NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The reader must abandon for the present any hope of making head or tail of the discussions of the Parliament Bill. Absolutely nobody knows exactly what is being done or what is intended to be done. Disputants on both sides are waiting for some miracle to happen, and meanwhile are exploiting, in the confusion and darkness, this if we were not the case we should surely be able to discover some unanimity somewhere, if not in a whole party at least in a group. But unanimity nowhere prevails. Lord Lansdowne's plan for reforming the House of Lords thus is clear nor does it command the general consent of his own party. Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Referendum scheme had after discussing it but postponed since died. Even on the Government side there are subterranean hints of mental distress. Mr. Keir Hardie specifically referred to subterranean hints of mental distress. Mr. Keir Hardie specifically referred to "three prominent Liberals" who were canvassing the Coalition members in favour of the compromise we defined last week. These three prominent persons are not the only ones engaged in the same mission. Most of the members of the Front Bench, and certainly the four who were in the late Conference, would be quite willing, if only they could do so, to resume the practical discussion of the situation from the point it reached last November.

The "Daily Telegraph" of March 30, in an obviously inspired narrative of the Conference proceedings, declares that the consulting eight had reached practical agreement in the matter of constitutional deadlock and were only prevented from acting on it by the refusal of Mr. Redmond to accept the terms. In fact, Mr. Redmond is made to appear in the inspired narrative as the sole obstacle to a "national settlement." Had it not been for Mr. Redmond the present Parliament Bill, which is now declared by the Government to be untenable by dot or comma, would have been completely shelved in favour of some other device. Such, it is suggested, was the attitude of the Cabinet some four or five months ago. The conclusion is that not only is Mr. Redmond a wicked person for refusing to accept terms that the Parliament Bill, which is now declared by the Government to be untenable by dot or comma, would have been completely shelved in favour of some other device. Such, it is suggested, was the attitude of the Cabinet some four or five months ago. The conclusion is that not only is Mr. Redmond a wicked person for refusing to accept terms he does not like, but Mr. Asquith is guilty of a historic and political scandal in according to Mr. Redmond's claims. Persistence in the Parliament Bill, in short, is made to appear a moral offence of the most lurid description. This melodrama would be passable tragedy if the authors of the narrative displayed the smallest appreciation of facts apart from theories and "imaginations as one would." But throughout the whole wall there is no evidence that the Irish party is thought on the subject of Parliamentary Government. A moment's reflection would demonstrate not only that Mr. Redmond was well within his rights and duties in refusing to be ignored in the national settlement, but in the state of affairs, Mr. Asquith had and has no choice but to consent to Mr. Redmond's refusal.

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All communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.
happened? The Front Benches, supposed to be in fundamental opposition, would have united to dish one of the principal constituent groups of the Government of the day! The alliance between the Front benches, in fact, which Mr. Bellloc has proved tacitly exists, would probably resemble that of the Federalists in the years that, if ever again, would it be possible to resume the party game. That neither side is prepared to risk this contingency is obvious from the fact that this course is not actually pursued. It might be better in the interests of the nation that this course should be pursued. No Englishman, however sympathetic towards Home Rule, likes to feel that his own national affairs are being determined by the Irish party. Yet what alternative exists but one we have described? In Mr. Asquith’s place, what would you do? * * *

There is one chance of compromise which remains, but it is remote. It is that the Unionists should give a pledge to pass Home Rule. For it is plain that if the Irish are concerned in the Parliament Bill solely for the sake of Home Rule, the intimation in the Bill as by the time when its end is attained. Unfortunately, however, the Unionists are not at this moment prepared to pay even this modest price for a “national settlement.” They want, in fact, a national settlement that shall cost them nothing. Parliament is not a machinery for concession and glamorous for compromise, their notion of compromise is to behave as if they were a majority and to get everything for nothing. If this attitude were stereotyped and one could be found at the eleventh hour of substituting for the Parliament Bill a lesser constitutional innovation. All that it would be necessary to do would be to call a private conference of the leaders, to draw up the heads of a Home Rule Bill and to pledge Unionist support. Mr. Redmond has no particular prejudice in favour of receiving Home Rule from the Liberal party; still less, we should imagine, of receiving it from a nation whose constitution had been broken to admit of the gift. In other words, given security for Home Rule, Mr. Redmond would probably prefer a “national settlement” to a national unsecession. The only obstacle to this is the present disposition of the Unionist party. But this may change. * *

The Holmes circular to which we referred last week has grown, in the opinion of the “Nation,” to the dimensions of a “class war.” What bombastic nonsense is this? If there is any class war on the subject it exists in the imagination of the “Nation,” not in fact. The apparent opposition of the two front benches is that elementary schools should not be allowed to continue to stew in their own juice. No person of a spiritual difference arising from alien and insulated remote is the prospect of a national settlement. The only obstacle to this is the present disposition of the Unionist party. But this may change. * *

The article by Mr. Cecil Chesterton which appears elsewhere is not the only evidence that many people are growing concerned at the administration of the criminal law in England. Except, strangely enough, in the Liberal Press, the result of the trial and appeal of Morrison has everywhere been regarded as a fresh proof that there is something seriously wrong in our criminal system. So conservative a journal as the “Daily Telegraph” published on Saturday a weighty letter from Mr. George Lansbury, allowing the cross-examination as to credit of a prisoner charged with a capital crime. Such cross-examination may be excusable in minor cases where the punishment is not irrevocable; but in capital cases, the actual evidence of guilt should be strong enough to dispense the Crown from the necessity of depending upon prejudice. In the Morrison case there is not the least doubt that the cross-examination was fatal to the prisoner. Nobody who listened to the perjuries committed on both sides by various witnesses could have come to any certain conclusion with regard to the murder without the make-weight of the prisoner’s past record. And his past record alone without any evidence of the immediate crimes of which he was charged would have been enough to damn him in the eyes of an ignorant jury. Add to this bare record Mr. Muir’s devilish treatment of it and the verdict became inevitable. * * *

But while plainly pointing to the need for an amendment of the criminal law the evidence would be found at the eleventh hour of substituting for the Parliament Bill a lesser constitutional innovation. All that it would be necessary to do would be to call a private conference of the leaders, to draw up the heads of a Home Rule Bill and to pledge Unionist support. Mr. Redmond has no particular prejudice in favour of receiving Home Rule from the Liberal party; still less, we should imagine, of receiving it from a nation whose constitution had been broken to admit of the gift. In other words, given security for Home Rule, Mr. Redmond would probably prefer a “national settlement” to a national unsecession. The only obstacle to this is the present disposition of the Unionist party. But this may change. * *

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

While I have paid careful attention to the newspaper comments on the arbitration question, I have not seen any reference to the significance of the fact that Sir Edward Grey's remarks concerning President Taft's speech were made two or three weeks after the President had used his memorable words. It is stranger still, that no one could find this speech of Mr. Taft's for a time. As a matter of fact, it was quite an unimportant utterance, and merely contained one of the off-hand references to universal peace and brotherly love in which the every American politician indulges on occasions of public dinners, and which he straightway forgets. I have read the speech and pronounce it to be commonplace.

Of course, it may be said that Sir Edward Grey did not mention the subject in the House until Mr. Bryce had communicated with the President on the matter; and there would seem to be some force in this suggestion. On the other hand, I have now had time to hear from a Washington source upon which I can thoroughly rely, since it is the White House itself. I may say, then, that President Taft never thought for a moment that his innocent speech would have had such wide prominence. That man was more surprised by Sir Edward Grey's words than Mr. Taft himself. When it is recollected that Sir Edward's speech was made at nearly the same time as the American Army was being mobilised for service in Mexico, if necessary, and when 20,000 marines were being hurriedly prepared for service in Cuban coast towns in view of a rising which was feared at the time, the humour of the thing will become clear, except perhaps to the idealists and romantists headed by Mr. Carnegie.

We are accustomed to look upon America as the home of the peace movement; and no doubt there is a great deal of unhealthy romanticism there. Likewise, there is no other land in the world where the people are so easily taken in by patent-medicine advertisers, so that cranks of all descriptions naturally find it possible to thrive wonderfully. Yet, strange to say, the arbitration proposals have by this time fallen flat, even in the U.S.A., and it is wrong and idiotic to say, as a few papers have, that the movement cannot succeed until Home Rule is granted to Ireland, so that the Irish-Americans may be propitiated. The truth is that the public became so accustomed to hearing about peace and arbitration that they seldom took time to consider that the movement cannot succeed in any class of the community that the idea of a complete arbitration proposal with us was hardly ever considered for a moment.

Now, however, the voices of the pacifists have been echoed in the House of Commons; and the full possibilities of arbitration are beginning to dawn upon the American people. They see how wide its scope may become, and they frankly do not like it. They recognise that, if no more can be done, that the movement cannot succeed until Home Rule is granted to Ireland, so that the Irish-Americans may be propitiated. The truth is that the public became so accustomed to hearing about peace and arbitration that they seldom took time to consider that the movement cannot succeed in any class of the community that the idea of a complete arbitration proposal with us was hardly ever considered for a moment.

As for what our allies think of us, consider this from the German newspapers. We have confined myself to stating undeniable facts and the Press, while, like the "Hamburger Nachrichten," which I have just referred to, it had professed to take a calm view of the matter, conveyed subtle hints to France that if she did join the new league it would be considered as an offensive move to Germany and would lead to trouble. As for Russia, the news came as a bombshell. She has a secret agreement with Japan and Germany with respect to China, as I mentioned just recently, and the entire Cabinet thought that the move was an indirect attack on Russia. They are for Germany and would lead to trouble. As for Japan, the Government there regarded the move as a tactical effort on the part of President Taft to safeguard the Philippines and the American interests in China. After this, Mr. Stead may refrain from talking so glibly about the "new phase of international ethics" in which England is alleged to have taken the lead. An international ethic, in Mr. Stead's sense, does not exist. Or, better, it may be found in the pages of Machiavelli and deduced from the sayings of Napoleon or Frederick. No doubt, however, the pious readers of the "Christian Commonwealth" are suitably impressed by also-rans like Mr. Stead, as they are by harmless men like Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

I have confined myself to stating undeniable facts; and I think their moral is clear. Far from arbitration proposals leading to pacifism, they merely serve to generate war. I am not a fan of the argument that President Taft, who says: "As long as men are wars, men and States are States."
the "Echo de Paris" of March 30. The leader-writer commenting on the hesitancy, refuses to admit the inability of Great Britain to oppose Germany in the East, even where British interests are concerned, says:—

From this point of view, the recent outbursts of oratory in which the head of the Foreign Office indulged as the result of Mr. Tal't's speech constitute a new and significant indication: in this hymn to universal arbitration, in this appeal to the helpful pacifism of "American cousins beyond the seas," do not distinguish, and were, the acknowledgment of a feeling of uneasiness or weakness, the imperative need of grasping the United States by the hand, in order that England may be assured of the peaceful possession of Canada, of which colony, in view of the new conditions of Canadian autonomy, she will not be able to assume the defence if called upon.

And, again, take this passage:—

Having enumerated the means by which England could hinder the advance of Germany towards the Persian Gulf, did not Sir Edward Grey anticipate their futility when he concluded by saying that, after all, Great Britain would always be able to build a railway for herself on Persian territory? And this is the sole conclusion which the successor of Palmerston and Salisbury can offer to his country in this struggle for influence and power, where to-day the fate of Middle Asia is being decided, and to-morrow the fate of India itself is decided: the right of commercial competition in a more or less distant future?

I am not a little amused by the persistent efforts of Mr. Jowett to extract an answer from Sir Edward Grey about the military assistance which Great Britain has officially now doubts that under the present system of treaties the terms may be published with a flourish of trumpets, and there are several which the terms may not be explained publicly in the House.

The task may prove impossible of achievement. The old rules of its action are still taken for granted; the contempt with which the politicians treat it is not yet generally accepted; a strong national tradition survives as to the proper function and character of the House. What we have to try and do is to create a disease of Party without actually creating one. Our business is to straighten an institution warped by corruption, and that corruption mainly dependent upon secrecy. It is this word "secret" which, I think, provides the key to our action. Our business will be to explain the business of the House of Commons involves no problem of construction. The old rules of its action are still taken

In order to ascertain what direct and practical methods can be employed in this business of exposure, the first question we must ask ourselves is why the political machine has been allowed to fall into its present degradation.

Some will answer this question by saying that the thing is looked upon as a sport, and not taken seriously; others by saying that the Party Press deceives the mass of people with regard to the conduct of public affairs.

Between that increasing ill-ease and action there only lies the popular ignorance of what the House of Commons has become.

We shall get to the very root of the trouble, therefore, if, at every election, we design questions for the candidates which shall at once enlighten the voters as to the nature of the working of the House of Commons and embarras the candidate in his design to serve the Front Benches (and his own career) rather than the people.

In pretty well every constituency there are a sufficient number of malcontents to form a committee. Let such committees be formed. Let these committees consist not merely of Socialists who naturally despise the Party game, nor merely of people who privately object to one of the candidates in particular. Let them be formed of those (they are already numerous and their number is growing) who know what the ravages of the disease are, and are determined to cure it, from whatever point of view this conviction may have reached them.

There are indeed not a few constituencies in which the formation of such a committee would do well to act upon some such programme as this:—

1. During the existence of the present Parliament to note who puts down what blocking motions, or what "shelving" amendments to motions which the Whips find awkward. How the sitting member votes, noting especially the unpopular votes for which he will give the excuse that "he could not turn out the Government," or (if he is in nominal "opposition") that "he had to act as he did from loyalty to his Party." At present this work is done minutely and carefully at heavy expense by the organisation of the sham Party game, and with the object of helping Hanky to score over Panky
The Views of Labour on the Lords.

By T. H. S. Escott.

DURING the period of the earliest storms encountered by Gladstone's first premiership, there were no Hyde Park riders whose passage to and fro between Piccadilly and Rotten Row excited more popular interest than a middle-aged prelate of incomparable piety and personal dignity, with nothing episcopal about his headgear or nether clothing, but in plain clerical dress, dividing his attention between the chief on whom he was in attendance, and a little girl with a great wealth of light hair flowing over her riding habit, the elder ecclesiastic's daughter. That gentleman was the then Archbishop of Canterbury; the young lady was his daughter, is-to-day Mrs. Davidson; while the clergyman who made up the trio, having become her husband in 1878, now sits in the chair of his father-in-law, Archbishop Tait. The popular welcome given to the Primate of that day wherever he went owed much of its warmth to its being a matter of common knowledge that to his statesmanlike qualities and to his personal charm, another personal cause, was due the absence of a collision between the two Houses on Gladstone's Irish Church Bill. "And the best of it is," said a voice in the crowd, over-heard by the present writer, "he is training another to take his place. The next day, the day after his son's seat, the other Dr. Davidson led the welcome to the new arrival with a mixture of grace, dignity, and kindness worthy, as was said at the time, of Archibald Campbell Tait himself. The street group of forty-three years ago continued with even greater life when their disappearance was not to be credited with any conscious stretch of imagination, representing an actual primates's succession by his possible son-in-law as illustrating the hereditary principle. But it is quite certain that the principle itself no more impressed the masses of the nineteenth century as a repulsive absurdity than it seems to them in the twentieth. A second Chamber based on primogeniture is open to many criticisms, whose points are understood to be some better than the industrial body of the United Kingdom. At the same time, actual and varied experience shows that the fact of its being an hereditary assembly is not popularly regarded as an argument for its fundamental reconstruction any more than its root and branch overthrew the Corn Laws. As a fact, the mechanics and artisans of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands seldom find businesses conducted better or more comfortably for themselves than when their supreme control is vested in a single family. He who is to inherit the management of the affair has necessarily passed much of his life among the mill hands or factory hands, that are not less essential for maintaining his family fortunes than the capital of his forefathers or himself. Nor are family honours and wealth the only things that pass by a natural process among the forefathers or himself. Nor are family honours and wealth the only things that pass by a natural process among the

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Macmillans, Murays, Murrays, the fathers go, the sons rule in their places. The establishment conserves the hereditary impulse; its material developments continue in the same lines and with the same volume of success.

The average working-man of good intelligence and of a fair amount of reading, cherishes no distrust of the hereditary element in English politics. He sees, moreover, that in the Commons sons still succeed fathers, as county and even borough members, but little less frequently than the new peer is one of the old peer’s children. The chief fault found by the industrial classes with the parliamentary system in its present phase is that Commons and Lords alike are increasingly dominated by influences tending to make them purely official organisations in the interests of the reigning Party. As a consequence, the neighbourhood where the operations in question are going on is absolutely in the power of not so much the department of which Mr. John Burns is head, as of some local understrapper with his own axe to grind, Nourishing, in the face of all objectors, each according to what is perhaps morally the most odious crime of which a man can be guilty—a crime the perpetrators of which Dante consigns to the lowest circle of Hell. He was accused of betraying the country to which he owed allegiance and the army of which he was a prominent officer; he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment on a remote island.

Sixteen years later Stinie Morrison was convicted at the Old Bailey of the murder of one Leon Beron on Clapham Common. He now lies under sentence of death for that crime.

Captain Dreyfus was a Jew, and a Jew of considerable wealth. He had a large income of his own, and the income of his wife was still larger. He was able to enlist on his behalf the influence of the rich political Jewish families, especially of the Rednachs, who correspond mutatis mutandis to the Montagues [né Samuel] in this country. All that the resources of the Hebrew money power could do for him was done, with the result that after many vicissitudes and another trial (at which he was again convicted) he received a free pardon and was restored to his rank in the French Army.

Now, as regards Dreyfus, the facts have never been put quite fairly before the British public. His defenders secured the complete control of the English Press, and contrived to impress upon the English people the idea that he was a sort of just man made perfect and that there was absolutely no evidence against him except the fact that he was a Jew. This, of course, was nonsense. There was a very strong prima facie case against him, as anyone who read the reports of the trial in the French papers must know, and the impression which his own personality produced was certainly not a pleasant one. Yet there was a weak point in the case against him which forced men better instructed than an ordinary Englishman to admit that at least a case had been made out for the revision of his trial.

One of the principal witnesses against him, Colonel Henry, forged a document in order to fortify the proofs of his guilt. The forgery was of the most contemptible character, and could hardly have imposed upon anyone. M. Cavaignac (an anti-Dreyfusard) had only to look at it to pronounce it spurious. Moreover—and this is a point of vital importance—it was, as a matter of fact, never used against Dreyfus. The forgery was not committed until after his first trial and it was exposed before his second. In strict legal logic, therefore, it could have had nothing to do with the evidence on which he was convicted. Yet all sensible men felt that it had.

And they were right. Such a fraud reaches beyond itself. It taints all the mass of evidence collected against a man; for it suggests an unscrupulous conspiracy against him. If one document is a proved forgery, others may be unproved forgeries. If one witness is a convicted perjurer, other witnesses may be perjurers whose lies have not been brought home to them.

Now let us apply these considerations to the case of Stinie Morrison.

Morrison is also a Jew, but a Jew deprived of the advantages which Dreyfus derived from the support of wealthy financiers. He, like Dreyfus, continually declares his innocence. He, like Dreyfus, has been...
nevertheless, condemned, but in his case to a penalty of which, if carried out, there is no possible revision.

Morrison had against him a case got up by the police force just as the case against Dreyfus was got up by the French General Staff. We shall see in a moment how far the methods employed in the two cases resembled each other.

Morrison has been a bad character; he was for a considerable time a professional burglar, was indeed a ticket-of-leave man at the time he was arrested—in fact, he was actually arrested, as we are now told, not for murder, but for failing to report himself. This fact undoubtedly furnished to the jury, just as the somewhat unpleasant reputation which Dreyfus bore among his comrades doubtless weighed with the French Court Martial. Yet common sense might have been expected to urge a very strong point on the other side. It may be true that a disgraceful perjury is more likely than a respectable person to commit a crime. But it is also unquestionably true that he is much more likely than the other to be falsely accused of a crime which he has not committed. It is only in melodramas that the police seeking for a criminal naturally turn to the most virtuous and heroic character they can find. In real life the man fixed upon (even though innocent) will probably be a man already more or less suspect, a man of shady character and antecedents, a man likely to be such a criminal. Such a man was Dreyfus; and such a man is Morrison.

I have already said that the strongest point in favour of Dreyfus was the fact that the evidence against him was tainted by the Henry forgery—though that forgery is not now part of that evidence. Let us see how far the analogy with Morrison holds here.

Two witnesses who gave damning evidence against Morrison at the police court, the man Rosen, who said he saw the prisoner and the murdered man together, and the woman Flittner, who deposed to seeing the dead man's five-pound piece in the prisoner's possession—confessed to perjury and withdrew their evidence. It will be urged that this evidence was not used against Morrison, and that the Home Office was the Government that would not be a man already more or less suspect, a man of shady character and antecedents, a man likely to be such a criminal. Such a man was Dreyfus; and such a man is Morrison. Nothing remains but the effect of the evidence so far can hardly be regarded as favourable to the police. Apart from the ugly business of arresting a man on one charge when he is really wanted on another, one police officer, at least, has withdrawn the sworn evidence he gave at the police-court, thus making his story square with that of his fellow officers.

Thus, not only is there a certain taint upon the evidence against Morrison comparable to that which the Henry forgery cast upon the evidence against Dreyfus, but nearly all that evidence is more or less tainted or open to suspicion. Nothing remains but the evidence of the police themselves, and the fact that Morrison's explanations of the money in his possession failed to satisfy some minds. The second point appears to me a very inadequate ground for condemnation. Men like Morrison often come by money in ways which they find it difficult to explain. The possession of such money might be sufficient (like Dreyfus's secret visits to Germany) to arouse a suspicion against him, but it does not prove him a murderer. Add to this the fact that the cabman who identified him had the opportunity of seeing his photograph first in the evening papers, and that it is a matter of life and death to any cabman to stand well with the police, and you have a complete summary of the case against Stinie Morrison.

I do not wish to exaggerate the point, but I suggest that the evidence against Morrison was not sufficient to justify his arrest or even his committal for trial. But, if men are to be hanged by the neck on such grounds, then it seems to me that all our lives are simply dependent on the good will of the police.

It is not perhaps altogether to the credit of the Jewish community, which is so powerful in this country, that it has not rallied to the support of poor Morrison as it rallied to that of the wealthy Dreyfus. But there must surely be some Englishmen left in whom the love of justice and an equal law is not dead.

Culture and Politics.

By William Poel.

In a leading article that appeared recently in the "Times," referring to the death of Mr. S. H. Butcher, the member for Cambridge University, attention was called to the drawbacks of Democracy, whose Parliamentary representatives, it was said, rarely showed any respect for men of culture. Mr. Butcher, says the "Times," "retained his hold upon the House by a combination of intellectual gifts, reinforced by an engaging personality."

"Democracy appears to believe that it can dispense with everything that in the past has made the real greatness and the enduring prosperity of nations. Not merely the classical studies, which Mr. Butcher carried to such an extraordinary height of excellence, but the whole range of intellectual culture which these studies connote are unceremoniously thrust aside as useless obstacles to what the most ignorant and unthinking are pleased to regard as progress."

"Henry Butcher, we are told, the better and wiser mind of the nation, count for little "more than the most thoughtless and shallow representatives." And we are reminded, besides, that the chosen guides of the Democracy are not men who have foremost in their minds the deep philosophical or religious questions, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudices. After this slap in the face, how Democracy is supposed to enlighten and improve the human understanding of the whole system of government, but men who can glibly repeat its own crude imaginations, and who find themselves at home among its unexamined prejudic..."
obeying that leadership. Now one thing is certain, that criticism of this kind is more damaging to the cause of culture than it is to Democracy. Assuming, as is probable, that the writer of the article is himself a man of culture, then neither he is incapable of arguing intelligently, because either he is incapable of arguing intelligently or he used his superior abilities with a view to confuse the minds of the "Times" readers about issues in regard to which even the plain man may, and they may both use the same terms in relation to it and yet agree in nothing over politics. Culture, in fact, has to do with words, and politics with things. The only justification by which the "Times" arguments can be consistently supported is on the assumption that prior to the inevitable outcome of given courses of action. The only ultimate happiness is more damaging to the cause of culture than it is to Democracy. "The immediate origin of Irving's popularity, or rather of the flood of noble and fashionable hearers who poured in upon the little chapel in Hatton Garden all at once without warning or premonition, is said to be a speech of Canning's. Sir James Mackintosh had made an instant encouragement to accompany his friend to the Scotch Church on the following Sunday. In fact, the curiosity awakened by Canning's eulogy is said to have been the first beginning of that invasion of society which startled Hatton Garden out of itself.

Now what are the ethics of this extraordinary narrative? A minister becomes famous through some happily-expressed words about a Prime Minister becomes enthralled by the beauty of the idea of God's fatherhood, apparently regardless of the fact that this new fatherhood is not one calculated to give orphans their daily bread. It is inconceivable that Mr. Crooks or Mr. Wilson would have sat down content with the mere beauty of the idea. We may even go back three hundred years to a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth, and find a man of culture indulging in the same kind of impractical moralising. The quotation is taken from A Sermon Against Excess of Apparel:

"The Israelites were contented with such apparel as God gave them, although it were base and simple. And God gave them, although it were base and simple. And God so blessed them that their shoes and clothes lasted them forty years; yea, and those clothes, which their fathers had worn, their children were contented to use afterwards. But we (that is the well-to-do) are never contented, and therefore we prosper not; so that most commonly he that ruffleth in his sables, in his fine clouts about him."

Compare this with the practical philosophy of the home-bred Shakespeare, who in his analogy does not forget to suggest a remedy.
"Take physic, pomp: Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel: That thou mayst shake the superflux to them And show the heavens more just."

We may be thankful that the desire merely to moralise is no longer possible, at least not in the House of Commons. Indeed, if the four Members who render it necessary for those who speak about the poor in Parliament to know what they are talking about. It may be contended that the art of eloquence has declined, but it would be more generous to admit that Radicals prefer solid argument to rhetorical nonsense.

A leader-writer whose business it is to supply so important a paper as the "Times" with political articles can hardly ignore all opinions about government but his own. Whether he is in sympathy or not, he, in all probability, knows what are the views of Hume, Burke, men who, instead of indulging in theories about democratic government, try to explain what are its natural laws. Briefly summarised they are as follows. The State can never be regarded as an institution apart from the mind essential of a House of Commons consist in its being an exact image of the opinions and feelings of the nation. Unless the House represents the constituents it will not control the government and the majority of representatives are average-minded men with practical wants, distrust all professions of virtue which are impracticable and expect that the needs of the majority shall be considered. The people, voting by their representatives, demand that there shall be an equitable distribution among the community of the advantages arising from that community. A man thus acquires the consciousness that he is not a free agent. Common interest and utility create in him a standard of right and wrong. It is recognised that there exists an equality of duties which, at times, implies an invasion of other people's property. We cannot pass each other in the street without rules. We cannot enter a theatre except by taking our guinea volumes of glowing monitions, persuading themselves that their moral tone was being "enormously improved," and yet these fashionable disciples continued automatically out of the needs of the community.

Equality of liberty, therefore, can only be secured by the State restraining the avarice and ambitions of particular classes and individuals, or of those who, under the pretence of public good, pursue the interest and particular classes and individuals, or of those who, under the pretence of public good, pursue the interest and end of their own faction. Now these laws of good citizenship can be understood and practised without the guidance of any apostle of culture. They arise automatically out of the needs of the community. A man may have three brains and yet know that is what is fair or unfair in the treatment of himself and of others. Even were an illiterate man returned to Parliament, he would still have his value by adding to the weight of the party who share his sense of what is right. It cannot too strongly be insisted that good morals in a state do not arise out of precepts of philosophy or injunctions of religion, but from the effect of wise laws and institutions. The practical politician looks down upon the theorist as a mere pedant whose ideas are of no benefit to the State. In fact the only culture that is of value to the politician is that which he obtains in the conflict of the political arena, which acts as a spur to drive him to the study of those faculties which never can be mastered in the study. It is the resistance which others offer to his inclinations and to his will that awakens all the latent powers of his character. Kant, and, of men, as with the trees in the forest: "just because each one strives to deprive the other of air and sun, they compel each other to seek both above, and thus they grow beautiful and straight. Whereas those that in freedom and isolation shoot out on their branches, as it will grow stunted and crooked and awry." Besides, public life demands the management of affairs for which decision and energy are necessary, and it is better for members of Parliament to possess, either of grammar or of temper, if they can act with effect and promptness, than to loiter in an ornamental way over discussions which delay the passing of measures. What is right must not only be made known but also be made to prevail, and what is evil should not only be detected but defeated. A man's duty to the commonwealth is not fulfilled by simply meaning well towards his country or voting according to his conscience, or even by denouncing whatever he thinks is prejudicial to the public interest, this is but an innocuous parade of civism. It is not a rational account of a man's life for him to say that he has always acted right and yet has taken special care to act in such a way that his good intentions cannot possibly be productive of any consequence, demonstrated in the career of a well-known peer. Viewed from this standpoint, men like Ruskin and Carlyle were failures in a political sense, because, although they realised the evils of money and their endeavours to writing or talking about them in a cultured way to a cultured public. What was the result? All parasites on the commonswealth, including brewers, stock-jobbers, land-grabbers, lawyers, doctors and divines, sat at the feet of these prophets, bought the Simplicity of volumes of glowing monitions, persuading themselves that their moral tone was being "enormously improved," and yet these fashionable disciples continued automatically out of the needs of the community.

Lastly, the "Times" article forgets in its censure of Democracy that the plain man, whom it terms the "good party man," when he gets into parliament, expects at least the majority of the good men to be average-minded men with practical wants, distrust all professions of virtue which are impracticable and expect that the needs of the majority shall be considered. The people, voting by their representatives, demand that there shall be an equitable distribution among the community of the advantages arising from that community. A man thus acquires the consciousness that he is not a free agent. Common interest and utility create in him a standard of right and wrong. It is recognised that there exists an equality of duties which, at times, implies an invasion of other people's property. We cannot pass each other in the street without rules. We cannot enter a theatre except by taking our guinea volumes of glowing monitions, persuading themselves that their moral tone was being "enormously improved," and yet these fashionable disciples continued automatically out of the needs of the community. Equality of liberty, therefore, can only be secured by the State restraining the avarice and ambitions of particular classes and individuals, or of those who, under the pretence of public good, pursue the interest and particular classes and individuals, or of those who, under the pretence of public good, pursue the interest and end of their own faction. Now these laws of good citizenship can be understood and practised without the guidance of any apostle of culture. They arise automatically out of the needs of the community. A man may have three brains and yet know that is what is fair or unfair in the treatment of himself and of others. Even were an illiterate man returned to Parliament, he would still have his value by adding to the weight of the party who share his sense of what is right. It cannot too strongly be insisted that good morals in a state do not arise out of precepts of philosophy or injunctions of religion, but from the effect of wise laws and institutions. The practical politician looks down upon the theorist as a mere pedant whose ideas are of no benefit to the State. In fact the only culture that is of value to the politician is that which he obtains in the conflict of the political arena, which acts as a spur to drive him to the study of those faculties which never can be mastered in the study. It is the resistance which others offer to his inclinations and to his will that awakens all the latent powers of his character. Kant, and, of men, as with the trees in the forest: "just because each one strives to deprive the other of air and sun, they compel each other to seek both above, and thus they grow beautiful and straight. Whereas those that in freedom and isolation shoot out on their branches, as it will grow stunted and crooked and awry." Besides, public life demands the management of affairs for which decision and energy are necessary, and it is better for members of Parliament to possess, either of grammar or of temper, if they can act with effect and promptness, than to loiter in an ornamental way over discussions which delay the passing of measures. What is right must not only be made
Tory when it is old. The word has gone round to the villages for the parsons and squires to organise "Duty and Discipline" teas for children, and while the youngsters are eating their buns the discipline is prescribed. If the children wish to grow up "healthy, wealthy, and wise," they must do one good action every day in their young lives; and, strange to say, this act of self-denial is as simple a volume confirming more than touching the hat to the parental squire, or opening the carriage door for his benedictive wife, should the footman have left on account of the land-tax. Then there are the Boy Scouts, equally useful to the unemployed aristocracy, for the dear boys do not need so much as a bun. Empire and patriotism require that all Boy Scouts shall willingly perform their peregrinations gratuitously, including "express" messages into the next parish when a place unexpectedly becomes vacant at the Colonel's dinner-party! Once a week, too, a catechism can be heard going on after morning service in the church porch. "Well, John. What would you like to be? A butler, a coachman, under-gardener, or cook?"

Then behind these activities comes our National Service League, where young Christians may learn that human life is of no value outside of its own country. Culture indeed! When was culture known to convert the brains of a Tory into anything more respectable than a Tory? Is all this funkeyism a dream or a danger? What is this challenge of Buns and Bayonets? Is English history to repeat itself? One thing is certain. The moment is full of anxiety for Democracy. Never can be heard going on after morning service in the church porch. "Well, John. What would you like to be? A butler, a coachman, under-gardener, or cook?"

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The opening lines of the second section of this poem are very beautiful, appealing, as few do, to eye and ear at once.

O tell us where this man of glass
Was born, and what his lineage was!
Amid a land of marbles,
Long, long recovered from the seas,
None knows whereabouts.
Whereby the youngling year just spills
Anemones and daffodils,
And meek primroses show their love
And in thy sober ashen eyes
Thy presence like a flowing tide
Round our circumference where most wide
It reaches and enfolds the poles.
And in thy sober aethen eyes
As in a two-glassed instrument,
A picture of thy presence lies;
Tears are their very element,
And in others we get glimpses of the studier kind of mysticism.

There is no space here for analysis, and I can but quote one or two more fragments which will send everyone who is not a dolt and an anti-suffragist
to the book itself. There is the end of the rugged sonnet to the Sun, with its magnificent last line:—

Once men strove toward thy likeness. Princess planned
And carved their laws on boulders, which their swords
dug from the quarry, and Odysseus' hand
In the magic island hewed the beams and boards
Which bore him towards his ten-years-hoped-for land,
And killed unpiety those usurping lords.

There is the opening of the sonnet on "Anthony and Cleopatra":—

Portentous melody of what giants wasting
And turning what a mountain's eminence were,
and there are a few verses from "Remorse," a terrible
Instance these middle stanzas:—

The fear that strikes the mind aghast
Lest coolness grow to active hate;
The leaving with considerate haste
For fear the hour become too late,
And you shall thus become the last
With whom this night she shall have lain—

Never again.

The heavy going home alone,
Streets, houses dead, insensate rocks,
The wish that the foot-trodden stone
Which with its groaning only mocks
The treader's pain, with pain may groan,
The fancy and vacancy insane—

Never again.

The visual fog which seems to smirch
The beauty the eye used to mark—
The grinning moon, the gothic church,
The river under bridges, dark
With drowning and dying spots. The search
For some poor creature to arraign—

Never again.

Next day the ashamed coward's creeping
Among the women, who in kindness
Esquise the manner of your sleeping,
The thanks and hatred of their blindness;
Happlier to have spent it weeping
The whole night through in bodily pain—

Never again.

The succeeding verses are really beautiful, but as my object is not to reprint the book in newspaper form, I had better stop.

Like other simple-minded and good-hearted folk, when I read of how the Quarterly Reviewer told Keats, who was in an apothecary's establishment, to go back to his pestle and mortar, I fling my book down with a dramatic gesture, hit the air with my fist and cry 'Never again.'

The thanks and hatred of their blindness;
Happlier to have spent it weeping
The whole night through in bodily pain—

Never again.

There are many pages in this metre, but at the close one comes upon some miscellaneous verse such as this to the rain:—

Oh, the rain, rain, rain!
All the day it doth complain,
On the window-pane, just near me,
How it splashes, oh, how dreary!
One becomes so awful weary
With the rain, rain, rain.

Gus! the eucalyptus and the permanganate of potash
call thee, and the ipecacuanha stretches forth pale hands
across the broad Atlantic. Hearest thou now them?

Mr. Ernest Radford has never set out to shake Empires;
but what he attempts to do he does very neatly.
With grace, deftness and reticence he turns little love-
songs, domestic idylls, or short and touching poems on aspects of human character in the setting of this love-
ly and picturesque world, of which he is so fond.
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Mrs. Radford's fluency, facility and spontaneous melodiousness are handicaps to her. She has so many flow:
.es that she is not quite sure of herself in her head and so many pretty but unoriginal phrases and images at her finger-tips that she frequently writes verses which contain the irre-
ducible minimum of substance. Her last book shows
her by no means at her best. Far too many of the
poems are temuous in matter and commonplace in man-
er—though there are several pleasant exceptions—
and at times she goes perilously near the most tedious kind of sentimental drawing-room stuff. At her best
and as a nature-poet she is one of the most charming of our less solemn minor poets.

A "Foreword," in which it is stated that "a vital spirituality," which is a "subtle essence," places "a
lyric of John Keats on a level with an Egyptian temple or a Gothic cathedral," distinguishes the collection of
sonnets by Mr. Ferdinand Earle. Though the publisher
is English, I deduce from that that Mr. Earle is an
American and young. In spite of his theorising he has
something in him. His sonnets, the inspiration of
which comes generally from Italy or farther afield (St.
Louis, Mo., is no place for bards), show passion, strength, and linguistic flexibility. But they are immature and overladen with rich words and sensuous images in a manner that reminds one of Mrs.
Rachel Annand Taylor, or the author of "The Sphinx,"
gone to seed. "Kneeling before thy bosom's ivory
shrine" is characteristic, and one sonnet begins:

O phantom grief, from what necropolis
Of shrouded empires loved of Ashoreth.

Ashtoreth ought to be allowed to go on the top shelf
with avatars, necrophors, lupanars and the "Yellow Book.

Mr. Charles H. Pritchard is a democrat, and has a
sound heart. Like scores of other contemporary poets,
he finds a subject in the Suffragettes. "They ask for justice," he begins (forgetting all about the thuribles),
and he has small mercy for the "hypocrisies" who "doom
them to the prison den." Like most people who try to
get politics and economics into literature, he suffers, as
a writer, from his burden of propaganda, but occasion-
ally, as in "Dinuzulu" and "Any Serf to His Boss,"
he has saved some of his savage sincerity succeeds in cowing one's critical faculty, and he makes the impression he wants to make.

Honestly, I have not been able to get through Mr.
Stephen Phillips' "New Inferno." It would be exaggeration to say that the book was a foretaste of the
subject. But it is extraordinarily dull—Napoleon, the Grand Inquisitor, and others, in halls of their own imagination, inspected seriatim by Mr. Phillips with a celestial cicerone. The stanza adopted—one of four unrhymed pentameters—becomes extremely monotonous in a poem of this length; the narrative is slow and altogether too insistently Ethical; and the language lacks all the vividness of "Christ in Hades" and the fragrance (this, I suppose, would scarcely have been expected here) of "Marpessa." Obviously Mr. Phillips started with a boring conception and a wearisome form; and with misguided doggedness saw the thing through. Better a return to the jewelled melodrama of "Herod," and "Nero."

New editions received include a cheap edition (Clarion Press) of Mr. Blatchford's delightfully comic "Dolly Ballads"; and "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," edited with sensible introductions by Mr. A. P. Graves for the special use of reading circles. These are published by Dent.

**Fulfilment.**

**A Grotesque.**

**By S. D. Shalard.**

The end of the World had come: the end of the Universe: of All Things.

Slow-witted, pallid-hearted men prayed mummifyingly for respite, for a few more years of their tedious, creeping existence, a little more of the death-in-life they misstarted with a boring conception and a wearisome form; and the language lacks in a poem of this length; the narrative is slow and at length, the resurrection begins, and the mighty hand of the Divine Redeemer draws up from the Channel of Eternity the whole vast world, which had dethroned them in the name of Christ, Mohammed, Buddha. With their mighty hands they wrenched off the craters of volcanoes—Etna, Vesuvius, Arequipa, Hecla, Stromboli. Dipping these giant cups into space they drew them up brimming over with flame and bubbling ether, and with fierce shouts of triumph quaffed huge draughts of the intoxicating liquor.

Against the deep blue shadows of space rose the flames of expiring worlds. Great figures, now radiant, now sombre, moved across the face of the heavens. The luminous shadow of a mighty Archangel fell over all things. With a crystal pen dipped in the flames of volcanic suns he wrote across the vault of heaven the one word—F I N I S.

As the last trail of sparks spurted from beneath his pen and the letters flared across the gathering gloom, the shining figure bowed and fell—and with him fell all the luminous hosts of heaven. The very walls of hell shuddered in the tremor caused by the rush of wings.

At this the Devil, hungry, waiting through the ages for that sound—seated now at the Grand Organ of the Underworld, blown by East Winds from the uttermost deserts of negation and annihilation—pulled out the Vox Diabolica and struck up a mad, blasphemous Te Deum.

With frightful celerity fell suns and moons, gleaming asteroids, the jewelled dust of the milky way. Globe-like planets circled to self-destruction; fierce comets rushed by, leagues of blue shadows in their wake.

Thick and fast fell the burning fragments into the Great Pit, until the pitch, fired at last, lit the Universe with its flames, and the little red and yellow and green devils, crowding the shelves of the over-hanging rocks, sent up mad, discordant shrieks of triumph and delight.

Slowly rose the burning lava tide, higher and higher, until it overflowed and swept away the screaming little devils from their last foothold—even melted the rocks on which they had stood.

The whole lake began to evaporate in clouds of dense, sulphurous smoke.

Its work was done.

Everything had been swallowed up—men, women, wraiths, and rats, gods old and new, principalities and powers, angels and archangels, devils and archdevils, bodies and souls, birds and flowers, beauty, colour, music, form, life, hope, love, hate, terror, sin—even the very Devil of Devils and Hell itself, Grand Organ, Vox Diabolica and all.

Came, then, a great Wind—the Last Wind—rushing through space. Thin flames leapt forth from the smoke, died down again, flickered out—the last wreaths of smoke curled away and vanished; the Wind sighed and sank to its final Rest.

All things had been fulfilled.

Nothing now remained save the awful Truth: Illimitable Void wrapped in the Hush of Eternity.
There is a great shuffling and resorting of cards in the literary game being played in New York just now; younger editors and publishers are dealing out the cards just as they please. The days of the big literary bosses of New York are numbered. The old literary monopolies are being broken up. There are musical critics who think that New York has done more to free New York from the old-fogy influence that, instead of increasing its circulation and influence, it permitted other magazines and reviews to surpass it, and even outclass it. Yankee art has always had, and it still has, the iceberg influence of Unitarianism, on one hand, and Unitarianism on the other. Between the two the Yankees have practically driven art and literature out of New England. The Yankees, if they have any feeling, are unable to express it, and because of this frigid reticence humour is welcomed by all classes. It is the only thing that has kept America from freezing up.

Much has been said against the great newspapers owned by Mr. Randolph Hearst, but the truth is, he has done more to free New York from the old-fogy influence than any other two editors. He has made it a work which cannot be matched in any other city in the world. They talk through a secret telephone of their own, and never bawl out their business to the world. They do their own thinking, and make up their minds to act without the slightest thought of the old men who have lorded it so long over writers and readers alike. "Never again," said a leading editor, the other day, "never again will the reading public of this country be kept in ignorance of all that is best in contemporary art and thought. The day is past when the old literary jugglers to keep on fooling the people. The old literary monarchs are being broken up."

There are musical critics who think that New York will soon lead the world in music. They would be nearer the truth if they said as much of the New York book-world. New York being the most cosmopolitan city in existence, ought to be, and soon will be, at the head of the literary world. The editors in New York are far in advance of the book publishers. Some of the editors are doing work as brilliant and progressive as any work of the kind in any of the capitals of Europe. Two or three are doing a work which cannot be matched in any other city in existence, ought to be, and soon will be at the accurate hearing. They use no ear-trumpets. They have both eyes open. They are also gifted with accurate hearing. They talk through a secret telephone of their own, and never bawl out their business to the world. They do their own thinking, and make up their minds to act without the slightest thought of the old men who have lorded it so long over writers and readers alike. "Never again," said a leading editor, the other day, "never again will the reading public of this country be kept in ignorance of all that is best in contemporary art and thought. The day is past when the old literary jugglers to keep on fooling the people. The old literary monarchs are being broken up."

Next to the baneful influence of Unitarianism, the influence of Congregationalism has worked the most harm in art and literature. In New York the influence of this "ism, made up of a potch-potch of Calvinism and commercial agnosticism, has not been so great as the influence of Unitarianism in Boston; yet it has made almost superhuman efforts to juggle with the intellects as well as the superstitions of the people. The battle that is being waged in New York between the forces of provincial prejudice and the forces of cosmopolitan culture is one of the most interesting things now to be witnessed anywhere in the world. The CITY believes in them, and that their intellectual fustian is fashionable. Illiterate people in the small country towns are only too eager to take the old fogies at their word. Now the battle is being fought, not for the city reader, but for the country reader. The city reader is already on the side of the young men; and that means victory.

I hear that a movement has been started for the founding of a great publishing house for the printing of books by living authors only. It will have at its head the editor of one of the up-to-date magazines, who is a critic of a high order and a man of vision. Other big movements are talked of for the union of art, music, drama and literature, and some very wealthy people are being interested in these and other manifestations of young minds and young hearts. At a club the other evening I heard a well-known young writer say: "It requires no great insight to predict what is coming; the rising tide will sweep off all the old leaders of dogma and theory. It was the outcome of Yankee Puritanism. But how it permitted other magazines and reviews to surpass it, and even outclass it. Yankee art has always had, and it still has, the iceberg influence of Unitarianism, on one hand, and Unitarianism on the other. Between the two the Yankees have practically driven art and literature out of New England. The Yankees, if they have any feeling, are unable to express it, and because of this frigid reticence humour is welcomed by all classes. It is the only thing that has kept America from freezing up.

Even the "Atlantic Monthly," once the great mouth-piece of New England culture, became so impersonal that, instead of increasing its circulation and influence, it permitted other magazines and reviews to surpass it, and even outclass it. Yankee art has always had, and it still has, the iceberg influence of Unitarianism, on one hand, and Unitarianism on the other. Between the two the Yankees have practically driven art and literature out of New England. The Yankees, if they have any feeling, are unable to express it, and because of this frigid reticence humour is welcomed by all classes. It is the only thing that has kept America from freezing up.

Without the Irish and the German emigrants New York would, even now, be at the lowest rung of the intellectual ladder. Both the Irish and the Germans were doing more to create thePURITANISM. The first drank the patriotic word. The new movement belongs to as many schools as there are nationalities in New York, yet all are inspired with the one object, namely: of getting rid of the last vestiges of American provincialism. No self-respecting novelist will continue to write novels if out the cardsharps the musical critics will cease to write for religious cliques, artists will cease to paint for sentimental buyers. The old order of magazine editing was impersonal. It was the outcome of Yankee Puritanism. But how it permitted other magazines and reviews to surpass it, and even outclass it. Yankee art has always had, and it still has, the iceberg influence of Unitarianism, on one hand, and Unitarianism on the other. Between the two the Yankees have practically driven art and literature out of New England. The Yankees, if they have any feeling, are unable to express it, and because of this frigid reticence humour is welcomed by all classes. It is the only thing that has kept America from freezing up.

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New York, I consider, is saved by two elements coming together from two opposite quarters of the world—by thinkers from the Middle West, and by thinkers from Europe. These two forces have taken possession of New York and will rule things in the future.
“wake” the corpse of Puritanism in the best possible style. New York was Europeanised long before it was Westernised. But the directing minds will come from all parts of the Union. The old New Yorkers are like fish out of water compared with the writers and artists of the great Middle West.

It would require a whole series of articles to do justice to some of the Sunday papers of New York. The editors are after two things—fresh news, and men and women who know how to write. Ideas are paid for in New York as nowhere else. Men and women of talent who are not writing novels or short stories are journalists. And, at his best, the American journalist is the best in the world. I remember the time when, in New York, a writer skilled in reporting the doings of the race—course would be sent in the evening to write up the performance at the grand opera in case the regular musical critic could not attend. It was the same in other things. A man skilled in reporting the doings of political meetings might find himself suddenly called on to “write up” an exhibition of pictures, or a scientific dissertation upon microbes. Smartness was the thing editors demanded. Now, smartness has been changed to intelligence and the flow of ideas. Many of the critics here are European by birth—English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, Russian, Italian; all the nations and all temperaments are represented, and behind all, comes the special gift for organisation which some of the younger American editors possess to a surprising degree.

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

Many readers throughout great Britain and Ireland must have lately remarked that a peculiar and puzzling silence has fallen upon these islands. The sensation produced is similar to that of a sea-traveller who wakes up in the middle of the night and is bewildered by an unfamiliar quietude—the engines have stopped! I have enquired into the phenomenon and have found that it is due to the temporary surcease of full-page advertisements of the “Encyclopaedia Britannica.” The hushed moments seem favourable for making a few innocent but pernicious comments on the said Encyclopaedia. I say “pernicious,” because the dangers of the law of libel are becoming daily more acute for the journalist who has anything to communicate. A few weeks since, for example, I stated a curious fact (one of a group of many known to the Times Book Club, and the Times Book Club instantly demanded that an apology should be printed in four different papers, on the ground that I was seriously damaging its business. No apology was offered, and the Times Book Club took no further steps to get an apology; but supposing that the Times Book Club had thought fit to be bellicose, or supposing that the liver of this journal had been colourless—imagine the humiliating bore, or the enormous and expensive bore, of the sequel to my statement! For even to win a libel action is as costly for the defendants as to win a war. However, I will once more accept the risks of the profession.

The “Encyclopaedia Britannica” is a very marvellous production, and it contains about forty thousand very good things. To a limited class of persons in search of information it is indispensable. I have a great admiration for it, and for the organising talent which produced it, and the advertising talent which is launching it. Nevertheless, my feelings of gratitude and esteem do not in the least interfere with my curiosity to know why, and upon what terms, the University of Cambridge consented to become its godfather. That Oxford declined it startled nobody; whereas quite a number of people were startled by Cambridge’s acceptance. Novelists are less easily startled than the ruck of mankind; but I admit I was startled to learn that Mr. Hooper had gone to Cambridge instead of to Selfridges.

Despite the manifold excellences of the Cambridge University Press, I think that Selfridges would have been more useful. Selfridges appeal frankly to the vasty multitude, or be of much real service to it. Many of the best things in the Encyclopaedia are unintelligible to the average intelligent man, being written by specialists for specialists; and as to the Encyclopaedia, to a limited class of persons in search of information it is indispensable. I have a great admiration for it, and for the advertising talent which is launching it. Nevertheless, my feelings of gratitude and esteem do not in the least interfere with my curiosity to know why, and upon what terms, the University of Cambridge consented to become its godfather. That Oxford declined it startled nobody; whereas quite a number of people were startled by Cambridge’s acceptance. Novelists are less easily startled than the ruck of mankind; but I admit I was startled to learn that Mr. Hooper had gone to Cambridge instead of to Selfridges.

In many articles, and especially in the signatures of certain articles, the Britannica has apparently tried to make a popular appeal, but it is not by a long way popular enough really to delight the multitude. And on the other hand it is just popular enough, to annoy the specialist. It appears to me to fall between two publics—if, indeed, there are actually two publics. My impression is that the popular public receiving a percentage on the receipts? And if so, was it wise to risk a popular appeal without the permission of the average man—to whom the University advertisements are meant to appeal?—Chambers’ is incomparably superior to the Britannica. Personally, I desire to consult Chambers’ about a hundred times a year, but I very rarely have need of the Britannica. For the average man—to whom the University advertisements are meant to appeal—in which I am a specialist the Britannica is exceedingly good, but it is not for enough for a specialist. In fact, in some details it is exceedingly bad. It contains biographies of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, and other things. To a limited class of persons in search of facts about (say) aviation, as to which I have the crudest curiosity of the man in the street. Well, the Introduction to the Britannica refers proudly to its system of dictionary-heads. I therefore look for “aviation.” No such heading! Slightly discouraged, I look for “aeronautics.” Not a word! “Flying” is treated as an appendix to Professor Pettigrew’s article on bird-flight, and it is not well treated—it is no better treated than in a common sixpenny handbook. Sundry other really good articles in earlier editions have been brought down to date in a manner quite unequal to the pretensions of the work. Of course, such mishaps must occur in the course of a huge undertaking. But it is particularly unfortunate when they occur at points upon which the vasty multitude will infallibly direct its attention.

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for an expensive Encyclopaedia does not now effectively exist. Having gorged itself, python-like, upon previous editions of the Britannica, it has—according to my view—gone into a sound sleep and is not likely to awake for a generation or so. It may be wrong.

The official figures state that 12,166 sets (England and America combined) had been ordered up to January 20. And the official forecast of total orders up to March was 'probably over.' Let us see, then, what does not seem excessive.

The latter half of it; and the delay cannot aid the sale. Having gorged itself, python-like, upon previous publication of the whole work. We are still waiting for the University of Cambridge considers

estimates which do not seem excessive. If it is not excessive, the cost of selling the Encyclopaedia has been five pounds a copy in advertisements alone. I do not know whether the University of Cambridge considers this satisfactory. But I maintain that Selfridges might have done better. Selfridges, I am sure, would have insisted—after all the boasting about simultaneous publication of the whole work—upon simultaneous publication of the whole work. We are still waiting for the latter half of it; and the delay cannot aid the sale.

A Statesman's Mind.

By Niccolo Machiavelli.

(Specialy translated for "The New Age" by J. M. Kennedy.)

SECTION IX.—OF THE EVILS OF IDLENESS.

1. Many evils against good customs and morals arise from idleness; for young men who are not engaged in any occupation or employment waste their time and energy in attending to their clothing, parties, and other kinds of licentiousness. They waste their money on women and gambling, and their main objects are to be well dressed and to speak wildly and cleverly; and he who exhibits the greatest ability in slandering other people is looked upon as the wisest man in his particular set. Furthermore, they do not respect the precepts of the Church.

2. In a state where the majority of the inhabitants find plenty of opportunities for idling, no men capable of accomplishing noble deeds can arise.

3. In by far the greater number of cases, idle people are merely the instruments of any one who wishes to corrupt them.

4. As for that idleness which is brought about by the position, climate, and surroundings of a city, the people should be constrained to do by the laws what is not done by their environment. Such people are not bound to keep their model of life on those among whom they have lived in mild and fertile countries, which are apt to make men lazy and incapable of voluntary exertion; for the inhabitants of countries which have become aware of the necessity for exertion. In this way the dangers brought about by the mildness of the climate will be avoided.

SECTION X.—THE EVIL EFFECTS OF A BAD GOVERNMENT.

1. Under a corrupt government neither union nor friendship will be found among the citizens, except among those who are united for the purpose of carrying out some evil.

2. In a corrupt community, since religion and the fear of God are banished from the hearts of men, an oath and a promise are valuable only in so far as they are useful: men avail themselves of them, not that they may perform their engagements fairly, but to deceive, through them, deception may be rendered easier; and the more deceit is easy and safe, the more glory and praise are acquired from it. Hence all the evil-disposed people have to be scolded and beaten.

3. Under a corrupt form of government the young men are lazy and the old men lascivious, and every age and sex exhibits innumerable forms of coarse habits and customs; and for all this good laws do not serve as a remedy, since they are rendered vain and useless by the habits of the people.

4. From this corruption arises that avarice which we may observe among the citizens of such countries, and also that craving, not for true glory, but for dishonourable honours, and from these, again, arise those hatreds, enmities, quarrels, and conspiracies, which bring sorrow and affliction to the good, and rewards to the underdog. For this reason, in the opinion of the wise, in their innocence and virtue, do not seek those honours which are so eagerly striven for by the corrupt elements of the state, and hence, unhonoured and unloved, they gradually fall into ruin.

5. This corruption which I have referred to brings about the rise of political parties, the affection that men have for one another by starting off with injuries.

6. It results from such corruption that laws and ordinances are not promulgated for the general good of the community, but for the personal utility of the few.

7. It results likewise from such corruption that wars and treaties of peace and friendship are not arranged for the public glory, but for the satisfaction of a few interested persons.

8. In a state which is stained with such confusion and disorder, statutes and civil ordinances are not drawn up in accordance with the general welfare of the community, but rather in accordance with the ambitions of the party which has managed to attain to power.

9. A man should observe a certain amount of modesty and discretion in his clothing. He should never perform an action, or say a word, which might be displeasing to those around him. He should be reverent towards his elders, modest with his equals, and patient and agreeable to his inferiors. By acting thus he will be highly esteemed by the whole city.

10. It is a very important thing in this world to be freely acquainted with one's self, and to have an exact knowledge of one's mental powers and position in life.

11. Those men really deserve to be free who devote themselves to good works and not to bad; for ill-used liberty offends one's self and one's neighbours.

12. Generosity of mind, and speaking the truth, are especially valuable characteristics when exhibited in the presence of wise men.

13. The reputation which a man acquires through the merits of his ancestors and parents is fallacious and empty, and is soon used up when it is not accompanied by virtue.

14. In judging of the actions performed by others, we should never excuse a dishonest one by an honest reason, nor conceal a praiseworthy one if originally performed for a contrary purpose.

15. The ability to pardon springs from a generous mind.

16. The wise and good man should make his adversaries a present of the results of their own hasty and ill-considered words.

17. A good citizen will forget his private wrongs in his love for the public welfare.

18. He who offends wrongly gives others reason for feeling offended rightly. He should live in the position of despisers who have to be scolded and beaten.

19. The virtuous man who knows the world is the least likely to be overjoyed with good, or cast down by evil.

20. A man of firm mind shows that fortune has no power over him.

21. Noble men retain throughout all stages of fortune the same dignity and firmness of mind; but men of weaker natures are intoxicated when they meet with
of ignorant fatuity which obscure the subject when journalism greets one of these rare phenomena. English people in general have not had the opportunity of the "Wanderjahre" through the capitals of Europe which Ashley Dukes has made for himself, have now a chance of learning something of the very latest modern masters of drama. Most Englishmen who care for the stage know something of Ibsen's immediate successes, of Björnson and Hauptmann, of Shaw and Maeterlinck, of Ibs and d'Anunzio; but few of us know more than the names of Wedekind, Hofmannsthal and Tchekhov. It needed a new man, a growing man, to criticise these with "the spirit of the time to come" dawning on their works.

Accordingly comes Ashley Dukes, himself a new dramatist who has graduated at the Stage Society and been produced there, thus qualifying himself, after Lessing's method, to deal with the productions of other men. More than this, he has not studied his subject in books, but in action, one of the chief ingredients of drama of which the literature is but schematic and comparatively lifeless. And even more than this; he has, as he tells us, "endeavoured in each case to give some impression of the author's individuality, the elusive essence and quality of the man as shown in his work." When we require no more that he is the men who have shown themselves capable of reflecting in its most vivid form and colour and movement the very quintessence of European life as it is actually being lived at the present moment, the master spirits who, among other things to gain their greatness, have, by the concentration of their individualities too cramping, and have expressed themselves in terms of the many men who supply the very heart and pulse of that great co-operative machine we call drama, it is pretty clear, that a fresh, and daring mind is needed for the task here undertaken. A man who not only knows, but who knows that he knows. He must be young and end enough for that.

Now Ashley Dukes' opinions are decided without being prejudiced by... or... about... weakness as well as strength—habitual. And at this point, just as Mr. Dukes is thinking, "Here is a fellow who knows what he is talking about," and readers are beginning to yawn at the prospect of a pure panegyric, let me promise that the critic shall not escape criticism before he embrace him in spirit and bid him farewell.

But we have not yet done with his merits. It is not only that the courage and confidence of youth are needed for such a flight. He does not propose for the apparently belated birth of this book give it an added interest. We were waiting for the judgment of the young which had not yet grown up. Though we wanted the book badly the need for it had not yet arisen. Now we have it. We can measure its need by the disparity between the number of the plays written by these "Modern Dramatists" and of those which have appeared in English dress. Counting the plays of the fifteen dramatists here criticised, who, by the way, have among them used eight languages, and, of course, leaving out the three English dramatists, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Granville Barker, not 15 per cent., according to the table at the end of the book, are known to English readers, and still fewer have been produced on the English stage. On the other hand, the public want is evidenced by the columns of ignorant fatuity which obscure the subject when journalism greets one of these rare phenomena.

The value of a book is evident, its success assured, when on its appearance the average reader asks himself, "Why on earth has it not been written before?" And the reasons for the apparently belated birth of this book give it an added interest. We were waiting for the judgment of the young which had not yet grown up. Though we wanted the book badly the need for it had not yet arisen. Now we have it. We can measure its need by the disparity between the number of the plays written by these "Modern Dramatists" and of those which have appeared in English dress. Counting the plays of the fifteen dramatists here criticised, who, by the way, have among them used eight languages, and, of course, leaving out the three English dramatists, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Granville Barker, not 15 per cent., according to the table at the end of the book, are known to English readers, and still fewer have been produced on the English stage. On the other hand, the public want is evidenced by the columns of ignorant fatuity which obscure the subject when journalism greets one of these rare phenomena.

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capacity and mount to the more ornamental departments of journalism. Not this was all very well while the stage was an entirely frivolous matter; but as its importance in social life grows this trifling becomes more and more impertinent. For the ability to write in readable fashion, though of course indispensable, is no longer a sole qualification of the dramatic critic. Ashley Dukes, besides his concentration and earnestness, is particularly well equipped on this side. He has a vigorous, alert, and picturesque style. It is never heavy or dry and is sometimes beautiful without being at all précieux.

Considering the scope of his work, we might well have been grateful had it turned out to be a mere descriptive catalogue—and, as it is, many a ready-writer will bless that list of nearly two hundred plays, with the dates of their publication, at the end of the volume—but it is very much more than this. He is courageous enough to have very definite opinions, fortunate enough to possess a criticism by which he judges—and with an acuteness which deserves our admiration. And there's the rub. Certainly this want of detachment makes him additionally interesting, for it is bound to give rise to debate among those who are not gifted with this touch-stone or who have one of their own which they apply with somewhat different results. The book "is dogmatic because it is written from a definite standpoint, and its judgments depend upon an absolute standard of value." So speaks Ashley Dukes: a bold saying, as to which we will venture to say that the general plan of his work will strike most people who have any acquaintance with the difficult ground he has surveyed as masterly.

After a short introduction, in which occurs the sentence quoted above with others as daring, he deals in a chapter with the dramatist in relation to modernity, which he defines. And thus having given us a general idea of the method he intends to pursue, he starts not with—this we have needed not one but ten volumes—but with Henrik Ibsen, grouping the dramatists more or less created by his influence according to nationality. Norway is represented by Björnson, Sweden by Strindberg, Germany by Hauptmann and Wedekind with Sudermann somewhat beyond our admiration. And there's the rub. Certainly this want of detachment makes him additionally interesting, for it is bound to give rise to debate among those who are not gifted with this touch-stone or who have one of their own which they apply with somewhat different results. The book "is dogmatic because it is written from a definite standpoint, and its judgments depend upon an absolute standard of value." So speaks Ashley Dukes: a bold saying, as to which we will venture to say that the general plan of his work will strike most people who have any acquaintance with the difficult ground he has surveyed as masterly.

Probably very few people will be disposed to quarrel with his selection. European opinion, as he points out, has nearly always selected the greatest quite naturally. Where he differs from this natural selection, which he defines. And thus having given us a general method of the method he intends to pursue, he starts not with—this we have needed not one but ten volumes—but with Henrik Ibsen, grouping the dramatists more or less created by his influence according to nationality. Norway is represented by Björnson, Sweden by Strindberg, Germany by Hauptmann and Wedekind with Sudermann somewhat beyond our admiration. And there's the rub. Certainly this want of detachment makes him additionally interesting, for it is bound to give rise to debate among those who are not gifted with this touch-stone or who have one of their own which they apply with somewhat different results. The book "is dogmatic because it is written from a definite standpoint, and its judgments depend upon an absolute standard of value." So speaks Ashley Dukes: a bold saying, as to which we will venture to say that the general plan of his work will strike most people who have any acquaintance with the difficult ground he has surveyed as masterly.

Another instance, though one of less importance, in which he has mistaken a surface difference for a real one, is to be found in his account of "Beyond Human Understanding." He went mining for the precious metal of his dramatic Aeroplane. He went mining for the precious metal of his dramas. In some respects it is a pity, though it was inevitable, that this book should start from so illusive a matter as an influence rather than from the man himself. A further study of Ibsen would deepen the channels through which it is bound to give rise to debate among those who are not gifted with this touch-stone or who have one of their own which they apply with somewhat different results. The book "is dogmatic because it is written from a definite standpoint, and its judgments depend upon an absolute standard of value." So speaks Ashley Dukes: a bold saying, as to which we will venture to say that the general plan of his work will strike most people who have any acquaintance with the difficult ground he has surveyed as masterly.

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Probably very few people will be disposed to quarrel with his selection. European opinion, as he points out, has nearly always selected the greatest quite naturally. Where he differs from this natural selection, which he defines. And thus having given us a general method of the method he intends to pursue, he starts not with—this we have needed not one but ten volumes—but with Henrik Ibsen, grouping the dramatists more or less created by his influence according to nationality. Norway is represented by Björnson, Sweden by Strindberg, Germany by Hauptmann and Wedekind with Sudermann somewhat beyond our admiration. And there's the rub. Certainly this want of detachment makes him additionally interesting, for it is bound to give rise to debate among those who are not gifted with this touch-stone or who have one of their own which they apply with somewhat different results. The book "is dogmatic because it is written from a definite standpoint, and its judgments depend upon an absolute standard of value." So speaks Ashley Dukes: a bold saying, as to which we will venture to say that the general plan of his work will strike most people who have any acquaintance with the difficult ground he has surveyed as masterly.

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is a miracle play in no sense except that the subject of it is not a miracle. After Ibsen had written "Brand," he declared that he might just as well have made his hero a doctor or an artist or a priest. It was the struggle that made the drama, so in Björnson's case the mere selection of a theological subject has no particular significance. A medieval miracle play is simply the representation of an incident which involves a miracle; beyond that, it is mere play. A modern miracle play is possible or not—and the miracle fails. There is more in this than "setting." But "whisper" I Naivété is Björnson's vital characteristic. We must add that beneath it there is a certain amount of it. We must not say, for a theologian in 15— to have been independent of Luther's personality. But Strindberg is something of a hero with Dukes, and hence this claim. There is a temperamental tie which makes our author's study simply the representation of an incident which involves the mere selection of a theological subject has no treatment of the modern dramatists of each country in

But genius, even so analytical a genius as Shaw's, sometimes works sub-consciously, and it is even possible that a thinker may tend to make a seemingly cryptic utterance clearer. Shaw, like most of the moderns—Ashley Dukes is not free from the reproach, for it is the defect of a quality—does not read books, so it is possible that neither has studied Spinoza's ethics carefully. It is here, however, especially in the fourth book, "On Human Bondage," that will be found a very clear and logical explanation of Shaw's meaning. This will, I think, help Ashley Dukes and those of his readers who have misconceived the passage to gain light.

But English readers will probably care less for an appreciation of the plays and opinions of Bernard Shaw which they can form for themselves than for the latest news of even more modern workers in the drama of foreign countries. And for this we owe Ashley Dukes a real debt of gratitude. He has, happily, all necessary qualifications for the task. Even the arrogance of youth, which to require of, even to the point of, the kind of man who has remembered and forgotten so much, may seem a positive defect, and which occasionally sounds a note of depreciation rather than appreciation, gives the book a vitality in character with its subject. The gentle and sedate writer is not the kind that can allow the reader to make a seemingly cryptic utterance clearer. Shaw, like most of the moderns—Ashley Dukes is not free from the reproach, for it is the defect of a quality—does not read books, so it is possible that neither has studied Spinoza's ethics carefully. It is here, however, especially in the fourth book, "On Human Bondage," that will be found a very clear and logical explanation of Shaw's meaning. This will, I think, help Ashley Dukes and those of his readers who have misconceived the passage to gain light.

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Drama.

By F. Sheehy Skeffington.

"Mixed Marriage" at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE is chock-full of ideas—the latest and most advanced brand. He has crammed them all into the play which the Irish National Theatre Company produced on Thursday, March 30th; with the result that the weak dramatic framework breaks down under the weight of ideas. I don't want to discourage Mr. Ervine. Not only are his ideas excellent, but he had done a much-needed service to the Irish literary movement by presenting them in a new setting—that of industrial Ulster. The peasant vein has been too exclusively worked by the Abbey playwrights. Mr. Ervine's example in turning the dramatic searchlight on the problems of the Irish towns deserves to be followed up and bettered, I hope by Mr. Ervine himself, when he has learned the technique of playwriting.

The background of "Mixed Marriage" recalls the events of 1907. There is a strike in Belfast; Catholic and Protestant workingmen are uniting on behalf of the rights of their class; the employers' only hope is to stir up religious rancour and divide the men. About the strike of 1907, one can say that Catholics and Protestants are both equally to blame; but in Ervine's play the trouble is all on one side. The result that the weak dramatic framework breaks down under the weight of ideas.

I hope Mr. Ervine will correct his play to meet the modern audience. The problem of mixed marriages is one that should receive more attention, and I feel sure that Mr. Ervine will be interested in the subject. I hope he will again turn his attention to the problem of mixed marriages.

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3. Did the Labour leaders, when endeavouring to secure the adhesion of Mr. Victor Grayson after his election, offer him as an inducement to assurance that he would have opportunities of speaking which would otherwise be denied to him? Mr. Grayson has publicly stated this; is it denied?

4. What has become of the agitation for the Right to Work Bill?

5. What has become of the much-trumpeted agitation for the reversal of the Osborne judgment?

6. Why does Mr. MacDonald select as the one and only question upon which he will oppose the Government the increase of the Tariff—a question to which the opposition of the Leaders of the Labour Party is so openly hostile? Mr. Snowden in the "Daily News," February, 1910.

7. Wherein does the present position of the most prominent Labour Members differ from that of Mr. Burns in 1905?

8. If Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, or the Coalition Government would not conduct their business in perfect harmony with some of their public pronouncements during the last two or three years? Do not some of their statements appear to be expressly designed to excite such conduct?

When these questions are answered I may return to the subject again.

* * * 

CECIL CHESTERTON.

WAR AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—Strange as it may appear to Mr. Norman, who seems disposed to do justice to an old view of mine, I did not advance war as an immediate economic remedy for the present unequal distribution of wealth. Such as he appears to regard as a source of economic disintegration is the loss of life and property on the high seas during war—losses which are productive of a double gain, firstly as a means of closing the widening chasm between the rich and the poor in England was the probable effect of a necessarily limited act in uniting a people. (So me the most lamentable effects of our prevailing system are not so much the disparity of material income—these are symptons only—but the increasing disparity of spirit among the various classes. England is ceasing not only to be a single nation, but even to be a single society. If anything is worse than this fact, it is that so many professed Socialists believe their name and instead of labouring at the reunion of the sundered elements of the social body, positively aim at increasing the difference between them. Not Mr. Norman alone among your Socialist correspondents, but Mr. Robertson as well, asks, for example, why Socialists should object to the prospect of a civil war of classes. I should have thought that the Socialist by definition was characterised by precisely this objection. It is not only economic war to which he objects, but civil war in excelsis; nor can it be shown that the latter could ever be productive of a greater amount of economic war. To postpone the reunion of classes to the arbitrament of civil war is to postpone it in my judgment for ever. Unless the oligarchy come to blows with the poor to suppress the former. This is also entirely apart from the fact which I mentioned in your "Notes" of March 23, namely, that the economic war of classes so far as the English was reckoning without his oligarchy. To postpone the reunion of classes to the arbitrament of civil war is to postpone it in my judgment for ever. Unless the oligarchy come to blows with the poor to suppress the former. This is also entirely apart from the fact which I mentioned in your "Notes" of March 23, namely, that the economic war of classes so far as the English was reckoning without his oligarchy. To postpone the reunion of classes to the arbitrament of civil war is to postpone it in my judgment for ever. Unless the oligarchy come to blows with the poor to suppress the former. This is also entirely apart from the fact which I mentioned in your "Notes" of March 23, namely, that the economic war of classes so far as the English was reckoning without his oligarchy. 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THE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE PARTY SYSTEM.

Sir,—I have waited a week before replying to Mr. Marrsion's letter, fully expecting that some protests from his Leisure party, or could retain it if the Liberals put up a number of years, and I have long since come to the concluasion that the sentimentalism which Mr. Roosevelt claims to be adopted by England towards the Egyptians is all on the
other side—the Egyptians themselves show far too much sentiment in the neglect of the English as their masters. They show it far too often in their ordinary walk and conversation, but they show it also in the exceeding mildness of their protestation against England's interference among them. We know there are many forces at work to keep the Egyptians from uniting, but the Nationalists in them- selves ought to be strong enough to force the English evacuation, and in my opinion nothing distinguishes the warfare which Mr. Mohamed himself has so ably illustrated of the advantages to be gained by giving their sons a Western education. Those peculiar elements of Western education. They may learn much in Western schools and colleges, but they seldom seem to carry back with them a desire to apply their knowledge of the chief elements of the English language to the warfare which Mr. Mohamed himself has so ably illustrated in his treatment of the English in the Soudan—which all who will may read. The Egyptian only confirms my impression of them as far as concern England, the Egyptians ought to be strong enough to force the English out, for coaxings will never do it.

May the time be not far distant when the arrogant ignorance of the day will give place to the wisdom of Him who has made everything, and is the first among all elements: the Great Physician, the Greatest Psychologist, and much more!

J. JOHN ELLIOTT.

THE FUTURE OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

Sir,—"Veteran" asks me to enlighten him on the following matter. He wants to know, "Why a nominally Socialist body should engage its loyalty to a specifically non-Socialist party."

The answer is:

1) It is possible, and has not. The Labour party is not a specifically non-Socialist party. It is a coalition of two Socialist bodies and the Trade Unions, who may or may not be Socialists as they please. Indeed, were the Trade Unions to become definitely Socialist, the Labour party would be a specifically Socialist party.

2) Assuming the Labour party to be, as it is, not committed one way or the other in the question of Socialism, the reasons why we should engage our loyalty to it are two-fold:

(a) We have already "engaged" our loyalty; it is open to question whether we have recognised and acted up to our engagements.

(b) Socialism, as a political creed, is valueless without its complementary religious side, and this religion can only be established by permeating the great mass of the industrial population with the truths of Socialism and discipline. In the Labour party the Socialist has the only means to his hand to get in touch with the organised workers. In the Labour party alone can the Fabian be made a real Socialist, by losing his superiority and aloofness.

Finally, in return, perhaps "Veteran" will enlighten me by giving me his name. I do not like engaging with phantoms.

As to Robert Jones, who asks which are we first—Socialists or Democrats? I do not know which we are, but I have no doubt which we ought to be. A Socialism without Democracy is a vain pedantry. We must not forget that the State, however constitutional, whether the individual is a Socialist or a Non-Socialist, functions as a personality, and the bones of the body politic. The ordinary working man is its flesh and blood; if you have not his enthusiastic cooperation, you will in the end lose your Socialism. An academic theory if really held as an opinion, and a tyranny if imposed on the working man as a fact. Tax the rich without the working man's consent if you will, destroy privilege without waiting for his mandate if you can, but when you wish to reconstruct you cannot proceed, and ought not to proceed, without his consent.

Therefore, in so far as Jones's question has any meaning, Democracy is the first condition of Socialism.

He also says, "The Fabian Society has a future, but not as a Fabian society." This is a mere phrase; the Fabian Society will be what Fabians wish it to be. If our work is to be done in the Labour party, there is no reason why we should lose our identity any more than the Independent Labour party have lost their identity by joining the Labour party. As to the possibilities of the Fabian in the Labour party, I can only refer to my last letter.

Mr. Jones also suggests that the Labour party is growing into a hierarchy, at the same time apparently that he regrets that it is not Socialist; surely love, hatred, remorse, hope, etc., are not mean sexual attraction: I referred to the Fundamental Passion of God—which has a terrible as well as a glorious aspect. I must again say how gratifying it is to find a medical man with such a profound sense of the spiritual.

When people realise that an age of "intellectual" supremacy may be an age of spiritual depravity, a clearer view of the Truth may be obtained. An age that laughs at devils may be not far from committing the most diabolical offences themselves.

May the time be not far distant when the arrogant ignorance of the day will give place to the wisdom of Him who has made everything, and is the first among all elements: the Great Physician, the Greatest Psychologist, and much more!

J. JOHN ELLIOTT.

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE?

Sir,—The law referred to in "The Merchant of Venice" was not the English, but the Italian law in force at Venice in the 16th century, and is, I understand, correctly stated in the play. But it is quite useless for Mr. Watkin to tell us what his legal friend said to him the other evening about Shakespeare's knowledge of law, when Lord Campbell in
1899 elaborately showed that the author of the plays must have been a trained lawyer; and another judge, Lord Penzance, recently expressed the same opinion. In his treatise on Shakespeare's "Legal Acquaintments," Lord Campbell stated, "While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills and inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he expounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of excepti-

In a similar manner Lord Penzance urged that the writer of the plays was manifestly a "trained lawyer," and that of all the later writers of his time Francis Bacon was the one most likely to have written them.

The late Mr. George C. Bonaparte, who was, I believe, a barrister, stated in his excellent Problem of the Shakespeare Plays, that a recent writer had enumerated 250 law terms used, or referred to, in the plays, of which many he could trace back to Bacon's legal tracts; and I can myself testify to the legal phrase-

if you would kindly insert this letter.

of the nearest public-house. But even supposing that a
card that the apostle of "The Truth we owe to Youth," we beg to state that we
stand for if it does not advocate that very healing of the

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

Sir,—There are many more able advocates of women's suffrage than I, but Mr. Richard Barry's recent article in the "Lady's Realm" is so fresh in my mind that I cannot refrain from replying to your correspondent; Mr. Balgray Hill. From the tone which the "Realm" adopts, I am inclined to think that it is somewhat prejudiced against the women's cause; that it professes to be the "peace with suet-pudding" party, and the sooner a hyphen between the two syllables.

Perhaps it may be well to point out that nobody but the author would have a complete set of these 154 sonnets, many of them being of a very private and confidential character, and that the author himself therefore probably felt that it was displayed during the course of the South African War

and Poor which he affects to find an impossibility? If it is
a hyphen between the two syllables.

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and Poor which he affects to find an impossibility? If it is
a hyphen between the two syllables.

one. 1. The best reason for the political rights of women is
a hyphen between the two syllables.

and Poor which he affects to find an impossibility? If it is
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becoming the equal of Man: if she has, and it is developed, she will no longer be woman. And so the problem will be solved. As women, by indulgence in athletics, incapacitate themselves for love-making, and permitted by education they will slough their barbarous and primitive mentality.

Rational friendships between men and women, resting on a non-sexual basis, are rendered difficult by the comments, suggestions, and restrictions of learned and censorious and sapphic old women, who see in the companionship of men and women nothing but reminiscences of a morbid and mingled, and often debased, and revelling in the memories of narrow and specialised sexual experiences, ascribe to such companionships motives which are the reverse of debased and depraved, and ascribe to them the feverish and unnatural atmosphere of puritanism and phallicism in which they have been brought up. (And les célébrales echo in unison with the nursemaids, "sour grapes.")

* * *

THE CASE OF NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—What has Mr. Ludovici to complain of? Surely the anti-moral cause is assisted and illustrated by every successful deviation from the moral law. Max Nordau, by his disquisition on the degenerate state of mind, has shown the contempt which the strong man naturally feels for the slave-created system of ethics. The thing is to be strong—how else are the Nietzscheans told us so? To be nice as to your methods proves you to be still infected with moralic acid. Dr. Wrench recently extolled the cleverness of the crafty little boy who told a lie to escape a flogging. How much more by his misrepresentation of his opponent's state of mind, feels for the slave-created system of ethics. The thing is to be strong, to be clever—how else is the Nietzschean to be loved? (And les célébrales echo in unison with the nursemaids, "sour grapes.")

* * *

Sir,—Referring to Mr. Wm. M. Salter's letter in your issue of the 23rd March, I would recommend those who doubt Nietzsche's sanity prior to the last days of 1888 to peruse that admirable essay on Nietzsche in G. Brande's "Menschen und Werke" (Frankfurt-a.-M., 1895).

At the end of this brilliant monograph a series of letters will be found which it has been received from Nietzsche, up to the latter's seizure by that dread malady to which he was to succumb twelve years later.

Only in the one from Torino, dated November 20, 1888, are signs of mental decay obvious: the whole being marred by a morbid self-exaltation—a sort of megalomania. The rest manifest a strong, healthy, and alert intellect.

At the beginning of 1889, when disease had begun to work the ruin of his fine intellect, the following letter was received from Nietzsche by Dr. Brande:

"Dem Freund Georg,—Nachdem Du mich entdeckt hast, war es kein Kunststück mir zu finden: die Schwierigkeit ist jetzt die, mich zu verlieren."

DER GEKRÜTZTE.

That letter was unstamped, incorrectly addressed, written in large handwriting resembling that of a child, on pencilled paper, bearing the Turin postmark of January 4, 1889.

That I believe was the last communication from one of the most intellectually honest men who was also one of the most original thinkers of modern times.

THOS. MURRAY.

POETRY AND AGNOSTICISM.

Sir,—As there are several copies unsold, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity Mr. Montagu-Powell offers me of advertising my Collection of Poems by a quotation which shows its presentation in the correct state of mind.

Mr. Powell has been a keen scent for religion in verse as Max Nordau and Tolstoi had for madness and immorality amongst poets and artists generally, and between them they have concocted a most disreputable trinity with whom I desire no further acquaintance. If the first of these gentlemen would look for sanity of outlook instead of religion amongst his poets, his instances would not be so far-fetched: "Wherever you find a love story," etc., and if the other two authors had looked for decency instead of the contrary, they would have had to recast those sensational works entirely.

I have long thought it important that an idealist such as myself should define and express his position with regard to these sacred matters, but would rather stand out for the present. I offer as my contribution to the discussion "Prize Essay for the Race," and ask Mr. Powell what conclusion he would draw from them as to the "beliefs" of the writer?

"Mother of Mothers, God grant to Thee:"

Strength that strength may be," etc.

ERNST RADFORD.

CAN SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM BE RECONCILED?

Sir,—Mr. Meulen's able letters in your columns suggest the possibility and practicability of uniting the best elements of those supposedly antagonistic political philosophies, Socialism and Individualism. That, in fact, the supposed discrepancies of these doctrines are merely the exaggerations of particular ideas, which need but to be seen in true perspective in order to reveal their necessary correspondence with one another. Thus, for example, one might roughly define Socialism as the claim of the people for the necessary stability of communal economic reward; whilst the Individualist asserts the imperative demand of each man to work according to his own life independence, and the prejudices and conventions of the community. But these assertions tacitly assume an idea which dominates and obscures the whole controversy, namely, that strife is inevitable in human relations, and that social life exists as something precarious in this struggle. The Socialist, assuming that this conflict has resulted in the subjection of the weak, proposes to cure wage-slavery by State-slavery, surely the most immediate solution. The Individualist, on the contrary, is the most precious of possessions, refuses to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. Yet the Individualist is not the blind groping creature imagined by most Socialists, and the likes of men of Wettin, Grenville, Donisthorpe, and Benjamin Tucker are idealistic and inspiring. Both sets of disputants want the same things, namely: sustenance and liberty. The discrepancy is merely a matter of priority of one of the two factors. Both sides would agree that independence, if possible, is preferable to dependence. Clearly, then, for practical purposes, commercialism is the enemy. That system of subjection and dirt, of cheapness and dross, of hypocrisy and charlatanism, which goes out to make its indolent system, is the very present evil. When one examines the problem a priori, it is difficult to imagine how the system has taken such a hold on modern life; for, notwithstanding all dogmas to the contrary, the tendency of all things is to sub-division and not accumulation. That the prophecies of Marx have been fulfilled in this matter is now recognised by Socialists. Men desire independence, and sub-division is ever proceeding; but the tendency, as Mr. Meulen has pointed out, is frustrated by the gold standard which the Socialists have set up, which lands us into industrial depression, and breaks the small man to the advantage of the man with larger capital. The fact is obscure to the large man on one side of the picture because his small rivals are unduly handicapped. Granting these premises, and those who doubt them I would refer to the publications of the Currency Reform League, which is not the enemy of Socialism, but is it not evident that the way is open for a reconciliation of essentials between Socialists and Individualists? A system of individual independence and exchange amongst the smaller communities would inevitably develop, and handiwork and individuality would once again inspire our atmosphere with a healthy, natural and inspiring. Both sets of disputants want the same things, namely: sustenance and liberty. The discrepancy is merely a matter of priority.

ROYALTY AT THE BOAT RACE.

Sir,—On the occasion last Saturday of the University race, the police kept Hammersmith Bridge closed for at least twenty-five minutes after the boats had passed under it. An immediate movement was made towards the bridge, with the result that dangerous circumstances were created on the river. A collision was avoided by a narrow margin, and only by the timely intervention of Wales who had followed the race had returned, and when the launch had passed under again it was opened. It is sincerely hoped that this will prevent any more of the boat-race in future. The event has come to be looked upon as a popular outing for the people, and it is a serious matter if their continued interest and safety is sacrificed to police whims in the supposed interest of Royal youths.
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