NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If there were any real relation between the Press and the people we should be disposed to laugh somewhat cynically at the spectacle of England submitting to having its leg pulled by Sir Edward Grey. As it is, however, we may safely say that nobody outside Fleet Street and other little bethels takes either his views of universal peace or even his professed desire of peace seriously. Two years ago Mr. McKenna thought it necessary to raise a black deil of a scare about German invasion in order to pass the Naval Estimates. That deil being temporarily dead, Sir Edward Grey has this year thought it advisable to raise an equally chimerical scare and England submits to having its leg pulled by Sir Edward Grey.

But if only tactical motives exist in the minds of Sir Edward Grey and President Taft it is certain that without material to work upon, these alternated devices of scare and glow would prove fruitless. We know that in the case of scares and panics there is always plenty of material to work upon, these alternated devices of scare and glow are the same tactical purpose. We have no objection to the use of techniques of this kind, provided that they are economically employed and that a sufficient number of people see through them. On the present occasion, however, as on the last, the splendid lie of the moment seems to us very extravagant. It really did not need a panic to pass the "Dreadnought" estimates of two years ago; nor was it necessary last week to reduce Fleet Street and Nonconformity to a quivering jelly of sentiment to ensure their acceptance of the current Navy Bill. Sir Edward Grey, who pursues fishing as an occupation, should know better than to fish for sprats with mackerel.

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We despise the whole nine days' agitation for reasons which will be convincing enough when what Matthew Arnold called the "glow" is over. As soon as the swirmy sensation induced by the mirage of Eden has passed away, cold consideration of the facts and factors of the situation will set in. What, for example, is there in the previous records either of Sir Edward Grey and England, or of President Taft and America to make anybody seriously suppose that they mean peace? Human nature makes no leaps any more than Nature herself; and the known characters of the two parties to the present manoeuvre make it practically certain that nothing is meant, beyond tiding over the difficulties of the moment. As a matter of fact, Sir Edward Grey could not conceal in his speech the cynicism which any physiognomist can read plainly on his face. The almost indecent suggestion that internal revolution brought about by naval and military expenditure will occur sooner in Germany than in England disposes entirely of the newspaper theory that Sir Edward Grey is ensuring peace. As for President Taft, his term of office expires in two years, he has an invincible Senate to fall back upon in case he should be expected to make his words good—and there is also, as Mr. Verdad points out, the trifling consideration of Japan. Need anything more be said?

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But if only tactical motives exist in the minds of Sir Edward Grey and President Taft it is certain that without material to work upon, these alternated devices of scare and glow would prove fruitless. We know that in the case of scares and panics there is always plenty of material to work upon in England. The material, however, is highly combustible and extremely volatile, but it has the advantage of being rapidly renewed. Scares, in fact, may be relied upon to produce an effect every five years or so, but at no shorter intervals. The glow, on the other hand, is almost perennial in its potency; and it arises from four distinct sources. There are those who yearn for universal peace and warm at its name solely because peace is cheap. Precisely the same mental phenomenon can be induced in them by the prospect of suddenly reducing the cost of any industrial article. Then there are those who advocate peace because they imagine peace is good for trade. These dwell upon Imports and Exports as the ledger accounts of human salvation, and incidentally of worldly wealth. Thirdly, the ministers of cheap religions are to be found among the glowing mass of pacifism. Finally, there are the untutored Socialists who regard peace as an indispensable condition of Social Reform.
We trust our readers will not jump to the conclusion that we are either opposed to peace or are advocating the continuance of war if we set these criticisms of pacifism before them. Nothing much that we can say, or, for the matter of that, that any journal can say, will influence events very considerably. Peace and war are merely symptoms of national psychology, and, as such, are largely out of the field of practical politics. If we desire to maintain one or to avoid the other, it must be by changing the national mood or character, and this is an infinitely slow process, and one for artists and statesmen. On the other hand, nothing is to be gained by shutting our eyes to the fact that neither in England nor in America have recent events pointed to any deep spiritual transformation of national character. On the contrary, so far as we can see, both countries have sunk perceptibly in spiritual culture within even the last decade. Ought we to expect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, that we should now be disposed to regard a real aspiration after peace as a natural outcome of a lowered national life? The prevailing motives of peace appear to us, indeed, to point to the opposite conclusion.

Peace procured for such purposes as we have enumerated would be not merely an evanescent peace, but a degraded peace—peace with dishonour.

Of all the contemptible motives to peace, its cheapness is the most contemptible. We hesitate to say that the majority of pacifists are moved more by this consideration than by any other; yet it must be admitted that this aspect has been predominant during the recent discussions. Mr. Chiozza Money in vain pointed out that a nation with an annual income of close upon two million pounds can well afford to spend 40 or 50 million pounds on a Navy. The mere cost of armaments does not appeal to us, indeed, to point to the opposite conclusion. Peace procured for such purposes as we have enumerated would be not merely an evanescent peace, but a degraded peace—peace with dishonour.

Ask these private-minded people what they want peace for, and they are for the most part incoherent. We defy anybody, for example, to say why Mr. Carnegie wants peace—if, that is, we exclude from the possible answers the reasons that peace is cheap and is good for trade. The horrible dangers of peace, as exemplified in the economic history of the last ten years in England, appear never to have crossed the mind of Mr. Carnegie and his olive branches. It is apparently enough for them that nation shall not war with nation, that swords shall be turned into ploughshares (factory-made at high profits and productively employed to create still more profits), and that public expenditure shall be dried up in its most voluminous channel to the enhancement of private wealth. The simple consideration that the internal war of workers and capitalists continues and is intensified with every year of peace is only possible to a Socialist, and since few of the Carnegie pacifists are Socialists, we are perhaps justified in regarding them as moved by the motives of motives. There are, however, we frankly admit, Socialists who are not pacifists. These fall under a different category and must be dealt with by another means than those of the abuse which is all that Carnegie and his like deserve.

Let us call our readers' attention to the following catalogue of crimes. The figures are taken from Mr. Chiozza Money's new work, "Riches and Poverty, 1910-1" (Methuen), and may be relied upon for accuracy.

The total aggregate income of the 443 million people of the United Kingdom was in 1908-9 approximately £1,844,000,000.

Of this sum 1,400,000 persons took £534,000,000
4,100,000
15,000,000
39,000,000
" £275,000,000
" 200,000,000

About one-half of the entire annual income of the nation in enjoyed by about 12 per cent. of its population.

It is probably true that a group of about 120,000 persons who with their families form about one-seventieth of the population, owns about two-thirds of the entire accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom.

The gross amount of profits assessed to income-tax was for the year 1908-9, £3,010,000,000, an increase of over 200 millions in ten years.

During the years 1900-1908 profits have risen 21.2 per cent.; in the same period wages have risen by only one per cent.

Though nominal wages have risen 1 per cent., real wages have fallen in consequence of the rise in the cost of living. This rise during 1900-1908 has been nine per cent. Hence real wages have fallen eight per cent.

The first obvious deduction to draw from this analysis of the national economy is that not only, as Plato used to say, are there two nations within the nation, the nation of the Rich and the nation of the Poor, but during the last ten years of peace these two nations have drifted still farther apart. We put it to anybody, Socialist or Non-Socialist, whether it is not the conclusion to be drawn from the statistics provided by Mr. Money. We are accustomed in all capitalist countries to the spectacle of two nations existing side by side and warring industrially for the spoils of labour; but we are not as yet quite familiar with the prospect of this war becoming more intense. Yet there is not the smallest doubt that given peace over a long period, the more formidable the better. Of these three ways which the present or the previous Governments have chosen, we are perhaps justified in regarding them as theoretically justifiable—let us have no cant about the continuance of war if we set these criticisms of pacifism before them. Nothing is to be gained as we are likely to perceive from either of the present political parties will do anything towards welding the nations together again. On the contrary, every single measure of Social Reform for which the present or the previous Governments have been responsible has simply resulted in substituting State doles (however disguised) for wages, thereby stereotyping the existing breach.

We say all this in complete friendliness to the intentions of sincere reformers. What they intend is admirable enough, but what they actually produce is disastrous. In face of the figures quoted, we challenge them, indeed, to deny that this is the case. They should not be so confident of their acquaintance with a frankly experimental age as to refuse to admit with the evidence before them that their best-laid plans ofSocial Reform have gone a-glee. Precisely to the extent that doles have been allotted to the poor, wages have gone down. That is the sad conclusion to be drawn and to be faced. Now we can face this conclusion in various ways. There are, in fact, three ways. We can continue the policy of doles until finally the mass of the people are as a disguised pauperism. We can transform our politics into statesmanship and demand of our rulers the healing of that fatal breach in our national life. Or we can deliberately engage in war with a formidable foreign power—the more formidable the better. Of these three ways the nation must choose one. All are equally open, all are theoretically justifiable—let us have no cant about
it;— but each must be justified practically by its results.

Concerning the first means, we confess we are not so shocked at the prospect of slavery as some people appear to be. What disgusts us with slavery is not so much its effect upon the slaves as its effect upon the masters. At the present moment, for example, we are much less moved by pity for our ignorant masses of poor than by horror of terrorism and increasing contumency of culture displayed by the rich. Exactly in proportion as the masses tend to become swine, the rich tend to become nothing but swineherds. On the other hand, we must avoid the view of supposing that these swineherds do not know their business. They know it very well indeed, and can be trusted to remain efficient for centuries. What we mean is that wherever grounds his hope of a social revolution on either the inefficiency of the wealthy oligarchy, or on what Mr. Chesterton calls the sacred spark of rebellion in the poor, is building upon sand. On the authority of the late Professor Thorold Rogers ("Wage and Wages," p. 48), "the oligarchy entered into a conspiracy and carried it out during two or three centuries "to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into inremovable pauper." That has been so nearly accomplished without exciting any particular wonder that we need not marvel if the process is concluded with no more ado. The point to urge is that the absolutely inevitable effect of the "ameliorative" legislation of the present regime is the reduction to slavery by quiet soothing means of the whole working population of these islands. That, we repeat, is the end towards which things are now drifting. The gulf between the Rich and the Poor will by then have reached a stage when nothing can bridge it. The Rich and the Poor will be as strangely related and as closely as Riders and Horses.

We refrain from considering at this moment the second of those ways open to us, the way of statesmanship. If Mr. Long's speech at York contains all that the new English Nationalist party has to offer us, the less said the less cynical. Mr. Long's programme of Tory democratic reforms consisted of Housing, Hospitals, Education and Tariff Reform: three lumps of sugar for the horse and a cash bonus for the rider. No, let us turn with a more practical sense to the third way of settling the nation, War! Said the great German historian, von Treitschke: "War is politics raised to the highest power. Ever and again the truth will be confirmed that a nation only becomes a nation through great deeds done in common during certain epochs of peace." All this opens up problems which are unfamiliar to the idea of the Fatherland keep a nation to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to depress his wages. That has been so nearly accomplished without exciting any particular wonder that we need not marvel if the process is concluded with no more ado. The point to urge is that the absolutely inevitable effect of the "ameliorative" legislation of the present regime is the reduction to slavery by quiet soothing means of the whole working population of these islands. That, we repeat, is the end towards which things are now drifting. The gulf between the Rich and the Poor will by then have reached a stage when nothing can bridge it. The Rich and the Poor will be as strangely related and as closely as Riders and Horses.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

REFERENCE was made in this journal last week to an article in the "Nation" regarding Liberalism in theory and practice. I may be permitted to quote from this gem again:

The standing danger of Liberalism is that it has to govern the country. If it were in a permanent minority the task would be greatly simplified. It then might be a party as consistently devoted to Liberal principles as the Socialist Party is devoted to Socialist principles.

Now this remark might be appropriately quoted in connection with many things; but in few more appropriately than Sir Edward Grey's speech dealing with arbitration. If I had not known beforehand that the Foreign Secretary intended to make some such declaration in order to soothe the extreme Radicals in view of the Naval Estimates, I should probably have taken it more seriously than I did. Not that I have ever regarded arbitration seriously as a substitute for war; but I should, I mean, have altered my opinion of Sir Edward Grey.

On what assumptions do the pacifists imagine that arbitration is practicable in all cases, and how do they
propose that it should be carried into effect? How do they square their theory with their practice? Well, they simply cannot, hence these tears in the "Nation."

I deny—and on this point I challenge contradiction—that war is unpopular among the working classes of any country in the world: these working classes who are so constantly appealed to as being dead against it. I deny that the question has ever been thoroughly put before them, much less considered by them. I deny that, if they thoroughly understood it, they would support the peace movement. I deny that the Labour leaders in various countries represent the true feelings of their followers when they say that the working classes as a whole object to war and favour peace.

I affirm, on the other hand, that if the arbitration question were put before the working classes of any country they would, on the whole, favour the old-fashioned method of fighting it out where big interests were concerned. To take an instance, they would have no objection to an unimportant case like the Savarkar affair going to the Hague Tribunal; but, if the seizure of Holland and Belgium by Germany, for instance, were to come up for discussion—and action—an appeal to arms would be favoured by the vast and overwhelming majority. I challenge contradiction on these points, and I do so because I know the working classes of several countries; I know their leaders; and I know the types of amiable old ladies and gentlemen who are at the back of the peace movement. Andrew Carnegie, for instance, whose workmen could doubtless enlighten our Radical contemporaries as to the enormous difference between theory and practice.

Listen to this drivel. It is from the leading article in the "Star" of March 15; and I quote it because the "Star" is fairer of the extreme Radicals, and it happens to be the first of a bundle of Liberal newspapers lying at my elbow:

The peoples are not anxious for war. They loathe it... The distracted nations look with pallid hope to the prospect of international agreement to refer all disputes sooner to arbitration. If the United States and Great Britain were to enter into such a League of Peace, their example would undoubtedly tend to draw other nations into the League... All the peoples of the earth want peace, but all the Governments of the earth are organizing war.

I don't know what pallid hope is, but that may pass. I call this drivel: not merely because it is not enlighten our Radical contemporaries as to the enormous difference between theory and practice. If, mind you, only about 2 per cent. of the people are taking part—for a new form of government, a somewhat uncertain model has been created there. This is due to the fact that the people who are agitating are influential, not because their numbers are small. Three countries which are still desirous of expanding have determined to do it among themselves while there is yet time, just as Poland was partitioned years ago. These countries are Japan, Russia, and Germany; and the new secret agreement I refer to provides, in comprehensive and unmistakable terms, for mutual support in breaking up China.

The Russian ultimatum to China has already been referred to, and it is now in all the newspapers. The Japanese Government, as a few papers have mentioned, has "advised" the Chinese authorities to agree to the Russian demands, and Germany has made no secret of her support of Russia—not merely moral support, which is of little value, except in a few special cases; but support by guns and men. Japan and Russia have both come to the conclusion that it is better not to fight against one another when they can fall to their mutual advantage on a weaker country.

America is backing China, in view of American interests there; but mere backing in this case is, as I have said, useless. It is on this account that President Taft is so anxious to have an arbitration treaty with England, his view being that an agreement of this nature between the two Anglo-Saxon Powers might deter Germany and Russia from breaking up China with the assistance of Japan. This expectation is not a little ridiculous.

I need hardly recall the fact that, so far back as 1897, Germany made a start in her Far-Eastern expansion by forcibly annexing Kiau-Chiau, in the Chinese province of Shan-tung. The district seized is about 200 square miles in extent, and the white population is about a million and a half. The good harbour forms an excellent naval base. Japan, of course, has made an even better start by taking over Korea; and the Russian designs on Manchuria and Mongolia have long been notorious.

In the face of these facts, let those who will prate about peace and arbitration. But give me the big battalions of well-drilled men, the Dreadnoughts, and the up-to-date guns.
The Personal Factor in Current Politics.

By T. H. S. Escott.

Mr. Percy S. Wyndham's death last week removes probably the last great living type of the squire of the English country seat. In his time, and not finally disappearing from the political scene, he was always one of the most distinguished and influential of the English landed gentry.

Mr. Wyndham was a man of the old school, the type of the English country gentleman of the pre-1914 period. His life was devoted to his estate, his family, and his friends, and he was known and respected throughout the country.

Mr. Wyndham was a man of great personal charm and good humor, and he was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. He was a man of great energy and determination, and he was always willing to work hard to achieve his objectives.

Mr. Wyndham was a man of great political influence, and he was always a valuable asset to his party. He was a man of great integrity and honor, and he was always willing to do what was right, even if it meant going against the wishes of some of his colleagues.

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A Plea for Reason in Marriage.
By Margaret Macgregor.

When a Judge of the High Court a little time ago defended the inequality of the sexes in the matter of divorce he raised a storm of criticism that must have been a revelation to him of the rapid progress of public opinion. He advised wives to shut their eyes to their husbands' infidelities, and the advice scandalised not only women, but men. Public opinion was outraged, in spite of the fact that the Judge advocated a policy that is the only possible one for a wise woman under the present state of the divorce laws.

Marriage, whatever the modern woman may say, is the best paid profession yet open to women, and for many women it is the only possible profession, the only way of earning a living for which they have any aptitude, and however insulting and degrading its conditions may become, so long as they fall short of bodily cruelty they must accept them.

A man may flaunt his infidelity in his wife's face, but if she and her children are dependent on him for their bread and butter, she can only persistently shut her eyes. The Law he says, is without condescension, or at least does not punish it, and forbids to resent it is worse than ineffectual.

It is the general economic inequality of the sexes that makes this inequality in marriage so degrading. A woman has to put up with the same infidelities that she is economically dependent, and the Law allows her no redress, whereas if she herself be guilty of the same sin she risks her home, her children, even her daily bread, and finds very probably but one future open to her.

If the Law gave women equal conditions for divorce the economic inequality would still remain, and the infidelity of the wife would still bring the greater punishment. Divorce from a man from the relationship of marriage, and though he may have to pay a certain price for his freedom he does not lose his means of living; the divorced woman usually loses hers.

Nature is responsible for the inequality of the sexes, and, whatever the advance of civilisation may be, women can never escape altogether their natural handicap, but surely the laws of civilisation should tend to minimise the inequality rather than, as the present divorce laws do, take advantage of it. They do not spare the adulteress, but they deal lightly with the adulterer. We do not ask for greater license for women, and we recognise the greater wrong that may be inflicted on a man by his wife's unfaithfulness than she can by giving her liberty to break the marriage contract in order to level things up seems hardly a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

If it were possible to talk of "ideal divorce" it would surely mean the granting of dissolution of marriage when either party desired to withdraw from the contract, since the desire of either husband or wife to withdraw from the alliance is proof that the marriage has failed in its object. To practise divorce on these ideal grounds is impossible, since it would put marriage at the mercy of caprice, and taking away all its stability, lead only to social confusion and disaster. Nevertheless, marriage is a contract between two persons, and when either person becomes incapable of fulfilling that contract—either the husband of fulfilling his obligations as a husband or the wife hers as a wife, as in cases where either party becomes insane, of drunken or criminal habits, the marriage contract being not a civil contract, but a natural one, marriage should therefore become capable of dissolution.

That such persons may be able to fulfil one function of marriage, the procreation of children, and do fulfil this function, is the very reason why the State for its own sake should recognise the evil of keeping such persons legally tied if they desire freedom.

The position of the Church on the matter is obviously illogical. The vow it imposes on the husband is "To love and to cherish," and though it is obviously as impossible for a man who becomes mad to love and cherish his wife as it is for his wife to fulfil her marriage vow and "cherish and obey" him, yet the Church recognises no ground in this incapacity for annulling the marriage unless the madness existed at the time of the marriage. It takes the view that while you cannot make the contract with a madman, you can carry it out with one!

A madman cannot be bound by any contract, and the breaking of a contract by one party to it naturally frees the other. This is the case in the civil contract except the supremely important one of marriage.

The difference in marriage arises from the fact that marriage is not yet recognised as a purely civil contract, but as a supernaturally imposed rite, whereby men and women are called upon, if necessary, to sacrifice themselves and bear all manner of injustice with martyr-like resignation, as if, to misquote, "man were made for marriage, not marriage for man." In so far as marriage is observed as a religious rite let the Church prescribe according to her views the significance of marriage, and let all those who accept her teaching be married according to that rite, and take the risk of the possible martyrdom it imposes. Such a view of marriage has, no doubt, a disciplinary value; nevertheless, for most of us the disciplinary value of marriage is its drawback.

Under the most ideal conditions and founded on the most rational basis there will always be a certain disciplinary element in marriage—either because men always have their due, but the sacrifice of the same to the insane, the moral to the immoral, the innocent to the criminal, is a sacrifice imposed only by the fanaticism of superstitious.

For those, however, who regard marriage merely as a civil contract arranged for the mutual benefit of men and women and for the good of society let the State prescribe a contract imposing reasonable vows, and affording relief from the contract when those reasonable vows become incapable of fulfilment. There is no doubt that many of the hardships that would be removed by a more rational divorce system would never be inflicted if marriage were safeguarded from some of the evils that now beset it. More difficult marriage is even more desirable than easier divorce.

A certain degree of fitness should be demanded from all who desire to carry on the race, and the present improvident breaking of the divorce contract, when those reasonable drunken, should be combated by every means that modern thought and modern science can devise.

The desirably married are perhaps the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of any reform in this direction; there is usually indifference on the part of the male, or they have no due, but the sacrifice of the same to the insane, the moral to the immoral, the innocent to the criminal, is a sacrifice imposed only by the fanaticism of superstitious.

They are afraid of the bogy of free love, and yet if marriage is to be retained as the foundation of social life it must be made a reasonable, not a superstitious institution. Men are not satisfied with "authority" today when it clashes with reason; things must be justified by their effect, not by their origin.

If marriage and the life of the family are to be saved in England, it must be by adapting them to the conditions of the times.

When we consider that the "thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," the view of marriage expressed by the formula of the Prayer book of 1552 can hardly be expected to satisfy the ideal of the man of 1911.

Marriage, after all, was but one of the steps in the evolution of man, one of his efforts to raise himself above the animal. It is neither a natural nor a superstitious institution, but an artificial artifice, and as such perceived by the mind of man for the good of society. Only in so far as it conduces to a higher and better order of things has it any value. In this artificial nature of marriage lies its possible and its progressive adaptability; it reveals the mind of man controlling and restraining nature, and is a response to his intelligence and not, as the dogmatic assert, a spiritual rite imposed from without.
The Party System.  
By Hilaire Belloc

III.

With the leave of my readers I will invert the order in which I proposed last week to deal with the criticisms upon our book. I will write to-day of the false reasoning underlying misunderstandings, and then next week an analysis of the false conception our critics form of the House of Commons, and the contrast between that imaginary House of theirs and the real one.

I must begin by promising, as I do throughout this part of my article, that I shall not make a special fad of most of our critics. Some few of them, as I have said, were not in good faith. What they put forward was falsehood, and witting falsehood; but the greater part of such criticisms as were directed against our book were the criticisms which many—though in decreasing numbers—will continue to direct against any exposure of the Party System, because the nature and consequences of that system are not yet fully apprehended.

Those honest criticisms would not be made were they not prompted by dishonest suggestion. They repose upon nothing worse than a false reasoning, but that false reasoning owes its misdirection to the current phrases and current apologies of hired advocates. They are made in good faith, but they are usually suggested by men in bad faith. Anyhow, let us see what they are.

First, we are told, "You accuse the co-opted Front Benches of being connected by marriage and by blood; but, after all, what have you to do with Front Benches? It is what one would expect. Families meet not, perhaps, upon common political principles, but at any rate in a common political activity. They are engaged upon the same sort of work, and it is only natural that they should talk together."

Well, if the clique directing a great nation did so grow, unconsciously and without set design, to be an inter-married clique, that would be a bad thing. But the evil would not be traceable to any conscious human motive, and it is the conscious human motive in the matter which lends all its weight to the charge.

Now, there are certain very simple tests which can be applied to this question of motive. We have to decide yes or no, does the administrative set, consisting in both the Front Benches, co-opt many new members with the motive of advancing relatives, and is it particularly the case in our Front-Bench connections that would be a bad thing. But, after all, YOU get that kind of thing in any profession. The Party System is in process of exposure amongst both Front Benches; half, perhaps more!—had no connection by blood or marriage or anything else. What answer! Cholera breaks out in Bristol, let us say. A journalist thinks it his duty to inform the capital, and it is indignantly replied to him that quite a number of people in Bristol have not had the cholera yet. Nay, that some of them are never likely to have it. Again, we are told in the same line of criticism that "There must be division of opinion, and therefore parties, wherever men are assembled to discuss public action." Criticism of this sort is merely a play upon words. The Party System is in process of exposure and derision, not because its name happens to contain the old abstract term "Party," with its distinct and honourable old meaning, but because it is in the concrete what it was in origin, a highly organised process of corruption whereby the real divisions of opinion between men cannot find expression.

For example:—There was a violent division of opinion, especially in the governing classes of this country, upon the South African war. How was that division reflected in the actions of the professional politicians? The parties as such were in for it as much as the "Liberals". "Unionists" mistrusted the adventure as much as the "Liberals"; "Liberals" were in for it as much as "Unionists." Yet another Party, the chief political matter of our time.

So far with all the major divisions of opinion. It is of the very essence not of the old idea of "Party," but of the very modern thing called "The Party System," that it prevents any one real national judgment from appearing in the conduct of the State.

Here is another example of such false reasoning. We are told that the machine in its present corruption is necessary because: "There must be some organisation within a great body of men or its corporate action would be impossible."

"Yes", out of Bedlam ever doubted such a thing? In every assembly that has ever met, from a school debating club to a council of war, there has been some kind
We desire to substitute for that diseased state of things in which the representatives of the people shall be free to follow their election pledges, to receive a mandate from their constituents, and to act in minor details upon their own judgment.

If the freedom to act upon the large lines which your constituents have clearly indicated during the election, to represent them in the particular demands they have made, and, in details (when a bill is in committee for instance), to use your judgment of what they in their judgment desire, or of what you (if the occasion is novel) may decide—if this elementary freedom has disappeared from the assembly to which you belong, in what possible sense is that assembly representative? What do you definitely mean when you say that such a system of repression "works"? What ends does it fulfill? What is there "constructive" in the maintenance of it?

The old old formula must I suppose be set down here again for the hundredth time! Well, let me set it down again. A nation lives by its power to express in action its corporate will.

All that closes this transference from national will to national action is an incubus upon the commonwealth.

The organ whereby such transfusion has been and still should be effected in Great Britain is the House of Commons. The House of Commons suffers at the present moment from a defect which has not only clogged but actually interrupted the action of the national will upon the executive. And as to "construction" and "destruction," pray what is the "destruction" of a disease save the "construction" of a healthy body?

The intelligent reader must pardon my repetitions, especially in the use of those amazing words "constructive" and "destructive." They have been forced upon me by those who have never perhaps in their lives enjoyed the contemplation of one clear idea.

Only one serious objection remains to so manifest a policy: and that is the objection that the House of Commons is, as a fact, to-day, not what we say it is but what the remaining party men still honestly imagine it to be: a free representative assembly. It is, as a plain matter of reality, nothing of the sort, and to insist upon the great major fact underlying the whole discussion.

England has a House of Commons with a definite function attached to it which is the representative of the electorate.

We have not to "construct" a House of Commons or a representative theory. Both are there. Both have been here for centuries.

If you don't think that the House of Commons can represent a modern electorate, say so and have done with it.

But don't pretend that the present system is representative.

If you think that the great numbers of a modern State cannot express corporate initiative, say so; but do not tell us that the little co-opted clique at Westminster expresses any action in this world for this matter—were not positive from one aspect and negative from another. It takes the form of telling one that the party system "works": and whoever uses that phrase can not—I say it in all charity—be using his brain.

Now do let us arrange our ideas on this matter even at the risk of a constant repetition: Ever since our attack began it has proved necessary, not only over and over again in the book itself, but in speeches, in letters in such articles as these, to insist upon the great major fact underlying the whole discussion. England has a House of Commons with a definite function attached to it which is the representative of the electorate.

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sky. On Friday night the brass candlesticks were newly polished, the embroideries spread out upon the table; and on Friday night the Great Talk had begun.

She sat with them on Friday night. After clearing away the supper, and conscientiously washing up its plates and dishes, the woman joined the men at the table and waited, meekly, to slip her little net of speech into the enchanted stream. But the stream swept along so swiftly, above her head, beneath her feet, that when she stretched out uncertain hands to stay its speed, it rushed through them with the roughness of great cables, and her hands smarted to their finger-tips.

So it came to pass that, being denied expression, the woman came to be the Great Talk's only listener. When she sat on Saturday evening, passive by this, the Talk hung bubbling up like an unprisoned Spring, on a question of "appearance and reality," and it had poured itself forth unceasingly, so it seemed to her, through the whole of Friday night. Through Saturday's break fast its flow had been intermittent, but after Saturday's breakfast it spread largely into the shallows of "ethics in Art," and after four-and-twenty hours of glorious struggle in these rapids it had, by Sunday luncheon, rushed incontinently down the foaming waterfall of immorality general.

But by Sunday luncheon the woman's power of inarticulate attention was at an end, notwithstanding that her passionate talent for it had been pleasantly assumed by the men down to her carefully prepared meals. By Sunday luncheon, her neglect of the spiritual needs of her little boy, a child of three, filled the woman with remorse, and she suddenly longed to spend the rest of her life alone with him.

There were many miles of woods, she was sure it could not hold its own under the fresh green leaves. She pictured it now, solid and inimical, coiled into inextricable tangles, but buried safely in the beech-mast.

If it defied the men in the woods, her dream went on, there was the long length of the canal, it could be taken unawares and slipped into the weed-covered water.

At this point in her vision the woman was persuaded the men had taken the Talk out with them to give it special burial under a beneficent sky, and her hope assured her that, finding success by the canal, the men must assuredly have the victory when they came to the open sea.

She pictured, there, a desperate and final charge, as the gate opened and she heard Its approach, she closed her eyes and said, "Goodbye, so delightful to have had you," conscious of affectionate remorse for It; but before the car had settled by Sunday night she sighed—"he has a monologue; of course how simple it all is." But this was a thought on the edge of sleep, and the woman roused herself and leaned from the window to picture the burial in the woods.

So it came to pass that, being denied expression, the woman roused herself and leaned from the window to picture its burial in the woods.

"Ah," she smiled, "they are seen better by day." When the two men were packed up in the car, and its preliminary roaring was at its height, the woman believed the Talk had, at last, met its match. She held her hand across her forehead and said "Goodbye, so delightful to have had you," conscious of affectionate remorse for It; but before the car had settled into its work the Great Talk had re-asserted itself, and the sound of It floated back to her as she fastened the cottage door.

At the window she said, "What capital fellows they are." Then he yawned and flung up his long loose arms above his head.

"It does a man good to stretch his mind a bit," he yawned.

She leaned out of the window and listened: then she said:

"I suppose it is being added to, somewhere else."

"What is being added to?"

"Why—the coast."

"I don't know what you mean," the man said a little indifferently, for he was tired.

"Don't you hear the coast being worn away?" she asked, laughing.

"Well?"

"Well, the land must be being made up to it on the other side, mustn't it—or England wouldn't be what she is."

Then the woman shut the window; and she laughed to herself quite a long time—for so simple a joke.
A Statesman's Mind.

By Niccolo Machiavelli.

(Specially translated for “The New Age” by J. M. Kennedy.)

SECTION III.—OF THE RIGHTS OF NATIONS RESULTING FROM CHRISTIANITY.

(1) Among the Gentiles, all those who were conquered in war were either ruthlessly slaughtered or held in perpetual bondage, in which latter case they passed their lives miserably. The conquered lands were laid waste, or else the inhabitants were hunted from their homes, deprived of all their possessions, and scattered hither and thither.

The introduction of Christianity, however, led to a change. Conquered peoples were neither slaughtered nor held in slavery, but were soon restored to freedom; towns, although they might revolt a thousand times, were no longer razed to the ground, and their inhabitants were left in possession of their goods.

(2) Our Christian princes, amid all their conquests, exhibit an equal regard for the cities and states they have subdued; and they leave them with all their arts and almost all their ancient customs. In this they differ wholly from the barbarian princes of the Orient, who destroy the towns they conquer and scatter to the winds all the civilisation of mankind.

SECTION IV.—THE DEFECTS WHICH HAVE MADE GREAT MEN A PREY TO LITTLE MEN.

Those rulers of ancient times were wrong in thinking that the whole art of governing a state well lay in knowing the laws, in the ability to think out a prudent answer, to write a fine letter, to show themselves smart and prompt in deeds and words, to know much about, to govern their subjects greedily or proudly, to rot in idleness, to grant military honours by mere favour, to show indifference to any one who might try to point out to them a better mode of life, or to wish others to return to their first principles by arranging that, this renewal should be effected by bringing these laws back again to their first principles—by arranging that, when they begin to show signs of stagnating the statute-book by missing their primary aim, they shall once more be drawn up with the object of securing respect for religion and justice.

(3) Those states which are well governed, and have had a long existence, are the states that can most often renew themselves by means of their own laws: and this renewal should be effected by bringing these laws back again to their first principles—by arranging that, when they begin to show signs of stagnating the statute-book by missing their primary aim, they shall once more be drawn up with the object of securing respect for religion and justice.

(4) In order that judges may possess sufficient dignity and reputation, they should be of an advanced age.

(5) There should be plenty of judges: if there are only a few, they will act as a small coterie of privileged persons always does.

(6) It is the duty of every man, whatever he lays claim to certain rights, to see for them in the ordinary way, and not to try to take them by force.

(7) Any urgent expedient to which it may be necessary to have recourse, should be utilised in such a way that violence and force may be repressed, that necessary to have recourse, should be utilised in such a way that violence and force may be repressed, that (8) When cases come up for hearing and decision, it is not right to inflict a revengeful penalty; but merely one which is just sufficient to punish the crime. This is a civil duty: the out-and-out condemnation of the felon is a criminal duty.

(9) A well-ordered state should check disorder in the same way as it checks crime; for the one aids the progress of the other and both weigh heavily upon the state.
I should say, first, that grounds or no grounds, whoever has the courage in the face of the universal belief in the contrary, to affirm that man is immortal and to think and talk and act as if he indeed believed it, is still of all men the noblest. But there are also grounds in plenty for those who really do desire to believe, it is really the desire to believe that is usually lacking. I will come back to the grounds in a moment. But tell me, why do you suppose men do not desire to believe?

It is evident that they do not, and, what is more, it is evident that they can not. Most men make such an infernal mess of their lives that death comes as a positive relief. It saves them the trouble of disentangling a skein that has become horribly knotted. Do you suppose that if men were immortal they would not despair of ever smoothing the threads? Death, I repeat, is their deus ex machina. It is not the blind fury with the accused shears, but with the welcome shears. Only a superman could endure the knowledge of his immortality.

Why, what strange thing are you saying now? Only this, that as man differs from the animal in foreknowledge of his mortality, superman differs from man in knowledge of his immortality. It is the business of the philosopher to accustom men to precisely this knowledge.

But how can he do this?

Certainly he cannot do it by merely telling men the fact. Death only became credible when men became willing and able to believe it. So, too, immortality will become credible only when men are able to believe it. At present they are not, and for the best of all reasons: they do not feel fit for it or worthy of it. But your philosopher will teach them so to live as to be both willing and able to live for ever. You cannot have too much of a noble life or too little of an ignoble one. Live nobly and you not only desire to live for ever, but you are prepared to believe and finally to know that you will. That preparation is, therefore, the philosopher's first task.

And the second, I suppose, is to discover the grounds on which such a policy may rest? Well, if you like, but they are really contained in the first. Immortal is as immortal does; what do you say to that? But I see you are on a lower theme. You want scientific proofs, rational evidence and the like, do you not?

Such is mere man that I'm afraid I do. Has it occurred to you to enquire why the animals are not aware of their mortality? Have they not plenty of evidence, proof things? Yet they do not sweat and wring their hands about their condition for the simple reason that they are unaware of it. Why are they, think you? Could you convey the deathspell to them? No, of course, I could not. They have not the faculty for understanding.

Precisely. And now may I say that men generally have not the faculty for understanding the gospel of mortality, though the evidences of it be as numerous as the evidences of immortality among animals? Will you agree to that?

I have no choice, since it is my own proposition. But I have already said that the knowledge of immortality is only to be obtained by living the philosophic life. The philosophic life, in fact, develops the faculty. Nothing else does. And now you see why I place the philosopher in the highest rank among men. He prepares men for immortality by preparing them to wish for it and then to know it. By so doing his services to society are useful, are they not?

Useful to individuals, but to society as a whole? Ultimately, and through the individuals, yes. For example, suppose there were two righteous men in our city who knew by reason of their own nature that man is immortal, do you not think our city might be saved the black depression which hangs over all men's minds? Belief in mortality is a plague which does not kill the man but maims his life. Deliverance from it is our hope in philosophers.

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By Jacob Tonson.

I feel like a social reformer who has actually got something done. For a long time I have been agitating for an adequate translation of the novels of Dostoevsky. I have even heard I wanted, exactly as it is, that Mr. Heinemann (who will be honourably remembered by posterity as a mighty publisher of good translations) should publish the novels of Dostoevsky in a translation by Mrs. Constance Garnett (whose renderings of Turgenev and of Tolstoy should make certain her ultimate canonisation by novelists and other students of fiction). Mr. Heinemann is about to publish the principal novels of Dostoevsky in a translation by Mrs. Constance Garnett, and if the principal novels succeed with the British public, then he will publish the minor (but still very important) works. I do not claim any merit on account of my agitation. I am prepared to hear from Mr. Heinemann that he was entirely unaware of my agitation. I don’t care. I can swallow any coincidences. This thing is coming to pass. And those English novelists who cannot read Russian and who are too idle or too insular to read either French or German, will at last have an opportunity of studying the greatest scenes in fiction ever written by anybody. I hope they will profit by the opportunity. If all the well-intentioned novelists in England buy the new edition of Dostoevsky, the success of Mr. Heinemann’s venture is assured.

Six volumes of the series have so far been planned, and one is actually executed. To wit, “Crime and Punishment.” The series, however, will not commence with “Crime and Punishment,” though this is the only Dostoevsky title with which the British public is even moderately familiar. (By the way, it pains me to say a harsh word of Mr. Dent’s “Everyman’s Library,” but I am bound to express my fear that the translation of “Crime and Punishment” announced in that admirable and bold library is an ancient translation whose defects are more apparent than its virtues). “The Brothers Karamazov,” in two volumes, will be the first novel issued. Personally, I class this work with Stendhal’s “Chartreuse de Parme,” as the most heretical of the modern works, as quite perfect in its line. Dostoievsky goes deeper and rises higher. Let the finest novelists in Europe to-day read only the long scene with the monk at the beginning of “The Brothers Karamazov,” and let them ask themselves honestly if they could come within ten miles of the epical splendour of it! Immensely long, “The Brothers Karamazov” is nevertheless only a fragment—introductory to a work that would have been unique in dimensions had the author continued and finished it. But he died, and the most important and heretical of the brothers Karamazov is merely sketched in this vast fragment; the development of his character would have come later.

Further volumes will include “The House of the Dead” and “The Insulted and Injured” (together in one volume), “The Idiot,” and “The Possessed.” Those who have not read the first and the last of these works have a tremendous sensation in store.

It needs no special prophetic courage to announce that Dostoevsky will soon loom much larger in the literary heavens than he at present does. His turn is emphatically coming. Two books on him are soon to appear in Paris, one by André Gide and the other by Suárez. To the former I must be a regular critical biography, and it is certain to be of quite first-class quality. The second (of which the serial publication has already begun) is a study. I fancy that I have not before mentioned Suárez in this column. I hereby formally mention him. I know nothing whatever of the man, nor am I acquainted with anyone who does. Even his Christian name is a mystery, for he is coquettish enough never to print it. I have introduced his work, with success, to several Parisians who had never heard of it. Readers of his research will be astonished to find him contentedly buy “Voyage d’un Condittière” (Cornély, 3frs. 50c.), a book of Italian travel on the surface, but in essence something far more profound. The chapters on Leonardo da Vinci, on Stendhal, and on the artisans of Mantua will give a fair idea of the whole. M. Suárez has also published two volumes of “Essais sur la Vie.” Under the pseudonym of Yves Scantrel he writes a regular article in “La Grande Revue.” This article is not to be lightly overlooked.

I recently offered a reward of a signed copy of one of my books for the best translation, in not more than two words, of the French adjective “rosse.” I anticipated that this competition would be easily won, and I was not mistaken. A more lamentable set of postcards have seldom been received in any competition. However, my theory being that the word is untranslatable, I ought not to complain with too much violence. I give the prize to the man who contained himself with one word—“cutting.” “Cutting” is not anything like an adequate translation of “rosse,” but it is better than any other translation sent in, even in two words. Nobody sent in the word “biting,” which was suggested to me by a Frenchman who speaks better English than any many_Englishmen. A “rosse” must not merely be cutting, biting, malicious, but it must be more so than at first sight it seems to be. It must be “nasty” under an appearance of blandness... The Englishman who thought of the “rosse” was Whistler, and a classic example of rosserie is his famous response to Oscar Wilde, who, after one of Whistler’s witicisms, remarked, “That’s rather good, Jimmy. I’m sorry I didn’t say that myself.” Whistler consoled him: “Never mind, Oscar. You will say it.” Even in Paris this is currently quoted as quite perfect in its line.

The Breaking of the Drought.

By Michael Williams.

At least a dozen drops of rain fell heavily: huge, hot globules that seemed to burst like toy torpedoes as they pinged down in the dust of the road in Oak Tree Canyon, through which I was riding, one July afternoon, from the Empire Ranch to Rosemont. Great clouds—that to my inexperienced eyes looked like business—were rolling down from off the Santa Rita Mountains, with violet sparklings of lightning among them, and a muted muttering of thunder. I hate thunder storms. My nerves seem to behave like the sending machine of a wireless station, and to give out sparks, when electricity surcharges the air; nevertheless, living as I am among the ranchers of Pima County, in Arizona, where ten per cent. of the cows are already dead of starvation, I was content to be made miserable and to suffer a soaking, consoling myself with the reflection that if the rain would only come in earnest everybody else for hundreds of miles north, south, east and west of me would rejoice with thanksgiving for that the terrible drought was broken at last. People who have lived in the Territory for a

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quarter of a century tell me it threatens to prove the worst drought in that period.

Last summer the rain fell very light. This spring they failed. The cattle faced the long, hot, summer in poor shape; the springs and water holes were weak and low, and many soon dried up. Hundreds of farmers in the valleys who usually secure snug hay crops, gathered not a straw this spring. There was a storm two weeks ago; but one storm does not make a rainfall in Arizona! What is needed is a daily storm—and a flood, and a cloudburst or two, so to speak—so arid is the roasted earth.

The seasons of distress were the prophetic. No real need was there for me to put on my slicker! Instead of protecting me from a shower bath it simply was the means of giving me a sweat bath. If anything is more suggestive of the superb hot room of a Turkish bath than the effect of wearing an oilskin coat on a hot day in the desert, I'd be most curious to know what it is.... I tied the slicker behind the saddle, and restored to my body, from my canteen, part at least of the moisture I had lost.

The opening of that which had heralded the failing of the scattered drops of rain passed on up the canyon, and died, as with a sigh of utter exhaustion, among the oaks; throttled, as it were, by the soft, heavy hand of the smothering heat.

I stopped my horse and permitted the strange psychic currents emanating from the immense silence to play upon me, until I was warned by a quivering feeling round my heart, and by the uneasy stirring of my horse—affected, no doubt, by the contagious emotions vibrating in me—that it is as dangerous to play with silence and with solitude as with the prove of fire.

Some day I will tell you a strange story of a man who intrigued with the occult spirits of silence and quiet and solitude that rule the inner life of the desert; a man who was a searcher after singular emotions and exceptional thoughts.

But at present I want to tell you about the drought.

As I started my horse forward, there was flung on the broad belt of glaring sand that marked the bed of the canyon, a moving shadow; then another, and another. Looking upward into the profound gulf of cloud, I saw three buzzards descending.

From behind a belt of mesquit, up the slope of the canyon, there came the semblance of a mournful sound—a semblance, I say, for there was something disturbingly unreal in the sound; yet, also, a something irresistibly suggestive of one of life's keenest realities—which is, suffering.

I knew what the sound portended. I knew what I should see if I rode to the clump of mesquit; so I did not do so. Too many times before had I looked at sights like unto what was there!

A calf or a cow was slowly dying. Like thousands of its kind, weakened by starvation, it had fallen, never to rise again. The buzzards were dropping down to investigate. If the dying creature was a calf, they would sit down, or wait for the tit-bit; if it was an old and bony cow, they would turn up their ugly noses and pass on. The buzzards and the coyotes are plump as stockbrokers this year; and quite equally as affectionate, too. Too many times before had I looked at sights like unto what was there!

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I have seen ten or a dozen buzzards at once disposing of the choice portions of a young calf, while not far away, quite undisturbed, lay a score of older cattle, ready for the table of the creatures that prey on the dead. In the herd of distress for the herd, they that prey upon it wax fat and become epicurean; not only on the range!

I carried a rifle slung on my saddle. But it is unlawful to shoot any calf unless you are the owner thereof. You must forbear your hand from the trigger, albeit the mourning cries of the starving and fallen creatures are at the very gates of your own door.

The reason for this law is, that without it, too easy would it be for beef-eaters, sans respect for property rights in the meat they desire, to kill a beef and, if any questions were asked, to say the deed was one of mercy to the beast.

I counted fifteen newly dead, and three dying cattle in a ride of less than four miles the other day.

Carl Scholefeld, the Forest Ranger, in the Santa Rita Mountains, told me that he had counted more than thirty in one canyon.

At the Empire Ranch I was told that probably a thousand cows were already lost to this one company. The Empire ships its Arizona cattle to its ranches in California, and fattens them, and then sells them at, say, about $45 each; so that the loss of a thousand head means a loss of more than $40,000; to say nothing about the expense of raising them, or the further loss entailed in the shortage of breeding cows next season. Millions of dollars have been lost to the South-west by the drought; and if it continues a great many cattlemen and farmers will be ruined.

There is everywhere a feeling of nervous apprehension, and even fear. These emotions seem tangibly vibrating in the atmosphere; as is the smell of dead cattle as you ride the ranges. In any other country the presence of so many carcases would cause a sickening stench; but in this water-dry land there is nothing worse than an acid, ammoniacal odour that tells of death, but does not add death's horrible burden of corruption.

The ranchers watch the sky for signs of rain as mariners shipwrecked in mid ocean watch the horizon for a rescuing sail.

The first and dominant subject in all conversations is the drought.

The Forest Rangers in the mountains are constantly riding the reserves, on the lookout for forest fires—which are continually breaking out. A great conflagration in the Catalinas near Tucson, has just been brought under control, after a hard week-long, day and night battle.

As I rode through the Helvetta Pass the other day I could see the dim smoke of a fire in the Santa Ritas; a sort of grey steam rising from a distant blue-black range, under the huge dome of the misty turquoise sky. I could see fifty miles across the desert below, on beyond Tucson. It was like gazing across the sea—a strangely coloured sea—like an ocean of melted minerals; dull coppers, and duller bronzes, and streaks of iron, and patches of lead, and veins of verdigris; and upboilings, like geyser, of grey dust storms, whirling like water-spouts; sometimes as many as six visible at once.

It was if the whole immense country—the mountain ranges, and foot hills, and lonely mesas uprising from the desert like solitary islands, and the desert itself—was crumbling into powder, desiccating, and peeling; and cracking, and falling apart because of dryness and melting heat.

And always, as I recall this vision of awful aridity and immense solitude, there will be associated with the scene in my memory the acrid, ammoniacal odour of dead cattle; the galloping grey form of a coyote; the wheeling shadows of black buzzards, and the indescribably mournful sound of a dying cow—dying, and seeing, by its head, its calf that also must die, and, perhaps, seeing beyond the calf the patient, confidently waiting buzzards or carrion crows.

And, please, before you accuse me of being a mere sentimental tenderfoot, let me tell you what a cattleman who has been in the business in Pima County for thirty years said to me the other day:—

"It's the poor cows that get the worst of it, always; just as among us the women folks who are mothers get the rough end. Always. The bulls, and the steers are pulling through; I ain't seen a dead bull or steer anywhere, though Christ only knows how long in they can stand it. The cows are pulled down to nothing by the calves sucking at them. Then they go for water, leaving the calf behind to wait under a bush; or, maybe, cared for by another cow. Sometimes you
see a bull looking after calves—but that’s usually where there are calves. Often the poor old cow has to go a twelve hours’ trip for water. Then it drinks too much, and can’t climb out of the water hole, or get back to the calf; and down she goes; and when she goes down, she stays there. Then the calf dies, of course. And you needn’t tell me that the cows don’t worry about their calves, and that the worry don’t help them to croak, because, I know a damn sight better! See?”

I did not dispute his assertion. I believe it—though I don’t know what John Burroughs would say!

When I returned to the ranch where I am staying, from my ride through Oak Tree Canyon, I told about the dozen drops I had counted, and, indicating the clouds, I said I really believed that this time, at last, "Nothing—" said the rancher—in a tone such as Job might have employed in describing his woes to Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar. "The clouds are too thin. We are being fooled again. When she comes the way she ought to come, half an hour after she starts you’ll see the water coming down from the wash six feet high. No, this means nothing."

And he stuck to his position, despite the fact that the clouds grew thicker, and lower, and blacker, and that the lightning brightened as it might draw near. And the thunder thickened and seemed to be tuning up its bass chords for, at the very least, the overture to the real symphony of the restorative, the life-bringing descent of the rain. Perhaps the rancher thought if he stoutly pretended unbelief he might provoke the elements into proving him wrong.

Which they did.

The rain came.

All night long it fell. I was writing to the accompaniment of rain on the roof. Moist coolness spreads everywhere its delicious balm. With a beaming face, the rancher’s wife said to me: "It’s a million dollar rain!" The rancher still maintains a rather relaxed scepticism for, certainly, as yet, the water has not washed six feet high. "No, this means nothing." And he stuck to his position, despite the fact that the clouds grew thicker, and lower, and blacker, and that the lightning brightened as it might draw near. And the thunder thickened and seemed to be tuning up its bass chords for, at the very least, the overture to the real symphony of the restorative, the life-bringing descent of the rain. Perhaps the rancher thought if he stoutly pretended unbelief he might provoke the elements into proving him wrong.

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The rain. Before three days shall have passed, the new grass will be up. In a week the plains will be green and verdant. The heat-and-desert wearied eyes of beast and man, should fancy, will swim luxuriously in the green, rich grass the heat-and-desert wearied eyes of beast and man, will plunge their sight and bathe, as it were, in a revolving flood—the very spirits of beast and man, I should fancy, will swim luxuriously in the green, rich freshness.

How welcome, then, is this tune that the rain is going to play! How well itSquare the circle. Then it drinks too much, and can’t climb out of the water hole, or get back to the calf; and down she goes; and when she goes down, she stays there. Then the calf dies, of course. And you needn’t tell me that the cows don’t worry about their calves, and that the worry don’t help them to croak, because, I know a damn sight better! See?”

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The rain came. Thicker and blacker grow the clouds. In no direction now can I see the mountains; in which the rain must be streaming in torrents.

Before three days shall have passed, the new grass, the sweet, luscious feed, will be up. In a week the plains will be green and verdant. The heat-and-desert wearied eyes of beast and man, should fancy, will swim luxuriously in the green, rich freshness.

How welcome, then, is this tune that the rain is going to play! How well it

The idea of the firedrill, and the lotus flower, which, growing from mud through water, opens in the air above and cannot get wet, is the same idea as that connected with the Sea of Qalilée, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. A part of the crown of the Jewish High Priest was called Sis, which means a "bud," or as an inspired writer in the Encyclopaedia Biblica suggests, "a flower-like ornamentation of the brow," when dressed up, wear a half-opened bud on their heads. And Sis is the word used in connection with "Aaron's Rod." As long as our authorities continue to think that any foolish and superficial reason is all that is needed, or can be provided, in such cases, very long will they remain hopelessly ignorant. It is probable that some of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, especially those of the Society of Jesus, know a great deal about these things, but they carefully avoid showing it. Among the Protestants almost no one seems to know anything, and the works, even of the modern Christian mystics, only serve to show how little they know of these things, except that they cannot be shown to help them to prove anything about them. Not that understanding it is of any use, except in so far as it may suggest right and wrong ways of using it. As I am trying to insist, the only knowledge which is of any use is the knowledge of experience and sympathy. For instance, the ever-changing knowledge and wisdom are apart from symbolism and ritual, but still, as long as these latter are to be used they must be understood or any power which they exert may be quite in the wrong direction. Ritual, I think, is in part the manner in which a certain act such as dancing, very big and great, and in part very much small, this latter part being, as it were, minute rules by which various entities may be reached or avoided by worshippers who can no longer see them, much as a chart serves a sailor. They date, I think, from a time, very long ago, when men were less separated by their mind from non-human nature than they are now. The effects which rituals produce when rightly performed are still very extraordinary, but will have a much more understandable power when once it has taken the trouble to find out what the "poor heathen" knew. All ritual is heathen ritual, adapted to a new octave, no doubt, but to understand it, it is necessary to have a good start.

The importance of "man" is that it is "mind" which is the link which has completed a chain by joining together two which were before separate, and as the possessor of mind he stands potentially in the same relation to the "creation in Spiritus" as Vishnu does to the creation in Ether. Ether which is the rock of foundation for science is the "lowest" of (presumably) five or seven, or some other number, of Ethers, one of which is what we have called Spiritus, and another Vishnu. Indra is yet another; one of his names is dyupati, "father of light," which doubtless is the same as Jupiter, who is also Pater Ethern. Ethern is called in Sanskrit Akash, and at the beginning of a Day "out of Akash all comes, and into it all returns again " when Night comes on. I think that this is at the bottom of the old puzzle of squaring the circle.

It is very difficult to say what we mean by the word "mind," for apart from the fact that we can recognize in ourselves various types of mental activity, or "cerebration," it is really an arbitrary proceeding to separate what we call "thinking" from the other activities which are interlocked with the process even if it be unconscious. The use of the word "mind" is very debatable, and I do not know of any dicta on the subject in the old writings which clear up the ques-
tion. I will venture on some suggestions of a very tenta-
tive kind. Leaving aside the question of whether all our consciousness depends entirely on our brain we may, I think, say that our waking consciousness depends on it very largely. The brain, nerves, and sense organs are all derived from the same source as our skin, which is folded into a furrow at an early period (this furrow being caused by the Brahmanda or Aaron's rod). Whether the nerves connected with the viscera come from the same source or not, is still an open question, but their method of development is very difficult, if a priori, we might expect separation between consciousness and their activities. We know from experience that association is one of the most potent aids to reaching any place in our consciousness. We are sure that we know a fact somewhere, but may not be able to find it except with the help of some associated fact which we do remember. The different sense organs are anatomically and physiologically connected, primarily, with different levels or localities in the central nervous system. There is a continuous stream of stimuli passing into these various localities, any one of which may act as an association leading us to any record of a sense observation. The facts of the case seem inclined to bear this out. The only senses which we use to see and to hear are sight and hearing. So if we compare ourselves for example with some animals, is very undeveloped, and our hands, which are the only skin surfaces which we use, we seldom employ for feeling, and sensing and measuring. As a fact, nearly all our consciousness is built up of images and words, and it has often been noted that such memories as are evoked by smells are well described as schematic theory which tries to make clearer the relation between the various facts of consciousness as we know them, and even leaves untouched the fundamental question of choice, as I have before said. The way in which I mean to explain, is to consider the view of things which I can think about is a duality or polarity in the one with the consequent interaction between. Or looking at it from the other side the choice of the one, whether it will be A or B, whether it will or not be. In other words the fluctuations in the interaction may be regarded as passive and the result of the polarity, or as active and determining the polarity, and both are clearly equally true, as all three persons appear simultaneously. We cannot conceive of any halting stage between 1 and 3, or, in fact, to speak truly, between 1 and infinity. And it is no use pretending we can go beyond what we can control.

"Man" is a chain of a certain number of links; it seems that he is, potentially, the longest chain. Gods, angels, animals, and so on are other sorts, and lengths, of chains. "Man" is at present a sort of "chimaera," other side the choice of the one, whether it will be A or B, whether it will or not be. In other words the fluctuations in the interaction may be regarded as passive and the result of the polarity, or as active and determining the polarity, and both are clearly equally true, as all three persons appear simultaneously. We cannot conceive of any halting stage between 1 and 3, or, in fact, to speak truly, between 1 and infinity. And it is no use pretending we can go beyond what we can control.

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is only for a very few, "for the unesehen goal is hard for
the embodied to reach," but "those who fix their mind
on Me and worship Me I count and the best devoted." So
much then for the scheme of the universe as it appears
to me to have been conceived by the ancients. Whether
or not it is a true scheme seems beyond proof,
and also beyond disproof. But there is some a priori
evidence in its favour which I think does not receive
the attention it merits. This we will consider in
the concluding article.

An Englishman in America.
By Juvenal.

What is a New Yorker? A writer in the "New York
Tribune" puts the question, but finds no satisfactory
answer. He cites the case of "Kid" McCoy, who
asked a judge for an all-night license for a Broadway
cafe. "My patrons are New Yorkers," he said to
the judge; but the judge said, "I thought all the New
Yorkers were dead!" "Not all dead," replied McCoy,
"they still come out at night."

The "Tribune" writer proceeds to explain that the
real New Yorker possesses an individuality not to be
noted in the residents of country towns in the same
State, and the writer seems to think that people who
have lived a long time in New York have an air and
manner which are peculiar to this city.

It is easy to tell the visitors from small country
towns, but New Yorkers labour under an illusion
when they think they have a cachet of their own.
When I first became acquainted with New York,
30 years ago, there were still to be seen a good many
descendants of the old Dutch settlers with Dutch names,
and it was not difficult to distinguish the type from the
descendants of old New Yorkers with English names.
Strictly speaking, there is no special New York type
now. Thirty years ago I could distinguish between
the members of one old club and another, but at present
people are mixed, conditions are mixed, and I defy any-
one to say who is, or who is not, a member of the order.

Do you point out a financier and say, "This is a
typical wall-shark?" But I will point out in
the same crowd one who might pass for his brother, but
who is from the Far West, one with stouter jaws and
sharper teeth, capable of deceiving the very elect in
looks, manners, and speech. When it comes to the
personal constituents of the New York Stock Ex-
change there are no "bulls" or "bears" born on Man-
hattan Island who could not be matched on the same
floor by grizzlies, wolves, and wild-cats from Colorado
or Wyoming.

There are no "provinces" in America. There is,
at the present time, no difference between a fashionable
young man of San Francisco, St. Louis, or Cincinnati,
and a fashionable young New Yorker, although the
latter may have more money to spend and may live in
the midst of more temptations. Each section of the
country has its cosmopolitan centre of its own. For the
together of the Pacific Coast there is San Francisco, for
the South there is New Orleans, for the Middle South,
St. Louis, for the Middle North, Chicago, for the moun-
tain regions, Denver, for the New England States,
Boston, for the Pennsylvania region, Philadelphia.

The country "greenhorn" is the same in Berlin,
Paris, London, and New York, no matter how near
town he may live. But in Europe there are capitals
which make all the other cities provincial. The dif-

Theerence between the Berliners and the Dresdeners is
very marked. All German cities are provincial com-
pared with Berlin, and the difference between Paris
and Paris is well known. All over Europe it is the
same. In America such distinctions do not exist except
in the imaginations of some good people who are like
the fly on the spoke.

Strictly speaking, Washington is the capital of
America, yet Washington is powerless to set
the American fashions. New York is the great metropolis
of America, but her society leaders are powerless to set
the fashions for other cities. And for the best of all
reasons—New York gets her fashions direct from
Paris, like Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and other
large cities. Hundreds of professional buyers are kept
busy going and coming at all seasons of the year be-
 tween Paris and the big American cities. Only the
country customer comes to New York to replenish his
stock once in the early spring and once in the early
autumn. These come here by thousands, and leave
behind them summing into hundreds of millions.
But they buy for country people who do not lead
the fashions, who are quite content if they know the
"goods" have come direct from New York.

As for the ultra-fashionable young man, the "dude,"
he is the same in Chicago as he is in New York,
the same in San Francisco as he is in Philadelphia, the
same in all the leading cities; it is impossible to say
what part of America he comes. The New Yorker may
live under the illusion that everything "chic" must be
connected with his city or state, but in educational
matters, as in many things, the other big cities and
states pay little heed to New York. It is not now
necessary for plays and operas to have their initial per-
formances in New York in order to prove a financial
success.

I have it on the very best authority here when I
say that New York does not lead in anything artistic or
intellectual, in spite of the fact that a great stir is
always going on in music, plays, and picture exhibi-
tions. It is true that New York no longer copies
Boston in anything, but, on the other hand, New York
seems incapable of setting an authoritative seal on
matters of art. If it is impossible to say just what a
New Yorker is, it is likewise impossible to say what
New York art is. In reality there is no such thing.
There is no New York School of anything. There is
nothing distinctive. Society is a hop-sotch-patch of
would-be's, without wit enough to be original, without
enough humour to see themselves as Europeans see
them. Take that latest of all dramatic ventures—the
"New Theatre." It started with a great flourish of
metropolitan trumpets. It was built by New York mil-
lionaires, and is controlled by them, of course for the
good of the dear people. But there is hardly one mil-
lionaire in a hundred who has so much as a vague
notion of what dramatic art means.

That trenchant critic Allan Dale has an article on
this manifestation of New York's theatrical snobbish-
ness. He says: "Gold, diamonds, and general million-
airiness" have turned the New Theatre into a Lyceum.
I agree with him. These people have an amusing
notion that art patronage consists in silly smiles, costly
jewels, and vapid gossip. But to save their lives they
could not explain the difference between Shakespeare
and Maeterlinck, Belasco and Pinero. The financiers
of Berlin and Paris can point out the difference be-
tween a good play and a bad one. The New York
millionaire knows nothing about art.

Perhaps the most astounding thing about New York
is the naive presumption of its society leaders. All fall
into the booby-trap of schoolboy braggadocio. In
the boxes the "diamond sunbursts" are supposed to
hypnotise all classes: critics, artists, clubmen, poli-
ticians, clergymen, butlers, bakers, and candlestick makers. The "New Theatre" is a booby trap for the rich, a bait for the middle classes, a net for the people, a sort of club with prices to suit the pockets of all, a stop-gap between more entrancing dissipations, a bait between more costly and thrilling vices.

New York society is no more acquainted with the drama than it is with music. They are better acquainted with diamond rings than they are with any operatic or scenic whatsoever, and far better judges of good notes than they are of the most silvery notes of the best singers.

As for the famous Metropolitan Opera House, it is European from floor to ceiling. Of course the leading New York millionaires have their boxes, but without the music-loving German Jews, without the foreigners, New York would be without an opera house. I have often been there when I imagined myself in Berlin, and on two occasions I fancied I was in San Carlo at Naples. The rich German Jews attend for a double reason: they can feast their eyes on the diamonds and their ears on the music, and all their intellectual senses on the general razzle-dazzle of the most pretentious boxes. They are never without a box in any part of the world at any epoch. The boxes at this musical establishment are there for the display of diamond sunbursts, midway between the purgatory of the parquette and the parvis of paradise, and the clatter that goes on in the boxes during the music would cause a riot at any opera house in Europe. When we stop to think of the 1,200,000 Germans, the 500,000 Italians, the 500,000 Russians, the 100,000 Scandinavians, to say nothing of the French, the Hungarians, and the Bohemians living in New York it is easy to understand why it is that supports grand opera here.

The Americans of New York are great patrons of the fashionable theatres and the fashionable churches. At the first they get English manners and Parisian fashions, at the second, American religion cloaked in French fashions. Things are made to dovetail nicely according to one's whims, sentimental moods, personal fashions. The New Yorker, born and bred here, brags about his city and his country, yet he is miserable unless he has some foreign importation to bow down to, something to say what he wants to say. There are days when he makes New York howl. His eye is always upon the commonwealth. He carries with the virulence of a latent sentimentalist, and in a way that is complicated in practice by the original sin of native perversity and a sense of the irresponsible. For or rather, that again is only one of many questions. For the method is not a matter of deliberate choice. A dramatist may sit down and say "I will be sublime," just as he may say "I will be a poet" or "I will be sublim"; but the act of volition will not help him far. The actual, the man who has both rhythm and wit, but none of his energy, is extraordinary dull but for his wit. That seems a paradox until one reflects that there are many writers who have both rhythm and wit, but none of his energy, who have both rhythm and wit, but none of his energy.

The professorial psychologists of the American universities seem to be a clever set of men, but they have not yet tackled the American politician, the American millionaire, and the American society-leader. These scientists have tackled everything but the three vital elements most worth tackling. The freak democrats in this smiling, nonchalant, melancholy, optimistic, laughing, rag-time, gum-chewing Republic have always got off without so much as a mild reprimand. The American psychologists are evidently afraid of socialism. So far as can be learned from the New York papers say things, admit things that make the visitor wonder. There are one or two papers here that speak plain about politics and society, and the most fearless seems to be the Daily "American." The owner of this paper is a millionaire who is not afraid to say what he wants to say. There are days when he makes New York howl.
with all his objects of mistrust; familiar as no doctrinaire Puritan can be. He has an expert knowledge of music and painting and the theatre. In "The Doctor's Dilemma" he diagnoses the artificial science well, so far as it has a social bearing; no farther. He emphasises very clearly the fact that Louis Dubedat is a thief, a liar and a rogue, and the reason why Dubedat paints his pictures is lost in dialectic. Note the artist's dying words:—

Lous: . . . Dont grieve, Walpole. I'm perfectly happy. I'm not in pain. I dont want to live. I've escaped from myself. I'm in heaven, immortal in the heart of my son. . . .

I'm not afraid. [Reflectively, pushing it out for himself weakly.] I know that in an accidental sort of way, struggling through the whole of my life, I haven't always been able to live up to my ideal. But in my own real world I have never done anything wrong, never denied my faith, never been untrue to myself. I've been threatened and blackmailed and insulted and starved. But I've played the game. I've fought the good fight. And now its all over, there's an indescribable peace. [He feels Violets his hands and sniffs his creed.]: I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen.

Voilà comme je suis, as Dubedat might say. In the earlier passage the artist is duly socialized, and envisages himself as an erring citizen. In the creed he receives a death blow of individuality.

Shaw turns poetaster once more. Praise-God Barebones borrows the plumes of a cavalier.

His own garments suit him better. Contrast for a moment the decorative harlequinade of Dubedat's death with the simple power of this passage from the close of the second act:—

Rideon: It's easier to replace a dead man than a good picture.

Sir Patrick: Colly, when you live in an age that runs to pictures and statues and plays and brass bands because its men and women are not good enough to comfort its poor aching soul, you should thank Providence that you belong to a profession which is a high and great profession because its business is to heal and mend men and women.

There is Puritanism articulate. Puritanism in all its obstinate wrong-headedness and conscious austerity, realised with sympathy and without dialectical cant. The scene from which this passage is taken hushes an audience. Sir Patrick lives. Nothing about him is superimposed. Mr. Shaw stands nearer to him than to the most virtuous of Dubedats. In writing of him, he comes nearer to drama.

Now it may seem waste of time to prove Mr. Shaw a Puritan. Does not every page of his prefaces bristle with such ethical energy, honesty, purity and virtue? Has he not written Three Plays for Puritans? Even of "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet" he says: "This little play is really a religious tract in dramatic form. If our silly censorship would permit its performance it might possibly help to set right-side-up the perverted conscience and re-invigorate the starved self-respect of our considerable class of loose-lived playgoers whose point of honour is to deride all official and conventional sermons."

It is worth while to emphasize the fact for several reasons. The first is that Puritanism is the most withering disease from which any author can suffer, in that it sets ethics before taste, desiccates illusion, diverts all artistic emotion through the individual to a social end, creates a moral test of pure enjoyment, and offers a bire of civic self-satisfaction to the artist as surely as Calvinism offers the promise of heaven and the threat of hell. The second, that in glorifying it (and, incidentally, himself), Shaw is only making a virtue of necessity, since he is incapable of writing a scene intrinsically beautiful, and so adopting the other, and real, method of inspiring his audience. The third, that the artist whom he professes to admire, from Shakespeare to Ibsen and Wagner, have all created for the social end, creates a moral test of pure enjoyment, and so adopting the other, and real, method of inspiring his audience. The third, that the artist whom he professes to admire, from Shakespeare to Ibsen and Wagner, have all created for the

and that no other meaning can be twisted from their work except by a critic with an unlimited capacity for special pleading, a mania for bourgeois civics, and a confirmed inability to understand any passion but that of moral indignation.

In practice, however, even the Puritanism is adulterated. Mr. Shaw pretends to possess gifts and to feel emotions which are foreign to his whole philosophy. A trick of imitation of the tone of the Old Testament, as befits a Roundhead, serves him to produce spurious literature and cheap mysticism. The case of Dubedat and his egregious creed has already been stated of Mrs. George's tracery in "Getting Married" opens as follows:—

Mrs. George: Do you see nothing—not a great light? The Bishop: We are still walking in darkness. Mrs. George: Put your hand on my forehead: the hand with the ring. (He does so. Her eyes close.)

Soames (inspired to prophecy): There was a certain woman, the wife of a good coal merchant, which had been a great sinner ---

and continues with: "I am become a voice for them that are afraid to speak, and a cry for the hearts that break in silence. I have not fallen withered in the fire. . . . When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your souls. A moment only: but was it not enough? . . . When I opened the gates of Paradise, were you blind? Was it nothing to you? When all the stars sang in your ears and all the winds swept you into the heart of heaven, were you deaf? Were you dull? Was I no more to you than a bone to a dog? Was it not enough? . . . When I do for men what you did for me, I have no thanks and no blessing: I am their prey; and there is no rest from their loving and no mercy from their loathing."

A lath painted to look like iron. Devout Shavians might well annotate the passage with marginal references to the original texts. Mr. Shaw's models, however, have the advantage of him both in rhythm and good sense. That is to say, in sincerity. For Mrs. George is no practical joke. In a preliminary note to "Getting Married," in defence of the unities of time and place, the author remarks: "I find in practice that the Greek form is inevitable when drama reaches a certain point in poetic and intellectual evolution." In poetic evolution, be it noted. The mystical chorus is out of tune.

Blanco Posnet goes a step further. He translates the Scripture, not into Shavian poetry, but into the Yankee vernacular; a vastly more impressive form, and one more in accord with Roundhead tradition. The seed of his discourse must have been carried to New England in the Mayflower. Praise-God Barebones returns to his sober jerkin of prose.

For the rest, the wit and ingenuity of "The Doctor's Dilemma" are as brilliant as ever. In the other two plays they begin to degenerate. But it goes without saying that every line of Mr. Shaw is readable. That every one knew from the first. He aims at more than readability. In the Puritan phrase, it will not avail him in the day of judgment.

Art.

By Huntly Carter.

"The MILL." must not be purchased by the nation, for three strong reasons: the nation does not want it; it has a better use for £100,000; it must not encourage the nobility to prostitute their finest tradition to picture-dealing.

The nation does not want this Rembrandt which could only add to the number of indifferent "Old Masters." It may have been a passable canvas once; now it is composing its own funeral march. It has lost its colour and is turning absolutely black. Its sky is black, its landscape forlorn and dirty brown; it is smirky and messy, faked, aged and mournful. Even though it
is hung in solitary splendor on a wall by itself it does not strike people dumb with wonder. Moreover, it is not a representative Rembrandt. The "Jewish Rabbi" and the portrait of Rembrandt in his old age are much finer specimens of the master's paintership. They reveal that power being exercised by his ably developed "the security and greatness of the nation, its happiness and a facile opportunity for the expression of the national will." If "Political Journalist" is an example of the success of a party organ. Why, the considerable and well-earned success of that review reposes as we all know, the greatest credit. But that it does not mean that we must have the picture because we live in an age of varnish, which is quite of the finest modern works produced in this country as a nucleus of a national gallery. The nation could then present its Tate Gallery to America. Men who, like Lord Lansdowne, sit in high places should lead in the above endeavours. Of course it is possible that Lord Lansdowne has this object in view. Aware of the blindness of the British public to its own artistic interests, he may be secretly plotting to save its picture, and having obtained it apply the money which the nation has so generously subscribed, together with the £25,000 profit which Sir Hugh Lane has just made on a Titian to the general artistic welfare of the nation through the encouragement of its artists. But if Lord Lansdowne has no object in view, the conclusion must be that our aristocracy in its best sense of its fellowship and ours. that no sense of his fellow men.

There are other minor points; for instance, the old assur-
ever, surprises me that The New Age should advocate the
success. "The fact is," continues this interesting review,
with a compact united body that wins." If our reviewer will be so
told that "The Fabian Party," was "compact and united" until their several jealousies against
mistrusted officers of Arabi he will find
powerful legions of Britain behind it that led those mis-
tion of releasing the Egyptians from their throttling grasp.
abilitY to vote and to take on the responsibilities of a
in many cases over many generations.
creative, and in this great essential the Fabian is
acquire. But if they are willing to associate with us on
position that 2 and make 4, I should, doubtless, take leave to remind him even of such a "trite" and "commonplace"
Mr. Collingwood's postscript is, I suppose, intended to
be very smart, but I am afraid its subtle sarcasm is lost
upon my dull and trite mind, as I must confess I fail to
make much of suppressed condescension, are great,
acquire. But if they are willing to associate with us on
position that 2 and make 4, I should, doubtless, take leave to remind him even of such a "trite" and "commonplace"
be a symptom. But still the diseased heart is religious. We middle-class Socialists are supposed to re-
cognise the fact (we say it often enough) that we live at the
creation should, in the fullest sense, be the servant of the
against a measure which was endorsed by the Fabian dele-
gate at the recent Leicester Conference. Can disloyalty go
much further? It is to be clearly understood that no attack is made on the
individual person or his private way of reply.---E.B.B.
Mr. Collingwood must pardon me. I have not yet
reach of their "statesmen" as mere men of straw.
plurality of Gladstone, Granville and Company, had
powerful legions of Britain behind it that led those mis-
tion of releasing the Egyptians from their throttling grasp.
SIR,--Mr. Collingwood must pardon me.
the period when the current pedestrian epoch-making "his-
my arguments are unanswerable, and the "Liberal" Press
and important. To him, and he believes to many others,
I.L.P. at the Socialist
end, where not rightly stiffened with our ridiculous preten-
sions, is ready and anxious for a closer co-operation. But
the co-operation must be real and vital—not the mere
holding of joint demonstrations, but the sharing of a
common life.
1882. It was that armed intervention with the
powerful legions of Britain behind it that led those mis-
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plurality of Gladstone, Granville and Company, had
powerful legions of Britain behind it that led those mis-
tion of releasing the Egyptians from their throttling grasp.
In Germany there are well over a million Socialists; at the next election they will contest every seat in the Empire. Yet, under a system which provides for the orderly expression of their manifold activities. Here, in this country, with Socialist organisation deplorably weak and priggery rampant, we have fully that the symptoms of mutual distrust and internal unsocialism.

The far future may bring complete amalgamation between I.L.P. and Fabian, but the time is not yet ripe for this, and to organise constitutions in advance of public consent is undemocratic. But the path is clear for close mutual cooperation; and in this direction lies the hope and usefulness of the Fabian.

Anyone who can defend the Taff Vale judgment is really beyond reasonable resemblance.

My point about the Marais and Zulu cases was that the Priy Council, which should be a mere interpreter of statute law, like all other English Courts, introduced into the English law, contrary to all previous decisions and beyond reasonable remonstrance.

Sir,—Replying to Mr. Kennedy's letter, let me point out that though juries fix the damages, the judges can inflame them. That is what happened in the Simmons cases. I do not follow the relevance of my own contention that the best period produced only male forms because they could not represent female forms is evidently met by the fact that the Simmons cases, O'Grady fifteen or twenty passages bearing out my view that the Greek turned away from the female form. With his other contention, that there is a lack of artistic ability to begin to decline: I have nothing to do. It may or may not be true, but it is certainly relevant in a discussion concerned with the Greek perception of beauty. I am afraid, sir, that I have trespassed much too far on your valuable space. I have only to suggest to Mr. O'Grady that in dealing with your readers it is inadvisable for him to substitute more pomposity for argument.

Sir,—May I be allowed to suggest to any of your readers who wish to follow up M. Halsey's contestable opinion that Nietzsche wrote "The Case of Wagner," "The Twilight of the Idols," "The Anti-Christ," "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Ecce Homo," when he "was no longer entirely responsible" (to quote from Mr. Ludovici's article in your issue of February) the Greek authors themselves "to find Nietzsche, Sein Leben und Sein Werk," by Professor Raul Richter, of the University of Leipzig (2nd edition, 1909), the latest and probably the most thorough and judicial German book on Nietzsche.

The fact seems to be that the apoplectic or paralytic stroke which deprived Nietzsche of his reason came suddenly in the last days of 1888 (or the first of 1889), and that he had finished the latest of the before-mentioned works ("Ecce Homo") nearly two months earlier. That Nietzsche was in an irritable condition and working under great strain in 1888 (when all these books were written) cannot be questioned; and that the overstrain, along with too frequent recourse to drugs against sleeplessness, may have hastened the stroke is more than possible. But that there was any mental derangement before the stroke is a subjective opinion entirely and quite gratuitous. I may add that Professor Lichtenberger, of Paris, appears to hold a similar view: "On the edge of the abyss (he writes in "I'Opinion") Nietzsche in "Ecce Homo" remains in possession of his faculties." The language of Professor Riehl, of Berlin, is also noticeable: "Suddenly, and apparently without preparatory symptoms, the most irremediable loss? That it is blighted and suffers such and that they read pages of "Ecce Homo" when all these books were written between periods of residence in a madhouse. Max Nordau, who maintained (in his "Degeneration of the Idols") that all of Nietzsche's books were written between periods of residence in a madhouse. Max Nordau appears as sensational and more accurate in this as in other matters.

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loss is too well known to all who do know. The dialogue you quote is dreadful; but when parents leave the repugnant duties leave it to their sons, books of the kind (though not of the quality), by making the duty easier, might bring it to be oftener done.

**E. H. VISSIAK.**

**CAPTIVE.**

Sir, I am a middle-class woman, one of the mighty army that are so loudly deploring the loss of the Pre-Raphaelite Order. We are much too reasonable and uninteresting to enlist the world's sympathy. We are neither "Slaves of Society" nor members of the "Great Unwashed."

For many reasons I detest the "advanced woman." Suffragettes make me shiver! I started out on life's journey with fairly practical instincts, very little money, but a merry heart. My lost love affairs were numerous, and harmless; probably I had the "glad eye"! I waited till I was a "sensible age" and chose a good man to be my husband. How the gods laughed at me for my innocent coxcombism!

Almost before I had started on my wedding journey I realised the hopeless, awful mistake I had made. The man was too good. I had given my life into the hands of a man of the very worst type, viz., the "old-fashioned" husband. A man filled with petty suspicions of all women; a cramped narrow outlook, and with all humour carelessly eliminated. In his eyes I am simply a woman, made to give children to him at intervals, and to look handsome and content with it all. What else was I created for? Any attempt at a personality or an individuality of one's own is sternly represed. One is dubbed " neurotic," and suggestions of a visit to the family doctor are made.

This man and I are strangers, and the gulfs widen. Very soon the veil which has been drawn, gradually, between us, will have covered my face, and he will know me no more. I am young and strong, and my hold on life is fierce, but soon I will be tremenous.

For myself I will keep the true one, and to him will only remain the tired body, the mere husk, shackled and sore through the weariness of work forward. Physically, I have no illusions. Mentally I strive to tender the soul which must not perish in the holocaust of my fate.

**X.**

**IF YOU HAVE TEARS—**

Sir,—An awful fate awaits the man who allows himself to become a fanatic—whose obsession take the form of "New Thought," or "Baconism," or "Nazi-Munching" or "Teetotalism" or Anti-Teetotalism: yea, even if his fad be Anti-Fadism. The punishment is: he loses his sense of humanism.

Consequently he is apt to evoke a snigger when he sets forth on a wister-wringing campaign.

Listen to this, from Mr. G. K. Chesterton's letter in your recent issue:—

"The other day a Cambridge Don complained that, when out hiking with his boys, he had "left them in the rain while he drank a glass of cider"?" (Italics and exclamation-marks mine.)

Dreadful! What a picture! That great-hearted Don, torn with anguish at the thought of the tyranny which thus exposed his precious charges to the brutal tempest, and proceeded to protest, while his parched lips could still frame the indigent words, against the callous despotism which could so wilfully ordain such sufferings for the young! Publish this moving tale throughout the constituencies, and our countrymen, on the one side of the oppressed, will sweep this iniquitous Government from power.

That Cambridge Don with his glass of cider, has this day lit such a candle in England .

But where, oh where, is the "G. K. C." we once knew—the sprightly humorist whose great gift it was to perceive the comic aspect of his side of a case as well as that of the other fellow's?

**WARD MUIR.**

**SACREDOTAL PRIVILEGES.**

Sir,—The writer who, under this heading, signing himself "Anti-Cant," replies to my protest (in THE NEW AGE of March against the deplorable exemption of the conventual establishments from Government inspection, evidently fully appreciates the maxim of the law courts: "no case, abuse the plebium venenum," begins by Stingingly "injuring the "innocent writer" as an "ultra-Protestant," and then proceeds to cite cases—real or feigned—of certain "anti-poetical" acts to assert he has then courted the uncharitable reputations. I have no knowledge, nor does it at all concern me, whether or no his alleged particular cases are historical or mythical. But this I know only too well, as

an experienced student of religious history—sacerdotal history, in particular—that it has been always the practice and the (too successful) policy of the sacerdotal orders, in all ages and in all countries, to defame and to blacken the characters of all who have dared to defame them by delay or to dispute their arrogant pretensions, or to criticise or expose malpractices in its sacrosanct, privileged institutions.

Let me assure you "Anti-Cant"—but, possibly, he would rather be assured that his conceits are not mere religious preconceptions wholly wrong. If, indeed, to be "ultra-Protestant" meant to be an extreme Protester against all forms of falsehood and injustice—in that case I should rejoice in so honourable a title. If he means to imply—and this plainly he does mean—that I am an ultra-Protestant in the popular acceptation of the term, I see no species whatever—then in that case let me assure him again that he is utterly at sea. My sole motive in wishing to arouse interest in this most significant of human questions—as to sacerdotal privileges—is humanitarian and "secular," and no unworthy fear of being dubbed "bigot" or "illiberal"—according to the now fashionable and prevailing philosophy of academic indifferention—will deter me from contending to the best of my ability against the plainly suicidal policy of "Liberalism" (so-called), which persists in not only tolerating, but in even fostering, in various directions, institutions and an Order, in its Dilett, openly pledged to its destruction.

**AN ECLECTIC PHILOSOPHER.**

**SHAKESPEARE OR BACON.**

Sir,—Mrs. Nesbit does not need any assistance in contro-ver-sy, but Mr. E. H. Viissiaq's statements in your issue of the 3rd are so inaccurate that I ask for space to correct them. There is no evidence in existence to establish that Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare—no evidence of any pay-ment "as a personal expression of her satisfaction." There is an entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, and this is it:—

To William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richard Burbage, svauentes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councells warrant dated at Whitehall xx March 1594 for two several comedies or interludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme last past vize, upon St. Stephen's day iij. d. in viij. d. and by way of Her Majesties reward vj. li. xiij. d. in all xxvi.

The authority is the entry, not Mr. Sidney Lee. This is the record of a payment made by court official to a company of actors, and in no degree justifies the statement that Shakespeare received gifts from the Queen. It is a poor case that has to be supported by such variation of fact.

There is no evidence that Shakespeare received one single command from either Elizabeth or James I. to appear before them. There is not one publisher's advertisement on any of the title-pages of the quarto editions which warrants any such statement.

Shakespeare does not represent Valentine in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" as travelling from Verona to Milan by sea. He is represented as travelling by water, and that this is not the sea is evident from the following speech of Luance:—

Away, away, a Board thy Master is ship'd and thou art to put after with oares.

Shortly after Launce says:—

Why man if the River were drie
I am able to fill it with oares; 
if the winde were dowe: I could drive the boate with my sigeles.

The usual way of covering that journey in those days was by water. That staunch anti-Baconian, Sir Edward Sullivan, in the "Nineteenth Century" for August, 1908, in an article on "Shakespeare and the Waterways of North Italy," proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt. He gives the route to Italy in the British Museum which show the way by water. This is made especially clear in one published by Gastalde in 1594. That Shakespeare knew the route to be made by land is obvious from the second scene of Act IV. of this play, which is laid in a forest near Mantua. Valentine is met by outlaws, and the following conversation takes place:—

2nd Outlaw: Whither travel you? Valentine: To Verona.

Equally incorrect is Mr. Viissiaq when he says that Prospero, in "The Tempest," endarks at the beginning of the play says nothing of the kind. Prospero tells Miranda:—

Whereon

A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night Fated to th'purpose, did Anthonio open
March 23, 1911.

THE NEW AGE

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The gates of Millaine, and the dead of darkness. The ministers for their purpose hurried thence, and they crying selves. Nothing to far justify "embarks at the gates of Milan!" They crossed passed out of the gates without any mention of embarking. Subsequently Prospero continues the story:

In few, they hurried us aboard a Barke, Barke from some Leagues far, where they prepared A rotten caskasse of a Butt, not rigg'd. Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats instinctively have quit it: There they hoyst us. To make us of a body, this is a fitting, if a subtle expression of the faith in the mystery of nature over the fate of man. Secondly, the time of day is evening, with dull twilight, in which all details merge into one another and distinction and personality are lost. This is characteristic of a democracy in which mass mediocrity rules and obliterate personal genius and excellence. Thirdly, the twilight lights are themselves significant of the modern admixture of twilit, the time when there is cessation from the realities and activities of the day, and rest comes to an exhausted people, and safety to those who are made nervous by the throng and turmoil of unmastered life. Fourthly, the arrangement of this picture is very expressive, consisting as it does of two dark masses to the left, balancing and contrasting with two light masses of sky and water to the right. There is no valuing of individual detail, as in the Florentine pictures, but all masses are turned toward and balanced, one lump against the other, in crossed diagonals, and are tied together as it were by the small cross, repeating these diagonals, which is termed by the ancients the windmill. Such an arrangement must appeal to a social system managed by a central body, which repeats in itself and holds together the larger antagonistic masses. Fifthly, the light of the picture is very fitting, being in the main sombre, blurring colour without distinction, the darkness relieved by a glow of light in the sky, which represents a hope of better things, symbolic of the faith in progress from a gloom, with which few are satisfied. There are other points in this picture, but enough has been said to show that ninety-five thousands pounds could be wisely spent. The purchase would please the noble lord, who is himself ceasing to express the people, except by way of deductions. It would please, greatly please, the dealers. It should please the people, for it would procure for them an intimate expression of what is called the soul of the people. It seems, therefore, that there is no conceivable objection to the purchase. Indeed, in an age which confesses itself impotent in the production of new mastery, even by the stigma of rejection, it is difficult to imagine how the money could be better spent.

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