

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GEORGE IV., while he was regent, made a bet with Sheridan that he would interpolate the exhortation "Baa, baa, black sheep" into his King's Speech. He did so and won his bet. We should not be a bit surprised if George V., with or without a bet, should feel inclined to do the same. Of black sheep, both in the sense of deliberately wandering and in the sense of lost muttons, there seem now to be far too many. What is to be done with people who know neither what has happened, what is happening, or what should happen, and yet continue to bleat! If only they were not the bell-wethers of considerable flocks one could let them stray to their doom. But, unfortunately, at least one of them, Mr. J. L. Garvin to wit, is not of the kind to perish alone. He is a gregarious hero and may be expected to risk a multitude with him. For the sake of his flock it may therefore be worth while to rehearse some passages of the present difficult situation.

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We observed at the time that the Conference was not held in vain. It was not. Extreme and unsophisticated politicians may believe if they like that the pick of the front benches met a score of times for nothing, but more discerning observers will see in the subsequent developments plain proofs that something after all did happen. What exactly it was we do not know; but it is demonstrable that the so-called "government by consent" (about which we shall have something to say) actually began to operate behind the scenes as it had never so clearly done before. A complete programme

of the political events of this year may not have been formulated item by item, but the rough outline of the year's entertainment was certainly discussed and fixed. As evidence of this we could point, if we liked, to certain complacent remarks made by people in the know as well as to innocent little sentences in the political articles of the "Times"; but perhaps the most unmistakeable proof of mutual arrangement lies in a glance at the public ceremonies of the coming year. The Coronation for one thing is to be held in June, and already Society is living solely in anticipation of it. Politics in Society has taken the back seat, where it will remain for at least a year. Then there is the Colonial Conference, which again is likely to mop up a good deal of interest which otherwise would run to domestic politics. Lastly, there is the significant fact—perhaps the most significant of all—that the King will visit both Ireland and India. Now we put it to any horse with sense whether the adoption of this extraordinary programme would have been consented to by the reigning Court and the ruling oligarchy if domestic politics were anticipated to give any real trouble. The conclusion is plain: the course of domestic politics has been mapped out and not all the Mr. Garvins will be able this time easily to divert it.

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But we also said that if the Conference had not succeeded in what was obviously its intention of breaking up the party system, it had, nevertheless, pronounced its doom. So momentous a decision was not to be grasped at once by journalists, and we do not complain that they remain still playing on the fringes of the subject. All their talk, in fact, of what they persist in speaking of as Government by Consent, or as the creation of a controlling Moderate Party, proves that though they are busily engaged in scenting the idea they have not found it yet. What, for example, Mr. Garvin means by Government by Consent is no more than a right little tight little compact between the two front benches, by means of which their respective tails may be ignored wag they never so furiously. There is something in that idea, but it is not the right idea. Neither is Mr. Strachey's notion of a Moderate and Controlling Party. Mr. Strachey will probably be surprised to hear that his little plan amounts to no more than this: the creation of a group of moderates independent of either party and sufficiently strong to determine every important division. This, in plain words,

is government by minority, and is open to all the objections urged against the supposed control of the present Liberal Government by the Irish vote. That is not what is meant either by Government by Consent or Moderate Government; at least, by those who know what they are talking about.

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Let us make the subject a little clearer. It was evident from the moment that the question of the Veto of the House of Lords was seriously raised that here was a problem for which the usual party procedure was never designed. Party procedure had been tacitly or explicitly abandoned already in the case of Foreign policy, and to a certain extent in the case of the Army and Navy. The merest pretence at party difference serves now in all these areas of government. The question now was: should the Constitution be similarly lifted out of the party field and treated as practically a non-contentious subject? The decision, as we say, became urgent the moment it appeared probable that otherwise one party would be driven to attack the Constitution on purely party grounds. There proved, we now know, to be several immediate objections. If in addition to Foreign affairs, the Army and the Navy, the Constitution were also by front bench agreement to be excluded from the party system, what earthly object remained for continuing the party system at all? Not only what object could be served, but how could the party system in regard to the sole remaining subject of legislation, namely, social reform, be justified in the eyes of the electorate? It is all very well to abolish party when it conflicts with interests about which the oligarchy cares most; in that case, why should it not also be abolished when it conflicts, as it certainly does, with the interests of the mass of the nation? Why, for instance, should the question of the relations of the two Houses be settled by mutual consent and the vastly more important question of, let us say, Poor Law Reform, left to be interminably wrangled over by contending parties? In short, if party was to be abolished in the Constitutional question, it should also be abolished in every question.

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But that unfortunately was not the view of the pestiferous little groups of peers and commons who were consulted during the progress of the Conference itself. We believe it to be the fact that the eight members of the Conference were fully prepared and indeed anxious to scuttle once and for all the bad old party system. Each quartette was aware of the existence in its party of a section of fighting jackasses who would never be satisfied unless politics remained a Kilkenny fair; but it was hoped that these sections would prove too small to be effective. They turned out to be too strong, and for the moment at any rate the attempt was abandoned after such dispositions in regard to the future had been made as might possibly assure the ultimate success of the idea. What exactly the Conference, if it had been completely successful, would have created was, as Mr. Belloc for one rightly surmised, a Coalition, a coalition, too, which as time went on would gradually have formed a true Centre party, consisting of the bulk of the members of both Houses and coherent enough to be able to ignore the extremists of the Right and Left. Nothing could, in fact, have been better if such a conclusion had been possible. It remains to be seen whether by another route the country may not arrive at the same goal.

The failure of the parties to agree to abolish the present party system in regard to *all* questions left the Liberal party in particular no option but to preserve for the present the party system in regard to the Constitutional question. That is what, however, Mr. Garvin and his colleagues decline to see. They continue to whine pathetically for the admission of Government by Consent in reference to the Lords at the very same time that they are redoubling their efforts to maintain Government by Dissent in reference to everything else. They want, in fact, to eat their cake and have it too. But that is impossible, and until they are disposed frankly to abandon the party system, it is by the party system that constitutional, along with social questions, must be settled. On these grounds let us see, first, what hopes of a settlement can be fairly entertained; and secondly, what may be expected to arise out of the settlement.

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We have already said that the main heads of the Government's Parliament Bill have been agreed upon by the two Front Benches. This means that unless Mr. Garvin can again stampede the Lords the Bill will go through after a good deal of discussion without resort to the Royal prerogative. What are the chances that Mr. Garvin will succeed? If argument is anything it is certain that Mr. Garvin will fail for lack of it. His prestige as a strategist must surely have suffered somewhat from his lamentable handling of the opposition to the Budget. At his instigation mainly the peers were induced to throw out a Budget which for various reasons was popular as no Budget ever has been; a Budget, moreover, that affected the Lords only to the extent of about a halfpenny in the pound. For the sake of that halfpenny the Lords, under Mr. Garvin's direction, actually risked their existence. Are they likely, in view of the result, to confide in Mr. Garvin again? Again, we have to repeat our contention that the Lords have nothing whatever to gain by throwing out the Parliament Bill. Conceivably they stood to win by rejecting the Budget, since the Government was not prepared then as it is now to counter the rejection by the creation of peers. If, however, the Parliament Bill is rejected, not only is it certain that the Bill will nevertheless be passed, but in addition some hundreds of new peers will dilute the existing peerage. How can Mr. Garvin pretend that this will not affect the prestige of the peers' order?

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But if the Unionist partisans had a tolerable alternative scheme to that of the Parliament Bill the situation might be different. But in suggestions of this kind worth consideration they are absurdly deficient. In our view the Parliament Bill is open to a thousand objections. A frank conference of both parties, such as we desired when first the notion of a Conference was raised, could formulate a better constitutional plan in a week than exists in the present Bill. Only we have to remind our readers that such a jointly-agreed plan could only work if party government were simultaneously abolished. If party government is to remain, then the onus of discovering a better working scheme than the Parliament Bill falls upon the opposition partisans; and this is where they break down. What, for example, can be more ridiculous than Mr. Garvin's suggestion that the Second Chamber should retain its veto and compose itself in the proportion of half-elected members and half peers, the latter to be debarred from voting when differences between the two Houses arise? Such differences would obviously only arise when a majority of the

elected Lords opposed the Commons. Who would settle the matter then? Yet this appears to be the best alternative of which the Unionist genius is capable.

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In the absence of anything more sensible than that, the Parliament Bill as it stands must hold the field. Only two alternatives, in fact, and both wildly improbable, exist. One is for Mr. Balfour, this time with the consent of his party, openly to invite the Liberal party to a joint and public conference with the declared object of substituting a permanent Coalition Government of moderate men on both sides for party government in regard to *all* matters. The other is to persuade the Government to proceed simultaneously with the reconstitution of the Second Chamber; in other words, to convert the Preamble of the Parliament Bill into a parallel and complementary constructive measure. Both alternatives, as we say, are wildly improbable. It is inconceivable that his rag-tag and bob-tail should permit Mr. Balfour to throw over Tariff Reform—a first condition of a Coalition—if even Mr. Balfour had the moral courage to do so. And it is inconceivable that the rank and file of the Liberal Coalition should permit its leaders to endanger the abolition of the veto by uniting the work with the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. Since the Liberals have been driven to attempt a party solution of the constitutional question, they would be mad to throw away their chance of success by consenting to discuss the Preamble in the form of a Bill. We have already some weeks ago considered and dismissed that plan.

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There remains nothing for it, then, so far as we can see, but for the Government to push through its Bill with as little friction, but also with as little loss of time as possible. To the Cæsar of the party system the irreconcilables have appealed, and by its decision they will have to be bound. Let us see now what may result from it. With the Veto of the Lords out of the way, the course will be clear during the present Parliament for a pretty radical reconstruction of the political situation. We are certainly not so sanguine as to prophesy that the present Government will remain in office for four years, or that, even if it does, all the immediate problems will be solved. But we may take it as probable, given a fairly long period of office, that Mr. Asquith's Cabinet will succeed in disposing of Home Rule and in simplifying the electoral system. We may omit, as irrelevant to the present discussion, such measures as Welsh Disestablishment, Unemployment Insurance, and the like, since they have no bearing on the developing political situation. We hope, further, that we may omit as outside the field of immediate politics the reconstruction of the Second Chamber. The practical need for any alteration in the composition of the House of Lords is yet to be demonstrated when its absolute Veto is removed.

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Now we undertake to say that the first effect of an administration such as we conceive the present Cabinet embarked upon would be the very contrary of that usually supposed. If the abolition of the party system by open and popular consent was almost possible some months ago, its abolition will be a crying public need by the time the present Government is out of office. Everything, in fact, will conspire to draw together into a single national party all the sane and moderate elements which for the moment appear to be and are in truth divided. The natural fear that men will have lest in the absence of the Veto of the Lords and in the presence of a possibly vastly increased electorate the extremists may rule, will infallibly tend to unite the

moderate men on both sides. And their numbers and weight will be such that they will certainly, when united, be able to despise the cranks, faddists, and fanatics, whether of the Liberal or of the Tory side. What would this union result in if not in what people are now pleased to call a coalition? And we contend that it is not only a natural outcome of the present tendencies, but it is a desirable outcome. If the leaders on both sides are wise and patriotic they will do nothing to jeopardise the happy issue, and everything to ensure it.

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For if all sensible men have the same religion, it is no less true that all sensible men have the same politics. And the politics can be stated if the religion cannot be. What are the objects on which the mass of Englishmen engaged in governing or in being governed are agreed, and that form the real basis of a genuine government by consent? To maintain our national security; to create and maintain an Imperial Commonwealth; to secure to British subjects the world over, fair conditions of trade and travel, these involving naturally the desire to ensure enlightened government in all foreign countries; at home, to organise government, property, industry, and the natural resources of England and Englishmen to secure to all citizens reasonably equal opportunities of health, intelligence and happiness; to guarantee individual liberty to the fullest extent compatible with the stability of society. Is there, as Socrates used to ask, anything else that a government need do? And the answer is, Nothing. We know, and our readers know, that these are the desires of our people. It should go hard with mere politicians if, when the way becomes open, they again attempt to close it. If Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour should refuse, why not ask Mr. Burns to take up the job?

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[Next week's issue of THE NEW AGE will contain a special 16pp. Supplement, consisting of a Symposium edited by Mr. Huntly Carter on "Woman's Suffrage and Militancy." Readers who are not regular subscribers are warned to order their copies early, as the edition cannot be reprinted.]

## THE SUN-BOY.

Once as I wended, sick with care,  
I saw something glint in the air:  
Like a sky-ladder of golden web spun;  
And *he* came dancing down from the sun!

He came so fast he could hardly be seen—  
A little sun-boy (if this could have been)—  
In the twink of an eye, in a glory of yellow:  
A tiny sun-boy, a little sun-fellow!

Now whether he was but an imp of the brain,  
Which could not away with such sickening care,  
This only I know—that I saw him up there;  
And I wish I could see him again.

E. H. VISIAK.

## HOPE.

Since all my golden dreams are flown,  
And gone are all the magic days;  
Since the broad radiance of my sun  
Is dwindled to a deathly haze—  
Then what in the shadowy world am I  
But a blind soul groping under the sky?

Since from the centre I am passed  
Unto a region dark and dense,  
Unto a very dismal land,  
Unto the bare circumference—  
Then what in the wintry world am I  
But a wanderer under an alien sky?

Since I can know my bitter changes,  
Since I can mourn with poignant pain,  
Since I do think the light that shone  
In clearer climes will shine again—  
Then what in the wizard world can I  
But eagerly scan the dim glass of the sky?

E. H. VISIAK.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

PIPED a small voice in the National Liberal Club a day or two ago when I was present: "I know what he means by some of the things he writes but I can't make out this negative and positive policy. . . ."

They were discussing me, and I moved away. The puzzled gentleman was not more puzzled than Sir Edward Grey was when M. Cambon endeavoured to show him, weeks ago, what a positive policy meant. Strange that these things should be so well known on the Continent, isn't it? Only the Continental Democracies are so much better educated than ours, and you can hardly take up a paper of any standing at all without finding international affairs discussed with sanity and perspicacity.

Every powerful Democracy, except the English, has grasped the elementary fact that, if it is the primary duty of a government to secure the safety of the State, then International affairs are more important than home affairs. Injustice, oppression, and tyranny within a State, except in quite exceptional circumstances, can, after all, affect only particular classes in that State. But neglect of foreign events, or the failure to estimate the proper value of international affairs, may lead to the ultimate subjugation of the State. This is but saying in other words that a nation may be as confused and embittered as it likes regarding its own internal policy; but in international politics it must be prepared to act as one man. If a war broke out between Germany and France to-morrow, for instance, the two nations would face one another solidly. The anti-militarists in France, and the Social Democrats in Germany would be swept aside. Mere party or group politics have not a very strong hold on the people of either country. Thus, in spite of the recent changes in the French Cabinet, M. Pichon has always been retained as Foreign Minister. The home policy of France turned and twisted and writhed; the foreign policy remained the same as before.

Here, unfortunately, we are not yet educated so well. Foreign politics are looked upon by the Conservatives from an Imperialistic standpoint, and this sometimes leads to results which are not altogether satisfactory. They are looked upon by the Liberals from a Christian Science point of view, for Liberal Cabinets are always feverishly endeavouring to convince themselves that things are not so bad as they seem, even if they have to do so against the evidence of their own senses. The Liberals also cast sidelong glances at foreign affairs from a humanitarian standpoint, and in this connection it is sometimes sought to put into practice certain altruistic theories which are held by a small section of the population here and in the U.S.A., and by no other Power in the wide world. It happened during the Balkan squabble that the English Cabinet vacillated, because the humanitarians in it could not think of going to war even to help the allies of Great Britain and to uphold the prestige of the country, oblivious of the fact that a war in time saves nine.

A positive policy demands that a group of nations like the Triple Entente, assuming that a group that it still exists, shall have their interests in all parts of the world strictly defined in such a way that the aggression of another group of nations, like the Triple Alliance, may be permitted up to a certain point and no further. The countries comprising the different groups should, of course, be prepared to support one another even to the extent of war. Thus, when Germany threatened to interfere with French interests in Morocco, the knowledge that England was prepared to support France with her Navy and a hundred thousand men as well, led to the diplomatic defeat of the Triple Alliance, and would have led to its military defeat into the bargain if its unjust claims had been pressed. But when, in 1908, the Triplice (though nominally Austria) annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, England's withdrawal at the last moment left the Triple Entente without the power to

do anything but protest, as if protests without ships, men, and guns to back them up counted for anything. The policy of protest without the power to back up the protest is a negative policy; the policy of protest with the power and the will to back up the protest when necessary is a positive policy. Germany, for instance, supported as she is by the other Powers in the Triplice, has the power and the will to go to war over the Bagdad Railway question. But England and France had not the power to back up their protest by arms when Germany threatened to drive Russia out of Northern Persia: hence the Potsdam agreement.

I have referred incidentally to the landing of a hundred thousand men on the Continent to assist France in the event of war with Germany. The plan matured by those in authority was that a rapid landing should be made via Flushing, whence a force could quickly fall on, say, Cologne. Then began German coercion on Holland to build the forts which are now so much talked about. Belgium, however, was forgotten by the German Foreign Office in this connection, and, as the Treaties unquestionably guaranteed her, as a neutral State, the navigation, free and uninterrupted, of the River Scheldt, an outcry arose.

It is obvious that forts at Flushing would only be for use against this country; but Belgium's hint that she will make a formal protest to the Powers, if need be, puts Germany in an awkward predicament. Prussia was a signatory to the Treaty drawn up at the Vienna Congress guaranteeing the free navigation of the Scheldt to Belgium, and the recent declaration from the Wilhelmstrasse that "Germany would not interfere in Dutch affairs" is awkward for Holland.

It is just possible that the outburst in Holland against the spending of some £3,000,000 at the dictation of a Power who is anything but friendly, may lead to the quiet and unostentatious dropping of the Bill providing for the erection of the unnecessary forts at Flushing, in which case more than one Foreign Office will feel relieved. The recent advice given to M. Pichon from an influential quarter, as will have been perceived from the attitude he adopted towards this question, had its effect, and the strong attitude of France will be supported, I understand, by the equally strong attitude of England. At all events, if England does not make an unmistakable protest against the erection of forts at Flushing, some interesting resignations may be looked for—not necessarily from the Cabinet.

## Emancipation in a Hurry.—III.

By Teresa Billington-Greig.

### III.

THERE is a popular notion that all revolution is spontaneous, that it is impossible to decide either the time or the direction of any rising; and that, as in so many human affairs, we must be content with the moment and the avenue of revolt afforded us by the gods. But this is not strictly true. Where great warrant for discontent exists, and the discontent is conscious and acknowledged, any sudden happening may precipitate a revolt. But in most cases it is only to the mob that the choice of avenue is denied. Nine out of every ten rebellions are determined in their initial aspects by the preliminary arrangements of their leaders. It was so in the militant suffrage movement; the first imprisonment was deliberately determined upon, pre-arranged. It was planned to take place at a particular time, and in a particular way; the method, the direction, and the ostensible excuse for action, the atmosphere and the basis, all these were decided beforehand. Like every other body of rebels, the militant suffragists had the choice of their own gateway to liberty.

Such choice always lies between the big human way, the way of the revolutionist, and the little political way. The latter was the choice of the suffragists. They chose the small deed, and boomed it to make it big. There has been some justification for the gibes of the enemy about "a policy of pin-pricks," for self-

imposed narrow limits have marked the movement from the beginning. The forces of the revolt are big, but they have been confined in a straight channel and have been degraded by a doubtful and partisan use.

I am announcing no new discovery; I have made no new discovery. There were many women who felt this dimly from the first, but who chose to be silent, blinded by hope and admiration in the face of action, and by loyalty in the face of abuse. Most of them are still silent, because they are too busy doing to think, or because the atmosphere of emotional excess has been too strong for them. But such doubts should not have been suppressed. The condemnation of a particular kind of militant action is not a condemnation of militancy; other lines of revolt could have been initiated and followed. This was possible in the early days, and the whole movement might have been re-made by sufficiently strong action; while now at this stage in the purely suffrage fight it is too late to try to begin again. Many ways of action have been blocked, many militant ideas have been seized upon and misinterpreted, many weapons have been misused, an atmosphere that it will take long to dissipate has been created. For the wider emancipation movement the moment may come again, but for the present the woman's rebellion has been brought down to the level of politics, and this stage will be fought out at that level.

I have already stated that the revolutionary forces in the movement are exploited for the purposes of advertisement. I need only give three facts for those who hesitate to accept this conclusion. It is the regular practice in Mrs. Pankhurst's society for all militant demonstrations to be publicly announced beforehand by the agency of the Press, by posters, by handbills widely distributed, and by various other attractive devices. Is this the method of revolution or stage management? If these means were employed for the summoning of scattered supporters at a moment of crisis such as the declaration of war they would deserve every commendation. But this is not the case. All the soldiers required in action can be reached without publicity at all. Furthermore, every chance of stealing a march upon the enemy is thrown away by this method, and the authorities are always given sufficient notice to enable them to reduce the protest to the level of a stereotyped Palace Yard performance. This preliminary announcement in itself is sufficient proof that militancy is not intended to achieve anything more serious than advertisement. Then militancy is always so arranged as to produce the maximum of effect for the minimum of work done. A revolutionary movement would consider the work to be achieved and leave the effect to take care of itself. It would not hinge its chief demonstrations of discontent upon some technical legal point, some political usage or custom; it would hinge them upon its great basic right. It would fling its defiance into any direction in which it could do the most damage upon the barriers set up against it. It would strike to destroy, and not to advertise. The big human revolt would be the real thing, the advertisement a non-essential effect. The third fact to be noted is that the burden of disorder deliberately planned is always publicly transferred after its occurrence to the shoulders of the police and the Government. This is neither revolution nor consistency, nor does it show a high standard of honour. Revolution should never be ashamed of itself. It should never evade its responsibility. It should stand frankly upon the human right of insurrection against any imposed injustice. It should glory in its deeds of revolt. If the object for which militancy is undertaken does not justify these methods of revolution then it should not be honoured and magnified by the use of the name. It is farcical for the phrases of revolution to be grandiloquently employed upon every possible occasion while the resulting deeds are explained away or wriggled out of. One cannot at the same time be the aggressor and the innocent victim. I do not condemn advertisement; I regard it as a necessary evil in our modern large communities. I do not condemn revolution: I approve of it with all my mind and all my strength. But I do condemn the exploitation of the mere revolutionary spirit and the revolu-

tionary idea for mere advertising purposes, and I do condemn the policy of claiming the revolutionary glory while repudiating the revolutionary responsibility.

It is only fair to say that the Freedom League must be absolved from both these reproaches: it has never used militancy for advertisement—and has, indeed, lost both money and popularity by this abstention; and it has never pretended that its protests were anything but protests. Militancy in this society has failed to do its work, and to rise to the height of revolution, because of divided counsels, red-tape democracy, and an incapacity to emancipate itself from the emotional influences of the Social and Political Union, but it has not been cloaked under the respectable guise of deputations, or used as the beating of the big drum.

No observer of the militant movement can deny certain outstanding qualities in its dictators. They have the power to turn converts into followers, and followers into worshippers. They refuse to know when they are beaten or when they have made mistakes. They can live up to amazing pretensions, which would subdue greater and more sensitive women, without a quiver or a blush. They have shouldered a huge responsibility with cool courage. They have demonstrated the woman's capacity to play the political game, and have outshone the male politician in the capacity for hustle and advertisement. They are as adept in the use of flattery and sentiment and suggestion as any ministers of the most effete government or superstition. But, in spite of all these qualities, militant tactics, as they have directed them, would not have survived the first year of application if it had not been for the co-operation of the Government, and especially of the Home Office. Lord Gladstone must be credited with much of this responsibility. Without his assistance the militancy of effect rather than execution would have been played out long ago, even for the purposes of publicity. He magnified technical offences into crimes. He exalted demonstrators into martyrs. He made the Government look silly, and sheepish, and vindictive, and the women greater than their deeds. He played the part of a big school bully, by contrast with whom the women, like ordinary schoolboys, became heroes.

My initial dislike of the lines of militancy, suggested and later applied by Miss Pankhurst, was strengthened by the fear that action based upon them would be extinguished in laughter tempered by benevolence. I did not believe it possible to bluff the British Government. I approved rather than a policy of making a great noise about a small thing, one of doing something so big that it could not be minimised into insignificance. But I was wrong; the Government was bluffed. It allowed itself to be made use of with a Simple Simon air that was very diverting. It took the little thing and made it sound big. It gave the militant women an immediate call upon the sympathies of the public. Miss Pankhurst invented the smart methods of attack which followed upon the first plunge; but it was the Home Office that was responsible for their success.

The lines of protest first used have been somewhat monotonously repeated. There has not been any evolution, any evidence of progressive design. Public meetings are still roused to momentary excitement by the ejection of a few interrupters, as they were five years ago. Deputations are still beaten back from St. Stephen's entrance to the House of Commons, though they are now big enough to get in if they did not themselves bar the door. The only real advance has been the hunger-striking, which came with its mad bravery from Russia. Nothing else has changed, except the number of women involved; the only growth has been a growth of numbers. Stone-throwing and such expressions of violence are not new developments. Militant suffragists have always been as violent as they dare, but the early violence was explained away or excused rather than vindicated lest it should have an ill effect upon the public mind. The presence in the ranks of such women as Mrs. Despard, women temperamentally and by conviction opposed to violence, has tended to discourage and delay public approval, but it has not prevented the application. Now violence is openly advocated—but



only the small violences which can be effectively contrasted with the greater ones committed by the Government. This is not advance; it is the search for a new thrill for the public, and a new chain for the women who pay the price.

Just as there has been something monotonous in the lines of activity so there has been present an element of ruthless generalship. The sacrifices that may be justly called for in a rebellion are out of all proportion in a publicity campaign. Where the rebel leader would be extolled for a courageous conquering of natural emotion, the advertising agent will seek justification in vain. In this movement the leaders have always appeared to be more tender of heart to the enemy than to the women in the ranks. It is not any sufficient excuse for this error to urge that the leaders concerned sacrifice themselves as well as their followers. The leaders stand to gain much more than the rest, and for themselves, under these circumstances, the sacrifice may be worth while. It is not a small thing to secure that you shall go down the ages, to the exclusion of all other suffragists, as the winners of votes for women.

By obtaining the parliamentary vote for women, militancy, it is claimed, will open for them a new heaven and a new earth. I have no desire to belittle the effect of what will amount to a national acceptance of the principle of sex-equality, but the prophecies of protagonists with regard to the effects of legislation are generally over-rosy. They are made without full recognition of the British capacity for accepting at one and the same time a hotch-potch of contradictory laws and principles, and refusing to follow out to its logical conclusion any course of thought. But in the controversy as to whether votes for women will be worth the price already paid for them a great deal of vague theorising has been indulged in, while the probabilities have not been seriously enquired into. These can be best determined by a study of women suffragists themselves. The vote cannot secure of itself any single woman's emancipation. It is a tool; and the kind of work that can be done with it depends first upon the nature of the tool and, second, upon the capacity of the person who uses it. Both these conditions seem to have been forgotten by the militant apologists. They fail to see that large areas in which emancipation is needed lie entirely outside the scope of the vote. They forget that a slave woman with a vote will still be essentially a slave. They do not recognise that the woman with a restricted outlook can only express herself within its limits, and that the crude shallowness, sex-opinionation, and resentment which pass for enthusiasm among them, do not supply the best training for the serious work of emancipation by law-making. The frenzied rush for votes is not carrying women more deeply into the problems that confront them; it is carrying them over the top. Facts and figures, serious investigation, considerations of principle and consistency, these are all foreign to the atmosphere of hurry. The future law-maker would be the better for a period of calm.

The consistent believers in the complete emancipation of women do not form a large proportion of the suffragist rank and file. The greater number of suffragists are of the political variety, and many of these have very limited aspirations. Those women who claim equal rights and are eager to accept the full burdens and responsibilities which sex-equality must bring are the promise of the whole movement. But they are making an ill preparation for the future by submitting to a policy of avoidance of fundamentals, a policy of suppression which must commit them to evasion and hypocrisy. It is recognised by the leaders that it is impossible to get votes in a hurry if you frighten the weaklings, or to concentrate attention upon one line of action while radical issues are under enquiry. So the weaklings go in ignorance, and the vital things are neglected. Upon every question of grave importance there is either disunion or silence among suffragists; and it is generally silence, the silence of immaturity, or the silence of caution. The forces which would make for the best kind of legislation, which would prepare the future elector to destroy and to construct with knowledge and insight, are dammed up at

their source; they are sacrificed for a mere temporary advantage.

Those women for whose sake the chains of silence are imposed, are merely out for the parliamentary vote, preferably on the present or a narrower basis. They want the vote because they rightly object to the sense of personal degradation which is involved in its denial. They will use the vote, when it is won, for their party or their class, or for some special measure in which they are interested; but that is all. The matter is a purely personal one to them; their clamour for change will cease as soon as the personal indignity is removed. There is no revolutionary zeal in this large class; in politics and industry and social and sexual affairs it would stand for things as they are. It would oppose the admission of women into Parliament, and seriously resent the widening of the franchise to include an economically inferior class of women. The payment of equal wages to men and women for the same work would be condemned as impracticable, even if desirable, and the emancipation of the domestic servant would be strenuously opposed. These women would prefer that home conditions and the family tyranny should remain unchanged, and that sex matters should continue undiscussed. They would run away from the burdens which accompany the establishment of the economic independence of woman. They would use all their power and influence for the continuance of the conditions under which women are kept by men for sex uses, and would be the bitterest opponents of a sex relation that is superior to legal or economic compulsion.

Between these narrow personal and political suffragists and the true feminists there stands a second much smaller class of women who would accept some such programme of reform as that embodied by Lady McLaren in her Women's Charter. But while accepted in spirit even this moderate, and in some suggestions retrogressive, programme is considered too advanced to be advocated in public. It has been neglected and pushed aside by all the suffragist associations, and the militant societies have been the worst offenders. A similar attitude has been manifested on other occasions. It is deserving of note that neither of the militant groups sent any representative to give evidence before the Divorce Commission; and when, in 1908, Mrs. Despard took up the case of Daisy Lord there was no other prominent suffragist who shared her advocacy, and much disapproval of the intrusion of such a matter into suffrage propaganda was expressed, not by the high-and-dry conservative ladies, but by the "advanced."

These are the conditions in which the forces later to be employed in the using of the vote are being shaped; and there can be no shadow of doubt but that they are bad conditions. Even the value of the vote as the tool of legislative emancipation is being steadily sacrificed to the getting of the vote. Nothing in heaven or on earth, nothing of honour or conscience, nothing of dignity, nothing of principle, but is being sacrificed in the greedy maw of emancipation in a hurry. The great inheritance of woman is being paid away for the political mess of pottage; and this is robbed of half its practical use and value by the policy and atmosphere in which women are being trained. Only the real feminists can put an end to the worst aspect of this suicidal frenzy for results, but they have allowed themselves to be blinded by emotion and carried off their feet by numbers, and they have given themselves to the game of boastful arrogant hurry and let it go on unchecked. They have refused to see that they are tying their own hands against the future, that as the first cry of urgency has been used so will the second and the third be used to silence and chain them in the same way, that ever they will be selling the great whole for the little immediate part and robbing that part of its greater value by dishonest suppression. On their shoulders will rest much heavy responsibility if they refuse to break away. The need of the women's wider movement is that they should stand free; the need of the suffrage movement is that they should, for some little time, act as sturdy critics to awaken the forces of self-questioning. Only by these means can the danger-tide be stayed.

(THE END.)

## How to re-organise the Opposition.

By T. H. S. Escott.

"IN Europe starving multitudes clamorous for free exchange; in America the Republicans sent to the right-about for their Protectionist affinities. The movement against strong drinks abroad reflected in the fall of stocks at home;—these are the circumstances under which our heaven-born leader who has lost us three elections shows everyone that he is still hankering after an effete Chamberlainism, and that he still thinks he can play the peers' and publicans' cards." This is a fair specimen of the jibe on the approach of the meeting of Parliament current against Mr. Balfour in many country houses and in some London clubs. History, of course, shows it to be the Tory way. Their treatment of Bolingbroke and Clarendon in the seventeenth century are the two classical instances of the ingratitude with which the Conservatives have always treated those who have exhausted themselves in their service. Next came the howlings, yellings, and hisses which crushed the life out of their first man of genius since Bolingbroke, George Canning. Sir Robert Peel, of course, had the same measure meted out to him. Coming nearer to the present time, Benjamin Disraeli, but for the peculiar brain and nerve conformation of his race, would have participated in the common lot. He, however, refused to be bullied, crushed, or dictated to. Before his great triumph over Gladstonianism in 1874 he proclaimed from several platforms that if the Conservatives preferred someone else as leader they had only to find him, adding at the same time that, under circumstances like those then existing, the leader of the Opposition was appointed, not in the lobbies of St. Stephen's, in the clubs of Pall Mall, or the electoral headquarters of the party in Whitehall, but by the country. After Disraeli came the universally respected statesman who died Lord Iddesleigh. The seeds of death were visibly sown by the hands of the Fourth Party in Sir Stafford Northcote during the scenes of blundering, futile, and absurd efforts to prevent Charles Bradlaugh from taking his seat. A year or two later the injury sustained in these encounters declared itself to be more serious than any of his enemies dreamt, and those who, on that February afternoon in Pall Mall, heard he had breathed his last, knew that he had been done to death by the persecutions originating in the set upon him of the Fourth Party.

Lord Randolph Churchill's turn came next. Admirers, flatterers, parasites, even candid friends; these he had in plenty. He could only boast a single counsellor at once shrewd, disinterested, and sagacious, the happily still surviving Sir John E. Gorst. Had that gentleman's advice been followed, not only then but now, two things might have turned out differently. In the first place, there might never have arisen the worries which laid Randolph Churchill on a premature deathbed, and there might have been no lethal end to a sickness not mortal in its first beginnings, whose proper treatment, as Sir John Gorst and others who shared his practical wisdom perceived, was not a series of exciting adventures in South Africa, but a few months of restful vegetation in a secluded farm house. The gallant patient, said the medical wiseacres, had lived too long in excitement to be able to exist without it. Secondly, even after Randolph Churchill's doom was fixed by those who, humanly speaking, might have been instrumental in averting or indefinitely delaying it, Sir John Gorst's wisdom and experience, if availed of by those at whose disposal it was placed, might have resulted in the avoidance of Conservative defeats at the ballot boxes, with the sequel of Conservative impotence in Parliament. The great Conservative triumph of 1874 gave the Tories, for the first time in thirty years, not only place but power. Not since Peel's day had they come back from the constituencies to Westminster with a

majority large and compact enough to make them masters of the situation. That was due, more than to any other single cause, to the reversal, on Sir John Gorst's instance, of the electioneering tactics associated with their defeat in 1868. In that year the lesson of misfortune began to be learnt in time. The one bright spot in the Conservative discomfiture had been the Conservative victories at Blackburn, Bolton, Saltford, Preston, Ashton, Stalybridge, Warrington, and Liverpool. These boroughs had for some time possessed political organisations of their own, not blighted by the patronage of landowners or Lords, without any encouragement from the Central Office in London. Between 1868 and 1874 Conservative associations on the Lancashire model grew up in every part of England. These bodies complained at the time of not being recognised by Toryism's aristocratic chiefs. This, as Sir John Gorst was quick to perceive and point out, was really a blessing in disguise. There did not exist the temptation of wasting time and energy in organising local fetes, only to be snubbed by the Tory big-wigs of the neighbourhood. The provincial workers, who were the backbone of popular Toryism, were thus driven to the serious business of registration, including all the machinery necessary for an election contest. When that came in 1874, it ended, to the utter amazement of the aristocrats on the winning side, in the victory just characterised. Of course, the men who had stood aloof since 1868 now rushed in to share the spoils. Disraeli's administration was dominated by county members and peers, to the practical exclusion and with scarcely a thought of the humbler beings who had planned and fought the campaign. As things then commenced, so they continued. The obsolete and mischievous distinction between county and borough M.P.'s revived itself. Social influence became more powerful day by day. Independence of political thought was visited with condign punishment. To point out the decay of the new Conservative associations under the stifling patronage of peers and millionaires was resented as heresy. The requirements of landowners received an ostentatious preference over the wishes and wants of the people at large. So it has continued ever since on a crescendo scale. To these general causes, rather than to any particular mistakes in Mr. Balfour's electoral strategy, the third defeat to which the Opposition chief has led his followers is attributed by all those having any real knowledge of current politics, behind as well as before the footlights.

It is, as 'I have shown, in strict accordance with Conservative precedent that Mr. Balfour should now be visited with opprobrium from his mortified followers, but it is also not less unjust than it is natural. In the spirit of reaction from his old Randolphian associations, he has to his own and party's loss persistently gone in a direction exactly opposite to that which it might have been expected would find favour with his old associates of Fourth Party days. Thus, and thus alone, can one rationally explain his attitude on the education, the licensing, and the fiscal projects of the time. Mr. A. A. Baumann's reappearance in the electoral lists will serve for a reminder with many that, though untrumpeted by advertisement, there are still available for Conservatism much of the brains, the courage, the originality, and resourcefulness which a few years since gave the party its life, soul, and popular attractiveness. Already it will have occurred to close and thoughtful observers of the Parliamentary position that the true check upon single chamber tyranny may after all be most effectively found not in the body on which Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and other of its members are for experimenting with a light heart, but in the assembly in which the denounced despotism resides. The bureaucratic tendencies of the time, the omnipotence of the permanent officials, and the Cabinet's unchallenged supremacy in every stage and variety of legislation may be controlled and counteracted after a far more drastic fashion in the popular than in the hereditary House, even when that House is qualified by an admixture, however liberal, of the elective element.

## The Affair of the Fly.

By Alfred Ollivant.

It was shortly after midnight yesterday that news came to the Birkbank Police Station in the heart of the East End of London that a strange Fly, answering the description, had settled in a room on the top-floor of a house in Melbourne Street.

A woman sleeping in this room was awakened to the presence of danger by the crying of her baby.

She lit a match to find the Fly crawling upon her baby's head, and gave the alarm at once.

On being cross-examined at the station she said that she was certain that this was the Fly wanted by the Police; for it was not a blue-bottle or a common house-fly, the properties and characteristics of which she knew well, having studied them under the London School Board. Therefore it must be an alien. And she described it minutely—its hairy legs, its fat yellowish body, and green glinting head.

Forthwith the police acted with commendable promptitude and caution. Within half-an-hour of the receipt of the news a force of 500 constables, armed with repeating rifles and automatic pistols, had formed a cordon round the building in which the doomed Fly had found a last retreat.

It then became urgent and necessary to remove the other occupants from the building before the siege could be prosecuted to its inevitably bloody end. Quietly and quickly this was effected; the Fly, as yet unalarmed, offering no resistance.

One by one the occupants were roused, warned of their danger, and escorted safely to the street. One inmate only gave trouble. She was a seamstress, giving the name of Ada Smith, who occupied a back room on the top floor.

Being warned of the presence of a dangerous Fly in the adjoining room, she said she didn't care a hang!

Finally she was only induced to come downstairs by a trick—being told that there was a young man at the back-door who wished to speak to her. The young man turned out to be a detective, who forthwith attempted to arrest her. Ada Smith refused to be arrested, thereby confirming the suspicions of the Police already roused by her language on the top-floor. The Southern Constabulary were then hastily called out; and the woman, after a long struggle, was removed in custody.

Later in the day the desperate character of Ada Smith, alias, it is said, Jenny Jones of Wales, was put practically beyond dispute. A man giving the name of Jas. Burt, and describing himself as a working tailor in George Street, came to the station and demanded the immediate release of the woman on the ground that she had worked in his shop for ten years past, and that he knew her well as a person without a spot on her character. Needless to say the Police took his name and address; and his premises are now under close observation.

By the time the house was cleared of its occupants, except for the doomed Fly, it was nearly 5 a.m. Reinforcements had been steadily pouring into the danger zone from outlying districts throughout the dark hours before the dawn. At the first gleam of light the Deputy Commissioner, who was in temporary command, reckoned that he had some 5,000 Police under arms in the affected area. And the Fly had not yet stirred.

All access to the house was barred. Picked policemen had securely barricaded themselves in the buildings across the street. On the roof of the Brewery and outbuildings which covered the rear of the house others had thrown up rough parapets and hastily contrived defences. The dawn broke on a strange spectacle in the heart of the great city.

On roofs sprawled determined riflemen; sharpshooters lurked behind chimneys; and you saw grim faces and the gleam of gun-barrels at every window in the street.

At about 6.30 Mr. Winston Churchill, called hastily from his bed, made his appearance in an astrachan-lined fur-coat, that hardly concealed the fact that he was still in his pyjamas. The energetic young Home

Secretary immediately took charge of the operations. In conjunction with that fine old warrior, the Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir Dugald Doughty, V.C., he made his plans.

But just when he was ready to strike, it was suggested that the whole thing was a hoax got up by a practical joker to make the Police of London the laughing stock of Europe.

Someone went even so far as to hazard that the Fly was not there after all; or if a Fly was there that it might not be the wanted Fly.

The matter was soon put beyond dispute.

A determined Police Officer crept up the stairs on his hands and knees, listened at the door, and *heard the Fly buzzing within.*

There was no doubt now; it was do or die. Men spat in their hands, and gripped their rifles.

Just as the sun rose, a bugle sounded the *Commence Firing*. The Home Secretary himself opened the ball with a sighting shot from an elephant gun. He hit the house opposite, in which the doomed fly was making its last stand; but it was left to a veteran marksman of the Police, who in his day had been runner-up for the Queen's Prize at Bisley, to smash the window of the room in which the renegade had its lodgement. This he did after the battle had raged a quarter of an hour or so; and the sound of breaking glass raised a loud cheer from the fighting-men busy behind their rifles all down the street.

For the first time for 100 years the citizens of London were roused by the rattle of musketry in the heart of their city.

The first thought of most was that the Germans had come at last; and the bulk of men determined to stay in bed at all costs, fearing that the streets might be dangerous. Others with that *froide bravoure*, which old Froissart tells us is the characteristic of our race, flocked in their fool-hardy thousands to the seat of the fighting.

When it was known that the Fly was trapped at last, the excitement in the West End was intense.

Evening newspapers were issued at the breakfast-hour, recounting the progress of the engagement. Retired officers of the Army and Navy gathered in uniform at their clubs to read the latest from the Front, and bombarded the War Office with offers of their services.

About 9 a.m. the *Cease Fire* sounded, the supply of ammunition having run out. And it was known that Mr. Winston Churchill regarded the situation as critical. The house was riddled with bullets; but no apparent impression had been made upon the Fly within.

After a hasty consultation, in view of the seriousness of the position, the Home Secretary with some natural reluctance decided to call up the Army, and himself retired to put on his trousers.

The Military Authorities were most prompt. By 9.30 the Aldershot Division had been entrained, the Salisbury Division mobilized, and the Guards Brigade was on the march from Windsor, Chelsea, and Waterloo barracks.

A great roar of cheering rose from the waiting thousands when it was known that Lord Kitchener was going to take command. And the rumour that Lord Roberts on hearing of the appointment had retired by special train to the North of Scotland was at once discredited.

It was about 11 a.m. that Lord Kitchener took up his new command. Hustling up on his motor-bike, his cap with its long ear-flaps pulled down far over his face, the great soldier was scarcely recognised behind his goggles.

But his presence soon made itself felt. Taking up his position on the roof of the *Red Lion* in a commanding if somewhat exposed position, with the long telescope through which he had first sighted the walls of Khartoum and the entrenchments of Paardeberg, he was able to locate the Fly upon the ceiling of the room.

Concentrating his fire, he was soon in a position to telegraph to His Majesty, awaiting developments anxiously at a window at Buckingham Palace:

"Have the situation well in hand."



His Majesty replied in characteristic fashion :—  
*"Am sending 'Dreadnought' to your aid."*

And indeed the Navy, always to the fore, had already proffered assistance. A plucky sub-lieutenant, who refused to give his name, had offered to lead an attack by submarines. But after an expert had given it as his opinion that it was doubtful if such an attack would prove successful on land, the Admiralty Board somewhat reluctantly rejected the offer :

At noon the German Emperor telegraphed, offering advice and the assistance of Herr Jagow, Chief of the Berlin Police. His Imperial Majesty concluded :—*"The Fly is known to me personally. A very dangerous character."*

The Emperor's offer was not cordially received.

At one, Lord Kitchener, feeling that the fire preparations had been sufficiently severe to warrant such a course, determined to launch an assault; and it was said that his determination was hurried on by the knowledge that if he had not won by two o'clock, he was to make way for Lord Roberts.

Five hundred Policemen were picked for the envied and honourable task. There were some touching scenes as the married men of the chosen five hundred said good-bye to their wives in a back-street; while the bachelors among them shook hands with each other, their comrades, and the crowd—which now numbered some millions.

Happily there was no need to have recourse to this somewhat desperate expedient.

The Fly was at its last gasp.

Just as the assault was about to be launched, flames spurted through the windows of the doomed house.

In half an hour the roof fell in.

By two o'clock firing had ceased, and the strange battle was over.

Shortly afterwards the charred remains of the Fly were carried out of the ruined building in a coffin borne upon the shoulders of four war-grimed Policemen.

#### LATER.

In the afternoon an inquest on the body was held in the parlour of the *Red Lion*, Stepney. An enormous crowd watched the proceedings from outside.

The Coroner opened the inquiry by making a statement which created a sensation.

He said that the results of chemical analysis which had just been handed to him revealed the fact that the charred remains in the match-box he held in his hand were not fly after all, but plaister.

A Juror : "Plaister of Paris?"

The Coroner : "No, sir. Plaister from the ceiling." He went on to add that the dead body would doubtless be found in the debris of the demolished house, which the Police were still diligently searching.

The same Juror then asked if there was any evidence that the Fly had ever been there.

The Coroner : "Yes, sir. There was incontrovertible evidence. A Police Officer crept to the door in the early hours of the morning and heard the Fly buzzing within."

The Juror, who appeared to be not satisfied, then asked if the Police Officer was beery; adding that he understood that beeriness frequently produced a buzzing in the ears.

The Coroner : "Is that the result of your personal experience?"

The Juror : "Never mind."

The Coroner : "Are you a Socialist?"

The Juror : "Are you?"

The Coroner replied that he was an Englishman himself, and that whether the Fly was there or not was entirely immaterial. The dogged pluck, resourcefulness, and energy of the Police, the Army, the Navy, and all the forces that had been called out that morning in the defence of their dearly loved land, was beyond all praise. Europe had received a lesson; which he hoped she would never forget. And especially he trusted that a country he would not name would remember that England was England yet.

The Coroner was loudly cheered by the waiting crowd as he drove away.

## The New Age.

By Allen Upward.

It is a sign of the times that so many of us should be busy in studying the signs of the times.

In no other age since the birth of Christianity has there been manifested the same devouring curiosity about the future, and the same disposition to expect a new earth, if not a new heaven. The astrologers will tell us that this is due to the recurrence of the celestial portent that heralded Christianity. Two thousand years ago the sun, or rather the vernal equinox, migrated from the Sign of the Lamb into that of the Fish. To-day it is passing, or has passed, from the Fish to the Waterman.

Whatever we may think of the explanation, the coincidences between the advent of Christianity and that of the Religion of Humanity are striking enough to impress the thoughtful mind.

The two centuries which preceded and followed the Christian Era produced an entirely new species of literature, known as apocalyptic, of which specimens have survived in the books of Enoch and Revelation. This literature has nothing in common with the old Israelite prophecies, which are emotional exhortations and denunciations. It is prophecy in the common English sense of the word, an attempt to foretell the future in mystical, or rather astrological, language.

In our day a similar literature has sprung into popularity almost unawares. It is equally without precedent in any former period. The Utopia of More was meant as a philosopher's parable. The Looking Backward of Bellamy was meant as a true picture of a practical development. I understand that it has been almost realised by Mr. Selfridge. Mr. Wells has poured forth a whole series of predictions, of varying degrees of seriousness. Even the popular Press delights in lurid pictures of imaginary wars in which the Duke of Connaught is made to enter Berlin in triumph at the head of the Boy Scouts. The whole of this literature has sprung into existence within a generation, and constitutes one of the most significant of portents.

Most of us must have remarked the further parallel between the new religions which sprung up all over the Mediterranean on the decay of the Olympian cult, and the similar phenomena of our own day. Theosophy, Christian Science, Positivism, Socialism—all these represent the gropings of the human spirit in search of a new faith by which it can live. It is true that none of them seem inspired by any anti-Christian feeling. On the contrary, there is an evident tenderness towards the old religion; a desire to preserve as much of it as can possibly be saved. The new wine is cautiously and delicately poured into the old bottles by the reverent hands of Sir Oliver Lodge and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. We have yet to see with what result.

At the same time it should be clear that we must look in other than conservative quarters if we would discover the moving strength by which the future is to be shaped, and prognosticate the course of the cyclone.

The storm-centre may be discerned by much the same symptoms in sociology as in meteorology. In the Roman Empire infant Christianity is readily distinguished from its rivals by its enormously greater energy. This energy is manifested in the characteristic form of quarrels among Christians themselves.

It is instructive to compare the Christians with the Jews. The Jews are even more violent and vindictive than the Christians. But their violence is on the conservative side. To find their parallel among ourselves we must look to the Protestants engaged in fighting for the sixteenth century; or to the poverty-stricken duke scolding Mr. Lloyd George for the extravagance and shortsightedness of his own ancestors.

The internecine strife of the Christians is more reasonable, if not more excusable, than that of the Jews, because the Christians really were fighting over the future of Europe, though they did not know it. Their quarrels broke out in the lifetime of the Master. His departure was the signal for the controversies that

cause the correspondence columns of the New Testament to present a painful likeness to those of THE NEW AGE.

This mutual fury of men animated by the same good motives, and serving the same Master, shocked the author of the Epistle of James; and therefore it may well shock us. Even to reproduce some of the fiery outbursts of Paul and John may offend those Christians who are only accustomed to read the Bible in their sleep.

"Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." (Galatians i., 8.) "Of whom is Hymenaeus and Alexander; whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme." (I. Timothy i., 20.) "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" (I. John ii., 22.) "Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach." (Revelation ii., 20.)

Such passages, which might be multiplied, recall only too vividly the favourite "I, for one, protest" of certain Pale correspondents. I shall be pardoned by those who regard the New Testament as a book to guide us in our daily life, and not merely to be mumbled ceremoniously in churches, if I venture to extract one or two passages of a different kind, adapting their language to the present necessity.

"Mark this, my dear Comrades: Let every one be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to get angry; for the anger of man does not forward the Cause of Humanity." (James i., 19.) "When a man appears to be a philanthropist, yet does not bridle his pen, that man's Socialist principles are valueless." (i., 26.) "My Comrades, what is the good of a man saying that he has faith in the democracy, if he does not prove it by actions?" (ii., 14.) "While you harbour envy and bitterness and a spirit of rivalry in your hearts, do not boast or lie to the detriment of the Social Gospel." (iii., 14.) "What is the cause of the fighting and quarrelling that goes on among you? Is it not to be found in the desires which are always at war within you? You crave, yet do not obtain. You murder and rage, yet cannot gain your end." (iv., 1, Twentieth Century New Testament.)

This comparison points to Socialism as the movement of to-day which presents the strongest likeness to the infant Church. In no other quarter do we find the same fretfulness, the same violence of language, the perpetual dissensions, the impatience of the least contradiction or divergence of opinion. I do not think it philosophical (or scientific) to regard these symptoms as pathological. I would rather consider them as signs of growth. It is the latest energy that is to transform society which at present writhes and strains in the narrow sphere to which it is confined, like the Arabian jinn in the fisherman's jar. Socialism, as represented by the correspondence columns of THE NEW AGE, is too much like a boiling kettle that keeps sending jets of scalding steam on to the hands engaged in replenishing the fire. It is power running to waste.

But while making every just allowance for the irritability and zeal of these fractious enthusiasts it must be pointed out that their extreme intolerance of anything like truthfulness, honesty, originality, or humour is a bad omen for the future. Pursuing our comparison with Christianity, we are compelled to recognise a great difference between the promise and the performance of the new religion. What was promised was the Kingdom of Heaven. What was performed was the Catholic Church. The Christians began by loving one another, and ended by burning one another. The promise of Socialism was Brotherhood; its performance to be Bureaucracy?

I put that question with fear and trembling. I have noticed an increasing tendency on the part of the correspondents of THE NEW AGE to hound out of the paper every contributor who has a mind of his own. The Liberal politician is condemned because he does not speak the truth as he sees it; the contributor to THE NEW AGE is fiercely scolded if he does.

Free speech and free catcalls are not really compatible. No singer can do himself justice to an accompaniment of hoots and hisses. The more thoughtful a

speaker is the more delicately the balance of his mind is adjusted, the less possible is it for him to stand on a barrel at a street corner and shout down a yelling mob.

The greatest service anyone can do me is to show me where I am mistaken. Candid discussion is the life of truth; but impassioned debate is its death. We all know that such discussion is forbidden in practically every other existing organ, by the editor in deference to his advertisers. THE NEW AGE fortunately has no advertisers, and the editor is evidently willing to permit free discussion. Some of his readers as evidently are not. There can be no graver sign of the times for those who see the future shaping itself in the womb of the present. "Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Is history to repeat itself further in the approach of another Dark Age? Such a question may sound surprising amid all the din of research. But it is the quality of the human mind, and not its means and opportunities only, that makes the difference between intellect and stupidity. And it is already a truism that current literature and current journalism are steadily lowering their intellectual standard.

There is a dangerous approach to medievalism in the vogue of the so-called specialist. A narrow, but industrious mind, by poring on a particular subject to the exclusion of all others (including those related subjects without which the chosen one cannot be understood) acquires a parrot-like familiarity with all that has been said and written on the subject, and is thenceforth allowed to pose as an authority, and lay down the law to more intelligent students. Fortunately the departments of the specialists overlap; and as soon as two specialists meet they are pretty sure to contradict each other. That is the only crevice by which reason is still allowed to penetrate the human mind. By the vulgar the specialist is credited with infallibility.

Thus one craze succeeds another. For a whole generation Europe lay under the spell of the Aryan delusion, which is still rampant in that thoroughly mediæval compilation, The New English Dictionary. To-day we are suffering from a milder plague of Egyptology. It would be hard to pitch on any more unlikely cradle of civilisation than a long, narrow valley, shut in by barren cliffs, and cut off by deserts from the common intercourse of mankind. The apparent antiquity of Egyptian civilisation is most probably due to nothing but the superior hardness of its building materials and the superior dryness of its climate. The corpse of Egyptian culture is the best preserved. It is the mummy of the past.

The latest fad of the kind is "Minoan civilisation." I recently paid a visit to the so-called Palace of King Minos, the Labyrinth of Knossos. It seemed to me the remains, not of a city, but of a villa, perhaps the rural farm or summerhouse of some viking chief. The alleged throne room looked uncommonly like a bathroom, or perhaps a baptistery. The throne was a small, rudely carved stone seat, inferior in dignity and beauty to the stool of a West African emir. These were but hasty impressions, and I have no wish to belittle the interest of the finds made in Crete and elsewhere. But I am impressed with the evil and folly of confounding science with wisdom, and supposing that every man who has given a certain amount of time to a subject must therefore have that intelligence without which his labours are likely to end in learned folly.

Now THE NEW AGE is the only existing organ in which any independent criticism is permitted. It will therefore be a very serious thing if its columns are to be closed to articles such as the brilliant "Leaf of English History." Such articles, written in a spirit free from malice or personal reflection, are a sorely needed antidote to a wide-spread disease. If a sense of humour is to be treated as a crime, then all hope must be abandoned, and we must look forward to another millennial nightmare of the human spirit.

The last parallel I need note between this age and its predecessor is the spread of peace, or rather the exchange of international for civil war. As soon as Rome had overcome her external enemies she became a prey

to proscriptions, military pronunciamientos, and the whole series of internal wars and commotions recorded by Gibbon. It is significant that Mr. Carnegie, the leader of the international peace movement, has himself engaged in armed warfare with his fellow-countrymen in his own employ. It is no less significant that the Government which is most anxious to avoid fighting Russians on the Indus, has just been fighting them in Houndsditch.

Macaulay long ago suggested that the Huns and Vandals of the next great overthrow would come out of the slums, and everything points to the fulfilment of that prediction. The forerunners of the invasion have already appeared, and they have almost been greeted as heroes by the correspondents of THE NEW AGE.

I have endeavoured to view these developments with the detachment of a visitor from some other planet who has strayed down here by some unhappy accident and often been made to feel himself a trespasser.

## Letters to an Unborn Child.

### IV.

MY DEAR CHILD,—You are too variable to be human. Your metamorphoses are Protean in their rapidity; and as we have a third sex, I should not be surprised if your next letter declared your intention of becoming a clergyman. But these devices deceive no one. Proteus was always Proteus, in whatever guise he appeared; and, in imitating him, you are as much at sea as he was. I am not to be deceived by forms, however various and transient they may be; for substance is the primal reality that may be shaped by any hand. In the material signification of the word, you have no substance with which to work: you are, therefore, not merely without form, but void. So I am not alarmed by your changes. If you cannot be born a woman, you write, you will be born a man; and if the Will to Live does not justify your existence, the Will to Power shall glorify it. Your acquaintance with philosophy is really uncanny, and I am sure that it will lead to your undoing. All these terms express a purpose in life, and to have more than one is to have none at all. A purposeless existence is not to be admired; nor is "Hic et ubique" a motto worthy of a man. You may retort that as the ghost forced Hamlet to shift his ground, you, by altering your position and changing your sex, will transpose individuals and re-arrange realities. But, alas! poor ghost! "This eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood." A ghost may make a man once more remove; but, prisoned in the body, who fears the soul?

I must congratulate you on your apt quotations. I will deal with the Will to Power in a moment. I want first to consider "the new table" that you place over me. "Unto your children shall ye make amends for being the children of your fathers; all the past shall ye thus redeem," you say with Nietzsche. Well, I am something of a Nietzschean myself, and I deny that this commandment is obligatory as you interpret it. Children are not children until they are born, you argue very plausibly. But if I must be ashamed of my father, and make amends to you; and you must be ashamed of your father, and make amends to your children, who will be ashamed of their father; what is this but the transmission of original sin necessitating the doctrine of redemption? Christianity, in short; which Nietzsche was at such pains to destroy. We redeem the past by preventing, not by perpetuating, the evil; by breaking the chain of causation, and liberating the spirit from necessity. I have told you that your appearance on this planet would be an impudent intrusion: I tell you now that it is unnecessary. I make amends for being the child of my father by refusing to be the father of my child; and I redeem the past by making the future impossible to you. These Wills to Live and Wills to Power may be potent; but mine is the last Will, and here is its testament. If you will have trial by combat, you must abide by the consequences; and I am confident of the result.

The Will to Power? My child, you make me smile. You are all words, but I cannot reproach you with that: in the beginning was the Word, and as you are in the beginning, words only can you be. But words are symbols of thought, and potent only as they are informed by it. If Will be Power, as some suppose, there can be no Will to Power; for identity is not divisible. If it is not power, can it become so, trying for ever? You may suppose so, since metamorphosis is easy to you; but I must discuss the question. The Will to Power implies desire, and desire implies the absence of the thing desired; you begin with a deficiency. If I remember rightly, it is mathematically impossible for a minus to become a plus quantity except by inversion. The Will to Power becomes the Power to Will. Then a purpose is necessary to the exercise of the power. You have told me what you intend to be. With more of romance than of imagination, you babble of great men: Cæsar, Christ, Napoleon. But you cannot have reflected on the subject. Is it worth while labouring to found an Empire that welters through profligacy and corruption to ruin? Why be the father of degeneracy? On the other hand, Christ was a failure. As Nietzsche truly said, there was only one Christian, and he died on the cross; crying, as you may remember, that his God had forsaken him. But his failure was the basis of the success of others. Christ, said Nietzsche, was the priest's Will to Power: on the failure of Christ arose Christianity. The answer to Samson's riddle was that out of the strong came forth sweetness. Nietzsche ploughed with no one's heifer to discover that the solution of this riddle of the world's history was that out of the weak came forth amaritude. The principle has been exemplified nearer to our own time. Napoleon rose and reigned, and was ruined at Waterloo. The glamour that surrounds a great failure is the basis of the illusion of regeneration. Napoleon failed that Louis Napoleon might succeed: the genius was sacrificed to the charlatan, and St. Helena made the Coup d'Etat possible. Napoleon's failure was Louis Napoleon's Will to Power, and it led him to Sedan. My child, is it worth while?

But if you had read Nietzsche with more attention, you might not have been led astray by your childish enthusiasm. All great men abhor humanity. Whatever they may think of individuals, Man in the abstract is abominable to them. Those who have mounted the beast and bridled it have had most cause for contempt. Swift's cynicism is better known than the political power he exercised behind the scenes; but Cromwell's declaration that he had better have remained on his farm and tended sheep than have meddled with the governing of men is well known. Danton said something similar; and, indeed, history is full of such examples. Nietzsche, for whom you express such admiration, was full of the same contempt. The human race is not worth governing, and it has only been in self-protection that some great souls have performed the task: with what contemptuous condescension only themselves and their fraternity could know. Zarathustra went to the market-place to preach the coming of the Superman, and was taught that all men are equal; for as Napoleon declared, equality is beloved of the multitude. From the market-place to the mountain top, from men to the mystery, that is the way of the Up-goer. Life, to the greatest of whom we have knowledge, has always meant denial: only in solitude can great souls live. Zarathustra himself fled from the higher men. Each shall have his peak, and be remote and lordly. That is our wisdom, and our will.

So I protest. By reason and by admonition, I make amends to you for being but a man. I know that you would be more than I; and if it were possible for you to be so, I would wish it heartily. But the age of Cæsar has gone, and Christ is still the crucified One. This is an age of success, and there are no great failures on which you can found your greatness. The Will to Power is the Will to be Alone, and in your solitude I leave you.

YOUR RELUCTANT FATHER.

## Unedited Opinions.

### X.—On Pseudo-Psychology.

You appeared the other day to put a very high value on psychology. Have you really so much respect for the science?

Even more for the science, but almost none for the professors.

How do you distinguish between them?

Well, I happen to have a great belief in astrology, but I have none whatever in astrologers. I believe, that is, that our destinies are writ in the stars as the most philosophical people have always maintained; but I have never met any astrologer who was not mainly a fraud, or, at best, a clumsy tyro. Similarly I believe in mathematics, yet I myself have often made errors of calculation. Is it now plain that I may respect psychology without respecting its professors?

Perfectly. But of what do you complain in the modern professors: is it sincerity or knowledge that they lack?

Both usually. Their insincerity takes the form of pretending to know more than they do and in faking the evidence as it were; their ignorance is displayed in their wretched attempts to acquire knowledge. Of all the forms of ignorance the worst is that which does not even know how to learn.

And how is that manifested in the case of psychologists?

In a thousand ways. I will give you two. First they imagine that by exhausting the details of a given character they can seize the whole. But in truth they can no more exhaust the aspects of a single character than they can number the sides of a sphere. And if they could, the result would no more be the whole than the successive striking of the notes of a chord gives the chord itself. Psychology is the science of the psyche or it is mere post-mortem analysis; and people who concern themselves with detail are, you may be sure, ignorant of the nature of the whole. Then there is that detestable method of so-called psychologising which is really a sort of attempted vivisection carried out by peeping Toms. This consists of laying booby-traps for other people to fall into in order that Tom may note the result. Half our modern novelists have observed their characters through illicit chinks which they have made in walls intended to conceal. And what do they get by it? An illicit knowledge, as inadequate as it is scandalous. Hence comes, too, the bewildering multitude of their personages. In truth they are not personages at all, but dummies stuffed with notebooks.

You do not include among these Toms our dramatists, I suppose?

O yes I do, and most of the so-called advanced people as well. Did not one of our leading dramatists declare the other day that in his opinion all literary artists were vivisectioners? A nice revelation of character that! And their works read, too, as if the authors had been where they ought not to have been, and in circumstances which no decent persons would endure, much less create. As for the so-called advanced people, I would not give a pin for all their stores of psychological observation. What value can it have since the organ of observation is entirely lacking in them!

To what organ do you refer?

To the psyche, of course, what else? Only the soul can observe the soul. That is an axiom. No observer will ever see in others what is not in himself to see. Consequently these rat-eyed, wall-eyed detectives in search of sudden revelations of character, lying in wait to surprise their prey and willing at any moment to prod their quarry to revelation by a rude question or a cruel situation, never come within a world of the object of their pursuit. All they do is cruelly to misunderstand; and it is on their diligently acquired misunderstanding that they pride themselves.

But you have by no means proved that they do misunderstand. What proof is there that they do?

Well, I am not so sure that I would confine the list

to the mere whipsters and youngsters among modern writers. If it will give you any satisfaction I will include many of the reputedly great writers in the catalogue of the obviously misinformed.

You only add to your difficulty of demonstrating them wrong.

Very well, take your Shakespeare. Is it not usually thought that Shakespeare was a psychologist in the supreme sense in that he was supposed to know the nature of men and women alike? Yet we have it now proved that all Shakespeare's knowledge of psychology did not enable him to keep Mary Fitton when he had got her. What would you think of a chemist who was reputed to understand chemistry and could not escape blowing himself up with a simple gas? Or take your Tolstoy, your Miltons, your Carlyles, your Ibsens, your Nietzsches, all the professed or reputed psychologists, whose lives have been ruined by people they were supposed to understand; it cannot be pretended that they really knew what they were talking about since in practice they failed hopelessly to demonstrate it.

But surely the art of conduct is different from the science of psychology?

Not a bit more different than the art of chemical analysis is different from the science of chemistry. At least it should not be; only it happens, as I say, that there are as yet no skilled professors of psychology. When such arise, they will be able to demonstrate their knowledge by actually managing the people they profess to understand. A simple exercise in conduct will not lay them low as it so often lays low our pseudo professors. But there is still another proof that our modern writers are mostly ignorant of psychology.

What is that?

In the absence of any real science of psychology, let us suppose what seems most probable, namely, that character resembles climate. There is, for example, for any given spot on the earth a more or less definite climate, determined by a score of causes into which we need not enter. This general climate, however, varies within certain limits from day to day, so that one day it is snowing, another raining, one day it is summer or winter, another day it is spring or autumn. All these changes we call the weather, and they, too, have their detailed causes which one day will be calculable by meteorologists. At present, as you know, it is impossible for meteorologists to forecast the weather over long periods, even though they know the general climate well and have years of weather observation to work on. No honest meteorologist will, therefore, profess to do what he knows he cannot do. On the other hand, there are certain things he does know. He knows that the climate of a given spot cannot be at one and the same time tropical and arctic. If you tell him that the sun was parching the ripened corn at the very moment that over the same field the snow lay thick, he will tell you that you have mixed your seasons. Also, he will know that usually a rain wind blows from one quarter, not from another, that certain signs indicate certain coming changes, and so on. Do you follow?

Yes. And the bearing on psychology?

Why, this: Many writers are so ignorant of even the little psychology that can be known that they positively attribute to the same character unmistakably incompatible faculties and moods. Far from resembling any known variety of being, they are often compounded of qualities which to our little certain knowledge exclude one another. Thus an air of total uncertainty is given even to familiar qualities by their incongruous company. And what is to be expected in the way of conduct from those hippogriffs and centaurs, these homosours and golliwogs, but such incredible situations as these novelists have the impudence to describe—situations in which no real man or woman is ever likely to be placed even in life, still less in imagination? And when people who profess to be psychologists exhibit these monsters and their monstrous doings and call them human, we have every right to deny to their creations reality and to the creators psychology.



## The Maids' Comedy.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### *Which relates the Happy Ending.*

Now when the Lady had done whispering with Sir Roderigo, she rode up to Dota Filjee, who had not come forward but remained at the rear of the company and nearest to the Pass, satisfied to see her mistress safe and disenchanted, and impatient for the signal to turn homewards. But Dorothea, greeting the smiling maid, drew Witvoet by the bridle into the midst of the company, and there she spoke sweetly in praise of Dota Filjee. "Behold, all courteous knights and ladies, the merriest maid in all the world! She went forth into exile with laughter to encounter such wizards and giants as do alway beset the path of distressed damsels; and, with these eyes, I saw her put to flight a giant-enchanter and scatter his spells with a laugh. 'Twould keep us from sun to sun, friends, if I told all the tale of her loyalty, faith, and good-humour amid a thousand trials. But the sages who accompany all fair knights and damsels will, some time, cause a chronicle to be inscribed of this adventure, and the parts of every soul concerned in it will be found set down, clear and worthily. I, at this time, am much bewildered whom to thank for my deliverance, for, though the good knight yonder wakened me, he said that this damsel was his spur, and, moreover, Sir Roderigo is ready to swear by his knighthood how, at the instant when she made her vow, a Sage brought down the barricade with a golden crook and commanded that the door be opened. Wherefore, it would seem that the spell upon me was already broken by my sweet friend, though the knight was permitted to amend his vow and lead me home. Yet I would finish the play to the contentment of everyone, so pray, friends, declare to whom my gift belongs, that shall be the gift of the silken tassel pinned here with a golden brooch upon my cap." But before anyone else could answer, the Knight of the Purple rode forward, and, dismounting, held the bridle of Dota's horse. "Give the guerdon to her who merits it, Lady!" cried he, "only leave me, for remembrance, the single thread which you gave me in the valley." Whereat all the company set up cheering, and it was plain that they would one and all have declared for Dota Filjee. So Dorothea clasped the tassel upon Dota's breast and said, "Dota Filjee, be thou known from this day as the Maid of the Purple—to forget all things that have not courteous origin and to remember only thy deeds of perfect friendship, the which have writ thy name upon the scroll of Chivalry!" And the maid answered bravely and with wit: "In your mouth, mistress, the story of my deeds becomes me better than the deeds themselves, but I know your meaning, and, now that my eyes are scratched in again, I shall jump into no more bushes," which was Greek to the company, but no matter, since all learned the good rhyme by enquiring.

Amid the gay hubbub, Mynheer Myburgh approached Sir Roderigo and begged his attendance at a Masque which was preparing at his house in honour of the British Society. "Fifty men of the district are to ride at full gallop around the courtyard," said Mynheer, "and none could better lead them than yourself, De Villiers." "True," returned De Villiers simply; "yet you will excuse me, Mynheer. I am engaged with the plans of a mighty enterprise, no less than to rid this country of the giants that infest her. Ah, Mynheer, what pity that our men neglect knight-errantry! With fifty vowed to the profession of knighthood, the enemies of our land might be demolished in a single day." "Gad, De Villiers, when you and I, with our English friends, fought the blacks for possession of yon town, we were all knights-errant, and every man would have trusted the other with his life. But those days are done. We are split into a hundred factions, and there are no giants to fight now but gluttony and corruption." "Fight you those, then, Mynheer, and believe

me, my giants live very neighbourly with yours. We shall meet again." "About that lad you sent to me," Mynheer began, and they drew aside, still talking.

"What a pretty couple they would make!" Mrs. Myburgh was saying to the Professor, and that venerable cynic yawned, and, passing away, tackled the Knight of the Purple. "How goes the Crusade?" said he. "Gaily, Sir!" replied the youth, "as gaily as any other legless thing, but we'll give it legs. I'm going in heart and soul for architecture. One must know one thing thoroughly, Sir." "Teachable, teachable," the Professor murmured, but he glanced where Sir Roderigo was clanking across to Rogers, a moody bespectacled bundle on a brown pony. "Fair Sir, pray accept my apology for yesterday's unfortunate encounter," said the Knight. "I trust the explanation which the Professor has offered you exonerates him." "Oh, I don't know," replied Rogers, distractedly, "I've given it all up."

"What a pretty couple they would make!" Mrs. Myburgh was repeating to Mynheer; but that gentleman blushed and snorted and muttered, "Eternal woman!" and stalking away, in his turn, tackled the Knight of the Purple. "Are you still set on the scheme?" he enquired. "I'll leave for Cape Town the moment you have my introductions ready," said the youth. "No hurry, no hurry!" Mynheer returned, much relieved; "we must have another talk, you and I. And what do you make of all this business of knights and enchanted maidens?" "I can make nothing of it," replied the youth, "unless the whole thing was arranged as a shake-up for me." At that Mynheer roared heartily: "Poor old Rogers disputes that honour with you. He thinks it was all meant for him. I thought it was all meant for me! The chances are, my dear boy, that we shall never get to the bottom of it. The more I discover, the more mystified I become. A good game well played, and I'm out! Let us hope the beautiful Lady will keep her promise and induce that Sage of hers to print the whole story." Both looked where Dorothea sat on her black horse, like a fay from the rainbow. The beams of the sinking sun shined upon her golden curls and turned them into rings of living light. Dota Filjee was close beside her, tending her. She smoothed out every fold of the pretty blue dress and brushed each speck of dust from off those high green boots, whose story, reader, I am still itching to tell, and of that dire Encounter, when the birds of the air saw the Tree Snake vanquished! But that tremendous history, as well as many others, must be left to newer and, alack! doubtless, more skilled chroniclers. There is a whole tome of pretty tales to be found in the archives whence this comedy was recovered: only the road to yon library is nigh forgotten in this dreadful age of over-schooling and holiday tasks—hideous tyrannies! But, let the children run loose for a while, and soon they'll be telling the whole world such marvels as these:—

How Zon slew the Boomslang,  
Why the Vulture refused to peck the Last Quagga,  
Of Tante Kinkje's visit to Earth,  
Of Spinnekop, our Lady's Milliner,  
Witvoet's Last Ride, and  
Sir Roderigo In the Land of the Giants.

And if the babes should grow no merrier, knowing so many fine stories, then it would be time for the world to hibernate and grow no more babies until these were sure to be born fresh and young. But, away with such a notion. The babies are young enough. It is the grown-up people who are so very old that they cannot be worried by their own infants, so pack them away to schools to learn filial duty, and especially how to grow nice and old; as if there were not woods and fields and sea-beaches enough for the creatures to play about in and never worry anyone! Heigh-ho, for the Pied Piper's next visit! Let us return, reader, meanwhile, to our Lady, the child that was reared upon Romance. Let us hasten, for someone has been attempting, in our absence, to make her grow old.

Mrs. Myburgh, undaunted by Mynheer's rebuff, but, strangely, the more set upon match-making, threaded her way through the company and began to converse with the flower-like Dorothea. But the hints and innumerable subtleties whereby your match-maker ordinarily gains the confidence of marriageable damsels were quite thrown away upon the utterly unmarriageable Dorothea, whose cherubic nature had been intuitively comprehended by that old bachelor, Mynheer, but was not likely to subdue his gay, handsome, worldly sister-in-law. And at last the poor woman becoming desperate, put the boldest question even she could possibly have framed, and waited. At this solemn moment, our Lady observed Sir Roderigo beckoning, and Dota Filjee was left to make the reply. "No, ma'am!" said Dota, "my Lady had no idea of such a thing. I suppose I should do all the marrying, but I've my orders to wait until Tante Kinkje comes back to earth and finds me the proper husband." "But what do you mean about coming back to earth," cried Mrs. Myburgh, "where is Tante Kinkje?" "In heaven," said Dota. And that was a foil which sent Mrs. Myburgh away, indignant, but gladly convinced that the whole De Villiers family was quite mad, a scandal whose propagation kept her busy for several minutes. So surely patronage, which is not based upon real sympathy and understanding, turns to antagonism!

By this, the sun was gone and the fires died fast in the west, and everyone was leave-taking of everyone else. Mrs. Myburgh and Rogers soon rode away together, but the rest, conversing, applauding, and reassuring, seemed anxious to draw out the ceremony to its most pleasing limit; all, that is, except Dota Filjee, whose impatience to be home at last broke all bounds, and she let Witvoet have his head up the Pass, crying out that she would hurry forward and light the lamps!

"Good luck, De Villiers!" Mynheer shouted, as his horse set the pace away. "We shall meet again! Adieu, sweet Lady!" He waved and was gone. Then, Dorothea and Sir Roderigo had all the Pass to themselves. . . . The Pass to themselves. The serene Roderigo and the joyful Dorothea! The peerless Roderigo, the peerless Dorothea!

Thus far the Chronicle, reader; for this present time! But there be pages more, all scattered with jewels and gold stars; a winter's night of deciphering. And sometime I will do it, and then you, if you desire, may hear the Song of the Knight and the Lady.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Wherein the Romancer takes Courteous Leave of the Three Gentle Readers.*

Ye sweet and faithful souls! decorum bids me pay my dues to the tradition of all Merrimen, and, with a few well-chosen malisons, condemn this wretched effort of my pen. Containing nothing that ever passed as excellence—no lures or admonitions for the Multitude, whom, rich or poor, literate or ignorant, I know not how to address, be it to catch their pennies or save their souls; displaying no solace for the public vanity which so loves tears and self-reproaches, nor studying any of the common popularities, love, or money, or religion; empty of learning and feebly philosophical; in a weak, affected style and crippled vocabulary; finally, being nought, as everyone knows, but a borrowed legend, so ill-represented as, certes, to excite no envy of the attempt, nor even malice at the pitiable failure—what may be thought, said, or done by the most tolerant friend for so poor an article?

See there, good souls, as handsome an humility as I could muster though the rain fell upon me for a twelve-month!

Complain not too hastily, as I fear ye may, of my heading yon chapter as the happy *ending*, nor overblame me for turning a lame leg or ever I had escorted my Personages home. Truly, I believe it outside mortal nature, and so forbidden to achieve a round ending to a comedy. Your tragedian may sit at his ease and select from a score of pretty and neat catastrophes to let him out. But consider the plight of those old romancers who have forced the conclusion of their merry

tales! The tales metamorphosed under the writer's very eyes and could scarcely be distinguished from vulgar tragedies. Reflect upon all the bright-haired heroes and heroines abandoned by their helpless chroniclers at the hymeneal altar, put to oblivion, never to be spoke of again by so much as a sneeze might convey. Go into that matter of the death of Falstaff; most horrid a cutting off! Think of (and bemoan, ye must!) the great and noble Don Quixote, rheumily slain by his author in despair of his ever being done with! Nay! 'tis certain that a merry romance is meant never quite to conclude.

But all this is not what I intended to say, sweet souls! Preserve your truly Buddhic patience with me, for now I come begging favours. I want you to beat up, on my behalf, the wood where is preserved that boon to authors and bane of literature, the Sympathetic Critic. With assistance, a jog of the elbow, or a little dust thrown in the eyes, that Personage may easily be induced to make my fortune. Seek him, my good and imaginative friends. Point out particularly the Defects of this work. And he is a moral fellow, remember! So make him discover, though by your denials, that here does exist some sort of a nonsensical moral—"to smile and shame Satan"—fitter, perhaps, for heathens than Christians, but, even if only of use to the heathen, better than being quite profitless. Say what you will, but beware lest he suspect that he could not have written the thing himself in his sleep; for, then, he would never mention me!

And now—adieu! I owe you a thousand thanks for, sure, you must have guessed that my pen has often done small justice to its sublime topics. But I promise, for the future, to frequent no society but angels', and shall succeed further, therefore, next time I try to follow my Lady. Meanwhile, please you, pray Heaven to mend my lame leg!

THE END.

## Books and Persons in London and Paris.

By Jacob Tonson.

THE appearance of a definitely literary article in an English popular magazine ought not to be allowed to pass without notice. In American popular magazines articles of serious interest are not at all uncommon, but the English magazine has fallen in these days to such a depth of abject triviality as was certainly never before touched by any periodical journalism anywhere on earth; and any effort to rise from that abyss should be signalled. I am therefore glad to signalise, in "T.P.'s Magazine" for January, a respectable though somewhat wandering account by Dr. Arthur Lynch, of Romain Rolland's epical novel, "John Christopher." It seems as if the ten volumes of "John Christopher" may, after all, appeal to the imagination of England and America as they have appealed to the imagination of France. Assuredly Mr. Gilbert Cannan's translation, as translations go, is very able and satisfactory. But Dr. Arthur Lynch is extremely misleading on one point—and an essential point. For some mysterious reason he is apparently anxious to prove that the inspiration of "John Christopher" is not fundamentally French, to prove in fact that it is largely Teutonic in origin. Nothing, I am sure, could more subtly wound the just racial pride of the author whom he celebrates than this entirely false suggestion. In support of it, Dr. Lynch makes some singular statements. For example, he says that Clamecy, where Romain Rolland was born, is "near to the Eastern frontier." Now, if there is a town that may be said to be in the very heart of France, that town is Clamecy. It is probably about 170 miles from the Eastern frontier, and not a very great deal further from the English Channel. Dr. Lynch also says: "Only one having affinity with the Teutons could dilate, as the author does, on all the details of domesticity so seriously, even though with

a point of real humour." Here we find once more the old fallacy that the French are incapable of domestic sentiment, and possibly of any real sentiment! As instances of "the true touch," as distinguished from the alleged Teutonic touch, Dr. Lynch cites Alphonse Daudet's "Thirty Years of Paris," and the plays of Alfred Capus! He might as well cite the comedies of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the London stories of Mr. E. F. Benson against "The New Machiavelli" or "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Alfred Capus is a writer of no literary importance whatever, and "Thirty Years of Paris" is the mere amiable superficial sugary journalism of a man of agreeable talent. Both are representative, not of France, not even of Paris, but of the boulevard. France comprises the boulevard—and much that is infinitely more important than the boulevard. Far from admitting that thoroughness, long patience, depth, and tender sentiment are qualities foreign to the French genius, I should assert that they are essentially French qualities, qualities which may be observed as frequently and as perfectly in France as anywhere else. The temperament of Romain Rolland is much more faithfully representative of France than any of the facile and charming but one-sided talents which Dr. Lynch brings forward as truly French. One of the chief uses of a translation of a work so intimately racial as "John Christopher" is to correct our very inadequate notion of what the French character really is. And it is regrettable that Dr. Lynch, a sympathetic admirer of Romain Rolland, should have flattered our national prejudice by attributing the graver qualities of the novel to a Teutonic origin.

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It is useless to try to gloss over the fact that the withdrawal from English circulation of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs" is the gravest event that has yet happened in the fight for the freedom of literature in England. I do not in any way blame the publisher, whose hand was forced, apparently, by the police. But I should very much like to know who inspired the police, for I am not going to believe that Scotland Yard, in the intervals of its preoccupation with Sidney Street brigands, has found time to make a study of current fiction in the interests of London morals. Nor am I going to believe that the police bestirred themselves in response to the overwhelming pressure of public opinion, though Mr. Duke, in the latest fashionable libel action, did describe the ruling classes of this unique country as constituting "the most scrupulous society" in the world. (By the way, I was astonished—and even disappointed—that Mr. Justice Darling, the most facile joker on the bench, did not punctuate that jury-impressing superlative with a witticism of his own.) The suppression of "The Song of Songs" strengthens the hand of the circulating libraries. They had told their subscribers that they were obliged to be careful because they were afraid of the police; and the very next moment the police justified them. Nevertheless, the action against "The Song of Songs" is absolutely unjustifiable. No European country has objected to "The Song of Songs." The United States has not objected to "The Song of Songs." It is a good novel, a serious novel, and a novel with a strong moral tendency. That it should be prohibited by the police—for the situation amounts to that—is not merely monstrous, it is ridiculous.

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As to the private censorship of the libraries, it has its diverting side, too. The Times Book Club, for instance, recently sent out notice that it did not supply the following books:—

"Die Sexuelle Frage," by Auguste Forel.

"The Devil's Motor," by Marie Corelli.

I have not read "The Devil's Motor," but it is an appalling thought that a book written by Miss Marie Corelli and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton should be placed on the index expurgatorius of the Times Book Club. Surely the august Club cannot have ostracised Professor Forel and Miss Corelli for the same reason, or for similar reasons! Circulat-

ing libraries, however, when they ostracise, do not give reasons. To do so would lead to argument, and argument would be fatal to them. To give reasons might also lead to libel actions. The surprising thing is that some aggrieved author or publisher has not already discovered ground in certain quarters for a libel action. The passion for the upholding of the innocence of the British maid is not a sufficient excuse for a wanton attempt to rob an author or a publisher of his reputation as an honourable man. Authors and publishers, especially serious ones, do not find it amusing to be charged with issuing pornography. This point need not be insisted upon. I give the warning. The Vigilance Society, of which the chairman is Sir Percy Bunting, editor of "The Contemporary Review," has, I learn, been busying itself lately on behalf of the purity of periodical literature. But whether it has been trying to influence the police and the libraries I cannot say. The battle as a whole is not yet over. Perhaps it has scarcely begun. I observe with pleasure that "The Outlook" has taken up the scandalous case of the censoring of Mr. Neil Lyons's "Cottage Pie," and Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Edward Garnett have contributed excellent letters on the subject. It is significant that all the libraries have decided to circulate Mr. Wells's "The New Machiavelli." The wildest rumours were recently afloat as to the treatment to be accorded to this masterly and courageous work, one of the most shattering novels ever written by an Englishman.

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In the end, the best answer to the circulating library ring is another circulating library, outside the ring. It gives me great pleasure to announce that Messrs. Curtis and Davidson's Library ("At the Sign of the Sybil"), Church Street, Kensington, adhere strictly to the principle of supplying any book published by a reputable firm. Subscribers to other libraries, therefore, who are getting a little weary of being treated like infants, now know where to go for an adult diet.

## REVIEWS.

By S. Verdad.

**The Great Illusion.** By Norman Angell. An enlargement of "Europe's Optical Illusion." (London: Heinemann.)

This book is founded on a fallacy, and its conclusions are in consequence entirely wrong. Mr. Angell's main point of view is that nations are actuated by material considerations, that they engage in wars and conquests for the purpose of protecting or adding to their trade, that the conquerors are bound to suffer to some extent on account of the delicate balance of international trade, whether they secure an indemnity from the conquered people or an increase of territory, that nations in general (European nations, of course, in particular) are suffering from an "optical delusion" because they persist in thinking otherwise, and that, if this point of view were brought home to them, all armaments would be seen to be superfluous.

There are several minor fallacies, biological and otherwise, such as the argument concerning duelling; but this is the rock on which Mr. Angell appears to have been shipwrecked. Nations are not always actuated by purely material motives (the struggle for existence, the will to live); but by something much nobler, viz., the desire for power. There are times when whole peoples are seized with this will to subdue—the Aryans, the Romans of the Empire period, the Manchus under Nurhachu, the English at the time of Elizabeth. There are times, also, when enthusiasm for one superior man may bring about the desire for expansion—e.g., the French under Napoleon I, the Prussians under Frederick the Great. Again, when the ruling classes of a country, still in the vigour of their powers, are urged on by the will to conquer, they may take the necessary steps to secure the assistance of the mob by the purely material means which, Mr. Angell suggests, are habitually resorted to: an increase of trade and wealth, or by scares. Examples of this are to be found in the

English ruling classes of the eighteenth and nineteenth century, and the German aristocrats of the present day.

Mr. Angell may be right or wrong in saying that the absorption of Holland and Belgium by Germany would not increase the wealth of Germany, and that individual Germans as a whole would not be a penny the better for such a conquest. Nevertheless, as may be seen by anyone who reads the Dutch newspapers, Germany has secured a grip on Holland already, and the turn of Belgium is obviously coming. And Germans as a whole, although they have not yet benefited in the slightest degree, are pleased, because their recently-awakened desire for expansion has been gratified by the prospect of this absorption.

The fact is, Mr. Angell seems to have determined to write against war, and to do so without appealing to the fatuous arguments of humanitarian idealists. For this let him have credit. But, in trying to avoid this trap, he fell into another, the trap of materialism. When one nation attacks another the mainspring is not materialism or "better trade"; but the fundamental essential of the life of every individual: the Will to Power. Mr. Angell appears to make no allowance whatever for national sentiments, national aspirations, and national imagination. But these things count.

Our author believes that human nature is becoming milder, and in proof of this fact mentions that Anglo-Saxon nations have given up duelling. This statement is merely a half-truth. Duelling is now less common in England; but Mr. Angell should know that it is a common practice for an offended party here to ask for an address on the Continent. The Paris papers, particularly "Le Journal," often—relatively often—contain accounts of duels fought now and then by Englishmen who have come to France for the purpose. As for duelling in America, or its more cowardly substitute of assassination or mutilation, Mr. Angell, who seems to hail from the West, will no doubt be familiar with the recent Cudahy case. That duelling may be less common proves nothing; for the feeling that prompts duels is as strong as ever. And even Mr. Angell admits that there are as many duels now as in earlier times in the Latin countries and in Germany.

Half-truths of this nature—for the author's psychological opinions may be ranged in this category—will show the reader that "The Great Illusion" is exactly the sort of book to be quoted by superficial dialecticians, triumphantly, in most instances; for our modern "popular" education turns out tiresome arguers rather than serious thinkers. The whole series of fallacious arguments is demolished by a virile point of view like that set forth by the German critic Rommel, who, apropos of the relations between France and his own country, wrote: "The territory lying between the Vosges and the Pyrenees is not exactly meant for the 38,000,000 Frenchmen who are vegetating there without increasing their number, especially when a hundred million Germans could so easily live and prosper there. When a growing nation comes to elbow a thinly-scattered one, which, in consequence, forms a centre of depression, nothing can stop the progress of that draught vulgarly known as an invasion—a phenomenon amidst which law and morality are provisionally set on one side."

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By J. M. Kennedy.

**Die Politische Krisis in England.** By Dr. Magnus Biermer. (Giessen: Emil Roth. 1 mark.)

"Against this Ministerial demagogue [Mr. Lloyd George] we may set Mr. John Burns, the Municipal Socialist, who is a snug, comfortable bourgeois rather than a friend of the people." "Mr. Balfour, the Conservative demagogue. . . ."

These unusual and telling phrases attracted my attention, so I naturally turned back and read the thing from the beginning. It was a longish pamphlet, forty odd pages, written in what is at times rather trying German. The author, Dr. Magnus Biermer, is not very well known here, although he lived among us for some years and paid us an extended visit quite recently to observe the causes and effects of the last two

elections. (By the way, he is now Professor of Political Science at Giessen University). His notes have been embodied in this little book, "Die Politische Krisis in England," which Emil Roth, of Giessen, offers us for the trifling consideration of one mark.

It will, I think, be generally agreed that a careful and observant foreigner who has made a deep study of British constitutional history may be able, in summing up the question for the German public, to throw light on one or two points which may be obscure to the average party-ridden British voter. It is difficult for any of our public men, impossible as it is to escape the party outlook, moderate or extreme, to raise themselves beyond the opinions advanced by our newspapers and reviews, no matter how varied such opinions may be. The foreigner may come along with some definition or observation which we have not thought of, but which may nevertheless set us on the right track.

Dr. Biermer sums up our constitutional question for the German public, and his arguments, short though the book is, cannot readily be abridged. I propose, however, to quote one or two critical remarks which he makes on a few of our public men. Our author holds that the "democratic flood" that swept the Unionists from office in 1906, partly due to the reaction after the Boer war, has now spent itself. He believes that in the coming Parliament the extremists on either side will not be listened to; but that the views of the moderate members of the Cabinet and members of Parliament will prevail, backed up as they are throughout the country by the vast and solid body of our middle classes. These middle classes, who object to the present form of the House of Lords, have a still greater objection to Socialism or to the political triumph of the Labour Party, and it is this body of moderate opinion, our author thinks, that stands in the way of ultra-democracy. The extremists are represented by Mr. Lloyd George, but,

So far as Mr. Lloyd George is concerned, he will yet learn that he is far from being an Oliver Cromwell. . . . He is an unusually excitable, passionate, and even untractable opponent of landlordism and capitalism; and he is the dangerous element in a Ministry which is based upon certain badly-dissembled compromises, and which is not in any sense of the word homogeneous. Against this Ministerial demagogue we may set the Municipal Socialist, Mr. John Burns, who is a snug, comfortable bourgeois rather than a friend of the people. There have been many occasions when the recklessness of Lloyd George must have caused considerable embarrassment to the matter-of-fact Asquith. The moderate elements are already pointing to Lloyd George as the gravedigger of the Liberal Party. . . . (His recent popularity) has been won at public meetings, dear to the heart of the true Britisher when powerful and witty speakers of repute take part—that is to say, it is not based on a solid foundation. . . . Who knows how much longer Lloyd George will enjoy the aura popularis? Even so great a man as Gladstone had to learn that English Liberalism could not disown certain conservative characteristics, and that it was liable to break down under the sudden and capricious political influence of the passing hour.

Commenting on this conservatism, Dr. Biermer says in another part of his book:—

The British nation is still, with some reason, described as the most conservative of all. This is seen in the basic character of every section of the population. Everything discloses the innate tendency to hold fast by that which has become traditional. Form and substance are alike conservative. . . . This moderate, cold-blooded disposition, and a certain historical sense, hold sway even among the lower classes of the populace, those which are least dependent upon tradition and social compromises.

Having touched upon the difference between theory and practice, and shown that the resolutions passed at trades union meetings upon certain abstract principles have no political significance or importance, our author goes on to speak of Mr. Balfour:—

The personality of Mr. Balfour is proof of the fact that English affairs can be understood only when we are acquainted with the character of the political actors. Balfour is the type of a Conservative demagogue, a venturesome gambler, unscrupulous in his methods, tyrannical and impulsive in his tactics. He charms his followers, not by conviction, but by his persuasiveness. They follow him under compulsion; but still they follow him, for they possess the



necessary faith in authority. He is a party tyrant, but a politician of astounding energy and elasticity.

When speaking of the conference that failed, Dr. Biermer hints at the possibility of another. The new King, he remarks, may assign to his Prime Minister the task of calling another conference, and setting about arrangements for a compromise "with earnestness and energy." But, "if Mr. Asquith refuses, which does not seem probable, he must make way for some other Liberal statesman who enjoys both the confidence of the King and some amount of credit and prestige in the Upper House. In any case, if it had been a matter for Mr. Asquith alone, the conflict would not have degenerated into one of such bitterness. The Premier has obviously been left in the lurch by some of the other members of the Cabinet."

It is needless to add that a keen observer like Dr. Biermer is not taken in by the claptrap of the Liberal Press about the alleged "compact Liberal majority," and he shows clearly enough that the Irish Nationalists do not count. But for this and other arguments of equal interest and importance the reader must be referred to this excellent little book itself.

**France in the Twentieth Century.** By W. L. George. (Alston Rivers, Ltd. 2s. net. Cheap edition).

Says Mr. W. L. George in his introduction, "I do not claim to put forward many new facts, but to state those which should be notorious in a truthful manner." And he does so very well indeed; but sometimes he draws a conclusion or two from the facts, and these conclusions occasionally lead the reader to suppose that Mr. George is echoing the statements of other people rather than thinking for himself; and we know from the various articles which he has contributed to THE NEW AGE that he can think for himself to some purpose.

For example, we read on p.38: "The weakness of all absolutist and semi-absolutist governments lies not in the fact that they are bad, but in the fact that they are out of date." Now, absolutism is never out of date, so long, at all events, as there are quiet, peace-loving, apathetic folk to be exploited, kneaded, and generally licked into shape by superior people. To take two European monarchical instances, the Emperors of Germany and of Russia are absolutists, and the very fact that they have been able to govern in accordance with such a principle for two decades is sufficient to show that "absolutist" governments are not yet out of date. If they were they would, *ipso facto*, be out of existence also. Idle chatter of this kind is often heard regarding the House of Lords, and the parallel is the same. Whatever views may be held concerning the House of Lords, it cannot be called out of date, for the simple reason that nearly three million voters throughout the United Kingdom have returned more than 270 Members of Parliament to uphold it.

In his chapter entitled "Church and State" Mr. George gives the facts with fair accuracy; but his bias against the Church would appear to be extreme. He rails against the Vatican for its reactionary points of view, e.g., its claim to guide the layman's conscience, as if this were not the function of every intellectual, from the time of the Brahmins onward. No mere bourgeois is entitled to "think for himself," for he always makes a mess of it, as the condition of modern France and England sufficiently shows. It seems to me personally that the hysterical outburst against the Church in France has now vented itself, that heads are becoming cooler, and that a few more years will see this great and universal institution once more honoured and respected in France, if not venerated and held in awe to the same extent as before.

Political systems and philosophers come and remain with us for a time and then disappear; but the Church, apparently subdued and humbled for a brief space, remains. Even as soon as this year we can perceive the effects of the separation of Church and State, and the opprobrium which has been cast upon the former: a lack of respect for all authority, for all that is noble in art or literature, the enthronement of mediocrity, and a general spread of anarchy and lawlessness.

In the other chapters dealing with various aspects of

modern France, I find much less to quarrel with. Despite these differences of opinion, indeed, I wish to emphasise that Mr. George has done well what he set out to do. Perhaps he would have done even better if he had thought a little more—if, for example, he had studied Oriental customs and institutions and ascertained that, to the philosopher as distinguished from the evanescent politician, sociological progress may often mean intellectual and cultural reaction. Nevertheless, Mr. George has given us a useful, well-written, and entertaining volume.

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**The Pursuit of Reason.** By C. F. Keary, M.A. (Cambridge: at the University Press, 1910. 9s. net.)

Of all the books that have come forth under academic auspices this, surely, is the most unacademic. Here we have no professional lecturer retailing over his desk other men's thoughts in periods of studied ponderosity; but a cultivated man of the world who has known life, and, having reflected upon its problems and perplexities, attempts to give utterance to his reflecting modesty, undogmatically, and withal freely, as the old Greek philosophers loved to do, realising, as they did, that absolute certainty regarding the fundamental puzzles of existence is unattainable, and that we have to be content with the balance of probabilities. All this sounds very Socratic, and, indeed, "Socratic" is the one epithet that describes Mr. Keary's mental attitude more adequately than any other. The very terms in which his thoughts naturally clothe themselves are such as Socrates was fond of using, and, perhaps, no one will get at the precise meaning of many of his remarks, unless he translates them first into the equivalent phrases familiar to Plato's contemporaries. One of those phrases might have served Mr. Keary as a preface for his work:

ἔδοξε δήμοις χρῆναι εἰς τοὺς λόγους καταφυγόντα ἐν ἐκείνοις σκοπεῖν τῶν ὄντων τὴν ἀλήθειαν.

This verbal parallelism is neither artificial nor accidental. It is as significant as it seems to be unconscious. Mr. Keary deals with all the matters upon which he touches—science, art, politics, economics, theology, and metaphysics, to omit a thousand and one minor issues—as Socrates would have dealt with them were he alive at the present day—nay, rather, as Socrates did deal with them more than twenty-three hundred years ago. The intervening experience appears to have left Mr. Keary almost untouched. We do not mean that he is not acquainted with its fruits. On the contrary, he exhibits an amazing familiarity with all that has been thought and said about these matters from the time of Aristotle to the present hour. Yet he pleads for abstract reason, as a means for the attainment of truth, as if he were totally unaware of the tons of metaphysical futility that encumber the shelves of our public libraries, and he deprecates the scientific method as if he were equally unaware of the positive results which it has yielded. A very characteristic example of this attitude is the author's contention that "in history there can be no strict logic; there can never be more than the post hoc, never the propter hoc of rigid demonstration." Exactly in the same way Socrates used to maintain that the study of nature was a futile pursuit, that we could only know that certain phenomena occur in a certain sequence, but that we never could know the laws according to which they occur. Socrates had an excuse for his scepticism. He was born before Newton. Mr. Keary has no excuse, for he himself quotes the law of gravitation as an eminent instance of a truth capable of rigid demonstration. Now, that law was only discovered the other day. For countless generations before Newton men had observed the post hoc in the fall of a stone to the ground; but they waited for Newton to show them the propter hoc. Is it unreasonable to expect that the day will come when we shall find out the exact laws that govern the historical phenomena which, we already know from observation, follow each other in a certain definite sequence? And as it is with history, so it is with human experience of whatsoever kind. It is all susceptible of scientific treatment. Every department

of knowledge, though of necessity beginning empirically, contains in it the elements of a science. What every department needs is the Newton who will evolve from the brute mass of observed facts the philosophical principles hidden in them. Be it remembered that astronomy is a study several thousand years old, while social science is only just struggling into birth.

Yet this very detachment from prevailing modes of thought enables the author to present points of view which, however little they may commend themselves to "philosophers" by trade, will, no doubt, arouse considerable attention among less biassed students familiar with the realities of life. Of the number of these stimulating audacities are our author's recognition of the truth that there is no real chasm between so-called intuition and ordinary intelligence, that the former is only an obscurer relation of the latter, and that, in short, the difference between the two processes lies in the fact that the one is unconscious and the other conscious. Take also his realisation of another truth usually ignored—that there is the closest possible connection between reason and what Christians call conscience; that sound and disinterested reasoning cannot be without a sincere love of justice; and that an argument is an affair of ethics as much as an intellectual process. The same independence of judgment Mr. Keary displays in dealing with such fashionable dogmas as the Evolution theory, the doctrine of Heredity, and many other things of that sort. Our author stands in no awe of authority. Scientific sacerdotalism inspires him with as little reverence as religious fanaticism, and he includes in one genial condemnation all fallacies, whether they be of faith or of unbelief, his one preoccupation being to pursue Reason wherever she may lead. Many a reader must, therefore, expect to be shocked or delighted on finding names like Max Müller, Herbert Spencer, and J. G. Frazer treated with the scantiest of respect.

It is quite possible, however, to disagree with Mr. Keary's views without ceasing to admire his book. For the present critic, at all events, its value does not depend so much on the truths or errors which it contains, as on the temper which it reveals. That temper is, as has already been stated, the Socratic temper—a sort of *mitis sapientia*, sufficiently sure of itself, yet perfectly tolerant of others. The speaker does not seem to be over anxious either to convert or to convict his audience. Indeed, he sometimes appears to forget his audience altogether, and to go on arguing with himself as Socrates is reported to have done at the end of a famous banquet. But whether he is talking to us or to himself, we like to listen to Mr. Keary's arguments, even while dissenting from them. For there is nothing dull in his logic, and his reasonings are illuminated by illustrations drawn straight from the life we know, after a most unexpected and exhilarating fashion. This is one of the charms that distinguish this book from formal philosophical treatises. Another unacademic feature of it is its language—a language full of spontaneous facilities which remind us that the author, besides being a man of learning, also is a man of letters. In his art, however, or in his thought, Mr. Keary stands by himself. What he has to say is his own, and he says it in his own manner. There is about his style an air of leisurely refinement suggestive of other than the harsh and hasty days in which we live, and about his speculations a freshness and a fragrance reminiscent of the garden of *Academus*—not at all of the cloisters of Cambridge.

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**The Pageant of My Day.** By Major Gambier-Parry. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

Major Parry tells us at some length, and with many a felicitous phrase, that a life lasting to old age is tolerable if we can bear it. By communion with Nature, by acquaintance with literature, particularly classic literature, by the reverential perception of the abounding mystery of existence, we may grow old gradually and with a good grace, as becometh gentlemen. The book is a fireside book for lonely people in sentimentally retrospective moods: even the curious pedantry that makes Major Parry give the reference

for his quotations in foot-notes has its charm for such people. The book is reminiscent of many other books, which are quoted; and chapter nine, with its thumbnail sketches of Palissy, Livingstone, R. L. Stevenson, etc., has the remote savour of Smiles' "Self Help." And over all broods the relentless moralist, the English gentleman worshipping an unknown God in a foreign chapel; in short, Matthew Arnold preaching the unbuttoned ethics of Emerson in the simple phrases of William Wordsworth. The book is a good book of its kind; but young people would be depressed by it. It should be presented to our grandparents when they sing "Nunc Dimittis."

## The Recovery of Art and Craft.

By Huntly Carter.

ART, to-day, in common with the main divisions of human activity, is trying to speak afresh in simple terms of first principles. Thus the contention that art and craft should be based on reason is but another sign of the general return to foundations. In primitive times each form was the reasonable outcome of the moment and of environment. How largely form first arose based on reason may be gathered from Dr. A. C. Haddon's well-known encyclopædic "Evolution in Art" (Scott, 6s. net). Dr. Haddon's anthropological burrowings in British New Guinea carry us to the dawn of art and craft and enable us to trace the life-history of design as it arose among primitive peoples. There is a great deal of fascination in this story of how man as soon as he emerged from clay set to work to explain himself in the material of which he is composed. But its most interesting point is the general suggestion that we are all potential artists. No sooner did primitive man begin to make things for use than he also added his trade mark in beauty. Thus, art happened simply because there was nothing to prevent it happening. It appeared in the simplest fashion, interpreted by the simplest means, and in the simplest materials. To-day art does not happen because it is not encouraged to do so. We have exiled spontaneity. We have allowed machinery to get the mastery of us. And we have degraded art to a mechanical pursuit, have made it a profession for experts. As a consequence the public who do not practise it, regard it as a mystery coming from heaven, while individuals who do practise it regard the public as an intolerable nuisance coming from the other place.

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Dr. Haddon's book in effect flatly contradicts the silly prevailing fallacy, and says plainly that the artist, craftsman and the public are one and the same person. But they do not know it, and when they do, when Selfridge realises that he has as much right to call himself an artist as Sargent, and as much right to be allowed to develop on artistic lines, then we shall emerge from our cells, glass cases, and picture depositories, from studios, museums, and exhibition galleries and begin to move on a level with life once more. The inference is, though genius affects long hair, long hair is not the cause of genius, and though artists affect picture-painting, picture-painting is not the cause of artists.

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There are a great many persons who ought to study Dr. Haddon's book. Apparently Mr. Charles F. Binns is one of them. Says Mr. Binns, in opening on his subject, "The Potter's Craft" (Constable, 6s. net): "It must always be an open question how much credit for artistic feeling can be given to primitive races." Against this is Dr. Haddon's "the beautifying of any object is due to impulses which are common to all men, and have existed as far back as the period when men inhabited caves." Again, "there are certain needs of man which appear to have constrained him to artistic effort; these may be conveniently grouped under the

four terms of Art, Information, Wealth and Religion." Dr. Haddon has adopted an unnecessary classification. The needs of artistic expression may be reduced to one, namely Information. The one insatiable craving of man is to say something about himself in one form of language or another. That is, he seeks to reproduce himself according to his experience. And just as all utilities spring from the instinct of self-preservation, so in reducing art to the final analysis, it will be found that all roads lead to the reproductive instinct. The art of creation is the creation of art.

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If this point had occurred to Mr. Binns he would have had no excuse for his question. He would then have opened naturally with the next statement, "the production of pottery was, at first, the supplying of a need. Clay offered a medium for the making of household utensils which were at once fireproof and impervious." Having in this way rightly realised the domestic need then Mr. Binns should have recognised the artistic need seen in man's first efforts to enshrine himself in common clay. After this I should have been more at ease with what follows, and quite prepared to be transported by Mr. Binns, or his book, to some pottery centre with which I am familiar. At Etruria, for choice, the author might substitute himself for the courteous Mr. Wedgwood and leading me to the museum at the old works, proceed to illustrate a great deal—though not all—that he says on the history of pottery, which it appears is more largely the history of mankind than any other craft. Thence he could continue, as he does practically, to demonstrate in turn the nature of the material and its use in the building, throwing, glazing, decoration and firing of pottery, thereafter concluding with some useful receipts, and a visit to a school where children are busy developing manual dexterity in the manipulation of a material to which Mr. Binns assures us "they take like ducks to water." Thus the author would leave me with the firm impression that throughout he had said something of distinct value to the budding potter anxious to work out his own plans, and to the advanced craftsman who is not above accepting hints from a practical potter. But all the same I should be aware that Mr. Binns had left out one or two things he ought to say. He makes no reference to Etruria and its famous Jasper ware. Hence my excuse for taking him there. Perhaps it is not for him to point to certain pathological features of the potter's craft, such as the evils of damp and glazing. But he ought not to neglect the important question of co-operation. If he will go to the Baillie Gallery in Bruton Street he will understand my meaning. The exhibition of examples of Chinese ceramics, beautiful in form, colour, and decoration, reveals the necessity of, as well as what can be done in the way of successful co-operation of "specialists" under one master-potter. They create the vision of workmen united to produce a work of art, each adding his own personal note without interfering with the artistic unity of the whole. Mr. Binns would doubtless object that such work was produced by workers who had "plenty of time and unlimited patience," and the modern potter "is less patient" and has far less time. None the less he is largely a co-operative worker, and we should be told of his co-operative efforts.

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After fictiles, doubtless, textiles were next in order of the domestic needs of man working for the adornment of himself and his shelter. Here again it is instructive to turn to Dr. Haddon's book for a description of the primitive methods of ornamenting fabrics. Mrs. A. H. Christie, who has added a volume to the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks, to which reference has already been made, writes on textiles of a much later date. She continues the exploration of other contributors to the series, into the principles of the early workers in "Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving" (John Hogg, 6s. net.), seeking to reveal and apply those methods and processes which belong to the thirteenth century, the great period of English embroidery. Little more need be said of Mrs. Christie's book than that it would truly foster and promote a beautiful craft which

has fallen into decay. To the neglect of this craft is due the fact that women are rapidly losing the use of their hands. If, instead of being left to read dusthole novels, and drama of the dregs, and to patronise Ponting's, where the atrocities in design come from, girls with leisure were trained to domestic ornamentation, to decorate their own table covers, cushions, curtains, hangings, and other household gods, not only would they recover the skill of their hand but improve their mind and doubtless turn out embroideries as wonderful as those of the celebrated "Mabilia" of St. Edmunds in 1242. Such a revival would leave our New Arty drapers no alternative but to tie the bankruptcy court round their necks and commit suicide. It is not necessary to enumerate the technical ways Mrs. Christie would have embroiderers take in a return to early methods. That she herself has an instinct for fine design and thoroughly understands the processes of the particular manufacture she is dealing with, may be gathered from the samples of her own work. In some instances she has worked out the design and had it photographed into the book.

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All who are interested in the principle and precept of the craft treated of, would find it profitable to turn aside for a moment from Mrs. Christie's stitchable patterns to the pageant of patterns in M. A. Joudain's comprehensive history of English Secular Embroidery (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.). Though the book is concerned with a detailed account of the rise and fall of our own embroidery from a collector's standpoint, the feature of the work is its admirably illustrated designs. These may be studied with understanding for suggestion (not imitation) of richly decorative and individual patterns. Such patterns it may be said will not appeal to the typical student of the provincial school of art, who would be far too lazy to study the reason of their creation in order to set to work to create designs of his own. This particular brand of student in quest of the new arty and easily imitated, is referred to the counsels of Mr. John W. Wadsworth. Under the latter's tuition he would learn to make things do all sorts of strange gymnastics to fill up spaces; how to contort plants into something resembling ugly bits of bent wire in order to fashion some sort of a design; how, in fact, to go "Designing from Plant Forms" (Chapman and Hall, 6s. net.) in such a manner that if the plants themselves could speak, they would certainly demand to know by what right Mr. Wadsworth advertises them to do knock-about turns. It should be noted that Mr. Wadsworth is late of the Royal College of Art. If so, then according to his designs he must be at least fifteen years late even for that ancient government manufactory.

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So rarely does a London theatre open its doors to a real debauch of splendid colour that The Little Theatre is to be congratulated on its present enterprise. The Chinese play—produced under the direction of Loie Fuller—plunges one into a colour bath from which one emerges dripping with blazing harmonies to go flaming through unutterably dark and dirty, though fully lighted, thoroughfares, called London streets. After watching the gorgeous play of colour against a background blotted out by a velvet cloth; the wonderful effect created by a skilful arrangement of light thrown upon floating diaphanous textures, dancing ribbons, and waving scarfs; the rich harmonies of Eastern garments, flowers and lanterns; and finally the expiring glow of singing colour in the magnificent "death" of Madam Chung, I felt—. Well, the only comparison that occurs to me may be found in the story of R. G. Knowles' Venetian adventure. Mr. Knowles had been dining heavily at one of the palaces at Venice, and prepared to leave. He lit his cigar and amid the blaze of lights, colours, gilt servants, etc., etc., he sauntered to the door, opened it and stepped out. The story continues, "and when he came to—." Stepping out of The Little Theatre dressed in gay colours I stepped into a Venetian canal,—in mid winter, too. Fancy that! as Tesman would say.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE REFERENDUM.

Sir,—I have just read Mr. Upton Sinclair's letter on the above subject. I cannot chivy him through his pleasant and flowery wilderness of elench; but I will try to get his argument within the compass of a syllogism.

If (as he guesses) I have said something which Sir Robert Walpole has said before, I am glad of it. His ghost will thank me for rubbing it in. I hope when I have joined the shades, somebody else will say it again. If it is true and insufficiently known, it cannot be said too often. Look at "Pears' Soap."

But the gist of Mr. Sinclair's contention is contained in seven lines. And I am going to pin him to it. He asks a question, and he answers it. "Does Mr. Donisthorpe 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?'" He assumes that my answer will be "Yes"; but my answer is "No." So swings he well round to perihelion, and then, comet-like, rushes off into the blackness of darkness, whither I do not propose to follow him. He next presents his own answer to the question: "They discuss them just as much as the proprietors of pink pills discuss the curing of disease and the upbuilding of the health of the community." Here we have the torso of an argument. We have the major and the minor premiss; but, alas! the conclusion is left to the reader. Let me supply it. (1) The people want good laws and good medicine. Being neither jurists nor physicians, they choose certain persons to make laws for them, and certain other persons to make pills for them. The chosen delegates supply bad laws and bad pills. Therefore, and here should follow the conclusion. Mr. Sinclair's conclusion is "Therefore, make your own laws, and your own pills." My conclusion is, "Therefore choose better legislators and better doctors."

A tailor advertised, "Try our guinea top-coat, and you will have a fit." I did; but it was my wife who had a fit. Now do you suppose that henceforward I made my own top-coats? Not a bit of it; I went to another tailor. Mr. Sinclair tried the same cut, and now, I presume, he does his own tailoring. Don't run away, Mr. Sinclair; you mean either this or nothing. Your parallel is apt; stick to it. Tell us all over again in other words: "I, Upton Sinclair, am a shareholder in the O.K. Meat-Canning Co., Ltd., of which there is at present a board of management. I am one of 1,000 shareholders, including a number of widows, parsons, trustees and incapables (so far as the canning of meat is concerned). I deliberately and sincerely propose to abolish the Board, and to entrust the management to the shareholders, or as many as choose to take part in it, either in the Grand Tent to be provided for the purpose, or by post-card from home." This is, in effect, what you have said. May I respectfully request you to "come off"? Or do you really expect us to believe that you believe that your electorate or crowd of shareholders would manage the business better than the present Board, bad as that may be?

I think I have expressed Mr. Sinclair's unexpressed conclusion fairly and logically. Four courses are now left open to him: (1) To remain up aloft in his gum-tree, a target for the arrows of the scornful; (2) To climb down with a good grace; (3) To adopt the tactics of the cuttle-fish and the cabin minister, and envelop himself in a cloud of impenetrable cavilment; (4) Like Brer Rabbit, to "lie low and say nuffin." From what I know of Mr. Sinclair, I think he will have the courage to adopt Course 2. If not, there is nothing for it but the Referendum!—to the readers of THE NEW AGE.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you upon having evaded the Referendum germ. I can suggest a much better method than that with which Mr. Chesterton has fallen in love, one by which the will of the will-o'-the-wisp can be taken on every issue. It is that each constituency should be canvassed every time a bill is reaching the final stage of discussion, and the member directed accordingly. How else can the poor representative (whose pedestal has been shattered) know whether or not he is voting as his constituents wish. How, for instance, is a member of the Opposition to know whether he is voting in accordance with the views of his constituents? The Government may introduce a useful measure of which the Opposition member's constituents approve, but he nevertheless votes against it. His only guide is his personal judgment. The bill is passed, but there will be no referendum to give a "salutary check" to his political gallop. What does Mr. Chesterton propose doing? Is he going to bring his 250,000 men against such offending Unionist members, who, when the national poll arrives, shall have their sins paraded before their eyes, and then retire smiling to the benches in the House of Commons

to await the next ordeal? If 250,000 electors could demand a poll we should have the cocoa manufacturers introducing temperance bills every week, which would be thrown out, with the subsequent summoning of members of temperance societies and "dear friends" (together quite 250,000, I should imagine) to as regularly demand a poll. Were the Referendum possible it would become simply a "keep the pot a-boilin'" dodge for all the cranks in the country, and in ten years the nation would become inebriate. Really, the more one examines Mr. Chesterton's attitude the more inexplicable it becomes. Socialists probably support this doubtful panacea of a doubting philosopher because, as THE NEW AGE has said, it is a plausible imitation of democracy, which makes it none the less dangerous and unnecessary. Mr. Chesterton, in his last article, says: "The difficulty of obtaining complete democracy is intensified by the fact that those who represent the people on one occasion may not represent them on another." The representatives, broadly speaking, represent the electors when their interests are mutual, and flout them when self-interest requires it. They do so because the electorate are ignorant. Mr. Chesterton admits that education is necessary to the effective working of the Referendum, and it is because education is an indispensable condition that the Referendum is unnecessary. The absence of any considerable progress is because the representatives have a contempt for the intelligence of the people. Their misgovernment is sometimes discovered, but, on the eve of an election, they always come forward with new and attractive proposals (as instance the Referendum), and their misdoings are forgotten in alluring promises for the future. On the whole, the electorate is gullible, but those who represent them are by no means fools, and would, of course, be much more competent if the people were capable of recognising competence. Were the people capable of coherent expression they would get what they wanted, having already elected intelligent and trustworthy men as their representatives. Now, if such a representative body is unable to come to a decision on any particular question of what use is it referring to the country? Is it proposed to obtain a clear majority by an extension of the units? As to the suggested utility of the Referendum in the near future, it should be remembered that those who know the people well enough to gull them know what they really want, and, when the level of intelligence required for a Referendum is arrived at, they will get it. The Referendumites, after educating the people, will retire knowing that good may come of a proposal to govern by delegates.

C. E. RICHARDSON.

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## THINGS OLD AND NEW.

Sir,—Kingsway to-day is fenced in on either side by huge hoardings. These are the opportunity of the advertiser to use as he sees fit with a view to profit. There are probably few great streets in London so open to the advertiser at present, and here you would expect to see the perfection of open-air advertisement—the very quintessence of the art displayed. Yet the effect, taken as a whole, is unpleasing.

There is, for one thing, no attempt made at arranging and co-ordinating the different posters. They meet the eye, one after the other, in jumbling disorder. Much money has been spent on these attempts to inform the public. For an equal sum one would think that the services of some artists, unknown and therefore commendably cheap to the advertiser, could have been secured.

There certainly ought to be a director of London's advertisements. He would see to it that there should be some order and harmony in place of the present chaos. With the same expense, and with the guidance of a director, Kingsway's wooden walls could be made beautiful and joyous. As it is, the harsh dissonance of colour and design, the crude appeals and crass disorder, excite a very grave displeasure. A friend of mine, perhaps unduly sensitive in such matters, attributes a most severe bilious attack to the advertisements on some hoardings. We cannot call up an Aubrey Beardsley at will, but we can develop a school of poster artists who will do more to instruct the public in some essentials of colour and harmony than the great picture galleries—which they so seldom enter except to keep casual appointments.

As an optimist, one cannot but believe that the day will come when the miles of mean streets, grey and sodden even in summer's golden blaze, of sordid London will be burnt down or blown up, and replaced by houses fit for homes. And when the community is doing the elementary duty of building itself habitations fit for human beings, the advertiser will be busy, and the streets will be, in this period of reconstruction, a picture gallery for the passer-by, rather than a penance; for one may be assured that when the people begin to see that houses, and not rabbit-hutches, are a necessity of civic life, they will also see the need of controlling, directing and beautifying the efforts of the advertiser.



One advertisement in Kingsway demands some attention. It proclaims the glory of a Palladium. The place, however, has no apparent connection with Pallas, the grave goddess of wisdom. It is designed, rather, in honour of Mercury, Bacchus, and Venus. In homely, strong Saxon words the advertisement informs us that "Modernity will literally run riot in this, the latest of London's Artistic and Architectural Displays."

"Modernity literally running riot" is quite good. How is the goddess, one wonders, to be depicted? As literally running? A kind of modern Atalanta in a hobble-skirt, "running riot" among the jeunesse dorée of the place? The whole advertisement smacks of Pinkerton, and "modernity" in its way, is quite as "boss" a word as "hebdomadary." There are to be palm courts, fauteuils, gilt, plush, mirrors, curtains in abundance. All, in fact, is to be "replete with modernity."

Modern! Why, the whole affair, with its tinsel, glitter and sham, is redolent of staleness—the unspeakable staleness of dead ages and decaying empires. Babylon and Tyre and Rome knew the attraction of such "modernity." Are we to drain the stale dregs of the same cup?

J. DREW ROBERTS.

#### POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

Sir,—The Manniquins wound like a serpent over the grass of the noble domain. They wore something. Madame Valerie in roses, and the two fat German barons, but the Devoted Boy was here and there. Minnie Pinnikin, with flat parted hair, stood on the beautiful vista and cried, "Desecrators!" Madame Valerie grieved and went down a passage.

"But the Beck girls—those puddings!" cried Minnie Pinnikin. "Why should you go to meet them at the docks?—besides, you have never seen them in your life."

"I promised, dear," said Valerie. The Devoted Boy was busy trembling.

The Carlton Hotel is much larger than Minnie Pinnikin's flat. "Go and tell that child I'll put her to bed if she doesn't leave off shouting down the Carlton stairs," cried Minnie Pinnikin from the lounge to Madame Valerie. "She's to wear whatever there is and a red collar." Minnie Pinnikin then went upstairs herself, and was very agreeable to the sobbing child. It was difficult to choose which crown to wear, all the brims were gone.

Minnie Pinnikin's flat's much smaller than the Carlton Hotel. The two fat barons were there and the latter said, "Foh, I don't tell my millionaires!" The Champagne flowed out of the door. Minnie Pinnikin parted her hair very hard and wouldn't join the feast. Valerie was largely everywhere. He wrapped his head in a soft serviette and nursed it on his knee, saying, "Poor old Baron; do take something to eat, Min." So Minnie Pinnikin had a plate on the floor at the knee of the head, and he fed her, horribly giggling "Put these four sprats back," very severely, "it is a sin to waste." "I'm not paying," said the Baron.

He was hooking men up from the street. Very surprising the strength of his thin white hands. Everybody was stood upright on the roof of a low house opposite the flat. The loveliest, ready to dance, was like a gipsy angel. Minnie Pinnikin looked out of the window and the flat was empty. "Deserted again," said she; "I'll give twopence." Then they all danced off the roof into the road, and he was obviously and beyond all argument an old-time mummer. "You can't give coppers while the millionaires are looking," said Minnie Pinnikin's husband. Moonbeam child a shadow in the doorway! "Very well, I'll give nothing." Far down in the gutter below the street window the mock curate waved his umbrella. He wound like a serpent. Minnie Pinnikin looked uncompromisingly into his devilish up-giggling orbs. Plumb fell hers into his!

B. H.

#### EDUCATION AUTHORITIES AND LABOUR EXCHANGES.

Sir,—There has recently been issued by the Board of Trade and Board of Education jointly a "Memorandum with regard to co-operation between Labour Exchanges and Local Education Authorities exercising their powers under the Education (Choice of Employment) Act, 1910," dealing with the problem of assisting juveniles into suitable employments at the outset of their careers, and as the views of the writer are probably representative of the great majority of those who have given much thought to the problem, being engaged in the organisation of further education for the class intended to be reached, it may be of some use to give expression to them, particularly as he finds himself unable to agree with the manner in which the local education authorities are being subordinated to the labour exchanges by the Board of Trade, with the con-

nivance of the Board of Education. One can only hope that worthy motives are at the bottom of it, and that this assistance to juveniles is not being imported into the functions of the labour exchanges for the purpose of popularising them and the Government responsible for their inauguration. There is, of course, an important difference in the function of an exchange as applied to adult and juvenile labour. In the former case, it is essential that the exchange should be a national institution, because this facilitates the drafting of men from a district where there is no outlet for their labour to one where there is an outlet, but in the case of juveniles no such drafting is desired, and so the organisation of the juvenile labour market is purely a local problem, and would most appropriately be dealt with by a local authority. We have to remember that the advising of parents and the filling up of forms giving data regarding the children will chiefly fall on the teachers, servants of the local education authority; the keeping of their records at the evening schools and technical classes will fall likewise on servants of the educational authority; whilst the visiting of parents, where necessary, will be done by local social workers, who would be more likely to work enthusiastically for the local education authority than for the official in charge of the labour exchange. In properly comprehending the problem it is necessary, of course, to rid one's mind, at the outset, of the fallacy that this question of advising the parents of children on "blind-alley" employments has any but the slightest bearing on the unemployment problem. It is an economic necessity for the family that these children, when they leave the day school, shall go to work with as little delay as possible, and it is an economic necessity of society at the present time that most openings for children are blind-alley ones, and the children will continue to fill them, advice or no advice. Hence if little Peter, through the influence of the juvenile labour bureau, gets a post that would otherwise have gone to little Paul, he will bless the labour bureau, but little Paul would have equal cause, if he realised it, to curse it, and the sum total of social benefit is  $+1-1=0$ .

What, then, we may ask, is the good of any such attempt to interfere with the ordinary means by which children are placed in employments, and the answer is at once apparent that it is only in so far as its organisation can be made to have an influence on the education of the child. If it can be shown to parents that the most deserving children will be directly helped in obtaining the most desirable employments, and to employers that they will be assisted in getting well-educated and reliable juveniles, it will give such an incentive to continued education that the standard of education of the masses will be continuously raised, and though it is undoubtedly true that larger possibilities of employment will be opened out to any child who will have been made handier and more adaptable by the practical training given in laboratory and workshop and to those who have obtained the rudiments of a commercial education the great bearing of the problem of unemployment would be this, that an enlightened proletariat would not have it.

Social reform will, in the main, keep pace with the increasing standard of education of the workers of the nation, and any influence which will extend the habits of study and amenability to discipline formed in the day schools over the period of adolescence should be carefully cherished. The tendency of the times is to raise the age for exemption from the day school, and to introduce compulsory continuative education up to the late teens, and it seems to the writer clear that the proper policy to pursue will be to leave the education and guidance of the young people until this age is attained entirely in the hands of the local education authority if they are willing to undertake it. Of course, if any local education authority does not realise its obligations in the matter, it should be open for the labour exchange to take the initiative in forming a juvenile advisory committee, and likewise it should be open for an education authority to seek the co-operation and assistance of the officials of the labour exchange, but to say that the local education authority must submit their scheme, which is essentially of local import, which is a necessary part of the educational organisation, and a part which will give education a much-needed driving force, for the approval either of the Board of Education or Board of Trade seems an impertinence, since neither of these authorities propose to subsidise the work.

Local education authorities have to submit to many vexatious restrictions and interferences from the Board of Education because, as a rule, grants are received from the Board on account of the work for which it claims to frame the regulations, but in this case "the Board of Education in consultation with the Board of Trade" proposes to impose conditions on the local education authority in carrying out a purely local work without making any financial contribution.

I do not argue against co-operation between the local education authority and labour exchanges; in most cases it will be desirable, but if a local education authority thinks it can best work out its own problem it should be competent for it to do so without interference, as has hitherto been the case at Liverpool and elsewhere.

I trust that all local education authorities will stand out firmly for the option of independent action, or as an alternative for financial assistance from the Treasury.

WM. ALLANACH, B.Sc.

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#### OSCAR WILDE ON THE REPRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

Sir,—I make no apology for asking your kindly insertion of extracts from an article written by Oscar Wilde about thirty years ago on the above subject.

At the present moment it will be of interest to readers of THE NEW AGE. G. OWEN.

"As regards the theory that Shakespeare did not busy himself much about the costume-wardrobe of his theatre, anybody who cares to study Shakespeare's method will see that there is absolutely no dramatist of the French, English, or Athenian stage who relies so much for his effect on the dress of his actors as Shakespeare does himself.

"Knowing how the public is always fascinated by beauty of costume, he constantly introduces into his plays masques and dances, merely for the sake of the pleasure which they give the eye; and we have still his stage directions for the three great processions in 'Henry the Eighth,' directions which are characterised by the most extraordinary elaborateness of detail down to the collars of S.S. and the pearls in Anne Boleyn's hair. Indeed, it would be quite easy for a modern manager to reproduce these pageants absolutely as Shakespeare designed them; and so accurate were they that one of the Court officials of the time, writing an account of the last performance of the play at the Globe Theatre to a friend, actually complains of their realistic character—notably of the production on the stage of the Knights of the Garter in the robes and insignia of the Order—as being calculated to bring ridicule on the real ceremonies. . . . The gorgeousness of apparel which distinguished the English stage under Shakespeare's influence was attacked by the contemporary critics, not as a rule, however, on the grounds of the democratic tendencies of realism, but usually on moral grounds, which are always the last refuge of people who have no sense of beauty.

"Many of his plays . . . depend entirely on the character of the various dresses worn by the hero or heroine; the delightful scene in 'Henry the Sixth,' on the modern miracles of healing by faith, loses all its point unless Gloucester is in black and scarlet; and the dénouement of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' hinges on the colour of Anne Page's gown.

"As for the uses Shakespeare makes of disguises, the instances are almost numberless. . . . Prince Hal and Poins appear first as footpads in buckram suits, and then in white aprons as the waiters in a tavern; and as for Falstaff, does he not come on as a highwayman, as an old woman, as Herne the hunter, and as the clothes going to the laundry?

"Nor are the examples of the employment of costume as a means of intensifying dramatic situation less numerous. After the slaughter of Duncan, Macbeth appears in his nightgown as if aroused from sleep. Timon ends in rags the play he had begun in splendour. Richard flatters the London citizens in a suit of mean and shabby armour, and, as soon as he has stepped in blood to the throne, marches through the streets in Crown and George and Garter. . . .

"And as for Juliet, a modern playwright would probably have lain her out in her shroud, and made the scene a scene of horror merely, but Shakespeare arrays her in rich and gorgeous raiment, whose loveliness makes the vault 'a feasting presence full of light,' turns the tomb into a bridal chamber, and gives the cue for Romeo's speech of the triumph of Love over Life, and of Beauty over Death. Even small details of dress, such as the colour of a majordomo's stockings, the pattern of a wife's handkerchief, the sleeve of a young soldier, and a fashionable woman's bonnet become in Shakespeare's hands points of actual dramatic importance, and by some of them the action of the play in question is conditioned absolutely. . . .

"Armed cap-à-pie the dead King stalks on the battlements of Elsinore because all is not right with Denmark; Shylock's Jewish gaberdine is part of the stigma under which he writhes; Arthur begging for his life can think of no better plea than the handkerchief he had given Hubert:

'Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
I knit my handkerchief about your brows  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),  
And I did never ask it you again.'

And Orlando's blood-stained napkin strikes the first solemn

note in that exquisite woodland idyll, and shows us the depth of feeling that underlies Rosalind's comedy.

'Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it;  
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he,'

says Imogen, jesting on the loss of the bracelet which was already on its way to Rome to rob her of her husband's faith. . . .

"The great rebel, York, dies with a paper crown on his head; Hamlet's black suit is a kind of colour-motive in the piece, like the mourning of Chimène in the Cid; and the climax of Antony's speech is the production of Caesar's cloak. The flowers which Ophelia carries with her in her madness are as pathetic as the violets that blossom on a grave; the effect of Lear's wandering on the heath is intensified beyond words by his fantastic attire; and when Cloten, stung by the taunt of that simile which his sister draws from her husband's raiment, arrays himself in that husband's very garb to work upon her the deed of shame, we feel that there is nothing in the whole of modern French realism, nothing even in Thérèse Raquin, that masterpiece of horror, which for terrible and tragic significance can compare with that strange scene in 'Cymbeline.'

"In the actual dialogue also some of the most striking passages are those suggested by costume. Rosalind's—

"'Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man,  
I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?'

Constance's—

'Grief fills the place up of my absent child,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;'

and the quick, sharp cry of Elizabeth—

'Ah! cut my lace asunder!!'

are only a few of the many examples one might quote.

"One of the finest effects I have ever seen on the stage was Salvini, in the last act of 'Lear,' tearing the plume from Kent's cap and applying it to Cordelia's lips when he came to the line—

'This feather stirs! She lives!'

"As regards the resources which Shakespeare had at his disposal, it is to be remarked that, while he more than once complains of the smallness of the stage on which he has to produce big historical plays, and of the want of scenery which obliges him to cut out many effective open-air incidents, he always writes as a dramatist who had at his disposal a most elaborate theatrical wardrobe, and who could rely on the actors taking pains about their make-up. . . . Rosalind, he tells us, is tall, and is to carry a spear and a little axe; Celia is smaller, and is to paint her face brown so as to look sunburnt. Bottom is in homespun, Lysander is distinguished from Oberon by his wearing an Athenian dress, and Launce has holes in his boots. We know the pattern on the Dauphin's armour and on the Pucelle's sword, the crest on Warwick's helmet and the colour of Bardolph's nose. . . . On the subject of stage beards Shakespeare is quite elaborate: he tells us of the many colours in use, and give a hint to actors to always see that their own are properly tied on. . . . The deformed figure of Richard was of as much value as Juliet's loveliness; he sets the serge of the radical beside the silks of the lord, and sees the stage effect to be got from both; he has as much delight in Caliban as he has in Ariel, in rags as he has in cloth of gold. . . .

"The difficulty Ducis felt about translating 'Othello' in consequence of the importance given to such a vulgar thing as a handkerchief, and his attempt to soften its grossness by making the Moor reiterate, 'Le bandeau! le bandeau!' may be taken as an example of the difference between la tragédie philosophique and the drama of real life; and the introduction for the first time of the word 'mouchoir' at the Théâtre Français was an era in that romantic-realistic movement of which Hugo is the father and M. Zola the enfant terrible. . . .

"Of the value of beautiful costume in creating an artistic temperament in the audience, and producing that joy in beauty's sake, without which the great masterpieces of art can never be understood, I will not here speak; though it is worth while to notice how Shakespeare appreciated that side of the question in the production of his tragedies, acting them always by artificial light in a theatre hung with black. . . ."

\* \* \*

#### A REAL LADY IN THE FABIAN CASE.

Sir,—For the benefit of those who are beginning to wonder what this row is all about, I have provided a tabloid explanation in the postscript hereto. Because I am afraid that, through no fault of mine, we have wandered from the point. The latest is that Mrs. Bentinck wants me to write a book; but she wants me to write about one thing, and I want to write about another. 'Twas ever thus. I own that my long criticism of her work seems at first rather impertinent and out of proportion; but she must

always remember that I am talking with one mild eye on her and one severe eye on the publishers of the offence.

As regards her last letter, I beg to say:—

"Round the neck of my heart" is a Shakespearean quotation, and ought therefore not to be sneered at.

I said, My trouble is in egging people on to the "war." It has very little to do with intellectual convictions. And now Mrs. Bentinck goes about referring to me as one "not troubled with intellectual convictions." This is unfabian, but real smart. I admire it. Nevertheless, blessed is the man who is not troubled by his own convictions.

I said: "When I spoke of the universal thirst for power, I was thinking of normal healthy people." Whereupon Mrs. Bentinck says: "If Mr. Kirkby wants to restrict the discussion to those instincts and motives which actuate normal healthy people," etc. The rest of the sentence does not matter, because I never said I wanted anything of the sort. I can trust the normal healthy person to betray his instincts to me; but I don't care tuppence for the quack theories about them which he calls his motives. To trust his evidence in that connection would be worse than calling in the supermen to judge. I draw my own conclusions from what I observe.

Mrs. Bentinck takes exception to my statement that a necessity can't be regrettable. She tells us in an ironical voice to think of this the next morning we give up to having a molar out, and says, "It will assuredly be necessary, but won't you regret it?" Certainly not. The removal of a tooth is what I call the necessity, and I don't see how I can properly regret that. I might regret the misbehaviour of the tooth which necessitated its removal; but I don't call *that* the necessity. If *that* is what Mrs. Bentinck calls the necessity, she is using the term in a complementary, and therefore an alternative (not concurrent) sense. Understanding the term in this way, every necessity is regrettable, because you are always sorry for the absence of the thing desired—in the instance given, comfort in the region of the tooth. So that, whichever way you take it, "regrettable necessity" is nonsense; in one case, as I said, it is a contradiction in terms; in the other, a piece of tautology. This seems simple enough to me; though, as it is logical, it may inspire Mrs. Bentinck with mistrust.

Neither can I regret Mr. Belfort Bax; although I only lugged him in because, when Mrs. Bentinck raised her point about filling in the details of an inevitable Socialism just as you please, I first thought of the S.D.P., and then specially of Mr. Bax, remembering something he had written to the effect that, while certain events in history were inevitable, others might conceivably not have happened—or words to that effect which struck me as humorous. But the reason why I am glad I brought in Mr. Bax is that the mention of his name provokes Mrs. Bentinck to an exhibition of that healthy spirit of hatred which is essential to my theory and destructive of hers.

Moreover, speaking of my own surroundings, she says she is "conscious of the type of mind engendered by these nightmares." In other words, I and my surroundings join the shade of Mr. Bax in the outer darkness of her displeasure, and her rule of universal harmony has at least two immortal exceptions.

Me and Bax morituri te salutamus, Mrs. Bentinck! It only remains that I salute the editor, and add my postscript.

JOHN KIRKBY.

P.S.—Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck wrote for the Fabian Society a tract called "The Point of Honour," in which she formulated a theory which evaded the wilful unmoralist's position, thereby leaving the whole field to the superman under colour of ignoring him. In the interests of average people I combatted this theory, implying that by proper organisation the masses could always give the superior person a warm reception. Mrs. Bentinck, being an aristocrat without the ruthlessness proper to aristocracy, dislikes this view of the matter.

\* \* \*

#### THE GENTLE ART OF SUPPRESSIO VERI.

Sir,—Economists are now frequently engaged in a scientific study of the habits of the poor (above and below the poverty line). But many of us do not enjoy opportunities for a close first-hand examination of the manners and customs of the governing classes. Those who are in such a position have to be content to receive the raw material of this department of sociology in the shape of newspaper reports of the judicial proceedings of the litigious rich. Crippen bored me. The scuffle in Houndsditch appeared to me to be tomfoolery as a topic for serious men and women. But to-day, as I consumed my "Times," I was lured from a conscientious study of the article on German waterways by the piquant details of the cross-examination of Mrs. Asquith and Mrs. West. I was sufficiently interested to re-read the report of the current cause célèbre, when (as is my wont) I turned from browsing in the fat meadows of the

"Times" to refresh my soul in the mountain pastures of the "Daily News."

I was, however, struck by a dissimilarity in the two reports.

Each paper devotes three columns to Mrs. West's slander case. But there are certain things which the "Times" feels it is better for us not to know. It is not good for us to read that Mrs. Asquith has been snubbed by a lady whom the moral rich have seen fit to exclude from their meals and other communal pleasures. Nor does the "Times" wish us to be aware of the mean bigotry of the late Queen Victoria. It therefore avoids mention of the exclusion of all parties to divorce suits from Court during the reign of that lady, whom in our childhood we were taught to revere as the personification of the Spirit of British family life.

But I would not be satisfied with the collation of two texts. I turned with avidity to the "Morning Post," which (appropriately enough) devoted five columns to the affairs of Mrs. West. The "Morning Post" will permit Mr. Asquith's wife to be snubbed. It even allows a scanty reference to the Victoria defence of the British monogamic system. But the comment of Mr. Duke is cut out. For that we must rely on the report of that much-reviled organ of éclaircissement, the "Daily News."

For the delectation of your readers I have made the appropriate extracts. The italics are, of course, mine:—

I.

#### "DAILY NEWS."

Plaintiff added, in reply to counsel, that she had been asked to dine with Mrs. Asquith at Cavendish Square. Mrs. Asquith came to see her, and she returned the visit.

His Lordship: Had you been to Mrs. Asquith's to dinner?

Plaintiff: I think I went, as well as I can remember.

His Lordship: You would not forget a thing like that, would you?—*Well, it was not a very important thing (Laughter.)*

His Lordship: You think you did dine?—Yes.

What did Mr. Asquith do?—He dined with me. He dined with us once at Tilney Street.

That was when you and Mr. West were living together?—Perfectly.

Then the invitation was from Mr. and Mrs. West?—Yes.

His Lordship: Therefore, when you were separated, such an invitation could not have been sent.

Mr. Gill said that as far as he could remember Mrs. Asquith said plaintiff did not dine with her at her house.

Mrs. Asquith (rising from her seat by the solicitor's table): As far as I can remember—

His Lordship: If Mrs. Asquith has anything to add she shall be recalled.

"TIMES."

Mr. Duke: Did you go to dine with Mrs. Asquith?—I think I went.

His Lordship: You would not forget a thing like that.

Mr. Gill said that Mrs. Asquith had said that, so far as she could remember, the plaintiff had not dined at her house.

Mrs. Asquith (rising from her seat in Court): So far as I can remember.

His Lordship: If Mrs. Asquith has anything to add she can be recalled.

II.

#### "DAILY NEWS."

The Judge: There is one thing which ought to be cleared up. Mr. Gill asked a question which led to the lady saying she was never invited to Court in the time of Queen Victoria because she had taken proceedings of divorce against her first husband.

Mr. Duke (to the witness): *Do you know what was the rule in Queen Victoria's time with regard to persons who had been parties to divorce?—I believe they did not attend Court.*

*Whether they were innocent or not?—Yes.*

#### "MORNING POST."

Mr. Justice Darling (to Mr. Duke): There is one thing I would like you to ask the witness, which I pointed out to Mr. Gill at the time. Mr. Gill asked a question which resulted in the plaintiff saying that she was never invited to Court after she and her husband had been separated since the time of Queen Victoria. That follows the question as to whether she had not taken proceedings to divorce her first husband.

Mr. Duke (to witness): *Do you know with regard to Queen Victoria's time what was the rule in respect to persons who had been parties in a divorce suit?—I believe they did not attend Court.*

*Whether the person was the petitioner or respondent?—I believe so.*

Mr. Duke: *It is a notorious rule, my lord.*

"TIMES."

His Lordship said he thought Mr. Gill should explain what the rule was in the time of Queen Victoria.

Mr. Gill said he had only asked the question because of the way in which the matter had been dealt with in examination-in-chief.

Continuing: Did you receive an invitation to a Court Ball in 1909?—Yes.

F. H. K.

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