NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

New Series. Vol. VIII. No. 8. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] THREEPENCE.

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MSS., drawings and editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"MR. GLADSTONE is not ignorant (indeed the Queen has never concealed her feeling on the subject) how deeply her Majesty deplores the necessity, under which he conceived himself to lie, of raising the question as he has done; or of the apprehensions of which she cannot divest herself as to the possible consequences of the measure which he has introduced. These apprehensions, her Majesty is bound to say, still exist in full force; but considering the circumstances under which the measure has come to the House of Lords, the Queen cannot regard without the greatest alarm the probable effect of its absolute rejection in that House. Carried, as it has been, by an overwhelming and steady majority through a House of Commons, chosen expressly to speak the feeling of the country on the question, there seems no reason to believe that any fresh appeal to the people would lead to a different result. The rejection of the Bill, therefore, on the second reading, would only serve to bring the two Houses into collision, and to prolong a dangerous agitation on the subject."

Such was the letter, or rather part of it, written by the Queen to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the occasion of the threatened rejection by the Lords of the Irish Church Bill of 1869. The passage shows her late Majesty to have been what in fact she aimed at being, monarch of England with a mind of her own, but at any cost to her feelings a constitutional monarch.

* * *

The example of Queen Victoria, if we read aright the significant identity of phrasing of recent Ministerial speeches, has been happily followed by King George V.; and it is now generally understood that the Parliament Bill, on the principle of which two successive Liberal majorities have been obtained, and on the text of which that Liberal majority has been maintained, has been promised the constitutional support of the Royal prerogative to the extent, if finally necessary, of creating peers to ensure its passage through the Lords. This is the new factor of the highest importance to be taken into account in current discussions, and, in fact, the situation has already been reviewed in several places with this in mind.

* * *

The best review, because the weightiest, appears in the second half of the political leader in the "Daily Telegraph" of December 16. The first half of the leader was written, we are prepared to swear on stylistic evidence, by Mr. Garvin, and of that, therefore, no more need be said. But the second half, so markedly contrasted in tone, rhythm and vocabulary, was written, we dare venture to state, by no less a person than Mr. Balfour himself. Be that as it may, so far as the actual hand is concerned, the article bears on its face the signs of authority; and just as surely as the tone of Ministers now points to their possession of Royal "guarantees," so surely does the tone of the "Telegraph's" anonymous leader point to the mind of the highest authority in the Unionist party. For this reason we are confident that the forecast therein contained must be seriously regarded as at least the provisional plan of campaign of the Peers, whatever modifications may be necessitated as time goes on.

* * *

What is that plan? Mr. Balfour, or his ghost, assumes at the outset that the King's Speech may be confined to the single subject of the Parliament Bill. A reasonable assumption surely. The question then is: will the Government permit amendments of the Bill to be made during its reading in the House of Lords? If they do not, "the door is banged, barred and bolted against Constitutional peace." As a matter of fact, the Government cannot actually prevent amendments being made in the Lords, but will it discuss them, will it consider them? If it should decline to consider amendments, the Peers will push their opposition to the very last limit, dare the King to create new peers and rely on a public agitation to arouse popular feeling against the Bill. If, on the other hand, amendments are permitted to be discussed, the Peers will turn the Parliament Bill "from what it is into what it ought to be." "This process will take time. Before the Peers can finish with the Veto Bill the Imperial Conference

will be at hand and the Coronation approaching. In such circumstances . . . will the members of the Government act . . . "; our readers can imagine the rest. The upshot of the article is plainly this: either the Government must accept the amendments of the Lords or the Lords will force the creation of five hundred peers.

* * *

There can be no mistake whatever either about the meaning or about the authority of this sketch of the new plan of campaign. The plan was, in fact, repeated at tedious length in the "Observer" of Sunday and will, we may feel sure, be played in various keys on all the organs of Unionist opinion during the coming weeks. Further, it must be admitted that the plan is ingenious, so ingenious that at the first glance no clear and effective reply can be made to it, except by an appeal to first principles which for the time being only the "Spectator" and THE NEW AGE respect. Failing the appeal to first principles—such, for example, as the principles that induced Queen Victoria to support Mr. Gladstone in a measure of which she disapproved and the present King to consent to the guarantees of Mr. Asquith's policy—there is only possible an appeal to the common sense of Unionists, and, if that should fail, to the courage of the Liberal party.

* * *

On grounds of commonsense it appears to us very unlikely that the Lords (and particularly their Ladies) will consent to the adulteration of their order by the importation of five hundred or so aliens. If by submitting to this wholesale addition the existing peerage could ensure its continued possession of the absolute veto, the risk of reducing the prestige of their order for the time being might safely be run. But this is precisely what would not be the case. Not only would the peerage be doubled in numbers and thereby quartered in social influence, but its political supremacy would be reduced as well. The "Telegraph" writer argues that the Peers have nothing to gain by surrender of their absolute veto, and consequently that they may be expected to do the desperate thing. But if they have nothing to gain by surrender they have a good deal to lose by obstinacy. Even the "Telegraph" assumes that the Liberals may persist in the Parliament Bill as it stands and ultimately carry it by the aid of five hundred specially created peers. What in that event would the Lords have gained? Nothing. But they would have lost not only their absolute veto but the blue exclusiveness of their order into the bargain.

* * *

With all respect for Mr. Balfour and with none for Mr. Garvin, we therefore do not see that they either should or can succeed in making a catspaw of the peerage for the sake of the Unionist party. Between them already they have brought the House of Lords by their advocacy of what Lord Ribblesdale called "muscular methods" to the verge of ruin. Is it probable that they will succeed in pushing it over the brink into social as well as political disaster? We cannot think it is. The modification of the Lords' veto is, no doubt, from one point of view a serious curtailment of the political privileges of the peerage; it is still more (and there's the rub) a curtailment of the privileges of the Unionist party; but the loss by the peers of their absolute veto is as nothing in comparison with the loss their order would sustain by wholesale adulteration. And they will remember, we fancy, when the time comes for decision that their rejection of the Parliament Bill will not merely not save their veto, but will ensure the degradation of their order. So much for the threat which the "Telegraph" makes on their behalf to die in the last ditch.

* * *

But there is no doubt that this threat, especially if it appear to be seriously meant, will cause a few hearts to quake in the Liberal ranks. Hence the need, above all, of courage among the Liberal leaders. It is really only courage that is necessary to solve the problem confronting the parliamentary system; but a good deal will be necessary. To begin with, the country is not so unmistakably bent on a constitutional revolution that the waverers in the ranks have no excuse for weakness. On the other hand, the result of the election appears to us to point to a popular demand for the Liberals to take the lead in, and to be responsible for, whatever constitutional changes are necessary. The country, that is, is disposed to back up the Cabinet if the Cabinet is convinced that the change is indispensable and boldly carries it through. And, after all, that is the most that a responsible government can expect in the way of a lead on a constitutional matter. The problem is really rather less than constitutional: it is in one sense only concerned with the machinery connecting the two Houses. And on a technical and, so to say, domestic difficulty of this kind, the country is wise to nominate the party to give the lead and to leave the subsequent action to the party itself. For all that, we can imagine a good many Liberals unfamiliar with history and the national character who will be inclined to shirk taking a strong line.

* * *

There are, however, circumstances which, as far as we can see, will make a strong line as inevitable as we have proved it to be necessary. There can be no fresh General Election for a good many months to come; that Unionist hope has vanished with the realisation that the country is sick of elections and would consent to almost anything to avoid another for a year or two. There can be no fresh Conference of the secret character of the last. However such a snug little house-party might suit the Unionists and even one or two of the Cabinet, it would not be tolerated by the Coalition rank and file. If Mr. Asquith should venture to propose such a thing we firmly believe that he would be shouted and voted down by his most subservient followers. Lastly there are the Irish and the Labour groups whose sole terms of contract with the official Liberals are the prosecution of the limitation of the Lords' veto. Under pressure of these forces we do not see how the Cabinet can possibly either withdraw or stay its hand. After all, a Cabinet is only a representative body of a representative body, and its responsibility to the parties that maintain it in office is complete.

* * *

It will be observed that merely argument, let alone abuse, cannot alter the facts we have just set out. It is nobody's fault, for example, that the country is sick of elections and will not stand another. It is nobody's fault that the idea of a second secret Conference is distasteful to the rank and file. These circumstances might have been foreseen, but they could not have been avoided; and we share the view of the "Times" that words spent on either regretting or attempting to ignore these things are words wasted. Shall we carry reason with us if we now add that the position which the Irish and Labour parties occupy is just as necessarily the outcome of pure circumstance as the facts already mentioned? Unionists speak and write as if Mr. Redmond were guilty of some crime in occupying a comparatively strong position in the Coalition Government. Or, if Mr. Redmond's action is dismissed as merely characteristic of the Irish beast, then moral censure is supposed to attach to Mr. Asquith for accepting Irish support. But this view is both ridiculously old-fashioned and fundamentally unjust. It is so

old-fashioned that positively in 1835, so we are told in Morley's "Life of Gladstone," the standing dish of Tory opposition was highly-spiced reproach of Ministers for living on the support of O'Connell. And it is unjust because its root assumption is that the Irish representation has in fact no right to a voice in Parliament at all.

* * *

What a caricature of a constitutional party the Unionists must be both to deny that the Irish members are as good members of Parliament as Liberals and Conservatives and at the same time to refuse to give them a separate subordinate parliament of their own! What, in the name of consistency, are the Irish members supposed to do? They may not represent their constituencies either in London or in Dublin. If they speak and act for Ireland at Westminster they are called traitors to the Empire; if they desire to speak and act for Ireland at Dublin they are disrupters of the Empire. And it is the same with the Liberal party whom, for the present, they support. If Mr. Asquith takes the true Unionist view and assumes that Irish members are not to be distinguished at Westminster from members for Wales or Scotland, he is declared to be under the dollar-dictatorship of Mr. Redmond and the Molly Maguires. If, on the other hand, he attempts to get rid of them from Westminster by conceding Home Rule to Ireland, he is still guilty of subserviency. We should really like to hear, let us say from the "Spectator," what the answer to the conundrum is. How would Mr. Balfour act in a similar case? What is the wonderful "knight's move" that Mr. Asquith should make?

* * *

But we are tired, as the mass of our fellow-countrymen are tired, of these petty squabbles about names and nationalities. Months and even years have been spent in wrangles which issue in nothing at all save the further darkening of counsel. What we most ardently need and demand at this moment is a party that will reckon these things at their real weight, and not in terms defined by the megaphones of the Unionist Press. The problems are as clear as they can ever be: on the one side to re-define and re-adjust the relations between the two Houses so as to ensure the ultimate supremacy of the elected, responsible and representative Chamber; on the other side, to eliminate from Parliament the Irish element, both for its own good and for our own. Both acts may, it is true, be accompanied, if we so choose, by other changes of an even more drastic character; but the necessity for them does not seem to us to have yet arisen. While readjusting the relations between the two Houses we may, if we choose, reconstitute the Second Chamber on lines which as yet have only a theoretical sanction. Practically, in our opinion, there is no immediate need for this. Likewise we can, if we choose, accompany the establishment of Irish Home Rule by the simultaneous creation of Federal machinery which, we are convinced, would rust to pieces before it was used. But in any event it is the nuclei of these larger schemes that lie nearest to our hands. A reconstituted Second Chamber may or may not prove to be necessary; but the revision of the Lords' veto is absolutely indispensable if government is to be carried on. Federalism, again, is in the air, and may descend when the time is ripe; but Home Rule for Ireland cannot wait. It is either now or never. Sensible people will therefore be relieved to know that whatever extra commissions may be discharged by the present Government, the commissions it has undoubtedly received to limit the Lords' veto and to give Ireland Home Rule, will be carried out. So 'twere done 'twere well, too, it were done quickly. We *may* be on the eve of civil war; Sir Edward Carson *may* be preparing arms and ammunition for Ulster; Lord Milner *may* be preparing to lay down his precious life for his House; the Peers *may* be about to behave as Palmerstone said they never would, "like geese"; but as in so many instances, it *may* all be sheer bluff. If Mr. Asquith has, as we are inclined to think, a little of the Nelson spirit, he will risk the bluff turning out to be anything else. He has been confirmed in office solely to take that risk.

The Effective Weapon against Capital Punishment.

Leo Tolstoy's Last Message.

OF course I should be very glad to do all I can to counteract that evil which is so strongly and painfully felt by all the best people of our time.

But in our time I think that, in order to wage a real battle against capital punishment, it is not necessary to break into an open door; not necessary to express one's indignation at the immorality, cruelty and senselessness of capital punishment (no sincere and thinking man, who has known the sixth commandment from childhood, needs any expositions of the senselessness and cruelty of capital punishment). The very descriptions of the horrors with which sentences are carried out are unnecessary. Such descriptions might impress unfavourably the hangmen themselves, and might influence people against readily filling such posts; with the sole result that the Government might have to pay more for their services.

Therefore, I think that what is chiefly required is not the expression of indignation at the killing of one's fellowmen, not information as to the horror of the executions as carried out, but something of an entirely different character.

As Kant says in a masterly way: "There are fallacies which cannot be refuted. It is necessary to furnish him who errs with such information as will enlighten him, and then the fallacy will die a natural death."

What information should be imparted to the erring human mind about the indispensableness, usefulness, justice of capital punishment, in order that the fallacy should perish of its own accord?

In my opinion such knowledge can be only of one kind: the knowledge of what man is, and of what is his relation to the world that surrounds him, or, which amounts to the same, what is his destiny; whence may be deduced what every man may and must do, and, of more importance still, what he may not and must not do.

Therefore, if one wants to fight against capital punishment one must fight it by imparting to all people (especially to those who direct the hangmen and approve of them, and who think, wrongfully, that they retain their own superior position because of the existence of capital punishment) the knowledge which alone is able to rid them of their fallacy.

I know that this is not an easy matter. The instinct of those who hire and approve of hangmen tells them that such knowledge would make it impossible for them to retain the position which they value so highly, and therefore they not only will not acquire this knowledge themselves, but try to conceal it from other people by the use of all the weapons of power, violence, fraud, treachery, falsehood, cruelty; they pervert this knowledge, and subject those who disseminate it to all kinds of privation and suffering.

Therefore, if we genuinely want to destroy the fallacy of capital punishment and, what is more important, if we possess that knowledge which destroys this fallacy, let us acquaint others with it, disregarding all threats, privations and sufferings, for this is the only effective weapon in this struggle. LEO TOLSTOY.

November 11, 1910.
Shamardino.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WITH reference to the confused and incoherent information now being published in certain French and English newspapers concerning the relations between Germany and Russia, I am in a position to state that the essential result of the recent Potsdam interview was simply this: an agreement was reached whereby Germany on the one part agreed to "recognise" Russian interests in the north of Persia, and Russia on the other part agreed to "recognise" German interests in Turkey. In other words, Russia may keep her troops in the north of Persia as long as she likes and may exploit the country to the best of her ability, and Germany will not interfere. On the other hand, Germany may continue to exploit Turkey and the Young Turks, as she has been consistently doing for several months, and Russia will look the other way. The terms of this agreement were drawn up in an official document and signed by the parties concerned.

* * *

It will have been remarked that when this topic was touched upon in the Reichstag, the Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, referred to Germany's recognition of Russian interests in the north of Persia, but said not a word about Great Britain's interests in the south, although these are far more important to Great Britain than the Russian interests in Persia are to Russia. Why any reference to England was omitted is worth explaining: it was due to a special request made by the Tsar, and was brought about by one of those reasons, apparently trifling, which are not usually heard of until the grandson of some statesman writes memoirs about things that occurred half a century previously. The following is, in substance, the complaint of the Russian Government.

* * *

When King Edward met the Tsar at Reval in 1908 and discussed certain outstanding matters with him, it was believed in Russia that the aggressiveness of the Triple Alliance would be checked to a considerable extent. A cordial feeling existed between the two Governments, and between the two peoples. Unfortunately, from the time of that meeting a section of the English Press deliberately set itself to malign Russia, and no argument, no lie, was thought too base for that purpose. These attacks were principally found in four London Liberal daily papers, one influential provincial daily, and one weekly (a member of the Russian Foreign Office staff has supplied me with the names of the offending journals), and was directed not only against the Russian Government, but against many responsible Russian officials throughout the country, and even against the Tsar and various members of the Royal family.

* * *

The Russian Government has taken a grave view of these calumnies because the papers in which they were published, day after day and week after week, were not mere yellow journals, but newspapers of which at least three were regarded as semi-official organs, and which, at all events, printed information of an obviously inspired kind relating to English politics. The Russian Government thought that the least the Foreign Office here could do would have been to put a stop to these malicious libels on a friendly nation; but no action was taken, and official circles throughout Russia felt greatly irritated in consequence.

* * *

I need hardly add that in the course of my various sojourns in Russia many scores of people have complained of the erroneous views of their country prevailing in Great Britain. Suppose some native of Kamchatka managed to read a report of a speech by the Rev. Sylvester Horne at Whitfield's Tabernacle, a leader in the "Daily Mail," a novel by Hall Caine, and the report of some case in the courts, where, as often happens, some poor devil had got five years for a trifling theft; would not such a man think that England was a country characterised by religious fanaticism, superficiality, unbalanced emotions, and a cruel judicial system? Would he have learnt anything of the real England? And yet the British journalists, of whom the Russian Government justifiably complains, judge of Russia in much the same way. I have a fairly wide acquaintance among British Pressmen, and I do not suppose that more than two dozen of them are acquainted with Russia, even superficially. On another occasion I shall deal with the Russian Empire more fully; for the present it is sufficient to recognise that the authorities there have grounds for making some protest. When semi-official newspapers deliberately propagate libels concerning a friendly Power, we cannot grumble if that Power gets "huffed" and enters into negotiations with a Power which is not particularly friendly to us.

* * *

This little incident will do some good if it helps Sir Edward Grey's somewhat limited understanding to grasp the essential principle that in foreign affairs a negative policy is of little avail, for there is always some strong nation with a positive policy. France and England have negative policies at the moment, the policy of avoiding war at all costs, even, it would appear, at the cost of a loss of prestige. Germany, as I have often pointed out, has a settled line of positive foreign policy, and this policy is being pursued; the Germans, spoiling for a fight, and not being cowards, are careless whether it leads to war or not. The British and French lack of a positive foreign policy has resulted in German influence becoming paramount in Turkey and Russian influence becoming paramount in Persia. On the other hand, England and France had a stronger positive policy than the Triplice at the time of the Algeciras Conference, and the consequence was the diplomatic defeat of Germany, even when supported by Austria ("our brilliant second," as the Kaiser telegraphed afterwards) on several important points. But that was five years ago. A word about the proposed Anglo-German entente; this would be welcomed in many quarters if it were felt for a moment that Germany intended to play a straight game. The whole aim of modern Germany diplomacy, however, has always been to "isolate" somebody. This "new" proposal is not new; it has been spoken of in Berlin for months. It is merely another attempt on the part of Germany to break up the Anglo-French entente and to "isolate" France, afterwards cementing the agreement with Russia and "isolating" England at an opportune moment. I hope it has not been overlooked that the German standing army is becoming increased.

* * *

Spain is fairly interesting just now. The latest allegation—it is made by Señor Mella, the Carlist leader, is that Señor Canalejas, the Prime Minister, has actually entered into negotiations with the Carlists to depose King Alfonso, and although Señor Mella professes to have clear proofs of his assertion, we have, of course, indignant denials from the other party. I cannot credit the story for a moment. (By the way, it is worth remembering that, if a revolution does take place in Spain, and King Alfonso is defeated—an unlikely event—the Carlists stand a better chance of securing both power and "boodle" than the Republicans).

* * *

Some of us may remember the spare form of Señor Ramiro de Maeztu when he was here as a newspaper correspondent. He was lecturing in Madrid the other day, and said in the course of his remarks: "In Spain the Intellectuals have one grave defect. Do you know what it is? That they are not intellectual at all. They will be the cause of the revolution; not, however, as the result of what they have done, but of what they have left undone."

* * *

I have translated this fairly literally. Please read betweeen the lines, and ask yourself whether the remark applies to any other country.

Do We Want Easier Divorce?

By Margaret Macgregor, M.A.

The celibate Bishop may be a very holy and a very earnest man, but both his celibacy and his episcopal office militate against him as an exponent of divorce, since he approaches the subject not as a natural man, but as a Churchman. Yet the voice of the Bishop is loud to-day in the discussion of our divorce laws.

There is a great struggle going on in the episcopal and orthodox mind to reconcile the needs of the present day with the dogmas of the established Church of England.

The truth is that, in the matter of divorce, down to 1857 we were governed by canon law, the law of the Church was the law of the land, and marriage was indissoluble excepting by a special private Act of Parliament, and a special Act of Parliament was a luxury compared with which the modern Divorce Court proceedings are a trifle.

Mr. Justice Maule, in an address to a poor man convicted of bigamy in 1845, only sixty-five years ago, thus shows up the absurdities of the existing law:

The prisoner's wife had robbed him and then run away with another man. "You should have brought an action," he told him, "and obtained damages, which the other side would probably not have been able to pay, and you would have had to pay your own costs, probably a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds. You should then have gone to the ecclesiastical courts and obtained a divorce a mensa et thoro, and then to the House of Lords, where, having proved that these preliminaries had been complied with, you would have been enabled to marry again. The expense might amount to five or six hundred or perhaps a thousand pounds. You say you are a poor man, but I must tell you that there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor."

Divorce was then obviously nothing but a remedy for the rich, beyond the reach of even the middle classes. In 1857 the passing of the Divorce Act simplified the process, and lessened the prohibitive expense of divorce, but it did not alter its conditions or bring it within the means of the poor. It relegated the complicated proceedings to one court and granted the dissolution of marriage on the ground of the husband's cruelty and adultery or the wife's adultery, but only to those who could afford the not inconsiderable expense of an action in the newly-established Divorce Court.

In spite of the anomalous condition of things that this reform succeeded in modifying, it was met with determined opposition and protestations, and to-day, when we are trying to move a step farther towards the removal of the same anomaly, we are met by the same opposition and the same protestations. The Church is in arms, she fears the loss of that "authority" that attributes a supernatural interpretation to a contract that should be prescribed alone by reason and experience. There is nothing inherently sacred in marriage, though a religious man may make a sacred rite of it just as he might make a sacred rite of his dinner.

Nevertheless, the whole difficulty of the situation lies in the fact that having once accepted the law of the Church as the law of the land, and the sacred rite for a civil ceremony, we have become bound by tradition even while our reason rebels. We must be married in church, though we go there on no other occasion, we must accept there an explanation of marriage that if applied personally to our own marriage we would indignantly repudiate, and finally we must take unconditional vows that we know are only capable of conditional fulfilment.

"For better for worse—until death do us part" is beautiful poetry, but it is practical slavery, and it has more abjectly enslaved thousands of men and women who could not afford to buy their freedom than any system of slavery the world has ever known.

But admit divorce for any cause, and the doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage at once falls to the ground. In England we have admitted divorce, but by limiting its grounds and by making it a costly process, and also by keeping men repeating marriage vows that imply its indissolubility, we make it indissoluble for the majority of men and women.

"Indissoluble marriage" is one of the fictions we cling to because we have not the courage to face the truth: the truth that marriage is not a divine institution, but a contract between two human beings for their mutual benefit and for the welfare of the State, and the breaking of the contract is, ipso facto, the dissolution of the marriage.

If, however, the Church persists in putting marriage outside the realm of reason and referring it to supernatural authority, England should surely free herself from tradition and frame her own marriage laws, not ignoring history and experience, but facing the conditions and wants of the times.

Let her give up the struggle to retain the canonical view of marriage, and instead of ferretting among the works of the first and second century to discover the views of the "Fathers," let her use her common sense and try to meet the desperate wants of the men and women of to-day. Above all, let her remove the reproach that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her practical legislation with regard to marriage.

If divorce is a necessary relief for the rich, it is a thousand times more necessary for the poor. The reason is very simple, but it is very cogent: the husband and wife of the working classes have to live at closer quarters, and are entirely dependent on one another for their physical comfort.

When a man and woman have an income of a thousand a year and their marriage proves a failure from a sentimental point of view, there is no reason why their lives should be intolerable.

They can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and each go their own way. Their creature comforts will be provided for, and their children, if they have any, will be properly cared for. But incompatibility on £1 a week usually leads to the use of the poker. The exigencies of space give no chance of escape from each other, to the working man and his wife; they cannot go their separate ways, they must share their meats and even their bed.

If the man is a brute the woman may get a separation order, and leave him. What would happen then? The man must have a woman to "do" for him, and so the wife's place is quickly, if not legally, filled, and the payments to the legal wife become irregular and insufficient. The result is that she probably falls before the temptation to form a connection with another man, to whom a woman is likewise a necessity, not a goddess; and in the end there are probably two illegitimate families.

Of course, this result, though deplorable to the moralist, may not always work out badly in practice, and if the second and illegal venture prove a success its irregularity will trouble no one but the moralist.

But if the woman be the offending one in a similar marriage, the impossibility of divorce is a more serious evil, since a poor woman is rarely an adulteress without being first a drunkard. She is not like the "society" woman to whom an intrigue may be a pastime, she is lost to everything before she falls in that way. Her children, her home, and her husband are neglected, though their well-being entirely depends on her; she brings misery to everyone connected with her, and yet her husband cannot afford to free himself from her.

If he gets a separation order, he has the care of the children; therefore another woman is an absolute necessity, and when you consider the conditions it is obvious that he should be able to make the woman his wife.

It ought to be superfluous in 1910 in a country that prides itself on its justice, to have to argue against there being one law for the rich and another for the poor, but that is what the present divorce system amounts to in England. With regard to the grounds of divorce, the orthodox mind having accepted adultery on the wife's side and adultery and cruelty on the hus-

band's part, has come now to regard these causes as divinely allowed, and while unquestioningly accepting them, to consider it sacrilege to suggest any others. Of course, the canon law does not allow divorce on these any more than on any other grounds, and in accordance with that law we all take the unconditional vow of faithfulness "until death do us part."

But we broke with the canonical view of marriage when we accepted unfaithfulness as a ground of divorce, and though we still make a pretence of retaining it in our marriage vow, we may as well do away with pretence and take advantage of the fact that we are free and form our laws accordingly.

Greater liberty of divorce means a higher and more sane ideal of marriage than mere sexual faithfulness.

Egypt's Ruin.*

By Duse Mohamed.

ONCE upon a time there was a Viceroy of Egypt named Ismail Pasha. This Viceroy, although a "semi-barbarian"—the phrase is Lord Cromer's—became so enamoured of Western civilisation that he conceived the rather novel plan—for a "semi-barbarian"—of making his country as much like progressive European countries as two peas; but he tried to accomplish his laudable ambition during his lifetime, which was a most unheard-of proceeding. Western civilisation and culture being expensive, he approached the Western bankers for financial assistance, and they, observing the possibilities of making a few hundred per cent. by way of interest, advanced him large sums, which he forthwith proceeded to squander in the erection of palaces, public buildings, and the like. Now, these Western nations who had lent their gold sent those of their kind to the country of the "semi-barbarous" potentate, to show him the quickest method of spending his borrowed wealth in order that he might obtain further loans to carry forward his expensive projects, and so place his country in the hands of these Western bankers and the necks of his people under the heel of the civilised bondholder.

It was not long ere Ismail got into difficulties with his creditors, who pressed for the "due fulfilment of the bond." He pleaded for time; but they said that being a "semi-barbarian," he had plunged his people in wretchedness, using the lash to extort taxes, and was a disgrace to civilisation, so they held a grand pow-wow, deposed him and set up his son Tewfik in his stead.

They established a dual control over the finances of the country and they used the whip to extort taxes, even as the "semi-barbarous" ruler had done; for now that they were lords of the land they searched their holy book for justification, and they read that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and they counselled among themselves, and they said: "Lo, we will make this people a great nation, for we love them, and in our love we will chastise them so that they may produce taxes to fulfil the bond." Then a great outcry arose among the people, and they came to the ruler, Tewfik, whom the Europeans had set up, and they said: "We would have liberty," and he answered them that they were not ripe for liberty, and that the Circassians, their rulers, had found favour in his eyes, and all was well; and he took counsel with the Europeans, and they said: "It is well. What should these peasants know of liberty or patriotism?" But the people were determined, and they found a leader, one Ahmed Arabi, and he put himself at the head of the army, demanding the dismissal of the Circassians and the granting of a Constitution. When Tewfik saw the armed force of the "peasant patriots" he grew afraid, and he granted all the requests of Arabi, but the European officials of the Dual Control waxed wroth, so they wrote lies to their Governments about the man Arabi and about his followers, and when they found he would not be frightened because of the magnitude of their misrepresentation, the English first created disorder and then sent an armed force against him to preserve and restore "order" in the interests of their protégé Tewfik, and Arabi was subdued. And when they had subdued him they sent into the land of Egypt an official named Evelyn Baring, Major. I write Major after his name for was not this Baring great? Have not his friends and his very self said he is a great reformer? He was a soldier, and afterwards he became a great financial jockey! Lord Milner created the financial race in Egypt which he named "the race against bankruptcy," and it was Major Sir Evelyn Baring, Earl of Cromer, who rode in this handicap and won. Of course, he used the whip on the peasantry to accomplish this feat, but he said that he was "giving Nature a chance" in this famous race, and the taxes had to be "collected with great stringency" in the interests of "civilisation." France informed England that she must either put the finances of Egypt on a proper basis within a given time or clear out. Egypt had been saddled with the cost of the army of occupation, and the indemnities caused by the burning of Alexandria immediately after the bombardment, and as the Egyptian Treasury could not pay the coupons it looked as though England would be compelled ignominiously to get out of Egypt. This gave the noble lord an opportunity of showing off his juggling capabilities. He sent his minions throughout the length and breadth of the land, and they wrote most harrowing details of the wretchedness of the peasantry; these were embodied in a report, in which the Earl informed his Government that the people of Egypt were unable to stand the burden of taxation, and suggested a reduction. A Convention met in London and reduced the taxes by £450,000.

"This humane provision," says Mr. Rothstein, "had been formally insisted upon by Lord Northbrook and granted by the Convention. The latter estimated the land tax at £4,668,000 instead of £5,218,000, as in 1884, allowing the Egyptian Government to remit the difference—that is, £450,000—to the peasantry. The Egyptian Government, however, i.e., Lord Cromer, found a way to appropriate the whole of this sum for administrative purposes. As soon as the necessary Khedival decree sanctioning this remission of taxation was issued, it was discovered that the budgetary balance-sheet invariably contained a large number of "non-valeurs," that is, fictitious amounts of land tax from the poorer districts which had not been collected, and were in reality irrecoverable arrears. These non-valeurs average from year to year something like £100,000. Lord Cromer now found that he could, and indeed must, retain a similar sum as a "margin" against these irrecoverable taxes—that is, devote £200,000 out of the £450,000 granted to the peasants to the remission of these fictitious proceeds. In other words, instead of actually remitting taxation to the extent of £200,000, he only struck out, to a similar amount, from the accounts of the land tax such proceeds as were really non-existent, leaving the amount actually collected the same as before. By this simple process he gained two objects—first, he did not sacrifice a single penny of the revenue from the land tax, which under the circumstances meant a gain of £200,000; and, second, he was afterwards enabled to boast that under his administration the peasants received a relief in taxation which had never been the case under the former "oppressive and semi-barbarous" régime.

But there remained yet another £250,000. This was disposed of in a similar ingenious manner. We have to deal here with the famous "abolition" of the corvée labour, which constitutes one of the greatest reforms effected by Lord Cromer. . . . . . The whole of that sum of £250,000, instead of being remitted to the peasantry in the shape of land tax, was applied to the hire of free labour in substitution for the forced corvée.

All those who are really anxious to learn the truth will do well to straightway obtain Mr. Rothstein's valuable contribution on the complete financial administration of Egypt under England's beneficent rule.

* "Egypt's Ruin." By Theodore Rothstein. With Introduction by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (A. C. Fifield. 6s. net.)

A Symposium on Racial Development.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

I.—Sociologists.

The Royal Commission on Divorce in this country has drawn further attention to the amazing prevalence of factors of degeneration in national stock and character. The consideration of certain social phenomena and the alarming increase of pauperism, suicide, insanity, crime, alcoholism and general paralysis and other phenomena seem to imply a peculiar biological regression, a positive devitalisation of the germ-plasm of the race. The reason of this is said to be that while the physical sciences have been largely utilitarian the social sciences are still in the hands of researchers who cultivate them for their own sake and not for the sake of society. In order to ascertain the present position of the social sciences in their relation to the problem of racial development the following questions have been put to professed sociologists and economists:—

1. *Have recent events in your opinion shown an evolution towards racial—i.e., biological—degeneration?*

2. *If so do you agree that it is due to the neglect to apply the laws at the disposal of sociologists?*

3. *Would you say that the causes which prevent the application of known sociological laws are to be found in scientists themselves or in the public and public administrators, or does the main cause lie in the limitations of social life?*

4. *What immediate steps ought to be taken to extend the scope of the teachings of sociology?*

5. *Would you offer suggestions as to how applied sociology is likely to affect—*

(a) *Religion,*

(b) *Art,*

(c) *Economic and political theory and practice? For instance, it is contended that the cardinal defect of current politics (including Socialism) is that politics has completely ignored the growth of sociological thought and discovery, and that politics can prove effective only in so far as it is conscientiously based upon sociology. If politics is so based will it be enabled to deal more effectively with the problems of life and labour, of pauperism and crime, and of work and wages as evidenced in the present wide unrest in the industrial world?*

6. *Have you any criticisms or further suggestions?*

The Rt. Hon. Lord Avebury, F.R.S.

1. My opinion is not of much value. I think, however, there is some falling off, but doubt if it is yet very serious.

2. While there are some causes acting for good, i.e., better houses, better drainage, etc., they are probably outweighed by others tending the other way, among which the principal seem to me to be (1) the greater proportion of our population residing in great cities; (2) the greater facilities for breeding amongst the criminal and improvident. Ignorance of sociology is no doubt an important factor; but in this respect we are no worse off than our forefathers.

3. Members of Parliament, and especially of the Government, are so much occupied in attacking opponents, and securing their position, that they have no time to study social problems.

The measures, for instance, of the present Government will, it seems to me, have the very reverse effects from those which Government desire, and aggravate the very evils they wish to reduce.

Dr. Bosanquet.

While 1 remains in suspense, I think 2 and 3 fall to the ground. I see no *direct* answer to 5*a* and *b*. Of course sound social views help any activity. But not these *specially*.

1. This is a question on which great biological authorities are at issue, and I can have no claim to offer an independent opinion.

But I should like to point out that undoubtedly the popular mind has been unduly affected by the mere title of the Inter-departmental Committee of 1904, which, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, retained the name of a Committee on "Physical Deterioration," commonly understood to imply "progressive physical deterioration." But even before the Committee got to work, it had been made absolutely clear by the criticism of the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons that the data on which the demand for an enquiry was based showed no prima facie case for a "progressive physical deterioration." They were data concerning the recruiting service, and as far as they went—it was clear that no sufficient data existed—decidedly suggested an *improvement* in physique.* The whole idea of a "progressive physical deterioration" was disclaimed by the Director-General of the Army Medical Service in his second memorandum, and the issue was transferred to an enquiry into the causes of such unfitness as exists.

But I know from my own experience that the retention of the title "Physical Deterioration" impresses many minds with the absolutely false idea that the Committee and the authorities it consulted concluded that there was "progressive physical deterioration." The whole correspondence is set out in the Appendix to the Inter-departmental Committee's Report, and the point is absolutely clear that there is no justification for such an idea in the original data.

Sir Edward Brabrook.

Upon careful consideration, I have convinced myself that no expression of opinion upon my part would be of any value that was not founded upon a thorough investigation of those questions from all sides; and such an investigation the present onerous calls upon my time and faculties forbid me to undertake.

If I may express in other words the impression the questions have produced upon me, it is that they do not admit of an absolute answer, and that while there is one stream of tendency leading towards degeneration, there are other factors at work which may be expected to some extent at least to divert it.

That the practical and effective study of the laws of sociology is one of those factors which will more and more tend to the amelioration of society cannot, I think, be doubted.

Mr. J. H. Harley, M.A.

1. In my opinion, there are, in the social organisation of which we form a part, certain ominous signs of an evolution towards biological degeneration.

2. The significance of this evolution would be immediately shown by a study of the laws of sociology. By sociology I mean the most general science that deals with the social organisation, i.e., the science that deals with the laws of the individual sciences of the social organisation. There are some sociologists, such as Tarde and Giddings, who made sociology an annex of psychology. And others, such as Worms and Lilienfield, who made it an annex of biology. Such a limited conception of sociology might give us valuable particular laws, but would certainly not give us the most general laws of the social organisation.

3. Why sociology, which might do so much, has not yet helped so much as it might to arrest this biological degeneration is due (*a*) to the limited influence in present-day civilisation of the analytic reason. As the Pragmatists and Bergson have clearly shown, reason is not at present the most powerful or the most general impelling force in the development of civilisation. (*b*) To the infant condition of sociology as a science. At present there is no universal agreement amongst sociologists themselves as to the scope and methods of the science they profess, and when we pass from the science to the art we find that whilst some erect on these sociological bases a social aristocracy or even a social autocracy, there are others who erect on it a social democracy. Public administrators cannot, therefore, be primarily to blame, for where doctors differ, there can be no presumption of an infallible cure. Neither are the limitations of social life the cause; for though the facts dealt with in the social organisation are exceedingly complex, this very complexity of its data makes the social organisation more susceptible of change than the biological organism.

4. In order to make the science of sociology more effective in social life, steps should be taken in this country to found chairs of sociology in every teaching centre. A frank and full discussion should be offered of all the problems of society, eugenics, economics, religion, art, law, politics, philosophy—all should be studied broadly in their speculative import without any fear of being treated as a mere party man or of bringing the "idola fori" into the cloistered chambers of pure thought. In this way, by the combined work of scientists, some measure of stability may be here-

* "Rejection of those offering themselves as recruits have fallen from 42 per cent. in 1891, to 34 per cent. in 1902. . . . . Chest measurement, weight, and height, have all improved in recent years, while at the same time the rejection from other causes, with the exception of decayed teeth, have all decreased in number." —Report of Royal College of Physicians to Home Office, July, 1903.

after claimed for the sociological groundwork, and administrators may be encouraged to build on its rocky foundation.

5. When sociology is thus broadly and comprehensively studied it will be found that the various kinds of "social tissue" or "social organisation" may be classed as more simple and general and as more complex and special. Thus economics is more simple and general than religion, and religion is more simple and general than art. Politics, on the contrary, is more complex and special than any of the three kinds of "tissue" mentioned before. Politics, in fact, as part of the organising "will" of society, is, in its developed administrative and executive arrangements, a late efflorescence of Western civilisation. Undoubtedly, if politics is based on the results and teaching of sociology, its powers and limitations will be more clearly shown, and for the first time we shall grasp the real possibilities of dealing effectively with the economical problems of life and labour.

6. More detailed discussion of most of the problems I have adumbrated above will be found in a book, "The New Social Democracy," which I hope to publish in a few weeks.

Professor J. H. Muirhead (Birmingham University).

With reference to the preamble, I think there is great danger of exaggerating the evils of the present stage of national development if we concentrate attention on what we see before us instead of taking it in its historical connexion. Thus, I should wholly dissent from the phrase "the alarming increase of pauperism, crime, and alcoholism." Statistics of these phenomena, when carefully examined, do not support the uncritical use of such phrases.

Similarly the suggested criticism that the social sciences are "still isolated in the laboratory" seems to me the reverse of the truth. What has in reality been going on is that during the last half century they have been coming more and more into definite connexion with the facts of social life. Perhaps, indeed, more "laboratory" in the sense of experimental work is just what we want at the present time.

1. This criticism anticipates what I should be inclined to say as to question 1. We have no sufficient body of statistics as to the biological condition of the population in olden times with which to compare the present. What we can say, and it is quite vital to realise, is that the industrial and home conditions of large masses of city dwellers is acting deleteriously on the health and general stamina of their children.

2. It requires no appeal to "laws at the disposal of sociologists," but only to common hygienic knowledge to see what is chiefly required to meet this danger. The chief obstruction is likely to come from the disagreements of sociologists among themselves as to the relative importance of improvement of stock and improvement of environment. Clear ideas on this head among sociologists themselves seems to me one of the chief desiderata of the present time. Much of the popular teaching of enthusiasts for "eugenics" seems to me to be vitiated by its alliance with obsolete psychology as to the nature of instinct as an element in human life.

3. This furnishes the answer to the first part of the third question. With regard to the public and public administrators, I believe they are more open-minded and more ready to act upon the suggestion of those who combine experience with sound theory than they have ever before been.

4. What is more immediately wanted is that in universities and training colleges for teachers and ministers of religion greater emphasis should be laid on the theory of social life as it is to be gathered from the best political and social philosophy. There is no more hopeful movement than the institution in this and other universities of systematic instruction under the head of social study open at small expense to those who look forward to direct social service in any form, whether as voluntary workers or paid administrators.

5*a* and *b*. If, as I believe, sound ideas on these subjects are bound to issue in accelerating better conditions of life among the masses of the people the first departments of human life which are likely to gain are religion and art. The chief obstruction to the development of the religious and artistic sense is absorption in the labour and distraction by the anxieties and uncertainties of mere breadwinning.

5*c*. Nothing is more likely to diminish the virulence of party warfare than the cultivation of the more impartial attitude of the student who is bent merely on discovering in the light of the best theory and practice what is the best thing for the community as a whole, and the best way of making this prevail against the interests that obstruct it. No, one, for instance, who approaches the subject of private property with a fair knowledge of the different forms under which the interest in objects of value which we call by that name has taken in the past, and the more refined forms it is coming under our own eyes to assume, can take up a dogmatic attitude as to the comparative value of absolute and of limited ownership of land. One of the immediate results of the diminution of the existing friction in Parliamentary life and the absorption in party politics will be the increased attention to a great deal that is long overdue in social reform.

Professor J. S. Nicholson (Edinburgh University).

I agree that the question of possible race degeneration is of the greatest moment at the present time, and a discussion may lead to changes in the application of fundamental economic ideas—especially as regards the meaning and content of personal liberty, and how far personal liberty ought to be restrained in certain directions in the interests of the nation from the racial point of view. At the same time the practical difficulties of interference in this direction seem very great.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.

1. As we do not know the goal of evolution it is quite impossible for us to distinguish growth from degeneration. Before you can tell whether a man in motion is going to Putney or the Bank, to Heaven or to Hell, you must know where Putney, the Bank, Heaven and Hell are. All this dogmatising about pauperism, suicide, insanity, crime, alcoholism and general paralysis is grossly unscientific. Horses probably argue that the motor-car must inevitably succumb to its chronic alcoholism. All we can guess about the habits of the Supermen is that they would be morally disgraceful and physically fatal to a respectable alderman of our day. Whoever gives any other answer to this question is, sociologically speaking, an idiot.

2. Is disposed of by 1.

3. The application of known sociological laws is prevented by the police.

4. At this particular election, vote for the Government when there is no Labour or Socialist candidate available. This suggestion has nothing whatever to do with the fact that the Government is called Liberal.

5. No; I would not. I have not time, nor has The New Age space, for three comprehensive and exhaustive treatises of the kind proposed.

6. No.

Dr. J. Lionel Taylor (Author of "Aspects of Social Evolution").

1. I do not think any evidence at present exists that is conclusive on the point of racial degeneration. The actual facts as to the lengthened life of the average adult, and the fact that about the same amount of feeble-mindedness and imbecility exist in town as in country life, in Canada as in England, do not support a belief in racial degeneracy. It may be, however, that medical science has advanced beyond the stress and strain of the times and has therefore concealed by its superior treatment some real constitutional defects, as there is some evidence for the belief that constitutional diseases have increased. There is, in fact, enough ground to make us suspicious and feel the need of a careful medical inquiry by trained medical men and sociologists; there is not enough to assert that any real degeneracy exists.

2. Whether some eugenic action is desirable or not, and I personally feel very strongly that it is, so far as proved feeble-minded, immoral and habitual criminals are concerned, and also in regard to frequent inebriety, I am not less convinced that good surroundings favour a higher type of man and woman, and that a slum, by its power to weed out the less brutal type of child and adult, breeds by unconscious selection a slum type. I think, therefore, that sociological laws would do at least as much as eugenic laws, perhaps more, to benefit the race.

3. The great need of the present day is to educate the masses and classes alike to higher mind ideals; to more hygienic ways of living, and to more sincere views about the value of affection in marriage and the nobleness of worthy parentage, and where needed, from a proved hereditary weakness of a serious nature, a not less noble celibacy.

4. Immediate steps I would personally advocate are:—Eugenic: (1) The abolition by law of all "living in" positions. (2) The insistence on a minimum marriage wage for all trades and professions. This to be fixed by trade and profession unions. (3) The affiliation of all women's unions with men's of corresponding occupations, so that the man's wage standard should automatically fix the woman's at the same level. Social type educational opportunity for all citizens, men and women alike.

5 (*a*). I think an enlarged and modernised religious outlook, to be accomplished by religious creeds accepting fearlessly what is proved in science, would give an immense incentive to all social effort.

(*b*) In art I would like to see new ideals symbolised of public life—halls, schools, and public offices being treated as the old architects treated Gothic churches.

(*c*) I would like to see a Second Chamber of British and Colonial senators, chosen on a scheme of proved mental capacity, and the House of Lords abolished.

Many other things also, but at the root of the whole problem is the one question: how to educate masses and classes alike so that they shall feel the justice and the benefit of these changes.

POEMS BY E. H. VISIAK.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
Of all sown seeds of dolorous labour shall I reap;
And all salt sorrow, and all dull leaden gloom,
And iron disappointments of life's loom
Have weft my silken sheets, and a pillow for my head

No pain of Purgatory, nor any dream of Hell
Shall break the puissance of that opiate and holy spell.

A TAILPIECE TO "BUCCANEER BALLADS."

There he hangs,
Clear from the mast,
All his griefs
Over at last,
All his debts
Reckoned and paid. . . .
Who shall pay
Yon mourning maid?

A Leaf from English History.

By Prof. Leonardo Dobbs.

(With special apologies to Sir G. M.)

DYNASTY VII.] [ABOUT 1500-2000 A.D.

merely a sign of their ignorance.

George Ranger is another name about which there has been a great deal of unnecessary controversy. He is apparently to be placed chronologically in this dynasty. As we have copies of laws promulgated by him it is clear that he must have come to the throne, though possibly the shortness of his reign has prevented his name appearing in the various quasi-historical king-lists of the period.

The laws in question concern the "closure of the gates,"[1] the admission to the empire for "traffic" and commerce of "Bicycles" and other aliens[2].

We know that George was a common king-name at this period of the history of the country, and the fact that this king made use of the full title "Ranger" instead of the more usual abbreviation "R", which has caused so much controversy, must clearly be put down to personal pride[3] and will not, on unbiassed consideration, support the various elaborate theories which different Anglologists have attempted to base on it.[4] He probably preceded George V., in fact it seems more than probable that V was in this case a scribe's mistake for VI, which was afterwards perpetuated.

The fact that during this reign the Empire was officially known as the "Park" is of great interest as elucidating many difficulties connected with the period. The full name as found in the official documents was "Hyde Park." According to contemporary ideas, *park* was connected etymologically with *paradise*. Although we know now that this derivation is entirely mythical, as was most of the etymology of that epoch, yet the association of ideas in the public mind is very valuable, as we shall see later on. *Hyde* is a more difficult word. It probably is a variant of the word *head* in the Metropolitan dialect , *head* was synonymous with Chief, and metaphorically was applied to the North,[6] owing to the prevalent habit of map-drawing then in vogue, and suggests the idea that the Northern power (Scots, Scottish, Schottische, Highland—*high* being of the same derivation as *head*) which had been dominant in Dynasty IV was again in the ascendant. While the identification in the common mind of *park* with *paradise* points to the movement having had for its object the strengthening of the union between the Spiritual and temporal authorities, which though practically in abeyance was still, as we see from certain of the liturgies of that date which have been preserved, not altogether superseded.[7] It was against this that the political cry of "Home Rule all round"[8] was raised. This ideal was anthropomorphised as Home Rule Bill—otherwise, William (Bill) "Gladstone." We know that, for a time at any rate, this counter-movement had a successful termination, symbolised as the death and apotheosis of "Gladstone," or as the passage of Bill to "another place"[9]—apparently one of a purgatorial nature.[10] As it seems that we must date this event about the reign of George Ranger, it may be taken without doubt as the reason for its short duration and for the exclusion of this king from the lists.[11]

(etc. ad lib.)

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[1] Clearly connected with the doctrine of the "open door," about which we read so much incomprehensible nonsense in the political Press of the period. (LEONARDO DOBBS, *The Dawn of England.*)

[2] The geographical considerations involved are rather complex. (DOBBS, *The Wei Hei Way of the East.*) The doctrine of the "open door" was apparently connected with the East, and this helps to elucidate, although it does not *entirely* explain an otherwise incomprehensible phrase of unknown origin: "a cycle of Cathay." (JONES, *The Book of Quotations.*) This is a valuable datum for fixing approximately the date of these edicts by the help of the records of Parliamentary enactments on the subject of the admission of aliens. As, unfortunately, the habit of the time was to date these enactments by the year number of the reigning king they are of much less use to us than if some more sensible method had been employed. (See DOBBS, *The Dawn of England.*)

[3] DOBBS, *The Dawn of England* (Vol. XCIX.), shows that there was apparently much ill-feeling produced by this pride of birth about this period, but our dates are somewhat confused by the fact that one of the most bitter opponents of the aristocracy was another George, Lloyd. (The right decipherment of the word "Lloyd" is still in dispute. Smith holds, though I think with little to support him, that both the first "L" and the "o" are redundant neologisms.) He may possibly be the same individual who later came to the throne as George V. (VI.). (Vide inf.) Cf. the title Prince of Wales. (See JONES, *Titles of the Middle Ages.*) The craze for notoriety was such that we learn—JONES, *The Book of Quotations*—that on his succession a king was in the habit of erasing the cipher of his predecessor from all the "pillar-boxes" and replacing them with his own.

[4] JONES, *Titles of the Middle Ages*, has even suggested that Ranger is to be connected with *ranch* or *range*, a cattlefarm or *deer-park* (*paradise*); but this is simply a mistake due to carelessness in reading, for we know that the pressing question of the time was not *deer* meat but *dear* meat, and, further, that the solution of the problem was looked for as coming from the South (Austral), and not from the North. In fact, the epithet *high* as applied to meat bore a distinctly evil significance. The chief foods of the North were called *grouse* meat, and *grouts* or *groats*, a strong form of *oats* (cf. John o' Groats), *to grouse* meaning "to complain."

[5] Vide "Punch, or the London Charivari," *passim.*

[6] Cf. *High*land. (Vide inf.)

[7] "The Book of Common Prayer." Cum privilegio. Various dates. (See Preface.)

[8] As "roundly" in the dialect of the VIIth Dynasty is almost synonymous with "squarely," it is probable that *Square* is the correct vocalisation of this word, as *Rule* is connected with the idea of straightness rather than circularity or roundness. (DOBBS, *Etymology.*)

[9] Here again the dates are a little difficult to disentangle, for the Statute-book dates suggest that this "translation" took place later, but if we accept the emendation, which seems to be almost forced on us by many considerations, and admit that George V. should really have been entitled George VI. this difficulty disappears. (DOBBS, *The Dawn of England.*)

[10] It is interesting to note as confirmatory evidence that about this time, as far as we can judge, it became a common habit to speak of death as a "passing over." Moreover the clerical official who presided at the funeral rites was colloquially known as a Pa(r)s-on. We know, too, that death was synonymous with fame; many men became famous only on their death, having been before quite unknown.

[11] Unfortunately, we have no reliable monumental remains which preserve for us any but very fragmentary king-lists, and these apparently of a very capricious and arbitrary nature. It has been suggested by JONES as an escape from the difficulty that such lists contain only the names of kings who were benefactors of the institutions concerned, but in the case of the churches and other temples we know that these were State concerns, and in other cases it is an equally absurd hypothesis. The contemporary historians are no help to us, in fact we are in a position now to detect how entirely imaginary most of the so-called history of these early dynasties was.

The Princesse Bonaparte-Rattazzi.

By Francis Grierson.

In writing of complex natures there is nothing so difficult to put into words as the mental frame—the atmosphere in which such natures exist. Beauty, grace, and intellect create what is called personal charm, which is an outward and visible manifestation of harmony; for it has a rhythm and melody and a charm of its own; it illumines and inspires the persons who are drawn within its influence. When we speak of beautiful women as national types we mean women like Marguerite, or Rosalind, or Doña Sol—the German and the English fair, the Italian and the Spanish dark. We know what to expect, for the national types are never complex, and for that reason never formidable. Their influence is local, and their light is dimmed by greater stars. As in a picture there must be a ground-work out of which the objects develop, so in a portrait of a subtle personality the writer must try to present not only the material surroundings, but the psychic element in which the person lives and moves. Complex types are laws in themselves. They stand alone, like statues in a gallery of historical epochs, chiselled by artists who created but one each and then passed away. Eccentric people are among the easiest to depict because the mystery of enigma is lacking. True originality surprises and bewilders. It is composed of blending lights and shadows, characteristics that unite and harmonise as colours in the rainbow, not readily distinguished save by the most practised eye. But the keenest judgment is sorely tried in the presence of a personality at once poetic, complex, and romantic. Here we are bound to stop and ponder, wait for a mood which will open the realm of illusion for a passport to wander in the world of dreams, where the eye sees as in moonlight and the ear catches strains of music as in echoes. For we must enter a land of enchanted vistas veiled in illusive mists, as in the paintings of Claude Lorraine, and live for a time in a circle of souvenirs whose episodes are as diadems that have graced the heads of beauty during a long cycle of poetic romance. In such a world the Princesse Marie Létizia Bonaparte-Rattazzi lived for more than half a century. Mrs. Emily Crawford has lately said, à propos of the death of Madame Rattazzi, that she was the most gifted member of the Bonaparte family after the great Napoleon. But she conquered people, not by power, but by personal attraction. The world came to her wherever she happened to be, while her great ancestor repeatedly risked life and fortune in his efforts to maintain the ground and the glory he had won. She was enveloped from the first in an atmosphere of romantic beauty, which is separated from all other forms of beauty, as a natural gift is separated from learning, or a painting from a natural scene.

In Madame Rattazzi's character there was a blending of races. From the Bonapartes she had something regal. On entering her *appartement* the mind reverted to Roman pomp and luxury in the time of the Cæsars. All through her salons one felt the masterful influence of the Napoleonic souvenirs, in the bust of Napoleon, his family, and his descendants. The long suite of rooms rose before the imagination like a vision out of reality. The sensation resembled that produced by the statues and heads in the Vatican. Power and beauty were here united in the marble figures that looked independent of time and part of immortality. They were there like the columns of the Parthenon, not as a mark of history, but as a symbol of perpetual law. Her rooms were so many boudoirs draped in blue, one opening into the other; and the Roman dignity of the marble busts was strangely etherealised by the azure satin of the walls and the furniture. The *appartement*, like the woman, was unique. When the visitor was ushered into her presence by a tall and pompous footman with a stentorian voice, Madame Rattazzi appeared as a natural setting in this historical and romantic atmosphere. She belonged to the *appartement* and the *appartement* to her. Here, in the noisiest part of Paris, removed three stories above the harassed crowds that surge up and down the Boulevard Poissonnière, the blue *appartement* of the Princesse Bonaparte-Rattazzi existed like something detached from the Parisian universe, suspended between the heavens and the earth as a fairyland set apart for poets and artists—a living picture from "Monte-Cristo" or the "Arabian Nights"—to remind one that beauty is a real dominion as well as a dream. There was nothing like it anywhere else; and Madame Rattazzi moved among her guests as a personality apart. She was at ease in the elegance of her apparel and the splendour of her jewels; and upon a close scrutiny, under a blaze of light at the dinner-table, the thought came to my mind that the beauty of jewels is enhanced threefold when they are worn by a woman of such a type. The visitor from the first was impressed with the Roman and imperial air of the woman—a conqueror of intellectual minds, as Bonaparte was a conqueror of worlds.

When I first knew Madame Rattazzi, many years ago, she was still a handsome woman, and at her table I met on a single evening Mrs. Emily Crawford, Madame Séverine, Henri Fouquier, Madame Catincka de Dietz (who was pianist to the Court of Louis Philippe), Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, Tony Révillon, Maître Demarest, and Emilio Castelar. The first time I dined with her the table was laid with a service of forty gold plates upon which was engraved the Imperial arms. "Cette soirée est pour vous, vous savez," she said, as she took my arm and led the way to the dining room. Her salon was a meeting-place for the whole world of art and letters. Representative men and women assembled there from all quarters of the globe; and it was difficult to realise that these rooms were in the heart of Paris, that this woman belonged to the Third Republic, that the writers represented an age of democracy.

Madame Rattazzi sometimes looked Oriental. Her dark complexion and her large, dreamy eyes of pale grey made one think of Zenobia or Cleopatra—a captive who had enthralled her captors, a dethroned queen, who had turned her enemies into courtiers and her rivals into imitators. Even at the age of sixty there were moments when her manner and expression had the freshness and the naïveté of youth. This indefinable charm she inherited from her grandmother, Alexandrine de Bleschamp, who was a beautiful and witty Celt of Brittany. If the disposition of the Bonapartes gave her an imperial air, her Breton blood was the secret by which she penetrated to the heart of poets and artists, and which made her at home in the world of art and poetry. With all this, Madame Rattazzi was cosmopolitan. In the complexity of such a nature we discover, not an art, but the synthesis of a race of artists. She represented, in herself, an epoch evolved from other epochs, and a cosmopolitan spirit which made her at home in Naples or Florence, Paris or Madrid. She brought with her, wherever she went, the ambient air of poetic romance, which made her appear to the Italians as a symbol of grace and beauty handed down from the splendours of the past like an enchanted gift out of the Parthenon of the Muses, while to the Spanish she came with the ardour of Andalusian enthusiasm added to Castilian wit and refinement. To the Parisians Madame Rattazzi symbolised Napoleonic power and conquest. They saw in her the glamour of cosmopolitan genius and the enigma of complex beauty that fascinates. She appeared to people of different countries as an apparition of their poetic ideals. She possessed the inexplicable gift of assuming and assimilating the characteristics of the people among whom she happened to be living. But this gift of itself would not account for her triumphant influence. It has been said of "Monte-Cristo" that its fascination as a novel may be explained by the picture it gives of the triumph

of the human volition over the impossible. It is not its realism which holds the mind captive, but the magic of its romance. The reader is impressed with the fact that in the personality of the Count of Monte-Cristo there is an indefinable and mysterious quality which opens out a path before him, an atmosphere and world of his own in which people come to do his bidding. It is the poetry of adventure and the beauty of romantic mystery which give glamour to artistic as well as to personal charm. And this is why a woman like Madame Rattazzi exerted so great an influence over both intellect and imagination. All great beauty, like all supreme art, is romantic and poetic. There are people who, in their blind infatuation for what they call realism, deny the power and influence of the very things which move and control the world most. We have but to compare one book with another, one person with another, to become convinced that mere power counts for nothing when set beside personal and complex charm. The higher forms of beauty everywhere dominate the material and the realistic.

Exiled by Napoleon in 1853 Madame Rattazzi founded a literary review at Aix-les-Bains which she called "Les Matinées d'Aix." When, in 1863, she married Signor Rattazzi, the first Italian statesman of his day, the review was changed to that of "Les Matinées de Florence"; after the death of Rattazzi she married Señor de Rute, a member of the Spanish Cortes, and the review was again changed to "Les Matinées Espagnoles." On the death of Señor de Rute she returned to Paris, and it appeared under the title of "La Nouvelle Révue Internationale," with Castelar, the Spanish statesman, as editor-in-chief. While Madame Rattazzi was at her villa on Lake Bourget the greatest men of her time went from Paris to do homage to her beauty and seek inspiration in her society. Kossuth sought her counsel, Sainte-Beuve paid her for contributions to "Le Constitutionnel." She took a leading part in the negotiations between the Italian Government and Garibaldi during the campaign of the latter for the liberation of Rome. Success and homage attended her everywhere. A memorable company of writers, politicians, and poets assembled at her villa in Florence to witness the production of her play, "Le Mariage d'une Créole," in which she satirised the French Court. The supper that followed was cooked and served by the author of "Monte-Cristo." Her worshippers form a dazzling page in the history of personal beauty; the chimera of poetry and romance attracted and fascinated genius of every nationality and talent of every school. Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Eugene Sue represented romantic fiction at the salon of this remarkable woman; German and Russian princes brought her a courtly admiration, Lamennais and Lamartine the respect of philosophy and poetry, Rochefort and Révillon the fealty of the French democracy, Theirs and Jules Grévy the homage of French statesmen.

"No art," says Mr. Henry James, "can successfully compete with life." In the same spirit it may be said that no power can compete with natural charm. That is the magician under whose spell all other magicians must bow. In the unity of beauty, grace, intellect, wealth, political power, and the prestige of a great name, Madame Bonaparte-Rattazzi lived, not in a world of convention and imitation, but in a world of her own, whose atmosphere influenced others while she ever remained in the centre. Ordinary physical beauty, united to wealth and titles, never, except in the most material sense, succeeds in creating an element of poetic illusion. Women who possess beauty without the attractions of grace and intellect never attain to any real influence in society beyond that exerted in a local sphere. An illness, a few wrinkles, a short period of domestic trouble and their brief reign is over. Madame Rattazzi was not without her troubles and cares; and in the publication of her review she spent part of the day in hard work at her writing-desk. Her novels and descriptive studies published in her own review would fill scores of volumes if published in book form. But in spite of a light-heartedness which often seemed the result of a frivolous disposition she never neglected her household duties and managed all her affairs with skill, while amidst innumerable political and social changes she appeared at the close of the old and beginning of the new as if she had just come upon the scene ready to lead or sustain a new party, group, or salon. For in such a nature there is no chance-work. The episodes seem inevitable. And everything about the woman was inimitable. In her writings her style had that suavity and charm that belonged to her personality. While her literature lacked deep thought it had a power to rivet the senses and compel the reader to continue to the last page. Her pen glided along on the surface of things, describing what she saw and heard without the aid of philosophy or psychology but with an art that was at once original and supreme. Seated at her desk, pen, ink, and words became as one, and her style was never without a lucid and limpid fluency. Even when age was beginning to rob her of her beauty it did not rob her of the nervous, youthful charm in her writing —a quality which to the reader made her seem gifted with eternal youth.

One evening, while a guest of Madame Rattazzi in President Carnot's box at the Théâtre Français, I was struck with the fact that of all the brilliant women there, none seemed to possess the *cachet* of originality and power that distinguished her personality; yet she must have been fully sixty at the time. The play—which was Henri Becque's "La Parisienne"—the dialogue, the actors, and the audience seemed to fade away, absorbed by that mysterious and indefinable element which enveloped her as in a world of romance and miracle. The wit of the author, the talent of the actors, the brilliant audience, served but as a frame to set off the jewels, the dress, the manner of the woman sitting there in the presidential box, as if she herself had commanded the production of the play and issued the invitations.

Yes, life is greater than art, romance more fascinating than the realism of every day; the beautiful has a greater charm than the powerful. Montaigne, in his essay on beauty, relates that when someone asked Aristotle why people oftener and longer frequented the company of handsome persons, he replied: "The question is not to be asked by any but one that is blind." That Madame Rattazzi's influence in the political and literary world of Paris was maintained, not by her wealth and the prestige of her name, but by her personality, no one can doubt who has studied the course of events in Paris during the past thirty years. When Gambetta was alive the leading political salon was presided over by Madame Adam; but the people were attracted by the prestige of Gambetta's name. When the brilliant orator died Madame Adam's political salon came to an abrupt end. She gave up the *appartement* on the Boulevard Poissonnière. Madame Rattazzi stepped in and turned it into a thing of beauty, where she presided until the day of her death. Her influence did not depend on the power of any person or group of persons who frequented her salon, but on her own presence. That was the secret. And as her life had been one long romance of travel and change the element of the marvellous was always about her. It belonged to her. She never assumed a special position, never imitated a style or manner, never depended on exterior influences.

During the closing years of this wonderful life age at last began to show its effect. The woman who had shown so much common-sense and tact in the arrangement of her dinners and the selection of her guests grew careless, if not wholly indifferent. Her sight was dimmed and her memory failing. She no longer selected her guests, but invited a crowd. At last, in her efforts to be amiable to everyone she seems to have pleased no one. At her table swarmed a curious and sinister assembly, hustling and hungry, like wolves from the wilderness of Paris, their hunger and impatience expressed in low growls at the lateness of the dinner and the long periods between the courses. They tramped up the great flights of stairs like wandering spirits seeking a peep at the blue paradise above, descending at midnight with the noise of brick and mortar falling from a tower. With the death of Madame Bonaparte-Rattazzi the last star in the romantic galaxy of the nineteenth century disappeared.

Unedited Opinions.

V. On Municipal Suicide.

You concluded your demonstration that prevention is better than over-population, and you promised to give me your views on voluntary suicide. May I proceed to enquire?

By all means, if you first recall my thesis: that our dogma is the sanctity of the will.

I do. Then tell me exactly what you think the world would gain by facilitating suicide.

I count its greatest gain the freedom of the will it assumes. There is literally nothing a man may not do with himself. Secondly, all responsibility is centred in himself; he is free to go or stay, and the matter is within his own discretion and power. Think what a relief that would be to others and what a source of necessary strength to himself.

Mainly to himself as far as I can see. You do not convince me that the world would profit.

The world would profit, surely, by the absence from its members of the unwilling; for are not all persons unwillingly alive a nuisance to their neighbours?

A nuisance, yes, perhaps; but I am not sure that deliberate suicide would not depress the world even more than an unwilling existence.

There you touch on what I conceive to be the real objection, hitherto maintained, of Society against suicide. It is supposed that suicide is an affront to existence in general and a positive insult to those who are left alive. It is regarded, as I have often heard, as treachery to life and to humanity. Life, as somebody said, is soiled for everybody by the voluntary suicide of one.

Do you not yourself think there is something in that idea?

Something, no doubt, for those who already have their suspicions of the value of life and fear to realise them. But not for such as really find life good.

And are there not more of the former than of the latter?

Very likely, but in spite of their numbers, they should be the last to be considered. In fact, my suggestions are designed to eliminate these hypocrites altogether and to leave alive only those who desire to live.

You contemplate, then, a vastly smaller world?

I do, indeed; but a world of quality rather than of quantity. At present, there is no doubt, the theory of society is that we must, at all costs, have numbers. We are under Jahveh's curse: to be fruitful and to multiply. But the newer dispensation ignores numbers and counts its blessings in the perfect only, among whom it is the will that must have consented.

But would it not brutalise the few to suffer the suicide of the many?

On the contrary it would humanise them. What brutalises now is to suffer the continued existence of those who wish to die. I can conceive nothing more cruel than this determination of society to keep its members alive against their own will. It is ogrish!

Unfortunately society cannot know whether such a desire is really will or only a sick whim. Ought we to risk giving death the benefit of the doubt in every case?

That, I admit, is a difficulty; but there is no other means than responsibility of enabling people to discriminate between will and whim.

But the lesson is fatal and learned only when it is too late.

You fail to take into account what may be called the concomitant developments and secondary characteristics of a society which instituted suicide. Do not suppose that such a plan would exist without entailing transformations of thought in other spheres. I imagine, for example, that means would presently be discovered for discriminating between will and whim. The education of the young would include the process among its earliest lessons. There would be tests for will as exact and common as there are now tests of sickness. After all, easy access to means of pleasant suicide is itself the best test of all.

How so?

Why, I do not imagine that an individual could pretend that he willed to die if when the means were open he refused to use them.

Agreed.

Then there we have our test; and an effective test, as I can testify.

And do you believe that others who now profess to be tired of life would similarly discover their mistake?

Many undoubtedly would, for most of us are misinformed as to our real motives. And what a relief from hypocrisy that would be. The rest might really discover their will to die to be true; and they also would be relieved of a lie.

You laid some stress upon free and easy means. What had you in mind?

Municipal suicide rooms, I think, or something of that kind. It is desirable, in my view, that there should be some ceremony attending suicide when it is an act of will, and, even if it be possible, a little public rejoicing as over a birth. I like the old Roman custom of calling one's friends and neighbours together and holding a feast before the final departure. And it should be free and easy in this sense that there should be no fees and the method should be both painless and unrepellant.

I grant you all the details, but I am still distressed by your general proposition.

Why, what other objections have you to urge?

None of any logical value, I fear; but, nevertheless, they move me.

Say on.

What a terrible view of life your proposal assumes! For is it not assumed that man is as the animals to whom this life is all? And more than that, what a supremely selfish view, since it assumes that an individual is here solely for his own pleasure. You have not mentioned the word duty once! Is it not conceivably, and in a nobler philosophy than yours, a duty to live? Even if we no longer gain personal pleasure by it? And what if it should happen that when we die we are called to account for our lives, should we not have proved guilty, as Plato says, of deserting our post if we committed suicide when the fight was hottest? Are we here to do our own will at all? Is it our own will that is sacred?

You perceive that you are disputing not merely a deduction from my dogma of will, but the dogma itself. I have no objection to discussing the dogma, but you assented to it for the purpose of discussing the deduction. However, I will say this in reply to you: Far from regarding voluntary suicide as involving either selfishness or a materialistic view of the world, it appears to me to necessitate a high degree of unselfishness and a profoundly spiritual faith such as animals, to say the least, have never attained. You will not affirm that animals commit suicide; but, on the contrary, they cling to life with positive ferocity, as if realising that this is their only existence. Men, on the other hand, whom all the world regards as highest, are distinguished by the ease with which they risk and give up their lives, as knowing, we may assume, that in the universe at large and under the dispensation of a beneficent omnipotence, this life is only one of an infinite series of an infinite variety. Where is the affront or treachery in Paul's doctrine: to die is gain; since it not only assumes, but acts on the assumption, that death is the gate of resurrection? And as for will and the possible conflict of ours and our Maker's, I know of no such conflict. Between our own will and our own whims there is conflict; but between our own will and that of the world there is no conflict, since the world's will appears to us as necessity. God's will, to use your implied vocabulary, is always done. Consequently—consequently, you observe—we *may* do what we *can* do. And since there is no doubt that we can commit suicide there is no doubt also that we may. Society, I believe, will one day provide the means.

The Maids' Comedy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein an ancient, oft-defeated, but indestructible, ideal is re-invented.

SOME passages of emotion, certain scenes of deep human interest, are forbidden by their personal and secret *nature* to be transcribed, to be made a spectacle for eyes that were never intended to behold them. Of such a character is the episode which soon took place between our Lady and the crimson, credulous, impure and penitent Dota Filjee. They rode until they came to a patch all covered with bushes of wild red berries—if that may be called a patch which seemed to stretch on as far as the blue sky; and always Dota Filjee lagged a little in the rear and never rode side by side with our Lady. But, among the bright fruit berries, Dota got down and gathered a spray in a leaf and brought it, and there was that in her face which expected to be refused, and then, when her leaf was not refused, she began to weep as if it had been, and there followed all that story which had far better not be told, if only because I, who have not the born purity of innocence, but only that which is made by the wish to be virtuous—I might remember just those parts which our Lady never noted, and so I will pass on and tell what she replied. And she held the berries the while and placed some within Dota's timid palm, as they sat facing one another upon the ground, and the ponies grazed near by. "Have I reproached thee, Dota, that thy tears fall so, like the rain? Yesterday, when there was yet time, I warned thee that the person was no beautiful Knight at all, but most ugly and displeasing. Yet, since thou couldst not see him properly because of the enchantment, it was necessary to go and find out the truth; fòr, the father has taught me that thou canst not, as I can, weigh things truly, and, therefore, when a thing seems good to thee, thou must try it over and over and over again, and if, at the end, it still seems good, then be satisfied, for nothing bad can last." "When I saw you again, mistress, then I felt it was all bad," said Dota Filjee. "Ah!" replied our Lady, "and no doubt the enchanter saw me, too, and knew that his power was as good as broken, for I would at once have granted every demand to bring about thy speedy disenchantment." "I wish, sometimes, you would beat me," sighed Dota Filjee. "I am so schelm. But now give me something to do for you!" "Only remain beside me! We have great business on hand, for, let me tell thee that the cruel father has taken prisoner two fair Knights and is holding them in dreadful torments. The castle is barricaded and he suffers no one to go near. We, Dota, have got to go near! We must destroy the barricade and release the captives. We must become instead of damsels in distress, Damsels Errant!"

Here, if the reader will permit me, I will take him back to a scene which, perhaps, ought to have come earlier; but, for any clumsiness in the order of narration, I beg to be forgiven, since I was yesterday in three bewilderments which of my characters to follow—Dota Filjee on her mad gallop, the Professor into captivity, or the British Society in its ignominious rout. I took the line of least resistance and fled with the flying squadron, but the god of chroniclers did not desert me, and the events now to be related may be vouched for by creditable witnesses, namely, none other than those who took part. We saw Mr. Rogers, that sandy veteran and remonstrator, par excellence, whom apparently we cannot yet dismiss, driven into the stable-yard. We saw the Professor fallen and out of his senses. Dorothea had disappeared, and the redoubtable Roderigo stood bending over his vanquished foe. He was about to lift him away and carry him into the stronghold when a shriek fell about his ears. "It shall be put a stop to!" declared poor Rogers. "It's the most shameful outrage I—" "Avaunt!" answered a grim, deep voice. "You let me pass this minute," Rogers commanded; "I'm not to be taken in, rascal! Let me pass!" Sir Roderigo eyed the rotund prancing figure and would have let him go; but Rogers was destined to be unhappy: he addressed the prone Professor, who was now beginning to move uneasily, "You, sir, I shall report to the Society. Your membership is a scandal, sir. As for you, my poor fool," he concluded to the Knight, "do go and take off that ridiculous costume and don't be led away. A joke's a joke, and Don Quixote was a good enough joke, but I see nothing in this—" Here his exhortation was strangled by the sudden lifting of his collar about his ears and, in a twinkling, he found himself deposited in some dim-lit chamber and heard the key turned. And there, in the gloom, it all came to him! And though he murmured a dozen times, "I can't believe the Professor, vulgar as he is, has turned brigand," yet, as I, myself, will testify, the Professor might as easily have turned brigand as carried a jest so far as to have his scientific rival thwacked and collared and locked up in a dungeon; wherefore, Rogers may find many a less prejudiced mind than his own to justify a conclusion arrived at between an empty stomach and a head inflamed.

The devotee of the immortal Don, having revenged his exemplar and in silencing a rude critic, done no little service to chivalry, returned to his silver-headed foe. Let us suppose that the Professor himself was not yet quite come back to his mind for, fixing his eyes upon the Knight, he exclaimed: "There has been no such check to all-devouring science since Quixote gave up the ghost." What balm, what noble cheer were these words to our hero! What walls did they not break down, what miracle did they not work in dispelling the indignation of Sir Roderigo and dressing his countenance in the fair and true expression of chivalry.

"My arm is at your service, noble sir," he exclaimed, "come into the house and let me make what amends I can. Confound me for blind, and unworthy the name of knight!" But the Professor, rising, replied: "Blame nothing, good friend, but the ill-fortune which has kept us apart so long, or, at least, censure me rather than yourself, for I, who should instantly have recognised the meaning of events, went far to jeopardise their happy issue. Long time have I consented to the destruction, aye! the death, of Romance. In the name of Science, I repudiated what no force of reason can ever destroy. Imagining that threats and breathings of slaughter might avail, I have cut off the young from their rightful heritage, and filled their textbooks with a thousand facts to shame them out of their independence, which would have led them straight upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romance was lying in wait for me with a blow from her unreasonable, inexorable lance, to overthrow me, but to raise me again with the scales fallen from my eyes. How art thou revenged, Homer! whom I have made a penance and a toil to striplings; how mayst thou smile, Virgil, at this grave, discounted devil, who furrowed the brows of boys with thy sublimities! If youth but knew, indeed, with what a small stock of wisdom the world is governed! But we take care not to let it know. Perhaps we hardly know ourselves, for we, too, were caught young! We might have made an Iliad and an Æneid of our own, but while we sweated and dodged the cane to the tune of

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,

virtue and true effort were riding wide afield. Adventure was passing us by, and we grew to inherit a bald and spiritless pedantry, with no ideal but a fireside, no guidance but the platitudes at whose bidding we love and hate and snivel and have our whole existence; with no experience but that permitted by our limiting education, with prejudice confirmed at every turn, and, at the last, doomed, if we have a mind of our own at all, to recognise that our lives have been laid down in acquiring nothing better than a creditable kind of ignorance! Happy we if Romance has forborne to smite us with her sardonic weapon of revenge, if we have not laid in the lap of Woman what we owe to ourselves for the liberation of our own soul, our strength, our fortitude, our reverence, our gaiety, our privacy. So long

as these remain our own, though they be ever so rusted, we may clear away the rust and begin to live if ever we get the chance. Such a chance is mine, good friend, so, if you will, lead the way within and let us celebrate the triumph of Romance."

Disgusted reader (for that there exists not one such, I cannot hope) if we *must* part here, refuse not the stirrup-cup I offer, bidding you reflect that the Professor had been exposed all morning beneath the African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a while. The long shafts of the afternoon which stretch obliquely over the mountains, bring with them dew and cool breezes. Science may yet recover. The fingers of Romance are still but beckoning phantoms, her voice is airy as bodiless echo. True, that she holds a lance in those dim fingers, and Science has felt the flat of it; true, that a precipice yawns across the unknown, and Romance is in possession of the Pass; true, that Science, in a moment of blinding light, has confessed, and ceased from persecution, and called to her bosom all manner of monstrous, mad or magical phenomena. But the hour when Science shall strike dead those who keep back the portion from Youth, when it shall shake off the serpent of tradition, when it shall cast even the wheat of knowledge into the sea sooner than sink the ship of light-heart Youth—uncertain is the hour: only is this certain—that Youth must still go many times to Crete.

"Everything you have said, sir," the innkeeper observed, as he set food and wine before his guest, "increases my regret that I should have laid violent hands upon so much courtesy, wisdom, and eloquence, yet my duty is to challenge and reply to challenge, and as Don Quixote has testified upon an occasion similar enough to be quoted: 'The professon I follow will not suffer me to go in any other manner.'" "Ah, that was when he attacked the lions," the Professor hazarded. "Not so." "Surely!" "We can soon be certain," said Sir Roderigo, and with these words he crossed the passage and, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it. As he did so he frowned, and he held the door for a moment before entering. The Professor beheld a young man of a dark and nobly intelligent beauty stretched upon the floor leaning on his elbows with his chin resting in the palm of one hand. He was reading. He did not even look up, but waved his hand and said: "Go away—go away!" "If you would permit us one glimpse of page fifty-eight!" pleaded Sir Roderigo. "Oh, if that is all, willingly!" replied the youth, and he sat up, offering the book; "but pray, Sir Knight, do you mean to keep me in captivity for the rest of my life, and are you so unacquainted with the signs of chivalry that you fail to recognise in me one of the Order?" "Sir," said the innkeeper, "for the second time to-day I stand abashed between joy and regret. Come forth, I implore you, and forget my violence, or remember it only as proceeding from the rigorous laws of our profession, which bid the untried knight omit no opportunity to break his lance. But hear the glorious tidings! We are already three, fair sir, and heaven alone knows how many more knights there be, for if one day beholds this miracle of foregathering, I do not doubt that the wheel of Fortune has turned towards the Sun and that the world is about to be happy, with the flower of chivalry blossoming in its midst, and men, no longer vying for unworthy trifles, possessing the earth!"

"There you have me upon my own subject," the youth replied, and he passed with his host to the other room and, bowing to the Professor, seated himself and continued: "If your patience will allow me, I will tell you a few details of my position and of a state of mind forced upon me from I know not where and with which neither my training nor education helps me to deal." The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion. "My father, who is a man of great wealth, destined me for the army. Sufficient to say that upon the eve of joining my regiment it became quite clear to me that I detested the idea and, to the indignation of everybody, I threw it up and started to travel. Wherever I went some dæmon seemed to accompany me, and filling me with a sense of great adventure to come, drove me on further, until at last I arrived in these mountains. Here wandering one day, I came upon a peak whence I could see stretched out below all this vast land of the terrace. And I saw the farms belonging to the descendants of men who, for an ideal, had left one land and crossed the sea and won a second land, and lived, though harassed by fighting and ceaseless guard against savages. And I reflected upon the decay of idealism in these descendants, who, with no battles to fight and liberty won, seemed content with the raising of cattle and ostriches. Surely, I said, it was not to cover the land with stock-farms that the Time-Spirit drove those Huguenots abroad! Here was a land beyond dream, vast and beautiful—yet the men who called it theirs had in two centuries done nothing but misuse its beauty. They possessed it not at all, for they themselves existed among base conditions, and having by stupid and indiscriminate slaughters destroyed all wild beasts, savage and meek alike, they now were re-delivering the land to the beasts and making all a ranch of sheep and ostriches. Now, as I looked down, engaged with these reflections, I saw a vision. The land changed into a garden wherein at spacious intervals stood houses of fine form and colour, and there was no high building except towers, to which the people ascended by paths winding beside the walls; and these towers were houses of art, and surrounding each one were pleasant woods and streams led thither from reservoirs fed by the rivers which now flood wastefully in the wet season. And in all the land there was not one foolish task performed; and the children wandered at will. Each man and woman worked, like artists, for love of working; and they held everything in common. Of all the details I cannot now relate the half, but my spirit grew and became mine as I watched this gay world of the vision. It vanished. I knew that I had seen a state which perhaps never existed and may never come to exist. Yet, in spite of a melancholy feeling that to try for such a state may be to label myself a dreamer among men—just as surely I shall die mocked if I do not, at least, make the attempt. But where to begin? All my training rises against me, my education warns me with countless admonitions not to make a fool of myself but to settle down in the place of my fathers or, if I move, to follow one or other of the traditional careers—Church, Law, or the Service. I like none of them. I have my share of brains, a hundred times my share of money, and, as well, this haunting, whelming, sense of desire to possess the earth with my fellow men. But how to persuade them? how to make them feel with me that the earth as a market-garden or a stock-farm is not worthy of man, that cities are abomination and commerce the curse of Adam?"

"Truly, young friend," exclaimed the Professor, offering his hand, "you will not fail, if you do fail, for want of a sufficiently vast inspiration. While no promise of success occurs to me, I would remind you that life, man's life, is a series of glorious defeats. Life is too short for success, and since immortals alone can grapple with our final and ever-victorious enemy, Death, that man is most manly who fails in the noblest undertaking. Your undertaking is nothing less than a Crusade of Beauty. It is no new vision you have seen; many great men have seen it and every poet sees it always. With money and leisure and the will and your personal beauty, for which you may give praise, you may carry a crusade. Heaven knows that I, least of all men, should advise you; yet, as you come asking, between us three we may find out some way to begin. But first let me make a suggestion. We had better adjourn to some other place, for no doubt my friends will be despatching a regiment against this house. Is there anywhere we can go?" De Villiers was looking very downcast, when the youth replied: "Yes, there is my hut, a league or so over the mountains. Nobody will think of coming there. Let us go at once." "I have only one horse," said De Villiers, "and he would not carry anyone but me." "Then we will walk, good friend, but haste and let us be off while it is light." The Professor and the youth followed De Villiers into the stables, and in a few moments the gallant, rattling

Knight was leading out his charger, a high roan with delicate, sure feet. At the gate De Villiers remembered the blasphemer. Bidding his friends go forward, he returned and unlocked the cellar. Rogers sat soundly sleeping against a barrel, and beside him was a pretty little flask. His countenance looked so peaceful, reader, that you never would have supposed his dreams were all of brigands!

(*To be continued.*)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

One of the saddest sights that can afflict the vision of a patriot will now in a few days disappear until its annual return. I mean the bookstall display at any big railway terminus. I mean in particular the Christmas numbers with their offensive coloured plates and sham photogravures. Than this spectacle nothing distresses me more. It is a reminder and a new proof that in twenty years popular taste has made no progress whatever in the arts graphic and literary. Indeed, there may have been a retrogression! Randolph Caldecott once drew for the Christmas numbers. Caldecott knew how to turn even our atrocious seasonable sentimentality to the purposes of beauty. But I do not think that any other artist has shared his skill. To glance along the garish and sickly row of framed specimens that glitter under the incandescent lights is to be forced to condemn ourselves, to find ourselves guilty of the worst crimes against honesty and artistic decency. Other countries are bad enough, but they are not so bad as this. Even Germany is not so bad as this; for Germany can show its "Jugend," wherein real social criticism and an adult art get the upper hand of Teutonic sentimentality. The self-styled "high-class" weeklies are probably the most degrading proofs of our base condition, for they often mingle with their sentimentality a sneaking lubricity which they have joyously borrowed from musical comedy. But the popular sixpenny magazines are bad enough in their strict purity. See "The Lady's Realm" with its article on "art," dealing with the square-inch value of celebrated pictures, its coloured portraits of actresses, its gossip about princes and princesses, and its plea for conscription on the ground that most women would be in favour of conscription! See the "Strand," with its Dickens Christmas party. See the "Pall Mall" on pantomime. See "Harper's" (the most English of American magazines), with its frontispiece displaying "Baby's Tub." And when you have seen these and about a dozen others, try to be cheerful if you can.

* * *

You might also, if you desire to prove your courage still further, go into a high-class bookseller's shop, and study the "colour books," which by some are supposed to be a proof that English taste is improving. The great majority of these colour books are appalling in their crudity. And those that are not crude are either niggling or footling. One has to remember that Mr. Arthur Rackham is seriously accepted in this country as a great artist, and that the limited editions of the works which he deigns to illustrate fetch fantastic prices, while his original drawings are sold like first-rate emeralds. And Mr. Dulac, who is only a little better, is considered to be nearly as good as Mr. Rackham. And Cézanne at the Grafton is jeered at.

* * *

The literary quality of such Christmas books as happen to be original is in general so low that discussion of them would be grotesque. I have only come across one volume of original fairy tales that I should care even to mention. It is Mr. Maurice Baring's "The Glass Mender and Other Stories" (Nisbet and Co., Ltd.), with some tedious, anonymous illustrations in colour. Mr. Baring's tales are not good, but they are passable; they are written without offence, and they are not slimed over with honey and glycerine: one or two of them have dramatic moments. . . What a chasm between them and the really admirable modern fairy tales which have been written, for example, in Danish! I suppose that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "October Vagabonds" (John Lane, 5s. net) should be counted as a Christmas book. It has some intensely mediocre black-and-white drawings by Mr. Thomas Fogarty. "October Vagabonds" celebrates Mr. Le Gallienne's return to the country after a prolonged dose of town. It is sentimental, of course, but one cannot deny that the author is a bit of a craftsman. He carries off his sentimentality with an air. He is occasionally felicitous, and you wander after him from one felicity to the next. He writes: "It was a wonderful reconciliation, a wonderful home-coming, and how I luxuriated in the great green forgiveness. Yes! the giant maples had forgiven me, and the multitudinous beeches had taken me to their arms. The flowers and I were friends again, the grass was my brother, and the shy nymph-like stream, dropping silver vowels into the silence, was my sweetheart." "The great green forgiveness" is in the worst vein of "The Quest of the Golden Girl." And most of the other conceits are silly. But "dropping silver vowels into the silence" is a felicity. So runs the book away. And not another seasonable word will I write!

* * *

A new literary paragraphist has lately burst upon the world. I have found him in the "Yorkshire Observer," where he writes a couple of columns a week under the initials "F. S. A. L." Good literary paragraphing is one of the rarest things in journalism, and as "F. S. A. L." happens to be good, he is worth signalising. His stuff is better than anything of the kind in the London dailies except the "Globe." It compares pretty well with the "Books and Bookmen" of the "Manchester Guardian," which is written by a clergyman, and which does not precisely make a point of sprightliness. Whereas the clergyman's tendency is to a coquettish solidity, "F. S. A. L.'s" tendency is to an urbane and variegated quietism. "F. S. A. L." very obviously knows what he is talkng about. His habit is clearly not to wander on the periphery of the literary circle, but to remain fairly stationary in or near the hot centre thereof. I regret to learn from him that Mr. Edmund Gosse is still actively pushing the preposterous scheme of an English Academy of Letters. I should have thought that an enterprise so absurd would have expired of its own absurdity; but then I am constantly rating human nature too high! "F. S. A. L." is naturally against the scheme. But why should he characterise Mr. Gosse as a great critic? Mr. Gosse may be a great librarian of the House of Lords, but he has never come within forty miles of great criticism. Mr. Gosse is only a mandarin, though a favourable specimen of the mandarinic type.

* * *

Some reprints: "The Autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk, 1722-1805." Edited by John Hill Burton. (Foulis, 6s. net.) The pity is that this little-known and immensely readable work has not been included in one of the series of cheap reprints. But a reprint at 6s. net is better than none at all. It is a book to have.—"What is Man?" By Mark Twain. (Watts and Co., issued for the Rationalist Press Association.) This crude but very interesting catechistical document was published anonymously some years ago. Probably Mark Twain had not the courage to sign it. He says in a prefatory note, dated 1905: "Every thought in it has been thought (and accepted as an unassailable truth) by millions upon millions of men—and concealed, kept private. Why did they not speak out? Because they dreaded (and could not bear) the disapproval of the people around them. Why have I not published? The same reason has restrained me, I think. I can find no other."—"Studies of a Biographer." By Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net.) Three more volumes to follow. I have never been able to lose my head over Sir Leslie Stephen; but he is a scholar.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

"Pompey the Great," by John Masefield (Stage Society.)

I.

The inevitable has happened, although in an oddly unexpected manner. An artistic reaction has set in. Figure to yourself the conglomerate Aunt Sally at which Shaw has been hurling philosophical brickbats these twenty years and more—a target compounded of Roebuck, Ramsden, Sergius, Morell, the historic Napoleon and the historic Cæsar; and you have the material substance of Mr. Masefield's Pompey. (The substance only; not the breath which gives him life.) Law, order, dignity, courage, idealism, nobility, patriotism, devotion, honour, moderate counsel, the "something in life which strikes a mean"; all of these were first expressed in caricature and then most cruelly smitten. The mercenary Bluntschli, armed with his ten thousand knives and forks, mounted upon his two hundred horses, swathed in his nine thousand pairs of sheets and fortified with chocolate creams, took the field against them. New Cæsars and Napoleons were created to reinforce him; volcanic eruptions who explained the art of war, the mind of woman and the world itself in half an hour. The plan of campaign was outlined in the preface to "Plays Pleasant," thus: "Idealism, which is only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals, is as obnoxious to me as romance in ethics or religion. . . . To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history. And with that hint as to what I am driving at, I withdraw and ring up the curtain." In other words, Shaw perceived in the claimant to heroic virtues only a middle-aged hypocrite, a scoundrel over forty. The genuinely scientific natural history left no room for heroes; and heroes, accordingly, there were none. Bluntschli accounted for the omission concisely. Raina said to him, "*Some* soldiers, I know, are *afraid* of death," and he replied, "All of them, dear lady, all of them, believe me. It is our duty to live as long as we can." Napoleon in "The Man of Destiny" posed for a while with "I am only the servant of the French Republic, following humbly in the footsteps of the heroes of classical antiquity. I win battles for humanity—for my country, not for myself"; but he was speedily put out of countenance. His own philosophy emerged later: "There are three sorts of people in the world—the low people, the middle people, and the high people. The low people and the high people are alike in one thing; they have no scruples, no morality. The low are beneath morality, the high above it. I am not afraid of either of them; for the low are unscrupulous without knowledge, so that they make an idol of me; while the rich are unscrupulous without purpose, so that they go down before my will."

In some such fashion, doubtless, Shaw would have remade Pompey; allying him with Bluntschli and Napoleon as a merchant adventurer, a bargain-hunter at the clearance sale of life, a mechanical Overman forecasting the morality of some future republic of engineers. (Wells' scientific romances outline the shell of this conception; Bluntschli provides the philosophic kernel.) Pompey would have bristled with the will to power; Cornelia would have radiated the Life Force; Rome would have been staked upon an ambitious manœuvre. The latter-day gospel, "slavery rather than death," would have been expounded once again. That is the spirit of the modern theatre, from which Mr. Masefield himself has sprung

II.

Now observe the gulf. Pompey says in earnest precisely what the Shavian Napoleon said in persiflage. He wins battles for his country, not for himself. His faith is summed up in the three sentences: "Life requires a dignity," "The upright soul is safe," Death cannot crush what comprehends heaven." He conceives of Rome neither as the natural prey of ambition nor as the citadel of a Jingo Empire, to be defended at all costs against barbarian forces; but as a quality of greatness, a collective will asserting truth, maintaining peace, enforcing law. Cæsar, the demagogue, it is true, would tell a different story. He would see in Rome only a corrupt oligarchy to be deposed, and an oppressed people awaiting deliverance. But Pompey turns from the actual to the potential. The abuses are transient; the "splendid city full of lights" remains a temple of wisdom. For that city he lives and dies.

The conception of Pompey, then, marks an attempt at the restoration of the hero; but the real gulf between Mr. Masefield and the "modern" theatre does not lie in this fact. Upon the destructive side Shaw has no followers, and can have none. Even Mr. Barker has been compelled to reconstruct in his own individual manner. (Edward Voysey Trebell Philip Madras is himself a hero—of sorts.) The difference in Mr. Masefield's case is that he has tried to make his hero stand for a sublime idea dismissed as a fallacy in the whole Shavian philosophy; for that Virtue which is courage, and that courage which embraces both personal dignity and personal sacrifice. That is the intention; I come later to achievement. It is not enough that the intention should be clear, and that the idea should be presented in embryo; both must grow to their full stature before they can be accepted with conviction. Tragedy does not exist until it is made inevitable; and there is the field of the artist craftsman, as distinguished from the conceiver of ideas.

III.

"Pompey the Great" does not carry one away; it barely compels attendance at a walking pace. The fault is no doubt partly technical, and lies in the intricacy, not of the "plot" as commonly understood, but of the side issues, the ups-and-downs of fortune which are merely stated as burdens of fact upon the memory, without the due dotting of i's and crossing of t's necessary to make them dramatically forceful. The three separate and contradictory reports of Cæsar's advance in the first act may be instanced. Not until the eve of Pharsalia does the net appear to close convincingly upon Pompey, and then the battle itself, the turning-point in his career, is only dimly reported in the third act some months later. (The period covered by the play is altogether a year and a half, and the lapse of time is felt too strongly. There was method in the unities.) Pompey, again, wavers without giving more than a verbal reason for his change. At Dyrrachium he says, "The mob has no voice in this matter. The mob must be taught to obey its rulers," and at Pharsalia a month later: "Rome has changed. Outwardly she is the same still. A city which gives prizes to a few great people. A booth where the rabble can sell their souls for bread, and their bodies for the chance of plunder. Inwardly she is a great democratic power struggling with obsolete laws. Rome must be settled on democratic lines." The weakness is the more evident since Pompey is the only figure with any sustained life or colour. The play is crowded with supernumeraries; among them the three women—Julia (an utterly unnecessary confidante), Cornelia (Pompey's wife), and Antistia (wife of his servant). Cornelia I most cordially detest. In every emotion a slave, in every phrase a prig, she contaminates the source of the tragedy in each scene where she appears, and almost succeeds in reducing the close of the last act to the banality of a family death-bed. Mr. Masefield's rehabilitation of the hero is worse than useless if at the same time he offers us the Roman matron as a heroine. His lofty conception is dwarfed and stultified by the presence of such a figure. He takes back with one hand what he has given with the other. Is the new romance to be no more than a re-hash of the old? Are the only alternatives to Bluntschli and Raina, Valen-

tine and Gloria, John Tanner and Ann Whitefield, to be Romeo and Juliet in domesticity? For my own part, I can forgive Pompey's besetting vice of self-explanation, because it may be only the technical weakness of fine intention; I can forgive his self-conscious "What is death?" and the couplet:

Into the tyrant's court the truly brave
Goes proudly, though he go to die a slave

with which he descends into the boat to meet his fate; but I find him intolerable when he gazes into his wife's eyes with "There will be always peace for me in that calm soul." There speaks the eternal masculine—I had almost said the eternal property-owner.

For the rest, "Pompey the Great" remains the most distinguished play of the year. It is a work of good intentions. And if the theatre is paved with them, so much the better.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

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THREE passing incidents: the defeat of ex-president Roosevelt, the death of Mark Twain, and the passing of Mrs. Eddy; incidents in the merry-go-round of New York that created but a brief sensation. A greater sensation would be caused by the efforts of a malarial mosquito to alight on the fire-proof nose of a great trust magnate—a Rockefeller or a Morgan.

* * *

Thousands of New Yorkers consider Roosevelt as good as dead, and most people think Mark Twain finished his career twenty years ago; and as for Mrs. Eddy, people here regarded her as a veiled prophetess who had ceased to prophesy. And yet, in spite of the veil, the seclusion, and the silence, Mrs. Eddy succeeded in making Roosevelt and Mark Twain look like very "small potatoes" indeed. Roosevelt started with many millions of followers, and Mark Twain had his millions of readers, but the prophetess surpassed these two and all others besides, Tolstoi included. Not one of the others succeeded in founding anything. Roosevelt has founded no empire, Mark Twain originated no school of humour, having himself been a direct imitator of Artemus Ward; and not only this, but the followers of the politician and the humourist are without any compact body of admirers. The real stand-patters are not to be found among the politicians, but among the Eddyites.

* * *

I have been assured by more than one American that the only real religious forces in this country are those of the Roman Catholics and the Christian Scientists. They seem to think that in the national plum-pudding, especially at this Christmas time, Catholicism is the fruit and Christian Science is the blue fire. The other sects constitute the pips, the pulp, the citron, and the suet.

As for the New Thought movement, it would not exist but for Mrs. Eddy. But the New Thought people do not stop at mere bodily ailments. They tackle the whole man, the whole Adam, with old mother Eve and the wily serpent to boot.

They include everything in their list of gifts and blessings; if you are poor it is because you are satisfied with poverty; if you are as ignorant as Jim Crow it is because you wish to be; if you have no genius it is because you have not learnt the knack of artistic creation. It teaches women that no matter how ugly they may be all can become beauties. It is the apotheosis of bluff. In a country where bluff has long since become as a second nature with millions of the people the vice does not appear, to their consciousness, to be a vice. These people, and they seem to be increasing in numbers all over the land, are wanting in a sense of humour. The movement is made up of people who lack a sense of the absurd as well as a recognition of the ridiculous.

* * *

It is hard to believe that this movement originated in Mark Twain's country at a time when he was making fun of most people and most things. Nothing could better prove the sort of influence his humour exerted in this country generally. Americans are fast outgrowing a sense of humour. Perhaps the New Thought movement is a direct result of too much Mark on the brain, since one exaggeration always produces another and the pendulum had to swing to the other side.

Anyhow, here the movement is, and large sections of society in America are groaning under the load. Amidst the welterweight issues of the world of make-believe it is a thing of wind and inflated bladders; but it has its humours. A half-hour spent listening to an exponent of the system is not thrown away. It has its own peculiar amusement.

* * *

At a club I put the question to a brilliant lawyer: "Why do you Americans believe in 'isms that seem to Europeans like impossible fictions?"

"There are many reasons," he replied. "In the first place American men have no time to study anything but the actual business of the hour. They read the daily papers as a matter of business, and they read novels for relaxation, and forget them as soon as read. Our men have no time for serious thinking."

"You mean that the women think for you?"

"Our upper-class women do not meddle with their husband's business affairs; our women do not study any more than we do; they manage to learn a lot of superficial things in a short space of time. Our women, having plenty of time and plenty of money, can satisfy every whim. Our 'isms are mostly whims put into practice."

"And the men let themselves be led?"

"We are led, simply because we have neither the time nor the inclination to dispute about things which do not much concern us. We men of the richer classes are long-suffering animals enclosed in glass cases from which we dare not cast a pebble, to say nothing of throwing a stone."

* * *

The society woman of New York does not know more than the society woman of London. The difference is this, the English woman begins the day by winding herself up like a clock, the American woman goes on perpetual springs; the climate keeps her wound up. The New York woman has three nerves to the English-woman's one.

An affair of climate again. American nerves explain a good many seemingly inexplicable things. The motor mania is an affair of nerves, and so is the public mania of sinking millions every month in wild cat schemes hatched in Wall Street about which no man knows anything. The American atmosphere, at its best, is atmospheric champagne, a stimulating gas impossible to escape inhaling. It gives many people quick and vivid impressions which they mistake for ideas. These electric influences are at the bottom of most of the fads and new religions now in vogue throughout the country. It also accounts for much of the fickle hero-worship in America. In no country are actions so quickly followed by reactions. The reaction following the Roosevelt hero-worship is only one case in a hundred. Many people here seem to me to be mere puppets in the hands of some exterior influence, and that influence must be atmospheric. People change their beliefs and convictions as children change their toys. I saw all this years ago, during my first visits to America, but to-day I see things clearer than ever before. A mere breath, a hint, a flimsy suggestion will make some Americans change their opinions. I have met people who have been, in the space of ten years, orthodox Christians, Spiritists, Christian Scientists, and, lastly, New Thought followers. What they will be next year it would be impossible to predict with any degree of certainty.

* * *

American youthfulness does not always mean sanity. It often means childishness. It can be volatile and paradoxically capricious. In the case of wealthy people its modes and expressions of folly are beyond guessing or computation. And with all their boasted independence, no people in the world are so bound to

puritanical precedent. New York turned its back on Gorky after accepting him as one of the world's literary heroes. Why? Because he landed in New York accompanied by a woman friend. It is risky to turn your back on anybody. But when New York turned its back on Gorky its moral hump became visible to the whole world. Previous to that little faux pas the hump was only visible at home. Running is dangerous if you wear a chignon, Pompadour heels, or if you have asthma, palpitation of the heart, a humpty dumpty gait or a patent palpitator. In a woman it brings out everything that is ridiculous, in a man it shows him a double coward, morally as well as physically.

* * *

It is a pity duelling is not permitted in a place like New York. It is a pity, for more reasons than one. It ought to be pistols for two, coffee for one, and whisky for the grave-digger. Then some people would stand a small chance of obtaining ordinary justice. In this I am only repeating what several New Yorkers have expressed in my hearing. But let that pass. There is a much more interesting and vital subject, and that is Equality.

* * *

Social equality is a thing as dead, in this country, as the dodo. It has not existed since the democratic days previous to the great War of Secession. In New York people enter society when they possess a certain sum, but not before. Inequality, as it is manifest in this country, is much more prominent than it is in any part of Europe. One reason is, the parvenu is afraid of being compromised by association with his or her equals. The successful democrat turns his back on the democrats who were once his companions; he pretends to be superior; and his wife gets it into her poor head that her intellect is as brilliant as her diamonds.

The truth is simply that her intellect is made of paste, while her diamonds are real. It is she that is false and not her raiment. Her raiment is regal, when it does not happen to be vulgar. The ridiculous husband, who is almost always as illiterate as it is possible for a mortal to be, still puts on a brave face when battling with the world; he is regarded as a puppet in the hands of ironical fate. He labours under the illusion that he is loved, honoured, and respected. His disease takes its course like smallpox or influenza. He is a cipher in the thing called society, and the only place in which he has a voice is the money mart. Yet even here his position is one built on sand; take away his money and he would be forgotten the same day.

* * *

This thing of equality in America can stand a great deal of doing. The subject has never yet been properly treated. It is rich in possibilities, flowing over with ironical humours. It is the one vital, all-absorbing question in America to-day. Before it the niggers, the cowboys, the rough-riders, the tariff, the stand-patters, the Mormons, the Eddyites, the Millerites, the one-horned hippogriff and the hippopotomites of Porkopolis fade and vanish into thin air. Beside the question of social equality in America there is not another worth discussing; and in my next sheaf of notes I shall return to our moutons.

ODE TO A CIGARETTE.

Despairing of the muses that I woo
(They send such slender inspiration through),
I leave the nine to rove their airy waste,
And by the fire exert a surer taste;
Take from its case the decent cigarette
And in its waving rounds awhile forget
What cares within, what storms without, may blow,
What debts I pay and what I still must owe;
Waste no more feeling in a vain regret
That funds are low and I have not a wet,
But, pleased with the faint rings that upward curl,
Deem Life is good—sometimes a very pearl:
See visions in which all delights may please,
Enjoy the pleasant luxury of ease.

FREDERIC JOHNS.

REVIEWS.

The Heart of the Bush. By Edith Searle Grossmann. (Sands. 6s.)

Outside art there are only two things in life of any importance, love and business, and of these, for the vast majority of men, business is infinitely the best. We wish novelists (even women novelists) would reflect on this before venturing to offer up a man's career on the altar of a woman's empty-headed doting. Adelaide, after her visit to London, was absolutely spoiled for the Bush where Dennis slew sheep and did suchlike gross things. She would have been far less mischievous in the world (she could not possibly be of any use) as the wife of Horace Brandon. As the doll and dicky-bird of Dennis she was simply ivy on oak, or let us say willow, since there must have been a touch of weakness in Dennis to tolerate a perpetual clinging complaint like Adelaide. In the end he gives up his prospects of building a big refrigerating business—which would have been a jolly good thing for New Zealand—and decides to stay at home all the time and listen to his wife's sentimental ditties. The story unfortunately is readable, but its moral is degenerate.

The Wonderful Bishop: and Other London Adventures. By Morley Roberts. (Nash. 6s.)

We need not outline the five stories which compose this new volume of Mr. Morley Roberts. Since the lamented death of Stockton there is nobody who can make the ridiculously impossible appear so absurdly possible as Mr. Roberts. Even his wonderful Bishop, who is run in by the police for assault and battery, and only escapes being brought up by knocking out the pugilist of the division, is credible while we read him. In short, the five stories are farcical comedy of a high order.

Harmen Pols. By Maarten Maartens. (Methuen. 6s.)

If it had not been for the publisher's preface which informed us that we might expect to be taught by this novel "the two qualities which alone make life worth living, the qualities of pity and love," we might have enjoyed it without a sense of shame. As it is, we can only say that love is the last lesson to be derived from Mr. Maarten's work. Indubitably he forces his story forward to that conclusion, but only against the plain contradictions of the facts he supplies. Harmen Pols, a young Dutch peasant, falls in love with a girl whom he suspects to be the daughter of the man of whom he suspects himself to be the son. A nice complication that, and from love! He learns the truth at last, and so, too, do his proper father and mother, but not before his poor old father goes blind with misery and suspense. Their marriage, it seems, was all right and Harmen is legitimate. The girl likewise turns out to be a legitimate daughter of the mother's friend's friend. So all is not lost. The pity, we suppose, comes in with the old man's discovery that his wife though not technically unfaithful has been committing adultery in her heart ever since she married him. A good deal of pity was needed to atone for a love like that. Mr. Maarten's strength is considerable, but it is not in the direction of romance. At Dutch genre studies and sketches he is a master.

The Upper Garden. By Robert de la Condamine. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

Mr. de la Condamine is very copious and his vocabulary on the whole is very fine, being carefully selected from Oscar Wilde; but we distrust a style that runs so easily, conveys so few ideas, and leaves us at last bemused rather than illuminated. Listen to this: "So it will be found that wisdom in art must penetrate backwards to gain teaching for any future creation that is to rise from art, since the conditions of art are limited and can be followed by few ways which have all been revealed by the workers of old in great truth and wonder." There's a heap of words indeed without much matter. And here is an example, chosen at random, of our author's eloquence: "The rain thickens and the light grows dim, eternal force is pressed from the pulses of the earth, and now is the time for birds

to sing; of lust and strife their warfare is proclaimed, their reiterations stab the vapour from the marsh, their lust addresses it." Why these violent images? Is that the aspect that appeals to a born artist? But we are afraid that Mr. de la Condamine imagines himself possessed of a philosophy, of which, indeed, sinister (we say sinister deliberately) traces are here and there to be seen. We can endure in joke the suggestion that sin being difficult to the good should be practised by the good as a sacrifice. But to take it seriously is to be ridiculous. Yet our author writes, without a trace of humour: "If a fine sacrifice is to be made, he is surely at his noblest pose when he welcomes sin and commits outrages upon his own soul that will imperil it, engulf it even in a hell of execration. . . Who are there among men who would be brave so far? To do right is a luxury. . . but to sin is a sacrifice." Precious rot.

The Haunted Island: a Pirate Romance. By E. H. Visiak. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Readers of the poems contributed by Mr. Visiak to these columns will not need to be told that this young writer has a rare gift of atmosphere. He can sometimes convey an air in a word and a mood in a phrase. In this, Mr. Visiak's first prose romance, certain other qualities are discernible, notably courage and originality. It is original, in these days at any rate, to contrive a romance without the aid of a single woman; and Mr. Visiak's courage is demonstrated by his choice and handling of a theme of which he will one day be a master. It would be hard for the most experienced wizard of words to make our flesh creep nowadays at a buccaneer story involving Maskelyne and Cook's magic, but Mr. Visiak nearly succeeds several times in persuading us that there is something uncanny on his island. The nascent illusion, however, is as often destroyed by the insistent incredibility of Mr. Visiak's characters. They do not stand out distinctly from the mysterious background on which they are placed, but melt and blend into it; with the effect of converting the whole story into little more than an atmosphere. To produce belief in the supernatural the natural must be made very natural indeed. Thus confidence in the writer's bona fides is inspired, and we take his word in regions where we cannot check him. Mr. Visiak's natural characters are incredibly picturesque and incredibly mechanical. Consequently we do not take his word on trust when we land with him on the haunted island.

A Calendar of Philosophy. Edited by Florence Farr. The Oscar Wilde Calendar. Selected by Stuart Mason. (Palmer. 1s. net each.)

We love anthologies of quotations, especially if they be of epigrams; nor do we mind if they take the form of calendars, though, to be sure, we should not think of reading them at the weary rate of one a day. Mr. Palmer has already published a Bernard Shaw calendar, and now he has done the same service for us by Oscar Wilde. The selection of epigrams made by Mr. Stuart Mason from the works and conversation of Wilde is very happy, so happy, indeed, that we can dispense with all the works of Wilde henceforth and for ever. Miss Florence Farr's selection, on the other hand, is extraordinarily indiscriminate. Her philosophers include such diverse names as Goethe, Benjamin Blood, Lao Tzu, A. E. Waite, Douglas Jerrold, Bergson and Cunninghame Graham, with other names of which we have never heard. Who, for example, are Gracian, Yriate, Ximenes de Euciso, Mira de Mescua, Palladas, Kegemni? Equally diverse are the planes on which the pensées move. The following are for October 23 and 24 respectively: "The greatest man accepts the greatest risk." "Let us teach ladies to know how to prevail, highly to esteem themselves, to amuse, to circumvent, and cozen us." The booklets are beautifully produced, and both are illustrated.

Woman's Inheritance. By C. H. le Bosquet. (Daniel. 2s. net.)

We are very tired of these small-minded men who profess to be able, at this time of day, to tell us what Woman is. By good fortune, and after many years of patient divination, a man may, if he is gifted, learn to know the main features of one or even of two women's characters; but whoever knows one will be most chary of expressing an opinion on all. The writer of this book does not strike us as qualified, either by experience or the capacity for experience, to discourse on so infinitely subtle a question as Woman without betraying his ignorance. This appears even in his style which from beginning to end bears all the marks of superficiality and self-complacency. Observe, for example, the opening sentence which runs as follows: "It gives rise to some very strange reflections to note how mankind is perpetually overdoing new movements." The sentence has neither grace, nor point, nor character; yet it is typical of the style throughout. How in such a style is it possible to disguise ignorance? The plan of the book is novel, being formed on the simple principle of alternating an essay on Woman with a story about her. This, the publisher's announcement ventures to describe as combining psychology with art! Of the psychology we will quote one example: "There are certain well-marked characteristics in the mentality of women, such, for instance, as loquacity, and that general avoidance of steady deduction, and the substitution of the hasty method of jumping at conclusions, known as feminine logic." How original and penetrating! But we should not call it psychology; we should call it clap-trap. The fact is, as we began by saying, nobody who knows a woman would profess to understand women. The claim would, indeed, be preposterous; and it is not less preposterous when it comes to us in the bastard form of a work of psychology and art.

John Winterbourne's Family. By Alice Brown. (Constable. 6s.)

No better example of the modern American novel could be desired than this volume. Miss Brown has all the virtues and not a few of the vices of the school of fiction she so ably represents and, indeed, leads. If we were asked to particularise the excellencies of the American novel, we should name among them, sobriety of description and characterisation, honesty of workmanship, high seriousness and the feeling for atmosphere. Its vices, on the other hand, are no less glaring, and they all have their root in sentimentality. In the present novel, for instance, the author makes a brave start with the portrait of real men, men who have turned their backs on women to devote their lives to the country and to culture. But no sooner do the women reappear than all the men, without exception, return to their old silly and stagily romantic ways. Winterbourne himself, whom we were learning to admire, miserably submits to becoming his wife's valet on a trip to Europe, he who had been to Europe before with the same woman and left her in disgust not long afterwards! Dwight Hunter and a poet, Lovell, suddenly fall victims, each to an adopted daughter of Mrs. Winterbourne. The evil genius of the story, as in many American novels, is a managing female, one of those intolerable creatures whose goodness is supposed to be infectious. The wonderful Bess, in short, is responsible for the decline and fall of the men of Winterbourne's household.

Songs of the Fleet. By Henry Newbolt and C. V. Stanford. (Stainer and Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

Cushendall. By John Stevenson and C. V. Stanford. (Stainer and Bell. 3s. net.)

Since Sir Charles Stanford put music to some of Newbolt's ballads under the title of "Songs of the Sea," he has done nothing more effective that the "Songs of the Fleet," by the same popular author. They are breezy, vigorous things of the Charge-of-the-Light-Brigade sort of patriotism. This is Stanford's most comfortable attitude; it is the situation in which he is most himself, and in which the laurels appear most appropriately on his learned brow.

In the Irish song cycle "Cushendall" we find a good deal of that academic nationalism which is a feature of Stanford's work. We do not find that he is saturated with the music of his "native" land, or reproduces its

magic in his own compositions as a great national composer usually does. But we find an almost boisterous humour in his setting of such facetious verses as "Daddy-long-legs" and "The Crow," which is infectious. The infection, albeit, is slight and inclined to wear itself out. The best thing in this cycle is the music to a whimsical lyric (the poems are in the dialect of Ulster) one verse of which runs thus :—

Did you ever see the sea
Take it easy-like a wee
Wi' the gulls aboon her cryin',
And she at full length lyin'
On her bed o' brown seaweed
Wi' her hand beneath her head?

The music is charmingly done. Melody flows naturally, without forcing, and the little climaxes are the most artful and cunning, and at the same time most delightful that Stanford has ever wrought. It is in these will-o'-the-wisp moods that this composer is often most successful, and certainly most attractive, and in these verses Mr. Stevenson has supplied him with congenial material. But the professor fails when he treats of sentiment; he misses the finer shades of it, and expresses himself gracelessly, uncouthly, to the very verge of banality. Such phrases as occur in the lyric called "Cushendall" (especially in the last line of each stanza) are more than usually horrible examples. Here Sir Charles attains such a scandalous condition of puling sentimentality that one blushes to be caught reading the music; while for blatant ordinariness the first song in the book, entitled "Ireland," is surely a triumph more startling even than the same illustrious knight's "Ode to Discord." Sir Charles has a reputation for humour.

Romance of a Great Singer: A memoir of Mario. By Mrs. Godfrey Pearce and Frank Hird. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

We always feel that books of this kind should be confined in the fastnesses of the British Museum. Biographies written by descendants are mostly dull. Perhaps one in a thousand is written by an artist, and when that event happens it ceases to be biography and becomes romance—or libel. This exceptional book, however, hovers between romance and a volume of press-cuttings. We do not suggest that press-cuttings may not be romantic, nor do we mean to be unkind or ungenerous to the authors; for there is no literary snobbishness in the book, and nothing worse than some harmless sentimentalisms. But the volume is formidable and costs seven-and-sixpence, and when volumes cost this sum they beg respect; they have got to be noticed even if we sometimes think the public should be paid for reading them. What weaknesses there are to be found in this volume, and what lack of valuable criticism may be overlooked and forgiven when one remembers that they are mostly due to the entirely natural devotion of an affectionate and enthusiastic daughter. For the career of "Mario" was certainly unusual. His real name and title was Don Giovanni Matteo de Candia. He was descended from an ancient Spanish family settled in Sardinia in the early part of the eighteenth century. His forefathers were soldiers and statesmen,, many of whom had taken prominent part in the making of history. His own father was a soldier aide-de-camp to Victor Emmanuel I, fought with the Austrians against Napoleon, and was Governor of Nice when Giovanni was about a year old. Giovanni himself was sent at an early age to the Military College of Turin (just a year after the revolution in that town) and it was there, during the period of adolescence, that he came under the influence of those revolutionary ideas which, a few years later, estranged him from his ultra-conservative and aristocratic father. Cavour and La Marmora were college friends, and Mazzini his great hero. On leaving college he took up a commission in a cavalry regiment, but militarism under the existing régime soon became intolerable to him. His friendships made it a little hot for him with the authorities, the King was displeased, his father irate, and the moment came when he had to submit to arrest and imprisonment or fly the country. He sent in an impossible "resignation" and chose the latter course. After rather less than the artist's usual share of vicissitudes (he had many influential friends) he eventually took to opera. He studied for a little time in Paris under three masters: Michelot, of the Comédie Française, for declamation, Bordogni, of the Conservatoire, for voice production, and Ponchard, of the Opéra Comique, for singing. Occasionally Meyerbeer also gave him a lesson. In 1838 he made his début in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" and was instantly successful. Here is a press-cutting: "The bravos, which had never ceased throughout the opera, at the last fall of the curtain rivalled peals of thunder, and, recalled by the enthusiastic acclamations of the whole audience, the happy young artist must have understood that a magnificent career was opening before him, and that he had only to march onwards over carpets of flowers." Before this important occasion news had reached King Charles Albert of de Candia's intention of going on the stage. His august Majesty was offended and, through one of the members of the Sardinian Embassy in Paris, urged him to abandon the idea. The King hinted at the probability of pardon and re-admission to the army if he would return, and pointed out the great blow it would be to his father if Candia were to persist in his disgraceful ambition. De Candia, however, knew that no pardon was possible unless he divulged the names of those who had helped him to escape. So he refused, writing to his mother at the same time and promising never to sing professionally in Italy. For the rest his career was simply that of an immensely successful operatic tenor. He adopted the stage-name of Mario after "Caius Marius, called the third founder of Rome, whose biography the young man greatly admired." This pretty affectation was quite in harmony with his career; it was essentially himself. His taste in music was expedient, and his marriage with Giulia Grisi, another operatic star, was very happy and successful. This Memoir has some interesting illustrations, including one of Garibaldi's visit to Mario and his family at the historic Villa Salviati, near Florence, in 1866. "Mario" died in Rome, and one who was there at the time, in describing the death chamber, recorded the fact that he "lay in his coffin in full evening dress, polished boots, white cravat, and white kid gloves, with a small crucifix in his hands, which were crossed." The book is full of anecdotes relevant and irrelevant.

Schubert. By Herbert Antcliffe. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)

The momentum of Mr. Antcliffe's enthusiasm has carried him a mile or two beyond his judgment. In speaking of this composer's songs he says "there is not one unworthy of his name." This is sheer nonsense. There are a hundred and more quite unworthy of serious thought which Schubert himself would have been the last to tolerate. Otherwise this is an excellent little brochure. The enthusiastic author is generally most careful in his appreciation and just in his criticism, and the volume is a capital addition to this popular series.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TOLSTOY AND THE ETHICS OF INTROSPECTION.

Sir,—The able and interesting article of Mr. Randall on the "Kreutzer Sonata" and Tolstoy generally, hardly, I think, goes to the core of the problem of ethics or morality (there is no philological ground, I take it, for drawing any distinction between the Greek and the Latin derivative) contained in the question of sexual asceticism. The question is—does the sexual act, apart from its result in offspring, come within the sphere of morals at all? This is more important than as to whether Tolstoy was personally sincere or insincere in his "walk and conversation." I have always strongly insisted, for my own part, that the whole sexual side of life as distinguished from any consequences as regards offspring, is, like eating and drinking and other physiological functions, purely private and "self-regarding," and hence occupies, considered per se, neutral ground, outside the judgments of ethics and their categories. For this reason chastity and its opposite do not seem to be in themselves matters for either praise or blame. Supposing Tolstoy had succeeded in living up to his ascetic principles. Cui bono?

He would doubtless have expected people to admire him and, like "Little Jack Horner" of nursery fame, would have said, "See what a brave boy am I!"

But in what respect, I ask, would he have been more *morally* admirable in *his* pose than the circus artiste who has succeeded in achieving some difficult and straining feat of balance in his? Only in the metaphysical assumptions, I fancy, of what I have elsewhere termed the "Ethics of Introspection," which postulate an absolute value in actions as such, and direct and more or less arbitrary relations between the individual soul and some divinity outside itself.

Rationalistic social ethics are the antithesis of all this. These latter insist that all conduct must have a necessary and direct social bearing for good or for ill, before it can be admitted within the pale of ethical judgment with its categories of good and evil, praise and blame.

[This does not say, it may be remarked, that actions may not be amenable to an *æsthetic* judgment even where they are outside the legitimate sphere of *moral* judgment.]

Applying this to the question under consideration, I contend that there is no greater moral virtue, per se, in chastity than in its opposite. This question of sexual indulgence is purely private, physiological and extra-moral. Every individual ought to judge for himself how much chastity is good for him and how much negation thereof is good, just as he ought to judge how much whiskey is good for him and how much unadulterated London water or Cadbury's cocoa. For, on the same grounds, I object to the preaching of Teetotalism as a moral virtue—which it is not—although I admit that there is a difference here, since the drunkard places himself within the sphere of moral judgment owing to the fact that in his drunkenness he may easily become a direct social nuisance, or even a social danger, such as the sexually over-indulgent man will not. Personally, I do not as a rule appreciate either the chaste man or the erotic man. Historically speaking, the worst monsters have been reputed chaste—the Torquemadas, the Calvins, the Robespierres. The man of both extremes I find, as such, unpleasant. Similarly, while as we all agree, the drunkard is insufferable, yet the Teetotaler is also not agreeable company unless possessed of intellectual qualities which make one forget his Teetotalism. While a commonplace person who can take his "whack" of liquor is endurable for a time at least, who can abide the commonplace teetotaler for even half-an-hour?

We come now to the question of "self-discipline." To my thinking rational "self discipline" is shown far more in indulgence within the limits of the physiological *juste milieu* of the appetites, which each individual must find out for himself, than in renunciation. But granting the desirability of "self-discipline" in the conventional sense, by which I understand the making oneself uncomfortable, why, I ask, should human beings be always called upon by introspective moralists to make themselves just sexually uncomfortable? Why may they not vary the "self-discipline"? There are other ways of making oneself uncomfortable besides this—from boredom onwards. For example, reading S. Verdad's diatribes against all that makes for progress and glorifications of himself, standing on one leg at the corner of Chancery Lane for half-an-hour, crossing the Channel on a rough day below decks (for at least many of us). All these things surely could also serve for "self-discipline."

E. BELFORT BAX.

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ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Sir,—Mr. McFee's sensible letter in your issue of December 8 tempts me to take up his theme. The ideal actuating the efforts of the "Arts and Crafts Guild," and others of the same spirit, is so admirable that it seems a pity to discourage them. Yet, why should they be left to wander astray when a little practical advice might turn them from wrong paths into the ways which lead them to the end they have in view? Why should not the art spirit use mechanical methods for realising itself? The zeal for handicraft has led to many absurdities. For example, all the hand-woven cloths sold on the market are mere botches compared with machine-woven goods. I have met devoted admirers of those fabrics who have called upon me to admire as beauties faults in weaving for which my grandfather would have fined his journeymen sixpence. The object of weaving is to combine warp and weft into perfect union, so that each thread of warp will bend evenly over each weft thread, and each weft thread lie evenly in line with its fellow. Without that combination you cannot have cloth; the ideal hand-loom weaver was he who could accomplish that purpose constantly and without fault; the bad weaver broke his warp and made knots, broke his weft and left flying threads, raked the threads with his reed, and beat up irregularly with his slay, causing thick and thin places in the cloth. Your Harris and other hand-made cloths are full of such faults; some of those fabrics would have turned the head of an old-time artistic craftsman grey with horror. Go deeper, and look at the yarns. A hand-spinner in former days valued herself on the regularity and cleanness of her yarns; the yarns of those fancy hand-made cloths would never have been put out of the hands of any self-respecting spinner; they are thinly twisted here and thickly gathered there, with a thickening snarl at one point and a thinning draw at another. Textile yarns are classified according to counts—that is, the average weight to length; but no one could tell the counts of the yarns in those fancy tweeds. Judged by the ideals of handicraft, the cloths woven by the power-loom and the threads spun by machinery are far and away superior to anything produced by hand. This must be clearly understood. No human hand has ever spun threads equal in fineness and spinning value to those produced daily by the mills of Bollington, Bolton, and Reddish.

Take another handicraft—bootmaking. Talking the other day with a man who is accounted an authority in bootmaking on both sides of the Atlantic, I learned from him that no pairs of boots were ever made in England before machinery was employed—"There was always an odd one in the pair," he said humorously. Having been in familiar touch with a large bootmaking workshop, in which laboured several good craftsmen of St. Crispin, I can well remember the painful discussions which took place at every "fitting-on"—the complaints of pinching here and slackness there by the customers. Now you can go into any high-class bootshop and find a pair of boots which will fit you like a glove. Of course, if you have eccentric feet, you will need boots made to measure—by machinery. Compared with the boots made by village cobblers in the bad old days, the machine-made boots are "a joy for ever."

The friends of handicraft seem to be unaware of the simple fact that workmen make things for a living, and that not one man in a hundred is an artist. That the ideals of British craftsmanship have been high, I joyfully admit, This brings me to another point, and that is the assertion that our working people are losing the use of their hands. Having a close acquaintance with the working people of this country, I venture to give that assertion a flat denial; never at any time were the people of Great Britain so dexterous, so finely gifted with hands. Into the causes for the fact I will not enter. Nor can I venture to ask more space to discuss the question so adroitly raised by Mr. McFee—when is a tool a machine? I suppose that I have already exceeded your limits, and I hope have given our craftsmanship-partisans enough to handle. Only one word more—why hands? —why dexterity? Most probably the Pithecanthropus erectus, or his immediate successor, wrote a sonnet to his lady beginning, "I love her beautiful and hand-like feet." Why not?

WILLIAM S. MURPHY.

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MR. KIPLING'S IDEALS.

Sir,—Mr. Lewis Richardson's protest against the practice of unfavourable criticism would have carried more conviction if his own criticism of my article had not ended in a coarse insult, in the form of a charge of jealousy. Mr. F. E. Smith may be jealous of Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Lloyd George himself jealous of the Duke of Rutland, but if so, neither fact is relevant to the Constitutional issue, and accusations of blackness by the pot against the kettle do not advance the cause of sweetness and light.

My animus against Mr. Kipling is entirely on the ground of the public mischief done by his writings, and the more popular and acclaimed they are the more emphatic their reprobation must be made. Mr. Kipling, for those who think with me, is the laureate of jingoism and militarism, the lying prophet of the Boer War; and the fact that he influences the public mind by means of magazine stories instead of platform speeches (though he has often indulged in the latter) is not the smallest reason why he should escape the criticism to which other demagogues are exposed.

Before the South African War we were forever hearing the praises of Mr. Kipling's military friends. Dark hints were dropped of their secret preparedness for all sorts of emergencies. All other officers of all other nations were as dirt compared with the sahib-log. Meanwhile every true patriot knew only too well what these spoiled, polo-playing, society pets were really worth.

The war came, and Mr. Kipling's heroes sailed off for their picnic to Pretoria, hymned by their laureate's music-hall refrain. They were everywhere outdone—in generalship, in markmanship, in resource, and even in the common virtue of courage, by the rough farmers they had despised. Defeat after defeat shook the Empire, and in frantic haste troops and gold were poured into South Africa—at the expense of the unfortunate British taxpayer, whom Mr. Kipling's friends are never tired of sneering at.

For a short time after the war a slight but wholesome change did come over the spirit of the army. It was no longer thought irredeemably bad form for a soldier to take some slight interest in his duties. Kit inspection was no longer the sole test of merit in the ranks. But the old spirit is still there, and Mr. Kipling is evidently unrepentant.

Indeed, he seems unable to touch any subject without

defiling it with the coarseness of his own ideals. In the particular story I criticised he introduces the Boy Scouts. The founder of the Boy Scout movement, himself a distinguished soldier, has frequently and publicly declared that he wishes the Boy Scout to look on himself as a young backwoodsman and not as an imitation soldier. He has laid far greater emphasis on the moral side of the movement than any other, and the Scout's oath and Scout law are aimed against bad temper and bad language. Now let us see Mr. Kipling's ideal Boy Scout:—

"The remarks he passed, laying face down tryin' to bite my leg, would have reflected credit on any service."

General Baden-Powell tells his boys that foul language is not a sign of grit, and provides a penalty for it. Mr. Kipling comes along and tells them that it is. Is no protest to be permissible against this deliberate glorification of the savage in our nature? May not those who appreciate a writer's power remonstrate with him against its abuse, without being chargeable with base motives?

Mr. Kipling's genius reminds me of Mr. Sidney Low's characterisation of India, as a place where you meet men wearing a jewelled turban and jacket of cloth of gold, with pink calico trousers and cheap slippers; where you enter a hall of marble with pillars of alabaster, and see the floor stained with filth. ANTHROPOLOGIST.

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PURSUING "PLUGSON."

Sir,—Assuming that your readers have, in studying Mr. Zorn's alternatives to Tariff Reform, watched "Mr. Plugson" while he obtained a protectionist concession in "Pannonia" with a view to transferring his business there on a calculation that, even allowing for a loss in transit of £20,000, his £100,000 capital would earn him double what it did at Undershot (in England), and watched his workmen and our Government between them supplying £100,000 on low terms so as to keep the business going at Undershot with advantage to themselves and the country. Where are we? Note at least three things, the £100,000 they raised was not previously lying idle, some of it was doubtless indirectly employed abroad already; the attractive concession in "Pannonia" would be taken up by someone, anyhow; and the question cannot be neglected as to whether the foremen and managers who enabled "Plugson" to spend time and money "in Paris and Monte Carlo" would stay and run the Undershot Company, or use their, let us say hosiery-making, experience to exploit the "Pannonians" in increase "Plugson's" income. We will emphasise what follows by remembering to picture the condition of affairs repeated in hundreds of businesses.

Now then, "Pannonia" has been a customer to Undershot. She now ceases to be one and becomes a competitor; on both counts Undershot suffers, but if the Undershot Company can be run more cheaply than hitherto, then to that extent can the prices of their hosiery be reduced and thus help to surmount the tariff wall and affect "Plugson's" increase of income. Wherever the capital for either "Pannonia" or the continued Undershot business comes from, the double supply of hosiery will be eventually poured over the world to find customers, if at all, only through the expansion of trade from the causes all business people calculate on.

This amounts to our being thrown back to the old issue as to whether, taken all round, a "Free-trade" country can or cannot overcome the disadvantages arising from its foreign customers adopting "Protection." For if both systems can survive the coming of Socialism, the advantage to one country of running its industries on Socialist principles will only last until other countries perceive the benefits and follow suit. R. H. P.

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POST-SAVAGES.

Sir,—"Let 'em all come!" Three of your readers think they are attacking me while, as a matter of fact, they are tilting at their own misunderstandings and misstatements, and quite unconsciously demonstrating the absolute correctness of my diagnosis of the disease which has brought the Modernity movement to its last gasp in the donkey's tail business, and in Post-Impressionism. There is one misconception common to all the defenders of this last degradation of art. If this exhibition had been frankly put forward as the work of the pavement artists, or as the output of a lunatic asylum, or the work of savages, or "Post-Savages," as Mr. Huntly Carter calls them, then we should have had nothing but sympathetic interest in them. Excluding Manet the Pre-Impressionist, who is in a different category, we should have caught glimpses of intelligence and rudimentary artistic feeling, some budding feeling for decorative effect and, where they imitate the Impressionists, a feeling for prismatic colour; and in the case of Matisse's green-eyed lady, some susceptibility to female prettiness. But when these things are put forward as the latest development of fine art, then the whole thing becomes an insult to our intelligence; and all those directors of our public collections who have aided and abetted this débâcle should in decency resign their posts, which ought to be filled by competent men of sane judgment.

I may inform your correspondents, Messrs. Pitt, Adams, and Blaker, that I am the only writer on art who took the trouble to analyse and get at the true inwardness of the new movements. I traced all the complex causes at work, and I demonstrated the essentially decadent nature of them all. All the movements in the outer world have analogous movements in the art world; and the Modernity movements represent the anarchism and nihilism of the political world. In addition to this they have an ominous pathological taint; they represent the analogue of the insanity so alarmingly on the increase. Worse still, at the International, we had morbid inversionism corresponding to Satanism and the Black Mass in France; with all that unwholesomeness which makes some folk enjoy a morning in the morgue; and which at times has given us epidemics of dirt eating. But our critics, surfeited and nauseated with an overdose of fine art, hungered for change, and hailed each downward step as an advance. So they went from bad to worse, until they were brought face to face with Post-Impressionism; this shows them the abysmal depths of degradation to which they were heading; and the fact that so many of them are opening their eyes to what I have been telling them all along, and causing them to start back in horror, is the most hopeful thing in the whole bad business.

Here is Mr. Finberg, the successor of the notorious "A. U.," in deep sorrow, treating the show as an output of a lunatic asylum; and deprecating the laughter it provokes as being in as bad taste as to giggle at a personal deformity. Even the critic of the "Morning Post" thinks "The source of the infection (i.e., the pictures) ought to be destroyed." Mr. Lewis Hind, of whom Mr. Adams speaks so reverently, gives his first impressions of "dismay, almost of horror." Speaking of Matisse, he says, "That group of nudes in flat, house-painter's colour, one green, one pink, one pale yellow! that abortion of the female form so grotesquely naked! those vivid streaks of paint pretending to represent a figure emerging from foliage into sunlight! that head with the blatant smear of green shadow under the chin! that abominable bronze!" These are first impressions, and are more trustworthy than later ones after the infection is caught and softening of the brain begun.

Mr. Adams speaks of the clinging to standards, rules, and systems as "childish." They are milestones on the road of progress, by which a man can see whether he is going forwards or backwards; so the anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I might safely meet most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing true to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise Franz Hals! As a matter of fact I am a great admirer of Hals, as I am of Velasquez and Rembrandt; but if Mr. Blaker cannot see the difference between these men and Manet his is a case for the oculist, not the artist. He says I have opposed men of genius; I have opposed the genius for advertising only. Yes, I have opposed the New English Art Club from the first. I said they had not one ray of true inspiration, and it is only some lingering remains of British commonsense which has prevented them becoming as bad as the Post-Impressionists. Although individual painters have improved, the club, as a whole, stands exactly where it did 25 years ago, tethered by the millstone of its own conventions; while the despised academy has made enormous strides, and the most progressive art will be found on its walls; and it stands as the greatest barrier against anarchism, chaos, and a return to savagery. Downward movements and anarchists I have fought, and shall fight to the last gasp; I have Time and Truth on my side; so I again say, "Let 'em all come!"

E. WAKE COOK.

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Sir,—Mr. Huntly Carter is to be praised for his breezy words under this heading; and I am glad that he has pointed to the danger of dogmatic orthodoxy in the arts, and implied the truth that tradition is properly carried forward by change. All this becomes important when we see the New English assuming a perennial youth by taking to themselves a name which can never grow old, however staid and elderly they may be. The International Society has also hardened and become academic in its turn; and the more candid spirits from all the so-called "advanced" bodies gravitate to the Royal Academy, that bourn from which none ever return.

Self-preservation is the first law of art; it is also the reason why a prejudiced jury of artists is as useless to the man who must preserve the integrity of his work as any kind of private or commercial patronage is, when it sets out to dictate its terms and its requirements.

The artistic adventure comes first, and it needs greater ease in the making of its appeal to the public. The dealer and the publisher do not make reputations, they use them; and in so doing arouse the little ambitions of the many who

are always to be found aping the manner of fashionable successes. So attractive, indeed, is this sport, that our art schools appear to set themselves the task of producing just that average of ability which flourishes now on Arthurian knights, now on pixies and goblins—as if these themes were not already as dead as Psyche and the Inca of Peru.

From this point of view it will be readily seen that the vast and expensive system of art education which has been set up in this country no longer aims to train artists, but to supply commercial enterprise with the means of confusing the whole issue. The result is called "Art in Relation to Commerce." In reality, it is a wholly wrong-headed subjection of art, and must go if either art or commerce is to prosper.

We have every need "to be ourselves," as Mr. Carter says; but we must beware of narrowing the scope of our painting. A large neglected field awaits us in the decoration of public buildings. We need a new impulse in the application of art to the conditions of mural work on the walls of houses, churches, and halls. At this moment I can only think of one artist who is doing this kind of work; and, having shared the high scaffold with him, and the exhilaration which there is in facing physical risk (as an artist should) away from the enervating comfort of the studio, I am the more able to say that the mere multiplication of painted canvases is no essential part of progress in art.

One may ask what body of artists devotes itself to this field, perhaps the greatest opportunity there is for the display of pictorial or decorative genius? The only possible answer is that it is in the hands of the trade. In the absence of any artistic interest it has become the happy hunting-ground of ignorant "furnishers," and architects who grow fat upon the fees which it earns them.

As I have already tried to show in these columns, the intellectualism of modern painting is largely misapplied. Modernity cannot rest its claim only upon the discovery of new methods; still less can it hope to justify its name by continuing in shallow and meaningless themes, or by favouring the idle tastes of the rich dilettanti. Painting has, in truth, many extensions beyond its present scope. We must begin to see it provided for better than it can ever be while the Metropolis holds all the decisions. The earlier English schools kept a sense of locality, until the picture-gallery craze destroyed painting as a portion of the life of the people and made it a profession.

Perhaps I may be allowed to enter a plea here for the national spirit in art, in the belief that this is what is needed to give us the right clue to being ourselves. For our present condition is one of not possessing a characteristic English school at all, having become more or less completely Gallicised. The progress of this alien art, despite all that has been and is being written about it, has very little reality in it: it will not flourish on English soil. And this is due not merely to technical treatment, but to the whole foreign temper of outlook, which so many profess to ignore as a relevant factor.

We possess splendid traditions of our own, both in painting and in black-and-white, which have, as everybody knows, exercised a great influence upon the art of other nations in the past. We have well-nigh convinced ourselves of our own impotence, hailing everything which is novel as new, and adding another hypocrisy to all our old ones. But the Post-Savage exhibition will not have been in vain if it has shown us that the newest thing is what we can do by being ourselves.

James Guthrie.

* * *

Sir,—I am afraid some of your correspondents take Mr. Cook seriously with regard to the Post-Impressionists. Years ago I engaged in a correspondence with him in "Vanity Fair" on the subject of "Anarchy in Art." He then professed to admire the work of Messrs. Leader, Dicksee, Marcus Stone and Goodall, also works of the "Kiss Mammy" school. The New English Art Club was only fit for the pavement, and the great traditions of Landseer and Sidney Cooper were on the wane. Mr. Cook belongs to the day of velveteen coats and the Dundreary admirers of Eastlake and Landseer. No wonder he fails to appreciate the pictures of Flandrin and Gauguin. Mr. Cook as a Victorian Academy agitator—as an appreciator of the worst painting ever known in the history of art, easily "takes the cake"—to adopt his own elegant method of expression. I must again remind him that art with a capital H wins the heart of Bedford Park.

George Fitzgerald.

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Sir,—Setting aside such utter nonsense as "Our British artists have shown more individuality than all the Continental schools put together," I will ask Mr. Wake Cook, the gentleman with the donkey's tail, but one question. If, as he implies in the characteristic, charming passage, "The Parisian apaches and our hooligans in their criminal blackguardism are seeking 'complete self-expression'; but they are cramped by the self-expression of the policeman," and "the Post-Savages are the apaches of art"—if art is not complete self-expression, but an unsatisfied desire in the hands of those crawling phenomena, as Mr. Edward Carpenter calls the police, will Mr. Cook, standing on a ground with which he may have some sympathy, namely, the old masters, say what was it that the great masters put into their pictures that differentiates them from all other work? What is it, for instance, in the wonderful fragments of fresco in the Louvre that distinguished Botticelli from all other painters of his school? What is the secret of the spiritual ecstasy that the monk Fra Angelico sat and poured into his canvases? What the secret of the exuberant joy in Botticelli's work? Of the severity in Piero della Francesca's? Of the suavity in Mantegna's? Of the soul of "Paradise" in Michelangelo's? Of the grandeur in Titian's? Of the dramatic passion in Rubens? Of the marvellous insight into character in Rembrandt's? Of the great simplicity in Velasquez? Of the immense vitality in Franz Hals? Is not each of these qualities but the full expression of a great emotion? Is not this emotion an expression of self? Is it not self or individuality that differentiates hand-brain products from all other products? Does it not manifest itself in charm, in interest, or in power? Is it not self alone that adds one of these qualities to the thing expressed, and so adds what we call art? Is it not the manifestation of one of these qualities, power, in painting—whether impressionist or any other school—that lashes people to fury and calls forth their venomous spite? If Mr. Cook answers "Yes," then he flatly contradicts his Newgate Calendar interpretation of art. For the work of the Post-Savages is a complete expression of a great emotion, and not one expression checked by another, as in the case of the hooligan and policeman. If he says "No," then he proves incontestibly that he knows more about the "Police News" than about works of art. In the latter case he must join the police missionary at the Old Bailey and leave the Grafton Galleries alone.

Huntly Carter.

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CHINESE VENGEANCE.

Sir,—In your issue of October 20 you charge Mr. Bernard Shaw with inaccuracy in likening a general strike to a kind of Chinese vengeance, which consists in a man's hanging himself by the door of the man he hates, on the ground that this is a custom of the Tchouvac, a Russian tribe.

Of the aptness of the simile I have nothing to say, but however customary this kind of vengeance may be among the not very well-known tribe you mention, there is no inaccuracy in calling it Chinese. It is well known in China, though the mode of suicide is not confined to hanging, nor the place to the enemy's door, and is a very practical form of vengeance, well calculated to get its object into serious trouble. I have myself seen a man make a most determined (though frustrated) attempt to throw himself under the wheels of a heavily loaded cart with the intention, as was explained to me by the bystanders, of being killed, and so bringing trouble upon the carter, against whom he had a grudge.

C. D. Smith.

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THE NOTES OF "JUVENAL."

Sir,—Though I still regret that one so acute as "Juvenal" should have taken the opinion of another man on a friend of mine, it is but justice to withdraw a word spoken in haste at the time of that censure I said "Juvenal" represented England ill in the United States, and I am sorry I said so.

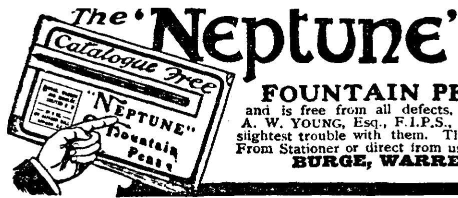
Far from it: his work is well freighted with imagination and observation; the things seen are brilliantly set down; the deductions from them suggestive and stimulating. He writes with great force and skill.

Eden Phillpotts.

* * *

Sir,—With the highest interest I look forward every Friday to The New Age, not least for its views on foreign nations and their affairs. No wonder, then, if recently I was painfully struck by a few words which I fear will not contribute to the credit of your contributors. In his American notes "Juvenal" asks what combination of elements has produced so many desperadoes in New York; and he tells us that New York was settled by the Dutch, the most stolid and phlegmatic people of Europe. I will leave aside the stigma of phlegm. What Englishman, famous as your nation is for this very quality, would not be happy to attribute it to any other nationality? But I would fain ask "Juvenal" bv what fact the Dutch have merited the reputation of stolidity? Is it perhaps by choosing the place for settling the town that was to be the capital of a New World? Or perhaps by losing that colony? But in this we were surpassed by the English, who lost this same colony when it was at a much higher degree of development.

Hilversum. (Dr.) H. J. Boeken.



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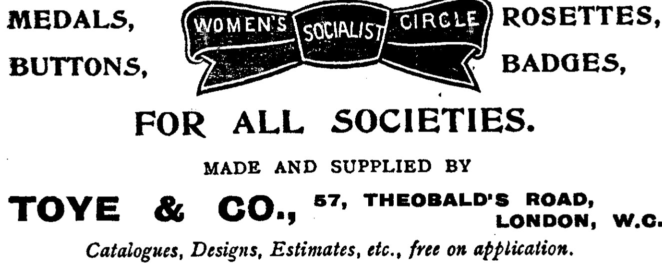

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