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CONTAINING SUPPLEMENT ON HOUSING, TOWN PLANNING, AND ARCHITECTURE.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE LABOUR PARTY has never made up its mind to regard the Right to Work Bill as no more than a useful weapon of irritation and advertisement. It persists in occasionally dreaming that the proposals of the Bill could be carried out in actual practice. On the amendment to the Address on Friday, in the course of which Messrs. O'Grady, Clynes, and Lansbury spoke, all three appeared to take the latter view, with such spokesmen of the Labour Party appear to have neg-lected not merely to think out their subject individually, but even to consult with one another on their joint case. Not for a very long time has so poor a show been made on any important occasion. In only one item that we can discover were they explicitly agreed, and that happens to have been in sharp inconsistency with the principle of the proposal they were handling.

Both Mr. O'Grady, who moved the amendment, and Mr. Lansbury, who, in a maiden speech, supported it, clearly defined the doctrine which they supposed to underlie the Bill: the Socialist doctrine that the State must finally be responsible for the organisation of labour. With such a doctrine it is, of course, impossible for us to disagree; but we can, and do, dissent from the misapplication of this doctrine to the Bill in question. The Right to Work Bill, in the words of Mr. O'Grady, lays down the principle that "the State should undertake the responsibility of directly providing employment or maintenance for the genuine unem-ployed." But this, we suggest, is not only not a prac-tical deduction from the above-quoted Socialist doctrine; it is in flagrant violation of it. The organisation of employment by the State is one thing; the provision for unemployment is quite another. And we would go further and say that nothing has done more, or will, if persisted in, do more to discredit Socialism as a political and economic doctrine than the association of its prin-ciples with the principles of the soup-kitchen and relief-works. Mr. Clynes, we observe, was anxious to prove that a State scheme for directly employing the unem-ployed need not result in "relief measures." The fact, however, is notorious that every such direct employ-ment of the unemployed degenerates sooner rather than later into relief. Indeed it cannot fail to do so, the presumption of unemployment being the fact that the unemployed for some reason or other are unable to procure ordinary employment at the market rates. If, then, the State under pressure of the Labour members, were to make itself responsible either for the direct employment or for the maintenance of such men as cannot at any given time find a living occupation under private employers, the result would certainly be that the State in the end would be merely the scrap-heaps on which private employers would throw their waste. So far from the State becoming the sole employer of labour, it would become merely labour's hospital.

Sentimental considerations make it practically im-possible for any State to avoid discharging this office, but this necessity ought not to blind Socialists to the fact that State charity of this kind militates in the end against Socialism. What, for example, could be better, from the private employer's point of view, than that the State should undertake the provision for as many unemployed as they like to throw upon the market? Such a procedure would infallibly bolster up the present system and give it years more of life. If,
They are not obviously and infectiously sincere, their debate we have only to note the general absence of passion in the sense of unmistakable sincerity is certainly to be expected of every debate necessary, as we say, to lose the opportunity of extending the State or municipal employment. But that is just the direction in which for years now the Labour movement seems to have suffered paralysis. Comparative figures of the last ten years’ progress in municipal and State ownership are not to be had at this moment in the world why in fact the present state of affairs should not be in a very short time exactly reversed. If the State instead of endeavouring very inefficiently to employ the unemployed, were to provide better employment for the already employed, the pick of the market of men would be at its disposal, and the rest would be left for private employers to compete for and exploit. To bring about this desirable state of affairs, it is necessary, as we say, to lose the opportunity of extending the State or municipal employment of skilled persons. There is not the least reason in the material for our earliest experiments is gathered on private employers’ scrap heaps. On the other hand, it is open to Socialist legislators to press every opportunity of extending the State or municipal employment of skilled persons. As for State employment, it is odd that only Mr. O’Grady of the three Labour spokesmen mentioned the Development Bill as even remotely offering one remedy against State and municipal enterprise. But that is just the direction in which for years now the Labour movement seems to have suffered paralysis. Comparative figures of the last ten years’ progress in municipal and State ownership are not to be had at this moment in official form, but we know enough of their drift to affirm confidently that municipal enterprise has practically stood still during the last five years. As for State employment, it is odd that only Mr. O’Grady of the three Labour spokesmen mentioned the Development Bill as even remotely offering one remedy against unemployment. The Development Bill contained in embryo most of the positive suggestions put forward by Socialists. It has been in existence for two years, and for two years it has been allowed to remain almost moribund. A sensible amendment to the Address would have been a petition to the Crown to bring in a Development Bill to apply to the Development Bill.

If anything is needed to point the futility of the debate we have only to note the general absence of passion, the presence of a more than usually abundant supply of platitudes, and the contemptuous tone of Mr. Burns’ reply. Passion in the sense of unmistakable sincerity is certainly to be expected of every debate inaugurated by the Labour Party in Parliament. If they are not obviously and infectiously sincere, their presence in the House is a superfluity. Yet we venture to say that there was not a note of real conviction in a single speech delivered from the Labour benches. Listen, for example, to Mr. O’Grady politely assuring the House of Commons that “he was not aware that the hon. and gallant member was as sympathetic towards the unemployed as were the Labour Party.” If that is true, the sooner the Labour Party return to their workshops the better, for, as we have already shown, if they have not heat neither have they light. The remark, however, was obviously untrue, but the fact that it was made indicates the shallowness of the sentiment in which the Labour members were moving.

Of platitudes uttered on this occasion we will not attempt to score, all tending to prove our contention that the debate was unreal. Mr. Jardine, who hails from Somerset, set the ball rolling with a sentence which we have heard, we fancy, on the heels of a parrot: “The true remedy for our present difficulties was to be found not in wild Socialist schemes which would drive away capital, but in Tariff Reform.” After that it was inevitable that Mr. Forster should talk of “destroying at one blow all incentive to thrift” and “sapping the independence of character which had made the British working man famous throughout the world.” Such sentences should never be expressed in the House of Commons.Sir Percy Bunting’s Committee might well have been well employed in suppressing them, for their indecency. But the pity of it all is that they should owe their inspiration to a debate on an amendment to the Address moved and seconded by members of the Labour group. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may well have refrained from joining in the debate.

Contemptuous is not the exact word to describe the character of Mr. Burns’s reply. Perhaps easily complacent is nearer the mark. It must be remembered that Mr. Burns has now had the task of replying to the Right to Work Bill on no fewer than six occasions and practice has given him both facility and confidence. If Marc Antony were Brutus, the occasion, even the sixth, might still have served to draw Mr. Burns to some promise, some concession, some admission which should afterwards prove of service. But Brutus was dumb and Marc Antony could speak only in Shakespeare. Mr. Burns was allowed a triumphant escape after a bare enumeration of things done by his Government and department and a purplish peroration. The catalogue, in truth, of what has actually been done during the last five years is superlatively impressive. Old Age Pensions, Eight Hours for Miners, Labour Exchanges, and the definite promise of Unemployment Insurance. The peroration, on the other hand, contained a single idea so common in Mr. Burns’ speeches that we might almost take it as the keynote of the character of Mr. Burns’s reply. Perhaps easily comprehensible.

You may alter,” he said, “the constitution of the House of Commons, you may dissolve the House of Commons, you may do what you may with existing institutions, but one thing you ought not to do, or attempt to do—break the proud spirit of the poor.” We refrain at this moment from inquiring into the view underlying this rhetoric, but we commend it nevertheless to the attention of our readers. One of these days we shall return to it.

Mr. Churchill was able, as we thought he would be, to put up a good defence of his action as Home Secretary on the occasion of the Welsh coal strike. The outstanding feature of an almost unprecedented disturbance, at least as far as the mid-Rhondda district was the absence of any official bloodshed. We are quite prepared to believe with Mr. Abrahams and Mr. Keir Hardie, both of whom have intimate knowledge of the details, that the action of the police was in many cases unnecessarily brutal; but the reply is unanswerable, that the ordinary law in such cases can be put in force and the police brought to book. Why is it that in no instance have private proceedings been taken? On the other hand, there is no question that the suspension of the sending of the military was a wise, even if it was not a humane act, on the part of the
Home Secretary. The spilling of blood in civil disputes by officials is never forgotten, and it is never forgiven. Broken heads and bad bruises heal with time. But if we are willing to acquit Mr. Churchill of the worse offence—namely the assumption of responsibility, not only for the disturbance which took place, but for disturbances which threaten to take place again. On this aspect we are sorry to see that Mr. Churchill had not a single word to say. It is a monstrous perversion of statesmanship to assume that the sole function of Home Secretaries is to keep the ring while capital and labour fight out their eternal war. On the contrary, it is the business of governments to ensure order as well as to restore it when it has been broken. What steps have been taken by Mr. Churchill to ward off future trouble? If he is right in refusing an enquiry into the conduct of the police, he will not remain right unless he institutes forthwith an enquiry into the conduct of the employers.

We do not share either the indignation or the surprise of legalist journals at the action of Justice Grantham in replying publicly to his critics. On the contrary, we should be only too glad if more Justices would follow his example. For some years past, and during the period when the instructed public was undergoing enlightenment in the profound mysteries of crime, the Judges almost without exception—and Justice Grantham is nowhere near being one of the exceptions—have still consistently and maliciously set their faces against any real amelioration of the infamous and ignorant punishments which stand in the code of England. What private glooms they had, alas, we know not, that made them do it; but the fact remains, as anyone may see who examines the recent statistics of crime, that in the last five and ten years and as a result not of the increasing humanity of the community but of the increasing severity of judges and magistrates, criminal cases have gone up in numbers by leaps and bounds. It is all very well to urge, as it naturally has been urged, that the conclusion from the statistics is that more punishment is necessary. But the device is obsolete if ever there was one. Nobody save the judges and their apologists now dreams of one moment that crime can be reduced by severer punishments. The very opposite is indeed the case. Among a people whose spirit has not been broken—as, marvellous to say, the spirit of the English poor has never been sapped by the severest flummery, and general primitive entertainment of the medicine men who preside in our criminal courts is a positive seduction to crime. We doubt if we are not as moderate in stating our belief that among the chief causes of increased crime during the last ten years has been the melodramatic determination of our criminal authorities to suppress crime at any cost. That determination is itself in our view as criminal as crime, and hence its fruitful parent.

The elevation of judges beyond the reach of public opinion, save by the almost impossible means of a majority vote in both Houses of Parliament, their wonderful address in establishing and maintaining a tradition of dignified indifference to public comment, and their steady refusal to answer anywhere or to anybody for their actions have doubtless given their office a status such as belonged only to the high priests of the most theocratic nations. But this elevation and seclusion have been in some respects at the public expense. We are never sure in any given case whether justice, even such justice as our laws permit, has actually been done. In many instances, from all the evidence at our disposal and using such faculties as ordinary mortals possess, we are bound to conclude, indeed, that justice has not been done. But except from judge to judge there is no appeal, nor when the case appears blackest is a ray of light allowed to fall on us from the judges. This being the case at this moment, we repeat that we are not indignant when Justice Grantham breaks the rule that binds his con- federates to silence before the public. And as for sur- prise, who can be surprised at anything that Justice Grantham does? On the very day that he was protest- ing that he had never by word or deed done or said anything to give a partisan or political complexion to his judicial work he remarked in a forgery case that "the sort of reciprocity Canada reserved for England was to send her criminals over here to be punished. In other matters, he complained, "they took reciprocity with the United States." If that is not giving a partisan and political complexion to judicial work we should like to know what is. Mr. Austen Chamberlain or Mr. Row- land was not so adroitly for party purposes.

THE RESEARCHER.

One day ere dreaming youth had gone from him,
He lifted from his work-bench shining eyes
And for a shifting second saw
The universe entire,
And truth blazed through her cloudy coverings dim,
And endlessly unfurled before him lies
The simple potency of law,
The light of his own lamp,
The great high majesty immutable
Of just the thing that is that day he knew,
And with the everlasting came
Into brave harmony.
The never-ending chain, unbreakable,
That links the tiniest thing he saw anew,
Stilled in this clear thought's shining name,
His restless agony.

He turned back to his little task again,
Hearing the bunsen's soft familiar hiss,
Seeking the light of his own lamp,
Glimt from his microscope.

Then with new heart his work he set in train,
Knowing his method was no tool amiss,
And all his life he bears the stamp
And vision of his scope.

For he who once has known this awestruck prayer,
And looked beyond this warm enfolding world
Into the distant heart of things,
With quiet consenting eyes,
Can face his soul's brief lonely way, and fare
Forth on the path his knowledge has unfurled,
Calm in the joy such worship brings,
And brave the changing skies.

LOVE IS DEATHLESS!

Sweet Love is dead,
Where shall we bury him?
In a green bed;
No stone at his head,
No prayers nor sighs to worry him.

Say, will he sleep
Dreamless and quiet?
Yes, if we keep
Silence, nor weep
Where Death's white daisies riot.

There let us part ...
But hush, he is waking!
He wingeth his dart
Once again, and my heart
No longer is weary and aching.
For me no more
Sweet Love lies breathless.
All I forswore
Stay as before.
Death may die, but Love is deathless!

THOMAS MOULT.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

The Duke of Connaught is wrong. I am sorry that it should be necessary for me to contradict him; but the interests of truth are paramount. Matters in South Africa are not nearly so harmonious as his Royal Highness would wish us to believe from his recent Guildhall speech. Far from racial antagonism dying down, it is increasing daily, and the wonder is, not that it should increase, but that a sufficient number of sentimentalists and people without any ethnological training should ever have come to believe that it would die down in the short space of ten years. In spite of the fact that we have given the Boers equal rights with the British South Africans, they object to us. Their objection is almost instinctive by this time, and it will take more to eradicate it than the majority of people here seem to imagine.

Even the Liberal Press, which might naturally be supposed to look upon South African affairs in as rosy a light as possible, has had to admit telegrams now and then which, in themselves, show that everything is not working so smoothly as it might. It is notorious that dozens of English teachers, for instance, have been turned away to make room for Dutch ones; and the use of the English language, especially in the country districts, is discouraged as much as possible. The police force is also turning Dutch as rapidly as these things can be arranged, and, of course, it is well known that Britshers are being retrenched from the Civil Service wherever possible.

Nine years ago the Boers were absolutely at our mercy. The guerilla warfare had been fought out, and the enemy was exhausted. If the South African war had been undertaken as a joke one could understand why, only a few years afterwards, equal governing rights were granted to the conquered people, who, in the most important parts of the conquered territory, are greatly in the majority. In view of the backward characteristics of the Boers, nothing but misplaced sentimentality can account for the present position of affairs in South Africa.

Let us take a somewhat analagous instance. In 1870 Germany conquered France and annexed Alsace-Lorraine. She did not grant a Constitution to these provinces until she had made absolutely certain that they had been rendered quite innocuous so far as the German Empire and German subjects were concerned. For years after the annexation the French inhabitants were kept under such rigorous restraint that they either emigrated or decided that it would pay them better to affairs in South Africa.

No amount of education will bring the native to the level of the white man. We have had about ten thousand years start of us (at least), and the Hindus have five thousand years start of us (at least), and the Hindus about ten thousand years start of the Greeks. Inferior races cannot be raised anywhere near the level of superior ones in this way. By a generation's hard intellectual discipline, the Boer might be brought so near the intellectual discipline, the Boer might be brought so near the white interloper, his punishment should be much more severe. Of course, the lower the standard of civilization of any community, the more severe the punishments which have to be inflicted. The connection between memory and punishment has been pointed out by at least one psychologist of world-wide reputation; and any student of punishment will at once recognise how it decreases in severity as the community progresses. But by no stretch of the language can the South African natives be called even moderately progressive. If there should be any criticism on this point I shall be prepared to consider it.

It is useless, however, to criticise this point of view by saying that matters will right themselves by the time the native has fully shared the blessings of European civilisation, and been educated by the white man. No amount of education will bring the native to the level of the white man. We have had about ten thousand years start of him, just as the Greeks have five thousand years start of us (at least), and the Hindus about ten thousand years start of the Greeks. Inferior races cannot be raised anywhere near the level of superior ones in this way. By a generation's hard intellectual discipline, the Boer might be brought so near to the Briton that the disparity could be glossed over.

I may have some of General Botha's speeches thrown at my head also, but this won't do, either. The leader of the Boers is General Botha, but General Hertzog. General Hertzog is the reactionary element in the Cabinet, and he is strongly supported by the overwhelmingly reactionary element amongst his countrymen. The speeches in the South African Parliament, the speeches which will be made at the Imperial Conference, count for nothing at all. What does count is the attitude taken up by the Boer farmers, particularly in the more backward districts. And so far this attitude has most decidedly not been very encouraging to those who have looked forward to the disappearance of "racial feeling," and a "truly United South Africa."
I endorse the editorial recommendation of this book to the readers of The New Age. As an exposure of the means by which the oligarchy has maintained political power and control of the political machinery, it is invaluable. It is twenty-five years since Sir Henry Maine concluded his essay on "The Nature of Democracy with this prophecy. We are drifting toward a type of government associated with terrible events—a single assembly, armed with full powers over the Constitution, which it may exercise at pleasure. It will be a theoretically all-powerful Convention, governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety. It will be a Convention of direct submission to its authority by Obstruction, for which its rulers are always seeking to find a remedy in some kind of moral guillotine." The prophecy has been fulfilled, the remedy has been found; and, according to the authors of this book, the "practically all-powerful secret Committee of Public Safety" has degraded the House of Commons from a deliberative assembly to a voting machine subservient to its will. Mr. Ginnell's recent protests, or the eloquence of the Speaker, gives point to many of the assertions of the authors of this book.

The methods employed are not new: collusion and corruption are probably as old as politics. It is true that aught has been bought and sold in Parliament so crude a process of corruption is unnecessary. "It is a most singular fact," said Sir Henry Maine, "that the only influences having an affinity for the old corruption, which still survive in Great Britain, are such as can be brought to bear on these exalted regions of society, in which stars, garters, ribbons, titles, and lord-lieutenancies still circulate." And again: "Perhaps we are not at liberty to forget that there are two kinds of bribery. It can be carried on by promising or giving to expectant partisans places paid out of the taxes, or it may consist in the directer process of legislating away the property of one class and transferring it to another. It is this last which is likely to be the corruption of these latter days." The historian of "Ancient Law" feared that the representatives of the people might act like our traditional hero, Robin Hood, and rob the rich to relieve the poor. Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton have shown us that the converse is more likely to be true.

They tell us that the Party System is dead; that the front benches no longer represent conflicting interests. By intermarriage between the leaders of the parties, the opposing interests have been amalgamated. Between them, they control the procedure of the House, and exclude all independent criticism. Perhaps the most striking chapter in this book is the third, wherein the authors show that "the method of keeping a subject alive by questions is the only—though paltry—procedure left to a member of the House of Commons who desires to act in that assembly in any representative character." The method has been so crude a process of keeping a subject alive by questions is the only—though paltry—procedure left to a member of the House of Commons who desires to act in that assembly in any representative character. The secret party funds bring us any nearer to our goal, the authors are quick to observe that another secret fund would be collected beside the officially audited one. A law to shorten the term of Parliament to four years, and to make it impossible to make improper use of the period, obviously could not be carried against the will of the Caucus. They dismiss all changes of political machinery as impossible or ineffectual; and turn once more to the political education of the Democracy. Exposure of the Party System is necessary; and for purposes of propaganda, this book is excellent. But exposure alone will tend to disgust people with politics; and as I hope to show hereafter, it is necessary that they should be roused to political effort. Then they suggest that definite pledges should be extracted from candidates to vote against the Government on all measures unless those to which they pledge themselves are carried into law by a certain time: The authors say: "Such pledges, if their action would be efficacious, which no pledge now is. They would hold up the party boss and say, 'Here are you and yours with such and such salaries. You can bend to the popular will, or you can go.' But as the alternative would be another selected candidate, the will of the people would not be expressed. So they come to the melancholy conclusion that "if it so prove, if freemen will not make an effort to control their representatives, it is necessary to declare that the law-making institution of England, which has already ceased to be an instrument of Government, is done with."

The conclusion is not correct. The whole book proves that, as an instrument of government, the House of Commons has never been more highly organised and efficient than it now is. To quote Sir Henry Maine again: "The antidote to the fundamental infirmities of democracy was representation, but the drug which defeats it has now been found in the Caucus." That the Caucus governs in the interest of the plutocracy, that it does not govern in the interest of the people, as Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton understand the phrase, I do not deny; my point is that it does govern, and uses the House of Commons as its legislative instrument. And it will continue to govern until some of our democrats learn a little political wisdom. I quote Sir Henry Maine again with the hope of exasperating somebody to do something. "The truth is, that the modern enthusiasts for Democracy make one fundamental confusion. They mix up the theory, that the Demos is capable of deciding, with the fact, that it is capable of adopting the opinions of one man or of a limited number of men, and of founding directions to its instruments upon them."

If, therefore, Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton abolish the House of Commons with a stroke of the pen, as an institution representative of the people, they do not destroy it as an instrument of government by the plutocracy. But the phrase, representative of the people, is open to many interpretations. Messrs. Balfour and Asquith can claim, with a good show of reason, to
represent the people: if they dared cynically to avow it, they could say that the will of the people empowered them to govern in the interests of the plutocracy. And if we are to wait for a change until the impulse and initiative come from the people, we have postponed one more hope to the plutocrats, which is always a thousand years ahead. The authors of this book have left us stranded with their theory that the Party system is dead, that Parliament is dead, and that politics is a dirty game.

We cannot be content with a negation, however logically it may be deduced from a false premise. The Party system must be revived, and Parliament restored; and the plutocrats must be shown that two can play at the dirty game, and that we are known, under a tyranny. A combination of interests has enabled a certain number of politicians to obtain power: are there no other politicians, no other interests? A passage in this book offers a suggestion. It is prophesied that in the reconstitution of the House of Lords, "those who will disappear will be the country squires, who are in one sense really representative of England, and who, though usually bumptious to some extent by the intrigues at Westminster, vote either in their own interests or as they think best for the nation." If this prophecy is fulfilled, there will be a disaffected interest to be made use of by a politician. There are motives of revenge, motives of power, whose very insanity of ideals, could be manipulated by a politician to break the power of the Caucus. To get a number of men into the House who are independent of the combined parties, who will, like the old Fourth Party, hamper and harass the Government in season and out of season, who will keep the Chamber from complete submission to the Cabinet by obstruction, that is the course immediately necessary. For it is clear that no constructive policy can be pursued until the power of the Caucus is broken; unless the Caucus itself is captured, and made subservient to another purpose.

So I conclude that, by whatsoever means, independent members must be returned. I suggest that they should act in concert for the purpose of obstruction, until liberty of debate is restored. Then they could proceed to represent their constituents as they imagine that they should be represented; meanwhile doing their best to increase their numbers. By persuasion and argument, by bribery, they should be able to detach the more rebellious spirits from the historic parties. A party fund would have to be collected, and a programme prepared; and as both "Independent" and "Socialist" do not commend candidates to the electors, I suggest that the electorates should be able to show in their votes the extent by which independent members are adequately equipped him; or, he is some obscure nondescript who, by a judicial system of fawning, has worked his way up from the lowest round of the official ladder at length become "a terrible big pot." And this is the most terrible reptile with which the Egyptian has to contend.

In this, however, Mr. Mohamed seems to me to have taken an extreme case and adduced it as a general instance: a picture exaggerated and antithetic. A name would have to be adopted, and a programme prepared; and as both "Independent" and "Socialist" do not commend candidates to the electors, I suggest that the electorates should be able to show in their votes the extent by which independent members are adequately equipped him; or, he is some obscure nondescript who, by a judicial system of fawning, has worked his way up from the lowest round of the official ladder at length become "a terrible big pot." And this is the most terrible reptile with which the Egyptian has to contend.

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The Path to Democracy.

By Cecil Chesterton.

VI.—Some Democratic Dangers.

It will be well to close this series of papers, intended to trace the path to Democracy by indicating some of the dangers which Democracy may at first involve. And this for two reasons. Firstly, that we may so be enabled to guard as far as may be against these dangers; and secondly, that when they appear we may not be frightened by them into reacting towards oligarchy.

The first result that I should expect to follow the appearance of genuine Democracy in this country would be a considerable increase in direct and palpable corruption.

In the eighteenth century when the English Parliament was, within certain oligarchical limits, a free assembly, immense sums were spent in bribing its members. This custom has fallen into disuse, not, as it seems to me better to risk a premature explosion than to acquiesce in a system under which we have already been humiliated. But the politicians, probably conscious of the weakness which their own mismanagement has produced, generally shield arms—except against the very weak. Most of us, I think, could count many occasions—the incident of the Russian fleet in the North Sea is one—on which the populace would certainly have voted for war, and on which the governing class avoided it.

This appears to me to be emphatically one of those cases where a certain risk must be run in order that a deeply-rooted disease may be cured. It is true that our masses, well acquainted with their own wants and their own affairs and quite capable of managing them, are not well acquainted with the politics of Europe. But it is also true that they never can become acquainted with them unless they are accustomed to hear them discussed and to take an active part in dealing with them. Finally, it is certain that without an alert and well-informed mass of public opinion a great war, should it be forced upon us, would find us unready and incapable of effective action. Something must be risked; and it seems to me better to risk a premature explosion than to acquiesce in a system under which we are patently sinking lower and lower in the eyes of the world. Meanwhile perhaps the best course would be to by the politicians as a proof that Democracy is a failure. Already they are fond of dwelling on the fact...
that the proportion of the electorate that votes in England is greater than in the countries of the Continent. They do not generally point out that this is due to the costly machinery for plaguing, bullying and bribing the electors which the Party Caucus has at its disposal. If canvassing were forbidden, or even the custom of "bringing up voters" on polling day were discontinued, the polls would fall to an extent that would stagger everybody. I doubt if twenty per cent. of the electors would vote.

In a democratic nation, with the party machinery gone, no one would vote unless they thought there was something worth voting for. True, things worth voting for will be put before them more often than they are to-day. But it may be questioned if public spirit and self-interest will ever bring as large a percentage to the polling booth as the party machine contrives to drag or drive there to-day.

Yet it is essential that the determining mass of the people should vote; otherwise, they will be misrepresented and Democracy will defeat itself. Will they do so?

I have already disclaimed the gift of prophecy. All I can say is that, as far as I can see, it is on the answer to that question that the future of England hangs.

In my last article I compared the oligarchical Party System to a cancer, and expressed a hope that if it were removed healthy flesh would grow in its place. But such a hope in the case of a cancer rests upon the recuperative power of the human body.

Has our nation still such recuperative power? Sick we certainly are, but is the sickness mortal and incurable? Have we that vitality in us which, when the surgeon's knife has been applied, can make us whole again?

I believe that we have. I believe that there is in the English people a vast fund of elemental virtue, courage, humour, of which the politicians know nothing, but of which the world shall know one day. I do not think that we are dying. I think we shall arise.

If it be not so, then there is no more to be said. There is no hope or possibility for England. The Party System may serve as well as anything else to soothe and amuse the last sad spaces of her decline.

To Your Posts, Feminists!

By D. Triformis.

In the mining centres of Australia, a traveller very often comes across broken-down fellows who tell the tale of terrible losses and of falls from high financial glory. Some may be honest; but mostly the truth is, intelligible outside the primitive groove of the W.S.P.U. news of caucuses, amounts of money received, cheerings-on to glory and abuse of opponents. Not a humane, lettered or truly political sentiment is expressed from cover to cover of this journal. Its make-up proves that it circulates among the uninformed.

When further, we glance at the £60,000, we remember the indignation of small tradespeople, rivalled and undercut wherever a W.S.P.U. shop opens. We recall the two little miseries who had to forgo their Christmas Tree "for Mother's Cause." We scan the advertisements in "Votes for Women," and find therein every brutality to animals represented to foster the "cause." The type of female that frequents the W.S.P.U. seems no whit different in kind from the bluntest among our sex, but only different in degree, piling upon the untaught barbarism of the average woman the refinements of hysterical perception. The W.S.P.U. have proven indifferent to any other rights but what they can call "woman's rights."

If Mrs. Billington-Greig, or any capable organiser, would give women the opportunity of joining a real feminist league, with no calls to glory, otherwise street-rows, no deadly commercial dealings, no ostrich tactics, I believe we might perhaps see a temporary collapse of the woman's movement. People scarcely bother to argue against it now. The brief, amused replies of most of the "anti's" to the Symposium questions are fairly indicative of the attitude of people who matter. Numbers are negligible nowadays. Statesmen know perfectly well how to control numbers. They have never learned, and never may learn, to combat living ideas; nor, indeed, is it to be supposed that they would wish to do so. Even men who, at present oppose the suffrage declare that they would welcome a finer spirit of understanding and independence in their women kind. The vote will make no woman free who is not individually free before she gets it. In the division of cherishing individual freedom lies the work of true feminists. We have, for instance, to persuade and stimulate Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's W.S.P.U. is teaching them to fight (or, rather, to pay others to fight) for the vote in order to cling more securely. At present, Mr. Hueffer may run away in the Pankhurst regime, he might be hailed back even from Callao. Rigorous punishment for desertion is an old-established witchery of proselytising militants. But prohibitions and punishments are not milestones on the way to freedom!
to the extent of endorsing Nationalism in one sense of that term, which is that it is expedient to keep "Home Rule" in the forefront of our programme. Thus, whilst the "half-hoggers" concede the principle of Nationalism, they shrink at present from any extension of the propaganda in connection therewith which would expose them to the necessity of its logical application to the principle to which they subscribe. They would prefer to secure concessions in respect of facilities for local government before engaging in any agitation which has for its object a "larger policy," as the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expressed it. These folk represent the cautious and more conservative elements in the Gaelic movement. They desire to go slowly, not so much because they are opposed to doing the reverse as on account of their disinclination, for reasons of policy, to force the pace. For my part, I think that our movement is happily circumscribed in this respect, for, at its present stage, a plethora of Ruperts might spell shipwreck to the whole cause. It is desirable, however, from every point of view, that these cautious and conservative elements within the Renaissance should be kept in due check, since nothing so much spoils a political movement of this kind as the undue prominence of those same elements. Undoubtedly, the pace is sooner or later, to the swift; but, in the meantime, the more deliberate motions of the tortoise—which, by the way, are directed towards a similar goal—constitute a useful set of the heated impetuosities of the hare.

"Too much Johnson" is, after all, but the popular way of expressing the truth that when "balance" flies out of the window, disaster comes in at the door. The Celtic System itself, which began to lose ground in Scotland when David I (1124–1153) came to the throne—was founded on that very thing, i.e., "balance"; so that a policy of give and take between those, on the one hand, who would write the word "Limited" after the word "National" and those who are opposed to doing anything of the kind, would seem as well for historical as practical reasons to be the best one to pursue, at all events until such time as public opinion amongst us shall have assimilated the doctrines of the more advanced of our political thinkers.

I would here crave permission to caution the reader against the temptation to regard our movement independently of those from which it has derived no small part of its being and which have had in connection with it and its kind elsewhere—yet keep it aloof, as it were. The Celtic Renaissance is part of an almost world-wide movement, which, engaged in on the part of the chiefs of the nations, has for its object the freeing of those people from state and social servitude—a servitude to which they have been reduced largely in consequence of the greed and intolerance of the "Great Powers." What makes our movement further inevitable, moreover, is this, that in proportion as you educate people, so do you enlarge their unwillingness to submit to foreign dictation, and that fussy sort of officialism which is the bed-rock of "Imperialism." We want no "Imperialism"—there are Celts, of course, who do, at the present moment, and who are so minded because they have not yet been educated up to better things. But, speaking in the name of the advanced party—to which I have the honour to belong—we want to do according as we are prepared to act in regard to others. We wish to live and to let live. We wish to enjoy our own proper civilization, and all that it implies. We have a noble past, a desire that the future shall be created out of it, as it were. Once upon a time, we were a great force in Europe; we desire to make it possible for our descendants to witness the return of those glorious days. We are not exclusive like the Jew; but, unlike him, the palaces of Babylon have no everlasting attraction for us. In a word, the real aim of the Celtic Renaissance is to re-establish the Celt, in the same sense, and in the same degree (though not of course to the same extent numerically) in which his friends and neighbours the Saxons are established to-day.
The Don in Arcadia.

II.—The People of the Plough.

My colleague Chestnutt avoided me during the last few days, so persistently that I could not help seeing that he resented my efforts to abuse his mind of those unwholesome illusions about Nature. This did not surprise me. The longer I live the more keenly I realise how few among my fellow-creatures like being undeceived. To most of them the pure atmosphere of reason is thoroughly ungenial. Logic seems to produce in them the disagreeable sensations which the dweller in the plains of Hindustan experiences when he moves to the bracing heights of the hills. Yet, I feel that to let them go on breathing the polluted air of the plains, when a word from one might rescue them, is to show false tenderness. A removal to a higher and purer level, however unpleasant it may be at first, is bound to prove, in the long run, beneficial to their lungs, unless diseased beyond recovery. In any case, I cannot refrain from speaking the truth, even if it kills them.

With this charitable intention I called on my colleague to-day, determined to convince him of the absurdity of his position at all costs. "There have been genial philosophers before you, my friend," I said, "philosophers who held that all life is the result of purefaction. They pictured this planet in its prime as a mass of bare rock, unsullied by life in any form; a barren paradise without fruit, flower, or grass; without aught that flies, walks, or creeps—a glorious solitude unbroken by the speech of man, the song of bird, or the hum of insect. Then came decay. The great naked crags began to be disfigured by verdure, the silence was desecrated by noisome, noisy things, and the earth began to swarm with human and other vermin. The picture is not a very pleasant one; but, at all events, it is consistent. Those cheerful sages did not talk about 'the glory of God.' It seems to me that, as soon as you introduce that idea, you contradict yourself."

"I don't see it at all."

"And I do. If your joy in Nature is of the kind that admits thoughts of God, if you behold in it the hand of a wise Creator, why confine your admiration to the things that are noiseless? Your devotional feeling could only gain, it could not conceivably lose, by the contemplation of those other works—the human beings which proclaim the Creator's wisdom far more eloquently than the things that have no voice nor action. Eloquent things, and the earth began to swarm with human and other vermin. The grand naked crags began to be disfigured by verdure, the silence was desecrated by noisome, noisy things, and the earth began to swarm with human and other vermin. The picture is not a very pleasant one; but, at all events, it is consistent. Those cheerful sages did not talk about 'the glory of God.' It seems to me that, as soon as you introduce that idea, you contradict yourself."

"I don't exclude all human beings—only the degenerate rates who dwell in the hideous mazes of brick and mortar called cities. I have nothing to say against the dwellers in the plains, without aught that flies, walks, or creeps—a barren 'paradise without fruit, flower, or grass; without aught that flies, walks, or creeps—a glorious solitude unbroken by the speech of man, the song of bird, or the hum of insect. Then came decay. The great naked crags began to be disfigured by verdure, the silence was desecrated by noisome, noisy things, and the earth began to swarm with human and other vermin. The picture is not a very pleasant one; but, at all events, it is consistent. Those cheerful sages did not talk about 'the glory of God.' It seems to me that, as soon as you introduce that idea, you contradict yourself."

"I have not. Nature is slovenly, stupid, cruel, uneducated, and the people who live in close communion with Nature. I have the highest admiration for them."

"You are prejudiced. Look at the nomads and the van-dwellers who still add a note of picturesque ness to our English country-side. How much cleaner, manlier, and altogether finer they are than the inhabitants of the city slums!"

"I know nothing at all about nomads and van-dwellers," said I, "and I do not wish to know anything about them; for, after all, they form an insignificant fraction of the population. But I do know something about the people who are permanently settled in the country, and, I must confess, they do not inspire me with much ecstasy. Their diet is coarse, their dress uncouth, their speech ungraceful, their temper ungenerous. They suffer from an incurable distrust of intellect. They imagine that mere superficial similarity is compatible with moral uprightness, and so the duller a man is the more honest they think him. There is no soul in them. Slow to apprehend and sluggish to act, they seem to possess all the apathy of a vegetable, without any of the flavour."

"Apathy! Why, haven't you noticed the remarkable progress of the English peasantry during the last century? How could that progress have taken place, if the peasants were so apathetic?"

"The progress is indisputable. But, I think, if you inquire, you will find that the most remarkable thing about it is, that it is in no way due to the peasants themselves. All the movements for the improvement of the peasant's status in England and other Western countries have originated in populous centres where intelligence is more vivid and enterprise more quick. Of course, I do not blame the peasant for his stupidity. 'How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorifieth in the good, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder.'"

"The peasant's mind may be slow," said Chestnutt, "but in any case it is superior to the mental dross that floats in the minds of the inhabitants of the towns. I have nothing to say against the dwellers in the plains, without aught that flies, walks, or creeps—a barren 'paradise without fruit, flower, or grass; without aught that flies, walks, or creeps—a glorious solitude unbroken by the speech of man, the song of bird, or the hum of insect. Then came decay. The great naked crags began to be disfigured by verdure, the silence was desecrated by noisome, noisy things, and the earth began to swarm with human and other vermin. The picture is not a very pleasant one; but, at all events, it is consistent. Those cheerful sages did not talk about 'the glory of God.' It seems to me that, as soon as you introduce that idea, you contradict yourself."

"I very much doubt it. The peasant's dialect contains no diminutives or superlatives—a proof that he is as poor in tenderness and in imagination as he is in intellect. I will give you an instance. A short time ago, when I was staying with my dear aunt in the country, I took some interest in one of her tenants. He was an old labourer, in the last stage of consumption, and I made a practice of dropping into his cottage now and again to see how he was getting on. One day I noticed that he sat in his wet boots. Why don't you take your boots off, my good man? I asked. 'They will make your cough worse.' His wife explained that, if he sat in his socks, the brick floor would be even worse than the wet boots. So I sent him a pair of warm slippers. Next time I called, the wife said to me, 'Will you take the slippers back, sir, when he is gone?' That in the poor old fellow's presence, too!"

"It must have been an exceptional case," said my colleague confidentially. "Not a bit of it. It was a typical case. You will find that is the same the world over. The peasant's characteristics are due not at a matter of education. Therefore they are substantially the same whether it is John Hodge digging in a Surrey garden or Jean Brun ploughing in La Vendée, or Antonio Felice picking olives in Calabria. But in Western Europe the civilisation of the towns has, to some small degree, affected even the country districts. So for the real peasant, the unregenerate and unsoftened son of the soil, you must go farther afield—to the parts of the world where the peasant is still to be seen in all his primordial simplicity: the countries of Eastern Europe, of Asia, and of Africa. Everywhere you will find Nature's man, be he a Russian mujik, an Egyptian fellah, or an Indian ryot, the same: in point of sensibility, as in point of intelligence, nearer to the vegetable than to the animal kingdom. His affections are less keen than those of an ordinary respectable sheep. And this reminds me of some other instructive incidents I have come across in the course of my wanderings. One occasion, while travelling in a Slavonic land, I met a young peasant woman with a baby in her arms. She looked so picturesque as she stood outside her hut—'a Madonna and Child,' I said to myself. A few months later I happened to be passing the same way, and again I saw the mother, but without the baby this time. 'Where is the little one?' I asked. 'Oh, I planted it last Easter,' she replied with a laugh."

"There is nothing like the moral beauty of presenting to Fate a brave front!"
I can give you another example of the same virtue. Bulgaria, a village which had just been the scene of a little massacre, accompanied with a fearful destruction of property. On arriving there, I found the village youths and maidens dancing and singing, as if nothing had happened. I was prepared for wails, and only wails I heard were those issuing from a bag-pipe.

"Stoic fortitude," commented my colleague.

"Stony insensibility," said I. "But I don't hold the peasant responsible for his callousness any more than for his stupidity. It is perfectly natural. Old Earth is his nurseries, and old Earth comprises, in living so close to her, he contracts some of her stolidity. The vicissitudes of life and death produce no more lasting impression upon his heart than the changes of the seasons produce upon the soil he tills. The leaves may fall in the autumn, but fresh ones will come forth in the spring. His child may die to-day, he will get another to-morrow. His village may be destroyed this year, he will build it up again the next, and begin patiently anew. The grass grows quickly over the ruins of the burnt homestead and over the graves of the departed, and shall man presume to cherish a longer memory of misery than Mother Earth? The peasant thinks not. There is neither nor anticipate, neither hopes nor regrets in his soulless existence. Unhaunted by the past, unharassed by the future, he lives entirely in the present. He takes his joys and his sorrows just as the fields take the snows of winter and the summer showers. Religion, as the peasants interpret it, is what Nature has begun: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," says the peasant, and there is an end of it."

"It is a noble spectacle—endurance inspired by faith. I envy the peasant what you call his lack of sensibility. I call it resignation."

"Resignation, my friend, is easy to those who do not feel acutely nor feel long. Perhaps, however, you are right in envying the peasant his lack of sensibility. In a world where the dog has his master, it is so vastly outnumbered the enjoyments, not to feel is not to suffer. But I can see nothing noble in it."

"You will grant, at least, that the morals of country folk are purer than those of townspeople."

"Indeed, I will grant nothing of the kind. I believe that he flatters their morals most who says least about them. They are quite as sensible as you."

"Amaryllis and the rest of them?"

"Amaryllis, I must candidly own, has small attraction for me in real life. Theorists, it is true, are succeeded in making his shepherds and shepherdesses charming. But, then, he was a poet—one accustomed and licensed to draw for his facts upon his imagination. Personally, I have never been able to discover among the real peasants the stuff he spun his idyls from. I have always found village folk surprisingly gross. Once I took down a peasant love-song, in the hope of finding in it at least some sentiment, for of literary merit I know of that again is in accord with nature. The great ethical laws that city-dwellers have discovered, or invented—unless he is schooled out of his primitive Adam-and-Eveness—do not exist for him. He has no more conception of right and wrong than the natural elements amidst which he lives. Take my word for it, my friend: from whatever standpoint you may view it—the ethical or the aesthetic—rusticity reveals itself as the negation of all the graces and all the virtues that are summed up in the one word 'urbanity.'"

"How is it, then, that the poets have always chosen rustic for the heroes and heroines of their idyls—Amaryllis and the rest of them?"

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XIII.—On Sexual Idealism.

How reluctantly our novelists are abandoning their old fleshpots! It is as hard for philosophers to persuade them that sex-idealism is a gross and reactionary superstition as it was for Moses to turn the Israelites from their Golden Calf-love.

Why, who has been the latest great sinner?

Here is Mr. H. G. Wells calmly permitting his hero to sacrifice his career to a sexual infatuation; and without a single note of cynical humour to condemn it. Will not his inexperienced readers continue to suppose that sex is indeed a mysterious and wonderful thing, tragically attractive and so on? They must needs think so if heroes are allowed to fall. Responsible novelists should be above that kind of thing.

But what would you have? Is not sex a mystery? Does it not play a magical part in human life? Is it not indeed a wonderful, an incalculable thing?

Yes, yes, yes. No, no, no. Really, I mean that idealists—mostly spiritual adolescents, of course—think it, and even make of it, a mysterious thing; but, in fact, it is no more fraught with meaning than eating or drinking or sweating. No hero could be brought to a tragic end by gluttony, for example. Why should we permit him to conclude movingly by sex? Well, but honestly, what romance is left when sex is eliminated?

You have your work cut out if you are to prove that they can be separated.

Why, it's not so difficult, is it? Every man of sense habitually separates them in ordinary life when he is not considering his own personal case. If a man at your club were to tell you his love affair in the high fulatin way of the novelists, would not you think him cracked? The manly way is to make a jest of sex; and, indeed, it is all that sex deserves. Besides, sex without romance you would surely admit. Piccadilly Circus used to be its Delphi. Its shrine is in every married home. There can be no doubt that sex at any rate can exist without romance.

But can romance exist without sex?

Not only can but does, if our novelists will open their minds to romance. But it is one of the charges I bring against them that not only is their sexual idealism not romance, but it positively obscures and belittles the real romance. Not only have they soiled love by associating it exclusively with sex, but they have also belittled friendship, which, to my mind, is infinitely to be preferred to any sexual relationship.

Friendship between the two sexes has practically been made impossible on account of the novelists who instantly suspect, and have taught us to suspect, sexuality wherever friendship appears. It is not the public that is to blame if a public man may not have a woman friend other than his own wife in public. No, it is our confounded sexual idealists. They it is who drive our Parnells and Dikes and Remingtons out of public life, tell you, friendship between the sexes is the last thing that our novelists will permit. And that is the great harm they do on the one side.

I admit they belittle friendship; but how do they soil love? I should have thought that what they steal from friendship they give to love.

Not a bit of it. They soil love too. You cannot oblige Peter by robbing Paul to pay him. No, what they steal from friendship they give to sex. Sex, sex is everything; Love is nothing. They take from all the honour and glory. Love with friendship leaves the feast of words starved.

But what sort of love can there be between the two sexes without sex?

There you are, you see! That's the training your novelists have given you! You positively cannot conceive a passionate friendship existing between a man and a woman without the accomplishment of sex. You'll be making the Founder of Christianity a sex-maniac for falling in love with Mary Magdalene next. Maeterlinck did, in fact, eroticise the New Testament.

But you have not answered my question.

I suppose it's no answer to point to the examples of love between man and man, woman and woman, man and men, man and the world, man and his work; and to say that of such a nature is also the true love between man and woman? No. You would not believe it. You can believe—since our novelists have not lied about it—that one man may love another, and so on, without sex; but when it comes to the relationship between a man and a woman you draw the novelist's veil and refuse to believe love between them possible except on a sexual basis. Rubbish!

I'm sorry to appear cynical, but I can't help it.

Cynical! You're not cynical; you're idealist. It is sex that you are magnifying and bowing the knee to. A cynic would doubt its power. You enlarge it until it becomes half-god, half-devil.

Well, but honestly, what romance is left when sex is eliminated?

Eliminated? Did I say eliminated?

No, perhaps not exactly eliminated, but subordinate.

Ah, that's better; and subordinate, I should suggest it should be, to a very minor rôle in the romantic story. As a matter of fact, in the greatest romances sex is subordinate. How much sex, for instance, is there in the Iliad or in the Odyssey or in the Mahabharata, or in the Klniad, or in Don Quixote, or in Rabelais?

Rabelais, Rabelais?

Sex is emotionally reduced in Rabelais to the dimensions and significance of comedy; as it is in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Your Falstaff had no sexual idealism for all he was a bit of a goat, like most of us.

Well, well, go on. I suppose you'll be saying next that sexuality is only goathood, and ought to be treated as such.

Admirable supposition! Delectable foresight! Precisely. Now tell me what romances could not be written if our writers first laid hold of that simple fact. Goathood! Precisely. And every time it appeared it should be handcomfined (for a mammal and man is kind, even to his beast), but whenever the occasion arose it should be sacrificed amid rejoicing. Romance requires, like all the other gods, the sacrifice of the goat. Goat worship, on the other hand, is also devil-worship.

Then what am I to conclude on the subject; that our novelists should write romances without sex, or with sex treatedly jocularly?

Ceremoniously jocularly would be better, I think, à la Anatole France! But I've no objection to the blunt jocular. But as a partial negative, I fear, conveys only a vague direction. Of what stuff will our novelists make romance if we refuse them homage to their goat-deity? But, after all, why should we trouble our heads about them? If they cannot find romance where Homer and the rest found it, let them turn police-court reporters. Be sure, artists will feel relieved when these Baalitish groves are cut down. When the goat-gods go, the gods arrive.

By Jacob Tonson.

It is perhaps not surprising that the "Spectator" should have maintained an august and frowning silence on the subject of Mr. Wells' "The New Machiavelli." Until the "Spectator" launched its now historic article against "pernicious fiction," as exemplified by "Ann Veronica," the interestingsness of "Ann Veronica" had almost entirely escaped the notice of the vast stodgy respectable public which catered for by the "Spectator" and the other sixpenny maiden aunts of the great human family. But immediately the "Spectator" announced that "Ann Veronica" was wicked, and that self-respecters ought to avoid it like the pest, the income-tax-paying classes rushed in regiments to the offices of Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, and purchased the "Westminster Gazette," being an organ for the dramatic criticism. By the way, I notice that the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has no connection whatever with the tremendous sums paid by the Cambridge University Press for advertising the said work of reference. The almost simultaneous appearance of the advertisements and of the superlative reviews is a pure coincidence. Now, in Paris it would not be a coincidence, and nobody would have the courage to pretend that it was. But London is a city apart. In view of this admitted fact I was intensely startled, not to say outraged, by a conversation at which I assisted the other day, with acquaintance, and with literary and journalistic proclivities, and with a touching belief in the high mission of the London press, desired advice as to the best method of reaching the top rungs of the ladder of which he had not yet set foot even on the lowest rung, and thereby to meet his illustrious and inimitable friend of mine, an author and a journalist, who has recently quitted an important editorial chair.

The latter spoke to him as follows: "My dear boy, you had better get a situation in the advertisement department. The ex-editor proceeded calmly: "I have quite grasped that. You must work yourself up in the advertisement department! What you chiefly require for success is a good suit, a good club, an imperturbable manner, and a cultivated taste in restaurants and bars. In your spare time you must write long articles for the periodicals and you must re-discover London in a series of skippable articles for a half-penny daily, and also write a novel that is just true enough to frighten the libraries and not too true to make them refuse it altogether; it must ultimately be such a novel as they will supply only to such subscribers as insist on having it. When you have worked your way very high up in the advertisement department, and are intimate with advertisement agents and large advertisers, you will be able to influence advertisements amounting to fifty thousand pounds a year—then, and not before, you may look about you and decide what big serious daily paper you would like to assist in editing. Make your own choice. Then see the proprietor. If he is not already in the House of Lords, he will assuredly be on Mr. Asquith's private list of five hundred candidates for the House of Lords. The best moment to catch him is as he comes out of the Palace Theatre, about a quarter past eleven of a night. Tell him on the pavement that you have edited a paper in Chicago, and he will at once invite you into his automobile. You go with him to his club, and then you confess that you have never edited a paper in Chicago, but that you have assisted in advertising in order to get speech with him, and that all you desire is a humble post on the editorial staff of his big serious daily.

"He will insult you. He will inform you that he has forty candidates for the most insignificant post on the editorial staff, and that there is not the remotest chance for you. You then tell him that you are an expert writer, a contributor to the monthlies and quarterlies, and the author of a novel which Mr. James Douglas has described as the most stupendously virile work of fiction since Turgenev's 'Crime and Punishment.' He will insult you anew, and demand your immediate departure. You then say to him, in a casual tone: 'I can bring you ten thousand pounds worth of ads a year.' He will read your deepest soul with one glance, and will reply, in a casual tone, 'I daresay I could find you something regular to do on the magazine page.' You go on airily, 'I'm pretty sure I can bring twenty thousand pounds worth of ads as well.' He will order R.P. Muria cigars, and say with benevolence: 'It just happens that the head of our reviewing department is under notice. How would that suit you?' You then unmask all your batteries, and tell him squarely that you can bring in advertisements amounting to one thousand pounds a week. Whereupon he will reply, shaking you fraternally by the hand: 'My dear fellow, I will make you editor at once.'"

So spake my celebrated friend. Of course, he is a cynic. He may be a criminal cynic. But he spake so. From time to time London dailies do me the honour to reprint saucy paragraphs from this weekly article of mine. My friend said to me: "You can print what I've said, if you like. No daily paper in London will reprint that!"

Those interested in post-impressionist art, whether seriously or as a source of innocent laughter, should get the "Mercure de France" for February 1st, wherein will be found a portrait of Simoni Le Bargy (whose singular performances at the St. James's will ever remain in the memory) by André Rouveye. This portrait is really worth seeing. As a manifesto of post-impressionism it has never been equalled, and it can never be surpassed. While I am about it, I may refer also to an excessively diverting article on Balzac, by Laurent Tailhade, the destroying angel of modern French literature, in the previous number of the "Mercure."
Theology.—III.

By M. B. Oxon.

All entities are both "being" and "consciousness" according to the point of view. But they are not all identical with each other, and this is where the indiscriminate use of the word consciousness has made difficulty. Neither anthropocentrically nor cosmocentrically are they Names interchangeable, and their Names represent their life-kennings accurately. But when we use the word consciousness anthropomorphically, we at once distort the whole picture. The "step" at which human consciousness begins, or to which it is restricted, is both cases where it is restricted by observation upon ourselves. These self-observations, too, I am postulating to be in themselves restricted, hence these limited ideas concerning Life and consciousness are the result of a wrong and partial anthropomorphism; whereas the point of view which I am calling anthropocentric is that which takes all we can observe of man, instead of as little as we do observe of him, for the starting point. If we carefully look at our own consciousness we recognise that being all its properties, we look on a dead crystal as a means of communication, in the "true spheres" of consciousness. We do not, as a matter of fact, wait for our own consciousness. We usually restrict this meaning very much, frequently introducing some clause about the power of self-reproduction of the individual. But this is only an after-thought. We do not, as a matter of fact, wait to make the observation except in certain cases. We poke a frog: if he jumps, he is alive, if not, he is dead. In neither case does the fact that he or his cells can reproduce themselves matter. (In fact, when dead (as a whole) his cells may still be reproducing themselves.) Do not the I-ness. And this foundation stone of Us I shall represent the most general conception of the one so we call it "life" or "living" under certain rather indefinite circumstances. The animal often seems clearly suitable to the case, as when Poseidon rides on a dolphin, and these superficial suitability are the only ones which we can generally detect. But at bottom the subject is far more complex and interwoven, for the animals are all in some way related to the celestial animals, some of whom appear in the zodiac, and the meaning inherent in them is a vital, not a formal, one, and is very profound, having probably its root somewhere on the Great Serpent. There is a very extraordinary passage at the beginning of the Brahma Upanishad concerning the sacrificial horse. I think it suggests that the horse is "the same" as Brahma, the Creator. When we can understand this passage, even a little, instead of putting it down as folly of our forefathers, we shall have begun really to fathom their point of view, which I am trying in these articles to suggest in the very barest outline. The horse is a very great animal, he is the most suitable sacrifice after all; the ox, in some way, in relation to him; after them are, in order, the ox, the sheep, and the goat. When Jesus came into Jerusalem he rode upon an ass, the Comer in Revela-
tions, who is also told to come on a white horse.

First come "form" and "shape." Except in conventional phrases I shall use them thus: A form is the result of certain canning relations. It is the "space which one canning exists in another," just as a hare makes a form in the grass. The surface of this form is in other words the surface where the algebraical sum of which we were speaking in connection with the piano strings is zero. But though the surface is the limit of the form, the form exists without it. It is a canning word. At this surface the counter-canning begins to show itself, and the result is that the surface takes a shape. Adopting still the hare's point of view, it is easy figurable—I refer to metageometry (the science of non-Euclidean spaces)—and modern physics (which deals with the relations between energy and matter). At present, in which we are engaged, I am putting forward and the scientific ones as both right at one and the same time. They are neither of them wrong, but we need a point of view from which they are reconcilable; this has yet to be found. The modern mathematics of space treats Euclidean space—the space which we ordinarily think we know, where the internal angles of a triangle are always equal to two right angles—as only a special case of a general statement and figures a "more dimensional" space (popularly known as the fourth dimension) as an extension of the idea of Euclidean space. How far this figuring is correct or not does not matter at the moment—but there is another way of looking at the question (which I referred in the first article as having been suggested by Poinsard). It is clear that a chair is in visual space, but not in auditory space. To make this perhaps clearer, suppose a square table and a piece of paper lying side by side on the ground; the wind comes and blows away the paper but not the spot of light (as this is only a diagram I hope no reader will object that an earthquake would have removed them both). The light and the paper are both in visual space, the paper and wind both in tactile space, and yet in "ordinary" space they are all three in contact. It is in this way that the arks and "spheres of influence" which we shall come to later on are to be regarded. The "Salvation" offered by any "Ark" is not to be found in any one "place," getting into an ark is not a question of moving but of altering our state of canning-kenned. Every point may at any instant be the centre of cosmos, actually and not only metaphorically, aspirationally or epigrammatically. So that Shape which has to do with "points in space" is a very illusive thing. In this connection I would suggest that projective geometry gives much to think about. As a suggestion to those to whom the name does not mean anything I would point out that it is possible so to turn a cube in relation to a wall that its shadow shall be a regular hexagon, although it would seem quite impossible. Though "Salvation" as the word is usually used is not a question of space relations, yet we must remember that the Earth is an entity, and "burning bushes" are realities.

Causality, or the reason why, is another of the difficulties which is innate in the human mind, or very early implanted there. Yet it is clear that here, too, our views are very limited, and in just the same way as with Life and Consciousness. Let us say that we usually produce a given effect (D) by certain steps (A. B. C.). The cause of D is C. We find a way by which we can cut out the steps B and C and can produce D directly from A. If we do not at once change our point of view it is clear that C, which is the cause, has disappeared and D is causeless, or we may (as in fact we do) at once change our position and say that A is now the cause. What we forget is that all causes are not known to us, there are only proximate causes, and really only describe the canning-kenned condition of the thing acted on, and the fact that we do not recognise a train of causality, or a train of logic, which is at bottom the same thing, only proves that we are not in the same condition as the thing acted on, not that the relation between A and D is necessarily non-extant. The reason why is of the order of embroidery and has no connection with the fabric. If we make an observation by any of the senses which familiarity has led us to accept as unassailable, we care little about cause. If I find a sovereign in my pocket it is no less a sovereign because I cannot tell how it came there. I shall no doubt build up a train of causality to account for the fact, and the train may be a true one or it may not. The same applies to a logical deduction, which really means a logic bridge which we build in order to bring down a fact which we dimly observe somewhere. But we have directly kenned the fact first (even if it be unconsciously) or we could not ken it when brought down.

We are only repeating in modern language the old story of the World, the Elephant, and the Tortoise, for which I see no ready way to quote a parallel. Just as present the hypothetical ether of science is the tortoise; perhaps we may find that it is only an elephant after all.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

The question, "Is the world going mad?" has been set aside for another: "Is New York going mad?" The other day I read the following in one of the papers here: "Even a city as much accustomed to thrills as New York was staggered by the recent announcement of Dr. Albert Warren Ferris, president of the New York State Commission in Lunacy, that one adult in every 479 of the population of the State is insane." It appears that insanity has increased 103.9 per cent since 1890, as against an increase of 47.6 per cent in the State's population of 9,117,270.

New York and Chicago are fierce rivals, and now New York will be claiming to equal, if not surpass, her great rival on Lake Michigan. The figures quoted above are for the whole of the State, but New York City is a veritable hot-bed of insanity. There is not a doctor or an editor here who dares so much as to hint at the actual facts. One doctor said to me, "I have several patients among society leaders who ought to be treated for a whole year in special institutions, but I dare not say what I know to be true. I should lose my practice and become a poor man." Men go insane while making money; their wives go insane while spending it. New forms of insanity keep pace with the times, and new names have been invented to fit the fits of the day, the hour, and even the minute. The expression, "brain storm" is one of the most recent; it runs like lightning down the greased rod of New York life. It is the way of keeping in touch with the bed-rock of Manhattan's tubes and tunnels, and gets itself promptly lost in an underworld of judges' quips, lawyers' fees, and clients' puzzles.

The most bewildering thing about the new insanity is its extraordinary maziness. There are mazes everywhere. A maze of lights on Broadway, a maze of alcohol on the Bowery, a maze of money in Wall Street,
a maze of crime in the Tenderloin, a maze of fashion on Fifth Avenue, a maze of boozers in Bohemia, a maze of pig-tails in Chinatown, the whole patronised by an unlimited unreliability company for the promotion of universal "brain storms," free lunches, and lunacy in the world's most cussed and cosmopolitan bedlam.

New York is the longest and narrowest of all the great cities. It is a body with two ends and a middle, but no centre. It has a solar plexus by day and a lunar plexus by night, hence so much lunacy. Were I an astrologer I should say New York is influenced by some of the zodiacal symbols, such as Aries, the Ram, Taurus, the bull, and the little bull, and Libra, with assorted eyes which are always looking in any sort; and there is the lean, long-headed, far-seeing type. He is the most calculating and the most dangerous, usually long-nosed as well as long-headed; no flies settle on him; he attracts only bees laden with honey and pollen, with the stings extracted.

These gamblers are not all of one type. There is the fat gambler with huge chops like those of a prize hog, with shaggy brown eyes which shine like rays from any sort; and there is the lean, long-headed, far-seeing type. He is the most calculating and the most dangerous, usually long-nosed as well as long-headed; no flies alight on his proboscis; he passes them on to the mouth. He should keep his mouth closed and talk for the benefit of the loaded dice, the marked cards, the drugged drinks, everything that comes before them; for the very look of the proprietor has inspired confidence if not respect. He has the pale dignity of an Episcopal bishop, the coolness of a Massachusetts senator. Besides all this he has struck a balance between the Machiavellian and the Mephistophelian. He knows the political pedigree of all the candidates for the New York State Senate, City Aldermen, and Albany lobbyists. No flies settle on him; he attracts only bees laden with honey and pollen, with the stings extracted.

Then there is the Irish-American gambler with a Dublin accent. He is as racy in wit as he is racy on the turf, and his chief fault is that he often lets the kittens out of the bag. He is a talking horse by trade but very little with his mouth. He should keep his mouth closed and talk with his fingers, his smiles, his wits, and his whiskers. When he blunders he swears as hard as he drinks for three days, then falls asleep in the cellar with a bottle of champagne as a pillow and a keg of cold lager as a bolster, and comes to his senses the next day to the sound of rattling dice, the hum of the roulette and the popping of corks.

Then we have the German-American gambler from North Germany. Once seen he is never forgotten. He shines by his eyes, which have a "snap" that hits you in the face like the swish of a horse's tail in fly time. Although he came from North Germany, his eyes are not of a Prussian blue; they are Como green with a shading of a blue-grey that pierces to the glaziers of the nightbirds from the woolly West, or for that matter from any part of the East, or from any part of the globe. He says little, but when he talks his words fall on the assembly like drops of vitriol on the brows of the damned, or like hail on the hot grill of a miseric's purgatory.

The majority of the people live in an atmosphere of speculation; fully one half live in a gambler's atmosphere. New York could not do without sky-scrapers and fisticuffs, but the climate is too much for the crazy nerves of so neurasthenic a people; rapid ascents and descents, rockets and sticks, gas and gas pillage, and let who may get the smoke, the fumes, and the soot of the business, to say nothing of the cinders.

I did not know until the other day of the rivalry that exists between Philadelphia and New York. Is it simply rivalry or is it rivalry and jealousy combined? Mr. Randolph Berens, of London, has been visiting friends in Philadelphia, and here is what he said to a representative of the "Public Ledger," the leading daily of the Quaker City: "Airships" he said, "will do one good thing, they will make it unnecessary to stop in New York when coming to this country. Of all the places I have ever visited on my two trips around the world, and after visiting most of the countries of the Old Earth, New York was the most horrid. It is horrible, and I must have been sent there for my sins. The almighty dollar rules the place, and if you haven't got the dollar they have no room for you. There is another country, nor culture in that place. Here in Philadelphia you have culture; you have families of refinement with whom money is not everything."

Now we know what Philadelphia thinks of New York. Nevertheless, there is culture in New York, but money snobbery has crushed it into a formless mass. It has no voice. And that means it has no power. Here, that morbid, sea-green monster, sometimes called a stag, basks on a cloud of fumes of friended finances, with the tip of his tail in the tepid waters of public sentiment, and his hind legs stuck in the mud of a swinish patriotism.

REVIEW.

By Hunty Carter.

The Amours of Henri de Navarre and Margaret de Valois. By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul. 16s.)

O Shade of Angry Cat (as they used to call that great King Henri of Navarre in my Paris days), what a record of mistressing! Solomon had 600 known wives; Henry had fifty-six known mistresses. As to the number of the unknown ones, well—God knows, and he won't tell, as Kipling says. The silence of heaven on such matters is proverbial. At the approach of this royal lover, over Don Juans, Lovelaces, Beaux Sabreur, and even over Casanova, that mighty professor of sexual love, there falls a deathly melancholy. At the sight of him the "one-man" lovers, the Daphnes and Chloe, Abelards and Heloises, Romeo and Juliets, Pauls and Virginias, and the rest have a fit and go off by spontaneous combustion or some other Egyptian Hall exit. Henry's lunacy eclipses theirs as the stars of the Milky Way outshine those of lesser constellations and blanch their cheeks.

I have long wondered when this book was going to be written. Indeed, I had half a mind to give it birth myself. For the material waiting to compose it was far too good to be lost. Surely the unmanageable emotions, the vast vices of kings are as well worth recording as their vast virtues—virtues which we have always had both on and off the stage. Besides, Henry's vices had one or two superior virtues. Henry was not like Omar, strenuously opposed to virtue; but more like Lucretia Borgia, as fond of virtue as of vice. As a result he was an artist in lady-killing, and one who always sought to make the amende honorable (as they say in Henry's country). Thus, in a manner of speaking, he apologised for the exuberance of his passion by overloading France with nobility of a sort, just as Charles II. performed a similar office for England. This distinguished record of a Triton among the minnows, as faithfully set down in his tablets, is the thing we desire. A truce to his virtues; we know them by heart.

We all know that a great deal of his early history was also the history of Henry III.; that like the latter monarch he arrived on the scene during the French Wars of Religion, that the massacre of the Huguenots dates from this time, and that it was engineered by Catherine de Medici aided by the Guises. We know, too, that Henry started as a Protestant and had in consequence to fight his way into Paris, but eventually
embraced Catholicism, believing that Paris "was well worth a Mass. These facts of the old story of Henry's political and personal career have been recorded in an disjointed fashion in the present volume. There are other facts which we know and which are not mentioned. Such, for instance, as Henry's continuation of the policy of Louis XI. Louis sought to unite France. Henry, on the other hand, sought to unite Europe. It was he who first conceived the idea of the United States of Europe. He sought vigorously, aided by Sully, to carry it out, and might have realised it but for the dagger of D'Artagnan. Still, in his death the ideal lived on and has been underlying the policy of the French kings ever since, reappearing at the surface with Louis XIV, and with Napoleon. Possibly Colonel Haggard is aware that this side of Henry's historical ashes has been raked over often enough by his historiographers and other samples of mad humanity, and neglects it while murmuring R.I.P. Possibly, too, he is aware that what we all want to know is, what has the other side of the ashes to tell us? On how many necks did their royal owner fall, to whom did the necks belong, and in what manner did he fall? To all such information we will gladly listen, and with a glass of wine in one fist and snuffing salts in the other open beneath a clear and cloudless sky as the long procession of Henry's more or less cheerful game passes beneath the sighing trees, across the shining turf just where the smiling Seine mocks the morbid Morgue.

What a procession! It might have proceeded from that unerring and unimpeachable institution of ours, the Divorce Court. Mere girls with illegitimate; erring wives of ancient professors; the fair La Rochelle, who died of poison or privation; a crowd of "strays" of whose doings and payments we have no historical record; whole establishments consisting of mistress, child, governess, nurse, fille de chambre, and a man from the Treasury with a fat bundle of bank notes along that length of mistress of a house, with conscience is on the whole a well paid job. After these come petite maîtresses and grandees maîtresses, husbands bands playing Mercury to the French Jove, and mothers procuring their daughters for him; in fact, sprigs of French aristocracy engaged in the traffic of virgins and wives. Coming last is the thirteen-year-old child mistress of the fifty-six-year-old libertine.

As to business matters there follows another procession composed of the paramours of the queen—an Aspasia who at one time "had an idea of going into the wine trade." With the husband in the woman business and the wife in the wine trade, the firm would be complete. Jove with Bacchus for his pard should do a roaring trade. I would permit a crowd of free-grace to the romance of Henry's loves myself. If I did it should be a Decameron of Henry of Navarre that might be set to music like the Heptameron of Margaret of Navarre. I certainly would not adopt Colonel Haggard's method. He makes Henry too much of a sexual disease infecting every woman with whom he comes in contact. Under his hand Henry, indeed, appears as a geographical misfit whose proper sphere of action is not Paris but Cape Turk; while the right place for some of these highly coloured records is that obscure district to which the late Wilson Barrett used to refer tearfully as the Ne-vah, Ne-vah Land. There are some misguided persons who believe the "Lyisstrata of Aristotle" is the best day for women to see, and the "Pantagruel" of Rabelais is not a book for them to read. But if anyone says this is not a book for adolescents to read I shall thoroughly agree with them. The younger person may, however, be permitted to stroll through the excellent portrait gallery.

Aspects of Death in Art. By F. Parkes Weber. (Unwin, 6s.)

In order fully to understand and enjoy this exhaustive descriptive inventory one must first assume there is such a thing as death; secondly, having sighted the bogey, that it has transgressed the human mind for many moons past; thirdly, that it has opened up a wide field of speculation to thinkers, and

a region of symbolism to artists. Having got Dr. Weber's perspective of death, we may accompany him on his travels and the other correspondents. The exceptions of death held by the immortals—painters, poets, philosophers—as expressed in medals, engraved gems, finger-rings, jewels, etc. Searching among medals and tokens we shall learn that the former have been struck to commemorate many queer happenings, and many equally queer persons, and in consequence bear many queer designs. Dr. Weber's volume, besides containing many figures, has a full index and is altogether a useful work of reference. Some day, when the human mind has exchanged the skull and cross-bones for the sun, the volume will take its place as a valuable record ably done by a learned numismatist.

Religion and Art in Ancient Greece. By Ernest A. Gardner. (Harper, 25. 6d.)

Speaking of the relation to art Professor Gardiner points out in his scholarly little volume that the puritans were hostile to art in church, temple, or ritual; that the Jews relegated it to a subordinate position; that the Greeks expressed their religious ideas and aspirations in artistic form. Though the faults of the Greek artists were many, they were merely those of a pagan age, and the achievements will bear comparison with those of modern artists. According to Professor Gardiner they possessed as abstract a pomoorphic imagination, and expressed their experiences of the activities of the Gods in the forms of the objective world around them; just as to-day so many painters do nothing but copy the external face of nature. "The ordinary Greek believed that the Gods actually existed in human form, and even that their characters and passions and moods were like those of human beings." The ordinary Englishman believes that human beings exist in God-like form, and their characteristics, passions, and moods, are the things alone worth expressing. His credulity is only equalled by his foolishness, and his imagination hardly equals that of Blake, or even the Greek.

Blake's Vision of the Book of Job. By Joseph Wicksteed. (Dent, 6s. 6d.)

Blake was a post-impressionist of his time. He had the same simplicity and freshness of vision, the same strong sense of design and decoration, the same love of savagery, the same fine artistic qualities as Van Gogh, whereas Blake followed Swedenborg, and went to Heaven and Hell for his types, to which he gave the human semblance of Hebrews and Greeks, the post-impressionists of to-day find Heaven and Hell on earth. This much one can promise from Mr. Wicksteed's admirable piece of book-making. The author's aim has been to reproduce each design from the Book of Job, explain it and to tell its story according to his knowledge and appreciation. The result is a book that Blake himself would smile upon.

Reproductions of Woodcuts by F. Sandys, 1860-1865. (C. Henschel.)

Frederick Sandys was without doubt the greatest artist of his day—much greater, in fact, than any of his contemporaries. It will be seen that Sandys had just what the P.R.B.'s missed, spontaneity of life. His line is full of value, beautiful and strong, and being, moreover, a fine designer, Sandys' work is in consequence of surpassing merit—rich, poetic, in fact, that of a draughtsman-painter in the truest sense. Looking through the portfolio of the reproductions of his woodcuts of 1860-66, edited by Mary Sandys and published by C. Henschel, I find that these illustrations, besides being remarkable for their own qualities, serve admirably to relate the work of his contemporaries and their recent followers. Indeed, it is like being in an olive grove of ancient Greece, in which the gods, both major and minor, are seated. There they all are, and all seem to have made up their minds to do the same thing. Thus one discovers Burne-Jones and Rossetti and Binyam Shaw (recalled by Rosamund), Millais (From My Window), Madox Brown (from the
Gate). So one concludes, how much like this mid-Victorian Olympian, and how much like that, while always conscious of the omnipresent, omnipotent Dürer as revealed throughout in the Durersesque signature. Two specimens of Sandys' work alone make the portfolio worth possessing, that superb thing, "Harold Har- fager," and that fine and living achievement, "Maroli." It is perhaps a pity that many of the details are not stronger as in the proofs exhibited some time ago. They have the appearance of having been reproduced from prints, owing to doubt, to the original blocks having been destroyed. Mr. Borough Johnston introduces Sandys and his methods in a very convincing way.

Economic Prejudices. By Yves Guyot, translated by Fred. Rothwell. (Swan Sonnenschein. "Social Science Series." 25. 6d.) A book after the same kind as Bastiat's "Economic Fallacies," and distinguished by an exquisitely French grace and wit. The manner in which the author, in his introduction, quotes, for the sake of advertisement, the flattering words which the "Spectator" applied to him, itself stimulates expectation. M. Guyot attacks what he is pleased to regard as the two contemporary economic prejudices-in-chief, the first in favour of Protectionism, and the second in favour of Socialism. A New Age reviewer is, perhaps, not an impartial witness of M. Guyot's conversation-combats. The victory is always supposed to rest with the redoubtable M. Faubert, whose name, it may be no disgrace to us not to know, signifies "mop." M. Faubert tops up his opponents in the most laudable way, as it appears to us, in every thing that he has got to say against Protectionism, but fails completely when he is brought face to face with Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Keir Hardie, and an anonymous Fabian. Is it entirely candid of M. Faubert to put on that air of triumph when he has overcome Mr. Keir Hardie merely by the assertion that "If you do away with profits, you do away with the spirit of enterprise?" Mr. Hardie is not allowed to argue the point. If the Socialist dialogue, however, are little better than comedy, the book as a whole is stimulating and informing, and deserves to be read.

Drama.

"The Witch" (Court Theatre).

The New Age reviewer is, perhaps, just shows what one else can do it. Max Reinhardt's "Sumurûn" at the Coliseum.

From the first fantastic silhouettes, as the eunuchs amble down the flowered path into Nur-al-Din's dream, to the fall of the curtain when the audience discerns the living from the dead, the play is beautiful. In colour and design it reduces all stage pictures hitherto seen in our theatre to the flat crudity of chromolithographs, and even the intrusive rings of limelight thrown from the roof can do little to destroy its charm. The procession to the Sheik's palace alone is a joy for ever. But one can write little of "Sumurûn"; it must be seen. Description can be no more than a shadow-play of the almost-attained, the page half-turned, the door half-open upon a house of mystery. We must all crane our necks to peep within.

The dramatic power is raised tenfold when the miracle is foreshadowed and so awaited; and it is in devising this thrill of expectation that Herr Wiers-Jensen excels. His Anne Pedersdotter, the pastor's wife, learns her own origin for the first time after the witch-burning. The belief in black arts and bodily possession is a part of religion itself, as little to be questioned as the divinity of Christ. (The period is the sixteenth century.) Witches confess under torture that they "have known Satan, and borne him devils." Their especial gift lies in irresistible fascination. They can call the absent to them at will, and control their fate. Anne realizes that she and have such a gift. She sits alone, stretching herself, catlike, body and soul, feeling her new strength. It is late at night, and the house is still. She whispers "Martin," and huddles afraid. Then again, softly, "Martin." The door opens. He comes to her as if asleep, then catches her in an embrace.

The same breathless gathering of expectation is seen in the stormy night of the third act. From the moment of the pastor's entrance, the heart of each audience man is in a turmoil that he is about to die. He himself says so. He has a foreboding of death. He must die. The question is only, how? In the course of nature, or by further witchery? Mr. Keir Hardie is not allowed to argue the point. If the Socialist dialogue, however, are little better than comedy, the book as a whole is stimulating and informing, and deserves to be read.

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words, a heaping of Eastern imagery inadequate to convey the magic of a single streaming banner, the fabric of a dress, or the glow of a dancing lantern. As for the drama, it has all the laughing, twisted, satiric cruelty which is itself. The impact of the Teutonic hoot is somewhat heavily marked in certain passages—notably in the later scenes of the harem. But the service that Reinhardt has done in offering this play to London is so in-measurable that there is no room for ingratitude. He has shown the flowered path. Among his company, Fraulein Konstantin and Herr Spontelli are players of genius.

Vaudeville Schnitzler at the Palace.

The first of Mr. Granville Barker’s pararaphrases of the Anatol cycle was given at the Palace Theatre last week, without much success. The reason is not far to seek. Schnitzler’s art of dialogue is above all rhythmical and concentrated. It compares with the finest passages of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Barker’s rendering is jerky, slangy in the modern style, and diffuse. In an introductory note to the published series he remarks, “It seems that in a faithful translation the peculiar charm of these dialogues will be lost.” The proof is offered of this statement, but in the paraphrase (unfaithful only in details) much of the charm is certainly lost. To lose all would be impossible. But the subtlety is broadened; and the wit of the original, delicate as old pointet, becomes a copious and virile fabric.

The acting inevitably follows upon the same lines. Anatol (the actors performed in calling him Anatoli) is a Viennese aristocrat, graceful, melancholy, ironic, self-possessed. Mr. Barker, arms akimbo in the manner of John Tanner or Valentine grown lyrical, comes perilously near translating him into an intelligent Superman-bounder of the modern school. The fault is natural enough, especially at the Palace; but its effect is disastrous. Mr. Nigel Playfair, who is to testify that in his opinion all persons who think on the subject and perhaps all persons who think on any subject, Mr. Chesterton wishes to place himself in this class: and generally a bad man; but they are both mad.” Socialism is a system of politics, good or bad. Those who are opposed to it are called Individualists. There is, of course, a Third Class—those who know nothing about it, and have no claims himself a theistical atheist: or a republican monarchist. Among his company, Fraulein Konstantin and Herr Spontelli are players of genius.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Sir,—“I said in my haste All men are liars.” So spoke King David forgetting that since “all men” included himself the statement was worthless. It might or might not be true. A worthless statement made in haste may be pardoned: but should not have been published. Far worse is the conjunction of beauty and death, of passion and enfranchisement, to learn that he has no opinions at all, and can therefore afford to laugh at those who have. Thinking is an effort: and it may be that those who think about politics are mad or bad or both. Possibly the best advice to those who have to be governed somehow is “Don’t worry to think; laugh and grow fat: let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” But even a professional joker should not insult a company of innocent Lancastrian ladies by telling them that if they choose between two contradictories they must be either good and mad or bad and mad. Doubtless Mr. Chesterton accepts principium exclusi medi inter duos contradictories: and that, as Aristotle points out, there is no mean between them. Hence his advice amounts to this: “Don’t

A HOLIDAY WITH A HEGELIAN.

By FRANCIS SEDLAK.

The conjunction of beauty and death, of passion and enfranchisement, a worthless statement made in haste may be pardoned: but should not have been published. Far worse is the conjunction of beauty and death, of passion and enfranchisement, to learn that he has no opinions at all, and can therefore afford to laugh at those who have. Thinking is an effort: and it may be that those who think about politics are mad or bad or both. Possibly the best advice to those who have to be governed somehow is “Don’t worry to think; laugh and grow fat: let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” But even a professional joker should not insult a company of innocent Lancastrian ladies by telling them that if they choose between two contradictories they must be either good and mad or bad and mad. Doubtless Mr. Chesterton accepts principium exclusi medi inter duos contradictories: and that, as Aristotle points out, there is no mean between them. Hence his advice amounts to this: “Don’t

THE ADVENTURE.

By HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

It is beginning to be recognized on all hands that the educational methods of the Elementary Schools are in urgent need of profound revision. The author of this book, who has had 30 years’ practical experience as a teacher, believes he has put his finger on the chief error of the authorities in concentrating on the intellectual functions and distilling these rather than expanding them, and he submits an alternative Scheme for the concurrent development of the feelings, will and instinct of the child, based on the latest methods of Germany and the United States. All parents, teachers and statesmen should put this book on their library list.

A NEW YEARS MESSAGE.

Professor Eucken.

Among recent Contributions are the following:

THE PROMINENCE OF PREACHING.

Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

IT is the object of The Inquirer to promote the liberal movement in religious and social thought at home and abroad.

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A NEW YEAR’S MESSAGE.

Professor Eucken.

COMING OF WINTER.

Rev. P. L. Jacox [Editor Hibbert Journal].

KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

Prof. J. H. T. Green.

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choose at all: follow my example and that of the famous Ass between two bundles of hay: and then no one will be able to say to which species of lunatic you belong." Will not his mad brother show Mr. Chesterton that it is possible for a gentleman to be, I don’t say "bad," but just a trifle vindictive? WOODSWORTH DONISTORPE.

P.S.—The above is to be read, if at all, in a Pickwickian sense.—W. D.

* * *

THE BALLAD OF AKBAR REFORMATORY.

Sir,—I send you the following re your excellent note on the children's courts:

When Bloodsome Win Was but a boy himself, a while ago, He did a deed in privity, Escaped from dire captivity, Not dreamt of to call—that sin!

A kindly Foe did help our Huckleberry Finn: Stuffed him with chocs and biscuit, And bid him safely—frisk it!

Poor Willie Jones, or what’s his name, (it's on the records) had that same Kind friendly notion of assisting. Some boys, such captives, there resisting The legal rod of naval cads Who'd found their level, lashing lads— Small pilferers of sweets or peace, A few for the trick, one for the vice.

Poor Willie took a boat and meant to free them thence. He stuffed his pockets with cake and chocs, And with one Derring-Do as pal, For a brigand of nine, sailed down the river Hight Mersey. Hearts beat wild, as ever They came near Akbar's hateful wall, Where inside quaked those little lads Beneath the lash of naval cads. Warm hearts! Warm Huckleberries Finn, Alas! for you—that kind friend aided Bloodsome Win. He's long forgot the taste of freedom: He's all for "hang 'em, burn 'em, bleed 'em!"

And all his underlings have learned Prisoners may be hanged, bled, or burned— But to our muttons! We're copped! "Hang 'em, burn 'em, bleed 'em!"

And Winny's men surrounded The rescue boat. "I'll first be drowned!" Willie swore. "Oh, no," say they, "you'll be well pounded!"

They brought the little Hucks to court And charged them with stirring up the court and short: "Utterly bad!" "Five years!" quoit he. The Lancashire Stipendiary, And a further lashing, that is as pal, They dealt to the nine year Huckleberries! Yet the finest joke was not his back-scar, But Willie's name of a dock—the Akbar! O, merry jape!

Let's write and tell the friend who helped our Win escape! * * *

* * *

FLOREAT AUSTRALIA.

Sir,—The enclosed cutting has been sent me from a New Age reader in Australia, with this note: "Compare N.S.W. Labour Government with Government of England. England's cutting is from the Sydney 'Sun' of October 25, 1910:

William John Phillips, the man who murdered his eight-year-old child in 1906, and was sentenced to death some six weeks ago, is not to be hanged.

The late Government left to its successors the unpleasant duty of deciding whether or not the sentence of the Court should be carried out, and immediately upon taking office on Saturday last the Attorney-General took the matter in hand. After an Executive Council meeting to-day, Mr. Holman made a statement:

"The Cabinet sat for two successive days to consider the case of Phillips," Mr. Holman said, "and gave it four or five hours of thorough consideration. They were ultimately able to arrive at a determination to recommend that his sentence should be commuted to one of penal servitude for life, in the expectation that other criminals likely to commit similar crimes would not be deterred in their moments of similar excitement by the penalty that the infantile victim was to be subjected to by this particular offender having no further opportunity of offending again."

"Coming to this view, they were able to decide upon a recommendation to his Excellency that the death penalty passed should be commuted to one of penal servitude for life, and that the prisoner is not a man of the type who should ever be released from imprisonment."

* * *

THE CENSORSHIP OF LITERATURE.

Sir,—The calibre of such novelists as find their artistic level in describing seductions and similar episodes is well illustrated by Mr. Chalmers Dixon's selected example. Women are the worst offenders in this matter, as in most others which concern the young. The horrible modern abuse of the child-mind by sexual teachings was visibly displayed in the book he mentions; and I remember that the authoress defended such teachings. In a book which has no psychological coherence and which, as will be seen, has much about the lives of the children, there are many chapters which the writer considered significant were omitted in order to get the book published somewhere—such a book, abstracted would be impossible to criticise as a whole. But the scattered effect was not likely to give a girl any true idea of life. The omitted chapters seem to have contained further buggery. Illegal operation is a very simple affair, takes about ten minutes at the outside; and the delivery proceeds as for an ordinary birth; and that which is necessary for this operation shall be made legal, and thus taken out of the hands of quacks, who, though they may be skilful surgeons, are rarely competent nurses. No laws will prevent women from procuring abortion if they wish to do so. The practice is old as woman herself, and is certainly considered by most women as their own private business. Ovid delivered a lecture to his mistres for misusing her remedies. It is very common to-day. Notice the number of your newly-married friends who have "an accident" a few months after marriage. The Cabinet would, of course, try to stop such things as this, but the accident—but smile to yourself! The worst of the matter is that young women torment themselves and occasionally succumb to the poison which they use. But they do not want to harm their young wives by blood-poisoning. And, as I said, the practice cannot be stopped. It had far better be legalised, since, anyway, an unwelcome baby is no acquisition to society.

Mr. Chalmers Dixon appears stupefied naively. Good young girls don't accept offers to dine with strangers at West End hotels. Those girls that did, come away, not in despair, but with money in their purses. They are brigands and know their own minds very well. Mr. Chalmers Dixon would do things and services for them which were more readable naughty books. Their taste in literature is very eclectic.

EUGENIST.
FROM A NOTEBOOK.

Sir,—I hope you will publish the following notes from my diary, if only for the sake of one of them:—

The French Revolution: A Post-Impressionist sketch in the art of politics.

* * *

We practice in hell to play in heaven.

* * *

Life began with a word and it will end in talk.

* * *

Truth is simply the lie that lasts longest.

* * *

The family is a colonial personality and equals only one free citizen; the wife, like her children, is a social minor.

* * *

What distinguishes THE NEW AGE at its best is its insufferable Olympian candour.

* * *

A woman exacts from a man a good future; a man exacts of a woman a good past [F. pron the German.]

* * *

Why do men cling to the belief in death? Because they cannot face their own immortality.

* * *

Forty million people are no more likely to be right than a single person; a single person is not more likely to be right than forty millions.

* * *

Culture persuades us even when we deny it. Only by doing violence to its own nature does the lower will to harm the higher.

* * *

Salt and sorrow are the best preservatives.

* * *

Proof that democracy is a true doctrine: we cannot tolerate either our inferiors or our superiors. The former we endeavour to raise and the latter to pull down. We shall succeed.

* * *

Man's mind is the field on which takes place the war in heaven.

* * *

No work of art should be preserved. It should preserve itself or perish.

* * *

Objects of equal weight are equal in power only when they are on the same plane. Thus position gives power even to ordinary men. But the power they exercise has been given them by society.

* * *

The end of man is the end of man.

* * *

Man will know himself only when he ceases to be himself. Self-knowledge is impossible.

* * *

The cooling of man keeps pace with that of the earth. One day his brain will be of ice; but his heart will still be on fire.

R. M.

INDEPENDENCE IN THE COMMONS.

Sir,—In your issue of last week you dwell once more upon the extinction of independent debate in the House of Commons. No one acquainted with the evolution of English political life during the last thirty years or so will, I believe, attempt to dispute the correctness of your view. The House of Commons has ceased to be an assembly of popular representatives gathered together for the purpose of discussing public affairs. It now is an army of partisans drawn up in opposite camps, and drilled to obey the commands of those of which the being, I wish to ask: Why submit to the expense of money, time, and energy involved in the maintenance of a House of Commons? Would it not be much more economical to leave legislation formally in the hands of the cliques which already control it in fact? My suggestion is that the party leaders and their satellites should every so many years go to the country with their rival programmes and call upon the country to vote for the programme it likes best. The clique which gets the majority of votes may then proceed to carry out its programme unhampered by the necessity of keeping up a farcical show of parliamentary discussion; and the six hundred odd gentlemen who now bore themselves in compulsory silence or compulsory speech may stay at home. I am sure that such an arrangement would prove advantageous to the party leaders, to their followers, and to the country. The only person that might lose thereby would be the cynical onlooker: he would be deprived of the spectacle of the six hundred odd men, presumably sane, making themselves ridiculous from year's end to year's end under the impression that they make themselves useful and important.

G. F. ABBOTT.

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THE REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM.

Sir,—Mr. Chesterton's articles are generally so clear and entertaining that we expect him to be a little more explicit on this matter of representation. He takes it for granted that it is quite an easy matter for an honest member to ascertain accurately the opinions of his constituents on any given question, and that anyhow the Referendum will check it's judgment. But allowing for that to be so, he neglects to consider the political capacity of Parliament as a deliberative as well as a legislative function, and that if we wish it to retain that function in a democratic State, the representa-
tive should be the last word to the question. Mr. Chesterton must be prepared to debate on the reasons for his vote, and that can only be done sincerely when they are, approxi-
ately, his own.

Mr. Chesterton has imagined himself a member of Par-
liament. Let us picture him then as representing a con-
stituency in which the chief consumption of alcohol is the
prohibition of fermented liquor, and has asked him to initiate some measure restricting its sale; and let us sup-
pose (for the purposes of the hypothesis) that he can only regard such restriction with abhorrence. . .

This is an extreme and perhaps needlessly pathetic case, and might be met by resignation, but the two questions for him to answer are:

1. Is it desirable to retain the deliberative function of Parliament in a democratic State?
2. Is it necessary for representatives to be elected from territorial constituencies, as now?

The problem is to get a machine that will be responsive to the will of the people, and at the same time be such a machine be most easily created by delegates sent from free groups or associations? Territorial distinctions would lose their democratic value in a democratic State, unless it included distinct and segregated peoples with varying national ideals. Take a compact State then. Even at the present day these people belong to unions, or political societies which would represent them better than any conceivable territorial member. If all societies were given proportional representation, free groups would form with mutual interests, and each citizen would have the choice of registering himself with the society likely to re-
present his view accurately. He would have a voice in the selection of his delegate, a proper control over him, and the permanent feeling that his considered opinions were expressed in the national council. It might be said that the majority of the dispossessed would be found within one league. And it might be that there were towns and communities with interests so consolidated that they formed groups on the present territorial system. The main thing to guard against would be the attempt of any voter to register twice.

VANCE PALMER.

THE REFERENDUM.

Sir,—In the issue of January 12 you say that the fact of political corruption in America is a sufficient answer to my question about the desirability of the Referendum. Is it a question of fact about which I am able to tell you quite positively that you are mistaken? The most superficial study of the Referendum in America would make it clear that it has nothing to do with the existing political corruption. The Referendum is an idea which has come forward only within the last five or six years. Pol-
citical corruption has flourished in this country for at least fifty years. The Referendum is a device which is agitated by radicals and reformers as a means of remedying cor-
ruption. I am not able to state that it has been successful in this purpose wherever it has been applied; I can say, however, that there has been no public exposure of cor-
ruption in any city or state where the Referendum has been applied, and it is quite certain that the device has been evaded. I fought both sides and nailed all those elements which profit by our political corruption.

UPON SINCLAIR.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Sir,—Fat belongs to the class of foods called carbona-
ceous or combustible, together with starch, albumen, sugar and consider the body, and must be distinguished from the class of foods called nitrogenous, which support the fabric of the body. Hence it is that fat is useful and even necessary to the system in winter than in summer. This being so, it has occurred to certain fussy fools (myself among others) that the average citizen being what he is, an idiot lacking the ability to recognise the distinction, and lacking also the energy to act upon it, without the fostering care of the Superior Person, should have the Legislature to economise the use of this valuable food: increasing its consumption in winter, and diminishing it in summer.

We propose, therefore (and a Bill will shortly be intro-
duced for the purpose), to put a tax of one penny per lb. on bacon sold in the months April to September (inclusive), and to grant a bounty on the same article sold in the months October to March (also inclusive).

It has been estimated by the Committee of Public "Analysts" and Experts, sitting in the Clock Tower, and presided over by an eminent and popular pork-butcher, that by this measure Parliament will reduce the consumption of pork per stomach of the population will be effected during the cold season, and a corresponding decrease in the warm season—a consumption otherwise unnecessary. The result will be something is done, and done promptly, to check the im-
provident misuse of this inestimable heat-food, the degenera-
tion of the British Race will be arrested, and the dread of depression, and the dream of an Empire on which the sun —etc., will have to be postponed sine die.

Sir,—I have enough headaches to-day ("Daylight Savings," not be-
cause it has anything to do with daylight, but in order to attract the attention of those your readers who may not consider Fat a sufficiently engrossing topic. I wish I could have introduced a poetical quotation and a Latin or Greek tag, but I have already trespassed on your, etc., etc.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Mr. Huéfier's review of the position of English women and of their point of view is generally fair though a little over-coloured. But the vote will merely increase their dependence, because the majorities of the comparative leisure of dependency to the independence of continual work. Given the vote, any attempt to re-adjust the economic relation of women to the social order will be done by the feminine electorate, or that class which Miss Pankhurst wishes to enfranchise. As to militant tactics, to follow the metaphor, had Miss Pankhurst spurt, or ever intended to speak of policemen, any rate tactics would be justifiable, for then they would be real.

C. H. NORMAN.

BACON-SHAKEAPEARE.

Sir,—Some people may not think it matters a pin's head whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare or Shakespeare wrote Bacon. I think it matters a great deal. And I think it more deplorable that a writer's fame should be filched from him after death, than that in life he should be dis-
possessed of everything that he has. (Especially an "eter-
nity of fame," which, in Milton's estimation, any rate, is a writer's most precious prize. You remember with what ardour he wrote of his hopes of attaining it in his letter to Diodati.)

Now Mr. Beechhofer's satire on Sir Durning Lawrence is capital. But the book is its own satire—when, for in-
stance, we are told to believe (we are not asked to believe there)—that a blot on a manuscript below the signature is Shakespeare's "mark." This is, perhaps, the most absurd point that Sir Durning Lawrence's arguments have, for it is stronger in his exhibition of symbolic illustrations in early editions of Bacon's works. But the widely opposed personal-
ities that shine through Shakespeare's and Bacon's writings should be considered to a degree. The writer of Shakespeare's works might be Milton's (John Webster, "next to Shakespeare the most eminent dramatic poet of the era, no positive biographical fact survives." (I quote Mr. Sidney Lee, in Shakespearean MS. remains: where is the MS. of Spenser's poems, "Shepherd's Calendar," "Faerie Queene?" Where is any fragment of Sir Walter Raleigh's voluminous "His-
tory of the World"? His scholarship: he used Latin phrases drawn directly from popular school grammars of the period and his English is far superior to Shakespeare's."") If we take the Lexington Clock Tower, and the Loggia of the League of Nations, we shall have the taste and the leisure to economise the use of this valuable food: increasing its consumption in winter, and diminishing it in summer.

E. H. VISAJK.
A PIONEER OF REFORM.

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