NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Selborne deserves some credit for his passionate pilgrimage on behalf of a Unionist alternative to the Parliament Bill; but it is to be feared that he set out with two completely erroneous assumptions. The day is gone by, if ever it was, when rational discussion of the constitutional deadlock is of any account. Nobody in politics is disposed now to listen even to archangels with new solutions. The facts of the situation remain to-day exactly what they were a year ago, and all the talking that has flowed over them has not visibly reduced their dimensions. What are these facts? First, that the Government remains a Government only on condition that the Parliament Bill is unaltered by a comma. Second, that no new election is possible for the Coalition itself and preferably the Cabinet. If the Cabinet one single member the whole structure might remain to-day exactly what it was a year ago, and the giant arise with decision in its wings. Now, however, it is plain that the prevailing apathy is not of temperature as if the nation had entrusted Mr. Asquith with the right and the power to clip the wings of a threatened constitutional revolution. Our first thought, like Lord Selborne's, was that the issues were so obscure, the gravity so momentous and the proffered solutions so many and plausible, that the wise and self-discipline would leave the situation pretty much as it is. In fact, we may say now that the best Unionist solution is no longer devoted to attempting to defeat the Bill as a Bill, but to devising ways of defeating it as an Act. Lord Selborne's mission is therefore too late.

But a second false assumption on which his single-speech campaign was based is the belief that public opinion is still making up its mind. We have ourselves marveled at the apathy of the public in the presence of a threatened constitutional revolution. Our first thought, like Lord Selborne's, was that the issues were so obscure, the gravity so momentous and the proffered solutions so many and plausible, that the wise and self-discipline would leave the situation pretty much as it is. In fact, we may say now that the best Unionist solution is no longer devoted to attempting to defeat the Bill as a Bill, but to devising ways of defeating it as an Act. Lord Selborne's mission is therefore too late.

Lord Selborne's appeals, therefore, however reasonable or however moderate, are bound to fall on deaf ears. Self-preservation alone compels the Government to stop its ears.

We said long ago that the real point of Unionist attack was the integrity of the coalition. It is not the Parliament Bill that needed to be criticised to pieces, but the Coalition itself and preferably the Cabinet. If the Unionists could have succeeded in detaching from the Cabinet one single member the whole structure might, and probably would, have fallen. But they have not succeeded in doing so. What differences actually exist in the Cabinet and how long they can be concealed when the Parliament Bill is through we can only surmise from the psychology of its members. Certainly no one would imagine, who has studied them individually, that they could act corporately for very long without the cement of a common and pressing danger. Take away this danger and the group will probably fall in three. Meanwhile, however, there is no sign of division, and we have to congratulate Mr. Asquith on the remarkable unity he has been able to maintain. Given its continued maintenance and there is not the smallest doubt that the Parliament Bill will ostensibly become law, whatever tact agreements are made to defeat its practical exercise when once it is established. In fact, we may say now that the best Unionist solution is no longer devoted to attempting to defeat the Bill as a Bill, but to devising ways of defeating it as an Act. Lord Selborne's mission is therefore too late.

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We are glad to see that the "Spectator" has taken the lead amongst the Unionist papers in rectifying this fact. Doubtless the "Observer," when its temperature is down a little, will bring up the reluctant rear. As a matter of fact, no answer from the very first has been given by any Unionist paper to our plain question: What have the Lords either as a body or as an order to gain by defying (as in this case they would be defying) King, Commons and People all at
To appreciate the real bearings of the situation one must realise the present relations of the local education authorities with the central government. In effect local education authorities exist to earn grants from the government in return for such educational efficiency as the latter demands. To secure these demands, both authorities, two sets of inspecting officials have been created: one set by the government for the purpose of raising and appraising in grants the educational efficiency produced by local authorities; and one set by the local authorities themselves, for the purpose of producing that efficiency. As can easily be imagined, the two sets of persons come often into collision. The enmity between them is not open, perhaps, but it is deep; and it unfortunately happens that their field of battle is the elementary teacher. Elementary teachers find themselves, in fact, in the unhappy plight of having two masters in mutual disagreement. What they are advised one day to do by the government inspectors they are forbidden on the next day to do by the local inspectors. If both sets of inspectors were of the same class this conflict would probably not arise; but it is the fact that in the majority of instances the government inspectors are university men, while the local inspectors are promoted from among the teachers. This difference of cultural origin undoubtedly magnifies if it does not create the differences in practical administration.

This, we should have thought, was so obvious that only Government inspectors could be misled into thinking that their house will be allowed a second bite at the constitution. But if reasoning from this plane is fruitless, what can be said in reply to the objection that the enmity between the two sets of inspectors will not only kill the Bill but will mainly lead to the plebeian adulteration of the existing peerage? How can that prospect fail to move a noble class that has not yet succumbed completely to decadent instincts? We have already provisionally dismissed a list of new Peers, and we confidently state that many of the names will produce a shock if ever they are published. Not that we ourselves are shocked or can be after the creation of those holding out of the Parliament Bill will not only kill the Bill but will in all probability lead to the plebeian adulteration of the existing peerage. What advantage, then, will be derived by the Lords if, while vainly attempting to keep out the Bill, they are flooded with new Peers? Would it not be like the Trojans drawing up the wooden horse in the belief that it would be a defence? There is no defence possible against the Parliament Bill. Once the Bill has passed the Commons it must pass the Lords, if not by consent then by force, either rough or over. And there for the week we leave the matter.

The storm in a teacup which has arisen over the disclosure of an educational circular addressed to Government Inspectors is not such a little storm either. Nothing connected with elementary education ought to be regarded as trifling. Everything, on the contrary, that can arouse public discussion of the subject should be welcome; for at present the system is black beyond words. The late Chief Inspector of Elementary Schools issued it; it appears, some months before his retirement a circular to his staff advising them to do their best to persuade local education authorities to employ University men rather than elementary teachers as local education inspectors. This circular, it now appears, was issued without the knowledge of Mr. Runciman, and, moreover, represents a policy the contrary of his own. We have nothing to say in defence of the late Chief Inspector if this was an unauthorized circular. Only a week ago we deplored the intrusion of Mr. Simpson’s views into Mr. Churchill’s responsible blue-book for the simple reason that they were an intrusion. And such irregular proceedings we have no less indulgence when, as in the case of Mr. Holmes, we agree with the subordinate’s views than when, as in Mr. Simpson’s case, we disagree with them. We, however, are not quite convinced that Mr. Runciman, even if he did not officially know, had not some subdued suspicion of its purport. That he has been driven now to deny any sympathy with the intention expressed by Mr. Holmes is, in our opinion, the worst result of the whole incident.
By S. Verdad.

By this time the London Press has begun to find out that things are not going quite so smoothly in Bulgaria as they might, and that the people are not altogether satisfied with King Ferdinand. As, however, I mentioned this matter in these columns a few weeks ago, there is little to add just now. The main point of the dispute is that King Ferdinand would like powers conferred upon him whereby he would be able to negotiate treaties with other countries; and he is especially keen on having his relations with Austria specified in black and white.

The Sobranie is unwilling to confer extensive powers of this nature on a monarch whom it does not trust; it wants to have a say in such matters itself. The King is afraid to summon the Great Sobranie, for, instead of assisting him out of his difficulties with the Chamber, it would probably vote for his deposition. Such is the position of affairs at this moment.

Austria is desires of backing King Ferdinand. If he is maintained on the throne, these objects may be fixed. Bulgaria quiescent for several months, while the attention of Western European chancelleries is directed to other events. Then shall we have the information springing out of the Bulgarian Hansha. Austria and her Triple Alliance. The Austrian plan is to endeavour to pitch up a better state of feeling than that at present existing between Constantinople and Sofia, so as to pave the way for a partition of Asia Minor later on. On the other hand, Russia’s sympathies, diplomatic and otherwise, lie with the Bulgarians rather than with their ruler. It is perfectly well known in St. Petersburg that King Ferdinand is willing to act with Austria and Germany on the off-chance of getting his share to lay down her own terms. But the gush in the Kaiser’s dominions is willing to regard the German views on the matter.

It is wrong to say, as do several sections of our Press, that we have now enough territory, and that we should limit our ambition to developing and consolidating it. This attitude of mind is merely the symptom of a disease. There are still, I believe, savage tribes where he is cooked and eaten. But a nation grows just like that. We are a fresh and vigorous nation can no more help expanding than a tree can help growing. And when a tree grows, slowly but surely, it sweeps away obstacles and crushes the little plants that happen to lie in its way. Look at some of our old country cemeteries, and you will see alone. Look at the enormous territory Russia possesses. Compare it with ours as to area and population. Yet Russia, with more land than she knows what to do with, wants more still. The Slavs are a young and healthy nation desires to increase their territory. A similar remark applies to the inhabitants of the United States of America, who had certainly no other reason for annexing the Philippines and for establishing what practically amounts to a protectorate over the Hawaiian Islands. How many readers of this journal have ever made a historical survey of the process by which the thirteenth original States in the Union have increased to fifty or more? There is some interesting documentary evidence to be had.)

I object to my countrymen—if the Press represents them correctly—sitting down and boo-hooing like frightened children and waiting for someone to come and mother them. I object to the thought of a nation like ours submitting questions concerning its honour to an international tribunal on which the representatives of many inferior nations will sit and vote. By the term inferior nations I do not necessarily mean nations less powerful than we, but nations which are lower in the ethnic scale. But I do not believe for a moment that the English Press is even trying to represent the feelings of the English people at the present time. This is due to our habitual inability to believe in arbitration; but clergymen and “reformers” have talked glibly about it, without, as a rule, knowing anything of the philosophical aspect of the subject, and we think it “the thing” to agree with them. The theory sounds all right.

Next week I shall show why proposals for Peace Leagues, arbitration, and the limitation of armaments tend to lead instead of the beating results aimed at by their originators.

Nietzsche called the will to power, and the effects of which Darwin called the struggle for existence. They were decidedly not animated by the expectation of larger profits on invested capital or by trading considerations, as Mr. Norman Angell insists; quite the contrary. Bismarck never thought of consulting German businessmen before hurling the Prussians against Denmark and Austria. The Bulgarians are not actuated by commercial considerations when they cast longing eyes on Macedonia. The average Spaniard is far from thinking of his beggars and his bank balance when he talks casually of annexing Portugal. And what man in his senses will say that the Italians are inspired by purely materialistic motives when they agitate for the redemption of unredeemed Italy, Italia irredenta?

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The Party System.

By Hilaire Belloc. IV.

I SAID last week that I would next deal with that set of criticisms upon our book which reposed upon an honest misconception of the life of the House of Commons.

Such criticisms are those which tell us that "there must be parties and divisions of opinion in any body of men"; or again, that "if men did not act together in large matters of policy, nothing could be effected"; or again, that "the bulk of the House is what it is, and not what it was supposed to be." Organised mob of 670 men attempting to govern. [...] The numerous reviews of the book have produced dozens of them, and conversation upon it perhaps produced a thousand others. They are all absolutely true, and they repose upon a hearty commonsense. Only they do not apply to the matter in question.

If a man who had been riding a primitive form of motor bicycle were to complain of the vibration, critics unused to the machine might honestly twit him upon his obesity or his lack of energy or what not. Hearing the word "bicycle," and knowing nothing of the connotation of the word "motor," they might say, "Oh, you can't expect to ride a bicycle without taking a little trouble!" Or, "You can't expect riding a bicycle over a country road to be like skating for smoothness or lying on a feather bed for luxury." Or they might say, "Come! Come to the point from one place to another somehow, and if you are so fastidious as all that you are not facing the practical necessities of travel."

All these criticisms would be perfectly true in themselves, but inapplicable to the subject under complaint. They were by ignorance of what a primitive motor bicycle was. . . . If any of my readers ever experimented with the earlier forms of that useful machine they will sympathise with my metaphor.

Now a commonsense" misconception passed upon our indictment of the party system reposes upon a similar misconception. Those critics who passed it thought vaguely and generally of Parliament as a deliberative assembly. Its actual condition they could not know. They entertained a misconception which many men entertain, and which is carefully fostered by the party Press.

I know exactly what the misconception is; for I suffered from it like everybody else, until I saw the reality at close quarters.

There are some few men well advanced in life, and maintaining their political ideals, who have attained to an active disgust for the House of Commons, and who refuse to consider it seriously at all. There are some, too, whose political ideals are not facing the practical necessities of travel. Such distinction earns a man a sort of prescriptive right to a rather more rapid promotion than his fellows. Add to this that the administrative group is now and then (perhaps) reinforced through an act of favouritism shown to a connection or friend, and you have the picture of how a Ministry is formed.

Meanwhile, this administrative group, the Ministry, which decided so much of the time of the House and of the subjects of its debating, must conform itself to the views of its followers, or they will vote against it; and it is the fear of this watchful and free majority which makes the Ministry, though not exactly chosen by the House of Commons, very representative of its majority. Public acts in administration and especially in the formation of statute law, follow upon free decisions arrived at by the majority of the House of Commons after debates thus ordered. The minority under the leadership of their Front Bench (which has been chosen much after the same fashion as the Ministry) oppose in argument and by their votes those proposals of the majority which conflict with the minority's political creed. There are a few things on which the leaders of the minority and the majority agree for the national good. They usually agree in matters of armament, and nearly always in matters of foreign policy. But with such few exceptions the conflict is acute and sometimes even bitter.

The above is, I think, a fairly accurate description of the picture which most men have until recently formed in their minds of the Council that is supposed to represent them at Westminster. Well, that picture is false. It is gravely and exceedingly false. It is so false that if its falsehood were not in process of discovery, the nation might soon pass through a very bad time indeed; and even though it is now in process of discovery, it is peril before us, because the falsehood has been discovered too late. The falsehood of the picture lies (as falsehood must always lie) in the disproportion of values.

The Front Benches are not composed of those men who on the whole have shown the qualities just described. They contain many men of ability; so does the commonwealth in general contain many thousand such. But ability to handle or to co-operate with men, ability to seize a changing situation rapidly, ability based on a wide knowledge and ability informed by decision, ability to defend a moral and logical position with rhetoric and to inflame one's fellows; in a word, all the qualities of statesmanship, are the exception and not the rule. You get less practical ability on the two Front Benches than you do on any good board of directors. But numerical analysis ill fits such a case: it accounts for nothing. Such co-option is the main rule now and then a man connected with those already in power. Such co-option is the main rule; it accounts numerically for quite half of the principal appointments. But numerical analysis at its worst case: it is the dominant note of the method of co-option.

Again, the privilege of the old families in an aristocratic State is by no means the most remarkable of the other factors in co-option to the Front Benches. The use of money is far more powerful than the claim of important public matters which can be raised by individual members (or, better still, by a number of members associated for a particular purpose, as for the defence of a particular trade or the putting forth of views on foreign or domestic policy), and when they are so raised a free vote is taken, and the majority decides the practical issue.

The Ministry, that "sort of committee of the majority," is chosen from among the ablest of the side which it represents: a man distinguishes himself in debate, or by faithful and detailed work in committee, or by his speeches, and who is a champion of the democratic or anti-democratic principles of either side. Such distinction earns a man a right to form part of the directing group. Of course this form of selection is somewhat qualified by the aristocratic tradition of the English State, and a man belonging to one of the great families has a sort of prescriptive right to a rather more rapid promotion than his fellows. Add to this that the administrative group is now and then (perhaps) reinforced through an act of favouritism shown to a connection or friend, and you have the picture of how a Ministry is formed.

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of lineage, at any rate upon the so-called "Liberal" side places are bought.
Again, no one can be so co-opted who is not prepared to defend and carry out the general policy of the co-opted set; still less a practical ideal, but every detail they may put forward, and that no matter how sharp the contradiction between such an attitude and his known personal convictions. Nay, he must be prepared to defend out-and-out, with jaded and formal oratory to-day, and, if his orders are such, the opposite to-morrow.
The Opposition Front Benches do not now and then and for matters of the national good agree to treat some matters as external, to quarrel with the Treasury Bench. It is truer to say that they agree with the Treasury Bench in all matters save the two or three special points chosen for difference. The two Front Benches belong to-day to the same social set; they have always the same main interests to defend, and their chief and permanent interest is to keep the sham system alive. Finally, and most important of all, the two main features on which the public relies in the House of Commons have disappeared. The one is that legislation and even administration are obedient to act through their representative in Parliament. Both these ideas of the House, till recently universally held, still widely held, are quite unreal.
As to the first point: the administration of laws, that is not the result of deliberation ratified by a vote. Whatever the Cabinet decides shall pass the House of Commons passes, even though a great majority of the House voting freely or secretly would reject the proposal. It is, indeed, true that the Cabinet, both in those many matters where it naturally consults with its partners, the Opposition Front Bench, and in those matters where it scores by acting independently, has to fear its critics and by exposure through questions (which can always be avoided, and which most men fear to ask), administration is arbitrary. A department acts over its own sphere independently of public control.
As to the making of laws, that is not the result of deliberation ratified by a vote. Whatever the Cabinet does a Cabinet modify legislation, even in a small detail, because it fears a hostile majority.
The time of the House is not in the hands of the House, nor are its subjects of debate. The government has the utmost latitude—and they added a large new contingent of Chinese.
In the matter of Chinese labour, we all know what happened; and a very disgraceful thing it is to recall. The South of Ireland was in such a temper as to insist upon their independence. But that temper very rarely arises, and a large permanent combination of the sort is not to be seen save upon the Irish benches. Not a dozen times in half as many years did the Cabinet have to fear its critics and by exposure through questions (which can always be avoided, and which most men fear to ask), administration is arbitrary. The conception that the Cabinet is perpetually feeling the pulse of its majority and following the general conviction, not to its constituents or to their individual convictions, are its followers in the main responsible.
As to the second point: The time of the House is not in the hands of the House, nor are its subjects of debate chosen by itself, nor does its discussion and vote on these determine affairs.
The two Front Benches and the Treasury Bench in particular do not "on the whole" or "in the main" choose the subjects of discussion and apportion time for it. A debate arising from the body of the House of Commons—on such rare occasions as a debate of the sort is possible—has a good deal less effect upon the destinies of the people than the decisions of the Fabian Society, and infinitely less effect than the decisions of a powerful group of capitalists in some great industry, a conversation of fashionable bureaucrats, and street-corner meetings at election times. It is almost true to say that the few debates still initiated by the House itself are of no effect at all.
Now that true view of what goes on at Westminster—and anyone can test its truth for himself by taking down a volume of reports and following three or four days of the House—has become almost the answer to that type of criticism which I have mentioned.
To get the true picture of what the House of Commons has become well into the public mind is only question of repetition and time. I have fought two pretty severe elections. I noticed how, in each of them, men in great numbers were anxious to initiate policies, to see certain things done, to act through their representative in Parliament. In the first of these I was unknown to my constituency, and when I still thought that parties were what many men still think them, I gave pledges freely: they were in accordance with my own convictions. I said I would support this and that, I would move for this and that, and so forth. Four years followed, during which I discovered with increasing clearness as my experience proceeded, that such pledges were of no value to my constituents at all.
Many an occasion arose on which I could keep my pledge negatively by voting against the self-appointed clique who were making and administering the laws of England; but not a single one upon which I could, I do not say carry out, but even bring to debate and division the policies which, in common with scores of my colleagues—and often in common with a majority of them—I had been directly sent to Westminster to effect.
It is a mere falsehood to say that my attitude in these policies was personal or particular. Did the bulk of the electorate in January, 1906, desire drastic action against the South African Jews in the matter of the Chinese labour, or did they not? Are the great majority of electors content to permit the sale of legislative power, or are they not? Did the great mass of the artisans insist upon the revision of the Taff Vale decision, or did they not?
One has only to state those questions to hear their answer. They answer themselves.
We did, indeed, just manage to carry our point on the Taff Vale business: Parliament was fresh from the constituencies, and fresh from the menace of a small but real democratic movement in the country. The governing clique was probably really frightened during those few days; it gave way.
In the matter of Chinese labour, we all know what happened; and a very disgraceful thing it is to recall. The South of Ireland was in such a temper as to insist upon the revision of the Taff Vale decision, or did they not?
As for the sale of peerages, nothing but the luck of the ballot permitted the auditing of the secret party funds, and, as everybody knows, that motion was shelved by an official "amendment" into the ordinary party debate upon Free Trade, and members were spared the unpleasant duty of voting for political purity. No division on the straight issue could be taken. I have now in these few lines fairly shown the gulf which separates the imaginary House of Commons of the party Press and the suburban voter from the House of Commons as it is.
Now, no criticism of our book or of our attitude holds for a moment if it is written or said by a man who does not know the actual condition of the House of Commons. And it was curious to note in the reviews which our book received how much work we shall have to do in describing the present phase of that Assembly. The truth has been discussed by the privileged for some years. It is coming down to the obedient middle classes: it is coming more widely with every day of discussion. It does not need to be fully grasped in every constituency, it needs only a considerable doubt and ill-ease to arise and our task will be accomplished; the machine will stop working. Next week I shall suggest certain methods of action whereby at election times the truth and its consequences can be rammed home.
Now that the tension in India is, by all accounts, moment. Boycott of British goods, incipient sedition, of a reaction of Lord Curzon's stimulating Viceroyalty. of Lord Minto's settled conviction—a conviction has been described as the "blistering efficiency" of his office of Viceroy and Governor-General, he succeeded to the hands of Lord Morley and Lord Minto. When in the autumn of 1905 Lord Minto assumed charge of the office of Viceroy and Governor-General, he succeeded to a heritage of trouble. The country was in the throes of reaction of Lord Curzon's stimulating Viceroyalty. Without necessarily impugning the sincerity of the motives by which his lordship had been impelled, and even admitting that some of the most warmly controverted measures for which his government was responsible have been amply vindicated during the period that has elapsed, I think it may safely be advanced that what has been described as the "blistering efficiency" of his seven years' administration of the country had found its aftermath in a seething state of unrest, embracing alike the offices and positions of the secular and the religious. The Civil Servant wanted respite from the ceaseless overhauling of the administrative machinery—and to be allowed to write the King's English without Vice-regal marginal correction!—while circumstances had conspired to work the educated Indians up to a pitch of exasperation that was seeking dangerous outlets. The atmosphere, indeed, was charged with electricity. The new Viceroy arrived in Calcutta at a psychological moment. The mood, incipiently race hatred and sectarian dissensions, all represented a state of political ferment calling for the exercise of the keenest statesmanship. If, unfortunately, certain matters have been overtaken by events, it is at any rate still open to the Government to begin the task of relieving the situation by the early introduction of a radically rectifying element. And this duty Lord Minto undertook with signal detachment and singleness of purpose. Lord Minto had not been long in the country when he decided upon his course of action. And the policy he deliberately adopted was dual in character, consisting of constitutional reform side by side with executive repression. That is to say, while a substantia advance was to be made towards meeting the legitimate aspirations of the educated community, and allowing their claim to a larger share in the administration of the country, the Government at the same time undertook sternly to suppress all lawlessness and terrorism inspired by political partisanship. This policy was based on Lord Minto's settled conviction—a conviction which has been abundantly vindicated by later happenings—that India as a whole was not tainted by sedition. At the same time it was a policy which inevitably lent itself to a double-barreled attack: the reactionaries clamouring for more repression, and the "Moderates" for more concessions. The "Extremist" party, of course, immediately heaped ridicule on the Government and the Moderates alike, affected to regard the proposals put forward by the authorities as compounded in equal measure of malice and weakness.

Nevertheless, Lord Minto proceeded serenely undis-
turbed with his Reform scheme. It was finally carried through Parliament in 1909, and its details had been worked out in intimate consultation with Lord Morley, the Secretary of State. This collaboration appears to have caused much conflict of opinion in regard to the relative responsibility of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for the reforms, and the degree of credit which respectively belongs to each. But there is really no basis for controversy. The laurels are fairly shared. The initial suggestions emanating from the Viceroy himself, as he himself said in January, 1910: "They had their genesis in a Note entirely based on views I myself formed of the position in India. It was due to no suggestion from home. Whether for good or bad, I am entirely responsible for it." The scheme in its outline, having met with the fullest approval of the Secretary of State, was duly revised and partially recast, and bore the finishing touches of Lord Morley as it reached Parliament. The plan is complete and acceptable, and the unity of aim and purpose exhibited by these distinguished officers of the Crown and so well sustained through their tenure of office, has stood out in somewhat bold relief against the lamentable lack of harmony and purpose exhibited by their immediate predecessors, and constitutes, it is hoped, a profitable example which will not be lost on their respective successors.

The reforms promulgated by Lord Minto's Government fall under two broad heads: (1) the enlargement of the Executive Councils, and (2) extension of the Legislative Councils. The most important innovation pertaining to the former, and one which encountered the keenest opposition from the Anglo-Indian critics of the Government, was the appointment of an Indian member to the Viceroy's Executive Council. For this change, perhaps the most momentous of all, the Viceroy alone was responsible, it having been initiated, as Lord Morley declared in the House of Lords, at Lord Minto's special instigation. The proposal was assailed as instituting a fundamental departure from the traditional policy of Government, because it would give the Indians "access to the most secret and vital deliberations of the Administration, from which they had hitherto been excluded." These misgivings, however, have been largely discounted by the Government's unexceptionable selection, so far, of Indians for the membership in question. The first member to be so admitted into the inner sanctum of executive authority —the Viceroy's Council—was Mr. S. P. Sinha, a brilliant Bengali lawyer of retiring disposition, disinterested patriotism, and a fabulous income derived from his profession. Throughout his career this gentleman had sedulously kept himself aloof from politics, and had come to have a reputation for sobriety and long-headedness. His appointment, therefore, was found to be equally unobjectionable and acceptable by Indian and Anglo-Indian critics. And, moreover, the nomination of Mr. Sinha had the effect of disposing of the allegation, somewhat recklessly put forward in certain quarters at the time, that no Indian candidate possessed at once of sufficient ability and adequate personality was available for the post.

As Law Member he proved—as indeed no one doubted that he would—an unqualified success; and the public and Government were united and unanimous in their tribute to his services when, not being able to withstand the pecuniary strain of the separation of his Tribe from the Calcutta High Court, he voluntarily relinquished his Councillorship before the expiry of his full term of office, and reverted to the Bar.

The choice of his successor has proved no less happy. The new Law Member, theHon. Mr. S. Ali Imam, is a man of broad views and a tolerant political creed. He had loomed large in the public eye what time the Reform Scheme was in the making as a staunch advocate of Moslem claims. Mr. Imam, best known as a man of broad views and a tolerant political creed, and as an apostle of "an Indianism that is yet to be evolved," his appointment was received without a discordant note being raised. He, too, in accepting
An Open Letter to a Backwoodsman.

By Cecil Chesterton.

My Lord,—Though I am making an appeal to you, I must admit that there seems at first sight little in common between us. You are an heir of the old English aristocratic tradition; I am an heir of the French Revolution, and necessarily an enemy to that tradition. You are a landowner; I believe private property in land to be theoretically indefensible and practically oppressive. I make no secret of the fact that I wish to take your land away from you and with it all your privileges and immunities. I cannot expect you to like this; you will undoubtedly fight against it. And, to do you justice, I believe you would be willing to fight not only with weapons of bribery and chicanery, like the politicians and usurers with whom you are accidentally associated, but with lethal weapons and at the risk of your own life. That is why I respect you. That is why I would commend to you the example of Lord Minto, whose bearing of dispassionate and dignified detachment did not desert him, and he invariably commanded respect by his characteristic straightforwardness and unfailing courtesy. Certainly no Indian Viceroy since the days of Lord Ripon has left warmer memories behind, if one may judge from the sustained chorus of regret and appreciation that filled the Indian newspapers at his departure. The fact that the project of an All-India memorial of his Viceroyalty by public subscription is already in a fair way towards completion is significant, and constitutes a fitting tribute to his services.

Lord Minto has been a Viceroy of very few speeches, and those of studied brevity. In this, of course, he offered a marked contrast to his predecessor, Lord Curzon, with whom speech-making was a passion, and whose oratory had made itself felt from one end of the country to another, exciting in some instances at least, a degree and an intensity of irritation which was a striking testimony to his rare gifts of polemical rhetoric. One remark of Lord Minto’s, however, may be recalled, as it is an index of both the personal and the administrative temper of the man. “Not to be afraid of being called weak,” said his lordship, “is sometimes the test of firmness and strength.” A simple truth, doubtless, but one which may be commended to a wider application and appreciation.
THE PRESIDENT: My decided advice to you is to refuse absolutely to accept either this Parliament Bill or anything for the "reform" of the House of Lords, to stand on your existing rights and to defy the politicians to do their worst.

For after all what can they do? Their only possible answer to your determined resistance would be the creation of some five hundred new peers. You may take it as certain that they will not create those peers. The threat to do so is only bluff. And to bluff, as you, as a sportsman, know, the best answer is always—"Call your bluff, and stand!"

For if those five hundred new peers were created, what would happen? There is no economic law more clearly established than that which connects the price of an article with the availability of its supply. If five hundred new peers are suddenly ennobled, the market price of a peerage must necessarily fall with startling rapidity. Not only would these peerages have to be given freely but it would be impossible for years afterwards to make any charge for a peerage. Now, seeing that the Liberal, not less than the Conservative, party lives by funds derived mainly from the sale of peerages, the reduction in price which would follow on such a step would mean nothing less than suicide for the Liberal Party.

But even if the Liberals risked that and created their new peers—what would be the result? Nothing but a burst of inextinguishable laughter and a general contempt for the pretentious new aristocracy which would enormously strengthen your hands as a representative of the old aristocracy, which has, at any rate, many roots in the soil of England. Just think of the procession of the new five hundred—Jews who had lent money to Liberal Cabinet Ministers, wealthy deacons of Nonconformist chapels, obscure presidents of Liberal Associations, selected only for the length of their purses! Who could possibly think these better fitted than the English squires to stand for England?

If you had a really democratic government to deal with the situation might be different. If the hundred dock labourers were made peers it would be really impressive, for it would prove the contempt with which the Government regarded the aristocratic principle. But how can any Government afford to regard with contempt a principle which its own uprooting, assistance, or even the creation of a New Oligarchy—the dirtiest gang that ever tried to rule a great nation. Then the field will be clear for us. When all this network of corruption and hypocrisy is cleared away, the real fight—the fight between us will begin.

Meanwhile, I salute your lordship as, at least, a worthy and honourable antagonist.

Yours with all respect,
CECIL CHESTERTON.

The Cabinet.

A Comedy in One Act. By V. Doroshwich.
(Translated by Sanya Kropotkin.)

SCENE I.—THE STUDY OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE PRESIDENT: [tearing his hair, desperately]: Heavens! And to think that there are happy lands where Ministers are as still as corpses, where they can just sit quiet till the Day of Judgment! If these Ministerial crises of ours are going to be so frequent, where on earth is one to get the Ministers from? We shall soon have to have conscription for Ministers, the same as for soldiers. Universal Ministerial conscription! [Dreamily] Truly an age of great "equality," and equality which will please all. Every Frenchman will be an "ex-Minister!" However, now is not the time for idle dreams. [He rings. Enter SECRETARY.]

SECRETARY: I have telephoned for him.

PRESIDENT: If he isn't here in a quarter of an hour I'll get someone else. He will only have himself to blame. I can't possibly wait. Certainly not. Dreadful example for the country. No Government, and yet everything going on as before. It is simply teaching people anarchy. A Cabinet is an imperative necessity—if only to prove its necessity. Ring up—[Enter FOOTMAN.]

FOOTMAN: Monsieur Monis.

PRESIDENT: [going towards MONIS]: My dear Monis! please forgive me for bothering you. I have a favour to beg of you.

MONIS: With the greatest pleasure; if I can render you any material assistance, dear President—

PRESIDENT [laughing]: No, I don't want to borrow money! You really can help. Promise me that you will?

MONIS: certainly—with pleasure.

PRESIDENT: Then form a Cabinet for me!

MONIS [confused]: A Cabinet! I—I—I didn't expect this. I am not prepared.

PRESIDENT: Do you mean to say you haven't got half-a-dozen friends who want to be Ministers? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

MONIS: Oh, no doubt if I start looking round I'll soon find some. But have I got to be Prime Minister?
President: Of course. There's a splendid house going with the post—quite palatial!

Monis: perplexed: But the Prime Minister is also the Minister of the Interior?

President: Certainly. Splendid salary, and the house is in the best part of Paris.

Monis: quite disconcerted: But I have always been Minister of Justice. And you know that even in a republic the executive and judicial powers—

President: Where's the difference? To put it plainly, Justice simply means first finding out what is the matter, and then boxing a man's ears. And the executive powers box a man's ears first and then find out what was the matter. And doesn't it all come to the same? The chief point for the people is that they get their ears boxed in any case; and as to when they get them boxed—that's a mere detail. Idle curiosity, I call it.

Monis: Oh, very well, then. I agree.

President: Here's your portfolio. I will have the others wrapped up and sent to you. Well, and when shall be able to rejoice in a new Cabinet?

Monis: I think it may be ready by to-morrow morning.

President: gesticulating violently: Great heavens! why it only took a day to get a Cabinet together ample time. Go along

The Fatherland is saved—we have a new Cabinet

For whom does the law exist?

I'm leaving.

Hurray!

CURTAIN.

For the people! And the sooner the people themselves look after the law, the better it will be. Monsieur Delcassé—

Delcassé: Delighted, Mons. Monis. The portfolio of Foreign Affairs has long since—

Monis: The Minister of Foreign Affairs? He doesn't count. The Minister of Marine—he's the real Minister of Foreign Affairs! What are politics in reality? The smoke of our 'Dreadnoughts'—nothing more! They point the way with their funnels. The speeches of diplomats are prompted by their nation's guns. The fleet and not international notes is all that matters. If at a time when we are friends with England you wish to manage our foreign affairs successfully, you must look after the navy.

Delcassé: But I'm such a shockingly bad sailor.

Monis: Oh, the Ministry is quite steady—you won't get sea-sick there. Look here, my dear fellow, don't be obstinate. The windows all look over the Place de la Concorde. You're next door to the green beauty of the Champs Elysées. There are fountains playing in summer, and it's delightfully cool.

Delcassé: Yes, the situation is certainly charming, and that goes a long way.


Caillaux: firmly: I decline.

Monis: Why?

Caillaux: I have a most weighty and excellent reason for refusing.

Monis: Good heavens! Let us hear it at least.

Caillaux: —Er—really—I don't think—

Monis: [takethim bythearm andwalks himawayfromtheothers]: Between ourselves, now—what is this reason?

Caillaux: My wife does not wish to be known as "the wife of the Minister of Public Works." She says it sounds so vulgar, almost like "public houses."

Monis: Oh, I see. Would she like you to be Minister of Finance, perhaps?

Caillaux: I think so.

Monis: Give my kind regards to Madame Caillaux! You agree to the Ministry of Finance, then?

Caillaux: I do not refuse.

Monis: I should think not! Who would? Now, gentlemen, the question is, who's to be Minister of Foreign Affairs?

1st Voice: And I—twice.

2nd Voice: Not once.

3rd Voice: I'll.

Cruppi: Gentlemen, allow me to take the post!

1st Voice: I've held the post three times already.

The Others: Certainly, in that case . . .

Monis: Monsieur Cruppi, your wishes are fulfilled. You are appointed to the post. Now there are still a few portfolios left. Let us see, what is there—"Colonies," "Trade," "Agriculture" . . . Oh, and here's another—"Labour." Well, I think you had better just distribute these among your friends. Here are the portfolios. Just pass them on. The Cabinet is now complete.

Voices: Can't we celebrate the event—some champagne?

Monis: What? If we're going to drink champagne every time there is a new Cabinet we'll be ruined! [Rings.] Waiter—some tea! [Raising a croup.] Gentlemen, I drink to this new page of French history—as our allies say, "Hurray!"

All: Hurray!!!

Curtain.
The Tercentenary Celebrations of the 1611 Bible.

By J. Stuart Hay, M.A.

No one denies that England is a religious nation. We are religious but scarcely more demonstrative than the saints of Holy Writ, who (we are informed on our own authority) for Papal Aggression and the infallibility of her Book for that of the Foreign Ecclesiastic. Be this as it may, the atmosphere is most satisfying, and there is no true British born vulgarian who does not feel the perfume of that bright and occidental Star, Body Ecclesiastical to the Body Political, substituting her own for Papal Aggression and the infallibility of her Book for that of the Foreign Ecclesiastic. Be this as it may, the atmosphere is most satisfying, and there is no true British born vulgarian who does not feel the

Undoubtedly atmospheric conditions have changed in this kingdom of England since the death of Elizabeth of happy memory, and the opening of the tercentenary celebrations of the English Bible. The English Bible has been for some review, our present position. Conditions may have changed but we are still greater, greater even than our Tudor Monarchs; and for at least a couple of centuries we have been inclined to ascribe our success to policy of push to two forces, Bible and Body Ecclesiastic. Be this as it may, the atmosphere is most satisfying, and there is no true British born vulgarian who does not feel the

Naturally in the general upheaval of all well-established traditions during the latter part of the nineteenth century, there have been men who have attacked these origins of England's greatness. Critics, agile minded and intense, have attacked the veracity of the sacred text as issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society; some have even cast aspersions on the morality and usefulness of Jonah and his whale, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, the friendship of David and Jonathan, and the blessed privileges of Solomon and his wives, not to mention Noah and his daughters, Paul and his philosophy. Temperance reformers have also been sapping our foundations, and perversid denunciations and addresses have been given throughout the length and breadth of this Christian land against the prime cause of our greatness; nevertheless, with all efforts, our custom to retain that which is unchanged, every stolid-minded Briton stands shoulder to shoulder with every other stolid Briton to resist aggression whether continental, teetotal, or intellectual. Discrepancies in the inspired text of our High and Mighty King James leave us cold and apathetic, while the drink bills and magistrates' courts at the beginning of the week leave no doubt as to England's devotion to the customs and traditions which our fathers have taught us.

We are proud of ourselves as a nation and proud of our Bible as a piece of literature, perhaps most proud of the fact that the God therein expressed is our sole and unique possession, possibly because no one else has ever made a higher bid for his peculiar patronage, since Titus destroyed Jerusalem and Hadrian dominated the gates of that city with the images of swine; pigs with scowling snouts, the feet turned inwards, the tail twisted like a lie.

The Rev. Canon Cheyne, late Oxford Professor of Interpretation, has struck just the right note of our pride in his valedictory letter to the organisers of the present congress of jubilation. He says, "that in the education of the British mind to faith, the men of 1611 is of priceless value. The old Hebrew stories, the psalms and prophecies, the musings of the wise men of Israel (the Apocrypha excepted), the traditions of the life of the Saviour, the letters of Apostolic men, and the fervid dreams of Jewish and Christian Apocalypses have all been passed through English intellects and imaginations, and the result is what we still hold to with such devotion, the revised and corrected English Bible of 1611." Critics, he adds, "may want something that is simply accurate, but the common man or woman wants nothing better."
The Bible is admirable both for the young and the simple minded; we prize it ourselves even though we never open it, perhaps not when we never open it, as it is best to leave it to the young. If the veracity of the Bible is so weak that our faith should be disturbed, while they perforce have nothing that can be upset or rendered sceptical. Perhaps it is to be deplied that our own knowledge of the War God of the Hebrews, the Promised of the Bible by the English geniuses who rehabilitated him in 1611 for our delection, is not what it was. Our fathers knew more of the uses of Urin and Thummim, of the history of Jahweh's bloody battles with and defeats by the gods of neighbouring tribes than even the infants in our Church Schools which we are striving so hard to save from rationalism. The record of Joshua's power over the sun, of Balaam and his ass, of Samson and his unsaid slaughter of myriads of Philistines, are no longer even known to the children of the present day, what they were to the Crowmellian trooper, and it is in all probability our weak-kneed playing with the forces of rationalism that has brought about any decadence we may observe in our present position. Dissolving views of our personal duty and the triumphs of our martyrdom. While God set us the example of an eye for an eye and two teeth for an insult, we too were lusty and strong; when he showed pusillanimity we followed in his footsteps; Jehoah and his daughter showed God's just for blood, but Jacob and Esau introduced strategy into the armoury of the most high, and the musings of apostolic men having turned ideas of futurity from a consolation into a dilemma, have left the inquirer with somewhat rager ideas of futurity than the morality and usefulness of Jonah and his whale, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, the friendship of David and Jonathan, and the blessed privileges of Solomon and his wives, not to mention Noah and his daughters, Paul and his philosophy. Temperance reformers have also been sapping our foundations, and perversid denunciations and addresses have been given throughout the length and breadth of this Christian land against the prime cause of our greatness; nevertheless, with all efforts, our custom to retain that which is unchanged, every stolid-minded Briton stands shoulder to shoulder with every other stolid Briton to resist aggression whether continental, teetotal, or intellectual. Discrepancies in the inspired text of our High and Mighty King James leave us cold and apathetic, while the drink bills and magistrates' courts at the beginning of the week leave no doubt as to England's devotion to the customs and traditions which our fathers have taught us.

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This is the first of the letters I promised, but though settled here for the time, the objective will always be England, and if this should prove to be all about Paris it will be because I have to talk to the map at the head of the page. As there must still be a great many English who don’t know in the least where they are when a writer who knows it by heart takes them all over the place, it has been inserted at my request (a book in which I felt at war for want of the author’s help is the “Nightside of Paris,” which I should never have read if it had not been lent me by a lady from England who had it from Modjeski).

So much by way of apology, and the following are some impressions of the three months before Christmas, during most of which time I was here: not much of it spent in the commonest sort of sight seeing, but rather in putting that off till some one less tired than myself came over to insist upon doing it all. Take for instance the Louvre, for the seeing and doing of which I was so conveniently placed that some thought I was always there when I was not at home, while the fact is that I know the surroundings of it much better than the interior, and it will most likely be always so.

What must somehow be done very thoroughly are the platforms, and if for the comfort of visitors there were record of circumvallation, you may consider it certain that the city or town so honoured had become an important place, as they reckoned importance then. Already at that time there was Notre Dâme in the midst of the Island of France (little more than an Eyot of the Seine), where one long blow of the Roman island settlers, it had attracted the Romans. At Cluny, across the river, rive gauche, there had been a Roman palace, since re-established as a Museum, and probably the only tolerable road of that day was the one by which they came. This was the original “Boul. Mich.” as the students call it, the one Roman road of the Latin Quarter. Soon Paris with the wall round it became famous as a University, and there let it stay for a moment.

Faubourg means sub-urban, or extra-mural when there are walls, as at Rome we have S. Paolo fuori to distinguish it from the other, while names like St. Germain des Prés suggest meadows or fields of course, as in London we have the St. Martin’s line to distinguish it from the other, and also suggest proximity to a walled city, for only to tight-packed people would the difference have seemed so striking between the open and the enclosure. Boul. des Arts, meaning literary works or ramparts (guide-book again), no longer have the old meaning, and might as well be called avenues, which can be planned according to fancy, like the very handsome new one Raspail, whereas the oldest followed the line of the wall as it was in the time of Louis XIII, 1610-43. That was pulled down completely by his successor “who laid out the space that the fortifications had occupied in that series of broad-curved avenues which still bear the name of Boulevards.”

(Grant Allen)

To return: the distinction one soon learns to draw is between the time-honoured Quartier Latin of the University, and the haunts of the modern Art students who with their centre on Mont Parnasse are swarming all over the South, not forgetting Montmartre in the North, which now attracts a great many.

The latter could not have made their appearance, not at least in such numbers, until the establishment of the Ecole des Beaux Arts at the time of the Revolution. Reminding one of an older day, there is an atrociously ill-painted portrait of Thackeray outside a little restaurant on the B. St. Germain with a legend thereunder stating that it was his usual resort while studying at the art school. To do justice to the site he saw there in the student time because the Paris that Thackeray knew was nothing like so big as the present one. The “Thirion” as it is called is within five minutes walk of the school. He probably had not much choice in the matter (one cannot imagine him in a “Crèmeerie”) and he probably did fairly well.

Older than Notre Dâme a great deal is the Roman-esque Church of the monastery, St. Germain des Prés, which is ugly enough in its present stage but still tells its story to tell, for it gave its name to the Faubourg, and this, says Grant Allen, is still regarded “as the distinctively aristocratic quarter of Paris. . . while the district around the Champs Elysées is aristocratic rather than noble,”—as we should use the word.

Beginning by attempting to separate the students of art from the others, I have hardly left any space in

shut your eyes to all else, make at once for the picture you want, and stand as long as you can before it. Stand, because there is no sitting down in that place, and the question that waits to be answered is, why soul-saving pictures should ever be painted at all unless some deception is going on to be made for what the heartdesired enjoyment of them? I said you should make for the picture you want: most likely a certain Dutch masterpiece in one of the 35 “Cabinets” at the far end of the Avenue, but before you get there and back you will have entered so much on the slippery floor as to wish you were dead, or at home again.

Now I must get on to the map which Mr. Grant Allen’s publishers permit me to reproduce, permitting also the addition in dotted lines of the thoroughfares to the South which I have purposely had inserted.

To the antiquary nearly all that is still interesting was within the earliest wall, c. 1190, and where there are records of circumvallation, you may consider it certain that the city or town so honoured had become an important place, as they reckoned importance then. Already at that time there was Notre Dâme in the midst of the Island of France (little more than an Eyot of the Seine), where one long blow of the Roman island settlers, it had attracted the Romans. At Cluny, across the river, rive gauche, there had been a Roman palace, since re-established as a Museum, and probably the only tolerable road of that day was the one by which they came. This was the original “Boul. Mich.” as the students call it, the one Roman road of the Latin Quarter. Soon Paris with the wall round it became famous as a University, and there let it stay for a moment.

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(Grant Allen)
which I could deal with them. Sufficient to say that there is nothing more modern in Paris than the district they cover at present, or of less interest except to themselves, yet I can imagine nothing much jollier than the lives which they seem to lead, and it might be good to be young again.

Seeing that Paris cannot be more than a third of the size of London, it should be so much less of a Hell upon earth than our capital, but be that as it may, what we have mostly to think of is how to get to a given point with the least possible trouble, and one of the advantages of the opening of the new Metropolitan line (Nord-Sud), by means of which the Parnassians can get without any change or trouble from their side to the Madeleine, where one is near to most of the pastures. If any of them should go to the Bastille, and continue the former to the Bastille. Tell the friends who ask you where I am quartered that I think I could not be much better off than I am in this modest place, and that all lovers of Paris should know) and back by the waterside after a long pause on one of the bridges."

"Walk this well-remembered days."

"The Doctor's Dilemma" is not half as bad as the preface to it; and Mr. Shaw makes so many qualifications that we may well doubt whether the medical profession is as dangerous as the showman has said. They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, said one who has not been superseded by Mr. Shaw; and the problem, if there be true, is at once limited to a minority of the people. So we need not be too much afraid when we read Mr. Shaw saying: "It is not the fault of our doctors that the medical profession has a pecuniary interest in illness. A murderous absurdity that does not happen to doctors and surgeons. "Every year sees an increase in the number of persons employed in the Public Health Service, who would formerly have been employed in the Private Illness Service. To put it another way, a
host of men and women who have now a strong incentive to be mischievous and even murderous rogues will have a much better chance to be so, because a much higher percentage of them is not only good citizens but active benefactors to the community. And they will have no anxiety whatever about their incomes. This may be very true, but the cart that Mr. Shaw's approval will no more hasten the process than the poet's adoration to the sun "Roll on" accelerates the speed of that luminary. But there are obviously limits to the effectiveness of the Public Health Service. It cannot deal with socially preventable disease; it can only increase the chances of health and diminish the probability of sickness. To what extent, is a matter for experts; but Mr. Shaw's ideal Medical Officer of Health is that he has entirely ruled out every sort of medical private practice in a large city except obstetrics and the surgery of accidents. But at this point, Mr. Shaw's ability as a pleader has deserted him.

Two years ago, he delivered a letter to the Medical-Legal Society which he has published as the preface to "The Doctor's Dilemma." He began by saying that he was born in 1856, three years before the publication of "Origin of Species"; therefore he belonged to a generation which hoped more from science than any generation ever hoped before. In this preface, as in that lecture, his objection to doctoring is that it is not a science: "doctoring is the art of curing people, the practice before, medicine must be mischievous and perhaps murderous; nothing that the doctor achieves by what Mr. Shaw calls "magical" means can be of use. His alternative, then, is presumably a science. But with what a shock do we discover that the science is no more exact than the art; is not, indeed, a science at the present time. I quote the whole passage.

When the Local Health Authority press every householder to attend, and you are forced to attend to somebody whose special business it is to attend to such things, then it matters not how erroneous or even directly mischievous may be the specific measures taken; the net result at first is sure to be an improvement. Not until attention has been effectually substituted for neglect as the general rule, will the statistics begin to show the merits of the particular methods of attention adopted. And as we are far from having arrived at this stage, being as to health legislation only at the beginning of things, we have practically no evidence yet as to the value of methods. Simple and obvious as this is, nobody seems as yet to discount the effect of substituting attention for neglect in the value of methods. Apart from the fact that attention healthy people the Medical Officers of Health kill. It can only deal with socially preventible disease. But if we are to choose, the Medical Officers of Health will do their best to increase the health of the people; although they may not thank Mr. Shaw for his peculiar praise of their science. And because people do not go to a doctor unless they are ill, private medical practice automatically declines as the general health increases. There is, of course, the maladie imaginaire; but as Dr. Hunter said: "If a man is so ill as to believe that he is ill when he is not ill, then he must be very ill indeed." That is a case for a psychologist; and psychology is not a science yet, and therefore very interesting. But we cannot hope, even by the most improved sanitation, by the most effective prevention of infection, to eliminate all nervous and digestive complaints, diseases of the teeth and gums, and avarice, and so on. There is work for our much maligned medical profession with its cheap cures. For the value of the articles is doubtful, and the goods are not delivered. We are asked to believe that the medical profession is a murderous absurdity: that surgeons mutilate and doctors poison unnecessarily because they are paid for it. But we are further told that very few people can afford to feel insulted by our reception of him. And he is so convinced of the value of the article he has to sell that even when he does feel the injustice we are meting out to him, he comes up smiling the next day hoping to find us in a better mood. Mr. Shaw has undoubtedly learned the profound wisdom of the maxim of the Gentlemen of the Road: If a customer insult you, the best way to get back on him is to sell him a bill of goods.

This is eulogy; and so far as the preface to "The Doctor's Dilemma" is concerned, it is not deserved. For the value of the article is not known, and the goods are not delivered. We are asked to believe that the medical profession is a murderous absurdity: that surgeons mutilate and doctors poison unnecessarily because they are paid for it. But we are further told that very few people can afford to feel insulted by our reception of him. And he is so convinced of the value of the article he has to sell that even when he does feel the injustice we are meting out to him, he comes up smiling the next day hoping to find us in a better mood. Mr. Shaw has undoubtedly learned the profound wisdom of the maxim of the Gentlemen of the Road: If a customer insult you, the best way to get back on him is to sell him a bill of goods.

The difference between the practice of the art and the application of the science is apparent. You cannot tell how many patients the doctors cure, nor how many healthy people the Medical Officers of Health kill. We have reached an impasse. We have to choose, it seems, between a set of men who do not know their business and another set who have not learnt it. We have as a guide only Mr. Shaw's asseveration of the value of attention. Apart from the fact that attention to be the first symptom of maladie imaginaire, Mr. Shaw contradicts this by his conclusion: "Use your health, even to the point of wearing it out. That is what it is for. Its Spanish equivalent is to do not oubliez vous." Try this for a little while, and you will be, not at death's door, but in the hands of a doctor, suffering from a temporary breakdown.

The preface to "The Doctor's Dilemma" offers us nothing and promises us nothing. Here is an honest point: to be the first symptom of maladie imaginaire, Mr. Shaw says: "But when the witnesses begin by alleging that in the cause of science all the customary ethical obligations (which include the obligation to tell the truth) are suspended, what weight can any reasonable person give to their testimony?" But if we are dubious of the immediate practical advantages of a science that is not yet known, we must be more doubtful of the ethical improvement implied by the change. The Medical Officer of Health," says Mr. Shaw on p. 72, "will no doubt for a long time to say he can preach to fools according to their folly, promising miracles, and threatening hideous personal consequences of neglect of by-laws and the like. To trick a heathen into being a Christian is no worse than to trick a whitewasher into trusting himself in a room where a small-pox patient has lain, by pretending to exorcise the disease with burning sulphur.

Mr. Shaw has shown us that the doctor's pecuniary interest in sickness makes him unscientific, untruthful, and a danger to the community. He has shown us that the Medical Officer's pecuniary interest in our health does, at present, result in the same delinquencies. Let us approach Mr. Shaw's stronghold, the people; dignified in this case by the title of 'The Laity.' "In the main, then, the doctor learns that if he gets ahead of the superstitions of his patients he is a ruined man; and the result is that he instinctively takes care to get ahead of them. That is why all the changes come from the laity." I turn back a few pages, and I find this passage. "Thus it was really the public and not the medical profession that took up vaccination with irresistible force. The Greeks, too, were driven to try it by the fear of horror's hands and establishing it in a form which he himself repudiated." The public interest in prophylaxis offers no prospect of a successful issue from our difficulty.

What are we to do? Read Mr. Shaw's books: that is all. His answer says in "The Doctor's Dilemma":

He has the rare attribute of temper which is the crowning mark of the up-to-date salesman—an imperturbability which will not be disturbed and which will never recognize an insult. He is so anxious for our welfare that he cannot afford to feel insulted by our reception of him. And he is so convinced of the value of the article he has to sell that even when he does feel the injustice we are meting out to him, he comes up smiling the next day hoping to find us in a better mood. Mr. Shaw has undoubtedly learned the profound wisdom of the maxim of the Gentlemen of the Road: If a customer insult you, the best way to get back on him is to sell him a bill of goods.

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An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

I have already alluded to the smiling mania in New York, but the smile is mostly for the street, the tram, the show. It is intended to be worn with the picture hat, and to go on or off at will. Not so with the laugh. This is to be heard at some thirty New York theatres, and the leading dramatic critic declares that New York is smitten with a laughing craze. I believe the reason is to be found in the fact that New York is a city of born gamblers. There is no person so prone to melancholy as the gambler, and the gambler must have plenty of distraction. He must escape from the slogs and outrageous frowns. Only too willing to slap the other fellow with a sling and a pebble, there is nothing he hates so much as slings and pebbles for himself. He would be the slayer of a fresh Goliath every day. But there are more Golliaths than Davids, and so our gamblers are in despair, and they must laugh or they must languish and become lunatics.

The gambling world of New York may be divided into money gamblers, social gamblers, and marriage gamblers. This makes the gambling mania practically universal. Many society women in America have divorced three husbands, and hope to marry a fourth. For several reasons, the New York comedy theatres and music-halls are filled to overflowing, and seats have to be secured well in advance. Is the laughing craze the beginning of an awful end? Or is it the ending of a horrid beginning? During the Terror the theatres of Paris were crowded, not with howling mobs, but with crowds of hoarse laughers whose motto was: “Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.” In spite of the great number of suicides, all these laughing crowds have no idea of dying on the morrow. Their aim in life is to imitate the rich and have a good time.

At the comic theatres cosmopolitanism runs riot. It is impossible for an English actor who has not visited New York to imagine what a “protean” actor is expected to do; he must enact in succession the role of the now classical “Ah Sin,” with his meek face and dangling pig-tail, the Cork brogue and the Tammany scowl, the fierce gaze of a military Prussian, the decadent airs of a Parisian dandy, all the nice inflections and sly sneers of an Irish-American, and in the midst of hilarious comedy, at the moment when the men in handkerchiefs prefer the freaks of punchinello to the punctilious poses of marital bondage. The women flock in crowds to the farce to see the men as others see them and to see themselves as they would like to be seen, in the midst of hilarious comedy, at the moment when the men are hen-pecked and the whole barnyard of matrimony cackles with the triumphant squawks of a Shanghai who has forgotten her chickens amidst so many hens with spurs.

Anyhow, for better or for worse, for one reason or for several reasons, the New York comedy theatres and music-halls are filled to overflowing, and seats have to be secured well in advance. Is the laughing craze the beginning of an awful end? Or is it the ending of a horrid beginning? During the Terror the theatres of Paris were crowded, not with howling mobs, but with crowds of hoarse laughers whose motto was: “Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.” In spite of the great number of suicides, all these laughing crowds have no idea of dying on the morrow. Their aim in life is to imitate the rich and have a good time.” The chronic optimism of the people is amazing.

To what does all this laughter hang? It hangs like a Damascus sword to the fine hairs of matrimony, to the stuffed chignon of sentimental love; it hangs on the false moustaches of quick-lunch divorce, on the impertinent top-knots of petulant courtship, on impossible pigmies in tattered pyjamas, on elephantine freaks in harem skirts, on grass-widows and truncated bosses, on hair-courted suitors and slim bossues, on the last of the duchesses, on minxes who hold the boudoir mirror up to nature for the moralists to grin at, who hold on to life by the frounces of lucky chance, who end by flinging the chemisettes of decorum in the teeth of society jacksals and inviting the financial lions to take supper with the frisky lambs.
And how does the laughing craze affect the Yiddish people and the Yiddish theatres? The Russian and Polish Jews of New York have many theatres of their own, and familiar with the type of scene at the up-town places of amusement on Broadway. In the Yiddish jargon the actors can say what they please, and sometimes the American New Yorker comes in for sarcastic wit and mordant humour.

There is something in the atmosphere of New York that makes all these Russians, Poles, Bohemians, and Germans feel like Americans, no matter what lingo they speak. When they are here six months they begin to speak out what they think, and when they have been here two or three years they begin to act what they feel. All these foreigners have not only theatres of their own, but clubs of their own. In the mad search for originality they soon stumble into the rut of eccentricity just like the Simon Pure Americans, for anything is better than to live a life of smooth and regular existence. New York is certainly afflicted with the club mania along with so many other manias. * * *

There was a Suicide Club and a Thirteen Club. The Suicide Club, of course, meant business from the word comes in for sarcastic wit and mordant humour. Being swished off by the thirteen superstition. That number thirteen will get him, that is, you could take your time in dying, at least the superstition was supposed to let you do that much.

One of the members confessed to me how the thing worked.

"You see," he said, "when a man joins a club like that he is kept up at first by the spirit of bluff that goes with that sort of thing. Most members are scared, but the correct thing is to grin and bear it. The more scared you are the lighter your jokes and the more indifferent you must appear. This sort of bluff and bunkum is better than to live a life of smooth and regular existence.

I should be infinitely obliged, and somewhat enlightened, if one or two of the signatories—for example, the wife of the Primate—would come forward and give the names of three recent novels which she has herself read and which she considers ought to have been censored.

Apart from this singular communication to the Press, the censorship question has not lately been very prominent in England. In Scotland, however, they keep the ball rolling. Not long since the Edinburgh Public Library ceased to take the English Review. A lady who enquired for it was informed that the "English Review" had been classed as 'pernicious literature.' That a monthly so enlightened and courageous as the English Review should fall out the finest review printed in the English language was exquisitely ridiculous. A large number of Edinburgh readers evidently thought so, and the protests were such that the English Review has been reinstated. So much to the good! I have reason to believe that during the last year the circulation of the English Review has very notably increased.

I hear that Messrs. Dent are going to issue an entirely new English translation, in verse, of the Divine Comedy. It is the work of Dr. C. E. Wheeler, who has been engaged on it for many years. Dr. Wheeler is a pillar of the Stage Society, and the author of a small book relating to the ever-burning question of homeopathy. But of his activity in pure letters I know nothing that is published except a contribution to The Open Window. The Open Window, by the way, has just completed its first volume. I did not conceal my dissatisfaction with the first number. The sixth pages of it before I began to perceive that I was read-
ing an author who, if he develops normally, will be in due season a novelist of quite the first rank. I mean the rank, for example, of Henry James. The man can not only write—I say "write"—he can observe and he can construct.

A book well worth reading on the subject of nineteenth century English literature and Art is "Etudes Anglaises" (Grasset, 3frs. 50c.), by Raymond Laurent. There are five essays in it, of which the principal deals with Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde. I described recently a history of modern French literature by a young man of twenty-two. Raymond Laurent died at the age of twenty-one. Such precocity silences comment.

The other day, in Paris, I sat by the bedside of a suffering but still talkative and very beautiful American actress, and from her conversation I learnt, to my astonishment and delight, that authors are much more important people in New York than they are in London. As a supreme proof of this she told me that when the late Clyde Fitch drove out in New York it was a royal progress. So much so, that one day, perceiving Frohmam in the distance and desiring to have a speech with him, Clyde Fitch whistled, and—said the actress in a tone which was different—"such a thing could not happen in London, and I regret it.

But I live in hope. Before I die I really should like to know that Mr. Charles McEvoys had whistled for Mr. George Alexander, and that Mr. George Alexander had a thing could not happen in London, and I regret it, because he needs a dark-room. The cold light of intellect can, for its possessor, destroy the everlasting truth of a great poem. But clearly this is a wrong use of a most valuable tool. Intellect, in spite of the ephemeral process, in the form of motor-cars and electric light, to which it has led us, is really the brake on the car of evolution, and it is the fact that we mistake it for the engine which has led to so much wrong thinking: It is as important as is the engine; in fact, at the present epoch it is perhaps more important. It is mind which can arrest man on the never-ending slope of the "way out" and give him a chance which he would otherwise not have had of starting the climb up the "nondescript" road. The amount of intellect is absolute stagnation. It is, as it were, a firm point on which man may stand for the somersault which will put him right way up in the universe.

The reason that the universe interlocks as it does is that it is a manifestation of "It", and as such it is impossible that there can be any part out of keeping with another. But all the universe that we know is only the shell, or earthly body, and "all" means not only the physical world but also mind, etc. This is one great problem of philosophy. As against Western and Eastern metaphysics, and I think underlies the philosophy of Bergson. In the West we make the pair of opposites mind and matter. In the East the pair are spirit and matter, of which latter mind is only a mere "refined" condition.

We exist in the Shape of Vishnu, in the layer of interplay between Breath and the Waters. From one point of view what we call "evil" is when the Waters prevail, but for the Waters to prevail there would be no manifestation. There are other things which we call "evil," for evil is a word of many values like the rest, and one of these is merely our own ignorance of the meaning of our surroundings, and hence our incapacity to make the best use of them. Just as we do not "go for to hurt" our finger, as the country folk put it, but rather our finger is not clever enough to get out of the way without a great deal of practice, so it is with our necessities of life. The Creator as pictured by Fitzgerald in his pessimistic moments is senseless. That the whole universe may be a huge joke is quite another thing.

Man, too, has his universe of body and soul, past, present, and future. This is a difficult idea for those to grasp who are used to the customary relations of causality, because we are propagated by waves in ether, thought is also propagated by waves in some other stuff, for, after all, our figure as far as realities are concerned, as distinguished from appearances is only a pure assumption. But when we find such a basal fact as that action and reaction are equal, true wherever we can observe it outside us, and also indispensable to our thinking, as we can observe it "inside" us, it seems strange that we can assume discontinuity and irrationality in all that we cannot see and observe. Even if this absurdity is sometimes commented on, such comment is always regarded as being poetical, figurative, "unreal," or in some way suspect, whereas the whole of our nature, freed from our intellect, intellect, intellect, is very far from being apparent. And if it be brought against this view of continuity are entirely convincing, or if not unconvincing yet certainly inconclusive, and must always remain so, as they are at best proofs of a negative proposition. To take an analogy, we can show that the apparently matter does not cause movement in the ether by friction, but this clearly does not dispose the very obvious fact that the "grip" between ether and matter is sufficiently close and strong for a magnet to hold up many hundredweights. Our knowledge of the "laws of nature," apart from the few of which we have tabulated certain aspects, is so infinitesimal that we have no better right to call a "materialising" medium an impostor because he can only produce his results in a dim light than we have to call a photographer an impostor because he needs a dark-room. The cold light of intellect can, for its possessor, destroy the everlasting truth of a great poem. But clearly this is a wrong use of a most valuable tool. Intellect, in spite of the ephemeral process, in the form of motor-cars and electric light, to which it has led us, is really the brake on the car of evolution, and it is the fact that we mistake it for the engine which has led to so much wrong thinking: It is as important as is the engine; in fact, at the present epoch it is perhaps more important. It is mind which can arrest man on the never-ending slope of the "way out" and give him a chance which he would otherwise not have had of starting the climb up the "nondescript" road. The amount of intellect is absolute stagnation. It is, as it were, a firm point on which man may stand for the somersault which will put him right way up in the universe.
is to be able to ken them all directly. The universe as
we now know it is a universe of illusion because we
are contacting shapes with shapes. The rather in-
sufficient data thus acquired we proceed to hand over
to our mind to deal with. Our mind, a cold, academic,
calculation, person who has no need of direct experi-
ence, or of any real thing, has a good supply of
"well founded theories" as to what experiences
ought to be like, and the turning over of these theories
forms the basis and the superstructure of fully nine-
tenths of our lives. The proper use of mind is to
unravel from the "mass impressions" of direct and
timeless kennings such threads as we need, and to
weave them into a time web for our use in this space
world. But mind has become the master instead of the
tool.

In so far as man is a true image of cosmos, all the
events in cosmos are reproduced in him; both what
mind would call great events and small events, and all
in their true proportions, and from these man can,
when he will, unravel just so much as is to be contained
within the particular point of space and the particular
moment of time in which he happens then to be. But
except for some definite purpose there is no need
to do this. It is automatic knowledge which we want,
not intelliating intellect in things of a reflex we greatly increase the "personal time
equation." We should few of us have our eyes intact
if we had left them to our intellect to guard. When
man opens his eyes, he is ready for this "rational
consciousness," to the direct contacts he does not
need to "think" what he wants to do, he will follow natur-
ally the push or flow of cosmos. He will have become
"automatic" in the way in which a gyroscope is auto-
matic, and will tend naturally to those "points" in
cosmos where the burden is heaviest and the experience
most full, as the moving cells in our bodies do.

This state of things is still a long way off, but the
first step towards realising it is to leave off doing
things, "because we think we want to," and even worse
still, "because we think we ought to." One would
have thought that experience should have taught us by
now how almost invariably we are wrong in our choice.
We can tell pretty well what we do not want, but to
find what we want by an intellectual process is rather
like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. The
ancients said that nature is conquered by obedience,
and obedience means "listening hard." This is the idea
underlying the teaching of "non-attachment" to
acts, it is not an unpractical idea leading to stagnation,
except in the case of asceticism. I believe a second reading of the precept, "sufficient for the day
is the evil thereof." When once we can grasp that
an increase in the "fulness of life" is the only thing
that no alternative roads have been opened up since
then. It seems to me to be a plan of things which
at least puts fresh values on many of the well-known
facts, and so tends towards producing that balanced
state of mind so much belauded by Lewis Carrol In the
preace to the "C. S." It seems to me to be a plan of things which
believers in the newer religion may not think I am ignor-
ning them. Believing as I do in the solidarity of the
universe, and that God makes no sudden jumps, I fancy
that if we let our mind run steadily along the line which
we have laid for it for us it may be that a clearer
understanding of some things which, rightly or
wrongly, we feel a need to understand.

As I have said before, I give no authorities. My
object is not to provide readers with a new and interest-
sing subject of conversation ready cut and dried, but to
suggest to anyone who is tired of trying to amuse him-
sell with everlasting Bridge that there is another and
eternal game waiting for his attention. It is the Great
Game of Life in which foot, horse, chariots, and
elephants all take part. Its rules are very complicated,
everyone has to learn for himself, and he
may buy his experience dearly. But it is worth it, for
he always has something to do, no one can refuse to
play with him, and when he begins to see how he
absorbing. He learns that it is not the square that
makes the king, for all squares are equal, and it is the
king who makes the square; that an elephant cannot
do a footman's work any more than he can do the
elephant's, and that there
is other people's luck. The only stakes are Aeternal
life, but unless he is a gambler born he will probably be
satisfied with the "fun of the game."
The advice is always true, "Listen to your enemy; it is God speaking."

For Sanskrit material books by Max Müller, H. H. Wilson, Colebrooke, Monier-Williams may be mentioned; Maspero, Erman, Lanzoni, the picture-books of Lepsius, Rosselini, etc., and the various translations of the "Book of the Dead" for Egypt. Of modern writers on the subject, one of the very many suitable to all tastes, and ranging from Inge to the American Thought Power school. But among them all there is no book to which I think we owe so much as to the "Book of the Dead," of H. P. Blavatsky, who, in the Baned of which few Western minds would have found their way into the maze of Eastern thought. Gerald Massey must also be mentioned in connection with things Egyptian and Christian, though his attitude of mind makes his books unacceptable to some.

The Murderer.

That which is right for each to do, that which is in accordance with his nature, that which he needs to accomplish, he must and will. Which is why I, Sebastian Leach, am a murderer and why also I am justified in my own eyes.

I am a doctor, first man of my year at Edinburgh and now in general practice. From my name I gather that some ancestor must also have been an apothecary, a "leech," about my forefathers. One of them was a Jew. From him no doubt I inherit my love of humanity. People think of the Jew as a money-grabber; they forget that Christ, he also was a Jew.

From my one or two hospital appointments I date that first kindling of pity. A doctor is at the core of life, he sees it in the raw, he is the father confessor of amazing weaknesses, wrongs, sufferings.

For the last ten years I have lived in London. Content with small beginnings I have now a house in Upper Wimpole Street, and an income commensurate with its lofty rooms, an income which takes account also of its mean stairways and passages, for it is made by healing the sick and—"managing" the neurotic! From the worldly point of view, therefore, I have done out the aid of which few Western minds would have found their way into the maze of Eastern thought.

In a few words, the forester lops that he may have fine timber, and I have cut from the tree of life what decayed branches I could reach. For ten years I have been as a scourge on the mentally deficient and the mentally unsound. One man cannot accomplish a great deal. But a whole crowd could stand it no longer, when shams and conventions fell away and only a core of red-hot pity remained, I took action. I would do what I could. The same were stilled that the insane might eat. The healthy might deny themselves children because the sick must be maintained, because the taxes were so heavy, because the criminal lunatic had to be detained at His Majesty's pleasure in His Majesty's asylum. The gardener prunes the tree that it may bear good fruit.

The advice is always true, "Listen to your enemy; it is God speaking." And death, in the large sense, is only deliverance.

It wasaukee, I took life, and—though it was a righteous act—my life was forfeit, for that is the law. But mankind is less burdened, more able to bear its burdens because I have lived, and I take that knowledge with me.

We may theorise, but only one thing is clear. The old command, "Be fruitful and multiply," has come out of innumerable feeble flames. Called in to attend an imbecile I would show my parents that the medical profession was more serious than they had thought, that he would be unlikely to recover. Consulted with regard to a feeble-minded child I would make it seem natural he should grow worse instead of better. A doctor has always ways and means at his disposal, and no one could doubt my passionate interest, my anxiety to do the best for my patients. The best! The best for those poor, little, flawed entities!

Last autumn I was sent for to a man named Macan, who, with his wife's assistance, kept an ironmongery shop in Marylebone Fount Street. He was suffering from an attack of mania. Enquiry into the history of the case elicited the fact that he had twice been placed under restraint and had two years before been returned to his wife; his return being marked on each occasion by the birth within the year of another child. His was a typical case, of unstable mentality, and Mrs. Macan being young the couple were likely to have several more—tainted—children.

The man was given a sedative, which in due time took effect, the patient dying in his sleep. I certified the cause of death to be acute mania; but Macan had a brother, a bachelor, who had his parents that they was more serious than they had thought, that he would be unlikely to recover. Consulted with regard to a feeble-minded child I would make it seem natural he should grow worse instead of better. A doctor has always ways and means at his disposal, and no one could doubt my passionate interest, my anxiety to do the best for my patients. The best! The best for those poor, little, flawed entities!

Majesty's pleasure in His Majesty's asylum. The weakling, the idiot, the lunatic—tarnished—children.

The Murderer.
A Statesman's Mind.
By Niccolo Machiavelli.
(Specially translated for "The New Age" by J. M. Kennedy.)

SECTION VI. (continued)—OF JUSTICE.

(12) In order to smooth down the friction between litigants, the judge, having heard and properly investigated all the evidence, should endeavour to make the parties come to a compromise; for it is praiseworthy to act thus.

(13) Having heard the parties to a dispute, and considered the evidence on both sides, the judge should try to find out, in a friendly way, whether the disputants could not reach a compromise agreeable to the ends of justice. This is a praiseworthy task; but when, having used every endeavour, he finds that it is impossible, let him administer justice in accordance with the laws.

(14) It is the duty of the judge to listen with absolute impartiality to both sides, and then to award his verdict in accordance with the rights or wrongs of the dispute, apart from his own personal feelings.

(15) The judge must devote his best attention to both sides of a case, giving his decision in accordance with the dictates of honesty and reasonableness.

(16) When writing or speaking to a judge to ask for his assistance in a suit, you cannot go further in expressing your desires than by saying that, since he may be able to help you, you hope he may do so—without, however, veering a hair's-breadth from the straight course of justice.

SECTION VII.—PUBLIC BURDENS.

(1) In order that taxes may be equal, they should be apportioned by the laws and not by man.

(2) A prince is driven by luxury to make heavy demands upon his people and to appoint inquisitorial tax-gatherers.

(3) Over-expense gives rise to heavy public debts, and these in turn lead to dissatisfaction and disturbances.

(4) By being moderate in his expenditure, a prince may be liberal towards all those from whom he takes nothing, and the number of these is infinite. He may, on the other hand, cause a certain amount of misery and want among those to whom he gives nothing; but these are few.

(5) When taxes are being collected, it is particularly important that pity should be shown towards those families which happen to be in a state of want and distress, so that they may not be compelled to leave their country owing to non-payment.

(6) It is only right that indulgence should be shown to the poor and distressed. They should therefore be treated leniently by the tax-gatherer; for it is lamentable that money should have to be extorted where it cannot really be afforded.

(7) If families are in severe distress, their economic condition should be taken into consideration when their taxes are being collected. Such people should be treated with mercy and discretion, and likewise encouraged; and more should not be taken from them than what they can actually spare.

(8) By the exercise of ordinary prudence and honesty, taxes may be brought down to a just and reasonable amount.

(9) Let those officials who may be engaged in public duties act with kindness and discretion, so that they may not, for instance, irritate country farmers and labourers at times of great natural disasters, when they require mercy rather than harshness: for the main object of public works and duties is to keep in view the health, welfare, and general utility of the country at all times, though poor and discontented.

(10) When public officials are engaged in their duties, let them treat the country folk in so friendly a way that the latter will do what is wanted voluntarily rather than with a grudge: let such officials have people and towns at heart, rather than the mere letter of their duties.

(11) Let all such duties as those referred to above be carried out in as gentle a manner as possible, that men may not be driven to desperate courses.

SECTION VIII.—OF AGRICULTURE, TRADE, ETC.

(1) We may observe that, under moderate govern-ments, those riches that arise from agriculture and the arts tend to increase in large proportions; for every one is willing to aid in this increase, and seeks to acquire those things which, after having acquired them, he will be able to enjoy. Men under such a form of rule, vie with each other in the attention they give both to private and to public concerns, so that the value of both ever tends to become higher.

(2) Public safety and protection are the nerves of agriculture and commerce: hence a prince should encourage his subjects to devote themselves to their various pursuits with the assurance that they shall not be robbed and murdered. The prince should offer rewards to those who are successful in such tasks, or who in any other way whatsoever show themselves able to increase the power and prestige of their city and country.

(3) Landed property is a more stable and enduring form of wealth than mercantile industries.

(4) The Romans justly thought that extensive lands were not so necessary as well-cultivated lands.

(5) Without plenty of men a city will never become great. To this end kindness should be shown to the inhabitants; and the roads to such a city should be kept open and safe for foreigners who may wish to go and live there. By taking such precautions as these, the city need not become hungry or discontented.

(6) Under moderate and mild forms of government the population increases, since marriages can be more freely arranged and are thought more desirable by the parties concerned. Every man willingly procreates as many children as he thinks he can properly support, never being oppressed by the thought that his possessions may suddenly be seized; and knowing, on the other hand, that his children will be free men and not slaves, and that it is open for them to become great through their own exertions.

(7) A state becomes great when it serves as a place of refuge for exiles.

(8) Without public fields where everyone is at liberty to graze his flocks upon forests where everyone may collect firewood, a colony cannot become properly established.

(9) When citizens are exiled, the state is deprived of men, wealth, and industry.

(10) Nations are wealthy when they live modestly, as if they were poor, and when attention is not paid to luxuries, but to necessities.

(11) People are wealthy when money does not flow out of their country, the inhabitants being content with what their own land produces, and when there is an influx of buyers from foreign countries desirous of purchasing their hand-made goods, e.g., dresses, cloaks, and so forth.

(12) Well-ordered governments should, to avert sudden distress, have control over a number of public shops, sufficiently stocked with meat, drink, and fuel for a year's requirements.

(13) In order that the lower classes may be supported and nourished in times of distress, well-ordered governments should have arrangements made for giving them work in those branches of employment which form the nerves of the state and of trade: and let these classes support themselves.

(14) The provinces where we find both wealth and order, are the nerves of the state.

(To be continued.)
Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

"The Lily" (Kingsway Theatre).

Ideas, in the theatre, commonly run to seed either in verbiage or sentimentality. In verbiage among genuine propagandists, reformers, politicians, and the like, who use drama as a means to an intellectual end. In sentimentality among opportunist playwrights who select from current ideas any that will create a dramatic effect, and reproduce them coloured by personal taste or desire. In the phraseology of the leading article to that of the feuilleton. Style—in other words, imaginative distinction articulate—is the only quality which can give life to ideas. The topical propagandists tend to despise beauty of style as a form of "art for art's sake," and the opportunists, for the most part, could not achieve it if they tried. That is why "advanced" thought has made such ravages in the modern theatre. It so easily becomes reactionary. There is no play quite so tiresome as the bad "advanced" play.

"The Lily," adapted from the French of MM. Pierre Woolf and Gaston Leroux by Mr. David Belasco, is by no means entirely bad. Its sentimentality is well relieved by satire. It passes for a drama of ideas. That is to say, it deals with a social subject, attacks a verbiage or sentimentality. In verbiage among genuine propagandists, reformers, politicians, and the like, who use drama as a means to an intellectual end. In sentimentality among opportunist playwrights who select from current ideas any that will create a dramatic effect, and reproduce them coloured by personal taste or desire. In the phraseology of the leading article to that of the feuilleton. Style—in other words, imaginative distinction articulate—is the only quality which can give life to ideas. The topical propagandists tend to despise beauty of style as a form of "art for art's sake," and the opportunists, for the most part, could not achieve it if they tried. That is why "advanced" thought has made such ravages in the modern theatre. It so easily becomes reactionary. There is no play quite so tiresome as the bad "advanced" play.

The scene is immensely effective without being memorable. It is quite trivially phrased, but well designed. It shows ability without genius, and is, in fact, precisely the scene which two experienced playwright-craftsmen might be expected to devise if they were presented with the idea of an up-to-date scenario form. Four doors and a French window as material accessories, a reservoir of rhetoric, an instinct for proportion, a sense of pitch—and the thing is done. It is not easily done, however. Craft is not needed. The play is none the worse for being well made.

The fourth act brings no surprises. With the satiric Comte de Maigny out of the way, the course is clear. A divorce is patched up for Arnaud, and he takes his leave of Christiane until such time as the King's Proctor (or his French counterpart) shall cease to keep a bureaucratic eye upon him. Or, if France has managed to civilise herself beyond maintaining that ridiculous official, the farewell is probably arranged in order to soothe the conscience of the playgoer, who may by this time have had enough of aiding and abetting adultery. The emotional tide of a third act may justify anything; the fourth demands discretion. One is always more than the other.

M. Pierre Woolf, as the author of "L'Age d'Aimer," has given his patrons ("customers" may be the word) stronger meat, but none more to their taste. Mr. Leroux has clearly been the necessary agueunt. Between them, with Mr. Belasco's help, they have made "The Lily" as advanced a popular play as London is likely to welcome for the moment. For those who approve moral sanity in the theatre, and prefer to acquire it on the instalment system, a shilling or two will be well spent in visiting the Kingsway. In ten years' time the authors will have moved a step further, but they will still be precisely up-to-date. Meanwhile, Mr. Laurence Irving has shown courage in producing their work. In estimating public taste, he has struck a higher mean than most of our managers.

Mr. Irving himself plays the Comte de Maigny very cleverly. He has a fine sense of satiric humour, and often redeems the poorest lines by his delivery. His touch of the grand manner, in "The Lily," serves him well.

"Business" (The Stage Society).

When, at the close of the third act of Mr. John Goldie's "Business," a reviewer went off and William H. Rackham, the negro employee, an audience unaccustomed to the use of firearms gasped, but remained unmoved. The most substantial shadow in a play of shadows disappeared. Rackham, strong man though he was, failed to overcome his assailant by exercise of that personal magnetism commonly irradiated by financial potentates upon the stage. He scorched the protection of servants, and faced his man alone, with an eye of steel and the air of a lion-tamer confidently negotiating a tight corner. He was prepared, with no doubt in his head, for a selection from the maxims of a self-made plutocrat. If the play had been written in America, Rackham would have won and the stability of the social order would have been assured. Now he is killed, and the force of character proved useless. The iron will omitted to grip. The reviewer went off, and he writhed upon the floor.

The situation was neat and modern enough in its disregard of popular dramatic canons, but it tested the author's capacity as a playwright too severely. The play was concerned with ideas, and the petroleum king was one of them. A reviewer fired at an idea produces no emotion, and only the most casual of intellectual thrills. Even granting Rackham, with the aid of Mr. Claude King's remarkable acting, a separate human existence, his end was ineffective. In real life, the less a death is anticipated, the greater is the impression it has received a moral shock. He feels that the chateau is no longer any place for him. He must go to Paris and console himself. There, briefly, is the climax at which MM. Pierre Woolf and Gaston Leroux have aimed.

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creates. In the theatre the case is reversed. An unexpected death is merely an irrelevant episode, barely noticeable and instantly forgotten, like the overturning of a table. That was rather the impression of William H. Reckman than of any other tragic circumstance. He foreshadowed no calamity. A symbol of one idea, he was snuffed out conveniently for the sake of another. He was only the most substantial shadow in a shadow play.

Before and after the shooting incident came a long discussion of trusts and combines, commercial intrigue and commercial morality, in which many true things were admirably said, and some few platitudes and tautologies were made palatable by a sense of humour. One seemed to be assisting at a conscientious symposium upon modern commerce, conducted by a group of eminently reasonable people, under the direction of an author with a gift of observation and an instinct for tolerance, justice, saneness, benevolence, humanity—in short, for all the desirable social qualities represented by all the desirable abstract nouns and translated into a desirable ideal of citizenship. And when Mr. John Goldie's play of the institution of private property was given before the curtain to receive the congratulations of his audience, the impression was duly confirmed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WAR AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—It is very sad to see the editorial writer reviving the ancient economic fallacy that war can cure poverty. War between nations is not a cure for any social ill. The law of diminishing returns has not been repealed. The war between the rich and the poor—combined with the institution of private property in the necessities of life—is irresistible in its operation. Wars are treasures of the world and unifies history, but the institution of capitalism is still flourishing. The South African War, in which “the safety of England” was genuinely endangered, did not mitigate in any way the “law of rent.” It established the predominance of the Jewish plutocracy. In fact, the whole argument of the editorial writer endorses the puellarity of his conclusions.

The guilt between the rich and the poor can only be narrowed by hostile action on the part of the poor against the rich. Had the editorial writer advocated civil war, aiming at the seizure of the means of production out of the hands of the rich, everybody who regards the economic condition of this country with alarm would agree with him. Civil war, being a defense of the collective rights of the workers, which is the new truth to the editorial writer. Wars between nations are preservation of the rich because they avert civil war. He should have shown, though it is not attempted, how war against Germany or Russia, or the United States, could re-distribute the wealth of this country in any effective way. It is quite true that the workmen of England and Germany have been enriched during war time, owing to the shortage of the labour market caused by a high mortality on the battlefield. Unless I am much mistaken, even the workmen of England are not so enslaved in their souls as to accept such an evanescent remedy for their poverty. The English people may be converted to Socialism and its economic teachings. Till then it is hopeless to expect any modification of the law of rent during either war or peace, unless the war be a civil war aimed at the destruction of the institution of private property.

Let me cite Napoleon's soliloquy on June 22, 1815, when listening to the shouting of the populace: “Poor people! they should not stand by me in the hour of my reverses, yet they have not loaded them with riches or honours. I leave them poor, as I found them.” Napoleon certainly knew the economic condition of things. His answer is the most final refutation of the editorial contention could be found than those words: “I leave them poor, as I found them.”

Sir,—In your “Notes of the Week” for March 23 you dwell on the fact that war is not altogether unpopular with members of the working class, and refer to Mr. Haldane's remark that "if there were a rumour of war the ranks would be crowded in a week or two.”

It is, I believe, a fact that during the dock strike in Hamburg some time ago a blackleg recruiting agency in the East End was besieged by hundreds of applicants. Unless this proves that the attempt to organise the workers on trade union lines is futile, neither, I submit, does the statement quoted by you prove that the foreign policy which THE NEW AGE has seen fit to adopt for the last year is right.

Finally, with regard to the last paragraph of your “Notes,” allow me to ask why anyone, however benevolent bureaucrat, should want to “close” the widening gulf between the Rich and the Poor? Or is there a more ideal reality that the lion should lie down with the lamb?

THE FUTURE OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

Sir,—It may indeed be, as Mr. Schlosser plainly hopes, that the Fabian Society has been converted to the “wealth of nations” theory. But the Fabian Society is still flourishing. For the number of Fabians who do not believe in Fabianism seem to increase. There are democrats in the Fabian Society.

There were democrats in the Independent Labour Party, and are; in the Labour Party, and are; in the Liberal Party, and are; and would be in the Conservative Party, but they are made outsiders bluntly. Other parties do it tactfully. For from the democratic party comes forth a group protesting against hierarchies. We listen gladly to their protests, and watch them growing into a hierarchy, learning their lesson, giving us ours. What you want is not what is best for you. It will give you only what is best for you. Leave it to us. Which are the real Socialists or Democrats?

A FREE FEMINIST PLATFORM.

Sir,—Some weeks ago Dr. Theodor Gugenheim commended briefly in THE NEW AGE, in reply to D. Triformis, upon the circumstances which must render doubtful the success of any immediate effort to form a broad-based feminist movement. The difficulties he instances—the uninscrupulousness, rush, and booming of the W.S.P.U.—are very real, but they are not the sole difficulties. These lie in the fact that women and men who regard themselves as advanced feminists are all at sixes and sevens as to principles, theories, objects and methods—that the way is strewn with half-erected edifices, and has not as yet an edifice, which is in politics and in social, sexual and industrial affairs there is needed a new statement of the feminist position. The rush of the thousand and one things that have intesified the mental chaos, and only a contrary condition can remove it. A feminist movement formed now even under the most desirable auspices would be liable to go to pieces within a short time on a hundred separate issues, and would probably end by arbitrary limitation in some important direction. To avoid this danger I suggest that discontented and disgusted feminists—and those who are merely truth-seekers!—should combine to provide a free feminist platform in every town and city in the country. Organised lectures, discussions and debates on a free platform should prepare the way for a vigorous rational development in feminism, should assist in promoting study and investigation, and in systematising the material already available. A movement of action would naturally follow this one of thought and inquiry.

I have been led to make this suggestion now because several correspondents, stirred to undertake a new labour movement of action, would naturally follow this one of a new labour movement formed now even under the most desirable auspices. I am in duty bound to carry out the suggestion made by D. Triformis and to form or try to form a feminist society.

I have explained that I think the suggestion would be unprofitable at this moment. I have pointed out what I think is the one way by means of which such a movement may be prepared for. I am willing to help in such work of preparation. But I wish to point out in a definite way I could not have consented to take prominent part in the formation of a feminist society now; it would be unfair to saddle such a movement with a responsible official so generally execrated—and dare I say feared, since unanswered?—as myself. But on a free platform even I could appear without a fear of damage to the honour concerned. I indicate this avenue as a possible one for the energies of those who have asked for hope and "something constructive."
WOMEN AND LABOUR

SIR,—I have now finished a careful reading of "Woman and Labour," and I think it will be found, after a consideration of the references below, that I was fully justified in my letter of last week, in criticizing the "Introduction" on page 25. It does not refer to the main argument of "Woman and Labour" which deals with "Para-
sitism" and "Sympathy." The book was destroyed by fire in the South African War. The con-
text is worth considering, and as the vindication of the author's meaning is important perhaps I may be permitted to quote:

"In the last chapter of the original book, the longest, and I believe the most important, I dealt with the problems connected with the personal relations of men and women in the modern world. In it I tried to give expression to that which I hold to be a great truth, and one on which I have been trying to make the history of the masses of humanity in society in the last thousand years. The book reproduced on the present day seems to me a most profound truth often overlooked: that as human beings we are organized on a sexual basis. This book was not in any sense an endorsement of women's rights. The present day is perfectly clear that society is no longer capable of such a thing as women's rights. The book was written in the belief that society must be organized on a sexual basis, and that this is the only way in which human society can ever be organized."

On the same page Olive Schreiner says:

"I do not believe in the possibility that without ideals in every department of human activity, one would have a sense of security. The individual is the only thing that really matters."

Let me now point out the principle governing these social changes. I will state here dogmatically (the statement can be amply proved if necessary) that the process of creation of sympathetic relations in every form of human association is, in the last analysis, to the extent of the development of the same qualities. The answer to the question whether this process is to be pursued, is that it is not to be pursued if it is found that it is not going to be pursued. The whole question is whether this process has been pursued, and if it has been pursued it has been pursued for the purpose of developing human society.

The next step was the loan of excess product to one who could be trusted to use it for the purpose of developing human society. The next step was the loan of excess product to one who could be trusted to use it for the purpose of developing human society. This process has been pursued in all ages and it has been pursued with varying degrees of success.

One of the great difficulties of the process of creation of sympathetic relations in human association is that it is not to be pursued if it is found that it is not going to be pursued. The whole question is whether this process has been pursued, and if it has been pursued it has been pursued for the purpose of developing human society.

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State Socialism suffers from precisely the disadvantage above-mentioned, namely, that it requires for its smooth working a perfection of mutual trust which does not yet exist; its introduction would therefore impair the growth of that trust. Freedom, on the other hand, is the necessary prelude to the ultimate communism. Compulsory co-operation develops best under freedom. The individual may make the majority of men have still too much of the primitive political jobbery, instead of exposing them so automatically as to induce them to supply social wants without this stimulus. vantage means the liberty accorded to an individual to dispose of his services as he thinks best, taking due care of the like interests is held up as brotherhood. But free competition simply results from the fact that these players casually strolled in? The entry is itself an evidence. Does Mr. Smedley suppose that these players were acted before Elizabeth, or before James, in their parts? Mr. Smedley do not refer to Valentine's, but to Proteus' departure from Verona for Milan. Lines referring to Valentine's departure are:

Go, go, go, to save your ship from wreck, when I see Antonio saved by a saint.
Being destined to a drier death on shore.

To speak in that way, even in jest, of a journey down the river hardly seems right to me. I will give Mr. Smedley the victory, but I do not think he need be so triumphant. An eminent doctor of law told me, the other evening, that "Bacon could never have made such a hash of law as there is in "The Mercurius Veneticus." And he leaned those Haynes' "Outlines of Equity," from which I quote:

"The popular belief, that the law exacts a literal fulfilment of the contract, is deeply rooted in our national jurisprudence. Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances is that of Shylock's bond. . . . Gentlemen, I should be sorry to profane Shakespeare. I see Antonio saved by a saint.革命与战争.

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