NOTES OF THE WEEK

Mr. Churchill's epistolary art has not yet gone through the purgatorial flames of criticism through which his public speaking has more or less successfully passed. His letters in explanation, extenuation and repudiation of his share in the Sydney Street "battle" are not only crude in phraseology (lance 'choked with British blood' from a Cabinet Minister), but they either wilfully or ignobly miss the main point at issue. The "Times" correspondents were quite justified in impaling him on the horns of this dilemma : either he was present as Home Secretary in command of the "operations," in which case his responsibility is complete and positive; or he was there merely as a curious spectator, in which case his responsibility, as Home Secretary, is still complete though negative. But that for the moment is of no concern, either he was present as Home Secretary in command of the "operations," in which case his responsibility is complete and positive; or he was there merely as a curious spectator, in which case his responsibility, as Home Secretary, is still complete though negative. But that for the moment is of no concern.

Mr. Churchill alone was responsible for what if it occurred, as we said last week, in America, would have been called a lynching.

... Mr. Churchill's letter to THE NEW AGE, published elsewhere, raises a number of interesting points. We do not know that our readers will expect a summary at this moment of what Mr. Belloe deprecates as "editorial policy." If to hold a very definite view of the nature of Representative Government, and to maintain it as a practical test of political as distinct from economic progress are characteristics of an editorial policy, then we frankly admit the charge. But this by no means implies that we do not agree with Mr. Belloe's view of actual politics which, we assume, may be fairly...
described in Leslie Stephen's words applied to Horace Walpole: "Politics is a series of ingeniously contrived manoeuvres in which the moving power of the machinery is the desire of sharing the spoils." Yes, indeed, it is, but that is not the whole truth. If it were the whole truth Mr. Belloc would not be, as he is, almost the only person in England to be insisting on it. From another angle, indeed, it is clear that the moving force of political institutions is what Disraeli's Coningsby called the good instincts but the bad judgment of the deluded masses. If he who was sufficiently to appear proofs of his constancy. Under these circumstances, the good instincts but the bad judgment of the deluded masses, the electors intended. We have been misunderstood if our readers have gathered that the political positions of Mr. Belloc are our views. We do not know what professional politicians. On the contrary, it is precisely the "finding out" of the professional (in the bad sense) politicians that marks the progress of popular politics. But this process will not be accelerated, but rather delayed, by the adoption of the crudest form of democracy contained in the Referendum, if even by an impossible admission the Referendum were to be accompanied by the right of Initiative. Mr. Chesterton argued last week that the Initiative was essential, needed for its operation the co-operation of some 250,000 electors. If, however, political gumption were sufficient to enable a quarter of a million electors to combine to initiate a popular measure, it stands to reason that they could combine to return as representatives who would move the Referendum to convince them of the popular needs. As a matter of fact, it is not the knowledge of what the people really need that is lacking even in Parliament as it is constituted to-day. Still less is it knowledge of how to satisfy those needs by legislation. If the spirit were willing the way is open, as every Parliamentarian very well knows. No instruction by the people is necessary to teach their members of Parliament what measures are, in fact, popular and what not. This being the case, the remedy is simply to return as representatives a majority of members of Parliament who have the will as well as the knowledge and the power to legislate popularly. Until the people are prepared to do that, nothing else that they can do will be of any real effect. Even a Referendum with the Initiative could be mauld to produce the contrary or a simulacrum only of what the electors intended.

This, and a score of equally unanswerable arguments, lead to the conclusion that the main work of political reformers is at this moment, and, in fact, always, in a Democratic community, popular political education. But what are the means to be adopted? We will not anticipate Mr. Chesterton's articles on this subject, but confining ourselves to a single instance which may serve likewise to explain our conception of the political expediency of the moment. Let us suppose that a company of people are under the necessity of employing a responsible agent in some difficult operation over which it is impossible for them to keep a watchful eye. Let us suppose further that one or two of their number become convinced on very good grounds that the said agent is playing his constituency false, but that is not the whole truth. If it were the whole truth Mr. Belloc would not be, as he is, almost the only person in England to be insisting on it. From another angle, indeed, it is clear that the moving force of political institutions is what Disraeli's Coningsby called the good instincts but the bad judgment of the deluded masses. If he who was sufficiently to appear proofs of his constancy. Under these circumstances, the good instincts but the bad judgment of the deluded masses, the electors intended. We have been misunderstood if our readers have gathered that the political positions of Mr. Belloc are our views. We do not know what professional politicians. On the contrary, it is precisely the "finding out" of the professional (in the bad sense) politicians that marks the progress of popular politics. But this process will not be accelerated, but rather delayed, by the adoption of the crudest form of democracy contained in the Referendum, if even by an impossible admission the Referendum were to be accompanied by the right of Initiative. Mr. Chesterton argued last week that the Initiative was essential, needed for its operation the co-operation of some 250,000 electors. If, however, political gumption were sufficient to enable a quarter of a million electors to combine to initiate a popular measure, it stands to reason that they could combine to return as representatives who would move the Referendum to convince them of the popular needs. As a matter of fact, it is not the knowledge of what the people really need that is lacking even in Parliament as it is constituted to-day. Still less is it knowledge of how to satisfy those needs by legislation. If the spirit were willing the way is open, as every Parliamentarian very well knows. No instruction by the people is necessary to teach their members of Parliament what measures are, in fact, popular and what not. This being the case, the remedy is simply to return as representatives a majority of members of Parliament who have the will as well as the knowledge and the power to legislate popularly. Until the people are prepared to do that, nothing else that they can do will be of any real effect. Even a Referendum with the Initiative could be mauld to produce the contrary or a simulacrum only of what the electors intended.

If anybody cares to inquire into the real motives of the Labour Party in the adoption of their present tactics, the above, we are sure, is a right track. Mr. Belloc asks incredulously if we can imagine Mr. Philip Snowden abandoning "tactics." Certainly we can. It is a foregone conclusion, in fact, that the present tactics of the Labour Party will be abandoned within a few seconds of the discovery that the Cabinet does not mean business with the Lords' Veto. And not only will the Labour Party abandon them, but such a graphic lesson in "party" politics will have been learned by the rank and file of the nation that it will not need to be repeated for a generation.

Can the King commit contempt of court? We are moved to ask this question by the following facts. Some time in last December a political dispute arose between two men named Payton and Wells and a man named Warren in a public-house. The argument unhappily ended in a fight, in which serious damage was sustained by one side or the other. On December 25 the King wrote this letter to Mr. Wells: "The King regrets to hear that, owing to your pluckily taking exception to disloyal language being used, you sustained severe injuries, and that you had the misfortune to fall on some broken glass and receive deep cuts in the leg in consequence." On January 7 Payton and Wells were brought before the Petty Sessions and committed for trial on various charges arising out of this incident. We trust that the exparte opinion of the Labour Party in the adoption of their present tactics, the above, we are sure, is a right track. Mr. Belloc asks incredulously if we can imagine Mr. Philip Snowden abandoning "tactics." Certainly we can. It is a foregone conclusion, in fact, that the present tactics of the Labour Party will be abandoned within a few seconds of the discovery that the Cabinet does not mean business with the Lords' Veto. And not only will the Labour Party abandon them, but such a graphic lesson in "party" politics will have been learned by the rank and file of the nation that it will not need to be repeated for a generation.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdag.

When Monarchs or Foreign Ministers exchange visits it is customary for the Great Powers to be advised. Notes of explanation are sent, and emphasis is always laid on the friendly and conciliatory tone that is devoutly hoped for by the Monarchs or Ministers in question. (Thus of explanation are sent, and emphasis is always laid on meeting customary for the other Powers interested to demand Austro-Hungarian Governments.)

In cases where such notes are not sent, however,—and they are sometimes deliberately withheld—it is customary for the other Powers interested to demand adequate explanations. For example, when King Ferdinand of Bulgaria visited Paris some time ago the German Government demanded a detailed explanation of the meaning of the visit. These demands serve to and they are sometimes deliberately withheld—it is itself abreast of the movements

Ferdinand of Bulgaria visited Paris some time ago the German Government demanded a detailed explanation in behalf of their respective Governments what the inter-

Vienna. According to all the established rules of diplomacy the course to be adopted by Sir Edward Grey and M. Pichon was quite clear. They should have asked in behalf of their respective Governments what the inter-

This personage said: "I give it as my frank opinion that two more incompetent Ministers than Grey and Pichon have never in recent times disgraced the Foreign Offices of any country. Grey bungled over Egypt, and I can assure you that the announcement in the first article you ever contributed to The New Age, that an outbreak there was imminent, caused quite a lot of fuss. But he bungled again over the Balkans, and the unexpected withdrawal of British support at the critical moment seem to set Petersburg. I need hardly remind you of his thoughtlessness in connection with Crete, and, of course, Pichon assisted him from blunder to blunder over Turkey—you should hear Mahmud Sheref Pasha about that."

I took the liberty of reminding my friend that M. Pichon was just about to make a speech in the Chamber of Deputies on the discussion of the Foreign Ministry's Budget, and he replied: "Of course, you know, as well as I do, that these things can be glossed over. The average French Deputy, like the average English M.P., is not endowed with such an amazing amount of perspicacity that he can see through a carefully-prepared diplomatic network." "I would remark your Excellency that our Foreign Minister is in precisely the same predicament." "C'est vrai, Minister Sir Arthur Nicolson is not. Your new Permanent Under-Secretary would have prevented this recent slip had his advice been followed. But it was not, and I have every reason to believe that the blame will be laid on the proper person. There is some talk of Grey's place being taken by Churchill, who would act under the guidance of Sir Arthur Nicolson." "It is, of course, quite possible to discount the speeches of Grey and Pichon beforehand—in fact, this is already being done by the Continental Press, which does know something about politics. Pichon will refer to the feeling and cordiality prevailing between England and France, and France and Russia, while Grey will speak of the ententes with France and Russia. But both must avoid the significant fact that the feeling of solidarity has departed from the Triple Entente."

Since this conversation, and before these notes appear in print, M. Pichon will doubtless have spoken; but his speech will be as the cracking of thorns under a pot. Energy will have triumphed over inertia, enlightened cunning over the simplicity of those who think that diplomats say what they mean.

As I wish to say a word or two about Portugal, I will deal with this matter further next week. I do not propose on this occasion to treat fully of Portuguese affairs and the mess they are in; but so many absurd statements have been made that it is really essential to set the public right regarding a few of them. The "Daily News," for example, published a few days ago a list of alleged reforms introduced by the new Government, including the abolition of the Press Censorship, the right to strike, and the expulsion of the Jesuits. Not one of these items is looked upon as a reform by the vast majority of the people of the country. The Press Censorship, which was mildly administered under the reign of King Manoel, was severely strengthened by the new Government, which will repress over foreign telegrams, despite the official announcement to the contrary. The expulsion of certain religious orders has not yet had any effect one way or the other. When this subject is felt it will not be in the direction imagined by the Press in this country, both Liberal and Conservative.

What no stretch of any vocabulary can hail as a reform, however, is the absurd and untimely "right" to strike. Strike, as in a Republic, and the United States have sufficiently shown us, government cannot be carried on even for a day unless obedience is exhibited towards their masters by those who are in subordinate positions. The French Government, even by its Bill passed in the eighties, was far from allowing any such wide privilege to the workmen as the right to strike; but even a comparatively mild strike on the part of a body of non-State officials recently was followed by drastic legislation—legislation which was introduced by a man who is still, in theory, an avowed Socialist.

If we accept a thoroughly democratic point of view, we must admit that there are no "rights," except such as the individual community, or a majority of its community, may agree to accord to certain bodies or individuals or classes for the benefit of the people as a whole. There can be no "right" to strike unless the community agrees that it is willing to be thrown into a state of anarchy and hopeless confusion by allowing a part of itself to stop its work. No community in history has ever tried to commit hari-kari by granting such a "right;" and this "right" was conceded unthinkingly in Portugal by a few inexperienced bookworms who are absolutely unacquainted with sociology, however great authorities they may be on Positivism —and, furthermore, without even taking the opinion of the country on the matter. The Portuguese elections are as far off as ever.

Of course, what any observer of human nature might have expected to happen, actually happened. Deluded into the belief that the millennium had at last arrived, the workmen got off without a protest, or on no pretext at all. Strikes were declared, not singly, but in dozens. The strike of the Portuguese railwaymen is only one of a long series, and the suspension of the train service to Madrid and Paris made it impossible for the Government to deny it. This particular strike has received a certain amount of notice in the foreign Press because of the inconvenience to travellers; the strikes which have merely inconvenienced the Portuguese themselves, have been neglected as not being "matters of general public interest."
The Path to Democracy.
By Cecil Chesterton.

III.—The Representative.

The duty of a representative, as I have already said, is to represent. He is an organ, an instrument for the expression of the popular will. If he is anything else, he is an oligarch. So much is clear.

As I observed in my last article, I think the Referendum (accompanied by the Initiative) would be a most valuable check upon the abuse of his position. But, until such machinery for the direct expression of the popular mandate has been established, it may be well to say something of the duties of a representative. How, if he takes the correct view of his position, and really desires to vote as his constituents would vote if they were consulted, is he to conduct himself?

First it may be remarked that he is there to represent his constituents and not merely that particular section of his constituents who may have been responsible for promoting his candidature. At present he can hardly be said, in most cases, to represent any section of his constituents. His programme is defined for him by the central caucus of the party to which he professes to belong, and represents the arrangement come to between the politicians on the front bench and the wealthy men on whose subscriptions they rely. But even supposing it were not so, supposing that the local caucus were free—which it is not—and supposing that the local caucus correctly represented the feelings of the rank and file of the party in the constituency—which it does not—it would still remain true that a true representative ought to look beyond such an organisation for guidance as to his votes.

Where indeed a clean issue, as of Free Trade v. Protection, has been presented to the electorate and he has won on that issue, he may fairly take the decision as conclusive, and vote accordingly. But very few questions are presented in this clear-cut way. In regard to subordinate issues which have not been placed directly before the electorate he must try to inform himself as to the views of the majority of the electorate, and in doing so he must take into consideration the opinions of those who may have voted against him, as well as of those who have voted in his favour.

Take, for example, the case of a man returned as a Socialist. He may fairly take the return as a mandate to advocate Socialism and any measures which he may have outlined in his programme as the best means of bringing Socialism into active being. But it by no means follows that on all questions he ought to vote as the local I.L.P., or S.D.P., or Fabian Society, or Trades Council desires him to vote. He is not there to represent these bodies, though they may have promoted his candidature. He is there to represent the people—that is the majority of that locality. It is quite possible that on a particular point of national policy, he may think the demands of National defence—all the local Socialist organisations may be against him; yet the mass of the populace may be in his favour. In such a case it is his duty, if he wishes to be a true representative, to disregard the opinion of the organised Socialists and obey the voice of the people. That is what I am altogether against. I do not want the organised body to be able to dictate to the representative his conduct in the House. On such questions he should be free to vote as he thinks best to represent the people.

It is obvious that this view of the duties of a representative throws upon him an enormously increased responsibility. He must not allow himself to be bound by the Party Whip. It is notorious that the Party Whip is easy. To consult with a local caucus is not difficult. But to ascertain the prevalent views of a great mass of unorganised men is about as hard a task as any one could set himself. Yet it is a task which the true representative must attempt to perform.

How is the representative to keep in such constant touch with those whom he is representing as to be able to interpret and, when need be, to foretell their opinions?

He will get little help in this respect from the local party organisation. When these organisations are Liberal or Conservative they represent too often little more than the wealthy men who help the party financially and their dependents. When they are Labour or Socialist they generally consist of altogether exceptional men, who, though they may have secured the assent of the majority of the electorate to their demands, are in regard to other questions altogether divorced from them. He must try to get into direct touch with the population.

How is this to be done?

First, I think, the representative should report from time to time as to his conduct in the House. Such a report should contain an account of how he had voted on every important question and of the reasons which led him so to vote. It should also explain what use he had made of his power of initiative (such as it is), what questions he had raised in the House of Commons, and why he thought those questions of primary importance. The report should be sent to every voter, whether sympathetic with the representative's opinions or hostile to them.

The issue of every such report should be followed by a public meeting, at which the representative should submit himself to full examination and cross-examination upon his record. These meetings must emphatically not be the ordinary partisan demonstration with the principal local supporter of the party in the chair, a baker's dozen of politicians on the platform and an army of supporters to thunder the candidate's qualities. They should be free conferences between the representative and those whom he is supposed to be representing. Not only questions but discussion and criticism from persons of all shades of political opinion should be invited. The representative should be alert to catch the general trend of opinion, and if on any particular question he is convinced that his policy is unpopular he ought to be prepared either to abandon it or to resign.

Several remarkable consequences would certainly follow. One, I think, would be the almost complete obliteration of the lines of party division. No doubt on certain big controversial questions, such as Free Trade or Religious Education, there would be a real division of opinion, and on such matters the representative would simply have to abide by the decision of the majority. But, in the atmosphere of free discussion such as prevails among men talking things over in a club or at a public house, I think it would be found that they were divided in all sorts of odd ways on all sorts of odd questions. They would gradually cease to be hall-marked as "Liberal" or "Conservative"; they would become simply citizens with individual opinions upon various topics.

But where are we to find the representatives who will do all this? Perhaps an odd man here and there returned by accident under the present system might attempt such some action. But the majority will certainly prefer to cling to the party system so long as it seems able to support them. To secure a larger supply of representatives of the right kind it will be necessary to consider the machinery by which candidates are selected; and to that subject I will revert in my next article.
Roughly speaking, the history of the evolution of Church and State is the tale of the civilised world. Religion and politics are the two main subjects round which history has revolved; and these, for want of a better term, I must call the Social Influence, have played an important part in the building up of civilisation, yet it is primarily to the Church and to the State—in other words, to Religion and Politics—that I must call intimately connected. The monarchical and the sacerdotal principles are, no doubt, intimately connected; and though the concept of the State may be a later phenomenon than the concept of the Church, yet, in one sense at least, must Religion and Politics be regarded as strictly coeval. The kingly or monarchical theory—destined to attain to full maturity of expression in the famous maxim: "No Bishop, no Monarchical right is itself a part of evolution, having its source or origin, in a group of ideas which, though mainly religious in character, yet surely are as old as man is himself, so far as their essential characteristics are concerned. The question of the early Church and State—in other words, the recognition of the dual aspect of human society involved by the separation of the sacerdotal and the kingly functions—is a matter which, however unimportant and interesting in itself, has no immediate bearing on the problems by which we are now faced.

Down to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, to quote Mr. F. W. Bussell*, "the divorce of things secular and sacred was openly proclaimed," it may be said that the Church was being forced back on herself. It is true that, either less discerning, or, what is more probable, politically more powerful than "which has hitherto been identified with Monarchism, surrendered to the inevitable a great deal less graciously and philosophically than the Church had done, whose connection with the State, by the way, was much less obvious. But, although it took the Crown a long time to make up its mind to seek, alike its salvation as its justification, within itself, as it were, yet, at long last, the lesson was learnt—that doctrine was assimilated which affirms that Monarchism is as much subject to the laws of evolution in the political field as man or any other animal is in the domain of physics. In England, and the Triple Monarchy generally, it was the Revolution of 1688, which paved the way for this condition of affairs; for though its two principal architects, the Duke of Monmouth and Macintosh, are already divorced, and no one in his senses could propose to revive that unholy alliance. But, although it took the Crown a long time to make up its mind to seek, alike its salvation as its justification, within itself, as it were, yet, at long last, the lesson was learnt—that doctrine was assimilated which affirms that Monarchism is as much subject to the laws of evolution in the political field as man or any other animal is in the domain of physics. In England, and the Triple Monarchy generally, it was the Revolution of 1688 which paved the way for this condition of affairs; for though its two principal architects, the Duke of Monmouth and Macintosh, are already divorced, and no one in his senses could propose to revive that unholy alliance.

But what of the future of Monarchism? "Politics" and "Religion" are already divorced, and no one in his senses could propose to revive that unholy alliance. The re-crying of those bans is not a proposition which nowadays we need discuss, inasmuch as a constitutional
incompatibility of temperament separates the parties, and inasmuch as both have proved themselves, in their respective spheres, useful and necessary members of the universal commonwealth. Monarchism, however, still puts forth some pretensions to the exercise of political power, not having yet, apparently, sufficiently according to the test of time. There can be but one master. Still, in spite of some few existing indications to the contrary, the probability is that the monarchical doctrine and concept will (where suffered to survive) sooner or later be forced back entirely upon itself, thus leaving the way clear and open to the complete and undisputed supremacy of Democracy. The more the Crown is ground between the upper and nether mill-stones of evolution and democracy, according to the test of time, the more the real dignities of sovereignty by which the victory is required to achieve. The devotees of militarism under the Pankhurst flag have become devotees of the grand Dramatic. Monarchism, however, has given the play of one of the advertising octopuses which is feeding upon the spirit of revolt and purification, and gradually eating it out of the movement. Noise and show have come to be the accepted substitutes for argument. Government by suggestion has superseded personal conviction. The impetus of emotion and numbers has taken the place of reason. The woman's boasted standard of morals in public life has come down to the standard that she has so loudly condemned. She has employed all the undeceive influence, all the stage illusions, all the little vices, all the great blind virtues, to carry her through the maze. The respectable classes have been won—and paid for. The treasury has been filled—out of their abundance for the great show and shout. It was one of the strange manifestations of the great purification which women have brought into politics that assumption. But while these premises are ridiculous and inadequate, there is something to be said for the theory that if a sex has been kept cleaning and scrubbing, and scouring and sweeping for a long series of generations, there will be a tendency for the habit to assert itself when that sex secures a wider sphere of existence. From this point of view I have often suggested the theory. The early history of the suffrage movement, and the strange detachment of the women's party organisations from those of the men, have confirmed the view. The twenty years which elapsed between the last Reform Bill and the first outbreak of militancy showed the older suffragists as totally incapable of grappling with the political machine. Two large factors in this failure were the unswerving belief in the honesty of their professed principles and their inability to play any of the ordinary political tricks. But the militant movement has changed all this. The modern suffragist is not only acquainted with the dishonest philandering of the politician, she has proved herself capable of meeting him at his own game. She has read him like a book, and then played off all his best tricks. She can talk large or small according to the need of the moment, as he does; threaten and complain without a change of colour; snatch credit from accident and read special meanings into ordinary events in order to serve her purpose. The militants, and it may be advanced from many different points of view, it is often based merely upon the old sickly sentiment that has survived from the days when men in search of self-approval prorogued the angel-idiot theory. There are suffragists who claim that women have a higher moral nature than men, and who will accept any statement, however extreme, based upon that assumption. But to err on the ridiculous side is something to be said for the theory that if a sex has been kept cleaning and scrubbing, and scouring and sweeping for a long series of generations, there will be a tendency for the habit to assert itself, and to make the women who has made her name, the lady with talent, the woman with leisure, the woman with warm sympathy, and emancipators; they are the instruments of agencies to serve their purpose and drop out of sight. They regard themselves as patrons, heroines, rebels and emancipators; they are really the instruments of advertisement used by a great machine of boom. These are some of the strange manifestations of the great purification which women have brought into politics.

There are two ways of concentrating feeling and effort in a given direction: one of slow growth, educative and deep founded, and resulting in certain conviction; the other a method of sudden ignition, based upon the force of emotion and numbers. The former is real and the latter is fanaticism. The Social and Political Union has chosen the latter way of keeping women wholly submerged in the suffrage movement. This method requires that the eyes of the -women—and one only be opened and made to look through the use of great phrases, raise the cry of Equality to win enthusiasm, applause, and sacrifice, and then cut down her official demand from principle to present expediency.
The strain of suspicion must be cultivated to manufac-
ture wrongs when the supply does not equal the
demand. I have no personal objection to fanatics—if
I am not mistaken they are the natural prod-
uct of some defect in the supply of the world. The
natural cause of the proof is the mountain of evil
which has been by the system which makes
us. The artificially produced variety will,
be kept going lest those who are controlled
by the artificially produced variety will,
in every temporary calm in the militant move-
ment. In spite of the pain and suffering it entails, militancy
is more popular than suffrage. If militancy should
come to be abandoned, because considered no longer
necessary, a large number of present adherents would drop
away from the movement. The means has come to be elevated above the end. The condition is uncon-
scious of course, but it is plainly shown in the speech
and action of the average militant woman. It is
the only conclusion that can be drawn from the occurrence
of militant demonstrations at moments when no ade-
sate advantage can be obtained from them.

The magnifying glass has been turned specially upon
woman herself. A cult of woman-worship has been in-
augurated, a pose of superiority to the male of the species
as ridiculous as the man’s pose of inferiority to the
woman. In a small way this may be a good thing—
for man. In special cases, and where the mental
machinery is of such quality as to make the effort worth
while, this attitude may prove useful in reducing a
foolish young man to reason. But the world is not
full of foolish sex-opinionated young men, and it will
make things no better to fill it with foolish sex-opinion-
atuated young women. There is every justification for
the world to look under masculine domination
ulation; there is everything to be said for the steady
cultivation in women of a high respect for their own
functions and capacities and a belief in themselves; but
there is no permanent satisfaction to be obtained by
casting man down and asking woman to tread upon
him. To reverse an evil condition is not to remove it.
The cultivation of distrust in all men because they are
men, is as evil as the cultivation of contempt for all
women because they are women. But there is danger
of slight account by the suffragist who needs the
price paid to speed-mongering mounts up higher
and higher as every fresh aspect of the movement is
considered. The whole movement now is honeycombed
with exploitation. With one of the strongest cases that
could possibly be desired by reformers, with material of
the most wise and humane leaders cannot always
be tolerated, a pose of superiority to the male of the species
like every other fetish from the light of reason and
may be preserved from injury.

The popularity of militancy within the movement
does not only lend itself to intolerance, it threatens
another danger. Manifestations of the revival spirit
are not always as easily checked as they are started.
The incantations of anointed priests and the use of
symbols and mysteries have always produced undue
influence upon the human mind. Once a man is
completely mastered by emotional excess the discretion
of the most wise and humane leaders cannot always
provide a sufficient curb. This danger is great in itself,
and it is only too strongly accentuated by the popularity
of militant demonstrations. The modern lust for
excitement in the masses is catered for by newspapers,
by promoters of sport, and by political parties. The
public loves a drama with lust and blood in it. The
details of gory fights and fearful calamities are read
with insatiable appetite and gloomy enjoyment in every
corner of the land. Militancy invests the suffrage
movement with the same unholy charm. The only
drawback it has for the mob is that it is not bloody enough.
At aviation meetings the men must fly—even if
they fly to death. The suffrage demonstrations would
be more popular if a few people could be killed in them,
but they cater successfully for the craving for thrills
when there is no greater excitement going. Militancy
has one advantage over murders and accidents in that
one is always informed beforehand when and where to
come and see it. It does not matter whether the
reformers have the material at the command of
the early movement been fully used, this weakness
would have vanished long ago. The London mob could
have been won in two years; but it could only have been
won through the working classes. The working class
women, and those having the nearest power of appeal
to them, were either edged out of the movement or
shifted. They brought the danger of big demands with
them, and it was not realised that they
also brought great strength.

The price paid to speed-mongering mounts up higher
and higher as every fresh aspect of the movement is
considered. The whole movement now is honeycombed
with exploitation. With one of the strongest cases that
could possibly be desired by reformers, with material of
the best offered for use, with great human potentialities
urgent for outlet, with the qualities of great leaders in
themselves, the whole of the better things have been
sold or cast away by the dictators for the mere satis-
faction of a speedy end of some sort. One used to
hear thinking women express the fear that the struggle
would go on too soon and that great cleansing forces of
revolt have too short a time to work. The fear is now
that the movement has already lasted too long. It
has lasted long enough to lose sight of its great end, long
enough to create new evils, and long enough to sow
seeds of many weaknesses and limits among the women
whom it might have freed.
Tolstoy's "What is Art?"

By Alfred E. Randall.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY began his career as a saint with a confession. "I began to write out of vanity, love of gain, and pride," the artist, the poet, the man, wrote at the age of twenty-one: "I know not what. They paid me money for doing this; I had excellent food, lodging and society, and I had fame. Apparently what I taught was very good. The candid opinion of the set in which I lived was that I taught a great deal for the price. I taught as well and as possible. For the attainment of this object we had nothing to do but write little books and papers. And so we did." Why this latter day saint should have continued to write and to live as he did, is not object to the "democratic haunches" of a writer or the "gentility" self-repudiating, self-ashamed, but frequently visible. Notice his letter to Fet, after the publication of "War and Peace." "Write and tell me what will be the definite result of your various speculations that you wot of, but above all tell me the effect on the masses. I feel sure that it will pass unnoticed. I expect and wish it, so long as they do not curse me, for curses upset me." This may be modesty, but it more resembles shame. There is none of the artist's pride in his work; there is only the furtive hope of the aristocrat that reproach will not be added to disgrace.

This contempt shows itself more clearly in the matter of payment. He shrugs his shoulders when he hears that an artist can work for money. The aristocrat in him condemns the artist, but the artist is not beyond reproach.

When his wife began to publish his works, "he suddenly became aware that a vein of gold had been discovered, which had an origin in him. At first, when mention began to be made of selling the book, he stopped his ears, and his face assumed a frightened and pitiful expression." Merejkowski says: "It was just at this juncture that Leo tried to shut his eyes" and "devoted himself to caring out his plan of life," his "four stages." But the more pitilessly he laid bare the contradictions of the bourgeois life of today, the more fervently he preached the fulfilment of the law of Christ, renunciation of possessions, the better Sophia's publications spread, and the more income poured in. Thus the doctrine that seemed a danger has happily only furthered the financial prosperity of the family. Eight years later he denounced copyright, a concession that, according to Mr. Maude, has not been of much use to publishers. "The harm that might have resulted has been minimised by the Countess's action in herself publishing the works in reliable editions at moderate prices." Mr. Maude concludes this passage thus: "The repudiation by the world's foremost writer of all personal profit from the works he has published during thirty years, stands as a striking proof of his integrity. He might have drawn a huge income, and spent it for the benefit of others — making a pipe of himself — but we should not have been as sure as we now are that his work was entirely unbiassed by mercenary motives." Tolstoy is a "free writer" in every sense of the word, for he is the property of the public and the publishers, free from the need of money, free from care and from criticism; from what a Celsius does this Count condemn the "fine art that exists only on the slavery of the masses"! Carrying neither purse nor script, taking no thought for the morrow, despising artists, denying the value of art, an aristocrat in his contempt and a Christian in his ignorance, Count Leo Tolstoy, in the seventieth year of his age, published this insult to the intelligence of his readers after fifteen years preparation.

I do not intend to argue with him or his biographer on the subject; it would be useless. A man who will deny the validity of beauty as a standard of art merely because the aestheticians differ in their definitions of it, is not to be controverted, but ignored. "The instinct for beauty," said Matthew Arnold,1 "is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct." Without the instinct for beauty, there would be no"art; without the instinct for conduct, there would be no "morale". Without the instinct for knowledge, there is no perception of truth; without the instinct for beauty, there is no love of fine art. Lacking these instincts, a man is compelled to seek or invent definitions, so in order that he may judge what he neither understands nor appreciates. There is no standard definition of beauty, says Tolstoy; therefore, beauty is no criterion of art. It could be argued that there is no standard definition of the aristocrats. "All his life," says Merejkowski, "he has been ashamed of literature; and both from the conscious, the scientific, and the democratic point of view, and from the unconscious and aristocratic point of view has despised it, either as something mediocre and bourgeois, or something artificial, unhealthy, and ignoble. In this contempt we have an ill-concealed pride of birth, more deeply seated than might appear at first sight. There is an aristocrat condemned the writer, and the writer condemns the aristocrats. "All his life," says Merejkowski, "he has been ashamed of literature; and both from the conscious, the scientific, and the democratic point of view, and from the unconscious and aristocratic point of view has despised it, either as something mediocre and bourgeois, or something artificial, unhealthy, and ignoble. In this contempt we have an ill-concealed pride of birth, more deeply seated than might appear at first sight. There is an aristocrat condemned the writer, and the writer condemns

1 Set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there.
life; therefore, life is no criterion of art or anything else. Beauty, like everything else that lives, resides not in definition but in perception. A man either sees it or not. We may define symmetry as we like, and it will be serviceable. ‘Fit details strictly combined,’ said Matthew Arnold, ‘in view of a large general result nobly conceived; that is just the beautiful symmetry priska of the Greeks used to represent the gods. And it is just the Englishman’s failure, where all our art fails.’ The beauty revealed by the symmetria priska resists definition as life refuses analysis, and the instinct for it can alone determine what is art, the purpose of which is to present beauty in a fit form. But to attempt to put art on a new basis and make it serve a moral purpose, is to reverse the procedure of Isaiah, and to offer us ashes for beauty. What morals are to conduct, and instruction is to knowledge, art is to beauty; but without the control of its expression, and the justification of its existence. And because conduct is only three-fourths of life, according to the most urbane and tiresome expositor of its importance, these other instincts must be satisfied in their own way, or the soul itself repines. Fra Lippo Lippi said in Browning’s poem:

Or say there’s beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)
If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about as much as nothing else.
That’s somewhat. And you’ll find the soul you’ve missed
Within yourself when you return Him thanks.

The expression of beauty is the purpose of art, and the soul satisfies its instinct in its perception. It is one with its vision, and it is eternal.

But Tolstoy deals in definitions, and I must notice his definition of art before I close. ‘Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them.’ A little of the symmetria priska of the Greeks would not have spoiled this sentence. Tolstoy may be ‘a great artist,’ as Mr. Maude says, but he has used forty words to express what is more clearly expressed by nine. Art is the conscious transmission of feelings by signs, in such a way as to convey the impression of the soul. And what a definition of art is! The use of the deaf and dumb alphabet is art, if the definition is correct. Flag-wagging, semaphore-signalling, is art if it only expresses feeling, as sometimes happens in the service; and because its signs are handier for giving farewell, should considering Count Tolstoy’s taste, be the best imaginable art, for what wholesome feeling is thereby transmitted! The definition does not define, nor does it, as a scientific definition should, resume the essential facts. It excludes, for instance, all art unconsciously produced, such as Chopin’s ‘Raindrop’ prelude which, if the legend be true, he did not consciously hear. He was aware only of a vision of a funeral procession, which terrified him as a presage of his death. The history of art is full of such cases, and a precise reading of this definition (and what is the use of a definition if it cannot be precisely read?) would exclude all but the most humble examples. Art is confined to the conscious ‘handing on’ of feeling, and an exalted imagination is conscious of nothing but the necessity of expression. Improvisation, which is compelled by this necessity, without regard to the result, and frequently without consent of listeners, is refused the title of art. Finally, it excludes everything that is not deliberately and consciously prepared for the public, and it dignifies with the name of art everything that is, if only it transmits feeling. As a definition of art, it is neither clear, concise, nor correct. As a criterion, it is impossible; for, in conjunction with Tolstoy’s assertion that the art that appeals to the greatest number of people is best, it plainly postpones judgement to a referendum, not a principle, but a plebiscite; and by it we escape, as Disraeli phrased it, from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many.

Tolstoy not only fails in definition, but in his criticism of ancient, medieval, and modern art, he shows that his determination is to abolish all fine art. Fine art arises on the slavery of the people, and can continue only as long as that slavery lasts. ‘Free the slaves of capital, and it will be impossible to produce such refined art.’ That is his desideratum. ‘I am convinced,’ he has written, ‘that almost all these authors [the friends of his young manhood] were immoral men, worthless in character, self-confident and self-satisfied, as only men can be who are wholly pious, or ignorant of what piety is. When I remember the time, and my then frame of mind, and that of those people, I feel sick, sorry; just the feeling that one experiences in a madhouse.’ It was because these people bred hypocrisy in conduct, and the control of its expression, and the justification of its existence.

Disraeli phrased it, from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many.

The London “Times” is a favourite journal at this club, and when some of the old cronies and young bloods hold this paper before them for ten minutes the effect is astounding. To doubt your English proclivities after such a manifestation would be idle. Since I was last in America a great change has come over the aspect of clubs and public audiences, for now in most places where imitation and snobbery are fashionable it is the chic thing to look bored when you go to the theatre. The funnier the dialogue the more you must pretend not to understand, the greater the acting the more you should rise superior to any sign of approval.

And this makes me think of the reception Ellen Terry has met with here. The critics and the public have gone into hysterical spasms over this lady’s discourses on Shakespeare, but the truth is many of these enthusiasts understand as much about the Bard of Avon as they understand about the Hebrew of the Talmud. I have said that New York is a city of contrasts. Nowhere is there a greater jumble of callousness and sentimentality, fickleness and gush. Few people here care a tinker’s fiddle for Shakespeare. What they gush over is the English personality, the glamorous air, the lift to the heart, given by an artiste who has long triumphed in English theatres. Perhaps snobbery in New York is even worse than
I have been surprised at the number of young people whose faces wear an expression of habitual ennui. And yet the young men can laugh and smile and talk lively enough. I hardly knew what to do and say, it is the expression of the eye that makes one think they are suffering from spiritual lassitude and psychic-dejection.

Over the doors of the big mansions of New York the words ought to be written: “All peace abandon ye who expect to live here.” Some of these palatial houses are fast becoming peep-shows for the curious, to say nothing of hard fact, the artists and the foreign connoisseurs are the only people capable of appreciating what the mansions contain.

At one house I was met by an English butler with the shoulders of Hercules and a mouth which was not large enough to hold all the dropped h’s that poured out of him like stale beer from a cracked bottle. I was so delighted to meet with such a fine specimen of a type almost extinct that I hardly knew in what direction he was leading me. He stopped before a large picture and with a wave of his hand said: “’Ere’s a new acquisition; hit’s what they call the ‘highest hart o’ the day; hit’s the children o’Hisreal crossin’ the Red Sea, followed by the King o’Egypt, with ’is ‘oses and chariots.”

While he was talking I thought to myself: What would I not give to have this butler describe some of Gauguin’s “best,” or one of Matisse’s second best, and at that instant I felt the curl of my hair on my forehead. I took it to be a French valet, but who proved to be a French frisseur. He was evidently inspecting the pictures. He seemed to be enjoying himself, and I was wondering how he got here at all, but as soon as I bethought me I was in New York I ceased to wonder. He had come by appointment to dress the hair of some member of the family, and was killing time while awaiting the arrival of his capricious client.

The picture represented a green horse drinking at a pool of purple water overhung by indigo trees, with a mauve sky. “This ‘ere,” began my guide, “this ‘ere’s the governor’s fav’rite; ’e’s just come back from Paris.” “I saw it in the paper,” I said, and he seemed to recognize the picture as being true to life if he is in the habit of eating heavy suppers; I had a vision just like that picture one night after eating a lobster-salad.” “Oh, yes,” went on the butler, “Mr. X is a ‘arty henter, an’ ’e’s a great one for ‘igh-toned colourin’.”

As we were leaving I asked: “Do you suffer much from burglaries about here?” “Well, you see,” he answered, “burglars are afraid of art; they seem to think a picture is a white helipant on their ‘ands.” Evidently the New York burglars draw a line at green horses and white elephants.

Some of the most costly houses contain a medley of old and precious objects and cheap imitations gathered from all parts of Europe and the Far East. Not until a public auction is held does the truth become known. The main thing is to produce a striking effect without regard to the means employed.

IDEALS.

The works of man will vanish like a dream,—Too soon forgotten will the hero be,
In dust the crumbling mausoleum lie, Right, wisdom, knowledge, love will fade away
Or by an unseen hand will be erased
And disappear like writing on a slate... Then far from earth, cold, lifeless and extinct, This hand may trace new words, mysterious, And Life, perchance, again unfold and bloom, Again dissolve within the silent void
Or die without a vestige, like ourselves... Foresee we cannot, nor can prophesy What forms the Spirit may in time assume, Nor in what shapes embodied it may be.

The quality that earth-born men call Love May not repeat itself on yonder star, But this alone will surely come to pass;—
All that we now consider but a dream,—
The ever-present Hope, the burning need—
The spark of thought may glimmer, burn or shine,—
Or in what distant, strange, fantastic worlds
Some Force to worship—

This, only this, will never cease to be! What lives or forms may evolve anew, Or in what distant, fantastic worlds
The spark of thought may glimmer, burn or shine,—
Like to a sunbeam in a rift of clouds— Or what the beings who possess that sphere, Who in the emptiness of human life...
Unedited Opinions.

IX. More Moralisings.

While you are in the hortatory vein, may I ask you what in your opinion is truth?

Said jesting Pilate, who will this time stay for an answer. But I’m afraid I have nothing of value to say on the subject. It has so recently left its old fields of metaphysics and theology that it is not yet quite at home in its new sphere.

And what is that, pray?

Psychology, of course. We know now, if we can be said to know anything, that what we can know depends entirely upon what we are. Hence from the beginning to the very end we are limited to the knowledge of our own natures. All knowledge is self-knowledge. Psychology is all.

But is there no objective truth whatever?

I’m afraid those old Coleridgean terms, objective and subjective, have had their day. Opinions in relation to what we arbitrarily or by assumption regard as within or without us may still be loosely classified in popular language as objective or subjective; but even the little we already know of psychology forbids us to divide truth by a spatial metaphor. Truth, if it is not to be composite and therefore corruptible, must be simple and single. It must be one and indivisible.

You speak now as if truth were indeed an object of thought and therefore objective.

A defect of imagery, I fear, for which language has no remedy. But the idea may be approached and hailed and spoken with from the psychological side alone nevertheless.

Then let me hear you do it for me. I am not so presumptuous as to suppose that I can do it. Self-knowledge is a profession which requires more natural aptitude as well as happy circumstance and ceaseless application than any other profession in the world. Only to the toiling favourite of fortune is it given to know himself, and, consequently, to know the nature of man. But for us in the outer court shadows must take the place of substance. We shall be lucky if the shadows are of real substances, and not merely of unreal imaginations.

But what do you mean by shadows of real substances?

Well, I should call an assumption a shadow of a real substance if it chanced to bear certain marks. Suppose, for example, that we find ourselves compelled when we think most deeply to make a certain assumption, such, for instance, as that the soul is immortal or that God rules the world; suppose, further, that in all our subsequent meditative hours we discover ourselves driven to resume the same assumption, in such a fashion that there is no choice about the matter at all, but we sink naturally to the identical assumption time after time as by a law of spiritual gravity. Suppose, finally, that we discover by testing and watching that in truth we cannot escape this assumption, we being what we are, but it awaits us on every occasion and never fails to make us at home. Given these marks we are justified, it seems to me, in presuming that we have laid hold of at least the shadow of a real substance. No, it is not truth; it is an image of truth.

Surely dogma is only another name for such an assumption of which you speak.

True, but I have no objection to dogma. Dogma has recently been given a bad name on account of the shameless ease with which people who had never examined their own minds accepted assumptions to which their own exertions had not entitled them. A dogma in this depreciated sense is only a borrowed assumption, an assumption that has not been discovered by oneself on the floor of one’s own mind. Such dogmatists are easily to be distinguished from the real thinkers, who, no matter what be their masks or dogmatists, by their belief that they can rationalise their creed. A dogma that is native to the mind cannot itself be rationalised, since it supports reason; and cannot therefore be supported by reason. Your pseudo-dogmatist will never learn that.

But if you make such a distinction between the pseudo and the real dogmatist, why do you assume that the latter also is not in possession of truth?

Remember, I said that he was, or might be, in possession of the shadow of truth; and that is better than being possessed of the shadow of a shade. But he is not in possession of the substance of truth, since in his assumption there is at best only an acquired high degree of probability, and not certitude. The difference between the two intellectual sensations of certitude and even the highest probability are enormous; and no honest intellect can possibly mistake one for the other. Now I contend that in the case of all our most indubitable of the tenets of faith, the state is really one of high probability rather than of certitude. They may be so established in a certain assumption that they are willing to stake their life upon its truth. For all that, on psychological grounds I still deny to them the veridical sense of certitude.

But why do you do that if their belief is good enough for them to live and die by?

Because we know, as I have said, that certitude is mighty hard to come by. Belief, on the other hand, is comparatively easy. Besides, almost any belief serves for life and death. Life can exist on very cheap beliefs. Death is easily equal to appease when its advent is so inevitable. I would not make the criterion of truth belief at all, still less the willingness to live or die by it. The only test of truth is the psychological test of whether it is a necessary assumption. And even that, I repeat, establishes only the shadow of a real substance.

Does your conception amount to this: that all we can know of the truth is what appears to us, after repeated trials, a necessary assumption? Necessary assumptions, in short, are the shadows of truth.

Very good. And add that in my opinion man, as he is, is condemned to live at best among shadows. Lucky for him if they turn out to be cast by truth!

You say cast by truth! Are you not objectifying oneself more once?

Yes, indeed, for now that we have agreed that all we can know of truth is contained within the necessary assumptions we make, there is no danger of tangling truth in our terms. Truth is beyond us, and neither within nor without. Our assumptions (or dogmas if you will) are therefore our only guide. And dependent on them are what we may call relative truths; truths which accord with these assumptions, and, therefore, it follows, with the truth of which these assumptions are the shadow. I’m afraid I am obscure.

Darkling I listen, I confess.

Let me venture, then, at the risk of materialising the subject, to put my view more simply. Suppose that an honest and painstaking thinker discovers after repeated trials that he is compelled to make the assumption that he is an immortal soul. You will admit, will you not, that he is not certain of his immortal nature as a fact. Yet he may nevertheless, as I say, be driven time and again to make this postulate, which in the absence of real certitude he is therefore entitled to regard as the shadow though not the substance of truth. Now what may be called relative truths are for him such as in turn depend upon that postulate, to harmonise and accord with it. In the particular example we are discussing, such a man will desire to adjust and correlate his observations both of his own mind and of the outer world, to and with the fundamental assumption to which, as we say, his mind has
been driven. He will, for example, construct his ethics to accord with the nearest approach to truth he knows, namely, his assumption or his dogma. Likewise his interpretation of the phenomenal world will be in the key set by the regent of truth that governs his mind. Thus, though short of certitude, he will nevertheless be, humanly speaking, a true man, since his mind in regard to both what he beholds and what he does is in harmony with itself, and is, as it were, all of a piece from foundation to superstructure. I call that truth, this harmony of a man's thoughts with his assumptions. Have you any clearer view?

I fear not. But let me ask you another question. Suppose it should after many years turn out that a man's assumption is not the shadow of truth? A fundamental assumption is fundamental; there is no getting beyond it except into truth and certitude. And suppose—that—there—is—nothing—beyond—it?

Then our assumption becomes what they call the substantive motion; our dogma, then, is true.

Letters to an Unborn Child.

III.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I am not surprised. The unexpected never happens to those who anticipate everything; and as you are, like Byron's Junius, "really, truly, nobody at all," what could I expect from you but letters? For the letter must be yours. We know that letters are written without hands, and it is alleged by reputable people that letters are never written without hands; as Byron himself suggested. I have read of such things, and have recognized the possibility of your communication with me. If you would write my replies by the same method, I should be obliged.

Why quote Schopenhauer to your father? "Thou wastyerest thyself, O Queen, in stooping to inquire of such an one, as if his answer could impose at all," I say with Browning's Cleon. Do you wish to appear as a philosophical prodigy, and to prove your precocity by your pessimism? I confess that I am not convinced. You reason like a catechumen, or, as Polonius would say, "like a green girl." The Will to Live constraineth you, you write; as though a composition on ethics were a justification of your original sin. It is proof of Schopenhauer's and St. Paul's, both misogynists, people that they can appear as a philosophical prodigy, and presupposes the existence of that power. We vaguely call this power Life, whether cosmic or microcosmic. That cosmic life is manifested by a cosmic will is a question not to be debated now. Then our assumption becomes what they call the substantive motion; our dogma, then, is true.

You cannot show the soul you are, nor make earth fair by what you see of beauty. Every masterpiece is the artist's confession of failure. It is not what he saw, still less what he aimed at, but instead of beautifying the earth, it only makes the ugliness more apparent. It refines nothing, it adorns nothing. To carve the soul into a masterpiece is to do what the artist wishes to re-mould the earth. But if the work were done, where is the spice; but who that treads the Milky Way would wish to rob you of my counsel. Your letter sped through the midmost air, but theirs arrived by the penny post. A ruse is unsuccessful.

Letters to an Unborn Child.
No sooner had Dota Filjee thus cheerily pledged her soul to deliver the Lady from enchantment than the fair Dorothea, overcome by the magic around, fell asleep. Let futile folk, such as put no belief in magic, seek what explanation they may of this phenomenon—this opportune slumber. Better folk will do due reverence to the supernatural! Dota screamed at beholding her fair young mistress sink back, as if dead, upon the ground. "Alas!" she said, then—"I let the crack of doom find thee watching, but only added the incident to his stock of convictions about the rude incomprehensibleness and arbitrary nature of white people. Truly, though I believe it, I am not now certain that he is an enchanter; though—though—Dota Filjee, "since he remained the same shape even when I stared him straight in the eye. Yet will I take no risks. He shall not see my tail." So saying, and to carry out what every initiate knows to be the first precaution against witchcraft, she passed—she passed—over her head—the native salute. Better folk will do due reverence to the supernatural! Dota screamed at beholding her fair young mistress sink back, as if dead, upon the ground. "Alas!" she said, then—"I let the crack of doom find thee watching, but only added the incident to his stock of convictions about the rude incomprehensibleness and arbitrary nature of white people. Truly, though I believe it, I am not now certain that he is an enchanter; though—though—Dota Filjee, "since he remained the same shape even when I stared him straight in the eye. Yet will I take no risks. He shall not see my tail." So saying, and to carry out what every initiate knows to be the first precaution against witchcraft, she passed—she passed—over her head—the native salute. Better folk will do due reverence to the supernatural! Dota screamed at beholding her fair young mistress sink back, as if dead, upon the ground. "Alas!" she said, then—"I let the crack of doom find thee watching, but only added the incident to his stock of convictions about the rude incomprehensibleness and arbitrary nature of white people. Truly, though I believe it, I am not now certain that he is an enchanter; though—though—Dota Filjee, "since he remained the same shape even when I stared him straight in the eye. Yet will I take no risks. He shall not see my tail." So saying, and to carry out what every initiate knows to be the first precaution against witchcraft, she passed—she passed—over her head—the native salute.

Proving, once more, that all happy things tend to a happy conclusion, and that when Heaven sees Virtue endangered, It saves by miracle.

The Maids’ Comedy.

CHAPTER XI.

Proving, once more, that all happy things tend to a happy conclusion, and that when Heaven sees Virtue endangered, It saves by miracle.

As the rain-maker disappeared, up jumped against Witvoet’s rear a terrible thorny form which jabbed the poor beast so badly that he curvetted and, hurling round, leaped right over the enemy and gained his way. But the blue-robed Lady lay dreaming beyond human understanding. It is to beg for what is one’s own, and to find black magic in gifts. All said and done, ’tis a dangerous thing to be a damsel, and the knight who knows not how to keep himself for bravery, for he goes clad against the world. As for me, I’m tired of the world, ’tis only all the things one had better not do. I would sell the world for a piece of fat. If I have lost some things I have gained others, if I have gained some things I have lost as much. So what is lost or gained in the world? Nothing! Ni, ni, let me cook mealies and be happy. What was that song Mynheer De Villiers used to sing to me when I was naughty and pestered to see the towns? And there was a man of our town, And he was wondrous wise, He jumped into a bramble-bush And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out, 
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush  
And scratched them in again.

And that's the world, all scratching, and what's the use? Nj, go on, and I'll ask for more worlds. Let those who have never tried a life of peril have their turn now. Dota Filjee will not envy them. Ni, give me my mealies to cook and I'll ask for something. It's gold rings to-day and twopence tomorrow, you've bitten. A piece of bread from the tin is better than a bun off the shelf with a cockroach. Satan's hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich. This hard, but Heaven's easy. A needle can go through a camel's eye, but the other end against nature, so me to my melies and the world to the wind which can slip through any hole. Whatever I do is discovered, and I can never deceive Tante Kinkje. But who is that with a long neck and feathers standing yonder and devouring to be an ostrich.

By Jacob Tonson.

The "literary drama" is about to have another flying start in London. This time the man of hope is Mr. Frederick Whelen, now and for some time past president of the Stage Society, also now and for some time past Grand Vizier to Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. An intelligence capable of doubling these two roles surely to be able to run a literary theatre. Nobody in London can have a more intimate knowledge of the singular psychology of literary playwrights, literary actors and literary playgoers than Mr. Whelen, and during his grand viziership he must have learnt a lot, too, about the mere common stage. The grand viziership will now, I suppose, come to an end. Mr. Whelen, in his career as chief accoucheur of the literary drama, has had surprisingly thrilling moments. For instance, at the very first performance given by the Stage Society, against eleven o'clock, the police, according to all reports, went to the management office, and, having secured the door, began a discussion of the legal aspect of the case with the inspector. At eleven o'clock, when the curtain fell upon a highly successful representation, that discussion was still courteously proceeding. It is a brandy between the acts in order to keep his cheerfulness up and his disgust down. It is this spirit which Mr. Whelen will bring to his new enterprise.

Nevertheless, I am not going to be too optimistic about the enterprise. Mr. Whelen has stated that one of his principal rules will be never to run a piece, however successful, for more than a month. With much respect, I do not believe that such a rule will help towards success in the theatre, for if it be ever questionable. It is not long runs which spoil a literary theatre, but long runs of bad plays. If a literary theatre has the good fortune to produce a fine play which a person of taste can frequent without having to take a liqueur brandy between the acts in order to keep his cheerfulness up and his disgust down. It is this spirit which Mr. Whelen will bring to his new enterprise.

In Paris things are not much brighter. In fact, I don't mind saying that they are not so bright. There are five men in Paris who have been, or are, inclined to assist in putting good plays before the public. Lugné-Poe—who may be described as a sort of Paris "Stage Society"—has fallen flat. Lucien Guity has gone out of management in order to make much more money with less risk as a star-actor. Tarride has taken Guity's theatre, and is keeping his end up, artistically and financially, moderately well. Antoine is at last making the Odeon pay, but he is doing it, not by means of good new plays, but by the device of engaging music-hall stars, and other stars less reputable, to disport themselves in their own fashion in classical pieces. Gémier, at Antoine's old theatre, is achieving absolutely nothing at all for the serious drama. So far as I remember, only one play of real pretensions was produced last year, "Les Affranchis," by Marie Lenen. A philosophical piece, it was received with awe and enthusiasm by the Press, simply because not a critic in the place could make out what it was all about. Few people know to this day what it is all about. But everybody says to everybody that the authoress, being a deaf-mute, is very wonderful indeed. The play has had four or five performances.

M. Rouché has initiated an artistic enterprise at the Théâtre des Arts (which the Anglophile Robert d'Humières used to have), but so far he has produced nothing interesting save some rather original effects of lighting. Tarride has taken the year nobly with "The Old Adam," by Georges de Porto-Riche. This author has been consistently misunderstood by the public for thirty years, and the misunderstanding is likely to continue. He is probably the finest living French dramatist. The large public, indeed, admits that he is immense, but it only does so because of its ardent desire to admit the correct thing, not because it cares a bilberry for the work of M. de Porto-Riche, which is much too delicate for the rough soil of the Boulevard. "The Old Adam," by its theme, is quite unsuited for Anglo-Saxon digestion. Nevertheless, some adapter is fairly certain to tear its heart out and present the riven core to the Anglo-Saxon England and America as a vehicle for the aggrandisement of a star-actor or star-actress.
REVIEWS.

By S. Verdad.

Indian Unrest. By Valentine Chirol. (Enlarged from articles in the "Times." With Introduction by Sir A. Lyall. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

Mr. Chirol's book covers all India, from Madras to the Punjab, from Bombay to Bengal. The author has treated of Brahmanism and the lower castes, even those who are so low as to be outside even the lowest caste. He has chapters on the National Congress, revolutionary organisations, students, swadeshi, and so on. He has observed with care. His statements are made, on the whole, with lucidity and impartiality; his comments are often just. Nevertheless, I did not like Mr. Chirol's book when I read it the first time, and a second perusal pleased me little more.

In one sense it is but a trifle that spoiled this interesting work for me. Mr. Chirol's view is too European; he does not properly understand the Asiatic mind. That is all. But that is just the fault of many of our Indian civil servants, and it is also the defect of Sir A. Lyall's preface. Sir Alfred says, for instance: "The outline of the present situation in India is that we have been disseminating ideas of abstract political right, and the germs of representative institutions, among a people that had for centuries been governed autocratically. . . . At the same time we have been spreading modern education broadcast throughout the land, where, before English rule, learning had not advanced beyond the stage of Europe in the Middle Ages."

There you have it! Not a word of reproach because we have endeavoured to foist representative institutions on a country that does not want them—and this at the bidding of a few students, the sons and heirs of a Nonconformist parson, for a Nonconformist parson. Sir Alfred's sincerity and candour are praiseworthy, and I take it that he is for the whole scheme of things; but it is not a complete redeemer of his book. This is the more to be regretted because he has really done a great deal of useful work in his book. It is a scientific study of the history of Central Asia. It is a real work of research and the result is a valuable service to the student of Asiatic history.

By Hunley Carter.

A Princess of Strategy. By J. Lewis May, from the French of General de Guérin ( Doctrine of the New Woman, by General de Guérin). (Dodsley.) With Introduction by Sir Henry Hyndman. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

"A Princess of Strategy" is such a blank title that it is surprising the author or translator has not chosen another. There have been so many princesses of strategy that to use the indefinite article is like speaking of a New Woman. May her time have not been as a thing new? Was Eve ever such a thing as a new woman? Is she not new? If so, what was her grandmother thinking about? Was Rebecca? Boadicea? Sappho? Was Pericles' Aspasia? Likewise, how can we speak of a princess of strategy? There have been so many of them, women of not millions, of this breed of female. In fact, every woman is a potential strategist. And those who have caught the public eye, no to mention its cheap favour, have been as good as one another, whether Cleopatras, Jezabels, Liliths, ruthless, vindictive type of person who has hied her enemy's head to the counter, so to speak; whether Queen Elizabeths, or Charlotte Cordays, or Joans of Arc, whose strategy led them to take the road to ruin (commonly spelt Rouen). The blankness of the title becomes obvious when we remember that the subject of this carefully illustrated, elegant (in the American sense) historical lecture, lived during two reigns teeming with women who had either remarkable political ambitions or were exploited for political purposes. The reign of Louis Soleil (during the latter part of which the Duchesse du Maine was born), was simply an unending procession of brilliant men and women all plotting, more or less, to gain power. Whether that of his feeble successor, Louis XV., had much the appearance of a remnant sale, its stock-in-trade of shining stars being made up mainly of throw-outs and left-overs from the preceding court. Voltaire is one sample, and the Duchesse du Maine, the vindictive type of person who showed the efflorescences of the reign of Louis XIV., is another. One does not turn to the age of Louis Quinze for matters for deep reflection in notable political judgment. If one refers to it at all it is to note how this royal Don Juan, who lived on the prestige of his great father, did nothing at all—but did it gracefully. His story is chiefly concerned with the continuation of disastrous wars; the neglect of Louis XIV.'s policy of retribution; the spending of the few shekels remaining over from Louis' treasury; the falling of France to pieces; the erecting of a scaffold for his son Louis XVI., and the opening of avenues of promotion to Marat, Danton and Robespierre. Needless to say that during such a period court intrigues were numerous. But they were not epoch-making. Dumas has thrown light on the general character of the plots of the period. If they had a political significance it was because the people were generally arranged in the honour of prominent personages. Like the affair of the necklace designed to cover the honour of Marie Antoinette, they are subjects for romance, not serious history. What important part, then, did the Duchesse du Maine play in the politico-social history of the time that entitles her to be rescued from the lumber heap of obscurity and exhibited as the fountain spring of great events?

Politically she was a failure. The granddaughter of taxation in general, with special reference to Indian conditions. Chapter I, entitled "General Principles," is really an excellent little primer of taxation in itself, though possibly the views expressed in it would, in the main, meet with the approval of Mr. Austen Chamberlain rather than of Mr. Lloyd George. When treating of Indian taxation, however, partly clarified in the third chapters on Land Revenue, Commodity Taxes, and Local Taxation, Mr. Alston is on firmer ground and shows himself to be thoroughly acquainted with all the details of his subject. I think it is obvious that critics of the British administration in India to study this book—for it is well written and relatively short—and then they would have a clearer conception of some of the difficulties, financial and otherwise, with which we are confronted.
of the great Conde, she sought to carry on the policy of her great aunt, Madame de Longueville. Beneath the shadow of the throne, she plotted to transform the shadow to substance. She attempted for one brief moment "to set at defiance the constituted rulers of the country," but muddled the whole business. Her manoeuvre caused much laughter between Mme de Genlis and Scott, who were thoroughly incompetent, and the "attempt to stir up a part of the kingdom to revolt, and to excite a general civil war," collapsed. As a reward for her share in this anti-revolutionary plot the Queen of Sceaux went to prison, and the active spirits of this age who are contemplating the new order of things are doing. Had her brief appearance in the political arena gone to prison as some of the active spirits of this age smouldering in the hearts of the people, there would have been some excuse for noting it. But it had no influence over the destinies of Europe, and therefore it was hardly worth digging up. Socially her story is that of many of her contemporaries. "Madame la Duchesse du Maine, the celebrated Queen of Sceaux, very much in love with science and belles-lettres after the fashion of the beaux esprits of her day, possessed the talent of drawing to her side, and retaining around her for more than a century, the most polished grand seigneurs of the ultra-elegant school and the most renowned manufacturers of literature à la mode." Her court it will be seen was very similar to that of many of her contemporaries. Recamier, de Stael, to mention but one or two, who succeeded each other with followers and persiflage of conversation in almost regular order. As to her portrait let Saint-Simon speak:—"She is no taller than a child of ten, and not well proportioned. Her teeth are irregular, she is not very fat, powders and paints a great deal, has fine eyes, a fair complexion, fair hair that she can tie, and which is made shorter for convenience; she is very elegant in her dress, and has great taste in her letters, but has no taste in her ideas. "Madame la Duchesse may now be said to be beautiful for ever, and this without the aid of Madame Rachael.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

Dramatists and the Art of the Theatre.

The instinctive assumption of every generation was expressed by Shaw in the phrase; "There can be no new art without a new philosophy." This may very well be applied to what has been named, in The New Age symposia, the art of the theatre. The suggestions have necessarily been tentative and highly specialised, for we have had as yet no production can be called distinguished, and therefore no working model for original efforts at stage design. (The Haymarket has achieved a blend of pantomime convention and Christian gift-filling illustration without that is all. Hence the lament of most of the scenic artists and producers who took part in the symposia. Without a model to exhibit, they were compelled to fall back upon technical opinions, and the present plays was set down upon the stage due to lack of taste among managers, and lack of enterprise among artists. This is perfectly just, of course, as far as classical drama is concerned. It is true, above all, in the case of Shakespeare. Beside Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Berlin, all recent attempts at Shakespearean production are crude and amateurish. But it is just the theatre controlled by such a producer of genius, the theatre in search of new forms of expression, which can never be content to exist with upon the old, tired, and it is too full of life for that, too impatient for new combinations to much infused with new forms in thought as well as in setting. And as far as beauty of design in modern drama is concerned, the most urgent need of the theatre is not for productions and scenic artists. Upon the author the whole stage picture depends. He alone can decide whether it shall be dignified or trivial, suggestive or commonplace. No producer can lift a finger without his. He has the artistic ardour and skill by offering him a scene intrinsically hideous, or thrill him by one potentially sublime. I mention this simple fact of autocracy because it seems hitherto to have been overlooked. The contributors to the symposia upon the art of the theatre have written for theatrical managers, designers, producers, capitalists of taste, and the few members of the play-going public who are as much irritated by an ugly or badly-staged scene as they are by an ugly and badly-written play. The range is narrow. I write for dramatists. And, since there can be no art which is not a new philosophy, for philosophers.

* * *

It is no mere coincidence that the two playwrights who have influenced the theatre in Eastern and Western Europe most widely during the past ten years, Tchekhov and Hugo von Hofmannsthall, are also those who have given the greatest impetus to new forms of stage decoration. They have opened a world avowedly realistic in its creed, and encountered a bourgeois drama full of ideas, brimming over with moral indignation and political rhetoric, but utterly out of touch with the accessory arts. Beauty of speech counted for little; beauty of setting was barely considered. Ugly, indeed, was often a matter of deliberate choice. A moment's survey is proof enough of this. Most of the plays of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Henri Bécque, Shaw, Sudermann, Brieux, Gorky, Wedekind or Schnitzler can be performed effectively enough with any set of stage flats of any colour, shape or antiquity, provided they can offer the necessary two doors and a French window. Wedekind has even added a preference to the most peculiarly hideous of his comedies directing that in its performance no "fangled devices of decoration" shall be used. (Already the advanced thinkers are beginning to form a reactionary party. This fact may be compared to the naive belief that the next step in advance will be easier than the last.) Wedekind is franker than his colleagues, but his spirit of restriction has always been implied in the modern "drama of ideas," and until it is crushed we shall make no headway.

Tchekhov's work was given by the Moscow Art Theatre, but he wrote only five plays of any importance, and now that these have been played out in Moscow, the theatre is left without a native dramatist. Nevertheless, the work has been done, and it has already had its effect in Germany and Austria. In every line of "The Seagull" and "The Cherry Orchard" there is a revolt against the tyranny of ugliness; in "Das geschlechtliche Sphinx" than in all the plays that Sudermann has ever devised. One cannot draw blood out of the stone of realist drama. Roses are not grown in a cellar.

I turn to the English theatre, for that is our first concern. The West End in general, as represented by Piner, Sutro, Henry Arthur Jones and Somerset Maugham, is clearly a hopeless field. These are play-
wrights of a pattern. Their design has no more individuality than their ideas. Their plays reck of stock scenery, stuffy furniture, imitation wainscoting and stucco walls. One of their drawing-rooms would serve admirably for all the rest. Shaw is little better. His scenes are more unusual (the dentist's parlour in "You Never Can Tell," for example), but rarely any less the conventional in detail. They have the realist vice of defining commonplace instead of suggesting illusion. Indeed, one may explain the prolonged stretches there is no sign that he has ever visualised his characters as more than an interplay of ideas, or desired to create a scheme intrinsically beautiful. The philosophy drawing-room, or cannot manipulate his 'characters with imagination; the Court. (Hofmannsthal's earlier work has just such an atmosphere; but fortunately he escaped the Shavian conventional in detail. They have the realist vice of debars it. Mr. Barker began with "The Marrying of Madras House," and "Helena's" path gave the designer an opening. That is almost the sum total of achievement so far.

For the rest, there remains only the open-air scene of contention by convention; a papier-maché garden with a wooden terrace and flat trees. Its entire irrelevance and lack of imaginative quality make it at best a poor subject for the artist. It is usually a garden only because the author thinks it a pleasant change the drawing-room, or cannot manipulate his characters with the aid of three doors. Its cheaply oleolgraphic appearance is well deserved, for it has no intention behind it and no meaning except as a receptacle for papier-maché puppets and other such nities. The aim of the stage designer is not decoration, but interpretation. And there must first be something to interpret.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE REFERENDUM.

Sir,—A few days ago I wrote you a propos of your editorial notes of December 8, on the subject of the Referendum, that I had received a letter from December 15 containing an article on the same subject, signed Wordsworth Donisthorpe. I discussed your editorial with some hesitation, because it seemed to me that you gave no reasons for your opinion, but contended yourself with enunciating axioms. Mr. Donisthorpe, however, gives his reasons, and so I feel more at home with his argument. (You have perhaps heard the story of the old judge's advice to the young lawyer—"Give your decision, but don't give your reasons; your decision may be right, but your reasons are sure to be wrong.") Mr. Donisthorpe's reasons have a familiar ring to me; they represent a kind of thing that I have been through before. I have not the books by Mr. Donisthorpe to refer to at the moment, but I will wager that if I were to look into the life of Sir Robert Walpole and quote some of his sayings, I could come up with smooth phrases, with promises for something to be done in the next year or the next decade? By what particular devices can we seem to give most, while really giving least? What votes can we count upon for this pretence? What advantage can we gain by that concession? To answer problems like these which are set to us by the business of a modern statesman, and the man who displays clever and force in this particular rôle is the expert who rises to power.

I will venture a statement which will perhaps excite laughter in some of your readers: I say that there is nothing really difficult about the economic problems of modern society, nothing which could not be solved by a committee of any half-dozen experienced business men who met together for a week, and after one or two long nights and finding the barns on fire, you do not require me to consult you by telegraph before I summon the fire department; if I find the place being pillaged, you do not need me to consult you by telegraph. The message is this: the people are prepared to entrust the decision to war to representatives, they should entrust the decision to war to representatives, they should entrust the decision to the Referendum Committee of any half-dozen experienced business men, and if I were to look at this question of the Referendum, I should decide to turn it from an abstruse question of political philosophy, and not of expert administration, that I am so convinced of the importance of the Referendum as a weapon of political progress. The thing we have to do is to convince our ruling classes that at all hazards the reign of privilege must come to an end. In order to accomplish this we have first to make clear to the exploited classes the fact of their exploitation, and then to enable them to make clear their purpose to the exploiters. To do this requires the aid of no "experts"; the message can only be delivered by those who are the victims of the exploiting process, and these are the same "engine-drivers, trimmers and dyers, sailors, watch-makers, glass-blowers, iron-makers," whom Mr. Donisthorpe excludes from political power.

From my point of view this is squarely a question of democracy. Democracy is much a question of procedure, and not of expert philosophy. It is for the people to decide what are the questions of political philosophy, and not of expert administration. I do not believe that there is a single argument which you can bring against the Referendum which could not be brought against universal suffrage, and I believe that you will be forced sooner or later to revise your opinion upon this particular question. I am sure of it because I have seen in this country that the initiative, referendum and recall have been found to be the best method whereby the newly awakened popular impulse can make itself effective. You say in your editorial that the Referendum and war, that if the people are prepared to entrust the decision to war to representatives, they should entrust the decision to the Referendum Committee of any half-dozen experienced business men, and if I were to look at this question of the Referendum, I should decide to turn it from an abstruse question of political philosophy, and not of expert administration, that I am so convinced of the importance of the Referendum as a weapon of political progress. The thing we have to do is to convince our ruling classes that at all hazards the reign of privilege must come to an end. In order to accomplish this we have first to make clear to the exploited classes the fact of their exploitation, and then to enable them to make clear their purpose to the exploiters. To do this requires the aid of no "experts"; the message can only be delivered by those who are the victims of the exploiting process, and these are the same "engine-drivers, trimmers and dyers, sailors, watch-makers, glass-blowers, iron-makers," whom Mr. Donisthorpe excludes from political power.

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an opportunity to express their opinion upon a matter of principle or policy, apart from all elements of personality. In the end, the New Age is a mere opinion poll, and I believe that public opinion expressed will always be upon the side of progress; and it is because such an expression in favour of progress is so potent a means of compelling political action that I think the Referendum deserves the support of a journal such as The New Age.

I have to do a personal letter from United States Senator Owen, in which he informs me that in the State of Oregon, whenever a question is submitted to the people, the Government furnishes to every voter a document containing arguments upon both sides of the question, that are not allowed to secure the publication of such an argument by paying the cost thereof. Surely you cannot fail to realise what a tremendous weapon this is for those who consider the electorate to be stupid. It may be that you will say that your electorate is not sufficiently intelligent to utilise such a method. I reply that it is a common habit of philosophes to underestimate the intelligence of electorates; but if it is true that the electorate is ignorant, it is a reproach not to the electorate, but to the Government. The thing to do is to educate your electorate as quickly as possible; and the safest way to make certain of this educating being done is to print such things that it will be no longer possible for them to remain ignorant.

J. UPTON SINCLAIR.

Sir,—You print, as everybody knows by this time, those things which are true, and which are printed in say France, America, Switzerland. You are, as a country (for the time being) not to be printed in the current daily Press. For instance, I can conceive you printing the fact that Cassel was a financier of some influence, that the Orange River Colony is now called “The Orange Free State,” that the warden of the Court of Dowry was not a magnetic personality, but a biped, and his brother-in-law the minister for public worship and the fine arts a drunkard—no; that would mean imprison—no, anyhow, a fool.

Now that is a very valuable function in a newspaper, to print news and information. It has other functions, of course; to advertise, to instruct, to blow up some fire, and to wrap up the inside of parcels in, under the brown paper—but still, the imparting of information and the printing of plain facts is an ex-officio function of the writer, not the publisher, of a book determines its merit—or again that the Emperor of Germany can only use one arm—or again, that there is plenty of money at the back of the Russian Government—is a useful function in a newspaper. You fulfil it, and no other paper I know does.

That is why people read you, and you are reaping your reward. I haven’t read you on the Clapham Murder or the Referendum. It’s played out—at least for the people who read you. The people who read you are (1) the people who know the truth, (2) the people who are biased against you, but that the daily Press is any more honest than in, say France, is as absurd as to hold that the people who have found out that the daily Press bamboozles them—a large and rapidly increasing number of people.

Now, my dear New Age, do you think the people “in the know” want argument in favour of the Commons against the Lords? Do you think they can remember off-hand which of their own honours, and stepsons are Lords and which are commoners? Do you think the people I have labelled (2) think (after the last twelve months’ experience) that the daily Press is any more honest in this matter than in, say, “Black Bread” or “American Dollars”?

Of course they don’t! And the Referendum... Really! It might be the “Daily News” to read you! All your readers know that a Referendum with initiative is democratic—the most democratic machinery that is conceivable. Some of your readers like Democracy (I do), some don’t—Shaw doesn’t. Some think the people might use democratic machinery if they had it, some differ and say the people loathe democratic machinery. But the kind of people who want THE NEW AGE don’t want “Party.” No! No!—only those people that all the Referendum talk is the siliest and most insincere detail of the silly and insincere party game they can’t take it seriously. They probably have left the Labour Party.

And then there is that “editorial phrase” about the Labour Party insisting on its independence now! Oh! My dear New Age! I think you sometimes can’t even think any juggling or drug get him even to think of it as independent? Imagine Philip Snowden, for instance, abandoning “party” to George or Churchill reducing the number of jobs! Imagine one dozen plain English workmen in Parliament straight from the street and giving voice to what the vast mass of such men—the huge and determined, the not afraid to do things that no religion in elementary schools, Licensing Bills, Lords, the Navy, the tea and tobacco taxes, the police, the middle-class women’s Bill, etc. And you are reaping your reward.

H. BELLOC.

** A UNIQUE SENTENCE IN NEW MEXICO. **

Sir,—Your readers may be interested in the following account of a sentence as delivered by a New Mexico judge.

Judge Benedict, who was associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico for thirteen years, from 1858, was an original character in many ways. One Jose Maria Martin had been convicted in his court of murder of a man because of facts showing great brutality, and with no mitigating circumstances, whereupon Judge Benedict sentenced him to death by the following language:

"Jose Maria Martin, stand up—Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen, of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the death penalty. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up green, these beautiful valleys, and on these broad mountains and mountain sides flowers will be blooming; birds will be singing their sweet carols, and nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and her most attractive robes, and life will be pleasant, and men will want to stay, but none of this for you, Jose Maria Martin; the flowers will not bloom for you, Jose Maria Martin; the birds will not carol for you, Jose Maria Martin; when these things come to gladden the senses of men, you will be occupying a space about six by two beneath the sod, and the green grass and these beautiful flowers will be growing about your lowly head.

"The sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place in the country and kept safely, but securely confined in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, to have him at the appointed place at the appointed time. That you be so kept, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month? Two weeks, from the time this come from? March 22, Your Honour,—very well, until Friday the 22nd day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some place of execution and convene—three miles in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the county—and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and the court was about to add, Jose Maria Martin, ‘may God have mercy on your soul,’ but the court will not assume the responsibility of asking An All Wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord couldn’t have mercy on your soul. However, if you affect any religious organization, you might be well enough to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well—such consolation as you can get, but the court advises you to place your trust in anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner.

"It is a sequel to this sentence that Jose Maria Martin escapes from jail, and after ten years, or twenty years, or thirty years afterwards by falling out of a wagon and breaking his neck.

B.

THE FABIAN "WHAT TO READ."

Sir,—I have just been reading the new edition of the Fabian tract, "What to Read." It is melancholy reading for a Fabian who is not a fossil. The compilers have proceeded on the assumption that orthodox thought was completed in the year 1890, and that everything more recent than that is a damnable heresy.

The best two English books on Socialism that have been written in the last twenty years are "The Soul of Man under Socialism" and Dr. Eder’s "Endowment of Motherhood."
"The Soul of Man" is one of the classics of English literature. Both works are excluded from the Fabian list.

The original socialist thinker on the Continent at the present time is Hervé. Every Socialist party in Europe is busy discussing his theories. One of his best books has lately been translated into English and published in England. It would be a pity if there were any slight allusion to Hervé or any member of his school.

The recent works of even the most orthodox Socialists are quite ignored. Kautsky, universally admitted to be the ablest Marxian Socialist in the world, and his best books have been written in the last ten years. They have been translated into English and published in the last ten years.

Yet the only book of Kautsky which appears in the Fabian list is one on medieval history, which is out of print.

Money, as far as either the words or the lists are marked "o.p."—out of print. Most of the others should be marked "o.d."—out of date.

If the list of things goes on, Fabianism will have as little intellectual influence in another ten years as Quakerism and Unitarianism.

** THE SURPLUS OF LUXURY. **

Sir,—As the social conscience grows and the relations of the individual to the community in which he is established are more and more discussed, it becomes increasingly urgent to define the amount of support in the way of property that it is expedient for the State to allow the individuals comprising the claim.

It is clear that the State should allow every man to claim or to accumulate exactly such amount of property as is good for him and no more. And it is equally clear that the amount of property that it is good for each individual to claim or to accumulate is precisely the amount of property that will enable him to be at his best to serve the community which is supporting him, and if he were beyond this measure is bad alike for him and the community, constituting, as it does, that surplus luxury which is the root of all our evils.

And this surplus of luxury is the root of all our economic evils just because it creates inevitably a demand for unnecessary commodities, and either in the form of the extra labour of the community or in the stead of the necessaries of the supplying section of the community. Otherwise, the possession of it would be the right not to work, thereby entailing on the community the upkeep of certain fat and greedy citizens who, in return for their support, sit round and swagger.

The surplus of luxury, then, stands inevitably for one of the three things, and usually for all of them:

1. The extra toil of the community which supplies the surplus.
2. The added misery of the many who go without their necessities because the few may have their unnecessary.
3. The added misery of the many who have to work for their possession of a surplus enabling them to sit round and swagger if such be their inclination.

The property owner of this surplus of luxury in any community, therefore, implies the presence of rich and poor; the man who spends the surplus and the man who supplies it, the palace and the slum. The added misery of the many who are being put away the best that the neighbourhood of the University of Pennsylvania has to offer, and it cannot be denied, I think, that at least she and everything about her give the flat lie to Mr. Verdad's vilification of the negro people.

Of course, the young fellows who boarded with her are mostly young animals, grateful for being well fed; but for years there has not been an old boarder of hers who, when he came to get married, did not send her an invitation to be present; or, being in the city with his family—anterior or posterior—would not come to see her.

And in my limited experience she is only one among a great many of such creatures, industrious (over-industrious, indeed) self-effacing people of the negro race.

I enclose you a clipping from one of our evening papers which will bring your readers more into relation with the facts of the case than Mr. Verdad's summary generalisations.

T. D. O'BOLGER.

Among those signing the following circular are G. W. Mitchell, an assistant to Dr. N. F. Hanchett of Douglass Hospital, both of Philadelphia; Professor Pickens, of Talladega College, and Bishops J. S. Caldwell and Alexander Walters.

"The undersigned Negro-Americans have heard, with great regret, the recent attempt to assure England and
Europe that their condition in America is satisfactory. They sincerely believe that it is better for them to stay where their plain duty to say that if Booker T. Washington or any other person is giving the impression abroad that the coloured people of this country and what is more, is the satisfaction of society, he is giving an impression which is not true.

"We say this without personal bitterness toward Mr. Washington, and we do not claim that Mr. Washington's large financial responsibilities have made him dependent on the rich charitable public, and that people made him dependent on the rich charitable public, and that interests in America wish to appear as the whole truth. Our people were emancipated in a whirl of passion, and then left naked to the mercies of their enraged and impoverished ex-slaves, and yet, however, had we to rid ourselves of nearly three-tenths of our illiterate and accumulated $600,000,000 worth of property in a generation, than this ballot, which had become increasingly necessary to the defence of our civil and property rights, was taken from us by force and fraud.

To-day in eight States where the bulk of the negroes live, black men of property and university training can be and usually are by law denied the ballot, while the most ignorant white man votes.

"Along with this has gone a systematic attempt to curtail the education of the black race. Under a widely advertised system of universal education, not one black boy in three to-day is educated. In the United States, the public schools are read and write. The proportion of school funds due to black children are often spent on whites, and the burden on private Catholics and other religious bodies, which is a public duty, has become almost intolable.

"In every walk of life we meet discrimination based solely on race and colour, but continually and persistently misrepresented to the world as the natural difference due to conditions.

"We are, for instance, usually forced to live in the worst quarters, and our consequent death rate is noted as a race trait, and reason for further discrimination. When we seek to buy houses we are sometimes in danger of mob violence, or, as now in Baltimore, of actual legislation to prevent it.

"We are forced to take lower wages for equal work, and our standard of living is then criticised. Fully half the labour unions refuse us admittance and then claim that we lower the price of labour.

"Our women in the South are without protection in law and custom, and are then derided. A widespread system of deliberate public insult is customary, which makes it difficult if not impossible to secure decent accommodation in hotels, railway trains, restaurants and theatres, and even in the Christian Church we are in most cases given to understand that we are unwelcome unless segregated.

"Worse than all this is the wilful miscarriage of justice in the courts, which are for the better quarters we are sometimes called "underrail." The machinery of the courts is used, not to prevent crime and correct the wayward among the coloured people, but to wreak public dislike and vengeance and to raise public dislike and vengeance and to raise public dislike and vengeance.

"It is to-day a universal demand in the South that on all ocassions social courtesies shall be denied any person of known African descent, even to the extent of refusing to apply the titles of Mr. and Mrs. and Miss.

"Against this dominant tendency strong and brave Americans, white and black, are fighting, but they need, and need sadly, the moral support of England and of Europe in this crusade for the recognition of manhood, despite adventitious differences of race." * * *

TOLSTOY'S RELIGION.

SIR,—Mr. Maude's controversial methods are not remarkable. He strained his "courtesy" almost to breaking, to be fair to the case, but it becomes impossible when he attacks, I need waste no time in defending them. An exaggerated ethicist can only impugn the good faith of his critics.

Mr. Maude, as J. M. Barrie so well expressed it, "admires his own method of arriving at the authenticity of biographical data," I shall devote some time to setting myself right with your readers.

Mr. Maude's criticism of Merejkowski's book was ignored by Mr. Maude.

The methods employed by Mr. Maude are characteristic of him as a biographer, and they are well known to all biographies I have ever read. Of critical examination of evidence there is none. In spite of the fact that Tolstoy was a many-sided man (as he did not believe that one was a saint) could be incredible, Mr. Maude approves only one sort of evidence; and asserts the invalidity of the rest on ground that he is "accustomed to drinking scented underclothing be likened to mud and that it is impossible to find Merejkowski's name. I have examined the second volume with the same result. I repeat that Merejkowski's book was ignored by Mr. Maude.

In the quotation that I cannot verify, Mr. Maude says that Merejkowski's book is worse than useless concerning Tolstoy, the man, because Merejkowski did not know Tolstoy. Behrs (Tolstoy's brother-in-law) and Anna Seuron did, and Merejkowski relied on their information. Of Behrs' book, Mr. Maude said in his biography: "It is very valuable as being the work of one who spent twelve summers at Yasnaya Polyana, but he is recklessly inaccurate in his dates." In the index to the first volume there are nine references to Behrs' book; and in the list of authorities given at the end of each chapter, Behrs appears in the first sixteen months six times out of five. In the index to the second volume there are three references, two of them occupying five pages each of the text; and Behrs is among the authorities consulted in the last two chapters.

I am accused of eking out my article by "dishing up once more the absurd tale about Tolstoy's underclothing being scented." In an article containing about 2,000 words I gave just three words to this "menacing little-tattle." Mr. Maude should look in his dictionary for the meaning of the word "to evoke." The story, it seems, is not true, because Anna Seuron was "a distasteful drinker" and that the wine and the box the ears of the Countess Mary." Also Anna Seuron has recanted, according to Mr. Maude. Yet she is one of the eye-witnesses of the murder, and she can easily check me, and see how Mr. Maude has garbled this passage. "Essays in Criticism" can easily check me, and see how Mr. Maude has garbled this passage.

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A TALK WITH TOLSTOY.

SIR.—In the year 1866 I was journeying by train to Tula. I was going there to take up my duties in a business appointment. The idea of nature and the very idea of thoughts, I might have been a devout pilgrim approaching a holy town.

For I thought, not of my business prospects, not of my situation and associates in a strange town, in an inland province far removed and so different in its life from that of the great city. I thought only of Tolstoy, who lived there. Nor was this strange; others in my place would have known the same experience. We Russians appreciate the art of great writers—Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo, Sinskievit. Something brings us readily and compellingly under the influence of their magnetism. But Tolstoy is more than a great writer to us. While he lived we loved him as a man loves his friend. Now that he has passed from the superlative world he still lives amongst us in the profound world, where our spirits live.

As I approached my destination, amid the snow-covered fields of the suburb of Tula, I resolved to find out the places frequented by Tolstoy in his daily walks; I wished to lose no time in looking upon him. I did not know then that it would be my privilege to be introduced to him, to see him on so many occasions, to have so many conversations with him.

The most characteristic aspect of Lew Nicolaiewitch is to be found in the quality of his personal intercourse with the peasants whom he loved so well and whom he used to call the representatives of the most progressive people. With them he was in complete sympathy. That much of the intellectual part of love—that which makes it to be synonymous with love. Or, rather, sympathy is the foundation on which I might have been a devout pilgrim approaching a holy town.

Now having got the wisdom given unto those tent-born in wild places—and if Mr. Kirkby wants to know anything, a great storm even swept this poor shelter away and there was much agitation until its inmate (not yet then "a real lady," but only a diminutive piece of pink protoplasm) was found embedded in mud with a large motherly hen sitting on her face—this said wisdom tells me that it is useless to assemble in solemn conclave in order to define such curious conclusions which will be quite beyond the comprehension of the "normal healthy" (and, incidentally, stupid) people like myself.

I write this chubbily to express a hope that Mr. Kirkby will not elude us after his entrancing letter. We must squeeze a book out of him. Does he think that he is going to thrill us with those fifteen vivid lines about that street which he filled then leave us there with pricked ears and open mouths to get no more? No, no—a book we must and will have, and it will be a treasure. Better spry my feeble efforts and incidentally proving myself the most delightfully illogical writer that ever inspired his readers with a desire for more. (Logic never inspired anyone with anything but profound mistrust.)

A REAL LADY IN THE FABIAN CASE.

SIR.—My blessing on THE NEW AGE for affording me a glimpse of that attractive Mr. Kirkby who wears his tie round his heart, knows "people will do anything," agrees that bees and ants are the most imbecile of insects, and admits that, though not troubled much with intellectual convictions, he is in the habit of never contemplating going on to the class war, asserting the while that his aims are Utopian.

If Mr. Kirkby wants to restrict the discussion to those instincts and motives which actuate “normal healthy people,” I am afraid he must concede the fact that to those commonplace creatures justice does not mean "anything you like," and that, to them, the final verdict inevitably demands generalisation (a "final verdict," "absolution," "justice v. expediency," and so forth, then they may reach some very curious conclusions which will be quite beyond the comprehension of the "normal healthy" (and, incidentally, stupid) people like myself.

I write this chubbily to express a hope that Mr. Kirkby will not elude us after his entrancing letter. We must squeeze a book out of him. Does he think that he is going to thrill us with those fifteen vivid lines about that street which he filled then leave us there with pricked ears and open mouths to get no more? No, no—a book we must and will have, and it will be a treasure. Better spry my feeble efforts and incidentally proving myself the most delightfully illogical writer that ever inspired his readers with a desire for more. (Logic never inspired anyone with anything but profound mistrust.)

There are only two things in Mr. Kirkby’s charming letter against which I must protest. One is that “a necessity can’t be regrettable.” Think of this, O, ye normal healthy! when next a busy morning has to be given up to leaving a book and extracting it will assuredly be necessary, but won’t you regret it? The other is the assumption that I, I am inspired by Belfort Bax! Now although I am a sort of a Christian, and therefore believe that Christ, Nietzsche, John Davidson, Lloyd George and Leo Maxse can all lie down side by side in one harmonious system, I utterly refuse to admit that Belfort Bax will be allowed within a hundred mile radius. He who has left the torturing in outer darkness, for has he not pronounced himself as opposed to “Votes for Women”? And shall there be salvation for the Socialist of that stamp? Never! Never! Never!...
minimises a fact to suit the argument in hand, and does not even, in some cases, preserve always one consistent estimate of its value. Our urgent want is to know what the point of view really was, and if this may be wish impossible of fulfilment, but there is no harm in trying. The one possible criterion of success will be that the need of postulating "mistakes" will disappear. Until ourselves, put the mistake to our own account, and not to the need of postulating "mistakes" will disappear. Until ourselves, put the mistake to our own account, and not to

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The machine has had, let us say, a century's innings-

The alternative is the more general appreciation of intrinsical quality

with this is the question of the influence of the machine on

mannish to learn the arts and crafts of all the periods, and it can safely be said that they are wholly handicraft. The point hardly seems worth elaborating, but if your correspondent will walk down Regent Street after the Museum visit, and make mental comparison between what has been, and is now being seen, it should dispel the idea that the machine can even equal the man in quality or beauty of workmanship.

Another correspondent asked the question, "at what stage does a tool become a machine?" Surely the answer to this is the exact moment that it becomes the predominant partner in production. It would seem that so long as the machine remains an aid only, then its use is perfectly legitimate. For instance, the writer's first acquaintance with manual work came when, as a long-legged boy, he entered a builder's business to obtain a practical knowledge of building. A start was made in the joiner's shop, where the foreman, having knowledge of boys, provided an excellent safety value for exuberant energy, in the form of a gin, by gin, deal, a rip saw, and a small square to see the saw. For the boy, such work was an excellent training, but absurd. Compare, for instance, the relative manual fatigue, leaving him less energy and interest for the finer sides of his craft. The present-day danger is that the joiner has transferred into a mere fitter-together of work produced in its entirety by the machine.

The same may be said of the engineering trade; the fitter of 20 years ago was a much more skilled craftsman than his fellow-to-day, who merely bolts up the products of the machine tool. In all trades one finds the designer, pattern maker and the machine tool omnipotent, and the consequent degradation of the craftsman into a mere operative.

There would then appear to be two courses before us: to go on as we are doing until the craftsman is eliminated, and becomes the blue-smoked serf, who figures in that nightmare of Mr. Wells' "The Sleeper Awakes," with a ruling class of cities in their clotted plague of which no serf ever goes. This was an entirely logical prophecy written, if one remembers, nearly 20 years ago. It is the method by which large quantities of the "artistic" and "handicraft" variety can be manufactured, and it operates in a vicious circle because before you can benefit by the cheapness you yourself have to be cheapened. Your pound buys, you say, the two pairs of boots instead of one, and to obtain these you yourself must be speeded up and in sundry ways broken to heel.

The machine has had, let us say, a century's innings—what has it done for us? Is the operative the equal of the craftsman? Will the former be as useful to the community as the latter, and possess initiative? On the physicists' side, inquiries might be made as to the potentialities of the female operative in connection with motherhood, and so on. And by-products of the machine, what of them? The broken men thrown on the market by the industrial upheaval of the Embankment. But that is just the lottery; to those who live by the machine, it may mean for some, say, a two-and-a-half guinea week welcome at the outbreak of the New Year, but just as certainly it means for many others the scrapheap outside.

C. H. B. QUENNEL.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Sir,—The lesson for me from Mr. Murphy's letter on this subject is not that Art can use machinery to realise itself, but that Art has nothing to do with Crafts. This may seem very vapouring, but I am certain it is a terrible truth. The state of mind, the calibre of mind, the methods of mind essential to the creation of works of Art are diametrically opposed to the state, calibre and methods essential to the handicraftsman, the maker of articles. The artist is the lary man, the craftsman is the perpetually busy man. The artist interested in the generalities of life, the craftsman must be meticulously careful to know the minutiae of a small section of knowledge. The artist, in doing his work, must not be preoccupied with the technique of that work, the craftsman is bound to be pre-occupied with nothing else. The artist is inspired and improved by a curiosity concerning some subject, he is not a writer of the subject; he is often left to do his work. (Mr. Jacob Tonson was, I think, much in error when he compared Dickens' correspondence unfavourably with Flaubert's, because the latter was pre-occupied with the technical blemisher of his work. Dickens was so supreme an artist that he did not know it.) But the craftsman must have no such irrelevant curiosity. He must be absorbed in the technique of his craft. He must be the awakener of the important body of craftsmen in the world—engineers. For it should be remembered that engineering is abjectly dependent upon the craftsman for all its triumphs. The popular notion that machinery destroys craftsmanship is pardonable but absurd. Compare, for instance, the relative manual dexterity of an artisan, literally cutting out the parts of Boulton and Watt's engines, and the modern mechanical manipulating grapples that are sensitive to a thousandth of an inch. Well, of all craftsmen, engineers are least interested in outside matters than anyone in the world, which accounts for the many myths about them in the public mind. The engineer is the practical man, and is not preoccupied with technical minutiae. They talk "shop" until one is moved to curse them very heartily. Nothing would impress you more than to hear an engineer. I had one, the subject of conversation among (a) a group of artists, and (b) a group of engineers.

To return to my contention, which I have been led to elaborate, I should like to show you two pictures that I have written the books, composed the music. Crafts builds the house, empanel the walls, fashions the chairs, bookcase and piano, tools the bindings, heats the rooms, weaves the fabrics for you to wear. Art does his work by inspiration and instinct, and talks of Shakespeare and the musical glasses. Crafts' apprenticeship is never ending, and he is not interested in outside matters than anyone in the world, which accounts for the many myths about them in the public mind. The engineer is the practical man, and is not preoccupied with technical minutiae. They talk "shop" until one is moved to curse them very heartily. Nothing would impress you more than to hear an engineer. I had one, the subject of conversation among (a) a group of artists, and (b) a group of engineers.

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Genova.

WILLIAM McFEFF.

WOMEN'S FRANCHISE.

Sir,—In your issue of January 5 Mr. Cecil Chesterton refers to the question of admission to the franchise of "middle-class and upper-class women." The painting of the Coriolan mask would, or rather will, give votes to women who pay rates and taxes, whether for a whole house or for a single room, provided there be complete control.

Of the women who will be thus entitled to vote, in London over 85 per cent, and in Bolton over 89 per cent, are working women. In some forty or fifty other towns the average of voting women is over 50 per cent.

I think these figures dispose of the idea that only "middle-class and upper-class women" would benefit by the extension of the franchise.

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—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

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