NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We will not waste our readers' time by detailing the inferences which might be drawn from the results of the first day's poll. Despite the fact that there is a net loss of three seats, the increase in the sum of Liberal votes cast is considerable. This is the more surprising if we remember that an old register is generally a Tory. London proves to be more rather than less Radical than we are honestly believe they would be safe at this moment. And faced with at that demagogue Mr. Garvin's invitation appealed to Caesar at two elections (not counting the Campbell-Bannerman Government), and unmistakeably lost, it is unmanly, if not unlordly, to refuse the judgment. Unfortunately they have at the last moment discovered a brand-new alternative to their supersession in the shape of the Referendum, a device which we are quite ready to admit is as plausible as it is dangerous to democracy, and by which, if the coalition forces are not extremely careful, the victory over the Lords, which is now in sight, will be converted into a democratic rout.

How clearly the Unionists realise the anti-democratic nature of the Referendum it is impossible to say. Certainly they have, so far, concealed any trace of a suspicion that it is not really a democratic instrument. On the contrary, if their protestations go for anything, we are to suppose that the Referendum is suddenly become dear to them exactly because they realise for the first time that government is not nearly popular enough, and that the Referendum would make it so. What excellent deception or, shall we say, self-deception! We would have it plainly understood that the Referendum is in actual fact the most deadly weapon against democratic and representative government that can possibly be forged. There is literally no other danger now ahead of the machinery of democratic government which is half so grave as the danger from the Referendum. We measure our words when we declare that if the choice were between the retention of the Referendum with it, we would prefer the former infinitely before the latter. For this very reason we can well understand the Unionist Party leaders executing a wardance and dance of victory on their inspired discovery of this simple and taking device for disestablishing Representative Government while it is still in its infancy. On the other hand, we are amazed that professed friends, and not only friends, but would-be tutors in Representative Government, such, for example, as the " Nation" leader-writers and Mr. J. A. Hobson, should be so blind as not to see that what the Unionists instinctively
hail as an instrument of continued oligarchy can scarcely at the same time be an instrument of creont democ-

racy.

* * * 

There are at least nine and ninety ways of demonstrat-
ing to anybody with the mind to follow the utter
fallacy of the Referendum. Neither in theory, nor in
practice, nor even in the form of a compromise, can it
be maintained or tolerated for a single moment. On the
very lowest grounds of commonsense it can be con-
clusively proved to be actually ridiculous. For example.
It is proposed that the Referendum shall be applied,
over the heads of the representatives, in what, in the
accepted phrase, are called "grave issues." Very well.
What is the very gravest issue that can conceivably
come before Parliament for decision, and on which there
may be sufficient difference to warrant a Referendum, if
such a proceeding were a rule? Obviously the gravest of
all issues is whether in any particular conjunction of
circumstances the nation shall or shall not go to war.
In comparison with that issue every other issue, con-
stitutional or legislative, is minor, as everybody will
agree. But for reasons plain enough even to the
"Nation," it is precisely on that gravest of all issues
that a Referendum would not and could not be taken.
The very idea of it is ridiculous. Mr. Balfour would
submit Home Rule and Tariff Reform to a plébiscite,
but he would not undertake to submit the decision of
war to a plébiscite. He would be a raving pedant if he
did. Not even on an electioneering platform would he
pledge himself to do it. Yet it is implied in all this talk
of a Referendum that the statesmen who may and must
be trusted to risk involving the nation in a war, and to
do so without consultation directly with the people, are
quite unfit to be trusted out of the leading strings of a
fussy and suspicious electorate in matters of infinitely
less concern to the nation than war. The question to
ask of Referendum maniacs is therefore this, and the
more publicly it is asked the better: Would you be in
favour of submitting the decision of war to the Refer-
endum; and if not, why not? That, we imagine, would
end the matter for people of mere commonsense.

* * *

But there are other plausible aspects of this wretched
invention which need apparently to be examined. We
say that it is indefensible in theory, but the question
is, what theory? Publicists are such incorrigible wire-
pullers nowadays that we sometimes doubt whether any
of them have a theory of government at all. Neither
the "Spectator" nor the "Observer," we are certain,
have a theory of government at all. Neither
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more political information and enlarge their vocabulary of technical phrases, but of political wisdom there is not need of the Constitution by the people. The people who can be amateurs in direct legislation. Political wisdom in a people consists in detecting the identity of Tweedledee, and in knowing a man from a popular insight when a Cincinnatus is taken from the laid at the door of the people, and the whole consequences with it. For we are not such pessimists as to believe that good representatives are not to be had if we recognise them when they see them. And until this is the case, until there are not 670 men in all England who representation altogether and to substitute a degrading form of delegacy.

For let there be no mistake about it: not only will Representation fly out of the window when Referendum occurs, but with the degradation of status from representative to delegate the personnel of Parliament will be unquestionably lowered. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has already had the courage to avow that he would resign office if, while he held it, a Referendum went against him. Not only would honourable men with a spark of self-respect resign office if a Referendum went against them, but ten to one they would never seek any public office again. Why should they? They are only three inducements to govern a people: money, honour, and power; and of these money attracts only the lowest class of politicians. To govern a people knocked down to the lowest bidder. That is all that government up to cash auction, and it will assuredly be passed. This suggestion takes form, naturally, in the need be said of the Referendum on its theoretical side. The only thing that is now alive will be dead, and only revolutionists to whom nobody pays any attention would be found to advocate its resurrection. Thus even on tactical grounds a Referendum proves to be unnecessary to democracy.

We sailed in haste from the narrow town—
What did it know of the dreams we dreamed?

And we watch the flats where the sun goes down
Poorer of pocket, and lean and brown.

By the caked, mud flats where the sun went down
Like a carven pearl, and the moons went by,
And the sunsets burned, as ever we swung
Onward still, and the great stars clung
Low in the gloom of the lustrous nights,
And the velvet stain on the waters flung

To the vision we knew that beckoned and gleamed
In the unknown seas and the worlds beyond.

So we sailed as our hearts impelled,
Dared and desired the gold years through,
Followed and thrilled while the charm still held
Of the dreams to be and the things to do;
Sorrow of seeking the fates deny,
Peril was ours and sorrow we knew,
Back to the streets and the narrow town
And the narrow life

And the years went by, and the years went by.

And we have come back from the quest we made,
Back to the streets and the narrow town
And the narrow life of the men who stayed—
Poorer of pocket, and lean and brown.
And we watch the flats where the sun goes down
In a dull, blood haze, and the sea-fowl scream
And wait for the death that perhaps will crown

THE QUEST.

We have come back from the quest we made,
Back to the streets and the narrow town
And the narrow life of the men who stayed—
Poorer of pocket, and lean and brown.
We watched the flats where the sun goes down
Onward still, and the great stars clung
Low in the gloom of the lustrous nights,
And the velvet stain on the waters flung

And we have come back from the quest we made,
Back to the streets and the narrow town
And the narrow life of the men who stayed—
Poorer of pocket, and lean and brown.
And we watch the flats where the sun goes down
In a dull, blood haze, and the sea-fowl scream
And wait for the death that perhaps will crown

The cravings of men who have dreamed a dream.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE.
A Manifesto and an Appeal.

By the Central Committee of Albanian Students.

(Specially translated for The New Age.)

The Central Committee of Albanian Students, impelled by the extreme gravity of the state in which the rights of the Albanian people in general, and their educational institutions in particular, have been placed by the systematic persecution of the Government of the Young Turks, vehemently appeal, in the name of right and humanity, to the civilised powers in Europe for protection from the tyrannical policy of the Young Turks, who are endeavouring to crush all hope of progress and enlightenment in Albania.

For five centuries the Albanians have freely shed their blood to preserve and develop their own language. Two years ago, after the meeting of the Young Turks at Reval, perceiving that the existence of the Empire was at stake, the Albanians fought side by side with the Young Turks to overthrow Abdul Hamid, thus saving the Ottoman Empire from certain extinction.

But no sooner did the Young Turks become masters of the situation than they forgot the promises made to the various peoples of the Empire, among others those by which the Albanians were to be free to manage their own affairs, and particularly to be educated in their own language. The ideal which the Young Turks from the beginning of their triumph have sought to realise has been the complete denationalisation of the nations that compose the Empire, and their conversion to Islamism by every possible means. In Albania, to obtain their end they began by terrorising and persecuting the inhabitants with greater fury than was ever displayed by Abdul Hamid himself.

No longer hoping for any amelioration of such a state of things, the Albanians now passionately appeal for aid to the public opinion of the civilised world, which has always been animated with the noblest sentiments of pity for persecuted peoples, with the object of unmasking at once the tyranny of the present régime of the Young Turks, who pose to the world as an element of order and civilisation.

The Central Committee of Albanian Students protest:

(1.) Against the arbitrary measures directed against the Albanian journalists, who without infringing the laws in the slightest are being crushed by the suppression of their newspapers, and by condemnation to varying terms of imprisonment and exile. To be more precise, we allude to the following papers, which would not be tolerated in civilised countries to-day:

Feim Bey Zavalani, an old supporter of the cause won by the Constitutional régime and the victim of shameful persecution under Abdul Hamid, has been sentenced as editor of the paper "Bashkimi Komit" of Monastir by a court martial held at Djakova to six months' imprisonment and a fine of sixty Turkish pounds, with the suppression of his paper and the closing of his printing business.

Michel Grameno, one of the most distinguished supporters of the Constitutional cause, editor of the paper "Lidja Orthodokse," has been sentenced on several occasions to imprisonment and heavy fines, the last time merely for having republished certain passages from articles that had appeared in foreign journals relating to a meeting of Albanians in America, held for the purpose of sympathising with their oppressed compatriots in Albania.

Lev Nozi, another old Constitutionalist, whose devotion to the cause cost him banishment under Abdul Hamid, and editor of the political and literary review "Tomori," is again banished for no other reason than having printed an article from the London "Times" on the Albanian question.

Let us also cite the sentences passed quite recently (September, 1910) against Albanians for unjustifiable reasons:

Hassan and Quamil Bey were arrested and condemned by court-martial, after a most summary enquiry, to ten years' exile, merely because their eldest brother, Derwish Bey Elbassani, was president of the administrative committee of the Musulman religion. Derwish Bey as well as Essat Pasha Tirana managed to escape by flight from falling into the hands of the tyrants.

Hogia Aliez Hibrahim was arrested and condemned to ten years' exile by court-martial for the simple reason that he was professor of the Musulman religion at the normal school at Elbassan.

Demir Pasha Pelkini and Fuat Bey Toptani were arrested and condemned without being informed of the reason of their condemnation.

(2.) Against the suppression of the Albanian newspapers:—"Bashkimi Komit" of Monastir; "Lidja Orthodokse" and "Kortcha" of Kortcha; "Shkiptar" of Constantiople and "Tomori" of Elbassan.

(3.) Against the prohibition of Albanian journals published in foreign countries from entering Albania.

(4.) Against the closing of the Albanian printing establishments at Monastir, Salonica, and Kortcha.

(5.) Against the closing of the few primary schools and the normal school at Elbassan, which are supported by the subscriptions of Albanians residing in the country and abroad.

(6.) Against the exclusion of the Albanian language in the Government schools throughout Albania.

(7.) Against the closing of the educational clubs formed in accordance with the law.

(8.) Against the violence of which peaceable citizens are daily the victims, namely, the assassination of old men, women, and children, the rape of young girls, and the outrages to which mothers of families are subjected by the satyrs delegated by the Government of the Young Turks.

(9.) Against intrigues of all sorts on the part of the Government to discredit the Albanian alphabet, which was solemnly adopted by the people at the congress at Monastir a few years ago.

Rabid Chauvinists imbued with the ideals of the Pan-Islamists, the Young Turks cannot view with a friendly eye the desire of the Albanians to write their language in Latin characters. To accomplish their purpose, that is to stifle every attempt of the Albanians to cultivate their own language, they recall from pecuniary sacrifice, and whilst making attractive promises have recourse to the most formidable threats. In spite of all their rigorous measures, however, the Albanians refuse to substitute the Arab for the Latin letters in the teaching of their language, this language being of Indo-European origin and not Semitic as the Young Turks pretend.

Perceiving the failure of their tyrannical methods, and confronted with the progressive élán of the Albanians for the preservation of their national tongue, the Young Turks have officially resorted to a brutal system in order to impose the Arab characters upon the Albanian language. But this system, far from frightening Albanian patriotism, has provoked a re-ruination of indignation in every part of the country. Hereupon the Government of the Young Turks at once prohibits our clubs, and declares a state of siege throughout the country, which is immediately invaded by more than 50,000 men commanded by Torgout Pasha, who has been invested with absolute power in order to stamp out even the germs of revenge.

Religious persecution, which is the most insignificant of things under the weight of which the whole population of Albania, Christian and Mahomedan alike, is groaning.

It is, in fine, an insane persecution, in contempt of the most sacred rights of man, of everything Albanian. And this is occurring in the 20th century under the hypocritical rule of the Young Turks, who thus cheat the hopes of a new era in which we were promised a government that would at least be democratic.

So we call the attention of the civilised world to our wrongs, and implore it not to suffer the annihilation of the Albanian people, who at this moment are at the mercy of a savage régime whose unbridled fanaticism and cruelty are to-day more than ever the scandal of Europe.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Herr Ledebour is an important personage in the ranks of the German Social Democrats, and it is unfortunate that he should be so well noted for his tactlessness. His latest and probably most tactless action is that which is reported as having taken place when the Reichstag proceeded to interpellate the Government on the subject of the Kaiser's divine right. When the Chamber had recovered from the shock of hearing the present Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, specifically deny that the Kaiser had promised anything to his successor, Prince von Buelow, together with the alleged guarantees given by the Kaiser to restrain himself in future, it received an even greater shock when Herr Ledebour admitted that what his party really wanted was a Republic.

The scene that followed was just what might have been expected. The Berlin papers, Conservative and otherwise, mention the rapidity with which Herr Ledebour in Herr Ledebour. And, of course, the Centre and the Liberals and Radicals, were determined to put a stop to the Kaiser into sympathy for him. To let the cat out of the bag at such a juncture was a bad piece of eletioneering tactics; for in the campaign preceding the election, the Kaiser's encouragement to authors. He picked up a book is like, however, is not the point; the point is what the Kaiser, being struck with it, ordered five hundred copies of it and distributed them. The Imperial and Royal support of new ideas, however ill-chosen the ideas may be, and his taste in sculpture execrable. Nevertheless, he has tried to do something for the intellectuals. He has spared no pains to encourage German painters, philosophers, and literary men; and, although he has not always succeeded in choosing the best, the genuine desire to give the intellectuals a leg up is there, and it incites the wealthy aristocracy to do the so-called"Vorwärts" is discreetly silent. Let no one overlook what was decided at this meeting of the Reichstag a few days ago. The Kaiser, it was said beforehand, had given great offence throughout the country because in several of his later speeches he had laid special emphasis on his government of Prussia by divine right. This utterance was felt to be entirely out of harmony with modern democratic thought, and it was maintained for several days previous to the assembling of the Reichstag that not only the Socialists, but also those members who might be described as Liberals and Radicals, determined to put a stop to this sort of thing by insisting that the Kaiser should keep the "promise" he made two years ago. Now, the Chancellor not only threw over this promise and denied that it had ever been made, but he also made it clear that he considered that the Hohenzollerns had built up Prussia, and that, while the representatives of the family had every claim on the Prussians, the Prussians themselves had none on the Hohenzollerns. Now, this doctrine, far from being derided, was accepted. The Socialist leader's demand for a Republic, followed by an outbreak of hostility against them in the Chamber and, later on, in the country.

Readers of the Editorial Notes in this journal have been warned against accepting the decisions of a sectional majority; the Community majority has the measures passed by it to fail to meet with the final and considered approval of the electorate. A somewhat similar warning might well be addressed to the German Social Democrats; for, as I pointed out in these pages some weeks ago—there is no occasion to shut our eyes to the fact—that Socialism, as such, is making no progress in Germany. The Social Democratic vote has increased; but that is quite a different matter. The heavy cost of living and the agitation against the high tariffs on imported meat are factors, inter alia, that add to this vote; but they by no means indicate that the country is ready for a Republic, far less for Socialism. Indeed, many of the Social Democratic members in the Reichstag want nothing more than what we in England have enjoyed for years, that the Ministers shall be responsible to the Reichstag and not to the Kaiser; that a Minister who has lost the confidence of the Reichstag shall not retain his post merely because he still possesses the confidence of the Kaiser. If this and a few minor reforms were granted—and a long-sighted Government would grant them—there would be an enormous slump in German Socialism. In other words, Herr Ledebour and many others have looked upon certain votes as having been cast for Socialism, when in reality they were given to the Social Democrats for the purpose of hastening a few political reforms that have about as much to do with Socialism as with the Buddha's tooth at Kandy.

There is no need to emphasise this point; but there is need to lay some stress upon the Kaiser's undoubted popularity throughout the country, even—what is most important—among the intellectuals. The Emperor William's mind is not by profession he is as tactless as Herr Ledebour himself; his taste in pictures may be bad, and his taste in sculpture execrable. Nevertheless, he has tried to do something for the intellectuals. He has spared no pains to encourage German painters, philosophers, and literary men; and, although he has not always succeeded in choosing the best, the genuine desire to give the intellectuals a leg-up is there, and it incites the wealthy aristocracy to do the so-called "Vorwärts" is discreetly silent. Let no one overlook what was decided at this meeting of the Reichstag a few days ago. The Kaiser, it was said beforehand, had given great offence throughout the country because in several of his later speeches he had laid special emphasis on his government of Prussia by divine right. This utterance was felt to be entirely out of harmony with modern democratic thought, and it was maintained for several days previous to the assembling of the Reichstag that not only the Socialists, but also those members who might be described as Liberals and Radicals, determined to put a stop to this sort of thing by insisting that the Kaiser should keep the "promise" he made two years ago. Now, the Chancellor not only threw over this promise and denied that it had ever been made, but he also made it clear that he considered that the Hohenzollerns had built up Prussia, and that, while the representatives of the family had every claim on the Prussians, the Prussians themselves had none on the Hohenzollerns. Now, this doctrine, far from being derided, was accepted. The Socialist leader's demand for a Republic, followed by an outbreak of hostility against them in the Chamber and, later on, in the country.

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Here, on the other hand, is a single instance of the Kaiser's encouragement to authors. He picked up a book written in German by an Englishman, Stewart Chamberlain, "Die Grundlagen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts," and found it interesting. It was, and is, in my judgment, a work based on fallacious principles, and without what might be called guts; but it did contain something original, no doubt. What the book is like, however, is not the point; the point is that the Kaiser can be struck with it, ordered five hundred copies of it and distributed them. The Imperial and Royal support of new ideas, however ill-chosen the ideas may be, helps culture along, and makes for freedom of thought among the people who are entitled to think freely.

As I write another instance occurs to me, and I will give it. The study of sex, the most important study of our age, was ably treated by Bloch in a volume of almost stupendous erudition entitled "Unser Sexualleben." The Kaiser took a warm interest in this volume when it was published in Germany, and its merits were generally recognised. But when an English translation made its appearance—issued at a high price, and even sold subject to certain restrictions—an interfering purity league of some sort or another brought about its seizure by the police, on the ground that it might debase the mind of somebody, I forget whom. But our aristocracy, our supporters and encouragers of puritanism, have been long since killed on the new thought, where were they when this was going on?

Apart from literature, however, the Kaiser is responsible for much of the progress of modern Germany. It cannot be denied that he is the founder of the navy, a navy which has added immensely to the strength and prestige of his Empire. In the face of a partly hostile and partly indifferent public opinion he urged his theme of a big navy on the people; and he got his way. He advertised his navy ceaselessly—a thing, of course, which we Britishers have no longer any need to do. Germany has poked her nose into other people's busi-
The Forcés Before and Behind the Throne.

By T. H. S. Escott.

"The political struggle of the coming century will be in its essence not the multitude against the monarch and the caste privileges it represents, but Parliamentary government in its popular aspects against a more or less patrician bureaucracy. Between these upper and lower grindstones, the House of Commons may find itself inconveniently squeezed. If, therefore, you intend to write a book about it, you had better lose no time, or you may have to compose, not a biography*, but a novel. And in spite of the Kaiser's pushful policy, and his people, on the one hand, and the whole Central European group of Paris bankers. So France will probably do the financing after all, though not literally fulfilled in the long, drawn-out struggle of the kind insisted on.

Mr. Churchill's Ritchie letter. The Lloyd George to-day. Alone among the public men of King George's youth and earlier manhood was the Duke of Devonshire. He was King Edward's successor. What, therefore, such a counsellor might have submitted to his Sovereign is not unlikely to be the course which such Sovereign may now adopt. Then there are those palace monitors who put their back to the wall and hit out, no quarter will be spared, as the only way to vary the metaphor, talk of dying in the last ditch. The victim of the malady besetting the British peerage, known to foreigners as the spleen, he gave in exactly at the most paying time, not perhaps with a great struggle, but without a struggle, to a group of Paris bankers. So France will probably do the financing after all, though with different security.

The present writer by the historian, Commons." (Hurst and Blackett. 1902.)

best and most characteristic type of the hereditary House, placed in one of its constantly recurring predicaments, was the same stallwart of political intimacy with which we have already become acquainted as Lord Hartington, equally successful in different phases of his career as Leader of the Commons and of the Lords. He existed in a chronic condition of grumbling discontent. At no time, however, did he put his back to the wall and hit out, no quarter will be spared, as the only way to vary the metaphor, talk of dying in the last ditch. The victim of the malady besetting the British peerage, known to foreigners as the spleen, he gave in exactly at the most paying time, not perhaps with a great struggle, but without a struggle, to a group of Paris bankers. So France will probably do the financing after all, though not literally fulfilled in the long, drawn-out struggle of the kind insisted on.

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rival tapers or tadpoles on either side. Here then is the real difficulty in this direction of anything like a climb down. Against this must be set the overwhelming interest on the opposite side of striking, even at half-past the eleventh hour, something like a bargain with their enemies. The only moment in which a whole company of self-reforming peers are professionally vying with each other as to who shall be the first to eat most of the leek, and how to cook that excellent vegetable so as to render it most wholesome, if not palatable. When the event must so soon decide itself, prediction would be equally foolish and futile. Everyone must decide for himself what the day after to-morrow must bring. All that can be attempted as regards that anticipation is to supply materials for the estimate which all may now form for themselves of the agencies between which the collision has come, and the noise of whose clash will soon deafen every ear.

A Business Man's Excursion into the Region of Political Economy.

By John Zorn.

[Note.—In the supposititious case given in the following article, the figures given are, of course, also supposititious. My object here is to show the pitfalls into which one may be led by overlooking the existence of important factors (and consequently ignoring their power) in the problems of political economy presented for solution.]

Other things being equal, the geographical employment of mobile capital is determined by the return upon his investment yielded by the capitalist. If the return on the other side of his investment will be transferred from country to country in accordance with the return obtained by the capitalist. But the gain of an individual capitalist does not necessarily mean a gain to the community of which he is a member. For example:—

Plugson, of Undershott, has £100,000 invested in a business in England which returns him ten per cent., or £10,000 a year. His annual turnover of capital is large, and his ratio of working expenses high, so that his annual wages bill is £90,000. This represents the employment of 1,000 households at an average of £90 a year, or approaching £2 a week.

Plugson discovers that he can work cheaper in Pannonia than at home. His agent over there, Swindlin, having obtained a Government protectionist concession through a piece of jobbery, Plugson finds that the transference of his works to Pannonia will cost him a capital loss of £20,000, but that his annual profit will be £20,000 instead of £10,000. He accordingly closes his factory at Undershott and manufactures his goods in Pannonia. His loss is £20,000, which two years' extra profit will recoup, and thenceforward his annual profit will be £10,000.

So far as the mill is concerned with Plugson, England's loss and gain is identical with Plugson's. The country loses £20,000 and gains £10,000 a year. Excellent business surely! An admirable foreign investment.

But Undershott loses—Plugson. House property there being worth to the extent of £1,000,000 on the closing of the mills. It takes over six months for the thousand families earning £500 a year to get settled at other trades. The loss of wages is £50,000, to say nothing of morale. England, then, has bought her £10,000 a year net for Plugson's loss of £20,000 of his capital, but at a loss of that £20,000 plus £10,000 depreciation of house property, plus £50,000 loss of wages; that is, England pays £170,000 for a gain of £20,000. This is more than a year's purchase.

England buys hers for 17 years' purchase. But this is not all. Undershott kept Plugson in England; Pannonia does not. Part of his time is spent in Pannonia, part in England, and part in Paris and Monte Carlo.

The £10,000 a year extra that Plugson receives on his capital, is, so far as England is concerned, long circuited. England only benefits indirectly as the world's trade expands.

Now, while this is true it might prove a sham to hammer the transference of private capital and industries from England to foreign countries, as, in substance, we must not lose sight of the fact that England has a vested interest in her Plugsons and her Undershotts, which represents real national wealth, as much as does Plugson's £100,000; and it is cases like that I cite which underlie much of the cry for Protection.

Before, however, England embarks on the policy of protecting Plugson, it is for the advantage of Protection to make out either that Protection is the only remedy, or that failing, that it is the best remedy. Let us bear in mind that protecting Plugson involves that, for keeping his capital and works in England, Plugson is to receive the equivalent for his possible gain in Pannonia, or £10,000 a year, out of the pockets of his fellow tax-payers through the enhanced prices he charges them for his goods, and that his fellow tax-payers must pay in addition the cost of the collection of this £10,000.

Now England's loss caused through the transference of Plugson's mills to Pannonia would be, as we have seen, £170,000. To save this loss of £170,000 England is asked to pay Plugson £10,000 a year plus cost of collection, or £11,000 a year all told. The capitalised value of £11,000 a year at 17 years' purchase (the same figure that we took in our estimate when we considered what England paid for her gain of Plugson's additional £10,000 a year) is £187,000. "Protecting" Plugson is therefore a better business for Plugson than it is for England.

In our estimate of loss, we have made a liberal allowance for England's indirect loss through depreciation of house property, and loss of wages consequent on Plugson's transference of his mills to Pannonia. We have, however, made no allowance for indirect injury to England's other industries and other citizens which may be caused through a protection. No, so that the business of protecting Plugson is even more costly in reality than it appears on the figures we have here set forth.

If Plugson must be "squeezed" in one way or another, then a direct bounty payment to him of £10,000 will evidently cost less than a policy of Protection. Therefore Protection is not the only remedy, nor is it evidently the cheapest. The proposition that Plugson must be protected involves, moreover, the supposition that any other capitalist taking his place will demand the same terms that Plugson does.

We have seen that in the Undershott mills there are three vested interests:—

(1.) The vested interest of Plugson the capitalist.

(2.) The vested interest of the work-people who get a livelihood from their employment in the mills.

(3.) The vested interest of England, embracing the two preceding vested interests along with that of all other English citizens.

Now the closing or maintaining of the mills is dependent on the first of these vested interests, that of the capitalist. If Plugson can reduce wages, so that his profit in England is equal to his profit in Pannonia, he will be equal to his profit in Pannonia, he will maintain his mills open in England. If England can get capital for the maintenance of the mills at a cheaper rate than from Plugson, England can afford to keep the mills running.

Let us now take a wild flight of fancy. The Undershott operatives are a shrewd and saving sort, and when they hear that Plugson's mills are to be closed, the heads of the thousand households each put up £50. They then approach the Government, who lend them £50,000 at 5 per cent. per annum. The Undershott Co-operative Mills, Limited, is formed with a share capital of £50,000 and a loan of £50,000 from Government. Each workman is now a shareholder, and each shareholder then buy his own share, with £50 a year the later years are content to keep the mills going for a profit of the £10,000 per annum that Plugson was abandoning for a greater. It pays them better to get a low dividend and
£200 wages a year than to get Pluggson's rate of dividend and no wages. That is the difference between them and Pluggson; they can afford to continue running the mills, whereas the Government and the people are content with a smaller return on their capital.

Let us now summarise the discoveries that we have made:

(a) Protectionist policy in foreign countries may cause a transfer of capital thither from England.
(b) This transfer of capital may cause a greater loss to England than that measured by the capitalist's initial loss.
(c) There are more ways of combating such a transfer of capital than by erecting a tariff in favour of the home manufacturer.
(d) Bounties are cheaper than tariffs.

Summarising all our conclusions:

1. An individual capitalist does not necessarily mean a gain to the community of which he is a member.

2. Whether this position be Socialistic or no I will not venture to say. I am not an avowed Socialist, but a business phenomena, standing neutral to the trade from life, and it is the position to which my reasoning has led me.

3. Meantime, I come back naturally to the point from which I started. Other things being equal, the geographical employment of mobile capital is determined by the return upon his investment yielded to the capitalist. In other words, mobile capital will be transferred from country to country in accordance with the return obtained by the capitalist. But the gain of an individual capitalist does not necessarily mean a gain to the community of which he is a member.

The Eurasian of Genius.

"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too; we've fought the Bear before now, and while we're Britons true The Rooshians shall not have Constantinople." —Barrack-room Ballads.

The Swedish Academy not long ago awarded a prize to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his literary services to Idealism. There is another Nobel prize, that for services to the cause of Peace, to which he seems at least equally entitled, and it would be well for his friends to consider the advisability of sending him a bicycle and knickerbockers—things unvile enough to contribute to the maintenance of the excited heroes by paying—it is painful to have to soil one's page with the word—taxes.

The mutiny may be excused as an outburst of manly spirit against oppression—it is more bad than excused; it is praised, by the author as a proof of the splendid pluck of the British race (when in uniform). The stupidity with which each side attributes the outrage to the other is more characteristic of certain episodes in a recent war than of the conduct of that cringing civilian, Clive, on the field of Plassey. But the supreme glory of the British Army is manifested in the fact that no one gets hurt, the sole weapons used being the taxpayer's turnips, not a sword is drawn, a belt is un buckled. The mutineers emerge mutually unscathed from their grand display of military spirit. It is like heaven—a Eurasian heaven. A thousand demigods battle with each other for the combat in a combat that was begun in a turnip, and, defeated, have been pushed into the civilian heart, and bring the blush of shame to the taxpayer's cheek, and at the end not one is a penny the worse. It is like a meeting of the Peace Society. It is more bloodless than football.

If the Norwegian Storithings cannot be moved by such a picture it must be a very different body to the Swedish Academy. An army that cannot hurt its enemies even when it tries is almost too good for this world. It is far too good for England—for the tax-paying part of England. It ought to be sent to Germany.

There is a darker element in this literary masterpiece. Like a true artist, Mr. Kipling has supplied the brightly humorous naval officer and the stupid but splendid mutineers with a foil in the person of one of those libels of human nature in which philanthropy refuses to believe. For there is a deeper depth than civilianism, even than taxpaying. It is—this time the shrinking pen refuses to do its office and asterisks must be employed—"*m*n*list is. Mr. Kipling is an authority on *m*n*ism. He has himself passed through that hell, and emerged, happily, without the smell of fire upon his Eurasian robes. There is no corner of its dark recesses that his genius has not explored. What he has to tell us about *m*n*ism is worth hearing.

A *m*n*list, one gathers, is a being, shambling upon two legs and bearing a superficial resemblance to a man, and even to a soldier in mutini, who consents to sell his soul to the taxpayer, as represented by the provosts of the "Daily Mail," "Daily Telegraph," "Morning Post," "Times," and other grovelling and unpatriotic sheets, in return for a beggarly wage. The more beggarly the wage, of course, the baser the *m*n*list; fat royalties and Nobel Prizes are for a different brand of human kind. In return for a miserable pittance, barely sufficient to support his wife and children—the taxpayers of the future!—this debatable creature is found willing to furnish the taxpayer with information as to how his money is spent—aye, even should such a task involve the mention in less definitional language than that of lickspit, of SOLDIERS, nay, of OFFICERS!

In this story the Judges—Mr. Kipling does not flatter him with that name: doubtless there are still viler traitors in the Eurasian religion—the Iscariot appears upon the scene, not in a motor like a Prize Idealist, but on a bicycle, and clad in knickerbockers—things unknown to military tailors except by the name of breeches. It is not stated that he is a taxpayer, and we may give him the benefit of the doubt. Fleet Street salaries generally come within the exemption, and a
paper that would stoop to report a maudlin row, provoked by a senseless hooligan joke, like that chronicled by Mr. Kipling, must be on its last legs. Fortunately for the honour of the Army, and of England—the part of England that does not pay taxes, but only spends them—there is a champion to meet the traitor. And what a champion! A soldier? Of course. An officer? Guess again. The hero is, if our dazzled eyes have read the magazine aright, a Brigadier-General, only very slightly the worse for dining at the mess! The old warrior's heart is full—sobbing, of the mess champagne was good. He has watched his old regiment throwing turnips till the happy tears have started to his eyes. In a burst of pardonable, or rather laudable, emotion, he seized the Fleet Street abortion and, less pacific than a mere private, ducks him in a horse-trough, having less confidence than Mr. Kipling in the light in which the incident would strike the British reader.

And what is it that, aided by the mess champagne, has so promptly stirred that aged, valiant heart? Is it the spectacle of a successful meeting? Is it the absence of all sense of humour on the part of his old corps; or his childlike unintelligence? It is nothing of these. It is the harmless character of the attack that moves him to ecstasy—at least that is what appears from his eyes have read the magazine aright, a Brigadier-General.

Eurasian genius, it is not suggested, of course, that in which every Anglo-Indian is more or less a Eurasian, and particularly such as come of Anglo-Indian families, are born in India, pass a few years of boyhood in England, and then return to India for their career. The caste is becoming distinct to every observer, and no one has done more to make it so than Mr. Kipling.

The well-bred man does not feel called upon to assure every one he meets that he is a gentleman; and in the same way the thoroughly white man does not feel obliged to emphasise at every turn the natural and obvious difference between himself and the black. It is when East and West meet most nearly that the feeling of racial inversion is most strongly developed. Of all writers on India Mr. Kipling enjoys the credit of being most cordially disliked by the people of India, who, so far from regarding him as a great Idealist, appear to see in his work the glorification of everything that is snobbish, brutal and soul-destroying.

In Anglo-Indian society, whether it be located at Simla or at Cheltenham, everyone not in the service—accused word!—everyone not in receipt of the wages of the taxpayer is assumed to be a "bouncer," unless he has a title. In outlying districts, where white men are few and the club is hard up for subscriptions, outsiders are admitted in the persons of journalists and middle-class parlours of the realist drama gave the peasantry or the slums, for magic. It is the hour when all the world is "unmasked": convention was exposed; new moralities were preached. Each author, mounting the realistic steed, set off at a gallop in pursuit of "Truth." And truth was found, after all, the fact.

This was the destined hour of the magician, and Maeterlinck appeared. The apparition was startling, and some critics, seeking a pompous imbecility to cover their confusion, named him "the Belgian Shakespeare." In this fashion the Svishchov might be named "the Russian Ibsen," or Hugo von Hofmannsthal "the Austrian Dante." Such is the disintegrating force of the new idea upon the mind of the expert labeler.

The originality of the earlier Maeterlinck was marked in three respects; in setting, subject and technique. I take them consecutively.

The setting was at first sight unfamiliar and (to the social politician) reactionary. The peasant cottages and middle-class parlours of the realist drama gave place to dim halls of feudal castles, gloomy mediæval forests and battlefields remote from space and time. The atmosphere was that of a dream-world with the surface ethics of a barbaric age. So far, however, Maeterlinck might be said only to have rediscovered the vessel of the old romance which had lain unused so long.

The subject was more unfamiliar still. "The Weavers" or "An Enemy of the People." An atmosphere of moral indignation pervaded the stage. Society was "unmasked": convention was exposed; new moralities were preached. Each author, mounting the realistic steed, set off at a gallop in pursuit of "Truth." And truth was found, after all, the fact.

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then, was regarded as a fixed scientific fact, accessible to investigation and exact analysis. It was a de
finite break with the thought of the Middle Ages. The logical evolutionist, supported by nineteenth cen
tury thought, Maeterlinck modified this conception without attempting a frontal assault upon it. He went
deeper than the logicians, and sought the source of all
midnight dream-world "to the high noon of passion," plaintive bleats in a tangle of impotence. But of that
from an atmosphere to
the
midst of the conscious and the sub-conscious ego. He

They passed from moods to problems, from the
morality of unheroism, in accord with the
transition was from the mystical to the historical,
the place, Pisa; the period, the close of the fifteenth century. The
roaming symbolist, then, was tethered by his own
choice; and, feeling the unfamiliar pull of the imprison
ing routines swept he narrowed his
range of liberty still further, ending at last with many
plaintive bleats in a tangle of impotence. But of that
later.

In technique, too, there was a lapse. The artless gave
nous fuirons") at the critical moment, the
Charlotteoffers, these
mood, hitherto expressed only in music, found words. It became articulate through symbolic speech, repetition,
archaism and subtle delicacy of suggestion. Above all, the art of the

This was the service of the earlier Maeterlinck; a
notable discoverer.

Monna Vanna was the turning-point. In setting,
the transition was from the mystical to the historical,
from the dimly imagined to the known. The place,
Pisa; the period, the close of the fifteenth century. The
roaming symbolist, then, was tethered by his own
choice; and, feeling the unfamiliar pull of the imprison
ing routines swept he narrowed his
range of liberty still further, ending at last with many
plaintive bleats in a tangle of impotence. But of that
later.

Within the city Marco and Guido await them. Here
the conventions of the theatre gain the upper hand,
and, to borrow a phrase of Prinzivale, "ce dernier acte
est le seul qui ne prouve rien." Vanna declares that
she is unharmed: Guido refuses to speak of her
sacrifices and incredulity—these are familiar scenes,
but they are at least convincing. The unreal triumphs with
the recognition of Prinzivalle. Note the gradual lapse
into the theatrical rut. Guido believes at first that
Vanna has brought him as a victim, to revenge her
wrong. She still protests: "He did not touch me," "Why not?" "Because he loves me." Guido is
tortured by ignorance, craves for certainty. At all costs he
must know the whole truth. Prinzivalle is seized
with a passion for revenge, and bound for torture. Vanna rushes into the midst of
the guards, crying, "No! I lied! He took me! He
is mine!" (Aside to Prinzivale. "Be silent! I will free you! We will fly together!"
Stage psychology ready-made; the more untruthful the form
Guido asks "Why is he here? Why did you lie?"
and for the sake of form she answers, "I lied to spare you.
. . . I brought him to revenge myself." The
play sinks fast, but Vanna's proof touches the depths. She
approaches Prinzivale and embraces him with a
show of hatred. "Thus and thus I kissed him!
. . . He is mine! . . . I will have him! . . . He is the
trophy of this night of mine!" Prinzivalle is led away.

Adieu . . . we shall meet again!" Then, taking
the key of his prison, she

As she went through the gates, he said, "Do not
destroy his one handkerchief; and Vanna had

"Ce dernier acte . . . ne prouve rien."

And the ethics? (For "Monna Vanna" has been
called an ethical drama.) Accept for the sake of
argument the wildly preposterous fact of Prinzivale's
demand. Marco urges a morality of unheroism and
sacrifice; but he claims in the same breath that it is
based upon the experience of age. He foresees a
time when sole possession will be delivered up to
the blind and the heart of love; but his immediate instance is the prostitution of the
beloved to the caprice of a mercenary. Guido
commands the garrison; but he allows Vanna to go against his will. Having allowed her to go, he stands upon his
honour and he forgives her—but he is not a philosopher, but yet "a madman." He loves Vanna,
but he does not take her. As for Vanna herself, she
remains a mystery. (Perhaps a mystery even to her
author. She resembles Guido in her haughtiness and
contempt; loves Prinzivale in an instant, and saves him
in the next. The last impression of her is the strongest;
as the steam of the theatrical machinery in the final act. The motive of an ethical drama of weaklings.

Let us be uncritical for a moment, even toward these spoiled children. It is work to be forever breaking butterflies upon a wheel. And in this “Monna Vanna” there is so much music of speech, so much brave show of colour, so much pure joy of life. There are traces of a new vision, when Prinzivalle draws aside the curtain of his tent, and the fiery towers of Pisa are seen against the sky. These are in part a legacy of past achievement; in part the flame of a fate at its zenith. “Monna Vanna” is a landmark, a monument at the parting of the ways. With the earlier dramas, it traces the history of Maeterlinck the poet. He had himself emerged from the gloom of the forest for the first time; and if he blinked overmuch in the glare of noon, and his mystical second sight deserted him, that may have been little for him by comparison with the new sense of life and passion. One should not darken the eyes of the poet, as finches are blinded to make them sing more sweetly. He must choose his own surroundings. Only, it is the song that matters to the world, not the singer; and there is one of the riddles of art and life. After “Monna Vanna,” Maeterlinck was no longer a discoverer. He became a purveyor of water after wine.

But the wine must first be tasted, before the water is swallowed. After “Monna Vanna,” Maeterlinck was no longer a discoverer. He became a purveyor of water after wine.

A Bowery beer-hall defies description. There are faces that stare with a brutal defiance, faces that glare with the pent-up ferocity of the half-tamed tiger, faces that leer in stupid maliciously, faces on the qui vive for rows, sudden alarums, faces bloated with poisonous alcohol, anemic faces contemplating oblivion on the brink of the abyss.

The Bowery must not be confused with the Tenderloin, District, which is to Broadway what a bolt of lightning is to a midsummer night’s dream. Broadway is the Milky Way of the American constellation. But the Tenderloin is Venusberg minus the Tannhäuser music. People promenade on Broadway, stagger through the Bowery, and drop into the Tenderloin. But the drop is towards the bottomless pit.

The Bowery itself is a place of the midnight, a place where one man is killed and several carried off to the hospital is to us what the bull-fight is to the Spaniard. It gives society a psychological reaction. Nothing is so soothing to neurasthenic nerves. The politician who is afraid to take his political opponents by the horns becomes excited to the verge of delirium at a ball-match. The Spanish priests delight in the horrors of the bull-ring; and in America ministers of all denominations may be seen at a football match getting what comfort they can out of the harry of the bloody bear now on the grizzly times. The bear has danced through the Cuban war, danced before the crowned heads of Europe, and is now dancing on the hot gridiron of American politics.

But gridiron politics make a poor show compared with the deadly gridiron football. An American football match is ten times as dangerous as a Spanish bull-fight. “How comes it,” I asked of a university professor the other day, “how comes it that you surpass Spain in brutality?” The answer was: “Our young athletes must have some deadly excitement. A football match is a miniature war. We cannot have a big war, and we get the next best thing. A match where one man is killed and several carried off to the hospital is to us what the bull-fight is to the Spaniard. It gives society a psychological reaction. Nothing is so soothing to neurasthenic nerves. The politician who is afraid to take his political opponents by the horns becomes excited to the verge of delirium at a ball-match. The Spanish priests delight in the horrors of the bull-ring; and in America ministers of all denominations may be seen at a football match getting what comfort they can out of the harry of the bloody bear now on the grizzly times. The bear has danced through the Cuban war, danced before the crowned heads of Europe, and is now dancing on the hot gridiron of American politics.”

Standing outside a saloon in the Tenderloin, I discovered a huge negro discoursing to a small group. He was alluding to Johnson, the winner of the great prize-fight: “Dem white fellahs dey layin’ low and sayin’ nuffin dese days; we culled folks ain’t a-takin’ nuffin from de pore white trash. Bet yo bottom dollah de culled people gwine get dere rights, an don yo fogit it.” The two heroes in America have been, during recent months, Roosevelt and Johnson. I have a very pronounced feeling that the majority of the people of New York regard the big negro as the better man. New York worships bullion and big biceps. There are many millionaires, but only one black champion, the black pearl of great price.

Genius, of course, has no innings in a circus like this. What the New Yorkers demand is Roman chariots, Coliseum gladiators with hips-on-the-dromes, Spanish corridas and bronco-busters. Something must soon fill the place of the Teddy-bear now on the grizzly times. The bear has danced through the Cuban war, danced before the crowned heads of Europe, and is now dancing on the hot gridiron of American politics.

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Not at all, and even if it were the reply would be that the Christian nobleman would decline to regard as great anything requiring the services of underlings. That is another distinction between Nietzsche and Christ. Christ could not tolerate slaves and inferiors. He would have them equal with himself. Nietzsche's nobles, on the other hand, loved slaves and would reduce everybody to that state. As far as I can see, then, the Christian noblemen would get nothing done.

The Christian concept of nobility is respect for the will in man (a far nobler conception than his own doctrine) he put himself into antagonism not only with the church but with all that is human. He put himself into antagonism not only with the church but with all that is human. He put himself on a platform of mere prejudice against Christianity which he never attempted to overcome, but which, on the contrary, he allowed to overcome him. Failing to perceive that the essence of the Christian doctrine of nobility is respect for the will in man (a far nobler conception than his own doctrine) he put himself into antagonism not only with the church but with all that is human. He put himself on a platform of mere prejudice against Christianity which he never attempted to overcome, but which, on the contrary, he allowed to overcome him. 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Westward, where the mountains were highest, some great caravan was moving under a cloud of dust. Dota Filjee, who had first seen it, said, “Let us hide the steeds behind these rocks, mistress, and creep along by the stream to spy what’s advancing.” So they came behind the thinnest of dust. It thinned away. And there down rode a company. “Mercy me!” Dorothea murmured, “how on earth did they pass the barricade?” “What barricade?” asked Dorothea Filjee. “One that an affair which happened while you were away from me. Stand by now and say nothing, whatever thy astonishment. By this time the troop was winding out upon the flats. There were twelve gentlemen and two ladies, dressed and mounted, and evidently delighted at sight of the gallant damsel. The elder one, who was a dark-eyed, handsome personage and wore a fawn habit, exclaimed, “But how on earth did they pass the barricade?” “What barricade?” exclaimed the lady. “He had the nose of noses!” cried the lady; “he is enchanting thee!” Dorothea could have hit upon the ground. “Dorothy,” she said, “I am indeed fortunate.” Then she added, “My dear, are you not the daughter of Mynheer De Villiers?” “Yes, madame,” replied Dorothea. “Then I am indeed fortunate,” cried the lady; “I have desired to see you since I can’t say how long!” In fact, I am only one of many who have heard the most enchanting descriptions of your grace and beauty, yet you have eluded us all. The people here, gentlemen,” she added, turning to the company, “believe this young lady to be a myth, we are happy indeed to have her before our eyes. We were all waiting for you.” She then spoke to the company. “Doubtless, madame, you have come past my father’s house and have seen there something to astonish you.” “Enough to make us doubt our senses!” cried the lady. “The inn is barricaded, and your father served us clad in armour. What is the meaning of it all?” “Alas, madame, I can tell you no more than that I am a homeless maid, now and for ever henceforth to find someone disinterested enough to do battle with my cruel father and force him to restore me to my rightful place. But tell me, I pray you, did you see a captive at the inn?” Then the lady, who was a dark-eyed, handsome personage, exclaimed, “You have proved nothing, sir. You are relying upon circumstantial evidence. Circumstantial evidence is the least trustworthy. It is always capable of being pronounced strong by persons who wish less to prove the truth of a statement than to destroy the sense of two or more constructions, and is invariably pronounced strong by persons who wish less to prove the truth of a statement than the opposite of it.”. "Heaven guide thee, Lady!" He reined in his horse; and the company came up, one by one, bowing to Dorothea as each caught her eye. The two ladies did not conceal either admiration or surprise but rode close up, smiling and evidently delighted at sight of the gallant damsel. The elder one, who was a dark-eyed, handsome personage and wore a fawn habit, exclaimed, “But how on earth did they pass the barricade?” “What barricade?” exclaimed the lady. “He had the nose of noses!” cried the lady; “he is enchanting thee!” Dorothea could have hit upon the ground. “Dorothy,” she said, “I am indeed fortunate.” Then she added, “My dear, are you not the daughter of Mynheer De Villiers?” “Yes, madame,” replied Dorothea. “Then I am indeed fortunate,” cried the lady; “I have desired to see you since I can’t say how long!” In fact, I am only one of many who have heard the most enchanting descriptions of your grace and beauty, yet you have eluded us all. The people here, gentlemen,” she added, turning to the company, “believe this young lady to be a myth, we are happy indeed to have her before our eyes. We were all waiting for you.” She then spoke to the company. “Doubtless, madame, you have come past my father’s house and have seen there something to astonish you.” “Enough to make us doubt our senses!” cried the lady. “The inn is barricaded, and your father served us clad in armour. What is the meaning of it all?” “Alas, madame, I can tell you no more than that I am a homeless maid, now and for ever henceforth to find someone disinterested enough to do battle with my cruel father and force him to restore me to my rightful place. But tell me, I pray you, did you see a captive at the inn?” Then the lady, who was a dark-eyed, handsome personage, exclaimed, “You have proved nothing, sir. You are relying upon circumstantial evidence. Circumstantial evidence is the least trustworthy. It is always capable of being pronounced strong by persons who wish less to prove the truth of a statement than the opposite of it. When I am away from you there is always trouble, or at most, twopenny of good and
a cockatoo. Besides, Professor, have we not all been victims at one time or another of your practical joking? For my part, I am prepared to consider as a reasonable proposition, whether the whole of the adventure is not your own amiable device to dispel my notion that the world is mad. As for the speci-"  "Ah!" interrupted Mrs. Myburgh, "but now we know that there was a captive because the little Lady got a very good hold of his breast. "Shall I ask the Professor who was ahead among the younger men and discussing plans of attack. "Sir Impresario! you have omitted a serious detail—we are none of us armed. "We have decided to collect pieces of the rock. Rogers. Having first demolished the cruel parent with these invaluable speciments, I shall claim them as additional support for my theory of the formation."

"Shameful!" cried the Professor, "What a position for you, my poor child! You hear that, Mr. Rogers? The captive is sorely wounded." "Ah!" returned Rogers, and having thus acknowledged the injury, he turned the bend towards the inn and beheld De Villiers, his tin armour blazing in the sun, mounted and keeping the Pass.

Dorothea rode forward. "Behold my knights!" she cried. "Seven I promised thee, and more than seven are here. Choose thee, Sir Roderigo! Each is more willing than the other to take up thy glove!" The innkeeper replied: "Ladies off the field! Retire, gracious dames, and prepare to burst yourselves with the dying." As everyone hesitated he seemed to grow furious and hurling his horse at Aster, drove Dorothea some way down the hill, apparently buffeting her across the shoulder with his mailed hand. "Heavens! he must be bursting her," said the Professor, now completely bewildered, and the ladies screamed.

The men then charged the innkeeper, who struck several of them, and dealt the Professor a blow which laid him flat along his horse's back, whence he tumbled off upon the road and lay motionless. "Fly, fly!" the gentlemen cried, but the數據上無誤 the ladies screamed, "I would not waste another instant for a fortune! Come, my dear! Come, everybody!" For the convenience of the reader who has, ere this, certainly directed to carry forward the play! I am prepared to consider as a reasonable proposition, whether the whole of the adventure is not your own amiable device to dispel my notion that the world is mad. As for the speci-
the other, almost as badly slashed. Mrs. Myburgh lay in a faint upon the ground while her companion fumbled at her laces; and such of the others as were not injured were attending those whose wounds testified to the earnestness of the outrageous Roderigo. They greeted Dorothea with joy and a torrent of questions, and at a sudden reviving, insisted upon feeling the pretty child all over to make sure she was not hurt. "And whatever shall we do?" she enquired, adding, "I really doubt my senses now. At first I believed it all a jest, but that poor man is quite mad." The young man with the wounded arms came forward. He trembled, and his eyes, which were grey and wide apart, kept on blinking as though he had lost control of the lids. "I'm going back," he stammered. "Our P-p-professor is too v-valuable to be left to be assassinated. I b-beg your pardon!" "Ah! go not, noble friend!" said Dorothea.

"Time would be lost. I am afraid you agree," rejoined Mrs. Myburgh; "let us lose no time but ride to my cousin's house and send armed men to the inn. But where is Mr. Rogers?"

"Taken prisoner," Dorothea replied. Then everybody hastened to mount and conceal the smile which would have been shameless. Instead, they set off, and the party, riding fast, arrived at the house of Myneer Myburgh. Myneer, amazed at their story, could not doubt the witness of the wounds and despatched messengers to the town for men and guns. It was near nightfall before the revenge party assembled and determined to pass. They found the district seemed to be present; but Myneer Myburgh selected six and begged the rest not to follow, as so great a number would be fatal on that dangerous road. The seven picked men departed amid cheers.

(To be continued.)

Books and Persons.

(An Occasional Causerie)

- By Jacob Tonson.

The exhibition of the so-called "Neo-Impressionists" over which the culture of London is now laughing, has an interest which is perhaps not confined to the art of painting. For me, personally, it has a slight, vague interest which is perhaps not confined to the art of painting.

The best work of this new school is permanently and consisting very little pleasure from Matisse, and the later developments of Felix Vallotton I leave in the main unumed. But one of the very latest phenomena of the school—the water-colours of Pierre Laprade—I have found ravishing.

* * *

It is in talking to several of these painters, in watching their familiar deportment, and particularly in listening to their conversations with others on subjects other than painting, that I have come to connect their ideas with literature. They are not good theorists about art; and I am not myself a good theoriser about art, a creative artist rather is. But they do ultimately put their ideas into words. You may receive one word a day and the next next week, but in the end an idea gets itself somehow stated. Whenever I have listened to Laprade criticising pictures, especially students' work, I have thought that I have been forced to wonder whether I should not have to reconsider my ideals. The fact is that some of these men are persuasive in themselves. They disengage, in their talk, in their profound seriousness, in their sense of humour, in the sound organisation of their industry, and in their calm assurance—they disengage a conviction that is powerful beyond debate. An artist who is truly original cannot comment on bootlaces without illustrating his philosophy and consolidating his position. Noting in myself that a regular contemplation of these pictures inspires a weariness of all other pictures that are not absolutely first-rate, giving them a disconcerting affinity to the tops of chocolate-boxes or "art" photographs, I have permitted myself to suspect that supposing some writer were to come along and do in words what these men have done in paint, I might conceivably be disgusted with nearly the whole of modern fiction, and I might have to begin again. This awkward experience will in all probability not happen to me, but it might happen to a writer younger than me. At any rate it is a fine thought. The average critic always calls me, both in praise and disparage, "photographic", and I always rebuke the epithet with disdain, because in the sense meant by the average critic I am not photographic. But supposing that in a deeper sense I were? Supposing a young writer turned up and forced me, and some of my contemporaries—as we fancy ourselves a bit—to admit that we had been concerning ourselves unduly with essentials, that we...
had been worrying ourselves to achieve infantile real-
isms? Well, that day, would be a great and a dis-
turbing day—for us. And we should see what we
should see.

REVIEWS.

By A. P. Graefell.

English Woodlands and Their Story. By
Houghton Townley. Methuen, 1928.

The title is unfortunate. Forest is strictly a legal or
historical term, and need not, as our author states,
imply so much as a single tree. In practice most of
one may be, and actually often is, unwooded, as we
see in the New Forest. Used in a looser sense it
denotes any large tract of woodland together with the
waste and water within its boundaries. Woodland
describes all land covered with woody growth, or more
widely any prospect where trees are the leading feature
in the landscape. For the author to confine himself
to a few well-known public and private forests, and,
apart from Burnham Beeches, to omit all reference to
such typical English woodlands, to name only a few, as
Herringshaw, the Weald, the New Forest, Cleeve
Meadow Woods is misleading. “Story,” again, either
implies a fairly accurate account of their history, or
the lessons we can learn from our forests in their
present condition.

The forester in search of a convenient history, or
the antiquarian who would visualise the subject matter
of his records, has little to learn from this book.
Few artists other than scene painters and caricaturists
would gather knowledge or inspiration from its plates.
In his text as elsewhere the author has been misled by his constant leaning towards the
cheaply picturesque. Had he been less ambitious and
had he with the beech wood of the New Forest, page 172,
tricked his precept

"trees: naturally do grow in unruly fashion near
the merely pretty and picturesque.
The intrusion of an obviously
massive vigour of the other, which gives an excellent
idea of what goes to make a forest (remember our
author is really dealing with forests) and the ex-
verbant life in its serried ranks. Adequately to master
the artistic side of our forests and woodlands demands
more than a sense of the merely pretty and picturesque.
A sense of form is wanted, also some sympathy with
and understanding of the craftsmen, namely, foresters
and woodmen, who work therein. Of this there is no
trace or feeling throughout the work, but rather the
needless obtrusion of the obviously suburban female.
The greater number of plates consist of quaint, ill-
treated old boughs, with the roll of the
beech

"tortured trees, which is what we are mostly shown here
at the expense of the forest, the woodman is frequently a man in his prime, not ill-

In due course we learn that arboriculture or the study of diseased and
distorted trees, which is what we are mostly shown here
by way of woodlands or landscape gardening. Com-
parc the ruinous example, Virtue, et al., page 228,
with the beech wood in Savernake Forest, page 274.
Contrast the studied artificiality of the one with the
massive vigour of the other, which gives an excellent
idea of what goes to make a forest (remember our
author is really dealing with forests) and the ex-

Walking, Windsor, page 168,
measured by an artist like Mr. Rackham, for
its own theme, for which literature-compare Milton's
Allegro—is a safer vehicle. Contrast him with
Maeterlinck:—

"Plant [the park] with beautiful trees, not parsi-
moniously placed as though each of them were an
object of art displayed on a grassy tray, but close
together like the ranks of a kindly army in order of
battle. Trees never feel themselves really trees, nor
perform their duties unless they are there in numbers.
Then at once everything is transformed, sky and light
recover their first deep meaning, dew and shade return,
silence and peace find once more a refuge."

And again, of the common Scotch pine:—

"You can picture nothing to compare with the archi-
tectural and religious alignment of the innumerable
shafts shooting towards the sky, smooth, inflexible,
pure."

Let him ponder these things—but except the beeches
and a few oaks—even the single trees he cannot see.
Ash and sycamore are not unimportant
and a few oaks—even the single trees he cannot
see.

Walk, Windsor, page 168,
perform their duties unless they are there in numbers.
Then at once everything is transformed, sky and light
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Walk, Windsor, page 168,
Mrs. Grote's battles with the lady of the manor. The mostly well known and need not detain us. For the rest, original papers appear to be not consulted, and had its own matter been more succent it would have been a graceful act to indicate the sources of his inspiration more fully than by a casual reference to the Victorians. The best of it is found in the quotations, which are rest, original authorities do not appear to have lent it would have been a graceful act to indicate the sources of his inspiration more fully (than by a casual cottage week-enders, directors of garden cities and suburbs, and most members of Socialist societies. With all its deficiencies it will be to them a stepping-stone to better things. Our author really photographs his beech trees as if he loved them. The last chapter on tree photography is well written and useful.

By Alfred E. Randall.
The Drifters. By W. R. Titterton. (Frank Palmer. 18. net.)

This is a reprint of "Studies in Solitary Life." Some of the stories have appeared in "The New Age," and a reviewer is some what awkwardly placed if he does not approve of them. If I were inclined to be sweep ing in my judgment, I should say that Mr. Titterton lacks everything but impulse. Certainly, I look in vain for any trace of the quality of the less logic of beauty, of the articulation of an organism. Mr. Titterton has two or three stories about tramps, and pretends that the people who work the machine of civilisation have all a repressed longing for the road, yet he can ask us to be sorry for "Smith of Gear's," who at the age of sixty, is thrown out of work, and is free to enjoy the nomadic life. Mr. Titterton cannot have it both ways. If the life of the tramp is desirable, the unemployed are to be envied their freedom. But Mr. Titterton delights in ugliness. In "The Builder's Dream," for instance, he spins a pretty enough fancy of a man working after his vision has departed, piling course on course until a horrid of ugliness is erected. A boy pels the palace with magical roses, and it changes to the vision which had originally inspired the builder. But the builder is angry, and tries to kill the boy, who touches him with a rose and more or less transforms him. The "Builder" is transformed into the palace of his dreams, and with a cry of gratitude passes through the portal as a rose flutters down to the threshold. A pretty enough fancy, as I said, but Mr. Titterton must spoil it. As the rose touches his head, "it turned into a fool's cap." An unwarrantable piece of artistic vandal ism. It is not clever; it is not witty; it is as far from true satire as it is from beauty. Nothing but wil ful singularity can make a man prefer ugliness to beauty.

The Soul Traders. By Elizabeth Goodrow. Frank Palmer. 18. 6d. net.)

A volume of short stories told to the author by American prostitutes. They are true enough, no doubt; but a reviewer may question the aesthetic propriety of their telling. Miss Goodrow was very interested in the genealogy of the ism is not difficult to trace. From the newer ism it is but a step to the new ism, and but another to the plain, unvarnished ism. Likewise the descent of the ism is easy to predict. When we had spiritualism no one doubted we were in for the new spiritualism, or that the newer would come tripping lightly on the heels of the new. And here it is according to the late Mr. Frank Podmore, and to all intents and purposes it offers a mortal insult to that which it succeeds, and which is no longer immortal. For, if we are to believe Mr. Podmore, spiritualism was but a travery of a traviesty, while the newer is but the apocryphal ism which, according to Miss Goodrow, justly say, "Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes, thou foul, accursed minister of hell," during the recital of which the offending brand of spiritualism would of course vanish in a clap of thunder. A sudden icy blast, and the heat and light goes out. In the darkness the Newer Spiritualism is seen trying to get born with Mr. F. W. Myers calling it to life with "Human Personality," whilst Mr. Podmore stands by to slay the re animated brazen snake called the soul's immortality. He is supported by physiologists, pathologists, and the latest thing in mechanical psychologists, but nowhere is to be seen either the mystic or metaphysician. And he shares the limitations of his supporters, pretending that it is possible to investigate and interpret the whole range of human experience in the laboratory, the hospital and the asylum, and one can in fact weigh and measure consciousness and subconsciousness as much as recruiting sergeants weigh and measure a prospective British army. This point of reasoning reminds one of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's pursuit of happiness which always ries round the corner ready to bolt into the next street directly the pursuing individual is shown to be engaged in the pursuit of consciousness is similar. The greater part of it lies not on the roof where Mr. Podmore was always seeking it, but in the cellar where Mr. Myers is mostly located. In short, the examination of Mr. Podmore's volume is not a profitable undertaking. The best one can say is that Mr. Podmore's book constitutes a painstaking survey of the history of Spiritualism, and of the phenomena of the Newer Spiritualism. Judged in the light of dispassionate reason, it is not a master piece of generating wisdom.

The Symbolism of the Bible. By Expectans. ("Times of India" Press, Bombay.)

If Rationalism and Science have been fairly busy for some years stewing man in the cauldron of their beliefs, intuitionalism is now no less busy-bitten. It is that it is not a masterpiece of ingenuity. It reveals a thinker out of the ordinary, and one who has discovered in the cosmical process as recorded in the Bible—the passings in pillars of flame, the spreadings of darkness and internal gloom and other such cleavings of rocks by living waters, and other such primordial doings and happenings—an underlying meaning that reveals the physical world as but a
symbol. Everything in the Bible is, in fact, symbolical of the activities of the Deity. It is not difficult to understand that the Deity’s zeal and industry has carried him too far. He has needlessly and without assigning a reason destroyed the history of the Old Testament, the characters of which might quite easily have remained both actual and symbolical. He might, for instance, have continued his redoubtable armies to continue their doings.

But this apart, the work is an extraordinary one, and it is quite impossible to do justice to it in a short notice. To some it will appear an unnecessary exhibition of mental gymnastics; while others may regard it as an amazing exposition of an uncommon realisation of an inner or spiritual interpretation of an outward, literal, metaphorical or symbolical expression. In any case, no one can deny that the whole work is packed with deep thought. The author starts off with a large share of the sign-language of numbers, the defining indices to spiritual states or processes, and this largely as doubt owing to the country in which the book was written. Had it been written in England, possibly it would have started off with our own language.

As a matter of fact, the why and how and where the book was written is largely, one believes, dependent on the country where it was written.

Climbing in the Ogwen District. By J. M. Archer Thomson. (Arnold. 5s.)

I once met a man tramping from California to Canada. He was not a professional tramp, but the victim of a strange mania. He told me in strict confidence that he hated railroads as the devil hated resurrection pie, and though well able to afford to ride, had never done so by an odd coincidence, he met the same individual at Bettws-y-Coed in Wales. Without going into the question whether he had walked from America to Wales, I agreed to make some ascents of the Ogwen district, that the possibility of his adventures on the Cambrian heights. It is a low form of amusement, and prefer to describe at some length the courts of the Duchesse du Maine and King Stanislas of Poland. The result of the Etruscan question, like the Eastern question and our own delightful War Office muddle, is as far off as the settlement as ever, and the only thing to be done is to tell the Etruscans to settle it themselves. They are to be their own historians and the materials for their history are to be found in their monuments. The operation of watching the Etruscans give an account of their early affairs would be fascinating if only the Etruscans could be relied on. But, unfortunately, they cannot, and this, according to Mr. Seymour’s own showing. He tells us they kept no record of their religious beliefs, but have decorated their bits of pot with the religious motives of other races. They were connoisseurs rather than artists, and, accordingly, their artistic achievements have to be taken away from them and assigned to the Greeks. Again, they had no literature to speak of. In this way Mr. Seymour tends to contradict his own theories whilst sifting an immense amount of archaeological material in order to do so, and for other purists to browse upon. How did the Etruscans express themselves? still remains the burning question of Etruria, the excuse for volumes and volumes of the sort that lies before me.

Archaeologists will find Mr. Seymour’s book full of useful material and the numerous topographical illustrations very helpful in their researches. But the book is not an urgent public need.

By Stanley Morland.

An Eighteenth-Century Marquise. By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

This is more than a biography of Voltaire’s mistress: it might almost be called a biographical dictionary of every woman acquainted with her. A large share of the story of the Marquise du Châtelet and Voltaire: we have a biographical brevity of the company of the salons, the cafes, and the courts, in the first half of the eighteenth century. The age was as it was, it was courtly and cultivated, Madame de Teucin, whose salon occupied the visits of Fontenelle, Lamotte, and Saurin, and speedily became so famous that Mr. Hamel says that “those who did not know the salon in the Rue Saint-Honoré did not know Paris.” Yet the “company was largely composed of her lovers,” who instructed her successor, Madame de Geoffrin, “never to refuse a man, for, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be a useful friend.” The salon at the Tuileries became the centre of letters, and people fought duels over epigrams; when assignations were made in algebra, and epithalami could be spun out to a thousand verses at twenty sous

memory. Treated in this way as a leg, Italy at the time of Rome’s founding was very easily dealt with. Rome formed the knee-cap and Ethiopia the Greek. As late as 1894, twelve climbs of the Ogwen district, that the possibility of his adventures on the Cambrian heights. It is a low form of amusement, and prefer to describe at some length the courts of the Duchesse du Maine and King Stanislas of Poland. The result of the Etruscan question, like the Eastern question and our own delightful War Office muddle, is as far off as the settlement as ever, and the only thing to be done is to tell the Etruscans to settle it themselves. They are to be their own historians and the materials for their history are to be found in their monuments. The operation of watching the Etruscans give an account of their early affairs would be fascinating if only the Etruscans could be relied on. But, unfortunately, they cannot, and this, according to Mr. Seymour’s own showing. He tells us they kept no record of their religious beliefs, but have decorated their bits of pot with the religious motives of other races. They were connoisseurs rather than artists, and, accordingly, their artistic achievements have to be taken away from them and assigned to the Greeks. Again, they had no literature to speak of. In this way Mr. Seymour tends to contradict his own theories whilst sifting an immense amount of archaeological material in order to do so, and for other purists to browse upon. How did the Etruscans express themselves? still remains the burning question of Etruria, the excuse for volumes and volumes of the sort that lies before me.

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were not seen until supper-time, and they wrote
nothing of their sad position on earth, so
that Voltaire expressed in his essay. Neither got the
prize, a disappointment which each accepted vicari-
ously ; and the Academy published the essays at a
close of the prize essays, and Emilie received a flatter-
ing letter from Frederick of Prussia. Yet she stormed
and raved at Voltaire for drinking a glass of wine
against her orders; it is even whispered that she threw
places of her seat in the carriage, which had been placed on the
snow. There, almost transfixed with cold in spite of
parcels on top of the unfortunate poet, who lay
almost smothered until extricated from the debris by
his absence and vexed herself with his presence. "Now
it is Voltaire's coat that does not please his lady. She
began to change it. He gives many reasons for not
wishing to do so—the chief one the fear of catching a woman's
illness and being accused of being amorous. He
insists. He sends his valet for another coat, and dis-
appoints. Presently a message reaches him, asking him to
return. The response comes that he is not well. A
visitor arrives. Emilie goes herself, and finds Voltaire
chatting gaily with his gros chat. At last he comes to
her command, but resumes his black looks and injured
air. Then she begins to cajole. Presently they are
both smiling, and peace is re-established. A reading of
Mme. du Châtelet's Lettres is followed by one of her
works on chemistry, "reminiscing to the hero and his
valet. "M. de Voltaire and Mme. du Châtelet were seated side by side on the
cushions of the carriage, which had been placed on the
snow. There, almost transfixed with cold in spite of
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trees and houses were invisible, the stars shone brilliantly, neither house nor tree was
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Asquith's contention. Writing of the reception of the news that forcible feeding was being employed on political prisoners, Mr. Blease remarks: "By the House of Commons and by the public it was regarded as a new and splendid jest; and every attempt at protest was greeted with mirth; and we think, with a little prejudice against Mary Wollstonecraft herself, for Mr. Blease remarks that "the great error of her life was her union with Imlay." Error is a strange word for a feminist to use of a free union; and tragedy, as it turned out, would be nearer the mark. But Mr. Blease does not confine himself to history; he undertakes to take the case for woman's suffrage. In this he succeeds so badly that no one who was not already convinced before would be convinced after reading this book. What, we ask, is the real argument against woman's suffrage—real, we mean, not in the sense that it is sufficient but that it powerfully influences the majority of anti-suffragists? It is, as Mr. Blease quite well understands, the fear that (to use Lord Curzon's words) "polity activity will tend to take away woman from her proper sphere and highest duty, which is maternity." Mr. Blease's reply to this is that it simply isn't true. "If the feminist movement in England has any character more pronounced than the rest, it is the loftiness of its purpose, the purity of its motive, the emphasis which it lays upon the dignity of motherhood and the solemn duty of women to maintain the pure and vigour of the race." What bathos! And how ineffective as a reply to Lord Curzon and the racial panicmongers! It is like Mr. Balfour assuring working men that on his honour their food shall not cost them more when wheat goes up in price. As a matter of plain fact, the objection of Lord Curzon is not only quite valid to those who believe so mightily in the dignity of motherhood and the purity and vigour of the race, but it also indicates, we think, the place taken in history. Of Mrs. Josephine Butler we say: "Like most of the great women of the world, she was full of the domestic virtues, and none ever excelled her in the performance of the duties of a wife and mother." Shades of Elizabeth and Sappho, how touchingly untruthful! When Mr. Blease comes to deal with the political situation of women's suffrage he is even more at fault. He claims a value for his views on the ground of an impartiality manifested by his ability to see both the point of view of the present Government and the point of view of the militant suffragettes. But this is either mere confusion or it is a defect of moral courage. He cannot be both an "adherent" of the Liberal Cabinet and an adherent of militancy. Either he must adhere to the Cabinet, long as he thinks Mr. Asquith's views on suffrage to be, because he regards suffrage as of less importance than the other items of the Cabinet programme; or, like the militant suffragists, he must put aside first all considerations for now or never. He cannot take both points of view at once. In fact, his treatment of this subject is extremely unsatisfactory. He will not even discuss militant methods since, from his point of view, the opposition of the Liberal Cabinet to which he adheres and cling at its members phrases like these: Incredible folly, perilous ignorance, sixth-form schoolboys, stupid violence, etc. Nor is his case improved by quoting Mr. Asquith to the effect that: "Legislators ought to do what lawyers cannot, for they have no other rules to bind them, but the great principle of reason and equity, and the general sense of mankind." By this he means a sort of moral absolutism (as Mr. Asquith himself supposes) what was put by Burke's dictum that legislators must be guided by the general sense of mankind? We have yet to discover a better book than Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication.

Mezzogiorno. By John Ayscough. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

We do not know who first set the fashion of writing uncouthly about the bourgeoisie, but we confess, as poor Socialists, that we hate them as much in literature as in economics. Not a character in "Mezzogiorno" has an original or spontaneous idea; they are all middlemen in morals, manners and opinions; nor do we find what Mr. Garnett found in Mr. Ayscough's "Marots," "a complete philosophy of life." Gillian is the daughter of a wandering painter. At his death in Tripoli she goes through a form of marriage with Eustachio, for no other reasons, that we can gather, than that he is like Antinous, and she is bored. Eustachio repudiates the marriage, and dies in America, whereupon Gillian marries the Dr. of Torre Cuttoli. Then, a few years later, she then comes to England and marries Philip Andrews (who does not die) and with him she lives in country society with the usual amusements of hunting and getting children. At their country seat, Eustachio's brother turns up, disguised as Eustachio. As he is leaving the house after a scene, he is murdered by a village labourer named Mark, who has fallen in love with Gillian. Mark, of course, also dies, but before the police can arrive to him. There's the plot, and, given the bourgeois atmosphere, we defy anybody to make a better novel of it.

The R.P.A. Annual, 1911. (Watts and Co. 6d. net.)

The main interest of this year's annual of the Rationalist Press Association centres round the article by Sir Hiram Maxim entitled "Wanted, an anti-Missionary Society." The chief merit of the article lies in the fact that it has stirred the clerical conscience, as witness the correspondence in the "Daily News," just terminated. That correspondence was a triumph for Sir Hiram Maxim and the Rationalists. We understand the wisdom, from the Christian point of view, of drawing the veil over the doings of missionaries; feverish attempts are now being made to fill missionary coffers. To extort the pence of the unenlightened some showmen interested in missionaries are at present touring the provinces with spectacular shows! Sir Hiram Maxim's article is most opportune!

The Post-Savages.

By Hunley Carter.

WE MUST BE OURSELVES. From all the works that count at the Grafton Galleries just now, comes this insistent, exhilarating cry. We must, will be ourselves. We will see with our own eyes, do with our own hands, think and talk in our own language. To be one's self—completely expressed—that is all that matters in art, all that can ever matter. Complete self-expression is art.

We must be ourselves. How the cry alarms and maddens the Philistines. It is an old cry. It has been uttered from age to age by individual painters, uttered by them and heard and misunderstood by the mob. Blake the mystic, Bell-Scott and Rossetti the poet-painters; [Havill], a founder of the water-colour school, Madox Brown and the Pre-Raphaelites; Whistler Monticelli, who hawked his unique pictures from pot-
house to pot-house; Chardin and his school; Millet, the peasant artist; Wiertz, the recluse of Brussels who, sworn to art, refused to sell his works—these and scores of innovators, continuators, and re-innovators, have sought to express their emotions and their ideals of beauty and to give them full expression, only to be re-viled, derided and spat at. Look how Manet reaped disaster, suffering and neglect for his devotion to his ideal and his courage in expressing himself. For years he was sneered at and snubbed by the public and by the precious French and English Academicians. Yet his only fault was that he wanted to be himself, to look at things with his own eyes, to put them down in his own way. To this his holding of his own personality was far more precious than the exploitation of personalities that lay around him.

Manet’s remarkable strength, energy, and scorn of convention has met the time honoured reward. After being kicked down the academy steps into the mud he is now exalted to a classic, and universally hailed as an innovator. Mark the effect of his promotion at the Graf ton. Note how quietly and reverently the Philistines enter the room where he is enshrined. They are no longer afraid of his power, or irritated by his unexpected attack on their own dearest gospel. Ne sois pas, mon frère, ou je te tue—the gospel indeed of the whole British race which says to other races: “Be not, my brother, or I crush you.” They seem to understand that the great Frenchman is saying something on art, though what it is few of them can tell. Some may be dimly conscious that he is repeating in his own charming way the message of so many inspired artists, and saying simply, “Do not judge really great works of art by mathematical rules. I admit that my own technique preserves certain rules, yet it defies them. What is it that sets me and my colleagues so much apart from many moderns? Why is it so deeply felt love and so expressed it. Notice how I went and where to leave off. There is not a touch too much or too little in any of my finished pictures. Then again, I paid attention to the claims of emotion. I deeply feel and express it. Notice how I was in love with the head and face of the woman in the ‘Folies Bergère.’ My devotion comes out in the splendid flesh colour and the beautiful painting. I was in love, too, with other details. I could not resist the call of the rich browns and orange of the bottles and the stand of fruit. Cut them out and they form perfect little pictures in themselves. It was the same with the ‘As Café’ picture. It came spontaneously, perhaps with much less effort than the other. I got my rich colour with less labour. It is a canvas full of inspired devotion, beautifully painted, the merest touches suggesting something. That girl’s eye is wonderfully expressed. The whole thing lives and moves. Yes, I am fully express in these two works. Do not look at these sketches of subjects that I just drew in and rubbed in a little colour. They ought not to be here, or at least should not be exhibited as pictures. It does me no good. To know how much one is appreciated. It is inexpressibly graceful. Cozanne has also an example of complete self-expression and unselfish devotion. His work, too, exhibits all the difference between inspired vision and interpretation, and scientific vision and interpretation. He has taken the essential means to his end and employed them and nothing more. Look at his ‘Les Maisons,’ where the effect of a sullen storm sweeping down is so finely caught and expressed with such strength and simplicity. What a big immense design. How dramatic the whole thing.”

As to the other painters I spoke of, they have plenty of definition. They have a genuine impulse to expression, but no aspiration worth mention, no intuition, no inspiration. Go and look at their works. Examine the machine-made pictures of the Russians, near by, tricked out with meaningless detail. Examine, too, the works of your three present leaders. The post-savages, as they are called, are so heavy with too much brain—but they are the productions of men who think like scientists. And then all is very careful, with the claims of emotion. I will turn with ungovernable hatred, malice and all uncharitableness at the sound of the wild exuberance of sun-worshippers, Seurat, Signac, Henri-Edmond Cross, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse, and the rest of the crazy school methods of fifteen years ago. Bring them here and watch the effect of the post-savages on them. I can hear them say, ‘We have reached a stage of perfection beyond which it is impossible to go. These works by Van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse, and the rest of the crazy school are absolutely bad. They defy all rules; are not made; reveal no calculation; are not carefully thought out and finished; they are not even foundations. To us they are simply a phase of idiotic infantilism.’ ‘This, of course, proves not that Messrs. Orpen, Nicholson and their distinguished contemporaries are right, but that if Philistinism there be on earth it has earth-quarters in the artist ranks.’

‘It was artists who levelled hostile jokes, insults and anger at me. It is artists who will sneer at the big effective canvases of the decorators. Denis Flamingo (the idealist, not the cheap meretricious realist of the neo-geegee and two figures), Serafini Flamenco, Serafini men who obviously have an instinct for appropriate stage decoration. It is artists who will regard with amused contempt the gorgeous but cultured show of the sun-worshippers, Seurat, Signac, Henri-Edmond Cross, with their delicate and sincere application of scientific formula. It is artists no less than the ignorant public who will turn with unGovernable hatred, malice and all uncharitableness at the sound of the wild exuberance of such cannuñas as Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Matisse, who have thrown off all restraint and are caring about a seething cauldron in which the remains of scientific conventions are stewing. They will willfully ignore the true significance of what they see. They will attack and denounce without discrimination and judgment pictures, some of them exquisite in design and colour, and many others full of the primitive element, displaying un doubted savage attributes in love of simplicity, wonderful decoration, and masses of gorgeous crude colour, revealing, too, a childlike interpretation of a clear childlike vision of Nature, as well as the power to feel, enjoy and express the elemental emotions of life, to stand naked and unashamed as it were, in a blazing carnvial of colour and light. Works indeed exhibiting in a marked degree the first fine impulse of the artist-soul, which finds its natural outlet in full surrender to self-expression.

‘This is the impulse that lies behind the whole of the great epochs of art; it asserts itself in all the works of the innovators, in those of artists who have sought the essentials, and employed them and nothing more. Look at his ‘Les Maisons,’ where the effect of a sullen storm sweeping down is so finely caught and expressed with such
to go on living in new forms. ‘Let us violate the traditions of art! Let us clear away the deadly obstructions that others may see, as we do, the new growths! Let us reveal vital principles that those who come after us may build cautiously!’ ‘Let us savor and do entirely in our own way!’ This is all that the Post-savages are saying. Their pictures will not be the pictures of the future. Many of them will not live, except as records of a wonderful experiment. But the picture we take will live, and upon them the pictures of the future will be constructed. The next stage will be the restraint of the first wild impulse of the post-savages and the elaboration of detail; and then will come the larger balance of simplicity and freedom.’

So might [Manet] address the Philistines in the temple of art which is just now situated in Grafton Street, and which is less reviviscient and ritualistic than it usually is. For practical purposes the address, the march past of the Philistines would commence. At their head would be found Mr. W. C. Gooch, furiously flourishing an ass’s tail troubled with a death rattle. With this weapon, he proposes to slay the Samsonites just as Samson smote the Philistines with the other and more substantial end of the animal’s anatomy. Standing a little apart is the plain man from the country (Mr. Calderon) with an indolent smile on his face, and not caring tuppence who gets killed so long as his pipe goes on. Not far from him is the man who knows (Mr. Hugh Blake), who has been seen wildling gesticulating, dancing with his feet, and throwing his body about what time he involves his sweat and his body trid on th’ tail uv me iligant coat. Begorrah-h-h-h!”

** LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. **

**HISTORY OF FREETHOUGHT.**

Sir,—Several writers in your columns have lately sneered at Freethinkers. Those who sneer at Freethinkers know little of history. If the whole programme of Socialism were completely realised, it is doubtful if even then the Socialists would have done as much to diminish human misery as the Freethinkers have done already.

For practical purposes the Secularist movement began with Epicurus. His aim was to make men happy, and in looking round the world he saw two great causes of misery—the fear of the gods and of death. Being a very practical man, he made it the one aim of his life to abolish these fears. He found able followers, among them the poet Lucretius. His aim to do so was to make the uneducated classes almost entirely oblivious of the fear of the gods and of death. Everyone who knows anything of classical literature will be able to quote the most beautiful lines in the Latin countries. But I advise the people of England, Germany, and the United States to keep an eye on Rome. Do not laugh. Horace and Ovid would have laughed heartily if they had been told that in four hundred years every educated man in Europe would believe in hell damnation. Ovid had so little fear of a revival of superstition. He wrote:

‘Ex pede herculis, et ut expedit, esse putamus; Dentur in antiquos turum murumque focius.’

You see, Ovid was quite up to date, and left very little to be said by Messrs. Chesterton and Verdon. **R. B. Kerr.**

**A SYMPOSIUM ON CRIME AND INSANITY.**

Sir,—Your fourth query under above is, “Do you agree that juries should be constituted on more scientific lines than at present?” May I, as an ordinary layman, offer a suggestion?

It has always seemed to me that the haphazard selection of men for juries has more than a touch of the farcical about it. Our judges and their juries are not comprised with regard to their intellect or their moral worth, but only of their social standing and highly paid; yet all their work is in the end the disposal, for guilty or not guilty, of twelve average house-holders, chosen by methods no less haphazard, with no regard to their fitness or whatever to their fitness for the very special work they are thus unexpectedly and suddenly called upon to do. The task of sitting and comparing evidence, of listening with unflagging attention for hours to counsel and seeing through their “tricks of trade” so that the real truth underneath all their surface juggling may be got at and justice done the prisoner; the task of listening to one counsel, and then comparing his with the topsy-turvy version the opposing counsel will protest from to make the most intelligent shrink from, let alone the odd lot that get congregated together in our jury-boxes.

Yet, one is but to leave the final decision in one man’s hands. Our judges, fine body of experts though they are, are as full of human frailties as the rest of us. My suggestion would be: that our juries should consist only of tip-top barristers. About a nominal fee of a guinea a day they would be more than willing to undergo this most valuable training in an essential part of their professional duty—the learning to sift and compare evidence, to get used to their generalisation, bewildering to the poor untrained juror, already befogged by all that has gone before; but a sum-

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ming-up for these trained jurors that would really lead to a failure of justice. It is probable that in some cases the in- 
formation would be a real discussion, not the empty farce it 
now usually is. The lack of intelligence of the average 
juror is no more of a reason for the modern contempt for 
workmanship when tested to a practical point than it is in 
the profound issues to the parties concerned and the mone-
tary cost of all that has preceded it. 
FREDERICK H. EVANS.

MAN AND THE MACHINE.

Sir,—Mr. Quennell's letter in your issue of November 
calls for some remark.

In the first place, Mr. Quennell does not elucidate the 
reasons for the modem contempt for craftsmanship. When, 
some years back, I attempted to explain the low status 
which he puts on the idea embodied in the word "gentle-
man, whether he be smith, sculptor, painter, printer, writer 
or woodworker, sheds his apron as though he were ashamed 
of it, claims the absurd title esquire, and dons the black 
coat Death walking the streets. It was to him an emblem 
of the Revolution. To me, with a brain less lively, but 
greater interest in the worth of the individual, it is the antithesis of the artisan's white apron. Mr. Quennell 
will agree that Stamford Hill and Surbiton, East Ham and 
West Kensington, would have infinitely more respect for a 
man, say, like Stradivarius, wearing his white leather apron 
as though it were the insignia of an honourable craft, as 
did the short-sighted unathletic curate in a black coat than 
for a man, be he smith, sculptor, painter, printer, writer 
or woodworker. The voice of the lady was added to goad him, 
and the opinion of the day clinched it. He removed his coat amid 
blues of criticism. I fail to see what other success could be wished for than 
that of the Buckingham Palace Guard, who, on the morning of the day 
(25 November), when the GHQ of the Women's Army Corps 
issued a circular to the effect that any officer, non-commissioned 
officer, or other ranks, who refused or neglected to wear the 
uniform prescribed by the War Office, or who refused to 
observe the order, would be subjected to the same disciplinary 
measures as men declining or deferring service in the line 
forces, was, according to a report of the Local Defence 
Committee, in such a state of confusion that the women 
were mending their clothes and washing their garments when 
the order was received, and the officers and men were 
confused. The moral was that the women were not fit to 
be officers. The Major General in charge of the women 
said, "I say, yes, men will respect them, and women will desire him in 
morality, nothing of little of my shipmate, master of his trade, 
certificated by the State, a very skilful and complete man.

Mr. Quennell's letter misses many other interesting points, 
of which I may not have time to speak. But, as a professional 
mechanic, I should be glad of clearer instructions regarding the use 
of machinery in the arts. At what point does a "tool" become a "machine."
How does Mr. Quennell classify the sculptor's 
gauge, by which he tests the accuracy of his cutting? I 
have it on the word of an eminent sculptor that mechanical 
calculations are not used so much now as in the fifteenth 
century.

Again, it is nonsense to speak of all things being better 
done by hand than by machinery. Has Mr. Quennell ever 
seen a hand-made bicycle, used a hand-made typewriter, 
played a hand-made pianoforte with hand-drawn wires? Has 
he ever deployed the use of machinery in the mining of 
sovereigns? I look for a clearer man on this subject.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

DEMOCRACY AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Under "Notes of the Week" in your issue of the 11th inst., you refer to the opinion expressed in a letter to the 
representative government as legislation and public conduct 
determined only by general consent. In the same paragraph 
you depreciate the efforts of the Suffragists to extort women's 
franchise from any Cabinet of the day without any such 
general consent. I now ask you how the general consent 
that is necessary to ensure the obtaining of a franchise is to be ascertained so long 
as more than half of the population and more than half of the nation are ex-
pressing either consent or dissent. Male democracy seems to 
me to be a self-contradictory phrase. It simply makes one 
sex an oligarchy at the expense of the other. Even if all 
the women but one in England were to decline the offer of 
the vote, I cannot see why that one should be denied her 
right to a vote in a country where she has earned her 
right to a vote by her own money. Your utterance on this question appears to 
me to be in the nature of a conundrum of which I anxiously await 
the solution. You want the general consent to the expression of that consent!

EDMUND B. DAUVERGNE.

FRANCHISE AND MILITANT TACTICS.

Sir,—Your general policy, as developed in your leading 
articles, is so sound that one is surprised at, and looks 
with a sigh of relief for an explanation of, the extraordinarily 
positive attitude you take up on the question of woman suffrage.

I expect that between the many letters you have published on 
the subject all arguments have been exhausted; but I cannot 
refrain from pointing out that you yourselves in your last 
issue supply all the arguments that are necessary to justify 
the militant action you condemn.

You say, "We are only realizing that general consent to 
woman suffrage is . . . ." (which makes one think that 
the women at least are wanting to have the vote), and you 
proceed to (26 November) that the militant Suffragists . . . . appear quite willing to extort from 
your Cabinet a general consent to woman suffrage, and that 
the demand in one form or another was not necessarily attached. You proceed to (26 November) that these tactics are being "exclusively employed" which (is not true), and yet, in the same breath, (26 November) that they are successful, they are doomed to a perfectly barren success.

I fail to see what other success could be wished for than 
that of the Buckingham Palace Guard, who, on the morning of the day 
(25 November), when the GHQ of the Women's Army Corps 
issued a circular to the effect that any officer, non-commissioned 
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WILLIAM MCFEE.

DEMOCRACY AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—In this excellent number (Dec. 1) of THE NEW AGE, 
nothing is framer or more to the point at the moment than 
"The Parting of the Ways." One cannot say with equal 
truth, as J. P. Benjamin does in opening, that "Nothing 
is more difficult than for a man who has never known 
poverty to put himself in the place of the poor man. There 
is one thing not simply more difficult but actually im-
possible, but which men are constantly pretending they- can 
do, namely, put themselves in the place of the poor man.

"Man is man, and woman is woman" is too deep a truth 
to admit of any man's arrogating to himself the power to 
think woman's thoughts, and so to give the world the benefit 
of the dual point of view.

So much for masculine chivalry!

ALBERT E. LOWY.

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Of course J. P. B. knows this, and he will, I hope, give us 
a further article on this subject. "The Parting of the Ways" is so 
clarity of thought and directness of expression brought to 
bear on the male and female counterparts of the population. 
Though there are something analogous in these two pairs 
of opposite, unlike the prospects of the political organi-
zation of the latter will not occur till "we arrive," as 
the following article "Unedited Opinions" has it, "at the self-born."
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