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be the end of all things, and the Radicals have declared 'because the Unionists have declared the Veto Bill to

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to (existing Constitutional system as little as possible." Other observers may draw from this remark what con-

are looking towards the future rather than towards the present. How will affairs stand when the Veto Bill is law, what will prove to be the net gains and losses on either side, how can the best party advantage be made of the new situation? It must not be supposed that because the Unionists have declared the Veto Bill to be the end of all things, and the Radicals have declared it to be the beginning of all things, that either party will be without gains as well as losses. On the Liberal side Professor Morgan in the "Nineteenth Century" has already begun to sound an alarm. The House of Lords under the new conditions will not merely be per-

means that the Unionists are now beginning to look ahead. And not before time was ripe. The present administration cannot last for ever; and we are quite of the "Nation's" opinion that the immediate sequel of the passing of the Parliament Bill will be a Con-

eration, Reaction, however, is an equivocal term. A Tory reaction from a certain drift of recent and promised Liberal legislation we should regard as reactionary in a good sense, if it followed a national rather than a party line. Disraeli, it may be remem-

some Living Poets; Alfred Noyes. By Darrell Figgis ...


clar.-Lais Araquistain, Sir W. W. Strickland, Bart. ...

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There are several indications that the main struggle for the Parliament Bill is over. Rearguard actions will continue to be fought by the Unionists to the very last line of the very last clause, but their field is practi-

NOTES OF THE WEEK should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Curtain Street, E.C.

It will be noted that the Government's view, in Mr. Asquith's words, is "that they should disturb the existing Constitutional system as little as possible." Other observers may draw from this remark what con-

argue quietly and well. The difference may not be at

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SYNCE AND OTHERS. By Herbert Hughes ...

Reflections. By Albert Guignon ...

The Non-Committal Man. By Robert & Fides ...

Books and Persons. By Jacob Tomsen ...

American Notes. By Juvelnal ...

Drama. By Ashley Darcy ...

Some Living Poets; Alfred Noyes. By Darrell Figgis ...


clar.-Lais Araquistain, Sir W. W. Strickland, Bart. ...

until time shall have proved that the new Parliament Bill still leaves too heavy a handicap on economic legislation.

* * *

Among the significant movements which indicate that affairs are settling down we rank in a foremost place the decision by the Unionists to construct a programme of Social Reform. There can be no mistake that this means that the Unionists are now beginning to look ahead. And not before time was ripe. The present administration cannot last for ever; and we are quite of the "Nation's" opinion that the immediate sequel of the passing of the Parliament Bill will be a Conservative reaction. Reaction, however, is an equivocal term. A Tory reaction from a certain drift of recent and promised Liberal legislation we should regard as reactionary in a good sense, if it followed a national rather than a party line. Disraeli, it may be remem-

* * *

At the very lowest estimate, two distinct advantages may be derived from the formation of Mr. F. E. Smith's Social Reform Committee. If even no programme is constructed on which his party can generally agree, the Liberals will have the incentive of a rival, and the Socialist movement will be enabled to slough some of its encumbering Liberal skin. We do not propose to shout our observations on these subjects from the housetops. Mr. Balfour assures us that there is no greater fallacy than to suppose that it is useless to argue quietly and well. The difference may not be at the moment . . . . Exactly; we agree. But reason tells in the long run. And if this be true, our observations may stand, first, that the most zealous Liberal administration needs a runner-up in its slow race for Social Reform, and, secondly, that the Socialist movement needs to be disentangled from the worser elements of Liberalism. We are told, for example, that the Committee has under consideration such subjects as the reform of the Poor Law, insurance, housing, decasualisation of labour, technical education, emigration, and sweating. These, it will be remarked, contain no new principle of legislation. With every one of them in a greater or a lesser degree the present Liberal Government has already dealt or is under promise to deal. Yet if they promise no great Tory success at the polls by reason of the absence from them
of any really new principle, they certainly promise to stimulate the Liberal Party to increased exertions. The mere existence of some technical interest in such measures on the Tory side will compel Liberal legislators to frame their Bills accordingly. It would never do to allow the Unionists again what was once allowed to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, to combine all Liberal measures of social reform that they did not go far enough.

We confess that the chances of profit to the Socialist movement from the new impulse to Social Reform in the Tory Party seem to us rather more remote. What the Labour Party in particular might learn from the fact is the unwisdom of an indissoluble alliance with either of the two main parties. Suppose it should happen now that Mr. F. E. Smith can persuade his party to accept a Social Reform programme more advanced than the Liberal Party is prepared to adopt, what hostages to fortune will not the Labour Party have given away in its present glued state of alliance with Liberals! Not only will they find it difficult to drag themselves from their present hosts, but the officials and Liberal Alliance, will find, as if they have spoiled the Liberals of what is of least value. What we mean is that the present close association of the Labour Party with the Liberal Party will leave the Socialist movement more isolated and burdened, and weighted by all the most unpopular planks of the Liberal programme. What are the most unpopular elements of Liberalism? Its strain of anti-nationalism, its dissenting preferences, its materialism and secularism, its sentimental pacifism, its teetotalism, its effeminism, itself, in a word, its puritanism. And what are these but the very elements which the Labour Party has appropriated and foisted upon the Socialist movement? They constitute the Liberal skin which we should instinctively see the Socialist movement shun. And if in the process the Socialist movement should appear to become Tory rather than Liberal, we should not be afraid of risking it in view of the danger of the present situation. We hesitate as yet to declare that the next political wave is bound to be Tory Socialism, or Tory Democracy or whatever other name a union of English nationalists of all classes may be called; but the ripple may be described in the new Unionist Social Reform Committee.

Mr. Bello's attack on the Party system as it enslaves the House of Commons has been supplemented by two Unionists, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Griffith-Boscawen, on the same grounds. There is just the suspicion that the Unionist attack is more interesting in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. If it could be shown that the Commons is "a corrupt assembly" at the very moment that this House is subordinating the Lords, the latter by contrast might appear whitely innocent. On the other hand, with all that the two Unionists affirmed of the Commons it is impossible to disagree, be the effect what it may. Strategically, no doubt, and from the Liberal point of view, no worse time than the present could be chosen for denouncing the House of Commons. But such of us as really desire the reform of that House, and most of all when it is becoming our only defence against Cabinet dictatorship, have no choice but to criticise it on every possible occasion, strategy or no strategy. There is not the least doubt that the House of Commons though theoretically representative and theoretically supreme over the Cabinet, in reality (as would not say more than tending as yet) to become the obedient slave of the caucuses controlled by the Front Benches. And to the extent to which it becomes this, the House of Commons is theoretically impossible and naturally divides itself into groups of interested persons. It is only fair, however, to say that this process has not yet become a public scandal. We would not say with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith that the House of Commons, as distinct from the Cabinet, has not lost prestige and confidence during the last twenty years. It has considerably. But the loss is not yet great enough to detract seriously from its public authority. The intelligent citizen, though growing restive with apprehension, still believes that the House of Commons grinds justice out of its slow mill. And the fact that Messrs. Bello and Chesterton's book has aroused so much discussion and led already to some passages of rebellion in the House of Commons, proves that the belief is not yet unfounded.

There is to be no end, it appears, to the squabble over the Holmes Circular regarding the appointment of University men as elementary school inspectors. If we had not Mr. Balfour's assurance, quoted above, that reason will tell, we should despair of producing any effect on the combatants. At present neither side will discuss the actual policy contained in the Circular; but both confine themselves to the petty question of whether Sir Robert Morant did or did not conceal his intentions from his Chief. That, we admit, is a serious matter, but it should not be so serious as to overwhelm the consideration of whether the Circular itself was wise or foolish. We know nothing of the departmental facts of the case, but it should not be supposed that Sir Robert Morant had grounds for supposing that Mr. Runciman would not object to the policy even if he dared not openly inaugurate or commend it. That he decided to pursue it alone was, perhaps, a natural course for an official to pursue when he was first challenged, to defend it as his own. If his Chief, however willing, could not be responsible. This breach apart, we do not see why the wisdom of the Circular should not be discussed. We could even wish that Mr. Runciman had had the moral courage, when he was first challenged, to defend it as his own.

It is superficially assumed by Liberal organs that Democracy in education means education of the people by the people. If in this nomenclature the people included all classes we should agree. But in doctrinaire circles the word people tacitly excludes everybody but the tinker, the tailor, and the candlestick-maker; and in this narrow class sense we emphatically repudiate Democracy in education. Strangely enough, the afore-said tinker, tailor, candlestick-maker repudiate it in this form too. Nobody better than they realises the necessity of education by the educated. If they had the means—that is the provision of the means is the real line of progress—they would have their children educated by the best teachers to be had, University or any other. It is only the Democratic pedants who refuse either one or the other means to them, and in the name of democracy! But all we gain by this is that the people are exposed to refuse admission into elementary schools of any inspector or teacher of a superior culture. At the same time by an incredible meanness they learn from the Holmes Circular regarding the appointment of University men as elementary school inspectors. If we only knew the sort of inspectors who are appointed to the Universities and in the name of Democracy we are glad in this instance to be numbered among its enemies. Anything better calculated to keep Democracy ignorant and helpless we would not even consider.

What is the best way out of the existing plight of our elementary schools? The present writer has a long experience at first hand, and the conclusion forced on us is that the elementary teacher is the key of the situation. The Holmes Circular confined its recommendations to the importation into schools of University-trained inspectors. That would be much to the good, but it would not be enough. An inspector visits a school at the outside no more than three or four times a year. The teacher is there all the time. What is the best way out of the existing plight of our elementary schools? The present writer has a long experience at first hand, and the conclusion forced on us is that the elementary teacher is the key of the situation. The Holmes Circular confined its recommendations to the importation into schools of University-trained inspectors. That would be much to the good, but it would not be enough. An inspector visits a school at the outside no more than three or four times a year. The teacher is there all the time. What is needed is obviously that the spirit and intention of the Holmes Circular shall embrace the teaching staff as well as the inspectorate. Provision should be made to enable first and foremost to commence that a teacher to be trained, not only in a training college, but in a University as well. That would ensure some contact at any rate of the people with the world of ideas.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Since the outbreak of the peace fever recently, I have been in correspondence with a few Continental thinkers who, like myself, endeavour to enter into their political studies by bringing psychology rather than mere pedantry to bear upon them. Concerning one aspect of the peace question we were unanimous, viz., that the twentieth century would witness, in one quarter of the world or another, even bloodier wars than we had in the nineteenth: bloodier, because the natural feelings and instincts which underlie serious wars have never changed since the dawn, I will not say of history merely, but of the very beginnings of life upon earth.

Struggles to the death, whether waged between fishes, animals, primitive man, or man of the historical period, have been originated by the one unalterable impulse which I referred to last week; and wars will be bloodier, again, chiefly because modern death-dealing instruments are becoming more and more perfected year by year. The battle of Tsushima, in which the Russian Fleet was annihilated and sunk, lasted only about forty minutes; and modern naval experts, British, German, French, and American, have openly declared their conviction that future great naval battles between modern fleets will be decided in even less time than this. Every year that passes sees a smaller and smaller chance of escape for those who take part in modern warfare.

Now, in England particularly, we moderns live under somewhat strange philosophical and religious conditions. Our religion is nominally Christian; but the Christianity of the Latin countries differs to an enormous extent from that of the Teutonic countries. When I say this, I am doubtless stating what is, to most readers of this paper, a truism; but the feelings, outlook, temperament—what you will—brought about by our Christianity have always tended in one direction; and to state this clearly will not be a truism: the development of hypocrisy, the disinclination to face inconvenient facts; in short, intellectual ostrichisation. The disinclination to be taught, the disinclination to be led by a capable and efficient leader, are among the baser characteristics developed by a misunderstood Democracy; and it is incontestably true that a state of mind more rapidly and thoroughly developed by Lutherism than Catholicism. I say Lutherism, because the Protestantism of the English High Church is analogous in many respects to the practices of the Roman Catholics, very much more so than the practices of the so-called Low Church and the Dissenting bodies.

This attitude of mind, I must emphasise, is more thoroughly developed in Great Britain than in Germany; for Germany is considerably influenced by the views of the Centre Party, which is Catholic, and by the 18,000,000 Catholics in the various German States, who naturally form a much larger proportion of the population of 60,000,000 than do their few co-religionists in this country of our smaller population. Furthermore—and this is highly important—the great impulse given in Germany to the development of philosophy during the nineteenth century has resulted in a class of professional men and students who are uninfluenced by the strict theological scruples that play havoc in England. A German who feels himself to be above mere dogmatic theology, and who can give evidence of his intellectual capacity, is not looked at askance. To take another side of this subject, it would have been impossible for a man like Dilke, let us say, to be left out of the German political swim for a relatively trifling offence.

It is in this philosophical class—philosophically-minded people who are also men of the world not being altogether unknown in Germany—that we may class Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the present Foreign Minister, and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor. The tale that hangs thereon is that, while pacifism has made some headway among certain classes in England which ought to know better, it has not made any progress worth speaking of in Germany. Many of our so-called political leaders and statesmen are what we may designate, for the sake of convenience, as Lutherans—for our modern agnostics (e.g., Lord Morley) are Lutherans in what Nietzsche would call their "morality", and their outlook on life. On the other hand, all the great German politicians of the present day are philosophic and super-religious.

What a strange anomaly, then, has thereby arisen! Up to the present we have all regarded Germany as a land where the inhabitants were lost in the clouds of abstract, idealistic, romantic thought, a land whence no "practical" proposal ever emanated. We prided ourselves on our worldly success, on our very inability to understand abstractions (which, with our expenses, are necessarily at times), on our "practical" nature, on our hardness of head. The German was an amiable sort of clumsy animal whom we thoroughly practical people could not take seriously.

Then came the turn of the tide, quite unperceived. Nietzsche, perhaps, was its harbinger; and we could not understand how a German philosopher could curse his predecessors and assail all the romantics with so many hard thwacks. We failed to observe that we ourselves were fast becoming—nay, had already become—the romantics and idealists; and when a few papers caught the peace fever the contagion was rapidly spread. This idealism, which, when we was mooted in Germany half a century ago, met with our derision, or, at most, modest recognition, is now taken hold of many of our public men; and, most glaring anomaly of all, its common-sense refutation does not come from any of our Ministers who have escaped the disease, but from hard, matter-of-fact, common-sense Germany, whose philosophic, man-of-the-world Chancellor makes many of our expatriates, at any time the whole Continent is wondering what these mad Englishmen are coming to. I am curious to know how this contrast strikes those Englishmen who have preserved their sanity.

One feature of the peace agitation after Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech raised my gorge. Many papers had the sense to see the justice of his remarks; but a few, notably among them, of course, being the "Daily News," could do no more than abuse the German Chancellor because he represented a "backward and unenlightened" country. This mind, you see, in fact of the fact that all our educationists, without distinction of party, have been endeavouring for years to point out to us the advantages of the German school system and the splendid intellectual development resulting therefrom! No; it is now too late in the day to apply this sense of the word enlightened to Germany. Uncultured, indeed, she undoubtedly is in comparison with other countries; but few nations have a better supply than modern Germany of that common-sense which we once thought was peculiar to our- selves. Summing up the position both as philosopher and man of the world, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg has pronounced that universal peace is an absurd delusion, and that arbitration treaties tend to bring about war rather than peace. With these conclusions no one who has given any consideration to the subject will disagree.

I shall have something to say next week regarding the impending trouble between France and Germany over the Moroccan question.
The Party System.

By Hilaire Belloc.

VI.

(d) If the candidate has sat in a previous Parliament, ask him upon what occasion he challenged the right of the House, what his votes have been upon particular occasions where the time of the House was concerned, and of the Front Benches to monopolise the time of the House. When the Government declares its time schedule, a sham protest is made on the part of the so-called "Opposition" Front Bench, but the two Front Benches together know that the system is to their mutual advantage, and will do everything to maintain it. Now the system could be broken to pieces if candidates would simply pledge themselves before election simply never to vote for the closure, save in special cases when in their considered judgment this measure was necessary; and never to vote for any Government proposal which permitted the Front Benches to take more than three out of the four and a half working parliamentary days at any period whatsoever of the session.

As to the first of these two points: the closure.

It is not practicable to ask a man never to vote for the closure: there are occasions when mere obstruction must be closed; but in the great majority of cases the closure is simply moved by a Front Bench (it is not always, but is usually, accepted by the Speaker under such conditions), and, being moved, is followed by a tedious and farcical party vote. The closure is moved usually simply with the object of keeping control over the time of the House in the hands of the two Front Benches. If a man pledge himself only to vote for the closure when it has his considered support, he will of course try to shirk his pledge, but he cannot after that pledge give a mechanical vote in favour of it scores and scores of times at the bidding of the machine in the course of a session. He cannot, as the vast majority of the Ministerialists do, always vote for the closure. He will be under a necessity to have something to show for his pledge when he comes to answer his constituents for his action. Now the mere knowledge on the part of the Whips that any one of their innumerable votes for closure would not be a strict party vote, as a matter of course and on every occasion, would help to smash the machine. This is a practical point, and a point of the first importance. What would happen if you could get the electorate to understand this particular dodge on the part of the professionals would be at first that the Opposition Front Bench would support the Government Front Bench, and we should have the absurd sight of the nominal Opposition closing themselves. But that would not last: it would be too manifestly ridiculous and in a very short time such a wedge would have been driven into the present professional control over the time of the House as would shake the whole fabric of that control.

As to the second point, the limitation of not more than three out of the four and a half working days of any week whatsoever in the course of the session to the "official" business arranged between the two Front Benches: this is a limitation which the professionals and their Press would, of course, pretend that the "business of the nation" could never be got through if the Government did not take as much as it liked of private members' time. That excise is demonstrably hypocritical. The Government, by the use of the closure, can at present have things done as quickly as ever they like; and the taking of private members' time is prompted by no necessity but the desire of the Front Benches to continue the present system; and the present system is the negation of representative government. In this, as under the other heads, a man who has not sat in the previous Parliament must be asked to pledge himself to such conduct if he is returned.

(e) All candidates, whether sitting members or not, must be explicitly asked to pledge themselves to accept no post of emolument within the duration of the coming Parliament and for a space of time, say three years or five years, after its close, with the exception of salaried places in the Administration or which must by the Constitution be filled by people chosen from the ranks of Parliament.

The Party System.

There are two classes of men from whom such a pledge should be ruthlessly extracted: the first are the lawyers who go into the House with the avowed object of professional advantage; the second are the Labour candidates.

It is the direct policy of the Front Benches to destroy the democratic character of the Labour Party by the creation of salaried posts which they are prepared to offer in the future to members of that party; and a Labour candidate should be tied down by his constituents quite as much as by any rule of the party itself, not only to refuse emolument during the session of a Parliament, but, in case he loses his seat or retires, for some definite and lengthy space of time after its close.

This point is the capital point of all.

Rubb it well in in the case of the barristers and the battle is won.

Get the electorate thoroughly awake to the fact that when they send a barrister to the House they are sending a man in whose profession a long tradition exists of professional advertisement through the service not of his constituents but of the Executive, and you will have withdrawn its foundation from the whole system. There is no career in which the Executive cannot advantage a man, but in the case of the legal profession it is an open and admitted practice. If we except the Irish members we have something like one-third of the House in this position. No honour attaches to it: the best and most honourable of men take it for granted; they have a right to take it for granted, for it is a national custom, and is not only tolerated but applauded by the wealthier classes. But it is a custom quite incompatible with true representation. If this custom could be destroyed, pledged should still be necessary; we should still need judges and county court judges and registrars, and we should still have plenty of Government work to be done by members of an honourable profession; but it would be the better for the administration of justice and infinitely the better for the cause of true representation if promotion for men at the Bar did not go hand in hand with the service in the House of Commons of professional politicians who have no claim whatever to control a free representative assembly. The professional politicians only exercise their power by their ability to enrich or impoverish, to enlarge by certain dignities or debar from such dignities, men whose sole business it should be to speak for the people in the National Council.

Finally, in those cases where a strong local or national demand exists for a particular policy, tie your man down not to "support" it—that to-day means nothing—but to vote against the Government if by a certain date it has not been presented to the House in its final form of a third reading.

These six points of action which I have set down seem to me immediate and practical. Could they be widely acted upon even by a few men in each constituency, the system, which is already tottering, would be brought to the ground.

It is easy to foresee what criticisms so direct a method will have to meet.

We shall be told that the formation of such committees in many places would be impossible. That is true, but in the present circumstance that quite a small committee could be as useful as a large one, in that proportion it would be more easy to form it.
P.S.—Since writing the above, three excellent examples of the way in which concrete points are addressed. That the electorate do not know what the House of Commons is: they are dissatisfied and they are puzzled. All they need is to be told the truth, and in no way can they be better told it than by the suggestion of such questions as these.

[THE END.]

As there has recently been some correspondence in the New Age regarding the Fabian Society, an article by Mr. Edward R. Pease entitled “The Fabian Society and its Work,” which appeared in “T.P.’s Magazine” for March, calls for some comment. The article in question exudes a blatanly smug, blatanly which is indescribable; but this may be tolerated in view of the remarkable light thrown by Mr. Pease on the backward and reactionary nature of the Fabian intellect and the manner in which it works.

To begin with, take the name of the society. Says Mr. Pease: “We took our name from the old general Fabius Cunctator, who saved Rome from Hannibal by playing the waiting game. We said we would not act till we knew our business…. That was our motto, concocted for the occasion, and bad history at that, but it served its purpose, and the wise man makes his history as he makes his science and his metaphysics, to fit his needs. That philosophy is now called pragmatism, but the name was not current at the day.

Mr. Pease is loose in his definition of Pragmatism; but even if he were accurate it would not help him, for this “philosophy,” as he calls it, has never yet received the approval of thinkers. The main point here, however, is that Mr. Pease admits twenty years ago is the bad history. The Fabius in question, let me recall, was known to his intimates as Verrucosus, from an unsightly wart on his upper lip, and he was also nick-named Agamemnon, the little lamb. The whole idea of his offensive, effeminate, non-Roman manners. Now, apart from the little-known references to this Fabius in Polybius and Florus, he should have been well known to the organisers of the Fabian Society through the relatively lengthy and manifestly true accounts of him given, a certain amount of wit and no substance worth indicating the independence of members of Parliament and their responsibility to their constituents. There is no other answer. When he has given this answer ask him: (2) Since he is so particular to maintain his independence and to represent his constituents freely, on what occasions, then, since the meeting of the present Parliament has he voted otherwise than as the Party Whips ordered him to vote?

In the matter of the Archer-Shee debate. Here again it is not a question of the rights or wrongs of the discussion. Personally I think that large damages are due, and even those who disagree with me must admit it is not a question of the rights or wrongs of the legislation and their responsibility to their constituents. There is no other answer. When he has given this answer ask him: (2) Since he is so particular to maintain his independence and to represent his constituents freely, on what occasions, then, since the meeting of the present Parliament has he voted otherwise than as the Party Whips ordered him to vote?

The demonstrations of superiority proceed. Mr. Shaw joined the society and wrote “Tract No. 2,” which contained, if we may judge from the extracts given, a certain amount of wit and no substance worth speaking of. The pamphlet, indeed, is the real Shaw. If we subtract from it what was written, as Mr. McKenna did, the pamphlet, indeed, is the real Shaw. He joined the society and wrote “Tract No. 2,” which contained, if we may judge from the extracts given, a certain amount of wit and no substance worth speaking of. The pamphlet, indeed, is the real Shaw. If we subtract from it what was written, as Mr. McKenna did, the pamphlet, indeed, is the real Shaw. But he was not; for the Fabians were then, as they apparently are now, as ignorant of history as they are of economics and philosophy. Bad history, indeed! By Hercules, they didn’t know how bad it was!

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As to the first of these, we have nothing to do with the goodness or badness of a system of ballot. What we have to do is to ask anyone of the huge official machine to ask the body they have to address (their constituents): (1) Why he objected to the ballot; he will answer that he objected to it because it reflected upon the independence of members of Parliament and their responsibility to their constituents. There is no other answer. When he has given this answer ask him: (2) Since he is so particular to maintain his independence and to represent his constituents freely, on what occasions, then, since the meeting of the present Parliament has he voted otherwise than as the Party Whips ordered him to vote?

In the matter of the Archer-Shee case. Here again it is not a question of the rights or wrongs of the discussion. Personally I think that large damages are due, and even those who disagree with me must admit, apart from the little-known references to this Fabius named Agnicula (the little pet lamb), in view of his influence, is to expose it for the mass reader. The pamphlet, indeed, is the real Shaw. He joined the society and wrote “Tract No. 2,” which contained, if we may judge from the extracts given, a certain amount of wit and no substance worth speaking of. The pamphlet, indeed, is the real Shaw. But he was not; for the Fabians were then, as they apparently are now, as ignorant of history as they are of economics and philosophy. Bad history, indeed! By Hercules, they didn’t know how bad it was!

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us, therefore, leave Mr. Webb to meditate upon the fallacy of facts.

Our opinion of Fabian originality will be somewhat lowered when we read that Mr. Webb, shortly after he joined, "looked at the book and thought that Fabian already-. . . Socialism was coming through Acts passed by Liberal Governments and by Tory Governments"; but the worst enemy of the Society could not have made a more damning indictment than this:

The Fabians had made one discovery in their early days, which was not perhaps new, but which none the less is still but barely made use of. They did their thinking collectively. Whatever one or more of the leaders criticized severely or ever would not stand criticism had to go. Now, it is given to no one man to think sanely by himself on social problems; they are too complex, too elusive, to be grasped successfully even by the abler. A group of friends, or even a rare partnership of man and wife, can do it, but the solitary thinker, never. He always runs into nonsense. All Fabian work in the early days was collective.

This procedure, let it be remembered, was adopted some years after the publication of even so common a book as Carlyle's or Nietzsche's. One significant characteristic of all original thinkers has ever been their liking for solitude and high hills, in the purely physical sense of the term.

Who, however, would seek originality among the Fabian photgraphs that accompany this article I have mentioned. Shaw, Webb, Mrs. Webb, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Joseph Fels, Will Crooks, G. Lansbury, M.P. ("a prominent church and social worker"), Herbert Trench, and so-forth—all of them men and women who have never contributed a single original constructive thought of any consequence, or, indeed, any original thoughts at all, to any science, art, or social movement. No; from the statements given by Mr. Pease in this account of the Fabian Society, it is clear that it was founded by a few perks, intellectual bragwits, who now try to laugh away their ignorance by explaining that a man should make his own history and science. It is clear, too, that the Society has always attracted to its ranks those who well deserve the name of cranks and intellectual anlodgers, whose holdalness with the average quack doctors, whose analogy with the average quack is shown in the exaggeration of their statements, e.g., "Sidney Webb, whose works, written with his wife, on Trade Unionism, on Local Government, on Poor Law, are already classics which have carried his name and fame to every quarter of the globe. . . ."

I can assure the Fabians most solemnly that there are several quarters of the globe where Mr. Webb's books are not known, and that in several quarters where they are known they are treated with scant respect.

A humorous feature of the article which should not be overlooked—though its humour is probably unconscious—is the photograph of Mr. Wells, with the announcement: "The famous novelist's wife, an upholder of the Fabian cause, and a great shakespearian."

As the portraits are supposed to be those of famous Fabians, this particular one conveys the impression which he has very recently given in the Vatican and saw a painting of Martin Luther, with a Latin inscription, which, translated, might read: "The well-known monk and reformer, early in life a member of the Church of Rome, but later on one of its severest critics."

As a final word, I may recall that the waiting game played by Fabius was not at all to the taste of the Romans, so they recalled him and appointed Marcus Minucius Rufus in his stead (v. Livy).

A Symposium on the Representation of Shakespeare.

Conducted by Hunley Carter.

The following questions having a relation to the appropriate decoratcm of Shakespeare's plays have been put to representative Shakespeareans in this country and abroad:

1. Would you say that Shakespeare had any intention with regard to appropriate decoration for his plays? Did he write for an imaginative audience and for scenic aids?

2. Do you think, therefore, that Shakespeare ought to be played without scenery and unabridged?

3. Do you believe that the beauty of Shakespeare resides in the spoken word, and that the utmost attention should be given to the delivery of Shakespearean verse?

4. Or do you agree that Shakespeare wrote for scenic aids? He was restricted by the capabilities of the Elizabethan theatre, and if he had had the imaginative audience of the present day to deal with, and the modern scenic aids at his command, he would have employed the latter in the production of plays so as to obtain a proper balance of visualised scene and spoken word.

5. Even admitting this, is the present tendency to overload Shakespeare with scenery and to make extensive "cuts," in your opinion a departure from the spirit of Shakespeare's work, and therefore a diminution of its beauty?

6. Have you any criticisms or further suggestions?

AMERICA.

Mr. JOHN CORBIN, New York.

1. His stage was the most artistic instrument for presenting poetic drama which the world has ever produced, and he used it to the utmost of his capabilities. It was also, no doubt, largely his invention.

2. Sometimes modern scenery can be used without detriment, and it is pleasing to the public. When this is the case there is no objection to using it. Texts may be abbreviated in accordance with an enlightened commonsense. Both are questions of practical aesthetics.

3. The utmost attention should, of course, be given to poetic reading. But the plays have values which can only be realised by acting and stage-management.

4. Whatever he might have done, he actually wrote for the old stage. To slash and transpose his text to make way for "elaborate" setting is an artistic crime.

5. I have discussed this intricate and difficult question at length in the "Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1906, and in the New Theatre production of "The Winter's Tale" gave a practical illustration. It was a great, popular and artistic success.

Mr. RICHARD G. MOULTON, Chicago.

The questions are framed on a critical basis which I do not accept. They all involve the intention of Shakespeare. Now, I hold that in the case of poetic fiction of all kinds, the question for criticism is not the intention of the poet, but the intention of the poem. This is sometimes expressed in the critical maxim: A poet does not
he makes." Criticism examines only what he has made; created; in this case, the plays. Whatever is reasonably involved in the structure and spirit of the play is within the "intention" of the poem. What the man Shakespeare intended is a biographical question, and is outside poetic criticism.

To those who accept this position, your questions cease to have meaning. I assume elaboration of details of persons and places; any effort of the most progressive stage art that assists the perception of these details is legitimate. Of course this would not cover the accentuation of scenic details that were designed for mere show, or for any other purpose other than the interpretation of the play as a whole in the theatre.

The playing of Shakespeare's plays without scenery is legitimate in the way that an engraving of an oil picture is legitimate. It does not profess to display the actual drama, but that drama in a limited medium. I enjoy such exhibitions, as I enjoy engravings or etchings of oil paintings or cathedrals.

The utmost attention to the spoken word is a necessity equally when the play has full scenery, and when it has not. The playing a Shakespearean drama exactly as it was played in the poet's time is a problem of archeology, not of dramatic literature.

Professor F. E. Schelling, Pennsylvania University.

1. I believe that Shakespeare was willing in his own time to call in all the decorative aids and effects of costume and property which he had at his command. This is found in his introduction of masques after these became features of the entertainments at court, and in his willingness to avail himself of production that might tell dramatically. I do not believe that Shakespeare wrote for an audience any more imaginative than ours.

2. I do not mean by this that Shakespeare should be played without scenery. So far as the normal representation of his plays in this manner is of historic and, therefore, educational interest. As regards to playing Shakespeare unabridged, while I think that he is often cut in modern times, greatly to the disadvantage of the play, I feel sure that the practice of his own time was to cut, change, abridge and interpolate, and therefore I see no reason why we should not adapt him in a becoming spirit of reverence to the needs of our present time.

3. Of course we believe that much of the beauty of Shakespeare resides in the spoken word, and I regard the present carelesslessness in matters elocutionary, especially the habitual delivery of blank verse as if it were prose, as barbarous and deplorable in the extreme. I do not mean by this that Shakespeare should be delivered bombastically or affectedly, but I have seen the beauty of too many a passage spoiled on our modern stage to make it possible for me to minimise the importance of delivery.

4. It seems to me important to preserve in the presentation of a balance between scenery, costume, and display on the one hand—all of them illustrative necessities—and the higher graces of the histrionic art. Much depends on the personal choice of the actors and actresses, in careful coaching, not only in delivery, but in stage business, and all those many things that go to make up the art. I should like to see all the things made more of. In conclusion, I would say that it seems to me that we want more than an attempt to reproduce conditions which, however, are only barely known to us, is a careful study of these plays in all their varying aspects to the end that we produce upon the stage an entertainment made up as Shakespeare would have had it of an equal regard for the characters, their impersonation, their acting, elocution and setting. Shakespeare is like any other great classic—he must be translated into the terms of each of his times. Of his greatness consists in the circumstance that he requires less translation than almost any other author.

Professor George Brandes, Copenhagen.

Shakespeare wrote for the environment of his day, and he always had the scene before his eyes. Not one of his plays seems to have been designed for reading. The prologue to "Henry V" particularly clearly that he was hampered by the poverty of his means, the poverty of the scene, and the small number of supernumeraries. One is therefore permitted to conclude that he would willingly have had decorations otherwise developed. He has even done so, as in "The Tempest."

2. The scenery of our day should be used. The pieces should be played as Shakespeare saw them with his mind's eye: Venice in all its glory; the Rialto as it was. Not all the scenery the stage is equipped to provide is extravagant. Only the most essential texts are very bad; as the poet has never read the proofs of his works we are never sure of having the texts authentic. The text, then, is not sacred. And if the representation lasts too long, and bores the audience, it is permissible to abridge it, naturally, with every care and good taste.

3. No attention can be too great when it is a question of rendering poetry.

4. I approached the efforts of Professor Max Reinhardt. He goes too far if he drowns the action in the scenery, but his efforts to render this action visible is praiseworthy. It goes without saying that I assume elaboration of scenic details and properties incident such as might most livelyly express the effect of the scenery played. Professor Reinhardt, however, so frequently done, is absolutely unscientific. It should be strongly the opinion that the audience for which these plays were written was essentially an imaginative one, not having suffered the mental debilitation that arises from the production of books and newspapers, and that the audience was quite well able to do without scenic aids. I do not believe for a moment that Shakespeare contemplated the decoration of his plays, or at least not during his life. I see no reason why Shakespeare should be played bombastically or abridged, although efforts I have seen in this direction have been entirely successful and produced admirable and deplorable effects. Many of these plays are so full of beauties that it is well that they should be revealed to our age in the curtailed form that is now so common, rather than that they should be revealed at all. It is well, also, that the public should be gratified by the adventitious aid that beautiful scenery offers.

To condemn the scenic display in Shakespeare's plays is also to condemn the illustration of news in the pictorial journals. There are those who would do both, but I can scarcely be expected to be amongst the number of smart stage managers of a theatre must act according to his own methods. The beautiful work that has been done by Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Tree is the best example to me of the way to do Shakespeare. I consider that to spell the name "Shakespeare," as it is so frequently done, is absolutely unscientific. It should be "Shakespear."
But I consider it a mistake to stage Shakespeare's plays according to the modern method. The practice of dropping a curtain and having long intermissions while the scenes are being shifted fits plays which are strictly divided into acts, and in which each act, ending with a climax, is a whole in itself; but such a destructive ruination of the music, the striking and most essential qualities of a Shakespearean play, that is, the rapidity and the continuity of the development of the action.

But then how is a Shakespearean play to be staged? There is, I think, a way of reconciling our modern taste for sumptuous scenery with the necessity of performing the works without any pause, while the scenes are "cuts." We should revert to the mediaval method, which consisted in placing on the stage, at the beginning of the play, all the "heavies" or "props" which were required in the course of the performance. That such an arrangement is possible on a modern stage has been shown by the production of "Coriolanus" and of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Odéon in Paris; for these two plays were staged according to a method which is simply an adaptation of the mediaval system just mentioned.

I do believe that part of the beauty of Shakespeare resides in the spoken word, and that the utmost attention should be given to the delivery of Shakespearean verse.

IRELAND.

The Hon. A. S. G. CANNING.

The only questions I can answer are Nos. 2 and 5. I would advise the works should be played with suitable scenery, and, as a rule, unaltered, except in the few cases where expressions are termed now indecent or becoming, but which were not thought so at his period.

I do not think it remarkable that where he brings in so many London people, he does not misplace the letter "h"—so usual even to this day among London people.

POLAND.

Professor WILHELM CREIZENACH, Cracow University.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare, like the other dramatic poets of his time, regarded it as right and praise-worthy to have his works played with suitable scenery, and, as a rule, unabridged, except in the few cases where expressions are termed now indecent or becoming, but which were not thought so at his period.

Yet he knew how to make good the deficiency in magnificent manner by the description of scenery which appears in his plays. When, for example, it is mentioned in "Julius Caesar" that the clock of the Capitol strikes the hour, why should it be necessary for the modern manager, with the instance of an expert, to reconstruct the Capitol in the theatre with the utmost possible realism? It is, therefore, my opinion that it will be impossible to re-acustom the modern audience to the absence of decoration of the Elizabethan theatre, but that the art of decoration should be taught as a possible and desirable representation.

The desire to see (θηρία) from which the theatre has its name, can be gratified even to-day by means similar to those in use in Shakespeare's time.

II.

READERS of the New Age may have noticed that the criticism of Ashley Dukes' book, like Hudibras and Tho' adventures of the bear and fiddle Were sung, but broke off in the middle. This was a genuine shortcoming, and not intended as a hint to writers of plays to avoid "the end," though, by the way, the lines here quoted doubtless satirised attempts to break down the Aristotelian canon: but the weak "the end" is yet with us. As a matter of fact the last bit of the review reached the printer too late for insertion, and it is only the courtesy of the editor and the extreme importance of the subject, certainly not that of the writer, or even that of the book's writer, admirably as he has done his work, which permit the end of this unusually long article to see the light in a detached form. Here it assumes a somewhat fantastic air, like the tail of a painted lion the present writer once saw at a fair which got separated from the rest of the animal and wagged expressively by itself.

Ashley Dukes is certainly fortunate in having written a book which should live and grow with its subject, one of the greatest an author could undertake. In these days when the ideas of "finalism" and "perfectibility" have been exploded, real books will have to be written with more confidence and more classicity. It rests with the young and living writer to make his work great enough to continue its secular progress in edition after edition after he has made sure of a majority, if he will but go deep enough. In suggesting some faults and pointing out the possibility of strengthening and deepening the scope and meaning of this gallant venture, the writer has had this in mind. And if he has seemed to dwell upon splendour of costume and setting, that musical accompaniment played a considerable part in his production, and it is, therefore, to another abuse connected with the elaborate stage decoration and scenery. When, for example, it is mentioned in "Julius Caesar" that the clock of the Capitol strikes the hour, why should it be necessary for the modern manager, with the instance of an expert, to reconstruct the Capitol in the theatre with the utmost possible realism? It is, therefore, my opinion that it will be impossible to re-acustom the modern audience to the absence of decoration of the Elizabethan theatre, but that the art of decoration should be taught as a possible and desirable representation.

The desire to see (θηρία) from which the theatre has its name, can be gratified even to-day by means similar to those in use in Shakespeare's time.

* "Modern Dramatists." By Charles Chaplin.
which should have become drama. Ever since the seventh century, when grammar was substituted for logic, this century has invented for speech, printing for writing, the symbol of a symbol of a symbol for reality, mankind has felt this need for going back—back past Greek drama properly—ever since the dawning of the decadence of the seventeenth century. Men have often wondered why so little of the recorded wisdom of earlier times has been preserved, and the most ignorobles theories of the destruction of earlier work by jealous rivals have been invented. But the truth was that there was nothing to destroy. Even Socrates, Nietsche's first great decadent, did not condescend to write down his wisdom, to trust it to the symbols of words. And the mighty Dramatic Rhapsodists who inspired, and were and were, at all, the most beautiful development of human nature this has ever seen, would have thought the men of our times who need such memoria technica as books, dunces and shirkers, contemptible as the boy who writes the answer to the hoped-for question of the examiner on his shirt-cuff. They carried the wisdom of the world in themselves and acted it. Take, for instance, the man who has come down the schoolboy's knowledge as the weeping philosopher, and who has been called the obscure—his obscurity consisting in our not having grown into the knowledge of him—the man from whom Hegel caught and claimed to have developed a few ideas of his that happened to have been reported. It is to the world which Heraclitus knew that the modern man returns, and drama reflects this tendency, a tendency to transcend logical limitation and individualistic idea, to study the forces which link man to mankind and man to the rest of the universe through successive stages of being. This tendency each modern dramatist seeks to express consciously or unconsciously after his kind. And it is with these forward efforts of human genius that Ashley Dukes deals, and deals on the whole not unworthily. Thanks for the book.

The Last Gasp.
By Alfred E. Randall.

In his third preface, Mr. Shaw not only "shows us up"; but also shows, perhaps unconsciously, that his estimate of the value of exposure is greatly exaggerated. "Since Dickens's day," he says, "the exposures effected by Shakspeare and by his Quiller-Couch are now almost shatteringly infallible..." What the infallibility of modern commercial civilisation that it is no longer difficult to convince our governments that something must be done, even to the extent of attempts at a reconstruction of civilisation on a thoroughly uncommercial basis. If this means anything at all, it means that exposure is powerful for the purpose of reform. But the facts belie the boast. Even in this matter of Censorship of Plays, Mr. Shaw's own confession proves him to be not a reformer but the showman of his plea that the Lord Chamberlain getting it into trouble, the committee is relieved from responsibility by his legal position, it is difficult to know what to call it until it advises the Courts to recognise it as a new Estate of the Realm, created by the Lord Chamberlain. This constitutional position is not unconnected with the members to resign promptly before the Lord Chamberlain gets them into trouble. It would have been interesting if Mr. Shaw had shown us how the Lord Chamberlain evaded his responsibility by appointing an advisory committee, and how that committee could be indicted for the acts of the Lord Chamberlain. It is clear that the legal position of the Lord Chamberlain as the licensor of plays is exactly what it was before it was made. Mr. Redford or this committee, he is alone responsible for his acts, and authors have no redress. Far from the Lord Chamberlain getting it into trouble, the committee is relieved from responsibility by appointing an advisory committee. Mr. Shaw has simply added a paragraph to his exposure. Our last state is worse than our first. We have escaped from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many, in Disraeli's phrase: instead of one censor, we have five. It is clear that evils do not perish by exposure in England: the climate is too mild. Charles the Second said, "it invited men abroad more days in the year and more hours in the day than that of another country." In such a climate, the veriest bantering of an abuse would not die from exposure; and though Mr. Shaw's babies need constant attention, yet they are becoming acclimatised as a consequence of his perennial care. In the course of the last ten years I have read most of Mr. Shaw's books; and in this last volume I find him airing all his old grievances, which have flourished and waxed fat with the passing of the years. They seem to have become quite English in the interval. Mr. Shaw no longer talks to them of that rancorous Irish wit that made his earlier utterances interesting; he is as deadly dull as a Nonconformist preacher. Usually in a tautological manner, he still uses the adjectives "moral" and "social." Mr. Harcourt was thus a young man marked out for office both by his parentage and his unquestionable social position as one of those evening churches, and this was in 1896. He was brilliantly clever, and was the author of a couple of plays of remarkable promise. Mr. Harcourt informed his leaders that he was going to take up the subject of the censorship. The leaders, recognizing the potential benefit of a parliamentary career as a prelude to his public career, and finding that all the clever people seemed to agree that the censorship was an abominable nuisance to boot, indulged him by appointing a select Committee of both Houses to investigate the subject.

If I remember rightly, Mr. Shaw exposed this scandal of the censorship in the preface to his first volume of plays; with the result that the first passage page 73 reads: "The "exposure effected by the Socialists" was not the cause of the enquiry, and it certainly did not convince the Government that something must be done. After quoting the recommendations of the Committee, Mr. Shaw says: "It was so on, and nothing was to be done; and it is not to be done. Everything is to be changed and nothing is to be changed. The problem is to be faced and the solution to be shirked. And the word of Dickens is to be justified." In the face of this proof of the utter ineffectiveness of exposure for the practical purposes of reform, Mr. Shaw writes another 73 pages to "show up" the Committee and the Censorship; and the postscript to this preface shows to what undesirable "self-satisfaction" it leads. I quote the whole passage:

Since the above was written, the Lord Chamberlain has made an attempt to evade his responsibility, and perhaps to postpone his doom by appointing an advisory committee, unknown to the law, on which he will presumably throw any odium that may attach to refusals of licences in the future. This is a great advance on the old theory that all our moralists, who object much more to the plays he licenses than to those he suppresses, and are therefore unmoved by his plea that his refusals are few and far between. It consists of two eminent actors (one retired), an Oxford professor of literature, and two eminent barristers. As their assembly is not sanctioned by statute nor sanctioned by custom, it is difficult to know what to call it until it advises the Lord Chamberlain to deprive some author of his means of livelihood, when it will, I presume, become a conspiracy, and be indicted, accordingly. May I suggest to the succeeding committee to consider whether it could not refuse the play; with what result the foregoing passage proves. And the word of Dickens is to be justified."

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Posnet," he says: "The performance exhausted the possibilities of success, and provoked no murmur, though it inspired several approving sermons." Thus is the sale of his books—the sale of his pamphlets. He received the benefit of clergy, and will expire the odour of sanctity with his last breath.

And the reform? That is postponed sine die. In the presence of Mr. Morley and Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Shaw says: "Christianity never got any grip of the world until it ceased to be a farce. If the necessary condition of its success resembles that of Christianity, the ordinary citizen will not be displeased. Mr. Shaw may write plays when he ceases to write pamphlets.

**Synge and Others.**

By Herbert Hughes.

The Works of John M. Synge. In four volumes. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Kilkarian Wonder Book. By Lady Gregory. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

Celtic Wonder Tales. By Ella Young. (Maunsel. 24s. net.)

The place of John Millington Synge in the literary history of Ireland is distinguished and unique. He was the first of the moderns to bring passion back into Irish literature. He was intellectually aloof from any literary movement, or from any sentiment dominating any literary movement and especially the so-called "movement" of his own country. His style was emphatically his own, and it might almost be said that he invented a language: he certainly discovered one. He was generally understood to have possessed an immense knowledge of the Irish peasant; that may have been so, but his observation was so peculiar to himself that its translation into literary form often brought him more abuse than appreciation. The issue of the first collected edition of his works, however, proclaims his high rank as an artist. One must, nevertheless, dispute the suggestion that he always succeeded in reproducing the more intimate qualities of the people he observed and moved by the tragedy of life, and when he laughs they talk beautifully, they behave fantastically—that is all. (I do not say that any one of Synge's phrases can be accounted likely. Quite the contrary. Synge kept a notebook. His apologia will be found in a fine preface to the play.) I have never quite understood why there was such a hulabaloo in Dublin at the first performance. The theatre was a pandemonium. Even in London at the Queen Street Theatre nearly the whole of the last act was inaudible for the hissing, which had maintained a fine crescendo from the fall of the first curtain. Who on earth would take the "Playboy" as a criticism of Irish life, and why Synge himself suffered a good deal from his friends at that time, some of whom were indiscreet enough to try explaining the play, and only succeeded in being very uncomfortably.

The language in the play is superb. It is a mosaic of poetry. There are phrases in it that could only have been uttered in an ecstasy of imagination. For sheer language the love scene in the third act is surely the finest thing in our modern drama. As played by W. G. Fay and Marie O'Neill there was no unseemly "passion," no rhetoric, no attonishment, no tomfoolery of that sort. All that was necessary was expressed by the low, beautifully-toned voices of the players. Synge did not feel compelled to arrange a tableau in the lines of a certain popular picture entitled "Vertige." This was Synge's vertige:

"Vertige."

Christy: . . . And when the air is warming in four months or five, or (to take an example) by the incident of the drunken flower-seller in his sketch of a Wicklow fair—but it certainly pulls one up unexpectedly. That particular Wicklow fair would have been incomplete without the drunken scene, or (to take an example) by the incident of the drunken.
not be said truthfully that any one of his characters is quite alive. Maire, in “Riders to the Sea” comes fairly near to that desired condition, but if, instead of the speeches written for her by the author, she were to repeat softly some fragments of a simple multiplication table with her head bowed between her knees she would remain equally effective. The Playboy himself, truculent and sly and boastful and something of a low-comedian, is interesting mainly because the language he speaks is impossibly quaint or, as in the love scene, wildly poetical. In the hands of a more accomplished, a greater dramatist, than Synge, such a character as Christy Mahon in similar circumstances would have become immortal; even the exceedingly fine acting of William Fay, with whom the part will for a long time be associated, could not bring the character over to this side of the footlights.

John Synge, after all, was a story-teller rather than a dramatist, and a poet before either. Of actual verse he apparently wrote very little, but what has been published is characteristic. It is frequently harsh and sinister, even morbid. Of the twenty-two original poems exactly half deal in one way or another with death, mostly in its unpleasant aspect of bodily decay. This is entitled “To the Oaks of Glencree”:

My arms are round you, and I lean
While the lark sings over us, and golden lights, and green
Shadows are on your bark.

There’ll come a season when you’ll stretch
Black boards to cover me
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

Although Synge’s humour could be at times boisterous enough, there can be no doubt that for some years before he died his work was conditioned to some extent by the great physical suffering he endured and the consciousness that his death would be an early one. This painful fact is made clear by a glance at a passage written to his sister, written “to a sister of an enemy of the author’s who disapproved of the ‘Playboy’”; it is a little indecipherable, perhaps, but one may be forgiven for quoting it once:

I knew the stars, the flowers, and the birds,
The very sides of many glesns,
And did but remember human words.

In converse with the mountains, moors, and fens.

John Synge’s contempt of criticism and his unhallowed defiance of most things in this world are expressed in the following effective curse, written “to the ‘Playboy’”:

Let her live to earn ber dinners
And I’m your servant, J. M. Synge.

Probably not six members of the Irish Parliamentary Party will ever read Lady Gregory’s “Kilkartan Wonder Book.” Yet no blue-book that was ever issued concerns them more. I know of no other book of Irish folk-tales so close to actual language of the fireside. There is the smell of peat-smoke in every phrase; but it is impossible to avoid the aroma of the editorial rather than of the folk. Occasionally I was puzzled with it. Lady Gregory knows the country people of Western Ireland as well as any other living writer, but she does not quite escape self-consciousness in writing down their popular maxims. However, when transmitted and pronounced into very simple and readable English it is good, and the stories are excellent, all of them. Anyone accustomed to listen to folk-tales must be aware of some omissions, and while it may be admitted that the omissions in themselves are not always regrettable, yet they have the unhappy effect of making the narratives appear a little insincere sometimes. Nevertheless, Lady Gregory has carried out her task with skill, and obviously her little book is very much above the average of its class; it is nearly a model of what a folk-tale book, not ostensibly scientific, should be. The illustrations do not seem to have much justification.

* * *

If Miss Ella Young had done without illustrations and persuaded somebody to design a less “national” cover for her book, one might praise her “Celtic Wonder Tales” without reservation. It is not possible to read her book without feeling that much labour has been put into it, and that the labour has been joyous and carried through with tremendous love. No one, in this age of Celtic scholars and experts, understands the mythology of Ireland better than Miss Young. Her knowledge is more than literal; it is above and beyond mere scholarship. As one reads one is pleased to find that there is no suspicion anywhere of cant about the “wonder” of these tales, or any of the usual sentimental nonsense accompanying modern versions of epics or old stories of this order. Miss Young gives the stories for what they are worth in language that is simple and charming. Her prose has a splendid rhythm—the sort of rhythm novelists have to avoid—and it is so full of music that one must read it aloud. She has avoided the using now familiar “Kiltartan” dialect in her narratives. This is a triumphant achievement. Synge’s rendering of fragments of Villon, and Petrarch’s “Laura,” and other items into “Kiltartan” is clever and amusing for the moment, but it presently becomes insufferable. In his “Deirdre of the Sorrows,” likewise, he employed a similar speech and, as I think, with little success. It is a local manner of speech indelibly associated in one’s mind with the kitchen and the stables, and an aristocratic tragedy like “Deirdre” sounds foolish and banal in the language of cooks and grooms. After a surfeit of “Kiltartan” one is greatly relieved to turn to Miss Young’s book and read her fine English prose. Of its kind it is the most important book since Mrs. Hutton’s “Tain,” with which it will rank as a first-rate rendering of epic tales. Gods and devils and fighting men are nicely assorted. And the tales are well contrasted; some are mystical, some humorous. They touch upon every great event of the world: the creation of a nationality; the beginning of music. As tales of sheer adventure two or three must take their place beside the most thrilling stories of the Arabian Nights. They are probably the first time that these in their entirety have been rendered in modern Irish. Miss Young’s renderings are authentic. We are positive they are excellent to read. Her “Conary” may rank as the best-told heroic tale in modern Irish literature.

Reflections.

By Albert Guinon.

[The following aphorisms by M. Albert Guinon appeared in a recent number of the Paris “Figaro,” and have been specially translated for THE NEW AGE by J. M. KENNEDY.]

(1) Science, however admirable it may be in its own particular sphere, can never take the place of religion as a school of respect.

(2) Man perfects himself after religion, while science perfects itself after man.

(3) Too many people mistake vivacity for intelligence.

(4) Too great a belief in science is one of the least scientific things it is possible to imagine.

(5) In the body social the working classes are the muscles, but nothing more.

(6) Socialism is a very attractive moral idea, and a very poor psychological idea.

(7) Wonder books, in order to shelter themselves from the law of supply and demand, call for the fixing of a minimum wage, they are acting against their own interests. For, in all scales of charges, the minimum price very easily becomes the only price.
(8) Socialists conceive the organisation of society in much the same manner as it might be conceived just after a shipwreck.

(9) The recent reforms in French orthography are well suited to a Democracy; for they set on the same plane those who can spell and those who cannot.

(10) One of the most certain means of tacitly irritating the popular soul is to look, with all the curiosity of idle loungers, at workmen who are engaged in their task.

(11) The popular classes, among whom material probity is almost universal, are, on the other hand, only too much given to breaking their word in the course of social conflicts. It would seem that, in their eyes, honour is merely a tax which need only be borne by the wealthy.

(12) The whole meanness of politics lies in the fact that the easiest way of causing discontent among one's supporters is to show one's self just towards one's opponents.

(13) A happy mixture of knavery and goodness: it is this, perhaps, out of which the best statesmen are made.

(14) By virtue of granting "rights" to everybody, Democracy is the most certain destroyer of kindness and generosity.

(15) When women admire a man's intellectual worth, they admire it, above all, as one of his forms of strength.

(16) In France, while the spirit is levelling, the nerves are not.

(17) In most cases English gaiety is only a movement of the body.

(18) What is most agreeable in the Englishman is that he combines an absolute lack of pretentiousness with a strong feeling of personal dignity. On the other hand, the Frenchman is only too often both pretentious and unkind.

(19) We should see our friends often, rather than for a long time.

(20) Let us not be afraid of humiliating people when giving them something. They are always less proud than we should be in their place.

(21) When a literary work is in question, the word "translation" does not stand for very much, and the word "adaptation" stands for nothing at all.

(22) For certain natures music is the most dangerous of narcotics.

(23) It often happens that, when women marry late, they remain rather old-maidish even after their marriage.

(24) The style of newspaper feuilletons is analogous with the gasping and panting of bad tragedians.

(25) On the stage, what is natural in diction must always be made subordinate to this essential principle, namely, that the public has above all come to hear.

(26) When a man is no longer influenced by a particular feeling, he should show himself courageous enough to discontinue its outward manifestations.

(27) Whatever else he may do, a dramatic author who cannot write great feminine parts cannot be said to belong to the first rank.

(28) When we become intimate with certain people, we come to experience the same feeling of disappointing fatigue as when we try to grasp a vacuum with our hands.

(29) It is but right that our minds glitter like fire and ice time about.

(30) Certain people are possessed of sad natures, with all the defects of a joyful nature.

(31) A young child has only half a muscular sense: he has the sense of direction without that of distance.

(32) There is a rude form of politeness.

(33) When you wish to make men happy through disinterestedness pure and simple, begin by convincing them that you have an interest in doing so, otherwise they will become suspicious of you.

(34) True elegance is a flower which blossoms only in temperate climates.

(35) What sustains friendship is not identity of temperament, but identity of education.

(36) Let us be glad to give; let us know how to take; let us never ask.

(37) The human mind acts in such a routine way that when we see anyone for the first time we at once endeavour to recall somebody who resembles him.

(38) Thanks to his imagination, a writer may enjoy all the pleasures of drunkenness without the dangers of alcohol.

(39) We should, from time to time, sort out our friends just as we sort out old letters, retaining some and throwing others away.

(40) When people bear no ill-will, this is due much less often to kindness of heart than to interest.

(41) The men who are capable of unbounded jealousy when they are in love are likewise those who are capable of a cynical philosophy when they are not really in love.

(42) The staging of a play must above all be useful and adapted to its purpose—and then true, if this be possible.

(43) In its chaotic little brain the young infant has only one instinct completely developed: that of blackmail.

(44) People who are in the habit of travelling make indifferent parents and very trustworthy friends.

The Non-Committal Man.

By Robert a' Field.

I sat adrift before a litter of shells in one of those seaside saloons where oysters lose their local habitation and glide away like airy nothings. I was wondering whether anything could appear more definitely finished with than mollusc shells. Crumbs of the brown bread remain to frolic in your waistcoat folds; the squeeze is not all parted from the lemon; in your tumbled frothy bubbles testify of activity; and, as for the vinegar, the pepper, the sauce—their very plenitude derides the incapacity of the oyster to say willy or nilly any more. In once, he has been used up.

"It may be," I suggested to myself, "that the mollusc is a creature too decided of purpose. Consider the vinegar, the pepper, etc.—all the indefinite, slippery contingent of an oyster banquet; they are not determined to do nothing but condiment any creature. Indispensable to the oyster, they may be; yet when he has fled out from memory, they remain, speckle augurs upon the table of futurity."

I had entered the shop, rushed by a rash eye into the decision that I might as well be in. Ten minutes since! And now I sat outside my dozen, lamenting. A little decent hesitation would have edged me past the window.

I mourned my impetuosity; and, wandering over to the barometer and noting that it was set Fair, I was glad to give myself away. The sort of broadly smiling confident weather which the tourist may bound away, clothed in enthusiasm, only to return wet through. "Twere well enough for the tourist provided he had some companion to blame. He then might say: "I had not made up my fat mind to go out. I went to oblige Yorick." Whereafter he might slip his damp clothes off and dry ones on and sit him down to meditate, between drinks, on the superiority of indecision over that uncomfortable determination to go somewhere and do something which poor silly Yorick, etc., etc.

Now I, through a lamentable difference of domestic opinion, was alone in Nickling-on-Sea. Mary, whose idea of a holiday is to settle upon a place, look up the excursion time-table and write for lodgings, had declared her mind made up for Deal. I, on my part, was quite
willing to arrive at Deal; but not to set out for Deal. Mary, proving quite incompetent to veil the inevitability of Deal, and, moreover, describing my beautiful, free nature as "shilly-shally," I avoided the tedious meandered in at Nickling. Let me mention now that if I had been forced at the cannon's mouth to choose a town. Nickling that town would have been. For Nickling is less irritating in its demands on one than any town I am acquainted with. All its "shows" are truly "side" shows. With the exception of the Castle, and even that is perched almost out of vision, there is nothing I need see. The very beach is amially indefinite. I walk along the sand: I appear to be doomed to stroll on to a dogged Forever—when lo! a clump of rocks sets me free to lounge in sunny uncertainty. Even the tides are in agreement with Wait-and-See. I imagine a wish pangs among the pools: by the time my socks are nearly off the water runs high upon the beach. If, then, I speculate upon the pleasures of a surf-bath, before I have concluded my bargain with the machine-man, lo again!—I behave as shining ripples leaves away.

No! Nickling never blinds me to a rash engagement. Nickling, then, I could not blame for my reckless hurry about the early oysters. I was about to begin to discover to what my precipitancy might have been due when a stir sounded in the shop below.

"Up the stairs, sir—a very nice room!"

I heard mine host say with the settled conviction of his sanguine class. Quick, firm feet took the stairs in a bound. I shuddered, and blinked my eyes to see a big, scarlet-headed, redness.

He had that flamboyant hair which might at any moment turn ultramarine. His body was so huge and his voice so loud that he appeared extraordinarily unlike a turnip; yet such is the divine irresolution of Nature thought I, that, probably some change of mind while he sat inventing the vegetable, accounted for Bluey. I called him Bluey to clothe his uncompromising manner with a big, scarlet-head.

"You've finished," he informed me. "Funny! I never yet got into an oyster bar but what I found some fellow just finished and ready to expatiate on the departed. It's a recommendation, however, to see you unable to stuff in any more."

"Do tell me how you arrived at that conclusion," I implored him.

"Well, you ain't intending to have any more."

"I—i hadn't absolutely decided," I assured him.

To my consternation, he dashed to the staircase.

"Nother dozen for the first gentleman, John," he sang out.

"And an extra stout." He returned to the table.

"There, you're having this lot with me. My name's Harvey."

I picked up from beside my plate a sealed letter which I had not yet read and handed it to the positive individual to serve in lack of a card. He scanned it.

"Emily Jones! Oh, beg parn! Emil! Half French, I see. Een-tent cordial for ever! Hullo, here's the oysters!"

And now, do let me say that I never, in all my tremulous career, swivelled half so long as Harvey did in the matter of pepper or no pepper. He glanced up presently and seemed astounded at my empty plate. "You're no giddy amateur," he adjudged me, almost wittily I thought. Then he blushed and leaned towards me confidentially. "I say—this is my first time, to speak the gospel truth! I say, I've been watching you—it's up and down with 'em, eh—swig 'em before you look—ain't that the way?"

I allowed myself to be persuaded that I could show Harvey how to manage oysters. Yet even my more or less expert demonstration failed to prove the man's own theory. I ate eleven before I felt justified in inducing Harvey to attempt the twelfth, but still another exhibition had I to make. Then Harvey changed the subject.

"I've got to get to Port Level to-day," said he.

"Ah, you live there," I rejoined, most dogmatically, I confess.

"Live there—not much! I'm going for the walk. Come?"

I evaded. "I believe I did go there once," I said.

"I fancy I had tea in the hut of an old fisher lady who lived at the foot of the cliff. But I suppose she may be long since departed."

"Nothing of the sort. She's bound to be there yet," Harvey insisted. "We'll go and look her up."

Ah! with good reason had I warned myself to be cautious for the rest of this obstinately fine day. I found myself being dragged towards the East Hill. It is the longest way to Pott, but Harvey's infatuated determination it was to miss not one yard of the regulation fourteen-mile procedure.

"A mere sprint," he characterised it, adding: "It's no use walking to Pott if you go by trains half the way. Let's be sticklers. Shrimps alive-o! Come on, Emily."

I began to wonder whether I objected to Harvey's manners or whether they refreshed me. Presently I begged him to sit down with me at the bottom of the hill, as I wanted to make sure that I really desired to proceed. Harvey snorted; yes! I'll almost swear it was a snort. He swore, too, and absolutely refused to sit down. Steadily he glared at my already recumbent figure. His iron foot pawed the ground like a bull's. His hands clenched as if he were about to take himself by the horns. I never saw a less mistakeable indication of Purpose. I never saw a man in such a temper.

I turned from the vision; I re-turned. The vision fized and spat about like fire and water. I blew hot and cold on him. I half staggered to my feet as though I would proceed; I dallied and half clung to the ground like a bull's. His hands glared at my already recumbent figure. His iron foot pawed the ground like a bull's. His hands clenched as if he were about to take himself by the horns. I never saw a less mistakeable indication of Purpose. I never saw a man in such a temper.

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Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

A little too much importance has been attached in certain London papers to the banning of "The New Machiavelli" by the Municipal Libraries of Manchester and Birmingham. One is certainly somewhat surprised at the action of Manchester, which, as a rule, is less barbaric in the arts than any other provincial city, and than London. But all sorts of books, good and bad, are constantly being censored, for the most fantastic reasons, by Public Library Committees. Mr. Burman's excuse for censoring "The New Machiavelli" was that it is "opposed to conventional morality." What price the Old Testament, Mr. Burman? Mr. Burman, you should know, is the chairman of the Book Sub-Committee at Birmingham. A more interesting case than either Manchester's or Birmingham's is that of Wallasey. Wallasey is locally known as the "bedroom of Liverpool." Here the Libraries Committee discusses at length "The New Machiavelli" without once naming it. Mr. G. J. Atkinson, evidently courageous, said, "May I ask the name of the book?" And Alderman J. Wright, the chairman, replied, "I do not think it would be wise." It appeared later that the explanation of this judicious discretion was a fear of an action for libel by the author.

In several times predicted that some day one of England's ten thousand municipal censors will let himself in for a good expensive libel action, and I shall be charmed to see that day. The Wallasey chairman said that he was "not favourable to having any book circulated that he did not trust to place in the hands of his wife and daughter." Well, of course, it all depends upon the alderman's attitude towards the reading of Mrs. Wright and Miss Wright. (Kindly note that not I, but the alderman, brought these matters into discussion.) But no doubt the alderman's rule for censoring means that Wallasey citizens should be deprived of some of the major works of the two greatest modern English novelists—to wit, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. There are about fifty episodes in Thomas Hardy that would cause grave disquiet to the alderman, and as for the prostitute scenes in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" . . . ! Well, the fancy staggers. I do wish that the alderman, brought these matters into discussion.

Strange that there should be all this fuss about so mild a work as "The New Machiavelli." These Librarians and these fathers don't keep their eyes open. They don't know what is being produced in this country. They don't know that the Nobel Literary Prize, which she won with "The Story of Gosta Berling," is to be translated into English, consisting chiefly of citations, nicely dovetailed, from classical authors. The introduction is sententious. But the chapters on "Style," "The Literary Worker and His Work," and "Form and Treatment" are good. Impossible to read "New Machiavelli," by the way, is a literary agent. I fancy that he was once a leader-writer on the "Standard." If so, "Standard" leaders have declined from what they must have been when he wrote them. For "Success in Literature" is of a vastly neat workmanship, and the honourable corps of literary agents is to be congratulated.

I have received from the United States a volume entitled "Essays on Russian Novelists," by William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale (New York: The Macmillan Company). It is valuable because it contains very full bibliographies of all the principal Russian novelists from Gogol to Andreev (prepared by Mr. Andrew Keogh). The criticism is large-hearted and fairly good, while never inspired. One is surprised to read that in the author's opinion the case of Dostoevski "is in itself valuable evidence" of the truth of the Christian religion. He is utterly wrong about Andreev, whose work is never better than second-rate. When he says of "The Seven that were Hanged," that it "lets us on every page the stamp of indubitable genius," he fataly shkes our confidence in his judgment. Andreev has no more permanent value than Gorki.

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Selma Lagerlöf's "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," translated by Velma Swanston Howard (Werner Laurie), is the first book I have read by the holder of the Nobel Literary Prize, which she won with "The Story of Gosta Berling." The translator says that in the new book the author has "abandoned romanticism and has entered the field of naturalism and realism." If this is realism, what must her romanticism be like? However, it is not bad stuff, for all its ingrained sentimentality. It is purely imitative, but it has a mild and fragile distinction. The volume is a collection of stories. The cover and the title-page bear no indication that the volume is not a novel; and raise every presumption that it is a novel. The wording of the introductory note is ambiguous. There is no table of contents. I have already persuaded Mr. John Murray to state plainly that a book of stories is a book of stories, and not to leave the reader to discover the fact for himself, after he has obtained the book. I hope, faintly, that I shall eventually persuade other publishers to adopt the same course.

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An Englishman in America.
By Juvenal.

New York is now a city without a past. In America there is a present and there is a future, but the past is without any influence. Everywhere the insurgent spirit may be seen and heard. The impossible is now happening and the most orthodox pulpits in New York are not behind the fashion of novelty and change. Politics, religion, society, millionairism, instability, the past is a

NEW YORK

earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Where John Rockefeller is the idol of gold; but Dr. Dr. Jowett's first appearance in an American pulpit was the subject of fashionable talk, and the

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appearance before an American audience, and attracted many of the idle rich have

moral culture? The truth is, they want the luxury of the finest preaching which money can procure. They purchase this kind of thing as they purchase diamonds, Rembrandts, and the prize-dogs that run around in their pews. They will never be troubled with a rough-and-tumble dissertation upon hell, never have an angry fist shaken in their faces by a modern John Knox. All will proceed according to the wishes, whims, and ambitions of the millionaire, his wife and all his family.

Querу—who suffers the most, the rich American who has retired from business, his idle son, or his idle wife? Rich women in New York are now finding an

amusement and distraction in writing novels or visiting the Bowery poor. To make a surprise visit to the bad

lands of New York, the rich dames put on their most bewitching frocks and their most costly picture hats, for these things are supposed to bestow more than enough upon a mere clergyman to keep him in his pews. They revel in the high,

and the "Sunday Opera House, one

for wearing green goggles, one

for being rheumatic, three

for being contented to remain the pos-

for having the blues, fifty

for not being able to swim, one

for not being in the swim, about three thousand, four

hundred and fifty-five; for for not owning three motors, ten; for not getting in with the English nobility, one hundred andifty; for being rheumatic, three; for using an ear trumpet, two; for wearing green goggles, one; for stuttering, four; for eating with a knife, one; for eating peas with a spoon, one; for having cramps, two; for not being able to swim, one; for not being in the swim, about three thousand, four hundred and fifty-five; for having the nightmare and shouting murder, one.

I have heard the choirs on Fifth Avenue alluded to as the "Sunday Music Halls" and the "Sunday Opera Houses. Thousands have been attracted to the Baptist church on this Avenue in the hope of hearing the "old man," they are quite content to look at his

father and mother, one; for being married for the post-

The American millionaire who marries a woman who belongs to the smart set is in for a rough time, no matter what happens. Yet the fashionable woman does not always play the game single-handed. The mere man, that is, the mere human worm, is beginning to show signs of turning. . When the wife takes to

kind of panic in the ranks of the Fifth Avenue Baptists who regard him as something more than a rival. At one stroke he has taken the shine off the Rockefeller Church and dealt their prestige a mortal blow. Will the good Baptists raise their Christian hands to heaven, turn up the whites of their eyes like ducks in the pit of the stomach: "Bless ye, bless ye in the name of the Lords of creation; 'Trust ' in the Lords"?

In all seriousness does Dr. Jowett hope to influence a body of American millionaires by suave phrases, religious eloquence and polished sentences? That is what thousands of people are asking in New York to-day. How can he expect to succeed where so many others have failed; and what do New York millionaires want with fine thoughts expressed with a high degree of literary culture? The truth is, they want the luxury of the finest preaching which money can procure. They purchase this kind of thing as they purchase diamonds, Rembrandts, and the prize-dogs that run around in their pews. They will never be troubled with a rough-and-tumble dissertation upon hell, never have an angry fist shaken in their faces by a modern John Knox. All will proceed according to the wishes, whims, and ambitions of the millionaire, his wife and all his family.

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In all seriousness does Dr. Jowett hope to influence a body of American millionaires by suave phrases, religious eloquence and polished sentences? That is what thousands of people are asking in New York to-day. How can he expect to succeed where so many others have failed; and what do New York millionaires want with fine thoughts expressed with a high degree of literary culture? The truth is, they want the luxury of the finest preaching which money can procure. They purchase this kind of thing as they purchase diamonds, Rembrandts, and the prize-dogs that run around in their pews. They will never be troubled with a rough-and-tumble dissertation upon hell, never have an angry fist shaken in their faces by a modern John Knox. All will proceed according to the wishes, whims, and ambitions of the millionaire, his wife and all his family.

Querу—who suffers the most, the rich American who has retired from business, his idle son, or his idle wife? Rich women in New York are now finding an

amusement and distraction in writing novels or visiting the Bowery poor. To make a surprise visit to the bad

lands of New York, the rich dames put on their most bewitching frocks and their most costly picture hats, for these things are supposed to bestow more than enough upon a mere clergyman to keep him in his pews. They revel in the high,

and the "Sunday Opera House, one

for wearing green goggles, one

for being rheumatic, three

for being contented to remain the pos-

for having the blues, fifty

for not being able to swim, one

for not being in the swim, about three thousand, four hundred and fifty-five; for having the nightmare and shouting murder, one.

I have heard the choirs on Fifth Avenue alluded to as the "Sunday Music Halls" and the "Sunday Opera Houses. Thousands have been attracted to the Baptist church on this Avenue in the hope of hearing the "old man," they are quite content to look at his

father and mother, one; for being married for the post-

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Dr. Henry S. Longfellow, of Harvard University, who has been the leading poet of the United States for many years, has recently published a new collection of poems, entitled "The Lost Career." The volume contains some of his best-known works, as well as some new poems that have been highly praised by critics. The tone of the book is serious and reflective, and the poems deal with a variety of subjects, including nature, love, and politics. The style is polished and refined, and the imagery is rich and evocative. Overall, "The Lost Career" is a welcome addition to Longfellow's legacy, and it is a testament to his enduring popularity as a poet.
She flings herself about the room, with a lift of the shoulder or a toss of the head, in a frenzy of impatient power. In short, she is very conscientiously free and independent and "thrilling." She does everything that Hilda is supposed to do, and it is all most admirably thought out. But production cannot make an actress. Throughout all of Miss McCarthy's work runs a strain of the curious intonation of her voice, which always suggests a woman telling nursery tales to children, and telling them with condescension rather than spon
taneously. That will not do for Hilda Wangel. At the same time, Hilda is essentially a part for an English actress.

That Mr. Noyes' early poems should have borne both these characteristics—the repetitive, wordy tendency and the superficial music—would vary easily be a light matter, despite the fact that, with more courage than wisdom, he has taken his stand by them in his Collected Edition. But when we discover him proceeding, in his subsequent poems, to out-Swinburne Swinburne at his own astrous moment, to out-Swinburne Swinburne at his own astrous moment, to out-Swinburne Swinburne at his own astrous moment, we find him eschew derivation for an extraordinary effect that in its total effect ranks highly in the bulk of his present achievement: a poem that is perhaps, with one exception, lofter than anything he has yet attempted. Moreover, in it he derives from, but does not merely echo, Swinburne's flower and star; they are nothing to the mind; they only trip easily on the tongue or clash like cymbals on the ear.

And watched the sea-waves wistfully westward wend.

Not that a bulk of work is its own depreciation! Far from it! All things are vital with poetry could we but see it. Yet the seeing it, and seeing the rare significant deeps of it, is no light achievement, but an achievement, rather, that demands a continual refining, rejection and pursuit of that which after all, it is the highest, with all that it means of self-dissatisfaction and endless desire. To paint a sunset in a sea of words is but to reproduce the sunset on paper; but to achieve what that sunset means, if it means anything, as the insurg
tent deeps mean, that it does, is to unriddle the sunset. It is to recreate a new phenomenon, even as the sunset is but a phenomenon, nearer the reality for which it stands. It is thus that poetry, the loftiest of the arts, recreates a new world of more quintessential meaning than the world of looser symbols about us. It narrows and heightens the vision of Man nearer to Finality. But such close effort does not make for bountiful production—at least, not in the days of youth, which are the days of the sharper discipline. Nor, to be frank, does such lofty endeavour receive an im-
mediately popular acclamation.

It was not to be expected that in his early poems Mr. Noyes would display so zealous and wrapt a mission. It was rather to be expected that he would be derivative; for there are none that can avoid stand-
ing on the shoulders of the past. The toys of youth are the tools of their fathers. But there are two things that must needs excite first attention in such early poems: one is the source of the derivation, and the other is the nature of the indebtedness. And when we discover, as the most cursory reading would immediately discover, that he takes the ancestry of his song from Swinburne, the thought always begins to quail. For Swinburne was bounteous of song to the straining of patience; moreover, loud of music though he was, his music was rather resonant to the ear than illuminative to the mind.

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Shimmering thro' this mystic myriad sheen;

and in his most delirious moments (save when deliber-
ately caricaturing him, as in "Nephildia") he would never have perpetrated this:

And watched the sea-waves wistfully westward wend.

Mr. Noyes, however, not only perpetrates it, but, having chanced on it, goes on to repeat it over and over again through the poem in which it appears.

There is another characteristic of Swinburne's that also leaves its hand on him; and that is, a musical jingle of words conveying a loose and meaningless picture—
not a metaphor, for a metaphor is an illumination of the mind, since it discovers a new correlation in the uni-
verse. Thus, when Wordsworth describes Lucy as—

A violet by a mossy stone

We forthwith know more of Lucy: she becomes trans-
figured and illuminated. But in speaking of the loves of Etain and Anwyl, in "The Second Shepherd-

song," what does he mean by the latter of these two stanzas?—the first being given to establish the sequence:

What in the name of meaning or significance does this mean or signify, this "orb of ineffable air," or these "gates of jasper that melt into flowers at a maiden's prayer"?

What in the name of meaning or significance does this mean or signify, this "orb of ineffable air," or these "gates of jasper that melt into flowers at a maiden's prayer"? Wordsworth's flower and star are charged with rarest meaning; what of Mr. Noyes' flower and star? They are nothing to the mind; they only trip easily on the tongue or clash like cymbals on the ear.

And what if a glory of angels there,

Orpheus arose in the terrible storm of his grief,

And what if a glory of angels there,

With quivering up-clutched hands, deadly and white,

And what if a glory of angels there,

And his whole soul waivered and shook like a wind-swept leaf.

Sometimes such similarity arises from the fact that both poets have sung some identical theme that imposes its own manner on one and the other alike; yet this is only to put the indebtedness back one remove, for a poet must have his own vision.

In all this one strikes the secret of much of Mr.

And what if a glory of angels there,

Mr. Noyes' work. For it is obvious that if he is content ta
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to itself. But if a poet echo his forebears of song, then he will be acclaimed for a while, because he thereby shares in the reward of their labours. It saves an infinite labour in thinking to hold that the voice of yesterday is the voice for all time; and men do not love thinking. Having identified a robin's note, thenceforth they hear only robins in the forest of song; and newer comers only win recognition by imitating his tuneful throat.

It is no small task to hold fast to the loftiest; and it is but a thankless business tofault a poet in this unideal age. Moreover, it would be unfair to Mr. Noyes to judge him only by his faults, because he who is a poet also has to judge by that even yet more prevalent fault of his: cheapness of music and superficiality of idea, of which, perhaps, the most notorious example is "The Barrel-Organ," despite some stanzas in it that hover near a very genuine emotion. Take the following notorious imitation of a well-known popular jig:

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you will hear only robins in the forest of song; and newer comers only win recognition by imitating his tuneful throat.

Yet Mr. Noyes can do better. "The Paradox" gives us glimpses of this; and in "The Highwayman" he gives us a poem, not free from his inherent faults, indeed (who and what is free of fault?), but one that compels eventual memory. His work is difficult to quote from, being chiefly occupied with lengthy poems; but the opening stanza of this poem will give taste of its quality:

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

Drake watched the poem at their cannibal feast. His men watched from their ships in fear of his discovery. And Night is dark about him!

He touches a mood in this that makes us see that Drake's adventures, galleons of enormous treasure, venomous Spaniards and mutinous seamen, belong to the far lowlier order of tales of adventure. Yet even in this he strikes a characteristic of the whole poem: for he is unrestrained; in putting out all his strength to achieve, he overachieves and spoils. It is a quality most unepical. There is a heightening that restraint alone can achieve, throwing the whole mood into such a state of trance that it will receive the supernatural as its proper air. It was so when Milton sang of Satan that "his brow plumed horror saw"; and his men piling a combat effect on effect may revolt the thought, and can only achieve the exaggeration of the fabulous. The poem has another fault most unepical: it has no form; it is not compact; and it violates all sense of unity. Yet if it lacks these virtues, it is vigorous enough. Furthermore, it has courage; not only the courage before achievement, but the rarer courage during achievement. Bondage inevitably leaves chafed wrists and sore eyes; and in Mr. Noyes' later poems we trace the marks of his earlier servitude. Though the echoes of Swinburne are gone, the indebtedness remains—sometimes new, and, curiously enough, at second hand through Kipling. It seems as though the spell of Swinburne leaves a man incapable thereafter of writing the subler music of the mind; that he must needs write the broader, more immediate music of the carnal ear. Yet Mr. Noyes can catch this inner music, even though it be not lofty. Take such a stanza as this:

Beset my homeward way.
No gleam of rose or amethyst
Hallowed the parting day;
Beset my homeward way.

But see no more than a window of tears
Through which his face has turned rough.

It is, however, when we approach the Epic in Twelve Books, "Drake," that we find the whole problem rise to the surface. Milton, too, wrote an Epic in Twelve Books; but the lover of that heroic poem remembers that he invested the whole life as a preparation to that end. "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Penseroso," "Comus," he regarded as so many disciplinary exercises for his muse, having his great poem, in a form not yet decided on, always in view. And yet Mr. Noyes invites comparison by the very fact that in his exordium he invokes the "heroic" Milton as his "hero and sweet-heart," even as Milton in mighty pride invoked the aid of the Spirit of God, his "Heavenly Muse." Obviously Mr. Noyes is not timorous. While still shackled, and to an extraordinary degree shackled, with the bounds of precedent song, he at least attempts in an individual manner of song bespeaks him as not wanting in courage, however he may want in wisdom.

Yet, let it not be denied that that very fact is a virtue. Courage is not an attribute that much distinguishes modern poets. But courage is a virtue outside poetry; not in poetry. Mr. Noyes himself proves this. The interest in Drake is not a light interest; there are many pages that do indeed rivet and hold the attention, but it is not the just poetic interest. Yet Mr. Noyes does not exalt the mind to imaginative ecstasy. It is read rather as a prose tale than as a poem. There is a passage in the poem in itself sufficient to prove this by the force of contrast. It is when Drake had just slain the traitor Doughty with his own hand, and determines to remain the night with the body while his sailors return to their ships. Night comes on him; and over him towers the scaffold on which, in days gone by, Magellan himself had hung his mutineers. Across the narrow strait of water, on the supposition that voices the same idea, of which, perhaps, the most notorious example is "The Barrel-Organ," thus:

Monsters with sooty limbs, red-raddled eyes,
And faces painted yellow, women and men;
Fierce naked giants howling to the moon,
And lothlithier Gorgons with long brazen tresses.
Pouring vile purple over pendulous breasts
Like wine-bags.

One example seems to me (I say not for much) typical of the whole poem; for he is not a critic, but a poet. It is the road in singing the "Heavenly Muse."

Mother and sweet-snow;
Snow; and in Kew in lilac-time; (it isn't far from London)
Go down to Kew in lilac-time
Go down to Kew in lilac-time

It is an excellent story, well told, always in the spirit of poetry. Such another poem, though of a wholly different order, is "I'll Pensoroso." It is coloured in the fashion of Keats, and its music again recalls Swinburne. Nevertheless, it is more of a personal prophecy of than of the Haunted Palace. It is coloured in the fashion of Keats, and its music again recalls Swinburne. Nevertheless, it is more of a personal prophecy than of the Haunted Palace. It is coloured in the fashion of Keats, and its music again recalls Swinburne. Nevertheless, it is more of a personal prophecy than of the Haunted Palace.

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Although the phrase has already been used, I think it is necessary to repeat it in its entirety, as it is fundamental to the understanding of the poem:

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

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The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
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Or this stanza, from one of his choicest poems, "In the Cool of the Evening":

"In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken;
When the labourers turn homeward, and the weary have their will;
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest aisles are shaken;
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?"

Or many passages that might be quoted from the best of his poems, "Mount Ida." Such poems are necessary. They may not embody the rapt ecstasy of the highest poetry, but they are essential; they neither vamp nor are superfluous. They are the food for love and memory. And what shall be said to a poet who, with these things in him, gives us an amazing bulk of work beneath his own level, work that is not his but another's?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

S. VERDAD AND THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

Sir,—Permit me to express my regret that the "ubiquitous Reuter" didn't also put before Mr. Verdad the result of the division in the Reichstag following Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech. It may greatly impress him very much that the representatives of the German Emperor disagreed with the Chancellor and manifestly declared their sympathy with interna- tional crisis in Russia altogether out of place.

It is remarkable that Mr. Verdad should quote Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg as an authority on the all-important question of war and peace. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is, admittedly, the most incapable and unintelligent official who ever held the highest civil position in a great Empire! I only hope that none of THE NEW AGE's readers will accept the present German Chancellor as an authority on statecraft. S. Verdad may well do it. But S. Verdad does a lot of things.

S. VERDAD AND RUSSIA.

Sir,—I request you to kindly insert following lines.

In the review of "Foreign Affairs," by the Labour Party, is so passive in his loyalty? It's odd,.

If space would allow of it, I would also show that there was no unanswerable reason of Schloesser's in repriming the native in the Umtila case, and that his explanation was accepted by the majority.

"It should and has not." (1)

In the Labour Party alone can the Fabian be made a real Socialist.

I fear the humour of his response is lost upon Mr. Schloesser. Alas!

I may comment more fully on Mr. Schloesser's letters a little later on, but in the meantime may I trespass upon his good nature by asking a second question:

"Why is it that the Fabian, being technically affiliated to the Labour Party, is not passive in his loyalty? It's odd, isn't it? An explanation of this psychological anomaly would substantially clear up the problem of his character.

Mr. Schloesser wants my name. Why should I encourage such idle curiosity? The argument is the thing. But I am sure the Editor would willingly vouch for the fact that I am veritably a Veteran.

THE FUTURE OF THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

Sir,—I asked Mr. Schloesser the simple question, "Why should a nominally Socialist body engage its loyalty to a specifically non-Socialist party?" Mr. Schloesser replies:

(1) "The Labour Party is not a specifically non-Socialist Party." (2) "That the Labour Party is not committed one way or the other on the question of Socialism.

"That the Labour Party is not committed one way or the other, as regards a specific solution of the Boer question."

It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Schloesser agrees that the Labour Party is non-Socialist. It follows that he must be bogging at the word "specifically,"

But I am using it correctly. The Labour Party specifically, avowedly, constitutionally and historically has so shaped its constitution and policy that non-Socialist may join it. Further, the majority of its paying members are non-Socialist.

When I ask Mr. Schloesser why the Fabian should accept this discipline of this non-Socialist Party he answers me:

(1) "It should and has not." (2) In the Labour Party alone can the Fabian be made a real Socialist.

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THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT AND INDIAN UNEASE.

Sir,—Surveying the suffrage movement from a distance, the most striking fact which emerges is that it is not a feminist movement, but a demand for political rights. As such it is, of course, absolutely justified; but as such its success will be as small as other extensions of political rights have had in the past. Men who are afraid have no occasion to fear; they would.
be well advised to grant the vote and all other equalities to women, for, while most of these will be so much like men in purpose and intention as to make but little difference. They will, of course, make some difference, and perhaps an advantageous one, but power alone will not enable them to alter the structure of society, because they do not want to. Patriotism and exploitation will continue unabated. The main factor in the enslavement of women is economic; the other factor is social convention. Only a microscopic proportion of suffragists are either Socialists or feminists; therefore, any right to the vote, they shall not be surprised, pleasantly or painfully, by any remarkable consequences of the extended suffrage. Politics, particularly in the United States, is a poor affair. Laws are merely followed, and do not create, public opinion. If women as a whole were convinced feminists they could get any desired change, such as the endowment of motherhood, put through at once. Nothing is ever obtainable unless it is badly wanted; and I do not think most women consciously want economic independence yet. They are much too enamoured of the "male" ideal of woman as an economically dependent being.

Indian unrest presents an exactly analogous situation. The demand political and educational rights and economic redress; and their demand is abundantly justified. But the securing of these things will involve no revolution in any sense. Educated women will remain intellectually, morally and aesthetically parasitic almost to the same extent as is now the case. But just as women could not get what they wanted, if they really wanted it, so could Indians. If they really want national education they have only to boycott Government and mission schools and set about the work of teaching; instead of this, when "National Colleges" are founded they become at once merely second-rate copies of Government colleges. So, again, Indians could do a great deal to restore to their community if they would employ their own builders, craftsmen, artists and musicians, and neglect European upholsteries and gramophones. But all they wish to do is to import European upholsteries and gramophones in India instead of importing them. Few Swadeshi caret how much the workers may be exploited or depressed, in India. If they do, the profits are retained by an Indian. Indians, and their English friends for them, do not claim political freedom for India as a nation on the solid ground of their fundamentally different temperament and inherited culture; but, forsooth, on the ground that they are now sufficiently Anglicised and educated to manage their own affairs—in the English way. Just so, women and their male supporters for them do not claim political rights because they are different from men, but wish to put the world under a share in the inestimable privilege of maintaining the status quo. They spend breath and paper and ink and statistical brains are that of the "women's movement"—is to say, that nothing particular will come of it if power is given to them. Two heads, however, are only better than one if the contents of the heads are not exactly alike. No woman will, for the life of her, as a real man, just as no Indian whose mind is like an Englishman's is of so much value as a real Englishman.

A remarkable book, "The Psychology of Sex," was written some years ago by a young German named Weininger. This misogynistic work usually infuriates women, and not without reason. It declares that, as women, they have no souls, but they have souls only in so far as they rise above sex, in so far, that is, as their mentality is essentially masculine. This also is the standpoint of religious asceticism, and we find Buddhist nuns, two thousand years ago, rejoicing in their escape from the narrow world. In language almost identical with (though more exalted than) that of the neutral, brotherhood-dreaming sex that is beginning to grow up to-day, the religious standpoint is not philosophically sound—that is to say, ultimately true; but it is true, or valid, at any given time to those whose vocation (for example—moksha), and applied to the majority, it has merely a deadening or decolourising effect. For the distinction "Purusha" and "Sakti" must remain a distinction for each individual, just as the idea of individual existence ceases for that individual. Meanwhile it cannot be denied that suffragettes who base their claim to suffrage on the ground of full sex, are misogynists in exactly the same sense as Weininger or the Buddhist nuns. Similarly, the Indian who ignores his own national existence, just as one must sometimes do, is a real man, just as no Indian whose mind is like an Englishman's is of so much value as a real Englishman.

It is this profound self-distrust which is the most essential weakness in the English woman's movement, as well as in the Indian Nationalist movement. Neither women nor Indians really wish to be themselves. The essential thing is to protest, not for the vote, but for better means, but the conditions are entirely different. In India England is the one responsible master of the country. In Egypt there are conflicting interests—notwithstanding England's "veiled protectorate"—and to "rebel actually" one should rebel effectively. I plead guilty, on behalf of my countrymen, to honesty and humanitarianism, but as to our "mindlessness" I would recommend Miss Lyons to read up the full implications of England's yellow journals—especially the London "Standard" of February 9th last. Miss Lyons does not read the "Standard"; I have met few persons who do. If, however, the lady will continue to have her "eye on Egypt" it may be that her hopes will, in the fullness of time, be abundantly fulfilled. Unfortunately there are no English "absentee" landlords in Egypt, or the Nationalists might have availed themselves of Ireland's "one or two little ways." As the Egyptian lady has no idea of the difference between the German Chancellor's "pacific" speeches they will very probably march pari passu with Miss Lyons by accepting the German Chancellor's pacification of her country as the "work of the strong. We intend to be strong."
A sudden difficulty, however, has presented itself, which practically debarred the Albert Hall from being used for the purpose. An appeal case heard last week before the Lord Chief Justice had reference to the licensing of the Albert Hall for theatrical performances. In delivering judgment, the Lord Chief Justice stated:

"It was held that the purpose to which it was intended to authorise stage plays in the big Hall, and the supplementary Charter of 1887 directly forbade their performance there."

This restriction to which the Lord Chief Justice thus drew attention absolutely debarred the Albert Hall authorities from allowing the use of the Hall for the purpose of "Edipus Rex," and thus the wish of the public to see what would be the most effective and most dignified building in London for the production of the "great tragedy in all dramatic literature." The Albert Hall is available for certain dates during the present season, and the most effective and most dignified building in London for the production of the great tragedy of the present season, and the authorities of the Hall have expressed their willingness to do all in their power to assist in what would be one of the most memorable events of a memorable period.

For the production of "Edipus Rex," by Sophocles, the Hall authorities have expressed their willingness to do all in their power to assist in what would be one of the most memorable events of a memorable period.

Shaw as Back Number.

Sir,—In order to assure your readers that Mr. Randall's views on Shaw are not those of an isolated critic, I have pleasure in sending you a review of Mr. Shaw's last book, which appeared in the New York "Sun" on March 12 last. It is by James Huneker, whose "Overtures," "Iconoclasts," and "Egoists" are well known on this side.

The review enclosed by Mr. Kennedy reads as follows:

Thunder and Tangle.

A collective effort of the various published plays might be "The Showing up of Bernard Shaw." Never before has the real Shaw appeared so free from disguise as he is in this volume, which contains "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Getting Married," and "The Showing up of Blasco Posnet." And the real Shaw turns out to be a kind, humorous, and like all professional Socialists, when the test of selfishness is applied, his earth theory explodes with the roar of a pin-pricked bladder.

In a word, Shaw is at last a normal human being.

And how delightfully medieval are his opinions! In the "Doctor's Dilemma," he makes for women. It sounds like the eighteenth century. He, caring more for a drainpipe than a cathedral, naturally despires the artist, and therefore hastens to present him as the typical fascinating scamp, as seen through the eyes of mid-Victorian fiction writers. Mr. Podsnap could not have assumed a more Philistine attitude. You suspect in "Getting Married" that Mr. Shaw has been reading too much Enguine Brieux, but this is not the case. Brieux, for whose plays Shaw has written a preface, deals with unpleasant matters, as "The Doctor's Dilemma," he mocks at vaccination, vivisection, the virtue of antitoxins, the viciousness of drugs, and votes for women. It sounds like the eighteenth century. He, caring more for a drainpipe than a cathedral, naturally despires the artist, and therefore hastens to present him as the typical fascinating scamp, as seen through the eyes of mid-Victorian fiction writers. Mr. Podsnap could not have assumed a more Philistine attitude. You suspect in "Getting Married" that Mr. Shaw has been reading too much Enguine Brieux, but this is not the case. Brieux, for whose plays Shaw has written a preface, deals with unpleasant matters, such as the romantic temperament is the old
maid's temperament. There you have painted in one masterfully stroke the character of Shaw by Shaw. And years after. Reading "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet," a half-baked Brett fantasy treated in the topsy-turvy method of W. S. Gilbert, and spiced with the most malicious of any old time camp meeting revivalist! The English play censor must be totally lacking in humour to have forbidden the performance of this childish and sentimental episode. It is that kind of play which is so commonly sung, but no future, copiously weeps at the sight of an infant's hand; every one weeps, the stage drips; and the language, supposedly American, is cut and pasted from Mr. Shaw's subconscius self. But it is amusing. The prefaces take up the major part of the fat volume, indeed the place of the plays. They are not worth reading, though if the plays are, then the prefaces are superfluous; either the one or the other. To a Dublin interviewer, a fellow-countryman of Shaw's, George Moore, said that Bernard Shaw was only the funny man in a boarding house; a witty enough characterisation for a writer who contributed to an absence of humour in the make-up. Yes, but Mr. Shaw's boarding-house is all England, and if they treat him kindly on the Continent as a benevolent grandpa getting off his little harmless quips, he is in England taken seriously, even when he jests. He is pouring out for the guileless and uncrirical reading public of England, Spain, France, India, Russia, and Brazil. They wouldn't harm a child in the cradle, yet numerous disciples feel devilish and immoral after swallowing this decomposing sap and special sewage or other under alien skies his thunder turns to treacle. What he might have become, what plays he might have written if the country lycceum discussions, punctuated by horse-collar humour—shall not be considered. That other Irishman, the poet and dramatist who gave us "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Weir of the Saints," and "The Playboy of the Western World," the incomparable artist, John M. Synge, was content to create a world of flesh and not bogies, stalking-horses for stale theories or mouthpieces to advertise himself. Synge to-day is Ireland's greatest dramatist, not Shaw, who, as Henley said of Meredith, "writes with the pen of a great artist in his left hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right. He is the master and the victim of a monstrous cleverness which is neither to hold nor to bind." And more's the pity.

A SPANISH MODERN DRAMATIST.

Sir,—I have noticed that in "Modern Dramatists," the very valuable book by Mr. Ashley Dukes, no mention is made of any of the modern Spanish dramatists. If the omission is due to an adverse judgment of the Spanish dramatists, I have nothing to say, because I consider Mr. Ashley Dukes too acute a critic to think his judgment is wrong. But if the omission is due to the ignorance of Mr. Ashley Dukes of a great artist in his left hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right, it is his master and the victim of a monstrous cleverness which is neither to hold nor to bind." And more's the pity.

Luis Aragústain.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI.

Sir,—It seems to me that in "Modern Dramatists," the very valuable book by Mr. Ashley Dukes, no mention is made of any of the modern Spanish dramatists. If the omission is due to an adverse judgment of the Spanish dramatists, I have nothing to say, because I consider Mr. Ashley Dukes too acute a critic to think his judgment is wrong. But if the omission is due to the ignorance of Mr. Ashley Dukes of a great artist in his left hand and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right, it is his master and the victim of a monstrous cleverness which is neither to hold nor to bind." And more's the pity.

Luis Aragústain.

—quite a different kind of love, it seems to me, from that set forth in "The New Machiavelli." Apparently, Mr. Randall does not believe in the latter kind of love, does not care about it, he presents the idea that a man should be willing to give up a great political career for the sake of any woman.

There is one kind of love which is sterile self-indulgence, and there is another kind of love which leads to the perfecting of future generations of the race. It is the latter kind with which Mr. Randall deals. I, for one, am in agreement with him, that the perfecting of the race, through changes in the relationship of the sexes, is more important than any question now being discussed by any statesman prominent in English politics; that a man who strikes a blow in favour of his right to beget beautiful children does quite as much good for the future as, for instance, a man who secures a Cabinet position and devotes the rest of his life to superintending the jailing of liberty-loving Hindoos, or the shooting of "anarchist" burglars, or the teaching to the Battersea labourers of the doctrine that their poverty is caused by drink.

When I read "The New Machiavelli," it did not occur to me that anyone could so miss the point of Wells's argument. I have since found quite a number who have done it. It seems to me an illustration of the appalling cynicalism of the modern young man of culture. If it is true, as Mr. Randall says, quoting Voltaire, that "women are like windmills, fixed while the revolution goes by," then truly, not only is there no use in falling nobly in love, but also there is no use in any of the labours of politicians and statesmen. If the mothers of our race are hopeless, we are simply trying to lift ourselves from the boot-steps of the supermen out of the kind of creatures that Mr. Randall and Voltaire describe.

Edge Moor, Del. • • • UPTON SINCLAIR.

AN ANGLO-SAXON CORRECTION.

Sir,—I wish to point out a strange inaccuracy in the article, "Theology.--VIII.," by M. R. B. The writer states that there are three yogas or paths. Now I do not interest myself personally in Hindu and Vedic superstitions, but there is a very ignorant person who has lived for a few years in the East aware that, in the first place, there are four not three principal yogas, viz.: the Karma Yoga, the Bhakti Yoga, the Jnana Yoga, and the Raja Yoga. Of these, the latter are, however, sundry subordinate ones, as, e.g., the Hatha Yoga—the end of which is to produce physical perfection. To those who desire to see the Anglo-Saxon people powerful in the future—I am not myself amongst that bewildered minority—it ought to be somewhat disconcerting to reflect upon the hopeless inaccuracy of that people—the inacccuracy of a bumptious, parochial, and narrow-minded variety of the human race—particularly when we correlate it with the low cranial index and extremely limited cranial range of that insular people so very much overrated.


A DREAM.

Sir,—If these lines should be of any use to you, would you please put the commas, full stops, etc., in their right places as I admit being uneducated. I have not enclosed any best plays to get these lines I shall probably be of "no fixed abode."

F. D.

Last night I dreamed My life on earth was ended, And my soul was soaring To some height above; But halfway on the journey I looked downward: The scene aroused my pity And my love. Right o'er the earth Were many different sections Or groups of men, All struggling for one goal. Their aim? The pinnacle of perfection— In other words, each tried to save his soul. I saw one man with grey hair, And the light of hope was shining from his eyes, But as I watched, ten thousand jealous people Stretched out on the back of man, With the idea that sex is something of paramount importance in the life of men, quite equal, in fact, in importance to politics. Even Mr. Wells, in "The New Machiavelli," and Mr. Randall is illustrated by Mr. Randall's quotation from Carlyle, showing how love has always been intruded into politics. I have an idea of a great duchess for an "airy, sentimental young coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsondest and windiest of young Polacks"

INDIVIDUALISM AND LIBERTY.

Sir,—Mr. Carey, in your correspondence pages, advocates a union of the individualist and the socialist. He does not, however, explain what he means by liberty, and as the individualists differ in their views...
as much as individual Socialists, it is necessary that some definite control be given to the people between the two parties. Mr. Carey appears to shudder at the thought of giving the State greater control than it at present possesses, in the mind of the book of controlling influence by the establishment of small inde- dependent communities in the country. The question at once arises, shall we have the right of owning land or should we still have private ownership? I once heard Mr. Levy, the editor of the "Individualist," advocate land nationalism. I imagine men of his line of thought working with a group of Socialists. I doubt, however, if Mr. Carey would be prepared to oppose private ownership of land. Yet, if it is allowed to remain, how is the liberty that is thus obtained? The landlord would still retain the power of forcing thousands to work according to his whim, and of keeping thousands in idleness who were prepared to work. He could still insist when selling his land for building purposes that a certain standard of house should be maintained in order to keep up the value of the land. Would we go to the opposite extreme and say a man could build a log hut if he wished? Many cranks would do so to give the liberal ideal. We would not have the liberty of moving our buildings according to our whim, and of keeping thousands in idleness. And, without State control, who will enforce it? It would be possible to fill your paper with questions on liberty; therefore, if Mr. Carey has any thought of a way in which the conflict between individuals and socialists, it would be well for him to state what kind of liberty he has in view, and what community he seeks to establish.  

H. D. PAUL.

THE NEW JEREMIAH.

Sir,—May I submit a few heads of chapters for the new book of Jeremiah, which, in the eternal recurrence of events, is now almost due? The New Age—The New Wine—The Old Bottles—The Bursting of the Bottles—The Decay of Old Beliefs and Customs and the Growth of New Rights—The Demolition of Old Duties—The Attempt to Make Silk Purses out of Sow's Ears—The Failure to Distil Golden Conduct from Leaden Ears—The New Kilkeney Cut—New Ideas and Schools of Thought Swallowing Each Other—The Intel- lect Devouring its Own Children—The Abyss of Intellec- tualism—The Race Retreats upon its Base, the Primitive Ears—The Failure to Distil Golden Conduct from Leaden Ears—The New Kilkeney Cut—New Ideas and Schools of Thought Swallowing Each Other—The Intellect Devouring its Own Children—The Abyss of Intellectualism—The Race Retreats upon its Base, the Primitive


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