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, a constitutional monarch. It 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.

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 amend the 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
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 curtailing of the political privileges of the peerage; it is still more (and there's the rub) a curtailing 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 unmotivated by the 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 reasonably expect of the party to which the "Telegraph" makes on their behalf to die 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 expected 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 the 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. Last of all, there are 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 "Observer" that words spoken on either side to the temptation 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, now is the time 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 following 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 disruptors 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 to be distinguished from Westminster 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, if we wish to constitute 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 Nationalisation 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 extra commissions may be discharged by the Government, the commissions it has unreasonably filled; with unfavourable the hangmen themselves, and might influence people against readily filling such posts; with often result that the Government might have to pay 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, wrongly, 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. Verad.

With reference to the confused and incoherent information now being published in certain French and English newspapers, 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, here. 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 Gentlemen's recognition of Russian interests in the north of Persia. The Tsar at Reval in 1908, and discussed certain outstanding matters with him, it was 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 them which 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, relating...

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 and France. Some writes memoirs of Kamechakta 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 trivial 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 has complained, 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 Press 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, sacrificing for a flight, and even, 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 Triplets 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 German 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, 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 between 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 today 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:

"For better for worse-until death do us part, "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 amounting to a hundred or 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 result, though deplorable to the Church, 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 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.

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 connection, she gets a divorce that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her own case. If a horse can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and tend to their own way.

By 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.

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 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 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.

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 connection, she gets a divorce that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her own case. If a horse can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and tend to their own way.

By 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.

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 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.

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 connection, she gets a divorce that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her own case. If a horse can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and tend to their own way.

By 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.

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 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.

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 connection, she gets a divorce that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her own case. If a horse can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and tend to their own way.

By 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.

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 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.

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 connection, she gets a divorce that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her own case. If a horse can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and tend to their own way.

By 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.

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 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.

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 connection, she gets a divorce that is hers of ignoring the wants of the poor in her own case. If a horse can live entirely separate lives, or they can share the same roof and tend to their own way.

By 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.

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 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.
hand's part, has come now to regard these causes as divinely allowed, and while unquestioningly accepting them, to consider it sacrilegious 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” 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 make his country as much like progressive European nations as two peas; but he tried to accomplish his country's ruin.

They established a dual control over the finances of the country and they used the whip to extort taxes, even of the poorest classes. The corvée was increased, which constitutes one of the greatest reforms of the Khedival decree sanctioning this remission of taxation. 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-values,” that is, fictitious amounts of land tax from the poorer districts which had not been collected, and were in reality irrecoverable amounts. These non-values 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 £100,000 out of £5,218,000, 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, that 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 had been used to show how 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 Hunty Carter.

1.—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, crime, alcoholsm and general paralysis and other phenomena seem to imply a peculiar biological regression, a positive deviationisation 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 do 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?
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 something still further, but doubtless at the risk of appearing 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 seems to me to be (a) 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 sociological 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 I remain in suspense, I think 2 and 3 fall to the ground. I know no direct answer that can be made of these, and I have no claim to offer an independent opinion. But I should like to point out that undoubtedly the problem 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 under-stood to imply "progressive physical deterioration." But even before the Committee got to work, it had been made absolutely clear by the critics 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, of course, aware of the whole idea of a "progressive physical deterioration" was disclaimed by the Director-General of the Medical Service in his second memorandum, and the issue was transferred to an enquiry into the causes of such unfitness as exist.

But I know from my own experience that the retention of the term "Physical Deterioration" impresses many minds with the absolutely false idea that there is a contradiction in the edicts of medical ethics. The authors it consulted concluded that there was "progressive physical deterioration." The whole correspondence is set out in the Appendices 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 answer, and that there is one side of tendency leading towards degeneration, there are other factors at work which may be expected to some extent at least to counteract 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 movement to inter-departmental committees, their reports and the like. The significance of the sociology is that it 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 Lillienfeld, 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 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 limned to (a) to the limits imposed by the biological organisation of the animal, or (b) to the child's condition of the development of evolution.

The significance of the evolution would be immediately shown by a study of the laws of sociology. By sociology I mean the movement to inter-departmental committees, their reports and the like. The significance of the sociology is that it 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 Lillienfeld, 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 general laws of the social organisation.

Why sociology, which might do so much, has not yet helped so much as it might to arrest this biological degeneration is limned to (a) to the limits imposed by the biological organisation of the animal, or (b) to the child's condition of the development of evolution. (b) To the infant condition of sociology as a science. At present there is no universal agreement among sociologists themselves as to the teaching 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 the steps should be taken that the country to found chairs of sociology in every teaching centre. A frank and full discussion should be offered of all the problems of society. Economy, education, religion, art, law, politics, philosophy—all should be studied broadly in their speculative import without any fear of being treated as a mere party matter. "The idea of the 'cloistered' or the 'dogmatic' or the 'independent' chamber of pure though. In this way, by the combined work of scientists, some measure of stability may be here-
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 recognised that the various kinds of "social tissue" or "social organisation" may be classed as more simple and general and as more complex and special and thus economics, the great general theory of organisation, and religion is more simple and general than art. Politics, on the contrary, is more complex and special than any of the three, and, if left to be studied before, it is possible to make politics based on both the results and teaching of sociology, its powers and limitations will be more clearly shown, and for the first time they will be the right kind of things to be dealt with effectively as the economic 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 or if we concentrate attention on what we see before us instead of taking it in its historical context. Thus, I should wholly dissent from the phrase "the alarming increase of pauperism, crime, and alcoholism." Statistics of such phenomena, when carefully examined, do not support the uncritical use of such phrases. Similarly the suggested criticism that the social sciences are "stale" is based on the assumption that the progress 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 contact with the problems of modern industrial life. Perhaps, instead of "more laboratory" in the sense of experimental work, we should speak of what is more "concrete," in the sense of more immediate and more into definite connexion with the facts of social life. The insistence on a minimum marriage wage, the present economic depression in the industries and home conditions of large masses of city dwellers is actually proceeding on the health and general stamina of our children. It requires no appeal to "laws at the disposal of sociology" (for one thing, we do not know what) which 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. What we can do is, and it is quite vital to realise, is that the industrial and home conditions of large masses of city dwellers is actually proceeding on the health and general stamina of our children.

I. 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 bread-winning.

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 bread-winning. 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 bread-winning.

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 bread-winning.

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

1. I do not think any evidence at present exists that will be conclusive on the point of racial degeneration. The actual facts as to the present condition of the people of India, as the first instance, show that the fact that about the same amount of feeble-mindedness and immobility exist in towns 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 such is the case is of course debatable; and I personally feel very strongly that it is far from proved feeble-minded, immoral and habitual criminals are concerned, and also in the case of frequent lottery, I am not less convinced that good 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.

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 in importance are these.

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 bread-winning.

Nothing is more likely to diminish the virulence of partisan warfare than the acquisition of the impartial attitude of a student who has been truly on discovering the light of the best theory and practice of what is the best thing for the community as a whole. It is the duty of all who make this a subject of special study to refuse all day of the interests that obstruct it. No, one, for instance, who approaches the subject of private property with a fair knowledge of the different theories of which the value which we call by that name has taken in the past, and the more refined forms it is coming under our eyes to assume, can take up a dogmatic attitude without the conviction of the existence 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 one of the greatest importance, and a discussion may lead to changes in the application of fundamental economic ideas. I am not in favour of regarding the meaning and content of national 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 determine whether a man 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 unsound. Horses probably argue that the motor-car must inevitably succumb to its chronic alcoholism. All we can guess about the habits of the Supremes is that they would be morally disgraceful and physically fatal to a respectable alderman of our day. Other answers 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 whether for Socialism or not. 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.

Dr. J. Lionel Taylor (Author of "Aspects of Social Evolution").
POEMS BY E. H. VISHAK.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

And all salt sorrow, and all dull leaden gloom,
And iron disappointments of life's loom,
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.

There's a great sleep coming over me, a goodly sleep:
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.
The Princesse Bonaparte-Rattazzi. By Francis Grierson.

In writing of complex natures there is nothing so difficult to put into words as the mental 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, 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 three times when they are worn by a woman of such 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 Catinca de Dietz (who was pianist to Louis Philippe), Madame Bonaparte Wyse, Tony Révillon, Maitre 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 eagle. "Cette assiette 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 in the aprtment 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 admirers, even at the age of ninety. 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, a 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 in whose track she surged up and down from the splendours of the past like an enchanted gift out of the Parthenon of the Muses, while to the Spaniards she came with the aura of Andreaean enthusiasm added to Castilian wit and refinement. To the Parisians, Madame Rattazzi was the symbol of a 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 embodiment 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 triumphal 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 indescribable mystic-mystery 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. This is why it is that 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'Azur." 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 Signor Ruffo, 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 "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 dazzling page in the history of personal beauty and control the world most. We have but to compare one 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. This is why it is that 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 Signor Ruffo, 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 "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 dazzling page in the history of personal beauty 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.
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 loss 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 philosophic persons unwillingly 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?

Nothing, 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. But not for such as really find life good.

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 assermented 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 the world's will appears to us an infinite variety. Where is the affront or treachery in Paul's doctrine: to die is gain; since the world's will appears to us

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 a brutalising.

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 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 unrepellent.

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 conceivable, and in a noble 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 good as the Romans of inserting 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 assermented 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 the world's will appears to us
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 enchanter. When the Professor, in whose presence we were, stretched out his hands in the sign of the Cross, and cried, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the Professor might as easily have turned braggart as carried a jest so far as to have his scientific rival thwarted and collared and locked up in a dungeon; wherefore, Rogers may find many a less prejudiced mind than his own, judge it just and fair that 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 converted to his true calling, and that his interest in the fair and the true was as good as broken, for I would at once have granted 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 a knight of old! What comfort were they to him? What breach, 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 this house of enchantment, it was necessary to go and find out the truth; for, 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 again, and if, at the end, it still seems good, thou must be satisfied, for nothing bad can last." "When I saw you again, mistress, then I felt it was all bad," said Dota Filiuje. "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 have given every demand to bring about thy speedy disenchantment." "I wish, sometimes, you would beat me," sighed Dota Filiuje. "I am so schelm. But now give me something to do for you!" I have grown weary 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 excused, since I was yesterday in three bewilderments which of my characters to follow—the hero of our story, 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 squadrons, 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 of the field of immateriality. And all the while he was in the saddle, I have cut off the young from their rightful heritage, and filled their text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar; which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar; which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar; which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar; which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar, which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar, which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar, which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 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 Romanee. 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 text-books with a thousand facts to shame them out of their indecent collar, which he did with such effect upon the field of immateriality. And all the while Romanee 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 confound me for blind, and unworthy the name of knight!"
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
triump of Romance.
Disguised 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 Pro-
fessor had been exposed all morning beneath the
African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.

The Professor groaned at hearing this assertion.

I...!

I am...!

African sun. Do not judge him too harshly, but defer a
word to the professor. The professor will not always
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
her hand, first tapping upon the door, unlocked it.
As did he, when and as for the lions, the Professor hazarded.
Knight was leading out his charger, a high roan with
ful, reader, that you never would have supposed his
he returned and unlocked the cellar. Rogers sat
bered the blasphemer. Bidding his friends go forward,
a pretty little flask. His countenance looked so peace-
patriot will now in a few days disappear until its
numbers with their offensive coloured plates and sham
annual return. I mean the bookstall display at any big
how to turn even our ,atrocious seasonable senti-
mentality a sneaking lubricity which they have joyously
forced to condemn ourselves, to find ourselves guilty of
criticism and an adult art get the upper hand of ?"eu-
Other countries are bad enough, but they are not so
weeklies are probably the most degrading proofs of our
borrowed from musical comedy. But the popular six-
mentality a sneaking lubricity which they have joyously

One of the saddest sights that can afflict the vision of a
patron 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
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 spec-
men that glitter under the electric 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 cannot be "the Jungend." whereas the
silly. But "dropping silver vowels into the silence,
seasonable word will I write

A new literary paragraphist has lately burst upon the
world. I have heard him in the "Pall Mall Gazette,"
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 signalis-
ing. His stuff is better than that of the
in the London dailies except the "Globe." It compares pret-
y 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 spright-
liness. 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 talking 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 it an enterprise that should have expi-
ried 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 historian of the House of Lords, but
never has come within forty miles of great criticism.
Mr. Gosse is only a mandarin, though a favourable
specimen of the mandarinitic type.

Some reprints: "The Autobiography of Dr. Alex-
 ander 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 Rational-
ist Press Association.) This crude but very interest-
ing catechetical document was published anonymously
some years ago. Probably Mark Twain had 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 re-
strained me, I think. I can find no other."—"Studies of
a Biographer." By Leslie Stephen. Vol. I. (Duck-
worth, 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.
"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 Rowls, Rebuck, Kean, Scott, Morrell, the historic Napoleon and the historic Caesar; 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 courage, no, the something in life which strikes a mean"; all of these were first expressed in caricature and then most cruelly smitten. The mercenary Bluntschi, armed with his ten thousand knapsacks 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 Caesars and Napoleons were created to reinforce him; volcanic eruptions which explained the clearance of an epoch, the Thracian 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 natural basis. The period covered by the present work, and I have no doubt will be the triumph of the new art of a new age." Bluntschi 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" posse for a while with "I am only the servant of the French Republic, following humbly in the footsteps of the heroes of classical antiquity, who were in 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; alloying him with Bluntschi and Napoleon as a merchant adventurer, a bargain-hunter at the clearance of an epoch, a merchant of life, a merchandizing across the china of the city of Rome which he founded 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 peregrination. 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 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. Caesar, 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 the welfare of the state. That is the intention, and so far it may be cautiously hailed; but the real gulf between the two is the field of the artist craftsman, as distinguished from the concever of ideas.

III.

"Pompey the Great" does not carry one away; it barely compels attendance at a walking pace. The fault is not a defect partly technical. It lies in the inaccuracy, 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 Caesar'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 of his career, is only a matter of months distant from 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, undergoes no growth, no change. In the collision of the two, he is the same on entering at the Restoration as when he is left on leaving it. At Dyrachium 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 democratically."
The weakness is the more evident since Pompey is the only figure with any sustenance of life or colour. The play is crowded with super-numeraries; among them the three women—Julia (an utterly unnecessary confidante), Cornelia (Pompey's wife), and Atia (wife of his enemy and a character the author most cordially detests). 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 Pompey is an admirable hero; but the inhabitation 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 Bluntschi and Raina, Valen-
time 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 first 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 gorges 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.

"Fare thee well, Pompey the Great," remarks 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.

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 was caused by the efforts of a malarial mosquito to allight 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 Mark Twain and Mrs. Eddy look like "small potatoes" indeed. Roosevelt started with many millions of followers, and Mark Twain had his millions of readers, but the prophets 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; and not only this, but the followers of Mrs. Eddy 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 plumping, 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 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 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.

A country where bluff has long since become as a second nature with millions of the people the vice does not include 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 weighty 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 they manage to learn a little 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 Englishwoman's one.

An affair of climate again. American nerves explain a good many seemingly inexplicable things. The motor mania is an affair of nerve. The 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; people are 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, coketox Christians, Witches, 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. Previously 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 humpy dormant gait or a patent palpilator. 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, is 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.

- - - -
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 ideas. It is the one vital, all-absorbing subject. The thing of equality in America is to rise from art, since the conditions of art are limited.

ODE TO A CIGARETTE
(They send such slender inspiration through),
I leave the nine to rove their airy waste,
To take from its case the decent cigarette
And in its waving rounds awhile forget
What cares within, what storms without, may blow,
What cares without, what storms within I 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 seen.

Frederic Johns.
to sing; of lust and strife their warfare is proclaimed, their reiterated stab the vapour from the marsh, their lust adds 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, sinster (we say sinistral deliberately) traces are here and there to be found. We can endorse in due fashion 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 justice is in office it is to be expected; if sin is out of office it is to be feared."

"Who are there among men who would be brave so far as 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 contribute 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 master, in which he would be the most expert 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 in 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 result that 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 to 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. 6d. 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 Cunningham Graham, with other names of which we have never heard, for example, Gracian, Yriate, Ximenes de Eucisco, Mira de Mescua, Palladas, Regemmi? Equally diverse are the planes on which the pensese move. The following are for October 23 and 24: greatest man accepts the greatest risk." "Let us teach ladies to know how to circumvent, and cozen us." The booklets are beautifully produced, and both are illustrated.

Woman's Inheritance. By C. H. le Bosquet. (Duell. 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 subject as Woman. We commend him for 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 following opening sentence which runs as follows: "Rises 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 stile throughout 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 some kind of thought. Such is the institution of the hasty method of jumping to conclusions, known as feminine logic." How original and penetrating! But we should not call it psychology; we should call it claptrap. We do not say, nobody knows who 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, in this case 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 absurd 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 than 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 attitude in which he is most himself, and in which the laurel appears 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 satisfied 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 "Diddly-Long-Legs," and "The Crow, which is insultingly 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, with a little hardness and the little 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, unctuously, 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 palpable 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 romance.

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 to 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 snobishness in the book. Such phrases as one blushes 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 sentimentality.

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 to 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 snobishness in the book. Such phrases as one blushes 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 sentimentality.

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 to 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 snobishness in the book. Such phrases as one blushes 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 sentimentality.

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 to 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 snobishness in the book. Such phrases as one blushes 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 sentimentality.
December 22, 1910.

THE NEW AGE

herself on the regularity and cleanliness of her yarns; the yarns of the old-fashioned hand-made machine had been put out of the hands of any self-respecting spinner; they are thinly twisted here and thickly gathered there, with a thickening and thinning in the yarns in judgment. At another. Textile yarns are classified according to counts—that is, the average weight to length; but no one could tell the count of the yarn in judgment. Conduct, like the ideals of handicraft, the cloths woven by the powerloom and the threads spun by machinery are far and away superior to anything produced by the hands, and this much is clearly understood. No human hand has ever spun threads equal in fineness and spinning value to those produced daily by the mills of Wellingtons Ltd.

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 shop 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 cobbler's in the bad old days, the machine-made boots are a "fit for every purpose.

The friends of handicraft seem to be unaware of the simple fact that workmen make things for a living, and not one man in a hundred the ideals of British craftmanship have been high, I joyfully admit. This brings me to another point, and that is the assertion that our workmen have attained the highest ideals. 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 guided as to 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 man? I am already extremely close to your limits, and I hope have given our craftsmanship-partisans enough to handle. Only one word more—why hands?—why ditch the Mr. Kipling's ideals?

Sirs,—Mr. Lewis Ricardo's protest against the practice of unfavourable criticism would have made more impression if his own criticism of my article had not ended in a coarse insult, in the form of a charge of jealousy. Mr. E. Smith may be jealous; so may Lloyd George himself jealous of the Duke of Rutland, but if neither fact is relevant to the Constitutional issue, and accusations of jealousy by the beholder of 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 repudiation 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 has tried to measure his due to the public mischief done by his writings, and the more popular and acclaimed they are the more emphatic their repudiation 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 has tried to measure his due to the public mischief done by his writings, and the more popular and acclaimed they are the more emphatic their repudiation 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. 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 in South Africa. Now that the war is over, and the sahib-log have declared their immediate successor, wrote a sonnet to his lady beginning, "I love her beautiful and hand-like feet." Why not?

WILLIAM S. MURPHY.

***

Mr. Kipling's ideals.

Sirs,—Mr. Lewis Ricardo's protest against the practice of unfavourable criticism would have made more impression if his own criticism of my article had not ended in a coarse insult, in the form of a charge of jealousy. Mr. E. Smith may be jealous; so may Lloyd George himself jealous of the Duke of Rutland, but if neither fact is relevant to the Constitutional issue, and accusations of jealousy by the beholder of 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 repudiation 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 has tried to measure his due to the public mischief done by his writings, and the more popular and acclaimed they are the more emphatic their repudiation 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. 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 in South Africa. Now that the war is over, and the sahib-log have declared their immediate successor, wrote a sonnet to his lady beginning, "I love her beautiful and hand-like feet." Why not?

WILLIAM S. MURPHY.

***

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Sirs,—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 put them from and how much unadulterated London water or Cadbury's chocolate. For a short time after the war a slight but wholesome change did come over the spirit of the army. It was no more possible to find a man who had no 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
defining it with the coarseness of his own ideals. In the particular story I criticised he introduces the Boy Scouts. I may inform our 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 Boy Scout movement in a separate article. The Fauces and other tomatoes on what looks like the same sausage cake, I did the same with the Modernity movement, 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 easy-going nihilism and the eclecticism and decadence. In addition to this they have an ominous pathological taint; they represent the analogue of the insanity so alarmingly on the increase and indicative of the morbid inversion corresponding to Satanism and the Black Mass in France; with all that unhomeliness which makes some folk think of the notification of the savages, 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 that the abysmal depths of degradations 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 beginning to take for their abominable bronze". These are first impressions, and are more trustworthy than later ones after the infection is caught and softenings 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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolish them. As for Mr. Hugh Blaker, I ought safely to mention most of his statements about me with a flat denial. Having nothing to say to my discredit he says that if I do not admire the vulgarities of Manet then I must despise "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. An anarchist would abolis...
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 such works as will draw the attention of the public to itself, now on picnics and goblins—as if these themes were not already as dead as Psyche and the Inca of Peru.

Sir,—I am afraid of some of your correspondents take Mr. Cook seriously with regard to the Post-Impressionists. Years ago engaged in a correspondence with him on the subject of "Anarchy in Art." He then professed to admire the work of Messrs. Leader, Dickens, Marcus Stone and Goodall also works of 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 very young chicanery of Eastlake and Landseer.

No wonder he failed to appreciate the pictures of Landseer and Gauguin. Mr. Cook as a Victorian Academician of the worst tradition, and most ever known in the history of art, easily “takes the cake” to adopt his own elegant method of expression. I must again warn that art with a capital A will come to the head of Bedford Park.

Sir,—Setting aside such utter nonsense as “Our British artists, engaged in a controversy with his own Continental schools put together,” I will ask Mr. Wake Cook, the gentleman with the donkey’s tail, but one question. If, as he implies, the characteristic English tradition of 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, the prisoner calls the police. Mr. Cook, standing on a ground with which he may have some sympathy, namely, that of old masters, say what it was that the great masters put into their pictures that differentiates them from all other work:

What is it, for instance, in the work of Rubens? Of the grandeur in Titian’s “Paradise” in Michelangelo’s. Of the grandeur in Titian’s. Of the severe in Mantegna. Of the suavity in Velasquez? Of the immense vitality in Franz Hals? Is not each of these qualities but the full expression of a great emotion? Is it not a manifestation of one of these qualities, power, in painting—whether impressionist or any other school—that latches people to fury and calls forth their venomous spite? If Mr. Cook answers “Yes,” then he flatly contradicts his Newgate Calendar interpretation of art, and calls upon the Post-Savages to 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 makes it incontestible 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.

CHINESE VENGEANCE.

Sir,—In your issue of October 20 you charge Mr. Bernard Shaw with inaccuracy in linking 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 is, it is not true that this is a custom of the Tchouvac, a native tribe of NE China. From this point of view it will be readily seen that the Post-Savages mission—of supply commercial enterprise with the means of confusing the idle tastes of the rich dilettanti. Painting has, in painting of public buildings. We need a new impulse in the aping of pictorial or decorative genius? The only possible answer seems to be, that the whole abstract and general characteristic of any artistic interest has become the happy hunting-ground of ignorant “furnished,” and architects who grow fat from the purchase of canvases which are as good as their purchase.

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 temper of outlook, which so many profess to ignore as a condition of not possessing a characteristic English temper. We need a new impulse in the aping of pictorial or decorative genius? The only possible answer seems to be, that the whole abstract and general characteristic of any artistic interest has become the happy hunting-ground of ignorant “furnished,” and architects who grow fat from the purchase of canvases which are as good as their purchase.

Pictorialism may be taken as 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 art, apart from all that has been and is, 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 on the art of other nations in the past. We have well-nigh convinced ourselves of our own impotence, hating everything which is novel as new, and adding to all our old cliches. But we must beware of losing 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 of some of your correspondents take Mr. Cook seriously with regard to the Post-Impressionists. Years ago engaged in a controversy with him on the subject of “Anarchy in Art.” He then professed to admire the work of Messrs. Leader, Dickens, Marcus Stone and Goodall also works of 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 very young chicanery of Eastlake and Landseer.

No wonder he failed to appreciate the pictures of Landseer and Gauguin. Mr. Cook as a Victorian Academician of the worst tradition, and most ever known in the history of art, easily “takes the cake” to adopt his own elegant method of expression. I must again warn that art with a capital A will come to the head of Bedford Park.

GEOGE FITZGERALD.

Sir,—Setting aside such utter nonsense as “Our British artists, engaged in a controversy with his own Continental schools put together,” I will ask Mr. Wake Cook, the gentleman with the donkey’s tail, but one question. If, as he implies, the characteristic English tradition of criminal blackguardism are seeking ‘complete self-expression’; but they are cramped by the self-expression of the policeman, and
MEDALS, ROSETTES, BUTTONS, BADGES, MADE AND SUPPLIED BY TOYE & CO., 87, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.
Catalogues, Designs, Estimates, etc., free on application.

JUST OUT.

A NEW EDITION.

MODERN MYSTICISM.

By FRANCIS GRIERSON.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

"This volume is full of thoughts and meditations of the very highest order. In this book Mr. Grierson has concentrated his thought on the profound and simple questions of life and conscience, and his vision is infinitely more touching and more vast. What unique and decisive things in 'Parsifalitis,' for example; what strange clairvoyance in 'Beauty and Morals in Nature,' in the essay on 'Tolstoy,' in 'Authority and Individualism,' in the 'New Criticism,' etc."—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

"A delectable book."—A. B. WALKLEY.

"Mr. Grierson has a right to speak. He uses with success one of the most difficult of literary forms, the essay."—THE SPECTATOR.

"The well-expressed thoughts of a powerful and original mind."—DAILY MAIL.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

CONSTABLE & CO., 10, ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

THE FIRST NATURE-CURE IN ENGLAND.
Altitude 500 feet, Pure Breathing Air and beautiful Country.
BROADLANDS, MEDSTEAD, HANTS.
(One hour and forty minutes from Waterloo.)

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY FOR TIRED PEOPLE, WITH OR WITHOUT 
TREATMENT.
Son, Air, Water and Rikiti Vapour Baths; Sleeping in Air Huts, which are heated in winter; Non-Flesh Diet; Physical Culture.
For Illustrated Prospectus apply Manager.

DELICIOUS COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.
Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:
One word 1½d., Insert 1s. 6d.
Two words 2½d., Insert 2s.
Three words 3½d., Insert 2s. 6d.
Four words 4½d., Insert 3s. 1d.
Five words 5½d., Insert 3s. 6d.
Cash must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post Monday morning for the same week's issue.
Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.
Enquiries and orders should be sent to the Manager, THE NEW AGE, 56, CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C.


NEW THINGS—A NEW TIME—THE NEW MAN.
Read ZION'S WORKS. In Free Libraries.

OLD FALSE TEETH.—We give highest possible prices for above; offer made; if unacceptable, teeth returned. Dealers in old Gold or Silver in any form. Bankers' references; straightforward dealing.—WOODFALL AND COMPANY, Southport.

PRINTING.—Do Your Own. Presses and all materials supplied.
Quoting Nos. to — ADAMS BROWN, Devonport.


THE BLAVATSKY INSTITUTE is a College for the Study of Theosophy and Occult and Mystical Philosophy. Building and position ideal for study. Classes, Lectures, etc., free. Illustrated prospectus giving full particulars on application to Secretary, Blavatsky Institute, Hoxton, Clerkenwell. Special Programme for Christmas Season and the New Year.

THE NEWMAN ART GALLERY, 29, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.—This quaint little Gallery can be hired for meetings of small societies on very moderate terms (seating capacity 150). Special terms can be come to for the use of the Gallery as a permanent meeting place.—Apply Secretary. Telephone No. 7900 Gerrard.

THE SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP offers, for a few weeks only, FREE Tuition in Journalism, and all branches of Literature.—Apply, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "The Universality Argument." (Illustrated, "Eternal Punishment." (Illustrated) Brooke) "Atonement" (Page 168)., given post-free—Mrs. BARKER, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

The Simple Life in the City

Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in restful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

The Home Restaurant
31, Friday Street, . . . E.C.
(Between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street)
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men.

Printed for the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., by A. BOSSER, at the Chancery Lane Press, 1, 4, and 5, Rolls Passage, Chancery Lane, W.C. (and 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.). Agents for South Africa and Australia: Gordon & Gow, London, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth (W. Australia), and Cape Town; and (S. Africa), CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD. Publishing Office: 12, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.