off the coast of Africa. When the Turks were engaged in the siege of Rhodes, these islanders were promised immunities in exchange for their neutrality; and during the centuries that have followed, that promise has been respected by the most despotic of the Sultans. The islanders have been as free as any population in the world, enjoying their own laws and their own elected magistrates, their only tax an annual tribute of sponges. To-day, those immortal privileges have been harshly revoked. The Ottoman tax-gatherer and the Ottoman governor have descended on Patmos, and the miserable inhabitants are preparing to forsake their homes and flee from the blessings of "constitutional" government.

What is happening on Patmos is a sample of what is happening all over the empire. In all Turkey to-day it would be difficult to find a Christian who does not regret the days of Abdul Hamid.

The comedy of Constitutional Turkey being played out, it is not difficult to see what must follow.

For the last hundred years the break-up of the Turkish empire has been arrested, like that of M. Valdemar in Poe's tale, by an artificial force, that of the European Concert. The revolt of the Young Turks, being a revolt against the European protectorate, is therefore the beginning of the end.

From the first moment this has been perceived by the statesmen of Germany, who are not in the habit of letting themselves be hoodwinked by false and foolish cant. They have taken their measures accordingly. The European protectorate is to be replaced by a German protectorate, at the outset disguised as an alliance. Already the German Ambassador at Constantinople enjoys an authority which daily approximates more closely to that of the British Consul-General at Cairo. Government contracts are given or withdrawn at his pleasure. While I was in Constantinople a railway concession granted to an American syndicate was annulled at the bidding of Germany. An order for warships to an English group was cancelled, and two obsolete German vessels purchased instead. The arguments employed by Berlin are not entirely sentimental. Practically every Turkish newspaper of any influence enjoys a German subsidy. The Kaiser has long enjoyed the reputation among the Muslim populace of being a follower of Mohammed. Everything points to the early admission of Turkey into the Triple Alliance, and she can only enter it as a vassal.

In this diplomatic strategy Germany seems to use Austria as a pawn, pushing her on when it is necessary to intimidate the Turks, and holding her back when it is desired to propitiate them. But Turkey is falling downstairs too fast for the process to be prolonged. The new wine has been put into the old bottles, and the result pointed out in scripture. The revolution of 1908 was one shock to the rotten fabric, and the counter-revolution which is preparing for 1911 will be another.

The political bankruptcy of Turkey will be precipitated by her financial bankruptcy.
The Counsel of a Mugwump.

By Cecil Chesterton.

It seems a General Election is once more upon us. The issues at this election in some respects are doubtless more than usually confused. The proceedings of the secret Conference of the eight professional politicians to whom the Government saw fit to refer the re-drafting of the British Constitution have been carefully concealed from the public, and we do not even know upon what question these gentlemen failed to agree. The Minister with the white back is apparently not to be submitted to either Lords or Commons, so that no one who votes at the coming election on the House of Lords issue will have the faintest idea of what he is voting for or against. The electioneering speeches of Ministers are not likely to help matters, for it seems that we will not take office unless we have guarantees can mean: We will take office and we will retain office for a year without having a shadow of a guarantee," it is not easy to see what pledge Mr. Asquith can now give more specific than that which he has already so freely interpreted. The Irish Question is in a state of almost equal conservativeness. The Conservative Party after flirting with Home Rule for months, are now busily attempting a belated Irish scare, while the Liberals do not seem to know whether their slate has or has not been cleaned up. So no promise can be extracted from the Ministers as to the reversal of the Osborne judgment, while the Opposition are all at sixes and sevens on the subject of Payment of Members. There is, however, one vital issue before the country, and the question to be decided, and its decision will doubtless create a popular excitement surpassing that produced by the Boat Race and only comparable to that which a vote may legitimately be given for a party candidate is where his opponent has been guilty of some more than usually flagrant act of political treachery. For instance, I do not believe Mr. Masterman's opponent at North West Ham, but, however he is, I should vote for him, because I think that such gross betrayal of the workers as Mr. Masterman's should be punished, and punished in the way in which the vegetable world punishes its dupes and rather enjoy it (a not inconsiderable class), has to speak in decisive tones is this:

But the few who know or guess the truth about British politics, who perceive the foul corruption which is soaking and rotting it, who know that nothing can be done to make England a happy and decently governed country until the Augane Stables of Westminster are cleansed—how should they act when confronted with a Parliamentary Election?

One weapon which the voter can use at election times with great effect is the right of heckling. He can only hope that in such propaganda Socialist candidates will get as much excitement with much less injury to their peers in the portentous limerick competitions. But the few who know or guess the truth about British politics, who perceive the foul corruption which is soaking and rotting it, who know that nothing can be done to make England a happy and decently governed country until the Augane Stables of Westminster are cleansed—how should they act when confronted with a Parliamentary Election?

By no means. By no means. By no means.

One weapon which the voter can use at election times with great effect is the right of heckling. He can attend public meetings and street-corner speaking unless you have a candidate to support. When there is such a candidate in the field, of course, it is the best opportunity for propaganda that we ever get. I can only hope that in such propaganda Socialist candidates will get as much excitement with much less injury to the portentous limerick competitions. But the few who know or guess the truth about British politics, who perceive the foul corruption which is soaking and rotting it, who know that nothing can be done to make England a happy and decently governed country until the Augane Stables of Westminster are cleansed—how should they act when confronted with a Parliamentary Election?

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answered or not matters very little. The seed has been sown and here and there an enthusiastic elector will go out of the room a shade less enthusiastic than he came in.

Again, every candidate should be asked whether he has received or is receiving anything from the secret funds and secret payments and with how considerable a shock many people learn that such things really exist.

But I am not at all sure that conversation is not the best means at all times. At those times everybody is talking about politics. In every drawing room or smoking room, in every tea-shop or public house that you enter you will find men discussing the merits of rival candidates and rival parties. Clerks are doing the same in their offices and workmen in their factories. A single person sets off with his remarks and produces a very marked effect. His remarks may at the moment evoke nothing but virtuous indignation from the partisans. But they often sink into the heated excitement of his fellows by recalling past events and matters of relatively little moment, and here and there an enthusiastic elector will remember them. And when the next Honours List comes out, he looks—and wonders.

Of course, all this is a secondary policy. Our first duty is to get three or four thoroughly independent men in the House.

Modern Dramatists.

By [Ashley Dukes]

IX.—Alfred Capus.

Capus is, perhaps, the most representative of the Parisian dramatists of to-day. The first impression which his art gives is one of weary superficiality.
The "Kreutzer Sonata."*  
By Alfred E. Randall.

If, as the Preacher declared, "of making many books there is no end; and of studium quod sequitur studium," the way of the reviewer must be both long and hard. It is. We transport our bodies from place to place with incredible speed; but our souls move slowly, and "Lives" are written in pedestrian prose. Here, for instance, is the second volume of Mr. Aylmer Maude's "Life of Tolstoy," a monumental book of 688 pages, with illustrations. By the courtesy of the publisher, I have the first volume; and when I glance at the 1152 pages of the two volumes, including appendices, notes, a glossary, index, and a "Life of Tolstoy," the moon, the sun, and the earth, with the series of Tal-...

1. The "Life of Tolstoy." Vol. II. By Aylmer Maude. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
world feels in him would be but a fraction of what it is. The problems of life he has faced, the guidance for life he has offered, the achievements of Tolstoy's later years, until Tolstoy had made up his mind about religion, it was impossible for him to return to art."

I can agree with Tourgéniev that "The Cossacks" and "War and Peace" were the expression of a truth; I can agree with Matthew Arnold that "Anna Karenina" is more interesting than Tolstoy's writings on religion and the Christian life that were then published. But I cannot agree with Mr. Maude that Tolstoy's work since then is a great literary achievement. First, Mr. Maude's style does not impress me with any reverence for his art. He does not judge the later work as a literary critic. He does not judge the later work as a moral question. Morality is a mode of Brain Disease; etc.

Bernard Hollander, Consulting Physician British Hospital for Mental Disorders, President of the Ethnological Society, author of "Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease," etc.

A Symposium on Crime and Insanity.

Conducted by Hunty Carter.

In view of the growing opinion that the criminal is mentally diseased, and there are occasions when the scientist ought to be substituted for the judge, lawyer, tradesman, and other unscientific penal administrators, in the trial and treatment of criminals, the following questions have been put to eminent medical experts in lunacy:

1. Is crime in your opinion a manifestation of a pathological mental condition, due either to physical lesion, degeneration, lack of development, or to some other pre- or post-natal cause? And, if so, would you say that the criminal ought to be tried and treated strictly as a mental case?

2. Do you think that penal administrators—judges, magistrates, and members of the Bar—are fully competent to deal with the prisoners as "patients"? If they do not receive a special training in this direction, so as to fully understand and appreciate insanity in its relation to crime and the criminal?

3. Are you in favour of the employment of pathologists and medical experts in lunacy on all criminal cases, particularly murder cases?

4. Do you agree that juries should be constituted on more scientific lines than at present?

5. Would you suggest in view of the tendency of newspapers to influence and form public opinion with regard to criminal cases, and the harmful effect upon weak minds of the publication of highly sensational and unauthentic details, the Press should be restricted in any way as to such matters?

6. Have you any criticisms or further suggestions?

Criminals may be divided into three classes:—(1) The typical professional criminal, (2) the accidental criminal, and (3) the criminal by mental disease. There certainly are criminals who are defective in structure and conformation of body and mind, those who, if not protected against them- selves, must go wrong. There are criminals again who are more or less insane in the statutory sense, and are explained by their insanities; but there are criminals also who, under other circumstances, might perhaps have been as great saints, as in the changes and chances of things they became great sinners. For assuredly the external factors and circumstances count for much in the causation of crime; time and chance happen to all men, and no criminal is really explicable except by a full and exact appreciation of his circumstances as well as his nature, and of their mutual interaction. There are criminals who could, if they liked, check their evil impulses, and are others who cannot; but they have a desire to do so. Offspring of neurotics, epileptics, drunkards or madmen, who have experienced the contagion of evil, have not the same choice of an honest life as the children of normal persons have. The reports of the Mental Health Commission of New York State view that a deplorable number of criminals are intellectually imbecile or weak-minded. Of course there are criminals with great intellectual powers, but these are the clever rogues, who know how to escape the law; in prison are only the failures.
direction of increased thoroughness of examination and improvement of the treatment of accused persons prior to conviction, by impartial expert aliens. The purely medical aspect should be primarily ascertained, and the elaborate examination of the prisoner to see whether he should be done away with in a manner which deprives neither the judge nor the jury of their legitimate functions. It seems an established fact that the determination of his sanity and guilt should depend on such varying circumstances as the eloquence and other intellectual gifts of the prosecution, the inarticulate counsels, and on the verdict of twelve jurors profoundly ignorant of human nature in a state of disease, under which verdict all those concerned in the trial can take shelter.

Persons afflicted with epilepsy are particularly liable to criminal action, and irresponsibility or a diminished responsibility should in their case be admitted. The law should be amended so as to permit in all cases of uncontrollable impulses, falling short of legal insanity, confinement in suitable asylums, subject, where expedient, to release on probation, with final discharge on cure. These receptacles should be for the observation and treatment of all doubtful cases, and the physician in charge should have access to the judge the nature of the opinion as to the full, or diminished, responsibility or complete irresponsibility of the accused. To each of our prisons and gaols, an expert lunacy physician should be attached; thus it might be prevented that criminals from brain defects and diseases at the expiration of their sentence are thrown upon an unskilled judge to act as the best judges of the advisability of calling expert evidence. Where special scientific and technical knowledge was required, to report to the judge the nature of the disease, and his opinion, as to the full, or diminished, responsibility or complete irresponsibility of the accused.

Henry Maudsley, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.
I do not consider crime to be always evidence of a pathological condition, and I believe Lombroso to have rendered criminology ridiculous by his utterly anti-scientific methods of inquiry and popularisation.

I have always and expressed the opinion that other Courts might properly follow the habitual practice of the Probation of Offenders and call in the assistance of properly skilled assessors to advise and instruct in cases where special scientific and technical knowledge was required.

Charles Mercier, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.
1. In many cases crime is a manifestation of insanity or of weakness of mind; in many more cases it is not. If by a "mental case" is meant a case of mental disorder, I do not think a criminal ought to be treated by routine as a mental case. I consider the opinion that crime is always due to insanity is erroneous, and that if the treatment of his criminal was based on it, the result would be disastrous.

2. I do not think lawyers are competent to treat prisoners as patients, and I think they would take a very wrong view of it if they attempted to do so. It is no reason why lawyers should be aliens to the issue because they occasionally have to try insane criminals, when they should not be considered as judges in trying the validity of an engineer's patent or a costermonger because they sometimes have to try whether a costermonger's banana causes a variety of diseases.

3. Decidedly not. The counsel engaged in the case are the best judges of the advisability of calling expert evidence; and when they want it they have no difficulty in obtaining it.

4. I do not know what is meant by composing juries on scientific lines. I do not know what a scientific line is, nor how a jury can be composed on a line, scientific or other. The jury usually sits in three lines of four jurors in each; whether the lines are unscientific, or what benefit would result from making them scientific, I am not competent to decide.

5. Some persons who know their own business; and decent newspapers do not publish unauthentic details. The publication of reports of trials is on the whole very beneficial method. The Press exercises a discretion, and trials that ought not to be reported are not reported. It is to be remembered that publicity of the trial is part of the punishment of the crime, and not the least deterrent part.

6. I am of opinion that the manner in which trials are conducted in this country is on the whole, excellent. Under any humane institution mistakes will be made; the criminal law in any country are so framed that a mistake is made is almost always in favour of the prisoner.

After a prisoner is sentenced his mental soundness is always a matter of solicitude to the prison officials; and if he is found to be mentally defective, he receives special treatment. I regard it as a pernicious and dangerous mistake to suppose that insane and weak-minded criminals ought never to be punished.

T. Clay Shaw, B.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.
1. In the majority of cases the commission of crime is due to a pathological condition only in a very few cases, but sometimes acquired. There are, however, persons who become criminals in whom no mental affection can be detected; they are simply of a criminal disposition and embarking themselves embarrassed by circumstances which threaten their social or personal status, fall from the strict line of duty in the hope of recovering their position; then, failing in their efforts, they come under cognizance of the law. But these may be called "accidental criminals," and the preponderating number of criminals some physical deterioration is at the root of the proceeding; either they are of the class termed "accidental," or criminal, syphilis, feeble-minded, or irremediable, or of moral or irremediable mental disease and bodily development, or they suffer from diseases such as epilepsy or early stages of general paralysis, and hypochondriacal, or who have impaired the harmonic action of their faculties by alcohol, narcotics or other drugs, or they may have sustained an injury at some previous date.

To people experienced in the treatment of neuroses there is no doubt of the real existence of a "moral, or affecting," insanity, in which form, those who are not "insane" in the law, or "sane" in the law, in the sense of the term "purely mental" can take shelter. Without doubt the present state of the Law on the criminal relations of responsibility is incomplete, and in many points unfair; but that does not affect the judge, who has to administer the Law as it is. It is the Law itself which requires emendation.

The little knowledge which lawyers now have in lunacy matters appears to me to be sufficient to enable them to answer questions, and it is scarcely possible that their training in this particular can be made so complete as to enable their opinion on the sanity of an individual to any particular value.

Some time ago I read a paper at the Medico-Legal Society (which was printed in the Transactions) on the necessity of expert evidence as to the state of mind of the prisoner in all murder trials. I proposed that in all murder trials there should be a medical expert in lunacy to sit as assessor with the judge, and that in every instance the state of mind of the accused should be examined before the trial, so as to prevent the state (which was then too late) of the prisoner being prejudiced by the verdict of the jury beforehand, and that in every instance their verdict should go on—thus doing away with any doubt as to the integrality of the mental state of the prisoner, and preventing the question of insanity arising on the death-sentence of the defendant, which has been passed. The judges being unacquainted with the intricacies of mental disease, and the practice of a prisoner sentenced to death, I proposed that they resort to the practice of having nautical assessors in the Admiralty Court.

Juries cannot be expert in all things, and in murder (as in other cases) juries are not permitted to deliberate on matters of science. Juries have to use ordinary intelligence on the evidence placed before them, and if they are rightly directed they ought not to fail in coming to a right conclusion on ques-
tions of established fact. It would be very satisfactory to a jury to have—in murder cases—the question of sanity settled by the assessor, who would be able to appraise the sometimes contradictory medical evidence brought forward by counsel.

5. In my opinion the reports of proceedings in murder and divorce cases should not be published, and the present plan of presenting all lurid criminal evidence should be curtailed. It may not be considered advisable to prevent women from becoming burglaresses, but they should be strongly urged not to go into the Court. The strong impression made on the female mind by the publication of reports of sensational murder cases is still known to the burglar who has to deal with the insane. It usually takes from two to three months to show how deeply these harrowing details enter into the subconscious set of individuals. I now often see cases in which peculiarities of feeling and excitement enter, caused by the late sensational murder case, and where the delusions and hallucinations present are coloured and suggested by the reports given in the newspapers. To anyone who has studied the recent enunciation by Prof. Freud of "complexes" it is evident that these latent ideas and suggestions enter very intensively into the mental life of individuals, to an extent scarcely even appreciated by themselves, so that in conditions of mental excitement they force the subjects of these ingrained dispositions to a pre-eminence of expression and action little contemplated or desired.

The are too many idle minds about—to too many people who do little reading beyond the facile study of novels, and daily newspapers. The interest they take in the sensational feeds their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless gossiping and purposeless revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of their curiosity and helps to fill up their time; but for the easy leading of a gossiping and purposeless revenge for the ease of the public itself, and until people realise the harm they are doing themselves, and unless they are strongly urged to do something about it themselves, the delusions and hallucinations present are coloured and suggested by the reports given in the newspapers. To anyone who has studied the recent enunciation by Prof. Freud of "complexes" it is evident that these latent ideas and suggestions enter very intensively into the mental life of individuals, to an extent scarcely even appreciated by themselves, so that in conditions of mental excitement they force the subjects of these ingrained dispositions to a pre-eminence of expression and action little contemplated or desired.

DR. W. C. SULLIVAN (Medical Officer of Holloway Prison).

What do we mean when we talk of "criminals"? It is impossible to define in general terms the whole of the work in purely biological terms. Try as we may, we must bring in the notion of liberty; this is indeed the really essential element in the idea of being free, and of enjoying the benefits of freedom. The Press, and the Press alone, has, unfortunately, hardly commenced-the inferences from such data of criminology as we talk of crime, and still more when we talk of prevention. It follows that before discussing criminals from the viewpoint which I wish to put forward is that, at all events in this country, criminal conduct is largely the result of the action of the environment on an organisation of normal aptitudes.

To put the argument in another form, I would say that crime is one of a group of bio-social phenomena which, as Dr. Mercier has aptly put it when speaking of insanity, are in a way the sort of functions of two variables—structure and stress. These two factors enter into the determination of every one of these phenomena, but in degrees which may differ very widely. In some of them we can recognise in a general way that structure is much the more important factor, and then we observe that the statistical movement of the phenomenon in question is relatively independent of the influences which I have called social and economic. In other phenomena of this group, on the contrary, stress appears to be the more important element, and then we find that the effect of these social and economic influences is very marked.

There is undoubtedly a section of delinquents, and very dangerous delinquents, too, who are criminals by constitution and who, by reason of their mental inferiority, are incapable of forming the higher and more complex associations which are so necessary in social life. This is obviously implies a certain predisposition to crime, though, of course, of the specific kind which is commonly understood when we talk of criminality in the ordinary sense of criminal heredity. In these delinquents, as has been pointed out by Dr. H. B. Donkin, who speaks on the question with exceptional authority, the relation of heredity is simply not criminality but the incapacity to acquire the elements of good or social conduct, and this incapacity does not exist as an isolated condition but is merely one side of a general deblility of mind. It is not, however, inconsistent with this view to recognise that among the lower strata of society there are many whose mental deficiency is expressed so predominantly in the sphere of impulse and feeling, and so slightly in that of thought, that they form a class of somewhat special character.

Parental intoxications are peculiarly apt to give rise in the offspring to conditions of arrested nervous development which are associated with a morbid instability appearing sometimes as epilepsy, sometimes as an impulsiveness similar in character to that of the epileptic. The adolescents who commit cold-blooded and brutal murder and the people who run amok after taking small doses of alcohol, the women who under the influence of the ordinary strains of neurasthenic women, and in the absence of a normal mental balance as to destroy their young children—all these, when not of insane or epileptic stock, will generally, I believe, be found to belong to this group.

To sum up, then, my view on this head: it is that we cannot speak of a special innate predisposition to crime except in connection with small minority of offenders, and then only in a very loose sense as meaning that in certain cases of mental debility, impulsiveness and affective insensibility are so predominant, and the power of inhibition is so weak, that the individuals are more prone to criminal conduct than are other weak-minded persons. But, it will be observed, this is a mere phase of mental debility, it is a result of the interaction of the various faulty working processes in the defective brain, and not a simple elementary function of the feeble or imperfectly developed cerebral organ and heritable in the same way as a character of pigmentation. In substance my opinions amount to this. Criminals, looked at from the eugenic standpoint, cannot be put into any single category of the same name. Some are of average stock, and become criminal under the influence of their milieu; they do not directly interest the eugenist. Some are below average mentally, and then their criminality is an isolated condition but is merely one side of a general deblility of mind. It is not, however, inconsistent with this view to recognise that among the lower strata of society there are many whose mental deficiency is expressed so predominantly in the sphere of impulse and feeling, and so slightly in that of thought, that they form a class of somewhat special character.

Acknowledgments and regrets that time or cares prevented me from replying to the questionnaire were received from Sir Samuel Gowers, Dr. S. Crichton-Browne, T. B. Hyslop (Bethlehem Royal Hospital), F. W. Mott and T. Outterson Wood.
Unedited Opinions.

1.—On Progress.

You were saying the other day that aviation had no attraction for the race; what did you mean?

I meant that there is nothing original or romantic in it, nothing mysterious and attractively promising.

But how can you say that since it is plain that all the world has gone mad about it?

Oh, not so mad; and in any case it is merely a new sensation. There is no fluttering of the heart in it, and not a whisper to the soul. At bottom, we are all bored by it. Aviation turns out to be as vulgar and empty as railway travelling. Like the Emperor of Japan and his new religion we merely add aviation to our list of methods of locomotion; but in essence it is only a variation of an old method; it is not a new method.

But is there anything new in that sense to be discovered?

Perhaps; perhaps not. All I know is that until something new in that sense promises to be discovered nobody of any importance will grow excited.

Have you any idea of what such a new thing might be?

Certainly, or I should have died of ennui or become a picturesque decadent long ago.

What is it, may I ask?

Oh, I hate the names by which it has been called; but if you take the directions indicated by clairvoyance, clairaudience and travelling in the astral body, you will see where my vision is turned.

You mean spiritualistic phenomena?

No. I mean new powers of the soul. After all, to invent a new method of carting the body about is no more than to invent a new food; it alters nothing, it is merely the continent we merely add aviation to our list of methods of locomotion; but in essence it is only a variation of an old method; it is not a new method.

But how are we to develop these new powers or to recover them if they have been lost?

Ah, there's the rub. Unfortunately we have almost lost not only the hope of developing them, but even the belief in their existence. Consequently we take no pains to discover the way.

And if belief and hope existed, would the way be discovered?

Undoubtedly; or the race would cease.

Why should the race cease, however, even if new faculties are not discovered?

For the simple reason that but for something new, and promising, and attractive, the very will to live must decline. People talk of the will to live as if it were an impersonal and mechanical force; but in fact the will to live is identical with what we call interest. Rob life of its interest and the will to live no longer exists.

But you see no sign that life is being robbed of its interest?

On the contrary, I see signs of it everywhere. Not, let me admit, for the raw and the racially young, to whom the outworn delights of their elders are still seductive curiosities; but for the cultured, that is for the humanly experienced, life, as I say, is losing its last attraction, namely, interest. What do you suppose life has still to offer to the intellectually disillusioned? They have tried everything that life yields, and they do not desire to repeat it. Where is their new interest, without which they must necessarily fade away?

Surely they are exceptional persons to be found in every age? They are not numerous enough to matter to the race.

Once, perhaps, they were exceptional, but even then, remember, they were still the most significant. The race could always, if it reflected, point to them and say: 'See where our highest culture is bound to lead us; the best of our kind are doomed to ennui!' And, apart from that, I should say that they are more numerous to-day than ever they were.

Why do you say that?

For one thing, we actually meet more of them, and not only in the cultured countries of Europe, but everywhere. This kind of pessimism, if you like, the word nihilism is becoming universally understood. And in the second place, the external reasons for it are more numerous than they were a hundred years ago.

What reasons, for example?

Well, a hundred years ago the individuals who had exhausted their own country and age might cherish the hope that in other undiscovered countries and in future ages there might be new experiences impossible to themselves but at least possible to man. Now no such hopes can be entertained. We can name a dozen regions of romance which our forefathers had which we have lost. Tibet was once the possible home of the Mahatmas whom one could believe, or at least hope, might one day be visible. A British expedition has tramped on the last fragments of romance. A hundred years ago Africa was still the continent of surprises; Utopias of superior races might any day be found there. Now it is merely the continent of all the human blunders. The North Pole, too, was reported in myth to be the land of the Hyperboreans, a people fabled to be as the gods. Small thanks to Peary and Cook it is now only a wilderness of ice and scandal. With the last corner of the discoverable world yielding up its disappointing secret, and the last element, that of air, its method of locomotion, everything that our fathers could still wonder in is gone; and thus more and more of us are driven to the extreme of despair.

But has Science nothing new to offer?

Science? Don't speak of Science. It is Science with its insatiable curiosity that has gourmandised the last fragments of romance. It is Science that has taken away. With accelerated speed, brought the van of the race to nihilism.

No, and the Hyperboreans and the Chams of Tartary, African Utopias and journeys to the Moon would still as good as exist.

Do you then deplore the progress of Science?

Certainly. To be quite explicit, I do not see that Science? Don't speak of Science. It is Science with its insatiable curiosity that has gourmandised the last fragments of romance. It is Science that has taken away. With accelerated speed, brought the van of the race to nihilism. But for Science, the Hyperboreans and the Chams of Tartary, African Utopias and journeys to the Moon would still as good as exist.

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The Maids' Comedy.

CHAPTER IV.

Wherein one character is left in a delicate situation, another loses her way, and a third is brought to a pretty pass.

Dorothea was leading along the bridle track. And as she rode upon her black horse, her blue dress glistened like the ring around the moon when the night loses her way, and a third is brought to a pretty pass.

But Dota Filjee, observing the battlement was a Vrie Staat flag which flew above that true? You're not making a — (and here, in case the gentle reader may object to the Boongaier did say, it would be as well for such to skip this chapter, since deletion of the simple truth is not to my mind; and since, besides, the expression which implies is so common up-country as to have lost all evil significance; and since, besides that, among a certain class of Boers alone, of all the world, has this word — often their only English — retained its native pronunciation: and so)

Boongaier's house had only three rooms in it, and they all led from one to another; his bedroom, and then the room, very dark and cold, where he sat and smoked all day when work in the lands was slack, and lastly the kitchen, where coffee boiled from morn to night. Dota Filjee went in at the door of the sitting-room. There was a sofa, and she sat down. "Toch Oom!" she called, very politely, through to the kitchen. "But what a sweet house you have!" "Ja, indeed," returned Boongaier. "It's plenty big for me and one wife but no more." He brought in a bottle of Pontac, that saccharine wine, reader, to which I trust your palate may never take more than a moderate liking, since the beverage demands that one spend forty years in the wilderness to find it tolerable. "There, that will cheer up your stomach!" said Boongaier. "Have as much as you like." He poured out a tumblerful, and Dota Filjee, luckless, began sipping, and then she drank all up as Boongaier returned with the coffee. "Ja!" he said, as if resuming some conversation, "you need not be afraid that there will be no company here. All the people come here when I ask them, and we play the fiddle and dance and sing.

November 24, 1910. THE NEW AGE 85

and risked your own life, and whatever would my heart have said if you had been killed, my brave man?"

"Ach! that's nothing to what I have already done," now replied Boongaier. "Why, everyone knows that I am always saving people's lives! I was last caught taking mosquitoes just place to myself before your paard, galloping at full speed as you say, and swing you off — so! — on to the soft meales. But, I say, what is a fine young lady like you in a house mere flick the flies off her horse?"

"I'm not married — yet," returned Dota, and she cast down her eyes.

"Allamachtig!" squealed Boongaier. "Look here, is that true? You're not making a — (and here, in case the gentle reader may object to the Boongaier did say, it would be as well for such to skip this chapter, since deletion of the simple truth is not to my mind; and since, besides, the expression which implies is so common up-country as to have lost all evil significance; and since, besides that, among a certain class of Boers alone, of all the world, has this word — often their only English — retained its native pronunciation: and so)

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Friday, the neighbours come here and stop all night if they like, ja?" Not Uitspan—coffee drink, imported. "All the more if you prefer it, Dora. I slept like a log." But, I say, Oom, how is it that there is nobody here to-night?" "Oh, they never come on Tuesdays," returned Boongaier. "But never mind that now, you tell me when you will be ready to get married, don't hurry, next Monday will do quite well—and that very day you shall see such a feast—I as big as when Sanna Potgieter was married, and that children, and they could not all he to blame. You see, my second wife a fine slaaning once when she said I to get married, don't hurry, next Monday will do quite course, that it will be my fault, because neither my first wife, nor my second, nor my third ever had any children, and they could not all be to blame. You see, I'm quite reasonable on that subject, though I did give my second wife a fine slaaning once when she said I disgraced her name among the women, but now I see I'm so old that nobody will blame you, and so you will be able to get all the credit and pay nothing. Now what do you say—Monday?" He waited—and waited. Then he arose and touched the damsel. She never stirred. "Monday?" Dora Potgieter then snoozed. "Toch, de moe sche-laaper—the pretty butterfly is asleep," said Boon- gaiser; and he sighed so hard as might have become a weary old father. He threw off the night-cap and locked the door for the night, and fixed on a red night-cap, which was all the toilet he intended to make, for he never took his clothes off to go to bed. Then he remembered the Other Lady—"Allamagichtig!" he shrieked. He threw off the cap in a terrible hurry, and began undoing the door. "Where is she, my goodness gracious, all these ages? Be sure," he said, as he tumbled with the bolts, "be sure that young Missus is waiting still already for someone to take her horse. And this at my house, also, where all the world is welcome! That schelm, Piet, shall be put to death in the morning. Then the bolt came undone; and he hurried out. No lady or horse was anywhere in sight. The last rays of the sun were vanishing, and a young moon glimmered low down in the dark blue sky. On all sides the veld ran wide and flat, except to the right, where the Stormberg towered above the plain. Boongaier was a very uneasy man. "Depend upon it," he said to himself, "depend upon it, she saw I did not want her! Ja! I would sooner go off to sleep. And with this I'll address the wall of barrels. Not all these engines and inventions shall ward off the blows of the avenger! Father! come forth! I have here a knight who wears my favour. There was a noise aloft above the veld, and then two or three of the bottles were withdrawn, and through the aperture appeared the front part of the head of the innkeeper. He was very pale, and his eyes seemed quite glassy as with sleeplessness. "Back, wench!" he screamed. "What have you done with my horse? The whole parapet was stuffed with bottles, some full, some empty, and the spaces between the bottles were stuffed with straw and paper. The whole parapet was formed into a tolerably stout barricade. Dorothea threw up her head with a defiant gesture. "Ah, Monster!" She apparently addressed the wall of barrels. 

So she set off, and rode across the veld towards the mountains. The sun sank very suddenly, and then nearly all the stars came out. The moon rose. It was the white star between his eyes; and of his rider nothing but the pale shade of her dress moving as if a phantom were passing along thus high above the ground. Aster went forward, however, with ever-increasing zeal, for he was choosing his way, like any other true animal, straight back to his stable. Dorothea knew not whither she was being carried, but at length, when Aster had ascended far up the narrow precipice, she fell asleep and slept soundly. "Enough, good beast! We will stay here and sleep until morning." She drowsed then, and, having induced the horse to lie down, which he was loth to do since he could almost sniff the forage in his manger, Dorothea settled herself close to his warm neck and went to sleep. At first beam of sunshine she awakened. Instantly she recognised the mountains, and up the Pass there stood the Inn, and in front of the Inn she saw a gallant Stranger. He had risen with the break of day, and she could hear the echo of the voices both on the right and left. "I am come, Lady!" It was the Knight of the Tassel. Dorothea rode Aster fast and merrily. "Thou art a faithful Knight and a loyal Knight to thy promise!" she exclaimed. But whatever has been might be to the Inn? Truly, a great deal! First, there was a high palisade of barrels all around; they could not see the windows of the house but only the roof and a bit of the wall beneath. The spaces between the barrels were crammed with bottles, some full, some empty, and the spaces between the bottles were stuffed with straw and paper. The whole parapet formed a tolerably stout barricade. Dorothea threw up her head with a defiant gesture. "Ah, Monster!" She apparently addressed the wall of barrels. 

Now, as we understand, the Lady, Dorothea de Villiers, had been reared to respect her first impressions. The result of such excellent training was that this damsel rarely discovered herself in any disagreeable situation, and never in one of her own making. As she sat her pony she instinctively weighed up the scene before her, and, misliking something about the house and its aged inhabitant, she made up her mind to ride on further. She turned into the courtyard and into the middle of the road. The Knight of the Tassel stood petrified. His adversary was clad in iron being broken down. Then with a terrific clatter of iron being broken down. Then with a terrific clatter...
Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)
By Jacob Tonson.

Olive Schreiner has refrained for so long from publishing anything whatever that the announcement of a new book by her is rather startling. Mrs. Schreiner is an artist. No woman in my time has written better prose, and I doubt if any other has written as well. In spite of its enormous vogue, "The Story of an African Farm" was a book of real value. It was one of two books that enabled her to live up to the legend of all night. The other was "Evan Harrington." That was twenty years ago. No book could work the same spell on me now. "Dreams," was original both in form and in substance. And Trooper Peter Halkeff, a short work and utterly misunderstood and even flouted in this country, remains in my memory as a masterpiece. But I have never re-read it. The new book (to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin) is entitled "Women and Labour." In the preface Mrs. Schreiner describes, with her usual literary drawing club or association of her house was occupied by the military, and how the said military, in the true witty military spirit, piled the furniture of her study in the centre of the room and set fire to it. Among the valuables thus destroyed was the manuscript of a large work on the same subject as her new book. Mrs. Schreiner began again.

I suppose that there are few writers less "literary" than Mr. W. H. Hudson, and few among the living more likely to be regarded, a hundred years hence, as having produced "literature." He is so unassuming, so mild, so intensely and unconsciously original in the expression of his naive emotions before the spectacle of life, that a hasty inquirer into his idiosyncrasy might be excusing the poverty of his prose. It is now a new book (which helps to redeem the enormous vulgarity of a booming season), "A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs" (Methuen's), is soberly of a piece with his long and deliberate career. A large volume, yet one arrives at the end of it with surprising quickness, because the pages seem to slip over of themselves. Everything connected with the Wiltshire downs is in it, together with a good deal not immediately therewith connected. For example, Mr. Hudson's views on education, which are not as mature as his views about shepherds and wild beasts of the downs. He seldom omits to describe the individualities of the wild beasts of his acquaintance. For two books a mole is not any mole, but a particular mole. He will tell you about a mole that did not dig like other moles but had a method of its own, and he will give you the reason why this singular mole lived to a great age. As a rule, he remarks with a certain sadness, wild animals die prematurely, their existence being exciting and dangerous. How many men know England—I mean the actual earth and flesh that make England—as Mr. Hudson knows it? This is his twelfth book, and four or five of the dozen are already classics. Probably literary dining club or association of authors or journalists male or female will ever give a banquet in Mr. Hudson's honour. It would not occur to the busy organisers of these affairs to do so.

The place of the wayside crucifix in the English life, that a hasty inquirer into his idiosyncrasy might be excusing the poverty of his prose. It is now a new book (which helps to redeem the enormous vulgarity of a booming season), "A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs" (Methuen's), is soberly of a piece with his long and deliberate career. A large volume, yet one arrives at the end of it with surprising quickness, because the pages seem to slip over of themselves. Everything connected with the Wiltshire downs is in it, together with a good deal not immediately therewith connected. For example, Mr. Hudson's views on education, which are not as mature as his views about shepherds and wild beasts of the downs. He seldom omits to describe the individualities of the wild beasts of his acquaintance. For two books a mole is not any mole, but a particular mole. He will tell you about a mole that did not dig like other moles but had a method of its own, and he will give you the reason why this singular mole lived to a great age. As a rule, he remarks with a certain sadness, wild animals die prematurely, their existence being exciting and dangerous. How many men know England—I mean the actual earth and flesh that make England—as Mr. Hudson knows it? This is his twelfth book, and four or five of the dozen are already classics. Probably literary dining club or association of authors or journalists male or female will ever give a banquet in Mr. Hudson's honour. It would not occur to the busy organisers of these affairs to do so. And yet—But, after all, it is well that he should be spared such an ordeal.

Another Bellacu reprints "The Old Road" (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), with Mr. William Hyde's original illustrations, which are sentimental and inferior to the letterpress. The book is one of the best of Mr. Bellacu's topographical excursions. It is not only a valuable addition to topography, but it is continually a most inspiring and provocative essay on the meaning of roads. Mr. Bellacu understands roads ten thousand times better than Stevenson ever did; and his passion for them is a more nourished and a less sentimental passion. It is characteristic that he set out on the task of piecing together this old pilgrim's road "late in December." With the fundamentals of Mr. Bellacu's general philosophy of life I should perhaps disagree violently. For example, he says—and I agree:—"Nor of all the vulgarities about the vileness of my own time, and renew for some few days the better freedom of that vigorous morning when men were already erect, articulate, and worshipping God, but not yet broken by complexity and the long accumu-
cannot help being struck with the large number of Russian names were rare. At present the German, other times. "Broken by complexity and the long ac-

of his novels. I have already in this column referred to Mr. Belloc's peculiar grammar—rather alarming in an author with so fine a sense of style. A piece of bad grammar occurs on page 16. ** ** *

After the triumphant first performance of one of Oscar Wilde's comedies, I remember that the author strolled before the footlights and remarked to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, this evening you have suc-

ceded." I wish I could say, apropos of my recent article in Mrs. Elinor Glyn's latest novel: "Readers of The New Age, you have succeeded." But I cannot. However, I propose to maintain an august silence, since there is no folly so foolish as explaining a joke that has missed fire. ** ** *

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

As an English visitor to these shores, if a close observer, cannot help being struck with the large number of foreign names to be seen everywhere. Twenty years ago American writers with German, Scandinavian, or Russian names were rare. As present the German, the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Russian, the Pole, the Italian are frequently met as writers, artists, physicians, lawyers, politicians and reformers. In New York there are little worlds within big worlds, and the little worlds are as busy as bees in a hive of drones. The underworld is moving the overworld. And nowhere on earth are there so many reformers bent on reforming everyone but themselves. New York at present is a huge American Tower of Babel, in which a confusion of thoughts rivals the confusion of tongues. There are societies for every system, sects for every doctrine, clubs for all cranks, shillalahs for every Irishman, social groups that grasp at social phantoms with the grip of men about to fall into the abyss, individuals who dance through the glittering halls and stumble into utopian heavens. ** ** *

New York has been called the Paris of America, but the difference between the two cities is very great. Paris is governed by the French, and strangers are obliged to conform; New York is governed by the Irishmen. An American is obliged to conform. Frankly, I prefer New York under Tammany to New York under Puritanism. Here at least, there is a certain liberty. There are restaurants for every taste, newspapers in every tongue, drinks to quench every thirst. I drank tea in a Russian shop, and an hour later was served with Chinese tea in a Chinese shop, and I have had coffee made and served by a Turk in a little room which made me think of Con-

stantinople. When I say that New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, I say so not because I have heard it said, but because I know all the great cosmopolitan centres of the globe. ** ** *

Just now New Yorkers are having a political spasm aggravated by Rooseveltian colic, with a suggestion of socialistic nightmare. Precisely what the flamboyant ex-President is thinking or feeling at this moment the reporters have not been able to discover. Evidently he has been hit hard; wounded. In fact, and this may give him occasion to ponder over the suffering he has caused the many unfortunate African beasts which he wounded but did not kill. The democratic wave is turning, and the Socialists, I think, will succeed my party. The election of Mr. Henry George is one of the most sig-

ification events of the past decade, and he will now be in a position to carry on the work his celebrated father left unfinished. Of course Roosevelt is not dead yet. The imperialistic snake has only been scotched. With-

out doubt there will be another fight; a new combina-
tion will be formed out of the divers elements. If the Republican insurgents get scared by the Democratic and Socialistic tidal-wave they may veer round and stand pat for Roosevelt at the critical hour in 1912. ** ** *

While talking with one of the leading politicians at one of the big New York clubs I asked his opinion on the rising in Mexico City. "It is only a question of time," he said, "when we shall annex Mexico; all good Christians expect it, and all Pagans long for it."

If we were like some of the Spanish adventurers of old, we could raise an army of a million adventurers within three days' time who would ask nothing better than to throw themselves into Mexico post haste. I regard Mexico and Central America as the true paradise of New America. ** ** *

"And what about Canada?"

"Canada," he said, "will come to us through the blunders of your Government. You people in London talk a lot of Imperialism, but you are not in a position to carry on the work your celebrated Father could have done.** ** *

One important fact I have learned since coming here—America is becoming Europeanised. Americans in the Eastern States are not only imitating much that is English, but they are also borrowing much from Germany and France. But, in spite of everything, England holds her own. For a man of ordinary ability all beliefs and parties are at one with the English in "dearly loving a lord." From the Atlantic to the Pacific a real, live lord, who can talk without using the finger signs of the deaf and dumb, is received with open arms, and the farther he goes West the tighter the embrace becomes. This is but natural. If we English, who see or meet lords every day when in London, continue to love them, how much more ought Americans to love them who rarely see a decent speci-

men of the noble genus? I say it is no more than natural. In spite of all this, when I saw Lord X making for the Knickerbocker Club the other day I thought he looked more like a bank president than a politician. It is not my intention to discuss and dispute; I am here to see, listen, and learn. I ask questions and record the answers. ** ** *

As in England the Church used to be the last chance for the fool of the family, America is the forlorn hope of our impious nobility. But as a Chinaman said to me the other day: "No easy catche, no easy keepee." Rich American women are hard to catch, and still harder to keep when caught. They only nibble at a hook that is baited with a baronet. But even then it is the minnows that do the nibbling. What the full grown trout and salmon of these spark-

ling waters demand are hooks baited with ducal straw-

berry leaves. Then bait, hook, line, and rod all disappear at once, and the duclinger is lucky if he is not jerked off the bank and drowned. ** ** *

In New York the knights and baronets are not taken seriously unless they be connected with the Diplomatic Service, or with great fortunes, or with genius. Yet a hatter attains a high politics. If theIslam and Socialism of the Near East could ever form a political party, that would be a proposition de resistance. As for a duke, he is the Clicquot cham-

Baronet has his place at a fashionable dinner-table like
pogne, vintage 1892, the thing that makes all heads giddy, swamps all hearts and opens all pocket-books.

* * *

New York is, like London, a great musical centre—for foreigners. I have been to a classical concert and studied the audience. Here, as in London, it is the foreigner who pays the fiddler. There would be no grand opera in New York without European patrons. At the concert, as at the opera, you meet the German, the Bohemian, the Hungarian, the Swedish, the Dane, the Italian, the Russian, with a sprinkling of British and Americans. Johnson and John Bull have little use for operatic and classical music.

* * *

In literary circles here much is being said about the passing of the old-fashioned American humour and the old-time critic. The death of Mark Twain has made a big gap in their ranks. It struck terror into the hearts of the few survivors who for so many decades had things all their own way. A well-known critic of New York said to me lately: "Mark Twain's influence accounts for much of the superficial writing and superficial criticism of the present. We have begun to realise to the full what his influence has been in the American literary world. More than Mark Twain and W. D. Howells put together ever knew."

* * *

For years Twain and Howells and their little set in New York ruled the literary roost. They formed a sort of close corporation with "Harper's Magazine" at their back. In New York nothing succeeds like money. If Mark Twain had been a poor man, his books on the Far West and the Mississippi would sound and wholsome enough, but as soon as he left those regions, in which he was in his natural element, he was like a traveller lost in the wilderness. European culture was to him like a sealed book. He never understood English literature. The miscarriage he did by his persiflage and his bluff remains incalculable. For years writers of talent who were not gifted with the art of humorous bluff could not get a hearing. But I could name you twenty young men in New York to-day who know more than Mark Twain and W. D. Howells put together ever knew.

* * *

When we discuss varieties of roses," says a French critic, "we do not wax indignant over some of them, or wish to set upon the and destroy them;...should we grow abusive and violent over new varieties of the human spirit?" Yet everyone that writes of the French artists whose work is now on show at the Grafton Gallery waxes angry and indignant. Philip Burne Jones' letter to the "Times" is like beating walls, breaking windows and throwing down tufts of hair on the passers-by. At the Gallery itself it is all titter and cackle; well-dressed women go about saying: "How awful! A perfect nightmare, my dear!" "Did you ever? Too killing! How they can!" They are like dogs to music; it makes them howl, but they can't keep away. Men in tall hats are funny over the exhibits, saying: "This is a horse; this is a man. All through the galleries I am pursued by the ceaseless be-naw of a stage duke in an eye glass. It is not a matter of artistic taste; all that is wanted is a little politeness, a little reflection that the brain that pondered between the palette and the canvas was probably as huge a one as that in your small silk hat. It is almost too obvious to need saying, that we must go to a work of art for what is good in it, not for what is bad; that we must try to feel the artist's meaning, and not be set laughing, like a set of factory girls, at the least unexpectedness.

That they are grotesque, many of them, is obvious; often badly, stupidly grotesque, conveying no emotion of a thing seen or imagined to my mind. I give these up; I am not eager to search out their inroads on (without cackling) to the others, not five just pictures, but about a hundred and more that save the city. I am a plain man from the country; I am not concerned, any more than the most accomplished artist, to paint the pictures, with the relations of Impressionism, Symbolism, Synthesis, and a lot of other things. It is all very interesting, and capital fun over a pipe at the end of the day's work; but it is not the pictures, and I doubt if it is criticism. The expert critics are misled by searching for the sequence of tradition; they are set going by the preface, a very modest, well-meaning preface, which some anonymous apostle has put to the catalogue. Not being experts, let us go with a plain large barbaric eye and consider the pictures.

With regard to grotesqueness in the first place, it has its uses. When a man of Gauguin's intelligence and accomplishment paints Christ in the Garden looking ridiculous with his great patch of black hair, one must consider whether it was not perhaps done with a good intention (which fails, however, a little with myself). Pathetic things in real life have a way of mixing themselves up with grotesque things. Realists have seized on this confusion to convey the pathos of life with its natural rough flavour about it. Characters in Tchekhov's plays will suddenly pull out a cucumber and begin to eat it, or ejaculate, 'aposos de botes, 'My little dog eats nuts,' or the like, and the reality of their inconsequences raises the value of the adjacent pathos. That may have been Gauguin's intention with the Christ. But in his Tahitian pictures what grotesqueness there is arises from his pervading intention of showing Tahiti always through the medium of its legends and tradition, through the collective mind, the race-mind, of its inhabitants. It is never Tahiti as it is, in material trees and mountains and men and women. His "Spirit of Evil!" is not a woman or even a spirit, but something combined with the outward form of a Ti'i or old carved image. His "Women Beneath the Palm Trees" do not sit among hibiscus and purao bushes like real Tahitian women, but, under that exquisite sky and mountain, in a plain where great vegetable things, like the breadfruit and the breadfruit flowers, are the main things. His "Bathers," in the rich volumes of life, in their brilliant reflections. See how he contrasts the little smug white doactic nun with these great primeval women, standing for the primitive Maoris to have had when they first sang their Hesiodic songs of the Creation. His women are often short and stumpy, not because Tahitian women are really short and stumpy, but because, admiring the robust grace of the modern Tahitian women, he felt sturdy squatness to be the essential and primitive thing from which that graceful robustness had emerged. See how he rejoices in this large robustness in his big, massive "Bathers," in the rich volumes of life, in their brilliant skin and black, in their curling hair and the ruddy diurnal reflections. See how he contrasts the little-smug white didactic nun with these great primeval women, standing aloof, half amused, or squatting and sucking big Rabelaisian baby thumbs with the profit of Tahitian life from a thousand records; only Gauguin has so rendered its grim savage dignity. There is something Egyptian in most of his Tahitian pictures, a kind of restful, permanent look in the steady balance of the figures, in the steadiness of the temperament portrayed, something that says, like the cat-gods and..."
sculptured bigwigs of Egypt, sitting so patiently with their hands on their knees, outside the refreshment room at the British Museum, "We are for all time."

One is disposed to admit a considerable dose of perversity in some of these artists, or else a loss of certain perceptions, swallowed up in others that have become more important to them. One is alarmed at first by the prancing ladies of Flandrin's "Vintage Dance," long-nosed early Victorians in a flesh-coloured landscape "Chindia," and agreeable art that augurs little good of him; it is not until one has seen his "Scène Champêtre" in the next room that one learns to forgive everything for the gesture, the movement, the rhythm. This "Scène Champêtre" is a delicate trace of a poet's feeling in its best fit for any National Gallery. A slim, barefooted boy, stripped to the sunburnt waist, is feeding a horse from a shallow basket in a meadow; beside him, half hidden, with eyes averted from the shyly joyous expression which belongs in his hat-shaded face, a girl leans forward, dangling her broad straw hat at her neck, and strokes the horse's shoulder; you can see them all moving in a delicious rhythm, the girl's hand sliding downward and the boy's hand rising sideways, where the corn lies thickest, the boy's little unconscious body leaning back and his basket-supporting leg cocked on its toes to meet the horse's greedy shoes. It is all so innocent, so idyllic, so early Victorian, Paul and Virginity in so perfect a setting, a paddock-corner under a perched white house, that give the sense of intimacy and unledged youth.

Denis and Matisse have more perversity and lose offering for redemption. Denis chocolate box "Calypso" and clay "Nausicaa" betray his war of humour. But he half redeems himself with his baby-faced "Madonna in the Flowered Garden," rapt in a baby ecstasy over the child in her arms, with baby angels standing and looking on among the flowers, and one laughing and playing to make the little Jesus crow; it is all like a child's dream of paradise.

If there is still time, fly to the Grafton. To judge by clothes, there were no readers of The New Age in the gallery when I was there. See the delicate lambrequins and white fresh women that make you cry with laughter. See the delightful narrow faces, and the soft, liquid eyes of Cézanne. This is always with the sense that something has happened there, or is happening there; something better than common life, something almost literary. See the "Vallons," poplars in the hollow, and a rich green hill beyond; the sky is never a thing, but everything, with the sun gently in the distance. See Stürzendorf's "Sands at Havre," with all the racket and bunting of a real holiday at the seaside, and his grim grey "Notre Dame," a tragic rendering of the rocky loneliness of a great cathedral in a city, the two mouse-coloured towers with their crumbling outline, and the big empty square made alive by the two yellow trams that stand, little patches down there in the distance, waiting for passengers. Then go forth and pass along the streets; and the how flighty and unprofitable have become all those engravings, pictures and statues in the art dealers' windows, that represent the bare photographic semblance of reality, with dramatic meanings laid out, it, not drawn out from it.

REVIEWS.

By Charles Granville.

Lady John Russell. A Memoir. By Desmond Macarthy and Agatha Russell. (Methuen. 19.6d.)

There are necessarily difficulties which beset the way of a reviewer in dealing with the type of book to which this memoir belongs. Political prejudices have to be cast aside; disdain (a common enough trait among intellectuals) for the ease-loving and destitution-tolerating governing class has to be eliminated, from the noose, from the mind. Having got rid of these two factors in mental attitude towards a book, we may calmly contemplate this memoir and its subject for the purpose firstly, of criticising the manner of treatment, and secondly, of studying the results portrayed in it in relation to the psychology of the environment in which she lived and moved, and to that of the period in which her life was passed.

With regard to Mr. Desmond Macarthy's and Lady Agatha Russell's work it seems to leave little to be desired from the point of view of biography. They have selected for quotation such portions of Lady Russell's diary as both give the facets of her character and its development, and throw light upon political, religious and literary movements of that most fascinating period covered by her life. With this selection the authors supply a running commentary, as mortar to the bricks of their selection. This mortar is often of a delightful quality. I select a good example from the early part of the book. The authors are describing the home life at Minto, where Lady Fanny, afterwards Countess Russell, was born. Lady Fanny, and her sister Clare, had gone to meet their mother after a day's shooting in September. Lady Fanny duly chronicles both the "mad spirits" of Charlotte, and the wind, the clouds, the heather, and the beautiful outline of the country in the gloaming time. The authors comment:--

Such tired, happy home comings stay in the memory: drives back at the end of long days, when scraps of talk and laughter and the pleasure of being together mingle so kindly with the sesamum of the day, that the memory will awaken after a sudden blaze of welcome, in fire-light and candles, tea and a hubbub of talk, when everything though familiar, seems to confer on a new happiness.

This kind of comment illuminates the book throughout. With regard to the subject of the memoir, she is presented as she was, not only as a charming personality, but as a woman keenly responsive to all the intellectual movements of her time. Even the death of Lord John Russell, causing a general tree, and overwhelming sorrow, did not have the effect of fossilising her character and her intellect. So many illustrious persons become ill at ease in the generation that is not their own, and persistently refuse to grow out of old habits of thought or to change their earlier Welt-anschauung. With Lady Russell it was the opposite. This is well illustrated in her religious changes. Dominated as she was by religion, in the broadest comprehension of the word, she travelled from Presbyterian Church dogma, in which she was brought up, to Unitarianism, and even to a great desire for the establishment of a "Free Church."

Her marriage with Lord John Russell of course associated her with the stirring political events of the time; and the memoir on this account is likely to be indispensable to the historian, and of living interest to the general reader.

The Romance of Princess Amelia. By W. S. Childe-Pemberton. (Eveline Nash. 16s.)

The author's purpose is avowedly to establish the moral innocence of the Princess. To this end he employs extracts from the letters of her intimate friend, the Hon. Mrs. George Villiers, the letters of the Princess herself to her beloved General Fitz-Roy, and certain of her papers containing her dying wishes. To those who are curious—and we know their name is still legion—on the subject of how royal personages live their little lives, the book will be found of interest; while to those—and their name, too, is still legion—who find more flavour in royal love than in common loves of everyday existence, the book will serve, for a brief time, instead of the ordinary novel. George III. being politically uninteresting for the general reader, obstinacy in certain crises and often insane to boot, little interest of a national character attaches to the book. For the rest the piecing together of the romance has been dispassionately and honestly carried out, the portraits well reproduced, and the royal purple
of the binding, with its inset royal coat of arms, is an appropriate get-up for a book of this type.

* * *

By Hultry Carter.

Sex and Society. By Dr. Havelock Ellis (Philadelphia: F. A. Davis and Co.)

With this volume Dr. Havelock Ellis brings to a conclusion his diagnosis of the morbid manifestation of the sex-instinct. The writer has occupied many years, and its finality is at hand. It has been conducted under the urgent difficulties. It will be recollected that "The Psychology of Sex" was one of the works seized by those shining hangmen who were called upon to burn them, but I believe that evidence of a proverbially unreliable character, together with the evidence drawn from the research work of a number of European and American specialists.

Here he is on firmer ground. "When we reach the issues, the book is charged. They know that the savage covers his wall with filth, and do not take much notice of the mention of it, but they do not know of the many horrible things (that is horrible to unscientific persons) which the book is charged. They know that the savage practises by sexual means, and accordingly touches closely upon the many urgent questions that press for solution, especially questions of biology, such as eugenics, heredity, physiology, marriage and the fight against venereal disease.

As a whole the book reveals that Dr. Ellis has conceived a really fine ideal. He seeks a saner view of sexual life, a more intelligent basis of relations between the sexes. In pursuit of this ideal he has become deeply preoccupied with sex matters. He has specialised on and become so intimate with the subject that he discusses its details with a freedom and frankness which must appal the modest, not to say the unscientific persons of a clean-minded class of persons. Such persons are naturally opposed not so much to the publication of "nasty" secrets as to their publication in ordinary terms. They will maintain that the subject with which Dr. Ellis deals should be dealt with in a strictly scientific manner, and no good can result from the study by unscientific laymen of the many frank details with which the book is charged. They know that the savage covers his wall with filth, and do not take much notice of the mention of it, but they do not know of the many horrible things (that is horrible to unscientific persons with normal sexual appetites) practised by sexual maniacs disclosed throughout Dr. Ellis's book, and therefore the attention is unduly riveted on them. For instance, they will maintain that though prostitution, which Dr. Ellis has dealt with at some length, is a legitimate subject for general notice, many of the results are so terrible, so hideous, so unspeakable, that they are the result of the facilities which these women have for studying the abnormalities of men, are fit subjects only for medical treatment. Such objections are not without reason. The presence of occupation with sex matters is doing an infinite deal of harm. It is creating an unhealthy curiosity in the average man and woman concerning functions which are best left alone by such persons—and vigilant committees. In this way it tends to increase the disease
while defeating the end which Dr. Ellis has in view, namely, to promote the remedy. If we must have a frank discussion of sex matters let us have it conducted in such a fashion that no objection on the score of indelicacy be further raised. A plebeian and legitimate obstacle to the complete investigation of a subject that is clamouring for investigation.

That there is need of a full and organised scientific research into the subject is fully borne out by Dr. Ellis's labours. This is indeed the great value of his eminently important research work, which throughout displays a first-hand acquaintance with the literature of the subject from classical times onward, and which calls for a multiplication of history, biology, psychology, etc., in order to the solution of the problem of the sexual foundation of society. It emphasises the need of immediate legislation to enable these inquiries to be carried out adequately. Unless we are put in possession of a body of reliable knowledge whereby we may understand and direct and control the sexual instinct how can we possibly reconstruct society on a possible basis? For, as an eminent Spanish neurologist says, "even on the fascinating hypothesis that peace and order may be established and the world converted into a vast workshop controlled by love and moderation, how shall we prevent the sexual instinct, acting without foresight or restraint, from flooding the world with millions of humans who are not the equal of our race but a constant danger to the general peace? And if, after all, Malthus's theory prove true? What will our future statesmen do with the excess of population when, with America and Africa glutted with European emigrants, there remain no virgin soils to plough, no new land for the future, Mr. Lloyd George comes with a positively rubicund faith from those Welsh mountains of his, where we half believe liberty still resides. He may fail because he has no philosophy, but for the moment he is clearly the new political impulse.

* * *

Better Times: Speeches by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net.)

It has been said by his enemies that Mr. Lloyd George's Budget of 1909 was inspired by the electioneering needs of his party. This charge is partly true but not wholly disposed of by the publication of the first of the speeches in this book, a speech delivered in Newcastle as long ago as in 1903. There, in summary form (for Mr. Lloyd George was not then a Minister and consequently had time to prepare his speeches), his enemies are clearly shown to be mounting their attack on the theory that monopolies, whether of land, mines, education or government, must be controlled by the State but not, even where possible, owned by the State. That has now become the Liberal view. From another aspect, however, it may be noted that Mr. George's Budget though not directly electioneering nevertheless commended itself both to him and to his party on electioneering grounds. As may be seen in his speech on "Liberalism and the Labour Party," delivered in Cardiff in May 1903, Mr. George was well aware that in consequence of the failure of his party to keep pace with popular politics, the I.L.P. was making headway at his party's expense. He went as long as to say that if the Liberal Government did not soon "tackle the landlords and the factories and the railways," not only would a new party be necessary, but he would join it. This threat was undoubtedly sincere, and had the effect, when it was seen to be popular also, of forcing the Liberal leaders to throw open their doors to Mr. Lloyd George and his programme. In the leaders, therefore, his subsequent Budget may fairly be regarded as opportunistic; though we are disposed to acquit Mr. Lloyd George himself of the not over-serious charge.

We seek with these comments in these two speeches for some clue to the position in the popular mind which Mr. Lloyd George has won. Undoubtedly his personal attacks on notabilities like Lords Rothschild and Milner, the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Strachey, make good reading for the man in the street. They are, in fact, if we remember the stuffy atmosphere of our domestic politics, in what we once described as "excellent bad taste"; but they do not account for Mr. Lloyd George's hold on the masses. What in the end we come to regard as his secret is his capacity not only for hope, but for inspiring hope. To a blased age, doubtful of itself and the future, Mr. George comes with a positively rubicund faith from those Welsh mountains of his, where we half believe liberty still resides. He may fail because he has no philosophy, but for the moment he is clearly the new political impulse.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MAN AND THE MACHINE.

Sir,—The very interesting article, in a recent issue, on "The Art and Craft of the Machine," is an amplification of the idea expressed in my contribution to the symposium on Town planning. The subject appears to me of such vital importance that I hope it may be further discussed in your columns. "H.C." says that "Art demands a revolution." Now, both art and revolution are words not to be used lightly with in the same breath. There is a certain puritanical chasteness about the average citizen, and to talk to him of art and beauty is to run the chance of awakening his distaste at the thought that the man who you are preaching lurks something indecent; something perchance of the human form unclothed, which, though it may make the art lover blush through his nostril in chilly fashion, must be guarded against.

The writer has had many an experience. Talk of art to directors at a board meeting, members of a church building committee, almost anybody, and you prejudice your chances of success. Art, for want of a better term, must be presented to them as a pill, and there must be jam to conceal it—jam of profit or expediency before they will swallow it. One must remember racial type and that we are not Latins. As
November 24, 1910.

THE NEW AGE

93

well, we ourselves have got into a somewhat slipshod way of being and "beauty." It is in measure responsible for the general idea that things artistic are necessarily trifles for the plutocrat; this is so far removed from the truth that a new term is needed, something that will indicate that the quality one is striving for, is that artistic thing be the best and fittest of its class; that it be ordered by the left side of the brain, and in the case of bandying the terms "art

hand the right lobe can be stimulated. It is an uncanny idea, well, we ourselves have got into a somewhat slipshod way of being and "beauty." It is in measure responsible for the general idea that things artistic are necessarily trifles for the plutocrat; this is so far removed from the truth that a new term is needed, something that will indicate that the quality one is striving for, is that artistic thing be the best and fittest of its class; that it be ordered by the left side of the brain, and in the case of bandying the terms "art

of machinery on the quality of work is concerned, and is, as well, prepared to go many steps further, and allege that its influence is so extremely wonderful; it was only when they commenced to vomit out shoddy replicas of good work that their apparent virtue faded into vice. But the man was so interestingly driven along in the narrow groove of his mechanical genius; his one end and aim was to invent automatic tools. Mac as a March hitter, little can be done with him; but if man-kind generally can be brought to see that the hand-made thing, as, for instance, a good pair of boots, is better and more lasting, and that it is not possible that what co-operation is doing for Denmark as machine tenders, and that in many others where the public mind was enamoured of the machine, and nothing was too absurd to attempt by its aid—what was not mechanical was absolutely idiotic; while galleries were given up to such trifles as engraved egg shells and wax fruit. There were, of course, many notable scientific exhibitors, but, so far as the artistic side of the exhibition was concerned, it was a lamentable proof that in the 50 years that had elapsed since the beginning of the century, all hold on tradition had been lost. When one thinks a little of the8th--9th century—the furniture of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton; the Sheffield plate and silver, and all the things we so industriously collect nowadays, a short fifty years had been sufficient to wreck the whole business. We must judge a century by what it leaves behind, and so far as the nineteenth was concerned it left nothing of any artistic merit.

From the point of view of the worker himself, what has machinery done for him? In an enlightening letter contributed to the Press the other day, Mr. H. G. Wells contended that the cause of the present unrest, the strikes and so on, the want of confidence between workers and their employers, was caused by the worker's dislike and loathing for machinery; this being the constant enmity that—then there is hope. And the remedy is at everyone's hand; to have no dealings or anything to do with things obviously produced under unfair conditions. One often hears the remark, "I can't imagine how they can afford to sell it so very cheaply." Such lack of imagination may save a bad attack of the shudders, but whenever it is experienced, and we are not a race of fools, it is a sad counsel to buy a better thing, that will render you more service, and so pass on to those other workers the chance of escape from mere servitude. And the remedy is at everyone's hand; to have no dealings or anything to do with things obviously produced under unfair conditions. One often hears the remark, "I can't imagine how they can afford to sell it so very cheaply." Such lack of imagination may save a bad attack of the shudders, but whenever it is experienced, and we are not a race of fools, it is a sad counsel to buy a better thing, that will render you more service, and so pass on to those other workers the chance of escape from mere servitude.

Another recent article by Sir Frederick Treves in the "Nineteenth Century," put forward the view that we are as a race "Losing the use of our hands." This, if one remembers rightly, was the title, and the argument followed was on Darwinian lines, that as we use our hands less than we used to do, we are becoming less dexterous with them. One would like to see this side of the question treated by some great brain specialist as well. At the moment the very wonderful relation of the brain and hand is not much understood, yet this is one of the questions that the working population. In Henry George's eloquent introduction to his "Progress and Poverty," he sketches, first, what the earliest economists thought would be the result of increased ease of production by machinery; that there would be enough to go round, and that want, misery and sin, would be obviated. It has to admit that the simpler the state the less appalling the contrasts of wealth and poverty; the more civilized the state the more evident these contrasts become. Upon streets and public buildings, the more evident these contrasts become. Upon streets and public buildings, there are enough charitable institutions to pauperize the individual who gave service to the State at the expense of his own. The public mind was enamoured of the machine, and nothing was too absurd to attempt by its aid—what was not mechanical was absolutely idiotic; while galleries were given up to such trifles as engraved egg shells and wax fruit. There were, of course, many notable scientific exhibitors, but, so far as the artistic side of the exhibition was concerned, it was a lamentable proof that in the 50 years that had elapsed since the beginning of the century, all hold on tradition had been lost. When one thinks a little of the8th--9th century—the furniture of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton; the Sheffield plate and silver, and all the things we so industriously collect nowadays, a short fifty years had been sufficient to wreck the whole business. We must judge a century by what it leaves behind, and so far as the nineteenth was concerned it left nothing of any artistic merit.

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HOME RULE OR DEVOLUTION.

Sir,—Your personal notes are illuminating at all times, but occasionally seem to satisfy my best judgment; as for instance your statement in the fifth note in the issue of October 27:—"The same multitude of opinion among them prevails in regard to home Rule or Devolution.

Now you will analyse this statement you will find that it closely approximates to the Roman Catholic attitude of supreme inertia, with the Church as guide and interpreter in all things, temporal and religious. And by inference you assume that the crude physical manifestations, the blunders of past causes acting on chronic ignorance take precedence, and are superior intelligence evolved by and through those ponderable expressions of power that vainly disguise the Supreme Intelligence in its centuries' effort to knock a little sense into our addled brains. Civilisation has at last evolved the Christian family for the advance, and the sustenance of that advance, of the individual; and I think it is evident that national autonomy of similar ethnic groups is absolutely necessary to safeguard the family in its important social function, through the efflorescence of racial sympathy, and this I think represents the true evolution of human society, from the distinctions and the indiscernible mixture of the races; that spell degeneration of ideal and subordinate men are reared, by the pressure of greed, avarice, and the struggle for existence. At least that is our experience in America.

In our opinion, the union of England and Scotland was a step in evolution; yet under that union Scotland has dissipated her incomparable wealth of religious fervour, and only the indolent to-day bankruptcy in matrimony ideals, her country-side depleted, and from a religious inspiration to the world at large, she has sunk to the bare title. These facts strike me as Devolution.

In this day our important possessions, morals and religion, are secondary forces, subordinate to the material interests that question all values but those of pounds and dollars; and in America the national ideal is about submerged by an influx of indifferentism caused by the authoritative evolution quoted by inference in yours.

To-day there is no such thing as unalloyed friendship, there is reciprocity I admit, and grudging charity that satisfies a stinted conscience and is practically a cheap bid for heaven; but as for any sincere friendly sentiment that wishes merely the good of its object without thought of return, it no longer exists. And this fact is due to the decline of the national spirit. An American.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE.

Sir,—In your issue for November 3 is an article on the matter at the head of this letter, signed "J. Z." With much of his idea men will agree, but for some time, "holding the scales," he finally allows some bias to creep in at the close concerning the Peers and their rejection of the Budget. And, surely, he suffers from some fusion of ideas in connecting the Peers and the wild men. "The bidding of the wild men" was a very wild journalistic phrase twelve months ago, and "J. Z."'s" memory has recorded it treacherously for him. This by the way.

"J. Z."'s" statement of facts is a little too cocksure,—"the Education Bill of the Unionists helped to kill their party in 1906,"—the Licensing Bill of the Radicals had an effect only averted by Mr. Lloyd George's Budget." Well, well! But if "J. Z." can commit himself to such statements can we accept him as a reliable guide holding moderate views?

"J. Z."'s" residuum of a two-thirds majority does not look at all workable. There would be the dead-lock he partially foresees, and Englishmen apparently are getting less practical and less high-minded—they are certainly not as "J. Z." says, too practical and too high-minded. This may be noted by a means at which the shallow may scoff, but here it is: There has been a great increase in the drawing power of melodrama the last few years. I invite anyone capable of sitting a play to this kind of thing to turn away from the stage and watch the audience. He will find rapid attention and thunders of applause for any quantity of false sentiment; and for an amount of jargon on the subject peculiarly designed to part of the comic man towards his own dear lady. Now, "to get to the osses" quickly, most of the audience are voters, and what we see them admit to be good shows us how they will be swayed by clap-trap, and how much more they will value it spiced with vulgarity. The majority does not think—it merely feels. What can moderation do against numbers at present? There is an example now before our eyes. In appeals to those of their own party, who has the greater effect, the present Prime Minister or his Chancellor of the Exchequer?

No, while parties remain as they are, while education remains without any inculcation of manners (the finest aid possible to quiet thought) "J. Z."'s" scheme is not likely to develop. What is more than probable is a great sundering in the parties, with consequent fusions, as was the case after M. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills—and may the sound moderate men win.

W. F. D.

A TRUST IN CRIME.

Sir,—I read Mrs. Hastings' letter on "The Trust in Crime," to a company of persons, and it was effective enough to turn the heart of one who had been hostile to your paper and its work. The letter is, in a phrase of Milton, "a vehement vein pouring out indignation and scorn upon an object that merits it." It harrows the heart, and sows it with sincere seed to think, and will, and do everything that in one lies against that diabolical system which Englishmen call Justice, the system of these formal and cold-blooded murders of the law, the system that congregates high-spirited with low-minded and diseased boys in brutal reformatories. To call the recent Osborne naval cadet case, who can doubt, that, had that boy been the son of a poor father, he would be in a reformatory now, at this present moment.

E. H. VISIÆ.

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