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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 (fancy "choked with British blood" from a Cabinet Minister), but they either wilfully or ignorantly 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, since Parliament is sure to deal with it. What is more immediately interesting is Mr. Churchill's admission that though not the initiator of any of the operations, one in particular had his specific and expressed approval. It happens to be the operation which most humane people feel to be the least excusable of all, namely, the leaving of two burglars to commit suicide by burning. The men of the Fire Brigade were anxious, it now appears, to extinguish the flames in their usual professional way; they even challenged the refusal of the police officers to permit it and appealed to Mr. Churchill. After this there cannot be the smallest doubt that Mr. Churchill alone was responsible for what if it had occurred, as we said last week, in America, would have been called a lynching.

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We did not need the "Star's" correspondents to prove that a good many members of the mob heartily approved of Mr. Churchill's conflagratory decision. Every civilised community contains within itself specimens of all the stages through which it has passed, and we do not doubt that there are still to be found in England individuals who would resume the barbaric practices and punishments of the paleolithic age if only they were permitted. What is the amazing thing, however, is that a Cabinet Minister in the twentieth century should wittingly or unwittingly play down to these survivals without any sense of shame, and in the belief, we must suppose, that that is the popular course. Popular in a restricted sense, and among the dregs of society, such a playing down may be, but this kind of popular opinion differs from real public opinion as numbers differ from weight. This is not the first occasion on which Mr. Churchill has made the error of siding with what appeared to be numbers and against weight. If that is not demagogy we do not know what is.

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It is scarcely credible that the whole incident has been the work of foreign agents-provocateurs who designed to scare England into repudiating her right of political asylum. But the immediate sequel could not have been more unanimous if it had been calculated in advance and well paid for. Of course, there is not the slightest ground for supposing that the burglars were Anarchists; and, in fact, the view of the authorities of the Metropolitan Police still is, according to the "Times," that the Houndsditch murders were the work, not of Anarchists, but of members of a gang of foreign burglars. All the same, the "Times" has not been above joining with the "Express" and the rest of the press in associating the murders with anarchism, if not by statement, at least by contiguity and suggestion. The real objection to this is not by any means that it drags anarchism down to the level of crime, but that it lifts crime to the level of anarchism. Warriors who fought in the battles described in Rig-Veda took care to send in advance of themselves a variety of terrifying rumours with the object of increasing their personal effect. Henceforward it will be easy for common burglars to hold up society, to petrify the law, to impel our statesmen to pass scare legislation, by the simple device of pretending to be Anarchists. As most criminals have what Myers called an unstable threshold of consciousness rendering them peculiarly open to suggestion, we shall not be surprised if "anarchist" outbreaks occur with increasing frequency. What is most feared is often thereby made most likely.

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Mr. Belloc'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. Belloc 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. Belloc'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 manœuvres in which the moving power of the machinery is the desire of sharing the spoils." So, 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 declared it to be, the national character. And from this point of view, the conclusion is obvious that the way of reform is popular political education.

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We have been misunderstood if our readers have gathered that the political education of the people is in our view the duty ot 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 crude 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, but also that it required 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 representatives who needed no 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 mauled to produce the contrary or a simulacrum only of what the electors intended.

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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 confine 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 so ingeniously that the very proofs of his treachery can be made by him to appear proofs of his constancy. Under these circumstances, it would be almost useless of the persons "in the know" to accuse the agent before the shareholders. They would be certain to be howled down by the good instincts but the bad judgment of the deluded company. If they persisted, however, in risking this, their reward would not finally be to be believed, but to be despised as cranks, and a set of men with a grievance; and not only would they thus suffer individually (which is no great matter), but their cause would be as good as lost. Well, we rather conceive that Mr. Belloc's position is not unlike that of our imaginary reformers. Mr. Belloc knows, as we do, that but few of the political leaders have any intention of satisfying the people with the substance when the people are so very easily satisfied with the shadow. He, however, spends his time in saying so, with the effect we have already described. Outside the circle of those who know he is not believed.

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Now consider an alternative method of procedure. Suppose a shareholder, equally convinced with the percipient few that the agent in question is a rogue, but also convinced, as they are not, that the mass of his fellows are honestly unable with the evidence at their disposal to come to the same conclusion. He would refrain from attempting to cram their ears with words against the stomach of their sense, and rely instead upon the method of dramatic demonstration. To drop the analogy we may say at once that circumstances have provided the conditions of a dramatic demonstration either of the honesty or of the dishonesty of our Liberal politicians to-day. The issue in hand at this moment is not, it is true, of much economic value. While the House of Commons remains what it is, the House of Lords may be abolished without increasing the wages of the working classes by a single farthing for the next century. Small as its economic importance is, the question of the Veto of the House of Lords happens, however, to have concentrated on itself a considerable amount of popular attention. And its position is all the more commanding for standing, as it does, virtually alone. Every other question has for the moment been swept off the political field, and it is now plain to the observation even of the politically myopic that the Liberal Party, the agent of the parable, must speedily prove himself conclusively and unmistakeably honest or dishonest. While the experiment is proceeding, however, it is important in our view that no excuse should be given to the Liberal Party to complain of hindrance from within. On the contrary, at the risk of appearing permanently allied with them, the Labour Party has, in our judgment, done wisely to co-operate for the time being with Liberals. We do not believe for one moment that their independence is thereby imperilled for all time. If it should happen, as it may, that at the eleventh hour the Cabinet decides to shelve or even seriously to modify the proposals of the Parliament Bill from any cause whatever in an anti-democratic direction, we are confident that the Labour Party will instantly resume its independence, and with the determination never to trust the Liberal Party again. In other words, the treachery of the agent will be conclusively proved.

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If anybody cares to enquire into the real motives of the Labour Party in the adoption of their present tactics, the above, we are sure, will put them on the 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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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. Warren: "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 King will not be used to prejudice the trial of these two men. The procedure of the King is certainly most remarkable, and we hope will not form a precedent.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

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 confident expectation of peace that is devoutly hoped for by the Monarchs or Ministers in question. (Thus when King Edward VII met the Tsar at Reval a suitable intimation of the diplomatic significance of the meeting was duly sent to the German, French, and Austro-Hungarian Governments.)

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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 show, if nothing else, that one country has its eye on another, just as one business house is careful to keep itself abreast of the movements of its competitors.

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Now, the Tsar, accompanied by his Foreign Minister, M. Sasonoff, recently visited the Kaiser at Potsdam. The meeting took place at the instigation of the Kaiser; but, by way of showing its contempt for France and Great Britain, no Note of explanation was forwarded through the usual channels, although one was sent to 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 interview meant. Will it be believed that neither statesman made a move? A complaint in regard to this was hurled at me a day or two ago by a personage so well known in European diplomatic circles that I forbear from giving his name. If I did, both Sir E. Grey and M. Pichon would find it convenient to resign. (By this time they know at the Foreign Office that no idle talk is indulged in on this page.)

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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 was never forgiven in St. 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 Shefket Pasha about that."

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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 added: "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 remind your Excellency that our Foreign Minister is in precisely the same predicament."

"C'est vrai! But 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."

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

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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 still exercises its censorship 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 the effect is felt it will not be in the direction imagined by the Press in this country, both Liberal and Conservative.

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What no stretch of any vocabulary can hail as a reform, however, is the absurd and untimely "right" to strike. Even in a Republic, as events in France 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.

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If we accept a thoroughly democratic point of view, we must admit that there are no "rights," except such as the whole community, or a majority of the 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.

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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 left off working on the flimsiest of pretexts, 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 that 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 question—say the requirements 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 why it is altogether against democratic principles to extract, as some Socialist bodies attempt to do, pledges from candidates that they will resign if asked to do so by the local organisation. The local organisation exists only in order to place the candidate before the electorate. Once he is elected he must be responsible to the people, and to the people alone. If he finds it impossible with a good conscience to vote for what he knows the majority of his constituents desire, it is his duty to resign. But there is not the smallest reason why he should resign merely because he disagrees with some Caucus, whether Liberal, Conservative, or Socialist.

It is obvious that this view of the duties of a representative throws upon him an enormously increased responsibility. To obey sedulously 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 populace.

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 stewards to throw out summarily all opponents. 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 some such 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.

The Future of the Monarchy.

By The Hon. R. Erskine.

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 is grouped; and though Art and Literature, and what, 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 we should turn if we desire to understand the history of the evolution of modern society, and more especially if we wish to learn something touching its existing tendencies.

Into the question of the comparative antiquity of Religion and Politics it is here unnecessary to go. 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 King"—is itself a product 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 separation of 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 ancient, if not the primary, concept of the Monarchy, and of monarchical rule in general, held its ground. That view was still a curious compound of high prerogative united to sacerdotal pretension; for, curious as it may seem, the efforts of Hildebrand and his followers had so far little affected (i.e., modified) the monarchical concept. The King was still the Father of the State—the fount of honour and the source of all power, to use the language of Feudalism—but in addition to this, he claimed, and exercised, an extensive ecclesiastical and semi-ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The war of the State with the Church had left the former triumphant. The law of evolution as applied to "Religion," as opposed to "Politics," was but just beginning to operate. Slowly but surely, the Church was being forced back on herself—was being led by inexorable circumstance to realise a truth which, as the years go by, she seems destined to act on more and more—namely, that her end and function are Religion, and that, apart from these, she has neither aim nor object worth pursuing. But, whilst the Church, in obedience to the law of evolution, was thus dimly groping her way towards a solution of her difficulties on the only lines possible—namely, least resistance to the temporal forces opposed to her, it cannot be said that the State—as exemplified in the monarchical principle—showed a corresponding readiness to face the music of the inevitable. The immediate result of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century was to abrogate the State's dependence on the Church, or rather to sweep away what remained of the doctrine which affirmed that the Monarch is less than the Bishop. So much, at all events, may be postulated touching the religious convulsion of the sixteenth century; but a striking proof of Monarchism's own apparently inherent shortsightedness is supplied by the fact that the discarded pretensions of Religion to absolutism she straightway assumed as a cloak to herself, as soon as ever the winds of adversity had stripped them from the shoulders of her rival. The theory and doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings was clearly a borrowed or rather stolen fantasy, which European princes appropriated along with their other plunder of the Church. Blind or indifferent to the writing on the wall—the rise and spread of popular rights and the democratic idea—the monarchical principle now aspired to be not only a limitless law unto itself, but the rule whereby the rest of society should live, forgetful of the fact that "I" cannot always be the State.

How slowly the doctrine of the people's supremacy itself evolved may be judged by the fact that between the rise and fall of the Venetian Republic and the French Revolution, that concept was, so far as practice is concerned, practically stationary; and even after the great social upheaval of the eighteenth century, the doctrine of government by the people for the people was much more honoured in the breach than it was in the observance, as M. Aulard has strikingly proved in his "Political History" of that much misunderstood event. In due time, however, the Crown, in its turn, began to experience the force of those disintegrating influences which had previously been aimed at the Mitre's political power, and which, in acting in obedience to the law of evolution, had already forced back the Church upon herself. It is true that, either less discerning, or, what is more probable, politically more powerful than "Religion," "Politics," which had 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 historians, Fox and MacIntosh, are equally candid so far as its defects and shortcomings are concerned— the unbridled selfishness and exclusiveness of the aristocratic junta which planned and executed it—still, even under such unpromising circumstances, Democracy will out. At all events, it cannot be denied that the passing of the Stuarts was an event which immensely hastened the process of disintegration to which the monarchical principle was now being subjected, and that the resulting loss of political power to the kingly concept was a benefit in which the whole of Europe shared. The State's long struggle to get rid of the incubus of royal absolutism was further greatly assisted by the passing of the first Reform Bill, which also, like the execution of Charles I. and the Revolution of 1688, profoundly affected the whole of Europe. The path of evolution is strewn with ruins, which are there for those to see and to heed who approach to assimilate its lessons; but in no field, I venture to think, are its beneficent workings made more manifest, or its humane and benevolent intentions with respect to mankind in general more strikingly discovered than they are in the history of "Politics" and "Religion." The slow, but sure and ordered, advance of progress (as embodied in the democratic concept), from its first faint beginnings at the dawn of authentic history down to the period in which we live, is, surely, calculated to "enthuse" the most phlegmatic of us, and to stimulate and encourage those who are the least inclined by nature to indulge a zeal for popular causes. Vox populi may not be always vox dei; but the cumulative effect of the cry which the "masses" have sent resounding down to us through the arches of history is strewn with ruins, which are there for those to see ing harmony.

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

* "The Roman Empire."

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 assimilated the lesson that in Demos's house 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 on 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 the greater is the probability that its remaining political power will be whittled down until little will be left of the once great bauble itself but social credit and prestige. A recent writer in the Press has ably pointed out how at the time of the first Reform Bill, the Lords preferred "social values" to political power; and arguing on the basis of that fact, he has prophesied a re-exhibition of that characteristic preference. The probability is that, in the fulness of time, Monarchism will go and do likewise. It will gradually withdraw itself more and more from the political arena, its final stage and end being not unlike unto the passing of some erstwhile celebrated but worn-out and antiquated beau, who, having withdrawn himself from a society which no longer needs and respects him, has shut himself up in his own house, there to spend the residue of his days in gilded seclusion, and in the nice and ordered management of such trifles and punctilios as appeal to the soul of the "Smart."

Emancipation in a Hurry.

By Teresa Billington-Greig.

II.

THE claim that women will purify politics is advanced by the militants, and it may be advanced from many 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 promulgated 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 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 detachedness 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 friends 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 turn. Like the male politician she can rouse an audience by 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.

Until the Women's Social and Political Union had been transformed into a trinitarian dictatorship, all women's suffrage societies were pledged to sex-equality. They all demanded the franchise for women on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men. They asked for equal sex rights in voting. But the Women's Social and Political Union abandoned this claim. It flung away the basis of principle. It declared on its official publications and in its official utterances that it demanded the Parliamentary vote for women tax-payers. This cutting down of the demand was perhaps sound political sense; but it was undoubtedly hastened by the presence within the society of an increasing number of women of the wealthier classes whose conservative tendencies could not safely be opposed. The women of the old school would never of themselves have reduced their primary demand. If less had been offered them they would probably have accepted it—as in the case of the Conciliation Bill—but they would not have gone out of the way to show that they were willing to take less than a measure of principle. The suffragists of the new school made the sacrifice quite calmly. They were out to win, not sex-equality, but any measure of votes for women—any obtainable measure. It was one of the prices they paid to hurry.

The misuse of militancy as a medium of advertisement points in the same direction. It shows that women in politics are as easily corrupted as men by the desire to win. The scoring of showy and effective victory is so magnified as to undermine the very object which the victory is required to achieve. The devotees of militantism under the Pankhurst flag have become devotees of the big drum. And militantism is but one arm of the advertising octopus 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 undue 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—by sacrifice of devious kinds. Some people have given out of their abundance for the great show and shouting, and they are adequately repaid. But others have given out of their necessities because of the misused language of revolt, because of the souls to be won from captivity, and these must be counted among the many exploited by a movement that has no scruple about the methods it uses to gain its ends. The woman with money, the woman with courage, the woman with talent, the woman with leisure, the woman with warm life-forces pulsing through her, arresting and attractive, the woman who has made her name, the lady with relatives in high places, the lady with a title—all these have been made use of as pawns in the game. They are all means to an end; tools to be used and forgotten; 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 working up of feeling, and producing 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 mind shall only look out through appropriate glasses. *This* must be magnified and pleasantly coloured; *that* must be minimised and darkened. Little evils piled one on the other must be raised as high as the heavens that they may shut out all other things.

The strain of suspicion must be cultivated to manufacture wrongs when the supply does not equal the demand. I have no personal objection to fanatics—if I am not constrained to live with them. The naturally produced fanatic is made necessary and even desirable in this modern world of ours, by the presence of great evils and the utter indifference of the majority of the victims. But I object to the artificial creation of fanatics of any kind, religious, political, or sexual. I object to the trickery and misrepresentation which is used to produce them, and to the system which makes them for its own purposes. These agencies are evil. The real fanatic, bred by evils which have been personally endured, is the natural rebound against bad conditions, and will do her or his appropriate work of destruction. But the artificially produced variety will, in all probability, at the end of a period of exultation, swing back into the slough, and be ashamed.

There is here a greater danger to the final work of emancipation than can be compensated for by the apotheosis of two or three women and a limited measure upon the statute book. It is a danger which looms up in every temporary calm in the militant movement. In silence and leisure there is time for thought, so the thing has to be kept going lest those who are controlled by it should awake. The movement is involved in a vicious circle.

The magnifying glass has been turned specially upon woman herself. A cult of woman-worship has been inaugurated, a pose of superiority to the male of the species as ridiculous as the man's pose of superiority 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-opinionated young women. There is every justification for the woman who runs amok under masculine provocation; 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 as well as evil in this course of action. Women who are taught to worship women and scorn men are liable to go too far in the opposite direction under the influence of strong natural emotion. If you have been subjected to a system of mental control under which you have come to regard the average human male as an inferior and evilly-inclined creature, you are in danger of mistaking the first intelligent and honest man you meet for a god. The element of deceit in the canonisation of woman at the expense of man provides a channel for the further degradation of women. This may be regarded as of slight account by the suffragist who needs the infatuated woman in the frenzied rush for legislation, but it will become a large thing when the calm of quieter days gives opportunity for marking its effects.

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 unconscious 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 adequate advantage can be obtained from them. It is demonstrated by the exceeding bitterness with which anti-militant suffragists are treated. You may have given all but your life for the suffrage cause, but if you declare against any militant action you are at once judged, condemned, and executed. Your status with the militants is gone; your courage is questioned. You are enveloped in an atmosphere of suspicion. "Do you think she is sound?" is asked mistrustfully; "Is he honest?" This, accompanied with shrugged shoulders and lifted brows, is a final condemnation. Nobody believes in the critic after that.

It is not extraordinary to find such an atmosphere about a militant movement. Emotional revivalism sufficiently strong to impel its votaries to sacrifice, is always intolerant. A necessary accompaniment of such exaltation is persecution. This is partly due to the state of nervous tension which necessarily exists, and partly to the contrivance of the priesthood. Militant action, which has become a fetish, must be protected like every other fetish from the light of reason and the breath of criticism. Every superstition employs the same means; while criticism from without can be interpreted as vulgar abuse, and criticism from within subtly made to appear as treachery, the most irrational fetish can 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 the mind 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 militancy with the press and the public. Both welcome 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 young barbarians come from the East End or the West End. They gather for the row. By choosing the method of advertisement and dramatic display the militants bring numbers to share the excitement provided. But the numbers are not with them as a mass. And the folly of the advertising short-cut is shown when one remembers that had 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 stifled long ago. 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 satisfaction of a speedy end of some sort. One used to hear thinking women express the fear that the struggle would end too soon, and the 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. I, the artist, the poet, wrote and taught, 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 we wanted to get as much money and applause 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, is not so clear; but the result has been the same. The barrel of meal has not wasted, nor the cruse of oil failed; and if his fame is no longer noised abroad by Tourgénef, Mr. Aylmer Maude conducts the Hallelujah Chorus. But I have quoted this passage because I want to show that Tolstoy has never cared for Art, never understood it, never, in the real sense of the word, known anything about it. "To know a thing," said Carlyle," what we can call knowing, a man must first love the thing, sympathise with it: that is, be virtuously related to it." But in his youth, Tolstoy cared only for romance. Dumas, Sue, and Fevalle were his favourites, and he has himself admitted that his companions at Moscow University judged better than he did of literature. "Poushkin and Tukovski were literature to them. They despised Dumas, Sue, and Fevalle, and judged far more correctly and decidedly of literature than I." He laughed at the master-pieces of Russian literature, merely because they were written in verse. "Delicacy of form," says a German biographer, "had, in his eyes, no importance; because, in his opinion (to which, it may be remarked, he has always since adhered) such a form fetters thought." He went to Italy, "but if we did not know for certain," says Merejkowski, "there would be room to doubt that he had ever crossed the Alps. 'The fragments of sacred wonders' awoke in him no tremor. 'The old stones of wonder' remained dead to him. If on one occasion, *en passant* and with a light heart, he speaks of Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" as "an absurd production," it is not from his own recollection, but from having seen some casual copy." Before he wrote the essay "What is Art?," which Mr. Maude regards as "one of Tolstoy's greatest contributions to the welfare of mankind," he had placed on record an opinion that forever disqualified him from speaking authoritatively on this subject. "That activity which is called creative and artistic, and to which I formerly devoted my whole powers, has not only lost in my eyes its former importance, but has become positively distasteful to me, for the unfitting position which it occupied in my life and usually occupies in the minds of people of the well-to-do classes."

But there is more than a "positive distaste" to disqualify Tolstoy: there is the contempt of the landed aristocrat. Behind the Jesus, we find the gentleman: "under the peasant Christian's pelisse we get, not a hair-shirt, no; linen, lavendered and voluptuous with eau de Chypre and Parma violets." A biographer, presumably Behrs, says that there is always "a pleasant consciousness of the fact that he is both a writer and an aristocrat." The word "pleasant" needs some definition. In 1855, he quarrelled with Tourgénef. "Tolstoy, in the middle room, lay sulking on the morocco sofa; while Tourgénef, spreading the tails of his short coat, and with his hands in his pockets, strode to and fro through the three rooms. To avert a catastrophe, I went to the sofa and said, 'Tolstoy, old chap, don't get excited! You don't know how he esteems and loves you.' 'I won't allow him to do anything to spite me,' exclaimed Tolstoy, with dilated nostrils. 'There! Now he keeps marching past me on purpose, wagging his democratic haunches.'" Later, he did not object to the "democratic haunches" of a writer or an artist. He accused them of being exclusive, refined, useless to the people, in short, aristocratic. The 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, popular, and 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, unholy, and ignoble. In this contempt we have an ill-concealed pride of birth, more deeply seated than might appear at first sight—a "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 said in various quarters 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 its origin in him. At first, when mention began to be made of selling the books, 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 wholly to carrying 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 all one's 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 renounced 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. Free from the fear of the public and the publishers, free from the need of money, free from care and from criticism; from what a celsitude 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 æstheticians differ in their definitions of it, is not to be controverted, but ignored. "The instinct for beauty," said Matthew Arnold," is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct." Without the instinct for conduct, there is no admiration of fine action; 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 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

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 if 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 symmetria prisca of the Greeks, and it is just where we English fail, where all our art fails." The beauty revealed by the symmetria prisca 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, to 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; the condition of its being, 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 tireless 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 the best thing God invents—
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 has nothing to fear from its effluence into form. Too much of morals we have already, and the preaching of them breeds hypocrisy in conduct. But the perception of beauty silences shame, scorns the low pleasure of the senses, forbids the beholder to praise or to play, and in its perception the soul is satisfied. 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 prisca 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, is the sum and substance of this perambulating phrase. And what a definition of art it is! The use of the deaf and dumb alphabet is art, if the definition is correct. Flag-wagging, semaphore-signalling, is art if only it expresses feeling, as sometimes happens in the service; and to wave a handkerchief in greeting or 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 write. 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 consciousness 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 judgment to a referendum. It is not a standard, but a ballot; not a principle, but a plébiscite; 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, mediæval, 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 Shakespeare and Sophocles, Michelangelo and Maeterlinck, Baudelaire and Beethoven, Ibsen and Euripides, Æschylus, Dante, Milton, Wagner, Nietzsche and the rest, did not preach "piety" that he condemned them. But, "this Herostratus, who raises his hand against Æschylus and Dante, to whom Poushkin is still if not 'a school-book in a yellow cover,' yet a dissipated man who wrote improper love verses, bows down in simplicity before Berthold Auerbach, George Eliot, and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" There we may leave this converted Count, whose old age agrees with his youth in this, that at neither time did he show good taste in art or manifest the instinct for beauty. Neither peerage nor piety, preaching nor prosperity, avail him here. The man is simply stupid, and against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

IN New York there are clubs for almost every type of human being. I know of one which is infinitely more amusing than any play I ever saw, and as weird as any Chinese acting within my experience. The proper thing to do at this club is to pretend you are imitating the Piccadilly manner, that is, you keep mum under all circumstances, no matter how much Mumm you may have consumed. The old Dundreary expression of pain, mingled with a suggestion of impertinent inquisitiveness, is the proper face-mark with some, while others put the eye-glass to the most extraordinary uses, frown at the daily paper, at each other, and at themselves in the mirrors.

* * *

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.

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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 ever is the English personality, the glamour of London brought to New York by an artiste who has long triumphed in English theatres. Perhaps snobbery in New York is even worse than

snobbery in London. If an English curate were to come here and eat stale eggs without expecting the proverbial "good spots" thousands of New Yorkers would follow suit.

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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. It is not what they do and say, it is the expression of the eye that makes one think they are suffering from spiritual lassitude and psychic-dejection.

* * *

The sons of rich New Yorkers now form a new type unlike anything known in America when I was last here. Many of these young men refuse to engage in business of any sort. They, in their turn, are imitating the customs of the European nobility. Some of them are simply lazy, while others think it quite natural that they should become "gentlemen" in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, while others again think it the correct thing to dabble in art, music or literature. After the fourth or fifth generation decadence sets in, and New York Society is now ripe for that, in so far as the young people of the rich are concerned.

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"What," I asked an American friend, "will these young men do when they are called on to take the father's place?" "Oh," he replied, "they will just live on their means and let business go." Even now there is not a millionaire here who is master in his own house. The rich American hardly controls his own movements, to say nothing of the movements of any member of his household.

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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, or for artists—show-places, in one word; and it is no wonder, since many of them contain some of the greatest pictures and art objects in the world, and, as a matter of hard fact, the artists and the foreign connoisseurs are the only people capable of appreciating what the mansions contain.

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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 hacquisition; hit's what they call the 'ighest hart o' the day; hit's the children o'Hisreal crossin' the Red Sea, followed by the King o'Hegypt, with 'is 'osses 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 moment out popped the curly head of what I took 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.

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I was led on into another room, and, to my great surprise, we came to some pictures which seemed to me familiar. They looked like the efforts of what they called in Paris the school of the "colour blind." The barber made his appearance, and, stopping before the picture where we stood, mumbled with a hearty gesture of disdain: "Ah, ca! c'est de la croûte!"

* * *

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 govenor's fav'rite; 'e's just come back from Paris." "I quite understand," I said, "that Mr. X recognises 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 heater, an' 'e's a great one for 'igh-toned colourin'." As we were leaving the room, the butler with a mechanical wave of the hand towards one part of the wall, said: "The governor got all these 'ere cheap; about ten dollars apiece on the haverage."

* * *

As we were leaving I asked: "Do you suffer much from burglaries about here?" "Well, you see," he answered, "burglars are afeard of hart; they seem to think a picture is a white heliphant 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 ceaseless longing for what can't be grasped,
The unrepressed striving, mute revolt,
The passionate demand to know the real,
The sense of dim foreboding or vague fears,
The ever-present Hope, the burning need
Some Force to worship—inconceivable;
This, only this, will never cease to be!
What lives or forms may be evolved anew,
Or in what distant, strange, 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 will like us aspire, progress, and hope
No sage or wizard ever can divine.
He not immortal is who has excelled
In war or peace, in good or evil deeds,
Nor he whose life was worthy to record
In history—forgotten like all else,—
Nor he whom mortals fear, or love, or hate,
But only he who dreams of a new world
Enfolded in the midst of future years,
A phantom world indeed, though real to him,—
Who in the emptiness of human life
Still yearns and wishes for a new ideal.
Or like the traveller in some boundless steppe
Who parched with burning thirst a mirage sees—
He is immortal who a world creates—
A world of thought, and dwells himself therein.

—MINSKY.—Translated by Aline Delano.

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 single and simple. 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 imaginings.

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 deprecated 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 nevertheless are also 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 to be 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 men of faith, their 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 equally easy 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 once more?

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 entangling 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, 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 one further 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 heads, and it is alleged by reputable people that they can be written without hands; as Byron himself suggested. I have read of such things, and have recognised 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 wrongest our philosophy, 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 of Schopenhauer and St. Paul, both misogynists, were a justification of your original sin. It is proof of your decadence that, at your entry to earthly existence, you stumble over a phrase; but you cannot transfer the responsibility for your existence to a concatenation of words. Whose Will and what Life? To us who know nothing of abstract Will, but only experience and observe volitions, Will is a manifestation of power, 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. It is your life that we are considering, and it is your will that is manifesting it. You already live, and seem to will to live. How, then, can you suppose that four words of Arthur Schopenhauer can be quoted as sufficient authority for your existence?

Your acquaintance with Schopenhauer is not to be commended. You know so little of him that I cannot allow you to introduce him to your parents. Moreover, as you choose to be a lady, your preference for this author is either ignorant or morbid. He is a contemner of your sex, and he loathes that peculiar variation of it called "a lady." If you do not know this it is my duty to acquaint you with the fact. He will make this life intolerable to you as you learn to know him better; for, even in his philosophy, the Will to Live is simply the logical premiss of the Will to Die. He offers you a sojourn in a swamp, surrounded by creatures not terrible but loathsome. Born of the mist, and suckled of the slime, these creatures suspire the foulest vapours; and their exhalations asphyxiate the soul. If I read Schopenhauer aright, you will have to become like St. Paul, and learn to die daily. And what profit will that be to you, who come surcharged with mission? The songs you fain would sing, those melodies of the upper air, would roughen to raucousness as your fine throat were throttled; and still would be unheard amid the bull frogs' croaking.

I beg you read your scroll of life correctly. If on this earth you must appear, then Arthur Schopenhauer is not your guide, nor are we the sentinels of the entry. But if, as you declare, you come with music on your lips and beauty on your brow, with feet that shine along the heavens, some dancing star you must inhabit. This earth is not to be redeemed by song, no matter from what far fields the minstrel wanders. It has work to do. Once in every twenty-four hours it must revolve on its axis, and once in every year it must circle the sun. On these terms only is it allowed to exist, for a satellite is always a slave. It serves, it knows not what; and worships what it cannot be. Like Desdemona, it "can turn, and turn, and yet go on, and turn again;" it has no respite from revolution, and it lacks the leisure to love. And they who, lured by whatsoever phantasy, come bearing blessings in their hands, and with benedictions on their lips, remain to say with Andrea del Sarto: "While hand and eye and something of a heart are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth? I'll pay my fancy."

You will have to pay your fancy, but is it worth the price? The Will to Live and the Will to Die, whatever their philosophical value, are terribly real to the artist. We enter this life shrouded by innumerable veils of illusion, which one by one are stripped from us. Death strips the last, but the soul is never seen of mortals. Men meet and mingle, but the God withdraws; and when the veil of the temple is rent in twain, nothing is seen. So life is gradual disillusion, bringing the soul nearer and nearer to that reality from which it must flee. We pay for the Will to Live by experience of the Will to Die. The saving grace of humour can alone preserve us, like mummies stuffed with balsam and spice; but who that treads the Milky Way would wish to be embalmed on earth?

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 sought; and instead of beautifying the earth, it only makes the ugliness more apparent. It refines nothing, it adorns nothing. To carve a cliff was Angelo's ideal, and every artist wishes to re-mould the earth. But if the work were done, where is the profit? It would be but a broken torso of the ideal, to which earth's creatures would be indifferent. The earth and its children are impervious to beauty: dust they are and unto dust shall they return. And we leave our works to perish with them, when we return to our celestial way.

Some earth-bound and facetious sprites have endeavoured to rob you of my counsel. Your letter sped through the midmost air, but theirs arrived by the penny post: a fact that is fatal to fantasy. It is strange that they, who profess themselves so dissatisfied with me, should be so eager to usurp your parentage. But the ruse is unsuccessful. A wise father knows his own children, and is compelled by law to restrict his admonitions to those for whom the world makes him responsible. I have no counsel for clod-hoppers, nor would you be persuaded by what would convince them. If I must have children, I will have only my own fathered upon me. There are parents enough for them, of the kind they evidently desire; but I will be no adopter of foundlings. I am neither a door-boy nor a lackey to usher this rude progeny into the presence of its superiors. So I shall ignore, and continue to ignore, their claims to my notice and name; but to you who have found so miraculous a method of communication, I shall continue to address myself until the inevitable happens. Then there will be no more to be said.

YOUR RELUCTANT FATHER.

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.

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 phenomenally 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 am alone!" And she kneeled beside the Lady, sore afraid and weeping. "Return, my lovely Lady, return! To jump the precipice and to drink the sea seems easy now as before it seemed impossible! Open those sweet eyes, lift that pretty white hand. Do not go from me thus without one word of where you have gone! Whatever have I done, wicked me? I have sealed my Lady's fate. Ah, why did I not instantly throw myself over any mountain or any number of mountains? She said I should turn into a beautiful princess, so high and fair that even the cruellest giant could refuse me nothing. Bad lot that I am to doubt her, and Tante Kinkje would say as much. Up, thou schelm, Dota Filjee! Set about thy believing and open that door, or else to the crest of yon mountain thou goest and over, over! Pretty Lady, pretty Lady, awake! Dota Filjee will do everything. Never a frown shall blacken her impious face, the child of a jackal as she is, nay, of a jackhanger, for what live thing is more cruel than that verneuking bird? Never word of doubt or disobedience shall pass her lips. Only awake, my Lady dear, and give me a sign!"

But the blue-robed Lady lay dreaming beyond human words or signs. Poor Dota tried, by a hundred endearing movements and words of deep tenderness, to arouse the enchanted one, but all was of no avail. The white hand stayed rigid, the eyelids fell like clouds of evening over those blossomy orbs, and there was nothing to be done but to carry the sweet form, light as a flower, away beneath the shade of a great aloe. So Dota lifted my Lady and set her down beneath the shade. "Come hither, Aster!" then cried she, and the shining black horse came close and leaned above his mistress, whinnying. Then Dota Filjee took the saddle from his back and set it between the sun and her Lady's head, saying to Aster: "Do thou watch, good horse! Though thy Lady sleep an hundred years, though she never wake, do thou watch and keep her from evil, for the devil will be sterk up to the hour of judgment. Let the crack of doom find thee watching, good Aster, and thy Lady will awaken and speak for thee before the throne. As for me, I go to do my own work which has been set for me. First will I believe, and I do believe I can believe, but if I cannot, then I will jump over the precipice, and perhaps 'tis not all too late yet to become a beautiful lady, but I hope very little as to that, allamachtig!"

So Dota Filjee left her Lady enchanted under the aloe, and rode away upon Witvoet, that horse which loved rough running and was so hard to hold when the bit struck his teeth. Yet since misfortune, at the unbearable moment, must take a turn or heaven be set at naught, Witvoet, that usually bad animal, made no objection to leave grazing, but ran willingly—let those say who will, because he was being headed for his stable. Better folk will have respect for horses, and declare that this beast ran well because he knew a sweet soul rode him.

The berry patch faded into the blue, and Dota Filjee now came beside the road which ran east to west below the mountains, the broad white road where the jewelled fat woman had come and gone; whence one way led off to the liege lord's house and another to old Boongaier's farm. And there came out of the bush a tall, thin Kaffir. Over his head and face, which were painted blue, a mass of birds' plumes waved or dangled. His throat was encircled by a necklace of teeth and small bones, and about his shoulders and loins hung skins of beasts and of snakes and bunches of grass; and he carried a sheaf of wands. He was a rain-maker. Although old Boongaier would have denied his superstition before the Predikant himself, Epfumo was there on his way to make rain for the farm. No blame to Dota Filjee that she mistook him for an enchanter; but being, as she was, all wrought up with fear for her Lady's safety, she considered less how to avoid the evil son than to lure him away from the berry patch. "Offer the devil his own and he can't resist it!" quoth she, and held out one penny of her twopence towards the enemy. The rainmaker shot forward and in three lithe bounds reached Witvoet's side. Down he sank upon one knee and, beaming, took the penny. "Hamba gahle, inkosikasi—go in peace, O Queen!" he exclaimed, and, bounding to his feet, raised one arm high above his head—the native salute. "Sala gahle—rest well!" Dota returned, rather grudgingly, for she disliked giving fair words to an enchanter. "Now, for that penny, go thou to the east!" she commanded; and since east was Boongaier's, the rainmaker made no objection, 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," thought 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 pulled Witvoet's head round and began to back the pony along the road, a performance which confounded Epfumo worse than ever, and was for weeks the subject of the evening *indaba* (discussion) at the neighbouring kraal.

Apart from its being a very slow mode of journeying, to ride your pony backwards, even to escape the wiles of an enchanter, has this disadvantage—that you are cut off from keeping your eye upon what may be coming the other way; there may even come thence a second enchanter! And just as the painted rainmaker 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 galloped away. Dota Filjee looked back, but her flying glimpse disclosed nothing but a prickly pear bush, into which the enchanter, whoever he was, must have instantly changed himself. "That is certainly one of the worst kind," she decided, and she let the pony run on as hard as he pleased, especially as he was heading for the Pass, now a mile or so directly north. "Allamachtig!" Dota thought furiously as she rode, "but this business of being a damsel of any sort, distressed, errant, enchanted or not enchanted, is an affair no one would undertake with their eyes open! It is to live for years without thinking, and then suddenly to be expected to understand everything. It is to be at the mercy of every knight, good or bad, and to have to know a knight from a wizard, though they all look alike at first; ja, indeed! the wizard looks best. 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-in-armour need take no pomp to himself for bravery, for he goes clad against the world. As for me, I'm tired of the world, it's 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?

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? Ni, give me my mealies to cook and I'll ask for no more worlds. Let those who have never tried a life of peril have their turn now. Dota Filjee will not envy them. It's gold rings to-day and twopence tomorrow, and snakes and wizards the next, and Tante Kinkje on the pas op all of the time. Allamachtig! how many maggots there are in the peaches if you look after 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's against nature, so me to my mealies 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 the earth? Surely Satan himself, who wants the other penny! Toch, then, he shall have it at once, since all must go. Hey, schelm devil! cease pretending to be an ostrich. I know thee, evil one!" This Satan, in fact, appeared tremendously like an ostrich. Yet, whoever saw a mortal ostrich loose upon the veld? —unless it were, by that chance which happens once in every farmer's experience, when a bird escapes from its camp and either runs mad with fright or becomes so timid that it will stick its head in the sand and let a boy catch it. Witvoet could scarcely be induced to stand while his rider pulled out the penny from her pocket. Hardily, then, Dota Filjee hurled the coin at Satan's body. High sprang Satan and, in a twinkling, ate up his treasure and was away with clatter enough for a squadron of horses, and soon he turned himself into a cloud of dust and disappeared altogether. And Dota Filjee came by the drift of the river that flowed out south from the Pass towards the shining town on the flats, and the drift was very low, and for each new rainless hour dried it up; but there was deeper water in the rocky stream that ran from east to west beside the foot of the mountains. So Dota Filjee took Witvoet to the rocky stream, and, first drinking her fill of the sweet water, she then brought the horse beside the stream. And as she stood waiting, there rode thither the same gay company that once before she had seen at that spot. "Dota—Dota Filjee!" cried a handsome, dark-eyed lady; but Dota did not know the lady, who was Mrs. Myburgh, because, that other time, her own eyes had been blinded by the hideous wizard. "Where is your mistress?" then said the handsome lady, and, at that, Dota Filjee burst out crying: "Ay, my poor mistress was enchanted this morning! She lies, far away, in the berry patch, and I am going up to Mynheer De Villiers to beg him open the door, for I can never believe it open, and if he refuses, I shall have to throw myself over the precipice after all." "Poor child!" the lady exclaimed, and with evident show of alarm she dismounted and took Dota close to her bosom, and her tears started. "Of course the door will be opened. Everything is all over now. We understand the whole affair, and," she said, turning to the company, "I do hope the joke has not been pushed too far. Take us to your mistress, child." "Ni, ni," Dota replied, "I must first go and believe the door open. I promised my Lady." And no assurance or entreaty could move her.

Now, at the side of the dark-eyed lady stood the Knight of the Purple, and suddenly he exclaimed, "And I promised my Lady, but this little maid is truer than I!" And with no more than that, he mounted and spurred his horse across the drift, and they heard him thundering long after he was lost to sight. Then some of the company rode up with Dota Filjee to the Inn, and all the way she believed hard, and if I say hastily that the barricade was down and the door open, and leave De Villiers listening to Dota's story—who will regret if I wing away to the berry patch to be in time to see our Lady awake at a touch from the fair young knight?

Indeed, he was now flinging himself from the saddle; for there, beneath the aloe, lay the blue-robed Lady, safe and sweetly dreaming, while noble Aster kept the air in motion and fly and ant far off, whirling his great black tail. He whinnied when the stranger spoke to him, and stood aside like any courteous charger trained in chivalrous knowledge. And the Knight of the Purple stooped and prayed the Lady to awake, but the words he uttered were so low and stammering that, for pity of his soul, I will not write them, since it is no saving matter to lay bare remorse, but an injury both to them that confess and them that hear. And I question whether our Lady would ever have come out of her sweet dream if the knight had done nothing but bewail his sinfulness; we know she recked nothing of sin and had no reply to penitents save to bid them leave that which they had found to be displeasing. But ere long, the fair knight repeated his promise which he had made in the valley, to lead the Lady home, and straightway she opened her eyes and sat up and sang this song:—

Knight, my token
Keep forever!
Remember never
Thy vow, erst broken.
All is ended
And amended—
Let no word of ill be spoken!

Then the Knight replied, but he was no great rhymster:

How fair is pardon granted thus,
With such a very little fuss!

Lady: To horse! Thou'st paid thy toll to Beauty,
Away to the fiel dof braver duty!

The song ended, Dorothea arose, and crying gaily to her horse, "Home, my faithful one!" placed her foot upon the knight's hand, and vaulted thence to the saddle. Never did the gallant Aster swing round more readily with the rein. He sped away while the knight was yet mounting his own steed, and as the horses strove each to outpace the other, the Knight and the Lady sang merry rhymes, and, except by heaven's most wondrous favour, the land may not, in all time, hear again such joyous roundelays or behold a happier Knight or gayer Lady. Purple cap and goldilocks, white hands, blue frock, and high green boots, all shined bright as the sunbeams, and worthy was the black steed that carried so much beauty. And oft the Lady half turned in the saddle and gently beat the measure upon Aster's glossy side while she flung some new rhyme for the Knight's capping; and thus, with laughter and singing, they came at cool of day beside the drift. And down the Pass rode Sir Roderigo, armoured, and all the company, and they made a joyful and very royal noise at sight of the Lady. But Sir Roderigo was first to reach her side, and he cursed the home-made greaves which would not permit him to kneel, and he vowed then and there never more to wear armour until some sage should fit him out fair and doughtily. "A murrain on't!" he exclaimed. "Better I perished naked beneath the sword of the infidel than with unbending knee affront my sweet Lady!" "Vow nothing so rash, dear father," Dorothea replied. "Thou art the one single armoured knight in Christendom, and to-morrow may renew thy perilous duty." "Thou art a Paragon, my sublime Dorothea!" cried Sir Roderigo; "the fairest word I might return thee seems not fair enough to match thine own, and thou shouldst fittingly be greeted with a song." Whereat all the gracious company set up a-carolling:—

Ye bees and nightingales,
Ye starry-blossomed vales,
Ye silver drops and ye fountains!
Greet, with sweet rivalry,
The star of chivalry—
Dorothea, Flower of the Mountains!

"Thanks, gentle friends!" Dorothea replied, and then she turned to whisper something to Roderigo; while everyone engaged in laughter and congratulations, for it was, certes, a great feat to have all hit upon the same ballad!

(To be concluded.)

Books and Persons in London and Paris.

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 rôles ought 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 surpassingly thrilling moments. For instance, at the very first performance given by the Stage Society, some eleven years ago, the police appeared in force, with a theory that even private performances on Sunday nights were illegal in the holy city. The police went so far as "to effect an entrance." It was, I believe, Mr. Whelen who invited the police into 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 this bland, mocking, ingenious, and obstinate spirit which has always animated the Stage Society and made it what it is—the real backbone of the literary theatre in England. (When I say "the literary theatre," all I mean is "the interesting theatre," the theatre 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.

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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, even if it be carried out, which is doubtful. 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 pleases the public, it will not do itself any harm by running that play for all the play is financially worth. A literary theatre must have a strictly commercial basis; and it is manifestly uncommercial to take off a play which a lot of people want to see and have not seen; moreover, it is unkind. Up to the time of the first night, the policy of the theatre should be governed by artistic considerations; after the first night it should be governed by the box-office. So long as a literary management only produces plays which it sincerely respects, it can get nothing but glory from extensive runs. And nobody need fear that a really fine play will run to extremes! It won't, at any rate, in England! There is no instance on record of a first-class modern English play carrying popularity to excess in London. The nearest approach to such a thing is Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

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Where literary managements go wrong is in putting on plays which they cannot honestly defend upon artistic grounds. That is what alienates the self-respecting public, which is only too delighted to see a really fine play drawing crowds week after week and month after month. That is what has impaired so seriously the artistic reputation of Mr. Herbert Trench at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Trench was originally inspired by the repertory idea, but he abandoned it before the opening night of his first season, and I do not blame him. But still his confessed aim was to encourage the modern English drama; and yet he began with a Shaksperean production. That was a mistake, for it pointed to a lack of courage. He then produced "Don." "Don" was not a good play. It was a commercial play, slightly above the commercial average. But the author had shown promise, and Mr. Trench cannot be entirely blamed for accepting the piece. However, it made not the least impression on the serious public. It will, I imagine, never be revived. Then Mr. Trench produced Maeterlinck — a beautiful play (much too realistically presented), a prodigious success—but having no relation whatever to modern English drama. At the end of the long run of "The Blue Bird" came the first crisis in Mr. Trench's managerial career. He had made a good bit of money, and he was free, surely, to do something for modern English drama. He produced a sentimental farce by a fashionable authoress, a play which by its complete and conspicuous nullity was an affront to the serious public. It succeeded excellently. "The Blue Bird" is now running strong. In eighteen months Mr. Trench, a poet, a man of ideals, a man of taste, a man who with an adequate capital set forth to do something for the modern English drama, has done precisely nothing for the modern English drama. This is a pity. But it shows the difficulty of these enterprises. Whatever Mr. Trench may do in the future, it will take him a long time to recapture the confidence of the only public which an artist can esteem.

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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 Guitry has gone out of management in order to make much more money with less risk as a star-actor. Tarride has taken Guitry's theatre, and is keeping his end up, artistically and financially, moderately well. Antoine is at last making the Odéon 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 Lenéru. 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.

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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 begun 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 wear-and-tear 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 corpse 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 wealthy families who can exploit the institutions when the time comes. And, of course, these few wealthy people may count upon the support of the Liberal Press here, always ready as it is to mistake the shadow for the substance, the apparent for the real. And then that little touch about the "learning"! Put away your Rig-Veda, your Ramayana, your Bhagavad-Gitas, law-books of Manu, Atharva Vedas, and all the other treasures handed down by the learned Brahmans in the course of sixty centuries: all this learning has not "advanced beyond the stage of Europe in the Middle Ages"!

This is emphatically not the reverent spirit in which India should be approached. Mr. Chirol, in spite of all his natural acuteness, continues in much the same style as his introducer. It seems to me that he lays far too little stress on the enormous progress—social, literary, artistic, religious, and philosophical—achieved in India a thousand years before Homer and Hesiod were heard of, and, when criticising Indian institutions, he does so in the narrow-minded style of a Nonconformist parson or a member of the National Liberal Club. Chapter XIV, on "The Depressed Castes," may be read as an instance of this. If anything has saved India in the past it is this caste system. It has survived five centuries of Buddhism, the Mohammedan invasion, and the rule of the British Raj. I think it may now be left alone for a while by European critics.

When not dealing with matters that call for much purely abstract thought, however, Mr. Chirol gets on very well on the whole. His chapter on the National Congress is written with sympathy and insight, and so is that on Constitutional Reforms. With the exception of the defect I have mentioned, therefore, this book may be freely recommended as a competent guide to the unrest in India. The author has obviously taken pains to obtain accurate and up-to-date information, and his conclusions and points of view, however much we may be inclined to quarrel with them now and then, are representative enough to demand earnest consideration.

Elements of Indian Taxation. By Leonard Alston, Litt.D. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

Mr. Alston's book is more ambitious than the title would lead one to suppose; for, as he explains in his preface. his book deals with the elements of the theory 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, particularly in the three chapters on Land Revenue, Commodity Taxes, and Local Taxation, Mr. Alston is on firm ground and shows himself to be thoroughly acquainted with all the details of his subject. I should like 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.

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By Huntly Carter.

A Princess of Strategy. By J. Lewis May, from the French of General de Piepape. (Lane. 12s. 6d.)

"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. Is the New Woman new? Has there ever been such a thing as a new woman? Was Eve 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 hundreds, if not millions, of this breed of female. In fact, every woman is a potential strategist. And those who have caught the public eye, not to mention its cheap favour, have been as good as one another, whether Cleopatras, Jezebels, Liliths or the vindictive type of person who nailed 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; while 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, "one of the final 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 retrenchment; 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 they were generally arranged to cover 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 the great Conde, she sought to carry on the policy of her great-aunt, Madame de Longueville. Born 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 manœuvres, carried on between Madrid and Sceaux, 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-government plot the Queen of Sceaux went to prison as some of the active spirits of this age who are contemplating the new order of things are doing. Had her brief appearance in the political arena fanned the revolutionary fires which were already 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 half 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 other brilliant women, Madame Tallien, 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 and fat cheeks a great deal too red." Apparently, like Voltaire, the Queen of Sceaux had not much to spare in the matter of good looks. Doubtless, like the philosopher, she consoled herself with the reflection that you cannot have brains and beauty too.

The only excuse for the volume is that it throws a comprehensive light on a certain corner of French history which has long been in the hands of speculators. It focusses attention upon the period sandwiched between the Age of Gold and the Age of Blood; between that of the poets and that of the encyclopædists and physiocrats. Moreover, the author has taken Sir Thomas Browne's words to heart, and one may fairly say, "Sure a good deal of conscience goes to the making of this history." And if good writing makes an historical character attractive, then the little 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 in England no theatre whose 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 Christmas gift-book illustration; but 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 chaos was set down 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 wholly upon the classics. It is too full of life for that, too impatient for new conquests, too 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 producers and scenic artists, but for authors. 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 him. He can paralyse the scenic artist 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 or badly-written play. The range is narrow. I write for dramatists. And, since there can be no new art without a new philosophy, for philosophers.

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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 Hofmannsthal, are also those who have given the greatest impetus to new forms of stage decoration. They came into 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. Ugliness, 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 Becque, 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 preface to the most peculiarly hideous of his comedies directing that in its performance no "new-fangled devices of decoration" shall be used. (Already the advanced thinkers are beginning to form a reactionary party. This fact may be commended to the notice of those who believe 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 upon the stage; and in the first two acts of "The Seagull" in particular the actual setting is finely imagined. Tchekhov at least showed the way.

Hofmannsthal's art was so revolutionary that he was instantly named a "New Romantic" (Let the title pass for the present; it is a good one.) Modern production in Berlin and Vienna owes much to him, and there is more opportunity for the stage artist in a single scene of "Das gerettete Venedig" or "Oedipus und die 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.

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I turn to the English theatre, for that is our first concern. The West End in general, as represented by Pinero, 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 reek 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 the less conventional in detail. They have the realist vice of defining commonplace instead of suggesting illusion. Indeed, in the whole of Shaw's explanatory prefaces 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 debars it. Mr. Barker began with "The Marrying of Ann Leete,"—an open-air comedy with a subtly oppressive atmosphere which forecast the three walls of the Court. (Hofmannsthal's earlier work has just such an atmosphere; but fortunately he escaped the Shavian spell.) Both "The Marrying of Ann Leete" and "Prunella," however, are in themselves distinguished stage pictures. Mr. Masefield's " Nan " and "Pompey the Great" offer, in externals, all that the scene-painter could desire; and the same is true of many of the plays of the Abbey Street Theatre in Dublin. Mr. McEvoy's "The Three Barrows" has one scene which might be superbly reproduced, but for the attempted realism of its thunderstorm. Among the repertory plays at the Duke of York's last year "The Sentimentalists," "The 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 contemporary comedy; 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 from the drawing-room, or cannot manipulate his characters with the aid of three doors. Its cheaply oleographic appearance is well deserved, for it has no intention behind it and no meaning except as a receptacle for papier-maché puppets. There is no hope along such lines. 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 à propos of your editorial notes of December 8, on the subject of the Referendum. Since then I have received the issue of December 15, containing an article on the same subject, signed Wordsworth Donisthorpe. I discussed your editorial with some hesitation, because you seemed so very sure of your position; you gave no reasons for your opinion, but contented 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 me at the moment, but I will wager that if I were to look up a biography of Sir Robert Walpole and quote some of his opinions on the subject of popular government, I could duplicate word for word Mr. Donisthorpe's argument against the Referendum—that is to say, "Shoemaker, stick to your last, and don't presume to discuss the high questions of State, which must be left to highly trained experts."

Says Mr. Donisthorpe, "What insanity is this which urges us to submit an abstruse question of political philosophy to the electorate?" If I were not afraid of seeming unduly American and vulgar to your contributor, I should yield to the temptation to employ a piece of slang. I don't know whether you hear the phrase in England—I feel like bidding your contributor to "come off." Does he really believe, or does he expect us to believe that he believes, that when a group of our present-day political potentates meet together to decide the destinies of the State, they are accustomed to "discuss abstruse questions of political philosophy"? They discuss them just as much as the proprietors of pink pills (for example) discuss the curing of disease and the upbuilding of the health of the community. The business of the heads of a pill company is to sell pills; the questions which they discuss are questions of prices, and the most effective methods of catching the fancy of the public and perpetuating a delusion in the community. In exactly the same way, what our political "experts" discuss at the present time is not the question of human welfare, but the question of maintaining themselves in power. How much can we give the people of what they are demanding, without giving too great offence to the ruling classes which we represent? How great is the popular demand, anyway? Can we possibly calm it 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 such as these is the business of a modern statesman, and the man who displays most cunning and force in this particular rôle is the "expert" who rises to power.

I will venture a statement which will probably excite laughter in some of your readers: I say that there is nothing really difficult about the economic problems of modern society, nothing that requires any "experts" to handle them, nothing which could not be solved by a committee of any half-dozen experienced business men who met together with full authority to work them out upon a business basis. The mind which to-day administers the affairs of a great railroad or trust (I mean the mind which does the actual administering, as distinguished from the financial organising, the exploiting) would be perfectly competent to plan and conduct the business of producing and distributing for the whole community, provided that such a mind were given a clear field, and was not required to waste its energies in cheating or deceiving any individual or class. So simple are the problems, and so obvious is their solution, that I had a great deal rather trust it to a group of plain citizens—store-keepers, let us say, mechanics, and engineers—than to the lawyers and politicians who presume to call themselves experts upon these problems at the present time. For the minds of these latter are so hopelessly warped by the methods of chicanery which they employ, that they make the problems seem ten times as hard as they really are—in fact, they are incapable of rising to the conception of solving them upon a just and rational basis.

It is just because I am so convinced that the real problems of our time are problems of *power*, 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," and others, whom Mr. Donisthorpe excludes from political power.

From my point of view this is squarely a question of democracy. It is just as much a question of democracy as was the question of universal suffrage. 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 so 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 a note to a letter upon the subject of the Referendum and war, that if the people are prepared to entrust the decision to war to representatives, they should be prepared to entrust all other questions to representatives. I do not think that this follows at all. Assume that you are the owner of a great estate, and that you entrust the management of it to me: if I wake up in the middle of the night and find 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 require me to consult with you before I call the police. But on the other hand, you would blame me, and quite justifiably, if I should decide upon an elaborate set of changes in the method of administering the estate—if, for instance, I should decide to turn it from a stock farm into a poultry farm—without first submitting the question to your judgment. There are half-a-dozen important questions before the British public at the present minute, every one of which could be decided by a referendum to the people. Ordinarily the electorate finds itself with no means of expressing itself save a choice between two candidates who represent different exploiting classes and interests. The advantage of the Referendum is that it gives the people

an opportunity to express their opinion upon a matter of principle or policy, apart from all elements of personality. In the end you will find, I believe, that the 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 politicians to action that I think the Referendum deserves the support of a journal such as THE NEW AGE.

I have to-day received a 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, and that anyone may secure the publication of such an argument by paying the cost thereof. Surely you cannot fail to realise what a tremendous weapon is this for the getting of the truth spoken. 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 political philosophers 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 entrust to them such power that you dare no longer leave them ignorant. 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, Italy, or Spain, but are in this 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 nincompoop, and his brother-in-law the minister for public worship and the fine arts a drunkard—no: that would mean imprisonment—but, 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 wares and opportunities, to blow up the 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 truths—as (for another instance) that 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 Decisive Action in Houndsditch, but I should imagine à priori that you didn't call the people therein concerned "Letts" or "Lithuanians" or "Russians" or "a Frenchman of the name of Beron."

Very well then (as they say at the "Follies"), why do you—or rather, why are you beginning to "speak editorially"?

It's played out—at least for the people who read you. The people who read you are (1) the people in the know, (2) 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 offhand which of their brothers, uncles, 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 piece of mere machinery 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!—and as they know perfectly well that all this Referendum talk is the silliest and most insincere detail of the silly and insincere party game they can't take it seriously. Come! Come! Leave it to the hacks.

And then there is that "editorial phrase" about the Labour Party insisting on its independence *now*! Oh! My dear NEW AGE—do you think any reader of yours can by any juggling or drug get himself even to think of it as independent? Imagine Philip Snowden, for instance, abandoning "tactics"—imagine 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 determining majority of the country—really think about religion in elementary schools, Licensing Bills, Lords, the Navy, the tea and tobacco taxes, the police, the middle-class women's Bill, etc.

But I forgot: you have yet another editorial note—these people are not "educated"—they need "professional politicians" (and, by God, they've got 'em!) to "educate" them.

I could weep!

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 1853, was an original character in many ways. One Jose Maria Martin had been convicted in his court of murder under a state of facts showing great brutality, and with no mitigating circumstances, whereupon Judge Benedict sentenced him to death in 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 dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is a painful duty for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court usually revolts from the performance of such duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features, and the court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin, apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life—and the court has no doubt you have—and expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off in consequence of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up green in these beautiful valleys, and on these broad mesas 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 to the county jail; that you be there kept safely and securely confined in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape, and that you 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 does Friday about two weeks from this time come? '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 safe and convenient spot within the county—that is 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 organisation, it might be well enough for you 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 no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

It is a sequel to this sentence that Jose Maria Martin escaped from jail, and died peacefully several years afterwards by falling out of a wagon and breaking his neck.

B.

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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 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 most 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 is not mentioned in the Fabian list, nor is there the slightest allusion to Hervé or any member of his school.

The recent works of even the most orthodox Socialists are quite ignored. Kautsky is 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 England. Yet the only book of Kautsky which appears in the Fabian list is one on mediæval history, which is out of print.

Many of the books which do appear in the Fabian list are marked "o.p."—out of print. Most of the others should be marked "o.d."—out of date.

If this sort of thing goes on, Fabianism will have as little intellectual influence in another ten years as Quakerism and Unitarianism.

R. B. KERR.

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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 always 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 it to claim.

Now 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 the individual to claim or to accumulate is precisely the amount that will enable him to be at his best to serve the community which is supporting him. Every ounce 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 economic evils.

And this surplus of luxury is the root of all our economic evils just because it creates inevitably a demand for unnecessaries which have to be supplied either at the cost of the extra labour of the community or in the stead of the necessaries of the supplying section of the community. Otherwise it can be translated by the possessors of it into the right not to work, thereby entailing on the community the upkeep of certain fat and greasy citizens who, in return for their support, sit round and swagger.

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

1. The extra toil of the community which supplies the surplus.
2. The added misery of the many who go without their necessaries that the few may have their unnecessaries.
3. The demoralisation of the few consequent upon their possession of a surplus enabling them to sit round and swagger if such be their inclination.

The presence of a surplus of luxury in any community, then, implies the presence of rich and poor; the man who spends the surplus and the man who supplies it, the palace where the unnecessaries are accumulated, and the slum from which the labour that produces those unnecessaries is derived.

And were all the rich great and good this surplus of luxury would still be an unmitigated evil, for it could only be supplied at the cost of the extra labour of the community or the added misery of the community; and it could only at its best be spent to relieve the misery of which it was the cause. But all the rich are no more great and good than they are small and evil. They are primarily and radically human. And because they are primarily and radically human they suffer from a taint of egoism which blinds them to the fact that their surplus of luxury means for others a surplus of misery, and is only being supplied at the cost of the community and to the detriment of their own souls.

Moreover, were all the rich to become great and good, the first thing they would do upon conversion would be to drop their surplus of luxury, conform as nearly as could be to the economic standard of Jesus, and deliberately assume a noble and non-penurious poverty as the only habit worthy of sons of men and servants of God.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

* * *

S. VERDAD AND THE AMERICAN NEGRO.

Sir,—Once more Mr. Verdad has spoken with that air of conclusiveness that is so dearly beloved of him, and which he evidently promulgates as being above all the laws and all the prophets. This time he has come to enlighten us on the negro—nigger, I beg his pardon, for I am sure the choice throughout his paper of the form of the name that is most offensive to the coloured people is intended as another of those strange proofs of his—this time I suppose a proof of his superiority, as gratuitous offensiveness always is. Well, we who live in the U.S. can only wait and pray that Mr. Verdad will be spared us until that momentous time when, as he tells us at the close of his paper, he will administer a second dose of enlightenment. It would be a ray from above for most of us, I am sure, to be told how learning may be absorbed "chiefly . . . as a result of inter-marriage." Money some of us have to understand is acquirable at the altar, but learning—that is one on most of us, I am afraid. Most of us, too, will be interested to see some proof of the fluent assertion that "extreme shallowness, superficiality, lack of balance, laziness and conceit" are distinctive characteristics of the negro as a race. Such à prioristic certitude is a poser to me personally at least, and I assure Mr. Verdad I will be greatly interested in any demonstration of the fact that it is not all in his eye.

In the meantime, putting aside altogether what, as a teacher, I might tell Mr. Verdad of the negro and education, I am going to dare offer him a few facts drawn from my acquaintance with some negroes outside the classroom. (There is, by the way, I believe, a negro Rhodes scholar from the States at present at Oxford. Perhaps Mr. Verdad might be able to explain him away if he took the trouble to study him.) For five years I have lived in a household "run," as we say over here, by coloured people. The proprietress was a slave until her thirteenth year; then she went to Canada in the service of a family which in the course of time found itself in Philadelphia reduced to keeping a boarding-house as a means of livelihood—or deadlyhood, as it may please the taste of the reader to see it. The men who boarded at the house soon discovered that Virginia—slave-bred and unable to read and write as she was, and is to-day—was the brains and the energy of the entire ménage, with the result that when the white woman nominally managing the house married, a dozen or so of those young medical and law students devised a plan by which they rented a house for the old servant; her mistress left her the furniture, and Virginia was started again as virtual, but not nominal, head of a new household. But why not nominal? O, because not a real estate agent in Philadelphia dare rent a house to a coloured person in any neighbourhood where these students could go. If he did, every draggle-tail white slattern in the neighbourhood would be up in arms at the aspersion on that virtue of colour which she shares with Mr. Verdad; and if the agent persisted in renting in the face of this outburst of etiolated virtue, what would be the result? The value of his property would slump instanter.

So, to-day, after some eight years, someone else rents the house, and Virginia does the work, feeds 50 students or so three times a day; not only makes ends meet, but has carried the aged and infirm of her family with her, or buried them when they died, and owns a couple of thousand dollars' worth of stock; and, by the way, Mr. Verdad might do well to study, before his next utterance, the statistics of property owned by those black canaille that he dismisses lumped—the 11,000,000 of them— as shallow, lazy, and lacking in balance.

To be sure there is nothing amazing in the achievements of this old coloured woman (she is now about 56) that I quote above. But take into account that she does not know one letter from another; that she, her husband, and her coloured people associated with her, work without ceasing from 6 a.m. to 9 or 10 p.m., day in day out, the year through; that she is cheerful, shrewd, witty, and an amazing judge of character; that her boarding-place is far and 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 board with her are mainly 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 dozens of such quiet, 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 attorney; Dr. N. F. Mossell, medical director 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 wish that such were the case, but it becomes their plain duty to say that if Booker T. Washington or any other person is giving the impression abroad that the coloured problem in America is in process of satisfactory solution, he is giving an impression which is not true.

"We say this without personal bitterness toward Mr. Washington. He is a distinguished American and has a perfect right to his opinions. But we are compelled to point out that Mr. Washington's large financial responsibilities have made him dependent on the rich charitable public, and that for this reason he has for years been compelled to tell, not the whole truth, but that part of it which certain powerful 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-masters. No sooner, however, had we rid ourselves of nearly two-thirds of our illiteracy, 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 has in the United States a chance to learn to read and write. The proportion of school funds due to black children are often spent on whites, and the burden on private charity to support education, which is a public duty, has become almost intolerable.

"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 condition.

"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 property in better quarters we are sometimes in danger of mob violence, or, as now in Baltimore, of actual legislation to prevent.

"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. Not only have 3,500 black men been lynched publicly by mobs in the last twenty-five years, without semblance or pretence of trial, but regularly every day throughout the South 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 funds.

"It is to-day a universal demand in the South that on all occasions 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."

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TOLSTOY'S RELIGION.

Sir,—Mr. Maude's controversial methods are not remarkable. He strained his "courtesy" almost to breaking when he referred to my "arguments"; but as he did not attack them, I need waste no time in defending them. An exasperated ethicist can only impugn the good faith of his critics. As this happens to be Mr. Maude's method of arriving at the authenticity of biographical data, I shall devote some time to setting myself right with your readers.

Mr. Maude implicitly denies my statement that Matthew Arnold warned Tolstoy to leave theology alone. Here are Arnold's exact words: "These autobiographical volumes [Ma Confession, Ma Religion, and Que Faire] show the same extraordinary penetration, the same perfect sincerity, which are exhibited in the author's novel [Anna Karenina]. As autobiography, they are of profound interest, and they are full, moreover, of acute and fruitful remarks. I have spoken of the advantages which the Russian genius possesses for imaginative literature. Perhaps for Biblical exegesis, for the criticism of religion and its documents, the advantage lies more with the older nations. They will have more of the experience, width of knowledge, patience, sobriety, requisite for these studies; they may probably be less impulsive, less heady." He began his last paragraph with the remark I have already quoted, "So I arrive at the conclusion that Count Tolstoy has, perhaps, not done well in abandoning the work of the poet and artist, and that he might with advantage return to it." I do not, and did not, deny that Matthew Arnold said a number of other things about Tolstoy; I am only concerned to prove that he did say what I quoted. Readers of the second series of "Essays in Criticism" can easily check me, and see how Mr. Maude has garbled this passage.

I said that Merejkowski's book was ignored by Mr. Maude; and Mr. Maude referred me to p. 449 of the first volume. I have turned to the page, and have found that it is the first page of the index. I have looked in the index, and have been unable 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 Yasnava Polyana, but he is recklessly inaccurate in his dates." In the index to the first volume Mr. Maude's "Life of Tolstoy" there are nine references to Behrs' book; and in the list of authorities given at the end of each chapter, Behrs appears six times out of a possible twelve. 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 for two of the twelve chapters. It is evidently wrong for Merejkowski to quote Behrs, but right for Mr. Maude to do so.

Mr. Maude tells us that Merejkowski "made amends for his former utterances." This could not invalidate the evidence of Behrs and Anna Seuron, who wrote of Tolstoy as eye-witnesses. It can only mean that Merejkowski repudiated his own work, which was of a decidedly complimentary nature. I want more evidence of Mr. Maude's assertion that Merejkowski has ever repudiated his critical study of the art of Leo Tolstoy.

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 "mendacious tittle-tattle." Mr. Maude should look in his dictionary for the meaning of the verb "to eke." The story, it seems, is not true, because Anna Seuron was "dismissed for drinking too much wine and boxing the ears of the Countess Mary." Also Anna Seuron has recanted, according to Mr. Maude. Yet she is one of the authorities consulted by Mr. Maude for five of the twelve chapters of the second volume; and there are fifteen references to her work in the index, four of them occupying four pages each of the text. For controversial purposes, "her statements are too ridiculous to be taken seriously." But what sort of a biographer is Mr. Maude to use evidence that he now asserts is thoroughly untrustworthy? And even if Merejkowski's use of the evidence was spiteful, in what way does that invalidate the evidence, and transform it into "mendacious tittle-tattle"? And how can a simple statement that the Countess Tolstoy scented the underclothing of her husband be likened to throwing mud at a heretic? Does Mr. Maude agree with Merejkowski and Anna Seuron that it would have been shameful for Tolstoy to wear scented underclothing: does he think Tolstoy ought to have been always stinking with manure?

The methods employed by Mr. Maude are characteristic of him as a biographer, and they produced the worst biography I have ever read. Of critical examination of evidence there is none. In spite of the fact that Tolstoy was a many-sided man, of whom no story (except the one that he was a saint) could be incredible, Mr. Maude approves only one sort of evidence; and asserts the invalidity of the rest on grounds that no student of biography can recognise. He quotes the favourable statements of Matthew Arnold, but makes no allowance for the urbanity that made his praise of little value and forced his readers to look for his real opinion in his negative criticisms. In spite of the fact that I differed from Tolstoy, and, as far as my limits allowed and my style permitted, gave my reasons, I am supposed to be overwhelmed by private and public statements of Peter Kropotkin which express nothing but a personal interest. The statements are relative to no point of view, raise no criterion, express no judgment; and are, in short, irrelevant to the discussion.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

A TALK WITH TOLSTOY.

Sir,—In the year 1896 I was journeying by train to Tula. I was going there to take up my duties in a business appointment, but, from the nature and tenor of my 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 so far removed and so different in its life from that of the great city I had left. 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, Sinckiewicz. 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 superficial 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 "real representatives of the Russian people." With them he was in complete sympathy. That much abused word may here be used in its true sense; and so used it is synonymous with love. Or, rather, sympathy is the intellectual part of love—that which makes it to be reciprocated. I have seen Russian landlords addressing a few kindly words to their retainers; they were answered with slavish expressions of deference and simulated devotion—as they wished to be, as they considered most right and fitting—with bowed head, kissing of the feet, and the like. There was nothing of that when Tolstoy spoke, as friend speaks to his friend, to the peasants who came about him. It was touching to see the intimate frankness of their approach, and the sincere affection and deep devotion depicted in the look in their eyes, in their voices, in their gestures, in their whole demeanour. I remember the first time I witnessed a meeting between Tolstoy and a peasant; and I remember it as if it happened yesterday. As I walked with him in the snow-covered fields, an aged peasant came towards us. He was about seventy years old, short and meagre, with a long face, small, deep-set grey eyes, high forehead, sparse white beard and hair, and wearing an old worn-out Poddiewka, or long jacket, ragged trousers, large fur cap, and felt boots wrapped round with straw.

"Be healthy, greatest Tolstoy," said he, "I wish you health, Lew Nicolaiewitch. God be praised, I see you coming. The sun is already high; and, as we did not see you, we were afraid you might be, perhaps—God forbid it!—not quite well. And I thought: I will go and have a look at your residence. But now, praise be to God——"

"No, no, Wasili Fedovitch," said Tolstoy, "we still keep well. And how is Ekaterina Hishna?" (the peasant's wife) "Is she better now?"

"God be praised, she is much better, and beginning a little to look after the household. But she worries because she can't eat cabbage. Alexandra Lwowna says she must not. She is still weak for our rough food. Now, keep well, Lew Nicolaiewitch."

I was much touched with the fervour of the old man; and, as he left us, I recalled, in contrast, Heine's bitter words, "Man will nicht meine Gunst; man will meine Kunst" ("they don't want my favour; they want my art"); and I quoted them to Tolstoy in point.

"Well," he answered, "it is not only Heine who could say that. You could apply his words to many great writers. They cannot expect to receive more than they have given. They have given their genius. They have been devoted to their art; and that is appreciated. But favour, love—have they given that? No; and how can they expect it from others? They can't reap what they haven't sown. And then, who were Heine's readers in his lifetime? and who are the majority of his readers even now? The well-to-do and idle people. You can never find the love-heart in them. They haven't got it. Work for the people, and you will find them thankful."

B. NUSSBAUM AND E. H. VISIAK.

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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 nevertheless spends his time egging people 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 these commonplace creatures justice does *not* mean "anything you like," and that, to them, the final verdict of posterity *does* in a general way vindicate "the Right." But, of course, if the supermen and Mr. Kirkbys of the world are to be allowed to assemble in solemn conclave in order to define such expressions as "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 chiefly 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 of his and 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 time better spent than in criticising my feeble efforts and incidentally proving himself 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 having a molar extracted! It will assuredly be necessary, but won't you regret it? The other is the insinuation 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 of them. He will be left wailing in outer darkness, for has he not pronounced himself as opposed to "Votes for Women"? And shall there be salvation for a Socialist of that stamp? Never!

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 arguing further with one who knows Irish towns, and what it is to canvass in L.C.C. elections, for I know both and am conscious of the type of mind engendered by these nightmares.

RUTH CAVENDISH BENTINCK.

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THE SIDNEY-STREET "BATTLE."

Sir,—Mrs. Beatrice Hastings asks: "Has no one a good word to print for the burglars of Sidney Street?" I had thought of writing to do so. I had the same thought as hers, when, the other day, a number of "anti-Socialists" twitted me with the affair; and I said: "If those two men had held a fort against a thousand Germans, fighting to the death, their names would have gone down as heroes in history."

One of these "anti-Socialists" said: "Your darling foreigners! Not a hair must be injured of *their* heads! But your rascally English police—the more of them shot the better! Why are you Socialists so much concerned for criminals and foreigners?"

I did not answer that question. What was the good? I answer it now, in THE NEW AGE, where the questioner will never see it: Because they are the poor and needy, the unprotected, the persecuted. "The Son of Man came not to save the righteous."

As for the courage of Fritz and Joseph Svars, I am one who does admire "that sort of thing." Brute courage may be the lowest of the virtues; but it is the foundation on which all of them are based. It is virtue in the crude. The saint who lays down his life might well be the descendant of the buccaneer who squandered it away.

E. H. VISIAK.

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A LEAF FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Stobart, I would say that I think he again misunderstands me. That the facts which are available should be considered few or many is rather a matter of temperament, but my objection is to the method of the Egyptologist who accepts or dismisses, magnifies or

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 of the ancients really was. This may be a 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 that happy day we must, unless we can clearly exculpate ourselves, put the mistake to our own account, and not to that of the old wiseacres. It is obviously foolish to consider, for example, that the millions of verses of the Sanskrit scriptures were written as a pastime, comparable with the acrostic column of "Tit-Bits," by the help of a rhyming dictionary, and on the thesis "why is a mouse when it spins?" Yet in honest truth this is hardly a caricature of the view held apparently by those scholars who in their translations freely interchange all words whose meanings are to them synonymous, and who cut the knot of all mythological difficulties by saying that they don't believe there ever was any such person.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

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THE MACHINE-MADE MAN.

Sir,—It is very interesting to find in last week's number of THE NEW AGE that your correspondent A. P. Grenfell is not in agreement with the letter of W. S. Murphy, wherein the latter compared the products of the hand loom unfavourably with those produced by the machine. If W. S. Murphy still remains unconvinced, a visit to South Kensington Museum might help matters forward; here he will find not only magnificent specimens of the weaver's art, but as well, types of the products of 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 at the exact moment that it becomes the predominant partner in the association. 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 valve for exuberant energy, in the form of a 9in. by 2in. deal, a rip saw, and a small square to see that the blade was kept at right angles to the deal, and as well a little oil to lubricate the saw cut. At the end of an hour the sawyer stood more in need of lubrication than the saw. For the boy, such work was an excellent training, but for the skilled craftsman a waste of time and needless fatigue, leaving him less energy and interest for the finer sides of his craft. The present-day danger is that the joiner has degenerated 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-smocked serf, who figures in that nightmare of Mr. Wells' "The Sleeper Awakes," with a ruling class of plutocrats in their cities of pleasure to 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 "cheap and nasty" 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 alternative is the more general appreciation of intrinsic quality; to pay fair prices for fair work, and coupled with this is the question of the influence of the machine on the type of man. One cannot but feel that Mr. Huntly Carter would be serving a very useful end if he would conduct one of his symposia, and ask well-known surgeons and brain specialists what their ideas on the subject are. 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 physical side, inquiries might be made as to the potentialities of the female operative in connection with motherhood, and so on. And the by-products of the machine, what of them? The broken men thrown on that scrap-heap of the 20th century—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 supper at the Savoy to welcome in the New Year, but just as certainly it means for many others the scrap-heap outside.

C. H. B. QUENNELL.

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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 mere 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 lazy man, the craftsman is the perpetually busy man. The artist is interested in the large generalities of life, the craftsman must be meticulously careful to know the minutiæ 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 sister art; if he be a writer, let him unbend towards painting; if he be a painter, let him pose as a critic of music. Let him, above all things, betray no interest in the details of his trade. (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 blether 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 calling. He must lie awake thinking out how to do it. He must be embedded in trade-journals, read papers at professional gatherings, avoid the philosophical, he must forever talk "shop." As an example, we may take the most 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 chopping out the parts of Boulton and Watt's engines, and the modern mechanic manipulating gauges that are sensitive to a thousandth of an inch. Well, of all craftsmen, engineers are less interested in outside matters than anyone in the world, which accounts for the many myths about them in the public mind. They are inarticulate because they are busy with technical minutiae. They talk "shop" until one is moved to curse them very heartily. Nothing would impress you more than to compare, as I have compared, the subjects 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 more than I intended, Art paints the pictures, writes the books, composes the music. Crafts builds the house, empanels 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 forever talking it over. Art is Michelangelo, who created a Moses and a David, and wrote sonnets to a lady. Crafts is Cellini, who perpetrated a Perseus, did much superb goldsmith's work, and wrote a treatise on how to cast statues.

Genoa. WILLIAM MCFEE.

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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 passing of the Conciliation Bill 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 working women is well over 80 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.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

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