NOTES OF THE WEEK

THERE are popular causes and there are unpopular causes. There are also what may be called popular unpopular causes and unpopular unpopular causes. To the former belong such causes as the reduction of the Army and Navy, Teetotalism and Puritanism generally. No journal loses caste by its advocacy of these; on the contrary its circulation may increase considerably among the fanatical sections of the population. Nor is any high degree of moral courage or intellectual perception necessary to their defence. Their advocates may always be certain of the strong support of a large minority of men, and the respect even of their opponents. In short, the advocacy of popular unpopular causes produces for a certain class of mind the maximum of self-satisfaction with a minimum of personal sacrifice. The case is different, however, among unpopular unpopular causes, such, for example, as the defence of the liberty of the private member to speak his mind in Parliament. No homogeneous section of the population supports, or can be expected to support, a cause which appears on the surface so individualistic. Individuals scattered here and there among all classes do, no doubt, heartily sympathise with men declared by the herds to be Ishmaels; but, unfortunately, they are seldom combined themselves, and thus the advocacy of what, after all, is their own cause, receives, in principle of the freedom of the private member, but also that he would be in a position of almost complete isolation in the House of Commons itself. Everybody knows and everybody admits on harmless unnecessary occasions that, in fact, the tyranny exercised by the party caucuses is scandalous. Yet as ninety-nine out of every hundred of the members consent to it, the chances of breaking the system down are very small. As a matter of fact, not a soul in the House had either the common presence of mind to be prepared for a great constitutional fight against a privileged and unrepresentative Chamber is an inadmissible principle. The “Daily News” has condemned and deplored, particularly in view of the fact that a great constitutional fight against a privileged and unrepresentative Chamber is supposed to be in progress. But the “Nation,” as we observed last week, made no comment whatever on the incident. The “Daily News,” commented in tones which hierophants of Mumbo-Jumbo habitually employ.

By an extraordinary piece of good fortune the incident which we thought closed has been reopened by the unauthorised publication by Mr. Ginnell of a letter from Mr. Wedgwood privately supporting him, and by the notice of a motion which Mr. Ginnell proposes to move on Monday of this week. Concerning the publication by Mr. Ginnell of Mr. Wedgwood’s letter without his consent a great deal of fuss is being made with the object of discrediting Mr. Ginnell. The “Daily News,” for instance, pecksniffs at the extreme impropriety of publishing personal letters. “Mr. Ginnell has offended, not against the Chair only, but against Mr. Wedgwood himself.” Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was equally ready to cast a stone at the unfortunate Mr. Ginnell: “The only thing that occurs to me is that I should like to express the feeling that it will become absolutely intolerable if individual members of this House rush into the newspapers to publish every letter that, in an unguarded moment, other private members may write to them.” But that is not our view either in the general or in this particular instance.
appear quixotic to expect members of Parliament to say what they think in public as well as in private, but that, at least, is what we have the right to expect. The distinction is a mere hackneyed one to the politician and a genuine publicist or statesman is that the latter is never afraid to publish his private opinions since they are also his public convictions. An assembly such as the remark of Mr. Macdonald would lead us to suppose House of Commons, public and private sentiments by pretence and lies, deserves now and then to be shaken to its wretched foundations. Far from wishing that Mr. Ginnell had not published Mr. Wedgwood's letter. Are the debates in the House of Commons, what may for the moment, two things have been gained by it: Mr. Ginnell has been proved not to stand quite alone, and the incident of his protest, which but for this letter might have been forgotten, has been revived and newly advertised. We are not in Mr. Ginnell's counsels, but we can easily believe that a little natural malice inspired him to publish the letter. He explains that the communication was not marked Private, and that it was for an excuse with people interested in it no better. But it will be patent to anybody who has once been in the position of being publicly condemned and privately supported that the temptation to expose your private support is very great. Here was Mr. Ginnell apparently free in the mind of the public. It was, as the "Daily News" uncannily observed, an Ishmael, or, at least, so he was allowed to appear. But no, that was not the actual state of affairs at all. Secretly, very secretly, members, it may be, supporting him; and when the House had done its worst, they wrote him sympathetic notes to oil his wounds. We confess we are never surprised when under these circumstances the sacrificial victim turns. It is a wonder to us that it is not more often done. If it were done more often, it would certainly lead either to an open and public defence before the injury had been inflicted or to the mitigation of the hypocrisy of secret sympathy.

But there is another side to the incident which should not be overlooked. Apologists for the attitude of the House of Commons in regard to the liberty of the private member urge that no other system than the Whig system can make our parliamentary institutions work. What the "Daily News" calls the "almost universal desire and ability of members to address the House" would reduce Parliament to garrulous chaos in a week. How far rigid pre-arrangements were not permitted. Doubtless, in the case of the Government, it was certain that a better remedy for that state of things could and would be discovered than the suppression of the liberty of the private member. At the present moment, liberty of debate has been sacrificed to the machine. We have seen Mr. Cox removed, Mr. Belloc resigning, and Mr. Ginnell suppressed. In addition we have seen the Independent Labour Party deliberately abandon its independence. What is left in the form of liberty at all? The bare suggestion that honest convictions and expert knowledge may not contribute their quota to parliamentary discussion lest they impede the smooth working of the machine should be enough to condemn the system if not in the eyes of the Front Benches, who live by the Machiavelli, at least in the minds of the rest. Again, let us suppose that the worst conceivable state of affairs should follow on the absence of the machine. Let every one of the M.P.'s now panting to address the House be permitted to do so at the simple peril of being bowled down or of emptying the House. Would not the prospect of this issue of liberty be the immediate invention of new means of regulating the debates? Nor need these means be so drastic as the cast-iron system now vailing. If it were once understood that debate must at all costs be free, the re-organisation of Parliament would instantly become a necessity; and its re-organisation on the committee system, say, of the county councils, an obvious and inevitable device.

If appeals to the interest of Parliament in maintaining its representational character are of no avail, it may be possible to induce a number of members to see the situation in the light of its effects on their constituencies. The mere threat of dismissal by pre-arrangement by pretence and lies, deserves now and then to be shaken to its wretched foundations. Far from wishing that Mr. Ginnell had not published Mr. Wedgwood's letter. Are the debates in the House of Commons, what may for the moment, two things have been gained by it: Mr. Ginnell has been proved not to stand quite alone, and the incident of his protest, which but for this letter might have been forgotten, has been revived and newly advertised. We are not in Mr. Ginnell's counsels, but we can easily believe that a little natural malice inspired him to publish the letter. He explains that the communication was not marked Private, and that it was for an excuse with people interested in it no better. But it will be patent to anybody who has once been in the position of being publicly condemned and privately supported that the temptation to expose your private support is very great. Here was Mr. Ginnell apparently free in the mind of the public. It was, as the "Daily News" uncannily observed, an Ishmael, or, at least, so he was allowed to appear. But no, that was not the actual state of affairs at all. Secretly, very secretly, members, it may be, supporting him; and when the House had done its worst, they wrote him sympathetic notes to oil his wounds. We confess we are never surprised when under these circumstances the sacrificial victim turns. It is a wonder to us that it is not more often done. If it were done more often, it would certainly lead either to an open and public defence before the injury had been inflicted or to the mitigation of the hypocrisy of secret sympathy.

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stances, we should not be surprised if the Cabinet were to
decide that the moment for revolution is not yet come.
And, when you come to think of it, the moment, obviously,
has not come. A House so docile that it will allow one of its members to be snuffed out for barr-
kering at the Cabinet, or of a Parliament so incomprehensible in spirit. As for an attack on the wolves, the suggestion is
farcical.

Fortunately or unfortunately, however, there is a
fatality in the situation which makes compromise
very difficult, delicate, and dangerous matter. The
deadlock that existed after the rejection of the Budget
still exists, and nothing less than some heroic action on the
part of, let us say, Mr. Asquith or a leading member of
his Cabinet, or some complete surrender of its position,
can instantly unloose it. We sincerely believe that if
Mr. Asquith had the moral courage (we do not say it
would be wisdom) to declare this week that his Govern-
ment would abandon the Parliament Bill and proceed
with popular legislation relying on the support of the
Unionists, he would end the deadlock to the immense
relief of a minority, and to the continued apathy of a
majority of the nation. Also, it is true, he would end
the Parliament Bill, and consequently we may be sure that
either Mr. Asquith nor any of the Cabinet will declare any such thing.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In the early sixties, when Bismarck was arranging for
the humiliation of Denmark and Austria, and in the late
sixties, when he had settled accounts with Denmark and
Austria and was making arrangements for the humili-
ation of France, the various parliamentary groups in
Prussia, particularly the Liberals, would say with a
mixture of envy and condescension: "Bismarck! Ah, smart fellow, that! But, of course, he knows nothing
about home politics; he is only useful when dealing with
foreign affairs. This was at a time when the smart fellow in question was preparing a scheme for the feder-
ation of the German States into a German Empire; a
scheme which was looked upon as so visionary that
English and French statesmen of the time thought its
originator a daft busybody, while at home it was looked
upon as doomed to failure from the start. Yet, Bismarck,
with the silent confidence of a man of genius,
persuaded, and the dramatic proclamation of the
German Emperor at Versailles came as a thunder-clap
to those who had not been following the course of
events.

The fact is, of course, that the man who has sufficient
intelligence to grasp the complicated diplomatic rela-
tions between states, apart altogether from their com-
nercial and ethnological relationships, will ipso fac-
ito possess sufficient intelligence to obtain a thorough
grasp of their home politics if he sets his mind to it.
Indeed, I myself have always held that, when the
foreign affairs of a nation are under consideration,
they will be better appreciated if those who are dealing with
them are familiar with the trend of their internal politi-
cal and sociological thought. This is not saying that the
home politics of a country are more important than its
foreign politics; as an endeavour to show a great
amount of justification.

In most cases it would be superfluous for me to dwell
on the internal politics of, say France or Germany on
this point and corrupting influences in the
Chamber of Deputies may be left to the scandal-
mongers, and the really important events are, as a rule,
dealt with in authoritative papers like the "Times." I
have, of course, had occasion to comment on the in-
ternal politics of a few countries where I thought that
certain points were not adequately dealt with in the
papers here, e.g., Turkish finance and the preparations
for the next Reichstag elections.

There are, however, many superficial correspondents
who are not satisfied with the really important, but
insist upon having the unnecessary into the bargain.
For example, some one wrote to me not long ago to
enquire why I had said nothing about the Japanese
anarchists, Dr. Khodzha, and other officials. It need hardly say
to those who understand these matters that Dr. Kotoku
had about as much to do with foreign politics as Dr.
Crippen.

To come to current topics, the split in the Turkish
Cabinet is directly due to the struggle between the civil
and the military elements. Mahmud Shafik Pasha,
the War Minister, is bent on gaining control over the
entire Cabinet if not of the entire regime. Vienna is
expressed that this may finally lead to a military dictatorship.
The internal situation of the
Ottoman Empire just now renders some drastic mea-
sures necessary; and a military dictatorship, indeed, has
existed in the neighbourhood of Constantinople ever
since the Young Turk party took over the task of
governing the country. The reported endeavours of
Servia to come to an agreement with Bulgaria in order to
attack Turkey, if they are not true, would certainly
not do so in their interests, must be considered with some
reserve; but the statement is not without a certain
amount of justification.

A few days ago it was reported that the South
African Government proposed to withdraw its prefer-
ce on British goods and to contribute a certain sum
of the expenses of the Navy instead. The matter
was to be brought up to the Imperial Conference; but
the Home Government seemed to know nothing of it.
Then it was afterwards stated that the proposal had
been withdrawn, and Mr. Harcourt announced in the
House of Commons on Feb. 15 that the Home Govern-
ment had been made familiar with this whole thing,
but, although the authorities here were willing to fall in with the scheme,
they thought it better to postpone any announcement of
it until the Imperial Conference met. Of course, the
proposed subsidy for the Navy would not equal the
amount of the preference, and would not in any case
assist the bank balances of our exporters—though the
withdrawal of the preference would naturally be of
inestimable benefit to our foreign trade competitors.
And the Union Government should have proposed such
a scheme was not strange, considering the elements of
which it is composed; but that the Home Government
should have been a party to the plan for springing it on
the country through the medium of the Imperial Con-
ference is something which I cannot well understand.
Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that I
understand it so thoroughly that I cannot explain it
here.

Quo Vadis?

By Duse Mohamed

(An author of In the Land of the Pharaohs.)

"There is nothing," says Matthew Arnold, "like love
and admiration for bringing people to a likeness with
what they love and admire; but the Englishman never
seems to dream of employing these influences upon a
race he wants to know as himself; and he never has any
material interests for his work of fusion; and beyond
these nothing but scorn and rebuke. Accordingly there
is no vital union between him and the races he has
annexed." From 1784, when Pitt established his Board of Control under a Cabinet Minister, thus intervening in the government of India, depriving the East India Company and its Governor General, Warren Hastings, of his power, to the appointment of Lord William Bentinck in 1828-35, a period of almost half a century, British control in India was only operated in the interests of English nabobs who returned to England to dazzle the metropolis with their wealth. The Company and its officials did nothing for the native beyond exploiting him in the direction of material greed; and it was the correct policy, and the only safe one; and this, notwithstanding the hysterical shrieks of bloodthirsty Boer women, and others who accept their distorted view of native conditions, and agitate for native subjugation. In the United States, lynchings, burnings, and other atrocities have progressed by leaps and bounds. The victims are rarely brought to trial—"dead men tell no tales." And, from personal observation and inquiry, I know that Negroes are not the savages they are represented to be. No sane man, however lacking in the higher attributes of civilization, is likely to risk his neck in the gratification of the baser passions. There was that celebrated case of Potipher’s wife—and Joseph was a slave. These lynchings, disenfranchisements, burnings, and general repression of the black man in the South, are all the worse in one direction—the country will be soaked in blood.

The African in and about those centres of Western civilisation are being educated, and their contact with Europeans does not tend to strengthen the efforts of Lord Gladstone's policy in regard to the Umtali native was the correct policy, and the only safe one; and this, notwithstanding the hysterical shrieks of bloodthirsty. The victims are rarely brought to trial—"dead men tell no tales." And, from personal observation and inquiry, I know that Negroes are not the savages they are represented to be. No sane man, however lacking in the higher attributes of civilization, is likely to risk his neck in the gratification of the baser passions.

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written. Whether it be in India, Africa, or the United States, the account against the Anglo-Saxon is heavy and Nemesis is on the move.

William II, Emperor of Germany, may be mad, but there is much method in his madness. His famous Kruger telegram was a stroke of policy which the English have never understood. Why is Dutch being forced upon the English South Africa? Why are the people of Belgium importuned by their leaders to adopt the official language of the nation, High Dutch? Belgium refuses to consider the suggestion, but Germany is a secret power in the land. A German Prince is the Consort of the Queen of Holland. Study the map of Europe carefully, and, above all things, traitor to the Anglo-Saxon is ambitious and able. The Crown is ambitious, and I think he is talented. The heir to the throne of Austria is also ambitious. Francis Joseph cannot live for ever. Holland, Prussia, Austria, are all Germanic races—so are the Boers. Take up the map of Europe and THINK IT out by starting late. Nothing much is being heard of China of late, but "the heathen Chinee is peculiar." He is arming quietly and is gradually transforming his millions of half-caste and full-blooded African which makes for their destruction. It is to be feared that Mr. Washington has been flattered by his white affinity, and therefore does not consider Africa his true home; hence his agreement with the premises of Dr. Blyden. Dr. Burgard Du Bois is, however, nearer the African than Mr. Washington. The late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet, was a full-blooded African; so is Dr. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, and a whole host of others in Africa, America, and the West Indies, possessing a high standard of intelligence and a capacity for deep contemplation. The intellectual progress these men have made within the short space of half a century, or less not only gives the lie to the oft-repeated slander that the Negro is incapable of high intelligence, but proves him to be a most difficult proposition to the white race. Besides, France, the white power with the narrowest political view, has no claim to distinction in this matter. France is always race-feued among the inhabitants of her navy, but they are not allowed to rise above the rank of gunners' mate, and there are always race feuds resulting in free fights between the contending races when ashore on leave. There are also a few United States black cavalry regiments led by black commanders, and there are always race feuds resulting in free fights between the contending races when ashore on leave. There are also a few United States black cavalry regiments led by black commanders, and there are always race feuds resulting in free fights between the contending races when ashore on leave. There are also a few United States black cavalry regiments led by black commanders, and there are always race feuds resulting in free fights between the contending races when ashore on leave. 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on terms of social equality, he at least grants the negro the right to work. On the other hand, the negro in England may be allowed social equality, but he is rarely permitted to earn his bread unless he happens to be identified with the arts or professions. And even in these fields of effort he is merely tolerated, because the Englishman and white Colonial, having become infected with the prevailing prejudice and obstinacy that the dark man is likely to wrest the monopoly of the professions from his grasp, is insidiously using every means, legitimate and otherwise, to oust the coloured man. In the present island there are a large number of coloured men from the Colonies and Dependencies who come to England to study for the various learned professions. It is no common occurrence for these men to outstrip their white confères. The white student was at first stunned by the remarkable intelligence displayed by the coloured man and seeing as it were his occupation gone, he proceeded to throw obstacles in the way of the coloured man's progress by making his student days generally uncomfortable, and his inferiority evident. Fortunately the examiners are not influenced by creed or colour, they deal with the papers before them and judge them on their merits. These men are, for the most part, advanced in years and are possessed of settled views, consequently it is difficult to inoculate them with those narrow ideas of colour prejudice, intellectual inferiority and ostracism which represent the general tone of the younger men. Even the Englishmen of to-day cannot be compared with those of the past, it is greatly to be feared that the new generation of professors that is springing up will in due course be influenced by the narrow ideas now in vogue, if not excluded from English educational institutions, will find their members reduced and their "exams" increasingly difficult. Already an agitation has begun in the British hospitals against coloured students on the transparent plea that they frighten the patients! And, beginning with the present Hilary Term, 1911, all students entering the four Inns of Court must first qualify through the medium of an English university. Thus the thin end of the wedge is inserted, as this new rule hits directly at the poor Indian or coloured Colonial law student who is unable, owing to the exigencies of time and money, to take up a university course in England.

In the old days it was the pride and delight of English statesmen and educationists to point to the remarkable progress made in the last ten or twelve years, which made the position he held untenable to any self-respecting coloured man. The late Chief Justice of the Island of Barbados, Sir Conrad Reeves, once told me that the incompetent nigger," and was in consequence expelled by the Berlin authorities. Even the British statesmen of to-day cannot be compared with those of the past, it is greatly to be feared that the new generation of professors that is springing up will in due course be influenced by the narrow ideas now in vogue, if not excluded from English educational institutions, will find their members reduced and their "exams" increasingly difficult. Already an agitation has begun in the British hospitals against coloured students on the transparent plea that they frighten the patients! And, beginning with the present Hilary Term, 1911, all students entering the four Inns of Court must first qualify through the medium of an English university. Thus the thin end of the wedge is inserted, as this new rule hits directly at the poor Indian or coloured Colonial law student who is unable, owing to the exigencies of time and money, to take up a university course in England.

The late J. A. McCarthy, Attorney-General of Sierra Leone, was compelled to retire on a pension owing to thecolour prejudice which had sprung up in that colony during the last ten or twelve years, and which made the position he held untenable to any self-respecting coloured man. The late Chief Justice of the Island of Barbados, Sir Conrad Reeves, once told me that the incompetent nigger," and was in consequence expelled by the Berlin authorities. Even the British statesmen of to-day cannot be compared with those of the past, it is greatly to be feared that the new generation of professors that is springing up will in due course be influenced by the narrow ideas now in vogue, if not excluded from English educational institutions, will find their members reduced and their "exams" increasingly difficult. Already an agitation has begun in the British hospitals against coloured students on the transparent plea that they frighten the patients! And, beginning with the present Hilary Term, 1911, all students entering the four Inns of Court must first qualify through the medium of an English university. Thus the thin end of the wedge is inserted, as this new rule hits directly at the poor Indian or coloured Colonial law student who is unable, owing to the exigencies of time and money, to take up a university course in England.

The Portuguese Republic.

By E. Bellot Barx.

Surely it is about time that a protest was made against the efforts of reactionaries to bring about a revision and belittlement, the work of a few men of intelligence, energy and honesty in Portugal who, under circumstances of great difficulty, have succeeded not only in sweeping away a rotten system but in organising at least an enlightened democratic republic.

Without claiming any specialist knowledge of Portuguese affairs, it is easy to see through the campaign of abuse and misrepresentation with which interested persons are endeavouring to bring about a return to the present state of affairs in Portugal—abuse and misrepresentation which are refuted by the facts recorded in the remarkable telegrams of the recognised agencies. A few weeks ago we were assured the Republic was on the point of dissolving in anarchy, a statement which in a few days showed itself to be the moonshine product of a wish on the part of those who made it.

Then, again, we are repeatedly told that the Portuguese people are such a mixed lot, and that the Raiser's bandmaster was forced to sue, and obtained damages against a Berlin newspaper for libel on the occasion of his conscripting a negro. But we are not told that the new generation of professors that is springing up will in due course be influenced by the narrow ideas now in vogue, if not excluded from English educational institutions, will find their members reduced and their "exams" increasingly difficult. Already an agitation has begun in the British hospitals against coloured students on the transparent plea that they frighten the patients! And, beginning with the present Hilary Term, 1911, all students entering the four Inns of Court must first qualify through the medium of an English university. Thus the thin end of the wedge is inserted, as this new rule hits directly at the poor Indian or coloured Colonial law student who is unable, owing to the exigencies of time and money, to take up a university course in England.

The Portuguese Republic is not a Socialist Commonwealth. It fully recognises the men at the head of it do not even profess to be Socialists so far as I understand it. But if you, will, though it may be, all the evidence tend, I maintain, to indicate that it is, the most enlightened and sincerely democratic Bourgeois Government that any European country has yet seen. Hinc ille lachrymae. Hence the petulant insults and abuse of the hintel of their countrymen at the present time. Portugal, and are prepared to leave no stone unturned to effect its overthrow.

That the existing Portuguese Republic is not a Socialist Commonwealth I fully recognise. The men at the head of it do not even profess to be Socialists so far as I understand it. But if you, will, though it may be, all the evidence tend, I maintain, to indicate that it is, the most enlightened and sincerely democratic Bourgeois Government that any European country has yet seen. Hinc ille lachrymae. Hence the petulant insults and abuse of the hintel of their countrymen at the present time. Portugal, and are prepared to leave no stone unturned to effect its overthrow.

Friedrich Engels used to say that Bourgeois politicians, owing to their timidity and cowardice, have left over measures which properly belonged to them to be carried out by Social Democrats. This approach can hardly be made of President Braga and the Portuguese provisional Government. These men have shown themselves loyal and courageous Radical-Democrats. How much they are touched by the working classes is shown by the conduct and issue of the late strike. A strike which threatened to become general at one time, and which actually paralysed the whole railway communications of the country, was carried out and brought to a satisfactory conclusion without any harsh measures, the working classes, even during the progress of the strike, apparently conducting it in a manner so as in the least possible way to embarrass the Republican authorities, consistently with maintaining their rights. We read of no violence, but of facilities by the strikers for the passage of food trains! The policy of the provisional Government has keenly wounded the reactionary classes in two respects. It has struck a deadly blow at two of their most cherished hypocries. It has attacked "religion," understanding thereby organised dogmatic Christianity, in this case the Catholic Church, and it has struck a blow at the social amoralism. This partial person who knows the history of Catholicism in the Iberian peninsula could, one would think, hardly impute blame to the energy shown by the new Government in ousting the priests, which threatened to become general at one time, and which actually paralysed the whole railway communications of the country, was carried out and brought to a satisfactory conclusion without any harsh measures, the working classes, even during the progress of the strike, apparently conducting it in a manner so as in the least possible way to embarrass the Republican authorities, consistently with maintaining their rights. We read of no violence, but of facilities by the strikers for the passage of food trains! The policy of the provisional Government has keenly wounded the reactionary classes in two respects. It has struck a deadly blow at two of their most cherished hypocries. It has attacked "religion," understanding thereby organised dogmatic Christianity, in this case the Catholic Church, and it has struck a blow at the social amoralism. This partial person who knows the history of Catholicism in the Iberian peninsula could, one would think, hardly impute blame to the energy shown by the new Government in ousting the priests, which threatened to become general at one time, and which actually paralysed the whole railway communications of the country, was carried out and brought to a satisfactory conclusion without any harsh measures, the working classes, even during the progress of the strike, apparently conducting it in a manner so as in the least possible way to embarrass the Republican authorities, consistently with maintaining their rights. We read of no violence, but of facilities by the strikers for the passage of food trains! The policy of the provisional Government has keenly wounded the reactionary classes in two respects. It has struck a deadly blow at two of their most cherished hypocries. It has attacked "religion," understanding thereby organised dogmatic Christianity, in this case the Catholic Church, and it has struck a blow at the social amoralism. This partial person who knows the history of Catholicism in the Iberian peninsula could, one would think, hardly impute blame to the energy shown by the new Government in ousting the priests, which threatened to become general at one time, and which actually paralysed the whole railway communications of the country, was carried out and brought to a satisfactory conclusion without any harsh measures, the working classes, even during the progress of the strike, apparently conducting it in a manner so as in the least possible way to embarrass the Republican authorities, consistently with maintaining their rights. We read of no violence, but of facilities by the strikers for the passage of food trains!
now as in the past. The object of the National Service
people (as Marat called them) are being juggled with
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flavour of a picnic, ought to attract young men as
strongly as scouting attracts boys; and if it does not do
savage at twenty-one. Hence volunteering, with its
the crazy vapouring of
life. We all want better wages than they get in
Germany. We are all prepared to serve ourselves. And
at the same time the essential selfishness of patriotism
Christian England to serve God would be regarded as
be honest enough in his mature years to abandon the
conventional fustian he
alleged once to have talked
I
am unable to say whether the Portuguese people as
impatiently of justice in this respect. Many persons,
by Liberalism and Dissent, and on the other by Anglic-
or any other, career to talent would be popular in this
be held solely responsible. We confess to a painful
the Labour movement, as every Labour leader is too
money, far more deserves the name than
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any free marriage. That Professor Braga should be
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new regime, or whether they are eager to make the dog of
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there is no evidence of the latter being the case.
Anyway, I say up to the present, more power to the elbow
of Braga and his puckey colleagues.

The National Service League.

The National Service League has taken a title which
should lead to success. In these days no one, except a
few free-thinkers, believes in God, and an appeal to
Christian England to serve God would be regarded as
the central system of society. Humanity would be more attractive than the service
of God, but it is now so thoroughly identified in most
people's minds with bombs and burglary that the class
of wealthy women who own the country would not be likely
to tolerate any movement under that name.

National Service has just that pleasant flavour of
altruistic cant which the English palate loves, while
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so. Consequently the National Service League is going
ahead.

In every healthy young fellow there is a spice of the
soldier. This is the natural result of evolution. Every
individual repeats the history of the race in his own
group. The eager bear at a honey-eleven, and a
savage at twenty-one. Hence volunteering, with its
flavour of a picnic, ought to attract young men as
strongly as scouting attracts boys; and if it does not do
so, there is something wrong with the management.
Whis, does not require much guessing. It is the old story.
What is called national service is in substance class service. The poor, blind
people (as Marat called them) are being juggled with
now as in the past. The object of the National Service
League, as everybody knows, is not to protect England
from Germany, which has not the smallest intention of
invading us, but to protect the rich from the poor.

There is one, and only one, test to apply to the pro-
cessions of those who engineer this movement. On
what principle does the object of the movement and
where to be chosen? Are they to be chosen for merit; or are
they to be chosen for wealth and birth and influence? Is
Napoleon to have a chance; or is the Duke of York
to be commander-in-chief?

Some light on this question is afforded by the
personal history of its chief apostle. No one doubts that
Lord Roberts is himself a brave and capable soldier,
although his abilities have never been tried in serious
warfare with an equal foe. But he certainly does not
enjoy Lord Kitchener's reputation for making capacity
in others the sole path to promotion. On the contrary,
Lord Roberts has generally been considered a com-
mander after the heart of Mayfair, to whose favour
aristocratic birth was a powerful passport.

To say that is not to question Lord Roberts' sincerity.
He is well aware, and all of us who do not mistake our
ideas for realities already existing are aware, that one-
half of the English people is not to be communicated
like many others, seems oblivious of the truth that the
claim of the State to compel the continuance of a
marital relationship which the parties concerned wish to
dissolve is in point of fact a breach of the most ele-
cultural of the late General Buller is a memorable illustra-
tion of the popular attitude. Sandhurst turns out
soldiers as well as puppets; but the poor, blind people
are quite satisfied with the puppies.

We have it on good authority that no one can be
a cavalry officer unless he has a private income of £1,000
a year, a social fusion he is alleged once to have talked
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speech which the royal author assigns to the judge in the action. It is rather too long for quotation. It contains such a sense of responsibility as would make our judge Grantham with his latest record of three death sentences in forty-eight hours stand in awe of that advice of the King’s brother, the censure of the old judge and the contemporaneous naïveté of this ancient Eastern judge. The final duty of a judge, according to King Sudraka, lay in “shielding the condemned from the King’s wrath,” and above all, in “loving mercy.”

The evidence is purely circumstantial! And every “fact” that Common Sense (our new British Law) could accept is supported by every other. The Gossamer Web winds tight as death around the accuser. The Scales of Justice are balanced against him. Nemesis is evidently pursuing her own! It is proved that Vasanta-sena was last seen in the house of the accused. Strands of hair in the garden and marks of a struggle indicate that her body was carried there by beasts of prey and devoured. Caru-datta muses to himself, meanwhile:—

The court-house looks imposing; it is like A sea whose waters are the advocates. Deep in sagacious thought, whose waves are messengers! In constant movement hurrying to and fro. Whose fish and screaming birds are vile informers. Whose servants are attorneys’ clerks; whose books are worn by constant course of legal action.

The King’s brother accuses, but the judge is disinclined to pronounce Caru-datta guilty. Then appears an overwhelming seduction for Common Sense. Maitreya, the only friend left to Caru-datta, has been seeking Vasanta-sena in order to return the jewels left in the little boy’s clay cart. Hearing of the accusation, he rushes into the court and attacks the King’s brother. He struggles with the jeweler, the jewels fall to the ground. Maitreya cannot deny that he found these jewels in Caru-datta’s house. Conclusive evidence! and Common Sense condemns the guilty wretch to die. The judge, after pronouncing the legal sentence, is, however, disturbed in his soul, and records of common sense as the proper punishment, but the King is a tyrant and insists upon the extreme penalty.

Caru-datta does not die: this is an Eastern story. He would almost certainly have died in England. Twenty-one wretched men died on the English gallows during the past year; and of these, we know that several perished under the new law of condemning by Common Sense. It is the most sanguinary year we have passed for a long time, and one can only suppose that the men concerned with law must be going mad. They are quite beyond control by the people. Mr. Churchill opened the ball with the wilful execution of an epileptic suffering from delusional lunacy. Among the three condemned in two days by Judge Grantham was Crippen. Crippen was condemned by Common Sense. But the law against accusation in absence of the body of the person supposed to have been murdered, was made because of the irreparable errors committed by Common Sense. Common Sense, besides, works differently in different minds. Common Sense tells me that Crippen was almost certainly guilty, but, also, it warns me that he never placed those pyjamas and the strands of hair where they were discovered. Common Sense tells me that if Belle Elmore were to turn up, she would be confined in a lunatic asylum; but Common Sense would certainly assure Lord Alverstone that this woman would instantly be produced and permitted to confound his judgment. In this matter of Common Sense, you see, one person’s opinion is as legitimate as another’s, though one be a judge on the Bench and the other merely a British citizen.

Vasanta-sena, the heroine in “The Clay Cart,” was brought forward by the Buddhist, and Caru-datta lived to enjoy honours and a pension from the King. But, then, as I said, this is an Eastern story.

T. K. L.
The Don in Arcadia.

III.—In Search of Pollen.

Alas! all my endeavours to cure my poor colleague of his strange infatuation have proved fruitless—how fruitless the following letter, which reached me this morning, abundantly proves it.

"Here am I, at last, in Arcadia—at last! "Oh the greenness, the freshness, the cleanliness—the incomunicable witchery of it all! "Here, like a meek daisy or a pensive cowslip, amid innumerable silent, innocent things, under the bewildering branches of immemorial elms—an integral fibre in Nature's sacred organism... "Imagine me—inequitably, of course: if one could imagine here, like a meek daisy or a pensive cowslip, amid innumerable silent, innocent things, under the bewildering branches of immemorial elms—an integral fibre in Nature's sacred organism... "Imagine me—inadequately, of course: if one could imagine here, like a meek daisy or a pensive cowslip, amid innumerable silent, innocent things, under the bewildering branches of immemorial elms—an integral fibre in Nature's sacred organism... "Imagine me—inadequately, of course: if one could imagine here, like a meek daisy or a pensive cowslip, amid innumerable silent, innocent things, under the bewildering branches of immemorial elms—an integral fibre in Nature's sacred organism..."}

The life Chestnuton describes, I reflected, does not sound very alluring to me in common prose—come to Arcadia, if it be only for a holiday. The change will help you to take the taste of life have been ground out. A stationary life fosters the growth of moss, and moss and I will give you rest.' Let me add one of my own

A life without a holiday, I began reading thousands of years ago and never finished for want of time. Perpafs you will understand what I mean if you think of those magazine stories you begin in a restaurant while waiting for the next course. You glance through a chapter or two, then you leave off, interrupted by the grosser calls of life, and you forget all about them—until, by some mysterious concatenation of long years afterwards, you may, by chance, come across the sequel. Even so do I seem to recognise the sequel to a former and long-interrupted existence in this my Arcadian transmigration... "Now and again I fall to thinking of you—of you in that far-away Boonia where so many chapters of your life have been ground out. I picture you in that dingy study of yours with its grim book-cases of many shelves, its dusty winged-table covered with dull papers and ink-stained pens—I compare your existence with mine, and—but I must stop lest I blaspheme..."

The Genius of Arcadia sends you this message: 'Come unto us, ye weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Let me add one of my own: A stationary life fosters the growth of moss, and moss is the cause of old age; who would keep young must keep rolling. Do as I have done: Roll Arcadianward. In common prose—come to Arcadia, if it be only for a holiday. The change will help you to take the taste of life have been ground out. A stationary life fosters the growth of moss, and moss and I will give you rest.' Let me add one of my own...

I did not quite relish this sally: Our port is irreproachable, and I cannot imagine me, if you can, revelling in a veritable Elysium. Here am I, at last, in Arcadia--at last! ..."

By "great thinkers," be it understood, I mean persons..."
all in regard of her sufficiency and fulness of happiness. By Thomas Gainsford. London, 1618." That being so, why travel abroad? Why exchange that which is better for that which is worse?

For my part, the joys of a stationary life were never borne in upon me more forcibly than when, in younger and wilder days, I wandered like a nomad from one strange caravanserai to another in quest of knowledge. That was, perhaps, suitable enough in those days; it would be highly unsuitable now. The wise man travels, if at all, to learn more, not to escape the pursuit. I know that travelling is unnecessary, because the whole world is to be found within. It is by travelling, says an Arab proverb, that the crescent becomes a full moon. Quite so; but it is to be noted that the moon never travels beyond its own orbit.

Even supposing that knowledge of foreign countries and customs is worth acquiring, I think it is possible to acquire the best of it, and under the most favourable conditions for assimilation, in the Bodleian Library or in the British Museum. If, indeed, the covering of thousands of miles of alien soil was a means towards the acquisition of such knowledge, my portmanteau ought by this time to be a Professor of Geographical and Ethnographical Omniscience—a thing of leather, canvas, and metal, either wholly empty or full of other than the things of the mind.

This view, I am well aware, may give offence to many of my fellow-countrymen. But that does not alarm me. If people choose to make themselves ridiculous, I see no valid reason why I should imitate them. And, among all ludicrous displays of human absurdity, none, to my thinking, is more absurd than the casual migration of the opulent Briton to foreign parts. He cannot plead in defence of his unrest even the thirst for new experience; for, moved by the blind instinct of habit, he seeks, season after season, the same familiar haunts, with the same puerile persistence and with which a homing swallow seeks last year's thatch. Shall I deliberately degrade myself to the level of a silly swallow?

The only kind of locomotion I can commend without any sacrifice of self-respect is the one which implies a thorough change of intellectual environment. How ever much we may be satisfied with our everyday surroundings, even the most complacent among us feel at times a sense of wanting something lacking; and that sense compels us to seek the something other than our usual companions. Such, at all events, has been my own experience, and it is easy to account for it. Some minds are like horse-shoes: the more worn, the brighter. My mind does not belong to the horse-shoe species. My thoughts are rather like currants: they lose their market value, to say nothing of their beauty, by constant use, and they need periodical re-minting. In truth, this is an under-statement of my experience. The matter goes deeper. Prolonged indulgences in Aristotle and examination paper correcting is apt to leave my brain congested with dyspeptic definitions, and the rest of my interesting personality as limp as a collar that has been in water—not a very picturesque condition to be in, or a very comfortable one. Nothing, according to my judgment, is more injurious to self-esteem than feeling limp. Yes, there are times when I realise acutely the want of an intellectual tonic and cathartic—of something that shall brace me up again and relieve my mind of its redundance and rubbish: something that shall cure me of my fits of what, in default of a less indelicate phrase, I may designate spiritual constipation.

Of course, my case, although profoundly interesting, is by no means unique. There may be, here and there, exceptionally constituted men, whose souls are like the palm—of one sex only: either male or female. Hence, in order to escape the doom of sterility, they instinctively seek periodical contact with other souls of the opposite sex.

I suspect that my soul belongs to this common class: for its fertilisation it requires the pollen which is carried from other souls by the wind of conversation; and, truth to tell, I cannot obtain the pollen which I need from the conversation of my brother brahmans, excellent though it be. Intellectually, as otherwise, we all are of the same sex. Perhaps that is why so little original work is produced in Boeotia: some instinct prevents us from sterilising our minds by constant repetition. Of course, there are original men among us; but, alas! they are all original in the same way. A truly original spirit loses caste in Boeotia, as fine claret loses caste in a thick glass.

All things considered, then, Chestnuton's invitation merits acceptance. He is the very embodiment of a brahman, and I hope to find the pleasure of differing from him somewhat remedial.

My preparations need not detain me long. A week ought to suffice for the tailor to effect upon my semi-clerical garments a few slight alterations calculated to give them a look of rusticity appropriate to Arcadia. I have, if I remember rightly, in my wardrobe the very suit which will answer the purpose admirably—an ancient suit of dark-grey flannel, which, with a few subtle modifications, should somewhat help to draw the spectators' interpretation of me from academic life to that of an ordinary individual. I also possess a souvenier of my travels in the shape of a broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hat of a kind formerly much worn by young southerners of the countryside—especially on occasions when there was a spur of heat in their blood.

The articles of attire, reinforced by a pair of thick-soled boots, a broad-brimmed hat, a few reams of foolscap, a fountain-pen, and a pocket edition of Aristotle's complete works, is, I believe, all that I shall need for my temporary transformation from a learned Boeotian into an unsophisticated Arcadian.

A MEMORY OF CAPETOWN.

Would this dull ink were a colour tide, And this a master-hand To paint the red of the mountain-side, The gold of the bay sea-sand; To hurl, with one bold, avalanche stroke, The cloud o'er Table's brow, To swell the witches' busts, who croak On the Devil's Peak below; To tint the thousand greens of the kloof, To curve its winding course, To fling the shadow of its tree-roof 'Mong the gold of the under gorse; To limit the point where the pathway tops A league of eastern lea, Where—a turn of the head—a sheer line drops To the boundless, shifting sea; To trace, through a world of light and shade, The beam on the billow's crest Dart from the rising sun To fade in the chill, Antarctic mist.

Yet, had I command of the colour kind, My powers were incomplete. I could not paint the sigh of the wind, Nor mark the ocean beat. Nor might the troubled hillside pant To meet the moonady sun, Nor echo of the woodnotes haunt A scene on canvas spun.

I fail, O Land of Mystery! One last desire I crave— 'Tis, that thy silver trees may sigh In requiem, near my grave.
The Road in Spring.

Of Work and the Substitute for it.

By Jack Collins Squire.

People who think, or at all events say, that tramps can always obtain work if they want to, are labouring under a serious delusion. Even for a skilled man, once on the road, it is very hard to get off. But the unskilled man, one who, like myself, endeavours to pick up stray jobs along the wayside, lives for the most part in a condition of compulsory idleness. Caricaturists and others who subclassify vagabonds and whole classes of people conversations to illustrate the two lines of action which may be adopted. The first takes place at a farmhouse, the dramatic persona being the housewife and myself—

Myself (log.): Could you sell me a glass of milk?

Housewife (with dignity): We never sell it.

Myself: Thanks, very much. Sorry to have troubled you, missus.

Housewife (hesitatingly): We can give you a glass if you like.

Myself: Ah! that would be good of you.

She disappears and comes back with a glass of milk, which is taken eagerly.

Myself: Thank 'ee, thank 'ee, missus (long gulp). Ab-b-h-h.

That was good.

Housewife (with a slightly patronising smile): Would you like a piece of cake, too?

I stammered something, nodded; and she goes away and in two minutes comes back quite melted, with a large piece of cake on a blue plate, another glass of milk, and a paper packet of food for me to put in my pocket. I drink the milk, take possession of the solids, look up at her in distant reverence, and slide off touching my hat.

This line, of course, will only do for farmhouses, where they might conceivably sell something. To ask to buy something at a cottage would be to give oneself away at once. When one is dealing with cottages, therefore, one leads off with a different card. Incidentally, too, it never comes off except at tea-time. This is it:

"Would you be so kind as to give me a glass of water?" (appealing as a hunted man).

That is all; for the woman dashes in and returns with a cup of tea (with six or seven lumps of sugar in it), and several pieces of hastily cut bread and butter. She is half stricken by your hungry look, half afraid you may come in and murder the children. Yet if you had asked for food outright she would have told you that a great strong man like you ought to know better than go about begging bread from other folks. Here, as in all the affairs of life, the hint is better than the request, the insinuation than the statement, the rapier than the bludgeon.

I have never been absolutely penniless, so that it has never been essential that I should beg for long periods. But I have done enough to know that any man equipped with the two formulæ of "Will you sell me some milk?" and "Could you give me some water?" may live upon the community for the rest of his life if he feels so and is always willing to accept and spread the very words that will be used by the persons to whom one addresses them, and the exact look in their eyes. One is getting down to the primal human instincts of pity and pride, and the deeper sunk gets into human natures the more are people carved to one pattern. Do we not remember that the proportion of the inhabitants of London who leave the umbrellas behind them in waiting-rooms is exactly the same in any one year as in any other year? Puppets. 
On the Incompetence of Professionals.

We hear a good many complaints of the incompetence of artists, but when do we hear of the incompetence of the professional classes: business men, lawyers, doctors and teachers? Yet in my experience they are, at least, as often unskilled, negligent, or stupid, as the proverbial plumber. In fact, I think they are more unskilled, since they are less liable to be found out.

Why are they less liable?

For several reasons. First, most people know at once whether a bit of plumbing, say, is well-done or ill-done. The results are immediate. Similarly the engineering and mechanical trades prove themselves before your eyes. A mechanic cannot pretend that a job is well-made if, in fact, it doesn’t work. Then again, almost all artisan work appeals not only to the eye when it is finished, but to the eye while it is being performed. You can calculate the number of hours it takes and, therefore, whether a man is efficient or inefficient. In short, anybody can judge the work of artisans; but they alone in the majority of cases can judge whether their work is well-done; and, unfortunately, it is part of their code to lie for mutual support.

What do you mean?

I mean that every professional appears to me to be a sort of “long firm,” engaged in extracting the maximum payment from society in return for the minimum results. Each profession is organised in a pack, like wolves, and they stick together whenever the public is against them. As the public never know whether their work is really well done or not, the chances of fraud are endless.

But would you say that the professions are as a rule inefficient?

Yes; there are individual exceptions, of course, and the very most is made of them. But I should say that, on the whole, one in every two professional men is a wolf and an incompetent.

What a charge to bring against them!

Yes, it is very bad; but I imagine that though the public as a whole does not believe it, every individual who has dealings with professional people knows it very well. For instance, take doctors. Have you ever heard of a man who has engaged doctors who did not complain that they were incompetent? Rarely, I confess; but, surely, that is because the ordinary man does not know what a doctor can or cannot do in any particular case. He may be expecting a doctor to perform miracles.

True, but such cases are put beyond doubt if the third or the fourth doctor does actually succeed in curing the trouble. And that is often the case. Would you not be entitled to regard three plumbers as inefficient if a fourth, when called in, easily performed the job the first three failed in? Unfortunately, however, your fourth doctor, though he would know his predecessors were bunglers, would never admit it to you. His confounded wolf-pack etiquette would forbid it. Then take lawyers, have you had any dealings with them?

To my sorrow I have.

Exactly, to your sorrow. The general experience of society is that it is better to suffer almost any injustice than to employ lawyers to redress it. And why? Because the chances are that when you have got your lawyer the case will end again with you, win or lose. The remedy of law, in fact, is about equal to the disease of injustice.

That, however, impugns their honour, not their competency.

I do not deny that they are generally competent to rob their clients, but skill in robbery is not skill in law. Merely as professional men they are unskilled and inefficient. You can compliment them, if you please, on their superior intellect, not on their learning. The charge becomes plain when you see them engaged in a case in which they really want to win. Oh, the times I have had in endeavouring to instruct a lawyer in his business. It’s like teaching a parrot Sanskrit.

Probably your notion of his business was not his.

It certainly was not, and I should not complain if he ignored my advice and won my case. But when he refuses my advice and loses my case, then I am entitled, I think, to call him a fraud. A rascally, a rascal society continues to harbour him, just like any trade union. But the worst frauds are business men!

Good heavens! what a society you live in!

You may say so, indeed. It is honey-combed with incompetence, and every hole is covered with bluff. Did you ever know so much bluff about anything as about business? Did you ever know anything worse done?

My experience has fortunately been limited.

Offer prayers of gratitude. One business in three is managed by a dolt and a crank and a coward. If he succeeds it is in spite of himself. Probably luck or a miserably paid manager is responsible.

I exclude manufacturers as, generally speaking, competent enough. Their work finds them out. I am thinking mostly of the middlemen, the merchants, city men, bankers, accountants, publishers, and so on. A trade-union that had no more skilled men in its ranks than are contained, let us say, in the ranks of publishers, would find itself reduced to a week. And serve it right too. Society has the duty imposed on it of seeing that men are put to jobs for which their gifts fit them. But these professional rings are in league to defeat society’s good intention.

Does not the fact that these businesses pay prove that you are wrong?

Gracious, no! The test of the competence of a business man is not whether his business pays: at least it is not that he can make money. Any business should conduct its business so that it will pay if it happens to be a monopoly. The test whether a business is well or ill conducted is its capacity to discharge its function, whatever that may be. The business of the publishing profession, for example, is to seek out and publish such books as society desires to have written and to read. Do the publishers discharge their duty? Not a bit of it. You say that the books they do publish are nevertheless bought and read. So they are. People must read as they must eat; but if all the bakers produced bad bread you would not say their profession was inefficient merely because people ate the bread? Most publishers are, in fact, adulterating bakers. The public reads, certainly; but don’t talk of the publishing business being efficient.

But what is your remedy?

If it appears that possibly efficient business would not pay, whereas inefficient business does pay, is not that a premium on inefficiency? The poor old public! The poor old public! Condemned as ever to be preyed upon by sharks. And not the worst of the humiliation is that the sharks have the brains of shrimps! Well, there is only one remedy.

What is it?

Perhaps I had better say there are two. One is for artists to go into business.

It is notorious that they are unbusinesslike.

Notorious among whom? Among the stupid business men. As a matter of fact, artists alone make good business men, for the simple reason that artists alone know the nature of art. And do you suppose the art of business is different from the art of painting or writing? A good writer would make a good business man. A good business man would make a good writer. Art is one.

The suggestion is fantastic. What is the other?

That all these professions should be taken over by the State.

Socialism, in fact.

Yes, modified to this extent. I would leave mechanical, industrial, agricultural, and artisan arts in private hands; but your lawyers and doctors, your teachers and publishers, your freckled....

By Jacob Tonson.

Those in search of an unconventional and excellently capricious guide to the most modern French literature, its origin and its tendencies, should get Mr. J. H. Retinger's "Histoire de la Littérature Française, du Romantisme à nos Jours" (published by Bernard Grasset, 3frs. 90c.). It is a joyous work. Mr. Retinger is a Pole, and the founder and editor of "The Literary and Artistic Monthly" of Cracow—a really high-class review, of which I believe Mr. G. H. Mair (one of the chief tigers of the "Manchester Guardian") is the English correspondent. But in addition to being a Pole, Mr. Retinger is a Parisian, and further, a Doctor of Letters, of the University of Paris. His age, according to report, is twenty-two. The book is young: that is its charm, and its quality. What, indeed, most makes it valuable is that it frankly adopts the "young" point of view. It has the cruelty, and also the indulgence, of youth. Mr. Retinger does not accept other people's ideals: he makes his own. Naturally he is very rosse. (I hereby solemnly offer a reward of a signed copy of one of my books for the best translation, in not more than two English words, of a tout-à-fait untranslatable French word. Postcards only.) For example, he says of René Bazin: "I have too much respect for the man to speak of the artist." On the other hand, he is somewhat benevolent towards Paul Bourget. The book suffers from the lack of a leading idea or thesis. Or perhaps I should say that it has the advantage of being without a leading idea or thesis. It is a work written at large. It is a short book, and therefore shows gaps and fissures, though the erudition it displays is terrific. One would think that if the author had begun to read at the age of seven, and read ever since, for twelve hours a day six days a week, he still would not have had time to read all that he apparently has read. The final chapters are precious. For they give information and admirable criticism concerning writers who have not yet got into the manuals and encyclopedias. On page 284 begins the best account of Paul Claudel that has ever been printed. Claudel is one of the new idols. Charles Louis Philippe said: "Do you know that we have a genius equal to Dante? It is Claudel!" Mr. Retinger gives an equally good account of André Gide, who is among my preferences; and another Of Romain Rolland. Everybody knows Romain Rolland now. Many know André Gide. Many know Paul Claudel. But who among you has ever heard of Paul Valery? Yet Paul Valery is one of the very finest intelligences in France to-day. Mr. Retinger has not omitted him.

The appearance of another Napoleonic study by the great Napoleonic expert, M. Paul Frémeaux—"Dans la chambre de Napoléon Mournant" (consisting chiefly of a translation of a hitherto unpublished diary kept by Sir Hudson Lowe) (Mercure de France, 3frs. 90c.)—makes me wonder whether M. Frémeaux will, or will not, arrange for the publication of this book in English. His previous book, "Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur," received peculiar treatment in the English Press, so famous throughout the world for the single-mindedness of its literary criticism. The "Saturday Review," on the original appearance of "Les Derniers Jours," after quoting with approval Heine's tremendous withering-off of Sir Hudson Lowe, said: "M. Frémeaux's book should be translated into English, as it is a fair and unbiased account of a tragedy of undying interest about which neither Mr. Forsyth, L... Lord Rosebery, still less Dr. Holland Rose, has said the last word." Encouraged by this august invitation—equivalent to a command—the ingenuous M. Frémeaux procured the translation of his book, which was published in English under the title "The Drama of St. Helena." Whereupon the "Saturday Review" said: "We do not think there was any need for a new volume on the same subject. M. Frémeaux, of course, knows all there is to know in this connexion, and it is hard for a specialist not to believe that everybody else wants to learn." etc., etc., etc. "Like most partisans, he spoils things by over-statement. ... Sir Hudson Lowe was not a monster. He was merely a good goader." And so on! No doubt the "Saturday Review" demands versatility from its critics, but this particular kind of versatility might possibly be rather staggering to a French author who nurtures the illusion, so rife among Continental men of letters, that London is Paradise. The "Saturday Review" should make of the new book an occasion for an apology in form.

The election of Henri de Régner to the French Academy has made the editors of all the advanced literary reviews very angry, because they cannot find fault with it. M. de Régner is really a distinguished poet, and not a critic in Paris has yet been found to state the contrary. He is also a novelist. I should say he is one of the most unreadable novelists that ever lived. Again and again, encouraged by the rumour that they were excessively daring, I have attacked novels by M. de Régner, and I have invariably been beaten off with great loss.

Mr. Frederick Jameson's "Art's Enigma" will be dealt with by another hand in these columns. I nevertheless venture to animadvert on chapter 5 of the book, entitled "Novel-Writing." Mr. Jameson has been long on hinting that a French writer's meaning should be thus off thus: "Novels have become so discursive and formless that it may seem strange to include them among art works, yet story-telling has an equal right with drama to artistic rank." Thanks! Note the words I have italicised. The form of novels has been steadily improving since "Astrée"; its general level to-day is far higher than ever it was before, and Mr. Jameson states that novels have become so discursive and formless! He says further: "Modern novelists very seldom even attempt to compose a complete work of art, i.e., a succession of scenes organically connected together,..." Ah! And he quotes, as an example of an old novelist who organically connected his scenes—Scott! It is true that Mr. Jameson's friend Meredith had almost no sense of form in a novel, but even Meredith was less amorphous than Thackeray, and even Thackeray was less amorphous than the incomparable Richardson. Mr. Jameson should recommend de norm his meditations upon the novel.

SLUM CHILD'S SONG.

I'm going to the seaside—to lovely Herne Bay; Ho! what a beano.

I'm going with the school-treat on the second of May. Shan't I be glad!

I dreamt that the sands was a frothing gold cup.

Ho! what a beano.

And a scorching great cat came and drank it all up. Wasn't I mad!

I'll see the great green waves come rolling to shore.

Ho! what a beano.

And father and mother can't clout me no more.

Shan't I be glad!

I'll go for a long lovely bathe in the sea.

Ho! what a beano.

They'll look, and they'll look, but they'll never find me.

Shan't I be glad!

E. H. Visiak.
Theology. - IV.

By M. B. Oxon.

As I have said before, one of the difficulties under which we labour at the present day is that we confound the Name of the Deity with the Deity itself. We have to remember that the word in the Veda and Upanishads it is pointed out that the Word is, I think, plainly indicated in the Hebrew words and sense of the word. Every creation is an entity, whether or Vedi, in which the sacrifices are performed, and an or Vedi, in which the sacrifices are performed, and an

brooding over the egg; the successive "implantations" which we noticed in connection with Life; and the object, its image, and the focus, to which we shall come presently.

The account in Genesis is very curtailed and ages pass before the next verse. As we learn from the Veda, in creation a form is first made and then the creator "enters in." So after the Breath has prepared the way, next from the Ark of It come the Vowels of the creative Word which pass into the field or egg of space, there to reverberate and to be the coming universe. And over the cosmic Egg the great Powers still brood, waiting till the creation shall be ready to receive more of Itself.

After the minor floods which punctuate the life of a cosmos, as for example, before the beginning of the present world, described in Vishnu Purana, the happenings are rather different. These floods, are, in Sanskrit, called Pralaya. They are of different magnitudes, according as it is a world or a solar system which goes under. They are, so to speak, the intervals of silence between the various stages of the separate Epoch of the cosmos which still remains. Vishnu (Energy, the worker) Who is in the position of It, is spoken of as taking various very metaphysical materials with which to build. These in the imagery which I am following are to be looked on as the "resonators", in which the coincidences of unification have been elaborated by the interaction of the Vowels. After these minor pralayas there is not a clearing to be made, but, as seems to be Nature's habit, the same process is followed, even though some of the steps may have a different purpose. Thus, on the flood times for the "waters" recede and leave it on the "dry ground" in the Cosmic Egg, from which it originally "saved" its occupants. Then, as we see in Noah's Ark, the Spirit, as a dove, still goes out first, if not to make a way, yet to see that the field is there, to be followed when all is ready by "Noah and his sons and their wives."

There have been many arks besides that of Noah, including probably "Argo navis" and the naves Churches, as we shall see presently. All entities have "Arks" it would seem, in which they each and all navigate the ocean of manifestation; some within it, some on it, some in the air above it, but they are of very different degrees of safety. Some can ride out a flood which engulfs a universe, others go under when only a continent is submerged; in fact, it is only the fishes who pay no attention to the height of a flood. Looking at the idea from rather a different angle, one may say that some entities are contained within greater and greater ones—all being within the original "space" in chaos. This is the cosmocentric view. In the anthropocentric view all these oceans and arks become different degrees or marvels of coming universe. As the "note" of the universe is modulated the various "resonators" cease to ken it, according to their capacity, and drop to sleep till the "waters" are again driven back, and while they sleep are sheltered within the ark of the greater entity in whom they proximately live.

A very important application of this idea is to Death. The happening is clearly understandable if we regard it in this way, remembering to begin with that the earthly body is only a shell—the fancy dressing of the work of the real "body" is coated. The little flood in the man's own little cosmos begins to rise; he flies to the mountains, taking with him his household gods but leaving his house behind him, which, bereft of his care, crumbles and is a lodging for worms. The man follows; on he climbs, throwing away his possessions, till at last, almost naked, he reaches a place of safety, where he stays till the little deluge is over. When the waters retire he comes down and begins anew, in fact, it is only the fishes who pay no attention to the height of a flood. Looking at the idea from rather a different angle, one may say that some entities are contained within greater and greater ones—all being within the original "space" in chaos. This is the cosmocentric view. In the anthropocentric view all these oceans and arks become different degrees or marvels of coming universe. As the "note" of the universe is modulated the various "resonators" cease to ken it, according to their capacity, and drop to sleep till the "waters" are again driven back, and while they sleep are sheltered within the ark of the greater entity in whom they proximately live.

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When we say that the two are similar we must be very careful what we mean. The idea is best grasped, I think, by anyone who has read Doane's The Two Machiavellis. Without any doubt—and this is almost the only occasion on which I shall use the word—do we have here the clue which leads us through all the difficulties of mythology, religion, and history, over which so much energy is wasted. Most of the names and words which we are accustomed to take for personal names or proper nouns are really the arbitrary creations of names or common nouns on the world scale. And unless we recognise this we are much in the position in which a future historian may find himself when he tries to follow a character through present day history if he is unaware of the changes of names which take place by inheritance of various kinds. Hamsa and the Dove, for example, are both white birds; in fact they are the "same," but whether also identical can only be discovered by the context, if we are sufficiently wise to understand it. So when we say that the old writers show their ignorance of what their fathers had written before them, because they change the attributes of one god to another, and such like things, we are entirely mistaken. On the contrary if we follow the changes of names and words which we are accustomed to take for personal names or proper nouns we may be able to estimate the world age to which the various writings apply. The old Gods pass out of sight and new ones appear using up some or all of their father's names and themselves disappear in turn. The same applies to places and things, and even to words, sounds and letters, as I shall briefly suggest later on.

The Two Machiavellis.

By Alfred E. Randall.

It would be amusing, were it profitable, to criticise the new Machiavelli by simply quoting the historical facts to which he refers. He says, for example: 'But as I re-read 'The Prince' and thought out the manner of my now abandoned project, I came to perceive how that stir and whirl of human thought one calls by way of embodiment the French Revolution, has altered absolutely the approach to such a question. . . . The commonplace is one man's absolute estate and responsibility no more. Only did the French produce a book of this sort. Napoleon, who was an admirer of Machiavelli, and his whole career, as Villari says, was a continual exemplification of the theories of 'The Prince.' That Frederick the Great was an 'Anti-Machiavel' is a matter of common knowledge. That Metternich was Machiavellian enough to profess contempt for Machiavelli; that Bismarck's foundation of the German Empire was one more example of the fundamental truth of Machiavelli's teaching, are facts that should have made Remington wonder if he really understood 'The Prince.' But vanity will not be gainsaid, and Remington is rather amusing when he remembers his ludicrous end. 'Machiavel,' he says 'like Plato and Pythagoras and Confucius two hundred odd decades before him, saw only one method by which a thinking man, himself not powerful, might do the work of state-building, and that was by seizing the imagination of a nation. He directed their thoughts towards realisation, their attitudes became, what shall I call it?—secretarial.' This was Remington's first attitude, until he discovered that this age differs from that of Machiavelli because Remington is just as free as anybody else to be the head of a State. He failed to prove this contention by success, so 'the appeal goes out now in other forms, in a book that catches at thousands of readers for the eye of a Prince diffused. . . . The last written dedication of all those I last night, that which in no single man but to the socially constructive passion—in any man.'

Machiavelli was not Machiavellian enough to see that if the Medici intended to act on his advice, it would not
be policy for them to accept his book and reward him for it. Remington, in spite of his keen criticism of politicians, in spite of his acute perception of the nature of politics, is not keen enough to see that he has stated no political problem, invented no political method, original or new.

He notes that "no class will abolish itself, materially alter its way of life, or drastically reconstruct itself, albeit no class is indisposed to co-operate in the unlimited socialisation of any other class. In that capacity for aggression from other classes goes the essential driving force of modern affairs." In this respect, at least, our age does not differ from that of the Renaissance; but the perception of this fact should have prevented any indulgence in Utopian dreaming. Yet Remington concludes this very chapter, which is entitled "The Riddle for the Statesman," with this statement of his purpose:

We want to invigorate and re-invigorate education. We want to create a sustained counter-effort to the perpetual tendency of all educational organisations towards classicism, secondary issues, and the evasion of life. We want to stimulate the expression of life through art and literature, and its exploration through research. We want to make the best and finest thought accessible to everyone, and more particularly to create and sustain an enquiring, critical, and literary, and research alike degenerate into tradition or imposture.

Then all the other problems which are now so insoluble—destabilising party rivalry and remaining international peace, the scarcely faced possibility of making life generally and continually beautiful, become—easy.

If this is the result of doing a man's duty, which is "sometimes at least to eat red beef and get drunk," according to Britten, Remington might well be advised to try vegetarianism and sobriety for a change. For where does any one of these proposals touch politics: where does it relate itself to "that capacity for aggression upon other classes in which lies the essential driving force of modern affairs"?

It is worth while remembering at this point exactly how we are politically constituted. The Reform Bill of 1832 led to the formation of a Conservative Party from amongst heterogeneous elements as those Remington discovered in the Liberal Party of to-day; and the question was naturally asked, "What will you conserve?" I quote Disraeli's criticism of the Tamworth Manifesto in "Coningsby." The prerogatives of the Crown, provided it are not exercised; the independence of the House of Lords, provided it is not asserted: the Ecclesiastical estate, provided it is regulated by a commission of laymen. Everything, in short, that is established, provided that it is a phrase and not a fact."

We are left, then, with the problem of the only instrument of government, and there Remington described three parties, which in some form or another will, he says, be found in every European state. "The resistant, militant, authoritative, dull, and unsympathetic party of establishment and success, the rich man's party; the confused, sentimental, spasmodic, numerous party of the small, struggling, various, un-disciplined men, the poor man's party; and a third party sometimes detaching itself from the second and sometimes re-uniting with it, the party of the altogether expropriated masses, the proletarians, Labour." They are there to carry on the King's Government, to protect the State from foreign aggression, and to preserve it from internal disruption; and, with a practical aim, so to arrange these matters that the commercial and financial interests they represent are aggrandised. Let us admit that Remington's description of the parties is correct; let us forget, if we can, that the interests have not really there are here and there are two parties, the employers and employed, represented in the House: of what political value are Remington's suggestions to any one of the parties? They afford no means by which one of the parties could obtain power at the expense of the other: they offer no opportunity for the aggression of one class upon another: they fire the ambition of no man except he who is politically ineffective; and they lead to no result.

That "men are a sorry breed" was known to Machiavelli, who also said that "the world is made up of the vulgar." And because politics is the art and science of government, whatever it touches will be manipulated to suit the interest of whatever class may be exercising political power. It cannot be too clearly understood that the internal politics is a struggle between classes for complete power, and so far as the people are concerned, a struggle for freedom. "For in every city," says Machiavelli, "are to be found these two opposed humours having their origin in this, that the people desire not to be exercising political power. While the nobles, while the nobles desire to oppress and dominate over the people." In England, the people have obtained political liberty, which is defined by Hobbes as "political power divided into small fragments." But the classes which have procured that liberty obviously cannot rest satisfied with this division, which makes government practically impossible; and the portion allotted to each individual is so small that without some inducement other than its possession, he would not bother to use it. That "fortunate astuteness," which Machiavelli notes as necessary to the attainment of what he calls a "Civil Princedom," is shown in the control of the elections by the organised political parties. The people surrender their political power to their representative, and because that representative is the servant of one of the classes that aims at complete power, they surrender their liberty to their masters. So long as the tyranny does not become obvious, or develop new forms of oppression, the people acquiesce quietly enough in government.

That political problems are problems of power should have been, and probably was, known to Remington. "Interests and habits, not ideas," hold a party together, he saw in one flash of perception; yet he offers no suggestions as the means by which the confusion of modern life is to be dealt with by politics.

It is clear that this is no dream of state-building, no contribution to the art of Government; and if we turn to Remington's conduct, we may see that he understands what is politics in this, or was in any other age. He invents a phrase, "love and fine thinking," which is vague enough to be a political cry: he founds a paper, "The Blue Weekly," which is so admirably innocent that it prints twenty pages of publishers' advertisements a week; and after educating England for a year or two, he wins a three-cornered contest at Handitch by a turn-over of about 5,000 votes. I do not remember this election, for it occurred somewhere about 1912. But the surprising thing is that he won; and how some portion of the taxes should be devoted to making one sex economically independent of the other, which might conceivably make the problem of government more difficult. Economically, it would not be likely to aggravate the microbes of the people; rents would rise or wages would fall; the necessaries of life become dearer in proportion. That such a proposal could make a man a politically powerful person, even with "The Blue Weekly" educating the British public with its best politics, it is clear that in the present state of a Conservative victory at the next General Election, he should be assured of office, as Remington says, are things inconceivable; unless the new Machiavelli has really superseded the old.

We all dream of our Utopias, but some of us have learnt that political power is not to be had for the asking, though we protest our good intentions with almost magical eloquence. That the future of the English race is fraught with many possibilities of disaster, no imaginative person will deny; but that the future can be averted by mere dreams of what the human race
An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

After all, New York is the city of paradox and contrast. To read a list of its charities one would think it a paradise of benevolence and general goodwill. One is led to believe in the absolute goodness of the ruling classes. There is a charitable society for everything. There are hoods for horses in hot weather, homes for cats, hospitals for dogs, incubators for chickens, sea baths for babies, islands for idiots, retreats for republates, missions for outcasts, hot coffee for the sobering of drunks, soup for the cold, government pensions for millionaires, free passes for politicians, absolution for sinners, and reprobation for people of culture.

In Berlin charity is scientific, in Paris it is social, in London it is sentimental, in New York it asks you to put a pound in the slot and pull out a piece of chewing-gum, on which you chew until hunger sets in and you strike a cheap restaurant for a twenty-five cent. beef-stake; then you begin to realise the exact difference between chewing gum and "chawing for the bene-

Charity in New York seems, for the most part, to be an invention of idle and tired minds to while away a few hours, or half-hours, at a game that is always flattering to vanity besides being an amusement that causes no disagreeable reaction. This is why charity in New York is a mechanical act without a soul. It is a species of cold-blooded utilitarianism. A crust is thrown to the hungry to keep him quiet, so that the rich may enjoy their leisure and their dainties, and drift on till the next meal. The body is sustained, the spirit that animates the body is ignored. Charity in New York is socially demoralised because the rich fool the people by their pretences of utilitarian charity. They have not yet been able to see that the body matters nothing so long as the mind is steeped in ignorance and superstition. What New York is so-called learning so limited and so pretentious.

New York society contains plenty of sensations but no emotions, speaking from the point of view of the artist. The society woman is a mechanical act, and the incidents are mostly trivial. She has not even the saving grace of sentimental gush, like so many leaders of Vienna, and to save her life she could not talk music five minutes with a society leader of Berlin. New York has no culture, no literary character, no dramatic instinct. New York is often called the Paris of America, it resembles Paris in nothing whatever. The higher you go in society here the lower you will find the intellect.

Many of the millionaires are the descendants of millionaires; they and their wives have had every advantage that money could bestow: the best colleges, the best professors, travel without let or hindrance, and yet the present generation is one of duds and dross, incapable of talking about anything but sports, games, theatre gossip, small beer talk, and tittle-tattle about English lords and the fast sets of London. And nothing could give a foreign visitor a more vivid idea of the absolute decadence of American democracy than this inane twaddle about European nobility. If you want to make a rich New Yorker feel uneasy talk to him about American democracy. He simply can't stand it. He leaves all that for the professional political spell-binders who amuse the proletariat with a flow of words, as a juggler does with a whirl of swords and saucers.

New Yorkers are beginning to regard themselves as a sort of annexed wing of the British nobility. The wing may be nothing but a kitchen for the skimming of hares, after the hares are caught, or a carpenter's outhouse for the repairing and patching of rotten escutcheons; but democratic sobriety is a funny thing, and it stops at nothing.

A well-known Kansas banker told a story the other day about the statute of limitations. One day an old Southerner walked into this banker's office. The Southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school. "What can I do for you?" asked the banker. "Well," replied the Southerner, "about thirty-five years ago I loaned a man down South some money—not a very large sum. I told him that whenever I should need it I would let him know, and he would pay me the money. I need some money now, so I shall let him know, and I would like to have you transact the business for me." My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. The statute of limitations has run against that loan years and years ago." "Sir," replied the Southerner, "the man to whom I loaned that money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman." So the banker sent for the money, and within even the churches in New York work on the lines laid down by fashion and social privilege. A church is judged according to the salary it pays its minister. But the real "tone" is bestowed, not by the preacher, but by the number of its millionaires. A bevy of heiresses, a brace of steel magnates, a covey of Wall Street part-

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THE NEW AGE

February 23, 1911.
a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a courteously gentleman at the other end of the transaction also.

When an old-school gentleman arrives in New York from the South he is like a personage from another planet. Such visitors are to be seen once in a while; but they are without influence, and are regarded by the Yankee millionaires as mere stopping-places, which are treated as if they were children. The Southern gentleman, if he is wise, hurries back to his home as fast as he can, and never returns, unless on matters of the most urgent business. Thirty years ago the visitor from the South would still feel at home in New York. At present a gulf separates New York from all the cities of the Southern coast. The business motto of New York is, "Get all and keep all"—that is, pay no debts unless forced to pay, and let the thing called honour go to the devil.

"Who are the most discontented people in this city of discontent?" That was the question I heard asked the other evening among a group of writers. Some thought the women of the South, others the millionaires—on the whole, the unhealthiest class of people, while others maintained that no people in the world were so wretched as the millionaires themselves. There was a lively discussion. The American millionaire works as hard at the age of seventy as he did at the age of thirty, and earns his salary with the same natural efficiency and without mannerisms.

As for his home, he has no time to think of anything but how to take the saîne off the outside where there are three rival sets among the would-be leaders of New York society, and this makes it lively for all concerned; but it gives some of the unhappy husbands a hot time.

As in England, there are three political parties—the Tories, the Liberals, and the Socialists. Here society has its old aristocrats, its new Liberals, and its abc dynamo independents. Now, between the two latter, the old set—or rather what is left of it—has anything but a delightful time. It has fallen between two stools. Within the past ten years the independents, who hail from all parts of the country, have struck terror into the camp of the descendants of the Dutch settlers of Manhattan. Forty years ago New York society was exclusive. Now it includes pretty much everything and anything. The three sets meet on a beld-of-the-cloth-of-gold, and the array is sensational, not to say formidable. The old set, who look imposing, are incapable of charging anything except for a few minutes of listening time. The interlopers are bespangled on their hobby-horses, and they go, not in the manner of a Dutch coterie, but with a Yankee bounce that rivals the dexterity of a professional bronco buster. And they fight with all sorts of queer weapons. This is why society here is so amusing for the onlooker.

"The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche."*  
By A. M. Ludovici.

In many ways I have enjoyed reading this book again. I remember having read it in French and having liked it immensely. And now I find that the same qualities that fascinated me on my first acquaintance with it have captivated me once more. How smoothly and sympathetically the tale is unfolded. How easily you become possessed of the main drama of Nietzsche's life without even so much as suspecting that the man who is giving it to you is a dramatist of no mean attainments! The curtain rises and falls, the lights change, the orchestra is now loud and now soft; but nothing is wanting. No sound of the mechanism breaks upon your ears; for the work is that of a gifted Frenchman—a man whose fellow citizens understand these matters, and of whom Nietzsche said that their real commonness lay in "mise-en-scène."

None of these qualities seems to have been lost in the translation. The form is still attractive, still convincingly, and still absorbing. M. Halévy's preparation for his task must have been both arduous and extensive, and yet not very pleasant. You suspect that he had even a note book in his hand. This is a splendid achievement, and the now familiar tale of Nietzsche's life and work becomes entertaining and even exciting reading again, retold, as it is, brilliantly in these pages of profound psychological insight.

Occasionally, of course, M. Halévy throws in a thought of his own, and tells us which way not only the wind but also the torrent of his eloquence is going. Every biographer, however, I suppose, is entitled to his opinion of his subject's merits, otherwise we should rob him of half his armour. Where he does not deal with actual facts, though, he must expect his opinion to be contested. Now, M. Halévy says, or implies, three things to which I cannot take exception.

1. In the first place he declares that the ideas of the Superman and of the Eternal Recurrence of All Things contradict each other (pp. 250-257); secondly, that Zarathustra *gives one a single thing and in the long run not to drink"* (p. 279); and, thirdly, that the works entitled "The Case of Wagner," "Nietzsche contra Wagner," "The Twilight of the Idols," "The Anti-Christ," and "Ecce Homo," were all written when Nietzsche was no longer entirely responsible (pp. 257-267). This again and again, throughout the book, he who reads between the lines can detect a slight curl of disdain in M. Halévy's lip as he writes; but no matter! As I say, a biographer has a right to his opinions on the merits of his subject. In the three statements above mentioned, however, there is more than mere disdain, there is actual misunderstanding. Why does M. Halévy, otherwise so very much superior to the usual Nietzsche biographer and commentator, into the same railroad car as two distinguished brethren are always committing? Why does he abandon his profundity for a while, why does he become commonplace and shall I say it?—journalistic? For my part, I have never been able to see the antagonism between the ideas of the Superman and of the Eternal Recurrence. Why there should be less incentive for us to maintain a positive and world-approving attitude towards life—which is the course of generation—than that performed merely by Nietzsche on a large number of negative values—simply because we happen to be merely ephemeral existences in one of the infinite number of periodical cycles which begin and end with universal liquefaction, is, to my mind, quite incomprehensible. Is M. Halévy perchance under the influence of Christian values, that he should object to it? Has he still the idea of a Beyond in his mind, that he should suppose that a final or repeated conclusion to all things must necessarily damp any ardour, striving after the most beautiful and most positive life in a temporary state? In any case, I take it, he would agree that this world is not going to last for ever. If then it is going to end for good at some date in the future, would the idea of its inevitable and irrevocable end also contradict the doctrine of the Superman? If not, why not? If the notion of the world's ultimate and irrevocable end does not do this, then why should the idea of the world's repeated end and repeated beginning do it? The question from Nietzsche's standpoint seems to me to be this: here we find ourselves in one of the infinite number of periodical world-cycles, let us make the best of it. Superman, according to Nietzsche, would be working the best of it. I have not the intention, here, of defending the doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence; all I wish to point out, roughly, is, that it is not necessarily incompatible with the idea of Superman.

M. Halévy declares that Zarathustra gives one a terrible thirst and in the long run nothing to drink. I would ask M. Halévy just one question: Is his palate prepared for, accustomed and inured to the draughts Zarathustra offers him? I think this question is pertinent. The personal factor is important here. And

* Translated by J. M. Hone, with an Introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
I would remind M. Halévy of Nietzsche's own words: "It is not given to every man to have ears for Zarathustra, to understand six sentences of that book means to have bought their comprehension with one's life blood." (Ecce Homo," p. 52.) M. Halévy's is so forcible, and, in its way, so straightforward, that almost on every page the reader is justly impressed with the rarity, and sometimes the uniqueness, of Nietzsche's experiences. This is the author in fact, at great pains to show that Nietzsche "lived a life," in the midst of a world that was either merely getting a living or else drifting with the tide of the age. He understands the strange and the unfamiliar in Nietzsche's life-drama as a kind of feeling—that is, his unique relationship with Wagner, his tragic parting from him; his extraordinary and almost superhuman passion for culture, for the elevation of his fellows, and for the healthy realism which wrenched the mask from at these things M. Halévy is careful to grant their need of importance; and yet, when the time comes to draw conclusions from this life-drama, when it really becomes necessary to exercise a little modesty objectivity and to say: "A man with such individual experiences must, at some time, have had, and have expressed, unique sensations which I, who have never had his experiences, could not possibly fathom," M. Halévy suddenly collapses, rather, rises from his depths, and becomes the superficial journalist-critic. Everything that he cannot understand, Nietzsche's titles to the chapters in "Ecce Homo," for instance, Nietzsche's hotline and perfection of "the Anti-Christ," and the "Twilight of the Idols," all these things in which a man who has not had Nietzsche's experiences, is bound to lose his way and also his sang-froid, M. Halévy calmly ascribes to the poet-philosopher's mental disorder. This is very disappointing. I admire M. Halévy's book so much that I feel this blemish is literally an act of vandalism. Was he desirous merely of voicing a popular prejudice? If so, time itself will refute him. If he really believes all he has written, then I begin to feel doubtful about the rest of the book. How a man who is so clear, so precise, and at times, so profound, who understands so well the unprecedented nature of Nietzsche's experiences, can fall into the error of making his own more common or more ordinary experience the test of Nietzsche's most personal utterances, is a question that leaves me completely staggered.

One of the commonest charges against Nietzsche, in a plain Member of Parliament, in a simple "bavard," in a mere man of his age, like Mr. T. M. Kettle who provides the introduction. In such a man popular opinion, popular prejudice, in fact, popular puerility is almost a virtue—at least, it is a quality to which he owes a good deal. But in M. Halévy it is a pity, and that is all that can be said. "No man can draw more out of things, books included," says Nietzsche ("Ecce Homo," pp. 53-54), "than he already knows. A man has no faith for that to which experience has given him no access. To take an extreme case, suppose that a book consists simply of incidents which lie quite outside the range of general or even personal experience, suppose it to be the first attempt to express a whole series of new experiences. In this case nothing it contains will actually be heard, and thanks to an acoustic delusion people will believe that where nothing is heard, there is nothing to hear." Now take the other extreme—those that he wrote towards the end of his exceptional life—contain the first language of a whole series of new and almost unique experiences: ought we not to hesitate before drawing conclusions concerning these later works, particularly as he has gone to the pains of warning us? Mr. Kettle, of course, as I have said, is not expected to exercise this caution. How could he help but boil over Nietzsche's fire? Feeling safe and secure in excelling Nietzsche's style, however, he wallows in this harmless and anemic praise, very much as a young, a proper young man when in his mother's presence lays stressing the beauty of a seductive soul. In Mr. Kettle, however, even this praise is a concession; but it is one he probably feels bound to make to a man whom others have already acknowledged to possess a great and super-parliamentarian reputation. Albeit, there is a stink in his admiration. For does he not wish to make us think of those superior stylists we are constantly meeting nearer home—those men of great boast and small roast? Doesn't he wish us to believe that Nietzsche gives us nothing to masticate? But why should I ascribe such subtle and Machiavellian designs to this honest gentleman? It isn't much more likely that he is really in earnest, and modern, and spiritualistic? Isn't it much more likely, seeing the age to which he belongs, that he can work up some piling rocking-horse excitement about style without thought, about a beautiful soul without a body and about steam and gas in general?

But why does he call Zarathustra a prophet of anarchists? This is ignorance. Why does he say that "the duel between Nietzsche and civilisation is long since over," and that the crowd has treated his philosophy as fundamental nonsense of the sort that calls for no response except a shrug of the shoulders if he admits that Nietzsche's disciples are "disturbers of civilisation"? And Mr. McEvoy's assertions of "inconsistencies"! Why, there are more inconsistencies and more vapour in Mr. Kettle's twelve pages of Introduction than in all the eighteen volumes of Nietzsche's complete works.

Fortunately, however, Nietzsche forestalled his detractors and all those who are sufficiently in the harness of their age to jingle pleasantly to the people in the crowded streets. He anticipated Max Nordau, of exploded fame, the man whose criticism of him is still the source to which most English critics have to go in order to refresh their critical faculty before the stupendous task of valuing an unknown quantity, and he even anticipated Mr. Kettle, M.P.

Mine enemies have grown strong (be said), and have disfigured the face of my teaching, so that my dearest friends have to blush for the gifts I gave them. But life is strange; I will refuse them, and take away their breath with my spirit; thus my future will seek it.

Verily a strong wind is Zarathustra to all low lands; and his enemies and everything that spitteth and speweth he counselleth with such advice: Beware of spitting against the wind!

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

"All That Matters." (Haymarket Theatre.)

The play is formless, but not void. It is ragged and unkempt, but clearly not of the common crowd. "One of Nature's gentlemen" would seem to be its rank. Or, better, one of Art's hunchbacks. The fault lies in the mind of the parent. A misbegotten play, then, with features of distinction. The dimly subterranean sea-cave and the sheep-fold set high upon the downs might well symbolise, in imaginative depth and height, the extreme vagaries of Mr. McEvoy's uneven, perverse, tortuous method. The sea-cave offers the glad spectacle of a party of Cockney tourists in peril of death by drowning; with the hero and heroine, for tragi-comic relief, to keep them company in their imprisonment. No subject of romance could conceive a more piquant situation. Shaw might envy it. The heroic stilts are useless to cope with the incoming tide. The Olympians must perform the hero in a common catastrophe. The descent to Avernus, if not easy, is at all events inevitable. Thus a master cynic, with his tongue in his cheek, might devise a vulgar deathbed, set with empty ginger-beer bottles and orange peel, for his pair of lovers; or permit them, at the last moment, an ignominious rescue. Not so Mr. McEvoy. Cynicism is no part of his stock-in-trade. He takes the whole affair in desperate earnest. In his hands the stilts are uncalled for. The plot of "The New Age" flows smoothly upon the shore. The plebeian mind, in fear of the hereafter, yields up
its inmost secrets, and so gives a filip of encouragement to a languishing plot. Each inrush of water recalls the solemnity of the occasion. We are permitted a guffaw or two at the expense of the trippers, but their companions—solemn, oblique—of the Comic Spirit, no volleys of silvery laughter, can penetrate the substance of this Dorsetshire cliff. Love defies Death with a fine swagger. And then—O anticlimax!—a boat is sighted, and the mixed assembly wades out into safety through a puddle of bathos. The cave scene touches the depths.

And the heights? We must climb to Mr. McEvoy's sheeplead. It stands upon Woolstone Downs, above the sea, wraithy, wraithy, but no tripper is permitted to penetrate. Three persons only have the right of entry—the one a lovers' quarrel at the beginning of the play, the other a reconciliation at the close. The cave adventure and the remaining alarums and excursions lie between. The dramatic design is simple, even naïve. Events happen at random. The complexity seems to puzzle rather than stimulate. Mr. McEvoy's sense of humour, which threaten to turn the play into shapeless, unconscious farce, are triumphantly bridged time after time by sheer technical skill of the players. The pace is dizzy and nerve-racking at moments, but it is sustained, and it is the best acting, of course, goes to the author's stage types, his least interesting characters. Here Mr. Charles France, Mr. Warburton, Miss Clare Greet and Miss Helen Haye know the ropes well, and keep the right twist of caricature. Mr. Norman Trevor and Miss Neilson-Terry have to realise fresher, more complex personalities. The quality is indispensable, but it is realised to perfection. And even Mr. McEvoy's melodramatic method is native and instinctive rather than acquired. It springs from a view of life rather than from a view of the theatre. For so much let us be grateful.

Acted badly, or even indifferently, "All That Matters" would be a nightmare. Fortunately it is very well acted at the Haymarket. The dangerous gaps in Mr. McEvoy's sense of humour, which threaten to turn the play into shapeless, unconscious farce, are triumphantly bridged time after time by sheer technical skill of the players. The pace is dizzy and nerve-racking at moments, but it is sustained, and it is the best acting, of course, goes to the author's stage types, his least interesting characters. Here Mr. Charles France, Mr. Warburton, Miss Clare Greet and Miss Helen Haye know the ropes well, and keep the right twist of caricature. Mr. Norman Trevor and Miss Neilson-Terry have to realise fresher, more complex personalities. The complexity seems to puzzle rather than stimulate, but they both do very well in a straightforward fashion of their own. Mr. Fisher White, as the old shepherd, is always distinguished and at moments great.

Art.

By Hantsy Carter.

"We want the hero spirit is art in all other manifestations of modern thought and action. The Post-Impressionists had it. They were able both to feel and express great emotions. The Post-Impressionists have gone and their place is occupied by picture producers who either do not experience great emotions or have not the power to express them. Accordingly those patrons of art who went their way to the Grafton Galleries will be struck by the air of deep gloom that has settled upon the place. At first sight the many exhibits of the National Portrait Society appear to have put on mourning for the loss of the late brilliant visitor. But closer examination reveals it is not so, blacks and dirty browns being the only wear permitted. In fact, these dirty, muddy portraits are the children of artists who believe that the colour of life is pitch and dip their brushes in it accordingly; who believe, moreover, that the one beautiful thing to avoid is quality, that splendid quality of paint which proclaimed the painters of the Post-Impressionists. Wandering amid this distinctly uninspiring pageant of the unheroic in paint, the words constantly rise to the lips, "This man is not a painter; this man lacks sense of character; many of these men are neither colourists nor designers; so much of this work is obviously done in Walter W. Russell's "Camilla."

Then when some of them get a subject they are unable to carry it out. Gerald Kelly has had a chance of making a decorative canvas. The subject of a Burmese woman lends itself to splendid design and colour. But he has no colour and his design is bad. Then the sun was hung athwart the heavens for artists
to use, but apparently many see it not. W. J. von Glinn's "Le Cero" is supposed to be a sunny picture, painted in the open. Obviously the painter does not feel the sun. His lights are not so strong as those in the neighbouring portrait study by J. S. Sargent, painted in the studio. Again, Nature has arrayed herself in flowerful colour and is rhythmical with swinging festoons in honour of the joy of life. But our artists wilfully ignore it, and, as in the three canvases emblazoned with the W. Nicholson crest, show a deep-rooted aversion to the sun. By way of distinction, however, certain works do not meet this criticism. Such, for instance, are Philip Connard's sincere search for light and colour; Simon Bussy's complete expression; Jacob Epstein's fine sense of harmony and values; Austin Brown's equally strong feeling for decoration; and, above all, Jacob Epstein's intensely felt self in flowerful colour and is rhythmical with swinging festoons. The latter comes nearest the heroic. It embodies a fine emotion finely expressed. It is a bloom of unconventionality in a wilderness of conventionalism; and strangely out of place in an exhibition that should be dedicated to John Bull.

For a continuation of the portrait work so much belauded and beloved of this age, art patrons must next wend their boreal way to the Royal Institute Galleries. Glyn W. Philpot's fondness for blacks provides the keynote of the Exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters. Mr. Philpot has spent many years in the studios of Goya and Velasquez, not, however, without missing one or two essential things. With all his cleverness he has not cultivated quality and a love of paint. He loves instead to be greatly daring, and in consequence forces out his tones to knock the observer down. Well, there he is shouting himself hoarse. Apparently his shouting is contagious, for with all his cleverness he has not cultivated quality and a love of paint. He loves instead to be greatly daring, and in consequence forces out his tones to knock the observer down. Well, there he is shouting himself hoarse. Apparently his shouting is contagious, for...
he had, to judge by his breathless air, been waiting for years. The writer of your "Notes of the Week" replied to him no less vigorously in his last letter than the succeeding issue; since when not a word has been heard from Mr. Belloc. Similar treatment of their special subject has also been experienced by serious controversialists and would-be disciples of both Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Walter de la Mare. Sir,-In my opinion the most powerful argument for women's suffrage is, because it is wise and just. There are no grounds for the (s)econd issue; since when not a word has been heard from Mr. Belloc. Similar treatment of their special subject has also been experienced by serious controversialists and would-be disciples of both Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Walter de la Mare.

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Sir,-Nothing can be more excusable than the indignation aroused by the absurd attitude of Mr. T. Triforum with regard to the coming of women's suffrage in the immediate future. The idea of forming a feminist society on the lines your correspondent D. Triforum suggests is at best only a partial solution. Such a league would be crushed if it attempted to deal with individuals who protest are crushed and abused now, by the dead weight of the W.S.P.U. We (for I will be the first to join if the league is ever founded) would be ignored, both by the Press, the women, and the politicians—just as the National Union is ignored and neglected now. At the moment the only possible thing to do is to stop inside the existing societies and fight—a thing all suffragists seem afraid of doing—the pullers and adventurers at the head of affairs. I am convinced that if all the malcontents were to withdraw there would be left the mass of unthinking supporters to show the world that they—and not these ridiculous, moneyless and unknown outsiders—were the real "respectable suffragists" who wanted things done.

THEODOR GUGENHEIM.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

Sir,—The first time I went to a dentist to have a plate made for me, I asked him if it would not be an improvement to fit it with an indiarubber lining, to act as a sucker. He gave several reasons why such an arrangement was not practicable, and I thought no more of the matter. Fifteen years afterwards a foreign dentist to whom I went for a new plate fitted it with a rubber sucker of his own accord, and I understand they are now in common use even in England.

In the same way I once suggested to a friend who was an eminent patent lawyer an improvement for windmills. He demonstrated that the idea was childish, and I shortly afterwards learned that while we were talking it had been adopted already in the United States.

At the present moment I am watching the bootmakers as they draw nearer and nearer to my old idea for a boot, and the motorists as they blunder round my idea for a tyre. I have thought of a toy, a shirt stud, and a scheme of electrical supply. All these ideas may be foolish and worthless; but if even one of them is sound it will put a great deal of money into the pocket of any business man who takes it up.

Now all this illustrates the need of a division of labour. It is the same difficulty over again that one meets in the sphere of politics and morals. The businessman says to me, in effect, "I will not let you teach me, unless you first knock me down." My point is that the business mentor is not necessarily the best pupil, any more than the best legislator is the best agitator.

In America a whole new profession has been invented. There are people whose business it is to tell other people how to manage their business. In New York such an expert goes over a business house, suggests a way of saving quarters of an hour a day, and receives a handsome fee. In London he would be assaulted.

It illustrates the folly of the fundamental maxim of the political economists, that men are actuated by a sense of self-interest. No idea, however meritorious and useful, makes its way on its own merits. The driving force of energy, and of capital, is required to overcome the stupidity of the public, and the hostility of business rivals. That being so, it is clear that the inventor generally heads himself up with a business partner. But then arises this fresh difficulty: the average businessman would rather steal a shilling than adopt a new sovereign.

Business is a form of gambling. Your true business man is a sportsman. It is no fun for him to sit still while riches are poured into his lap. You may ask him why the good expert is shot to accept a hamper of game, instead of going out and spending the night shivering in a punt on the chance of catching a duck. He would answer, "But it is gambling." My experience of business men is that they are sportsmen first and business men only in the second place. I once did business with a brilliant gang of literary agents. They would have made a handsome income out of it. But they preferred to embezzle the first five hundred pounds, and bolt. In the same way I once got a sporting man to take up a play of mine. I am not a haggler, and if this man had wished he could have made thousands out of me.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.
He had no such wish. He got my MS., and by pretending he was unable to find another, and that it was brought out with alterations under another title, and I never knew what had happened till it had gone off the boards, a floundering and prosperous run, and the pseudo-author was dead.

I have often regretted that I was not a slave. The owner of a racehorse engages a skilled trainer to study his horse's disposition, to make up its health, and to turn its abilities to the best account. In the same way the ancient slave-owner spared no expense and trouble on a slave who was likely to turn into a profitable investment of a dancing-singer. Were I fortunate enough to be the property of a shrewd impresario I should be writing plays that would fill Drury Lane.

To the average publisher it seems never to occur that the average writer is an invalid, and that the commercial value of his work will largely depend on his having one to manage his affairs for him. A good business wife is invaluable. As it is, the publisher, who keeps a staff of clerks to attend to his own correspondence, is mortally affronted if a man of letters, exhausted by his literary labours, presumes to address him through some business agent.

The root of the trouble is the condition laid down by the business man that you shall treat with him at arm's length. He will not forgo his sporting privilege of getting the other people, with whom he will have to wrestle for the plaintiff, to say that luxury might vanish without any reduction in the volume of destitution is to show such an innocence of worse understandings and another frame of the disease. They came together gradually, and they will go together gradually—the first on the lines laid down by the Budget of 1909, and the respective lines of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. As the body politic becomes increasingly healthy it will throw off or absorb alike its scum and its sediment. To say that luxury might vanish without any reduction in the volume of destitution is to show such an innocence of worse understandings and another frame of the disease. They came together gradually, and they will go together gradually—the first on the lines laid down by the Budget of 1909, and the respective lines of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. As the body politic becomes increasingly healthy it will throw off or absorb alike its scum and its sediment. To say that luxury might vanish without any reduction in the volume of destitution is to show such an innocence of worse understandings and another frame of the disease. They came together gradually, and they will go together gradually—the first on the lines laid down by the Budget of 1909, and the respective lines of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. As the body politic becomes increasingly healthy it will throw off or absorb alike its scum and its sediment. To say that luxury might vanish without any reduction in the volume of destitution is to show such an innocence of worse understandings and another frame of the disease. They came together gradually, and they will go together gradually—the first on the lines laid down by the Budget of 1909, and the respective lines of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. As the body politic becomes increasingly healthy it will throw off or absorb alike its scum and its sediment.
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