NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If it be not constantly borne in mind by newspaper readers that the partisan writers on both sides are paid special pleaders, their bewilderment must become complete. Here we have a Government returned to office with a consecrated task in which they have been twice confirmed and by a majority which is the fourth largest by far. It has been returned since 1832; yet the most desperate attempts have been, are being, and will continue for all that we can say to be made by Unionist counsel to prove that this majority is not a majority at all, but, on the contrary, either a minority or something worse. Decision by mere mathematical majority is, we admit, no valid principle, but it is the result of an attempt to separate the real from the accidental. What matters is that the Government has been returned with a majority which is the fourth largest, and not that it is a minority or something worse.

The Labour Party is open to the exactly opposite criticism of that which is not officially Liberal, is to be regarded as English. We do not know, indeed, whether, if the truth were known, Unionists would not prefer an alliance—and it would not be the first by any means—with the Irish to a union with the Labour members. Yet for all that we would make bold to say that in ranking the Labour members with their limelit conception of the Irish Party, the Unionists are making one of the mistakes of their lives. Colour has unfortunately been given by the Corinthian speeches of Mr. Keir Hardie to the accusation that the Labour Party is revolutionary rather than Radical, and anti-national rather than national; but Mr. Hardie apart, we must confess that the Labour Party is a whole is as moderate and even conservative in practice as any of the sections composing the Liberal Party. Socialists at any rate have no intention of fathering their sins upon the Labour Party. On the contrary, in the view of Socialists, as anyone who reads the organs, or, still better, converses with the moving spirits of the party will realise, the Labour Party is open to the exactly opposite criticism of that addressed to them by Unionists, namely, that they are indistinguishable from Liberals of the most unassuming and colourless pattern. Remember we are not complaining, as so many Socialists complain, that this should be the case. In our opinion it was a foregone conclusion with honest men that a party that spurred Mr. Lloyd George on to bringing in his Budget had the duty of supporting his Party to the very end of the difficulties that Budget brought in its train. Such action was not simply honest, but above all it was English; and we have no hesitation in saying that of all the parties in the House none is more thoroughly English than the Labour Party—if we except, once more, Mr. Keir Hardie, who is as Pictish as Mr. Lloyd George. On these grounds, whatever objections may be urged against counting the Irish by noses in the Liberal coalition, no possible objection on the same grounds can be raised against the Labour members. We hope the "Daily News" will not continue to turn the Unionist handle to this tune.

We refer last week to the assumptions underlying the objections raised by Unionists to the inclusion of the Irish and Labour members in the Liberal majority. Among the mathematical majorities are quite as likely to be wrong as right. Yet the point to be urged against counting the Irish by noses in the House of Commons, on which alone the Cabinet rests, is determined by its vote; and if its vote, however composed, can be relied upon to support the Cabinet not merely on a single occasion but throughout a session or a parliament, the plain duty of the Cabinet is to lean on it with unquestioning confidence.

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We wish we could discover as conclusive an answer to the charge that Ireland holds the dictatorship of the House of Commons, on which alone the Cabinet rests, is determined by its vote; and if its vote, however composed, can be relied upon to support the Cabinet not merely on a single occasion but throughout a session or a parliament, the plain duty of the Cabinet is to lean on it with unquestioning confidence.

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alliance if they desired to do so, and this without the smallest attempt on their part to bully or on his side to cringe in the matter of terms. This is so well known behind the scenes that we should be amazed, if politics were not a game in which liars find employment, that any reputable journalist should repeat the silly charges which are at any rate now quite false. The fact is, and we cannot insist upon it too strongly—the late Cabinet was willing to be displaced, and Unionists knew it. So, too, did the Irish. Under these circumstances, it is sheer nonsense to suggest that the Cabinet is under any obligation to the Irish for maintaining them in power against their will.

We do not expect to convince the partisans in front of the curtain that these things are true; and our task will be rendered further impossible by Mr. Redmond's own foolish boasts. He, too, knows that he was all last session at liberty to do his worst; and the situation will not be different this session. All the more injudicious of him is it, therefore, to stampede timid Englishmen by pretending that he has Mr. Asquith in the hollow of his hand. Surely it was plain to be seen that the electoral tool of most effect on the Unionist side was the dirty instrument known as the foreign dollar; and there was all the more reason laid on Mr. Redmond to refrain from adding to it a single phrase of colourable justification. Doubtless if he had been as discreet as discretion itself, he could not have or warded their way from the Liberal party; but to invite it and to add fuel to it was a wretched blunder which we shall not easily forget. Mr. Redmond's excuse, it may be said, lay in his belief or suspicion that the Cabinet might not prove to be in earnest about Home Rule; and, knowing his sincerity of the Cabinet on Home Rule, we urged during the discussion of last spring the vital importance of this, and we are aware, have every reason to expect that the Cabinet has not been quite so indifferent a poison to the suspensory veto; and it is conceivable that the coming discussions to the most moderate presentation of their terms, in the preamble of the Parliament Bill itself. The present occasion is, of course, more grave; but, if Parliamentary procedure is to be followed, though the Cabinet has no choice but to insist on the Parliament Bill, it can offer in exchange, as it were, the promise of a remodelled Second Chamber. No harm to democracy would come by that if once the powers of such a Chamber were restricted to the suspensory veto; and it is conceivable that the prospect would please. At any rate, the offer might be made, as indeed it is made, though in indefinite terms, in the preamble of the Parliament Bill itself.

Lastly, we are convinced of the extreme importance of keeping the constituencies in living touch with what is taking place. These things done, we see no reason why the Parliament Bill should not be passed before the Coronation, and the reign cleared for the progressive party that their measures are frustrated by the Lords, we entrust a Liberal Cabinet with the necessary powers, but only with enough for the task in hand. The Liberal Party must be responsible for satisfying its own claims to justice, but without doing more visibly and necessarily to the established order. If they fail to satisfy themselves they will be convicted of pusillanimity or insincerity. If they exceed their commission they will be convicted of folly. For the rest, the nation's government must be carried out in such a way, which, we believe, is fairly deducible from the election results, points in our opinion to the duty which we urged the other day of the Government giving a decisive and an immediate lead. But this points also to the necessity of carrying reason with them to every constituency. And by reason we mean the approval of the nation as represented by its fair minded members who, be it remembered, have in all the last resort the casting vote in all public affairs. How is their approval to be obtained?

By three means. First, it is essential that the Liberal leaders should confine themselves throughout the coming discussions to the most moderate presentation of their terms, in the preamble of the Parliament Bill itself. The present occasion is, of course, more grave; but, if Parliamentary procedure is to be followed, though the Cabinet has no choice but to insist on the Parliament Bill, it can offer in exchange, as it were, the promise of a remodelled Second Chamber. No harm to democracy would come by that if once the powers of such a Chamber were restricted to the suspensory veto; and it is conceivable that the prospect would please. At any rate, the offer might be made, as indeed it is made, though in indefinite terms, in the preamble of the Parliament Bill itself.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Among those journalists who now and then, with easy condescension, turn aside from really important matters to enlighten the British public on the subject of foreign politics is Mr. Robert Blatchford. Several months ago I had occasion to comment on Mr. Blatchford’s relationship to foreign affairs, and I repeat now what I said in substance there that he would make an admirable recruit for The New Age Foreign Editorial Staff if he would only rise to the height of his argument and consider foreign affairs from a more elevated point of view.

I am moved to these remarks by Mr. Blatchford’s article in the “Weekly Dispatch” of December 11th, entitled “Shall we lose India?” Mr. Blatchford looks upon Japan and Germany as the potential enemies, and he points out, rightly enough, that if Japan wanted to attack either India or Australia, we should be unable to prevent her, of finding battleships being required in the North Sea in view of possible trouble with Germany. And supposing, adds Mr. Blatchford, that Germany and Japan made an alliance. “How could we hope to hold Egypt against such an alliance? What could we do to prevent these two Powers from taking India and securing suitable openings and places of settlement for a rapidly-increasing surplus population. Taking the case of India first, I can say with certainty, and those who know the country equally well will agree with me, that there are no such openings. One cannot get 160-acre farms in India, and there is little enough room at present for the 300,000,000 odd native Hindus and Mohammedans, without an influx of either Germans or Japanese. Japan could do nothing with India; the entire population of Japan and Korea could not be tucked away in odd corners of the Native States. Germans are not doing badly in India just now as commercial travellers, and they can exploit the natives pretty well in that way. India has no inducements to offer to large batches of European settlers intent on making a living.

There is, however, another reason why Japan will not venture to attack India, or, for that matter, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa. That reason is the United States fleet, backed up by a few auxiliary reasons, such as the British Pacific Squadron, the disgusted felt in the U.S.A. and Canada for Chinamen and Japs, and the Australian conscription plans. No Japanese fleet is going to take the risk of sailing so far away as India, gaining nothing in return, and running the risk of being wiped off the American navy on its return. Mr. Blatchford seems to overlook America; but there are always factors of this nature that cannot be overlooked. Foreign affairs may be compared to a complicated machine. The young nation or the young critic thinks it would be interesting to turn what seems a disconnected wheel. The attempt is made, the whole machine starts as if by magic, and somebody’s fingers are hurt.

Again, I do not think that Germany would care to enter into an alliance with Japan; but, even if she did so, other complications would arise. Another war in the Far East within ten years is almost a certainty. It may be between China (the new China) and Japan, or between Japan and Russia, which is more probable; but at all events it is coming. Imagine the picture Germany would be in if she were allied to a Japan which was waging war against Russia and calling upon her European ally for help! Imagine Germany rendering the only help possible, by attacking the Russians at their western European frontier! Imagine Frenchmen rubbing their hands with excitement and making ready to avenge Sedan and Alsace-Lorraine!

No; Mr. Blatchford has lost his way again. There is one statement in his article for which much, however, could be said in his favor, viz. his assertion that every nation can defend itself by alliances is, I think, a foolish one. To expect a foreign nation to become our ally unless we are strong, is, like expecting a merchant to accept our cheques when he knows that we cannot meet them. Now, if Mr. Blatchford were to go on preaching this one fact, leaving out the “I think,” I should be only too anxious to encourage him. But, as I said in my previous article on him, his good sense is lost in the things he writes which are not good sense. An untrained and unpractised rifleman may manage to hit the bull’s-eye by a fluke. All the same, we don’t rely on him to do so, and we don’t like to trust him with a gun.

If there are any lovers of liberty left in the Liberal party, they will kindly consider the question of Holland? The matter has gone beyond the stage of merely fortifying Flushing. The delicate negotiations which have been proceeding for some time between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse concerning an entente are somewhat on these lines; Germany will refrain from introducing a new Navy Bill if England will let her control the foreign policy of Holland. In other words, we shall betray Holland, and indirectly the British interest, in order that the Cabinet may have a few months’ peace and calmness to consider the political situation at home.

I may add—as I have not yet seen the fact stated—that Germany has found the money for the fortifications that Holland has been busy putting up recently, and that, in spite of official denials, they have been put up under pressure from Germany, and because Holland could not secure a straight guarantee from England that we would “see her through.”

These are the main facts; any denial of them in the House of Commons or the Reichstag or the States-General may safely be left unheeded. The Cabinets concerned will have “No official knowledge.”

It need only be added here that German aggression in South West Africa is causing some concern to the new Union. If England definitely and finally lets Holland be absorbed by Germany, the Cape and the Transvaal will turn against us—and also may be taken as final. It is this feeling which has just given rise to a remark by ex-President Steyn: “One man one vote; one vote one rifle.”

Speaking of Mr. Steyn reminds me of the Orange Free State, and of a paragraph in the London Letter of the “Manchester Guardian” of November 7 last. The paragraph ran as follows:

I wonder how many of your readers have noticed that in the picture you gave yesterday of the new South Africans stamp the words “Orange Free State” appear where of course “Orange River Colony” ought to be. Is this one of the series of amazing blunders in official inscriptions that have come before the public in recent times? The famous stamp slips which figure so frequently and lucratively in the history of philately?

Possibly the London Editor has found out by now that when we annexed the Orange Free State at the time of the war we changed the name to Orange River Colony, and that under the South Africa Act (1909) the name was changed back again to Orange Free State. Those who were responsible for issuing the stamp have not blundered but the “Manchester Guardian” has. Either the London Editor or the local Manchester Editor should have spotted this. Is it any wonder that I do not give the British Press much credit for its knowledge of foreign and colonial affairs? This will explain to our two correspondents who I have not kept my fingers off this sacrosanct Liberal newspaper.
The Humours of American Diplomacy.

By Stanhope of Chester.

The other evening the present writer was a silent but interested listener at a brilliant discussion on the quality of American humour. His silence and interest arose from some knowledge of the cross-currents of American diplomacy.

Years ago the Mexican Republic embodied a province named Texas, and a powerful neighbour—to wit, the United States—cast “eyes of desire” upon that rich province. Patriot stockjobbers, without capital, patriots without country, hucksters without industry, pirates without discipline, although the lifetime of half a generation has passed cannot overcome by force, so did bands of American pretenders without belief pilferers without shame be—to the Texan territories, which had been freely given to these noble citizens of the United States. This fortunate pose is proved and crowned by the present result.

The Texan revolution was completed, and was adopted by the United States as a fine chick to be claimed as a part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords, or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with, the State of Texas, or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonising Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same.

Years rolled on without much happening, until the memorandum of Mr. William H. Seward on American foreign policy, in which that able statesman pointed out, in somewhat unctuous language, that the jealousy of the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world’s great hereafter. This was followed by Mr. Morgan’s report to the Senate, in which he asked: “Can it be expected that Great Britain will cease its efforts to gain control of the Nicaraguan Canal and to hold the keys to the equatorial belt of commercial dominion that reach out into the future?”

Everyone would agree that the foreign policy of the United States, since the Bisaro-American War, has taken an expansionist line, and that its diplomacy is being directed towards securing economic control of the Pacific Ocean trade routes. Equally, it would be acknowledged that British foreign policy has been aimed for centuries at the maintenance of free ports and free maritime highways. It has endeavoured to attain this object by controlling, directly or indirectly, the world’s chief trade routes and ports. The great exception in the future may be the Panama Canal, whilst a smaller example at the present time is the Sound.

The next step was in 1900, when the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was abrogated on the expiry of its fifty years’ term, and the treaty of November 18, 1901, was signed at Washington in substitution.

Negotiations then proceeded between the Republic of Colombia and the United States for a leasing of a portion of the Panama Province of Colombia for canal purposes. The Herran-Hay treaty was drafted but never ratified, because an ingenious idea struck some successors of the Texan humorists. “Why negotiate with Colombia?” they asked. “Why not create a new republic weaker than Colombia and more pliable?” Accordingly, a number of American gentlemen met and discussed the project of establishing the Panama Republic. The charming M. Bunau-Varilla might throw a little light on this discussion, as the Panama Republic has had, and is having, momentous consequences in world politics.

All appeared calm at Panama until one November day in 1903, when a cable message reached Washington announcing a “revolution.” The Panamanian Republic had been born, with Mr. Secretary Hay as shadowy father in the background. A gentleman rejoicing in the name of J. Gabriel Duque, connected with the Panama Star and Herald, shortly afterwards explained to a dull European world the inspiration of this “revolution.” He made, in the fullness of his importance, one proud statement:—“The presidency of the Panaman Republic was offered to me if I would lead the rebellion.” Possibly he suspected the honour to be tinsel; in any case, he stepped aside. He further told us: “All the rebel generals, with the exception of President Amador, received from 4,000 to 8,000 dollars for their work.” Surely, without offence, one may describe them as a cheap lot. He continued: “The United States was cognisant of this, I believe. It has been said that I made an agreement with Secretary Hay, but this is false. Although we knew that the United States would not allow the Colombian troops to enter Panama, since we had firmly seized the reins of government.

There should be a piquant entry in the accounts of the United States Secret Service recording the expenses of that little deal in Yankee Imperialism. In consideration of a payment of ten million dollars, the Panama Republic handed over the canal zone to the U.S.A. That admirable man, Mr. Theodore Roose-
velt, in a message to Congress, showed in a few words what altruistic motives actuated American diplomacy in the affair. In asserting the Monroe Doctrine," he said, "in taking such steps as we have taken in regard to Cuba, Venezuela, and Panama... we have acted in our own interest—a gracious admission!—as well as in the interests of humanity at large." Remember that, grasping and selfish Europeans and received the following reply to his letter concerning the position of Great Britain, and the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing the canals. In reply, Congress, the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, concerning the position of Great Britain, and the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing the Panama Canal. In reply, the British Government could only prevent such opposition by occupying the canal zone into "a State," subject to the terms of Article 4 of the Panama Canal Act of 1901, which provides that "the Canal shall not be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised, nor any act of hostility be committed within it. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder." Referring to this section, Lord Lansdowne remarked in his despatch of August 3, 1901: "In my dispatch I pointed out the dangerous ambiguity of an instrument of which one clause permitted the adoption of offensive measures, while another prohibited the erection of fortifications. It is most important that no doubt should exist as to the intention of the contracting parties. As to this, I understand that by the omission of all reference to the matter of defence—Lord Lansdowne was referring to the 1903 amended treaty—the United States Government desire to reserve the power of taking measures to protect the canal, at any time when the United States may be at war, from destruction or damage at the hands of an enemy of the United States. On the other hand, I conclude that, with the above exception, there is no intention to derogate from the principles of neutrality laid down by the rules.

That is the end of this somewhat long story of the ambitions of American diplomacy; a strict integrity of a Marius, of a Gaston de Latour, or of the second Lord Malmesbury, might recoil from the peculiar methods of American statecraft; and even the present writer was rather afraid of the result. But, from the beginning to the end, the original purpose is proved and crownéd.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have been resting their claim to fortify Panama or the canal zone into "a State," subject to the terms of Article 4 of the 1901 treaty. The eminent State lawyers advised the Department that the difficulty could be got over by transforming Panama or the canal zone into "a State," subject to the terms of the United States Constitution, for then Great Britain would have no right to enter into the ploughed land where a great battle has been won and lost. What terrible battles have been waged with "Burke!" in the past! What diplomatic contests—wit pitted against material powers, wealth against honour, poor tarnished old Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have been resting their claim to fortify the Panama Canal upon the wording of that rule. It is expected that $100,000,000 will be voted by Congress for fortifying the Panama Canal. Mr. Roosevelt has stated: "We are in honour bound—another charming phrase for the edification of the unduly suspicious European—to fortify it ourselves, and only by so doing can we effectively guarantee its neutrality, and, moreover, guarantee that it will not be used against us." Who could resist the sweet reasonableness of such an argument?

Around "Burke." By Vincent O'Sullivan.

(Who is Lord—? I did not know till I looked him up in Burke.)

(Speeches by Lloyd George: passage.)

A CERTAIN thick red book, familiar to many from childhood, inspires it. When we handle its threads about the leaves, how absurdities, humiliations! What heroes it has begot; especially, what heroines—martyrs, if not to a noble cause, at least to the cause of nobility. Tallyrand and Metternichs of the drawing-room, with an overflowing heart I salute you! That large, stout lady who has just taken her seat at a near table (I am writing this in a continental hotel), do you know why she is there? That is Mrs. Driver of Philadelphia, U.S.A. What if she be over-dressed, and look ill-natured, ill-bred, and stupidly arrogant? As with her great countrywoman, Hawthorne, YOU must look kindly upon her—Mr. Driver of Philadelphia, U.S.A. What if she be over-dressed, and look ill-natured, ill-bred, and stupidly arrogant? As with her great countrywoman, Hawthorne, YOU must look kindly upon her—Mrs. Driver of Philadelphia, U.S.A. What if she be over-dressed, and look ill-natured, ill-bred, and stupidly arrogant? As with her great countrywoman, Hawthorne, YOU must look kindly upon her—Mrs. Driver of Philadelphia, U.S.A.

Republic's future, which, it is pretended, has resulted in his recall. Should anyone question the fairness of this peep into the long view of Central American politics he should read Mr. Urquhart's words in 1844, because they are prophetic: "And, although the lifetime of half a generation has passed between the beginning and the end, the ultimate purpose is proved and crowned by the present result."
Driver's party with admiration pouring from their eyes? Unlike you, they know all about her, and reverence her achievements. She, too, is evidently conscious of their sentiments, as their admiration of theirs and many others. What wonder that she bears herself insolently? How can you expect her to get even a glimpse of your point of view through the clouds of incensiveness that envelop her? Let her but step out where the English and rich Americans gather—she will, of course, take care to do that—and she may reckon on her share of attention, no matter what actress or aeroplanist may be in the room to dispute it. For even those who rarely open "Burke" are fascinated by its glamour.

Realising this, one is surprised that people who are so interested in what the book contains do not study the book. What, then, would English novelists and playwrights do without the nobility? Right or wrong, they are convinced that the public shews but a languid interest in the books and plays whither lords and ladies do not largely figure. Yet one does not need to have a very wide acquaintance with the nobility, or even with human nature, to perceive how improbable most of their characters are. The stage-noble is simply mortal; the novel-noble is different, rich enough to be a model, and the dramatist seems to give "Burke" a closer study than the novelist. We find the novelist often going wrong about the very styles of his personages, which does not increase our confidence in the veracity of the personages themselves. Even Meredith slips. "The Lady Judith I spoke of is Austin's Miss Menteith, married to the incapable old Lord Pelle." If Meredith had studied "Burke" he would have found out his mistake.

Some radical, some uncompromising democrat, may here take me to task. "It does not matter a rap," he will exclaim in his strong way, "about these gawds and tribe-nobility, which are a jangle of virtues and rather contemptible class of society which plain, hard-working men cannot be expected to know." But dear me! your "plain, hard-working men" will write about the nobility, although nobody asks them to. Nobody but an idiot wants to read about the nobility. "Boisterous. Often Irish. He is not handsome, but he is pleasant. He has sporting tastes, is rather a rake, but plays the game. He has generally a mistress or two (often Irish), and tells his most respected friend that he is unworthy to marry a pure girl, etc. Usually he spends money recklessly; but the more original have him rather stingy. In a novel by a woman he is spoken of as 'a nice young boy.'"

The ditto (poor): He is (a) extremely handsome. He is not clever, but good and very strong, and goes for long periods to outlandish places. Often Scottish. Or, he is extremely clever, ugly, and a weakling; but usually good. When he is good, he is doomed to an early and pathetic death, and his estate passes to the Younger Son: He is flippant, epigrammatical, without dignity, frightfully in debt and vaguely immoral. He is perceived everywhere and treated without respect. When he comes into the estate he sobers down, takes his honours very simply, and often marries the heroine.

The old Dowager: She is rich, aged but active, and "rules the family." She despises democrats, despises trade, and is extremely rude to those whose birth does not meet with her approbation. She talks about "that brewer person," "that grocer person" walks with a cane; has a vile temper, and wears an obvious wig. Her grandson may be a peer; if so, she addresses him by his territorial name, and has a way of drawing herself up at moments of crisis and declaring: "The Buncombes may have done many things, but they never pulled their heir down.

Need I prolong the catalogue? Every reader of modern novels can add to it. But if the novelists' way of regarding the nobility is sufficiently unanimous to lend itself to classification, it indicates a general mental attitude. What is this attitude? It is really, I think, awe, or, at a more stringent analysis, fear. I know it is generally said to be love, but there are symptoms which exclude that hypothesis. The alternate adulation and abuse fits in well enough with the theory of love; but the lover represents the thing he loves with some degree of likeness, whereas Travesty and the attribution of tremendous powers belong rather to the feath-wearing charlatan. He is not so high a power as the novelist gives them, the House of Lords would be as secure on its base as Gibraltar. And the novelists' attitude is but a reflection of the attitude of the greatest part of the people. They, however much they may yell out against lords at elections, still retain in the depth of their hearts much of the awe and terror with which all subordinate classes regarded a marauding baron of the middle ages. Nay, what is snobbbery, which is generally scoffed at as a luxurious weakness, but a form of fear? It is the attempt to conciliate one who is imaginatively dressed with powers subtle and terrible, which can be used to raise us or to cast us down.

This subject naturally suggests Thackeray, and Thackeray, to be sure, comes in well here, for it is he, I suppose, who is responsible for those peculiar and highly unpleasant people, the nobility of the modern novelists. Anyhow, if this be so, it is evident that it is the novelists who are responsible for the nobility, which he also tries to cover by contempt; and a most respectful awe, or, at a more stringent analysis, fear. He had all the English middle-class characteristics. From his great book on the Virginians: He had all the English middle-class characteristics! But to take, as some of our novelists do, a castle and a duke and his appurtenances for the sake of relating what might be fully described as a painful incident at Bexton, etc.

And what characters they are that strut in the spacious halls! Sawdust dolls, poor puppets of an hour, how often have we met you before! We know the heavy-father and the prodigal of the stage; the nobles of the novel have a constrained mould. Let me give a few specimens:

The Elderly Peer (rich): Quiet, cynical, very well-mannered, often immoral (in the one sense the word has in England) but secretly.

The ditto (poor): Lord, blundering, good-natured, boisterous. Often Irish.

The Young Peer (rich): He is not handsome, but he is pleasant. He has sporting tastes, is rather a rake, but plays the game. He has generally a mistress or two (often Irish), and tells his most respected friend that he is unworthy to marry a pure girl, etc. Usually he spends money recklessly; but the more original have him rather stingy. In a novel by a woman he is spoken of as "a nice young boy."

The ditto (poor): He is (a) extremely handsome. He is not clever, but good and very strong, and goes for long periods to outlandish places. Often Scottish. Or, he is extremely clever, ugly, and a weakling; but usually good. When he is good, he is doomed to an early and pathetic death, and his estate passes to the Younger Son: He is flippant, epigrammatical, without dignity, frightfully in debt and vaguely immoral. He is perceived everywhere and treated without respect. When he comes into the estate he sobers down, takes his honours very simply, and often marries the heroine.

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And what characters they are that strut in the spacious halls! Sawdust dolls, poor puppets of an hour, how often have we met you before! We know
just like an ordinary person; you would never believe it, would you?" As a rule they don't behave naturally. They talk a singular jargon and are indefatigably immoral in the one sense the word had in the Victorian time, but still. Thackeray's grudge against Fate was that he had not been born an English lord. It spoiled his own life; it caused him to take a view of life in general essentially trivial and vulgar, to regard all its activities with sour and disenchanted eyes. More than anything else, it was yet not without some effort. For I was sitting there under the plap-plapping of sloppy eloquence with a glassy smile, perfunctorily amiable, relieving the Duchess of public attention to draw it on considerably bored. "Stop!" I felt like shouting at the poor lady was rather bewildered, a little annoyed and dragged in, and kowtowed 'to, and beslobbered, till, by another woman— but all the men's speeches were capacity, yet I restrained myself. I should have been thought mad;

It seems likely that a countess, even an old one, of the nobility. Your musician was a long-lived man. He had the faculties to regard all its activities with sour and disenchanted eyes. Having missed that one thing, what was the sum of his gains; and so mean are they that they can

I write here on the Baconian model, aiming rather at a suggestion of thoughts than at an ordered composition or artistic finish—achieving that, when I do, by hazard and not by prescience. This I say to prepare you for an abrupt transition, an order of thought which arises not from what has gone before. What motives, I would implore, would have brought you to make a peer? I can understand obscure persons, like myself, falling into a trance of delight upon receiving a letter from the Prime Minister with the offer of a peerage, just because of the honorific membership of a chiropodist society. Anything to relieve the monotony! But nobody who gets a peerage is really obscure. It is only journalists, used to taking their ease with kings and princes, who have the experience to label it. "Obscure nobodies." As a matter of fact, a man who gets a peerage is perfectly well known by reputation, and most often, personally, to a great number of people long before he is offered a peerage. He is already rich—that is quite essential; he already lives with a certain pomp. All then he gains by the change is a change of name. Sometimes he doesn't even do that. If he does, he obnubilates himself, he pulls a hood over his head. If he does not, he effects a jarring combination—he puts a prefix which sounds in our ears with the melodies of Shakespeare, the romance of Froissart and Scott, before a usually commonplace name. Mr. Pitt? We have seen almost as ugly weddings of late years. And why? That is what beats me. I have already explained that the newly created peer is never obscure; he is as sensational as anything else. You will observe that I have been speaking of the aristocratic life have not the invariable effect of turning good-humoured, kind young women into a-straddle 'on their magnificence that the novelists of the same box as Thackeray's Countess of Kew. Are you going to have a peerage? I can understand that there was a scramble for them; but now! Who thinks any more of a newly created peer? Who thinks any more of his family, or his offspring, or of anything that is his? He was as great before; for I can never believe that an elderly man of keen intelligence—as of course all the new peers must be, since they are all what we call "self-made"—feels his bosom swell at the thought of being addressed by servants and hotel-keepers as "My lord." Yet that paltry gratification, thrown in with the chill reflection that his son, if he have one, will bear a title when he himself is dead, seems about the sum of his gains; and so mean are they that they can be easily outweighed by the otherwise unimportant fact that he is scurried as a "browned ploutocrat" on the political platforms, and considered even by democrats as an interloper among the old nobility.

You will observe that I have been speaking of the motives of the man himself. I have said nothing of the pressure brought to bear on him by his family; but the secret is probably there.

A Council of Elders.

By Alfred Ollivant.

The late House of Lords passed quietly away after a brief illness last December. Power is left with the People; Democracy is established in the cradle. And because this Democracy is as yet a child, tottering unsteadily along, never far from a headlong fall, most of us believe that a Nursing Chamber is still a necessity—to check, counsel, and encourage until the day comes when the Child-People shall be sufficiently sure of itself to stand alone, and stand securely.

But if we need a Nursing Chamber, what shall be its powers, and what its constitution?

As to its powers, most of us are agreed; it must not have the power to thwart the Will of the People; it must have the power to give the People time to repent.

In the past the Second Chamber has not been a Council of Wise Men, but a Committee of Wealthy
Ones. In the future all men realise that it must have more of the character of the old Witanagemot.

Now the most radical amongst us are ready to admit that a Second Chamber, if it exist at all, must be innately and nobly conservative.

And nobly conservative in the interests of the People, as in the past the Second Chamber has been innately and ignobly reactionary in the interests of the plutocracy, it must be weighty and it must be wise.

Now what is the first condition of a wise and weighty conservativism? It is surely years—enough of them and not too many.

Every member of the Second Chamber, then, should be self-made, black of hair or not, but grey. He should be a man of real experience and of massive character—such a solid Anglo-Saxon as the country turns out by hundreds; a person of intellect, education, integrity, and tradition.

Let us put his age as between 45 and 65.

Eliminate from the late Second Chamber all those under the age, or over it, who have held no office in any government, or who have not served the State in some real and useful capacity.

(These two provisos, by temporary application only, would be inserted to include in the new Chamber certain transition-men, otherwise disqualified, such as Lord Lansdowne, whose presence in the New Chamber is indispensable to bridge the abyss between what has been and what will be.)

Now what have you done?

You have eliminated from your old Second Chamber the boys and the dotards.

And what have you left?

A body of men in the prime of life, many of them rich in experience and massive in character; not a few of them persons of intellect, education, integrity, and traenacity.

Let these men, honest in the main, purge themselves of their weaklings and undesirables—until the number of the whole is reduced to, say, 200.

You have now sloughed the worst in the old Second Chamber, and kept all that was worth keeping; lightening the whole of that inertia of a man, that undistinguished sediment, which gave to the late Second Chamber its deadweight character fatal to an advancing democracy.

Let these 200 members of the new Second Chamber, sitting in Committee, suggest the names of another 200; the essential condition being that each member so suggested should be between 45 and 65.

Give each of the People through their representatives in the House of Commons the power of rejecting candidates suggested by the unrepresentative Chamber.

Let it be understood that every member of the Second Chamber retire at 65, unless actually in office as a Cabinet Minister at that age—the only other exception being those transition-men, such as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Roberts, Lord Fisher, who do not fulfil the age-condition, but whose presence in the new Second Chamber is indispensable to give it dignity.

As members reach the age-limit and retire, or drop out through death, the Second Chamber would suggest a new name to the Representative Chamber, which would elect or reject as might seem good to it.

Thus the selection of its members would always rest with the Second Chamber, checked by the Veto of the First Chamber. Now what would be the result?

We should have a self-evolved Second Chamber, compact of the pick of the old House of Lords, and confirmed by the best new blood available in the country; a Chamber from which the hereditary element would be gradually and automatically eliminated; half of it from the first subject to a check by the People through their representatives in the House of Commons, and that half little by little widening into the whole.

In twenty years we should have a Second Chamber of which every member had been passed by the People, of whom, once passed, each member would be independent.

What is Tolstoy's Religion?

By Alfred E. Randall.

I said in my last article that I intended to deal with Tolstoy's dicta on religion. I doubt if I shall keep my promise. Turgenev said of Tolstoy that "his chief fault consisted in the absence of spiritual freedom," and I find the criticism sound. I can only remind my disappointed readers of Merejkowski's brilliant book, "Tolstoy as Man and Artist," published by Constable in 1902: a study so searching in its analysis, so apt in its contrast of Tolstoy and Dostoievski, and so profound in its conclusion, that I am not surprised to find it ignored by Mr. Maude. But Mr. Maude says of Tolstoy's essay "What is Religion?": "Whenever, as in this case, Tolstoy takes a great subject and churns the cud of reflection about it—if only he is not drawn astray by his pet prejudices—he produces a masterpiece." A truly bovine masterpiece is "this admirable essay," and I must devote some time to leading it back to pasture.

Matthew Arnold warned Tolstoy to leave theology alone, told him that the Western peoples were better equipped for Biblical criticism and exegesis than the Slavs. But "forbid a fool a thing, and that he will do," says the proverb; and Tolstoy was determined to show us the constitutive state of Christianity. Look at his definitions, where, if anywhere, there should be clearness. He defines religion as a relation with the infinite established by man, according with reason and knowledge, which guides his conduct. Faith, he says, is the same thing but with this difference: Religion is externally observed, and faith is internally experienced. But as a definition cannot be too clear, he makes another attempt. "Faith," he says, "is man's consciousness that his position in the world obliges him to do certain things." This is, as the children say, as clear as ditch-water; so he tries again. "Faith is a relation man is conscious of towards the infinite universe, and from this relation the direction of his activity proceeds." So that it differs from religion not by being internally experienced, but by being conscious to man and not established by him. Tolstoy now uses the copula like a logician. "Therefore," he says, "true faith is never irrational or incompatible with present-day knowledge, and it cannot be its characteristic to be supernatural or absurd. On the contrary, the assertions of true faith, though they cannot be proved, never contain anything contrary to reason with human knowledge, but always explain that in life which, without the conception supplied by faith, would appear irrational and contradictory." Mr. Maude's "true faith" asserted that this essay was a masterpiece, and, truth as assertion can be, it is obviously contrary to reason, and incompatible with human knowledge; for a proposition that begins with a definition and ends with a non sequitur is not a masterpiece. Therefore, Mr. Maude's assertion was not that of "true faith."

An original thinker like Count Tolstoy has no need of metaphysics, and he destroys the doctrine of the Trinity with one stroke. "What can be more absurd," he asks, "than that God is both One and Three, or three Gods like Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, but One and yet Three?" If religion is a relation with the infinite established by man, and faith is man's internal experience of that relation, Tolstoy's question is clearly more absurd than the doctrine of the Trinity. We all agree that space is infinite, and that there is a height of space, a breadth of space, and a length of space; yet there are not three spaces, but one space. The height is infinite, the length is infinite, and the breadth is eternal; yet there are not three infinites, but one infinite. The height is eternal, the length is eternal, and the breadth is eternal; yet there are not three eternals, but one eternal. And if man is conscious of his relation to space, or establishes a relation with it, he is reasonably compelled to attribute personality to it; since his own personality, if no other, exists in it. Therefore, if infinity has personality, man is reasonably compelled to believe that personality infinite in
extension and eternal in duration; and that belief must guide his conduct. After this brilliant display of dialectic, there is much to be gained by Tolstoy. His objection to the Trinity should not have been that it is absurd, contrary to reason and incompatible with knowledge, but that it is not taught by the Bible. The only explicit declaration of the Trinity in Unity is to be found in II Cor. xi. 3. No one has three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one."

But the Revised Version destroys this foundation for the belief of the teaching: 'There are but three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one in essence and will; the Father and the Son are one in love, and the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and the three agree in one.'

I do not intend to follow Tolstoy's criticism and exegesis any further, as I am related to space and time, and limited by them. But the definitions that I have given show that Tolstoy, years after Matthew Arnold, has discovered that religion is conduct, or, at least, directs conduct. Matthew Arnold told Tolstoy that Christianity could not be contained in any set of commandments; that the temper of Jesus was as important as his teaching, and eusebeia as admirable as exegesis. But Tolstoy had already written his Five Commandments of Christ, and, as they all relate to conduct, I shall judge him by some, if not all, of them. I omit the first, and add the teaching: 'Thou shalt not anger.' Do not lust; do not take oaths; do not resist evil; love your enemies. All of these are moral teachings, and, as I said in my previous article, the value of morality can be demonstrated by one who has succeeded with the discipline. I have already shown how Tolstoy recommended the teaching: do not lust. Let us consider how he recommends the teaching: do not anger. Behrs, the brother-in-law of Tolstoy, writing of his visit in 1887, says (I quote the translation from Merejkowski, as Mr. Maude makes Behrs talk too much like Mr. Maude): "Nowadays, Leo behaves to his wife with a touch of exactness, reprehensiveness, even disrespect, increasing his assurance of giving away his property, and going on bringing up the children in the old way. His wife, for her part, thinks herself in the right, and complains of such conduct on her husband's side. In her there has involun-
tarily sprung up a hatred and loathing of his teaching and its consequences. Between them there has even grown up a tone of mutual contradiction, the voicing of their complaints against one another."

Tolstoy, as Mr. Maude makes Behrs talk too much like Mr. Maude, has discovered that religion is conduct, or, at least, directs conduct. Matthew Arnold told Tolstoy that Christianity could not be contained in any set of commandments; that the temper of Jesus was as important as his teaching, and eusebeia as admirable as exegesis. But Tolstoy had already written his Five Commandments of Christ, and, as they all relate to conduct, I shall judge him by some, if not all, of them. I omit the first, and add the teaching: 'Thou shalt not anger.'

Do not lust, he says; and the interpretation is: "Do not surrender away the control you have over your actions." He cannot testify to the validity of this doctrine, for he gave away the control of his future actions when he renounced copyright as well as property. "This announcement," says Tolstoy, "is the question that had been long in dispute between his wife and himself. She retained the copyright in all his works antecedent to and including 'Anta Kareina.' Publishers might scramble as they pleased for anything written subsequently, the Countess having only the same right as anyone else. Owing to the circum-
cumstances of the case, however, she had always the advantage of knowing in advance what was coming." As his wife manages his property and publishes his works so well, he is not likely to desire a personal right in either. The giving away the control of his future actions in this respect, although contrary to his teaching, has its advantages.

Do not resist evil, he says. Property is an evil, according to Tolstoy; and as soon as he became con-
vincéd of this he did not resist but tried to evade it. Mr. Maude says: 'Tolstoy offered to transfer all his fortune, including his copyrights, to his wife, saying that he could not bear the burden. 'So you want to place it on the shoulders of me, your wife,' replied the Countess, and with tears and sorrow she refused his offer.' But Tolstoy was determined to resist evil. 'Not wishing to oppose his wife by force,' says Behrs (I quote Merejkowski), "he began to assume towards his property an attitude of ignoring its existence; renounced his income, proceeded to shut his eyes to what became of it, and ceased to take up any interest in so far as to go on living under the roof of the house at Yasrna Polyan."

Some time before this, the Countess had concluded a reproachful letter to Tolstoy with the words: 'Had I not written it I should have retained vexed; but now it is past, and the thing amuses me, and I have quieted down, saying: 'Let the child amuse itself as it likes, as soon as he or she doesn't cry.' With such a wife it is easy and profitable not to resist evil, and I, for one, am impressed by the efficacy of this moral teaching.

For evidence of the value of his teaching, "Love your enemies," I must refer my readers to his essays: 'What is Religion?' This paradigmatic philosopher who loves Nietzsche, who was his enemy, for whatever may be said it justifies the system of founding one's own happiness and greatness upon the lives of others: the system in which they live." My readers ought to understand now what is really religious, according to Tolstoy.
Modern Dramatists.

By Ashley Dukes.

XIII.—D'Annunzio.

Given imaginative power, what are the essential conditions of the theatre? Psychology suggested rather than described; descriptive colour arising spontaneously in speech rather than plastered on in elaborate stage directions; impersonation together with good draughtsmanship; an ever-watchful austerity far removed from the exuberance of the author with a hundred thousand words to spend and a whole language to choose them from; extended words from form to content; the rhythmic instinct of the lyric poet combined with the verbal economy of the orator and the concentration of the painter in miniature.

D'Annunzio, poet, novelist and playwright together. He has his place in the European chain—not far removed from Maeterlinck and Hofmannsthal. Recall for a moment the quality which distinguishes these two dramatists (together, perhaps, with Tchekhov) from all the other authors of their time. It is their revolt, conscious or unconscious, against the bourgeois theatre; that theatre which is concerned with the social conditions of a period, filled with moral indignation and designed to replace convention by an ethical standard. The theatre, typically, of Björnson, Shaw, Brieux, Heijermans, Hauptmann and Galsworthy. Maeterlinck rehabilitated symbolism. Hofmannsthal, of the razed Greek tragedy, became the leader of the New Romanticists; and his reconstruction of Greek tragedy was in itself an artistic challenge. Tchekhov rebelled against the "morality for household use," and sought in "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard" to remodel modern drama by understanding the construction with beauty of stage setting. All three were pioneers. With the gradual decay of modern realism their originality begins to be understood.

For D'Annunzio, the case of D'Annunzio, Italy, became the model, the leader of the New Romanticists; and his reconstruction of Greek tragedy was in itself an artistic challenge. Tchekhov rebelled against the "morality for household use," and sought in "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard" to remodel modern drama by understanding the construction with beauty of stage setting. All three were pioneers. With the gradual decay of modern realism their originality begins to be understood.

D'Annunzio is meteoric; Tchekhov is a great virtuoso. "Imitator" may be too harsh. He is a magnificent virtuoso, if no composer of symphonies; a great artificer of words, a collector of sensational curios, a conjurer who would pass for a magician, a mixer of glorious colours, a feigned prodigality right and left, with the air of one who inherits the Latin culture of a thousand wings was in her voice. ''The quiver of a thousand wings was in her voice." "The quiver of a thousand wings." A great virtuoso.

There is the first impression of his work. I pause to extricate drama from this tropical profusion of speech. Little can be found. For D'Annunzio, not content with the spoils that he has taken from the arts, and discovering, naturally enough, that his own gift of word-painting serves only a decorative purpose, has met the demands of the theatre by further borrowing—of course without penalty. He has propped his structure with two unsteady supports; one a peculiarly gross form of theatrical sensation, the other a bastard symbolism. Take for example the case of the notorious "Gioconda." A sculptor is dragged this way and that by two women struggling for possession of the sculpture. Silvia, his wife, is a gentle, saintly creature, who possesses him completely in his calmer moments; Gioconda, his model, is the familiar "panther-woman" of modern drama, sex incarnate, lithe, passionate, dangerous, and "The Dead City," a decorative talker with one trapeze act to perform. These are the traps which the theatre lays for the virtuoso. Gioconda inspires the sculptor's statue; Silvia nurses him through a long illness. Thus far D'Annunzio offers nothing new in subject or treatment. Many authors before him have dramatised the conflict of saintly devotion and sensual charm. But he has the instinct for sensation—a sensation in superlatives, a gorgeous catastrophe—and he arranges a scene between the two women in such a way as to give a semblance of symbol of their war. Gioconda the passionate, the revengeful, endeavours to throw the statue to the ground. Silvia rushes to save it, and a struggle takes place behind a curtain. Then a trio, a cry of horror. "Gioconda emerges madly and escapes. Silvia comes forward with both her hands crushed into pulp, wrapped in wet cloths that are soaked through and through with blood. The statue has fallen upon them. She staggers, is supported, recovers herself. A new inexpressible phrase is spoken: "But—it is saved!" Curtain.

A sensation for all Europe. D'Annunzio outdoes Pinerio. What was Mrs. Ebsmith's rescue of the Bibio from the flames, compared with this?

Needless to say, the scene forms the pinnacle of the third act. The fourth, in accordance with the same base tradition, is steeped in sentimentality. It appears that, for some reason unexplained, Gioconda has carried off the sculptor. Silvia is left alone. A new effect is arranged; the convalescent mother without hands embracing her infant child. A double symbolism of martyred love and a mutilated life.

The same symposium device is used from time to time in "The Dead City," a play of far greater beauty. "The Dead City." for D'Annunzio. "Gioconda," with their sunlight and clouds and rain, the golden pair of scales that lay upon Cassandra's breast—all of these have their part in the tragedy. The atmosphere is more completely rendered. The historian may discover less of Sardou than in "Gioconda," and more of Maeterlinck; but there is also something of D'Annunzio—something more than words. If all the borrowed plumes can be removed, and all the moods realised with sympathy, it will be found that he is indeed a problem dramatist, not of custom or morality, but of sex itself. He must use the tools of the trade to the utmost, and for Italy. But there is grace in his flight. Even the word-painting is brought in, in ecstatic moments, into harmony with the conception of the play. The windy stage directions of "Gioconda." a symbol of sunshine, her smile as she stands, her eyes, all are used from time to time in "The Dead City."
spiration of genius. Flowers are brought. Some one
of flowers. The bald statements of scenic decoration be-

present listen for its hum. The sand-paper bee in the
times
be grateful.

well how, on one of my first visits to America, I was
that there is no such thing as equality in this land of
social illusions and utopian lies. I remember very
coats of arms emblazoned on the door in flamboyant
symbols so large that he who ran could read. At

something a little more royal. One lady whose hus-
other American cities. Women who are in the social
fortune's crested waves, take to themselves all sorts of

band had suddenly come into the possession of millions
mottoes, arms, devices, goblins, and griffins, the more
swim, or who think they ought to be swimming where
commanded the engraver to make the griffin "more
conquerors and stopped at nothing." The young wife

thing was duly painted
of another millionaire, after studying Burke's Peerage

of another writer who landed at Plymouth Rock. There is much more
boasting about heredity here than there is in Europe. And yet with all the boasting about intellect and the
rest, the Yankees could not produce an Abraham
Lincoln. That wonderful man was a native of the all

of the devil; for if he were he would be no true New
Yorker. In his dress he is prim instead of imposing. Where
the Londoner looks as if his clothes grew on him the imitator looks as if his clothes were put on him. He
cannot cast aside his posh because there is nothing like him in England. What the foreign student of human nature seeks in this
country is the new, the strange, the stunning, the ab-

absurd notions about everything English and European. Sometimes he is at once amazing and terrible, as, for
example, when he yawns. Then he tries to make you
believe he is tired of the world and the flesh, but not
of the devil. And if we do we would like no less. New

by inviting one or two of these impossible

amazing type would not exist but for his money. New
York society. Mrs. Edith Wharton came very

lived in log-
houses in the West are ashamed to allude to the grand-

when he ought to be indifferent, reticent where he
ought to be talkative, pained when others are bored,
and he pretends to be blasé when he ought to be nonchalantly
philosophical. The false Englishman has
aburd notions about everything English and European.

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not be in! He is ashamed of it. This amusing
and amazing type would not exist but for his money. New
York has a class of men who have little to do, and who
spend their time between Europe and New York. And they
consent to be bored, and the Parisians do not tolerate them and London ignores them. Neverthe-

they, have their uses. I know an Englishwoman
with a great title who keeps her servants in a good
humour by inviting them twice a year, and these impossible
American would-be Englishmen to her country seat
every year, when the lowest tip the visitor gives on
leaving is a ten-pound note, the highest being ten times
that amount.

The great modern comedy will be written about
New York society. Mrs. Edith Wharton came very
near the longed-for masterpiece. Once or twice in the
"House of Mirth" that admirable psychologist
pitched on vital themes in the rotten social dramas of
the day, but he got off the track, as they say here, and the book, brilliant as it
is, failed to depict the real state of affairs in this most
modern of all the Babylons. Mrs. Wharton was the
first writer to touch the festering sore of the thing
called society in this little corner of the world. This
gifted writer might draw a comparison between Lon-
don and New York, or Paris and New York, for there
are as many kinds of wickedness as there are great
world-capitals. The pupil of DumasFAIS and
lyric and logical, that of London is a cross between
decadence and illumination, that of Berlin a mixture of
wienerspurian epicureanism and weltphilos, that of St.
Petersburg represents a Tartarian hole covered with a
tarpaulin of pagan Christianity; but New York is
Rome under Tiberius, Israel under Ahab, Babylon
during the Captivity—the intellect of the intellec
tual.
Unedited Opinions.

VI. Modern Novels.

Why is the New Age so severe on modern novels and novelists?

Chiefl y, I suppose, because modern novelists contribute to the degradation of the age when they might and should contribute to its redemption.

In what way do they degrade the age? By following instead of setting fashions in manners, conduct, character and style.

But have novelists ever set the fashions in this way?

Certainly, if you enlarge the meaning of novelist to include, let us say, Malory, Castaglione, Plato, Homer, not to name a hundred other romanticists. They belong, however, to the heroic age which is past.

Precisely my complaint. Why is the heroic age past? Because our literary artists have failed to maintain it. There is nothing essentially different in the every-day life of to-day from the every-day life of any other age. What is different is the atmosphere of men's minds. In other ages it was, as you rightly say, heroic. To-day it is close, petty and stuffy. Realistic, I suppose they call it.

I suppose they do.

Well, of that it is enough to say this: when artists were really creative they were also representative of reality. Now that they are merely reproductive they cease to represent as artists. But I should like to know what you mean by the heroic?

Oh, nothing childish, I assure you. Let me give you an example. Did you know that the late Cecil Rhodes nourished his soul on the histories of great men? You did? Very well. And the same may be said of every man who has ever become really great. I venture to say that you will never understand the lives of the great unless you have studied their greatness by reading the lives or romances of the great.

The most incredible persons even of recent history are known to have drunk their inspiration at the wells of historic and imaginative romance.

Do you suggest that their greatness was not their own?

Not at all; but it was one of the qualities of their greatness that they knew the society they must keep to develop the realise. Contemporary life is almost always vulgarising. At least it does not offer a sufficient range of stimulus to the noble life. Hence there is always needed, if a great soul is to be preserved, a current of ideas, a plane of thought, an atmosphere of the discovery of the great by artists is also their creation.

Artisans, I understand, and tradesmen also; but I am still uncertain of your heroes and demi-gods.

Would it contribute to lucidity if I described heroes as masterpieces of personality, and divine men as masterpieces of impersonality?

Not, I fear, without more explanation.

Well, then, name me, if you will, some heroic figures, either in fact or in art.

I have only the accepted names in my mind: Caesar, Napoleon, Alexander, Leonardo, Achilles, Ulysses, Lincoln, King Arthur, and so on.

Yes. And of divine men?

Buddha, Jesus, Socrates, Zoroaster, Homer, Plato and so on.

Certainly. And what do you think is actually the distinction between the two classes? Are not the first men primarily of action, and the second, men primarily of thought? The first are what they do, the second are what they are. The former distinguish themselves by the differences from one another, as the stars differ from one another in glory. But you will observe that the distinction of divine men is to be all alike.

But how does that bear on personality or impersonality?

Why, clearly. Our heroes are set upon making a great and noble impression in the world. For this reason they must perfect their personality and, as it were, stage it in the glare of the limelight. Where is the limelight there must heroes as well as charlatans flock. Divine men, on the other hand, desire nothing so much as darkness, obscurity and the absence of striking qualities. Not to conquer the world, but to escape from it, is their mission. Thus there is nothing in the lives of the divine men that attracts or fires the spectators. Who even, we have to ask, was Homer? As for the rest, they are even less known. My point is that these great impersonal men leave in the world only a current of ideas, a plane of thought, an atmosphere; never an example. Heroes leave examples. Divine men are anonymous.

And you think artists should confine themselves to these types?

Not., should they.

Can you name any modern novelists who have?

Disraeli and Lytton are in my opinion the two English novelists who aimed highest, though I admit they fell far short in actual achievement. Their heroic characters were at least planned on the heroic scale.

Any more modern than these?

Tell me, for you probably know better than I do. What novelist depicts characters whom his readers would like to imitate?

I know of none, save perhaps Shaw, whose hero in “The Irrational Knot” is really an admirable figure, and one whom the young would certainly imitate.

Pass Shaw then. But what a damning indictment of the rest! For it means that our novelists instead of leading in the van of manners, are following with the baggage wagons, being merely part of society’s impediments.

But they may contribute to the understanding if not to the leadership of men.

Leadership, my friend, by the example of the heroic, assumes and depends upon understanding; but understanding alone does not inspire to leadership. Besides, what part of the human mind is understood by the authors of the thousand and one tales of mean streets, mean persons and mean circumstances? Not the master part of the mind, which is the will and the imagination.
The Maids' Comedy.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing matters for old and young, facts and fancies, aspirations and exhortations, and chronicling a feat of chivalry.

Our three friends, Sir Roderigo, the Professor, and the Knight of the Purple, climbing upon a plateau in the mountains, beheld, between the rising moon and the setting sun, the hut of their destination. Sir Roderigo, from the arum covered the light splashed by the moon, paced his steed in advance of the foot men, "for," said he, "all the sorcerers in the world will have heard already the tidings of this happy reunion, and by now a thousand giants may have been despatched to overthrow us. In rid of these, and so far, no sage has equipped me with magic weapons. By me no ordeal may be avoided. I have already tried my might by every test in the Book. To lie in complete armour in the plain, exposed to the vigour of the heavens, to sleep, leaning upon a lance with the stirrup, to sustain the body for whole days upon herbs or berries—such affairs, Sirs, are practical ordeals in the virtues of a knight. To mention these and no more of my innumerable essays, I claim that no man on earth has less to fear from the vagaries of his body than I." "That is so evident," the Professor rejoined, "that I feel certain no one could have passed into your house exulting over the event that the Death-baricade." De Villiers, flushingly deeply, replied to this, "How little, gentlemen, you might guess against whom that barricade was erected! I was afraid of only one ill chance—lest my daughter, assisted by some sage, might gain entrance and seek to overcome my heart. My fears were unworthy that divine damsel." "To compensate for those natural doubts," exclaimed the Professor, "what amazing confidence you must feel in her courage and wit to send her roaming the world, denying her shelter or protection! Do not imagine I speak upbraidingly, for some miracle of intuition warns me not to commiserate the maiden." As though, in confessing this much, the Professor had expressed all there was to be said upon the subject, Sir Roderigo immediately invited the Knight of the Purple to toast the new Crusade. As they raised their glasses the glowing orange light of the sun flooded the hut. "Go, glorious Phoebus!" exclaimed De Villiers, "go break to the death all the tides of time till the new Crusade be inaugurated at thy next rising!" In a twinkling the sun was gone, and the three friends adjourned to the eastern side of the hut, where the young golden moon was hanging low over the land. The Professor stood for a minute gazing across the great Karroo, stretching east and west. Here and there a dark spot showed where the soil, watered by irrigation, had thrust up trees easily as if they had been mushrooms. "It might be done!" he murmured. The youth had come up close beside him, and now exclaimed: "The gold of the mines would finance the watering of the whole country. Every year countless billions of gallons flood away for want of reservoirs. But do not suppose, Sir, that I intend to run my head against the stone wall of the financiers. I know they will never help." "No, my friend, if your Crusade is to have the least success, it must be preached amongst the young. In the Dutch people you have a young race, in so far as they are a race which has come to a second birth in a new country. They exhibit the unmistakeable sign of youth in a nation—they absorb every other race that mixes with them; even the German disappears in the Dutchman. It is a gloomy thought for a patriot, Myllheer De Villiers, but it is also a generous conception of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions. Not yet had fraud, deceit and malice intermixed with truth and plain dealing. Justice maintained her ancient bounds. I was not yet led to the interpretation of the judges. Maidens and modesty went about without fear of danger; and if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclinations. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, times have become worse. Therefore, as wickedness increased, to defend maidens, to protect and relieve orphans and persons distressed, the order of Knight Errantry was instituted."

Sir Knight," replied De Villiers, "I plainly saw you riding upon a steed whose eyes were like the lightning, and in your hand glowed a sword of flame. But, no doubt, some sage enchanter who loves you, prevented you from knowing your resources in order that you
Sir, I have known the downfall of a family date from one of those infamous barterers, and naturally so, for the things parted with were almost alive with powers of enchantment. "There are signs of a revival of the crafts in England," said the youth. "Pooh!" the Professor interrupted: "model cities—refuges of threecentury craftsmen—may be acquired by any maiden, and I will recant anew counsels her, that she possesses no other charm than penalty, since she appears to me rather a churl than a lady." The Knight of the Purple stood racking his mind for conceptions to defy a so wholesale condemnation of the things we civilised men achieved before women ever came into the active field?—the Crucifixion—Wars of the Roses—Inquisition—Jeffreys' Circuit—Waterloo! "Women were secretly active, however," the Professor replied. "Read your history. Show me any period when women were powerful, and I'll show you a period when every branch of art and letters was enslaved, when poets lost their faith and learned men their resolution, and if the gentlemen I have named approve your suggestion, you will be most fortunate, for in securing their co-operation, if it could be obtained in the scheme, would ensure a practical beginning and there-fore a likelier success. "You could not do better than consult my host, Mytber Marburgh, your brother," said the Professor declared: "the family is wealthy and patriarchal; and especially distinguished by those virtues of tact and moderation which have gone far to con-solidate the country. Approach-'d with any practical suggestion for the humanisation and refinement of the people, these gentlemen will certainly give intelligent and sympathetic hearing; and if they should favour one or another of the many suggestions you may make—and let me remind you, sir, that in submitting idealistic plans to the Dutch, you will be addressing an idealistic people, and therefore need not fear ignorant ridicule—if and if the gentlemen I have named approve your sug-gestions, you will have for your work what you shall render it to the uttermost. By right of conquest when women were powerful, and I'll show you a period when every branch of art and letters was enslaved, when poets lost their faith and learned men their resolution, and if the gentlemen I have named approve your suggestion, you will be most fortunate, for in securing their co-operation, if it could be obtained in the scheme, would ensure a practical beginning and therefore a likelier success. 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To act, he must gain the co-operation of other men. Flow and penetrate to the furthest outpost even of this great Karroo. What demon wages against the spirit of man that he neglects nothing but the art to live?" The Professor answered: "While in no way lowering the standard of the ideal, you must fortify against disappointment and delay, young friend. I lowering the standard of the ideal, you must fortify against opportunities. If then it is accepted, be sure that envy, resignation is refused, present it again at the first real opportunity. If then it is accepted, be sure that envy, the unintelligent vice, has reared its head. Retire cheerfully, and, if you will, begin your work all over again." The Professor was much applauded for this advice, at once friendly, sincere and capable. The Knight of the Purple now finally attempted to shake Sir Roderigo's resolution to spend the night in the open. All was of no avail. But supposing the reader does so against the grain? Supposing the very excellence and solidity of some of the chapters are inimical to the mood of fancy? As a scheme, and especially as a fanciful scheme, Mr. Neil Munro's strikes me as too facile, as certainly lacking in originality. These sentimental misunderstandings and chicanes might have been invented by dozens of clever novelists, but only Mr. Neil Munro could have written the best scenes—the man who did write them. And as for the "character" aspect of the affair—well, beyond doubt it is legitimate, artistically, to present the reader with a "character" novel. The title of course is a sign for the reader; it announces fancifulness. An author is entitled to write a fanciful novel, surely! The reader's business is to make himself the accomplice of the author in the imposition of the mood. Yes. But supposing the reader does so against the grain? Supposing the very excellence and solidity of some of the chapters are inimical to the mood of fancy? As a scheme, and especially as a fanciful scheme, Mr. Neil Munro's strikes me as too facile, as certainly lacking in originality. These sentimental misunderstandings and chicanes might have been invented by dozens of clever novelists, but only Mr. Neil Munro could have written the best scenes—the man who did write them. And as for the "character" aspect of the affair—well, beyond doubt it is legitimate, artistically, to present oddness and singularity in heroic prominence; but I question whether, having regard to the immediate past and the present contestable tendencies of British literature, it is advantageous to do so. However, an artist does what he can, not always what is advantageous. There are pages in "Fancy Farm" which have considerably influenced my notions about Scots life.

Libraries censorship:—From a document which a correspondent has kindly forwarded to me, it appears that the libraries have shifted their ground in the great censorship controversy. In the beginning the assistance of the legal authorities in respect to books was said to be exercised in deference to the wishes of customers. The latest explanation is that it is exercised out of fear of the police. My correspondent wrote to a large circulating library protesting against their refusal to return a book. The manager wrote a single sentence: "The Song of Songs." He received the following reply:—"We beg to acknowledge your letter, and while we have no intention or desire to dictate to our subscribers what books they may read, in view of the action of the legal authorities in respect to books of a questionable character—many of which the publishers themselves have been compelled to withdraw—it has become necessary for us, in common with other responsible libraries, to exercise some discretion in the selec-
tion of books for circulation, and thus protect ourselves from liability to prosecution. Assuring you of our best attention."

* * *

This interesting document deserves some attention. It also raises certain questions in the mind. For example, what action have "the Legal Authorities" taken in respect to novels? Have the police of recent years singled out any novel published by a reputable publisher, and threatened to prosecute the libraries if they offered that novel for sale or loan? If so, what was the title of the novel? I am aware that not long since a whole large wholesale firm was prosecuted for selling a periodical alleged to be indecent. The firm was perhaps unfortunate, the assumption that in the case of a periodical the police were not. Moreover, every week every bookstall in the kingdom offers for sale a weekly paper which is chiefly famous for its ribald obscenity, and whose front-page sexual jokes are anticipated with glee by multitudes of accomplished clergymen and bar-supporters all over the world. But nobody complains, not even the police. This has nothing to do with fiction, and I should like to know what legal dangers the libraries have been running of late in the department of fiction. If the police are afraid of circulating "The Song of Songs," why are they so courageous as to circulate Mrs. Elinor Glyn's "His Hour"? I do not say that "His Hour" ought to be prosecuted, but it would be ridiculous in my opinion. But I do say that it is a vastly more sensual novel than "The Song of Songs." The candour of its sensuality is quite striking. The truth is of course that if the libraries have one law for Mrs. Elinor Glyn and another for Sudermann (an artist of world-wide esteem and reputation), the reason lies in the fact that Mrs. Glyn is really popular in England, and Sudermann is not. The libraries well know that if "His Hour" had been banned there would have been a rumpus; but it would not have been a "Song". Mr. John Lane has published a novel that the police might prosecute an assumption totally absurd.

Anticipatory Reviews.
By Eric Dexter.

VI.—The Anticipatory Review.

The idea embodied in the preceding reviews is carried to its logical conclusion in a new periodical to appear for the first time on April 1 next. The editorial chair will be occupied by the writer hereof, and he will be supported by a staff of unexampled brilliancy. The Anticipatory Review is not to be questioned, for its columns are filled with specimens of the puff laudatory, but it is sufficiently just to print here what purports to be no more than an anticipatory review of "The Anticipatory Review."

The staple feature of this "Review" will be accounts of books and plays about to be written. These will be fully as authoritative and complete as the foregoing articles of this series; but they will possess the additional interest of being written, so far as possible, by the authors of the books and plays reviewed. It is nothing new, for English periodicals have long appreciated their own work: such a practice is to be defended; for none can know so well as the author of a book what its merits and demerits are; but it will be the peculiar function of the new monthly to present to its readers famous authors' prophetic accounts of their own still-undreamt-of masterpieces.

For instance, in our first number we have Bernard Shaw's outline of his "Life of Gilbert Keith Chesterton," which will be written only when its subject has gone to heaven. We hesitate somewhat, out of a great tenderness for Mr. Chesterton, to indicate the date of his departure for a realm which—attractive as it is to his subjects, loved him in his life, would worship him in his death: he foresaw the obsequious mourning and the lying-in-state: and can we wonder if he lay dying his lips murmured, but in a truly Christian spirit, Vespasian's bitter parting jest? Such an apotheosis was granted to our monarch by his people.

Scarcely less interesting is the anticipation we shall print of Mr. F. E. Smith's address to the women voters of his constituency in the first year after the suffrage had been granted to women. Such an insight is afforded into political prophecy as no Mr. F. E. Smith or any other ingenious brain, that his seeming inconsistencies stand revealed as perfectly consistent with the doctrines of Tory Democracy:

"Who aided you," says he, "to gain that most elementary of political rights? Who but I?—how my murmurs of dissent, and a voice cries the illustrious name of the pamphlets. How mistaken even my wise, far-seeing lady constituents can be! For by resistance in Parliament and massacre representation without, by brutal attack and cruelty, by the exercise of all the arts I know—are they not few!—I have so incited and exaggerated the police might prosecute is an assumption totally absurd. Assuring you of our best intention, the concession to women of the privilege of sitting in the House of Commons—men for many years hence, having parted with his final breath. He foresaw the obsequious mourning and the lying-in-state: and can we wonder, if he lay dying his lips murmured, but in a truly Christian spirit. Vespasian's bitter parting jest? Such an apotheosis was granted to our monarch by his people.

Perhaps the most curious of the contents of our first number will be Mr. Rudyard Kipling's last poem, for which most of us have waited impatiently. (We do not mean his latest poem.) Mr. Kipling will be found very peacefully in bed one fine Empire Day some years hence, having parted with his final breath. Our bed will hang the Banner of Empire purchased by his pen, the subscription to which may well exceed the number of any periodical of a periodical is, not that its literary features shall be the best of their kind, but that it shall pay. It has been decided, therefore, that racing news shall be included in the "Review," but that in order to guard against the undue encouragement of betting, the only results announced shall be for ten years after date. It is interesting to learn, for example, that the Derby of 1921 will be won by a horse named Edward VII., owned by the proprietors of the "Daily News," who will thus manage to display the "Anticipatory Review." We may quote here the last lines:

Ah, woe of a prophet unheeded! When loudly I chanted verses of defiance
My countrymen straightway speeded to patch up some foreign alliance.
They offered a hand to the foe: they put away whole some distressing scenes.
Made mock of the contrary omen; and, to my most exulting disgust,
They laughed at the bogey Teutonic, the scare that was greatest and last,
in 1814 as an enemy, and her malignity was manifested in the ruthless persecution of Bonapartists after the Hundred Days.

To the disappointment of her marriage with the Duc d'Angoulême, M. Turquan attributes the sadness and sourness of her later days. Louis XVIII had written of her: "In speaking of her sorrows, her tears do not flow easily, owing to her great self-control... . . . She has not lost her spirits; when she forgets that terrible time she laughs heartily, and is very pleasant. She is gentle, kindly, affectionate, and is, quite unconsciously, as sensible as a woman." Yet six weeks after the marriage he wrote: "Any enthusiasm that may have existed in the early days has now entirely calmed down." The Duc d'Angoulême was not the man to take the fancy of a young girl. "He was sickly, ungraceful, shy, simian in appearance, he blinked constantly, his arms were disproportionately long, his legs too thin, his feet flat, his movements awkward; he kept his eyes fixed on the floor and wore glasses, and when he spoke, he giggled and scratched his head. He was full of tricks and nervous movements." The marriage was barren, and the Duchess d'Angoulême broke the custom of her family, and prohibited the opening of her heart from any suitor "except by marriage." Madame Royale would, as M. Turquan suggests, have developed the graces that distinguished her at this time. Her union with a man who was likened to a monkey, who lacked brains as well as beauty, was a humiliation as well as a disappointment. Mme. Hue writes: "In her twenty-year-old freshness she was a beauty of which she afterwards lost every trace." M. Turquan continues: "We may, therefore, conclude that the real drama of the Duchess d'Angoulême's life was neither her imprisonment nor the marriage, but her marriage. From that event date the loss of her girlish spirit and the gradual lowering of her intelligence to the level of those among whom she lived; and, as if to mark more cruelly the irony of fate, at that very moment a courrier was writing gravely from Mitau: 'The young household gets on admirably; there is nothing further to be desired but that we should behold the fruit of this union.'"

It appeared at the Restoration, sixteen years later. She returned to France a prude and a frump, bereft of manners and dignity. At Compiègne, where her marriage was celebrated, the guests were looked upon with suspicion, and brother Regicide Fouché, then she should have returned, extending her hands to receive it from the recidive Fouché, then she should have returned a Frenchwoman, content to buy the country. This expression of disdain and hatred was not accidental: it was deliberately assumed with the intention of inspiring awe. She wrote to her husband: "I put on that face, you know the one?"; a remark that was indicative of the relations between her husband and herself, as it was of her feeling towards the French people. She chose the moment when the carriage passed the Compiègne, where, twenty-one years before, her aunt and mother had perished, to insult the Parisians by swooning.

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Worked harder at making Peace chronic, and War but a thing of the past.

But where one or two gathered together out swords or revolvers and kill; Where Honour cast loose from the tether bids men slay for trifles at will; Where friend views his friend with suspicion, and brother with hate; No otherwhere endeth my mission, but where one or two gathered together out swords or revolvers and kill; Where they shall they praise and acclaim me, to the ringing of bloodthirsty steels, No prophet unheeded, and name me God's Englishman; And preach that Violence meets Violence for ever, and walks as a soulless thing.

Such, then, with such aims and intentions, is "The Anticipatory Review." It is a sign of the times. We cannot doubt its impending success. Indeed, our most sanguine anticipation is, that the first number will be sold out before it is printed.

REVIEWS.

By Stanley Morland.

Madame Royale: The Last Dauphine. By Joseph Turquan. Edited and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

FIDELITY to fact is the prime virtue of the historian, but a reader is sometimes justified in deploring virtue, particularly so when that virtue is responsible for the presentation of unlovely things. If Madame Royale had been whitewashed in the disaster that gave her parents the glory of martyrdom, she would have been remembered as the little prisoner of the Temple, courageous and we can only be thankful that Madame Royale was surprised to find that the little prisoner of the Temple was a tall powerfully-built woman, with masculine features, weather-beaten complexion, bad teeth, and a harsh expression."...
When she arrived at the Tuileries, where twelve ladies representing the municipalities of Paris, received her, she "was as cold and awkward and peevish in her manner as she had been noble and graceful at the service in Notre Dame. She ignored the ladies and the hask of them, and strolled through the thoroughfares of the apartments formerly occupied by her family, and there, in the presence of the ladies of her Court, burst into tears. It is impossible to sympathise with this hysterical malice. She was thirty-seven years of age, and the outrages to which she thus submitted were incomparable with the manners of the French. Neither for music, art, literature, or science did she show any taste; nor did she encourage ability of any kind. Chateaubriand wrote that "the family must have hated people with brains; they showed strange partiality for those who exhibited incapacity." Her daily actions were unvaried: "a charitable errand, Mass, Benediction, an expedition to pray at some convent," seems to have been the usual routine. Her other occupations were embroidery, knitting, gossiping, and the playing of cards. With frequent outbreaks of temper. General de Bonneval wrote: "She had yet another weakness, the love of other people's business, and she often sought information from menial sources which led her into awkward mistakes." One incident will suffice to show her lack of manners and political sense, as well as her ridiculous respectability. "In 1815, one month before the landing of Napoleon in France from Elba, the Duc and Duchesse de Angoulême came to Angouleme, where I was quartered with my regiment. I received permission to attend them and present my officers. They were a magnificent set of men, tall, well set-up and smartly turned out. The Princess approached, spoke to a few of us, scrutinised us closely, and then, taking up a position in front of the semicircle formed by us, addressed me in harsh, rude tones: "General," she said, "your officers are very fine-looking, but that is not enough. They must be good as well." I replied: "Madame, up to this day they have been all that you could desire, and I venture to assure you that they will continue as heretofore." General Edouard de Colbert continues: "This course innuendo proceeding from the mouth of a lady easily has a bad effect in favor of the Emperor [Napoleon] a month later. Yet I solemnly testify that on the 20th March my regiment acted up to its oath of loyalty, and did its duty. In 1816, prison and exile were my reward." During the Hundred Days she exerted herself to secure the loyal services of the troops around Bordeaux, and Napoleon said of her, as Mirabeau said of her mother, that she was the only man of her family. But the cold-blooded malignity with which she pursued the officers who returned to their allegiance to Napoleon can never be forgiven. At Napoleon said of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, "it was worse than a crime: it was a blunder." She refused every appeal for mercy: even the Emperor Alexander failed to move her. General St. Cyr was shot; Marshal Ney was shot; Comte de la Valette escaped by exchanging clothes with his wife at their last interview, after every appeal for clemency had been rejected. "Laborde only evaded death by flight; General Chartran was shot at Lille; the Duchesse d'Angoulême was condemned to death; General Decan was lucky to get off with fifteen months' imprisonment; Marshal Grouchy was proscribed." The Court talked of nothing but executions, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, who was practically Queen of France, was inapplicable. She thought that "charity is not to be distinguished from weakness;" she could not see that "charity wins and melts hearts," as the Emperor Alexander said to her. "It is a curious thing," says M. Turquan, "that the Princess did not realise that she was bloodthirsty. Her conscience was absolutely tranquil in that respect. She simply saw herself performing a sacred duty. In 1823, at Avignon, a pensioner of the Succursale once shouted, "Long live the Emperor!" when she was passing. The Princess had brought him before her, and questioned him about the Emperor, who had wasted so many lives in bootless campaigning. After hearing him, she observed, "Well, we do not sacrifice lives. Yes, ma'am, you do," replied the victim. "You killed Marshal Ney." In 1830, this branch of the Bourbon family went again on its travels, and I do not intend to follow them. A more dreary exile cannot be imagined. They kept up the ridiculous pretence of royalty, but more and more the Queen, as she was now called by her courtiers, withdrew from life. Now she cared less for prerogatives than the prie-Dieu, and she prayed unceasingly for the repose of the soul of her father. Gossip still occupied herself with, and embroideried, and card-playing, and, in her later years, the reading of novels, seem to have been her only pleasures. Chateaubriand's account is a picture of a most dreary existence, and the reader arrives at the announcement of her death on the 19th of October, 1851, with a sense of relief. M. Turquan has been faithful, but I cannot be grateful for such a depressing book. There is scarcely a trait in this woman's character that is admirable. She was obstinate, ignorant, unmerciful and ungrateful, with the manners of a cavalry-maiden and the taste of a Scripture-reader. Better for her and the history of her country if she had been strangled in the Temple, the fate that, according to M. Turquan, befell her brother, the Dauphin. She should have died young; but she lived to be an anachronism whose life can only be lamented, and whose death calls for no regret.

* * *

By Allen Upward.

**Nigerian Studies:** Or the Religious and Political System of the Yoruba. By R. E. Dennett. (Macmillan.)

It is unfortunate that Mr. Dennett's sub-title is not the title, inasmuch as his book is wholly concerned with the district comprised in the old colony of Lagos; and Nigeria is associated in the public mind with the vast region reduced under British dominion by Sir Frederick Lugard, a region still practically unexplored by the anthropologist. The region heretofore described has already the subject of the valuable works of Ellis, and has been irradiated by the genius of Mary Kingsley, with neither of whom is it possible to rank Mr. Dennett. To say that is not to say that his work is unworthy; on the contrary, it contains first-hand evidence and some truly remarkable suggestions. It is a work which no anthropologist will be likely to undervalue. It suffers, however, from many faults of style, of which the most serious is the author's habit of continually referring, without quotation, to his own previous work, "At the Back of the Black Man's Mind." That is to say, he expects the reader of this volume to have its predecessor beside him and to keep turning to it in search of passages which are necessary to the full understanding of the present volume, but which the author will not take the trouble to quote himself. Such a method of book manufacture is illegitimate, and must be condemned the more emphatically because Mr. Dennett is by no means the only offender in this way.

Apart from these drawbacks the book is well worth study. Indeed, the concluding chapter reveals Mr. Dennett to be an original thinker of a high order. He has attempted to make an ambitious and ambitious attempt to reveal a natural system of metaphysics. He is the only anthropologist except Gerald Massey who has shown the rare ability to think in terms of the primitive mind, instead of taking the developed savage and treating him as primitive.

There are many things in this book which can only be rightly appraised by the specialist. Thus his description of the magic calabash will recall the Sampa of the Finns to the student of the Kalwala. He offers us
the black man's explanation of a tabu familiar in other parts of the world, that which forbids the sacred king to set foot on the ground. In the view of most anthropologists this prohibition owns its origin to the fact that the touch of the king's foot would make the ground holy. The Yoruba believes that it is due to the king's descent from a fish, which of course cannot walk, hence his limitation. In primitive belief their fish ancestors may be compared the Babylonian legend that civilisation was brought to their shores by the Fish Oannes. The Philistines, another coast people, similarly worshipped the Fish Dagon. The characterisation of Christ as the Fish symbolises the allusion on Fish water, stilled the waves, and drove the fishes into the nets of his followers may be attributed in part to the survival of such cults and legends. Mr. Dennett suggests that they represent an immigration by way of the sea; anthropologists in general will treat them as a variety of totemism. It may interest the author of this book to learn that in the real Nigeria the inhabitants at one time believed that the white man's "juju" was confined to live water, and was only preserved in the Niger Valley—just as the Syrians supposed that the God of the Israelites was only powerful in the hills. Indeed, if heraldry were still a science instead of a sham, there can be no doubt that a maritime people like the English, if they had a fish somewhere in their national coat of arms.

Mr. Dennett's account of the Yoruba year of nine months is extremely interesting, presenting a remarkable parallel to the ancient "Farmer's Year" in our own country, the quarter-days of which are still preserved as Shrovetide, Whitsuntide, Harvest Home, and Guy Fawkes' Day (Thanksgiving in the United States). The Roman Catholic hero owes his immortality to the anniversary of his crucifixion with an anachronistic feast. The work before us is full of hints for the student, and to him, if not to the general reader, it may be cordially recommended.

The Sources of our Knowledge of the Life of Jesus. By Paul Wernle, D.Theol. (Green. 2s.)

The two great questions that the world is now waiting to hear answered by someone other than a professor—apologist are, first, did such a man as Jesus the Nazarene ever live; and, secondly, did the Jewish nation. Matthew, moreover, writes in a journalistic spirit, as does Macaulay, that his readers are already acquainted with the subject, and that he may therefore omit connecting links, while embroidering the narrative with dramatic and picturesque touches of his own.

The Gospel of Luke stands on a wholly different footing, inasmuch as it opens with a statement that other gospels are already known. In his appreciation of John, Professor Wernle writes in a dramatic form suggested by the genuine gospels. In his appreciation of John, Professor Wernle writes with true inspiration. He has seen, what so many critics have entirely overlooked, that this gospel is genuine in a higher sense than the historical, inasmuch as it expresses the true feeling aroused in the devout mind during so many ages by the ideal Jesus Christ.

It is time to enter a caveat against the assumption, nowadays erected into a first principle of gospel criticism, that everything which in our eyes disparages the Master must be primitive and authentic. Other writers than Professor Wernle have put forward the passage in Mark which relates that the family of Jesus sought to put him under restraint as a dangerous man, and that this gospel is genuine in a higher sense than the historical, inasmuch as it expresses the true feeling aroused in the devout mind during so many ages by the ideal Jesus Christ.

It is the besetting sin of second-rate minds, such as are used in the judgment of the Church in this probematic heathen head of the canon. The early Church in Jerusalem was regarded by others and regarded itself as a Jewish party, and the Gospel of Matthew is an apology for its existence, addressed to the Jewish conscience. Mark, which professes to represent the Church of Alexandria, which claimed to possess the evangelist's relics, is more cosmopolitan, and represents the second stage of Christian thought, in which Jesus is no longer the peculiar property of the Jewish nation. Matthew, moreover, is a theologian who thinks that the weak side of Socialism is to be found in existing Socialist theories, or the want of
them, as to how distribution is to be provided for when the Social Kingdom comes to be. The author has set out, he tells us, to discover "the law of social justice," a research which hitherto has baffled human endeavors, and he is confident that he has found something which will "make its way slowly, perhaps, for a while, but in due course be recognized by all, when men will marvel at its simplicity, and wonder why it has not always been understood." In a rather rhetorical manner, which he so often exchanges for closer attention, the author proceeds to set forth his understanding of "the problem" he perceives to confront both Individualist and Socialist, the problem of just distribution, which is as far from being solved in conception, at least, to our author's satisfaction, by any existing theory of Socialism or Communism, as it is in fact by present Individualist methods. He is convinced that current Socialist proposals with regard to distribution would involve the destruction of individual initiative, and he holds that the philosophy of Individualism is founded upon a truth best expressed in the words of Herbert Spencer: "That individuals of the most worth, as measured by their fitness to the conditions of existence, shall have the greatest benefits, and that inferior individuals shall receive smaller benefits, or suffer greater evils, or both." To reward all men equally, irrespectively of their merits, would be as great an offence against justice as to do what is done to-day, reward all men unequally, irrespective of their merits. The object between reward and merit is our author's formula for "the law of social justice," and he believes that Socialism and Individualism are fundamentally in agreement concerning the formula: "Socialism claiming that none should be deprived of superior reward than that determined by such relation; Individualism claiming that none should be deprived of superior rewards justified by this relation."

Into our author's scheme for adjusting distribution for each individual to precise correspondence with the value of services rendered it would be a long story to penetrate. The scheme involves the abolition of profits and the maintenance of wages, and "the rivalry of universal competition." Granted the conditions which the author has written his volume to explain, "the wages system will furnish the desired means of effecting an equitable distribution of the products of industry, which is the ideal of social justice toward which the world's progress has been tending from the beginning."

For commenting upon the commendable work which is evidently the result of sustained labour, and contains many useful remarks upon social theories and existing social anomalies, we cannot conceal our misgiving that justice amounts to little if she is precisely what is indi- cated by the author of her. The author of her work should attain its goal in a meticulous adjustment of wages, measurable in "the products of industry," would disappoint us of many of our most cherished illusions. Without any hesitation we should prefer Mr. Blatchford's committee of distributors, and the most careful of methods under Communism, and that freedom of the soul, concerning which, in his outlook towards the future, Mr. Russell is so strangely silent.

Catalonia. (The Spanish Series.) Edited by A. F. Calvert. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is now superfluous to add further compliments to those already bestowed upon Mr. Lane's excellent Spanish series. We can do little more than acknowledge the receipt of volumes that recommend themselves sufficiently by their numerous and well-reproduced photographs, and on account of the latter, we are willing to forgive them any occasional superficial texts. In the present instance, however, Mr. Calvert manages, in the course of a hundred odd pages, to convey a sufficient amount of information to enable the reader to grasp the essential points of the history of Catalonia, Barcelona, Gerona, Montserrat, and the other places covered by this volume. The Balearic Islands are particularly well treated, both as regards text and illustrations.
old methods. Though such methods maintain their value, and with the hand-spinning wheel in use at the time Arkwright's water-frame and Hargreaves spinning jenny were introduced yarn could be spun as fine as any made by the most recent spinning machine, so much did the old method decline, and with the output is so small as to condemn their general use. I pointed out then, as I still do, that between Arkwright's carding and drawing frames and the carding and drawing engines of to-day there is a wide gap bridged over by many inventions, and till the hand-spinning wheel has also matured we must turn machinery into a make-shift, just as machinery has turned art into a make-shift.

Mr. Hooper, to whose book on hand-loom weaving I referred recently, has wisely passed lightly over the preparation of materials. One is left to gather from the excellent illustrations and the few words on the subject, that much of the work is mere drudgery, and though machinery has not altered the principles of the old processes, it enables the work "to be carried out with increased speed and with greater exactness of result. The book is for the most part taken up with an account of the equipment, the methods and processes of weaving. The illustrations, both coloured and plain, are very interesting. The design on page 314 is, in particular, beautiful, everything is so nicely balanced in and out. Such design of which the volume has several, take one down Oxford Street to Morris and Co. and leave Liberty a long way behind, in fact, in the middle of Regent Street, where all the craziest New Art" patterns come from and most of the crazy people who use them. For the rest the volume exhausts its subject. Intelligent persons who are unable to get a teacher could learn all they want from Mr. Hooper's book.

After personal clothes, personal ornament. A lady friend recently needed a silver belt for a present. A young struggling silversmith. The latter, however, refused to execute it till he had seen the wearer in order to engage her about the wearer. People should therefore be fitted up with metal like convicts on the way to Botany Bay, and fat women with jewellery piled on their prodigious necks. He thoroughly detested the sight of thin, women loaded as if of humanity that he thinks the universal thirst for power and the war, forgetting that I not only admit it (theoretically), but even insist upon it, when "Christopher" draws the picture in order to keep her children out of the street. Now, if he will do me the honour of accompanying me one day, he will see it means far more than that. I think Mr. Crooks would also enjoy showing me how "by the way, how comes he by it? I have it not!—possibly by the way, how comes he by it?"
women are taught to keep their thirst under better control) causes men to hate each other more when there is a "mutual understanding" of conflicting interests! Now, as a lady (a real lady, mark you)—how I wish my old governess could hear that! I do assure Mr. Kirkby that I am not engaged in perpetual and deadly strife with my neighbour, although we have come to an understanding of conflicting interests for divers reasons our own interests are absolutely irreconcilable.

If Mr. Kirkby can tell me of any sentence which shall, in fewer words than Chamber's Biography on Marx, dispose of the assertion that we deal merely in Utopian schemes, then I will gladly make use of it in future. And if he will tell me precisely what he means by: "I wish Christopher, who seems to smack his lips over Marx, would explain by a Socialist who thinks his Socialist inevitably should bother to bring it about," I will answer him. If "his" refers to Marx, I must bear him with the easy indulgence on that writer and his conception of the future of Socialism in every detail, in order that I may, with my customary audacity, point out how the women of one tribe were allowed to starve to death while awaiting release. With many other administration of the French Congo. From a political point of view, however, is quite a different thing from susceptibility. It heart throb at the prospect of a new flirtation. Passion, however, but that happens much more frequently in England than in America. It is amusing that American women should be denounced as sexless at your critics and correspondents who admire the greatest days of English poetry. Swinburne did nearly as much in his time. Elinor Glyn is only putting into prose what others have written in verse, but I am sure, nevertheless, that she will be remembered as a great force in English literature. The fact that she shocks the readers of THE NEW AGE is a feather in her cap. Any Shaw or Hardy can shock a Conservative. The horrifier of Radicals is the same with the women of New Orleans are very like those of Italy and Spain. Those of Minnesota and Wisconsin have about the same feelings as the Germans, while the women of Canada differ little from Norwegians and Swedes.

It presents so huge a front that even Mr. E. Wake Cook felt intuitively that for the time being no more good work can be done. Before she is fifteen she has had a hundred passage about them which I fear you would not allow me to quote. But this defect is due to certain anatomical reasons, which have nothing to do with geography or nationality. In point of fact, everybody who is well acquainted with American women knows that they are just as passionate as those of corresponding climates in other countries. The women of New Orleans are very like those of Italy and Spain. And if he will tell me precisely what he means by:

Britain cannot remain passive without incurring a charge of hypocrisy from Belgium. There exist both in France and in England associations for the protection of the natives in the Congo Basin, and they have more than once urged the need for reform, but with little result. A tragedy involving millions of lives is being played out in the rubber forests of the Congo; what of our much vaunted humanity if we do not raise a hand to bring it to a close?

C. MONTGOMERIE MORIER.

***

AMERICAN WOMEN.

Sirs,—In reviewing Mrs. Busbey's book on America, Mr. d'Avauergue makes some rather misleading remarks on American women. He speaks thus about "sexless" American women: "Mrs. Busbey admits that the American woman is almost a stranger to sexual emotion." That is a great mistake. One might as well say that Americans are all hunchbacks, or that they are all devoid of the senses of taste and smell. Some persons in all countries possess these peculiarities from anatomical causes, but it would be absurd to ascribe them to any nation as a whole. It is the same with sex. Every country contains a number of women who are deficient in passion. Ovid has a very interesting passage about them which I fear you would not allow me to quote. But this defect is due to certain anatomical reasons, which have nothing to do with geography or nationality. In point of fact, everybody who is well acquainted with American women knows that they are just as passionate as those of corresponding climates in other countries. The women of New Orleans are very like those of Italy and Spain. Those of Minnesota and Wisconsin have about the same feelings as the Germans, while the women of Canada differ little from Norwegians and Swedes.

Mr. d'Avauergue's error lies in confusing passion with susceptibility. The American woman is certainly less susceptible than the European. From earliest childhood she is accustomed to the companionship of boys and men. She goes to school and college with boys. As a child she plays with them in all games, and when she is a little older she goes to the theatre with a boy friend, or takes a trip with him into the country, or sits up late with him after everyone else has gone to bed. The women of New Orleans are very like those of Italy and Spain. Those of Minnesota and Wisconsin have about the same feelings as the Germans, while the women of Canada differ little from Norwegians and Swedes.

It is amusing that American women should be denounced as sexless at your columns at the very same time that a Canadian author, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, is denouncing English women because there is too much about sex in her books. It is strange that in the land of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Webster, and Beau- mont and Fletcher, women should write about passion in any of its forms. Happily, things are changing for the better. In his "Ballad of a Nun" John Davidson has given us a glorious poem worthy of the greatest days of English poetry. Swinburne did nearly as well in his time. Elinor Glyn is only putting into prose what others have written in verse, but I am sure, nevertheless, that she will be remembered as a great force in English literature. The fact that she shocks the readers of THE NEW AGE is a feather in her cap. Any Shaw or Hardy can shock a Conservative. The horrifier of Radicals is the person that counts.

R. B. KERR.

***

POST-SAYAGES.

Sirs,—Most of your critics and correspondents who admire and respect the Post-Impressionists do so, of course, instinc- tively. But though all proper appreciation of art is instinctive, one must also, as a matter of convenience, find reasons for one's prejudices, and call the result art criticism. This your critics do not seem to have done, or, at any rate, they have done it so indifferently that it is not worth taking notice of this new movement numerous openings for attack.

Mr. Huntly Carter's "We must be ourselves," though admirable as a sentiment, is too vague and too emotional. It presents so bare a front that over Mr. E. H.lake Cook can be penetrated in a clumsy way.

What is at the heart of the matter? May I try to say a thing or two? Certain French impressions have made me feel intuitively that for the time being no more good work was possible in the Impressionist convention. It was
exhausted temporarily, as all schools and conventions are from time to time. There was not the necessary resistance in it between the art-form and the art-spirit, which struggle or resistance constitutes art. One could not paint in that way without finding all one's sensations expressing themselves unconsciously as more or less clichés of the impressionist masters. In the same way a modern poet will find himself pulled up (that is, about half-a-dozen of him will) when he turns to use words like "rose" or "moon," which have become sentimentalised and debased out of all meaning. In fact, for these successors of Monet and Degas, it was too easy to paint on impressionist lines, besides being a little absurd, since that convention had suffered considerably from intellectual criticism, as all conventions or sets of rules must in time. Being a logical people, these French artists founded their new movement on impressionism, creating for themselves new difficulties in order that in the struggle to triumph over their spirit might be able to express itself. The new convention is not better than the old one. Perhaps it is not so good because it is an extreme position, or very nearly so. It is just different, as 1910 is different from 1890.

Most of our art critics, except three or four, have no instinct or feeling for art at all, or just enough perhaps to enable them to appreciate things at second hand from the teachings of men like Whistler, Wilde, and Shaw, who wasted a lot of their valuable time some years ago instructing these rather stodgy pupils. Consequently, when they saw at the Grafton Galleries pictures like the Monet's and the Degas rules, they had nothing to fall back upon but their instinct, and since Heaven had not been kind to them in this matter . . .

What was most amusing was to observe the way in which the cautious ones who know themselves entirely unfit for their job sat on the fence. Some of them are still there. (Mr. --, of the "Daily --," take my hand!)

Probably these critics imagine that the object of a picture is to represent accurately, or at least plausibly, some material object, a woman or a haystack or whatever it may be. As if there could be any artistic merit in the mere multiplication of inadequate representations of material objects which can be seen for nothing by everybody very much better than any painter can possibly paint them! An artist only uses these symbols, women, haystacks, landscapes, etc., because he cannot use anything else. No doubt he would paint Eternity, Love, or Happiness if he had the slightest idea what these things look like.

As to the Post-impressionists painting trees, grass, and figures that are unlike our preconceived-by-past-art ideas of these things, who can assure us absolutely that any painter has ever painted anything as it is? But they paint grass red, someone says. Why not? It is not therefore suggested that (botanically speaking) grass is red. It is a "let's suppose," a make-believe, like all art. It is simply a convention—to my mind not a good one—in which works the fine spirit of man, the memory of which is art.

As for talk of chaos and anarchy—what shallow nonsense! One cannot be ten minutes at Grafton Street without seeing that nearly all the artists love their own rigid rules and canons, and those for the most part nothing but a combination of old rules and canons. Even if they made no line and inappositeness of colour their convention as to a limited degree some of them may do, would not that in itself be a rule?

The worst of this stupid business is that serious people are laughing at these artists, people one would not wish to see making themselves vulgar and pitiful. There is nothing for them to do but to go to Grafton Street again and look at Matisses's "Woman with the Green Eyes." The fine spirit of this man will carry through to them in time from his new and therefore distracting convention.

And Gauguin's and Van Gogh's curves will not bite. Look for Gauguin and Van Gogh behind them! They are artists, and Matisses one suspects, is a great artist from the too few pictures of his which are shown.

EDWARD STORER.

A LEAF FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

Sir.—Your "Professor Leonardo Dobbs" has, I think, exceeded the legitimate bounds of even humorous criticism in his article under the above title dedicated to Sir G. M. If I am right in taking the initials G. M. to represent one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living Egyptologists, the slat of your contributor is a burlesque and a caricaturing of an unworthy even of M. Pélissier. I know the works of this distinguished historian very well, and challenge your Professor to support his absurd attempted parallel by so much as a single paragraph from Sir G. M.'s work.

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