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CHESTERTONIANA.*

By Alfred E. Randall.

THAT Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a difficult subject of criticism, I cannot deny. He seems to say everything; to offer us a universe of individual truths, rather than a universal truth. But this is obviously impossible, because Mr. Chesterton is not the Almighty. He seems to say everything: he really says anything. But I am not to be deterred by this difficulty. Other critics may find it impossible to criticise him, and relegate him to the limbo of the laughter-makers; but this easy way out of the difficulty does not satisfy me, nor does it, I think, satisfy Mr. Chesterton. "Merely light sophistry is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that this is the thing of which I am generally accused," is quoted from his "Orthodoxy" on the fly-leaf of this calendar; and it may fairly be taken as Mr. Chesterton's claim to serious consideration.

We know that Mr. Chesterton is an orthodox Christian, and we therefore have a right to expect orthodox Christianity from him. It is true, as he says, that "the Christian ideal has not been tried, and found wanting; it has been found difficult, and left untried." It is the more necessary that the preaching of the ideal should be explicit, however it may be belied in practice. But an ideal is not only a judgment, it is a condemnation of the world; and Mr. Chesterton, however much he may judge, does not wish to condemn the world. He says, for example: "Carlyle said that men were mostly fools. Christianity, with a surer and more reverent realism, says that they are all fools. This doctrine is sometimes called the doctrine of original sin. It may also be described as the doctrine of the equality of men." But he does not therefore say, as Christ said: "Ye must be born again." Nor will he say with St. Paul: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." On the contrary, when he finds his beloved Dickens saying something similar, he protests violently. I quote two passages from his introduction to "David Copperfield." "But I have mentioned Dora in this connection only because she illustrates the same fact which Micawber illustrates; the fact that there is at the end of this book too much tendency to bless people and get rid of them. Micawber is a nuisance. Dickens the despot condemns him to exile. Dora is a nuisance. Dickens the despot condemns her to death. But it is the whole business of Dickens in the world to express the fact that such people are the spice and interest of life." Again, he says: "That is the whole meaning of Dickens; that we should keep the absurd people for our friends. And here at the end of 'David Copperfield' he seems in some dim way to deny it. He seems to want to get rid of the preposterous people simply because they will always continue to be preposterous."

I have quoted these passages because they seem to be characteristic, and therefore explanatory, of Mr. Chesterton. He has said in "What's Wrong with the World": "There are two things, and two things only, for the human mind—a dogma and a prejudice." He

is blind to the fact that Christ came to teach us faith in revelation; and he necessarily rejects what was revealed by Dickens. Because both the dogma and prejudice of Dickens was "that we should keep the absurd people for our friends," this denial of both by the single perception of their unfitness for certain circumstances should have been significant and illuminating. That in this case the revelation was of nothing more important than a common-place of social knowledge does not matter. We all know that selection is necessary to the success even of an afternoon tea-party; that, as Emerson said, "there are people who cannot be cultivated, people on whom speech makes no impression; and though their odd wit may have some salt for you, your friends would not relish it. Bolt these out." Dickens felt that somehow Wilkins Micawber did not fit into the picture of domestic felicity he had imagined for David Copperfield; so he sent him away. As Mr. Chesterton says: "He cannot make up his mind to see his hero perpetually entangled in the splendid tortures and sacred surprises that come from living with really individual and unmanageable people. He cannot endure the idea that his fairy prince will not have henceforward a perfectly peaceful time. . . . The fairy tales said that the prince and princess lived happily ever afterwards; and so they did. They lived happily, although it is very likely that from time to time they threw the furniture at each other. Most marriages, I think, are happy marriages; but there is no such thing as a contented marriage."

Wilkins Micawber is clearly compatible with Mr. Chesterton's ideal of marriage, and Mr. Chesterton should be able to write an entertaining sequel to "David Copperfield." But in objecting to this instance of selection, Mr. Chesterton has declared himself. In the heaven that Christ pictured for man, there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage. In the marriage that Dickens pictured for David Copperfield, there was heaven; that is, peace and joy, if not righteousness. But Mr. Chesterton will have both marriage and heaven for David Copperfield, and also Wilkins Micawber and the throwing of furniture. As a Christian, he should pray: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." As a democrat, he actually does pray: "Thy will be done in heaven as it is on earth." As a Christian, he should know that "many are called, but few are chosen." Being a democrat, he says: "That Christianity is identical with democracy, is the hardest of gospels; there is nothing that so strikes men with fear as the saying that they are all the sons of God." He is not a saint who shall judge the world; he is a devil's advocate of democracy who moves that the Judgment Day be postponed.

For it cannot be denied that Mr. Chesterton is terribly at ease on earth; and on behalf of his client, he will even misquote Scripture. Take this example from "Tremendous Trifles." "Our civilisation has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. If it wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury-box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really worth doing, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing around. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity." I have only to quote Christ's own words: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil," to show that there is no Christian authority for the indiscriminate collection of jury-men. St. Luke's account makes Mr. Chesterton's error even more apparent. "And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples; and of them he chose twelve, whom also he

* "Chesterton Calendar." (Kegan Paul. 5s. net.)

"Criticisms and Appreciations of Charles Dickens' Works." By G. K. Chesterton. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

named apostles." And because this is Mr. Chesterton's fundamental error, I insist on it. Christ and Dickens have both revealed the truth that any man and every man is not fit for any and every situation. The Almighty trusted Adam to leave the fruit of the tree of knowledge alone, with lamentable results to the human race. Mr. Chesterton must choose between democracy and Christianity, between a dogma and a revelation. If democracy, as he says, "can be more nearly defined as arbitrament by anybody," it cannot have a God in the skies from whom all power is derived. If it has a God in the skies, it cannot be arbitrament by anybody; for, as St. Paul said, "do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? And if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters? Know ye not that we shall judge angels? How much more things that pertain to this life?" The dogma of democracy may decree that anybody may judge anything; but Christ by example and Paul by precept have shown that powers are only to be exercised by picked persons. I should like to continue quoting scripture to Mr. Chesterton: to remind him, for example, of the phrase, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." It is this fundamental confusion of thought, this paradox, if you will, that explains Mr. Chesterton's contradictions. He is a democrat: a man of this world and an advocate of this world. But revelation, like history, is an aristocrat; and like the ancient Greeks, it says that the majority is bad. Christ reproving the Jews said something similar: "Ye are from beneath; I am from above; ye are of this world; I am not of this world. I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins." It is clear that Mr. Chesterton's democracy will not square with his Christianity; it is clear also that he is perilously near blasphemy when he attempts to identify his dogma with what is revealed to us of Christ. For instance, he says: "Joy, which was the small publicity of the pagan, is the gigantic secret of the Christian. The tremendous figure which fills the Gospels towers in this respect, as in every other, above all the thinkers who ever thought themselves tall. . . . Yet he restrained something. I say it with reverence; there must have been in that shattering personality a thread that must be called shyness. There was something that He hid from all men when He went up a mountain to pray. There was something that He covered by abrupt silence or impetuous isolation. There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth, and I have sometimes fancied that it must have been His mirth." The blindness that prevented Mr. Chesterton from seeing that Wilkins Micawber would have been incongruous with Dickens' ideal of marriage has again darkened his eyes. The Gospels have told us that Christ was angry, that Jesus wept. It was left to the democrat to suggest that Christ had to hold both His sides when He communed with His Father. It is not blasphemy; it is not even that vanity which will not allow our idol to differ from ourselves: it is simply native bad taste, a blindness to incongruity.

It would be interesting to follow Mr. Chesterton as he rambles along the democratic high-road, and to notice that in the very passage in which he denounces the private bar of the public-house, he shows us that he does the aristocratic thing: he uses it. But space forbids, and Mr. Chesterton's views of ordinary things, however cleverly expressed, are not important. The important thing is to discover the cause of his contradictions, and it is this. He believes in a dogma and a prejudice, and he is blind to a revelation. He has unbounded emotion and a chained intellect, but he lacks imagination. If he does not practise the Christian ideal, neither does he preach it; for he does not believe it, does not understand it. It has not been revealed to him, and he can only think of it as a form of democracy. "For human beings, being children," he says, "have the childish wilfulness and the childish secrecy. And they never have from the beginning of the world done what the wise men have seen to be inevitable." With the consequence that the wise men have left them to be instructed by Mr. Chesterton in democracy; and his democracy is impossible.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

In the Land of the Pharaohs. By Duse Mohamed. (Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

Our contributor, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, has already reviewed this book in our columns, but we return to it after a second reading with interest far from exhausted. As a contribution to the cause of Egyptian nationalism this history of the later Egypt of the Pharaohs is worth, in our opinion, several tons of the usual inflammatory and ill-informed propagandist literature. Mr. Mohamed is singularly impartial even for an Egyptian who was educated and lived in England for many years. But as an Egyptian who not only felt the effects but saw with his own eyes the terrors of the Alexandrian bombardment, had his father slain fighting with Arabi at Tel el Kebir, and his brother shot by British soldiers, the coolness and breadth of his impartiality are amazing. Fanatics, it is well known, have only one judgment, and it is always an extreme. Their friends are heroes and their opponents are devils. Mr. Mohamed, however, is no fanatic; as the classical form of his history indeed indicates. His judgment of events and persons is measured, moderate and sound. We particularly commend, for example, his portraits of Arabi and Mustapha Kamel Pasha, the two greatest Egyptian leaders the Nationalist movement has produced. It is only in the concluding chapters on Lord Cromer and Mr. Roosevelt that the garish lights are somewhat turned on; and in respect of Lord Cromer, at any rate, justice had already been done to his merits in the preceding pages. We leave praise of this book to turn to a single point on which we should probably find ourselves at issue, not merely with the author of "In the Land of the Pharaohs," but with Nationalists everywhere. It is on the question of the methods and morale of Nationalist propaganda and leadership. In the case of Egypt, for example, Mr. Mohamed appears confident that if only Arabi had been given a free hand by Gambetta and Granville, he would have succeeded in restoring Egypt's fortunes. This opinion is shared, it appears, by Lord Cromer, who wrote, "Had he (Arabi) been left alone, there cannot be a doubt that he would have been successful." We need not stop to enquire into the events that led to Gambetta's interference. Our author deals with them very dramatically if without a real appreciation of Gambetta's difficulties in France. The point is that there is abundant evidence in the testimony advanced by Mr. Mohamed himself to make us question his confidence in Arabi's capacity. We are told, for instance, that during his brief régime Arabi's financial administration was extraordinarily free from corruption; but we are also warned of the series of treacheries of which Arabi permitted his lieutenants to be guilty. Arabi, it appears, was what, in modern phraseology, we should call a sentimental humanitarian. He could not bring himself to be severe even when the fate of his administration depended upon strictness. Perhaps the wisest words ever said of him were those of the Princess Nazli: "If he had lopped off a few heads he might have been reigning happily to-day." As it was, it is genuinely pathetic to remark how one by one his trusted captains betrayed him. Tel el Kebir, which we were taught was won on coffee, was really won by bribery. Two of his principal officers, on the day of battle, treacherously surrendered to the British. Now we do not know how this strikes Mr. Mohamed, but we know it strikes us as disposing of the belief that Arabi could ever have succeeded. If, when the fate of Egypt was actually at stake and on the very day of battle, the Nationalists could not stick together, what chance was there that in the even more perilous circumstances of civil administration they would have been welded? The fact is that in the clash of forces such as nations represent it is the compact united body that wins. Not one, be it remarked, of the British officials who before the bombardment sided with Arabi hesitated when war was begun to identify himself with his own government. That kind of "treachery" is, we fear, inevitable. At least it is the strength of nations. And it is by taking a leaf out of this unmoral book of power that Young Nationalists the world over may one day succeed.

We had intended to carry on our criticism to the movement headed by the gifted Mustapha Kamel, but our space is exhausted. "In the Land of the Pharaohs" opens too many fascinating questions to be discussed here.

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By S. Verdad.

The Danger Zone of Europe: Changes and Problems in the Near East. By H. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S. With Maps and Illustrations. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

In the twelve chapters that make up this work Mr. Woods has given us convincing reasons why he chose for it the title set out above. Probably the Balkan States form the greatest enigma in Europe from the diplomatic standpoint, and initial endeavours to become familiar with the numerous races and creeds in Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, and Roumania, are only likely to add to the bewilderment of the inquirer—especially when he finds that Turkey, for example, is subdivided into two such distinct provinces as Macedonia and Albania, and that the northern Albanians differ in many respects from the southern.

Whatever impressions one might have conceived of this complicated neighbourhood were bound to be upset by the Turkish revolution of 1908 and the counter-revolution of 1909, and Mr. Woods, in setting forth a clear statement of the position as it now exists, has done us a very welcome service. What will strike the reader in connection with this new state of affairs is the enormous amount of dissatisfaction felt with the new régime. There were bitter complaints under Abdul Hamid, and too much appears to have been expected from the reformers. The latter, most of whom lived for many years in the capitals of Western Europe, particularly Paris, seem to have attached too much importance to mere speechifying, phrase-making, Parliamentary institutions, and representative government in themselves—forgetting that all these things were merely means to an end, viz., the efficient government of the country, and that, unless orations in the Chamber were translated into acts, trouble would arise very quickly.

It was, of course, found impossible to work with the Christian populations of the Turkish Empire, as anyone acquainted with the fanatical quarrelsomeness of the various Christian sects might have expected. It was recognised that the Turkish elements must be supreme—at all events until the inferior races in the empire were educated up to the principles of representative government. This would appear to have led to some reaction, and the consequence was the massacres at Adana and other points.

Again, the Young Turks had hardly attained to power before they were faced with aggressiveness which they were not at the moment in a position to meet. As Mr. Woods' book, of course, does not deal with Turkey alone, but with all the Balkan States, we have a full account of what the results of this aggressiveness were. Austria, it will be remembered, formally annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria created himself a Tsar, and Greece showed signs of a desire to annex Crete. With the Bulgarians and Austrians the Young Turks were not sufficiently powerful to deal; and the dismemberment—more in appearance than in reality—of the Empire led to widespread dissatisfaction. But the Greeks were not strong enough to withstand the power of the new Government, especially after the Turks had bought a couple of warships from Germany, as Mr. Woods is careful to mention on page 85. This particular chapter, by the way, dealing with the Turkish Army and Navy, is of great importance, not merely to military men, but to all those who are interested in estimating the strength of the Ottoman Empire in the quite likely event of a war within the next few years.

Mr. Woods goes on to show that the Bulgarians and Greeks in Macedonia are not quite satisfied with the results of the new régime at Constantinople, though

the Macedonian Bulgarians are themselves divided into at least two groups, one more or less constitutional and willing to allow the Young Turk Government a certain amount of time to mend matters, and the other, led by the well-known brigand, Sandansky, whose policy is Macedonia for the Macedonians.

In every one of the Balkan States we find these minute sub-divisions, and Mr. Woods explains them very clearly. Whether in dealing with the parties in the Greek National Assembly, the financial disputes between Bulgaria and Turkey, or the position of the little kingdom of Montenegro among the other Balkan States, he invariably shows much acumen in setting the really essential evidence before his readers and letting them see for themselves exactly what conclusion should be drawn. When we consider the amount of valuable and thoroughly up-to-date information packed within these 330 pages, we must pronounce it an excellent work. The author has dealt with some of the most difficult problems in modern politics; he has explained the most diverse of peoples and nations, and the whole thing is done with admirable lucidity. What he has said, he has said: we feel that we could not well do with less, and yet that more would hardly be necessary.

As a summary of Near Eastern problems, the difficulties to which they have given rise in recent years, and the difficulties to which they are likely to give rise in the future, this book is unique, unsurpassed. I am glad that Mr. Woods left the army, for his talents are surely better suited to the literature of diplomacy and travel. The only small complaint one can make is that the name of the well-known General von der Goltz is frequently printed General Von du Goltz, even in the index. Since great pains have obviously been taken with all the other proper names in the book, this little oversight is all the more irritating.

Corruption and Reform in Hungary. By R. W. Seton-Watson ("Scotus Viator"). (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

This is really a much more interesting work and amusing work than the title would indicate. The author is "down" on one of the finest races in Europe, the Magyars, who dominate Hungary because they are instinctive rulers surrounded by people who are not such. Unfortunately, somebody introduced voting papers and ballot-boxes into Hungary, and in consequence, in order to preserve their domination, the Magyars had to resort to rather painful and, so to speak, unauthorised means . . . like Paul Kruger, they don't care who votes, or how often, so long as they themselves can count the papers.

No one who has seen a contested election in Cork, Belfast, or, to take a topical instance, North Louth, will share Mr. Seton-Watson's indignation at this to the extent that he exhibits it himself. The means of intimidation are many and varied, and we have found them all out in Ireland long ago, as they have been found out in all other pleasant countries where politics are not taken too seriously. Besides, the author should not insert, after the title-page and before the preface, a couple of quotations from Petöfi—one might as well write a book about electoral intimidation in England and start off with a quotation from Ebenezer Elliott.

There are, however, some good stories in the book. This one has a chestnutty flavour, but it will bear repetition:

M.P. (addressing Cabinet Minister): "Do you know how Katanghy got into Parliament?"

His Excellency shrugged his shoulders.

"I presume, because he had a majority of votes," he said, and added humorously, "After all, people do sometimes get into Parliament that way!"

Here is another:

Not many years ago a noble Count stood as candidate for a West Hungarian constituency, and was in due course elected. Soon afterwards a deputation of the electors visited him in Budapest, reminded him of his promises at the time of the election, and asked him to use his influence in a certain direction. "Why do you come to me?" asked the Count. "Why, because you are our representative," the astonished peasants replied. "Nothing of the kind," said the

Count, "I bought the constituency for £2,000. You all had your price—free lunches and free drinks into the bargain. I'm damned if I do anything for you. We are quits!" And in another minute the deputation found itself in the street.

Mr. Seton-Watson does not seem to see the humour of this. Here is an instance of intimidation:

At 10 p.m. Julius Markovics (Nationalist) had 494, George Rudnyanszky (Const.) 349 votes. Owing to the unbridled agitation of the Nationalist party a brawl arose with the second committee. The petroleum lamp was thrown down on the voting cards of the Constitutional party . . . in the darkness the registers were torn up, and thus the election had to be annulled.

But this was crude, wasn't it? This is one of the things we do so much better in Ireland. And this is decidedly a book to be recommended.

* * *

By Edward Lascelles.

The Imperial Organisation of Trade. By Geoffrey Drage. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

It is regrettable that Mr. Drage's book appeared too early to deal with the reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States. In the present turmoil, when each party is vociferating its infallible opinion, the dispassionate consideration which Mr. Drage would have given to the matter, his review of its antecedent history and his estimate of its probable results would have been of real value.

But it must not be imagined that the book is out of date on this account. The painstaking examination of the trade of the British Empire, the comparative arrangement of figures, and, in particular, the historical summary of the origin and progress of the various political theories are sufficient to give it a real, lasting value.

The work is a first instalment of a larger one on imperial organisation. The author shows the necessity of expert information and detailed organisation for the purpose of arriving at the true basis of imperial union. He shows how imperfect and unreliable are our present sources of information, and how relations between all parts of the Empire are needlessly hampered by differences in such things as naturalisation laws, shipping, and weights and measures. Finally, he indicates methods of organisation. Thus, on the whole question of imperial trade, with which this book is concerned, the author advocates "an Intelligence Department to do for the civil affairs of the Empire the work now being done for naval and military affairs by the Imperial Defence Committee, and something more." He desires, in fact, an Imperial Advisory Committee, an Imperial Secretariat independent of any department and under the direct supervision of the Prime Minister, and a permanent Imperial Commission to prepare subjects for the Imperial Conference and to investigate matters referred to it by the Conference. In this way expert organisation could be established and the overlapping of departments avoided.

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BIOGRAPHY.

By A. E. Randall.

Ferdinand Lassalle. By George Brandes. (Heinemann. 6s net.)

The English reader may well wonder why this excellent critical study of Lassalle has been withheld for thirty years. So little is written of Lassalle in the English language that we should have had this translation years ago. Belated as it is, we can still be grateful for its scholarly criticism of Lassalle's various works; and perhaps find this more satisfactory than the biographical sketch. For it cannot be denied that Dr. Brandes is a hero-worshipper; and although he is not extravagant in his demands, and does not suppress facts, he does sometimes fail to accept the most logical inference from the facts. For instance, he objects to Bismarck's statement that his meetings with Lassalle "could not possibly have taken the form of political negotiations. What was there that Lassalle could have

offered or given me? He had nothing behind him." Dr. Brandes says: "Bismarck in 1863 was not so simple as to regard the great German Labour Party, which had just been founded, as nothing. What Lassalle had behind him and could offer was a very valuable alliance for the Government in times of struggle, and if this alliance were not then accepted, it certainly was not rejected." Yet the great German Labour Party was nothing in 1863, and Lassalle's own outcry against the apathy of the working classes is proof of it. Moreover, if Lassalle had been sufficiently powerful to negotiate with Bismarck, the police would have been instructed to cease from harassing Lassalle, at least, during this period. Yet Dr. Brandes says of Lassalle's first visit to Bismarck: "Lassalle found Bismarck's table covered with his pamphlets, and he found in the Prime Minister a kindred spirit who was entirely captivated by his personal influence, though this in no way prevented successive criminal prosecutions being brought against Lassalle."

Dr. Brandes says that the word agitator "seems to have been made to describe him." Yet his agitation failed. Perhaps no more ironical comment could be made on the report of Lassalle's triumphant procession at Ronsdorf in 1863 than that compelled by Dr. Brandes' fidelity to fact. After quoting a newspaper report of this procession, Dr. Brandes says: "Such reports of tours made by royal personages or high officials are common enough. In these cases public feeling is easily aroused to enthusiasm by various motives—the loyalty of subservience, the hope of promotion and rank, the fear of reprimands or the anxiety to be noticed; but such spontaneous expressions of gratitude and enthusiasm as are above described are unusual among the unemotional peoples of the North. Indeed, as Social Democracy was never able to gain a firm footing in this district for a long time afterwards, the enthusiasm seems to have been as short-lived as its blaze was fierce for the moment."

We have not forgotten how mercilessly Lassalle criticised Schultze-Delitzsch. Lassalle preached "State-help" in opposition to Schultze-Delitzsch's "Self-help," in the matter of productive unions for workmen. Bismarck induced the King of Prussia to give a large sum of money from his private chest to support the first attempts in this direction. "On the other hand, Schultze-Delitzsch stated that the weak forces of the smaller workmen and craftsmen would always be able to obtain credit if they would unite for purposes of self-help. After he had covered Germany with a vast net of unions, with a turnover of many millions, he crowned his system with the bank, that by this means he might be able to divert a large amount of capital into the smallest channels of his widely distributed unions. He conducted his plan upon such strict business principles that the shares of the bank even to-day enjoy the best of reputations upon the Berlin Stock Exchange; while the industrial bank founded by his Conservative opponent, Privy Councillor Wagner, Bismarck's factotum, has disappeared from the Stock Exchange quotations." Lassalle might protest, and be "correct in stigmatising the attitude of Schultze-Delitzsch as shameless;" but the facts have justified Delitzsch's boast: "If you are to choose between Herr Lassalle and us, we need only say, 'There fine phrases, and here capital.'" Wherever Lassalle touched practical life, he failed; and Dr. Brandes' estimate of the man must be corrected by the facts. But the book is valuable in spite of its blemishes. It is good, honest biography; it is clear in exposition, and sound in criticism, and as a purely literary study it can only be praised. Perhaps Lassalle was "the Messiah of the nineteenth century," as Heine said, and Dr. Brandes seems to agree; but I do not like Messiahs who fail to establish their kingdom.

Essays on Two Moderns. By W. H. Salter. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Salter offers us three essays on Euripides, and one on Samuel Butler. They are, he says, "written by an amateur for amateurs," and I have found them very dull reading. It certainly adds nothing to anyone's

knowledge to be told that "Euripides is the most notable dramatist of the modern school;" that not only is he "the Greek Ibsen," "the Attic Shaw," but that "a consideration of his 'Helen' suggests an even more pertinent comparison with Mr. W. W. Jacobs." But arguing that "Euripides was a Pro-Boer and an anti-clerical," Mr. Salter proceeds to show that Euripides satirised patriotism and priestcraft by means of his faulty technique, and some subtle allegory that Mr. Salter has discovered in the "Phœnissae." That I cannot understand why the chorus of Phœnician women, for example, should "be intended in some degree to typify the Persian fleet," is not wonderful. Mr. Salter suggests it "with considerable diffidence," although it is logically in keeping with his argument. He examines "The Bacchae," it seems, to see if "it shows any signs of a death-bed conversion;" and concludes that "there is no sign in the 'Bacchae' of any change in Euripides' attitude towards religion, neither of relenting towards the older established cults which he had so often before assailed, nor of welcome to the Bacchic religion which had brought, and was destined to bring, so new a spirit into Greek worship." The essay on Butler is more interesting; but still unsatisfactory. "My intention has been," he says, "to give a glimpse of the general lie of the land, and to indicate how one pleasant and secluded valley leads into another." He has certainly done this, but without arousing any very strong desire in me to read more of Butler. For Mr. Salter is strangely lukewarm. Whether it is modesty or sheer lack of definite opinion or the power of thought, I do not know; but it is irritating to read, "nor have I attempted any such elaborate criticism of his [Butler's] merits and defects as writer and thinker as will be necessary before he can be assigned his abiding place in our literature." This is simply trifling; a waste of Mr. Salter's knowledge and our time.

Great Soldiers. By George Henry Hart. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a series of biographical sketches of no particular interest to the adult reader. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Henry V, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Wolfe, Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Havelock, Lee, Grant, and Gordon, are the fourteen heroes. Mr. Hart says in his preface: "I have tried to set forth in clear language the nobility of character, the great ability, the devotion to the idea of service, and the splendid achievement of the really great men I have dealt with, without bias of any sort." He has really re-hashed the popular stories of these soldiers; so much so that I expected Mr. Hart's Wellington to say: "Up, Guards, and at 'em." But I was disappointed. Of the historical value of these sketches, judge by this fact. He dismisses Cæsar's invasion of Britain in a page and a half, of which one-third is occupied by the story of the standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion. That practically all Cæsar's fighting in Britain was done in 54 B.C. is a fact unmentioned by Mr. Hart. Both in subject matter and in format, the book seems to be intended as a prize for good Boy Scouts, and to them it may be confidently recommended.

The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Elizabeth Bisland. (Constable. 12s. net.)

These letters reveal a temperament, not a personality. They are, as Hearn said, "too prolix and gushy;" and he himself doubted that he had a soul. Nothing could be more astonishing than his extraordinary flow of language when writing of his impressions, or more amusing than his admission that his impressions were wrong. In a letter to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, dated April 13th, 1893, he wrote: "How my letters must amuse you between times. (I say amuse, knowing your patience.) They reflect my own perturbations of spirit. But they are certainly a record of illusion and disillusion. Now only is it time, according to Amiel, whom you quoted in your book, that I ought to be able to treat the subject of Japan seriously. But Amiel, like our friend Mason, did not write at all; he only made notes. He waited, like Mason, till the

illusion passed. And had I so waited, I believe I could never have written at all." A year later he wrote: "To-day I spent an hour in reading over part of the notes taken on my first arrival, and during the first six months of 1890. Result, I asked myself: 'How came you to go mad?—absolutely mad?' It was the same kind of madness as the first love of a boy." I have quoted these passages because they seem to me to be characteristic. He could only write of his first impressions, and they were always wrong. Whenever discussion of any subject occurred between him and his correspondent, it was speedily concluded in terms like this, dated June 25th, 1893: "My dear Chamberlain, You have smashed me, I confess, on the question of quoting foreign words of unknown meaning. Certainly I have no further argument to offer." Yet he had previously written of what he called "the artistic side, the romantic side," of the question in these words: "I write for beloved friends who can see colour in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words." We are unfortunately ignorant of the overwhelming reasons with which Professor Chamberlain destroyed his artistic faith, but we may well doubt that he held this faith securely when we find him coining barbarities like "Japanesy" and "Japanesiness," and splitting an infinitive at the beginning of a paragraph. "To not bore you with too many details," has no elfish electricity; but it is none the less shocking.

Hearn defers so often and so abjectly to the opinion of the Professor, that it is impossible to avoid concluding that he was not only conscious but afraid of the mental superiority of his correspondent. Phrases like this are common. "Let me say that your letter about the reactionary movement completely revolutionized my work . . . caused me to remodel it completely." And again: "Indeed, I have no sensitiveness about criticism . . . even upon my own work . . . I had feared having offended in a purely conventional matter only. I like a very savage criticism on a book next to a very sympathetic one. And you . . . who have the most preëminent imperial right to criticise any critic! . . . never could I dream of protesting against your most perfect frankness of like or dislike to my hobbies. No: indeed! When you agree, of course, I feel glad; and when you don't I sometimes feel disappointed . . . at not having been able to give pleasure, that is all." Such profound prostration before the idol makes me want to read Professor Chamberlain's letters; more particularly as some of Hearn's are unintelligible without them. And when I discover that the only really illuminating phrase in these letters was written of Wordsworth by the Professor, the desire is quickened. "Your comparison about Wordsworth," writes Hearn, "beautiful as a swan when he glides along with the current of a subject befitting his powers, and waddling clumsily when out of it—is delicious." Hearn raves about Kipling, and Edith Thomas, and Gautier, and the early Provencal poets: he even discovers E. Nesbit in the "Athenæum;" but he never says anything as accurately descriptive as this phrase of the Professor. And the man talks of so much that he doesn't understand that one wonders if his opinion of anything is worth having. Take these two instances, for example:—"By the way, since you tell me you have not paid much attention to Provencal, I am sure the early work would delight you; and I am almost sure the *felibres* would charm you. I have not studied the tongue itself, . . . only made out beauties cited in works on the troubadours." In another place, he concludes a long list of books which he recommends to the Professor with this remark: "Let me suggest also Maupassant's 'Des Vers.' I have not read them, but I trust Saintsbury's enthusiasm concerning them." He was not a critic: his philosophy was a quotation from Herbert Spencer; and if, as he said, he was "paralysed for lack of certainties," he was certainly not an artist. He lacked insight into the nature of things, and that precision of utterance that characterises the master. He said, for example, that "a stranger is interesting because he is unintelligible;" and in another place he pleaded that "there are no general rules of a

sharp sort; but to insist upon absolute accuracy would kill speculation and paralyse fancy, wouldn't it?" Contrast this mush of loose thinking and looser expression with the precision of a master of another art, sculpture. Michelangelo struck away with one blow what other men would have chipped with a dozen, because he was sure of his line. But Hearn tells us that he had to write and rewrite five times at least, before his stuff was fit for publication.

The volume includes some letters to W. B. Mason, of less interest than those addressed to the Professor; and some to Mrs. Hearn, these being a mere bible-babble of baby talk. My conclusion is not complimentary to Lafcadio Hearn's powers as a correspondent. I want to read the Professor's letters.

* * *

ART.

By A. E. Randall.

Art's Enigma. By Frederick Jameson. (Lane. 6s. net.)

Mr. Jameson has made this much clear to us, that art demands for its understanding and appreciation the exercise of the imagination. "We are all poets when we read a poem well," said Carlyle; and the converse is equally true, that if we cannot read a poem well, it will have no artistic value for us. For art is surd and silent as the Sphinx to all but the initiate. It is truly an enigma, and Mr. Jameson's apodixis shows that the dark saying is not to be interpreted. We must learn the language in which it is spoken, or be forever barren of understanding.

He puts aside all abstruse speculations concerning the nature of art as premature, perhaps even irrelevant. "If the chemist had put off analysing sugar," he says, "until he had found an objective definition of sweetness, his position with regard to his investigation would be similar now to ours in the matter of art." Works of art are our only sources of information, and if we can discover "what elements are to be found in works of art and nowhere else," recognition, at least, will be easy. Denying the ethical purpose of art, he refuses to talk of good and bad art. "The term bad art can only mean inartistic art, which is a contradiction in terms, like incorrect arithmetic. Incorrect calculation is not arithmetic at all." He disposes of the preconceptions of representative and non-representative art, realism and idealism, impressionism, in his first chapter; and turns to music as the art least associated with extraneous ideas, ethical associations, or philosophic definitions.

Its simplest form, he says, is a harmonised tune. It has no aim but to produce a certain kind of pleasure; but this admission, he says, is a simple confession of ignorance. He notes, of course, that it is composed of concords and discords, some of the latter being extremely painful when sounded alone. Yet, by virtue of some subtle relation, the whole tune gives us pleasure. Further, any alteration of the arrangement of the notes destroys this pleasure; and "this quality of unalterableness distinguishes works of art from all other products of the human mind," he says. Inventions may be improved from time to time, but "no one has added a scene to a drama of Æschylus, or altered a statue of Phidias, or deleted a note from a symphony of Beethoven." He notes, also, that the tune arouses "various emotions in response to those which it seems itself to express," and that we can also trace in it a certain faint resemblance to a dramatic plot. But all these feelings and vague ideas do not convey "any concrete idea to the reason, and do not explain the pleasure given by melody. What is the source of this pleasure? It is not of the senses, for unpleasant sensations have a large part in it. It is not of the reason, for the reason cannot even tell us whether any notes we hear form a melody or not. Some other mental faculty, of the working of which we know little or nothing, must create the tune in the artist's brain, and reveal its charm to ours. We call that faculty imagination, and the source of that charm beauty." That beauty is not capable of definition matters nothing. We all know what the word denotes, and we all mean the same by the word, he says. That people

disagree as to what is beautiful is not a valid objection; for "they disagree equally as to whether things are hot or cold, sweet or sour, although their ideas of hotness and sweetness are absolutely the same." Of the imagination we can only say that it seems to work differently from any other faculty of the mind. It accepts and rejects material without reason, insists on relation without explaining; and when it has formulated its impression, it leaves the conscious mind ignorant of its method. What it has actually communicated to the material is a form, and "the form is the thing that makes the tune." But just as there may be crystals exactly resembling sugar, but lacking sweetness, and therefore to be recognised by a person of taste as being not sugar, so there may be groups of notes which do not give us pleasure, which are not beautiful. They are not tunes, and therefore are not works of art. And as every tune gives us a definite mental impression, all other works of art, however large and complex, must affect us similarly. "A work of art," says Mr. Jameson, "is the representation of an imaginative conception of a group of things composed together in such a manner as to produce a number of æsthetic and emotional impressions not all pleasant in themselves, but combining into one whole intensely delightful, complex, but harmonious mental impression. Its essence and the source of its charm and of all the effects above quoted—emotional suggestion, change of painful impressions to pleasant ones, unity and perfection of the whole—lie in the form and the relation of the parts, and not at all in the separate component elements. The work appeals to the imagination alone, and the reason, or consciously acting part of the intellect, is insensible to its appeal, and is unable to explain or in any way to account for its attraction, or even to tell whether any group of things forms a work of art or not. Its sole aim, so far as we can at present see, is a kind of pleasure, of which the source is a highly complex kind of beauty."

If we left the matter here, our readers might suppose that Mr. Jameson had written a very dull book; and that would be unjust to him. But with this analysis as his test, and his own perception as his guide, he proceeds to the destruction of programme music; of free rhythm, as exemplified by Walt Whitman; of symbolism in painting, with Burne Jones' "Hope" as his instance; of realism in drama, with Ibsen as the culprit, and Bernard Shaw's "conversations" are also ruled out of the category of art; and his criticism of St. Paul's Cathedral leaves scarcely one stone standing on another. He settles the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by quoting a sample of Bacon's poetry, which clearly demonstrates that whoever wrote Shakespeare's works, Bacon did not. He insists that every art must make its appeal through its own medium of expression; that no extraneous interest, no association of ideas, can justify us in using the word "art" to describe things not born of the imagination, or appealing to it entirely by their existence. That a tune is a tune, that a poem is a poem, that a book is a book, that a drama is a drama; that whoever attempts expression by any of the arts must actually think in the terms of that art, may seem to be truisms, but Mr. Jameson illuminates them so clearly by his examples that they seem to be revelations. It is a book that cannot be too warmly recommended to those who really care for art; it clears away so many misconceptions, it insists so strongly on the essentials, it is so clearly perceptive and so faultless in its demonstration, that the book is invaluable to those who prize these qualities. It is the nemesis of Tolstoy, for Mr. Jameson knows what is a work of art.

* * *

By Huntly Carter.

Frank Brangwyn and His Work. By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.)

The sight of Mr. Shaw Sparrow vigorously defending Mr. Brangwyn from his old critics, including Burlington House, calls for admiration not unmixed with a tear. It does one good to see a champion boldly enter the lists and challenge one and all to come on. But Mr. Sparrow is much too late in inviting us to the

slaughter. The din of battle is far past and the air is enervating with musk-roses. Had he arrived with Mr. Brangwyn several years earlier, at the moment, for instance, when his sketches were running round to the nearest pawn-shop, and he was on the point of deserting the studio for the sea, how glad we should have been. Then, like the post-savages, Mr. Brangwyn would have given us something to fight over. Then he might have thrown his gage of future greatness at the feet of the Hotspurs of art-critics and there would have been great and glorious doings. But Mr. Sparrow has arrived much too late with his prize. We are still youthful, still thirsting for blood, but we have found other loves, e.g., the post-impressionists; and there are still more waiting to be found. So Mr. Brangwyn stirs us not. We have known and have almost forgotten his greatness as a decorator. For many generations—or so it seems—we have watched him translating himself on the stones of London in a fine frenzy of rich, glowing colour. And we have been grateful to him for so uniting art and life, believing that some day, when London clears its brain of fog, it too will be grateful. It will then sing the praises of Mr. Brangwyn as some of its most important architecture now sings the praises of his fine sense of decoration.

So watching, we have observed one or two facts that have apparently escaped the eagle eye of Mr. Shaw Sparrow. We have, for instance, noticed that Mr. Brangwyn is not a realist as Mr. Sparrow would have him, and is nearer allied to Stevenson than Mr. Sparrow is aware. He is purely a painter-decorator steeped in romance—the romance of colour. It is sheer nonsense to say he is doing things of the moment. He is putting down things for all time. He appreciates things chiefly for their colour value. He uses types, not as types, but because they lend themselves to colour treatment. Look how he handles his figures, how he tears the clothes off their backs in order to get flesh tones and colour contrasts. Types as such are nothing to him. All he wants is to dress them up in colour. Again, where is the realism in "The Baptism of Christ"? This study simply proves that the painter does not feel human beings as such. Look at the "Brass Shop." It might be called the colour shop. Mr. Brangwyn has seen the possibilities of a colour composition in a collection of bits of rich old pot, and has put them down accordingly. Or take his Mars and Venus. Where is the realism? Where is Venus? The fat woman seated with her back towards the spectator might be anybody. Mr. Brangwyn in the "Card Players" has been fascinated by the possibility of colour treatment. In pursuit of his colour he has torn the trousers half off the man and left the lower part of his loins bare for the flesh tones. He has stuck on a baby's undervest for the sake of further contrast, and he has crowned the whole with a cap for still further contrast. All this proves that Mr. Brangwyn is as great a romanticist as Stevenson with just as fine a talent for describing colour effects.

With this exception the case for the defence of the present Mr. Brangwyn is conscientiously undertaken and successfully carried through by Mr. Shaw Sparrow, while the plea for his greatness as a decorator is as successfully maintained by the many admirable colour illustrations.

* * *

SCIENCE.

By M.D. (London).

The Inherent Law of Life. By Franz Kleinschrod. (G. Bell and Sons.)

"I have succeeded, I think, in discovering the fundamental law of life, and shall be able now to place our theory of disease (the vitalist theory) upon a scientific basis, which will ensure for it the recognition which has hitherto been denied it, by science." "Disease does not differ in principle from life," says Professor Virchow in his Cellular Pathology. If this statement is true, the law of life must be the law of disease also. Elsewhere the author speaks of living and lifeless matter. These extracts sufficiently indicate the author's

position. His book contains a number of unfruitful theories that appear to be born of the Hippocratic dogmatic school of medicine, the precursor, as it has been called, of modern vitalism. The theories are based upon the assumption that the energising principle upon which individual life depends is outside matter. This is opposed to the latest pronouncement of science which says that matter in the final analysis is not matter, i.e., it is spirit or something equivalent. From this it would seem that the energising principle resides in matter; life is a form of matter in motion; therefore life and matter are one and indivisible. If we may believe science in its latest mood, the human form is merely a half-way house between two eternities. Man is clothed in matter for the purpose of development and of education of a sort; and both his anti and post birth are spiritual. He has lived before, and he will live after death in modes that at present are a matter for speculation. But the new belief is that flesh and spirit are one. Dr. Kleinschrod does not share this belief. In his view "Life is as light as a feather, but only so long as it is healthy. If it becomes ill, the law of gravitation of the lifeless world at once makes itself felt: life grows heavy, freedom vanishes: we would like to, but cannot." This must be the feeling of all who plod through the learned German doctor's peculiar conception of the fundamental law of life.

The Treatment of Syphilis. By J. Bresler. (Rebman.)

An account is given in this little book of the observations on and uses of the new Ehrlich-Hana remedy, dichlor-hydrat-diamido-arsenbenzol, salvarsan, or "606," as it is called. The importance of this specific drug for syphilis is very considerable. The disease itself is one of the most difficult to treat, owing to the fact that it is due to an animalcule, a protozoa, which is an animal, not a vegetable parasite; like a bacteria. By application of the remedy large quantities of arsenic may be injected intravenously, i.e., into the blood, without causing poisoning effects. Thus as to application and interpretation we are told, page 38, "Jérone and Hugglenberg treated twenty other cases with the remedy with splendid success. After thirteen weeks five recurrences were found; among these, three men who have received each intravenous or intramuscular injection for primary sore; the clinical manifestations had strikingly diminished; the Wasserman had become negative shortly after the injection, and remained so many weeks. Then, seven or eight weeks later, there was a fresh erosion at the place of the initial sore, in which spirochætes were again found, and the Wassermann reaction again became positive." Further results of the administration of "606," as far as they have gone, tend to show the treatment has an extraordinary effect upon one of the most malignant and highly-infectious diseases of our civilisation. In a case of hereditary syphilis we read, page 39: "On July 6 Professor Michaelis showed to the Berlin Medical Society a child treated with the remedy. The symptoms of hereditary syphilis, infiltrations of the soles and palms, and rash, had completely disappeared in eight days; only the coryza remained. The healing commenced on the third day."

The results as put forward in this book raise the belief that the claims on behalf of the new remedy are not exaggerated, and that we may have in "606" an invaluable remedy for syphilis. But at the same time it must be pointed out that the treatment is on trial as yet. We do not understand its limitations and dangers. There is no doubt it is efficacious in drying up sores and in other directions. But a further testing of the action of the remedy would seem necessary. Furthermore, as the translator points out, the drug must be used with care and cases should be selected suitable for its administration. "Great care must be exercised in selecting the cases, or rather, perhaps, in rejecting unsuitable cases; what these are can be read in the following pages." The great question whether the results obtained are permanent or only temporary has yet to be decided. The book, which is written for medical men,

forms an invaluable introduction to the new treatment. Dr. M. D. Eder has undertaken the part of "translator and abstractor."

Phases of Evolution and Heredity. By Dr. Berry Hart. (Rebman. 3s. 6d.)

Among the fourteen chapters of this book, which preserve no distinct continuity, the two most likely to be of general interest are those on "Heredity in Disease" and the "Handicap of Sex." The first has much to say unfavourable to eugenics. That, in the writer's opinion, we are not going to eradicate disease by mating, may be gathered from the following extract:—"If heredity is of such evident importance, should not some attention be paid to it in actual life? The idea is often mooted that marriages should be so arranged as that the bad qualities of one of the parties should be counteracted by good and opposing qualities in the other. Thus the rake should have the pious bride; the careless, unbusinesslike woman the precise financier; the narrow-chested heir of a degenerate race one of Charles Reade's broad-chested, wide-hipped peasant girls, and, thus the balance of error redressed. Unfortunately, the bad qualities and the good qualities will each have their ratio, and will not counteract one another, although the arrangement of good and bad common qualities may help. Probably the sons in such a case, as following the mother, will be, in some respects, improved. What makes this planning of suitable marriages not feasible is, that it is not Nature's way." Apparently Dr. Hart believes that the implied interference with natural selection is not good for the individual nor for the community as a whole. It will be noticed that the passage quoted gives the essence of Mendelism, the inheritance of units or unblending characters.

The chapter on the "Handicap of Sex" should not be taken too seriously. The author contends that woman is equal in brain to man, but there is not sufficient proof that she is equal in genius. The contention leads him into the old fallacy of woman's mental inferiority. "In art, science, politics, women have not taken the position men have. If we make a first class in all these branches, there will be no woman in it. No woman can be placed on a level with Shakespeare, Scott, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Balzac, Tolstoy, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Millet, Turner, Beethoven. Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, are not among these gods of art, and some of the former have no rivals in women by any means. Can this be changed? Will, in the future, superwoman overtop man?" The only reply to this tiresome twaddle is, wait and see. There is nothing to be gained from making a virtue of results. It is quite possible that women in the past have had as much genius as men, and perhaps more, but the opportunity to express it has not been equal. The chapter supports the view that "in some work, woman is far ahead of man. She has in some respects a more tolerant nervous system than man." If this is so, then she is entitled to take a prominent part in present day legislation, which is so largely concerned with what may be termed the nervous system of society, and is accordingly based on questions of maternity and the care and education of children. The book is an interesting study of evolution and heredity in the light of recent research. It is clearly written and considers fairly both the biometric and Mendelian schools. Diagrams and a glossary add to its usefulness.

Darwin and the Humanities. By J. Mark Baldwin. (Swan Sonnenschein. 3s.)

Professor Baldwin has expanded his paper on "The Influence of Darwin on the Mental and Moral Sciences" into the present concise volume, which he dedicates "entirely without his knowledge—to the great naturalist Wallace." In his view "the Darwinian theory of to-day might with entire appropriateness be called Wallaceism." His aim has been to confirm Darwin's position, and to show that the application of Darwin's principles is much wider than Darwin conceived. "Darwinians have found the principle of natural selec-

tion more comprehensive than its author did; and the 'Neo-Darwinians' of the last generation, led by the other great discoverer of natural selection, Alfred Russel Wallace, believe in the 'all-sufficiency,' literally understood, of Darwin's law." This all-sufficiency explains a great deal if not everything. Elsewhere he refers to "this action of a selective process within the organism" and "a fruitful extension of Darwin's principle." As an instance of the working of the selective process he mentions that learning in nature, from the infusoria to the child, is founded on the principle of trial and error. "The problem of 'educability' of 'profiting by experience,' has been attacked throughout the entire range of organic forms, with striking harmony of results, summed up in the phrase 'trial and error.'" From this it may be gathered that a continuous selective process goes on in the child, and habits are being continually tested, and those which make for pleasure survive, while those which make for pain are rejected. Hence arises the underlying plea that man's methods ought to be brought into harmony with those of Nature, and individuals should not be led to interfere with natural methods, but to understand and facilitate them. That this is the wisest and absolutely essential form of 'interference' is proved, for instance, by the scientific treatment of diphtheria. This method is founded upon Nature's method, i.e., a natural method of developing an anti-toxin which kills the germ. A certain treatment consists of injecting an anti-toxin which has been formed in the blood of the horse, thus working on a nature method. As a matter of fact, serum therapeutics is a system of treatment entirely founded on natural methods. Thus science co-operates with Nature.

The principle of natural selection cannot therefore be too highly estimated, and Professor Baldwin's vindication of it, and his exposition of its application to sociology, ethics, psychology, or what he briefly terms "The Humanities," is of particular value at a moment when the wider significance of Darwin's theory of natural selection is beginning to be felt and appreciated. The book, which needs an index, contains interesting appendices on "Darwin's Judgment" and "Darwinism and Logic." It is tersely written, perhaps too tersely. The reply to the question, "What is natural selection?" is open to this objection. "Some living creatures survive and propagate their kind when others of the same kind cannot. That is all." The statement, simple as it appears, practically sums up the whole theory of evolution.

* * *

By J. M. Kennedy.

The Evolution of Mind. By Joseph McCabe. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

Mr. McCabe begins at what is now generally reckoned to be the beginning:—

The picture which the modern physicist suggests to us is one of extraordinary grandeur. It connects our diversified material cosmos into an ideal unity. The whole sweep of space over which the aided eye can roam, or the photographic film can reach—a stretch of at least 5,000 billion miles—is filled with a continuous substance, whose enormously dense and elastic frame transmits its quivering pulses of light, and heat, and electricity at unimaginable speeds. (Page 4.)

From this "matter" Mr. McCabe takes us up to "mind," attempting to show, from a purely materialist standpoint, how mind has developed from the lowest forms of consciousness to what it is now—that is, if we use the word "mind" in a general sense, not restricting it to any one aspect of the brain. Indeed, it might have been better to call this work the Evolution of the Brain rather than the Evolution of Mind. This, however, is a suggestion rather than a criticism. After all, you can never contradict Mr. McCabe. He makes no statement without good authority, and his text bears evidence of the care he has bestowed upon the numerous English, German, and French works bearing upon the different branches of science which he finds it necessary to treat of in the course of his book. From the standpoint of the scientific layman his thesis is well

developed, and the book will no doubt add to the author's reputation.

When Mr. McCabe begins to draw deductions touching the higher aspects of mind, however, his materialism tails him and he stumbles into pitfalls which, by the Immoralist school of thinkers, would probably be called Christian. In Chapter XI., for example, he seems to take it for granted that European culture is superior to Asiatic—a point of view which is all the more remarkable when it is considered that Asiatics are noted for their capacity for abstract thought, a capacity in which Europeans are notoriously deficient, especially the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon families. Again, he writes: "Spain and Russia linger still, to prove how little internal principle of progress there is in a race." This is Christian—the inability to sit still and think; the constant desire to be on the move. If Mr. McCabe refers to progress as the word is understood in Europe and America—the subordination of art to mechanics, let us say—let us be thankful that we still have a Spain and a Russia. An uncharitable person, however, might judge from such a sentence as this that Mr. McCabe had only an imperfect conception of the enormous potentialities of the Slav intellect.

For one statement, at least, though, we must thank him:—

Speech is a buoy, provided by the community to maintain at a certain level members of the race who would normally sink far below it. By that medium they are enabled to borrow and express ideas of objects and relations which are entirely beyond their native capacity. It is as difficult to penetrate to the normal working of their "minds" as it is to grasp the religious views of a lowly tribe of savages. What they themselves regard with pride as the operation of their intelligence is often only a kaleidoscopic play of phrases borrowed from their journals or from speeches or conversations. Behind their crude formulation one discerns a very primitive, narrow, and concrete intelligence. If we could imagine the disappearance of speech, "the human mind" would quickly cease to be the impressive unity it is. (Pages 244-5.)

A more admirable summary of British stupidity—both the stupidity of the democracy and the stupidity of our modern aristocratic classes—it would be difficult to find. Our author ends with a rather pessimistic note:—

The time will come when humanity—a race of geniuses, judged by our modern standard—will wage the most Titanic struggle that will ever be recorded in its calendar. Our sun must die, as other suns have done and are doing. . . . At last the central belt of the earth will sink to the cold of space, and the marvellous structure of brain will succumb to the natural forces which engendered it, and sink back into the elements from which it was so slowly and so subtly compacted. (Page 280.)

Here is the materialist influence. Looking at the matter merely from a practical and mechanical point of view, surely this "race of geniuses" will be able to put up a pretty good fight? But one is inclined to ask whether the Hindoo capacity for "willing" may not achieve results at such a time which are at present obviously beyond the grasp of the merely Western imagination. We have not made much advance on what Cicero said nineteen centuries ago: *Qualis sit animus, ipse animus nescit.*

* * *

NOVELS.

By Edward Lascelles.

Cottage Pie. By Neil Lyons. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

This is a series of rustic sketches and impressions, for the most part of Mid-Sussex, written much on the same lines as the author's London stories of Arthur's coffee stall. Most of the book is amusing, and some of it is really delightful. A few of the characters, notably Mr. Tracey, the jobbing gardener, and the insidious Jack o' Clubs, will rank with Beaky, Mr. Honeyburn and the immortal frequenters of Arthur's.

It is amusing certainly, but is it Sussex? With all submission, I would question whether the author, sympathetic observer as he is, has lived long enough in the heart of Sussex to know the real depths of the Sussex nature? Your Cockney will babble his inner-

most soul to you on the top of a 'bus, but it is otherwise with the true native of Sussex. He is a man of silent moods, and you may know his life and habits, and know nothing of what is in his mind.

I question then, again with all submission, whether the people in the book with a few exceptions are really Sussex people, and not rustic Londoners. The episode called "Rose in Hair," for example, is frankly un-Sussex. I do not say that it could not happen. For all I know, it may be a recital of unadorned fact. But the impression of the story is not Sussex, any more than it would be a typical scene in the House of Commons if the members were described as playing stump cricket on the Terrace; though for all I know such a thing may have happened.

But at times the author is really convincing, and whatever may be thought on the subject of truth to life, the book is distinctly worth reading.

* * *

By C. A. Dawson Scott.

My Lady Good-for-Nothing. By "Q." (Nelson.)

It is a curious fact that of all our authors the two who write with most charm of manner and vividness of phrase—Kipling and "Q"—should either be incapable of drawing human beings as they are, or should prefer to manipulate them to suit the exigencies of the stories. *My Lady Good-for-Nothing* is an instance in point. The author states at the beginning that it is a man's idea of a woman, and that may of course be the reason why Ruth Joscelyn acts with greater perversity than ever did mortal girl, and why her actions are not in keeping with the character he has attempted to delineate. What woman, for instance, would refuse to marry the man she loves, the man who is anxious to give her his name, and upon the legitimacy of whose children a great estate hangs? Not the pure, delicate, and refined Ruth. No, nor any woman of her type. Again, it's ill drawing children when you haven't a model at hand, for their proportions differ from those of an adult. In this matter "Q" has sinned before. He draws his children from memory and has, alas, forgotten their attitude of mind as well as their possible development at, say, five and nine.

No doubt the story of "*My Lady Good-for-Nothing*" did, as he says, happen, but not to those people. The real Sir Oliver took his fisher-maiden and lived with her coarsely and simply, until the shock of the earthquake at Lisbon convinced him that his life was not approved of by the Higher Powers. "Q" says that writing the story has made these characters alive for him; unfortunately, in spite of its undoubted charm, reading it has not done the same for us.

* * *

By Huntly Carter.

Lady Fanny. By Mrs. George Norman. (Methuen. 6s.)

An excellent story is told of Sir Herbert Tree's last visit to Birmingham. Being asked by the Bishop what chiefly impressed him during his drive round the city, the actor replied: "The odours. I counted ninety-nine. They were all bad." "Then you missed the hundredth," said the Bishop. "What is that?" asked the actor. The answer was: "The odour of sanctity." The story recalls the position of most novelists. Their chief occupation is driving round life, counting and dissecting the bad odours. They invariably miss the odour of sanctity. Consequently all the dregs, the stupidities, the banalities of English character affect their pages as with leprosy. The great men and women, the great passions and emotions are neglected for diseases. These diseases are either recognised as incurable, or there is an attempt to administer remedies. Mrs. George Norman is a lady who deals in prescriptions. Her book is a tale of prescriptions. The first dose that Lady Fanny takes is marriage. This is immediately followed by a sleeping draught of seven years' duration. Being unable to wake, she calls in the family physician, who prescribes a child. But a friend, who is also consulted, prescribes a flirtation. Lady Fanny takes the latter. Much high fever during a visit to the Lower Engadine ensues.

The keynote of the book is provided by the character who says: "It is the little things of life that count." Mrs. Norman has taken this Ibsenite dictum literally. Her book is full of little things that do not count. One of them is the prolonged love affair at Davos. It occupies the greater part of the book, and is simply a box of sugar-coated pills, of which the principal ingredient is breadcrumbs.

The Woman on the Threshold. By Maud Little. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

The idea of this book—the struggle in a woman between two opposing selves—is a big one, and though it is not new, it contains the elements of tragedy, and an inspired writer might have made a great novel of it. It is too big an idea, however, for Miss Little to handle, and her leading character, instead of being made a strong, ambitious woman, able to master destiny, but slowly crushed to death by the tyranny of circumstances created at an early period of her life by her conventional nature, is an unconvincing little person, whose dual nature is materialised in a husband who has "a prejudice against olive oil, subliminally connecting it with Italian Anarchists," and a house-painter who professes Socialism, and at first acts and talks like a Billingsgate fish-porter, and later develops into a sort of glorified Hyde Park tub-thumper. The latter is the "other" self, who appears frequently throughout the story to worry the woman standing on the threshold, and to exercise a mild kind of influence over her son. Occasionally the main idea eludes the author, and wanders out of the book for chapters at a time. It manages, however, to come in at the death in a confused way. The author is so skilful in character-drawing that it is a pity she wastes her time on such poor stuff. She should exercise her vision, and try her hand on some rich, elevating, strenuous material.

A Fair House. By Hugh de Selincourt. (Murray. 6s.)

This book contains a triple mystery—the title, the story, and why it was written. It is also in three parts. Part I. might be called Death and Life. Wife dies in child-birth. Husband, assisted by a friend, philosophises all through on his gain and loss. Part II. : An essay on the psychology and education of the child-mind. It concludes with the infant daughter's pertinent question: "How does a child come?" Whereat the author flees. Part III. : The child, grown up, fertilises a genius, who gives birth to a startling work. "Fair House" talks a great deal about a conception of love. Itself, however, is prematurely born. It has not much heart to speak of, and very little head. Perhaps it is because the author is not Olympian in his attitude towards life. His characters are on a dead level of dullness. Neither they nor his ideas are molten lava.

Splendid Zipporah. By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Methuen. 6s.)

On page 45 occurs the phrase which sums up the musical career of the heroine, and which should open page 1: "Pan wanted her for a reed." The "her" through whom the little god has chosen to pipe himself into public notice is Zipporah. Having been thus blessed and approved by Pan, Zipporah enters the musical line, and begins to rise to great heights (mostly physical) at a very early period of her life. In fact, she harps upon the double-bass to such good purpose that soon from being conducted by the Arcadian she turns to conducting him. Conducting an orchestra is indeed the height of Zipporah's ambition, and her view is early filled with visions of fat salaries, big hotels, fur-lined coats, delirious audiences, etc., etc. Beyond this, apparently, she has no ideals. She neither seeks to improve the style of the programme, so to speak, nor to educate public taste, nor to create a new musical form, nor to set forth stimulating interpretative ideas, nor to reveal the reformer in any striking way. On the contrary, she unrolls herself without charm, and in an independent, sentimental, and quarrelsome sort of way. Occasionally she talks and thinks like a disappointed chorister, and, wherever she goes, the bandroom and its technicalities and banalities follow. Throughout she contrives to make one painfully aware of her huge pro-

portions, as when she goes to bathe, and we are told "she came up snorting like a sea-horse to the surface." There is, in fact, very little evidence that she possesses a soul worth analysing. It may be that she is intended to set women an example in pioneering in a new direction—namely, as conductors. And if so, her lead should be big and masterful, not composed of double-bass soloisms.

Pam the Fiddler. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

Pam the Fiddler is an Elizabethan and Yorkshire version of the fiddler in John Masfield's "The Tragedy of Nan." He is the materialised spirit of romance of the Yorkshire Ridings, and as such is a queer person with a queer taste for hanging about windy fells and draughty moors, prophesying coming events, and performing miracles on a fiddle which voices his sentiments, including patriotic ones, like a true-born Briton. Pam appears at an important moment of our history, when there was a strong reaction against the Reformation, and the friends of Mary Queen of Scots were conspiring to place her on the throne, seeking thereby to restore the roofs of Catholic temples ruthlessly torn off by the many-wived Henry. Apparently Pam has a great time before him, given the old druidical spirit, and provided the author makes him at Heaven's or someone else's command arise out of the purple moors and fiddle the men of "The Rising" to great and glorious deeds. In reality, however, he does nothing but fiddle a notion of leadership into the leading gentleman. The subsequent attempt of Kit Norton to dazzle the reader with his leadership in and out of well-known battles is not a success. The author has omitted to make him of the stern stuff of which leaders are made. He is far too mawkish, and the final dodge of dragging in an eagle at the birth of his son does not improve him. It only serves to remind us that Kit ought to have been an eagle equipped for big flights. Then there would have been an excuse for bringing in Pam the Fiddler.

The Polar Star. By Lady Helen Forbes. (Duckworth. 6s.)

Though it is not clear who or what the "Polar Star" is, it is evident from the first page to the last that this book was hardly worth writing. It recounts the doings of a certain operatic singer named Senor Don Francisco Esteban Ximantes y Falkland alias Toby, and called Frazco for short, and of Lady Katherine Helena Cromer (known as Kitty), younger daughter of the Earl of Norwich. Frazco has taken the latter for wife without the consent of her parents, and this feeble affair affords an excuse for a number of crude, harmless sketches of society "types," men and women of straw and rags.

Fortuna Chance. By James Prior. (Constable. 6s.)

By right this book should be called "Misfortuna's Chance," and the subtitle would be "Odds on Roland." It is quite clear that when Fortuna creates a scandal and goes away to undergo child-birth and thereafter to devote herself to the sole care of the child, it is a hundred to one that the latter's father will turn up in the last chapter, or thereabout, and make a clean breast of everything. This is what really happens. Roland, after wandering aimlessly through the story, getting mixed up with gipsies and engaged in treasonable practices, is arrested on a charge of murder. He is brought to trial and convicted. Being called upon by the learned judge to say why sentence of death, etc., etc., he indulges in some biographical-biological rambles, aided and abetted by Fortuna, hidden somewhere in the well of the court. Whereupon the learned judge is noticed to act in a manner that no self-respecting judge would adopt. He suddenly leaves the bench, and, having removed his wig and ermine, takes his place in the dock beside the prisoner (his son). Thus in this strange way he expresses his remorse for having allowed his son to grow up in ignorance of his father. The proper sequence to this would be to place the son on the judgeless bench and let him sentence his father to death for being an idiot. But the author misses this chance to shine. He keeps to the conventional, and

allows the real murderer to be apprehended in court, and the curtain to fall on the moving picture of the judge in the dock (where more judges ought to be), embracing his wrongly accused son. This guileless tale occupies 440 pages. The author has dressed it in quasi-historical costume, and displays a knowledge of gipsy and character dialect that leaves Mr. G. R. Sims a very creditable second.

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Truth We Owe to Youth. By Henry Hamill. (Bielefelds Verlag, Baden; and Siegle and Co., Leadenhall Street.)

The messy sexual discussions of the day have surely reached their climax in this book. If the contents are "the truth we owe to youth," then we hope to goodness that elders will always remain in debt. It is not enough that our lives from puberty should be hourly distorted by sex suggestions from people and writers who ought to have something more important to *think* about, but the tendency is now to impart the wretched knowledge and to stimulate the desire in children almost before they are out of the cradle. We need not say, we hope, that it is not the immorality of the proceeding that shocks and disgusts us, nor is it the rank obscenity. For our part we find the "Winning Post," for example, clean and invigorating as Rabelais. What we detest, however, is this sticky, furtive, insinuating sexualism which pretends that sex is a divine mystery, etc., etc., ad nauseam. In plain words, we object to phallic worship. If the passage which we propose to quote from the present book does not open the eyes of sex acolytes to the nature of the service they will presently be joining in, nothing but an article written by the man in the street in his spade-is-a-spade vernacular will be of any use. The police would probably suppress THE NEW AGE if it performed that public duty, but we should, nevertheless, die happy. However, here is the passage we proposed to quote. One remark on an earlier page illuminates the mind of the author: "What a mine of instruction the farmyard is to the child." It seems we are to add our mothers to the instructive stock:

The mode of continuing the early enlightenment on sex will vary with circumstance. Further questions and answers may take some such course as this:—

Child: You said our whole bodies could kiss and that was the real marrying—how is that?

Mother: You see how fond baby is of lying at my breast, and the more of him touches me the happier he is.

Child: I like cuddling you, too.

Mother: But it does not mean so much to you. You will leave it off in time.

Child: I'm sure I'll love to cuddle baby —

Mother: And to cuddle your own baby above all, and the man you have it from. It's with loving him you begin to have a baby.

Child: But you said kissing —

Mother: That's part of the cuddling.

Child: But *our* flower-things have to mix?

Mother: Lovers kiss with other lips besides.

Child: What other lips?

Mother: I have told you that Nature economises all she can. . . . She makes no more openings in the body than she can help. . . . So Nature needs an opening for the "flower-things" to exchange by. . . . But she uses the same passages for the waste water of the body. . . .

Child: I sometimes have a strange feeling there —

Mother: When you want to make water?

Child: No, besides that feeling.

Mother: That is the beginning of the feeling of the flower.

The less you notice it the less it will be, and the better for you. But in its own good time . . . , etc., etc.

We have quoted the worst passage in the book, and plainly say so to warn our pure-minded critics not to rush off and buy the book for their further delectation.

The Customs of Old England. By F. J. Snell. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Snell has collected from various sources information concerning such diverse customs as miracle plays and trial by combat or ordeal; leagues of prayer and the festival of the Boy Bishop; the begging licenses granted to University scholars, and other matters pertaining to the University and its "privilege"; the old order of serjeants-at-law, so recently abolished as 1877;

outlawry and sanctuary; and a mass of information concerning customs in town and country, relating to trade and property. Each subject is presented with as much detail as is possible, quotations from actual documents being frequently made. The book is very well illustrated, and should be valuable to those who are interested in the period of the Middle Ages but have neither leisure nor taste for antiquarian research. It is furnished with an index that is really useful.

* * *

By R. M.

The Starlit Mire. By James Bertram and F. Russell. With Ten Drawings by Austin O. Spare. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"I should know something of children," said the woman, "I've buried ten of my own." By the same reasoning I should know something of epigrams and aphorisms, I've burned hundreds of my own. Is it a corollary that the authors of the present volume know nothing of epigrams, since they have published three or four hundred? That, however, is not the only evidence; as witness:—

The Widow's "might" is the Widower's "must."

A sex difference. Men shy when women aren't.

Where thief meets thief, there is the Stock Exchange.

A red nose is a better worker for Temperance than a blue ribbon.

Providence and the Police look after those that help themselves.

The Heavenly City is not for City men.

Friendship remains Platonic as long as the gas is lit.

Pretty silly, are they not? But there are others somewhat better:—

Journalism—Scribes writing for Pharisees.

To be human is a disease, to be humane is the remedy.

The old gods were very human . . . the new gods are not very divine.

Pride of nationality depends not on ignorance of other nations, but on ignorance of one's own.

The drawings by Mr. Austin Spare are a faithful blend of Beardsley and Sime.

The Silences of the Moon. By Henry Law Webb. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

Except for the covers this is one of the most carefully and pleasingly produced books we have seen for a long time. The pages are printed in the old marginal prayer-book form, with side-notes and Old English lettered headings. The type is pleasant and the page is balanced; the end papers are also good, their only fault being an appearance of a regular palisade of pines. The cover on the other hand is out of harmony with the rest of the format. The colours, green, black, and gilt, are too heavy in this proportion, and the illustration is a mistake. As a piece of book-making, however, it stands out from the general, by the obvious care bestowed upon it. The contents are unimportant. The essays are mostly in praise of nature. Such praise too! Always the second careful rapture.

* * *

By Huntly Carter.

The Quest. By Dorothea Hollins. (Williams and Norgate. 4s. 6d. net.)

A play of this kind serves one very admirable purpose. It emphasises most strongly the need of an art theatre served entirely by artists. We have no such theatre; only a barren unprofitable stage. So for the present such beautiful plays as "The Quest" must be read in the study, or left to the disciples of beauty—ever a small though elect band—to interpret to the best of their resources. To them, no doubt, the proposal to set certain passages to music will not appeal. Poetry is in itself music, or it is not poetry. Now-a-days, poets consent to trick out their verse with something which they call music, because men have lost the power of beautiful speech. Perhaps it is this condition that has led Miss Hollins to propose to wed her verse to music. But, again, good verse needs no music, and Miss Hollins' verse is good and needs none. Her play is concerned with the things of the spirit. It refreshes and lifts us for a brief space from this underground chamber which we call the material world. So does music.

A COPY OF THIS PROSPECTUS HAS BEEN FILED WITH THE REGISTRAR OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

No Underwriting, Commission, or Brokerage has been or will be paid.

BART KENNEDY'S PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES (CONSOLIDATION) ACT, 1908.

Capital - - - £10,000

Divided into 40,000 10 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 2s. 6d. each and 5,000 Shares of £1 each.

2,500 of the £1 Shares have been allotted fully paid as purchase price to the vendor, who takes no cash consideration.

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6d. per share on application; 1s. per share on allotment; 1s. per share as and when required.

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JAMES BALFOUR BROWN, Esq., "Cromhurst," Mitcham Lane, S.W., Gentleman.

JAMES HENRY NANCARROW, Esq., Border Lodge, Sydenham, S.E., Publisher.

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Solicitor.—HARRY OSBORNE CARTER, 23, Bedford Row, W.C.

Auditors.—BARKER, SUTTON & CO., Eldon Street House, Eldon Street, E.C.

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PROSPECTUS.

This Company was formed to launch THE VIEW, Bart Kennedy's Paper, which will be conducted on entirely new lines.

THE VIEW is a weekly paper, edited by Mr. Bart Kennedy, the well-known author and journalist, who, by his original and forceful work, has secured an extensive following both at home and abroad. In the opinion of those best qualified to speak, the success of a paper under such auspices is practically assured.

There could be no more convincing proof that such a paper as THE VIEW is wanted than the very large orders already received from the Trade. These now amount to nearly 250,000 copies.

Everything has been done to ensure THE VIEW being the journalistic success of the year. Arrangements have been made with the most experienced firm of publishers in the United Kingdom to publish, print, and obtain the advertisements for it.

THE VIEW is a paper that will claim a large following among advertisers. We confidently anticipate securing an advertisement revenue of some £120 weekly. The advertisement contracts already booked for THE VIEW amount to no less a sum than £1,350.

The chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial principle of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the journal the opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest in it at par, and thereby of furthering the progress of the paper as well as of sharing in its profits.

It should be observed that the vendor is not receiving any portion of the purchase price in cash, but is taking the whole amount in shares that will rank for dividend only after 10 per cent. has been paid to the Cumulative Ordinary shareholders. This is significant of his entire confidence in the success of THE VIEW.

The Company has also powers to enter upon other undertakings of a similar nature, but it is not proposed to exercise these powers at present.

The cost of printing, distributing, and advertising this Prospectus, and legal and other expenses, are estimated at £300, and will be paid by the Company.

The Articles of Association provide as follows:—

The qualification of a Director shall be the holding of shares of the Company of a nominal amount of £100. A First Director may act before acquiring his qualification, but shall in any case acquire the same within one month from his appointment, and unless he shall do so he shall be deemed to have agreed to take the said shares from the Company, and the same shall be forthwith allotted to him accordingly.

The Company in general meeting may from time to time increase or reduce the number of Directors, and may alter their qualifications, and may also determine in what rotation such increased or reduced number is to go out of office.

The Directors may from time to time choose some one or more of their number to be Chairman of the Company, and may from time to time appoint a Managing Director, subject to the appointment of Mr. Bart Kennedy as first Managing Director as hereinafter referred to, and may entrust to and confer upon such Managing Director for the time being such of the powers exercisable under these Articles by the Directors as they may think fit, and may confer such powers from such time, and to be exercised for such objects and purposes and upon such terms and conditions and with such restriction as they may think expedient; and they may confer such powers either collaterally with or to the exclusion of and in substitution of all or any of the powers of the Directors in that behalf, and may from time to time revoke, withdraw, alter, or vary all or any such powers. The first Managing Director shall be Mr. Bart Kennedy, as provided for in the agreement referred to in sub-section (a) of Clause 3 of the Memorandum of Association.

The Contract dated August 22, 1910, mentioned in the Memorandum of the Articles of Association of the Company has been adopted by the Company, and, by arrangement with Mr. Bart Kennedy, rescinded.

The following Contract has been entered into:—

Contract dated September 12, 1910, between the Company on the one part and Bart Kennedy on the other part.

By the said Contract the said Mr. Bart Kennedy is appointed Managing Director of the Company for a period of ten years, at a salary of £350 per annum, together with 2,500 fully paid-up one pound shares in the capital of the Company, in consideration of his undertaking not to write for any journal or publication except THE VIEW or any other periodicals which the Company while in existence may produce or control. In addition to the salary and shares aforementioned, Mr. Bart Kennedy is to be paid for any literary contribution supplied by him one-half of the price fixed by the Directors for such contributions. The said 2,500 fully paid-up one pound shares held by Mr. Bart Kennedy are not to rank for dividend in any year until 10 per cent. has been paid out of the profits of the Company in that year upon the 2s. 6d. Cumulative Ordinary Shares and 6 per cent. on the balance (2,500) of £1 shares of the Company.

A copy of the Memorandum is printed in fold and forms part of the Prospectus.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is fixed by the Articles of Association at shares to the nominal amount of £50. The Directors, however, have already assurances to the amount of £1,600. Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the above-mentioned contract can be seen at the offices of the Solicitor of the Company at any time during business hours, while the Subscription List is open.

Application for Shares should be made on the accompanying form, and sent to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount of the deposit. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the amount of the shares allotted is less than the amount applied for the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the amount due on allotment and the remaining instalments, and any balance remaining will be returned. Failure to pay any instalment on the shares allotted when due will render previous payments and shares allotted liable to forfeiture, but the Company may at its option require the allottee to pay any such instalments with interest thereon at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum from the date when the same ought to have been paid until actual payment.

Prospectus and forms of application for shares can be obtained from the Company's Bankers, and from the offices of the Company.

Dated February 28, 1911.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

This form must be cut out and sent to the Company's Bankers. Please write clearly.

To the Directors of **Bart Kennedy's Publishing Company, Limited.**

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers, Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet Street, London, E.C., the sum of £....., being a deposit of 6d. per Share on..... 10 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of two shillings and sixpence each in the above-named Company, I request you to reserve for me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Company's full Prospectus, filed with the Registrar of Companies.

Name (in full).....
(Please state if Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address.....

Description.....

Usual Signature..... Date.....