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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are amazed that no sense of shame seems to have come upon the members who in effect howled down Mr. Ginnell during the debate on the election of the Speaker. Mr. Ginnell is one of the two or three surviving dodos of the House of Commons: that is, he is an independent member; and he complained in by no means too bitter terms that the Speaker's pretended impartiality was in fact bunkum. The Speaker was as obedient a slave of the party system as anybody else, and only permitted his eye to fall on members whose names had been previously submitted to his august tribunal by the party whips acting, as usual, in collusion. He (Mr. Ginnell) being without a whip had not had his name submitted once during the whole of the late Parliament, and in consequence was never once called upon to speak. Nay, more, he had repeatedly during the discussion risen to speak as an expert, only to find Mr. Austen Chamberlain called upon in his place. To all this the Speaker's reply was that probably the House was more desirous of listening to Mr. Chamberlain than to Mr. Ginnell. We have never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ginnell, but we have heard Mr. Chamberlain. Once a session, we should have thought, would satisfy the robustest appetite of the House for Mr. Chamberlain.

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Mr. Ginnell rightly complained that he had been "gagged" for his independence. But the "gagging" goes much further than a single member; nor is it the work of the Speaker alone. One of the worst features, indeed, of Mr. Ginnell's protest was its accompaniment and sequel. Practically the whole of the House, being, as the obsequious fly-flaps of the Cabinet hasten to assure us, too polite to interrupt Mr. Ginnell, proceeded, not of course to howl him down after the manner of the French or Austrian Assemblies, but to engage in a "buzz of conversation," which proved almost as effective. Subsequently, the party leaders one by one got up in their place to eulogise the Speaker, each taking particular care to avoid the very mention of Mr. Ginnell's name. "Oh, no, we never mention him." He had disgraced the Ministry in their eyes, had flouted the traditional mendacity of the Chamber and blandly declared that the King had no clothes on. Neither Mr. Redmond nor Mr. Asquith, nor, sad to say, Mr. Parker, of the Labour Party, had a word of sympathy to express on behalf of a member of the House of Commons whose speech on this occasion was a last flicker of the expiring independence of the elected Chamber. Nor have the Liberal journals been more

wise or generous. Mr. Massingham, of course, refrains altogether from soiling his cocoa-plantation with the despised names of Liberty and Mr. Ginnell. As for "P. W. W." in the "Daily News" his notes on the affair move us, as his notes usually do, to mingled laughter and disgust. "The House of Commons," he says, "is perhaps the one place in the world where a member can, if he is so determined, say his worst without being howled down." A string of names rises before us of members who, during the last few years, have determined to say, not their worst, but their best in the House of Commons. Where are they now?

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We can very well understand the objections that may be urged against liberty of debate in the House of Commons. As a matter of fact, complete liberty is impossible in an assembly of some hundreds of speakers. If they were all Demosthenes of eloquence and Solons of wisdom time would not serve to hear them all. Nor are we much concerned at the occasional use of the closure, either by the Parliamentary machine or by the members with their polite "buzz of conversation." But these "gagging" tactics would only be necessary if the free members of the House of Commons were more numerous than they are. We agree with Gilbert that the prospect of a lot of dull M.P.'s in close proximity, all thinking for themselves, is what No man can view with equanimity. But during the last ten years, at any rate, such a prospect is the last in the world to be even visible. The danger in the House of Commons at this moment is not that its members may become too prolix and licentious in independent debate, but the very contrary, that not one of them may be left who on any occasion will have the courage or the opportunity to express what all the world out of doors desires to have said. If, as is conclusively proved by the Ginnell case, the august Speaker himself is in the party ring for the suppression of free debate, with the full consent of all the organised groups, then farewell to the independent member. Only the caucuses remain. That this is very nearly, if not quite, the actual situation is furthermore proved by the monstrous decision of the Government to appropriate the whole of the private members' time between now and Easter. Why, if this is to be allowed, should not the members pair off and go home, leaving their rubber stamps to be manipulated by the whips? Obviously it is only their votes that are of the least concern. As men they are nothing whatever.

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It will be said that the circumstances of the present Parliament are such that this sacrifice of men to votes is necessary if the Parliament Bill is to be passed. We do not believe it; and if we did, we should still be

prepared to sacrifice the prospects of the Parliament Bill to the integrity of the House of Commons. A life-long observer of Parliament observed last week that if the motion for appropriating private members' time is carried, not only will the House of Lords be ended, but the House of Commons as well. The procedure, in fact, will form a precedent to which appeal will in future be fatally easy. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a Cabinet at the opening of every session from declaring that a particular measure is of sufficient importance to warrant the appropriation of private members' time. This session, for example, it is the Parliament Bill. Next session it may be Home Rule. The session after that Welsh Disestablishment may be the altar on which liberty of debate is sacrificed. By that time the complete and unquestioning servitude of Parliament to the Cabinet will be time-honoured and habitual; only a solitary voice here and there in the wilderness will be heard protesting against it. We confess that the outlook at this moment is so black for liberty, that more than the passage of the Parliament Bill will be needed to dispel the gloom.

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Unfortunately it no longer appears that the new light is coming from the Labour party, who, indeed, under the astute control of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, are rapidly becoming as devout worshippers of that great God, Caucus, as either of the other parties. Reference has already been made to the fact that Mr. Parker on behalf of the Labour party ignored Mr. Ginnell as completely as Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith ignored him. That was, perhaps, to be expected, since the Labour party has always hated independence collectively as well as individually. What, perhaps, was not to be expected was that the party should allow itself to be used so patently as a Liberal catspaw in the matter of its most unpopular and, we venture to say, most unrepresentative advocacy of a reduction of the Navy Estimates. More than a million of the organised workers of Great Britain, we are told, were represented at the Special Conference on Disarmament at Leicester last week, when a resolution in favour not only of peace but of a reduction of British armaments was carried without a single dissentient vote. We are sorry to hear it, because, in the first place, the decision is absurdly unrepresentative of the real opinions of more than a small minority of the million organised workers; in the second place, it is perfectly useless, having come at a moment when the Naval Estimates are settled and complete; in the third place, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has not the smallest intention of voting against the Naval Estimates, be they ever so big, if the Government should need his vote; finally, and worst of all from a tactical point of view, the passing of the resolution will merely serve to draw upon the Labour party the opprobrious fire which otherwise might damage the Liberal party.

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It is worth while examining for a moment the service which, all unconsciously, we fear, the Labour party is performing for the Cabinet. Everybody knows now that the Naval Estimates are to be increased this year. But the maximum of credit to the Cabinet for this increase is conditional on the amount of opposition to be overcome. In the absence of official opposition it might appear as if the Cabinet had merely conceded the increase at the solicitation of the Navy League. That would never do. It must be made somehow to appear that the present Government, though Liberal, is nevertheless sternly resolved on patriotically maintaining England's naval supremacy even in the teeth of opposition from its own side. For this purpose the opposition could not be too vehement; but it must not be effective. It must be loud enough to arouse the country to fear that it may be effective, and discreet enough to subside just in time to produce the maximum applause for the Cabinet, which finally decides to ignore it. In short, the opposition must be confined to the Labour party. By this means not only will the Government reap the credit of boldly defying its own tail,

but the Labour party will be confirmed in the public mind as the anti-patriotic party. Two excellent birds, in fact, will fall to the same stone. This is what comes of children playing at tactics with their grandfathers. If the point we have made is understood it will be seen that the Special Conference at Leicester was as useful to the Government as if it had been designed and subsidised for the purpose. After this who can wonder if Socialists no longer fear lest the Labour party should not adopt the Socialist label?

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Mr. Glyde of Bradford moved a resolution intended to checkmate the perpetual plea of every Cabinet that an adverse vote on any particular measure will upset the Government and thereby ruin its chance of passing its major Bill. The case at present stands as it has stood now for two years. The Labour party must refrain, it is said, from pressing its own Bills and views on the House at the point at which it would vote for them. Talk it may (by permission), but vote it must not, lest the Parliament Bill should be postponed to the kalends. Well, we are as desirous of passing the Parliament Bill as anybody can be; but even money can be bought too dear. The last independent member has been snuffed out by general consent, private members' time has been appropriated, and doubtless even the sole remaining right of questions will be severely limited. In addition to this, the Labour party is practically pledged (and Mr. MacDonald knows it) not to "nag" the Government for any particular reform. In fact, only one deputation is to be sent to the Prime Minister and its earth-shattering subject is—electoral reform! Now if all this were really necessary to the passage of the Parliament Bill we should bow our heads to the inevitable for reasons we have over and over again given. But is it? The Whips' office informs us that the time at the disposal of Parliament simply does not allow of any other course. Every available moment until Easter is filled in advance with the necessary business of supply and the Parliament Bill. What nonsense! Who, we ask, drew up the timetable, and what reason is there for the House to rise every evening at 11 after meeting at 2 or 3? Could it not and would it not meet earlier and rise later if the occasion seriously demanded it, that is, if the Labour party insisted on it? We marvel that that miraculous tactician, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who now by survival of the fittest is becoming Chairman of the party, does not see that he might keep his bird in the hand as well as catch the two in the bush. What on earth is the use of being indispensable if you get less for it than if you were worse than useless!

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The whole week, in truth, has been full of disagreeable and disquieting incidents. Of the Mylius libel on the King and the trial and sentence that followed we have, fortunately, much less to say than the Press in general. The Press, it appears, is of opinion that procedure by law was the wise as well as the courageous course for the King to take. Courageous it may have been, if we leave out of account the almost comic disparity of power between the prosecution and the defence, but wise in our view it certainly was not. Every public man of any importance is libelled daily by his friends no less than by his enemies. Kings invariably are, and Frederick the Great, it will be remembered, reckoned the endurance of libels, even of published libels, as one of the duties of his office. Ordinarily no sensible person puts the least real faith in the malicious but piquant tittle-tattle he hears of the great. It does not affect his judgment; it does not affect his conduct. He listens, and probably repeats it; but the stories have no more relation with anything he means or does than the French novels he reads. When some silly person thinks to make propagandist capital out of this shadowy stuff, the mass of people instinctively reckon him at his real value. He does not become a hero in their eyes, but a fool. And this would undoubtedly have been the case with Mylius. But the enormous advertisement given to him by the recent

limelight will probably enlarge his dimensions as well. For one who before this case had heard the story, at least a hundred have heard it now. And of them a proportion will be malicious and credulous enough to believe it in the face of all the evidence.

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It is not often that the bureaucracy of officials is so foolish as to appear in open conflict with both their parliamentary chiefs and the public. But Mr. H. B. Simpson of the Home Office in his impertinent introduction to the 1909 Criminal Statistics contrives to read the public a homily on its sentimentality, and incidentally and tacitly to chide Mr. Churchill. We cannot seriously undertake the defence of Mr. Churchill against his subordinates, for if anybody is to blame for the recrudescence of obsolete punishments it is he. Naturally enough, both the judges and the Home Office staff are bewildered by a chief who blows hot with sympathy for criminals one day and cold with calculated brutality the next. If a settled policy is essential to success, either on the lines of clemency or on the lines of severity, Mr. Churchill cannot expect to be successful. Only the day before yesterday he was ameliorating the prison code, restricting solitary confinement and mitigating sentences. Yesterday the world saw him publicly approving the burning of two unconvicted persons, one of whom it now appears was probably a perfectly innocent woman. The day after, he and his Welsh colleague were discharging an old shepherd from prison without rhyme or reason. What he will do to-morrow nobody knows. Is it to be wondered at if, with such a racing compass to guide them, officials, police, and judges decide to ignore it and to stick to the direction they have hitherto steered? That direction is thoroughly bad, thoroughly reactionary and thoroughly obsolete; but it is better than no direction at all.

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This, however, is no excuse for the intrusion into public discussion of the views of one of the Home Office mandarins. Mr. Churchill may have differences with his constituents, and he may have differences with his subordinates; but we certainly are not going to accept as authoritative the views of the latter when they conflict with the former. Mr. Simpson presumes to inform the public that the relaxation of their thirst for revenge—commonly called the desire for justice—is responsible for an alarming increase of crime; and this relaxation, again, he attributes to plays and novels and newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these latter have had some effect in magnifying the importance of crime by endowing it with a fictitious romance; but we decline to believe that the increase in the statistics of crime is due either to art or to sentiment. If Mr. Simpson or anybody else will turn from the consideration of statistics—from which, after all, almost any deduction can be drawn—to the actual movements of opinion and motive among the classes who supply the majority of our legal criminals, he will discover the causes of an increase of crime readily enough, but not in the influence of music halls, or of novels, or in the growth of humanity. On the contrary, it is the increasing severity of legal punishments that drives our criminals to repeated crime. We were among those who prophesied of the Indefinite Detention Bill that it would quite certainly increase both the number and the intensity of crime. Criminals bawling between a small crime or a great crime, proceed now on the motto: "In for a lamb, in for a sheep." As likely as not, a sequence of peccadilloes will end in penal servitude for life. Why not concentrate into the last of the series a good thumping crime? As a matter of fact, we know of criminals who have argued—if it can be called argued—in this way.

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Then, too, say what Mr. Simpson may, public confidence in the justice of criminal courts has been so shaken of late that people hesitate to prosecute, not because they desire to encourage the crime of criminals, but because they hate to encourage the punitive propensities of judges, magistrates and the police. The intelligent public at any rate has made some study of criminology and particularly of the psychology of

criminals. It knows very well that nine times out of ten a criminal is not a tyrant but a victim; not, therefore, a subject for "justice," but a subject for skilled generosity. Are our Granthams and Phillimores and Coleridges and Alverstones the men to realise this or to act upon it? Naturally enough, they take society as they find it without questioning its foundations or criticising the nurseries of crime which exist by our general fault in the slums of our poverty-stricken towns. Those whom Mr. Simpson despises as sentimentalists merely happen to know more about the real causes of crime than he does. For them the first and significant observation to be made is this: that ninety-nine per cent. of the national crime occurs amongst poor people. Is not that very strange? Are we to suppose that the poor are of a different race from the rich? Is it not more probable that the rich provide few legal criminals simply because they are comfortable? In one respect we do deplore the sentimentality of the public; we deplore the fact that it is not deep enough to abolish the conditions which breed crime by breeding poverty. Until, however, people feel deeply enough and see deeply enough to pull up crime by the root, we dare venture almost to hope and certainly to predict that the statistics of crime will continue to increase, even if the process scares Mr. Simpson into another unsolicited and unappreciated preface.

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Lord Gladstone, who made such a mess of the suffrage prosecutions in England, evidently learned something by his failure, for he has had the courage to commute the sentence of death passed on a South African native for "assault with intent to rape." To judge by the South African papers, the public there must be eminently satisfactory to men of Mr. Simpson's type. No relaxation by sentiment for South Africa! A drunken native wanders by mistake into a room in which a white woman is sleeping. Nothing less than instant lynching would have pleased most of his white neighbours, some of whom, at any rate, must have sometimes wandered by design into black women's rooms. Even the jury passed sentence of death, though, as the detailed evidence shows, there was no premeditated design, neither was the intent more than inebriately shadowy. We congratulate Lord Gladstone on his firmness in refusing to endorse the sentence. Would he have had the same courage in England?

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We cannot refrain from adding here a strong recommendation to all the political readers of THE NEW AGE to obtain a copy of "The Party System," by Messrs. Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton. (Swift, 3s. 6d.) From many points of view it is by far the most important political work of the present day, and is absolutely indispensable to students who desire to understand the machinery of modern politics. Our review will appear next week.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Two matters of international concern have been steadily pressing their claims to be heard during the last few months, and it is now time that they were mentioned here. The first is the growing tension between Austria and Italy, and the second is the equally acute tension between Russia and China, due to a variety of causes which, taken together, look formidable.

For generations Italy was under the yoke of Austria until, by a supreme effort, she managed to wrench herself free. The past has never been forgotten by either side: Austria smarts because she has lost a valuable possession; Italy because a certain portion of her rightful heritage still remains in the power of the uncivilised Teutons—"unredeemed Italy," Italia Irredenta.

It was apparently Crispi's belief that, by joining the Triple Alliance, Italy would secure a certain respite during which she might remain at peace with Austria and renew the energies that had become exhausted in

throwing off her yoke. Bismarck, who wanted peace between Italy and Austria for a few years at least, in order that Germany might not be drawn into further complications, welcomed the plan, and Austria was forced to agree to it. The plan, indeed, was a fairly ingenious one, and to some extent it succeeded. For a few decades Italy and Austria have glared at one another across the Adriatic, but they have remained at peace. The common army of Austria and Hungary, it may be worth while reminding the reader, numbers about 350,000 men (peace strength), and that of Italy 275,000 men; but it is not the army that enters so much into the question.

For several years past Italy has spent at least three times as much as Austria on her army, and at the present moment she has undoubtedly a better fleet than her esteemed friend and ally. In point of ships and their up-to-dateness or otherwise the countries may perhaps be regarded as almost equal, Italy having a slight advantage. In efficiency, however, the Italians are as superior to the Austrians as the French army is now superior to the German. It is a rather curious coincidence that about forty years or so ago two Teutonic nations subdued two Latin nations, and that the two Latin nations should have made such a marvellous recovery. Austria's naval victory over the Italians at Lissa in 1866 was not more decisive than the German victory over the French at Sedan in 1870. To-day the superiority of the French army over the German in point of efficiency is not more decisive than the superiority of the Italian navy over the Austrian navy. The Italian crews possess more "vim," if I may use the Americanism, skill, and daring, and there are three times as many sailors connected with the Italian navy as with the Austrian navy.

It is true that some excitement and no little alarm has recently been caused in Austria when, at recent meetings of the Delegations, the Government called for largely increased naval and military expenditure, partly because Austria wishes to outstrip Italy on the water, and partly because Germany hopes in this way to bring a certain number of British vessels (more particularly Dreadnoughts) from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. I am in a position to state, however, that the naval advisers to the Cabinet here have no intention at present of recommending an increase in the British Mediterranean squadron. France is expected to do all that is necessary in this respect; and the French naval programme has already been announced in the Press. This is the tacit agreement between us and France at the present time; when circumstances render it necessary it will become more than merely tacit.

Two or three of my friends, whom I regard as fairly representative of readers of this paper, have stated that I should give some explanation of the dislike entertained by the individualistic Oriental for representative institutions, more particularly the Arabs. Dislike is hardly the word I should have used in this connection; for the Oriental looks upon such institutions with mingled contempt and indignation. The explanation is briefly this, so far as my varied travels and political experience have enabled me to form an opinion.

It is the essence of representative institutions that laws passed by them for the benefit or in behalf of those whom they are expected to represent should be obeyed, and that there should be the power and the will to enforce this obedience. Among the phlegmatic Englishmen of the last two centuries this essential condition has always been in evidence. Representatives have been elected, laws have been passed, and the minority, no matter how large, has always come into line with the majority and obeyed these laws. Even the "passive resisters," as the very name they adopted implies, did not carry on an active resistance against an Education Bill which they disliked—they always insisted that they would get what they wanted by strictly constitutional means: in other words, that they would be willing to wait for the time, no matter how long, when they could elect members to the House of Commons who would be of their way of thinking.

Now, not only is this attitude impossible outside of

Europe (apart from the British colonies); it is impossible outside of Teutonic or Scandinavian countries. The phlegmatic Dutchman, the phlegmatic Scandinavian, would act, generally speaking, in the same way as the equally phlegmatic and law-abiding Englishman.

The case is different with more individualistic countries—countries which, like China, France, India, and Italy, were civilised centuries before our own. Representative institutions—I am now making a statement which has been and will be supported by all competent observers—are not nearly so well suited to nations of a less phlegmatic and obedient disposition, e.g., the French, the Spanish, or the Italians. The contempt felt in France particularly for politicians is a by-word. The reason is, of course, that the Latin races do not look upon representative institutions as the be-all and end-all of politics. They look upon them, on the contrary, as mere temporary expedients, something which is better than nothing; and they clearly recognise, which the British people must also do in time, that they are by no means suited to Eastern races.

Since this is the view held of representative institutions in the Latin countries, however, it may well be imagined that races like the Arabs regard them with the most profound contempt. It is impossible for one individualist to be "represented" by another; out of the question. Each Arab tribe has been accustomed for innumerable generations to make its own laws, and they think the Koran sufficient for all practical purposes. They regard the election of Deputies as a joke, an impious occidental custom; and one of their main grievances—in fact, their chief grievance—against the new Turkish régime is that Christians are permitted to share this joke with Mohammedans.

The law-abiding Englishman, aware of the honourable characteristics of his nation, and looking upon himself as the noble type of a proud people, is always inclined to ascribe most of his good qualities to Christianity and his religious training. It never occurs to him that Mohammedans or Hindoos can be better (in a religious sense) than he is; and yet he must be prepared to face the fact that there are places in Europe and Asia where the humble Christian, far from being honoured and revered, is looked upon as a lying cheat, a knave, and an out-and-out swindler. This is the case, nevertheless, throughout the Turkish Empire. The Christian is in the minority—though a fairly large minority—he has been conquered by a superior race, and, in these parts at all events, he had no intellectual advantages to counterbalance his physical weaknesses, consequently he had to develop the usual vices of inferior races, among which low cunning and lying are the most prominent. Thus the Copts in Egypt, thus the Armenians, thus the Greeks in Macedonia; thus, in fact, the numerous Christian sects scattered between Albania and the Yemen.

Yet—in the Arab view—the new Turkish Administration, seduced by some strange Western notions of equality, has decreed that these lying Christian dogs, these weak and despised slaves, shall be deemed equal at the polling-booths to the noble and truth-telling followers of Allah and his Prophet Mohammed! Perish the thought! By the sacred beard of the Prophet, these things shall not be! What manner of talk must the patient walls of these places called parliaments have to stand if even these dogs of Christians are allowed to speak there! And where did this grotesque plan of sending speakers to some central locality originate? Oh, among the Christians, in England, where the people are the strictest Christians in the world, and regard even their Christian neighbours on the Continent as partly heathen because they have concerts on Sundays and do not necessarily insist that their statesmen shall be eunuchs. So the Faithful make up their minds that the rot must stop. Hence the Yemen rebellion. Religion it is, and not mere economics, which has induced the Arabs to take up arms.

The Chinese trouble I have referred to may be gone into more fully on another occasion. In the meantime it has cut short the tour of the German Crown Prince in the East, for his Imperial Highness is returning

promptly, not because of the plague in Manchuria, but because the grave tension which has existed between Russia and China for several months may possibly come to a head soon and result in "unpleasant incidents." It was not thought advisable that the German heir-apparent should be in China at such a juncture, and hence the hurried and unexpected decision to bring him back.

Aristocracy and Culture.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

Translated with acknowledgments from the "Figaro" of Jan. 25).

THE probable effects of the recent electoral campaign in England have been discussed a great deal, and will continue for a long time to be discussed. More or less radical changes in the constitution of the House of Lords appear now to be inevitable; and the question is to what extent these changes will disturb the equilibrium of the English Constitution. Under the pretext of reforming the hereditary Chamber attempts will be made to weaken it in the interests of the elected Chamber, thereby reducing the political influence of the wealthy classes. What will be the effect of this democratisation of Parliamentary institutions in the country of all Europe in which the aristocracy of rank and wealth has hitherto preserved its greatest influence? Far-reaching disasters appear probable to many observers, and even the approach of a revolution has been spoken of.

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The future is a mystery full of surprises; nobody can profess to know it; and the most absurd predictions are sometimes realised. For this reason it would be useless, and particularly for an historian, to comment upon these opinions. There is nevertheless in the field of contemporary events a more modest task in which an historian may sometimes be able to assist the man of affairs: the endeavour to know, with the greatest possible precision, all the factors in a given situation. It is possible, for example, that in all these discussions there has not been taken into sufficient account one difference between English society and Continental societies which may have the effect in England of robbing the democratisation of her institutions of a part of its importance. I refer to the difference in their systems of education. What may be called liberal culture—literary, scientific, philosophic—is still in England the monopoly of a small minority belonging to the upper classes; the middle classes are almost entirely shut out from it.

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It is usual on the Continent to admire the cheapness of living in England. Statistics are collected of the prices of meat, bread, butter, sugar and potatoes in London and Paris, for example. They are compared, and certain conclusions are drawn. Unfortunately, those who use statistics in this way forget that man to-day, even less than men of ancient times, does not live by bread alone. These statistics prove at most that the poorest classes manage to live a little more easily in England than on the Continent. But when one passes to the classes above them, other elements come into play to make comparisons difficult or fallacious. The cost of education, for instance, involves an unmistakable social inferiority for the English middle classes in comparison with those of the Continent. On the Continent, thanks to our system of public schools, the middle classes can with some sacrifice give their most intelligent children a high professional or cultural education. In England they are much worse off from this point of view. The elementary schools are free only for the poor. A system of secondary education such as is represented on the Continent by the lycées does not exist there. Its place is taken by a great number of different schools, public and private, nearly all horribly dear. The preparation for liberal professions is likewise very expensive. The universities are accessible only to the very wealthy.

The praises are often sung on the Continent of the practical spirit of the English middle classes, who, after having given a summary education to their children, send them off while they are still young to begin their career in commerce, manufacture, or banking. But this course is dictated far less by sagacity than by the economic impossibility of doing anything else. I am not comparing the two systems, the English and the Continental, in order to decide which is the better. I am simply stating the differences. And I believe that the middle classes on the Continent, who often profess to admire England, would find themselves very badly off under the English system if ever they experienced it. Among my university companions, for example, there were many who found modest situations in England. While they were mere youths, England was for all of them the finest country in the world. Their enthusiasm began to decline when they got married and had to provide for the expenses of a household. There was a further cooling when, having had children, they discovered what it costs a family in England to have a child sick. When the time came for sending the children to school, they packed up their baggage and came back to the Continent.

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This difficulty among the middle classes of acquiring a high literary, scientific, and philosophical culture has far more important political consequences than is ordinarily supposed. A Parliamentary system connotes the reign of the lettered, of lawyers and of thinkers. The qualities which assure success under this system are less active qualities than intellectual qualities: eloquence, the literary talent, legal and historical knowledge, the dialectical mind. Absolute monarchies have had great Ministers who wrote badly and could not speak in public at all; but in a Parliamentary system such a thing would be impossible. The class which controls Parliamentary government must possess the literary, juridical and philosophical education necessary to speak well, to write well, and to simplify the most complicated controversies or to complicate the most simple according to the interests and exigencies of the party and the moment. It is this that explains why the English aristocracy so carefully preserved the literary education of its members, even throughout the periods when culture was less valued than it is to-day. It preserved it as one of the requirements of the political system which was its instrument.

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It is therefore evident that until the time comes that the English middle classes are able to provide a considerable number of persons possessing high culture, power will remain of necessity in the hands of the oligarchy which has exercised it up to the present. The two parties of which this oligarchy is composed will know very well how to avail themselves of this power in order to conduct politics more or less democratically according to circumstances—they may now and then make a Minister of an artisan to satisfy the masses cheaply; but since the controlling class remains the same, it is difficult to imagine how any very profound political effects can be produced, beyond those which occur in the nature of things to all States alike, even to the most conservative.

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It is therefore possible that reforms which should give to England a system of secondary and higher schools, inexpensive and analogous to the Continental system, would have an importance for the political future of England at least equal to that of all the reforms of the House of Lords that could be proposed. Such reforms might really prepare among the middle classes a new oligarchy having the same culture as the ruling oligarchy, but having a different social origin and different interests, and which might seriously dispute its power with it. The Socialist movement among the working classes represents for the present governing classes only a secondary and relatively unimportant danger in comparison with this new oligarchy which will be formed in the middle classes if the Parliamentary system continues. In these Governments of lawyers, writers, and orators the working classes will only

supply the electoral majorities, choosing their representatives from a more lettered class than themselves. The intellectual character of Parliamentary government is a formidable defence against the attempts to capture the modern State which the working classes hope to do with the aid of universal suffrage. This perhaps explains the anti-Parliamentary character which the political working class movement is beginning to assume in many countries.

* * *

In short, what characterises the politics of almost every country of our civilisation at this moment is the rivalry, more or less intense, between the aristocracy and gentry on the one side, and on the other the middle classes, who everywhere are organising themselves, acquiring political consciousness and attempting to capture the State. The Socialist movement has played an important part in this only when it has allied itself with the middle class party against that of the aristocracy and gentry. Where it has failed to make this alliance it has not less distinguished itself by the perfection and power than by the complete uselessness of its formidable organisation. Now, in this struggle, the upper classes of England have, in their monopoly of high culture, the same defence against the middle classes as the Continental middle and upper classes have jointly against the working classes.

Labour's Lost Friend.

By T. H. S. Escott.

"THE sort of man who will die a Conservative peer." So, meeting him in society for the first time during his last year's goings-out in London, said Lord Beaconsfield about the departed member whom, on the opening day at Westminster, Mr. Asquith coupled with Mr. Butcher in a graceful and universally approved allusion. Into that inaccuracy of estimate, Disraeli may have been betrayed by his ready acceptance of such personal opinions as happened to be current in the fashionable world; for his words, first uttered at a Belgravian dinner table, merely echoed the idea then general that, of the two men so often at that time compared, the member for Chelsea would gravitate more and more in a Conservative direction, and leave his friend and Parliamentary colleague, the member for the Midland capital, to the unassisted championship of democratic rights. Even Mr. Gladstone had reckoned with such a contingency. Not only about himself, however, but concerning his Birmingham ally too, Sir Charles Dilke knew better. So, for that matter, did the typical country squire, Charles Newdegate, then, as his ancestors in unbroken succession for centuries had done, representing his native county Warwick. This gentleman used playfully to claim Mr. Chamberlain as his Parliamentary colleague, because some outlying districts of the hardware metropolis projected themselves into his own rural constituency. When, therefore, he heard of the Disraelian forecast already quoted, he at once said in his half shy, half serious way: "He is wrong; of the two, the man whom the Liberals will shed is Chamberlain, at heart essentially an Imperialist of the modern kind, not Dilke, who is very much a chip of the block out of which they hewed Pym, Eliot once, and in our own day Bright."

There were two specific facts on which Newdegate based his dissent from the anticipations then prevailing about the two men. He had known Mr. Chamberlain all his life, had heard him open his oratorical career with a speech at a Birmingham debating society denunciatory of Cromwell, and panegyric upon the Stuarts generally and the first Charles in particular. Secondly, many years later Newdegate had happened to be present at the luncheon given to the Prince and Princess of Wales by Mr. Chamberlain as Mayor.

Certain echoes of vague and meaningless murmurings against the institution of royalty had lately been heard in Mr. Chamberlain's own city. With those disloyal sounds some thought the Birmingham Mayor might be disposed to sympathise. I, said Newdegate, did not fall into that mistake; by his authenticated descent from a Cavalier stock of the border counties, as well as by his own temperament, nature intended Joseph Chamberlain for a Royalist and a Tory. One, he continued, could almost see that in the air of well-bred grace and dignity with which he gave his arm to the Princess to the luncheon table. "Believe me," he always concluded this, his favourite reminiscence, "never was there a prettier sight, or one more creditable to all concerned." About the same time, Newdegate's notions were being confirmed by the foreign diplomatist then stationed in London who exclaimed: "Chamberlain a Radical! Say, rather, that he may once, for about ten minutes, have threatened to show himself *un republicain autoritaire*."

The statesmen most suited to the British genius, the safest, the least liable to mistakes or the necessity of retracing their steps, men, in a word, like Peel, Palmerston, and Bright, include in their best attributes a certain dash of mediocrity. In that possession Sir Charles Dilke had the good fortune to appear not without some share. None of his contemporaries from the first combined more of level-headedness and knowledge. The line which he made his own at the Cambridge Union he continued to the close of his life. He seldom or never had occasion to go back upon himself. What is called the Republican escapade into which, with Mr. Auberon Herbert, circumstances drew him in 1870, amounted to nothing more than the suggestion of inquiry into the Civil List. It committed him to no principles whatever, did not even at the time bring him into contact with the extremists. The head of the family line to which he belonged was Dilke of Maxstoke; to that ancient Midland house he felt a quiet, or, rather, a silent, pride in belonging. The men who founded English Parliamentary government in the seventeenth century, like Hampden and Vane, by no means great territorialists, were country gentlemen of the second order. With these Dilke could claim a political and moral if not an historic technical continuity.

"A party of two" was the name given to the twin pillars of Radicalism in the eighties. That they really were, always co-operating harmoniously, but each differing at essential points from the other. The consciousness of that distinction prompted Dilke's happy observation that his colleague united in himself all the English love of power with the English dislike of knocking under to any, and the determination not to take it lying down if he had to take it at all. Hence, as his friend had always foreseen, when our system of free exchange, to him, looked like placing us at a disadvantage with the rest of the world, Mr. Chamberlain's back was up, and tariff reform was the sword he seized as best suited to his hand.

The great Sir Robert Peel was brought up by his father, the first of that style, to be prime minister. Not so much a politician, still less a partisan, but a Parliamentary man in the fullest and best sense of the old-fashioned phrase, was what from boyhood Charles Dilke deliberately trained himself to be. "Industry, liberty, religion," in one of his finest speeches were said by Disraeli to form the three-fold foundation of English character and welfare. Liberty and industry were the two principles which sounded the keynote of Dilke's career, and to which he dedicated himself from the day that, after taking his degree, he became the first English public man, anticipating by some years Lord Hartington, to include the United States, not to mention every part of our own overseas dominions, in the "grand tour" without which no political education has come to be considered complete. Robert Lowe, who died Lord Sherbrooke, once referred to him as a demagogue. No man could possibly be more exactly the opposite. No speech or vote of his ever originated in a thought of currying popular favour. He was, if anything, too didactic, too professorial, too much aloof.

In his old borough of Chelsea, he made innumerable speeches, that were never reported, not to influence but instruct industrial opinion. On these occasions something like the inquiry room of religious meetings became by insensible degrees an institution. Some of the things brought by him out of his extraordinary treasure-house of a knowledge as world-wide as it was accurate, might, he thought, require explanation, or suggest difficulties. The way in which he dealt with these matters formed in itself a little course of political education. Nothing of the sort had been known since David Urquhart, in the first half of the Victorian age, opened his lecture halls and classrooms throughout the world for counter-working Palmerston, and for teaching artisans the true inwardness of the Eastern Question. Just as the nineteenth century was entering upon its last quarter, Sir Charles Dilke, at his Sloan Street house, entertained some political and literary friends to introduce Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then comparatively new, to the House of Commons. The most representative of those then present, the late Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Drummond Wolfe, and the then editor of the "Daily News," as they walked home together, forecast their host's future. As Mr. Chamberlain dropped behind, one of the little group mentioned having passed the evening with two possible Liberal premiers in the near future. "Possible," exclaimed Sir Robert Peel in his grand voice and impetuous way; "it is an absolute certainty, before twenty years are over, they will both have been in the place where Gladstone is to-day." There has not been in our day a party leader so unanimously recognised for a first class man, as well as one of matchless knowledge and wisdom, as the friend whose loss will be felt by labour, in every part and class of its system throughout the world. The housing of the poor had brought Lord Salisbury and Sir Charles Dilke together on the same Commission at the time that he said farewell to official life. His exertions for the classes that trusted him more than they did any other public man did not, however, now end. The last few years of his life were occupied with contributions to overlooked points in factory reform, and by promoting the Trades Board Act.

The Censorship of Letters.

By Allen Upward.

I REGRET to see that the suppression of Herr Sudermann's "Song of Songs" has brought a repetition of the complaints by which English writers mark their want of fairness and courage in facing such questions.

The blame for the suppression is cast on the police, who are no more responsible for it than the weather-cock is responsible for the weather. The police are neither rulers nor legislators nor judges; they are strictly ministerial officers, acting under the directions of the Home Secretary, who has no more discretion in the matter than they have.

The "Song of Songs" and similar works are suppressed by the law of the land, which Mr. Winston Churchill and the police are bound by their office to administer without fear or favour. The law on this subject is no obsolete relic of mediæval tyranny. It is the result of modern statutes, of which the most recent was passed in 1876, forbidding the importation of obscene books. It is a law passed by the representatives of the people, and entirely supported by public opinion, as may easily be demonstrated. Mr. H. G. Wells, as an individual, may not sympathise with this particular law, but as a magistrate, sitting on the Folkestone bench, he is as much obliged to enforce it as if he were a retired colonel. It would be his duty to suppress "The New Machiavelli," if that work were objected to by the local Baptist minister.

The law is the expression of public opinion, not

literary opinion, and must be interpreted accordingly. The word *obscene* means unlucky, a discovery which has so much surprised the Rev. W. W. Skeat that he pronounces its etymology doubtful. [Literally, "on the left hand." Professor Skeat has overlooked the curious parallelism by which an irregular marriage is said to be "left-handed."] An obscene book, therefore, is one which, in the opinion of the British public, may offend the Elohim, and draw down their wrath upon this country. Had Herr Sudermann's book been permitted to circulate, some national calamity might have followed. It is Coronation year, and we cannot be too careful.

A secondary meaning of obscene is repulsive. Poe employs the phrase "rectangular obscenities" to express his dislike for "exact" science. In this sense many popular advertisements are obscene to the feeling of gentlemen. I am inclined to think that some of the very people who complain of the censorship of books and plays have from time to time demanded a censorship of hoardings. To gratify their own eccentric taste they would tyrannously rob the British public of its bloated baby, its lady with long hair down her back, and its red-nosed humorous artist. Let us be consistent.

Equal unfairness and cowardice are shown in the perpetual attacks made on the Licensor of Plays. Mr. Redford—if I rightly recollect his name—has not been appointed to his responsible position on account of his dramatic critical taste. On the contrary, I have no doubt that the unknown person in the Victorian age who selected him, had deliberately marked him as one in whom æsthetic sensibility was *not* likely to overpower the moral judgment. His duty is to interpret faithfully, and to enforce, the moral sentiment of the large and respectable public that takes in the "Daily Telegraph." The quarrel of the playwrights is with that public. If they have not courage to attack the master, it is not very brave to attack the man. There is no worse ill-breeding than to scold the waiter for the faults of the innkeeper.

Not less idle and unjust are the similar murmurs against the libraries. Messrs. Mudie are not, and do not claim to be, philanthropists, or altruists, or martyrs in the cause of unlicensed printing. They are sensible tradesmen, serving a vast public, and attentive to its wants and wishes.

During the last generation the most influential arbiter of English literature was a dear old Wesleyan who held the post of manager in Messrs. Smith and Son's book department. When I started an office in Fleet Street to publish my own works, I remember going to interview him. At first I found him hostile. He said: "We never take books published by authors." I promptly retorted: "Oh, but I'm not Allen Upward, I'm the Orient Press," on which he relented, and agreed to stock my publications. It is generally understood that the late W. H. Smith owed his success in business very largely to his boycott of obscene books. What can be more absurd than to ask a tradesman to injure himself to please a few men of genius?

The censorship of the public itself is far more severe than that of the police. The "Free" Libraries are directly controlled by the elected representatives of the people. When I was living in Cardiff the novels of Miss Braddon were on the Index Expurgatorius, and I feebly vindicated her by pointing out in the local Press that the committee, chiefly composed of ministers of religion, had equally failed to provide the library with a copy of the Bible. I trust that the omission has since been supplied.

Scolding is no remedy. Those who feel aggrieved by the laws of this country have three well-tried remedies before them, emigration, organisation and violence, any one of which would be better than grumbling.

The first remedy was that chosen by the Pilgrim Fathers, who went forth and set up a state of their own in which they could burn witches, hang Quakers, stone women taken in adultery, and worship their God in their own way. I gather from the advertisements

in the sporting Press that two individualists whose names are Topping and Spindler have similarly emigrated to Holland in order that they may indulge their benevolent desire to teach men how to win money on horse races. It is open to obscene writers to follow their example. There are still oases left in Sahara, and islands in the Pacific, where there are no restrictions. But they must make haste, because altruists like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Kipling have evidently made up their minds to extend the blessings of Anglo-Saxon culture to all other peoples of the earth, with or without their consent.

If the friends of obscenity are also altruists, and their object is not so much to write obscene books as to force the British public to read them, then there remains the alternative course of altering the law by means of persuasion or organised agitation.

I do not recommend persuasion. The teetotalers have abandoned it in despair, and so have the suffragettes. Reasoning is not much use with the British public. There is a very good little pamphlet already in existence, called "Areopagitica," which puts the case on behalf of a free press about as well as it can be put, but it fell flat, and has remained without influence. A writer named Mill in the last century wrote a very good pamphlet in favour of liberty, with equally poor results. By liberty the British public understands liberty to stay as it is. "We do not want the laws of England to be changed," was the memorable declaration of the first Parliament.

If you want to do good to the people of England you must resort to organisation and violence.

It is regrettable, though not surprising, that the most intellectual of callings should show less intelligence, where its own interests are concerned, than the least intellectual. The Authors' Society is the worst trade union in the world. It seems to have no ideas beyond nagging at publishers, and trying to raise authorship to the level of a recognised profession, a little below the dentist's. It is a pity that some capable agitator like Mr. Ben Tillett cannot be induced to come to our aid. If only Mr. Frank Bullen could interest Mr. Havelock Wilson in our cause, I have no doubt he would do as much for us as he has done for the sailors and firemen. I was much struck a few years ago by the publication in the "Daily News" of the terms, as regards hours of work, pay and pensions, which had been rejected by its printing staff. Unless I am greatly mistaken, they would have been jumped at by its reporting staff. But the Institute of Journalists is even less of a trade union than the Authors' Society. It is a happy family, in which the cats lie down with the mice.

A strong Writers' Union would certainly improve the economical position of writers, and it *could* assert the liberty of the Press. But whether it *would* do so is doubtful, because it is doubtful whether the average morality of writers differs much from that of the public. I have always considered that British literature was admirably represented at Madame Tussaud's, where there used long to be a group of three representative authors, penning their immortal works in a row of bathing-machine-like compartments. The glorious Three were Lord Tennyson, Mr. G. R. Sims, and the late George Augustus Sala—a truly felicitous selection. I am not sure that any of these gentlemen would have cared to lead the way in a crusade on behalf of obscene books.

By far the most effective way of changing the law in this country is to break it. The English character is wonderfully illustrated in the ballads of Robin Hood, who never enlisted anyone in his band till they had first knocked him down. Recent foreign critics, one French and one Japanese, have agreed that this is the true secret of winning the respect of the English public. You must rob it, insult it, and dragoon it. Then it will believe that you are a person who counts. The liberty of the political Press was won by men who faced prosecution for their principles. When Mrs. Besant and the late Charles Bradlaugh wished to publish an obscene book that they thought it for the benefit of mankind to publish, they did so, and faced the consequences. The friends of obscenity should put up, or shut up.

The Symposium on Woman Suffrage: A Reply.

By Emmeline Pethick Lawrence.

IN the symposium which you published in THE NEW AGE last week on the subject of woman suffrage the "Ayes" have it so overwhelmingly on the main issue, and the arguments of those opposed to woman suffrage are so completely refuted by those who support it that nothing remains to be added.

With regard to the present use of militant methods there is more difference of opinion. I notice that of those who disapprove them are two distinct classes. Class A think that militant methods did good at first, but are a mistake to-day. Class B think they have failed all along.

I should like to put a searching question to members of class A: When militant methods were originated, and again later during the second and third years of their use, did they think they were succeeding at the time? I submit that they did not. Then why have they changed their minds now? The only answer is that the logic of events has convinced them. We are quite content to leave the same thing to happen again, for we are getting accustomed to this class of objector. Ever since the militant movement began he has approved of the previous stage, while disapproving of the step actually being taken. He will probably go on disapproving to the end, changing his mind on each event as it lapses from current events into past history.

Class B consists of those who can never see anything coming until it hits them full in the face. They will go on saying that the militant methods have put the cause back until the day when the vote is actually won. To the logic of all other events they are absolutely blind. They see nothing in a comparison between the live practical issue which woman suffrage presents to-day, and the dead, jeered-at fad of six years ago. They do not contrast the serious debate on the Conciliation Bill last year with the disgusting exhibition which the House of Commons used to give of its views about "the ladies" a short time back. They do not care that in the last two years one militant society alone has raised £60,000 and established on a paying basis a paper with a 30,000 circulation. All they see is that to-day there are to be found people who talk against women having the vote, whereas years gone by people did not talk about it at all, and they forget the people do not trouble to oppose that which they think is quite certain not to happen.

The only alternative supposition is that they see the progress of the last few years and attribute it to some other cause; yet the adoption of militant methods is the one factor in the situation which has changed.

When asked for any alternative to the methods of militancy neither members of class A nor those of class B have any new suggestion to make. Almost with one voice they fall back on the advice to women to employ educational methods similar to those employed by other political bodies. This is just what the woman suffrage societies have done all along and what the Women's Social and Political Union is doing to-day on a scale far greater than ever. (The fact that this union held last year some 20,000 meetings, including three in the Albert Hall, is probably unknown to most of our critics, who are content to take their facts from the daily Press.) But the action of politicians in 1884 showed that educational methods alone would not win the day; and, as a matter of fact, from 1884 to 1905 woman suffrage receded from a position of importance to one of insignificance. A similar fate would befall it to-day if militant methods were renounced; not because of the loss of advertisement, but because a wrong step would have been taken, the only weapon which the voteless have in their armoury would have been thrown away, and they would be given over defenceless to their opponents.

The Path to Democracy.

By Cecil Chesterton.

V.—How Democracy would Work.

IN preceding articles I have discussed the means by which democracy may be achieved. Let us now glance for a moment at what a really democratic government might be like.

But first let me disclaim the gift of prophecy. Not only do I not know just how democracy would work, but I do not even know whether or not it will come at all. I am no believer in the theory of a mysterious and inevitable "Progress" outside the operation of the human will. I think it, on the whole, the silliest superstition that ever prevailed among men. I do not believe that the mere efflux of time is going to make us democrats without any effort on our part, any more than I believe that "economic laws" are going to produce Socialism without such an effort. I can see that neither our political nor our economic system can remain for long in their present state of unstable equilibrium. There will be changes; but unless they are changes produced by a vigorous exertion of the popular will, they will be (like all changes produced by the mere drift of things) changes for the worse. It seems certainly much the most likely event that the present muddle will end economically in the definite and regularised enslavement of the workers, and politically in the establishment of a frank plutocracy—Parliament probably surviving as *Heralds' College* now survives as a picturesque reminder of the past—that that it will end in Social Democracy.

I therefore want to make it clear that what I am about to say represents not what I think most likely to happen, but what I want to happen and intend, to the best of my limited powers, to *make* happen.

When I have said that I desire more "independence" on the part of members, I have always, of course, meant independence of the Machine. In one sense I want a great deal more dependence. I want the member to be much more independent of the Party Whips and much more dependent upon his constituents. He is merely their organ. His business is simply to do what they tell him to do.

How, under a system free from the disease of Party, would a representative of the people be selected?

Well, how would any ordinary group of men select a person to represent them—say, in some business transaction. They would choose from among themselves the man who seemed on the whole best fitted for the job, and they would give him precise instructions as to what he was to do. Some points it might be necessary to leave to his discretion. In that case he would have to answer to his constituents for the use he made of that discretion when the time came for asking for a renewal of their trust.

So I conceive it would be under a truly democratic system of representation. There would be no two stereotyped candidates. Sometimes there would be no contest; the successful candidate would be elected by acclamation. In others there might be seven or eight candidates—some system, either of proportional representation or of the preferential ballot, enabling voters to make a second choice. The "programme" would be imposed by the electors on the candidate, not by the Front Benches on the candidate and by the candidate on the constituency. Where a real issue arose which divided the people, there would be nothing for it but to vote on it and to let the will of the majority prevail. The Referendum and the Initiative would keep continually in check "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," and would periodically show whether the representative was or was not faithfully representing his constituents.

It may be convenient here to refer to the objection raised more than once in the editorial columns of *THE NEW AGE* that able and self-respecting men would not accept such conditions. I suppose it must be some defect either in ability or in self-respect on my part, but I do not understand this point of view at all. I will suppose myself a member of Parliament. In the main (we will assume) I have carried out accurately the mandate given me, and voted as my constituents told me to vote. But some unexpected question arises upon which I cannot know for certain what their views may be. Well, I decide to the best of my ability what I think those views are likely to be, and vote accordingly. A Referendum takes place and the event proves that I am wrong; my constituents vote in the opposite sense. Well, this will probably be somewhat mortifying to me in that it will show that I have failed to judge the trend of my constituents' opinions correctly. Such mortification is the proper and natural punishment of my mistake, and will lead me to be more careful in future. But if the mistake was an honest one and if I am an honest democrat, I shall be glad, at least, that my mistake was corrected in time and led to no practical injustice, just as an honest cashier will be glad that a mistake in his ledger is spotted before it upsets all the accounts.

Now, granting such methods of election, what would be the character of the elected assembly?

Nothing is commoner in the mouths of defenders of the Party system—whether honest dupes or interested parasites—than the question: "What is your alternative?" or "What would you put in its place?" Such questions are absurd. If I proposed to abolish an institution—say the House of Commons—it would be fair enough to answer: "Yes, but, after all, this institution is at the moment discharging certain functions which somebody must discharge. What do you propose to put in its place?" But the Party System is not an institution; it is a disease. When a doctor proposes to cut out a cancer you do not ask what he will put in its place. He cuts it out and hopes that healthy flesh will grow in its place. You do not ask him for his "alternative." The alternative to having cancer is simply not having cancer.

If you once get rid of the Party System with all that it involves—the muzzling of the people's delegates, the supremacy and tyranny of the Front Benches, the co-option of Ministers, the corruption of placemen—what you will have will be a free deliberative assembly responsible to peoples.

There will be no two arbitrary "parties"—perhaps no parties at all in our sense of the word. Doubtless there will be men who generally agree with each other, whose constituents have given them somewhat similar mandates. Such men will naturally be found voting together, and often consulting and acting together. But such groups will be more or less temporary and fluid. Men who were in the same lobby in one division will go into opposite lobbies in the next.

To such an assembly the Executive would be responsible. Probably the best way of securing such responsibility would be some such scheme of Committees as Mr. Jowett has suggested. The House would have the power to turn out the Executive, but it would not follow that any single defeat would have this result. It ought to be possible to turn out a particular Minister without turning out all his colleagues. It ought to be possible to defeat a Minister on a particular measure without necessarily insisting on his resignation. Above all it ought to be possible for the House to vote freely without the fear of provoking a premature general election. The assembly should be elected for a short fixed period and should always sit for that period. If anyone says that such methods of procedure are impossible, I can only answer that they are the ordinary conditions under which local affairs are decided by municipal bodies throughout the country.

I have outlined a democratic form of government—as it might be. In my concluding article I will speak of some of the dangers against which such a democratic government would have to guard.

Unedited Opinions.

XII.—Mr. Churchill and Crime.

WHAT is the explanation of your animus against Mr. Churchill?

Does it amount to animus? I'm sorry. But I have several grounds for criticising him more severely than other politicians. Naturally I object to all politicians for the simple reason that they are neither plain, straightforward men, nor are they expert sociologists. They are a wretched hybrid. And one of the penalties we pay for tolerating such harumfrodites and allowing ourselves to be ruled by them instead of insisting on being directed by sociologists or let alone by plain men is that our most delicate tasks of administration are horribly bungled.

And what do you suggest is the most delicate task?

The administration of justice, undoubtedly, or the treatment of crime. And it is precisely because this is the most delicate part of government that we must be most severe on the incompetent administrators of it.

But has Mr. Churchill proved himself less competent than his predecessors? I thought that he was a great improvement.

What I complain of is that he has led everybody to think that he is more humane and intelligent than his predecessors, whereas in actual fact he is less. Listen to him and you would think the millennium is approaching. Watch him, and you discover that he is causing it to recede.

That is a grave charge, but where are your proofs?

Proofs! I have a score, nay, a hundred, in my portfolio of cuttings. You can scarcely open a newspaper without discovering traces of the maleficence of his apparently beneficent intentions. But before giving you proofs, let me ask you: do you realise, first, the distinction between a politician and a sociologist, and, secondly, the nature of crime? I could not hope to give you proofs of any Home Secretary's incompetence until you understood these things.

Well, I am prepared to listen to your definitions.

A politician, then, in my opinion, is an administrator who is concerned only with the rule: a sociologist is concerned with the exception as well as with the rule. As a politician and a Home Secretary, for instance, Mr. Churchill positively has not the time, even if he had the mind, to enquire into exceptional cases. He must follow the rule, legislate and administer the rule, even in cases which are manifestly exceptional. And it happens, I think, that his position as Home Secretary brings him in contact with exceptions more often than with the rule. Consequently his conduct is wrong in about nine out of ten cases.

You are assuming, are you not, that crime is an exception?

Exactly. What else is it? Now can you see why a politician who follows the rule is particularly out of his element when dealing with almost nothing but exceptions?

But do the exceptions matter so much?

Ah, there we come to our conception of crime. Politically speaking, crime is, of course, an exception, and a very disagreeable exception; but the sociologist looks upon it with quite other eyes. Not that he dislikes it less, by any means, though your politician and his mob of sycophants appear to think that a writer who defends a criminal condones his crime. Shall you be shocked if I describe crime exactly as it appears to the sociologist? The phrase is really illuminative of a great truth.

I promise not to be shocked if I am illuminated.

You remember the old Hermetic axiom: *Demon est deus inversus*. Applied to crime the axiom amounts to this: Crime is the hindquarters of genius.

Yes, that is striking. And what do you deduce from it?

First, you will see at once what *interest* crime has for the sociologist. He is really therein concerned with an inverted form of genius; a terrible form, it is true, and sometimes a revolting form, but it is genius of a kind nevertheless. Again, you will understand

that in dealing with crime, the sociologist, as distinct from the mere politician, is aware, as the latter cannot be, of the delicacy of the matter he is handling. This is no case of simple humanity: it is the obverse of deity, or devilry. Thus he will not apply to it the treatment suitable for the rule, but always a very special and individual treatment designed for particular cases. It is in this respect that the politician, as I have said, makes such a mess of his job.

I have to repeat my question: What does it matter?

If by the uniform pressure of steam-roller regulations you could really suppress crime without at the same time suppressing genius, I would say it was not only no matter, but a service to man. The question is: is it possible? I am not so sure that you *can* suppress crime in this rough and ready way without endangering genius with it. If crime is, as we may say, potential genius, is not genius also potential crime? Are they not, in fact, one and the same, the difference in appearance being due to the difference of their milieu? I will not dogmatise, but I venture on one affirmation: that the test of the insight of a legislator is his treatment of crime. As he treats crime so will he treat genius.

But you would not have him apply the steam roller to both?

Of course not. Precisely not. My point is that a Government that is so obtuse and ignorant as to deal with crime by rote will be similarly obtuse and ignorant when dealing with genius. The same finesse, delicacy, sympathy, imagination, what you will, required to deal with celestially gifted people is likewise required to deal with their demoniacally possessed brethren. That, says every artist who sees a criminal mishandled by the Home Office, is the symbol of the treatment I may expect. By the way, you do not deny, I hope, that Mr. Churchill has proved himself hopelessly lacking in artistic appreciation; as, indeed, the present Cabinet has? The fact is notorious.

No, they do not seem to have done much for art or literature or music, but let me remind you, if I may, that you promised to prove Mr. Churchill's incompetence by examples.

Certainly. Well, I need not, in *THE NEW AGE* at least, refer to his confirmations of the capital sentence in cases where the evidence made public is incomplete and circumstantial. I would simply take the statistics and, what is more important, the atmosphere of criminal administration during his régime. If it were known that a strong and humane Home Secretary were in office who would watch and criticise severely any legal brutality, do you think that the whole personnel under him would not immediately begin to mind their p's and q's? After all, that is the most a Minister of any department of State can do. He cannot personally superintend all the details of his department, but he can set a standard and inspire a policy. His subordinates will be his men. What do we find? My impression is that the judges, the police, the magistrates and the juries have been more severe (as they call it) under Mr. Churchill than under any other Home Secretary. Is it that they have realised he is only a Joseph Surface who moralises and sentimentalises in public without actually *meaning* anything? The alternative is incredible, namely, that his underlings instinctively flout him. Besides, he would not permit it; he has conceit if he has not pride.

But where is your evidence that they do?

Here is a single issue of the "*Times*," quite recent, as you see: "Charles Arthur, thirty-one, labourer, was indicted [before Mr. Justice Grantham] for shooting at P.C. G. Haytread with intent to murder him or to do him grievous bodily harm. . ." Prisoner pleaded Not Guilty. He remarked during the proceedings that he had heard that Mr. Winston Churchill was going to alter things to give prisoners a better chance against the police. His record was as follows: At fourteen, sentenced to imprisonment; at sixteen, sentence of five years; at twenty-one, sentence of ten years. What sentence do you think he got now? Penal servitude for life! At the foot of the same column are the statistics

of charges heard at Clerkenwell Police Court during 1910. Of charges against juveniles there were 794 as against 370 in 1909. Juveniles sent to remand homes in 1910, 415; in 1909, 234. Sent to industrial schools in 1910, 162; in 1909, 84. Birchéd in 1910, 41; in 1909, 11! How's that for a day of Mr. Churchill's influence! No wonder the Salvation Army has offered to help him!

The Don in Arcadia.

I.—Nature.

"I AM beginning to think that town life is nothing but a sordid and tiresome farce," said my colleague Chestnuton, settling himself comfortably in my largest arm-chair.

"Indeed?" said I, politely.

He did not answer at once, but went on puffing at his cigar with that air of melancholy contentment which I have often noticed in him after a copious repast.

"It may be my poetic temperament," he added, presently. "But I feel thoroughly surfeited with the din and the dirt of men. I am sick of Fleet Street—of its metallic shrieks, its soot, its miscellaneous squalor, moral and physical, its mad hurries mostly nowhither."

I looked at him curiously.

"Yes," he resumed, after a pause, "even the sight of my own name in the headlines of the 'Daily Nuisance' has lost the power of making my heart flutter."

"You once thought that Fleet Street was the road to Fame," I remarked, with a smile.

"I still think so. But I now see that Fame means chiefly noise, and I am tired of noise. I long for the simple, quiet joys of Arcadia. My heart yearns after Nature's calm and comely face. I wish to go into solitary places, to wander among trees which await the kisses of the stars, to sleep by a dark, mysterious shore, to be at one with the green things which grow from the soil and are noiseless, to be as grass filled with, as reeds shaken by, as a wave lifted before, the Wind—this is, indeed, to know what cannot otherwise be known; to hear the dread, intimate Voice of God. All the rest is vanity and vexation of the spirit."

"My dear Chestnuton!" I began, but he silenced me with a wave of his hand which sent the ashes of his cigar flying over my shirt front.

"At night," he continued, in a low voice, "I dream of fragrant country lanes, and I seem to receive messages whispering to me, faintly and as it were from afar, of wild flowers, of pure skies, and of the clean air of the fields. In the day-time I brood on the things I dream of at night—and I miss them the more sorely for dreaming of them . . ."

"Have you long been like this, or is it a recent attack?" I asked anxiously.

"You don't understand—and I cannot blame you. You have not the poetic temperament. You don't know how to seek 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,' and—and all that sort of thing."

"No, I don't," I admitted. "I prefer to seek tongues, if I happen to want them, in our Debating Society, books in our Library, and sermons in our Chapel. The country and the trees do not teach me anything, and, as a lover of knowledge, I like men and cities better. In common with Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and other great students, I consider a street far more interesting and instructive than a field."

"Oh, Socrates and Dr. Johnson were mere townsmen—purling streams and sparkling pools held no music or message for them. They were men devoid of poetic feeling. That accounts for their attachment to cities."

"Perhaps you have heard of St. John of the Apocalypse—the poet, the seer, the dreamer?"

"Of course, I have."

"Well, then, don't you remember that, when he cast about for a symbol through which to communicate his conception of heaven to his fellow-creatures, he

could think of nothing more suitable, nothing more adequate than a city?"

"It was not a common brick and mortar city that St. John was thinking of. It was Jerusalem!"

"True—to use the very word 'Jerusalem' breathes poetry and rings with music, but you have to consider that to the Jews it was just a town like London, Manchester or Birmingham. There was nothing poetical or mystical about it."

Chestnuton frowned. I could see that my profane comparison annoyed him. Therefore I forbore to press it.

"The truth is," I said, "I find Nature inarticulate."

"There is nothing in the world more eloquent than Nature," he retorted. "Only she does not express her mind in words. She expresses it, like a woman, by her attitude towards men: for her lovers she has a passionate embrace, for her friends a warm handshake, for irresponsible strangers like yourself a formal bow across the width of the valley."

"I am content. I have not the least desire to pose as one of Nature's favourites. A man cannot serve two mistresses—Bœotia and Arcadia—at once. He must choose. I have made my choice."

"Don't you ever regret it?"

"No. Why should I regret it? Art and Literature are enough for me."

"I should think that, without a keen appreciation of Nature, even Art and Literature must lose half their significance."

"It all depends upon what you mean by significance. I will tell you how I feel about these matters. A few months ago a lady friend of mine persuaded me to accompany her to the Academy. As we walked about the rooms, she insisted on drawing my attention to a particular class of pictures by certain famous artists of to-day, evidently expecting me to go into raptures over them. I tried hard—just to please her, you know. But it wasn't a success. The masterpieces which filled her with so much enthusiasm somehow failed to move me. In one all I could see was a vast expanse of agitated water with great black clouds careering wildly over it. In another I was confronted with a glowing daub of blue mountains and green meadows. To me both seemed mere blotches of colour, limitless and meaningless—and she called me a Philistine."

"And so you are," said Chestnuton, with conviction.

"I don't think I am quite a Philistine, though I am a don," I replied, with great dignity. "Just put a lighthouse on your coast, or a sail on your sea—I do not stipulate for an ironclad, nor even for a torpedo-boat: a humble fishing yawl, a little speck of canvas gleaming on the sky-line would satisfy me. Then the whole thing might become animated, interesting—perhaps even inspiring. Precisely the same is my attitude towards your rural Arcadias. They bore me until you show me in them a windmill, a cottage, or even a smoking cottage chimney—something suggestive of human life."

"Oh, that would spoil everything. Any sign of human life is a stain upon the landscape—it is at war with the spirit of the scene—a false note in Nature's divine symphony."

"I am sorry I cannot agree with you. I do not consider human life a stain on the landscape. I consider it the one thing that gives point to the landscape. Without it the most brilliant of pictures, to me at least, are like sunbeams shining upon frozen snow."

"What does it matter about what the sunbeams shine upon? So long as I have the sunlight and the landscape, I have all I want."

"That is exactly where we differ. You seem to look upon the painter as a sort of Kodak committing to canvas anything that happens to be in front of him. I prefer the artist who takes especial trouble to record those things which have a direct human interest. I can find no such interest in lifeless Nature: that is why she bores me."

"I can! I never feel bored in the woods—by the grey stones on the hill; where the heron waits; where the plover wails. Oh, is there any comrade that is as

Nature? Does she not disclose the white secrecies which human words discolour? Books may fatigue, and friends may bore, but Nature. . . ."

"Don't you think it is time for a whisky-and-soda?" I put in, trying to stop the mist before it grew into a fog.

"Thank you," he said; and there was a rest while I poured out the drinks. But, alas! I had scarcely resumed my seat before Chestnuton resumed his rhapsody.

"Nature is always fresh and sympathetic. There is a solace—a companionship—in lifeless Nature," he said, lifting his glass to his lips.

"Of course there is," said I, resigning myself to the inevitable with the best grace I could. "The experience is as old as the human race. Primitive people feel this so keenly that they endow all natural objects—trees, mountains, springs—with the attributes of sentient beings. To this craving of the human heart for communion with kindred beings one might perhaps trace the origin of the deities with whom savages love to people the lonely wastes of wood and water. Man created his gods in order to keep him company. And that their company might be congenial, he took good care to create them in his own image."

Chestnuton seemed too shocked to contradict me, so I went on.

"The pastime is suitable enough to savages and those among ourselves who still share, in various degrees, the savage mentality—artists, women, children. But I do not happen to belong to that type. I must have outgrown the mythopoeic age, for I lack the faculty of turning inanimate stocks and stones into living persons. Your mountains are too remote from me—too foreign to me; and their strangeness accentuates, instead of relieving, the sense of my own loneliness. They make me long for home, and cultivation, and the speech of fellow-men. I like Hampstead Heath best on the morning after a Bank holiday, when its slopes are strewn with lemonade bottles, orange peels, bits of newspapers, and other familiar tokens of humanity."

"For a man of culture you are amazingly crude and prosaic!" exclaimed Chestnuton, at last.

"I cheerfully plead guilty to the prose. But as to being crude. . . ."

"Has Nature no fascination for you? Are you not capable of a passionate contemplation of land and water?"

"I am afraid not. Those things leave me as cold as a Greenland iceberg. Nor, to tell you the truth, can I quite believe in the rigid ecstasies of people who rave about the fascination of Nature. It may be that Nature's lonely wastes have some charm of their own; but, then, so has dreamless sleep. . . . Besides, what is that fascination? When logically examined, it turns out to be nothing more than a subjective illusion—a pretty, puerile, and utterly profitless fallacy."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that what you describe as Nature's appeal is not a thing outside yourself, but only a sensation of your own. What we feel acts upon that which we see, and that which we see reacts upon what we feel. Man is sensitive to any scenery that happens to supply a fitting background for his own moods, either by accord with them or by antagonism. In the one case he calls the scenery soothing, inspiring, fascinating, and all sorts of nice names; in the other he calls it forbidding, repellent, depressing and all sorts of nasty names. To man all things exist only in so far as he can establish some kind of relation between them and his precious little self. He is the spider in the centre of the world's web, and the web has been created chiefly in order to provide a frame for him. That is the long and the short of it."

"That is rank blasphemy!" cried my colleague, with vehemence. "Nature's appeal is something quite real to me—something objective!" then he added, in a less bellicose tone, "I know that you feel differently, but I have always found Nature a capital companion—patient, sympathetic, and responsive to all my moods; yet,

withal, undemonstrative, discreet, and respectful. When I am meditating, she does not interrupt my reverie with the impertinent ejaculation, 'A penny for your thoughts, Chestnuton.' When I gave vent to my poetic sentiments, she does not pull me up with the irritating question, 'What do you mean exactly?' When I break into laughter, she does not embarrass me by wanting to know the reason of my mirth. She seems to read my unspoken thoughts, and she tactfully adapts herself to them."

"That is very fine. It just illustrates my thesis."

Chestnuton saw that he had unawares played into my hands; but, Chestnuton-like, he would not admit his defeat. Instead, he changed his ground and began to talk, with a vague, vapoury fervour, of the "wonderful atmosphere" certain writers have the gift of creating. I had to confess that to me that wonderful atmosphere, so long as it remained only an atmosphere, is an unqualified nightmare.

"Nature is a mystery," he said, "and you are not one of the initiates."

His tone of superiority provoked me into vulgarity—I whistled. Then, recollecting myself, I said:

"There are no mysteries in this Universe, my friend. There are only problems, some of them solved, others awaiting solution. As to Nature, she is but a discoverable force and the destined slave of man. Therefore, to make Nature the framework of humanity is the highest aim of all true Art—or, if it is not, it ought to be. Look at the Greeks. Their poets never sing of brooks and trees for their own sake, but always in reference to man. Take Homer, for example. You remember the passage where he tells how Chryses, the aged priest of Apollo, having failed to ransom his daughter, departs from the Greek camp sorrowing—and he fared silently along the shore of the murmuring sea? The 'murmuring sea' is there, but subordinated to the old man who fared sorrowing along its shore. The picture is complete; but the central figure in it is man, not Nature; which, I take it, is another proof of the essential sanity of the Greek mind."

"The Greek, as everybody knows, had no appreciation for Nature: that is a platitude."

"It is not only a platitude, but also a fallacy. I grant you that the Greeks did not cultivate, as a distinct branch of æsthetics, the habit of describing natural scenery; they had no word corresponding to our nauseating 'picturesque'; in short, they were less occupied with recording the phenomena of inanimate Nature than the actions and passions of men. But that does not mean that they were wanting in sensibility to the beauties of Nature. What our immeasurable pedants call the Greek's lack of appreciation of Nature, really is a tribute to the Greek's sense of proportion."

"That may be so," said Chestnuton. "But surely the Greeks were not infallible."

"Take, then, the other nation that has influenced our development as much as the Greeks. The Hebrew Prophets and the authors of the Psalms unquestionably had a most intense feeling for Nature. But they did not express that feeling in ecstatic rhapsodies about winds and waves. Both Greeks and Jews had a clear and definite theory of things: the one regarded man as the centre of the universe, the other God. Both demonstrated their firm grasp of their respective theories in their literatures. Modern writers lose themselves on the circumference of the circle. The reason, I suppose, must be that they are not yet sufficiently civilised to have discovered a centre for themselves."

I explained all this to my colleague at considerable length, and, as I thought, not without some eloquence. Yet he remained stubbornly unconvinced.

"Then, you are not a lover of Nature, but a lover of man," he said, with a mournful shake of his curls.

"Where is the distinction?" I asked. "Is not man part of Nature? Why, then, should I limit my admiration to the most remote portions of Nature—the lifeless rocks and stocks—and ignore the part nearest to me? I don't wish to mark myself with either label. I love not Nature the less, but man more."

"I am sick of men. Beside mountains they are mean things—there is no nobility in them. They give but a

poor opinion of the Invisible Spirit that works and speaks through Nature."

"Mean as they seem to you, perhaps men are not wholly devoid of significance—if only as aspects of Nature, however poor and trivial," I said, with fine irony. "At all events, I feel more at home in their society than in the solitude of your woods and mountains."

"Who would behold aright the glory of God upon earth must in solitude behold that glory!"

"We all seek solitude now and then for relief and repose, and we are all the better for it," said I. "Solitude is a sort of medical treatment for the soul. It is one of Life's hospitals; not one of Life's schools. What healthy human being ever chose the desert for a home? Persons who have done so were either great saintly cowards fleeing from what they were pleased to call temptation, or great miscreants fleeing from justice. I am neither; but a thoroughly respectable, if undistinguished, Boeotian."

"What about the holy hermits of early Christianity?"

"I do not wish to be unkind to those holy hermits. They, no doubt, acted according to their lights. In like manner men have been known to immure themselves alive, or to commit suicide, or worse still, by prolonged self-torture to make a hell of this life in the insane hope of inheriting heaven in the next. I respect all these unfortunate maniacs as men who had the courage of their madness; but I should not care to imitate them. For such as these there must be a special paradise. The Creator owes them special reparation. But the soul that is normal and sane knows that it is not good that the man should be alone."

"You are hopelessly earthy," said Chestnuton, heaving a sigh of profound disappointment.

"Even the gods," I replied, calmly, "if all one hears about them is true, did not disdain to exchange their celestial solitude now and then for the humbler and livelier abodes of men. And I, to be perfectly frank, am no god. I am, when all is said, a very gregarious mortal with a secret, yet most real, yearning for the society of his fellow-mortals. This is a necessity of my nature. . . ."

"I should rather say it is a kind of constitutional infirmity. Oxbridge ought to have cured you of that by this time."

"I do not believe there is such a thing as complete cure for sociability, my friend. As Renan said of scepticism, 'on s'y endureit, justement par less efforts qu'on fait pour en sortir.' Once a man, always a man."

Chestnuton, having come to the end of his logic and of his whisky, betook himself to Byronic poetry:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes . . ."

he quoted.

"Even Byron," I replied, "mawkish misanthrope though he was, or pretended to be, in his heart regarded solitude as a symbol, not of life, but of death:

'Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs weep,
Then swan-like, let me sing and die.'"

"It is thus that mediocre people seek to lower great men, to diminish the immense space that lies between themselves and such," said Chestnuton, taking his departure abruptly.

Whether "great men" referred to Byron or to himself, I do not know. But I think it is almost certain that by "mediocre people" he meant myself. The remark was unnecessary. What is the use of pretending to soar above the normal limitations of your kind? The plain and humiliating truth of the matter seems to be that there is a lot of human nature even in a don. Try as earnestly as you may, grow as intellectual, as superior, as god-like as you please, you still are a sentient creature in need of some other fellow-creature to supply a bridge of sympathy between the world and yourself. For my part, I am not ashamed to confess that I prefer Chestnuton's company to that of inanimate stocks and stones.

Books and Persons in London and Paris.

By Jacob Tonson.

It is the duty, and it should be the pleasure, of everyone with enthusiasm for the spread of masterpieces to draw attention to Mr. Heinemann's recently published half-crown (net) translation of "Anna Karenin," translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett. This is a popular reissue of the rather stately edition of Tolstoi's complete fiction begun by Mr. Heinemann about ten years ago. I do not think that that edition has ever been completed. "Anna Karenin" contains 919 close pages of good paper, well printed in comely characters, and the binding is adequate. It is very much longer than Mr. de Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again," about whose length such a fuss was made, and it is as long as any other two of Mr. de Morgan's novels added together. It is the only excellent English translation of the most famous novel of modern times. It is to be followed by "War and Peace" (1,540 pages, 3s. 6d. net) and "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and other Stories" (2s. 6d. net). Here I cannot refrain from noting that, according to Mr. Maude's life of Tolstoi, Tolstoi admitted the justice of the strictures which I passed in this column on the medical impossibilities in "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch." These strictures did not arise from my own knowledge of medicine; they came from a general practitioner who is a friend of mine. It appears to be doubtful whether we shall have the rest of Tolstoi's novels and stories in this admirable edition. We must offer thanksgiving for what we have, comforting ourselves with the reflection that neither Germany nor France can show better translations of "Anna Karenin" and "War and Peace" than ours.

* * *

It is agreeable to think—it may be mean, but it is agreeable—that France, which is quite erroneously supposed by us to be the country of good translations—is always complaining of the badness of its translations. I am convinced that nearly all translations are very bad. Such French translations as I have examined, for instance, of Victorian novels, are grotesque. *Per contra*, the French translations of Kipling and Wells are wondrously good. The translation of "The Jungle Book" is nearly a miracle of ingenuity. H. G. Wells has a quite first-class translator in Henry Davray. French readers of Wells have this advantage over his English readers, that they are not exasperated by those verbal eccentricities (such as the constant suppression of the relative pronoun—as though it were an indecency and Wells the Vigilance Society) which annoy the native admirer who happens to be a purist. In the end good translations sell. In all the large bookshops of Paris you will find Wells and Kipling on the prominent shelves along with Anatole France, Renan, Loti, and the other regular best sellers.

* * *

We now have an admirable though incomplete Tolstoi in English. We also have an admirable and complete Turgenev in English (fifteen volumes at a florin each—Heinemann). We have two volumes of Tchekhov, well translated by Mr. Long (Duckworths). We have several volumes of minor but very interesting Russian writers in the Pseudonym Library (Unwin). The crying need of the day, in the translation department, is a complete and faithful Dostoevski. If we had this, and a good new translation of Gogol's "Dead Souls," we should be getting along pretty well in the matter of Russian fiction, which is the greatest fiction in the world. I do not suggest that there would be a great deal of money in a complete Dostoevski. But I do suggest that, in collaboration with a publisher in the United States, it might be done without loss, and that it ought to be done; and that it is the duty of one or other of our publishers to commission Mrs. Constance Garnett to do it. I cannot too often repeat that the finest scenes in all fiction are to be found in Dostoi-

evski's novels. We have wealthy publishers. I am told, and am quite ready to believe, that a publisher who is responsible for one or two of my own books keeps twenty gardeners. Such being the case, it is a scandal that there should exist no complete good English version of Dostoevski.

* * *

I have long wanted a modern novel written by a general practitioner from the standpoint of a general practitioner. I have no use whatever for sentimental philosophising by a fashionable physician, such as Dr. Stephen Paget's "Confessio Medici." There is more than enough of that scattered up and down Sir Arthur Pinero's plays. I mean a straightforward novel, without frills. I have now found such a novel: "Doctor Grey," by Stephen Andrew (Greening, 6s.). Mr. Andrew's work was unknown to me. He has written another book, "The Serpent and the Cross," as to which I know nothing. "Doctor Grey" is the everyday history of a young doctor from the period of his last days in a London hospital to his definite establishment in general practice in a Midland industrial town. Its matter and its point of view are intrinsically interesting, and the author's gift of narrative is naturally good. I read the book with pleasure. This is praise. It is not a great book; it is not a distinguished book; but it is a good book and an honest book. Merely as a document it is precious, and I am prepared to recommend it for perusal to readers of catholic taste. It will hold the attention. The author's feeling for the strong, rough, genuine vitality of a dirty, slatternly industrial borough—just such a borough as I intimately know myself—is really poetical, and the final chapters are the best. The fault of the book is its monotony of mood. It is too much like a billiard table and not like enough to a switchback. It lacks crises of emotion. It is too decentralised. Mr. Andrew has not yet learnt how to let himself go.

Theology.—II.

By M. B. Oxon.

THE last article may be taken as a preface or argument, wherein it was laid down for discussion: That the ancient philosophers regarded the world not only as we do, from an anthropocentric point of view, but also from what I have called a cosmocentric one,* or perhaps, in modern language, the ontogenetic one: that the acceptance of this postulate will make much theology, old and new, more comprehensible than it usually is: that it also removes many of the philosophical points of issue by showing how they may be reconciled. But it was *not* postulated that the scheme is

*[The point of view which I am calling cosmocentric is of course not really that, but it is the least anthropocentric which we can reach. Wherever the suggestions as to its contents may come from, or may have come from in the past, the criterion of their admissibility or not is whether they can be found operative in nature, that is to say, outside the mind of man, although not *only* outside his body, for if that were so they would clearly be out of his reach altogether. It is, so to speak, the mechanical view of the cosmos as a whole based on a conception of how that part of it which we can closely observe does work. The question of the validity of this "extrapolation," whether it explains the old philosophies, and whether their scheme in its turn explains the facts, will follow us all through these articles. The objection is sometimes raised that by regarding these subjects mechanically we do not make them any more true. In a sense this is so. But we avoid the danger of using words which have no "mixture," and this makes it in some degree possible to convey ideas which would otherwise be quite incommunicable. Further, a physical diagram is a moving diagram, and if we have chosen a true one it will carry us along with it and very likely bring us up against a bench mark which we were not expecting, but which shows that our advance has been in the right direction.]

actually the basal scheme of the universe. On the contrary we should stultify ourselves were we even to hint at this, for though, for example, external facts, ideas and emotions may be correlated to one another—and it is essentially an intellectual point of view which we are now employing—yet it is untrue to say that either is more real than the other from the Cosmic standpoint. This may seem to be in direct contradiction to the doctrine of the "vanity" of the world of "illusion" of the senses, but this doctrine is really an anthropocentric one also, although, since the "man" about which it centres is very unlike the "man of flesh and bones," who is the centre to-day, it may be mistaken by us for something more than anthropocentric, and his view erroneously taken as being in cosmically true perspective.

This brings us to a very important, but also a rather subtle, point which I will first try to state in words and then perhaps elaborate by diagram.

In that all possible perspectives are of equal (cosmic) truth (and to postulate otherwise would be to start a vicious circle), we are clearly limiting and distorting our conceptions if we permit the use of one perspective to lead us to ignore any item visible in another; and hence (by inversion) we are getting a more extended (though still really an anthropocentric) understanding of things by combining as many perspectives as possible.

Further, in that the whole of man, body, soul, and spirit, is intracosmic, any point of view which he can reach is an equally valid one from which to take a perspective view, (were it only, if possible, the point of view of one of the constituent cells of his body). Inasmuch as a percipient is limited in its perceptions by its own constitution (for a photographic plate, being flat, produces a flat picture), the fullest possible conception of the universe which man can arrive at will be, to some extent, an anthropomorphic one, and the bigger our anthropomorphic scale the fuller will the conception be.

Is there any evidence that such an anthropomorphic conception is true or not?

(i.) A priori the chances are equal for or against it.
(ii.) It is entirely academic to deny its possibility, for, *for man*, it is inconceivable that it can be otherwise at bottom, without, by the conception, stultifying all the methods which we use in order to arrive at the postulate and at its contradiction. If the cosmos were another shape this would be for man non-existent, except in so far as he could "sub-divide" it anthropomorphically. If it is suggested that our direct sensual observations of external objects obviate the necessity of this stultification, it may be answered that these external objects are, as far as sensual observations go, anthropomorphic—either "in relief" or "in intaglio" so to speak. This is not, I think, quite the same idea as that in (iv.).

(iii.) All scriptures guarantee that even from the very different point of view ("higher") from which they were directed the postulate still holds good.

(iv.) It should, perhaps, be possible to prove (though not to disprove) that the relations of "nature" to herself—physics—as observed without the intervention of intellect in the direct path of comparison) followed "enanthropic" laws. But I am not prepared to prove that even then the limitation above mentioned would have been excluded.

If this is all so then the more extensive we can make our *knowledge* of man the more extensive will be our *conception* of the universe. This enlargement of knowledge may be (1) by observation at random of "facts" or "items" either internal (emotional) or external (sensual) by any "organ" which is capable of "respectivity." (2) if we please, by correlating these observations intellectually. For, whatever estimate we may make of mind—whether with modern science we accept it as the highest appeal, or with the eastern consider it "the slayer of reality"—mind is contained

in the cosmos and is, therefore, of the same reality as cosmos—unless we are to be reduced to Allen Upward's *absurdum* of an "annex to the universe." This process of observation and correlation is of no *vital* importance, it is the "contact" or "adventure," whether "observed" or not, which is vital and which has enlarged the "man." Observation and correlation are *formal* and at best only serve to suggest a direction in which to seek experiences (whether observable or not).

As at present we are engaged in comparing different conceptions of the universe—though without yet deciding what is vital or not—we clearly need as complete a knowledge of man as we can obtain. Without here entering on his minute structure (with which we are not concerned at present, as we are only dealing with larger units) we may observe that at all times of the world with which we are acquainted, the generally accepted opinion has been that man is actually, and not only aspirationally, a compound being.

We shall return later on to this subject, and at present need only point out that this is quite as legitimate a way of figuring, e.g., the difference between a man and a congenital idiot, as any employed by science, and that at all times it has been recognised that a "consciousness" needs a "vehicle."

The word Consciousness must be closely looked at, for it is a very difficult one to define accurately with our limited knowledge of the subject.

(1) Light makes a picture on a photographic plate, makes a plant's leaves green, browns a man's skin, causes an electric current in his optic nerve.

(2) Further, light will cause a plant to execute complex movements, will produce muscular movements in the eye, even when the animal is *unconscious*.

(3) Will produce even more complex and co-ordinated actions in men and animals.

(4) Will in addition cause some change in a "brain cell" which may be unnoticed for an indefinite period, when it may be "discovered."

(5) May make a direct impression on *consciousness*.

Now all these effects and others may take place simultaneously in man, either in his "consciousness" or his "sub-consciousness." Further grades of effects can be observed in his consciousness. For example, the light may, beyond merely impressing itself on his consciousness, produce "emotions" and "thoughts," and possibly other phenomena. Clearly the light has taken, as it were, half a dozen separate "steps" into the man before it makes him what we call "conscious" of it. Thus used, the word conscious has clearly an arbitrary anthropocentric meaning. We have no words to name the effect produced at each of the previous steps though contact, sensitivity, sensibility, perception might be, and sometimes are, used rather indiscriminately to designate some of them, nor have we any general word which can be applied to any or all of them. We shall want such a generic word, for, clearly, to use any of these others correctly would postulate a very exact knowledge of the circumstances, which we shall not have. I propose to use the words to *ken* and *kenning* for this purpose, namely, to denote the reception of a stimulus by a "body" or series of bodies without any reference to the number of steps involved.

Observation leads one to think that in order to represent *kenning* mechanically, which is the kind of "perspective" which we are now using, no better figure can be found than Resonance. One string on the piano kens the note of its octave, whether the strings can or cannot produce other notes besides that which is common. The happening is a transference of energy. But we must recognise that Life is also energy. This is the simplest schematic idea of the action which we can figure. In order to see how it is referable to the case of man we may consider a wireless telephone apparatus. The coherer kens the wireless wave. Changes take place in it, as a result of this, which step by step cause other kennings and actions to take place in the various items of the installation, and result eventually in the appearance of words in the receiving telephone. In the case of man we habitually

omit all thought of the installation between the coherer and the receiver's ear (the consciousness). Further, *kenning* is always a mutual act. String 1 kens string 2 in so much as it can act on it. String 2 kens string 1 in so much as it receives its action. The *essence* of *kenning* is the potential identity inherent in the two strings. In this case identity of period of vibration.

In a one step (or rather *no* step) *kenning* all possibility of "feeling," "consciousness," is evidently absent, the whole "being" is moved, the *whole* "cosmos"—for in this schematically simple case the "being" and its "cosmos" are identical, co-extensive—(as *mutatis mutandis* is fundamentally true as a generalisation). This is very difficult to put in words, but the condition is rather like that in which we have two billiard balls (2 and 3) touching, and we strike one of them with a third (1) moving along the line in which their centres lie. No. 2 behaves both actively and passively, simultaneously and equally; No. 3 passively only. It has no "stability," its entire cosmos is moved, it is "unconscious" of the happening. No. 2 on the other hand has "lived" and exteriorised again its *kenning*. It has had a not-self on which to experience, and by which to orientate its cosmos. Hence *kenning* and life are the opposite names for one happening. String 2, which we considered as a passive string, is not really so, even in our physical analogy; it is vibrating, though less strongly than string 1; hence they each give and each receive simultaneously one from the other. Looked at from outside, we recognise the algebraical sum of the resultant, and according to its sign we say that one string is giving and the other receiving, or, in other words, that one is living and the other *kenning*. The choice of the name to be applied depends on circumstances only. Hence the universe can in mechanical "perspective" be represented as a universe of life-*kenning* wave-forms in some "stuff." They arrange chaos into cosmos. And this was the form in which the ancients regarded it, and on which were based the symbologies of sound, colour, and number.

As a matter of fact, to many people at the present day objects, stimuli, emotions, thoughts, etc., are all associated with appropriate colours and sounds. And vice versa colours and sounds produce emotions and ideas, etc.

The Universe is the music played on the Pipes of Pan. Let us take this as a physical diagram. From each hole of a flute as it is uncovered there issues a swelling sphere (to speak roughly) of wave-fronts. These spheres intersect each other, two spheres cutting in a line, three in a point, so that in the air around the flute there grows a geometrical figure, which changes as the music changes. Along the nodal lines and points the "stuff" (in this case air) is shaken together, as with sand figures on a sounding plate. This is the body of the Heavenly Man, and His joints, laid down and modified by the energy of His more *vital* centres, as an endoskeleton appears, late in animal evolution.

These spheres and their nodes are the wheels and tangent points which we saw in the clock. The nodes are entities, different types of entities according as they are due to two or more spheres. If we wish to name any of these points of intersection we may do so truly by calling them by the names of the notes which enter into their formation. These notes are the Vowels, among which the consonants appear later on, as does the skeleton in animals. All entities are so named on the cosmic scale. This is a "true name," or, in old language, a "mystery name."*

So all entities are portions of the body of the Heavenly Man. They are all both Being and Consciousness according to the point of view from which they are regarded.

* A recent novel, "The Human Chord," by Algernon Blackwood, contains much that is very true in this connection, though it is clear from the beginning that Searle was using only "substituted" names, and so could never succeed in his experiments, even if they had been based on correct principles. The Cratylus of Plato also bears on this subject.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

WE are living in an epoch when elderly people are triumphing, not only on the stage of life, but on the stage of dramatic art. Once more I have had the pleasure of witnessing a performance of "Shylock" by Germany's great actor, Ernst von Possart. It was at the German Theatre here. Possart is 69, and acts with the vigour and fire of an artiste of 40. It is thirty years since I first saw him act in Germany, but I cannot say his powers have diminished; perhaps he is better than ever in one or two phases of his noble art. In his rôle of the money-grasping Jew he could hardly have found a more fitting *milieu* than here. Not that I think the Jews are the worst money-lenders in the world, nor that I think the Jews of New York any worse than other New Yorkers. Frankly, I believe they are not. If I had to borrow a large sum of money I should rather borrow from a rich Jew than from a cold-blooded Yankee of the Rogers type, he who was the friend of Mark Twain. Just why Rogers took to the humorist is somewhat of a mystery, unless it was that the Standard Oil multi-millionaire found in Mark a boon companion cynic.

Possart, Ellen Terry, and Sarah Bernhardt, all triumphing in New York about the same time, ought to be enough to prove that we are approaching an epoch when genius will defy old age. These artistes were greeted with audiences as enthusiastic as any in former years. One journal says:—"So long as Madame Bernhardt's physical powers are in their present state there seems to be no reason why she should not return to New York and go through the same exhausting ordeal that must have marked her recent appearances."

It is much the same in the world of politics. At the banquet of the Periodical Publishers' Association, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, the man of the hour was not Roosevelt, but Champ Clark. He is a Democrat, and as the new House of Representatives has a Democratic majority, the Speaker must be a Democrat, and James Beauchamp Clark is that man. He is what Americans call an old man, that is, he is 60. But remember what I say, he is going to make Washington howl. He himself has said:—"I am going to be the first real Speaker the House has had for fifty years." Clark is a typical Western man, with Western humour and Western frankness. In the New York "World" he says:—

A Democrat is a man who believes in Democratic principles and who votes the Democratic ticket. That is the only kind of Democrat there is.

People bothered me a good deal during the first Bryan Presidential campaign, asking about the different kinds of Democrats who were advertised to exist—gold Democrats and silver Democrats, and Palmer and Buckner and Bryan and what not Democrats. So I used to tell 'em about Dick Goodman's dog. "My dawg," Dick used to say, "is one-fourth setter, one-fourth pointer, and the other half is jest plain dawg." Now, like that dog, most of me is just plain Democrat. That's the kind of Democrat I am.

It looks as if the Middle West would soon absorb the East. Politicians of the East are influenced too much by purely social functions. The man from the West comes with a vim and an independence which distinguish him from the Bostonian, the New Yorker, the Philadelphian, and the Baltimorean. A Senator who resides a long time at Washington has two reputations to make—his own and that of his wife. Sometimes he finds his political path an easy affair compared with that of his ambitious spouse. At first he thinks only of politics; but before long he discovers that social New York has a finger and thumb in the political pie at Washington, and he begins to take stock in the thing called society. Instead of remaining a proud man he becomes weak and vain. His wife has ambitions which he, as a politician, never dreamed of when he set out on the rocky road to rule or ruin.

Washington is a political hell paved with social ambitions. New York is a social hell paved with gold bricks, with the roof leaking dew from the watered stocks of a paper factory run by a Niagara of perpetual motion. It is these dewdrops that cool the parched tongues of the Dives of Wall Street.

Chicago is hell with the lid open; in New York the lid is screwed down, the peep-holes and the entrance are in the side issues. As a rule you go in at the box office and come out at the back door. If you are looking at the "Blue Bird," and someone puts salt on your coat-tail, you are likely to come out a Black Bird. There are many entrances, but only one mode of exit. The cry of fire is often raised, but this only means turning on the tap for more dew, fresh blisters having appeared on the tongues and soles of the denizens of Hades.

The New York beggars, the native born, are fine judges of human nature, and often fine actors as well. They are the lions among the jackals of this Christianised Jewry. I have always admired them, but now I know they are past grandmasters in the art of character divination. New York contains many unique things, but none more fascinating than an old beggar I met the other day. Born in Philadelphia, he learned the difficult art of successful begging in New York, where, he says, it seldom does much good to address a man as Judge, the New Yorker having no respect for the law, and he is not much flattered when a beggar calls him Judge. When a beggar in New York wants to produce a good effect he hails a man as Colonel. The Philadelphians like to be addressed as judges, but they are not insulted if you call them Major. "I go by opposites," said this delightful old beggar, "and if I see a man who looks as if he would run from a goose, I address him by a military title. If I meet a churchwarden I apply the title of Judge. But if I meet a real judge I address him as General."

"But Washington," he went on to explain, "was a great financial success and a great surprise. I soon discovered that the one ambition of all the members of Congress was to become United States Senators. When I met a Congressman on Pennsylvania Avenue and called him Senator the effect was often surprising, and on more than one occasion I received a dollar bill. You see, when a man has been dreaming about a thing for ten or twenty years and he suddenly hears himself addressed by the long-coveted title, it is apt to give his vanity a mighty big twist, and he looks on the thing as a kind of prophecy. Most politicians believe in omens, and he accepts the title of Senator as a good omen suddenly thrust on his attention, and it pays."

"Do you often visit Washington?"

"I make one visit there during each new Administration. Another successful mode of work in Washington used to be to call Captains by the title of Major and the Majors as Colonels, and, of course, every real Colonel I hailed as a General. This had a rousing good effect twenty years ago, when there were still many old soldiers who fought in the Civil War, and each one felt he would have been promoted had the war lasted another six months or a year."

While I was "treating" my amusing and instructive beggar, who looked as if he might have been at one time an actor or a politician of some ability, the bartender happened to remark on the difficulty of creating new and successful American drinks. "I've been working at a new cocktail," he said, "and now I believe I've struck it." He gave me a look that implied: "Just try it on." I saw my old beggar had finished his glass and I asked him to have one of the new cocktails. He was only too glad of the chance. The drink was mixed with all the attention such things require in New York. It certainly looked inviting enough; the old beggar put it to his lips and with a smack began to "sample" it. When

the glass was finished he took a seat. He evidently found it safer to sit than to stand. I stood and watched the process of the extase, so to speak. "That cocktail," he said, "is lightning uncorked. It's full of bounce." There was an intermission, during which the bar-tender leaned on his elbows and watched for developments. At last the old beggar exclaimed:—

"Gentlemen, I've bounced till I've bumped my head against the skylights of paradise, and I guess if I keep on I'll go clean through." "What's in that new cocktail?" I ventured to ask the bartender. "Oh, nothin' much, except a leetle gin, a leetle perpermint, a leetle absinthe, and two or three other things that are my secrets; I guess it's the absinthe that's gettin' at the true inwardness of your old friend settin' there." "I guess you're right," the old man remarked, "it's making me feel like Kipling's absinthe-minded beggar, and that's a fact. I'm going for a long walk up and down the Bowery; if I sit here I'll topple over." As he made for the door he mumbled, "That's the cutest cocktail I ever run against!" The bartender never even smiled. A New York mixer of drinks is as sober as a judge, as cute as a money-changer, and as cold-blooded as an executioner. He has never been known to laugh.

The Two Machiavellis.

A Comparison and a Contrast.

By Alfred E. Randall.

IN interviews recorded in the Press, Mr. Wells has been at some pains to dissociate himself from his hero. He has protested that his book is really a criticism of the political life of to-day; more particularly, "of the political atmosphere, of the social quality, so to speak, of political life," according to "The Observer." If we are to suppose that the New Machiavelli, Remington, is as much the object of criticism as the professional politicians, any further criticism of him must seem to be a work of supererogation, as unnecessary as the greasing of the fat sow's ear. But Mr. Wells demands so much sympathy for his hero that the book is really a plea for him rather than a criticism of him. It is as though Vettori wrote pathetically of the impotence of Niccolo Machiavelli, of a disabled idealist; and wept at the sad spectacle of a great mind condemned to inaction by the indifference of the powerful people. It may, therefore, be worth while to emphasise the criticism by stating the obvious resemblances and differences between Niccolo Machiavelli and Remington. Such comparison and contrast is, in fact, directly challenged by Remington in the introductory chapter of his supposed autobiography.

The resemblances are merely superficial. Remington attempts to dignify himself by donning the undershirt of the Florentine Secretary. In the prolegomena, Remington says:—

In spite of his vast prestige I claim kindred with him, and set his name upon my title-page, in partial intimation of the matter of my story. He takes me with sympathy not only by reason of the dream he pursued and the humanity of his politics, but by the mixture of his nature. His vices come in, essential to my issue. He is dead and gone, all his immediate correlations to party and faction have faded to insignificance, leaving only on the one hand his broad method and conceptions, and upon the other his intimate living personality, exposed down to its salacious corners as the soul of no contemporary can ever be exposed. Of these double strands it is I have to write, of the subtle protesting perplexing play of instinctive passion and desire against too abstract a dream of statesmanship. But things that seemed very far apart in Machiavelli's time have come near to one another; it is no simple story of white passions struggling against the red that I have to tell.

I will deal first with Machiavelli's dream. It was a political dream: it was statecraft applied to the realisation of an ideal. His country was torn by internal conflict, and ravaged by foreigners. "We see how she prays God to send someone to rescue her from these barbarous cruelties and oppressions. We see, too, how ready and eager she is to follow any standard were

there only someone to raise it," he says in the last chapter of "The Prince." "Turning over in my mind all the matters which have above been considered," he says, "and debating with myself whether in Italy at the present hour the times are such as might serve to confer honour on a new Prince, and whether a fit opportunity now offers for a prudent and valiant leader to bring about changes glorious for himself and beneficial to the whole Italian people, it seems to me that so many conditions combine to further such an enterprise, that I know of no time so favourable to it as the present." A dream, if one likes, but a practical dream: capable of immediate realisation, in the opinion of one well fitted to judge. So he wrote his book showing how Princedoms could be won, how Princedoms could be governed, and how Princedoms could be aggrandised; were there only a Prince to do these things. And he urged this mission upon the Medici, even upon the Pope, because, he said, "at present we see no one except in your illustrious house (pre-eminent by its virtues and good fortune, and favoured by God and by the Church whose headship it now holds), who could undertake the part of a deliverer." The task was set, the method of its successful performance stated, the time declared, and the man designated. Three centuries and a half later it was performed. But where Machiavelli attempted to alter the conditions under which men lived, Remington really wishes to alter the human race. "It has been the chronic mistake of statecraft," he says, "and all organising spirits to attempt immediately to scheme and arrange and achieve. . . . Directly, however, this idea of emancipation from immediacy is grasped, directly the dominating importance of this critical, less personal, mental hinterland in the individual and of the collective mind in the race is understood, the whole problem of the statesman and his attitude towards politics gain a new significance, and become accessible to a new series of solutions. He wants no longer to 'fix up,' as people say, human affairs, but to devote his forces to the development of that needed intellectual life without which all his shallow attempts at fixing up are futile. He ceases to build on the sands, and sets himself to gather foundations."

It is safe to say that such a statesman will never be at the head of affairs. Politics can only deal with such questions as are ripe for solution, and a statesman who has to "set himself to gather foundations" will not remain in office. Remington's dream is not political. It is not formulated, the method of its realisation is not stated, it is postponed to the future; and it is not conceivably the work of any man. Remington babbles of "constructive ideas," but not one is stated, not one is reduced to political terms. He began by "wanting to plan and build cities and harbours for mankind; he ended in the middle thirties by desiring only to serve and increase a general process of thought, a process fearless, critical, real-spirited, that would in its own time give cities, harbours, air, happiness, everything at a scale and quality and in a light altogether beyond the match-striking imaginations of a contemporary mind." Very good intentions, but they have no more relation to politics than the chemical formula H_2O has to water. I must deal with the politics of this book in another article: here I am only concerned to note that Remington cannot claim kindred with Machiavelli by any supposed resemblance of ideals. To the unraveling of the strand of sex, as Remington calls it, I shall devote the rest of this article.

It is clear that Remington sympathises more with the salacity than the statecraft of Machiavelli. But the analogy is palpably false. Remington ruined his political career for a woman: Machiavelli was deprived of his office when the Medici returned to Florence in 1512. It is true that he occupied his leisure with scandalous intrigues, but, if Villari is to be believed, he greatly exaggerated his account of them.

Machiavelli, on the contrary, either through fanciful caprice or for the sake of imitating his friend, greatly exaggerated facts which were only partially true. On every occasion when it has been possible to follow with some certainty the development of his love adventures, we have

seen them shrink to much smaller proportions, and almost fade into nothing, proving in the end far more innocent than in the beginning. Nevertheless, they had still some basis of truth; since he neither was, nor ever pretended to be a man of chaste habits. And during that period so fatal to Italy, many tried to drown in sensual pleasures the pangs of ruined hopes and vanished illusions, together with their presentiments of greater evils to come. It cannot be denied that more than once Machiavelli sought relief in a life that lowered him in his own eyes and inevitably degrades him in ours.

But all the time he was longing for employment. His poverty pinched him and his inactivity galled him. Even the scandalous correspondence with Vettori, on which the New Machiavelli relies for his analogy, was concerned principally with politics, and occasionally with Vettori's attempts to obtain employment for him in the service of the Medici. Concerning the dedication of his book, "The Prince," he wrote:—

I have spoken with Casavecchia as to whether it might or might not be well to offer this pamphlet of mine to Messer Giuliano. Also whether, if I offer it, it were better to send it or offer it in person. On the one hand, I doubt if the Magnificent would read it, and Ardinghelli might end by usurping the honour of my labours. On the other hand, I am urged to offer it by the pressure of necessity, for I am wearing out and cannot go on long in this fashion, without being rendered contemptible from sheer poverty; besides, I would that these Medici lords should take me into their service, even if they began by setting me to roll stones; for if I could not then succeed in gaining their favour no one but myself would be to blame. And touching this thing of mine, if it were only read, it would be seen that I have neither wasted nor slept away the fifteen years I have given to the study of the art of government, and everyone should be glad to make use of a man who has acquired so much experience at other's expense.

Remington's comparison of himself with Machiavelli is seen to be really a contrast. Salacity may be common to both, but the statesman predominated in Machiavelli, and the sexual idealist in Remington. With the possibility of realising his ideal, or some part of it, open to him, Remington preferred sex to statecraft, love to politics; and he went into exile with his mistress satisfied. "I've made her, I've broken her," he said to Britten. "I'm going with my own woman. The rest of my life and England, and so forth, must square itself to that." But Machiavelli would have thrown over the whole female sex had it been necessary to the realisation of his dream. "I would they employed me, were it only to roll stones, for if I could not then win them over, it would be my fault, and not fortune's." That was his cry. There is no agreement between incompatible things, and the story of Remington's life is one more proof of the truism. The things that were far apart in Machiavelli's time are far apart now; but Remington cannot see a fact even when it is emphasised by disaster. "We are discovering women," he says, and with this oracular utterance he asserts a difference in kind between our age and that of Machiavelli.

In the sexual sense, women were discovered in the Garden of Eden, and surely Delilah's frustration of Samson's rude policy of aggression against the Philistines is sufficient proof of the political activity of the women of the ancient days. Yet Remington says: "It is as if women had come across a vast interval since Machiavelli's time, into the very chamber of the statesman." Machiavelli's first mission as Secretary of the Florentine Republic was to Caterina Sforza at Forli; and he discovered that "the Countess Caterina was an extraordinary woman, and quite capable of holding her own against the secretary," says Villari. But what is Remington's wonderful discovery of women? He fell from politics into love; and, forced to choose between his career and a woman, chose the woman. He discovered the woman in the politician, and imagined that he had discovered sex in politics.

"Dear heart," I said, "isn't this enough? You're my counsellor, my colleague, my right hand, the secret soul of my life —"

"And I want to darn your socks," she said, smiling back at me.

"You're insatiable."

She smiled. "No," she said, "I'm not insatiable, Master. But I'm a woman in love. And I'm finding out what I want, and what is necessary to me—and what I can't have. That's all."

"We get a lot."

"We want a lot. You and I are greedy people for the things we like. It's very evident we've got nearly all we can have of one another—and I'm not satisfied."

"What more is there?"

"For you—very little. I wonder. For me—everything. Yes—everything. You didn't mean it; you didn't know any more than I did when I began, but love between a man and a woman is sometimes very one-sided. Fearfully one-sided. That's all."

"Don't you ever want children?" she said abruptly.

"I suppose I do."

"You don't!"

"I haven't thought of them."

"A man doesn't, perhaps. But I have. . . I want them—like hunger. Your children, and home with you. Really, continually you! That's the trouble. . . I can't have 'em, and I can't have you."

She was crying, and through her tears she laughed. "I'm going to make a scene," she said, "and get it over. I'm so discontented and miserable; I've got to tell you. It would come between us if I didn't. I'm in love with you, with everything—with all my brains. I'll pull through all right. I'll be good, never you fear. But to-day I'm crying with all my being. This election— You're going up; you're going on. In these papers—you're a great big fact. It's suddenly come home to me. At the back of my mind I've always had the idea I was going to have you somehow presently for myself—I mean to have you to go long tramps with, to keep house for, to get meals for, to watch for of an evening. It's a sort of habitual background to my thought of you. And it's nonsense—utter nonsense!" She stopped. She was crying and choking. "And the child, you know—the child!"

I was troubled beyond measure, but Handitch and its intimations were clear and strong.

"We can't have that," I said.

"No," she said, "we can't have that."

"We've got our own things to do."

"Your things," she said.

"Aren't they your things, too?"

"Because of you," she said.

"Aren't they your very own things?"

"Women don't have that sort of very own thing. Indeed, it's true. And think! You've been down there preaching the goodness of children, telling them the only good thing in a State is happy, hopeful children, working to free mothers and children —"

"And we give our own children to do it?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "And sometimes I think it's too much to give—too much altogether. . . . Children get into a woman's brain—when she mustn't have them, especially when she must never hope for them. Think of the child we might have now—the little creature with soft, tender skin, and little hands and little feet! At times it haunts me. It comes and says, Why wasn't I given life? I can hear it in the night. . . . The world is full of such little ghosts, dear lover—little things that asked for life and were refused. They clamour to me. It's like a little fist beating at my heart. Love children, beautiful children. Little cold hands that tear at my heart! Oh, my heart and my lord!" She was holding my arm with both her hands and weeping against it, and now she drew herself to my shoulder and wept and sobbed in my embrace. "I shall never sit with your child on my knee and you beside me—never, and I am a woman and your lover."

He discovered in this scene that his dreams were his own, and that she was interested in them only because of him. This discovery is not new. It was certainly made by Niccolò Machiavelli, and if it were worth while, I could quote more ancient authors than the Florentine on this subject. Only one letter from Machiavelli's wife exists, and strangely enough, it babbles of babies. I quote Villari. "It is written in a spirit of sincere affection, we may even say of love, towards her husband. She complains of the infrequency of his letters, and reminds him that he well knows she is never in good spirits when he is away from her, and less than ever now that she hears that there is much sickness in Rome. 'Imagine if I can be happy when I can rest neither by night nor day. The baby is well and resembles you. He is as white as snow, but his head is like a bit of black velvet, and he is hairy as you are. And his resemblance to you makes me think him

beautiful, and he is as lively as though he were a year old, and he opened his eyes before he was quite born, and made his voice heard all over the house. Our little girl is not at all well. Be sure to come back.' " From 1506 to 1911 the other sex does not seem to have changed. True, Isabel Rivers has many catchwords of progress on her lips, or rather, her lover thinks she has; she would be regarded by some people as an example of the revolutionary type of woman. But the comparison with the wife of Machiavelli inevitably recalls Voltaire's epigram:—"Women are like wind-mills; fixed while they revolve."

Remington's discovery is very puzzling, for his theorising about women is contradicted by his facts. He seems to argue that the peculiar needs of the female sex will have to be considered by the politician, but he instances his argument only by falling in love. In the chapter entitled "The Besetting of Sex," he writes:—

I have already compared the lot of the modern publicist to Machiavelli writing in his study: in his day women and sex were as much disregarded in these high affairs as, let us say, the chemistry of air or the will of the beasts in the fields; in ours the case has altogether changed, and woman has now come to stand beside the tall candles, half in the light, half in the mystery of the shadows, besetting, interrupting, demanding unrelentingly an altogether unprecedented attention. I feel that in these matters my life has been almost typical of my time. Woman insists on her presence. She is no longer a mere physical need, an æsthetic bye-play, a sentimental background: she is a moral and intellectual necessity in a man's life. She comes to the politician and demands, Is she a child or a citizen? Is she a thing or a soul?

The answer is, of course, she must not. The first question should be addressed to a constitutional lawyer, the second to a metaphysician. The politician simply cannot answer them. But even if she persists in asking these questions of the politician, that is no reason why the politician should throw up his career and set up house-keeping with her. The trick of intruding love into politics is an ancient one. Take this instance from Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," the first that comes to my hand. "Hanbury, cheerfully confident, provides himself with the requisites, store of bribe-money as the chief;—at Warsaw withal, he picks up one Poniatowski (airy sentimental coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsomest and windiest of young Polacks): 'Good for a lover to the Grand-Duchess, this one,' thinks Hanbury. Which proved true, and had its uses for Hanbury."

Remington's story is, after all, a "simple story of white passions struggling against the red." He wanted to be a politician, but he became a lover. His discovery of women and sex in the high affairs of state implies a complete ignorance of the history of politics. He has really discovered what everyone knew before, that a man cannot serve two masters. His attempt to weave the double strands of sex and politics into one thread was necessarily a failure. Machiavelli managed to keep them apart. Caterina Sforza beat him by statecraft, not by sex. "The failure of this mission," says Villari, "seems to show that the Countess was more cunning than Machiavelli, who allowed himself to be outwitted by a woman. Nor can that be very astonishing when we remember that Caterina Sforza was a woman of masculine intellect, long sole ruler of her state, and of great business experience, whereas the Florentine secretary, notwithstanding his wonderful abilities, was only a man of letters making his first campaign in diplomacy." There may have been "salacious corners" in Machiavelli's personality; but his brain was clear, and his purpose firm, and had he been the Prince instead of an unemployed civil servant, Italy might have been swept clear of foreign invaders and unified into one state in his time. But Remington was an amateur politician, without power or purpose; and he fell a natural prey to "the woman, whose heart is as snares and nets, and her hands as bands." A man can only be what he is; and Remington was the lover of Isabel Rivers, not the compeer of Niccolo Machiavelli.

Drama.

The Stage Society—"Pride of Life."

MR. ASHLEY DUKES has a gentle unassuming notion of right and wrong, and a convention or two. He is evidently not one of those terribly modern young authors utterly lacking in principle. No. Millie Brandon, his milliner girl of independent manners and maxims, is served up as quite a safe character. She was in the habit of embroidering higher art tapestries, or, at least, she once did so, and they failed to pay. What more could one ask of up-to-date respectability? The frocky, frilly atmosphere a milliner's girl might have brought with her is thus firmly suppressed.

For Rachel, a well-mannered but free-thinking young woman of the upper classes, who chafes at her narrow life and "wants what she hasn't got," a different voucher is found. Rachel is anchored to a safe point of admiration by blue-books. She studies blue-books. We gather, too, that she despises nice foods, a further reassurance of that serious quality of temper which alone justifies chafing and wanting what you haven't got. It is at once clear to the well-trained modern mind that the particular things which Rachel wanted and hadn't got were all admirable things.

Millie and Rachel, with the tapestries and blue-books for chaperone, meet and talk about Howard Grant, Rachel's brother and Millie's worthless lover.

Says Millie: "Some people seem to think it a great favour to be born at all, a great favour to get married, and a great favour to go to heaven when they die! I'm not made that way. I take life as it comes, without saying thank you. It is my right, all of it. Now, I suppose you hate me, you think me vulgar. . . ."

Rachel: "I think you are the most splendid person I have ever met. . . . If Howard were only good enough for you!"

"What?" says Millie; and then Howard comes in, and Millie the milliner girl says good-bye to him, and goes back to her free, wonderful world, where her fellow-townpeople snub her and shame her and forget to pay her the money they owe for their dresses. Nothing but the well-trained modern mind could be brought to believe that Millie would say good-bye and go back. She was out for mischief, and a sturdy young person. No. We all felt at the bottom of our hearts, if they were touched at all, that the minx would have married the youth and then given the well-mannered upper class she hated the time of their lives.

There are many touches of subtle psychology and humour in this little play. It is a pity that the author should waste his time writing about Rachel Grant's family, people with whom he has little understanding and no sympathy. Even Millie Brandon is not interesting, or, if she is, Mr. Dukes forgot to tell us about it.

It could not be called a lively production. There was a delicate feeling in the air that the author no longer very much admired his conception of the pride of life. The producer, one conjectured, had lost, half-way through, somewhat of his interest or his understanding or his courage. Mr. Sidney was cheery enough. He had looked in, from the Little Theatre, to substantiate his recent hit as the new funny middle-aged man. Miss Penelope Wheeler played very charmingly and sincerely as Rachel. To be hypercritical, she slightly overweighted her performance with subtle delicacy; but, then, why be hypercritical? Mary Jerrold gave an excellent interpretation of Millie.

We shall look forward to seeing another good play by Mr. Dukes—next time about really interesting people.

"The Little Stone House."

"What is a man compared to an idea?" says Somebody Ivanovitch.

"And what is a play compared to an idea?" I can hear Mr. Calderon's familiar whisper.

There are three ideas in "The Little Stone House" and no play at all. Two are, so far as I know, Mr. Calderon's own; the third, round which the play is written, belonged to us already. Ibsen, for one, gave it us in "The Wild Duck," the preservation of illusion at the expense of realism.

A painful species of weariness seizes me in its clammy grasp at the thought of trying to tell the tale of "The Little Stone House." Let me drop a hint or two, and perhaps you may guess the rest.

An old woman is collecting roubles to pay for a grave to Sasha, her dead, idealised son. There are to be two seats in the little house—one for the son and one for the mother. Sasha appears. He is not really dead, nor does he merit monuments. On the contrary, he is an escaped convict. Sasha begs money from the old woman—those roubles she has scraped together to pay for a tribute to his saintliness. She gives him up to the police, and so keeps her ideal intact.

For the other ideas, there was a slow symbolic game of patience. By the gods, it was a patient game! That was Mr. Calderon's own. Then, too, there was another, but I do forget it. A play of ideas, however, and we of the Stage Society found ourselves vastly struck.

I feel if Mr. Calderon were to live in Ireland for a space, he might write one of those "Irish" plays—in the darkness of the night. Did he not live in Russia? If he read one or two books in a productive mood, he could bring forth—not without travail, but in great triumph—a marquise-French-Revolution-old-emigré trifle, veiled in Rose du Barri and perfumed of musk rose. And that without going to France at all. A talented man!

All sorts of people acted in Mr. Calderon's play, and some of them did very well. But, after all, an actor at his best can but laugh and cry, and since "They never laugh in Russia"—surely I hear Mr. Calderon's familiar again—Russian plays bid fair to be poor territory for players. N. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

You asked me what is my chief reason for being the ardent advocate that I am of the cause of Woman's Suffrage. It is like asking a man who is being stung to death by bees which bee most incommodates him. For the reasons for giving women the vote—for encouraging women, that is to say, to take interest in public questions and to regard themselves as members of a State rather than as the scavengers of isolated households—the reasons for this assailing me on every side. But I suppose my chief reason for desiring that woman should have the vote—for desiring it rather than for saying that it is right and just that they should have it—for there is no man that denies that it is right and just, every man basing his denial on, and taking refuge behind, expediency!—and you will observe that my emotions upon this subject are so keen that my English has become complicated and incomprehensible;—my chief reason for desiring it is personal. I have, sir, in common with most men, suffered enormously at the hands of women. I have suffered a good deal at the hands of men, but men I have been able to get rid of. But the poor are always with us—and so are women, because they are poor. You will observe that I am taking the ground of the usual opponent of the cause. The usual opponent of the cause says that woman is an inferior, is a mendacious—let us say a generally bothersome animal. Therefore, she should not be allowed to exercise public privileges which are accorded to senile imbeciles and such reprieved murderers as have served twenty years in one of his Majesty's prisons. As a general rule I am accustomed to say and to believe that there is really no essential difference between man as man and woman as woman. I have written a great deal upon this theme, but it is one of some complication, and one which admits of dispute. Let me, then, take up my stand upon the ground that woman *is* the inferior, *is* the bothersome animal. Let that be conceded and we have at once the most powerful reason in the world for giving her a sense of her civic responsibilities. I have been persistently nagged, swindled, worried out of my life, and distracted during the course of my existence by some five or six women. I have been nagged at, betrayed, swindled and worried in one way or another during the course of that existence by perhaps fifty men. The men were intermittent pests, the women were there all the time. I do

not mean to claim for myself any special experience in the matter of women. Most middle-class men approaching middle age support at least five women and are worried by them in one way or another. Most working-men support from two to three women, and are equally worried *pro rata*. I was talking the other day to a prominent Tory gentleman about the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But did this Tory and gentleman abuse that much-abused person? Not a bit of it. He sighed:

"Ah! We ought to have had Lloyd George! We have always had to have someone to do our dirty work. We had Disraeli, we had Chamberlain; we ought to have had Lloyd George."

Sir, man in these islands—man throughout Christendom—is like my Tory friend: is like the Tory party in miniature. No sooner does he set up for himself; no sooner does he determine, with head erect and with courageous eyes, to face the world, than he looks round for someone—to do his dirty work! And that someone is a woman. Sir, I have been through it—*moi qui vous parle*. Sir, I am a thoroughly manly person. Sir, I am noble and generous; I throw my money about in restaurants, I tip porters with enormous lavishness, I get into splendid troubles through my chivalrous behaviour.

I am talking not, of course, of myself as a person but of myself as a man. All men, as distinguished from all women, are such fine creatures. That is why they have the vote.

I am, in short, a splendid creature, and my shirt-fronts are irreproachable. To look at me you would never think that I had any dirty work to do. But I have, and it is done for me—by from five to seven women. Sir, my irreproachable shirt-fronts are—let me let you into this secret—the products of the labours of my wife's maid. Sir, the fine table that I keep I am only able to afford because my wife goes from one end of town to the other looking for cheap butchers' shops. Sir, the splendour of my tips is due to the fact that my wife never tips at all, and cheats the railway companies whenever she can. Sir, I was only prevented by the persuasions of my female relatives from chivalrously voting six times for the Liberal or Conservative candidate of my division. Had I done it I must have gone to prison, for I observe that a scrutiny is being held in that same division. And finally, sir, I am only enabled to write this improving letter by the devoted assistance of a secretary, who is a female. So here splendid—*generosus et filius generosi, homo Europaeus sapiens*—I stand with those five all carefully doing my dirty work, and, of course, they are low-minded creatures. Everyone of them is an inferior animal. They bow down before me; they are mendacious; they have no real sense of right and wrong. How should they be fitted to have, equally with myself, the privilege of sending company promoters, stock brokers, brewers, and the like to Parliament? Their business in life is to do my dirty work. It is wonderful that they are not dirty-minded as well as inferior. But, sir, I will not admit that the Daughters of Albion have been trained by me to the latter end. No, sir, I am bound to say that they are inferior animals, but they are not dirty-minded. On the contrary, they are as pure as the skies which hang over the British Islands, as candid as the British cliffs of chalk, as unsullied as their native streams, as original as the first daffodils that are on sale in Covent Garden Market. Sir, splendid creature that I am, I have turned my womenkind into housemaids. They read my postcards, they lie, and their only arguments are woman's arguments. That is why they must not have the vote.

That, of course, is the point of view of the true Briton. But alas, I am not a true Briton. I am a sort of a foreigner, so that I do not arrive at the same conclusions as a gentleman who has been fed on nothing but beef. I am willing to admit that woman is my inferior. It will not worry woman if I do admit it, and it helps my argument. For, whereas I must then admit that I am splendid, I must then admit that I am every day of my life bamboozled, nagged at, and worried to death by from five to seven of these inferior animals; and personally, I want to get hold of a woman that I can trust better than any man. I want to change it. I want to be rid of this monstrous regiment of women. I do not want any longer to have to support from five to seven lying animals of an inferior type, not one of whom can be trusted not to read my postcards. I am sick of women as they are. I want them changed; that is why I want women to have the vote.

Sir, I understand that you have a body of readers who are the most intelligent of the United Kingdom. So that I can trust them to pick out what in this letter is wrong and what is solemn truth. That fact is that I have done so much preaching in this cause that I am tired of uttering solemn truths to excellent persons who cannot understand them. But it would seem to me to be evident to every sane man that if he desires to elevate a class of the

populace he will set about educating them. If I want to make my housemaid take an intelligent interest in my household, if I want my workman to take an interest in my factory, I shall begin by giving my housemaid or my workman a share in the household or the family. It is all nonsense for any man who pretends to desire the advancement of the State or the solution of public problems—it is all nonsense of him to make these pretensions if he insists on maintaining the larger half of the population in conditions that make them inferior. If one of these gentlemen says candidly that he likes the present conditions, that he likes to have a harem of from five to seven women, all doing his dirty work and all inferior animals—to such a candid gentleman I have really no answer to make. He is logical and he is sincere. But he won't talk about the good of the nation, for no civilisation can be justified of itself which acknowledges that one half of its population are inferior to its murderers who have done time and to its uncertified imbeciles.

As for the question of militant tactics, I am certainly in favour of them. It is the business of these women to call attention to their wrongs, not to emphasise the fact that they are pure as the skies, candid as the cliffs of chalk, unsullied as the streams, or virginal as spring daffodils. They are, of course, all that—but only in novels. This is politics, and politics is a dirty business. They have to call attention to their wrongs, and they will not do that by being "womanly." Why should we ask them to be? We cannot ourselves make omelettes without breaking eggs. Why should we ask them to? Sir, there is a Chinese proverb which says: "It is hypocrisy to seek for the person of the Sacred Emperor in a low tea-house." Sir, politics is a low tea-house from which, in His mysterious way, God slowly grinds out some good small flour. When they have got that, the women can afford to come out and bake tea-cakes. Of course, if someone can point out a better way than kicking policemen, no one would be better pleased than I, but since Joan the Maid helped the King of France to his sacring at Reims, there was no action which has so called public attention to the capabilities of women as that memorable moment when a journalist invented the helpful lie that Miss Pankhurst spat in a policeman's face. Miss Pankhurst did not do it, but the journalist knew what our public wanted.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

* * *

It is hard for one who is a stranger to the psychology of English politics to be certain about such a matter; particularly one would hesitate to criticise the efforts of people who labour under such tremendous handicaps as the women of England. In a nation where the men seem to be all asleep or dead, one is disposed to thank God for the women, even though their efforts might be misdirected. I do not know a more pitiful and painful sight in the political world to-day than the manner in which your so-called Labour members have accepted the social bribe, and permitted themselves to be hypnotised by the pomps and circumstance of office. On the other hand, when one considers the atrocities of the female slave-code of Great Britain one does not wonder at the desperation which its victims display, and it is difficult for anyone to sit off at ease and from a comfortable distance dispense advice without laying himself open to criticism. However, it looks to me as if the suffragettes, with the best of intentions in the world, were butting their heads against a stone wall; and it seems worth while to take the risk of pointing out to them that no matter how much heroism and persistence one may display in butting his head against a stone wall, he cannot expect to win the world's admiration by the procedure.

In a little pamphlet, "Our Bourgeois Literature" (part of which was published in *THE NEW AGE*), I said, concerning the author who would not write what the public wanted, "If any man thinks that he can bear to starve longer than the bourgeois world can bear to let him starve, he is welcome to make the attempt." If any suffragette thinks that she can bear to stay in jail longer than the bourgeois ruling-classes can bear to keep her in jail, she is also welcome to make the attempt. The trouble, it seems to me, is that the suffragettes have been too impatient, and are trying to build the house before they have finished the foundation. The movement for the enfranchisement of women (I mean the moral, intellectual and social enfranchisement, and not merely the political) must be based much more broadly, must proceed much more slowly, and must include many more women and many more fields of human activity than it does at present, before it can hope to succeed.

I am reminded of a conversation which I once had with an esteemed burglar friend of mine. I said to him, "I understand what you are trying to do, and I approve of your purpose completely. I understand that there are in this country vast masses of concentrated capital, which may

be said without qualification to be based upon fraud and force; at the present hour they maintain themselves by fraud and force of every conceivable sort—the exploitation of labour, the exploitation of the public, the corrupting of politics and of public opinion, and I cannot blame any one of their victims who proposes to try to wrest from them some portion of their ill-gotten gains. My criticism of your occupation is purely a matter of expediency—you will be unable to accomplish your purpose except by combining with a majority of the victims of the whole system of exploitation; in other words, you must join with me in the Socialist movement, which is a sort of organised and rationalised and moralised burglary. To illustrate what I mean, suppose that you want to kill a man; if you just go and stab him in the back, it is murder; but if a sufficient number of you get together and agree about it with due formality, it is called a legal execution; and if you kill a thousand or two others at the same time it is called a war, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling may write a poem about it."

Said my burgling friend, "That's all right, but I want some of the swag in my own lifetime."

"Yes," said I, "and I want it also, and we may get it; but only in my way, not in yours."

"But I get some," he answered.

"Yes, but at what a cost," I said; "your nerves are all gone, as you have told me, and you have spent a total of eleven years in jail."

Which, you will perceive, brings me back directly to the suffragettes. The worker in the cause of the freedom of woman cannot overlook the fact that the main factor in the enslavement of woman is the enslavement of labour. Historically the degradation of woman from her primitive status has begun whenever slavery, with its consequent luxury and corruption, has been established in the State; and I believe that if the same amount of energy and money which the suffragettes have devoted to their propaganda of "votes for ladies" had been devoted to a bold and uncompromising attempt to open the eyes of working men and working women to the significance of all exploitation, whether of men or of women, the cause would be much further advanced than it is to-day. Some eight years ago, when I came into the Socialist movement, I had many friends who were interested in Settlement work and other kinds of social reform. I used to try to get them interested in my new discovery, but for the most part in vain. They had to go on and butt their heads against the stone wall of the profit system, until they had convinced themselves by actual experiment that no kind of vital social reform can be carried through by any bourgeois party. To-day they have convinced themselves of it, and my old friends are almost without exception in the Socialist movement—for the most part they are the writers who in our "muckraking" magazines are step by step revealing to the whole community the fountain-head of all graft, which is the capitalist system; and the suffragettes, I believe, will continue to butt their heads against the stone wall just so long as they, too, refuse to recognise this fact.

What is it that the statesmen—that is to say, the official representatives of your British ruling-class—think about when they are confronted with the proposition of votes for women? They think about the Empire; that is to say, the necessity under which they find themselves of protecting the system of exploitation of the weaker races which constitutes the "white man's burden" of cruelty and fraud. They realise the fact that women have to bear the human race with much pain and sorrow, and may therefore be much less disposed to vote for war than are the men, who know and care very little about this pain and sorrow. Therefore, the statesmen who watch the interests of British capitalists would find themselves at a great disadvantage with the statesmen of Germany and Russia, whose women were still unawakened. This is, you see, precisely the same situation as confronts the Socialist movement. You cannot have Socialism in any one country until you have it in all countries, and you cannot have votes for women in England until you are prepared to put an end to the exploiting of Hindoos and Egyptians, and until you have brought the leading civilised nations to the point where there is an enlightened public sentiment in them, capable of responding to the impulse of enfranchisement, of welcoming the hand of brotherhood—or, shall we say, of sisterhood—which the Empire holds out. So the suffragette finds herself confronted inevitably with the appalling task of organising the whole world for justice. However, it is exactly the same task which confronts the women and the men of every other nation. It is the task which has been definitely undertaken by the International Socialist Movement, and is now far advanced in every enlightened nation. Therefore, my message to the English suffragettes is the old motto of the Russian revolutionists, "Back to the People."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

MR. RANDALL AND LEO TOLSTOY.

Sir,—I have nothing to add to what I said of Matthew Arnold but this, that he wrote only of one novel, "Anna Karenina," and a reference to his essay or my last letter will demonstrate that he regarded as autobiography what Mr. Maude calls "Tolstoy's works on religion."

The edition of the first volume that I used was dated 1908, and is the only one to be found in the catalogue of the British Museum. I have taken the trouble to inquire of a book-seller, and I have been told that a new edition was rushed out at the time of Tolstoy's death. My first article appeared four days after Tolstoy's death, and to it was added a note: "This series of articles was written before Tolstoy's last and fatal illness." I could not consult an edition before it was printed, but in his first letter he said: "Mr. Randall goes on to state that Merezhkovsky's book about Tolstoy is ignored by me, and he makes this statement in face of the fact that on p. 449 of the current edition," etc. As Mr. Maude knew well enough when this edition was published, and should also have known when my articles were written, I can only suppose that he was determined to attempt to discredit me by any means. Even now, I cannot verify the quotation, for on the 31st of January the edition is not to be found in the British Museum. I do not expect an apology from Mr. Maude; I am only concerned to notice that ethical communications corrupt good manners.

Of the use of the evidence of Behrs and Anna Seuron made by Mr. Maude and Merejkowski, there is only this to be said: that I can parallel almost everything in Merejkowski's book by quotation from Mr. Maude's biography. The difference between the two is that Merejkowski deduces the proper conclusion from the facts, and Mr. Maude does not. The passage in my last article concerning the publication of Tolstoy's works by his wife is an example. Merejkowski insisted that Tolstoy renounced everything but residence with his wife, and that secured him all that he had renounced. That Tolstoy's integrity was not proved by his renunciation of copyright, as Mr. Maude concluded, a quotation from Mr. A. P. Boulanger's article in "The Times," dated January 3rd, 1911, will show: "To those near Tolstoy his departure from home did not come as a surprise. During the last thirty years of his life he suffered acutely from the contradictions amid which he lived; for he regarded property, wealth, and the sale of his writings as evils, yet felt constrained to go on living in a good house on his ancestral estate, having dinner served by a footman, while most of the books were published and sold by his wife, who obtained a considerable income from them, and ostentatiously surrounded him with comforts. Though he had renounced his property and divided it among his heirs nearly twenty years ago, and had then made over to his wife, for her life, the income derived from the sale of his copyrighted works published before 1880, yet while he resided with his family he had to live somewhat as they did, and this apparent contradiction between the external conditions of his life and the principles he held often evoked the blame—not only of people hostile to Tolstoy, but also of some of his most ardent followers, who wished him to set an example to the world; but for a long time no one understood the true reason of his inconsistency. Tolstoy himself acknowledged the justice of the reproach they addressed to him, and as long ago as 1903 [Merejkowski's book was published in 1902], wrote to a friend who lived in poverty and worked as a peasant: 'My activity, however useful it may appear, loses—I should like to think not the whole but certainly the greater part of its value because I do not fulfil the chief thing needed to demonstrate the sincerity of my professions.'" Although Merejkowski did not know Tolstoy personally, he arrived at the same conclusion as Tolstoy himself; while Mr. Maude prefers to shuffle from the hard logic of facts into a most lame and impotent conclusion.

To return to the question of Tolstoy's scented under-clothing. Biographically the reader only wants to know if the story is true. It is not incredible, for everybody agrees that Tolstoy loved the scent of flowers and hay; and was perpetually sniffing at something. Nor is the story discreditable, unless the reader admires Tolstoy when he stank of manure, and not only became dirty in his habits but argued that a poor man was not to be considered dirty because he was lousy, for cleanliness was a luxury. I am indebted to Mr. Maude's biography for this information. Mr. Maude has given us no good reason to doubt the truth of the story; he has only attempted to discredit the witness, Anna Seuron, by stating that she was not a teetotaler and was not always able to control her temper. Of my use of the story, judge by the fact. In one article, I included it in a list of the things that the Countess did for her husband; in the other I used it figuratively to express a duality of personality. If I do not understand Tolstoy or Matthew Arnold, Mr. Maude certainly does not understand me.

I told Mr. Maude that I would not argue with him on the subject of art; and really there is no need. I reduced one of Tolstoy's definitions to absurdity, and Mr. Maude has done a similar injury to the other. He has stated my case.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

* * *

"THE GREAT ILLUSION."

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Kirkby, permit me to say that we have "no ground for supposing that . . . the individual desire to boss and tyrannise will prove less indomitable" to the progress of Socialism than race-tradition and race-prejudice. If Mr. Kirkby wants any confirmation of this statement, I may recommend him to study the origin, development, and extinction of the "Mir" land system in Russia, which was so Socialistic as to be almost Communitistic. It fell to pieces, in theory and practice, a few years ago, and its fall was due to the "individual desire to boss and tyrannise" which my critic seems to object to. See, for instance, Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace's book, "Russia," Vol. I.

I do not quite understand Mr. Kirkby's reference to the "effort to unite the will to power of the world's productive workers on a common-sense basis of material interests." No state, no philosophy, no art, has ever yet been based on "material interests" alone; the thing is impossible. This is also Mr. Angell's mistake. He endeavoured to avoid the fallacy of sentimentalism, but he only did so by falling into the equally glaring fallacy of materialism. Even Signor Ferrero declares in his "Figaro" article that man does not live by bread alone—but then Ferrero does not belong to a country where "material interests" are held in any high respect.

Since I have taken the liberty of directing Mr. Kirkby's attention to Russia, I may also direct his attention to France. If he will kindly study modern French political conditions he will find that the workmen are becoming; to use Signor Ferrero's expression, "anti-parliamentary," i.e., they are forming themselves in syndicates, and they profess and exhibit as much hostility to Socialism as to Liberalism or Conservatism. This tendency is spreading to Germany, and I think also to America; and when the effects of Syndicalism are fully appreciated in this country there will be a decided slump in Socialism from the point of view of the international solidarity of the workers. I advise English Socialists to study Syndicalism in France and to face the facts before it is too late to do so.

Permit me, sir, also to object to Mr. Kirkby's application of the adjective "great" to Mr. Angell's book. It is no greater than the once-famous Brown's "Estimate": Brown being the Angell of a century and a half ago, whose great illusion regarding the national character of the British people was as well written as Mr. Angell's book, equally startling, equally conclusive, and, when put to the test, equally wrong.

In short, if Socialism does not throw overboard the international solidarity of the workers—which has nothing to do with it, *per se*—it will go the way of Volapük or Infralapsarianism.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

JOHN HAMILTON CHURCHILL AND "LA PRIMOLA."

Sir,—In your issue of December 15 we have read a rather odd little communication from Mr. John Hamilton Churchill entitled, "La Primola." Doubtless the letter does honour to Mr. Churchill's feelings of gratitude, and at the same time it affords him an opportunity of making known his own decidedly personal views of Italian culture. We feel obliged to thank him for informing us, among other things, that Mr. Nobili is the greatest living Italian authority on art, a fact which has hitherto been unknown not only to Italians, but to a great many friends of this highly estimable gentleman. Nor do the revelations of Mr. Churchill stop here, though we abandon the attempt to enumerate them, since it would rob you of too much of your space. If, however, we give your Italian correspondent full liberty of imagination in other respects, we cannot but be interested in what regards us personally. Not wishing to go too far, we must let you know that if it is true that we have in the past appeared a few times at "La Primola," it is also true that for many months we have not crossed its threshold. This is proof, it seems to us, that we are not among the visitors "to be seen there," according to the expression of Mr. Churchill.

GIOVANNI AMENDOLA.

GIOVANNI PAPINI.

* * *

OSCAR WILDE AND SHAKESPEARE.

Sir,—Mr. Owen sent you extracts from an article by Oscar Wilde last week, but forgot what seems to me to be the most important part of the article.

This is the concluding passage. Having argued that Shakespeare concerned himself with scenery and costume, and having cited E. W. Godwin's productions as the most beautiful of the age, he wound up as follows:—

"Not that I agree with everything that I have said in this essay. There is much with which I entirely disagree. The essay simply represents an artistic standpoint, and in aesthetic criticism attitude is everything. For in art there is no such thing as a universal truth. A Truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true. And just as it is only in art criticism, and through it, that we can apprehend the Platonic theory of ideas, so it is only in art-criticism, and through it, that we can realise Hegel's system of contraries. The truths of metaphysics are the truths of masks."

ALLEN CARRIC.

* * *

THEOLOGY.

Sir,—There is a slight mistake in the first column of my last week's article. The sentence in brackets has gone astray. It is the butterfly, and not the puppet, which is the "image." Probably most readers have discovered this for themselves, but those who have not done so might perhaps be puzzled when we come to talking of images later on.

M. B. OXON.

* * *

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

Sir,—I am puzzled that so many of your able contributors think it worth while, at the present juncture, to run a tilt at party government. The evils incident to, or consequent upon, that system are no doubt obvious, but are they not also inevitable at the present stage of the evolution of democracy? When William of Orange accepted the position of a Parliamentary Monarch, with a yearly supply of money, dependent on the vote of a factious and corrupt House of Commons, he was led—obliged—to choose as Prime Minister some man who could command a majority in the House of Commons. That necessity inaugurated government by party. It was at all events an improvement on government by King's ministers like Strafford and Laud.

Now, sir, I suggest that nothing in this respect has changed from that day to this. The franchise has been enlarged, but the necessity for the King's ministers to command a majority in the House of Commons is as indispensable as ever.

No doubt your contributors have in view some plan for electing a ministry by the suffrages of the whole House. Apart from other considerations this would bring the House of Commons into direct conflict with the privileges of the Crown. Considering the present popularity of Royalty throughout the country, no plan would be better calculated to lead to years of barren conflict in which the claims of privilege would be in the ascendant, and the needs of the poor would be ignored. I think it better to "get forrarder" on present lines. At present it seems to me an agitation against party government is premature, and may turn out to be unnecessary.

R. CAER.

* * *

THE END OF DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—Mr. Allen Upward challenges criticism on many points in his interesting article. Let me tackle one of them and leave abler minds to combat the rest. Can a vocation or business that requires secrecy be one that exists for the public good? Does not secrecy imply injury for some one? It is the business of the police to hurt law-breakers, who would avoid being hurt if the police did not manage its affairs with secrecy. But any country who could do without police would be the better esteemed. The working of secrecy in the diplomatic service, and in the army and navy, is due to the desire of one country to threaten or hurt another one, an extremely expensive luxury which democracies are beginning to realise. There is besides a remedy for the evil in adopting compulsory arbitration. With regard to banks, the only reason why clients do not like their financial position "to be open to the knowledge of the first comer" is because men are unaccustomed to deal frankly with each other. How much imposture is encouraged by a man posing to be wealthier than he is? How many bad debts would be avoided if everybody could find out what balance a customer had at his bank! How many women would be better treated by their husbands if all women could know how much allowance a man gave his wife in proportion to what he spent on himself? The practice of secrecy in money-dealing is in my opinion one of the chief sources of suffering and unhappiness in life. No doubt if a plebiscite were taken on these questions the country would be found to be in a hopeless minority; but if the principle were sound, education, together with the levelling down of class distinction, would in time turn the minority into a majority.

WILLIAM POEL.

* * *

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in your issue of January 26, 1911, page 303, in which you state that two books, viz.:

"Die Sexuelle Frage," by August Forel, and
"The Devil's Motor," by Marie Corelli,

have been placed upon "the index expurgatorius of the Times Book Club," and you go on to infer that the reason in both cases is that the books are considered by us as unfit for publication.

As a matter of fact the first-named of the two books has been stopped in the Library because it is a medical work on a difficult and debateable subject, while the only reason for not placing the "Devil's Motor" in circulation is, that from its format and from the fact that it consists largely of easily detachable illustrations, accompanied by only a modicum of text, it is unsuited for use in a circulating library. It is absolutely untrue that either book has been placed on what you are pleased to call "an index expurgatorius of the Times Book Club," nor is there such an index in existence.

The effect of this paragraph must be seriously to damage the business of the Book Club, and I must call upon you to insert an apology, to be approved of by us, with the least possible delay, not only in your own paper, but in at least three other journals of acknowledged circulation.

F. E. B. DUFF,

Director of the Times Book Club.

[In reply to a subscriber's request for "Die Sexuelle Frage" and "The Devil's Motor," the Times Book Club sent its ordinary printed postcard with the statement that it did not supply these two books. The titles were put one under the other on the same post-card. The post-card gave no explanation of the refusal to circulate the two books, and made no attempt to differentiate between them. This post-card was forwarded to our contributor (Mr. Jacob Tonson), and lay before him when he wrote the paragraph to which the Times Book Club objects. There must surely be in existence, for the use of the staff, a reference list of books which the Times Book Club refuses to circulate among its subscribers! Our contributor called this list an Index Expurgatorius. The name seems quite suitable. Far from inferring that the books of Professor Forel and Miss Marie Corelli were banned for the same reason, our contributor suggested exactly the contrary, as will be seen from the reprint of the whole paragraph which we give below. It was as we say, the Times Book Club itself which failed to differentiate between the two books. We are, however, glad to publish the above letter, which explains its attitude.—ED. N. A.]

THE NEW AGE, January 26.

"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 August Forel, and
"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 similar reasons."

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