NOTES OF THE WEEK...

Lord Talbot's horse had been trained so well to walk backwards out of the royal presence that, on the day of the Coronation of King George III, the horse walked backwards into it. Some gaucherie of this kind is visible in the present deportment of certain of the Unionists. They disclaim any intention of so much as a majority of the Liberal Party will be made to look ridiculous. But it is certain that the whole onus of the ridiculous act will not fall on the Liberal Party. It will fall in part, at least, on the King. Again, its ridiculousness merely exists now by anticipation; it will cease to appear ridiculous the day after the constitutionalists are driven to employing this last weapon of their armoury. On that day it is the Unionists who will appear ridiculous, even if so light a word will prove applicable. But all this does not absolve the Unionists from the charge of attempting, at least, to involve the crown in contempt; without, too, the least justification for their action in the constitution.

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Constitutional usage has never defined the magnitude a majority must reach before it is really a majority; nor has it defined what is connoted in numbers by the confidence of the House of Commons. But it has declared that the presumption of that confidence is greater in the early days of a parliament, and less in its closing days; on which dictum it is impossible to deny that the present parliament, thrice fresh from contact with the half-sovereign people, has confidence enough for any ministry; and it has, by common consent, agreed that a majority is an effective majority when it is sufficient to guarantee the existence of a ministry as long as it pleases. We see no necessary reason why the existing coalition should not remain in harmony during the whole term of the present parliament. Five years is a long time to remain stable in politics; but unless one or two irritating but inevitable details are badly handled, five years may pass and leave the coalition still coalesced. We hope, for many reasons, that the coalition will not last longer than its present term. So soon as the big Bills of the Government’s programme are passed, the Labour Party in particular must resume its independence of action. Meanwhile, however, we put it to the Unionists that the majority against them is not only a constitutional majority, but, as far as can be foreseen, a majority that will not easily be fractured.

* * *

Discussion is still going on in various directions concerning the Referendum. Not only Sir William Anson has now lent his name to the device, but, as our readers will see elsewhere, Mr. Cecil Chesterton has followed suit. This would be impossible if the Referendum were not what it is, namely, the most plausible and colourable imitation of pure democracy that can be conceived. On one point, however, it is clear that Sir William Anson and Mr. Chesterton are at the opposite poles. Mr. Chesterton regards the right of the Initiative as indispensable to the democratic working of the Referendum; but Sir William bluntly informs his readers that under no circumstances must Parliament part with the privilege of initiating legislation. Which of the two forms of the Referendum, if the principle were once admitted, would be likely to be adopted, the democratic form of Mr. Chesterton, or the form which he denies is democratic at all? The question answers itself. The situation reminds us of a previous ingenuity on the part of Mr. Chesterton and those who think with him. They would have assented to a Citizen Army, that is, to compulsory and universal service, in the unsophisticated anticipation that the powers that be would permit all citizens, not only to be trained in arms, but to keep their rifles and ammunition at home for the revolution. That hope must surely have been slain when it was known that even the harmless Welsh territorials were
The observation to be made of all these clever stratagems for dispossessing the governing classes while they are not looking is the ancient proverb that you cannot catch a wasp asleep. The governing classes of this country are quite as well able to extract the democracy from a democratic proposal if they desire to do so as they are to see that rifles are extracted from the homes of social democrats before there is any chance of using them. No attempts at surprise or wily strategy will prove in the end of the least avail against an enemy that is a past master in all such arts. The only sure way of finally destroying the exclusive character of modern governments is to educate the people; and we are glad to know that the remainder of Mr. Chesterton's articles will deal with this alternative. On two other points of his present article we may, however, dwell a moment. He tells us that he cannot follow the line of argument by which it is proved that the Referendum would destroy representative government. Surely the destruction of representative government and the degradation of status of the representative follow from the proposition later advanced and claimed as a merit of the Referendum: "The people must have the power. . . . to force through measures which Parliament has neglected or refused to consider." It is not difficult to imagine what kind of person would retain his seat after having been plainly told that he did not know his business. Only in the pickings of an office would there remain any inducement to sit in Parliament. The Referendum puts a premium on corruption.

But not only does the Referendum encourage corruption (American political corruption is the reply to Mr. Upton Sinclair's letter published elsewhere), but it would also delay the only political education of which a people is capable. It is announced in so-called advanced circles that every voter in the brave days to come will be qualified to pass judgment on any political matter. Evidently, so it appears in the bright eyes of these visionaries, will in those days be each as interested, competent and articulate in political affairs as are now their best professional representatives. If that were possible the outlook would indeed be terrible. Coleridge prayed to be delivered from the spectacle of a philosophical populace; but the spectacle of a people each and everyone of whom is able to write political notes of the day is sheer nightmare. As well expect or demand that everyone of us shall be when utopia comes a sort of Pooh-bah not only capable of everything but jealously intent on doing everything for ourselves. The demand is ridiculous, both because fortunately it is impossible to satisfy and because, unfortunately, it has its origin in social distrust. If you suspect your doctor or your lawyer, you will naturally desire to understand their arts in order to be able to dispense with their ministrations. Similarly, modern reformers who suspect political representatives of being frauds or fools naturally look forward to dispensing with representatives altogether. Only, as we say, their prospect is unrealisable.

The real political education of a people does not consist in detailed conversation with the minutiae of legislation, such as the Referendum might conceivably join on them; but in the much simpler but subtler curriculum of choosing representative men in haste and finding them out at leisure. A politically educated Democracy is a Democracy that both knows what it wants and has the eye for the men it needs. Nobody can pretend that our Democracy has attained the latter quality if even we admit the former. Our Democracy, except on very special occasions, has about as good an eye for a real representative as the boys in Plato's dialogues had for a real doctor. Almost any sort of charlatan can impose on any constituency if only he is rich and brazen enough. And this being still the case, we would not ourselves lift a finger to save the constituencies from the consequences of their folly. Let them choose freely by all means, let the best information for their judgment of candidates be put at their disposal; but when once they have chosen, let the representative be as free to act as his electors were to choose. Only by this means will they learn political wisdom.

But what are we to say if the people continue to tolerate, say more, to welcome, the accelerated degradation of the Press which the last few weeks have revealed? The popular Press in particular has just ignominiously distinguished itself by its treatment of an incident which, if it had occurred in America, we should have fled laughing. By no softer name is it possible accurately to describe the siege and public burning of two men by the combined police and soldiery in the presence of Mr. Churchill last week. Of this most credible episode in English legal history, the daily Press, with few exceptions, has written as if its writers and readers were of the intelligence and interests of romantic butcher boys. It is all very well to pretend when the spectacle is over that our civilisation was threatened with the invasion of godless Anarchists, that the besieged men were desperadoes belonging to a gang whose numbers were as great as their ingenuity was diabolical, and finally, that we had performed a service in setting an example to the world as well as to the as yet uncaptured criminals of how a great nation deals with the accrued thing. But the facts are not only that we have made fools of ourselves in the eyes of the world at large, but our police officials and our Home Secretary have convicted themselves of brutality as well as of incompetence.

There was, as several correspondents of the "Times" and other papers that kept their heads have noted, no reason in the world why the affair should ever have passed beyond the decent ordinary limits of a somewhat difficult arrest. All the evidence now shows that, in fact, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the auto-da-fé the police had the two criminals practically at their mercy and confined to a single room. A syphon of sulphurous acid, commonly called a stinkpot, discharged through the roof would have rendered the room uninhabitable; the attempt of them to escape would have been with a minimum of risk to the police would have followed inevitably. Nobody would have heard of the matter in all probability; and the subsequent scenes of barbarism and ridiculousness would have been saved. Even, however, as it was, at the hour of seven when the criminals were invited by a stone through the window to open fire, the police should have been sufficient without the soldiery. As a matter of fact, we happen to know that nobody resented the calling of the soldiery more than the rank and file of the police. At any minute from 2 a.m. onwards the private constables were not only willing to rush the room but they were anxious to do so. It was not they who shirked their duty, though doubtless the gutter press that profited most by the day's splatterdash will be the first to turn and jeer at the police for producing it. The People to
blame for the luridity of the affair were the police-officers
(of the C.I.D.) and Mr. Winston Churchill himself.

Mr. Churchill, however, will certainly hear more of the
matter when Parliament meets, as it is not to be expected
that the nation as a whole, whatever the half-

mind that is the true anarchy, compared with which
boycott, distort, cheat, snivel, bully, procure, anything
warrants in cases of murder under weak circumstantial
evidence, we hope some Member of Parliament will
seize. Meanwhile there is the joy discussion to be cleared up.
The press, not content with squeezing the last halfpenny of blood-money out of
the public by means of the double crime itself, must
now proceed to extract more halfpennies by
making the public's flesh creep with stories of anarchism and
aliens. Of neither subject has any one of the sensa-
tional writers the smallest judicial knowledge. For
example, the public is given to understand that in con-
sequence of his failure to send the usual letter, he
right of asylum, England is alone among the countries
of the world flooded with pauper and criminal aliens.
But the facts are exactly the other way. The Com-
mission that prepared the information for the Aliens Bill
states that every single alien who has left the countries
of Europe, with the single exception of Spain, England
had the fewest aliens in proportion to the population.
As for crime, we cannot even flatter ourselves that this,
like patriotism, is as largely importuned by the public
as two per

cent of our national crime is due to aliens.

* * *

These circumstances cooly considered certainly do not
point to any need for curtailing the right of asylum.
Still less do they justify the wholesale arming of the
colony against imaginary dangers. Such an occurrence as the firing on police and
dangerous burglars has been possible since ever firearms and
police were invented. Sir Frederick Pollock cites the
case of one Henry Rogers who in 1735 shot five men before he was captured.
Rogers was a Cornishman, "One desperate man," Sir Frederick concludes, "being
well armed and under cover, can do great mischief before law and order get the better of him,—and always could." We will add; "and always will be able though
every constable be compelled to carry a Maxim." There
is as much need and as little for the ordinary police to
carry firearms as there was for the White Knight to
fasten anklets round his horse's legs against shark-bites. In
other words, there is none worth speaking of. To
profit to the credit of the force's commonsense that the chief
opposition to this absurd proposal comes from the police
themselves.

* * *

On one other subject we may be permitted to say a
word. It is the so-called anarchism of the alien
criminals. Bedlam alone knows what ideas two-a-
penny journalists entertain of anarchism, but it is cer-
tain that whatever they are they are not the ideas of anarchism entertained by Anarchists. Perhaps, how-
ever, we may do them the honour of identifying them
with the ideas of criminals who gladly embrace a
word that does them no harm, and, in fact, magnifies
their terrors considerably. In this sense, anybody who
denies that the right of Governments to give the
anarchist is an Anarchist; and the degree of his criminality is to
be measured by the harm he does to society.
Our readers will at once discover that by this definition the most dangerous Anarchists of all are those
in the East End of London among alien criminals, but
in Fleet Street amongst British—partly British at
least—journalists. For these enemies of the State
there is no Government, either in principles or in per-
sons or in taste even in the settled tradition and
constitution of modern society. They will lie, ma'ag,
boyott, distort, cheat, snivel, bully, procure, anything
for a halfpenny a day. To nothing in this world have
the cops of the mob will they pay homage; 2. for
the next world, they ignore it. And it is this st of
mind that is the true anarchy, compared with which
the anarchy that merely kills the body is a straight-
forward virtue.

* * *

We write with candour, since it has come to our
notice that one at any rate of the "largest circula-
tions" has not hesitated to suggest a connection be-
tween the physical brutes of Houndsditch and Social-
ism. The extraordinary thing is that they probably
believe, such being their degraded ignorance, that such a
connection between Socialism and the principles of
Anarchism really exists. It is idle to attempt to en-
lighten minds so lost to ideas, but we may as well re-
mark one of the absurdities of Anarchism involves a theory of
government and a very strong government, too. It
is strange that two quite inconsistent charges are brought
against Socialism; one, that Socialism would make of
Government an absolute despotism such that its citizens
could not call their souls their own; and the other, that
Socialism is really anarchic, and means no govern-
ment whatsoever. We leave the halfpenny editors to
offer prizes in money and boxes of soap to such of their
readers as can reconcile the paradox. Sensible people
will give it up. We do not often indulge in a defini-
tion of Socialism, but we may safely risk the follow-
ing description of one at least of its purposes: the
establishment and maintenance of a Government whose
right of asylum, England is alone among the countries
of the world flooded with pauper and criminal aliens.
Any one at any rate of the "largest circula-
tions" has not hesitated to suggest a connection be-
named to that at this moment is already
in our minds a good Socialist, be his name Mr. Balfour
or Mr. Burns.

* * *

It is time the public received a little information con-
cerning the very remarkable proceedings which have
been instituted by the authorities against Mr. Mylius.
The facts appear to be these. Mr. Mylius was
arrested on December 26 last upon a charge of
sedition. He was brought before the President of the
Probate Division, Sir Samuel Evans, on December 28.
That learned judge seems to have committed the
prisoner to Brixton Gaol for an indefinite period, unless
he found bail in two sureties of £5,000 and himself
in £10,000, making a total of £15,000.

* * *

The charge or charges against Mr. Mylius rest, so far
as we have been able to piece together the links in the
chain of circumstances, upon an article in "The Libera-
tor," which is published in Geneva and Paris. In
a recent number of that journal there was an article by a Mr. Holton James, setting
out in some particularity certain matters reflecting upon the reputation of King
George the Fifth. We have seen this article, and there
is no question about the serious nature of the
accusations against the King and certain ecclesiastical
dignitaries; it is said that other allegations relating
to other publications are to be preferred against Mr.
Mylius. As we have not been fortunate enough to
secure details of these we must deal with the question on
the assumption that the information laid against Mr.
Mylius is confined to the "Liberator" article.

* * *

But Mr. Mylius has neither written the article nor
printed it. There is very little evidence in the publica-
tion that he even approved of it. His only connection,
so far as we have been able to gather from the material before us,
with the incident of publication is limited to the pos-
session of a certain number of copies of the paper.
The huge sum fixed as bail does seem oppressive. We doubt
whether any precedent can be found for fixing a sum of
£20,000 as bail in the case of a poor man. It would
be laughable, were it not some indication of the frame
of mind of the various persons connected with these
proceedings. Whether Sir Samuel Evans considered
the bail himself or whether it was suggested to him, can only be a matter of speculation. The secrecy
of the proceedings must be deplored on public grounds.
Why has not Mr. Mylius been brought before a magis-
trate in the usual way, in open court? He has been
imprisoned for over a fortnight. It is something to
know that the King, acting through the Attorney-
General, can still incarcerate his subjects in this manner.

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The recent interchange of Notes between St. Petersburg and Berlin, duly reported in the papers here, has somewhat alarmed our Foreign Office, where international affairs have been scandalously neglected for several weeks. It may be remembered that Sir Arthur Nicolson not long ago replaced Lord Hardinge as permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, although he had previously proved himself to be a skilful and clever diplomatist, it could hardly be expected that he should pick up the complicated tangle of Foreign Office work as if he had been familiar with it for years.

In these circumstances it was obviously Sir Edward Grey’s duty to attend regularly at the Foreign Office, in order that any disputed points might be settled at once, whether with the new Under-Secretary or with foreign Ministers. This is precisely what Sir Edward has not done. Amongst the points of the Liberal Party after Mr. Asquith’s retirement—for he had sense enough to see that both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George were ineligible in the meantime—he has spent the last few weeks on the rampage, talking mild peers.

Grey’s duty to attend regularly at the Foreign Office, enough to see that both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George were ineligible in the meantime—he has spent the last few weeks on the rampage, talking mild peers. Hence M. Cambon, in particular, has been somewhat irritated; for, on calling at the Foreign Office to see the Minister on some urgent point connected with the Triple, he has often been told of late that he would have to write and make an appointment, as Sir Edward was out of town, and was not expected back for a week or so.

Sir Arthur Nicolson was often unable to talk matters over with the French Ambassador, and, as a result, much dissatisfaction prevails in Paris and St. Petersburg. Sir Thomas Grey has often been told of late that he would have to write and make an appointment, as Sir Edward was out of town, and was not expected back for a week or so.

Sir Arthur Nicolson was often unable to talk matters over with the French Ambassador, and, as a result, much dissatisfaction prevails in Paris and St. Petersburg. Sir Thomas Grey has often been told of late that he would have to write and make an appointment, as Sir Edward was out of town, and was not expected back for a week or so.

Unfortunately, this is not the only complaint made against our Foreign Secretary. At least two Ambassadors have grumbled because he does not understand the language. "What do you mean by a French word?" I said to one of these gentlemen the other day. "No," was the reply, "he does not. But,"—this was as if in extenuation—"of course, he understands English." When the diplomatic history of these times comes to be published, it will be found recorded that on two occasions Sir Edward Grey misunderstood points which were explained to him by distinguished foreign representatives for no other reason than that his French was imperfect.

If a Minister in Sir Edward’s position were cunning and sharp-witted, like Count von Aehrenthal, or gifted with a certain determined brutality, like Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, we might be inclined to forgive him for not knowing French. But Sir Edward Grey, as even his most enthusiastic supporters must admit, has none of these good qualities. Thus, in addition to the mistakes committed by him in the course of his administration—those points in regard to which I wrote a special article some weeks ago—we have to add that a certain amount of inattention to business at a time when business was brisk and important, and a lack of knowledge of one of the most essential tools for use in his business, namely, the French language.

I said a week or two ago that Russia was disquieted with the numerous articles which appeared in semi-official Liberal and Radical papers, and that this was one of the main reasons that induced her to turn to Germany. Another reason was the fact that, though great strides have been made with the reorganisation of the army since the end of the war with Japan, it was almost hopeless for Russia to deal with the Persian question with a hostile Germany on her western frontier. The poor progress which has been made in building a modern French fleet, showed that little help could come from that quarter. And in September last an outstanding article in the semi-official “Novoye Vremya” deliberately enunciated the view that it was useless for Russia to ally herself with a Power like England, which had no army worth mentioning.

Nevertheless, this move was not made without some misgivings on the part of the St. Petersburg authorities. They had long known that Germany is far too clever and had disposed of them. Readers of Dr. Moritz Busch’s “Bismarck: Some Secret Pages” will remember how the great Chancellor often spoke of Russia in a contemptuous tone, and, more especially as this was regarded as “offensive,” i.e., positive and not negative. The distrust excited against us by these articles has not yet been allayed; and if the organs of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George had wished to break up the entente cordiale altogether they could not have gone about it better. It is perfectly useless to expect any sort of lasting “arrangement” with Germany. Despite the utterances of the Social Democrats there to the contrary, the people as a whole do not want it; and the German Government would make use of such an arrangement only while it suited their purpose— to improve their position in Turkey, for example, and to endeavour to humiliate France again in Morocco.

Bismarck was in the habit of giving out Press messages to men like Busch, whom he had often occasion to reprimand sharply afterwards for not doing their work properly. It strikes me that something similar must have happened to the Press lackeys of the present English “Union.” The suggestion in the various Liberal papers that the Triple Entente and the entente with France could be used up to a certain point and no further, that these arrangements were merely negative and not positive, is too ridiculous even for Sir Edward Grey. In an interview which the agent of the “Motin’s” representative, Mr. Lloyd George did his best to mend matters by referring to the Liberal sympathy with France at the time of the Fashoda incident, though doubtless his memory did not go back to Gladstone’s shilly-shallying during the Franco-German War, and he may not have wished to hurt the feelings of his colleagues in the Cabinet by referring to the sudden climb down of Great Britain at the time of the Balkan crisis.

On the other hand, it is surely inconceivable that these foolish articles should have appeared when they did, if they had not been inspired from above. Their final writing out, however, seems to have been entrusted to incompetent hands. It is not positive or negative, but these matters may stand over; more especially as the truth will not be told about them until I tell it in these columns.

 Almost had intended to deal with two fascoes this week—the “Portuguese Republic” and the South African “Union”—it these matters may stand over; more especially as the truth will not be told about them until I tell it in these columns.
The Path to Democracy.

By Cecil Chesterton.

II.—The Referendum.

In my last article I pointed out that the difficulty of attaining complete democracy was intensified by the fact that those who represent the people on one question may not represent them on another. If Mr. Keir Hardie were standing against Lord Charles Beresford, many who agree with Lord Charles on the question of Naval Defence, nevertheless vote for Mr. Hardie because they desire the better distribution of wealth; while many others who would welcome the social changes advocated by Mr. Hardie would vote for Lord Charles Beresford because they are convinced of the pre-eminent importance of a strong Navy. In either case a considerable proportion of the electorate will be misrepresented. How is such misrepresentation to be avoided?

The institution of the Referendum appears to afford an answer to this question. Let the people be polled upon the two questions separately. Let the Nationalisation of Land (say) and the Two-Power Standard be alike submitted to the direct vote of the electorate. In that case it is possible that the people may decide in favour of Mr. Hardie on the one issue, and of Lord Charles Beresford on the other. In either case the will of the people will prevail.

In principle it appears to me impossible for any democrat to deny the validity of this reasoning. Of course, if, like Mr. Bernard Shaw in his delightful contribution to the "Clarion," we take refuge in a frank repudiation of democracy it is easy enough. But I cannot follow the line of argument by which it is proved that the Referendum would destroy representative government. As I have already said, either a man voting as his constituents wish him to vote or he is not. In the former case he has nothing to fear from the Referendum; in the latter he is not a true representative, and the Referendum is a salutary check upon his abuse of his position. In the third possible alternative, that he is generally expressing fairly enough the will of his constituents, but on some one particular question he is mistaken as to their wishes, then he ought, if he is a democrat, to be glad to be corrected, and pleased to think that his failure to realise properly the desires of those whom he is representing has produced no practical evil.

But though the case for the Referendum is, on abstract grounds, unanswerable, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the Referendum as proposed by Mr. Balfour will be of no practical use whatsoever to anybody.

Mr. Balfour's proposal amounts to this—that when the two Front Benches, acting, as they always do, in collusion, have agreed that any particular question can safely be submitted to the popular vote, it shall be so submitted. There is nothing in that. For the evil which now affects us is just the fact that the little group of politicians, by whom the country is governed, have the right to define the questions upon which the electorate shall vote. And the one who defines the question goes a long way towards defining the answer. The man who proclaimed his readiness to answer any question directly—yes or no—and was forthwith asked: "Have you left off beating your mother-in-law?" was scarcely in a more embarrassing position than the voter under the old system of Referendum.

Nor will the suggestion of Mr. Harold Cox that a million voters to protest against the monstrous Protection of Colours Bill, that Billets were the means whereby this Bill was passed, and the people therefore have a moral right to demand a poll. The people are the rightful owners of all sovereign power, and can put their representatives to the test. The only way of making the Referendum a reality is for the people to be polled upon the two questions separately. It is not only to challenge a popular veto upon measures which the Parliament has passed, but also to force through measures which the Parliament has rejected or failed to bring in. The Referendum is a salutary check upon the political force, they will do nothing. But from whom was the protest to come? Not from the unfortunate men who are deeply interested, and in regard to which the Trade Unions may perhaps be trusted to supply a sufficient body of opinion to prevent the passage of such a Licensing Bill as that of 1908. But there are insidious modes of oppression devised by such persons as Mr. Herbert Samuel to which, under existing conditions, no such organised opposition can be expected. Where, for instance, could you have the quarter of a million voters to protest against the monstrous Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Bill? That Bill gave to the gaolers the power to keep poor men who annoyed the rich in prison for life. But from whom was the protest to come? Not from the unfortunate men affected, for they are inarticulate. Not from the mass of common citizens, whose most sacred rights are threatened, for they are unorganised. Unless the people as such are so united as to form an effective political force, they will do nothing.

Again, suppose that a million voters to protest against the monstrous Protection of Colours Bill, that Billets were the means whereby this Bill was passed, and the people therefore have a moral right to demand a poll. The people are the rightful owners of all sovereign power, and can put their representatives to the test. The only way of making the Referendum a reality is for the people to be polled upon the two questions separately. It is not only to challenge a popular veto upon measures which the Parliament has passed, but also to force through measures which the Parliament has rejected or failed to bring in. The Referendum is a salutary check upon the political force, they will do nothing. But from whom was the protest to come? Not from the unfortunate men affected, for they are inarticulate. Not from the mass of common citizens, whose most sacred rights are threatened, for they are unorganised. Unless the people as such are so united as to form an effective political force, they will do nothing.

In regard to questions directly economic, the Trade Union organisations may perhaps be trusted to supply the necessary initiative. There is no doubt that they could, if they liked, secure the requisite number of men to demand a vote on the Right to Work Bill, or the reduction of the age of old age pensioners to sixty-five or sixty.

But, as I have already suggested, there are other questions, not directly economic, in which the populace are deeply interested, and in regard to which the Trade Union officials are more likely to oppose the general will than to give it expression. How are these questions to be raised by popular initiative?

Doubtless the publicans could be relied on to raise a sufficient body of opinion to prevent the passage of such a Licensing Bill as that of 1908. But there are insidious modes of oppression devised by such persons as Mr. Herbert Samuel to which, under existing conditions, no such organised opposition can be expected. Where, for instance, could you have the quarter of a million voters to protest against the monstrous Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Bill? That Bill gave to the gaolers the power to keep poor men who annoyed the rich in prison for life. But from whom was the protest to come? Not from the unfortunate men affected, for they are inarticulate. Not from the mass of common citizens, whose most sacred rights are threatened, for they are unorganised. Unless the people as such are so united as to form an effective political force, they will do nothing.
on the one side. On the other will be only that vast mass of inchoate elements which we call the people of England.

It is clear then that if Democracy is to be a reality something more than the Referendum is required. Somehow or other the mass of the people must be organised and brought into these political purposes. There must be a real and not merely a sham initiative. The impulse must come from the mass, not from politicians or reformers or advanced persons, but from the ordinary citizens and voters.

How the mass is to be so politically organised I shall discuss later; but that it should be so organized is the first condition of Democracy. It is Democracy.

Securitas judicat orbis terrarum.

Emancipation in a Hurry.

By Teresa Billington-Greig.

Is breaking my long connection with the militant suffrage movement and its compound of frank and free speech which membership and official position have denied me. It is my intention to make a first use of this new liberty to analyse the militant movement itself and to survey the gains and losses that have accrued from our five years' campaign of emancipation in a hurry.

I undertake this task very unwillingly, but no other victim has offered herself for the sacrifice, and I see that the duty must be done. I am convinced that the best work can be done in this struggle and in dealing with the public need of criticism, sympathetic and merciless criticism. I believe that the conspiracy of silence which has been observed so faithfully, ostensibly for the cause but really for the protection of the personal autocrats of the militant movement they can wait. By the same capacity which has made them bluff to which every other consideration has been sacrificed.

They started in the political world a gigantic game of bluff to which every other consideration has been sacrificed. They made revolution into a political red herring. They coquetted with rebellion for any right on the face of the earth or any star out of the heavens. The feminists found in this abandonment of the worship of propriety the great cause of rejoicing. Militancy interpreted itself to them not as the mere expression of an urgent desire for political rights, but as an aggressive proclamation of a deeper right—the right of insurrection. It was woman crying to the masculine sovereignty: "You do not only deny me the right of self-government, you deny me the right of rebellion against bondage, against the worst servitudes, against every manifestation of your control. This first right I take. I disavow your authority. I put aside your cobweb conventions of law and government. I rebel. I claim my inalienable human right to cast off servitude and make myself a free woman. And the liberty that I have claimed and taken you shall register in the writings of your law."

It was this clamant taking of a prerogative denied that brought the first recruits to the new movement. But the second recruits were rather suffragists than feminists, and the third recruits were women who were already engaged in other fields of feminist effort, and fearful lest the militant policy should be found to draw its strength from forces destructive of the conventions they revered. They came because the hopelessness of the reformists took them by surprise and made them accept the means of hastening the pace. Where the feminist saw in the new movement the high courage needed to turn the malcontent into the rebel, the suffragist saw the political capacity required to turn the lady into the politician. The one hailed militancy as a revolution, and has reaped disappointment. The other accepted it fearfully, and has found it harmless.

For the experience of the last five years goes to prove that this suffragist militancy is not revolution; it is the exploitation of the natural forces of sex revolt for the purposes of advertisement. Militant machinery is put into action purely for its advertising values. It is a bold method of advertising what is now a quite common-place and conventional movement—a movement as conventional a 'ism which to-day goes uncensored. In these days of great hurry even the old and strong and wealthy conventional things find themselves in need of the filip of occasional new attractions, and the organisers of the Social and Political Union recognised from the beginning this modern need. They knew that there were forces of rebellion seething in the women around them. They knew that these forces could be directed in any chosen channel by those who were generous enough to make a beginning. They made the beginning, but they dared not make the movement the mouthpiece of revolt. They chose to indulge only in so much militancy as would attract attention and keep the public and the politician aware of their war with rebellion. They made revolution into a political red herring. They started in the political world a gigantic game of bluff to which every other consideration has been sacrificed.

Many of those who came into the militant movement were already engaged in other fields of feminist effort, and to all of these the leaders preached the doctrine of withdrawal. Their cry was ever "Give it up; give it up. The vote is the key to all the rest. Other things can wait." But the same capacity which has made them the personal autocrats of the militant movement they carried this policy into effect. I want to emphasise what lay beneath it: it was based upon a determination to pay any price, however great, for any measure of early enfranchisement. The withdrawal of large num-

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bers of women from other avenues of service was but the first of those hostages to hurry with which the five years' course of the militant movement has been strewn. If this movement had been what it professed to be I should have said nothing against this particular sacrifice. Temporary concentration would have been fully justified. But the movement has not realised its promise. The emancipation-in-a-hurry spirit has eaten up the spirit of emancipation. Daring to advertise in an unconventional way the movement has dared nothing more. It has climbed from one stage of group-feminist equality to one of votes on a limited basis. It has suppressed free speech on fundamental issues. It has gradually edged the working-class element out of the ranks. It has become socially exclusive, punctiliously correct, fashionably correct, and materialistically narrow. It pays for its one breach of decorum with additional circumspection in all other directions. "I do interrupt meetings, but I am a perfect lady," expresses the present poverty of spirit; I knocked off a policeman's helmet, but I only want a little thing—a quite respectable little thing—a vote." This is banal. One loathes to hear it. One loathes to write it. But it is true.

As early as 1907 the spirit of giving hostages to fortune was strong enough to cause and conquer an in-ternal rebellion. Among the members of the Freedom League the present leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union had already reduced the existing constitution to a shadow; but even the shadow was found to provide possible evil, and this was to be born. Mrs. Pankhurst tore up the constitution, annulled the imminent annual conference, and declared herself sovereign ruler by the divine right of her foundation of the society. Consistency in practice was sacrificed to the haste for results. The principle of Self-government to magnify above all other rights. Besides, the coup d'état was unnecessary. The members of the Union—every deviation from the political lines of it so soon, or in such a startling and stimulating way. Militancy has resulted in a general awakening of interest in the woman's claim to self-government. It has brought many people into touch with the charges I bring. I want to say at once that I am not prepared to admit anything like all of these claims. Those which can be substantiated are few in number, and these will be brought forward to counterbalance the worst is insolently and brutally indifferent to the rights of other societies, and at the best scornfully tolerant of them, these other societies yield to its pretensions at the cost of their own progress. The National Women's Union forwaned the Freedom League, has neglected the first law of protest employed by Mrs. Pankhurst having been applied by the League in the January and December elections, can all be quoted in support of the statement of "The Common Cause." The necessary public exposure of the folly of militant action was not forthcoming. The Freedom League officials dared to defend their abstention from militancy—and their members rose in arms. In this particular society the obsession of the women for the work-production. . . . From the point of view of policy also the move was bad. By denving votes to her followers Mrs. Pankhurst belied the very function which it was her desire and intention to magnify above all other rights. Besides, the coup d'état was unnecessary. The members of the Union would have willingly created an autocracy, for internal rebellion. The personal dominance of the leaders impose a yoke of emotional control by which the very virtues of the members are exploited; they produce a system of mental and spiritual slavery. The women who succumb to it exhibit a type of self-subjection which is not remarkable, the personal dominion of the movement to the women, to which it bears a close relation. The yoke is imposed by a mingling of elements of deliberately worked up emotion, by the exercise of affectional and personal charm, by an all-pervading system of mutual glorification in which each of the three leaders by turn sounds the praises of the others, by the deliberate exclusion of other women from all positions of prominence, by a policy of shameless boasting and booming, by an ingenious system of clever special pleading through which everything the Political Union does not fit, and by the strange phenomenon that other suffragists do is belittled or ignored, and by that undoubted financial and political stage-management which caters for all the elements of snobbery and narrowness, of self-seeking, and intolerance, while employing the language of outlaws in revolt. This obsession is one of the most remarkable manifestations to be seen in the political life of to-day. As with all emotional degradation its victims glory in it. Every woman snarled en-snarled her by the qualities of her heart and soul to the burden upon the minds of the rest. Under this direction the militant movement is a movement of political revivalism—that, and nothing more.

The individual members of this society are not the only suffragists affected. The bad influence is strong rule of weak imitation to the General Election policy, at the worst is insolently and brutally indifferent to the rights of other societies, and at the best scornfully tolerant of them, these other societies yield to its pretensions at the cost of their own progress. The National Women's Union forwaned the Freedom League, has neglected the first law of protest employed by Mrs. Pankhurst having been criticised or boycotted to death; it has applied the same rule of weak imitation to the General Election policy, and it has insisted upon the suppression of any murmur of dissent from the decrees of Clement's Inn. The attitude of its members towards the police court protests, the Bermondsey protest, and the tax-resistance movement, as well as the action of the League in the January and December elections, can all be quoted in support of the statement that the Freedom League has neglected the first law of self-preservation, and has destroyed its own potentialities by a policy of weak imitation and weak adulation.

Extravagant claims are made on behalf of militancy, and these will be brought forward to counterbalance the charges I bring. I want to say at once that I am not prepared to admit anything like all of these claims. Those which can be substantiated are few in number, and they will be gladly granted to the credit of the militant movement. Militancy has resulted in a general awakening of interest in the woman's claim to self-government. It has brought many people into touch with the question who would not otherwise have heard of it so soon, or in such a startling and stimulating way. It can claim further to have brought into associated service in a rough and ready way many women who have hitherto worked apart. This co-operation among women has been exploited to one end. It must further be granted that militancy has undoubtedly hastened the day of suffrage legislation. Women will have votes at an earlier date than if there had been no militant move-
ment. But a very great price has already been paid for that victory—a price that is by no means fully stated yet—and this price paid will have to be taken into account before the value of the movement can be appraised.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

Is New York the most paradoxical city in the world? I have heard this question asked twice within the past few days, once by an Englishman and once by an American. All things considered, I think New York should be awarded the leather medal for inconsistency in questions of morals and religion, to say nothing of material affairs. In a city where the "hupper suckles" turned their backs on Gorky it is simply amazing to read of the doings of smart society on an occasion like that of New Year's Eve. Readers of THE NEW AGE would find it difficult to believe the following, were I not able to quote from two articles published in reputable journals of New York.

* * *

From the "Literary Digest" of December 10 I take the following quotations—"The drink habit among women is torsed in a very strong reprobation by "The Christian Work and Evangelist" (New York). "At one dinner party given not many miles from here, the company being made up of members of society whose names many would recognise, and who go to church on Sunday, one of the women drank so indulgently that she ran from the table and, in the presence of a dozen men, attempted to climb a pillar in the room, amid the clappings and cheering of the drunken guests. Another woman had to be put in her carriage at the close of this dinner, and before the company had broken up they attempted to sing a Christian hymn, about which gathered the tenderest association of years, to a comic opera tune. These were people who are received into our so-called best society, and such actions do not bar them from social recognition. A woman who is connected with some of the most prominent families in New York, and who, according to the papers, has just taken a suite at one of our best hotels, gave a stag party once, a party for women only, and at the close, while half-intoxicated and smoking a big cigar, hurled a plate at the butler's head, an act which nearly cost her very serious consequences." * * *

But this is not all. Consider this:—

"Last New Year's Eve even the reporters of the daily papers, who see many sordid and bestial things, got disgusted at the sordidness and obscenity they saw. The event has become a byword all through the nation. It is a feature in the host of newspapers which report the progress of the New Year. Notice is in all the papers that only champagne will be served. People one thought decent and respectable engage tables weeks ahead, and on New Year's Eve these put upon their best clothes and go to a dinner given once a year for women only, and at the close, while half-intoxicated and smoking a big cigar, hurled a plate at the butler's head, an act which nearly cost her very serious consequences." * * *

I saw, on New Year's Eve, at one of the most fashionable restaurants in the world, a good many people become uncontrollably hilarious five minutes after the first bottle of "champagne" was opened. The stuff consumed in America makes men uproarious and women loud-mouthed, brazen, and irresponsible. I had my eye on several "sets" of tables. I tried to figure out what proportion of foreigners there might be in every hundred persons, and I concluded that there might be sixty foreign-bred persons to every hundred, which is saying that these drinking orgies are only American in a strictly limited sense. While such revellers do represent New York they do not represent the American people.

Guests arrived in luxurious motors coming from every direction. They came from across Brooklyn Bridge, from Jersey City, from up the Hudson, from country places in Connecticut; while from Washington, Chicago, and other distant places, many arrived by train the day before, for such is the notoriety of the orgie of New Year's Eve in this Rome-Babylon of the New World.

* * *

It is not Paris, it is not Berlin, it is not Petersburg. Still less is it London. The gatherings at the big hotels and restaurants are like nothing of the kind elsewhere in the world. And this for two reasons: nowhere is there so much money, nowhere else such a conglomeration of people. Sitting at tables not far from me I could count, at a guess, thirty or forty Spanish, to say nothing of English spoken with all sorts of accents on the I. O. U. or the reverse, U. O. Me. And I am prepared to take my oath before a coroner's jury that I caught the faintest whiff of Tipperary English in every breath I drew. And many Irish, besides twangs from all sections and dialect phrases from the four quarters of the American compass. The thought struck me that New York may be imitating the Tower of Babel. Of course, I know the truth. New York is going mad, as many people think, all must admit that lunacy was never so fertile in sensations and so amusing in its effects. I looked around me at the jewelled throng, and wondered what New York would
have said to such sights twenty years ago! There were some shadows, flat, and indistinct, some fair still at forty. A few had grown fat, and remained foolish at fifty, and I could not help wondering how many were able to appreciate the culinary creations of the clever French chef. A young woman of striking beauty, and less of golden hair, had a positively formed mouth, and a statuesque neck and shoulders, attracted much attention. As soon as she spoke the spell was gone. She probably thought in the key of C natural, but she spoke with a relentless break of shrill staccato sounds that ranged from B flat to F sharp; and in half an hour from the time we had taken our seats our ears were smitten with a cacophony of vocal noises which defies description, because it is impossible to give an adequate notion of so many "samples" of whines, twangs, and drawn, coming from human throats at the same time.

It is calculated that a hundred thousand people took part in this year's celebration, and that something like £2,000,000 must have been spent in the headache-producing orgy. An American friend whom I met early in the morning of January 1 informed me that he had witnessed, at the hotel where he and some of his friends had been supping, scenes similar to those described in the columns of "The Literary Digest." From what I saw and heard this year's festivities surpassed all the others in loudness, indecency, vulgarity and drunkenness. What a picture Gorky would have made of it all. But these virtuous ladies and gentlemen feared Gorky.

A Symposium on the Representation of Shakespeare.

Conducted by Hunly Carter.

In view of the manner in which certain Shakespearean plays are presented to contemporary English audiences, and of the manner in which they might be presented, as suggested by the recent Shakespearean Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, the following questions have been put to Shakespearean critics and scholars:

1. Would you say that Shakespeare had any intention with regard to appropriate decoration for his plays? Did he write for an imaginative audience, and not for scenic aids?
2. Or do you think, therefore, that Shakespeare ought to be played without scenery, and unbridged?
3. Or do you agree that Shakespeare wrote for scenic aids? He was restricted by the capabilities of the Elthamthian Theatre, and if he had had the unimaginative audience of the present day to deal with, and the modern scenic aids at his command he would have employed the latter in the production of his plays, so as to obtain a proper balance of visualised scene and spoken word? But, even admitting this, is the present tendency to overload Shakespeare with scenery and to make "extensive cuts" in your opinion a departure from the spirit of Shakespeare's work, and, therefore, of his beauty?
4. Do you think that scenery and the utmost attention should be given to the delivery of the Shakespearean verse?

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (Author of "History of English Stage").

It may be said that in Shakespeare's day there was no stage or no scenery such as we know now. The conditions were early in the morning of January 1, 1911, and hardly any action—the eye cannot fix itself on the speakers. I confess, however, I have a repulsion to the "certain folds" which have something for sentimental and too practical. There are better ways, such as the Greek permanent scene.

Mr. Frank Harris.

I do not pretend to any special knowledge of the staging of Shakespeare's plays. He himself hated the stage, as he has told us, and his plays prove that he was contemptuous of stage craft and careless of stage effect.

There are two stage plays which he constructed himself, the story of which at least we cannot trace to any other hands—"Love's Labour's Lost" and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." In both there is no intrigue worthy the name, and hardly any action; these plays are mere occasions for witty talk and the unveiling of character.

But Shakespeare was in love with beauty, and has left us two or three exquisite pictures of natural beauty. With this knowledge then in our minds we may very well illustrate the effect of beautiful words was intensified by being spoken in a beautiful scene, and that in his plays we must have made bad plays appear good, but it cannot do anything in the way of improving good plays, on the contrary. Let me illustrate what I mean. If a character is well indicated, then the actor can fill it out with his own personality, and make it live and move and cast a shadow for us, but if the character is well drawn, it is the dramatist who is continually fighting with it; it is like a suit of ready-made clothes, too short for him here and too large for him there, a misfit to the best.

The same argument holds good in regard to his elocution. He can lend pomposity and dignity to platitudes; he can even make nonsense more or less impressive, or simplicity humorous; but give him the great soliloquy in "Hamlet" to speak, or the great speech of Prospero, and he will make you regret the written delivery, and show that Shakespeare always wrote for the study rather than for the stage.

The belauded art of acting is an object lesson in the virtues and defects of pure democracy; it levels up at the dead level of Germany and America.

The whole object of life, however, is to make the heights higher, and not to fill up the valleys and plane off the mountain-tops. The actor is the artist, and the audience is the art, and I therefore prefer as little of the actor's so-called art as possible, and it passes my understanding why any man of
dignity or delicacy should wish to be a nummer. The only actor whose existence ever seemed to me justified was Coquelin. He was charming, he lent ordinary French verse (mere chopped commonsense) a certain air of impromptu and novelty.

REV. STEWART HEADLAM.

1. Yes. For instance, Mr. Poel's production of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Court Theatre showed us what Shakespeare intended, had been able to follow, words and action without the dozen distractions of the modern stage. Apparently Shakespeare intended his audience to watch what sixty-four actors say, see what they do, and hear and see nothing else.

2. Yes.

3. Yes.

4. Yes. Shakespeare must be done in the Elizabethan manner, without scenery, and, where possible, with the exits and entrances into the auditorium from the stage. Those who saw Mr. Poel's production of "Much Ado" at the town halls will know what I mean. We have to deliver Shakespeare from his two greatest enemies. The scene-painter and scene-builder on one hand, and the student or lecturer on the other, who think that Shakespeare can be understood in the arm-chair, that he is to be talked about and elucidated instead of being seen.

By relegating the scene-painter to his own delightful business, and by the actors, their business, so far as the characters say, to see what they do, and hear and see nothing else.

Mr. Poel's Shakespeare would not wish his audience to think about localities, except when his characters refer to them, and then only to the extent to which they affect the characters themselves, and not the spectators. When Richard the Second talks about his prison it is not the actual dungeon that the Elizabethan spectator wanted to see; he was content to know what the King thought about dungeons. Now a modern audience never sees a play excepting through the scenery, and it is in this way that Shakespeare is acted with all the actors properly balanced; the play is then indeed "the thing," the whole play, merely leaving out a few lines indicating the absurdity of the scene, but without any cutting of parts in order to make the "star" shine more brightly. This will save the extra salary which a "star" demands for his scenery, but chiefly it will be a revelation of Shakespeare.


1. Shakespeare's audiences could not choose: they had to be imaginative. Shakespeare reminds them, at times, that they are to be exalted.

2. Shakespeare was not played without any scenery in his day, and ought not to be played without any in ours.

3. It is very likely that Shakespeare would have approved of a scenic art that came into conflict with his own art to make him more human. Shakespeare would hardly have taken the trouble to write fine poetry, to think up new truths, and create varied and virile characters, if he expected his audience to divide its sympathies between his own labour and that of the scenic artist.

4. To-day the dramatist accepts the art of the scene-painter and includes it as part of his dramatic construction, but Shakespeare learnt to make his plays interesting without it.

WIR HERBERT TREE.

1. Shakespeare wrote un-self-consciously; that he endeavoured to get appropriate decoration for his plays, we have ample evidence. Personally I think that he would have been more faithful to Shakespeare than to see him presented in a half-hearted fashion.

2. I do not think that Shakespeare ought to be presented without scenery. In his own days he could not have played his works in an unbridged form. "Henry VIII.," for instance, was played in two hours and the opportunity of comparing the two methods of representation under conditions equally favourable. At present the expert accepts the spoken word with heroic, and it is a failure unless the art of scenery has been accepted. Shakespeare without scenery are cranks who want to remove the scenery and leave all the rest, the "rest" consisting of monotonous elocution, feeble impersonation, and a meaning less disfigurement of the story. Naturally the proposal is pre-judged and condemned, and it needs no scholar to find a reason. Those who saw Mr. Phillips' Shakespearean performances at the Court Theatre last summer, or "Richard the Second" acted on a so-called Elizabethan stage the other day, will much prefer the addition of pictures and scenery, and yet, strange to say, some children in White-chapel, only yesterday, solved the difficulty by acting Shakespeare with scenery because neither scholars nor actors have the chances that what is cut out had been foisted in.

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Mr. William Poel (Elizabethan Stage Society). It is waste of time to discuss the question of Shakespeare and scenery because neither scholars nor actors have the requisite knowledge by which to form an opinion; while the experts accept the requisite knowledge by which to form an opinion; while the experts accept the art of the scene-painter and includes it as part of his dramatic construction, but Shakespeare learnt to make his plays interesting without it.

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Unedited Opinions.

VIII. On Responsibility.

Do you know, I rank the charge of irresponsibility as the most grave that can be brought against any man.

You amaze me. I thought you affirmed the duty of repudiating duty. Did you not use to quote Shaw with approval? Duty, my dear L., is what you should never do.

I did, but always with the proviso that the doctrine was esoteric.

Which means?

That it was not intended for everybody but only for those who have ears to hear. The many would be ruined by it, the few saved. One man's food, etc.

For whom then specially was the doctrine intended?

For the religious alone, and only for such of these as needed a more intimate and personal deity than Jehovah; in fact, for the super-religious.

More amazing still. Will you tell me what you mean by religion?

Certainly; it is the God-creating faculty, or, if you prefer it, the God-recognising faculty. But I see that I am confusing you, so let me explain.

Do by all means.

I mark three stages of religion, each characterised by its inseparable accompaniment of reverence: reverence for superior persons, or heroic religion; reverence for an externalised God, or theological religion; and reverence for one's own genius or Muse, this being mystical religion. In one or other of these stages all religious men are to be found; and whoever is in none of them is in a dangerous plight.

In which of them do you conceive that they are to be found for whom Shaw's doctrine of repudiation is intended?

Frankly that doctrine is intended for those about to enter the third phase of religion, since it advises the transfer of allegiance from an external to an internal and subjective deity, from God to Self. However, it may easily happen that those bear and attempt to obey the doctrine for whom it is ruin.

Why ruin?

Because they turn their back on one form of superiority before they have really discovered a higher substitute. The number of people, in fact, who even believe that they have a soul or genius, still more who know their souls to be immortal, is extraordinarily small. For the rest to lose faith, as we say, in an infinite and infallible external intelligence (or God) before they have their own soul is ruin; they instantly cease to regard themselves as responsible beings, and become merely irresponsible shadows, drifting aimlessly about like ghosts on the banks of Styx.

And now, you think, as we say, that to our stages of religion, I imagine that during the first, men strove to win the approval of those whom they named heroes. The Greeks, I am certain, modelled themselves on Achilles and Ulysses, and asked themselves in regard to all their actions: Would Achilles or Ulysses approve of this? And that heroic age is still not passed, remember, by everybody. Unless I forget, there are still thousands who daily inquire of themselves: What would Jesus have me do?

And do you mean to say you approve of that?

As a mode of inducing responsibility I certainly do. But there are higher modes: I mean, less dangerous and more permanent modes. The personality of Achilles may be proved never to have existed. So, too, may the personality of Jesus. Or, if they existed, it is not necessary that they exist for ever. The next phase was therefore an ascent: the substitution of an external, immaterial, essential and omniscient Being or God. The Jews may be said to have created God in two ways: first, as the substitute of the irresponsible—by conceiving the judge infallible. And he must be the race rather than the individual, and personability rather than a person.

How do you mean?

Why, to return to our stages of religion, I imagine that during the second, men strove to win the approval of their own soul. Jesus, Who taught it, was crucified. So, too, will many of His followers be, if not by others by themselves. Yet it is Ibsen's Third Empire.

And how does it bear on the question of responsibility?

Very directly, for who is left to be the infallible judge when reverence for heroes, reverence for God and reverence for Man have gone, if not a man's genius and soul? Failing that, he has no star by which to steer, no bar before which to try his actions. Now it is this form of action, now that; but he takes no particular note nor tries in any way to control the stream. No, the liability to give an account is essential, I am sure, to responsibility.

Then why the infallible person?
alone worships. But there it must not be imagined that his duty is easy or his defects, self-detected, slight. On the contrary, for him who is rigidly entrusted with the possession of a godlike soul, nothing is done with his own approval that is not perfectly done. Truly, no man is more hard to please than he who is his own judge.

Letters to an Unborn Child.

II.

MY DEAR CHILD,—My last letter lacked something of logic, as your mother was quick to notice. I accused you of perversity, yet I assumed that you would be born a man. But the other sex has its charms, by which even you may be allure. Women are attractive, when seen from a sufficient distance. The usufruit of magi-
cal powers produces uxoriousness, and is the preroga-
tive of remote women; for, as the poet truly sang,
"The sweet distress of enchantment is really ancient. But I may not violate the sanctity of home life by telling you what she is.

She would, I believe, read anything written about her, is not confined to men and poets. There was a time when women were our superiors: now they assert their equality so stridently as to make even this doubtful. Certitudes are insinuated with charm, and platitudes can always command reverence in this country. Doubtful propositions, on the contrary, are always maintained with vehemence. The relative truth of a proposition might almost be calculated by the vigour of its asseveration. If it is impossible to speak of a proposition with certainty, as Englishmen so often say, it is equally certain that truth is never told in any language. Truth is so certain of its existence that it is impossible to speak of a proposition with certainty, as Englishmen so often say.

It is my deliberate purpose to dissuade you from being born. You must see into what a world of strife you are coming. The women have brought a railing accusa-
tion of tyranny against men: unlike the Archangel Michael, who durst not do this to the devil, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee." But he was contending for the corpse of Moses the Law-Giver, and the women are fighting for the vote: a very different thing. If ordi-
nary men remember that the poke is the only reply to a railing accusation, we shall soon be rioting. I am afraid that the disabilities of women will then be more manifest than those of men. The electorate, here, and equals pass. Women will get the vote, and automatically it will sink to half its value. Every voter at present has about a seven-millionth share of political power; and if an equal number of women is enfranchised, every voter will have only a fourteen-millionth share of power. Instead of increasing their Parliamentary representa-
tion, they will simply double the work of the returning officers and scrutineers, and increase the majorities by which members are returned. Whichever sex you choose, you will have to be content with a diminished power. As you evidently wish to be somebody, and as you are what a megalomaniac, this should be suffi-
cient to affect you from your purpose. At present, like the Almighty, who allows his hands to be; the King from whom all honour comes; and the peerage, in whom all honour resides, you have no vote. Swell your head with this neglect, and tread no more the down-
ward path.

But women are kittle cattle, who find a hole in every hedge by which escape is possible. How can it be that this demonstration will convince you when I am not sure that you will read it? The New Age is the last hope for English poetry of communicating with the Unknown. I no longer circulates in Mars and Venus, I know; but it has a number of readers in Mercury, and through the Lick telescope copies have been seen in Jupiter. The other planets, not excluding Herschel, may be similarly involved in affairs. In fact it has so many celestial readers that I cannot despair of reaching you through its columns. With this hope, faint as it is, I shall bombard you with letters until I am assured that you have taken my advice. For, although you are yet unborn, the paternal instinct is strong in me. I love you as I love all my imaginary works; but what would the critics say if they were published? Being a father, I want to pat your head and give you good advice. But when you are, Oddy, Toddy, all head and no body. I would not turn a dog adrift! how then could I expose you to the rude buffets of a brutal world? "Twere bad enough if you were born a man and met with disapprobation, but women were not meant for the earth. I would not be your mother, no, not if the poems I have written of her were written of me and published. Any woman can make some man a poet. Some women can make any man a poet. But no woman can escape the poetry she inspires: a terrible fate! There must be a special Providence watching over women and poets, as we are told there is one watching over fools and drunkards. I know not how either of both survive the reading of most of the poetry, if this belief be barren. I have seen your mother——; but domesticity is sacred. Be-

side, your mother is pitty personified; she looks with comisseration even on free renewals.

She would, I believe, read anything written about herself, and, if necessary, condole with the writer. But I speak as a critic when I say that to inspire poetry in other people is a terrible fate, to which all women are condemned in some degree. In this respect, in spite of Bishop Blougram, it is better to be a man. I have been able to understand why Montaigne preferred the other sex: for light is so belated a traveller that your place is probably irresistible; for space and time combine to make you thrill to beauty. Not only do you see your mother from a distance, but domesticity is sacred. Be-

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The Maids' Comedy.

CHAPTER X.

A magical chapter, of whose contents those who doubt may likely believe what should be doubted and those who believe may doubt what is absolutely true.

"Nor by the aid of swords," said our Lady, continuing her discourse to Dota Filjee as they sat amid the berry bushes, and how many good men perished ere liberty, even the 'prentices of Middlesex and tied a garter round their arms—much more than being a damsel in distress, for in the one case you have only to sit still or go to sleep and the proper misfortune comes, but in the other case you must sally forth and seek your fortune. Why not swords, mistress? They are very grateful to you afterwards. That's all I say."

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induce the Englishman to cut his capers according to the country.

The liege lord's rosy, perspiring countenance expressed very small joy indeed at sight of Dota Filjee. Things look so different at different moments and in altered circumstances. Even, I may say, if the reader will permit a guess at psychology, even were our Englishman returning from his visit of respect, the sight of your staring, grinning young damsel might not have proved quite so disconcerting, might have seemed pressed very small joy indeed at sight of Dota Filjee.

"Cheering and in the good luck of life preliminary to an Imperial function."

"Your money, old chimney of civilization, and above all screeching to Imperial compliments and all the other refinements of civilization, and above all screeching!"

"I don't want your money, old chimney! I don't want your ring! I don't ever mean to come back any more! You're a wicked, wicked old man, and you'll never get me back."

"I'll believe the door open, mistresse."

"I could not do it, and do not you believe such things, but be sure that if I now went up and jumped over the mountain, you would never see me again, ugly or beautiful, and then you would have no one left at all to disenchant you. Just mention the other two ways of regaining your birthright and we shall no doubt find them much easier, for more hateful and impossible they could not be!" Our lady thereupon rejoined: "The second way is to do some great deed, such as to drink up all the water in the sea, or at least to slay two armies single-handed, like Don Quixote. That way is not at all easy."

"The third way is so difficult that, though many have tried, I have never heard of any man ever accomplished it." "What?" Dota inquired hopelessly. "It is to place thyself in front of the barricade of the castle where the treasure lies and to believe that the door will open. The moment thy belief is real, the door will open." "And you say, mistresse, that nobody has ever done that! Why, I'll believe the door open this very minute if you like." "Ah, but will it come open?" "Allamachtig! Sooner than I shall throw myself over the mountain or drink the sea," replied Dota. "I fear that I shall remain forever enchanted and never go home," said our lady. "Now, dear mistresse," Dota cried, "just you give me my chance at believing. Why, I can believe anything! Tante Kinkje would tell you the same about me. How strange that this very thing of believing, which even Tante Kinkje never could cure me of, should now be some use at last as the means of your disenchantment!" (To be continued.)

**New Age** Symposia.

Among the special occasional features of The New Age have been symposia on current questions, edited by Mr. Hunter Carter.

**Recent supplements and their contributors have been:**


**Science (Edited by Professor Patrick Geddes).**—Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Dr. Robert Jones, Miss Barbara Friere-Marocco, H. Spencer Hardy, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., St. George Lane Fox-Pitt, F. J. Gould.


**The Representation of Shakespeare.**—Professor Edward Dowden, Sidney Lee, Judge Madden, Mrs. Charlotte C. Stopes, A. W. Ward, Theodore Wotts-Dunton, Patrick Kirwin, William Poel, Frank Harris, Herbert Trench, Sir John Addis Tree, Pamela Coleman Smith.

**Crime and Insanity.**—Bernard Hollander, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Henry Maundley, M.D., L.L.D., M.R.C.P., Chief Surgeon upon the Hoole, and what was lost to him of snakes and wizards and Tante Kinkje on the pas op at every turn, a life of peril is simply no pleasure at all. So do think out the quickest way of disenchanting you and getting back into the stronghold, and then let us settle down and be as we were before, when I used to cook the meals for supper over the fire in the yard and you had your birthright, whatever that is, and Mr. Nyeheer De Villiers was kind and read to us out of the Book. And providing there is nothing about pre- 

"It is to place thyself in front of the barricade of the castle where the treasure lies and to believe that the door will open." "The second way is to do some great deed, such as to drink up all the water in the sea, or at least to slay two armies single-handed, like Don Quixote. That way is not at all easy." "The third way is so difficult that, though many have tried, I have never heard of any man ever accomplished it." "What?" Dota inquired hopelessly. "It is to place thyself in front of the barricade of the castle where the treasure lies and to believe that the door will open. The moment thy belief is real, the door will open." "And you say, mistresse, that nobody has ever done that! Why, I'll believe the door open this very minute if you like." "Ah, but will it come open?" "Allamachtig! Sooner than I shall throw myself over the mountain or drink the sea," replied Dota. "I fear that I shall remain forever enchanted and never go home," said our lady. "Now, dear mistresse," Dota cried, "just you give me my chance at believing. Why, I can believe anything! Tante Kinkje would tell you the same about me. How strange that this very thing of believing, which even Tante Kinkje never could cure me of, should now be some use at last as the means of your disenchantment!" (To be continued.)


English we are likely to meet with a figure that radiates an atmosphere of supreme magic and fascination.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, in the "Nigger of the Narcissus," portrays a sophisticated "Uncle Remus," who knows a thousand things which the blacks of the plantations never dreamed of knowing; who is cynical, anxious, impertinent, and blasé; who, perched in an isolated berth, makes one think of a hoarse and tired raven creaking and flapping among a flock of ravenous gulls and stormy petrels.

There are characters that pass muster in the printed book without once making a demand on our critical judgment or appealing to our personal experience; but when we are intimately acquainted with the general type or temperament; under discussion the presentation of character must be something more than a mere literary imitation, no matter how clever the imitation may be. In a character like that of the "Nigger," one blundering phrase, one wrong gesture, and the portrait becomes a caricature. I speak for myself when I say that all doubts as to Mr. Conrad's ability to present an exact portrait of an English-speaking negro vanished as soon as I read:--"He was naturally scornful, unaffectedly condescending, as if from his height of six foot three he had surveyed all the vastness of human folly and had made up his mind not to be too hard on it." There you have the first snapshot. The author rises at once to the six foot three level of his subject. And if this were not sufficient to set all doubts at rest, we read:--"He held himself up in the glare of the lamp—a head vigorously modelled into deep shadowed and shining lights—a head powerful and misshapen with a tormented and flattened face—a face pathetic beyond the tragic, the mysterious, the repulsive mask of a nigger's soul.

But when the negro calmly asks: "Is your cook a coloured gentleman?" the author with one stroke finishes the portrait, and we know him once for all. We know how he looks and we know what he is. Nothing remains but to see what he will do.

No doubt many readers of the novel, not being acquainted with the different types of the American negro, will see in the query: "Is your cook a coloured gentleman?" an attempt on the part of the author to say something original, to be ironically humorous, to picture a type of negro that never existed. Yet he exists, and still exists. I have met him in his native haunts time and time again; in Louisiana, in Mississippi, in Missouri, and in many other places. I know the difference between the negro as slave and the negro who was born free. And further, I know the difference that separates the negro as depicted by the late Joel Chandler Harris, and "Bras Coupe," the negro depicted by Cable in the Creole novel, "The Grandissimes." Those characters are mere entities drawn by the hand of masters who delighted in various situations; but in this case the author, having found a black diamond, gives him a setting between the captain, who is a Koh-i-noor of serenity, and the cook, dangling like a great pearl between parasitic and the shadow of the sailors, makes cats'-eyes and opals, and moonstones and emeralds to complete the wonderful diadem. It required the imagination of a poet to conceive this book, and the skill of an artist to work out the details. The lights and shadows of the work are studies in themselves. Many a realist would have given us heavy splashes of colour and perpetuated murder before the Narcissus had accomplished half her voyage through life.

In this matter Mr. Conrad reminds me of a dexterous driver of a sulky in a trotting match who makes his
horse win without once breaking into a gallop. Mr. Conrad's characters in "Lord Jim" and the "Nigger of the Narcissus" go at the trotting pace. And when we think of it, what a blunder it would have been for the author to create a Vorticist novel of mutiny. A still greater blunder would have been to let James Wait die at the hands of the Captain. As the book stands the death of the "Nigger" is one of the most haunting deaths. He is depicted as being controlled by the religious and superstitious cook, Donkin, the human beast, and by Belfast, who relieves the sordid desolation by sentiments and tokens expressed in the right way and at the right time. The things that are, the things that ought seem like things inevitable. The sailmaker in the last scene is described with the imperceptible touch of a painter of portraits who knows the importance of a hair's shadow, the poise of a finger, or the wink of an eye, and the sense of the death scene are only equalled by the horrors of the burial.

Characters are not created. What the literary artist has to create is the atmosphere, the grouping, the ensemble, the illusion of reality. No art whatever is required in reporting the talk or the movements of any being, white, red, or black. "Uncle Remus" would make a poor show without the poetic art of Joel C. Harris, who always manipulated the proper rhythm for his characters. Herein lies the whole difficulty. I said at the beginning of this appreciation that our poets are now working in a medium of prose. In the "Uncle Remus" stories the setting has to conform to the naïve conceptions of the negro who was born in slavery. The poetic faculty here is centred in an atmosphere of woods, fields, and towns, at once simple and natural. Mr. Joseph Conrad set for himself a much more difficult task. He chose a black who knows English better than most of the English sailors on the Narcissus. Only a writer absolutely sure of his powers could hope to achieve success in such a task. And here I must say that I have known illiterate negroes who spoke English with greater precision and dignity than many so-called educated white people. Take for example this, on page 24, where the author makes the negro say: "I called out my name. I thought you had it on your list, and would understand. You misapprehended." The manner in which the word "misapprehended" is used here, from the lips of this negro, stamps the author as a master of his subject. He knows exactly what this negro ought to say according to his dialect of the graveyard.

If we view the portrait with mingled feelings of fascination and horror, the intellect feasts on the marvellous environment, the air, the sky, the waves, the clouds, the sounds, the fleeting shadows, the fugitive lights. Never was there a greater weaver of nuances, tones, imitations, gestures, attitudes, illusion, horizons. A book is more educable by what it puts into the heart of the reader than by what it puts into the mind of himself. In a serious book a fine aphorism has three times the importance of one epigram. Mr. Conrad is a poet of Nature as well as a poet of dramatic power. Consider this description of the Narcissus starting on the high seas: "Flaking from her sides; the water struck her with flashing blows; the land glided away, slowly fading; a few birds screamed on motionless wings over the swaying mast-heads. But soon the land disappeared, the birds went away..." The last four words of this passage show the author's penetrating and delicate faculty for nuance, for the magical combination of reality, sentiment, and illusion. But I hardly know what to quote, there are so many passages that clamour for quotation. The sunshine gleamed cold on the white curls of black waves," would suffice for the literary reputation of any new writer. I call a description realistic when it sends the mind of the reader back to any memorable or terrible experience. I passed through the routine cloth to my wanderings on high seas, and I find Mr. Conrad's description of a great storm the most vivid and exact I have ever read. "No one spoke and all listened. Outside the night moaned and sobbed to the accompaniment of a continuous loud drone of innumerable drums beating far off. Shrieks passed through the air. Tremendous dull blows made the ship tremble while she rolled under the weight of the seas toppling on her decks. At times she soared up swiftly as if to leave this earth for ever, then during interminable moments fell through a void with all the hearts on board of her standing still, till a frightful shock, expected and sudden, started them off again with a big thump." No one has ever spoken of reactionary incidents and emotions with greater beauty and power: "The return on the poop was like the return of wanderers after many years amongst people marked by the desolation of time. Every time Mr. Conrad has to deal with the voices and perceptions of the negroes, I am not so much a delicate and sentimental poet, but as a poet of realism, and he condenses into three or four lines what many good writers would find it difficult to say in a whole page. Take this: 'The wind whistled across long sunbeams that in the temperate and cold structure full of rivetted pupils of staring eyes without making them wink.'

Pierre Lotti's descriptions of sea, sky, and atmosphere are more vivid in their rhythms; Mr. Conrad's are direct and dramatic. The fishermen is a place of damp desolation... It hummed hollow with the wind, and was strewed with shapeless wreckage like a half-tide cavern in a rocky and exposed coast. Speaking of the stars, he says: "Remote in the eternal calm they glistered hard and cold above the uproot of the earth."

The seas, the mountains, and deserts are all infinitely difficult to describe because of their vastness, their multiple manifestations of light and shade, their colour and gloom, and above all because of their awful silences. On the ocean three things move: the ship, the waves, and the wind, and over all this there are the clouds in a storm. Mr. Conrad has painted them all, massed them on a single page, and yet the reader lives upon the page. When we see in a glance, as it were, the whole combination in the same way that we hear all the instruments of an orchestra in a panorama. And never does he permit the reader to forget the landscape. I have said that the frame of the "Nigger's" portrait is as fine as the picture, and I hardly know which I admire most—the figures that surround the Black or the atmosphere in which the ship moves, with the sun, moon, and stars always described in a few strokes and always in the most vivid and realistic way. I can usually make up my mind about a writer's descriptive powers by the manner in which he makes the moon and its light are treated, especially at times of cloud and storm. Never once does the poet-artist fail in these most difficult and delicate pictures. At the critical moment, visible through an awful gap in the heavens, the moon is seen "rushing backwards with frightful speed over the sky." Indeed, Mr. Conrad keeps the reader's mind occupied on every page, now with incidents, now with atmospheres, now with some character; and he separates the different sailors in the mind's eye by making each stand out according to age, nationality, and condition. Never are the sailors lumped together en masse. We see each in his separate rôle in the novel, right down to the sailmaker in the last scene. At the closing of the book no nuance or gesture is wanting, for the author holds the magic mirror of life to the dying, and on its hard surface we witness the shrivelling up of characters, and vanish, and then our gaze is rivetted, as in some horrid dream, on the sailor stitching the coarse canvas shroud round the body for the burial at sea, with all its nameless emotions, horror, and irredeemable desolation.

By Jacob Tonson.

The practice of reviewing the literature of the year at the end thereof is now decaying. Newspapers still give a masterly survey of the motor cars of the year. I remember the time when it was as a serious journalist to finish at Christmas a two-thousand word article, full of discrimination as fine as Irish lace, about the fiction of the year; and other terrifying specialists were engaged to deal amply with the remaining branches of literature. To-day, one man in one column and one day will polish off what five of us scarcely exhausted in seven columns and seven days. I am referring to the distant past of a dozen years ago, before William de Morgan was born, and before America and Elinor Glyn had discovered each other.

There has been no practice of reviewing the literature of the year at the end thereof. The consequence is that there has been no "book of the year." A critic without space to spread himself hesitates to pronounce downright for a particular book. To-day, one man in one column and one day will polish off what five of us quite exhausted in seven columns and seven days. I am referring to the distant past of a dozen years ago, before William de Morgan was born, and before America and Elinor Glyn had discovered each other.

"The celebrated "Dop Doctor" (published by Heinemann) and Mr. Temple Thurston's "City of Beautiful Nonsense" (published by Chapman and Hall) have both sold very well indeed throughout the entire year. In fact, they were selling better in December than many successful novels published in the autumn. They both have a certain literary quality, sufficient to save them from being openly gayed by people like myself. Yet neither of them, assuming that there had been a book of the year, would have had much chance of being that book. The reason is that they have not been sufficiently "talked about." I mean "talked about" by "the right people." And by "right people" I mean the people who make a practice of dining out at least three times a week in the West End of London to the accompaniment of cultural conversation. I mean the people who are "in the know," politically, socially, and intellectually — who know what Mr. F. E. Smith says to Mr. Winston Churchill in private, why Mrs. Huffman Ward made such an enormous pother at the last council meeting of the Authors' Society, what is really the matter with Mr. Bernard Shaw's later work, whether Mr. Balfour does indeed help Mr. Garvin to write the "Daily Telegraph" leaders, and whether the Savoy Restaurant is as good under the new management as under the old. I reckon myself one of these people. I constitute the "élite." Without their aid, without their refined and judicial babblement, no book can hope to be a book of the year.

Now I am in a position to state that no novel for very many years has been so discussed by the "élite" as Mr. Forster's "Howard's End." The ordinary library reader knows that it has been a very considerable popular success; persons of genuine taste know that it is a very considerable literary achievement; but its triumph is that it has been mightily argued about during the repasts of the "élite." I need scarcely say that it is not Mr. Forster's best book; no author's best book is ever the best received—this is a rule practically without exception. A more curious point about it is that it contains a lot of very straight criticism of the "élite," or at any rate of the first census of the "élite." And yet this point is not very curious either. For the "élite" have no objection whatever to being criticised. They rather like it, as the alligator likes being tickled with peas out of a pea-shooter. Their hides are superbly impenetrable. And I know not which is more delicious to them—criticism or praise. They are like a certain madam who, when she is having a certain modest success, will refuse to show how the works of these two writers affected her, for fear of hurting, if you like, "the right people." I mean the people who are "in the know," politically, socially, and intellectually — who know what Mr. F. E. Smith says to Mr. Winston Churchill in private, why Mrs. Huffman Ward made such an enormous pother at the last council meeting of the Authors' Society, what is really the matter with Mr. Bernard Shaw's later work, whether Mr. Balfour does indeed help Mr. Garvin to write the "Daily Telegraph" leaders, and whether the Savoy Restaurant is as good under the new management as under the old. I reckon myself one of these people. I constitute the "élite." Without their aid, without their refined and judicial babblement, no book can hope to be a book of the year.

There can be no sort of doubt concerning the identity of the book of the year in Paris. It is "Marie Claire," of which an English translation will shortly be published in England by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and in the United States by Messrs. George H. Doran and Co. The translation is by Mr. John Raphael, known to tens of thousands of Sunday-morning-readers-on-bed as "Pericival" of the "Referee." The literary year in Paris has been frankly bad, both artistically and financially. Some dozens of prizes are offered annually for the encouragement of imaginative literature, but, of course, the main thing which these prizes encourage is mediocrity. The easiest way of finding the best books of the year is to choose those which have just escaped getting a big prize. In this manner I came across "Nono," by Gaston Roupen (published by Plon), which had a narrow shave of the prize given by the Academy Goncourt. Were it possible for an academy to choose well, "Nono" would have received the prize; but it is notoriously impossible. "Nono" is good, and is having a certain modest success among people who don't dine out. The new poet of the year is Maurice Rostand, son of Edmond. He is capable of writing detached lines which are indubitably poetry, which is more than can be said of his father. His astounding facility is, of course, against his ultimate success. He is now eighteen. But four years ago, when he was fourteen, he used to read to me really remarkable French translations which he had made of poems by Mr. Arthur Symons and others. Still more odd, at fourteen he had translated his father's "La Samari-taine" into English verse of French metre.

REVIEWS.

By A. E. Randall.

Two Russian Reformers. By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

Why Mr. Lloyd used this title as a description of Turgenev and Tolstoy is a riddle without an answer. He does not attempt to deal with Russian reform, or to show how the works of these two writers affected it. The only reform mentioned in this book is the emancipation of the serfs, and Mr. Lloyd attributes this to Turgenev. "His 'Annals of a Sportsman' appeared in 1852, and by this book the novelist enfranchised millions of human beings." As they were not emancipated until 1861, and then by an act of the Government,—moreover, as Waliszewski says, Turgenev never "approached the problem of the abolition..."
of servility: he never referred to it)—it is clear that the book was only one of the causes, and must have operated so as almost to make its issue irreconcilable. And as Stepniak says that in the_redistribution of the land by the Emancipation Committees "the enfranchised peasants received much less than they had previously enjoyed," the value of the reform may be doubted. Nothing here can be refused personally to any of the reformers, and to the end of his life denied the value of organisation, even for the relief of temporary distress.

As biographical sketches of the men and critical estimates of their works, these essays are without value. There is no new matter in the Tolstoy essay, and Mr. Lloyd's use of the old familiar stories throws no new light on the man. As a refutation of Merezhkovski's thesis it is insufficient, for Mr. Lloyd ignores both the argument and the evidence. Against Merezhkovski's over-emphasis of the pagan in Tolstoy, Mr. Lloyd urges that "there were at no time any such two Tolstoys as these of the popular belief, but, in a quite different sense from Ivan Turgenev, the author of War and Peace speaks a somewhat significant duality. This duality is not temperamental, as in the case of Turgenev, but springs rather from the external pressure of the environment upon the natural ego. No profound suspicion of all things haunted Tolstoy from the beginning." Yet he says later: "For here, on the very threshold of life, the two Tolstoys vie with one another in a far more obvious contest than that of the ancients, the one for pride of life, his pulses quivering with joyous contentment in the hic et nunc of his moment; but the other Tolstoy, penetrated by that melancholy tingling of a prospective barrister should be apparent. This other Tolstoy was the one Turgenev disliked so in "The Cossacks." In contrast civilisation with fresh, primordial, nature," he wrote, "there was no need again to produce that dull, unhealthy, always pre-occupied with himself. Why does not Tolstoy rid himself of that nightmare?" Mr. Lloyd concludes: "The cone has narrowed gradually up to its remote summit, but its structure is essentially one and the same, and the Tolstoy of Resurrection is essentially the Tolstoy of Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth." But this is simply Herr Reinhold's thesis of "an absolutely straightforward continuity of development," which was contradicted by Waliszewski; in the next "dual personality". It was contradicted by Tolstoy himself in "My Religion," for he attributed his conversion to a mental crisis. But this explanation is not satisfactory. "The lapses from that straightforward continuity of development," says Waliszewski, "began at an earlier, and have recurred at a much later date. We could hardly conceive of a line more capriciously broken." Unfortunately for Mr. Lloyd, the biography of Tolstoy confirms this view; and Waliszewski's conclusion that "in Tolstoy's nature there are, and always have been, several men whose development runs on parallel lines," is not only biographically but psychologically correct. Ribot, in his Diseases of Personality, says: "Two souls, says Goethe, 'dwell within my breast.' Only two! If moralists, poets, novelists, dramatists have shown us to satisfy these two egos in conflict within the same ego, common experience is still richer; it shows us several, even at the same time, opposing demands in the same man." But this is simply a "message of hope and life." To go to Siberia with a prostitute is accepted by Mr. Lloyd as an answer to the question eternally asked of Destiny.

Via Mystica. By Cyril M. Picciotto. (Heffer and Sons. 6s. net.)

This series of letters converted "Dick" from Fabianism to a belief in the existence of a mystical faculty, to a perception of the duality of life and of invisible beauty, and to a consciousness of the sadness of life, the pride of life, the two Tolstoys as these of the popular belief, but, in a quite different sense from Ivan Turgenev, the author of War and Peace speaks a somewhat significant duality. This duality is not temperamental, as in the case of Turgenev, but springs rather from the external pressure of the environment upon the natural ego. No profound suspicion of all things haunted Tolstoy from the beginning." Yet he says later: "For here, on the very threshold of life, the two Tolstoys vie with one another in a far more obvious contest than that of the ancients, the one for pride of life, his pulses quivering with joyous contentment in the hic et nunc of his moment; but the other Tolstoy, penetrated by that melancholy tingling of a prospective barrister should be apparent. This other Tolstoy was the one Turgenev disliked so in "The Cossacks." In contrast civilisation with fresh, primordial, nature," he wrote, "there was no need again to produce that dull, unhealthy, always pre-occupied with himself. Why does not Tolstoy rid himself of that nightmare?" Mr. Lloyd concludes: "The cone has narrowed gradually up to its remote summit, but its structure is essentially one and the same, and the Tolstoy of Resurrection is essentially the Tolstoy of Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth." But this is simply Herr Reinhold's thesis of "an absolutely straightforward continuity of development," which was contradicted by Waliszewski; in the next "dual personality". It was contradicted by Tolstoy himself in "My Religion," for he attributed his conversion to a mental crisis. But this explanation is not satisfactory. "The lapses from that straightforward continuity of development," says Waliszewski, "began at an earlier, and have recurred at a much later date. We could hardly conceive of a line more capriciously broken." Unfortunately for Mr. Lloyd, the biography of Tolstoy confirms this view; and Waliszewski's conclusion that "in Tolstoy's nature there are, and always have been, several men whose development runs on parallel lines," is not only biographically but psychologically correct. Ribot, in his Diseases of Personality, says: "Two souls, says Goethe, 'dwell within my breast.' Only two! If moralists, poets, novelists, dramatists have shown us to satisfy these two egos in conflict within the same ego, common experience is still richer; it shows us several, even at the same time, opposing demands in the same man." But this is simply a "message of hope and life." To go to Siberia with a prostitute is accepted by Mr. Lloyd as an answer to the question eternally asked of Destiny.

The Book of Love. An Anthology arranged by Arthur Ransome. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6s. net and 10s. 6d. net.)

There is nothing to be said of this book as a compilation. It is a pantheontic of poetry and prose: it contains everything. Essays by Emerson, Jeremy Taylor, Bacon, Montaigne, the old French story "Aucassin and Nicolette," Apuleius' Cupid and Psyche; and, in addition to the customary songs of Shakespeare and the Cavalier poets, Shelley's "Epipsychidion," Spencer's "Epiphalammon," Keats' "Isabella," a number of poems by Mr. Picciotto and some by Mr. Lloyd. It contains complete works, not selected passages; but O! there is such a lot of it.

Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease. By Dr. Bernard Hollander. (Rehm. 6s. net.)

To those who are troubled by the increase of certified insanity, this book should bring comfort. If it could be shown that certain forms of insanity can be referred to particular parts of the brain, and it could be experimentally proved that they are capable of treatment and cure by surgical or other means, we should have no reason for despair. Whether the toxin theory be true or not, there is room for the localisation theory; more particularly when it is recommended by instances of successful operations. Dr. Hollander has collected a mass of evidence in support of the view that insanity is due to focal lesions, leaving general affections and degeneration of the brain to be explained and treated by other methods. We are not medical experts, and it would be imprudent for us to speak authoritatively on this subject. We can only speak as reasonable men, and say that no a priori demonstration will convince us that Dr. Hollander is wrong. We must have as much evidence as he provides, and as conclusive.

In one respect, the book is of extraordinary interest to us. The apparent connection between homicidal mania and injury to, or disease of, the temporal
Drama.
By Ashley Dukes.

A Tug-of-War and a Discussion.

"Shakespeare and his Love." A play by Frank Harris. (Palmer. 28. 6d. net.)

"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." A play by Bernard Shaw. (Sidgwick and Jackson. paper is. 6d. net.)

In a polemical introduction Mr. Frank Harris defines the issue with more ferocity than grace, thus: "Mr. Shaw has written a play on the subject which I have been working on for these fifteen years, and from what he has said thereon in the 'Observer' it looks as if he had annexed my theory bodily, so far as he can understand it, and the characters to boot. After talking about his play and Shakespeare’s passion, and using words of mine again and again as if they were his own, he acknowledges his indebtedness to me in this high-minded and generous way:—'The only English writer who has really grasped this part of Shakespeare’s story is Frank Harris; but Frank sympathises with Shakespeare. It is like seeing Semele reduced to ashes and sympathising with Jupiter. This is equivalent to saying that all the other parts of Shakespeare’s story have been grasped by someone else, presumably by Mr. Shaw himself, and not by me..." This precious utterance of Mr. Shaw shows further that, in his version of the subject, he has not even grasped the characters. Mr. Harris’ piety has not spoiled his craft. There is more controversy than grace in his version of the story; and yet turns pale when the Beefeater informs him that the Dark Lady is no better than she should be. That instant it is Shaw’s only debt to Mr. Harris. Why be a snapper-up of such unconsidered trifles?

For the rest, this Shavian Shakespeare is only the Court buffoon turned poetaster. (Not poet, if we exclude the borrowed plumes of speech.) He jingles cadences of phrase for bell-like verses, and throws in a toy horse-play. ‘I tell you,” he says, “there is no word yet coined and no melody yet sung that is extravagant and majestic enough for the glory that lovely words can reveal. It is heresy to deny it: you have not been taught that ‘in the beginning was the Word? that the Word was with God? nay, that the Word was God?” Here is the old trick of self-explanation; the old irresistible impulse for a witty sensation at any price. Coming from this Shakespeare the sentiment, for all its truth, rings false; as false as the dying speech of Dubedat in the "Doctor’s Dilemma.” A buffoon turned poetaster.

* * *

The love of melody for its own sake, so foreign to the whole Shavian philosophy, is a reality to Mr. Frank Harris. He cuts a sprightly figure as playwright as he is as controversialist. The preface quoted above is clumsily written and the play itself is written with a cadence of its own. More cannot be said, for Mr. Harris has been the first to admit that it is not in reality a very good play. Nevertheless, he comes out of it with considerable gain, for his Shakespeare could conceivably write the Sonnets, while Shaw’s assuredly could not. Whether his Mistress Fitton could inspire them is another question, not to be asked or answered lightly in cold blood. Shakespeare’s scenes with her are the most convincing, and in his Mr. Harris’ piety has not spoiled his craft. There is much patchwork in the rest, and the close of the fourth act and the epilogue verge upon anti-climax. But one portrait remains; and so far the play succeeds. In his introduction Mr. Harris records Shaw’s verdict upon it: “You have represented Shakespeare as sadler than he was, I think; but you have shown his genius, which everyone else has omitted to do. After “The Dark Lady of the Sonnets” this will do good.

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It is a far cry from the neo-Shakespearean plays to Mr. Barker’s “Madras House,” now published for the first time. This is a work of the highest order. The gulf is immense. The gulf is immense. The gulf is immense. The gulf is immense. The gulf is immense.

Mr. Barker’s “Madras House” is a comedy by Granville Barker. It is like seeing Semele reduced to ashes and sympathising with Jupiter. This is equivalent to saying that all the other parts of Shakespeare’s story have been grasped by someone else, presumably by Mr. Shaw himself, and not by me. This precious utterance of Mr. Shaw shows further that, in his version of the subject, he has not even grasped the characters. Mr. Harris’ piety has not spoiled his craft. There is more controversy than grace in his version of the story; and yet turns pale when the Beefeater informs him that the Dark Lady is no better than she should be. That instant it is Shaw’s only debt to Mr. Harris. Why be a snapper-up of such unconsidered trifles?

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there is anything you desire to know about the Huxtable family which one of its members has not already told you (at first sight an unlikely contingency), Mr. Barker will inform you confidentially, as man to man, in page after page of neatly grouped italics. If you wish to share the joy of the first weight audience (designed to lead the visitors) in learning that Constantine Madras was himself in person the father of Miss Yates’ illegitimate child, and that there actually was a plot after all, the fourth act will give you the necessary minimum of particular detail. But these are not the only reasons for reading “The Madras House.”

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE AGE OF UNREASON.

SIR,—To me pondering deeply once came the thought that time might be a wheel and that everything was to happen again in the evolution of cycles. The fact that Plato (as I was told later) had thought the same thing two thousand years before seemed in itself to prove that things at the present day I see much to confirm it. I can hear the clock of the ages striking twelve, and see the hand above the circle. The wheel of time is reverting to its primitive state, unknown to our thinkers, and now, as in the days when the first people were in the woods, we must consider the problems which must have vexed the brains of the lacustrine men. For it was then, we are told, that the primitive or rudimentary forms. Immaturity of the reasoning faculty, or, indeed, its complete absence—is now recognized as wisdom. I do not object to a man’s saying that he is in two places at once, or that children may be gotten by a purely intellectual process. These conceptions proceed from a disordered, but not necessarily immature, intellect. But when an anti-Suffragist says that women should not have the vote because they are different from men, when, in fact, of course, they should have it, I suspect that the speaker must have bitted his head hard against the coal-scuttle when an infant.

This intellectual atrophy is one of the symptoms that society affords of an imminent mental and emotional collapse. Our state presents a terrible contrast to that of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when a country like ours was the example of the world. We have got behind primitive man to the blue-faced baboon to the trouble of demonstrating the fallacies of the Jaeger-eugenists.

Sir,—The following appeal, written by Mr. Upton Sinclair, has been sent to President Taft on behalf of Mr. F. D. Warren, the editor of the American Socialist “Appeal to Reason.” The letter itself provides a summary of the circumstances, and further details can be had on application to Mr. Sinclair.

AN AMERICAN APPEAL.

SIR,—The following appeal, written by Mr. Upton Sinclair, has been sent to President Taft on behalf of Mr. F. D. Warren, the editor of the American Socialist “Appeal to Reason.” The letter itself provides a summary of the circumstances, and further details can be had on application to Mr. Sinclair.

TO PRESIDENT TAFT.

I write to request your attention to the case of Fred D. Warren, editor of the “Appeal to Reason.” The case has just been decided by the United States Court of Appeals. The decision being adverse, Mr. Warren finds himself under sentence of fine and imprisonment. If you would familiarise yourself with all the circumstances of the case, you would realise that it is an incredible travesty upon justice, and a flagrant case of the persecution of a man for his political opinions.
The charge against Warren was the sending of a defama-
tory postal card through the mail. It was obvious that this 
postal card was sent from no personal motive, but from a 
political one. The Supreme Court of the United States had 
just decided that theداد of such a card was an offense 
against the law as between Socialist working men and Republi-
can politicians. For the offence of sending such a postal card 
through the mail, he is now under sentence, as stated.

I will not attempt a review of the case, as you can obtain 
all the facts from authoritative sources. I will simply call 
your attention to three points, which, to my mind, stamp 
the case as a most flagrant example of political persecution. 

First, Warren presented at his trial several hundred postal 
cards which had been mailed by sheriffs of various States, 
offering rewards for the apprehension and delivery of fugi-
tives from justice, under exactly the same circumstances 
as his own. Second, his case was postponed for several 
weeks after election.

When Warren's counsel attempted to ask the question, 
he had been under indictment for any crime at the time 
when the defamatory postal card was mailed, said counsel 
was not permitted to ask the question to make a vital 
fact known to the jury. I would also call your atten-
tion to the striking fact that the decision of the Court of 
Appeals has been reversed for more than six months, and 
this reversal is now delivered at a most opportune time—namely, 
two weeks after election.

If I were thinking only of the interests of the Socialist 
movement, with which I am identified, I would welcome this 
Warren case. In the two years during which it has been 
hanging, more than double the number of circulations of the 
"Appeal," which is today over 475,000, and will be 
over a million if Warren spends his six months in jail. In 
addition to that, it has given us our candidate for President 
in 1912, for whom we shall poll a million or two votes. 
But I am not only a Socialist, I am also an American, and 
I cannot believe that you, who are under oath to maintain 
our Republic a form of government in this country, can 
permit so wicked an instance of persecution for political 
opinions to be set down as precedent in our affairs.

It lies within your power to grant an immediate pardon, 
and thus to administer a rebuke to too subservient corpora-
tion justice, and to demonstrate to a large and growing party that it is your intention to hold even the rights of justice, 
and to protect them in their political propaganda. If you 
fail to do this, there can be but one result: the men 
who are the agents of a system of pre-office and 
extra-legal methods, will be driven to thinking of extra-
legal and extra-constitutional methods, and the revolution 
which is inevitable in this country within the present decade will be a revolution of violence instead of a political revolution, as we members 
of the Socialist party desire. UPTON SINCLAIR

Edge Moor, Del., December 1.

* * *

TOLSTOY'S RELIGION.

Sir,—Do some men write articles in order to darken 
counsel with their words? Or do they simply not understand 
what they are writing?

Mr. Randall tells his readers that Matthew Arnold 
warned Tolstoy to leave theology alone! Yet the only 
time Matthew Arnold wrote about Tolstoy was not in 
thology but religion that he dwelt on, and he said that what 
Tolstoy had written concerning it showed "the same extra-
ordinary piety and the same personal religious feeling which 
are exhibited in the author's novels," and that it was "of high 
importance and value." He even wound up by saying: "Whatsoever belongs to the future which is already done, and his work on religion as well as his work 
on imaginative literature, is more than sufficient to guide and to passion-
instructing men of our time." AYLMER MAUDE

THE SYDNEY STREET "BATTLE."

Sir,—We are in the twentieth century: the calendars tell us so. And Matthew Arnold—or of the pork-butcher brand. These reflections are the outcome of the Houndsditch murder case.

The very beginning of the business, when it is beginning to end, seems to be a sample of police muddling, in which three of the murderers met their death. The latest phase, the so-called siege of the "anarchists" (vide "Daily News," of course) "fort," is open to analysis by all the world. And what do we find?

"From information received" the police go to Sidney Street on Monday evening, and instead of carrying out the 
probable arrest in the usual smart C.I.D. manner, they clear out all the other inhabitants of the block "noiselessly," and wait in the snowfall, which is already quite heavy. The police, 
by a volley. A little acquaintance with the history of "dan-
gerous criminals" shows that dozens have been arrested quite 
simply and without all the pother and confusion of 1,300 police,
Sir,—Has anyone noticed the similarity of the styles of Lord Lytton and Mr. Grierson? Take this extract from Chapter XXIII. of "Godolphin":—

'The time we now speak of was the most brilliant of the English world, during the last half century, has known.

J. Letters and Diplomacy: A Selected Bibliography

Mr. Francis Grierson and Bulwer Lytton.

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Lord Byron was in his brief and dazzling zenith; De Staël was in London; the Peace had turned the attention of rich idlers to social enjoyment and to literary and artistic excitement, and a brilliancy, and a spirituality, about our circles, which we do not recognise now. Never had a young and ambitious woman been so brilliant and eager—a moment for the commencement of her power. It was Constancé's early and bold resolution to push to the utmost—even to exaggeration—a power existing in all polished societies, but now mostly in this—the power of fashion! This mysterious and subtle engine she was eminently skilled to move according to her will. Her intuitive penetration into character, her tact, and her grace, were exactly the talents Fashion most demands; and they were at present devoted only to that sphere. The assuredness that she enjoyed, day after day times, with the bewitching softness and ease of manner she could command at others, increased the effect of her power. It must to be imitated as well as to win.

I was much struck, on comparing this with one of Mr. Gritton's sketches of brilliant French women, at the same time that the vision was tinged with cynicism, Mr. Gritton evidently believes that the only true criticism is praise.

* * *

W. H. RENDE.

THE PATH TO DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—I have always thought Mr. Cecil Chesterton's exposition of Socialism to be among the sanest and most helpful contributions to the subject in our time. His is a Socialism against which, it seems to me his brother's contortions. Here was a measure which sought to make the brewers' campaign of the election before last very nearly succeeded in persuading the property owners' campaign of the Labour Party losing the Liberal Party losing the election.

The whole crux of the argument in the Chesterton brothers appears to turn on the working man's half-pint, and I am beginning to think this strenuous commentator on English social history is much overdone. Especially when we arrive at such a positively insane conclusion as that the Labour Party had no right to support the Licensing Bill. This is one of Mr. Balfour, that there shall be a referendum whenever the House of Lords is unwilling to sanction the measures adopted by the House of Commons.

* * *

UPTON SINCLAIR.

TO SOCIALISTS AND OTHERS.

Sir,—I live in a rather out-of-the-way village, from which I occasionally make expeditions and give lectures on Socialism for any Socialist organisation which invites me.

I have been enabled to do this comfortably because I have had a young comrade working with me as lay-reader and organist. When I am absent on lecturing trips he looks after things generally.

To all comrades to send me contributions for this purpose. If I cannot raise the money, and he has to go, we shall be both. We are gaining converts here one by one, and are also doing something to brighten people's lives. I shall be greatly encouraged if I receive many postcards of more than enough in money for this year is sent I will save it for next. The result of this appeal I will send to THE NEW AGE.

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