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 criticism, I cannot deny. 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. "Mere 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 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 pleasures 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. 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 the results of selection, Mr. Chesterton has declared himself. In the heaven that Chesterton 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 all the 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 Tractates on the Infernal Calendar," which is not quite finished, 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 the very judges do to decide, 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 the very judges do to decide. But when it wishes anything done which is not worth doing, it has the power to command 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 be justified 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 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 pleasures 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. 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.

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Our contributor, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, has already reviewed this book in our columns, but the result of it is that 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 toils of the usual inflammatory and ill-informed agitator. It 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 and his brother shot by British soldiers, the coolness and breadth of his impartiality are amazing. 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 not fanatic; as the classical form of his history indeed indicates. His judgment of events and persons is measured, moderate and sound. We particularly commend the portraits of Abd el-Kader 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 great heights of Mr. Mohamed's judgment are turned on; and in respect of Lord Cromer, at any rate, the severity of the criticism has altogether 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 had a presentiment of the power advanced by Mr. Gravani, 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 same spirit of treachery 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 administra- tion 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. Mr. Nabulsi, the British liaison officer, who together with Mr. Mohamed intended to take 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 administra- tion they would have been welded? The fact is that in the clash of forces such as nations represent it is the campaign of propaganda and leadership that is of prime importance. This is not, as Mr. Mohamed remarks, 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 wise sentiment of the day. Let it be a lesson to Young Nationalists the world over may one day succeed.

In the Land of the Pharaohs. By Duse Mohamed. (Paul, 10s. 6d. net.)
We had intended to carry on our criticism to the move-
here. Woods has given us convincing reasons why he chose
standpoint, and initial endeavours to
become familiar with the numerous races and creeds
the reader in connection with this new state of affairs
northern Albanians differ in many respects from the
States form the greatest enigma in Europe from the
expected from the reformers. The latter, most of whom
is the enormous amount of dissatisfaction felt with the
new régime There were bitter complaints under
arise very quickly.
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
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 (“Scouts Viator”). (Constable. 4s. 6d.
et.)
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 suspicious means, so to say, such as
. . . . 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 quotation marks, and then 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 depopulation of the electors visited
him in his Palace, 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?” he 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 quite!" 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. And gain.

At 10 p.m. Julius Markovics (Nationalist) had 494, George Rudynanszky (Const.) 349 votes. Owing to the unbridled agitation of the Nationalist party a brawl arose with the second committee. The petrol 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 a master imperial scheme and to investigate matters referred to it by the Conference. In this way expert organisation could be established and the overlapping of departments avoided.

* * *

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 very soon. But 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 an honest critic, 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 1803 was not so simple as to regard the great German Labour Party, which had been formed in 1863, as nothing in the way of something to be annexed. 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. Bismarck had no use for it. All the agitation 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 man concerned in the proceedings could be made on the report of Lassalle's triumphant procession at Ronsdorf in 1863 than that compiled by Dr. Brandes' fidelity to fact. After quoting a newspaper report of the procession, Dr. Brandes says: "But the reports of tours made by royal personages or high officials are common enough. In these cases public feeding is easily aroused to enthusiasm by various motives—the loyalty, the subservience, the hope of promotion and profit, the fear of reprisals 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 Schultz-Delitzsch. Lassalle preached "state-help" in opposition to Schultz-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, Schultz-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 productive 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 industry 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 Schultz-Delitzsch as shamming;" 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 dramaticist of the modern school;" that not only is he "the Greek Ibsen," "the Attic Shaw," but that "a consideration of his "Helen" arms and legs him even to a 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 satirized, patriotism and priestcraft by means of his faulty technique and some subtle irony. Mr. Salter has discovered in the "Phoenissae." That I cannot understand why the chorus of Phoenician women, for example, should "be intended in some degree to typify the Persian fleet," is not wonderful.

He examines "The Bacchae," it seems, to see if "it shows any signs of a death-bed conversion," and concludes that "there is a 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 degree to 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 "Japonesy" and "Japonesiness," and splitting an infinitive in such a manner as to make 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 as if he had grovelled before the idol and the opinion, and conceded 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 views," and "I am beginning to read literature partially." And again: "Indeed, I have no sensitiveness about criticism..., even upon my own work... I had feared having offended in a purely conventional manner only; I like a very savage criticism on a book next to a very sympathetic one. And you... who have the most preeminent 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 dissatisfied... at not having been able to give pleasure, that is all." Such profound prostration before the idol of the Professor made him himself the idol of his correspondence.

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 Caesar, 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 rehashed the popular stories of these soldiers, so much so that I expected Mr. Hart would say: "Up, Guards, and at 'em." But I was disappointed. Of the historical value of these sketches, judge by this fact. He dismisses Caesar'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 Caesar'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 the Hearn of "Helen," "too pure and too plain" to know his own doubts 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. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, "the feilhre" 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: "On this remark: The 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 criticism," that is the true mark of 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
sharp sort; but to insist upon absolute accuracy would kill speculation and paralyze fancy, wouldn’t it? Con- trast this mush of loose thinking and looser expression with the precision of a master of another art, sculpture. Michelangelo, he says, 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 bibble-babble of baby talk. My conclusion is not complimentary to this powerful correspondent. I want to read the Professor’s letters.

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**ART.**

**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 sure 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 for ever 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 be only 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 that is, he says, 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 unalterable-ness 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 Aeschylus, 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 that element, 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, may create a sort of sweetness 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
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 busy metropolis for the solitude of the sea, life might 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 demises. 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 many clothes to be found. Mr. Brangwyn sticks to 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 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 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”? The theory is simple: perhaps 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 not, 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 inspired by the possibility of colour treatment. In pursuit of his colour he has torn the trousers off the man and left the lower part of his loins bare for the flesh tones. He has stuck on a colour treatment. In pursuit of his colour he has torn the trousers half off the man and left the lower part of his trousers on. He has stuck on a colour treatment. In pursuit of his colour he has torn the trousers half off the man and left the lower part of his trousers on and successfully carried through by Mr. Shaw Sparrow, these extracts sufficiently indicate the author’s 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 - arsenobenzol, salvarsan, or “666,” 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 poisonous effects. Thus a new application and interpretation we are told, page 38, “Jérôme 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 spirochaetes were again found, and the Wasserman reaction again became positive.” Further results of the administration of “666,” as far as they have gone, have been still further confirmed, and 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 of both the new remedy are not exaggerate, and that we may have in “666” 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, 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 selecting suitable cases for this treatment.”

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. Edz has undertaken the part of "translator and abstracter."

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

Among the early 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 that is 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, something must be done to aid it in the maternal 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 writer should have the pious bride; the careless, unbusinesslike woman the precise financier; the narrow-chested heir of a degenerate race, the broad-chested, wide-hipped peasant girl, and thus the balance of error redressed.

Disease" and the "Handicap of Sex." The first has much to say unfavourable to eugenics. That, in the manner of fact, serum therapy is a system of treatment entirely founded on a continuous selective process goes on in the child, and habits are being continually tested, and which make for pleasure survive, while those which make for pain are rejected. Hence arises the underlining 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 use the selective processes of Nature, this is the wisest and absolutely essential form of interference proved, for example, by the scientific treatment of diphtheria. This method is founded upon Nature's method, i.e., a natural method of developing an antidote, and the selective process of Nature 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 therapy 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 a full and exhaustive discussion of the 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 people answer, after Mr. Darwin, that it is an all-sufficient, literal understanding of Darwin's law." This all-sufficiency explains a great deal if not everything. Elsewhere Dr. Baldwin states 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 use the selective processes of Nature. The writer of the present volume believes 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 use the selective processes of Nature.

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:—

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 today. 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, however, is a suggestion rather than a criticism. After all, you cannot 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, French, Italian, Spanish, and other languages. From this book he has necessarily to treat of in the course of his book. From this standpoint he has been 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 fails him and he stumbles into pitfalls. As Asiatics are noted for their capacity for abstract thought, a capacity in which Europeans are notoriously deficient, especially the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon families, he would naturally 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 Asiaties 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 grapples the religious views of a lowly tribe of savages. What a perfect conception of the enormous potentialities of the 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 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 innermost 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 a statement to the effect that 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 Joscelin, the contrast with which the ungracious and unamiable Dorothea contrasted, is not accurately characteristic of 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 the story, "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 the center of the universe, that he was not the head of the universe. He was 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, it has not done the same for us.

* * *

By Hunty 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 drugs, 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 higher 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 natures—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, 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-wife, but later lapses 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 distraction over her son. Occasionally the main idea eludes the author, and wanders out of the page through whose public notice is Zipporah. Having been thus blessed and begins to rise to great heights (mostly physical) upon the double-bass to such good purpose that soon from being conducted by the Arcadian she turns to performing miracles on a fiddle which voices his sentiments, including patriotic ones, like a true-horn Briton. Pam appears at an important moment of our history, when there was hard work going on. It recounts the doings of a certain operatic singer named Senor Don Francisco Esteban Ximantes y Falkland alias Tohy, and called Frazzo for short, and of Lady Katherine Rachel Cromwell daughter of the Earl of Norwich. Frazzo has taken the latter for wife without the consent of her parents, and this feeble affair affords an excuse for a number of 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 "Missfortune's Chance," and the subtitle would be "Simia on Roland." It is quite clear that when Fortuna creates a scandal and goes away to undergo child-birth and there after 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 undergoing a puerilely through the washer, 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 ramblings, aided and abetted by Fortuna, hidden somewhere in the well of the court. Whereupon the learned judge is noticed 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's proper position. But this would have been too simple 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 guiltless tale occupies 440 pages. The police would probably suppress THE NEW AGE, were it not a sex acolyte act the part of serjeants-at-law, so recently abolished as it is. We have quoted the worst passage in the book, and we propose to quote. One remark on an earlier page may take some such course as this:

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

Mother: But it does not mean so much to you. You will not like to cuddle baby —

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

Child: But you said kissing —

Mother: That's part of the cuddling.

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outlawy 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, containing actual documents being frequently made. The book is 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.

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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 called the "Winning Post," then we hope to goodness that elders will always remain in debt. It is not enough that our lives from puberty should be hourly disturbed 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, that it is not the immorality of the proceeding that shocks us, nor is it the rank obscenity. For our child Sand disgusts us, and displays a knowledge of gypsy and charact-

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The Starlit Miro. By James Bertram and F. Russe.
SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

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BART KENNEDY’S PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.
INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES (CONSOLIDATION) ACT, 1862.

Capital - - - £10,000

Divided into 40,000 10 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of 8s. 6d. each and 5,000 Shares of £1 each.

The Cumulative Ordinary Shares will be entitled to a cumulative dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, and will rank both as to Capital and Dividends in priority to the 3½ per cent. Preference Shares of the Company.

The Directors may from time to time choose some approximate number of Directors, and may entrust to and confer upon such Managing Director for the time being such powers and duties as they may think fit, and may confer upon such Managing Director the power to act before acquiring his qualifications, but shall in any case be free to make such additions or reductions in the above-named number as they may think fit, and 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 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 Board of Directors is appointed Managing Director of the Company for a period of ten years, 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. 5d. 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.

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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.

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