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 a member; and he complained in by no means too bitter a prospect is the last in the world to be even visible. The danger in the House of Commons 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 rife 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.

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 bow 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 of course, refrain 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, being, as the obsequious fly-flaps of the Cabinet hasten to assure us, too polite to interrupt Mr. Ginnell, proceeded, not of course to bow him down after the manner of the French or Austrian Assemblies, but to engage in a "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 rife 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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prepared to sacrifice the prospects of the Parliament Bill to the integrity of the House of Commons. A long-observed custom 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 be made if Parliament is defeated in any measure it deems of sufficient importance. In the absence of official opposition it merely serves to draw upon the Labour party the opprobrium 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, Caesar, as either of the other parties. Reference has already been made to the fact that, in the last Parliament, the Labour party’s Bill was defeated; the Labour party’s Bill will be defeated this evening, and habitually; 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.

* * *

It is worth while examining for a moment the service to which the Government for any particular reform. The Press, it appears, is of opinion that procedure by law was the wise and proper course of action taken in the case of the Mylius libel on the King and the trial and sentence that followed. The Press, it appears, is of opinion that procedure by law was the wise and proper course of action taken in the case of the Mylius libel on the King and the trial and sentence that followed. The Press, it appears, is of opinion that procedure by law was the wise and proper course of action taken in the case of the Mylius libel on the King and the trial and sentence that followed. However, 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, Caesar, as either of the other parties. Reference has already been made to the fact that, in the last Parliament, the Labour party’s Bill was defeated; the Labour party’s Bill will be defeated this evening, and habitually; 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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The whole week, in truth, has been full of disagreeable and disgusting 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 and proper course of action taken in the case of the Mylius libel on the King and the trial and sentence that followed. However, 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, Caesar, as either of the other parties. Reference has already been made to the fact that, in the last Parliament, the Labour party’s Bill was defeated; the Labour party’s Bill will be defeated this evening, and habitually; 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.

* * *

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 re-examine its religious views, not because they are not consistent with its programme, but because they are not consistent with its programme. The Labour party must re-examine its religious views, not because they are not consistent with its programme, but because they are not consistent with its programme.
limestone 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.

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 imperious 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 doubt the benevolence of Mr. Churchill and 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 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 had proclaimed the prison code restricting solitary confinement and mitigating penalities and tacitly to chide Mr. Churchill. We cannot believe it in the face of all the evidence.

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 had proclaimed the prison code restricting solitary confinement and mitigating penalities and tacitly to chide Mr. Churchill. We cannot believe it in the face of all the evidence.

Mr. Simpson has had some effect in magnifying the importance of the criminal law. No doubt these latter newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these latter newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these latter newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these latter newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these latter newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type. No doubt these later newspapers of a certain type.

Lord Gladstone, who made such a mess of the suffrage prosecutions in England, evidently learned something by his failure, for he had the courage to commuté the sentence of death for the outbreak of crime by endowing it with a fictitious romance; but we declare to believe that the increase in the statistics of crime will continue to increase, even if the process scares Mr. Simpson into another unsolicited preface.

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. Verdun.

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 uneasy at 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 late that reversion to the power of the uncivilised Teutons—"unredeemed Italy," Italia Irredenta. It was apparently Crisp'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, some eight years ago. 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 on her navy as 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, Austria and Germany, which were also more than a century ago the two chief 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 two navies is still fairly equal; 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 a new programme of efficiency. Austria's naval victory over the Italians at Lissa has recently been caused in Austria when, at recent meetings of the Delegations, the Government called for a new programme. Austria is a people who respect their buildings, their palaces, their churches, and they have no intention at all of allowing their country to become inferior in the naval field. The men in authority, however, are not satisfied with the mere possession of 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 merely take more men and money.

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 certainly the word I should have used in this connection; for the Oriental looks upon such institutions with mingled contempt and indignation. The explanation is brief; 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 experience have enabled me to form an opinion. The explanation is brief; this, so far as my varied travels and political experience have enabled me to form an opinion.

It is of course true that the Arabs regard their own constitution of law and government as far superior to anything that has ever been done in the world. They are a people who respect their buildings, their palaces, their churches, and they have no intention at all of allowing their country to become inferior in the naval field. The men in authority, however, are not satisfied with the mere possession of Dreadnoughts from the North Sea to the Mediterranean.

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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 they have 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 poorest Celt, 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 implied 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 their own representatives. The case of the Copts who would .act, generally speaking, in the same way as the Englishman.
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 inFar-reaching disasters appear probable to many ob-
servers, and even the approach of a revolution has been spoken of.

Aristocracy and Culture.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

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 the present. There is no certainty in a field of temporary 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 oligarchy of its most active quality of wealth and had hitherto preserved its greatest influence. Far-reaching disasters appear probable to many observers, and even the approach of a revolution has been spoken of.

The praises are often sung on the Continent of the English middle classes, who, after having given a sumptuous 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 a paradise. 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 bad 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.

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 confers 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 is its instrument.

It is therefore evident that until the time comes that the English middle classes are able to provide a considerable number of young men possessed of 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.

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 personal ambitions. It might thereby enable Parliament to 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 modern 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 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. 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 his political life to Mr. Chamberlain as his friend had always foreseen, when our system of parliamentary government in the eighties, was, always co-operating harmoniously, but each differing at essential points from the other.

More than that, however, did not even at the time bring him into contact with the extremists. The head of the family line to which he belonged was Disraeli of Maestoke; to that ancient Midland house he felt a quiet, or, rather, silent, pride in descending 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 ever 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 Disraeli of Maestoke; to that ancient Midland house he felt a quiet, or, rather, silent, pride in descending from, the first combined more of level-headedness and knowledge. 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He seldom or ever 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 Disraeli of Maestoke; to that ancient Midland house he felt a quiet, or, rather, silent, pride in descending from, the first combined more of level-headedness and knowledge.
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 class rooms throughout the world, teaching Palmers 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. The housing commissioners were objected to by the local Baptist minister.

The "Song of Songs" has brought a repetition of the complaints by which English writers mark their protest. 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 criticisms. 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 aesthetic 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 arbiters 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, Mr. W. H. Smith and Son's were not, I promptly retorted: "Oh, but I am 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 a public 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 that exist, laced in this country have three well-tried remedies before them, emigration, warfare and violence, any one of which would be better than grumbling.

The first remedy was that chosen by the Pilgrim Fathers, who went forth to 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 individuals whose names are Topping and Spindler have similarly emigrated to Holland in order that they may indulge their benevolent desire to teach women to 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 if they must they should, 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, but 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 Parliamentary answer.

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 their example. There are still oases left in Sahara, and islands in the Pacific, where there are no restrictions. But if they must they should, 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.

In the symposium which you published in The New Age last week on the subject of woman suffrage the "Ayes" have it 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. This will 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. Even 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 something like 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 their advertisement, but because a wrong step would have been taken, the only weapon which the veteless 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 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—than 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 independence. I want the member to be much more independent of the Party. We have already spoken of how we would depopulate 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 there would be no two arbitrary 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 electorate on the candidate, not by the Party. He would reach 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 as an election. Let us now glance at what a truly democratic government might be like.

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—the question is, “How would you make such a system more democratic?” and the answer is: “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 you shall 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 groupings, and those who generally agree with each other will probably get some of their constituencies. But no one says that such methods of election are impossible. Now, granting such methods of election, what would be the character of the elected assembly?

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 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.
Uncited 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 years for criticizing 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 harum-scarum 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 do you 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 malicefulness 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 an 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 get 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 dislik es it less, by mea su ra, 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 handiwork 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 the one who possesses 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 reverse: 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 impossible to respect that intelligence of a 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 of 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 the 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, do you realise, first, how Mr. Churchill has proved himself hopelessly lacking in artistic appreciation; as, indeed, the present Cabinet has?

No, they do not seem to have done much for art or literature or anything 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 government can do. He can 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 remained 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 for five years; 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, 182; in 1909, 84. Birched 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 armchair.

"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, its 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—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 significance for them. They were mere devoid of poetic feeling. That accounts for their attachment to cities."

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

"Of course! I have heard much of him."

"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 appropriate 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 wings with music, but have you to consider that to the Jew it was just another 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.

"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 interesting, perhaps even inspiring. Precisely the same is my attitude towards your rural Arcadias. They bore me until you showed 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 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 presence of a sort of Kodak commiting 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 I bore me."

"I can! I never feel bored in the woods—by the grey stones on the hill; where the heron waits; where the plover wavers. Oh, is there any comrade that is as
Nature? Does she not disclose the white secrecies which human words discolor? 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 solid companionship with a benevolent 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 surround their trees, mountains, and rivers. But I do not happen to belong to that type.

"The experience is 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 surround their trees, mountains, and rivers. But I do not happen to belong to that type.

"There are no mysteries in this Universe, my friend. There are only problems, some of them solved, others awaiting solution. As to Nature, she discloses her nature in the water and wood of her most unexpected—but, then, what can be more unexpected than life itself?" said Chestnuton, at last.

"I cheerfully plead guilty to the prose. But as to being a platitude:"

"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 even 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 a death’s head, why should that be fascination? When logically examined, it turns out to be nothing more than a subjective illusion—a pretense, a futile, 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 being in harmony 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 in so far as he can estimate some kind of relation between them and his precious little self. He is the spider in the centre of the universe, the other God.

"It is not only a platitude, but also a fallacy. I grant you that the Greeks did not cultivate, as a distinct branch of aesthetics, 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 with 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 is really 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."

"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 Nature’s appeal or the part nearest to me. I love Nature and, man more."

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

withal, undemonstrative, discreet, and respectful. When I am meditating, she does not interrupt my reverie with the irritation of my idle thoughts. And for your thoughts, Chestnuton."

"When I went 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 only to read my unspoken thoughts, and she tactfully adapts herself to them."

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

"Chestnuton says that he had promised me to give him my hand; 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 went on."

"There are no mysteries in this Universe, my friend."

"There are only problems, some of them solved, others awaiting solution. As to Nature, she discloses her nature in the water and wood of her most unexpected—but, then, what can be more unexpected than life itself?"

"Don’t you think it is time for a whisky-and-soda?"

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

"You are a platitude."
poor opinion of the Invisible Spirit that works and speaks through Nature.

"Mean as they are 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 I do not for it," I said. "Solitude is a sort of medical treatment for the soul. It is one of Life's hospitals; not one of Life's schools. What poor opinion of the Invisible Spirit that works and speaks through Nature must in solitude behold that glory!

Persons who have done so were either great saintly 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 immerse 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 must have them as 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, leaving 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 relief and repose, and I, for one, should rather say it is a sort of constitutional infirmity. Oxburgh 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, 'so I am, when I endeavour to separate the soul from the body, I feel that the soul which is thus isolated has an existence in 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 must have them as 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, leaving a sigh of profound disappointment. "I am, when all is said, a very gregarious fellow-mortals. This is a necessity of my nature. . . ."

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

"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 'more people' he meant myself. The remark was unexampled. 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, you will be, 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."


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 completely completed. "Anna Karenin" contains two of the author's best stories of good paper, well printed in comedy 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 the same 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, 35. 6d. net) and "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and other Stories" (28. 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 wonderfully good. The translation of "The Jungle Book" is nearly a marvel 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 Victorian Society) which annoys 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—fifteen volumes at a florin each—Weinfurth). 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 Dostoievski. If we had this, 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 Dostoievski. 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 Dosto-
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 on the staff. Such being the case, it is a
scandal that there should exist no complete good Eng-
lish version of Dostoievski.

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 "Medical Theory--II."

It is too much like a billiard table and not like enough
to a switchback. It is too

Theology.—II.
By M. B. Oxon.

The last article may be taken as a preface or argu-
ment, 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
more truly cosmocentric, and his view erroneously taken as being in

*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 then it is clearly out of his reach alto-
gether. It is, so to speak, the mechanical view of the
universe as a whole based on a conception of how that part
of it which we can and do observe does work. The ques-
tion 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 through these
articles. The objection is sometimes raised that by regard-
ing these subjects mechanically we do not make them any
more true. In a sense this is so. (ii.) But we do not, by any
means, (by inversion) we are getting a more extended (though

(iv.) It should, perhaps, be possible to prove (though
not to disprove) that the relations of "nature" to her-
self—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 this 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

actually the basal scheme of the universe. On the con-
trary we should stultify ourselves were we even to
hurt 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

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

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different point of view ("higher") from which they
were directed the postulate still holds good.

The most important, but also a rather
sublime, 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

(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 by which we use it in the postulate and at its contradiction. If the cosmos were
another shape this would be for man non-extant, except
in so far as he could "sub-divide" it anthropomorphi-
cally. If it is suggested that our direct sensual obser-

(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 by which we use it in the postulate and at its contradiction. If the cosmos were
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cally. If it is suggested that our direct sensual obser-

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, that is regarded as important. “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 now return 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, or the difference between a man and a plant, 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 man’s face 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 but it is not clear what we call “unconscious” of it. Thus used, the word consciousness has clearly an arbitrary anthropo-centric meaning. We have no words to name the effect produced at each of the previous steps though consciousness, 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 *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 of the piano kens sub-consciousness 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 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 “cosmos”—for it is a very difficult one to define accurately with our physical anatomy; it is vibrating, though less strongly than string 1; hence they may give the same resonance 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 we 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; sounds and colours 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 swarming sphere (to speak roughly) of wave-fronts. These spheres intersect each other, two spheres cutting in a line, three in a point, so that the flute thru which 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 the names of the nodes 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 plane. 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 similar in spirit to the present discussion. It is clear from the beginning that Searle was using only substituting names, and so could never succeed in his experiments; even if they had been based on correct principles. The Cretius 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 "Shylow," by George Bernard Shaw, 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. I have seen him 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, but that of all the Jews of New York I think the Jew of New York is 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 cync.

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 in a German paper said, "So long, Madame." Magar'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 no less than the Rock of New York, "A Democrat," as the New Yorker having no respect for the law, and an old soldier who fought in the Civil War, and each one is still a Democrat, never dreamed of when he set out on his political career. At first he thought only of finding his political path an easy affair compared with that of his ambitious spouse. At first he thinks he is better off without the taint 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 hire 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 dews from the watered stocks of a paper factory run by a Niagara of perpetual motion. It is a place of those dews 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 "Miss" is often raised, and when turning on the tap for more dews, 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 Christianized 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 a 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 church-warden 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, he is suddenly turned into a Warden, and the Law is set aside. When he is dressed in 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 he says, "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, if I call 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 difficulties 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 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
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 Prince, and whether a opportu-
nity 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 it 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 human affairs could be devoted to the way how Princedoms could be/aggrandised; were there only a Prince to do these things. And he urged this mission upon the Medic, even upon the Pope, because, he said, "at present we see no one except in your illustrious house (pre-eminent by such virtues and good fortune, and favoured by God and by the Church whose headship it now holds), who could undertake the part of a de-
liverer." The task was set, the method of its successful performance stated, the time declared, and the man designated. Thirteen 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 and arrange for a permanent solution of the problem of the statesman and his attitude towards poli-
tics gain a new significance, and become accessible to a new series of solutions. He wants no longer to 'fix up,' as people say, the method of 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 him-
self to gather foundations."

It is safe to say that 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 con-
ceivably 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 in the world and in mind and ended in the middle thirties by desiring only to serve and increase a general process of thought, a process fear-
less, 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 H2O 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 unravel-
ning of the strand of sex, as Remington calls it, I shall devote the rest of this article.

It is very far from Remington sympathises more with the salacity than the statecraft of Machiavelli. But the analogy is palpably false. Remington ruined his politi-
cal 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 amusing 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 and the Florentine Republic was to Caterina Sforza at me. She discovered the woman in the politician, holding her own against the secretary," says Villari. But what is Remington's wonderful discovery of the women of the ancient days. Yet Remington says that I have neither wasted nor slept away the fifteen years that 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 state-

"We can't have that," I said. "No," she said, "we can't have that." "We've got our own things to do." "Aren't they your things, too?" "Because of you," she said. "Aren't they your very own things, too?" "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 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. Little cold hands that tear at my heart. Love children, beautiful children. Little cold hands that tear at my heart. And it's nonsense—utter nonsense! She stopped. She was crying and shaking. "And the child! you know the child!"

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

"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 am 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. You've got to let me have my service, even if they began by setting me to roll stones; for if I could not then succeed in gaining their favour, I'm perfectly for the thing of mine, if it were only read, it would be seen that I have neither wasted nor slept away the fifteen years that 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."

"But Machiavelli would have thrown over the whole female sex had it been necessary to the result. If I was the playboy, 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, 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 darr your socks," she said, smiling back at me.

"You're insatiable."
beautiful, and he is as lively as though he were a year
and had made his voice heard all over the house. Our little
child is not at all well. From 1506 to 1911 the other sex does not seem to have
made his voice heard all over the house. Our little
female sex will have to be considered by the politician,
and he argues that the peculiar needs of the
woman insists on her
and intellectual necessity in a man's life. She comes to
comparison with the wife of Machiavelli inevitably re-
be considered by the politician, but he thinks she has;
she would be regarded by some people as an
taxation of the revolutionary type of woman. But the
father of progress on her lips, or rather, her lover thinks
is no longer a mere physical need, an
invented before he was quite born, and and he
opened his eyes before he was quite born, and
true, Isabel Rivers has many catchwords
beauty, and he is as lively as though he were a year
and made his voice heard all over the house. Our little
beautiful, and he is as lively as though he were a year
and made his voice heard all over the house. Our little
correspondent for Hanbury. She was well-trained and
and intellectual necessity in a man's life. She comes to
true, Isabel Rivers has many catchwords
was an amateur politician, without power or purpose;
weave the double strands of sex and politics into one
is the failure of this mission," says
the chemistry of air or the will of the beasts in the
fields; in ours the case has altogether changed, and woman
has now time to stand beside the bearded tocsins, half in the
light, half in the mystery of the shadows, besetting, inter-
rupting, demanding unrelentingly an altogether unpre-
cedented attention. I feel that in these matters the life of
women has been almost typical of my time. Woman insists on its
presence. She is no longer a mere physical need, an
intellectual necessity in a man's life. She comes to
and intellectual necessity in a man's life. She comes to
politicising about women is contradicted by his facts.
Machiavelli writing in his study: in his day women and
fields; in ours the case has altogether changed, and woman
has now time to stand beside the bearded tocsins, half in the
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There are three ideas in "The Little Stone House" and no play at all. Two are, as far as I know, Mr. Calderon's own, and the third 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 clannishness. I 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. She is to be a woman, a little tool to the cause, 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 bags money from the old woman—those roubles he has pooled together to pay for a tribute to his sainthood. 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 Mr. Calderon were to live in Ireland for a space, he might write one of those "Irish" plays—"Lady of the dark 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 themselves as members of a State rather than as the scab of mankind. It is like asking a man who is being stung to death for giving women the vote—for encouraging women, that by bees which bee most incommodes him. For the reasons he gave us, the revolutionaries are on every side. But I suppose my chief reason for accorded to senile imbeciles and such reprieved murderers rather than for saying that it is right and just that they deal upon this theme, but it is one of some complication, indeed, for the Irish. As a great man, I am bound to damn with as much preaching in this cause that I am tired of uttering the same ideas over and over again. 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 away in the streets. I have provided means for the women. It is for the reason that I have seen the lady's maid—she is a woman, for God's sake!—that I have seen her the lady's maid. I do trust that you will not mean to claim for myself any special experience in the matter of womankind. But, as a man, I have been able to get rid of five of these inferior animals; and personally, 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, or 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, or 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, or 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.

Sir, I understand that you have a body of readers who can read a foreign language. This is a very serious matter and what is solemn truth. That fact is that I have done so much preaching in this cause that I am tired of uttering the same ideas over and over again. I am sick of women as they are. I want them changed; that is why I want women to have the vote. It is for the reason that I have seen the lady's maid. I do trust that you will not mean to claim for myself any special experience in the matter of womankind. But, as a man, I have been able to get rid of five of these inferior animals; and personally, 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, or 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, or 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.

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people will he set about educating them. If I want to make my housemaid as intelligent as a gentleman, if I want my workman to take an interest in his work, and in my factory, I shall begin by giving my housemaid or my workman his or her every kind of opportunities. This will make it all nonsense for any man who pretends to desire the advancement of the State or the solution of public problems to suppose that he can make any progress in these problems if he insists on maintaining the larger half of the population in conditions that make them inferior. If one agent says candidly that he likes the present conditions, that he likes to have a harem of five to seven women, all doing his dirty work and all inferior to a candied gemmata than 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 one excepted of itself which is unknowable, that one half of its population is 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, unalloyed as the streams, or virginal as spring daffodils. They are, of course, all—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? 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." So it is also with the good, His treacherous way, God slowly grinds out some good small flour. When they have got that, the women can afford to come out and take the proper position. It is 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 tomb at Reims, there was no action which has so called public attention to the capabilities of women as that memorable moment when a journalist inveighed against the fact that Miss Parkhurst spot in a policeman's face. Miss Parkhurst did not do it, but the journalist knew what our public wanted.

* FORD MADOX HEIFFER.

* * *

It is hard for one who is a stranger to the psychology of English politics to be certain about such a matter; particularly one who 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 large number of those who are the representatives of your British ruling-class—think about it. 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— for the most part they are the writers who in our "muckraking" movement turned to the whole community the foot-way of all labor, which is the capitalist system; and the suffragettes, I believe, will continue to but 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 government—have been doing 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 capitalist system. You have brought the leading civilised nations to the point where there is an enlightened public sentiment in them, capable of resisting the mayhem and rapine which is going on, of welcoming the hand of brotherhood—or, shall we say, of sisterhood—which the Empire holds out. So the suffragettes find herself confronted inevitably with the task of abolishing the capitalist system, and is now far advanced in every enlightened nation. Therefore, my message to the English suffragettes is the old motto of the Russian revolutionaries: "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 it 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 been told that a new edition was rushed out at the time of Tolstoy's death. My first article appeared on February 26th. Mr. Maude and T. W. Jordan have added a note: "This series of articles was written before Tolstoy's last and fatal illness," I could not consult an edition that had been published by this time, but this appears to me a very demoralising statement, and I am indebted to Mr. Maude's biography for this information. 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 meaning.

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 from mine, and that I was not printed before 1903. The difference between the two is that Merejkowski deduces the proper conclusion from the facts, and Mr. Maude does not. To quote biographical facts is the particular characteristic of Tolstoy's works by his wife is an example. Merejkowski insisted that Tolstoy renounced everything but reading and writing. He had renounced all the wealth he had renounced. That Tolstoy's integrity was not proved by his renunciation of copyright, as Mr. Maude concluded, a quotation from Mr. Maude's pamphlet, "On the Cliffs of Time," dated January 3rd, 1911, will show: "To those near Tolstoy his departure from home did not come as a surprise. But his life was acutely from the contradictions amid which he lived; for he regarded property, wealth, and the sale of his writings as evil, yet felt constrained to go living on a good house in a dangerous estate. "Mr. Maude 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 impotent conclusion.

We feel obliged to thank him for informing us, among other things, 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 to Italians, but to a great many friends of this highly estimable gentleman. Nor do the revelations of Mr. Churchill entitled, "Infralapsarianism.

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 fatal error 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 the school where "material interests" are held in any high respect.

Since I have taken the liberty of directing Mr. Kirkby's attention to Russia as a place where individuals 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 believe it absurd for supporting the proposition that individual desire to boss and tyrannise will prove less indomitable to the progress of Socialism than race-tradition and race-prejudice. Mr. Maude says anything equivalent to this, but he certainly does not say anything which is indistinguishable from it. 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 our critic seems to be adept at destroying. See, for instance, Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace's book, "Russia," Vol. I.

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OSCAR WILDE AND SHAKESPEARE.

Sir,—Mr. Owen seems to you extracts from an article by Oscar Wilde last week, but forget what seems to me to be the most important part of the article. This is the objection raised. 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:

[Text of Oscar Wilde's article on Shakespeare]
"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 it 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 the scientific art of theory that we can approach the Platonic theory of ideas, so it is only in art-criticism, and through it, that we can realise Hegel's system of contradistinctions. The truths of metaphysics are the truths of masks."

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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 "imaginary" object in the past tense. But perhaps readers have discovered this by now. Probably most readers have discovered this, except the police would be the better esteemed. The working of the House of Commons, with a yearly supply of education, would avoid being hurt if the police did not manage its own government by King's ministers like Strafford and Laud. 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 world, it would be wise 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 forrader" 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 of last week. Does he mean to have his cake and leave abler minds to combat the rest? How much importance can be attached to the levelling down of class distinction, would in time turn the Queen's (Minor) Hall, Langham Place, London, W.

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