

THE NEW AGE

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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, with 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 individualist. 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 appearance at any rate, very little support. Whoever in fact defends the exceptional case is in danger of finding himself also exceptional.

Needless to say we have in our minds at this moment the particular illustration offered by the case of Mr. Ginnell and his treatment at the hands of the Liberal press (with the honourable exception of the "Star"). The "Daily News" and the "Nation" have both distinguished themselves throughout their recent careers by the advocacy of what we have called popular unpopular causes. Nothing that has a fair chance of success with the mob ever escapes the support of one or other or both of these journals. On the other hand, as has often been pointed out in these columns, nothing that is inherently right and just is ever done or said by these journals if the immediate prospective penalty is ostracism and real unpopularity. Now it was obvious from the very outset that in his protest against the Speaker's subservience to the Party Whips Mr. Ginnell was not only standing on the just and right

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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 manliness or, what perhaps was even less to be expected, sufficient sensibility of the real purpose of a representative Chamber, to support Mr. Ginnell by a single word. We do not complain particularly of the Speaker, since his office is merely to interpret the will of the House; and as, unfortunately, the House by the mouth of its chosen leaders took the vulgar view that a private unattached and independent member is an intolerable nuisance, the Speaker's conduct is undoubtedly according to the best (or worst) Parliamentary procedure. People less incredulous than ourselves of the entire lack of principle of the leading Liberal journals might, however, have expected that the canine slavery of the Commons to the Whips would have been 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. It may

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, in fact, between a mere hack journalist or 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 the House of Commons is, built and buttressed 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, we are glad he did it. Be the result what it 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 may pass for an excuse with people who know 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 without a friend in the whole House. He was, as the "Daily News" unctuously 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, oh, so very secretly, members, it seems, were 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 Whip 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 single day if rigid pre-arrangements were not permitted. Doubtless that is the case, but we are quite 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 it is clear that 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 machine, as even the "Times" admits, is triumphant. As a spectacle of orderly debate, the House of Commons compares, we regret, very favourably with most public assemblies; but there ceases to be any value in mere order when the debates are empty. 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 Machine, 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 howled 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 take the form of the cast-iron system now prevailing. 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 representative 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 most depressing spectacle at this moment is not the active suppression of Mr. Ginnell, but the suppression of the electorate. We were informed, and some were fools enough to believe it, that a real revolution was about to be set alight in English constitutionalism; the House of Commons would not endure a week longer the ancient tyranny of the unelected Chamber. But neither in Parliament nor in the country at large is there the smallest sign of excitement. We deliberately record the fact in our function as pioneer historians, that on this the day of writing, two days before the opening of the supposedly momentous discussion of the Parliament Bill, not a symptom of public interest in the matter is being displayed. Attempts, of course, are engineered to infuse the appearance of life into the dummies that listlessly wag their tattered limbs; and in the press, as we who closely watch have discerned, movements of type appear from time to time to testify that something or other is stirring. But, in clubs and pubs, on buses or in trains, in the streets, or in the country inns, not a word, not a reference, not a phrase have we picked up in evidence that the last stand of the feudal system is now about to be made.

* * *

We have hinted that this astonishing apathy is due, in part at any rate, to the dominance of the Caucus; for it must be apparent to anybody that if the representatives submit themselves to the machine they will in turn submit their constituencies to the machine. So highly centralised a control as the caucuses aim at, involving at last the disposition of the whole political strength of the country by a small committee of a dozen or so men, must result in the total desuetude of political life over the whole area when the centre is not stirring. To use a familiar cliché of the streets, the caucus results in the situation depicted on a popular postcard: "When father says turn we all turn." But while "Father" is comfortable not another soul stirs. It is impossible to discover what is actually taking place in "Father's" mind at this moment; but it is not impossible to deduce some alarming conclusions from such evidence as we have. Alarming, that is, to such as have set their hearts and hopes on an immediate and final settlement of the question of the House of Lords. It is now some weeks since Parliament was opened and much time has been spent in idly discussing questions of no conceivable importance. On the other hand, the actual commencement of the great fight has been postponed, first for a whole week and then for a day. We say nothing of the politeness which inspired the postponement; and, in fact, a debate in the House without Mr. Balfour is the play without the Prince. But polite as it may be, the situation is obviously not war. No sincere Radical that we have ever met could understand the reasons for the delay, or could accept them if he understood them. Such elegant ceremony is not for revolutions. The suspicion has been expressed by Mr. Jowett among others that this willingness to seize upon any excuse for delay argues a condition of the Cabinet's mind which may be bluntly expressed as Compromise, Compromise not only in contemplation, but Compromise actually agreed upon. We think it was Mr. Jowett who offered to bet his salary that a Compromise is actually being arranged, if it is not already arranged, by which the Commons will get their Parliament Bill this session to lose it in a later session in a reconstituted and newly prerogative Second Chamber. For the life of us, we do not see what is to prevent the Cabinet from doing precisely as it pleases. The mountains look on Marathon, Marathon looks on the sea. The constituencies have delegated their political authority to the members of the House of Commons, and the House of Commons have delegated it to the Cabinet. Under these circum-

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 barking at the wolf is not prepared to defend itself with any 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 a 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 completely unexpected event 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 Government 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 Party System, which would never do. Consequently we may be sure that neither 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 humiliation 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 federation 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, persevered, 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 relations between states, apart altogether from their commercial and ethnological relationships, will *ipso facto* 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 political and sociological thought. This is not saying that the home politics of a country are more important than its foreign politics; for, as I endeavoured to show a few weeks ago, they are not. The greater includes the less. Any statesman who can multiply up to twelve times twelve may be presumed to have sufficient ability to multiply up to six times six. Foreign politics are home politics cubed. Home politics are a game of draughts; foreign politics a game of chess.

In most cases it would be superfluous for me to dwell on the internal politics of, say France or Germany on this page. The intrigues and corruption 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 internal politics of a few countries where I thought that certain points were not adequately dealt with by 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. Kotoku and others. I need hardly say to those who understand these matters that Dr. Kotoku had about as much to do with foreign politics as Dr. Crippen.

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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 Shefket Pasha, the War Minister, is bent on gaining control over the entire Cabinet, in practice if not in theory, and in Vienna the fear is expressed that this may finally lead to a military dictatorship. The internal situation of the Ottoman Empire just now renders some drastic measures 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 jointly, if they think it necessary to 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 preference on British goods and to contribute a certain sum towards 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 Government had been made familiar with the project. The whole thing, in fact, was a put-up job between the Union Government and the Home Government, and the game was not given away until the South African mail was delivered. It contained two letters from an important personage in South Africa who is well-known here. One letter was for a well-known British statesman not connected with the present Government, and the other was for me. Both letters gave the show away. As might have been expected, it was the reactionary Boer element in the Cabinet—the Hertzog-Fischer-Sauer element—which wished to damage British trade by taking away the preference. This project was mooted to the Home Government weeks ago; 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. That 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 Conference 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.

(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 fuse with himself. He employs simply 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 reserved for Lord William Bentinck to suppress the Suttee and the Thugs. Beyond this, on the retirement of Lord Bentinck very little was done for the native. His "bestly prejudices" were treated with scorn and rebuke by General Anson in 1857, who set his face against all concessions. The Enfield rifle with the be-tallowed and be-larded cartridges were thrust upon the unwilling sepoys. The resultant mutiny broke out. Lives, English and native, were ruthlessly sacrificed, and in 1858 India was transferred from the Company to the British Crown.

Subsequent events have proved that little respect has been shown for what the people of India love and admire, by the officials of the Crown either in India or in any other part of the British dominions where they happen to be domiciled. In British East Africa they are treated with as little consideration as the Negroes in the Southern States of America, and in South Africa, where many of them were born and were engaged in commercial pursuits, they are being expatriated in the interests of a "White South Africa."

In South Africa the native has become a "Kaffir" and the European settlers have become "South Africans." The late war was waged against the presumptions of Kruger, and—as a side issue—the suppression of the excessive use of the whip and other Boer atrocities on the natives. When the Boers were defeated, all sorts of wild and delusive schemes were being evolved for the amelioration of native conditions—including the franchise. British feelings of amity enabled the brave Boers to capture the government machinery of South Africa. The intelligent native was denied a vote, and deprived of a voice in the affairs of his own country; and the Negro-baiting which characterises legitimate government in the Southern States of America has arrived.

The Dutch language is being thrust upon the unwilling English, and the conquered have become masters of their conquerors, notwithstanding the lives and treasure expended to introduce conditions satisfactory to the Englishman. A law is being introduced prohibiting mixed marriages, which marriages were previously recognised by the English as legal. A premium will thereby be set upon vice, and the native woman will be the sufferer. But it must not be too hastily assumed that the matter of mixed marriages will end at the native, for, despite the controlling Boer voice in the South African Government, the Boers are by no means satisfied with Englishmen; for we find General Brits saying in a recent speech at New Denmark, which was subsequently reported in the Johannesburg "Sunday Times": "I earnestly appeal to parents to prevent their children marrying any of the English race. We must not let this colony become a bastard race, the same as Cape Colony. If God had wanted us to be one race, He would not have made a distinction between English and Dutch. . . . It was the English who had murdered 22,000 of our women and children during the late war!" General Botha is very probably sincere in his desire to promote amicable relations between the two races, but General Smuts and the other leaders of his race are—BOERS. Unless, therefore, the English in South Africa are prepared to submit to Dutch domination, the time is not far distant when the two races must assuredly come to grips for supremacy.

Meanwhile, the natives of Africa in and about those centres of Western civilisation are being educated, and their contact with Europeans has helped to broaden their vision. Along the Red Sea littoral, through Equatorial Africa, and away in the interior of that vast continent, where the European is rarely seen, a great

Islamic conversion is going on. The unobtrusive Moslem Alim is unostentatiously going about the land on his mission and Mohammedan communities are springing up on every side. This conversion of savage tribes to Islam is producing a unification of faith and—the Koran being in Arabic—a consolidation of language which will move this vast population as one man. Even in many African communities surrounded by Christian influences Islam is encroaching and undermining, in many notable instances, the efforts of the Christian missionary. And why? Whereas Christianity with its narrow dogma has brought drunkenness and aggression in its trail, Islam with its broader civil and religious polity, whilst prohibiting wine-bibbing, appeals with greater force to the natural instincts of primitive man.

These inhabitants of Africa are, for the most part, warrior races; and Christian aggression with its land-grabbing propensities, whereby the native is deprived of his lands and subsequently pressed into a state of "compound" semi-slavery, will indubitably result in a war of extermination. Negroes may fall, but others will be ready to take their places, dying gladly under the banner of the Prophet, inasmuch as they are taught that in death they will exchange their earthly woes for the delights of the Faithful in Paradise. The intelligent black men of the African towns will be swept into the vortex of race hatred which the Europeans are creating for themselves. The negroes of Haiti under Toussaint were less superior intellectually and martially than their brethren in the interior of Africa. What a people has once accomplished they can achieve again. And it must not be overlooked that that vast Mohammedan black population includes the tried Soudanese and Somali troops who possess some knowledge of their business. 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 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 civilisation, is likely to risk his neck in the gratification of the baser passions. There was that celebrated case of Potiphar's wife—and Joseph was a slave. These lynchings, disenfranchisements, burnings and general repression of the black man in the Southern States are all trending in one direction—the country will be soaked in blood.

The African of pre-emancipation days, and until quite recently, appealed to the Creator. A new generation is springing up who, believing that the Creator will help those who help themselves, is availing itself of every educational advantage. They are separated in their churches and their schools. The white American knows next to nothing of their mode of life and thought. The coloured people are prevented from spending their money on amusements, therefore they are amassing wealth. Already there are several Negro millionaires in the land of dollars. The Jews have proved that money talks. Money will also buy ammunition. One may acquire any commodity in this world if one possesses determination—and money.

The separated churches and schools thrust upon the coloured people in the first place by the whites, will give the Negroes those opportunities for secret and undisturbed conclave which are essential to successful revolution.

In Egypt, where the natives had always been led to expect great things in the way of liberal institutions and educational advantages at the hands of England, the people of Egypt have not only been disillusioned, but whippings, hangings, unprovoked street assaults, and injudicious and various other wrongful imprisonments have brought them to a realisation of the true value of England's pledges, and the unworthiness of her professions of solicitude for the condition of the people. All these things are recorded. The moving finger has

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 in South Africa? Why are the people of Belgium importuned by their leaders to substitute Dutch for French as the national language? Holland speaks Low Dutch. High Dutch is the language of Germany. Five years ago the German Government suggested to the Brussels Cabinet that German be adopted as the official language. The Belgian Government refused 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, THINK! William II is ambitious and able. The Crown Prince of Prussia 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.

As for the Far East, I have it on the highest authority that unless there is some very extraordinary political event within the next year the treaty between Japan and England, which expires in 1915, will not be renewed. Japan is insufficiently supplied with wealth to carry forward her ambitious schemes. If the treaty is renewed the floating of a new loan may be expected at a subsequent date. I have it, further, that Japan means to have India, and whether the treaty is renewed or a new loan floated, she will have India. Now that Russia is safely shelved for a decade the field is open to Germany, who is racing with Japan for the possession of the Far East. Germany is handicapped by starting late. Nothing much is being heard of China—but “the heathen Chinese is peculiar.” He is arming quietly and is gradually transforming his millions of population into fighting material. China has not forgotten Japan’s beating. If Japan’s dash for India is made before China is ready for the field, these two nations will coalesce. And then? Who knows? I could venture a rather accurate guess, but I am not guessing just now, I am recording facts.

India will very likely make some show of resistance against the Japanese. Opinion is divided in India as to whether a change of masters would be satisfactory. Japan, however, understands the Indian as no European could possibly understand him. A foreign master will be necessary in India as long as the Indians continue to brawl among themselves. Where there are aggressively conflicting religious systems there can be no unity. The Mahomedans and Brahmans were temporarily brought together during the mutiny. They did not hang together then. Will they do so now?

Whether, therefore, we look East, West, North, or South, the man of dark skin is being oppressed in one form or another by the Anglo-Saxon, except, perhaps, in the British West Indies. There is reason for this. The coloured man in the West Indies had a quarter of a century’s start of his coloured brother in America on the road to civilisation. The conditions in the West Indies were, for the most part, more favourable to such intellectual progress. Black and white worship God side by side, and they sit together in the same classrooms. The coloured people are in a majority, and whenever their liberties have been tampered with they have effectively rioted. There were some hangings and whippings of men and women with telegraph wire during Governor Eyre’s régime at Jamaica. Governor Eyre was tried in England for his atrocities, but although he escaped punishment in the interests of British prestige, subsequent West Indian Governors have grown more careful. The overwhelming black population and the Haitian Republic in their midst have been a warning to the would-be Anglo-Saxon aggressor and an ensample to the Negro.

The Anglo-Saxon rules dark races by force, and force

is the only argument he is capable of understanding. When quite a boy I saw a “Punch” cartoon depicting the Japanese as having adopted Western civilisation by means of the top hat and the “clawhammer” coat. The none too savoury impression left on my mind by that cartoon has never been effaced. Later the Japanese were termed “yellow monkeys.” They whipped the Chinese, and Europeans said the Japanese had only overcome a reactionary Oriental race. They then treated the Russians to the finest licking they have ever had, and the Anglo-Saxon exclaimed, “Brave little people!” And they made a treaty with the whilom “yellow monkeys.” The Zulus were despised as savages until they pitted their primitive spears against modern arms and wiped out the forty-fifth regiment. The Zulus were then admired as a fine, brave race of men. Dr. Blyden, of Liberia, says that Africa, being the natural home of the Negro, in Africa he should work out his destiny and take his true place in the scheme of things. Booker T. Washington says that the black man should progress along the lines of civilisation as laid down by the white man surrounded by European conditions. Although the presence of the black man is not desired in Africa any more than it is wanted at America, I venture to agree with Dr. Blyden. The Republic of Liberia boldly attests the fact that the African is capable of working out his material and intellectual salvation in Africa, and will not, as Froude unjustly observed, “throw away his religion as soon as he will throw away his clothes” on returning to the Dark Continent.

Dr. Blyden is a black man. Mr. Washington is two-thirds white. The white American has carefully nursed the idea that the white element in Booker T. Washington and others account for their high intelligence; by this means a breach is widening between the half-caste and the 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 disagreement with the premises of Dr. Blyden. Dr. Burghart 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 and original thought. 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 Anglo-Saxon. I say the Anglo-Saxon, because he holds sway over a larger number of black men than any other white race. Besides, France, the white power with the next largest black population under its control has, since the re-establishment of the Republic, treated its dark dependencies with greater consideration and liberality than any other white government. Germany, however, boasts a Negro bandmaster of a crack Berlin regiment—the Kaiser always seems to do something remarkable. There are coloured men holding commissions in the French Army and Navy. There are no coloured officers of commissioned rank in either of the English services except those in subordinate positions in the Indian Army. Even black stokers have been abolished in the Royal Navy. The United States permits black men in 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 white men. These men serve three years with the colours, and it will be found that when that inevitable rising takes place they will not be far away from their civilian brothers.

I would also add that notwithstanding the remarkable and vexatious colour prejudice in the United States of America, whilst the white man of the Northern States will not on any consideration receive the coloured man

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 colour prejudice and fearing 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. What I mean is, at the present time 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 confrères. 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 as 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, and the dark races, if not excluded from British 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 intellectual progress the coloured people of the Empire were making. That is all changed now, for the Anglo-Saxon of the new school feels it derogatory to his dignity and prestige to find a successful competitor in the man of colour; even the previously mentioned Kaiser's bandmaster was forced to sue, and obtained, damages against a Berlin newspaper for libel some four years ago. The paper in question called the bandmaster an "incompetent nigger," and was in consequence compelled by the Berlin courts to retract the statement and pay the musician one hundred marks.

The late J. A. McCarthy, Attorney-General of Sierra Leone, was compelled to retire on a pension owing to the colour 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 veiled sneers and insults of young civil and military English officials, which he passed over with merited contempt, were almost unbearable, and sufficiently galling to force him into retirement.

Why will Anglo-Saxons cultivate this insane and irrational policy of unwarranted colour prejudice in the interests of a false ideal? Repression, of whatever kind, has never yet been successful in establishing prestige. The duty of England is to treat her dark races in such a manner as to let them feel that they are members of the Empire in fact; by respecting their liberties, protecting them from aggression and abolishing a pernicious system of repression. There is time. That time is Now. The writing is on the wall.

The Portuguese Republic.

By E. Belfort Bax.

SURELY it is about time that a protest was made against the efforts of reaction to prejudice, by aspersion 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 régime.

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 into bad odour 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 repelled by the measures of President Braga and his colleagues and are sighing for a return of monarchy and priestcraft. The next telegram from Lisbon or Oporto records the unanimous enthusiasm of the whole population in acclaiming one or other of the present Ministers. And so it goes on. One thing is certain, that the forces of reaction and obscurantism everywhere hate the present régime in Portugal, and are prepared to leave no stone unturned to effect its overthrow.

That the existing Portuguese Republic is not a Socialistic Commonwealth I fully recognise. The men at the head of it do not even profess to be Socialists so far as I understand. But Bourgeois, if you, will, though it may be, all the evidence tends, I maintain, to indicate that it is, the most enlightened and sincerely democratic Bourgeois Government that any European country has yet seen. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence the petulant insults and abuse of the hirelings of wealth and privilege against the Portuguese republicans. Hence the confident asseverations, unsupported by a scintilla of proof, that the admitted governmental corruption of the monarchy continues under the Republic.

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 reproach 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 hypocrisies. It has attacked "religion," understanding thereby organised dogmatic Christianity, in this case the Catholic Church, and it has struck a blow at the conventional marriage laws. Any impartial 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 the matter of the religious orders. That the Government should stand no nonsense with Catholicism was a matter of life and death to the Republic. The Catholic Church, as we all know, can whine and snivel loud enough about toleration when its privileges are attacked, only to revert to its habitual truculence against

opponents when it gets the chance. To maunder of tolerance towards an organisation that has erected intolerance into a principle is surely the naivest of imbecilities. The writer with the distinguished-sounding name in THE NEW AGE for February 2 is shocked beyond expression at the sane and (relatively) just divorce law recently enacted by the new Republican Government, by which a dissolution of marriage is permitted by the mutual consent of the parties. This divorce edict, which embodies a principle widely recognised in the present day among reasonable people, is too much for Senhor V. de Braganza Cunha, who apparently would abolish the right of divorce altogether. The law itself seems an extremely moderate instalment of justice in this respect. Many persons, by no means all of them Socialists or otherwise suspect of "extreme views," are prepared in the present day to admit the right of divorce on the formulated demand of one of the parties only. For the logically-consistent Social Democrat, of course, the only true solution is free marriage, apart from all legal sanctions whatever, State or bureaucratic interference in the matter being exclusively confined to safeguarding the interests of offspring, should there be any. The worthy Senator, 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 elementary principles of personal liberty, and that custom alone masks this aspect of the case.

Hard words break no bones, as the saying is. But to call freedom of divorce "legalised prostitution" is simply silly. The orthodox handcuff marriage, often enough for money, far more deserves the name than any free marriage. That Professor Braga should be honest enough in his mature years to abandon the conventional fustian he is alleged once to have talked on the subject of marriage and the family is all to his credit. Not being intimately acquainted with Portugal, I am unable to say whether the Portuguese people as a whole are sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the new régime, or whether they are eager, like the dog of Holy Writ, to return to their Catholic vomit; but 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 plucky 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 crazy vapouring of a lunatic. The Service of 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 at the same time the essential selfishness of patriotism appeals to all that is practical and powerful in English life. We all want better wages than they get in Germany. We are all prepared to serve ourselves. And we all like to be told that we are fine fellows for doing 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 growth; he is a bear at one, a monkey at 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 the matter with the management.

What that something is, 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 professions of those who engineer this movement. On what principle are the officers of the "national" army 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 commander 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 ideals for realities already existing are aware, that one-half of the English nation are just as fond of a lord as Mayfair is. One half of the poor, blind people share the feeling of the gentleman in "David Copperfield," who would rather be knocked down by a man with Blood in him than be picked up by one of the Bloodless. One-half of us would rather be led to defeat by a Sandhurst puppy than to victory by Oliver Cromwell. The cult of the late General Buller is a memorable illustration of the popular attitude. Sandhurst turns out soldiers as well as puppies, 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. The money qualification for an infantry officer varies in different regiments, but a "smart" regiment is one in which poor men are as much out of place as they are in the House of Commons or in a Liberal Cabinet. The British Army is not a calling, it is a club, and the entrance fee is intended to keep out brains.

As far as we understand the purpose of Lord Roberts, whether or no he would wish to alter this state of things, he certainly does not hope to do so, and hardly pretends to aim at doing so. On the other hand, he does seem to realise that the aristocracy itself is in need of salvation. He thinks that the rich youth of the country would benefit by a short period of service in the ranks. To put it shortly, he does not aim at enlarging the class from which officers are drawn, but he does aim at improving that class, and rendering it more worthy of its exclusive privilege.

There is nothing to be gained by charging the whole of the blame for our social system on those who profit by it. The poor, blind people suffers partly for its own faults. That personal jealousy which is the bane of the Labour movement, as every Labour leader is too well aware, is not a thing for which the aristocracy can be held solely responsible. We confess to a painful doubt whether a proposal to throw open the military, or any other, career to talent would be popular in this country. The worship of Blood, like some other religions, has its stronghold in the most ignorant.

Probably the true solution of the difficulty would be to draw a line across England from the mouth of the Thames to the mouth of the Mersey, and set up a republic on the north, while restoring the feudal system on the south. Then all the sensible people would migrate into one quarter, and all the Blood-worshippers into the other. The strife of three centuries, ever and again breaking out into civil war, has shown that there is an incompatibility of temper between the two layers of the population, roughly represented on the one hand by Liberalism and Dissent, and on the other by Anglicanism and Toryism. The English nation is like a mulatto, in whose veins the blood of two different races mingles but does not unite.

It is for this reason that every movement which starts out with the intention of being national ends by assuming the complexion of one or other sect.

ANTHROPOLOGIST.

"The Clay Cart."

Who would have thought to seek in this, the earliest extant Sanskrit drama, for illustration of the most progressive humanistic polity? Acquaintance with the religious books of the East left me still unexpectant of the delectable literature concerning Caru-datta. It is contained in the "Indian Wisdom" (Luzac and Co., £1 1s.). The drama is attributed to King Sudraka, who reigned somewhere about the second century B.C. Sir Monier Monier-Williams is the translator. Briefly the plot spins thus: Caru-datta, having lost his fortune through too much liberality, finds himself deserted by all but one friend, Maitreya. To Caru-datta's garden comes a woman, Vasanta-sena, fleeing the importunities of the King's brother-in-law. She slips into the house and hides herself, but presently seeks Caru-datta, and, requesting his protection, begs him further to take charge of her jewels. Caru-datta agrees and then escorts her to her home. The second act introduces a gambler who is running away from the indignant keeper of a gaming house. The gambler is beaten by a crowd of gamblers, but escapes into Vasanta-sena's house. She pays his debt, and he vows to give up his disreputable life and become a Buddhist mendicant. The third act exhibits an amusing burglar whose standard of excellence may be indicated by a single sentence: "I must do it cleverly, so that to-morrow morning people may look at my handiwork with wonder, and say to each other, 'None but a skilled artist could have done this.'" He carries away the casket of jewels and presents it to Vasanta-sena's maid, with whom he is in love. The maid recognising the casket as belonging to her mistress upbraids the burglar. They make up the quarrel and arrange that the burglar shall deliver the casket to its rightful owner, pretending that he has been sent by Caru-datta to restore the property. The mistress, who has overheard all, releases the slave-girl and bids the pair marry and be good. The drama unfolds through several acts. Vasanta-sena repairs to Caru-datta's house and begs him once again to take charge of her treasure. A violent storm detains her, and while she is waiting, Caru-datta's little boy enters crying because his friend has a toy cart of gold, while his own is made of clay. The lady gives him jewels wherewith to buy a golden cart. A carriage which she supposes is to carry her home, now drives up to the door. She hurries out, and is driven away. But this carriage belongs to the King's worthless brother-in-law, and soon Vasanta-sena finds herself in the power of her pursuer. The eighth act opens in a garden where the erstwhile gambler is repeating a Buddhist exhortation. Abridged, it runs:—

Hear me, ye foolish, I implore—
Make sanctity your only store . . .
Kill your five senses, abjure then
Women and all immoral men:
Whoever has slain these evils seven
Has saved himself and goes to heaven.

To the garden come the King's brother and Vasanta-sena. She spurns him, and, in rage, he orders his slave to kill her. The slave refuses through fear of Futurity and Justice. "Well, I'm a King's brother-in-law, and fear no one," says the snobbish villain. Forthwith he strangles Vasanta-sena, and then resolves to go before a judge and accuse her protector, Caru-datta, of having murdered this rich lady for the sake of her jewels. But the Buddhist mendicant timely finds and revives Vasanta-sena, and carries her to a convent near to be nursed by the nuns.

The trial of Caru-datta for murder commences with a

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, smile at the 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 clemency."

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 accused. The Scales of Justice weigh to the ground 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 serpents are attorneys' clerks; whose banks
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 one 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. In the struggle 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 recommends banishment 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 a cripple. Mr. Churchill, also, I remember, rejected the petition of practically a whole town from the Mayor downwards, begging for the life of a man who was everywhere known to have had his skull injured in three places as a baby!

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 shows:—

"Here am I, at last, in Arcadia—at last!

"Oh the greenness, the freshness, the cleanliness—the incommunicable witchery of it all!

"Imagine me planted 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 anything adequately, it would not be imagining—sleeping in a god-haunted oasis far from the highways and the turmoil of men—an oasis full of an unearthly charm, delicate, indefinable, elusive and seductive like the perfume which emanates from a dead flower found pressed in some ancient volume. In brief, imagine me, if you can, revelling in a veritable Elysium.

"It is true, I have never been to Elysium; but, of course, I have my ideas about it. I dream of it as of a mystic land wherein men, women, and children, purged of base passions, commercial aims, and intellectual ambitions, ruffle Eternity with nothing more sordid than an even flow of sonnets. Here in Arcadia I enjoy a perfect materialisation of that dream. I seem to find here the continuation of some beautiful romance I began reading thousands of years ago and never finished for want of time. Perhaps 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 circumstances, long years afterwards, maybe, you chance to 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 Boeotia 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 writing-table covered with dull papers and ink-soiled 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 me all ye who are 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 Arcadiaward.

"In common prose—come to Arcadia, if it be only for a holiday. The change will help you to take the taste of academic port and platitude out of your mouth."

I did not quite relish this sally: our port is irreproachable, and so is our conversation. Indeed, both our wine and our wit may, without vanity or any unscholarly intemperance of language, be described as bearing upon them the unmistakeable stamp of age. None the less, Chestnuton's invitation has left a sting behind it, and, after perusing his letter, I found it uncommonly hard to concentrate my thoughts on my work. My room somehow looked, all of a sudden, strangely desolate: the furniture more shabby, the books on the shelves more dusty, the mezzotints on the walls more gloomy—everything around me more aged and more sombre than usual. Do what I could, my mind dwelt upon the contents of his letter. I allowed it to do so.

The life Chestnuton describes, I reflected, does not sound very alluring to me: Eternity, by all means, but why sonnets? On the other hand, there is in his exhortation a residue of sense which I cannot quite ignore, for it has authority on its side: "A life without a holiday," Democritus has said, "is a long road without an inn." Of course, the sage was thinking of ordinary men, and ordinary men, who only use their brains when they have to, and sometimes not even then,

need holidays for the same reason for which they need paragraphs in their newspaper articles and intervals in their theatrical entertainments. Those people would, without a doubt, be bored to death were their existence not broken by holidays. Like weary wayfarers they need to be provided at certain distances with places of refreshment and amusement. Chestnuton, however, goes further, declaring, in a somewhat supercilious postscript, that holidays are almost as indispensable to a don as they are to an ordinary man: "An Oxbridge don," he says, "can no more do without holidays than without dictionaries and fees." This, I need hardly say, is a palpable exaggeration. Yet it is impossible to deny that it contains a grain of truth with which I theoretically concur.

Theoretically I say, for it is no easy matter for me to translate my theoretical concurrence into practice. That is one of the weaknesses of us great thinkers*—we waste in cogitation the time which lesser men employ in action, and, while we go on grinding at the mill, they run away with the flour. O Philosophy, most futile of goddesses! Well has the wise Coheleth said: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

Academic procrastination, however, is not the only power that prevents me, in this matter, from acting upon my conviction. It is not enough to admit that occasional rolling is desirable. One must also decide upon the manner and the direction of the rolling. The haphazard ways of ordinary men ill become a philosopher. Let me then examine the problem seriously and systematically in all its bearings, ere I commit myself.

Short holidays I detest as heartily as I detest short stories. I prefer to take my repose and recreation as Alexander the Great took his fighting and my grandmother her fiction—in huge, heroic volumes. I like to feel either thoroughly settled down or thoroughly settled up. A purgatorial state of suspense between two conditions has no charm for me. I can idle as strenuously as I can work; but it takes a stupendous effort to induce me to change from the one occupation to the other. In one word, short holidays are too popular for me: too jerky; exciting rather than satisfying, and altogether disorganising of one's moral and intellectual economy. Wherefore I have never been able to think in courteous terms of him who, not content with branding a hundred books and otherwise interfering with the Pleasures of Life, has doomed an erstwhile industrious community to the boisterous dislocations of the Bank-holiday.

As to long holidays abroad, I can only regard them as expensive superfluities. People talk of the advantages of foreign travel. They seem to fancy that locomotion is but another name for education; that sight-seeing is a form of culture; and that the best way to develop a taste in Art is by rushing and gushing over picture galleries, catalogue in hand. All this is nonsense. And so is that vaunted love for knowledge of foreign countries and customs. Personally, all that foreign travel has taught me is to appreciate my own country. An Englishman is never so much at his ease as when he is making comparisons between himself and foreigners, naturally to the disadvantage of the latter. I share this national characteristic. Although I may not be prepared to accept the County Councillor's translation of the dictum, "Nil humanum a me alienum puto" into "I consider no alien human," yet I have little hesitation in stating that one of the most convincing books I have ever read was a seventeenth century book of travel, the title page of which ought, in my opinion, to be engraved in letters of gold upon all our national monuments. It runs as follows: "The Glory of England, or A True Description of many excellent prerogatives and remarkable blessings, whereby She triumpheth over all the Nations of the World: With a justifiable comparison between the eminent Kingdoms of the Earth and Herself; plainly manifesting the defects of them

* By "great thinkers," be it understood, I mean persons who think a great deal, not necessarily persons who think great thoughts.

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, only in his youth. In his maturer years he knows 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. But it still is a portmanteau—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 annual 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 pathetic and unreasoning persistence 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. However much we may be satisfied with our everyday surroundings, even the most complacent among us feel at times a sense of something lacking; and that sense compels us to seek the society of 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 current coins: 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 redundant 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 blossoms of most fruit-trees—that is, hermaphrodite: self-fertilising and quite independent of their neighbours. A man of that type, I have no doubt, would be able to keep his soul fresh and alert in the desert or in a prison cell. But such men are extremely rare and extremely disagreeable. Luckily for the world, the majority of souls are rather like the flowers of the date-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 Bœotia: some instinct seems to move us to sterilise 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 Bœotia, as fine claret loses caste in thick glass.

All things considered, then, Chestnuton's invitation merits acceptance. He is the very antithesis 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 withdraw the spectators' interpretation of me from academic life to that of an ordinary individual. I also possess a souvenir 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.

These articles of attire, reinforced by a pair of thick-soled boots, a bottle of ink, 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 Bœotian 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 limn 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.
No stroke might fix the ghostly line
The cloud-processions wreath;
The living rain, the heat, the sheen—
I could not make them breathe.
Nor might the gilded hillside pant
To meet the noonday 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.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

The Road in Spring. Of Work and the Substitute for it.

By Jack Collings 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 subsist by libelling individuals or whole classes, invariably represent the tramp as asking for work in the hope of getting none, or as being offered work and running away when his employer's back happens to be turned. These folk convey a totally false impression. Harvest time is the only season of the year when practically anyone can be certain of obtaining a job of some sort in the country. All the rest of the year farmers can manage well enough without casual labour, and if one applies for a day's work the door is shut in one's face.

The same thing holds good more or less all the way round. I have asked at scores of houses for jobs, but the jobs are never forthcoming. The wood-chopping tramp of the comic papers is a pure myth. The ordinary householder has something better to do than to give work to passing vagabonds. If there really is anything to be done, a respectable citizen is called in to do it, and as far as work in the building and other trades is concerned, employers and foremen do not take men on without having reason to believe that the applicant is capable and honest, and the mere statement of a self-confessed tramp is scarcely enough testimony to go upon. In fact the latter class of individual is never regarded with more suspicion than when he is asking for work. I once tested it—though I admit my appearance may be more against me than most men's—by walking right through the South of England asking for employment. And so it went. In the towns the advice was "Move on. Trade's bad here." In the country there was no demand for labour at all. Despite the fact that I missed no possible chance of inquiring for work, I never got the ghost of a job until the day before I finished my journey. And that job was of this striking and lucrative description.

I earned sixpence for cutting grass.

The place was either Maidenhead or Slough—I forget which. As I passed along the front of a uniform row of red-brick man-hutches, I saw a perspiring householder in his shirt-sleeves, trimming his tiny plot of lawn with a pair of huge shears. He was obviously uninterested in his occupation, so I leant over the railings and offered to take it on for him. Much to my surprise he closed with me for sixpence, and before very long I had clipped all the grass, swept it into a corner and claimed my reward. As a piece of parting advice my benefactor told me not to go and spend it on beer but to get myself something to eat, for I looked as though I wanted it. I compromised by spending half of it on beer and half on food.

Failing work there is, of course, one other alternative. That is begging. There are two main sorts of begging: for money and for kind. The first is clumsy and risky, besides being rather humiliating to the amateur; but the second is a practice which in skilful hands may almost be elevated to the dignity of an art.

I have never sunk to the depth of asking for money. Several times I have been offered it, but only once did I take it, and then it would have been very difficult to do otherwise. It was in Devonshire. I was resting against a hedge, drawing circles in the dust with the point of my stick, when a ruddy-cheeked, white-moustached old gentleman in riding breeches came up, followed by a couple of sporting dogs. He looked at me in a friendly way, stopped short, and began to enter into conversation. With a half apology he asked me if he was right in suspecting that I had been an educated

man; but I denied the soft impeachment, and dragged out the usual painful story of unemployment, with an unusual wealth of detail. When his curiosity had been fully satisfied, he astonished me by putting his hand in his breeches pocket and extracting a shilling to help me along. It was quite impossible to confess that I had been working on his feelings with the baldest fiction—that would have spoilt both the romance and the joke—so I contented myself with taking the coin and leaving him with profuse thanks. If the gentleman in question happens to read this, he may send his address to me, and I will either return his shilling or distribute it amongst any twelve London charities that he cares to name.

Food, however, is another matter. Now there are three chief ways of asking for food—one direct, two indirect. The direct one may be relied upon rarely to succeed; the indirect ones I have never known to fail. The way to make people give to you is to lead them to believe that begging is the very last thing you have in your mind. You give them a hint without letting them suspect that it is a hint. I reproduce here two specimen conversations to illustrate the two lines of action which may be adopted. The first takes place at a farmhouse, the dramatis personæ being the housewife and myself:—

Myself (loq.): 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). Ah-h-h-h. That *was* good.

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

I stammer confusedly; 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 sidle 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, unfortunately), 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 beggin' 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 inclined. One always knows beforehand 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 one 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.

Unedited Opinions.

On the Incompetence of Professionals.

WE hear a good many complaints of the incompetence of artisans, but how often 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 machine 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 the case is different with professional people. 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?

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 waster 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 against 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 piracy, not on their law. 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 fraudulent pretender. Yet his rascally 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 honeycombed 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 mainly of the middlemen, the merchants, city men, bankers, accountants, publishers, and so on. What a large percentage of dunces these businesses contain! 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 unemployed in 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 alone. Any slovenly conducted business 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 efficient 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 that?

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 frock-coated frauds, in fact, I would enlist and drill until they learned their business.

Books and Persons in London and Paris.

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. 50c.). 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 idols: 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 this 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 encyclopædias. 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 Valéry? Yet Paul Valéry 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 Mourant" (consisting chiefly of a translation of a hitherto unpublished diary kept by Sir Hudson Lowe) (Mercure de France, 3frs. 50c.)—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-up of Sir Hudson Lowe, said: "M. Frémeaux's book should be translated into English, as it is a fair and unbiassed account of a tragedy of undying interest about which neither Mr. Forsyth, Lord

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. . . . "Like most partisans, he spoils things by over-statement. . . . Sir Hudson Lowe was not a monster. He was merely a good gaoler." 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 nursed 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 Régnier 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 Régnier 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 Régnier, 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 blandly leads 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 "Astræa"; 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 recommence *de novo* 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 Names of Entities. We have no very clear history of the word god; perhaps it was only a general descriptive word; but if it was more than this it is pretty safe to say that our present use of it is a very indiscriminate one. The ancients differentiated very clearly between what we now call the Absolute (Parabrahm) and the various manifested entities. The Absolute they held to be no subject for talk. It could only be thought of, even, as an endless string of negative attributes. But, at times, in That there arose a duality and the interaction between these Two was This. "This" means different things at different times, as we shall find that nearly all the words do; sometimes it means the world, sometimes the huge complex, without beginning or end, in which the whole universe as now recognised by us is but a minute wheel. The Two they named Brahman and Mulaprakriti, the positive and negative; Brahman corresponds somewhat to our idea of Spirit; Mula-Prakriti is not matter, but the root of matter, to which we shall refer later on.

But this is far away from history in the very largest sense of the word. Every creation is an entity, whether it is a universe or a man. It is clear that the greatest entity which we, as a part of our universe, could possibly know, stretching the word to its utmost, is our universe and the creator of the universe is called Brahma (neuter). The creator of a world system is called Brahma (masculine), and though from one point of view the greater Entity behind Him is unmanifest, yet from another It is organic.

This is the Being Which in the first chapter of Genesis is called the Powers, translated God, (as are also some half-dozen other names of quite different meanings in the Old Testament).

At the beginning of Genesis the Great Powers send forth upon the waters Its Agent Who is Itself for the work of making a Cosmos. This Agent has been sleeping till then in the ark or "sphere of influence" of It. As the Spirit or Breath it comes forth upon the waters to prepare the way and clear a field or egg for the creation. To clear a Cosmos—mundus, orderly,—in Chaos—darkness, the Waters. This clearing of a space is, I think, plainly indicated in the Hebrew words and is born out by the sacrificial ritual of the Veda.

The subject is one of great difficulty. All that I can give is a few vague suggestions. Several times in the Veda and Upanishads it is pointed out that the Word (Vach) exists in four states between the first outline in the innermost self and the spoken word. So that though the Word comes forth yet it is still, as ever, "with the Father," in It, in Pan's mind, and when spoken exists whether there be sand in which to reproduce its form or not.

But if we think of the paper and the wind we see that although two things in the same "dimension" can act on each other directly, it is not so when they are in different dimensions. In this case they need a link; as an example to suggest my meaning, it needs fire to make wood join with air. This link of community is one of the ideas to which we apply the word Life. In the case of Vach, at the third stage—called the "middle"—the word meets the breath and so passes through the door of the mouth into another world. This "middle" is the "same" thing as the point where the two triangles of the symbol "makara" overlap; makara is, among other things, the shape of the grave, or Vedi, in which the sacrifices are performed, and an altar stands at this point. The fire on the altar is called Agni.

Breath and the Waters are, so to speak, the canning and kenneing sides. By the interposition of the Word their inter-action and the formation of the universe can take place. Looked at the other way round entirely, we can see this happening any day in a dividing cell.

In this connection one must think of the Bird still

brooding over the egg; the successive "implantings" 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 dominance of the separate Vowels. The egg 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 "harmonics" which in the previous universes 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. The world ark floats on until 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 of 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, we may say that some entities are contained within other 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 states or modes of canning and kenneing. 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 the shell—the clay with which the framework 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 flood 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, gathers together such of his goods as he can find, builds a new home, and starts life again in the "state into which it has pleased God to call him."

But as in everyday life although we say that a man builds himself a house we really mean he gets it done for him, so too in this case, and Stevenson has a curious Fable of such a bargain.

But when the greater world-floods come they rise above the mountains, and then if he has not an ark of his own—and very few exist it appears—man is taken into the ark of his "Church" among the elect of his personal God, and sleeps in His bosom till the floods go down. As that wonderful book the Isha Upanishad puts it: "By unwisdom a man escapes death, and by wisdom he may enjoy immortality."

This seems to be the real origin of nations and families. The God-Kings, followed by the demigods and heroes, were the arks of their people. They carried them through the floods, ruled them as a man rules his body, and were for them the only means of communication with the Everywhere. They were King and Pope in one, the prototypes of State and Church. The smaller "family arks" have mostly disintegrated by now, but have left their records in the curious details of ancestor worship.

Man is for us a very important factor, for as I have tried to show it is only by our knowledge of ourself that we can get any inkling of the not-self. And by ourself I do not mean only oneself in the mass, but of our individual self, and not the individual self in the metaphysical sense of Ego but meaning all that appertains to us here. If man is really the microcosm it is only thus that we can understand the macrocosm.

It is curious to note, when once one's attention has been called to it, how extremely limited is our power of sharing our knowledge with others. How often it is necessary to restate our position, even if it is not a very abstract one, before a friend, of a different temperament from our own, can understand our meaning. We have, whether by choice or the force of evolution, restricted even our own private knowledge within very narrow bounds. It is practically impossible, for example, to recall a scent or an emotion. By evoking a picture of the original situation we may be able, indirectly, to reproduce the emotion, but even then only a mere shadow of it. The occasions on which it is more than this are the rare events of a life-time.

If, then, for ourselves, we must be dependent on pictures or words, how is it with others? As the author of the "New Word" well puts it, the only words which we can use with certainty are those which describe a "mixture" to which we can turn to learn their definite meaning. Hence our chance of sharing with others their knowledge of themselves depends entirely on our producing, or discovering within ourselves "mixtures" which we may be able to identify as those which they describe. So only can we pool our knowledge of man and get materials whereby to check this ancient theory of the universe.

Before going any further let us see what concrete ideas we may get from the diagram of Pan's pipe in connection with this new view of the Cosmos.

There is the "*mind*" of *Pan*, which makes the *music*, which by his *activity* meets his *Breath* in the *pipe* and produces *sound waves*, which make the *pattern*, which is the whole universe that we know, not only matter but forces, emotion, thoughts, and all else as well.

One reason why sound has always been considered a good diagram for working on is that it implies the idea of octaves and harmonics. And in fact one of the difficulties of understanding the universe is that there are many motives, or harmonic happenings, going on simultaneously in different octaves. The music is very complicated. The separate parts are all progressing together, sometimes in harmony and sometimes in passing discord, but at all times in overwhelming complexity, and the whole is dominated by the cadence of the Great Life, the beating of the wings of Hamsa, the Great White Bird. Hamsa is the sound of the swish of its wings, and to the mind of the writers of the Sanscrit Scriptures conveyed the idea of the inbreathing and outbreathing of the Great Life. The Sanscrit dictionary tells us that "at the approach of the monsoon" the Swans, or Geese, repaired to the shores of lake Manasa (a mythical lake in the rather mythical Himalayas) which means *Mens*, and is somewhat the same kind of a lake as that of Galilee.

When we say that the two are similar we must be very careful what we mean. The idea is best grasped, I think, by considering how *Do* may be called the same note, no matter in what octave it is, or what key on the piano chances for the moment to represent it.

Without any doubt—and this is almost the only occasion on which I shall use these words—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 of the nature of titles 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 have the necessary knowledge such changes are really data by which to *estimate the world age* to which the various writings apply. The old Gods pass out of sight and new ones appear usurping some of their functions as they rise, themselves to 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 commonweal is one man's absolute estate and responsibility no more." Yet the French Revolution produced 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 wrote an "Anti-Machiavel" when he was very young, and contradicted his own theories by his attempts to establish and aggrandise his kingdom; 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's is rather amusing when we remember his ludicrous end. "Machiavelli," 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 Prince. Directly these men turned 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 a Prince. 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 burnt last night, was to 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, organised no political power.

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 upon other classes lies 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 enormous free criticism, without which art, literature, and research alike degenerate into tradition or imposture.

Then all the other problems which are now so insoluble—destitution, disease, the difficulty of maintaining 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 as 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 they 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 with the House of Commons as practically the only instrument of government, and there Remington descried 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, undisciplined 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, perhaps not incidentally, to so 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 coalesced until there are really only two parties, 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 others: 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 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 domineered over or oppressed by the nobles, while the nobles desire to oppress and domineer 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 proprietary interest in the country 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 liberty by voting 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 these four 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 well wonder if he understands what politics is 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 innocuous 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 turnover of about 5,000 votes. I do not remember this election, for it occurred somewhere about 1912. But the surprising thing is that by this election, "the Endowment of Motherhood as a practical form of Eugenics got into English politics."

If Remington were not the new Machiavelli, one would imagine that he was a novelist. In this vague form, and the scheme is never stated, the Eugenists would repudiate the Endowment of Motherhood, for it does not insist on selection of parents. But what would the plutocratic politicians say to it? It offers them no more efficient and amenable wage-slaves than they have at present; it only suggests that 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 aggrandise the mass of the people, for rents would rise or wages would fall or the necessities 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 most miraculous rapidity; that in the event 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 they can be averted by mere dreams of what the human race

should be is a proposition not to be favourably considered. The people who have political power will not resign it, even though their exercise of it may bring them and the State to ruin. Nor will they accept suggestions from others unless they are offered greater security in their possession of power. Machiavelli's dream was a political one because, to a Prince who had glory, power, and wealth, it offered greater glory, power and wealth; at the price of leisure and daring. That he declined the task is not remarkable, for the risks were more apparent than the results. But Remington's suggestions (for plan or ideal, he has not) offer no one anything but the bare satisfaction of being an idealist. To touch the subject of education in Parliament is to set a number of fanatics at work diverting public funds to the use of sectarian interests; and his other suggestions do not concern the politicians. And this is the beggarly result of all his boasting: a few vague suggestions that somehow we all ought to become more learned, more loving, and make life more beautiful, and that the endowment of motherhood should be an easy means of raising a private member to Cabinet rank. Niccolo Machiavelli did leave us "The Prince"; but babies and bunkum seems to be the legacy of his successor. There will be no need for another Frederick the Great to write a refutation of this book.

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 reprobates, 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 probation 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-steak; then you begin to realise the exact difference between chewing for fun and "chawing" for the benefit of the great American Beef Trust.

* * *

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 body while the spirit that animates the body is ignored. Charity, in the eyes of the leading people here, means assisting all sorts of poor people to get on their working legs that the high-flyers may go higher than ever. Not a dollar is given away for the development of talent under any guise whatever, except when the talent is of such a nature that it will yield from 20 to 50 per cent. to people who sink money in that talent.

* * *

The hospitals of New York are palatial. The vulgar display in this is on a level with the brag about the huge proportions of fortunes, political fakirs, divorces, poison mysteries, brain-storms, and general social cussedness. Charity must be big, if it is to be anything. No matter what new movement is set in motion it must rival all the others in cost, in display, in talk, in gush about figures, social utility, democratic privilege, civic progress.

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-ridges, a flock of financial crows, are more than enough to give immortality to a New York church. One minister went insane trying to avoid even a hint at certain moral points in his sermons. The work was too hard.

* * *

One must come to New York to find out once for all the hollow mockery of the thing called utilitarianism. The truth is, it is flanked on one side by ignorance, on the other by hypocrisy—frightful combination when we stop to consider the results. The utilitarian philosophers would be the last people in the world to be bound by their own rules, in business or in conduct. 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. Nowhere in the world 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 woman of incident, 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 cultured wealthy class, and although 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 dudes and dudesses, 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 skinning of hares, after the hares are caught, or a carpenter's outhouse for the repairing and patching of rotten escutcheons; but democratic snobbery 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 big 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

a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a courtly 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 inhabitants as persons to be pitied. They 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 could 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 wives of millionaires the most unhappy, 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 forty. He has no time to think of anything but finance. His home is a mere stopping-place, which is also a show house. As for his wife, she has no time to think of anything but how to take the shine off the other woman. Just now 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 slap-bang 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 under the sun that glitters in the shape of diamonds and stocks. The three sets meet on a field-of-the-cloth-of-gold, and the array is sensational, not to say formidable. The old chargers, who look imposing, are incapable of charging anything except fodder at feeding time. The interlopers are bespangled on their hobby-horses, and they go, not in the manner of a Dutch canter, 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 whole 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 creaks, 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 earnestness lay in "mise-en-scène."

None of these qualities seems to have been lost in the translation. The form is still attractive, still convincing, and still absorbing. M. Halévy's preparation for his task must have been both arduous and extensive, and yet not once do you suspect that the author has 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 and careful judgment.

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 ardour. 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 help taking exception. In the first place he declares that the ideas of the Superman and of the Eternal Recurrence of All Things contradict each other (pp. 256-257); secondly, that Zarathustra "gives one a terrible thirst and in the long run nothing 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. 346 et seq.). 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 opinion 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, fall into the same old errors as his less 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 in the course of generations must perforce modify a type now reared 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 making 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.) This book of 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. The author in fact is 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, he sees it all, and feels it, too:—Nietzsche's 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 wrenches the mask from the face of dangerous Romance. To all these things M. Halévy is careful to grant their meed of importance; and yet, when the time comes to draw conclusions from this life-drama, when it really becomes necessary to exercise a little modest 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, or 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 honest and perfectly sane attack on Wagner, "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 can understand it 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 ears 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 rare experience, suppose it to be the first language 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 all Nietzsche's books, but particularly his later ones—those 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, more 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 extolling Nietzsche's style, however, he wallows in this harmless and anæmic praise, very much as a young, a proper young man when in his mother's presence lays stress on the beauty of a seductive girl's 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 stint 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? Isn't it 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 puling 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. Kettle accuses Nietzsche 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 (he said), and have disfigured the face of my teaching, so that my dearest friends have to blush for the gifts I gave them.

But like a wind I shall one day blow amidst them, and take away their breath with my spirit; thus my future willett 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 satirist 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 perforce join the herd 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 carefully preserved; the scene acquires a serious complexion. Melodramatic waves boom upon the shore. The plebeian mind, in fear of the hereafter, yields up

its inmost secrets, and so gives a fillip 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 are inviolate. No oblique rays 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 sheepfold. It stands upon Woolstone Downs, above the sea, wind-swept but calm. Here no trippers penetrate. Three persons only have the right of entry—an old shepherd and the two lovers. There are two short scenes in this place; 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 quarrel is perversely unconvincing, the reconciliation inconsequent. But the atmosphere is finely imagined, and atmosphere in this play is all that matters. Very freshly and sincerely it links drama and setting. Very gratefully the rhythm of good native English falls upon the ear. There was some talk years ago of a holiday cure for our drama in "bringing the scent of hay across the footlights." For an hour Mr. McEvoy has done this. His scene upon the downs may be windy, but it carries the breath of flowers.

Suspended, as it were, midway between this striving after paradise and the penny-dreadful hell already described, are the two long acts which pass in the drawing-room of Mr. Kimber's farm. Here the author offers, faithfully enough, his observation of what is called real life, as distinct from rhapsody and melodrama. The purgatory is necessary to his plot. It stands or falls with the degree of interest aroused by the characters, and with those who find the plot convincing it may pass for tolerable drama. Approached in any other spirit, it is only a realistic exhibition of bad manners like that given by the Cockney trippers themselves, who are always put up to be laughed at rather than laughed with. For his old shepherd and the two lovers Mr. McEvoy has real sympathy; for Mr. and Mrs. Kimber, Mr. Gill and the villain landowner Henry Pacy he reserves the bitterness of a satirist without satire. All his characters, indeed, are very carefully grouped as black sheep or white. That is his ingrained melodramatic vice. No black sheep are permitted in his fold upon the downs, a haunt dedicated to contemplation of the sublime. When by chance white sheep stray into the black sheep's quarters, heavy with an atmosphere of acrid ridicule, they find it hard work to avoid looking ridiculous in their turn. The division leaves no loophole for sophistries, and any inclination of a black sheep to turn piebald is instantly suppressed by a further application of dye. The result is that while Mr. McEvoy's white sheep are fresh, virile, interesting people, his black sheep are little more than good stage types or character parts. Set them fidgeting about a room or chattering, as Mr. and Mrs. Kimber fidget and chatter, and they seem convincing enough; but every dramatic emergency finds them out. The close of the third act of "All that Matters" is a case in point. All her life Olive Kimber has found in the farmhouse drawing-room—the black sheep's pen—her own especial purgatory. Unexpectedly, but with fine effect, she says so. The outburst, real enough in itself, is instantly made to appear unreal by lack of support. The scene degenerates into a querulous monologue. The parents are dumb; they can barely raise a baa between them. The curtain falls upon an impression of breath wasted to no purpose. There is no dramatic conflict without common ground. And between black and white there can be no common ground; unless, perhaps, it be grey.

Or take the character of Henry Pacy, the wealthy landowner whom Olive is about to marry. He is manifestly a lay figure, painted black for convenience, but, in fact, without colour or substance of any

description. One-tenth stage villain, nine-tenths nonentity—how could any author hope to distil drama from such stuff? And if no drama can be made of him, what is he doing in the play? The answer is lamentably clear. Pacy is the plot. Pacy is a legend of rural England. Pacy is necessary to the story of how the black sheep tried to kidnap the white sheep, and how the white sheep escaped to their fold in the end.

There remains the sub-title "a new and original comedy of English life"; a description not so misleading as the triviality of the intrigue would seem to show. "All That Matters," in machinery, is neither new nor original; but in spirit it is English. Even Mr. Walkley would have difficulty in writing of it in French. There is a subtly native quality in every detail, from the half-shy handclasp of the two lovers to the mud upon Mr. Kimber's boots. The quality is indefinable, 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 feat is dizzy and nerve-racking at moments, but it succeeds. 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 to stimulate them, 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 Huntly Carter.

WE want the hero spirit in art as in all other manifestations of modern thought and action. The Post-Impressionists had it. They were able both to feel and express great emotions greatly. But 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 wend 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 visitors. But closer examination reveals it is not so, blacks and dirty browns being the only wear permitted them. 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 paintership 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 to please the public." Look at the meaningless details 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 Glehn's "Le dejeuner" 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 stimulating colour. 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; Jacques Blanche's fine sense of harmony and values; Austin Brown's unusually strong feeling for decoration; and, above all, Jacob Epstein's intensely personal sculpture. The latter comes nearest the heroic. It embodies a fine emotion finely expressed. It is a bloom of unconventionality in a wilderness of conventionality; and strangely out of place in an exhibition that should be dedicated to John Bull.

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For a continuation of the portrait work so much belauded and beloved of this age, art patrons must next wend their bored 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 appears to have 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 many others shout also; W. B. E. Ranken among the number. G. F. Kelly is much quieter and more convincing. His work does not improve however. It serves admirably to illustrate the general rule that as soon as a man becomes an R.A. or a fashionable portrait painter, he ceases to be an artist.

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In comparison with the other two exhibitions, Burlington House is fairly cheerful. In a brave endeavour to bring itself up to date the R.A. has banished the ancient spooks that pass for old masters and has taken to its bosom five modern ghosts. There is not much to choose between the works of the five deceased British, more or less machine-made artists, Orchardson, Frith, Macbeth, Swan and Farquharson. There would have been a great disparity if Furse had been chosen in place of (say) current-events Frith, or un-Shakespearean Macbeth. As it is, the scholarly Swan is by far the most interesting. Occasionally he speaks a deal of truth, as in the portrait of his father, where he explains how largely feeling enters into successful painting. In this work Swan confesses that in spite of not being a portrait painter, he has turned out a successful portrait because he felt his subject so intensely that he was able to take no end of liberties with it. If every painter felt his subject as deeply there would be need of but little training to enable him fully to express what he felt. Occasionally, too, Swan manifests a sense of the big thing in sculpture. His powerful, lordly animals are full of the hero spirit. They are headed by Cecil Rhodes as the exemplar and symbol of that peculiar breed of animals called British. His heroic, academic bust is placed, appropriately, facing the turnstiles. Thus the great Imperialist watches with understanding eye the shillings rolling in. It recalls Capel Court with its eye on South Africa.

* * *

In the precincts of that little shrine of art, the Chenil Gallery, some of the jobbing gardeners in the art criticism line have fallen to their usual occupation of labelling. This time it is Eric Gill upon whom they have bestowed their favours. To them Mr. Gill is a post-Impressionist in sculpture. And Mr. Gill putting his head through the door, doubtless exclaims, "Gentlemen, while you are at it, you might as well call me a post-Egyptian, a post-Christian, a post-Mohammedan,

or even a post-office. If I am post at all, I am post-Gill." He is, in fact, Mr. Gill in his second period; and having found himself in beautiful letter carving is now finding himself in spontaneous figure carving. Thus, to the dexterity of a born carver he now adds the vision of a primitive who is borne away in an ecstasy of adoration for the religious subject realistically treated. Besides overlooking the important fact that Mr. Gill is simply himself, the critics have forgot to mention that he knows how to sculpt, unlike many so-called sculptors who merely know how to model. When the critics have finished acclaiming Mr. Gill as a post-Impressionist they must dip their heads in ice-water and get cool, otherwise they will be acclaiming as post-Impressionist the myriad strange growths that are bound to spring up in our midst, called forth by labourers in the P. I. vineyard whose sole outfit is a muck-rake and unlimited cheek. They may, however, safely praise the big interesting designs and fine colour of J. D. Innes' very decorative landscapes at the same gallery.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

Sir,—In criticising Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton's book on the party system, and introducing some very apt quotations from Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Randall makes an excellent point by showing that the House of Commons, "as an instrument of government, has never been more highly organised and efficient than it now is." He is equally right in saying that the plans outlined in "The Party System" might be practicable when we have the people, the presumably intelligent people, who are necessarily pre-supposed by the Belloc-Chesterton system of government.

Surely, however, this is a point on which it is worth while laying more stress, whether in your admirable Notes of the Week, or elsewhere. At present every professedly Democratic writer bases his theory of government on the assumption that the people of England who now exercise the franchise, and those who might exercise it under adult suffrage, are intelligent, broad-minded, noble, tolerant, and impartial—everything, in fact, that an ardent reformer could desire. On the other hand, any careful observer of the majority of the voting classes in this country—i.e., the lower middle classes and the working classes—can easily see that they do not as a rule possess these virtues. They are, on the contrary, coarse, greedy, selfish, prejudiced, knavish, primitive. As for their ideas of tolerance, let the firm stand taken up against it by the Labour Party serve as an example.

It seems to me that Signor Ferrero, in his article which you had translated and published a few weeks ago, put this matter very clearly before us when he pointed out that increased education would be more fitting to the lower classes in this country than any mere Parliamentary juggling such as the Veto Bill. In the Latin countries, and even in Germany to some extent, culture has penetrated to greater depths than it has here. In matters of education our own proletarians, who are so anxious to make laws for their betters, are undoubtedly among the most backward in Europe, a degree or two better, perhaps, than the Russian muzhiks. Organised as it is at present, the House of Commons can easily manipulate these masses of dense ignorance; and it cannot be blamed for doing so.

This is not the only disadvantage from which the English lower classes are suffering, however. Their leaders themselves appear to scorn real education and culture, and show themselves anxious to be considered as mere doctrinaires. Look at Mr. Lansbury's maiden speech in the House of Commons the other day, for example, with its sophistry concerning the unemployables. He, surely, is one of the men for whom Signor Ferrero's article was meant. Consider, again, Mr. Keir Hardie's reference to the Japanese Socialists who were executed for treason. Whenever an advanced Radical or a Labour member opens his mouth, whether in Parliament or on a public platform, we can easily collect instances to show that even the so-called leaders of the working classes are not educationally qualified for the positions they hold. It is because Signor Ferrero's article seems to have been neglected by your readers—so far, at all events, as the correspondence columns are concerned—that I venture to draw attention to it. J. M. KENNEDY.

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QUESTIONS FOR MESSRS. BELLOC AND CHESTERTON.

Sir,—Of the three to whom I propose to address the following four questions, one, Mr. Belloc, is something of a Georgie-Porgie. A few weeks ago he rushed into your columns with a vigorous criticism, an opportunity for which

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 the same if not in 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 at the hands of both Mr. G. K. and Mr. Cecil Chesterton. What they either cannot or will not reply to they studiously ignore, forgetting that the impression left on the minds of their readers is one either of rudeness or insincerity.

In this matter of the Party System we have in the publication of Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton's book at last come to grips. Hints and adumbrations of the total case against modern parliamentarism we have had from the three writers during the last five or ten years; but here at length the whole case is summarised. Now, I wish to say, speaking as perhaps a typical political journalist, that the case against the Party System as presented in this volume, appears to me to be very strong indeed. So strong, in fact, that if only it were a little stronger, I for one should be prepared to mould my future political comments on the assumption that the case has been proved. You will therefore understand my particular and, as I claim, typical interest in procuring from one or all of the three authors of the volume an explicit and satisfying reply to the questions now to be enumerated:—

(1) What evidence is there, apart from the innocuous dissatisfaction of Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton, that the Party System has broken down and is now "rotten"? [In whose eyes besides theirs has it lost credit? Is there a party either in or out of Parliament that imagines the system is at death's door, or even ought to be?]

(2) What evidence is there that the Party System has failed to govern the country to the satisfaction of the vast mass of the citizens? [Can the writers point to any real popular, as distinct from personal and perhaps cranky, grievances which result from the operation of the Party System? What proves its inefficiency in actual and generally admitted practice?]

(3) What better alternative to the Party System is possible under Parliamentary government? [It is no use telling us, as the two Chestertons have told the world, that they are under no obligation either to propound an alternative plan to the system they allege is rotten, or to forecast the system which, for better or worse, will and must take its place. This is trifling. What we demand is one or both of these things, namely, their view of what *ought* to take the place of the Party System; and also, their view of what will, if the *ought* is not enforced, actually do so. Mr. Belloc, for example, recommends an explicit coalition of the two Front Benches. To what kind of government, if not to a renewed Oligarchy, would that lead? The brothers Chesterton, on the other hand (so I gather), still rest their faith on democracy. Hence my fourth question.]

(4) Is Democracy compatible with Parliamentary government?

I trust that one or other of the three writers will have the courtesy and the courage to reply to the above questions either in your columns or in a form equally accessible to your readers.

POLITICAL JOURNALIST.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—Your women's suffrage questionnaire was delayed in reaching me. My opinions are as follows:—

From what I know of the militant methods used in England, I consider them useful and very largely successful there; while in the world as a whole they have effectually lifted the whole woman question to a position of new dignity and importance.

I cannot suggest alternatives for another country.

My earliest views on this question are expressed in my magazine, "The Forerunner," for May, 1910. They give my own reasons for believing in women's suffrage.

I became an advocate of full suffrage for women as soon as I was old enough to understand the value of democratic government, to see that a true democracy requires the intelligent participation of all the people, and that women are people. With further knowledge I advocated woman suffrage on two grounds: first because a dependent and servile womanhood is an immovable obstacle to race development; second because the major defects of our civilisation are clearly traceable to the degradation of the female and the unbalanced predominance of the male, which unnatural relation is responsible for the social evil, for the predatory and combative elements in our economic processes, and for that colossal mingling of folly, waste, and horror—that wholly masculine phenomenon—war.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Sir,—In my opinion the most powerful argument for women's suffrage is, because it is wise and just.

There are no arguments against woman's suffrage.

I do not agree with militant methods.

The alternative methods I would suggest are patience and perseverance in all legal methods.

W. D. HOWELLS.

* * *

Sir,—Nothing can be more excusable than the indignation aroused by the absurd attitude of the suffrage societies at the present time, but nothing is more difficult than to suggest a remedy for the abuses which anyone who has worked for the movement is aware exist.

The idea of forming a feminist society on the lines your correspondent D. Triformis suggests is at best only a partial solution. Such a league would be crushed, just as 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 politician—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 wire-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 excellent reasons why such a thing was impracticable, 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 business man says to me, in effect, "I will not let you enrich me, unless you first knock me down." My point is that the best inventor is not necessarily the best pugilist, any more than the best legislator is the best agitator.

In America they invented a new profession. 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 quarter 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 needs to provide himself with a business partner. But then arises this fresh difficulty: the average business man would rather steal a shilling than accept a 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 might as well ask a good shot to accept a hamper of game, instead of going out and spending the night shivering in a punt on the chance of shooting a duck in the early hours of the morning.

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 me. 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.

He had no such wish. He got my MS., and by pretending he was its author, induced another playwright to father it; it was brought out with alterations under another title, and I never knew what had happened till it had gone off the boards after a long 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 take care of 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 out a profitable investment as a dancer or 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 must very largely depend on his having some 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 better of you if he can. If he is honest, he tells you so.

I have before me the letter of an honourable business man, the head of a business for developing inventions. He invites me first to patent my ideas myself, and then to come and haggle with him over royalties. "However," he proceeds, "I imagine this might be met by my giving you a letter, which you would stamp, to the effect that I would not patent, or cause to be patented, without your consent, any invention submitted to me by you at our interview on such or such a day."

What is one to do? I do not want to go about stamping letters, and taking out patents, and wrangling over royalties. I want to find some one else who will do all that for me, in return for a half-share of the proceeds, if any. I want my correspondent to reserve his powers of fighting and bargaining for the other people, with whom he will have to wrestle on our joint behalf afterwards. I know as well as he does that the law is generally on the side of the rogue. Caveat emptor—let the buyer beware—is the good old maxim which our Courts sit to enforce. But is it not possible to devise some scheme by which some of us may be allowed to devote our time to writing instead of fighting—to making instead of to selling?

I put it to the business men of this country and America. Most men have two codes of honour. The sharpest financier would be ashamed to cheat at cards. Why should it not be possible for some business man, who is a gentleman in private life, to have one standard of conduct when he is dealing with people who are trying to enrich him, and another when he is dealing with people who are trying to defraud him?

Why should it not be possible to set up a Court of Honour, on the lines of a club committee, instead of a law court, to regulate transactions between people who have no real wish to cheat each other, and no motive for doing so? Why should the low morality of mankind at large dominate those who desire a higher standard of conduct? Who does not wish that there were some Church which excommunicated rogues, instead of touting for their subscriptions?

I need scarcely say that I have taken the case of the business man as a type of the whole relationship between the Overman and Humanity. If we cannot persuade the business man to accept riches at our hands, how can we expect to persuade mankind to accept happiness? The business man demands that we shall expend our energy in protecting ourselves from robbery, instead of in writing books, or making useful inventions. Mankind demands that we shall expend it in bribing constituencies or toadying influential people, instead of devising useful reforms. This whole generation is waiting for a prophet who will wither fig-trees, and change water into wine, instead of preaching Sermons on the Mount.

ALLEN UPWARD.

THE SURPLUS OF LUXURY.

Sir,—To be exact, luxury is neither the final cause of destitution nor the effect of it, as your correspondent appears to think. Both are symptoms of the same 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 second on the lines of the Minority Report. 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 understanding of the problem as to be touching and almost delightful at this time of day.

If Socialism does not

"Express the image of a better time,

More wise desires, and simpler manners,"

then for most of us it would be a vain thing.

I for one have little sympathy with the plutocratic Socialism adumbrated in his concluding sentences by Louis Post.

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

MR. RANDALL AND THE LIFE OF TOLSTOY.

Sir,—Had Mr. Randall applied to the publisher of my book, instead of inquiring of "a bookseller," who misinformed him, he would have learnt that the first edition of Volume I. of my "Life of Tolstoy" appeared in September, 1908, and the second edition in October of the same year.

No edition was "rushed out at the time of Tolstoy's death" (which occurred two years later, in November, 1910); but the third and fourth editions of the book have appeared since that event. The second, third, and fourth editions all contain the paragraph about Merezhkovsky, the existence of which Mr. Randall so tenaciously disputes. It stands at the end of Chapter XII.

I have heard of a man who could argue a cat's tail out of joint, but I do not think that Mr. Randall will succeed in arguing that paragraph out of any one of those three editions of my book.

AYLMER MAUDE.

OSCAR WILDE ON THE REPRESENTATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

Sir,—May I reply to Mr. Allen Carric's kindly correction. The omission in my previous communication to which your correspondent refers was Oscar Wilde's—not mine. I preferred to quote from the more perfect essay—in my opinion—as it originally appeared under the title of "Shakespeare and Stage Costume." Mr. Allen Carric refers to its later appearance, "The Truth of Masks," from that book of brilliance, "Intentions." The purpose I had in view was to attempt specifically to give Wilde's able and convincing views on the representation of Shakespeare, feeling that probably they would give an added interest to the symposium. The lines appended to the later issue of this essay, and quoted by Mr. Allen Carric, do not, I am pleased to say, appear originally, and I suggest the conclusion referred to was an obvious pose. It might with some signs of importance have been placed at the conclusion of "The Critic as Artist," eliminating, of course, the words, "The truths of metaphysics are the truths of masks"; but so to conclude "Shakespeare and Stage Costume"—it must not be taken too seriously—it was meant "to startle." As written originally, and with abundant proof that the position he took up was sound, excellent reasoning, this was good work—work to be appreciated. The later Wilde, however, seems to have taken his earlier work, and said, "Why, this will never do! Everyone will understand me! Tut! tut! Just see if I don't tickle the groundlings"—then calmly taking his pen he damns forty pages of able reasoning with a dozen lines. Of course it's easily done. Give George Bernard Shaw as many words and I daresay he would undertake to damn the Encyclopædia Britannica itself. Some writers do not shrink from what with justice might be termed daring interference. The case of Wilde's under discussion hardly calls for this rebuke: but there are many notable cases which spring to my mind where the re-writing or re-editing has had anything but an improving effect. The reader sometimes under these circumstances is placed in a quandary similar to that of the jury who were addressed by Justice Maule as follows: "Gentlemen, if you believe the witnesses for the plaintiff you will find for the defendant. If you believe the witnesses for the defendant you will find for the plaintiff. If, like myself, you don't believe any of them, heaven alone knows which way you should find. Gentlemen, consider your verdict." Enough to puzzle even Alcibiades.

G. OWEN.

THE LABOUR PARTY.

Sir,—Your leader of February 16 is inaccurate in two fundamental particulars:

(1) The new "Right to Work" Bill is *not* based upon any system of relief works, but adopts the several principles of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission.

(2) Actions *have* been brought in the Courts in connection with the Welsh "riots," both in London and in Wales.

On both points I am in a position to speak with authority.

HENRY H. SCHLOESSER.

[Being in such a position, our correspondent should know that the text of the new Bill has not yet seen the light of day. On the other point we were wrong.—Ed. N. A.]

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