The election results are turning out very much as we expected they would, and no change of importance in the feeling of the constituencies can be truthfully discerned. Doubtless the party writers, with nothing more intelligent to occupy their minds, will spend some weeks in discovering mares-nests; but the people whose opinions count are already engaged in weighing the resultant of the forces seen at work. Without committing ourselves to a final decision on any of the topics of the following notes, dealing as they do with questions of extricating the nation from a constitutional tangle which threatens to choke all government; and if they fail, either by reason of defect of courage, or even by reason of excess of sentiment, they will be rightly held to have failed in their duty. All we demand is that, if not because of the publication long previous to the election of the text of the Parliament Bill itself; so that, as far as mandates and referendums go, the present Government has also all the force to be derived from these doubtful arguments. We do not know what the Government will actually do with its twice affirmed majority; but we would venture a party's existence on delivering the country from a position of painful doubt by a bold forward move and on bringing the Parliament Bill to an early and, at all apparent risks, to a victorious triumph. Compared with its majority during the election of the text of the Parliament Bill itself; so that, as far as mandates and referendums go, the present Government has also all the force to be derived from these doubtful arguments. We do not know what the Government will actually do with its twice affirmed majority; but we would venture a party's existence on delivering the country from a position of painful doubt by a bold forward move and on bringing the Parliament Bill to an early and, at all apparent risks, to a victorious issue.

As a matter of fact, the existence of the Liberal Party is quite as much at stake in dallying with the question as in taking the bold line and cutting it, or threatening to cut it, if need be. Mr. Balfour talks of forcing another General Election next year, and another the year after that. Nothing, indeed, would serve his purpose better, since in a number of throws with red and black, the black is sure to turn up in time. But it is not mere speculation, it is axiomatic, that if the next General Election finds the Liberal Party with its Parliament Bill unpassed, from any reason, good, bad, or indifferent, the Liberal Party will go down with all hands aboard. And rightly so. For once in their life a Cabinet has been entrusted with the real responsibility of extricating the nation from a constitutional tangle which threatens to choke all government; and if they fail, either by reason of defect of courage, or even by reason of excess of sentiment, they will be rightly held to have failed in their duty. All we demand of them is success in a constitutional reform. Their difficulties we understand and can sympathise with; but it is the accomplishment of the task that we demand.

Things can, we firmly believe, be made easier for the other side if the discussion is maintained from now onwards on a level of reasonableness. Too many descents into the area have been made by both sides during the election itself. Mr. Lloyd George, for example, has been conspicuously in the gutter along with his congenial playmates, Sir Edward Carson, one or two dukes, and Mr. F. E. Smith. Mr. Lloyd George must be told by somebody in authority that he not only soils his Parliamentary clothes in these descents, making them quite unfit to adorn a possible premier, but he also does infinite damage to his own cause by making
it appear vastly more portentous than it really is. Mark Twain said of a hen that it cackled at laying an egg as if it had laid an asteroid. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget did little more than lay a halfpenny tax on land, yet he spoke of his achievement as if he had set a light to a French Revolution. In the eyes of his enemies no less than of his friends, he held his halfpenny so that it blotted out the sun of reason. Similarly his strange Pictish melodramatic faculty has enlarged the question of the House of Lords to the dimensions of a sort of Peasants' Revolt. England might be Russia and the Lords the Black Hundreds, and the struggle a rebellion bordering on revolution to read Mr. Lloyd George's over-reported speeches. Let him resume his normal size and see things as they are. The result can only be to reduce the present dispute to the size of an admittedly ticklish and difficult problem, but one, nevertheless, of manageable proportions. Seen in the absence of the naphtha glare of picturesque but vulgar imagery, the question really admits of a rational discussion in which rights and wrongs are evident and will be generally admitted. * * *

Forecasts of what the Lords will do when they are presented with the Parliament Bill can scarcely be made with any confidence while men like Mr. Garvin are in charge of the Unionist strategy. But we may suppose that Mr. Garvin has been more or less discredited as a political Moltke by his conduct of his present defence. It is not everything that calls itself a defence that is really such, as Gladstone said. More sober minds, like those of Mr. Strachey and of Lord Lansdowne, will probably take the lead now that actual fighting is over; and we do not doubt that they will recognise, as, indeed, Mr. Strachey has already recognised, that any failure on the part of the Lords to accept the election as well as the Queen's Government must be carried on. We have done all that we could for the landed interest. Now we must do all that we can for the Queen. Substituting nation for Queen and lords for the landed interest, the remark is as wise to-day as it was in 1845. * * *

If affairs move in their anticipated way, we may assume that ample time will be given in both Houses for the detailed discussion of the Parliament Bill. We should insist on ample discussion, if only for two reasons: first, that no reproach may lie against us that on no account should the Parliament Bill or of any other Bill. We sincerely hope that the Liberals will see to this.

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We have been criticised, somewhat unjustly, for discussing in recent issues the question of the conversion of a Second Chamber as a problem subsequent to the conversion of the Lord's Veto from the absolute to the suspensive. Subsequent it is, and necessarily so in our view, for reasons we have many times given; but this part for postponement need not be absolute. If any very decided views on the re-formation of the Second Chamber, or, indeed, as an admission of the desirability of any re-formation at all. Sir Robert Peel taught Mr. Gladstone a number of political axioms, and among them these: 'That on no account should a statesman try to deal with a question before it is ripe, and he was never to press a proposal forward beyond any very, decided views on the re-formation of the Parliament Bill, but for the complete abolition of the Lords the Black Hundreds, and the struggle a rebellion bordering on revolution to read Mr. Lloyd George's over-reported speeches. Let him resume his normal size and see things as they are. The result can only be to reduce the present dispute to the size of an admittedly ticklish and difficult problem, but one, nevertheless, of manageable proportions. Seen in the absence of the naphtha glare of picturesque but vulgar imagery, the question really admits of a rational discussion in which rights and wrongs are evident and will be generally admitted. * * *

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nor do they apply to statesmen who voluntarily under- take to ripen a question by unseasonable and unpopular advocacy. But to statesmen in office and to their im- mediate critics and advisers, the axioms are unquestion- able; and on this ground we must examine both the question of the establishment of a Second Chamber and the question of its composition. At the risk of in- consistency, we are, on reflection, inclined to regard both problems as not yet ripe for statesmanship, even though the question of the Chamber may be ripe for free discussion. We are not sure, that is, whether in actual practice it will not be found that the minimum rather than the maximum of change in our constitution will not prove sufficient for our immediate needs—and more than sufficient would be too much. Let us suppose that the Lords consent to pass the Parliament Bill without compelling the King to employ his prerogative of creating peers; in other words, that the Lords take example by Wellington and accept defeat with the intention of making the best of it. What need, in that case, will there be to press the re-formatory proposals beyond the point at which the Parliament Bill leaves them? If there were any danger that the Parliament Bill, when passed, might and would be reversed by the Unionists in their next term of office, prudence would dictate drastic changes in the composi- tion as well as in the powers of the Upper House. But if there proves to be no danger, or if another means of protecting the Bill—say, by the Liberals holding office for five years—can be found, why should not the House of Lords be left as it is, subject only to such changes as time and circumstance may determine? * * *

For we contend that not only will the Lords retain ample power in a suspensory veto, but also there has been proved as yet to be no real demand for a recon- structed Second Chamber at all. Even in the form they assumed in Lord Lansdowne's hands, Lord Rosebery's proposals were obviously designed, or at least finally shaped, for electioneering rather than for constitutional consequences. They are not only vague and un- understood, but they have neither been assented to by the whole House of Lords, nor have they been passed through the fire of experience. It is the pride of our constitution that it has grown under the hand of cir- cumstance, and not the crude attempt of Lord Rosebery to improvise a new constitution alien to the national spirit? The Parliament Bill can clearly be shown to be a necessary adjustment of organism to function. With- out some such new growth in constitutional custom the life of Parliamentary institutions had better to be laid on hold, even for nations, that do not want it and would be seriously incommoded by it.

Then, too, there is no agreement arrived at either by discussion or by experience, in the matter of the composition of a Second Chamber. We have ourselves drawn up by way of experiment several schemes of con- stitution. It is comparatively easy, as Carlyle says, to make constitutions, but it is hard to get people to come and live in them. Suppose that the Second Chamber were made, as Democrats no doubt would have to do, on its being made, purely elective, its absurdity, even in theory, is obvious, and it would certainly break down in practice. We utter it as a truth with all the novelty of age: an elected body cannot rise higher than its source. The source of the House of Commons is the people, and the source of an elected Second Cham- ber is the same, both will be of the same height as the people themselves. No means, in fact, exist under a Representative and Popular system of government of ensuring that the mass of Commons is better than the mass of the people who choose them. That is both the merit and the defect of Representative Government: defect, because the wisest can never be chosen; merit, because the only hope of wiser govern- ment is in making a wiser people. The application of all this to the question at issue is this: no elected Second Chamber will be a whit more trustworthy than the First Chamber, whose judgments it would be expected, never- theless, to revise. * * *

Withal, as we say, committing ourselves dogmatic- ally to any definite view, we are therefore not to present the urge to make the postponement of the reconstitu- tion of the Second Chamber until such time as reason or circumstance shall prove it necessary. The breach in tradition would be considerably reduced, if not entirely closed, by leaving the Lords as they are, while modifying their veto under pressure of forty years' clear experi- ence. But the assumption is that the Lords assent to the latter proposal. If there should be any question of their refusing to play the game in the path for rules, the breach in tradition must necessarily be widened until it is unbridgeable by reaction. We hope, however, it will not come to that. If we can carry through the Parliament Bill with the minimum of change in the present order of things, we would gladly do so. It is for the Lords to say whether when they are offered a grat to swallow, they will insist on swallowing a camel. * * *

We shall conclude with one other point which is covered more or less by the considerations already urged. It is a familiar device of people smarting under the exposure of narrow-mindedness to attempt to dis- concert the attack by extravagant professions of liber- ality of mind. The Lords, convinced of opposing a small change in their constitution, have, as we have seen, attempted to meet the charge by proposing changes of a magnitude to make mere Socialists' hair stand on end. Far from objecting, they say, to the revolutionary char- acter of the Parliament Bill, it is its timid conservatism that distresses them. What they offer in place of this tripe is a total new Second Chamber alienated, hereditary, anything you please, with a Refer- endum into the bargain! And a similarly inflated Roland is offered for our little Oliver in the case of Federation and Home Rule. Home Rule for Ireland is by common agreement a piece of legislation for which there is the fullest warrant, both in the opinion of the public and in the experience, legislative and otherwise, of England and of Ireland. It is admitted that the case does not stand where it did in 1886. An ocean of water has flowed under the bridges of the Thames and the Boyne since Gladstone undertook to ripen the question until it became legislatively palatable. Moreover, it is now known, commonly admitted, and tacitly understood that Home Rule for Ireland cannot be much longer delayed. It is as inevitable as anything in our incalcul- able and unprincipled politics. Yet what do we find? No sooner is Home Rule fairly within sight, than all its tardy supporters, led by the hairbrained pseudo-imperial- ists, begin to attach to it demands for Home Rule all round, even for nations that do not want it and would be seriously incommoded by it. * * *

Here again, in our laudable zeal to have something practical to suggest, we have been at great pains to devise a scheme of Federation that would apply, not only to Ireland, but to Scotland and Wales, and, still further, to Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. As a result of our researches we can confidently say that no scheme can be devised to cover half the cases, or a quarter. A Federation that might apply to Canada would not apply to Australia; a federation that applies to Australia does not apply to Ireland; schemes of federation for Ireland and Scotland and Wales are altogether out of the question. Our researches laid bare the impossibility of growth. These callow imperialists with forced fingers have jumped the fire of experience. It is the pride of our life of Parliamentary institutions comes to an end. But out some such new growth in constitutional custom the dangers it might combat are still purely hypothetical. We do not know for certain that the House of Lords even as it is now composed will not, under the new con- driven, with tardy and living in them. Suppose that the Second Chamber were made, as Democrats no doubt would have to do, on its being made, purely elective, its absurdity, even in theory, is obvious, and it would certainly break down in practice. We utter it as a truth with all the novelty of age: an elected body cannot rise higher than its source. The source of the House of Commons is the people, and the source of an elected Second Cham- ber is the same, both will be of the same height as the people themselves. No means, in fact, exist under a Representative and Popular system of government of ensuring that the mass of Commons is better than the mass of the people who choose them. That is both the merit and the defect of Representative Government: defect, because the wisest can never be chosen; merit, because the only hope of wiser govern- ment is in making a wiser people. The application of
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

"Social classes are like nations: they have no longer the right to retain what they have no longer the ability to defend." It was in a recent article by Paul Bourget that I read this sentence, and it was not recalled to me this week by the elections now in progress in the United Kingdom—however applicable it may be to them—but by reading a screed in "Reynold's Newspaper," which tried to show how Democracy was threatened by the fact that the white inhabitants of the United States refused to descend to the level of the blacks. At the same time I was somewhat struck by the perusal of various articles and interviews in several of the American papers dealing with the negro question, which is now coming into special prominence as the result of this year's census. Sufficient information, apparently, is already available to show that, out of 90,000,000 American citizens, some 11,000,000 or approximately one-eighth, are negroes.

Mr. Hector McPherson, the Greco-Scot who wrote in "Reynold's," sees no reason why these negroes should not share all the privileges of the white American, and his view is shared by many people in the northern part of the United States. If only these people who talk and write so glibly about the wrongs of the black man could arrange to live in the Southern States of the Union for a while they would be enlightened. The thinker who, Democrat or otherwise, begins to investigate the negro question will do well to devote his first care and attention to his coloured brother's skull, while the cheek-bones and nose will also repay examination.

The inhabitants of the U.S.A. must now consider a problem such as we in England are entirely unacquainted with. The negroes, wherever they are to be found, belong to an inferior race. In a moment of misguided enthusiasm, however, the northerners engaged in a struggle for the freedom of the slaves, and the result of this is only now beginning to manifest itself. The exceedingly small proportion of negroes who have managed to absorb a certain amount of "white" learning, chiefly, of course, as the result of inter-marriage, need not be taken into consideration here. The negroes as a whole are far below the whites, and the main characteristics are extreme shallowness, superficiality, lack of balance, laziness, and conceit. To give such beings complete liberty, even theoretically, was the greatest mistake ever made in the history of the American continent. How the nigger would lord it over the white man if he could and dared!

What can be done with such people, what the white man's duties towards them are, and what right he has over them, are questions that have been fairly well discussed by Mill. When I bear in mind the pregnant utterances concerning questions of government by men like Frederick the Great, Napoleon, de Tocqueville, and even Bismarck, I naturally hesitate before introducing the name of Mill. Nevertheless, he did say a few things worth repeating. In the "Liberty," for instance, when referring to the right of the individual over his own body and mind, he adds that the doctrine of intellectual independence which he outlines "is meant to apply to human beings in the full possession of their faculties. For the same reason, we may leave out of consideration those backward states of society in which the race itself may be considered as in its nanage. . . . Despotism is a legitimate mode of dealing with barbarians, provided [that] the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end.

Now, judged by any high standards, the negroes are barbarians. Nothing can get over the fact that the attempts hitherto made to educate them to raise them to a higher level might as well not have been tried. This remark applies as much to the negroes in the American States as to those in the Congo. No doubt, after forty thousand years of evolution, the nigger may reach as high a standard as that of the average white man of to-day, just as our Schopenhauers and Wagners are descendants of cave-men and lake-dwellers. But it is to be presumed that the white man will not stand still in the meantime, and, as he is gifted with better capacities for development than the black, it may be supposed with some reason that the distance between the two races will be as vast as before.

Despite all theoretical conceptions of Democracy and the equality of men, the Northern Americans, who pride themselves upon being the greatest Democrats "ever," have come to the conclusion that the nigger must be kept down. Of the various plans suggested with this aim in view, it is safe to say none can be put into practice; but that one will eventually be found is equally evident. Segregation may be impracticable; but in the Southern States, where the negroes are most populous, they may be deprived in theory—i.e., through the Statute Book—of that liberty of which they are at present deprived in practice. To quote Mill again, "there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one." What of Roosevelt?

In the meantime, however, our English writers on Democracy would do well to leave negroes out of the question when discussing the equality, even the theoretical equality before the law, of the human race. Niggers bear about the same relationship to us as the schoolboy does to his master. We must teach them, it is true; but they in their turn must be obedient and must not assume an equality with us. On the other hand, the writers I have in mind should not fall into the mistake made by most English politicians of confusing negroes with other coloured people in the British Empire. A certain section of the Indian Civil Service, to take another instance, the bounder section, is fond of referring to the Hindoos as niggers, and this example is only too often followed at home. The same remark applies to the Egyptian Mohammedans.

I need hardly remind readers of The New Age of the many respects in which Hindoos are superior to us; but there is one respect in which they, too, are schoolboys, viz., in what for want of a better term may be called Imperial government. It would be difficult to surpass the Indian system of village or communal local government, in view of the needs of the country; but it is practically impossible, such is the extreme individuality of the Oriental, to make the various Indian tribes combine against a strong foreign enemy—hence the conquists of the Mohammedans and the Mongols. We Britishes are at present administering India as a whole: it would doubtless surprise most people to know what a large amount of local government is still in the hands of the native politicians of conflagrated India. Can we educate our Hindu and Egyptian schoolboys on this one point?

There are many other issues raised by the nigger question; but I fear I am now at the end of my weekly tether. The matter, however, has never yet been properly discussed; and I shall take an early opportunity of once more raising the question in these columns.
Referendum.
By Wordsworth Donithorpe.

The difference between a sane citizen and a dolt is not that one can make his own shoes while the other cannot: but that one can be trusted to choose his own shoemaker, while the other cannot. Whether he wants good shoes or good laws matters not. Representative government is based on the recognition of this distinction. Measured by this simple test, democracy is good or bad. Democracy, based as it was on the Referendum, compassed the ruin of Athens. All the citizenry assembled into the agora and cast their vote on each project of law on its merits. Surely the making of good laws is at least as difficult as the making of good shoes. Only the most mealy-mouthed mob-sosper will pretend that a crowd of the expertest of stevedores, thatchers and wool-sorters are really qualified to decide rightly between direct or indirect taxation, between one House and two House government between legislative centralisation and decentralisation of political economy—not of the questions which it is now proposed to submit to the arbitrament of the “people.” The solution of the problems is not made easier by giving them homely but ambiguous names, such as Free Trade, Home Rule, Lords’ veto. Nor does the term “necessary” appeal to “provement.” Your hat is re-formed when it is run over by a motor car. I do not know what meaning is attached to the words “tariff” and “veto” by the intelligent least of your readers. The British craftsman in his own department of work is sometimes positively astounding to one who, like myself, has not received his education. How often have I enviably watched young girls in factories, sailors in foul weather, watch-makers, glass-blowers, iron-workers, performing feats which I could not do to save my life? I could probably work out a problem in mechanics better than the average engine-driver, but I should be as much an expert in an experiment of physical science as the average trimmer and dyer, but I do not know what meaning is attached to the words “tariff” and “veto” by the intelligent least of your readers.

The referenda, whether sitting in one house or in two fail to agree, to whom shall the appeal lie? Who shall be the final arbiter? Without hesitation I answer, “The people.” But is not this the Referendum? Let us suppose that the question of what is now called Tariff Reform is submitted to the opinion of the electorate, what form would the question take? We have seen the results of the Referendum in Switzerland, of the Plébiscite in France under Napoleon III, and of the unfortunate Plébiscite in Rome. We are not without guidance. The very words of the Kleons in Athens and of the Grischti in Rome are still ringing in our ears. Also in the interest of the taxpayer the question might take this form: Which kind of taxation is the juster, which is the least impetive of trade, which is the least irritating to the taxpayer, which is the easier and cheaper to collect; in short, which brings in the greater revenue for the least expenditure of national energy? But what form would and must the question take in the fields, in the workshops, in the homes of the people? Let us listen in advance to the canvassers in favour of Tariff Reform. To begin with, the question varies according to the identity of the growing countries of Anglia we hear: “Do you want foreign wheat to lower the price of your produce?” The answer is guessable. “Tell us, you tanners and leather dressers, do you and the cattle breeders wish to see foreign hides on your markets?” “Listen, you down-trodden hop pickers, shall foreign hops be dumped on these shores?” But, now listen to the Free Trade canvasser at Manchester: “Are you willing to pay more for your raw material for the sake of the wheat-farmers of the Downs and Lincolnshire?” And the answer rides in on the wings of the wind: “Wot d’y think?” “Bootmakers of Northampton, do you want cheap leather?” If so, vote for X and Free Trade.” Again, rises the voice of the Protectionist, “Men of Aberdeen, are you content to see foreign granite coming in free while you and your children are starving?” But I need not multiply instances, nor pass from place to place. The upshot is that to make the country would, and will, pass unheeded, and the personal interests only of the electors will be individually weighed. The result of the poll matters little. It is the principle of direct appeal to personal selfishness (or, say, welfare) which is rotten.

When an organism ceases to think as a whole and to act as a whole, when its movements are but the resultant of the wills of the units composing it, that organism is in a state of dyspotism. The only cure of it is to put it on the wheel to choose between two evils, no choice for us between chaos and despotism? Mr. Balfour trembles at the approach of one-House despotism. Mr. Asquith trembles at the apparition of anarchic chaos. Shall we then, put our heads under the bed clothes and await the inevitable? It will, indeed, be a bleak day for England when the people are impaled on one or other horn of this dilemma. But there is no need for it. Let us suppose, for the sake of simplicity, that some members of an elected House of Representatives and a Second House consisting, not necessarily of peers, but of men sitting ex-officio in virtue of merit of men who have worked their way to the top in all the various walks of life. Call this Second Chamber the House of Appeal and Delay. A measure is passed in the House of Representatives by a small majority, which, in the opinion of the House of Appeal, is not in accordance with the will of the people. Ought the House of Appeal to be content with the measure, to throw out the Bill? Certainly not. It should be empowered to say: This Bill must stand over till next election. Perhaps out of a total of several hundred to one thousand, four or five of those political philosophers, the electors of the electorate, prepared to explain to the electorate the true nature of a comet. Are they prepared to explain it to me? There is raging at the present moment among marine boilermakers a dispute as to the best form of boiler to resist internal pressure. When they agree to leave the decision to the gentlemen of the long robe I will consider the advisability of leaving to the electorate some vexed questions of political economy—not of the questions which it is now proposed to submit to the arbitrament of the “people.”
In case it shall appear to the House of Appeal that no intelligent elector can be expected to give a distinct yes or no to more than one Bill, it would have to become law (as it happened in the present and last elections) it should be their duty to disentangle the several questions in suchwise that every voter would know that, in case his own party was successful, his own views on all the questions submitted would be represented by that party. This might make it necessary to shelve certain of the questions for further consideration.

If a suspended Bill again passed the House of Representatives (Commons), the House of Appeal would have nothing to do about it. It would at once become law.

In conclusion, let me repeat what I wrote a quarter of a century ago, and what I am glad to see THE NEW AGE endorses: "A Parliamentary deputy must be a representative and not a mere delegate. By all means let me ask him questions and new Liberalism is on all points of interest; let me thoroughly examine and heckle him; let me choose the candidate most in accord with my own views, but, having taken these precautions, let me send to Parliament, not a telephone, but a man." ("Individualism," page 52.)

In this way we can, I believe, avoid anarchic chaos on the one hand, and Cabinet despotism on the other. The Referendum as at present understood and as practised in the German democracy, i.e. the worst possible form of "government. Cabinet despotism is only one stage better.

The Old Liberal.

By Arnold Bennett.

A FEW days ago there appeared in the "Times" a stately letter from the patrician pen of Mr. Henry Newbolt. The "Times" honoured it, naturally, with large type, but, save in name, the sub-editor stuck it away at the bottom of a column, whereas it ought to have flamed in the forefront of the political intelligence. Mr. Henry Newbolt has doubtless by now the satisfaction of seeing his name in the "Daily Mail" on all points of interest; for his communication to the "Times" his unerring literary instinct led him to choose the "grand variety of literary style. He is dignified, balanced, statesmanlike, above party, above passion—he is August—in his solemn announcement that the old Liberalism is dead, and that the new Liberalism is "disaster, death, and damnation," and that accordingly he endorses the new Liberalism that powerful support which he gave to the Old.

Mr. Newbolt's formidable and indeed unanswerable indictment of the New Liberalism is divided under the following heads:

1. "Vindictive and confiscatory taxation." How childish it would be to argue that all taxation is confiscatory! How guilty should I be of flippancy if I stated that under the form of a tax which every man who can afford a perpendicular crease in his trousers has withdrawals from the new Liberalism that power; for reasons which we partly understand and entirely trust, to go on sharing the burden of a disgrace which he has done nothing to earn." That is to say, he implies, if he does not state, that Sir Edward Grey, convinced that no Liberal but himself could save England from the foreign perils which encompass her, is nobly sacrificing his political convictions and his public honour in order to avert from God's own Englishmen an ignominious destiny.

There will always be rats. There will always be runagates. There will always be recreants who will define their apostacy as patriotism. There will always be poltroons who in the day of battle and the hour of danger will skedaddled, as majestically as their fear permits, crying aloud that they alone have the courage of their convictions. But there is a decent and indecent way of being a rat, a runagante, a recreant, and a poltroon.

Mr. Newbolt is a man of valour. He would have done better to leave Sir Edward Grey out.

The New Liberalism.

The greatest crisis that can be experienced by a nation is the discovery by its active members that law is made by man. It requires no great mental effort to appreciate that man makes the laws, but the laws are apt to be regarded as the mere adjustment and re-adjustment of Rights enjoying a super-political sanction. When the rights of citizens to the exclusive use of the earth and the goods and chattels thereto come to be generally criticised as the result of man-made law, then indeed there is a great thing happening; no more and no less than the social revolution.

Those busied with the philosophical dissection of society have never in recent times had much trouble in understanding that remarkably unsensational aspect of the law, its non-existence apart from its toleration by the majority of the powerful people. The masses are satisfied to do this and that, to touch this and that, to yield over this and that; and the makers of phrases call similar groups of acts and desistances, rights and wrongs. The fear of steel and rack threw the first citizens into the habit of doing inconvenient things for the benefit of others, preferably to testing afresh in every case their powers of personal independence. Substantial advantages accrued to the groups grown into peoples by yielding habitually their free will to others within the group. Sword and fire allied themselves with priestcraft, to add new sanctions to the command of those in power. Habit and super-
sition helped to intrain in the mind of the people that it was, on the balance of convenience, better to obey.

Language did the rest; active thinking brought to manifestation in, for the greater part, the unconscious but readily recognisable forms of political and financial reform. It began with the panic-stricken rich howled like the child at a priests of the Church, for the time being established, being. Our respect for children and beasts is largely from the bodies and minds of the single individuals composing the body politic. This is the one great penalty brought by language; the habit of man has made superstitions as things independent of his own being. Our respect for children and beasts is largely due to their inability to grant reality to abstractions. At considerable expense and discomfort to them, we cure our children at school of this, their superiority, leading them far enough into mental degradation to mottle the word Empire with a capital E and without the article the—but that is another story, as the inventor of "Empire" would say.

Words did the trick; when chieftain or baron or priests of the Church, for the time being established, were not present to threaten with gallows or hell-fire, the abstractions remained, to bend citizens to obedience. Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli non sunt multae canda praeter necessitatem! Who will write us a history of the havoc played by words written with capitals, by those terse political phrases that were easy in the ears of the scribes and the brain-lazy writers and the brain-lazy masses with a being of their own in the Universe, over and above their acceptance by the superstitious individuals?

Thus Rights and Property remained unto this day, worshiped and admired by Sir Robert Peel and Sir Robert Peel's men, consisted of the law of print, unimpeded by that most exclusive of clubs, the British Cabinet, and approximately one-half of the adults of this nation are out on the iconoclastic war-path. Men saw with their own living eye how property was manufactured in the shape of drink-shop monopolies, converted into preference shares and debentures; they admitted that the monopolies had become vested interests sacred even as freehold property in land; they admitted that vested interests, for these were too young to have been lost in that vague mist of sacredness which old age alone can place beyond irreverent intelligence.

The privileged right to poison our brethren with bad whisky and chemical beer would never have been re-taken by this righteous and law-abiding nation had not the man-made origin of that privilege not been so very recent and obvious. The transition from criticism of one species of vested interests to others—the usury-swelled income, the stolen land—might have been too violently sensible a performance for this people, had it not been for the madness of the rich and the fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred Conservative paragraphers and leader-writers are hot-head radicals of the anti-whig persuasion. No true friend of the rich and their Rights would have dragged all the venerable superstition-clad Rights into the front of the fray, identifying St. Property with the cause of uncanonised Beers Licences, letting the former shed his life-blood over the mangled corpse of the latter. This, however, they have done. And obedient to their own hired scribes, the panic-stricken rich howled like the child at a medical aperic, when they were shown the childish forms of political and financial reform. It began with the shrill denunciation of municipal trading in 1805. It continued at every proposal of effective taxation touching Dives, notwithstanding the fact that patient yielders are the sacred cows of the superstitious; with the discovery by the people of the real meaning of Rights. With a trifling effort at patience and self-control, they might have recouped themselves over and over again, without having given away an atom of principle. It so happened that protection had been re-discovered in England and was thoroughly understood by those in the know as the most convenient form of gathering; in, for the few, the growing surplus of national wealth, which is accessible to statesmanship on the prowl for the few against the many. But the glorious plunder in sight of the landlord and the trust-monger lashed their impatient greed into fury. The conservative free-traders were crushed out of existence, and their pre-destined friends, the Whigs, were cheated out of the perspective of a central party of moderate men who might stem the flood of progress, but who would not prevent the mind of the masses being poisoned with cautiously propagated protection. The violence of the champions of Rights and Property drove the Cabinet into the camp of those who challenge the right of abstractions to fetter man. Instead of damming the flood, they damned the consequences.

These are the consequences: liberalism is identified with the creed that no vested interest shall block the way to the material progress of the people. It is the creed of revolution. I do not pretend to predict the course of the revolution, for I do not pretend to gauge the strength of fofuly spent money and sluggishness of understanding; nor that at last I do not see a British Cabinet committed to the idea that the earth and the good things thereon are for the people, and telling the people that they need no longer fear the terrors of respect for vested interests. If they search into the root of vested interests. There is to be no avoidable unpleasantness in the process of correcting the balance of social equities, and there is no official adhesion to any utopian programme for recasting the social structure. Yet there is a fairly common and conscious acceptance of a social creed which takes into account the subjugation of nature by modern science and machinery, and which denies to the present monopolists of the engines of subjugation their claim to a mortgage over all the future.

This creed says that modern nations are increasing the productivity of their means at a rate which exceeds the increase in number of those clamouring for food and shelter and clean clothes. That in former times there was not always enough to go round, but that there is enough for all nowadays, enough to let the poor around them, as it is to a well-fed father to see his child starve. That it is neither nice nor intelligent to commit waste when others are starving. That it is both vulgar and stupid.

Vulgar and stupid is the creed of those wedded to the adoration of Rights. That is perceived even by many, a daily growing number, of men and women in the ranks of the rich. It helps to account for the fact that an astonishing legion among the wealthy, the cultured, the happy, profess with a sincerity which no one is entitled to question, that they are Socialists. The arrogance of wealth and its display offends the fastidious but invidious and has lost the poetic glamour of romance which it possessed, whilst it was thequisite of the strong man only, and preserved for so astonishing a period after money had replaced muscle as the one great weapon in the struggle for existence.

None but the very callous can remain blind to the fact that every phase of abundance has a necessary correlative, under the existing conditions of society, in some stupidity unnecessary, some tension of want and misery. The glorious person of the young aristocrat in her delicious furbelows and sables, calls forth a vision of the rag-headed hag under Charing Cross bridge. The well-balanced woman who beholds a well-to-do home reminds you of the bowed, grey-haired man in the sweater's den. And when the rouged dowager caresses her lap-dog en route for Egypt, can you dispel the thought of the shivering slim-child that would live
The Courage of Youth.

I stood upright in the cold light of the moon and I felt my youth break a little.

Youth, jewel of life and of love, pierced with bitter gleams of prophecy! You hold always a grip on the skirts of tragedy.

Youth is not conscious till it dies a little. It is the courage given a man with life and it dies slowly, inch by inch, from the day of his birth.

No man may hoard his youth. The miser turns a key on its treasure, thinking himself wise; by so much is the jewel dimmed. It is too late in the day to stifle these heresies with learning the truth, I took my way almost joyfully, bearing sadness with me, but a very tolerable sadness.

# The Omar Khayyam Club.

Men say that bankers and logrolling keep The Omar Khayyam Club one degree deep;
And Fitz, that great translator,—the same ass
Brays o'er his head, but does not break his sleep.

The Quatrains of the English Cloud.

Persia has produced greater poets than Omar Khayyam, though no one of them has inspired so great a translator as Fitzgerald. It was from the lips of a Persian poet that an English poet many years ago heard the following tale.

Mahmoud of Ghuzni, the invader of India, desired that his reign should be rendered glorious by poetry, and offered a rich reward for a Persian Aeneid. The chief of the court poets, Unsari, who was pointed out as the probably successful candidate, lay all night in a garden of a wayside tavern with two of his comrades, when they saw coming towards them along the road, a dust-laden traveller. One of the poets said:—

"This boor must not be suffered to intrude himself into our conversation. Courtesy forbids us to order him away; but, if he sits down beside us, let us begin to cap rhymes. Then, when he fails to keep up with us, he will be ashamed, and go away."

The stranger cried, and put himself at the common table. Thereupon one of the poets proposed to begin capping rhymes. The wayfarer offered no objection; and the poet, to make assurance doubly sure, began with a word to which there were only two other rhymes in the Persian language. (This word is to be unknown to the English scholars who have retailed the story). Each of the three friends introduced one of the rhymes in turn, and then they paused, expecting the stranger to retire in confusion. Without a moment's hesitation he completed the quatrain with a name that the others had never heard:—

"Like the javelin of Jiw in the battle with Poshan."

The unknown was Firdausi, who, in his native village had come across a copy of an ancient and forgotten history of Persia, the Bastan Nameh, full of the myths and legends of the foreworld; and now, having heard of Mahmoud's offer, he had come up to the capital, all obscure and friendless, to compete for the prize.

Unsari and his companions were not members of the Omar Khayyam Club, but gentlemen. Overjoyed at the discovery of a greater poet than themselves, they took him by the hand and brought him to Mahmoud, by whom he was commissioned to write the Shah Nameh, Persia's greatest work.

Years after he had heard that story from his Persian colleague, that English poet found his way to London. He, too, was obscure and friendless; he, too, believed himself entitled to such admission to the society of those who cared, or professed to care, for poetry. The Omar Khayyam Club was under the same roof. It was, as it was, one of the best advertised clubs of its kind in England. The wayfarer knew nothing of its rules or constitution. He judged it by its name, and its advertisements. It appeared to be distinguished from the Shakespeare Society and the Dante Society and other associations of dunces for the purpose of dishonouring living genius under pretence of honouring the dead, chiefly by the word "club." That part of its name suggested that it was something better than a meeting of ill-dressed women to listen to extension-lecturing prigs. Its whole name suggested that the convivial element was not quite absent from its gatherings, and that a literary element was distinctly present.

Its name committed it to something more. The club might have been called the Tennyson Club or the Alfred Austin Club. It was called after a Persian poet, and the traditions of Persian poetry are noble, as has been seen. The English poet was familiar with these traditions, as he had long been with the Rubaiyat. Was it strange that he should have believed it possible that in snobbish England, in genius-hating London, in the very purleus of the streets, there could flourish a genuine Omar Khayyam club, a real brotherhood of poets, or of genuine lovers of Persian poetry—or any other?

Alas! he had been hypnotised by the story of his
Persian friend. He was a poet, moreover,—one of that cre- 20 dentulous and blighted tribe that goes about the world seeing oyads in trees, nymphs in the running brooks, and Unnstri in cloths.

He wrote to the secretary of the Omar Khayyam Club, inquiring if the test of membership resembled that offered by Unsari to Firdausi.

The secretary of the Omar Khayyam Club proved to be a respectable bank-manager, author of a pretentious epilogue of Spencer entitled, "The Story of Creation," wherein he has since amused the readers of "The New Word." It is probable that the allusion offered by Unsari to Firdausi.

More certain that had he been present in the wayside Persian garden, he would have asked Firdausi for referring—banker's references—and watched carefully to see whether he ate peas with his knife. The discovery that he could write better poetry—we apologise—better popular treatises on Materialism than bank-managers can achieve, would have ensured Firdausi's prompt extinction.

Such, if we are rightly informed, was the effective purport of his reply to the friendless poet. The would-be intruder on the managerial revels was informed that the Omar Khayyam Club was a private society—private, ye gods of Fleet Street!—composed of mutual friends; and dismissed with a bow to the dusty highway.

Such was the Omar Khayyam Club afoot since; such, to all appearance, it is to-day, whether the same financial spirit presides over it or no. Its latest advertise-ment promised its members the enjoyment of an exclusive audience. The Club is to be congratulated cordially on its policy,—and, in the circumstances, we can well understand why the Press forbore to charge its usual rates.

It may be a satisfaction to these exclusive yet modest financiers to be assured that The New Age has no intention of seeking to invade their cloistered solitude, and drag forth their concealed masterpieces from the security of the bank safe. Our reviewers are admirers of Omar Khayyam.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

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Does American football symbolise the impetuosity of a people who have not yet mastered the art of sport without naive and barbarous confusion? Is American foot- ball an absurd effort to reach the sublime in the world of sport? All games are supposed to possess an art. In many of them, especially the most civilised, the art is long and difficult and can only be mastered by patience and intelligence combined with much practice. In the higher games the sports contain a mixture of mental and brute force. A prize-fight is the lowest of all forms of sport; it symbolises an art-intelligence as crude as that of the Stone Age. To the eye of the multitude the lower forms of sport are at once the easiest and the most flattering; but when the flush of enthusiasm dies down, the crude things are the most popular, not only with the masses, but with the so-called classes; for in America football is indulged in by the first universities of the country, and is more fashion- able than the drama. The psychology of this game goes to unexplored depths.

Deep down, embedded in the secret processes that lie beneath the exterior of the game, there resides a crude will surging up towards an expression of the sub-
waving, moving, and jumping about; the bull dashes among them, and the matador rather to places of safety; but the picadores once more prick the animal, and the first scene of the fearful drama is again enacted.

And now, if the day be propitious for a display of transcendental horror, something like this will happen: The bull, harassed by one of the picadores, plants, with a furious rush, both horns full into the body of the horse, and horse and rider are lifted and carried a distance of fifteen or twenty paces. The shock of this sangrent mass arriving against the grille bends the stoutest bars. If, during this awful transport, the picador should fall on the side of the bull he is lost, but the picador saves himself in the nick of time by clutching at the grille and hoisting his body above the horse's head. The actor, who has spread terror and panic among the assembly.

It is now the innings of the banderilleros. These come on foot with their little darts, which they first direct at the shoulders of the bull. If the animal responds to this first attack, other banderillas are inserted in various other places and the bull enters on a new phase of the ever-progressing drama. But if the bull receives the darts standing still, refusing to attack, the people shout for "More darts!" that is, darts tipped with petards which explode on the back of the bull and emit a suffocating odour. The spectators are now seized with a new order of excitement, for the corrida, like gridiron football, was invented to give impresion, sensational sensations, sensations that stop the beating of the heart and take the colour from the cheeks of the most robust. The fight goes on, and in due time, neither too soon nor too late, the last part of the bloody drama arrives.

A deathly silence now envelops the multitude. The matador has stepped forward alone, like Lucifer in an amphitheat-re of fallen angels, and with a sang froid that amazes the bull, begins a deft and dangerous series of manoeuvres right in front of the animal. At last man and beast face each other in silence, without a movement. The spectators hold their breath. The matador, choosing the psychological moment, deftly drives his long blade into the neck of the bull just behind the ear, and the bull drops on his knees and falls over dead.

Not the least among these scenes of awe and horror is that of the entrance of the mules to haul away the carcasses after the battle. They enter at a gallop and harass the bull, the actor's ears are assailed by a pandemonium of whistles, derisive shouts, opprobrious darts tipped with petards which explode on the back of the bull and emit a suffocating odour. The spectators are now seized with a new order of excitement, for the corrida, like gridiron football, was invented to give impression, sensational sensations, sensations that stop the beating of the heart and take the colour from the cheeks of the most robust. The fight goes on, and in due time, neither too soon nor too late, the last part of the bloody drama arrives.

The rôle of matador itself contains within its limits the possibilities of infinite risks and marvellous feats of agility, with acts of daring and courage that send the multitude delirious with acclamations of joy. A corrida expresses the whole gamut of physical sensations and mental emotions, beginning with a musical pageant, and ending with a death of a score of animals. (It is easy to forget the characters.) Their part in the drama, indeed, appealed irresistibly to the unemployed mind. The method was simple. Dirt, poverty and alcohol were the material ingredients. Ever-present dirt supplied the necessary sepia background. Poverty offered the motive for three hours of clutching speculation as to the fortunes of the characters. Alcohol, embracing psychological cause and effect with superb catholicity, assisted the matador to stagger forward a few steps when the action threatened to halt; an immemorial stage device. At the same time, it added local colour. Lastly, an infusion of revolutionary thought, borrowed conveniently from a Social Democrat leaflet, provided the all-important "tendency," and enabled the author to flatter himself that he had joined the ranks of the moderns and was delivering a message to his age. Dirt, poverty, alcohol, "tendency,"—there is the content of the facetious slum tragedy, the drama of the street urchin which has cursed the stage of Europe for a generation.

And the characters? I had forgotten them. (It is so easy to forget the characters.) Their part in the affair was comparatively unimportant. They were determinist puppets, unhappy victims of heredity and
environment. Their speech was a dialect, and their functions be met with the names of the tendency. Thus those were conceived by their authors, and thus they lived through their brief existence. Their lament completed, they withdrew into a corner and perished modestly in accordance with the programme. This theatrical manoeuvre, devoid of form, beauty or inspiration, became known as "realistic tragedy." At best it was only a cinematicographic genre picture, at worst a laboured whine.

I write, of course, only of the minor followers of the "realist" drama—mainly Heijermans and Strindberg—were concerned with something more than that "realistic method of a conscientious transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible," which, as Meredith protested, "is mainly accountable for our present braunfulness, and for that prolongation of the vasty and the noisy, out of which, as from an undrained fen, stems the malady of sameness, our modern malady." They perceived more in life than a desert of the actual, and reflected the perception in their work; removing themselves thereby from the region of schools and definitions. That is the distinction of the pioneer. His part is not first to create the inevitable and then to bewail its inevitability, as thousands before and after him have done, but by original treatment to show a way of escape. Any morbid person can exhibit suffering men and women upon the stage; only the poet can make their suffering tragic.

There remain among the camp followers of modern realistic drama those whose individuality saves them from becoming lost in the crowd, even though they break no new ground. One of them is the Dutch dramatist Heijermans, a master of the genre picture and (what is rare among his school) an accomplished stage craftsman. His work has all the familiar characteristics of the older naturalism; dialect speech and a minutely detailed study of proletarian life; a certain intentional colourlessness here and there, destined to startle the over-civilized, and perhaps to challenge the censorship; a revolutionary bias, sentimental rather than virile, and much vehement denunciation of society, for the most part ill-expressed; lack of character in the figures sketched out with naive generalizations; but among all these false notes the truer ring of that home-bred philosophy which springs, like folk-song, from every-day action and observation of the common things of life, harvest and full nets of fish, wind and sky and sea, opinions, indeed, matter little. There are some few people to whom a revolutionary conception becomes real by experience, and who are able at the same time to express it; but from the figures of realistic drama such expression comes unconvincingly, in the stilted language of an author who ceases to create in the effort to dictate. Hauptmann understood this dilemma when he wrote "The Weavers!" and although he took the side of the strikers through-out the play he made the dramatic motive only a blind upheaval, meaningless to the cold-blooded observer, criminal in the eyes of the "moderate man," foolhardy to the experienced politician, but superb and wonderful as a symbol of an upward striving and a momentary realisation of the common desire.

Heijermans followed him in "Op Hoop van Zegen" (The Good Hope), and reduced the social conflict to banality, while he increased its theatrical force by firmer technique of construction. The play is named "a sea-piece in four acts," and passes in a Dutch fishing village. A shipowner sends out a leaky trawler, "The Good Hope," knowing her to be unsavoury (and therefore cheap) and on dewy mornings only. The ship is wrecked in a storm, and husbands, lovers and children are lost. That is all. From the social standpoint a fatal skirmish in the guerilla warfare of exploiters and exploited. The weapons are unfairly chosen, however, and here lies a weakness. The author has come out of the same way to say that shipowners are unscrupulous scoundrels, and fishermen their unfortunate victims. The bias contributes nothing to drama, and makes the tragedy no more impressive. Good ships, as well as bad, may perish in a storm; and for the fisherman the sea itself is the world of fate. As one of the characters (forgetful for a moment of the instances) says: "We take the fish, and God takes us." (The survival of the fittest?) Here is a conception more fruitful of great drama than a passing advantage upon one side or the other in the conflict of employers and employed, and the power of the "The Good Hope" rests not in that conflict, one-sided as it is, but in the portrayal of the fisherfolk themselves at grips with life and death. A boy is dragged away to sea against his will, and is heard of no more except as "Berend Vermeer, aged 19," in the list of the drowned. His brother sinks in the same ship, and leaves a girl with an unborn child. The women and old men huddle together in a cottage, fearful of the storm, and tales of the sea are told in the dark; of men overboard torn by sharks, of wrecks on the Dogger Bank, of ships long overdue and months of expectation ending in despair. A gale of wind and rain whistles through the play, sweeping the decks of life, tossing men out into the unknown. That is the power of Heijermans.

In "Ora et Labora" he turns to the peasantry, starv-ing upon the banks of a frozen canal in winter—a genre picture again, dull grey as a December evening. "I wish," says Hauptmann, "that old bargain, 'why then the Lord made the winter. . . . the birds fly away and the beasts burrow. . . . they're better off than men.' That's queer. How comes it that the worms sleep and the swallows fly south, while we haven't even a warm room above ground? Why in thunder does the Lord make water and earth hard as stone?" So the play runs on. There is no work, no warmth, no food. One figure after another comes from the hut or the frost-bound canal with the same lament. The last cow dies of disease in an outhouse, and its throat is cut so that it can be sold to the butcher. The father of the family sells it for a few shillings, and returns home drunk. His son Eelke enters the army as a last resort, and works himself to colonial service in the West Indies for six years, leaving Systske, the girl he was to marry. Her first month's pay saves the family from the workhouse. Systske refuses to forgive him, and the old peasants are left squabbling over the money he has brought. Again—that is all. A pitiful story, told as well as may be.

These two plays, with "Ghetto," a tragedy of the Jewish quarter in a Dutch city, contain the best work that Heijermans has done. They reveal no very powerful personality; a kindly disposition but a commonplace intellect; sincere revolutionary conviction without enough creative force to translate it into terms of life; a fine sense of stagecraft, but no skill in the art of the Dutch masters, but lack of colour; stagecraft without inevitability. Such a playwright, straggling in the rear, carries the power of "The Good Hope" in his person. Tolstoy became a preacher, Strindberg a mystic; Hauptmann and Gorky are lost in byways. Heijermans still perseveres, but no matter how many leagues he may cover, he can go no further. The world is turning in the opposite direction.

A PAGAN'S TESTAMENT.

When these tired eyes are closed in that long sleep Which is the deepest and the last of all,
Shroud not my limbs with purple funeral pall,
Nor mock my rest with vainest prayers, nor weep;
But take my ashes where the sunshine plays
Across the pageant of the world's life, the white,
And there, when stars peep from black pools at night,
Let the wind scatter them. And on the days
You wander by those meadow pools again,
Think of me then; I shall be a part
Of earth—naught else. And if you see the red
Of western skies, or feel the clean soft rain,
Or smell the flowers I loved, then let your heart
Beat fast for me, and I shall not be dead.

THOMAS MOULT.
I wish you could be more practical in your deductions from your doctrine of will.

But you have only The New Age readers to overhear you, and they are few and discreet; and not all of them read your opinions.

First, that as they might be, and yet not so few that I do not wish them more. Though why should I? It is a pure vanity.

But have you any practical deductions really? Two only, if you will believe me; but I hesitate even to name them.

Out with them! Nobody will mind in these days. What are they?

In sum they amount to this: that nobody shall be born who is not wanted; and nobody shall live who desires to be dead.

That does not sound very terrifying. What are the horrific consequences?

First, that you disseminate among all marriageable persons the knowledge and means of prevention; secondly, that you provide easy and certain means of suicide to all persons of responsible age.

Now: you are saying something. Then I am afraid I have been indiscreet. Nothing should ever be said ---

Nonsense, let us risk the discussion. It may prove unnecessary.

And you consider these reasons good and final?

I am inclined to do so unless you have anything to say to the contrary.

You invite me to be frank? Then I reply by first denying your assumption that I am taking. You assume that the free use of the means would bring the race to an end.

Indeed, it would.

What is bad. Meantime, I would say that Society is runner and symbol, namely, the humane man. When I see Society as an entity acting towards its fellows with as much intelligence and wisdom as one gentleman acts towards another, I shall be ready to take its word on what is good and what is bad.

Meantime, I would say that Society is too stupid to know whether quantity of population is the best means of avoiding the effects of excess or whether some of us believe, a more direct way. The last authority on the race is the race.

But you do not deny that the race has managed to survive with all its stupidity. Your method might endanger its very existence. Indeed, it would.

If you are so sure that, given the free means of prevention, our generation would not create its successor, you are already not only a pessimist, but worse. You would willingly see a generation that has found life such a failure that it would gladly, if it could, save its dearest friends (namely, its posterity) from deformity and mischance or downright de-bauchery.

In sum they amount to this: that nobody shall be born; the other half is of those who do not desire to remain alive. But of that proposition of mine we have never spoken.

But is not Society's instinct probably wise in encouraging numbers and quantity on the assumption that quality alone will survive?

Society's instinct is still in an elementary form, with no brains except diffused thinly through its carcases, and without any authority whatever for its real prototype. Fortress runner and symbol, namely, the humane man. When I see Society as an entity acting towards its fellows with as much intelligence and humanity as one gentleman acts towards another, I shall be ready to take its word on what is good and what is bad.

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Meantime, I would say that Society is too stupid to know whether quantity of population is the best means of avoiding the effects of excess or whether some of us believe, a more direct way. The last authority on the race is the race.

You do not deny that the race has managed to survive with all its stupidity. Your method might endanger its very existence. Indeed, it would.

If you are so sure that, given the free means of prevention, our generation would not create its successor, you are already not only a pessimist, but worse. You would willingly see a generation that has found life such a failure that it would gladly, if it could, save its dearest friends (namely, its posterity) from deformity and mischance or downright de-bauchery.

In sum they amount to this: that nobody shall be born; the other half is of those who do not desire to remain alive. But of that proposition of mine we have never spoken.

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CHAPTER VII.

Concerning, mainly, the passions as toys for the great god Chance to fool with.

"How invariably," Mynheer observed, "that notion that a man is made by bloodthirst and revengfulness even in those who have suffered through him. So far as I can judge, friends, not the least of our own concern is to avoid injuring De Villiers." "True," Du Toit replied, "we do not want to hurt a madman. But trust me, I shall catch him with my lasso. There will be no need even to shoot at his legs." Potgieter, who was examining his lantern, exclaimed at that (he had hawk's eyes in a round fat face, with a patriarchal beard, and as everyone there knew, was the best shot that a man is mad allays bloodthirst and revengefulness)

"I'll die in your cave first!" "Sir," said Mynheer, "forgive us this unintentional violence and do say where is De Villiers." "I want no braggarts' blandishments," Rogers replied, "I am really Myburgh. I detest them. They're as bad as a wacht een beekje. They want a boy after nothing but seven girls, and here am I,Sir, surely you will assist us to rescue your friend the Professor. I wish you had them," Smuts exclaimed. "Ja, it sounds as if everybody is dead already," Smuts returned. But as they ran forward, a dark body slunk out of the gate and darted round the barricade. The lasso went faster and drew tight against the running figure, and pulling, pulled forth a wicked-looking, little, sandy-haired gentleman. His teeth were very prominent and his bluish eyes had a deep mark between them where evidently spectacles were used to lie across the bridge of his nose. "The man is evidently mad," Mynheer immediately cried, "it's the wrong one."

"Ah," Rogers persisted, "as I said, everybody is in it—if you're asking English, too—it's shameful! Do not imagine I will assist you. Go on—do what you like." Mynheer explained to the rest that here was a stubborn ox that had had a bad fright. "We must get into the house at once," Smuts declared. "The horse and saddle are gone, and presumably De Villiers took them; but what about the Professor and the unknown captive? He couldn't surely have thrown them over! Good God! I'll shake that fool into sense, but he shall tell me something. They all rushed out. Mr. Pilet having got round behind the barrels. "Come out!" Mynheer shouted. "Give me your spectacles, thief!" Rogers replied. Just then Smuts picked them up and wiped them. "I thank you," Rogers said impressively. "I will remember this in your favour, fellow." Smuts happened to know no English. Mynheer then said more calmly than he had intended: "Sir, surely you will assist us to rescue your friend the Professor?" "My friend the Professor will, I am happy to believe, never again foist his ridiculous theories upon the Society. I fancy even that gullible body will demand the resignation of a self-confessed brigand."

At that Mynheer, a good wit, jumped! "Ha!" he now exclaimed, "so the Professor has joined us! Bully, bulls, bully! Our band at last boasts a man of science! But you, sir, are you not as good a man as he? Come in along with your friend. The game is everything for nothing!" "Outlaw, save your breath!" returned Rogers, "and name no more in my presence your rascally confederacy. He was never a copy friend, he is now, not even my fellow citizen." Mynheer smiled and remarked: "Can malice, indeed, so much obscure reason? Well, friends, I think we may ease our minds. I fancy there is more of a joke in this than any serious mischief. Let us be in and have a wink at De Villiers' store, they helped themselves to De Villiers' store, Mynheer gave them his impression of the whole affair as a prodigious jest against Rogers. "The man is evidently mad with envy and hate of the Professor, and although I should say that the Professor has gone too far, yet,
since he is my guest, perhaps you will forgive the trouble he has put you to. " Eh, Potgieter; eh, Smuts? " They turned, and presently Smuts began to laugh. "Allamachtig!" Du Toit shouted, "he's had us all!" Then the exuberant laughter of the seven picked men rent Rogers' ears, and he shivered, and, rising upon tip-toe, so as to make no noise, he passed, with a look that he thoroughly round the bend, and then he set off running beside the precipice, braving, like many a lesser philosopher, the real danger to avoid the quite imaginary.

A crowd was waiting still at the bottom of the Pass, and those first to descry some person coming down flew to meet him. Now, when Rogers found himself shaking hands with a very familiar acquaintance, and looking into the blinking, but English, eyes of the stammering member, somehow his fancy forsook him, though precisely as his vision of a brigandised Professor departed, resentment grew at the trick he believed to have been devised against him. We will pass it all over, since this history will know poor Rogers no more. Mrs. Myburgh, who had driven across with all her party, except Dorothea, for she lay sleeping, spent hours in soothing the little gentleman. He told a moving story of blows and imprisonment, while the Professor and the unknown captive made merry with the innkeeper in the adjoining room, of hearing the horses brought out, and then of his cruel loneliness while his shoulders ached in the gloom. And at last everybody agreed that it was too bad of the Professor. Mynheer, returning, told nobody but Mrs. Myburgh about Rogers' spite and folly; but the rest of the district roared with the story of rest on the wind-smitten grass like the rest of the slain, And at last everybody agreed that it was too bad of the Professor. Mynheer, returning, told nobody but Mrs. Myburgh about Rogers' spite and folly; but the rest of the district roared with the story of rest on the wind-smitten grass like the rest of the slain.

Dorothea, awakened by the dawn, arose to set about the disenchantment of Dota Filjee. "Even," said she, "if I have to give myself three thousand lashes to undo what Mr. Rogers has done for me, I'll do it!" All this while she was dressing and now, all ready, she ran out to find the unknown captive made merry with the innkeeper in the adjoining room, of hearing the horses brought out, and then of his cruel loneliness while his shoulders ached in the gloom. And at last everybody agreed that it was too bad of the Professor. Mynheer, returning, told nobody but Mrs. Myburgh about Rogers' spite and folly; but the rest of the district roared with the story of rest on the wind-smitten grass like the rest of the slain.

The breezes shall comb my tangled hair,
And in her tangled arms wasted the glory of things untamed that know the joy of pain,
For the black earth shall take me again,
And the cold should lull me to rest on the bosom of sleep.

"Talk, monkey!" shouted Witvoet. "That's my horse," she cried, "and this is my maid. She has been bewitched." "Allamachtig!"

"Tell the ladies and gentlemen if YOU will marry me." And when the snow is clean and white and deep
And the cold should lull me to rest on the bosom of sleep.
While in the gloom flashed by the cold moon's beam
Doras Filjee, with the look of a wild cat, said, "I'm a woman as I want to see my educated monkey?"

"For what more disagreeable enchantment could be devised against him. We will pass it all over, precisely as his vision of a brigandised Professor departed, resentment grew at the trick he believed to have been devised against him. We will pass it all over, precisely as his vision of a brigandised Professor departed, resentment grew at the trick he believed to have been devised against him. We will pass it all over, precisely as his vision of a brigandised Professor departed, resentment grew at the trick he believed to have been devised against him.

"I will be pure as they.

"Not as man, for I too should smell of the earth and the clew,
Nor there should the Cyprian's darts draw nigh,
But I would lie at night beneath the sky,
That feared me, as one fears a brother;
For the black earth shall take me again,
And the cold should lull me to rest on the bosom of sleep.

"Goodbye, friends." She then mounted Aster, and, taking Witvoet's bridle, led him, with Dota Filjee, red, said the crowd, as a tomato, away towards the open veld, and soon our damsels had left the town behind them.

(To be continued.)

HIPPOLYTUS.
By W. Stanley Eames.

There are bright streams that leap from the mountains,
There are moss-clad places of birth for the tinkling fountains;
There are rocks that front the wild sea-spray,
And the cold should lull me to rest on the bosom of sleep.

"I would be pure as they.

"Not as man, for I too should smell of the earth and the clew,
Nor there should the Cyprian's darts draw nigh,
But I would lie at night beneath the sky,
That feared me, as one fears a brother;
For the black earth shall take me again,
And the cold should lull me to rest on the bosom of sleep.

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And the cold should lull me to rest on the bosom of sleep.

There are rocks that front the wild sea-spray,
There are moss-clad places of birth for the tinkling fountains;
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

By Jacob Tonson.

The title of Mr. Laurence Jerrold's book on France (or, rather on Paris), "The Real France" (Lane, 5s. net), is audacious; immensely more audacious than the book itself. I am not going to question Mr. Jerrold's experience and knowledge of Paris, which unquestionably surpass my own. Nor should I care to deny that his intelligence is much higher than that of the average Paris correspondent. But he has passed through a terrible and possibly disastrous experience. He is one of the correspondents of the "Daily Telegraph," and for many years he has been partly responsible for the Paris Day by Day columns in that singular newspaper. Nothing more crudely and monotonously journalistic than "Paris Day by Day" ever came out of Fleet Street. It gives about as faithful an idea of Paris as meditation upon the difficulties of his situation has apparently produced in him a state of ironic disillusion which is not disagreeable. He writes like a man who is deeply bored, but whose conscientiousness is indestructible. He does his job grimly. "The Real France" does not consist of readable extracts from "Paris Day by Day" but the "speakers" suit him all over it and all through it, pervading it like a doubtful odour. The greater part of the book is reprinted from hall-crown reviews—such as the "Contemporary"—and its origin is in every line of it. Some pages are even admirable specimens of "Paris Day by Day"—for example, the first of the chapters entitled "Strikes and Alarums." The fault of the whole is tired irony does not sufficiently relieve. In the course of his book, Mr. Jerrold makes it obvious to the discerning that he is not speaking the whole of his mind. But in the essays on literary subjects he unfortunately discloses that the literary sense has been denied him. His admiration for the modern French stage is really disconcerting, and it is apparently quite personal and genuine. He calls the satire of Oscar Wilde "delicate"! He even goes so far as to say that the stage instinct of Henry Bernstein was not equalled in the nineteenth century! Such judgments establish silence. They are unfit to be argued about. They make one feel a little sad, on half of Mr. Jerrold, and more than a little angry with M. Faguet. He admits that he has been worrying himself to achieve infantile condescension of his own personality. He may be compared to Professor Legouis' work on Chaucer. A stout volume of some 450 pages, full of scholarship and of English quotations. M. Koszul insists on proving that Shelley is the representative romantic spirit in poetry. His views are often more suggestive than convincing. The next monument of French critical erudition to be erected to English genius is Professor Legouvi's work on Chaucer.

Another book on love! It is by Emile Faguet (Academician), who has recently been making himself acutely ridiculous by stating at length that critical opinion may be as unanimous as it likes about the greatness of Baudelaire's poetry—but he remains as convinced to-day as he was thirty years ago that Baudelaire is only a third-rater. M. Faguet is by profession a literary critic, but he resembles our own greatest literary ladies. He talks about the classics, and knows broadly what he ought to think, he is not so bad, and is even quite readable. Also he has a certain harsh commonsense and wise understanding of life itself, which endears him to the modern and distinguishes his vicious taste in letters. His book on love takes the form of a "Commentaire du discours sur les passions de l'amour" (Bernard Grasset, 3fr. 50c.). This "discourse" has been and still is attributed to Pascal—not without considerable plausibility. M. Faguet's commentary is lengthy, and it provides a readable guide to his own personality. He may be compared to Professor George Saintsbury. Were it permitted to a Scottish University professor to talk freely about love, Mr. Saintsbury could, I am convinced, produce something quite as good and quite as piquant as M. Faguet.
REVIEWS.

By J. E. Barton.

Clayhanger. By Arnold Bennett. (Methuen. 6s.)

After several light excursions and one alarum of a neo-spiritualistic turn, Mr. Arnold Bennett here harks back to the manner of his big, serious work, "The Old Wives' Tale." In two senses this book is even more ambitious. As the first of a contemplated trilogy of novels, it implies in the author a conscious maturity and range of synthopic power which hitherto, with his irrepressible ardour in experiment, he has not so definitely asserted. And it implies also, by its recognition of matter and scene, a very deliberate cult of patient realism; a cult which I call ambitious, because it is the hardest path a novelist can tread, and a form of art which creates, as of set purpose, many of the difficulties which it has to conquer. No doubt all forms of art in a measure exhibit this principle, but realism of the "Clayhanger" sort exhibits it peculiarly.

"The Old Wives' Tale" was a realistic novel, and it dealt with life in the Five Towns; but Paris, too, was drawn upon for an important share in the book's atmosphere, and even Italy of itself there were one or two startling incidents (startling, I mean, in the popular sense of that word) such as meet an artist halfway in his search for what is romantically incongruous, vivid.

The characters in "Clayhanger," moreover, to which that novel owes so much, had a touch of native distinction and spriitliness which defined her for the draughtsmen's hand and enhanced the iron pathos of her career.

In choosing his material for "Clayhanger," Mr. Bennett has willfully (or by audacious instinct) discarded such advantages, and nothing will persuade me that this is not a dangerous course, even for the most perceptive realists. In our young days we all chanted the maxims that beauty lurks in the eye of the artist, that no sort or scene of life is dull if really apprehended, that romance (fundamentally) is universal.

Excellent, no doubt; and extremely true as corrective of popular preconceptions in the sphere of art. But subject after all does count, even for the realist. The ancient tragic writers obeyed a sound intuition when they felt that some elevation, some more than average, was requisite in persons and passions selected to furnish forth a tragedy. No doubt we have moved rightly, and with the spirit of science, in coming to perceive that such elevation and such force are the property of no single class or environment; but it remains, I think, that the capacities that are assets in life are an asset which no delineator of life can concede to his own function.

The probable truth is that this modern notion of art is only the aesthetic obverse of a quite ephemeral "scientific" phase through which the world has been passing.

The vision of life frustrate, conceived by the realists as art's purest expression, is really as much a matter of "the age we live in," as any other artefact of the modern artist's conception of his own function. Mr. Bennett here is founded on a rock, superior to the sands of time and evolution.

The probable truth is that the realist is the artist to express just what is in him; to paint life soberly or gloriously, nobly or despondently, according as he feels life. To view life from outside, neither for God nor for His enemies, and to choose such material as one may treat without bias one way or the other, is no more the essence of art than it is the essence of fighting or feeding. There may be of course be artists who genuinely are thus apathetic in their view of life as men, and consequently possess (strange virtue!) the power of making their apathy interesting to us, because it corresponds with a mood which even the confirmed idealist has experienced often enough.

Mr. Bennett, however, does not belong to this supposed type. Fine spirits touched to fine issues are the things which most enthral him in actual life, I am convinced. Let him narrow us if he can, and I find that he may be more nauseous than any murder; but let him give us creatures that strive and cry, strong dreams and long-drawn revolts, real despairs and illuminations.

Restrain, as a virtue for youthful writers, is well enough; but in the name of restraint grave crimes of omission may be perpetrated by men of great talent.

I have heard the remark that in "Clayhanger" Mr. Bennett has covered old ground, that a good deal of the substance is become second-hand. This criticism I do not accept; taken yard by yard, I find no loss of quality in the stuff. Nevertheless, I am aware of what the critic really meant. He was uttering the desire I have tried to explain; the desire that larger motives and conflicts should engage the pen of a writer so obviously capable of confronting them. Hilda, of whose soul we see the tawny illumination from the central figure of the next book. Her strangeness and repressed power, sparingly suggested in "Clayhanger," are capable of confagurations. She reads Crashaw.

One is hopelessly bound to hamper one's hero. Perhaps by the time this trilogy is complete we shall see Mr. Bennett flie through the shackles of what is no better than an artistic preconception. His freedom (despite his modern intellectualty) from every sort of didactic and priggishness, is the best of all reasons for demanding that he shall give us life in a more heroic mould.

Realist in the true sense he will always be, by instinct. With the false do-trine of realism, which inspires aversion from full-blooded emotions and a groundless fear of melodrama, he can safely dispense.
By Mrs. Malaprop.

Mary Magdalen. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

Well! There are some things that the soul can't stomach, and blasphemy was always my pet inversion! To make a chit of a yellow-haired-no-better-than-she should be accepted as our blessed Lord's death and resurrection! Absolutely. And if anyone doubts that I am compressing the bare truth when I say that such an act of blasphemy has been omitted by this wicked generation, let them read the play—play, indeed! I thought the religiousical was strict enough in England!—let them read the play, I repeat, called "Maurice Maeterlinck," by Mary Maeterlinck. There they will find no less than what I have converted, namely, a little wretch of a madam presented as heaven forgive me! God Almighty, with the power to say die or live to our blessed Saviour. Upon my soul I sit in my chair expecting every minute to hear the blast of the last Trump! Where's England? Where's the Archbishop of York? Where's His Majesty and the Lord Mayor? Let them renounce the doom of this Mary Maeterlinck, this phonetic, ere Heaven visit upon the guilty the crimes of the innocent. I won't bear it! I won't be classed among the foolish virgins. I take my lamp now all filled and lighted and resign those infamous pages to the flames!

Now listen while I tell you what that missile I have just burned actually contained. First, then, let me inform you that the author extirpated his two main plots from the imagination of another gentleman. Having done so he gutturally wrote and asked if he might, the other gentleman, whose name, if I misremember, was Heyse, refused with antagonism, whereupon Maeterlinck declared that does seem a peculiar name for a masculine person, and I pray if I'm wrong to be politely ejected)—Mary M., I was saying, declared, that the adulteress in the Scriptures was common property, and he would turn her into his Magdalene. Which is why he must want to be set free, Mr. Heyse! Odious! Although I shrink from putting the words on parchment, this he did, pretending to believe what never was pretended, that the woman who cast the first stone and the newly reverted Magdalene were one and the same sinner! Mary come up, friends! But worse is to precede. Not satisfied with slandering the woman taken in adultery who, as far as we know for certain, only made one slip in her life and was very unlucky, by excusing her as the woman with seven devils at once, not satisfied with this reversion to the truth, the author (not Mr. Heyse)—he only got the idea first, and, transparently, had no legal right to the sole use of it—shattered her. Maeterlinck makes many mistakes about falsifying the Law and the Prophets and making the death of the Redeemer depend upon a light o' love debenture. The Magdalene, if you please, is in love with Verus, if you please, a Roman policeman, as far as I can reprehend; and, if ever I can find words to write it down, which I despair of doing and not be burned at the stake!—this Maurice Magdalen handles our blessed Lord about like a snuff-box. He is to die: no, he is not to die; Magdalen coaxes her policeman: now he grows assontant: icy and sarcastic and all the pretty humours you can think of. Will Magdalene give herself to him or not? No? Very well—Jesus dies! Blessed Heaven and all the angels witness those are not my words! I wouldn't risk my mortal soul circumscribing them. And it's not mystery, mind you, this is no allegory on the banks of the Nile or the Jordan or any other river. It's basefaced, shameless truth, that this author pretends to be inserting. Verus, the Roman policeman, is declared to be the very bodily one sent to lay hands on our Lord, and if even the illiterary clerical of the "Daily Telegraph" was to try to give that epigrammatic adaptation, any clergyman or any such fellow could evince me that the author is not a blasphemous, money-grubbing tarlatan, who will deliberately consecrate the holy Scriptures for the sake of making a pulsational novellete! As for the rest of the abomination—you can't make a pig's purses out of an ear. (No pun contended, I never stoop to anything but High wit!) All the biblical curiosities are dropped in—blind men, palsied, vagrants, men cured by miracles—all as easy to be disfigured by the veriest savage who ever appeared as Mr. Maeterlinck, who owes more debts than Mr. Heyse's, grammar! When I insuire you, reader, that every bit of the Gospel language has been metaphysicked into shouts, moans and roars you will agree with me that the author (not Mr. Heyse) ought to be put in the pillory. Mary Magdalen is left standing "motionless as if in ecstacy, and all illumined by the light of the departing torches." I'm sure I'm apostasized—the author stopped short of borrowing the Transfiguration!

By Hunly Carter.

Whiskers and Soda. By Frank Richardson. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

There is a good deal of Scotch about "Whiskers and Soda." It reeks of sheer public soperit, and the entrancing red tartan cover really conveys the Galssie lassies. The best aphorism is all Scotch. "A small bank managed by a Scotchman has a tendency to become a large bank managed by the same Scotchman. It is to be found in McGeorge's Suit Case." The aim and the scope and the rest of the intentions of the book are to be discovered summed up in the preambule to "The Warbling of Waugh Minster." "Several men are seated at supper in the coffee-room of the United Nonentities Club, St. James' Street. They appear to hold one another in great esteem and regard. They have all been telling prehistoric stories—the sort of stories old man Noah told Mrs. Noah on wet nights in the first house-boat. They have all told the stories before, but they are so fond of one another that they laugh heartily." For several men read the author, admit his capacity for repeating a certain kind of story—worth repeating,—and we have his present collection. On the whole it is light and stimulating, a bit egg-whiskery, so to speak. There is an absence of the usual face-trimmings, but the book is dedicated to Sir John Hare.

Chats on Autographs. By A. M. Broadley. (Unwin. 5s.)

Autograph collecting it seems has its pearls, some of them of great price. It also has many other things, as, for example, a straight road to bankruptcy. The latter is not a nice route, being in fact paved with many forgeries. Mr. Broadley has written the grammar of the science of autographs that we may avoid it. It has a great deal to say about that beautiful word "finds." Mr. Broadley appears to have found about everything in the autograph line, from the fat signatures of old emperors and kings, to the thin ones of struggling authors. Famous names, and illustrations of A.L.Ss., and A.N.Ss., crowd his page. But one thing is needed to complete the volume, namely the signature of Adam's mother-in-law. Some of the autograph stories are quite good. The following bears repeating: "Like many other little boys, Prince Alexander of Battenberg ran short of pocket money and wrote an ingenuous letter to his august Grandmother, Queen Victoria, asking for some slight pecuniary assistance. He received in return a just rebuke, telling him that little boys should keep within their limits and that he must wait till his allowance next became due. Shortly afterwards the undeceived little Prince wrote: "My dear Grandmother, I am sure that you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy for thirty shillings."

Samuel Rogers and his Circle. By R. Ellis Roberts. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a book of table talk. Rogers as a poet has no fame in our day, his poetry being beyond the reach of most readers. There was a day and ceased to be." The supercilious treatment which Rogers and many of his circle gave to the poetry of Keats and Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge, is being returned by the contempt and indifference which posterity accords to the poetasting of
Here are the essays of Herbert Spencer upon such topics as Happiness, Expediency, Morality, Property, Socialism, the Rights of Women and Children, the Duty of the State, the Limit of State Duty, Religious Establishments, Poor Laws, National Education, Sanitation, etc. It is rather late in the day to review this volume, its author's wide grasp, his bite, his power of setting one thinking, the grounds of quarrel we find with him, and the grounds of agreement. If anybody ever came to earth as the pure instrument of destruction, Herbert Spencer so came. His thoughts dictated themselves, he himself was but the recorder of them. The time spirit seems to have breathed into him some of its most comprehensive and most original speculations. Much of what he says, many of the thoughts it was just about to change. The time spirit is as interested in its fallacies as in its eternities, and chose Herbert Spencer to bequeath its fallacies to immortality. The profit we derive from this dealing with us is the impulse to make our own minds clear.

Pioneers of Our Faith. By Charles Platts, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

This is a volume written by a scholar and impressed not only with scholarship but with the enjoyment which not every scholar has the literary craft to convey. The aim of the book, in the words of the preface, is that of 'reproducing fully, vividly, exactly all that is fairly trustworthy in ancient and in modern remembered pioneers, women as well as men, who annexed to Christendom the earliest England, from the Channel to the Clyde and Forth. Beginning with a chapter upon St. Alban, "the protagonist of Britain," the writer devotes thirty-seven chapters more to a whole calendar of saints, of whom the first is Ninian of Whithorn and the last is the Venerable Bede. What a human document we have here unfolded for us, so human that at all times it is difficult to recognise these men and women as belonging to our own world and playing the part of "pioneers of our faith." Could anything be more strangely remote from us than the frame of mind of Cuthbert the Anchoret, who, seeing the will of God in his failure to grow wheat, began to plant barley, and the jackdaws settling upon the crop as fast as it was ripening. "Why touch ye," quoth Cuthbert, "a crop which ye did not sow? If ye have God's leave, do His bidding; but if not, be off and cease to spoil what is not yours!" "At the word they all flew away, and ever afterwards left his barley undisturbed."

Of a royal abbess of Ely we are told that "the luxury of a hot bath she allowed herself only at the approach of such great festivals as Epiphany, Easter and Whitsun." . . . . In those days it was an article of orthodox dogxy that, after the soul had been truly cleansed by baptism, the body needed only such bathing as might seem a memorial thereof. These three festivals were the customary times for that rite.

Chad of Lichfield would grow anxiously prayerful in a gust of wind; if the gust grew into a gale his prayers would be redoubled. A thunderstorm would drive him into the church, where he "gave his whole mind to the recital of prayers and psalms till the horizon was again clear. 'The Lord's object,' said he, 'is to disturb the atmosphere. . . . is to awaken in earth dwellers a holy awe of Himself.'"

Mr. Platts gives accounts of his authorities and sources, and compiles a bibliography. While sedulous in his narrative to sift the wheat from the chaff and present us as far as possible with the recovered image of the fact, he is too good a humanist to reject the miracle which illustrates the piety or the naiveté of the times or the invention of the hagiographer. Moreover, that tiny beam of light which can be thrown by the antiquarian now upon the etymology of such a phrase as "the generality of mankind," now upon such things as the fish and the bell and the hazel tree and the robin in the arms of the city of Glasgow, we have never seen more pleasantly directed—a competent and charming book by a lover of his subject.
Medieval Art Forgery.

By Riccardo Nobili.

In the early medieval period there was no scope for forgery. The collector, if what existed was entitled to this name, was like nothing that had been seen before or has since appeared. Objects that were treasured generally had more intrinsic value than real artistic merit. A collection represented a simple form of banking, a solid and good investment which took the place of what the French call fortune mobilier.

Naturally with such views, smiths' work, studded and ornamented with precious stones or rich embroderies in gold, had the preference. They had solid value, and suited the sense of princely display. The craze for manuscripts, rare penman work, and early illuminated parchments may represent an exception. Only apparently, though, as such objects were—apart from their rarity, skill and supreme patience in miniature work—of such established worth as to be regarded like precious gems.

With few exceptions, the cult of pagan art had vanished. The Emperor Frederic II., son of Barbarossa, represented one of these rare cases.

With patrons who were absolute monarchs or all-powerful princes, there was no case for the relegation in any of the tricks that had characterised the world of art lovers through the Roman decadence. A risky game, at any rate, that might entail one of those exemplary punishments by which the ferocious mediaeval ages was wont to punish their offspring. Paganism, came into still closer contact with the character of an age not yet ripe for artistic deception, and being a less hazardous venture, form of deception, and being a less hazardous venture, were more the character of the patrons and of their artists than of those of other epochs. The early artists who had inspired them were not actual imitators of the Greeks and Romans, but were inspired by them to reproduce that pagan expression that had deeply affected their artistic temperament. Were the artists doing this purely for art's sake, or did they have some ulterior motive? The answer to this is perhaps to be deduced from the character of the patrons and of their artists and from the character of an age not yet ripe for artistic deception. The sentiment and cult of the antique were the character of an age not yet ripe for artistic deception. The sentiment and cult of the antique were.

Coin counterfeiting was naturally the less artistic form of deception, and being a less hazardous venture, seems to have tempted ability in all ages. It represents a link between more proficient periods of art swindling.

Some of these early fakers certainly planted the seed from which sprouted those arch-deceivers and clever medallists of the Renaissance.

There lies Romena, where I falsified the legend of the Count of Romena, the golden florin of the Republic of Florence with not a few of his swindling samples of the golden florin. Marostica, a village of the Venetian dominion, challenged and defeated the Florentine Republic.

About this time counterfeit coinage tempted a most diverse class of people. It had a long list of devotees that included even a king of France who honoured the Republic of Florence with not a few of his swindling products of the golden florin. Marostica, a village of the Venetian dominion, challenged and defeated the powerful republic of the lagoon by flooding the Venetian market with most delusive specimens of false coinage.

The art forgers of the Renaissance have a somewhat nobler pedigree when compared with those of other epochs. The early artists who had inspired them were not actual imitators of the Greeks and Romans, but were inspired by them to reproduce that pagan expression that had deeply affected their artistic temperament. Were the artists doing this purely for art's sake, or did they have some ulterior motive? The answer to this is perhaps to be deduced from the character of the patrons and of their artists and from the character of an age not yet ripe for artistic deception. The sentiment and cult of the antique were growing during the Renaissance, and they had been gradually developed through the previous years.

The Cosmati were the first to revive Roman art in their sculpture and architectural works. The Pisani, a whole family of artists who followed the early pioneers of paganism, came into still closer contact with the Romans. Yet their work has more the character of plagiarism, especially in the case of Giovanni Pisano.

Later on Brunellesco went to Rome and was so impressed by the old ruins that his visit to the Eternal City marked an era in his artistic career, and caused a revolution in his style that characterised his work ever after. Ghiberti and Donatello were equally affected. The result of their trips to Rome was not only that the works of these two sculptors began to bear signs of the strong impression received from pagan art, but some of their works, principally those of Ghiberti, were actually taken for antiques and labelled for centuries as products of ancient Roman art.

About the same time many other expressions of the human mind harmonised with the idea of the artist. Thus the fifteenth century is briefly characterised by the revival of Greek philosophy and the cult of Latin; just as the main features of the previous century had been Christian tradition, still fresh with Saint Francis' exemplary teaching; thus the revival, if not the creation, of the Italian language.

Collectors and connoisseurs of Greek and Roman art were also characteristic of the time. In this real golden era of connoisseurship Cosimo Medici sent agents far and wide to gather relics of pagan art. They were men of the calibre of Ciriaico d'Ancona, Niccolo Niccoli, and Poggio Bracciolini. Niccoli himself was a fine collector with acquirements that might be envied by the most perfect modern amateur. The empress Isabella d'Este, wrote of her love for antiques spread. A plain dealer of Treviso succeeded in gathering one of the most important collections of his time; one Maistre Jacques de Paris, envoy of England, established a collection in the Rue de Prouvelles with a museum, and if we may believe the description of his collection given by Guillebert de Metz, we are inclined to wonder how such a collection that would fill several rooms of Kensington Museum could be gathered as early as the first part of the fifteenth century.

Squarcione, the Paduan painter, took a journey to Greece and came back with a load of statues and classical fragments. Mantegna, his pupil, caught the fever and collected antiquities, and acquired for antiques a taste for antiques. The collectors were not only princes or people supposed to have excellent taste through their noble birth. A plain dealer of Treviso succeeded in gathering one of the most important collections of his time; one Maistre Jacques de Paris, envoy of England, established a collection in the Rue de Prouvelles with a museum, and if we may believe the description of his collection given by Guillebert de Metz, we are inclined to wonder how such a collection that would fill several rooms of Kensington Museum could be gathered as early as the first part of the fifteenth century.

Some of the early Florentine imitations of Roman and Greek bronzes of Ghiberti, Donatello, and Pollaiolo are so perfect as to leave one in doubt whether the old bottega of Florence were not the first to enter the business of modern antiquities. Furthermore, the scheme might have been carried on with the full knowledge of the patron, a game not dissimilar from the one played by the curator of some modern museum who winks at a clever fac-simile when originals cannot be had.

There is no doubt about the imitators of the Paduan school, who certainly cannot plead good faith. Their first victims were numismatists and medal collectors. The trade in small bronzes was the most lucrative form of the art.

Gradually all the North of Italy joined the scheme of Padua. Imitators and fakers like Riccio, Gavino, Vicentino, Moderno and Bonacolsi conveyed the most complete illusion in their work when imitating antiquities; others seem to be mere careless plagiarists; while a few of them, too gifted or too indifferent, blended their personal qualities with those of Roman art. The work of these artists, though charming in quality, is so exuberantly Renaissance as to leave no uncertainty except among the very credulous amateur of the age.
This is a fact supported by the carelessness of not a few makers of Roman relics, when manipulating inscriptions. The Louvre museum has, for instance, a marble base-statue, evidence the work of the sixteenth century, representing the profile of an imaginary Roman emperor, with the carved inscription, IMPER CALDIVSVS. A well-known medieval spectre, which first dates from some century or another, a Roman original, bears the inscription, DIVA FOSTINIA (instead of "Favstina") and a bronze base-relief representing Aristotle, now in the Brunswick Museum, with the Greek inscription, 

APISTOTEAHS
O ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΤΟΥ (sic)
ΦΙΛΟΣΩΦΟΝ.

Among the best imitations of the antique, we may name a marble base-statue of the sixteenth century, the supposed portrait of Plato, now in the Art Museum of Munich; the Jeune homme dans un accès de douleur, a fine bronze statue of the sixteenth century belonging to the Thiers collection in the Louvre, also a similar work in the same museum representing a Faune, jouer de flute, a bronze head of Eurydice of the collection of Mr. Édouard André, a statue by Pollaiolo in the National Museum of Florence, the equestrian group of Marc Aurelio by Filarete, once the property of Piero de' Medici, now in the Museum of Dresden; Arios, by Riccio, formerly of the Davillier collection, and scores of others. Of the reputed Roman medals worked out in quattro and quinceneto nearly every museum has some fine examples. The learned Mazzucelli, of Brescia, in the eighteenth century, was the most interesting collection of spurious reproductions of Roman coins. The collection, still kept in Brescia, shows fine specimens of the work of Padovano and of no lesser crafty makers of Augustus, Tiburis and other Roman emperors.

Painting, although it is not to be found in pagan sentiment, has never risen to the perfection of other arts in forgery. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that, no Roman picture being in existence, the painter was naturally confined to his invention after descriptions of Latin authors. Thus Botticelli painted the Calunnia of the Uffizi, following the exact description Lucian gives of a similar picture by Apelles; but it being a mere, if not fantastic, reproduction, any deceptive intention must be excluded.

So is the case with the names of Ottaviano Medici, who, intending to break a promise, sent to the Duke Gonzaga a copy that Andrea del Sarto had made of the famous portrait of Leo-X., painted by Raphael, in the place of the original.

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author of the “New Word” has not suggested a solution of the question exactly in these terms. And if, so he may be worthy of the gratitude of the Swedish Academy.

So far for generalities. As a concrete example of the cast- wind attitude of mind, Mr. Kipling will serve our purpose, while “Anthropologist’s” criticism of him will illustrate the east wind. It shrieks around us and shivers us in the cold darkness of insincerity, but it means nothing. The actual bone which he chose to pick seemed to my un- sophisticated mind when I read it to be an ingenuous and rather beautiful Script, but if “Anthropologist’s” transcript really represents the impression it made on him he can easily be excused for having disliked it.

Many things seem to annoy him—the service, tax-paying (or the idea of it), and the people, the people!—but they are all so vaguely, though darkly, hinted at that they do not really cause the reader any anguish—or seem a sufficient ground for the article.

At the risk of seeming uncharitable I must say that the only clear impression produced by the criticism was that “Anthropologist’s” is jealous—very jealous—of Mr. Kipling, “who has passed through that hell” of journalism, and now enjoys “fat royalties and Nobel Prizes.”

And this is what makes the wind so raw. But even supposing I were right—away with the wind, snow, and sleet—it is not, I think, quite so cold. The criticism is so invertebrate that it is difficult to treat it coarsely, though it is all the more fascinating. I will, however, take a few consequences of Mr. Kipling’s statements and ask: How many papers can “Anthropologist” adduce which would not “stoop to report” any “malignin row” without implying that black and white are synonymous for east and west? No doubt the man in the street, and even many Members of Parliament, consider the author a “bigger,” but one has only to examine the transcript of his “Anthropologist” to share in some small degree the knowledge which our “Europian” has of the differences between black, brown, and yellow; and so he probably does in his more quiet moments, but in the present case he seems to have been carried away by his spleen, and to have become unaware of the unconvincingness of his statements and arguments.

One last question and I must stop. "A man of genius is known by the company he keeps,"—but have we not all also thought that a "real king" considers it his highest honour to be the possessor of decorations and degrees and precedence, or to be patronised?—and so when he makes it his task to understand? Would he be taken for his type Louis XV. or Peter the Great? * * * LEWIS RICHARDSON.

A REFERENDUM ON WAR.

Sir,—I am a captain serving in the Royal Artillery, and therefore trust that you will excuse my remaining anony- mous, for which the most obvious and cogent reasons exist. I have obtained what I consider conclusive satisfaction.

Week by week I enjoy the commonplace views and sober logic always to be expected in THE NEW AGE. Alas! alas! there is a fall from what our friends, as that exhibited in your editorial notes of December 8, where you say, “The question—the question, mind—to ask of Referendum? Would you be in favour of submitting the decision of war to the Referendum; and if not, why not?"

Of course, the answer is simply that a declaration of war is an actual act of war, a weapon that should give the greatest initial advantage to its user, and must therefore conform to the ruthless law of warfare. Among modern "civilised" states it is recognised that the opening of war logically and preferably takes the form of a secretly prepared surprise attack on an unready enemy, in which the maximum of damage can be inflicted with a minimum of loss. The formal declaration follows at leisure.

If such strained relations existed between two States that one be instilled in the other a weapon that should give the greatest initial advantage to its use, and must therefore conform to the ruthless law of warfare. Among modern "civilised" states it is recognised that the opening of war logically and preferably takes the form of a secretly prepared surprise attack on an unready enemy, in which the maximum of damage can be inflicted with a minimum of loss. The formal declaration follows at leisure.

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olive groves, the dreamlike flights of stars, the incomparable views that fascinate the eye of the poet in every direction, and the climate that holds one in a reverie from sunrise to sunset. Indeed, the artist could not do justice to the Florentine home of the great Socialist-poet in any letter or article. Where there is so much to be considered and studied a good sized book would be required, and such a book would rival in interest the most fantastic of novels.

John Hamilton Churchill.

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM.**

Sir,—It may interest your readers to hear the experience of one who, at any rate, is not afraid of Whistler's wit. I went to the National Gallery as unfamiliar with Post-Impressionism as everyone else in my presence by the other visitors. But I maintain the visit was worth making, and that there are at least five works of art on view, pictures before which anyone with an eye for harmony of colour and for design must pause, linger, and finally applaud. I rarely expect on visiting a gallery to see more than a half-dozen pictures worth prolonged inspection, and I rarely want to purchase, even if I could. In the present exhibition there were ten that I would be willing to stake my money on, but unfortunately my purse is slender and other buyers have done the first.

V. H. Mottram.

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM.**

Sir,—It was refreshing to read Mr. Calderon's article on the Post-Impressionists after the violent abuse which has been hurled against them in the Press. We have been told by fashionable portrait painters and timid art critics that the paintings now shown at the Grafton Galleries are "hysterical dashes." The gibes and sneers of prejudiced people will not kill the Post-Impressionists any more than similar treatment killed Whistler, [Manet] or Monet. To be unable to see anything of Post-Impressionism after the violent abuse which has been heaped upon Messieurs Gauguin, Van Gogh, and others now shamelessly boomed will be as serious a crime as the stupidity of the comments made upon the bronze of the reclining figure in Gauguin's "L'esprit d'illusion," which seems to embody all the ideals of the neo-Impressionists, and yet it never went into the Florentine home of the great Socialist-poet in any letter or article. Where there is so much to be considered and studied a good sized book would be required, and such a book would rival in interest the most fantastic of novels.

Douglas Fox Pitt.

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM.**

Sir,—I read with interest the remarks by the editor of the "New Age" upon the "Post-Impressionist" school of pictures. They have worthy defenders, and I see that Jacob Tomson breaks a lance on their behalf in this week's number. But why is it, I wonder, that so many douty champions come forth to do battle for Messieurs Gauguin, Flandrin, and Van Gogh, when our Newists caught the Decadenza from France, when they did as George Moore lauded the New English Art Club for doing—went to Paris like rag-pickers, with baskets of foreign art. Even to the Grafton Galleries as unbiassed as anyone could be, one is filled with the feeling that the Post-Impressionists hide theirs, from the gaze of the swinish multitude, and revealing them to the initiate alone. Are not there two things contentiousness and vanity? For Messieurs Gauguin, with her fine contempt for rhyme and rhythm, and even sense, is it not the literary equivalent of Messieurs Gauguin and their converts? Their contempt for drawing, anatomy, and harmonious colouring?

Where, then, is the painter who shall defend Messieurs Gauguin and their converts? For is not the first duty of the artist to the Florentine home of the great Socialist-poet in any letter or article. Where there is so much to be considered and studied a good sized book would be required, and such a book would rival in interest the most fantastic of novels.

The"New Age"—December 15, 1910.
from which history, I take it, we are to receive the inspiring refer the enthusiasts for the passion and splendour of a word in Europe for amateurishness and stodgy irresponsiveness. have no more dignified language with which to receive these Gauguin, and Gauguin, those great brooding, solitary, tragic ears. But that gentlemen of the institutional standing of longer Will it be possible for our agitated Mr. Cook to wisdom on artistic affairs to

They would have it so; they, are not the mouths for those newsmen have overlooked or passed it by as only one among the dabblers in pigments have seen fit to environ them—thus the glos of tolerance towards some aspects of Cézanne—has

doubtedly the most vital art of the present period, this latest ebullition moved in Europe have been realised with quite uncanny flair in the matter. Indeed, they have so far worked to

Mr. Bernard Berenson declared this bewildering figure

don is at this time presented. The great British public will

will assist towards an appreciation of the work of these men and journalism we must look for saving help from THE NEW AGE.

* * *

Sirs,—The current controversy upon the exhibition of pictures carried by Post-Impressionist at the Grafton Galleries, which regrets, as regards its almost entire insistence on the sensual aspects of the new movement, will have served some good purpose if it calls to this unique opportunity the attention of art-lovers who might otherwise have overlooked or passed it by as only one among the many more or less negligible picture-shows with which London is at this time presented. The great British public will flock to the new sensation and laugh, marvel, or rage, according to its lights; but where so many are called so few may be chosen.

The London critics who have given us their views upon these pictures—always expecting the exquisite and adorable Mr. C. Lewis Hind—have not revealed any particular flair for the matter, and they have so far worked to pattern that the anticipations of those possessing some small previous acquaintance with the meteoric career of the movement in Europe have been realised with quite uncanny flair in the matter. Indeed, they have so far worked to

Sirs,—With your permission I should like to enter a protest against Mr. W. G. Cook’s letter on the Post-Impressionists. To describe this exhibition as one which exclusively exhibiting the many more or less negligible picture-shows with which London is at this time presented. The great British public will flock to the new sensation and laugh, marvel, or rage, according to its lights; but where so many are called so few may be chosen.

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