derivatives of a government by numerical majority is necessarily representative government at all. There may be a particular legislative proposal or there may not. If there is not, their duty may nevertheless be to risk immediately off ending the numerically expressed majorities, to make its will felt not merely by referendum on every planks on which the late elections were fought. Yet, for all that, the electorate has now vetoed these planks. From the ordinary English Liberal point of view it must be confessed that the event is exceedingly discomforting. The Unionists have been contending that some veto is necessary on Government proposals if we are to retain a shadow of democracy. If the veto of the Lords is abolished then the veto of the electorate by referendum on every proposal is a logical and practical alternative to the Lords' veto. We cannot see, indeed, why that course should not now be forced on Mr. Asquith's government. Not his followers and supporters only, but Mr. Asquith himself, has been committed to the proposition that democracy means government according to the wishes of the numerical majority. Speaking in the House on Wednesday, Mr. Asquith said: "The great political invention of the modern world...consisted in the invention of a machinery of representative government which enables the majority in a democratic country...to make its will felt not only in administration, but in legislation." By this theory of representative government there is no escape from the conclusion that the Referendum is an indispensable instrument of democracy. If the numerical majority is to make its will felt in legislation, the only means is to discover its will by referendum on every doubtful occasion. There is really nothing now to be done by Liberals but either to accept the Referendum or to restate their principles of Representative Government.

What anybody with a clear notion of the real nature of Representative Government as distinct from crude democracy must instantly challenge is the assumption that government by numerical majority is necessarily representative government at all. There may be a numerical majority of the electorate in favour of a particular legislative proposal or there may not. If there is, the work of the Government is so far easier; but if there is not, their duty may nevertheless be to risk immediately offending the numerically expressed majority view and to rely on persuasion and the practical experience of their legislation to win the electorate to their view. This postponed conversion of the numerical majority is likely to be so much out of touch with the people as to propose unpopular legislation. And by shortening the duration of Parliament and leaving the Lords a two years' suspensory veto, the danger of unpopular legislation during the declining years of a government's life is reduced to a minimum. This cock, however, will not fight any longer. The example of Australia is conclusive. A government may just as easily propose unpopular legislation in its first month as in its last month of office.

It is fortunate for us that we have never taken the view of democracy on which the Liberal case against the Referendum rests. Had we done so we should have no option now but frankly to withdraw our objections and to accept the Referendum as a logical and practical alternative to the Lords' veto. We cannot see, indeed, why that course should not now be forced on Mr. Asquith's government. Not his followers and supporters only, but Mr. Asquith himself, has been committed to the proposition that democracy means government according to the wishes of the numerical majority. Speaking in the House on Wednesday, Mr. Asquith said: "The great political invention of the modern world...consisted in the invention of a machinery of representative government which enables the majority in a democratic country...to make its will felt not only in administration, but in legislation." By this theory of representative government there is no escape from the conclusion that the Referendum is an indispensable instrument of democracy. If the numerical majority is to make its will felt in legislation, the only means is to discover its will by referendum on every doubtful occasion. There is really nothing now to be done by Liberals but either to accept the Referendum or to restate their principles of Representative Government.

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sentative Government. Unfortunately there is no machinery by which weight of opinion can be automatically calculated. On the contrary, the quality as distinct from the quantity of opinion requires for its appreciation the gifts of insight and imagination, gifts rare enough in political leaders. In short, however, these gifts are essential, and it is to statesmen that we must look for the maintenance of Representative Government. If our supply of statesmen has failed, or if our Party System no longer facilitates or makes possible, we may say that the Parliament Bill as well as the Parliament Bill lies in the fact that a majority of the electorate have approved of it. This, if it were true, would involve majority-rule pure and simple, leading to the adoption of the Referendum as a logical conclusion. But everybody knows that it is not true, at least in the precise form stated. The merit of the electoral system is that elections are not quite as much on men as on measures. We very much doubt whether half the votes cast one way or the other at the recent General Election had any reference whatever to the Parliament Bill. What did go was, first, the personal character of the candidate and his entourage, and secondly, the general but not the particular drift of his programme. Separate his programme from his personality, particularise a single item of that programme and present it to his constituents for decision, and we would not venture an opinion on the result. It is quite upon the cards that an overwhelming vote would be cast against the Parliament Bill in the country at large. This result, while it would certainly impair the crude democratic theory of majority-rule, would in our opinion but the Parliament Bill as well. For we by no means rest our support of the Parliament Bill on the doubtful evidence of its electoral majority, but on its general popularity as evidenced by, among other things, public opinion. We very much doubt whether half the votes cast one way or the other at the recent General Election had any reference whatever to the Parliament Bill. What did go was, first, the personal character of the candidate and his entourage, and secondly, the general but not the particular drift of his programme. Separate his programme from his personality, particularise a single item of that programme and present it to his constituents for decision, and we would not venture an opinion on the result. It is quite upon the cards that an overwhelming vote would be cast against the Parliament Bill in the country at large. This result, while it would certainly impair the crude democratic theory of majority-rule, would in our opinion but the Parliament Bill as well. For we by no means rest our support of the Parliament Bill on the doubtful evidence of its electoral majority, but on its general popularity as evidenced by, among other things, public opinion.

Our conclusion is that if observers will empty their minds of party prejudee and ask themselves what actually England thinks (or rather feels) about the Parliament Bill, they will come to the conclusion that England feels very little about it. Its importance in the minds of politicians and journalists has certainly been immensely discounted by public opinion in general. What feeling there is may be expressed in a few simple propositions: that the change involved in the Bill does not amount to much; that the Liberals are entitled to make it; that the smaller the changes immediately make the better; and that before making further changes we had better wait and see how the present change will work. That, we believe, is a summary of the national view of the matter; and hence it is the view which a Representative Government would enforce. Whether, however, this view would actually receive a majority of votes in plebiscite is doubtful. This condemns the Referendum.

Mr. Burns' reply to the debate on Poor Law administration on Thursday was much more optimistic than it had any right to be. While not denying that the Government's recent legislation has put a somewhat different complexion on pauperism than that revealed by the Royal Commission's Reports, we deny that the favourable figures quoted by Mr. Burns can stand alone. Revised with the statistics compiled by Mr. Chiozza Money, conclusively proving that, in spite of legislation, the poor are getting poorer and the rich richer. How soon it may be before a trade depression throws the pauperscento into the ranks of the official paupers nobody can say; but the march of the poor is broadening, and a single bad season might send up the pauper returns with a run. What we have obviously to face is not the provision of an ameliorative system capable of working in times of good trade and subject periodically to overstrain in times of bad trade, but the transformation of an industrial system that manufactures the raw material of paupers. But it is precisely this latter type of legislation in which the present Government's record is a blank. Nothing that Mr. Burns has done in his five years of office has raised wages or diminished profits by a penny in reace. Unfortunately, most of his critics are equally without constructively statesmanlike views on the subject. Their own proposals are in the direction of more and more amelioration; and by means of a system of controls they will permit to continue. It is, in fact, by administration that they hope to combat poverty. In administrative experience, however, as well as in commonsense, Mr. Burns is immensely their superior. What can be done by administration Mr. Burns is probably doing. The conclusion is that poverty is irreducible by administration. We shall need economic legislation.

The direction in which we must look for economic legislation was indicated by Mr. Burns. "Many of the evils," he said, "sprang from a faulty industrial system." It is that fact that forms the foundation of imagining that by a rearrangement of Government offices, by administrative orders, by this or that new system of Labour Exchanges, etc., by transferring functions from one body to another body, poverty can be abolished. Poverty by this means cannot even be reduced. The source of poverty lies in the industrial system of private capitalism; and while that remains untouched, all that can be done is to make poverty look less horrible than it is. But the force necessary to evoke such legislation as will affect the industrial system at its roots is not to be found in Parliament at this moment. The Labour Party certainly has not got the force, nor is there the contact with it. It is probably to be found in the militant sections of Trade Unionism; and we are afraid that the strike must be its chief weapon. The printers have recently shown the way. Mr. Burns' second suggestion lay in his sentence: "The Government had to have a land policy." Sister Ann, Sister Ann, is anything coming? The only land policy worth discussion is the extension of the Small Holdings system; facilitated by co-operation and directed by grouped parish councils.

It now appears that the celebrated Holmes circular had the approval of its nominal and actual author. Sir James Yoxall had opened the document by his publication of passages from Mr. Holmes' more recent writings; but Mr. Holmes has now repudiated the gloss and the apology. We can scarcely expect the teachers to be yet calm enough to listen to reason on the subject; but in the intervals of agitation they might explain what advantage they hope to derive from the mere withdrawal of the circular or even from the resignation of Sir Robert Morant. We have stated the commonsense view that unless the inspectors are of a superior culture to that of the teachers they inspect, their office is superfluous. We added that men of superior culture are quite likely to be found amongst the elementary teachers themselves. But the question remains: How are these superior persons to be selected? There is not the least hope that they will be selected by the local education authorities. Even if the inspectorate were vigorously confined to elementary teachers, the choice would fall on the worst instead of on the best teachers. Public school men may be in elementary schools King Log; but the brutes now sometimes chosen from the teachers by the local authorities are certainly Sir Robert Morants. The only remedy for the double state of things is the selection of their inspectors by the teachers themselves. The method seems, no doubt, to put a severe strain on the honesty of many of the teachers; but we are convinced their honour would stand it. The first step, however, is their registration as civil servants.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is strange, it is not, that the Morocco "question" should have suddenly become acute again in Germany so soon after M. Delcassé took office under M. Monis? The fact is, of course, that the whole French Cabinet is dominated by Delcassé. He has determined upon a bold, forward policy as the best means of reaffirming the prestige of France in Europe, and, wonderful to relate, he has succeeded in talking over M. Monis, the nominal Premier, M. Bertaux, the nominal War Minister, and M. Cruppi, the nominal Foreign Minister. It has been decided that France shall occupy Fez, if not on this occasion, at least as soon as another fight over Morocco, and if she does the French official relate, he has succeeded in talking over that the government of the Young Turks has resulted in even this improvement costing more than it might have done, but for this Mahmud Shefket Pasha the army is now well drilled and fairly well equipped; but its field hospital arrangements are still of a very primitive description. Financial incompetence has resulted in even this improvement costing more than it might have done, but for this Mahmud Shefket is not to blame. Very little more money can be had in Germany; and Britain and Great Britain will be acting rightly in exacting strong guarantees for anything they may be called upon to lend.

When I blame the Young Turks for not attending to educational matters, I do not for a moment wish to imply that I think education the universal panacea which, let us say, the Radical orator on the stump would make it appear to be. Year after year in England our "reformers" are clamouring for free education, which has certainly not been justified by results. And now analogous "reformers" are clamouring for the introduction of free education—generally the European sort—into countries like India. It needs no very close examination in order to discern the Liberal and Radical remedy for nearly every national complaint is education; educate the masses in Russia, Persia, India, China, the Congo, and all will be well. Let it be remembered, too, what this education usually means, viz., a jumble of arithmetic and geography. Induction would be a better term for it, since no attempt is made to draw out anything that may be in the mind of the pupil, or to develop his natural capabilities.

In the Radical sense of the word, then, some of the most uneducated people in Europe whom I have ever come across were the sulphur miners in Sicily. At a superficial glance they hardly looked like men; and the distinction between them and our first primitive ancestor, who put his hand round and discovered to his astonishment that he had no tail, was not clearly apparent. But when they started to speak! What poetic imagery, what expressive gesticulations, what a gift they had of turning to account the natural phenomena by which they were surrounded! In short, what born artists! But these men could not read or write, and upon my soul I had no wish to teach them. For our modern systems of education would merely serve to uproot all their natural talents without giving them anything in return but a series of unrelated and mostly irrelevant facts.

The intellectual development—I will go a step further and say the artistic development—of these Sicilians was due, of course, to the gift of God. But in the case of the Young Turks, and that these are things which I have to say.

Perhaps I shall be told that we are getting away from the Young Turks, and that these are things which I ought to leave Mr. Bellac or G. K. C. to deal with. No doubt. But I wish to indicate the direction, the fatal direction, in which the Young Turks have started. Indeed, I am half inclined to revise what I said about financial difficulties, and to say instead that, in the Young Turks, and that these are things which I have to say.

In this, as in all other comparisons between the East and the West, we shall find that it is the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon countries which rush to the farthest extreme, urged on thereto by their less developed minds and their materialistic religion (how young these people are as compared with the Latins! and what babies as compared with the Orientals!), while the Latin countries are, on the whole, nearer to the spiritual than to the material—attributed to the spiritual as they are by their artistic Church, this Church which the materialists are so eager to destroy. It is incontrovertible that the more "rationalistic" a country becomes, the more materialistic it likewise becomes, and art and materialism are at opposite poles. To take one instance out of many, Barcelona is at present the artistic province in Spain.

In the east, however, the word materialism and the thing for which it stands are alike unknown. In this connection the philosopher will no doubt be edified by some remarks made by Mr. Edward Clodd at the end of his little book on primitive man, where he seems unable to understand that what is looked upon as progress in the east, is not what is looked upon as progress in the East. Mr. Bax, too, in a recent article contributed to this journal, does not appear to recognise that there is any danger in rationalism, or that the anti-

Christ may be symbolised by our Western or "hard facts" school of education, as opposed to the Eastern system of developing the imagination. Indeed, if we wish to set forth in a few words the distinction between the Oriental and Occidental methods of education, we shall have to say that the Oriental method is spiritual, and the Occidental material method.

Perhaps I shall be told that we are getting away from the Young Turks, and that these are things which I ought to leave Mr. Bellac or G. K. C. to deal with. No doubt. But I wish to indicate the direction, the fatal direction, in which the Young Turks have started to go. Indeed, I am half inclined to revise what I said about financial difficulties, and to say instead that, in the long run, the educational difficulty may prove more disastrous to the new authorities at Constantinople than the financial question. Money may be borrowed, even if the terms are ruinous, the State may partly go bankrupt, as the Ottoman Empire did in the sixties or the seventies; the people may be ground down by excessive taxation; and all these things will not alter the national character. But the grafting of Western educational methods upon an Eastern race is certain to have a unlooked-for termination. I do not mind in the least whether such a procedure destroys the Ottoman Empire, which, after all, is a transient and earthly man Empire, which, after all, is a transient and earthly
"He wants to know, you know."
By T. H. S. Escott.

The traditional English bogeys used to be the Jesuits, the Jews, and the Judges. The last in this trio of prejudices has recently reappeared, after a long absence, in the electoral inquiry at Exeter. With that incident coincided other manifestations of current popular distrust of other "powers that be." The volume concerning the proceedings of the Commons, from Sir Thomas Hungerford of the Bad Parliament to Mr. J. W. Lowther of the present year of grace, written by Mr. Arthur Daset, and published by Mr. John Lane, with minute novelty of authentic detail, traces the successive stages by which the Speaker's absolute impartiality became acknowledged as not less essential a part of his office than his wig or mace. During the Irish Church discussions of only seven years less than half a century ago, Speaker Denison, in the confidence of comparatively private life, rapped out one or two oft-quoted maledictions about the parliamentary leaders on the right and left of his chair. Neither Gladstonian nor Disraelian took any exceptions to these obiter dicta, but rather repeated them as testifying the Chair's indifference to the Conservative Prime Minister and the chief of the Opposition alike. In the latter eighties Lord Randolph Churchill affected, though but half seriously, to challenge some of Speaker Peel's rulings.

As a fact, however, the devotion to fair play shown by a succession of our "first Commoners" has latterly, by both parties and by all factions, caused them to be regarded as outside the controversial area, till, in its weekly denunciation of Liberalism and all its modern works, the "Spectator" in the Parliament Bill has found one clause to be regarded only as designed to degrade the Chair, from an emblem of equity, dignity, incorruptibility, into an agency of all the venal abominations incidental to single Chamber rule. Mr. Asquith's proposal that the Speaker shall decide what is and what is not a Money Bill has been discovered to threaten the House of Commons, and in their vote to consider nothing else than the merits of their question, to be the first step in an advance that will not stop short of the Cabinet's reorganisation after the next General Election. In Imperial matters, the "want to know, you know" is not less aggressively noticeable and growing in perniciousness than in home affairs. The coming assembly in London of representatives from all parts of the King's dominions over seas will not be the ceremonial parade which other assemblages of a smaller scale have proved. Whether federation or some scheme in the direction of it be the practical outcome, the matter of immediate interest is the clear determination already taken by every class of the community to know exactly the apportionment between the mother country and the colonies of the burden to which they are committing themselves. Whether, in the interests of either or of our entire polity, this inquiry is wise and of good omen need not now be considered. When tariff reform was first launched the fashion of forcing questions all round came in. In the last century, perhaps even in the earliest years of the present, the solution of the vast problems now raised might have been finally carried through by a number of quiet, well-dressed gentlemen at a few tables, round or otherwise, in Whitehall. Today the entire favourites of officialism and bureaucracy in all its component parts have been let loose in the crucible by rude or reckless hands. The nearest tyro in reading the signs of the times knows the Parliament Bill to be not so much an instrument for introducing a new parliamentary régime as an agency symptomatic of the transition from rule by the privileges of classes to that of powers which, in their demand for information from behind the ministerial scenes, have so far not been seen in full operation. The connection between the Exeter business and the other problems now recapitulated is, of course, one, not of cause and effect, but of accidental succession of time. That does not detract from the significance attaching to the general simultaneity of the episodes here grouped together.

That in South Devon was itself preceded by a wrangle between a judge and his detractors, about which the people at Exeter to judge the motives of those who had judged the election. In London clubs, in country houses, and at other places where they are sure of their company, gentlemen charged with high State responsibilities, whether in the department of law or not, may say what they like without fear of consequences. But in mixed assemblies, or upon semi-public occasions, the man who systematically blots out his private sympathies might as well publish them to the town crier, and, if he fill any place of public responsibility, must be prepared to find that his reputation for impartiality is ruined.
What We are In For.

By S. Verdad.

Among the numerous Continental papers which I skim week by week, the "Corriere della Sera" is one of the Italian bunch which usually claims an extra minute or two of my attention; for its news service is well done, and its articles come from the hands of a brilliant staff of writers. Through the courtesy of another contributor to THE NEW AGE, my attention was this week specially directed—though, indeed, it was hardly necessary—to an exceptionally good article by Signor Guglielmo Emanuel. Signor Emanuel writes with a great deal of humour, and with an insight into English ways, manners and morals which many of us will find disconcerting. The article in the "Corriere" of April 20 which I refer to shows traces of keen observation and not a little psychological insight; but it will be better to take an extract or two from it and let the reader judge for himself:

"It has finally been decided that this reign of Her Majesty the Queen, during the coronation ceremony, shall not be borne by pages, but by maids of honour chosen from among the daughters of peers. This is not all; there is something more. It has finally been decided that the train of Her Majesty's carriage shall not be borne by pages, but by maids of honour chosen from among the daughters of peers. This is not all; there is something more. "It has finally been decided that the train of Her Majesty's carriage shall not be borne by pages, but by maids of honour chosen from among the daughters of peers. This is not all; there is something more. 

We at once think of a group of authoritative persons seated around a table, who are gravely considering the pros and cons of something or other, and who have arrived at a sign with a sigh of relief, given their solemn decision. What is it?

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was singularly conscious of the reserve imposed upon him as a monarch; whereas George V. seems really to look upon himself as a citizen—the first citizen, if you like—of the Empire. In this, too, his conception of what his duties are is less unchangeable than his father's. It found almost something as if he believed that he must give an account to his subjects of his behaviour as a husband and of the morals of the society he represents. It is known already that Court appointments will not be given to those who think themselves entitled to them by right of birth, but to notable men who have some connection in some capacity, such as the Army or the Navy. More rigour, too, will be exercised in keeping away from the precincts of the Court those who merely represent. It seems that the reign of Queen Victoria a divorce suit was equivalent to a conviction to keep away from the Royal palace for ever. King Edward let his practice fall into desuetude; King George has just revived it. Therefore, are absurdities of the “set,” and we may see a repetition of that exodus to the Continent which Edward VII. strove successfully to stop.

Signor Emanuel concludes his highly instructive article with a tribute to King George's capacity for hard work and with a well-deserved dig at the British Colonies: "The British Colonies never completely understood or sufficiently valued the rare diplomatic finesse of King Edward. In his reign it seemed to them that the Empire was governed by a cosmopolitan Talleyrand, rather than by a British Sovereign. Now it may be said that it will be governed by a simple, sound and honest Colonial King.”

Well said, Signor Emanuel! And with the emphasis I greatly fear, on the first of the adjectives in the last sentence of the quotation.

The Referendum in Australia.

To what extent Australian political and economic problems have been complicated by the establishment of a federal system of government has just been illustrated by the referendum taken last week on two questions as to amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth. Briefly, the Government of Australia is distributed between the Federation and the six constituent states in practically the same manner as in the United States of America. The States have sovereign rights, and by the federal compact have merely handed over to the central government such powers as are of national interest. The powers of the Commonwealth Government are thus strictly defined in the Constitution, and any departure outside the area so defined is an encroachment on State rights.

In 1907 the Commonwealth Parliament devised a new system of wage regulation in combination with the protective tariff. The experiment was embodied in a measure called the Tariff Excise Act which applied to the manufacture of agricultural machinery, and which provided that no manufacturer should get the benefit of the £12 customs duty unless the wages he paid were up to the standard provided by the Wages Board or Arbitration Court of the State in which he carried on his business, and unless the selling price of the commodity was not above a certain sum. In this way the benefits of a protective tariff were to be shared by the manufacturer and the worker, while the consumer was to bear the cost. This far-reaching experiment in industrial regulation, however, was never given a chance to show whether it was, or was not, practicable. The High Court, the interpreter of the Constitution, ruled that the Tariff Excise Act was ultra vires. In its report it seemed to them that the Empire was governed by a cosmopolitan Talleyrand, rather than by a British Sovereign. Now it may be said that it will be governed by a simple, sound and honest Colonial King.”

Well said, Signor Emanuel! And with the emphasis I greatly fear, on the first of the adjectives in the last sentence of the quotation.

1. Do you approve of the proposed law for the alteration of the Constitution, entitled “Constitutional Alteration (Legislative Powers, 1910)?”

2. Do you approve of the proposed law for the alteration of the Constitution, entitled “Constitutional Alteration (Monopolies, 1910)”?

The result of the two referenda shows that the people do not desire to give the Commonwealth Government enlarged powers which would enable the present Labour Government to carry out what is described as a Socialist policy, and to that extent the Government may be said to have suffered a serious reverse. It does not mean, however, that the Government could not depend on the Government to carry on within the legislative area marked out for it by the Constitution.

During the campaign, which has been fought with almost as much intensity as if the referendum were a general election, the Conservative Party has been arrayed on the side of State Rights, and the Labour forces in favour of enlarged federal powers. This cleavage of parties is a little curious when we remember that, at the time when the advisability of federation was being debated, the Labour Party was strongly opposed to the establishment of a central government. Their fear was based on the belief that in a national parliament they would not have a complete control of policy with the representatives of vested interests. But to the surprise of the Labour Party they found themselves growing stronger and stronger as each general election came and went. Finally, they were given a majority in the very machine whose creation they had so much dreaded. At the same time, it must be pointed out, they have also gained ground in the States, and in New South Wales and South Australia the Government is being carried on by Labour Cabinets. In the other four States it is not at all unlikely that the Labour Party will come into power. Also, it is not improbable that Mr. Deakin, the leader of the Conservative-Liberal "fusion," may defeat the Labour Party at the next general election for the Commonwealth Parliament. Should this happen, it is certain that the Labour Party will swing back into its former attitude of regarding State Rights as a safeguard against the centralised power of the Federation.

If any fault is to be found with the Australian Labour Party, it is that it has no very clear ideas of how it can best attain its objects—whether through the Commonwealth or the States. A careful analysis of the respective subjects dealt with by the central Government machinery will show that it is in the States that the Labour Party can work with more fruitful results. There is nothing to prevent a State Government from nationalising any industry within its own borders. The principal Australian mining areas, and of course the coal mines in New South Wales, are controlled by a trust or combination. If the Government of that State desired, they could make those mines a State monopoly. In Victoria recently, the Mines Department discovered a new coal bed, and instead of handing the new mines over to private enterprise, decided to own and work them themselves. This decision was largely due to the fact that the railways are State-owned, and that State-owned coal mines would enable the cost of fuel to be reduced. The State, however, is debarred from selling coal to the public owing to a clause inserted in that effect by the Upper House of the State legislature.

It is largely owing to the reactionary character of the Second Chambers of the State Parliaments that the Labour Party—which can gain, and has in some cases gained, a majority in the popularly elected Lower House—has listened to counsels of despair, and looked to the referendum in both the State Parliaments to carry out its ideas. For the purpose of the Labour and Socialist movements the States are much more suitable, and Australian Labour leaders will yet find, I believe, that their best plan is to abolish or reform the Second Chambers of the State legislatures, and to get away from the loss of prestige which the Labour Cabinet have suffered in the rejection of their proposed amendments at the referendum, there is no need for any anxiety.

L. H. S. B.
Thomas Doubtful on Arbitration.
By Baron G. von Taube.

Reading the eloquent speeches once more advocating the Hague, and actively conscious of the penalty Russia had to pay to Tsaruzin in Manchuria, I once more felt an enthusiastic initiative in that direction, I find myself in the queer position of that worthy provincial Governor of one of the backwoods in Russia, who, being in duty bound to know everything he heard about the Hague, and the documents to him. Nature being strong in his demands and the poor old fellow an ancient, tired man with considerable campaigning service behind him, he could not help withstand the monotonous reading without getting somewhat quite often. Then would the secretary, when arriving at the close of the document, raise his voice of a sudden and thereby awake his Excellency.

"Ili Ossipowitch," the Governor would then mildly ask, "be kind enough to tell me; Eto my pisheim, ili k’nam pishoot?—Is it we who write, or do they write to us?

This is a somewhat lengthy and ancient anecdote. Still I give it to the reader as it clearly sets forth the quandary in the controversy. Arbitration is nothing new. It has been in use for some time already, and a treaty with the cousin across the herring pond is certainly a desirable feature for both countries. It is a almost a necessity for John Bull and appropriately valued as much in the U.S.A. But here it ends.

But is the Hague really to become the International Tribunal de facto and not de jure only? If so, who is it that would undertake the unenviable role of the Sheriff’s Posse of the International Tribunal at Hague?

Mr. Andrew Carnegie may be perfectly right in claiming that any difficulty between the U.S.A. and Great Britain can be satisfactorily adjusted by a small number of gentlemen representing the Chambers of Commerce of each country. It certainly ought to be so in the case of Great Britain and the U.S.A. But will such a procedure also cover the misunderstandings of other nations? It seems rather doubtful. Mr. Andrew Carnegie ought to have remembered that but for his Pinkertons his Homestead works would have been destroyed. Notwithstanding all our higher flights of imagination and our lofty aspirations, every one of us is fully convinced that the verdict of justice would not be worth the paper it is recorded on but for the security we have of its enforcement by armed force if necessary.

An offensive and defensive alliance then against all peace breakers! Still, even in that case, there would be countries found on the map where the alliance would fail. For instance, China, Russia, not forgetting the little Japs.

However, grant that a peace association would include the German as well as the united fleets of the nations. Well then, to be efficient the Allies must be overwhelmingly strong the world over. And in such case all of them, the United States and Great Britain included, cannot even dream of disarmament; but, on the contrary, must be ready to double their military efficiency, answering the efforts of readiness on the part of such countries as would not be inclined to have their vital interests depend on the brilliance of their lawyers or the infallibility of the tribunal—countries, in a word, that would refuse to submit to any foreign coercion.

An offensive and defensive alliance therefore would result in increased general armament only. Moreover, the times when an Englishman was ready to fight a Frenchman because the fellow was a frog-eater, or to embark against the Russian as he eats little candles have passed beyond recall. National hatred is such a procedure also cover the misunderstandings of imagination and our lofty aspirations, every one of us is quite superfluous for the Liberal Press to keep on telling us day after day that there are no ideas in the Tory Party. This fact has long been obvious to the two modern Tories who recognise what a new idea is when they see one. It is, no doubt, distressing that the number of such Tories should be so small; but there is still hope. New and powerful ideas concerning government lie scattered over the Continent from St. Petersburg to Madrid; they are to be found in all sorts of unlikely places. Now, only those men count who are able either to create new ideas for themselves or to appreciate and develop the new ideas created for them by others. Men of both categories are rare; the first more so than the second. So a leaderless party, which has withstood without a murmur the platitude of the Tory Front Benchers for the last ten years or more, not to mention the even more melancholy platitude of Tory leader-writers, may well condescend to study the pages of the only literary review in England which is, or even professes to be, in touch with modern Continental thought.

The first duty of any writer who is dealing with democratic systems of government is to point out the enormous difference between the ancient and modern acceptations of the word Democracy. The literal meaning, viz., "the rule of the people" in Athens meant the freemen and not the slaves. Furthermore, "the rule of the people" in Athens meant the rule of the men only. In modern times, on the other hand, Democracy means the rule of every class in the community, and includes even the working classes, i.e., those who in ancient times would have corresponded in a very great measure to the slaves. Again, one of the main items on the programmes of

Tory Democracy.
By J. M. Kennedy.

It is quite superfluous for the Liberal Press to keep on telling us that there are no ideas in the Tory Party. This fact has long been obvious to the few modern Tories who recognise what a new idea is when they see one. It is, no doubt, distressing that the number of such Tories should be so small; but there is still hope. New and powerful ideas concerning government lie scattered over the Continent from St. Petersburg to Madrid; they are to be found in all sorts of unlikely places. Now, only those men count who are able either to create new ideas for themselves or to appreciate and develop the new ideas created for them by others. Men of both categories are rare; the first more so than the second. So a leaderless party, which has withstood without a murmur the platitude of the Tory Front Benchers for the last ten years or more, not to mention the even more melancholy platitude of Tory leader-writers, may well condescend to study the pages of the only literary review in England which is, or even professes to be, in touch with modern Continental thought.

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the professedly Democratic parties in modern times is the
equalisation of the sexes and votes for women, thus
further widening the gap between ancient and modern
Democracy.

There are still other distinctions, however. Apart
from the fact that the labouring classes in ancient com-
munities had no power—for they were slaves—and that,
under modern voting systems, they have, in theory, the
proportional power in the state, since they are in the
majority — in practice, the idea of a state on a large scale, but rather with the
idea of the city. This prevailed far into the Middle
Ages. Close readers of Machiavelli, for example, can-
not have failed to observe how often we meet in his
works with the word "città" (city), and how relatively
seldom with "stato" (state). The free towns of Flanders
and of Germany (e.g., Hamburg) are other
instances of the survival of this ancient form of govern-
mament, and, in a sense, the last typical Roman of the old school, and in
the interval which elapsed between his death and the
delivery of Cicero's speeches we can easily see that the
change that had come over the form of government in
Rome was very great.

Even in the later period of the Republic, however, it
is clear that the Democracy of the time could keep a
more strict control over its rulers than in the period of the
Empire, though it must not be forgotten that the
word Democracy applies here in its limited sense. The
slaves, in so many respects, were prominent in the early days of the Republic
to control their betters. The scenes at the elections of the
tribunes are incidentally referred to in the works of the older annalists, selections from which have fortunately
been preserved for us by Livy and Dionysius of Halicar-
nassus; and Macaulay has admirably touched upon them
in his ballad of "Virginia."* As the city gradually
extended its power, however, certain old Roman ideals
which were prominent in the early days of the Republic
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The ancient Greek philosophers naturally turned their
attention to the subject of government, and the views of the
Hellenic world in general are well represented in
Plato's "Republic" and Aristotle's "Politics."§ Plato,
the earlier thinker, conceived of the ideal state
as one in which the philosophers were to be kings,
whereas an Italian psychologist, Dr. Sera, has pointed
out that probably more harm would be done to states-
manship if philosophers governed than to philosophy if
mere kings philosophised. Aristotle's opinion differed
from Plato's in many vital respects, and I hope to refer
to the principles of both thinkers at greater length
in a succeeding article. At this point of our inquiry
the view that philosophers should be directly concerned
in ruling is one, perhaps, which is worthy of some
special discussion, and an apparent digression may be
excused.

The most ancient and probably the most commend-
able practice was that prevailing in India and China.
In China, as we may judge from a study of Confucius,
the philosopher was rather the companion of the king,
and his services were often summoned when the differ-
centures came up for discussion and solution. In India,
however, the philosophers were the real rulers, but
without being soiled by coming into that contact with
men and things which the actual work of ruling necessarily
involves. Thus the Brahmins, i.e., the priestly and
philosophical caste, raised themselves by the sheer
force of their mental capacity above what afterwards
was but a vague idea of kingship.!

One peculiarity of the Oriental, which has been
commended by European thinkers of the most
diverse shades of opinion, is his willingness to follow
a leader in whom he is confident and for whom he feels
respect. It is therefore with a little doubt that the
Brahmins were enlightened leaders, and in centuries
venerated accordingly. They were loved in some cases
and doubtless feared in others; but they were not
followed for either of these reasons. They were
followed because they were trusted, and they were
trusted because they were recognised to be superior in
mind to the other castes. They laid down the law,
and it was the duty of the second caste, which included
the kings and high administrative officials, to see that
the laws were observed. The second caste could not

In Greece, then, about the time of Plato, we find
that this principle no longer exists. The Greek
philosophers are not the actual makers of the law, like
the Indian philosophers; they are not even the advisers
of the king, like the high administrative officials.
In India they have no status at all, so we find Aristotle, in the
"Politics," proposing one for them.* When we
endeavour to find out why this should be so, our
curiosity will be satisfied by comparing the works of the
Greek philosophers with those of the Indian
philosophers: contrasting, say, the "Republic" of
Plato with the Laws of Manu. The Greeks, while their
level of thought is extraordinarily high—so high that
it has served as an ideal for generations of Europeans
and even Mohammedans—is not of so high a standard
as that of the ancient Indians. Philosophers
degenerated, therefore they ceased to be respected,
trusted and obeyed. Order gradually became
"values," to use Nietzsche's now generally

§ While it is true that a few critics have hesitated to
attribute the "Politics" to Aristotle, there is no doubt in the
minds of the best authorities that he wrote the book. It is,
at any rate, thoroughly Aristotelian in spirit, as a
comparison with his "Politics" will show. Indeed, although
however, cannot be said of the recently-discovered
"Constitution of Athens," printed from a MS. found in the British
Museum. This essay, judging from its general tone and
the internal evidence, seems to me to be wholly or in great
part the work of a pupil.

* Cf. the "Republic" and the "Laws," passing over Jowett's
introductions and notes, and Newman's notes on his Greek
text of Aristotle's "Politics." (Oxford, 1882 foll.)

† See the passage in Book IV., in which Aristotle speaks of
"ex-rulers," and their share in the priestly functions.
understood term, were transvaluated; the transition from aristocracy to democracy had begun.

Degeneracy on the part of the thinkers, therefore, thus had its inevitable repercussion. The "people," once deceived in their leaders, became suspicious of all leaders, more particularly in the western world. Consequently, worthy minds and the names of modern philosophers and leaders did appear from time to time, they found it next to impossible to secure a hearing. Mind as such gradually fell into disrepute, and materialism gradually began to take its place as an object of worship. The famous saying of one of the Republican mob in response to the petition for the reprieve of Lavoisier, "La République n'a pas besoin de savants," conceivably sums up the attitude of modern Western Democracy towards the higher faculties of man. Yet the Democracy itself is not altogether to blame. We cannot blame a horse, if, in obedience to the rein in the hand of the rider, he plunges into an abyss. He that has been bitten by a serpent is terrified at the sight of a lizard, says the Italian proverb, Cui serpe mozza, luctera teme; and a deceived people is equally distrustful of the leaders who have misled it and of the leaders whose efforts might bring it back to the right path. For many cases of respectable history the best minds could count upon the unwavering fidelity of those whose mental powers were less developed and who were well content with their inferior position. In a few cases we shall see traces of this spirit in modern times. But if the Democracy has got out of hand, the blame rests with those who formerly controlled it.

It will be seen that we have the makings of a very pretty problem here, and it may be advisable to clear it up as far as the material now at our disposal permits us before proceeding. Why and how did the leaders of the Democracy degenerate?

"Race," exclaimed D'esculapi, on one occasion, "race is the key to history!" This is but the nineteenth century acceptance of a truth which Gobineau's famous work on the inequality of races has enabled us to grasp more completely; but which, despite its apparent modernity, was known in India thousands of years before the birth of that teacher according to whose nativity we Westerners reckon our calendar. From the internal evidence furnished by the Laws of Manu we see clearly that the Indian philosophers degenerated owing to their matrimonial alliances with inferior beings; and medico-psychological investigations provide us with excellent reasons for supposing that the same principle may be applied for testing the degeneracy of any race of man, whether on the physical factors underlying the degeneration of a race are analogous to those underlying the degeneration of a caste.

While touching upon this medical feature of the subject, I would emphasise the fact that the principle of degeneration through interbreeding with inferior types may be applied psychically. The physical alliance of a man of noble blood with an inferior creature will doubtless result in a much less noble offspring; but the mind is also liable to be affected apart from the merely physical connection. Association with inferior companions, with inferior pictures, with inferior books; existence amid dreary, dull and uncongenial surroundings: all these things will affect the progeny of the mind—i.e., its thoughts—in as damaging a way as an inadvisable physical connection will affect the progeny of the body. There are strong bodily constitutions as there are strong minds, which may for a time shake off such adverse outside influences. But it is to be feared that the ultimate ending is inevitable. The subject of the psycho-physical relationship between the mind and the body, which has only within recent years begun to be studied by the physiologists, has thus more to do with Tory Democracy than may appear at first sight.†

† On this point a few hints will be found scattered, like oases in a desert, through a work dealing with quite a different topic, Dr. P. E. Levy's "Éducation rationnelle de la Volonté."
through all the seasons in a lifetime. The Romans, who cared nothing for astronomy, might have put up with this state of things indefinitely, but for their own travelling and the Greeks within the gates of their own mother-tongue, when they are taught, long before they go to school, that September is the ninth month, its name a help to memory, are quite justified in dubbing the Gregorian Kalendar before Julius: our present Kalendar is, as a Clock, absolutely perfect! Then what is it that Mr. Pearce wants to effect? Why try to reform that which is absolutely perfect? The answer is this: Although the Gregorian Kalendar is perfect as a Clock, it is clumsy, inconvenient to use, and these were of inconveniences in other ways. It still retains two out of three of the mistakes made by that great man whom English schoolboys, as a help to memory, are quite justified in dubbing "Old Sausage." The year still begins several days late; in fact, three days later than in the time of Caesar. And we still make use of the old and meaningless month-names. In addition, the month, which has long since ceased to be a time-measure, has become worse than useless, a positive nuisance. It is this last defect which Mr. Pearce would remedy.

Let us pass briefly through the History of Time Measures. Thousands of years ago, in the warm countries of the South, and before the days of agriculture, of sowing and of reaping, men did not much concern themselves with the seasons. Nor was the contrast between summer and winter nearly so marked as in more northerly latitudes. Of far more importance to them was their night work. Hunters make good use of bright moonlight, and even shepherds "watch their flocks by night with greater ease, security, and comfort, when the poles appear above the horizon," "when can you begin that bit of work?" "I one day asked a nightman. "Well, sir," he answered, "it won't be light till Monday week." He was puzzled at first, but on reference to the almanac, I found that he had guessed without the slightest hesitation, named the fifth night before Full Moon.

Our fathers found that there were ten bright nights in the month, followed by ten nights of waning light, and then ten nights of waxing light. And then came again ten nights of brightness. Careful observation soon taught them that the (nearly) exact length of time between one Full Moon and the next was, not 30 days, but 29 1/2. Alternating months of 30 and 29 days met the difficulty, and for tens of thousands of years this month (or "moonth" as it is still called in the North) continued to be the only time-measure. Men even expressed their own age in terms of months, and when about 80 years of age, Methuselah measured 354 days and said to say that he was 699 or so. The very words "moon" and "moonth" mean "measure." The Greek "men," Latin "mensis," a month; the Gothic "mena," the moon; the Sanskrit "ma," to measure, etc., are all from the same root. "Moonth" is a word of long-standing that is mouldy and moth-eaten. It still survives all we hear about the chaotic state of the Roman Calendar before Julius: our information is derived mainly from Macrobius, a Greek probably ignorant of their own mother-tongue, when they are taught, long before they go to school, that September is the ninth month, its name a help to memory, are quite justified in dubbing the Gregorian Calendar before Julius: our present Calendar is, as a Clock, absolutely perfect! Then what is it that Mr. Pearce wants to effect? Why try to reform that which is absolutely perfect? The answer is this: Although the Gregorian Calendar is perfect as a Clock, it is clumsy, inconvenient to use, and these were of inconveniences in other ways. It still retains two out of three of the mistakes made by that great man whom English schoolboys, as a help to memory, are quite justified in dubbing "Old Sausage." The year still begins several days late; in fact, three days later than in the time of Caesar. And we still make use of the old and meaningless month-names. In addition, the month, which has long since ceased to be a time-measure, has become worse than useless, a positive nuisance. It is this last defect which Mr. Pearce would remedy.

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days each, and five days over, which belonged to no month, but stood alone at the tail-end of the year, and were devoted to holiday, worship, and feasting. And the month had become a mere fraction of the year!

But when did the ancient Year begin? In measuring the circumference of a circle, it does not much matter at which point you start, provided you can mark it and stick to it. There are only two points in the Earth's orbit which can be easily recognised by simple folks, such as our primitive forefathers and ordinary persons of our own time: namely, the points at which the noonday sun comes to a standstill (sol-stices). For six months he rises higher and higher in the sky till about June 21, when he comes to a standstill and begins his downward course, and this he continues till about December 21, when he again comes to a standstill and recommences his upward career. The two points are called the Solstices. At first, this term was applied only to the summer solstice, when someone removed a wheel from the Sun-god's chariot, and so brought it to rest. And the shortest day was called Bruma—bremia or brenia: but to-day both these turning-points are termed "solstices." Any clown can see when the shadow of the obelisk or other gnomon ceases to lengthen and begins to shorten, and vice versa.

In those two weeks of closing pointer are easily recognised, namely, the days when the day and the night are equal and, therefore, called Equinoxes. But you will not find this so easy on a desert island without some kind of watch or clock. Nor was it a very nice job to long-distance the winds. Some say it was Pythas, or you or I, undertake the business of rolling a stone nearly to the top of a hill and then letting it roll down again, we naturally consider that our task begins at the bottom. Hence all ancient calendar-makers began the year at the Winter Solstice and not at the Summer Solstice. Primitive man began his solar year when the noonday sun was at its lowest: that is, on the shortest day, when the shadow of the gnomon is longest. Books on astronomy and chronology state the contrary. They inform (or misinform) us that the day chosen for the first of the year was the Vernal Equinox, but within the last ten years this view has been utterly discredited. *

Anyhow, Caesar chose the shortest day as his starting-point, although the priests compelled him to wait seven days for the advent of the New Moon. His difficulty began when he had to fit his twelve months into the year. A starry heaven is divided into different kinds of month, of lengths varying between 27 1/4 and 30 3/4 days, to which they give pleasing names for the encouragement of students. We hear of the "Kalendar month," the "lunar month," the "synodic," the "sidereal," the "neo-hypatian," the "sidereal," the "anomalistic," and so on. They are all quite simple in themselves, but we all like to use hard words, they sound so august.

The year cannot begin with the "lunar" or "synodic" month, for the moon is going through the zodiacal signs at the rate of one a month. The first month of the year must be called January,

The Kalendar Month is not a month at all, but one-twelfth of the year. It happens to be talking about; thus in leap-year, it is a period of 303 days. Or we may give the name to any group of days which the Government agrees to call a Kalendar month, say, February of 28 days, or March of 31. Or with the good folk of Alba, we may make our calendar months of any length from 16 to 39 days. "Lunar month" is used in two senses, one of which is identical with "synodic month," but the latter is preferable as being more difficult. The ancient name for this "lunar" or "synodic" month was "Month." And it meant the time between one moon at its brightest, and the next moon at its brightest.

Man is powerless to alter the length of this month, but the calendar month has been the plaything of governments. Even the Board of Trade cannot alter the synodic month, but Augustus made August last 31 days in his time, and he should not be inferior in prestige to July, the name-month of his predecessor Julius. This was very noble and even "imperial" of Augustus, and it really seems cruel of Mr. Pearce to wish to undo his handiwork. We have seen what the Sidereal month was, and how from it came the fourfold division into Weeks which replaced the older division into three Decades. But the Romans, of all people, could not tolerate the idea of thirteen months in a year, and, besides, even the mathematical Egyptians, and their talented pupils the Greeks, had long since discarded the month as a measure, and reduced it to some kind of fractional measure of a year: just as our English shilling is not really a value-measure, but only the twentieth part of a certain weight of gold. Hence Caesar had to find a new calendar which would have its full number of alternate months (false months) of alternate 30 and 29 days. Twelve of these gave him 366 days. And by knocking off the last day of the year off every first, second, and third year, and leaving it on the fourth year, he reached our present system. The last month of the year had been February and that is why February was and still is the variable month. It was further robbed by calendar-jugglers subsequently. The reason why Caesar adopted the last two months of the year, and placed them at the beginning is one with which we moderns have little sympathy. It was a concession to the religion of the day. Owing to the long-announced precession of the equinox, priests had to come to believe that the old year had always begun on the Spring Equinox, and they could not brook any interference with their great feasts. The dies fasti must not be interfered with. The religious (or as we should call it, the ecclesiastical) year must be celebrated in March. There was nothing for it but to stuff the months of January and February between the winter solstice and March. Caesar himself could not do all he wished.

If now we were to return to Caesar's (or Sosigenes's) original scheme, what would our calendar be? The year would begin at the shortest day, the following day would be the second of March; and March would have 30 days, April would have 31, and so on alternately up to the last month, February, which in leap-year would have its full complement of 31 days, but on the intermediate three years only 30. Nothing could be simpler. Caesar wished to ignore the moon altogether, and also the equinoxes, which, owing to the ellipticity of the orbit, do not divide the year into four equal parts. Caesar's original year would be as follows:


Thus the last month of the year (February) would have its full complement of days; the first month would have its true days, or March of 31.

* Vide "Ancient Calendars." By Hon. E. Plunket. (Murray. 1903.)
each quarter have 30 days, and the last has 31. And no month contains a whole number of weeks with nothing over. Consequently his months do not all begin with the same day of the week. May I venture to suggest to Mr. Pearce and to the public the following perfect calendar?

New Year's Day to fall on the day of the Winter Solstice, and to be called Bruma, or New Year's Day, or Christmas Day, or by any other name. The next day to be called Sunday the first of March.

March to have 28 days or 4 weeks. April to have 28 days or 4 weeks. May to have 35 days or 5 weeks. June to have 28 days or 4 weeks. July to have 28 days or 4 weeks. August to have 35 days or 5 weeks. September to have 28 days or 4 weeks. October to have 28 days or 4 weeks. November to have 35 days or 5 weeks. December to have 28 days or 4 weeks. January to have 28 days or 4 weeks. February to have 35 days or 5 weeks.

Every week, every month, every quarter, every year, will thus begin on a Sunday and end on a Saturday. Leap day would only occur four times between August 35 and September 1, and would be a dies-non, belonging to no month and to no week, and known only as Leap-day: just like Bruma or New Year's Day. All contracts, loans, and heat-bearing instruments would be in terms of years, quarters and weeks, and not in terms of months, and the Dies-nons would not count. I have no objection to these dies-nons being used as holidays or as double-work-days or in any way the people desire. We might even call them Red-letter-days. By Jacob Tonson.

I think I may say that nobody of any importance has really yet made up his mind about the value of the Copyright Bill, either as it stands, or as it is likely to stand after possible amendments. But that it has very grave defects is indisputable. The "Daily Telegraph" on Friday last published an excellent article in which Mr. Hall Caine gave his impressions of the first sitting of the Grand Committee on the Bill. A discanting article, because it made apparent the stupidity of nearly everybody who has an effective finger in the pie of the Bill! One's only comfort is the reflection that all legislation, however good in the result, is the product of stupidities equally crass. It would never do to enquire too closely into the mentality of Grand Committees. Surely stupidity, and not calculated immorality, is at the bottom of the matter. And the greater the speculation that the public ought to be protected against its authors, lecturers, and musical composers! Surely it is sheer idiocy, and not an advantage of presentation. M. Dethomas's scenery was admirable, and all the principal rôles were superbly acted.

Books and Persons.

The New Age May 4, 1911.

** Books and Persons. **

By Jacob Tonson.

Recently I saw a play in Paris which certainly ought to be produced by the Stage Society of London. It is the second really good play produced in Paris this season. The first was "Le Vieil Homme," by Georges de Porto Riche. "Le Vieil Homme" would be ridiculous and even extravagant in English; it might conceivably be translated into German, but in English it is simply inconceivable; not for Grundyish reasons—it contains only about .01 per cent. of the immorality of, say, "The Merry Widow"—but for profound social reasons; London would no more understand it than Paris understood "Candida." The play for the Stage Society's attention is "The Brothers Karamazov," founded by M. Jaques Copeau on the novel of Dostoievsky, and presented at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, once the home of melodrama, has for some years had an artistic aim, formerly under the direction of Comte Robert d'Humières, whose book on England, "L'Ille et L'Empire" is fine reading and now under the direction of M. Mouché, of "La Grande Revue" for his pleasure. M. Mouché, being a mere dilettante, has several times been deceived as to the value of the authors who had use of him and his theatre; and he is responsible for the production of several very bad and very pretentious new plays. But he has not been deceived as to the value of the artists who have painted his scenery. His revival of De Musset's "Fantasio," with scenery by M. Georges d'Espagnet, remains in my memory as one of the most beautiful spectacles I ever saw on the stage—inferior only to the Russian ballets. It was a complete failure financially. (By the way, Post-Impressionist scenery is bound to triumph in the immediate future; already it is conquering Paris and Moscow.)

And now M. Mouché may congratulate himself on the production of an admirable modern play, at once realistic and heroic. Nothing could have been more unlikely than the artistic success of a play founded on "Les Frères Karamazov." Plays founded on novels have hitherto been the scorn of the intelligent. And if there is one novel that would seem more intractable than all others to stage treatment, that novel is "Les Frères Karamazov." Noteworthy is M. Copeau, with astonishing skill, tact and audacity, has transmuted it into a real stage play. In particular, he has preserved the unique atmosphere of this morbid and masterly novel. The play is the novel. What the play would mean to a spectator who had not read the novel I cannot say. Nor do I much care. It is the duty of everybody to have read "Les Frères Karamazov." I can certify that the pleasure of seeing a great and familiar novel presented adequately to one's eyes and ears is as acute as it is strong. Never in this world shall I forget the incomparably dapper father saying to his son, in his desolately masculine house, on the night of his death: "I'm seventy-three, and I never met an ugly woman. Each has her charm. Le seul fait de son sexe est—déjà—énorme." Never shall I read the novel again without simultaneously in my mind seeing the play. The play had every advantage of presentation. M. Dethomas's scenery was admirable, and all the principal rôles were superbly acted.

I think I may say that nobody of any importance has really yet made up his mind about the value of the Copyright Bill, either as it stands, or as it is likely to stand after possible amendments. But that it has very grave defects is indisputable. The "Daily Telegraph" on Friday last published an excellent article in which Mr. Hall Caine gave his impressions of the first sitting of the Grand Committee on the Bill. A discanting article, because it made apparent the stupidity of nearly everybody who has an effective finger in the pie of the Bill! One's only comfort is the reflection that all legislation, however good in the result, is the product of stupidities equally crass. It would never do to enquire too closely into the mentality of Grand Committees. Surely stupidity, and not calculated immorality, is at the bottom of the matter. And the greater the speculation that the public ought to be protected against its authors, lecturers, and musical composers! Surely it is sheer idiocy, and not an extreme rascality, which gives copyright in a lecture to the first newspaper that reports it, while denying copyright to the lecturer! As for the breach, I would remark that personally my first object in pursuing a literary career is not to enlighten and spiritualise the public, but to maintain myself and my family in dignity. If any person came to me and said I ought to be deprived of my work derived of my work (which is my sole means of life) because it prevented the public from being enlightened and spiritualised by me at less than cost, I should not argue with that person, I should merely regard him as a damned fool! That this kind of thing occurs every day by legislators and notorieties in Grand Committees and the Lunatic Asylum van is not even waiting at the doors for them as they come out! I wonder what my baker would say if I said to him: "Look here, my good man, you must make a present of your loaves to me, as the rest of the public, because we need your loaves, and it is therefore to the general interest that you should be stopped from providing for yourself and your wife and children!" Or rather, I don't wonder at all! I know exactly what my baker would say, and that he would say it with his boot.
Unedited Opinions.

On Sentimentality.

I have observed that your New Age writers are opposed to what they call sentimentality. Have you a clear idea of what is meant by the opprobrious thing?

Certainly. Sentimentality is one of the most easily defined of the vices: it is an affectation of feeling. Just as men pretend to think thoughts that they have never truly thought, and to hold beliefs that they really do not hold, so they pretend to the possession of feelings which, in fact, they never experience. Or, if they experience them, it is in so slight a form that without a sort of snobery they would never name them.

But is it supposed anywhere to be a merit to experience feelings of an intense degree?

Of course. Everywhere. In most countries it is also a merit to conceal them, but, none the less, not to experience them is reckoned a defect. Privately, at any rate, the most stony-faced man is expected to contain in his bosom a flaming heart. And on occasion the flames are permitted to leap out, whereupon the crowd are delighted; his humanity is revealed! With so much kudos—and a great deal more besides—there is no wonder that everybody cultivates in a time of leisure the affection of feeling.

But you do not deny that most men do actually feel very intensely about most things?

About some things all men feel intensely, but about most things, no. I will allow pretty strong feelings pretty universally experienced on the subject of property and so on. Strong feelings, by the way, we call prejudices. But I absolutely deny that, concerning the things about which people are typically sentimental, there are more than a score or so genuinely moved in any age. The rest are simply emotional toadies and snobs—cowards, if you like—who are afraid to confess that they have no feelings in regard to matters about which somebody has told them they ought to feel. These are the sentimentalists and a numerous poor crew they are.

I fail to see, in the first place, how you can know that these people are merely affecting emotion; in the second, what harm it does them if they do; and, in the third, what harm their affectations do to those who really feel emotions.

Well, if the spectacle of hordes of insincere people lying to others and to themselves does not turn the sunlight black for you, converting your natural camaraderie into cynicism, there is, I suppose, no great harm done. If that is not enough, what do you say to this obvious fact: that even sentimentalists are a frustrate soul, self-cheated of self knowledge? But, of course, if we start with a prejudice against lying in the matter of thoughts, it will extend to lying in feelings. It's lying, and there's an end of it. As for proofs that sentimentalists are insincere, do you suppose that intense emotions are in themselves always pleasurable, that anybody who knows their nature should strive to acquire them? On the contrary, they are as often a curse as a blessing. What, for instance, is there particularly desirable in the temperament of an artist like Carlyle? I name one; I could name a thousand. Take it as historically settled that great emotional capacity has invariably been filled as often with pain as with pleasure. But your sentimentalists are remarkably equable. Indeed, their distinguishing mark is their belief that reasoning about belief can limit it. It is always the sentimentalist who deplores violent expressions... Again, one must judge the tree by its fruit. We know very well the effect one sincere man produces; his emotion is positively a motive force. Yet there are whole platoons of people professing to share his feelings who yet are moved to do nothing whatever to express them. Don't tell me that people feel unless, as the Quaker put it, they feel in their very pockets. Finally, you will discover that crisis always finds them out. Sentimentality flourishes in an era, but sentimentality languishes. Reality it is that knocks the nonsense out of sentimentality.

Have you any particular sorts of sentimentality in mind?

They are innumerable, being as many, in fact, as there are real feelings to affect and imitate. I reckon most poets, novelists, political writers, and publicists among them, to begin with. You can scarcely take up a volume of recent verse without discovering a pack of lies. There are exceptions, but the mass of them are lies. When Keats said, on hearing the nightingale: "My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains my sense, As though of hemlock I had drunk, Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains," we can believe him. He was expressing accurately, simply and beautifully precisely what he felt. When Dante wrote of Hell he looked as if he had been in it, so men said. Most of your modern poets simply lie. We can safely say that they have no other feeling than the man in the street, and all their language is bombast. It sounds like it; it does not ring true. They feel it or affect it as if they felt it nor write to the critic's ear as if they did. Even about love they are pretenders. How many of the Vigo poets have lost a night's sleep over their amours? And their appetites! No, what they are after is the reputation for emotion without its cost. Sentimentality is a cheap imitation of sentiment.

Well, never mind the poets. They are exceptions, you say. Let us be thankful for them. You referred to political writers and workers—are they sentimentalists too?

Undoubtedly; Socialists, Imperialists and Humanitarians—humbugs nearly the whole lot of them. Mind, I do not say all. If there were no men of real feeling among them there would be no imitations. There are Socialists, for example, who really do suffer agonies on account of the misery of the poor, and spend their days and nights in encompassing their relief. Similarly there are real Imperialists who have fallen in love with England. Also I believe there are splendid souls who are passionately in love with humanity. But just as true lovers are few and imitations are many, so the mass of people who call themselves Socialists, Imperialists and Humanitarians, are simply frauds trading on emotional credit. Why, if there were as many passionate Socialists, Imperialists and Humanitarians as profess themselves these things, the world would be one or the other or all three in double quick time. As many? One in ten of these armies would be enough, according to Joshua. Of all the ill things I hear of Germany the worst is this: that it contains three million voting Socialists and no Socialism. That fact stamps the German proletariat. They neither mean what they say nor feel what they profess to feel. One bark from the Kaiser's wardogs and they would be back to the brutal truth. How refreshing!

Do you mean to say you would prefer them to be what they now believe themselves not to be, even though the reality is brutal and the appearance humane?

Certainly, for though the truth is brutal it is tolerable. Besides, we should all know where we were then. At present, people who really feel are constantly being misled, if not into illusions, then into cynicism. One hears that here, there and everywhere people are feeling this, that, and the other, and one believes it until patience is exhausted. Then one becomes cynical and denies the reality of emotion perhaps too sweepingly. Thus one suffers thrice. If only people would stop pretending! Really, sentimentalists, when you get to the bottom of them, are infinitely better than they imagine themselves to be.
Public-Houses.

By Stephen Reynolds and Robert Woolley.

I.

Dave Perring is anything but a drunkard. He has had in his time a few famous fuddles—"when we were all jolly together"—and he enjoys recalling how nearly on one or two occasions he escaped being locked up. But, as far as he knows, he hasn’t made a habit of it. You go into a public-house when I’m up for it an’ got the money in my pocket, an’ I can go wi’out it when I’m minded, which is mostly, an’ not feel the want o’ it."

Once, when he hurt himself, the doctor wanted him to promise that he would do nothing at all and he was well. Dave refused. He felt it to be a move against his freedom. Therefore, instead, he made an evening of it, and was taken home with a Here thee a’th’, missis! Here’s thy husband! Shall we carry ‘em up over for? You don’t ‘em make a start by shutting up some rich men makes a living in those two houses!"

"The Licensing Act, what the Lords chucked out; where they be but men, an’ got to do the best for theirselves. They thinks they’s making people drink less when two pubs is wanted, don’ ‘em? That is, they be but men, an’ got to do the best for theirselves."

One evening he was having his glass at the ‘King’s Arms’ and asking the barmaid if she wouldn’t like to go for a walk with him, when Bob Partman, the baker, turned round to him and said: "If you want to have another one, go out at the ‘Blue Light’—’tis you know, the time? Eh, Dave? Ten years ago, must be—well, you’d better hurry up. They’re going to close it.""

"What for?" asked Dave. "Has o’ Knocky Taylor made his fortune, then?"

"He brought up his head about it. They’re going to oppose his place and the ‘Waggoner’ as well."

At once Dave Perring was up in arms. "What for?" he repeated. "They’m both respectable pubs, though they’s working-class pubs; but people’s going to close the little beer-houses, like you says. Them that goes there for to, hires a cab to take ‘em home. ‘Tis like thic one law for rich and poor. ‘Tisn’t the policemen’s fault; you take notice that so long as a working chap sticks to beer he don’t come to much bad harm. He works it off. He may get noisy an’ fight, but he don’t do this crowding starts soaking spirits that he busts up his home an’ asks ‘ee to lend ‘en enough for a wet. An’ if he goes putting down spirits on top of beer. . . Why, I’ve a-see’d it take three or four men for to hold a man! Yet they says that they’re closing beer-houses, where you can’t get no spirits, on account o’ temperance. Either they’m ignorant, which we knows they be, or else they says one thing meaning another."

"Which is it? Is o’er-supposed that: drinking a lot an’ not showing it, like some men can, or getting drunk quick on a little? There’s a difference in men that they don’t take no count of. An’ drinking it down too quick, or excitement. . . That’ll make a man drunk worse’n o’er.

"I reckon the worst sort o’ pubs is they there drink-shops where you stands at a counter wi’ nort else to do but swallow it down; an’ some o’em looks at ‘ee, too, in such places, if you don’t drink up quick and order another one. They’re a long far worse’n the little pubs where you can go in an’ sit down for an hour, spinning up a yarn, an’ not hae no more’n you’m minded.

"They thinks they’s making people drink less when they shuts up pubs; but people’s going to drink if they wants it; an’ I reckons it’s a mistake. The more you’re crowded in for to, the more you’re crowded in for to many into a few pubs. ‘Tis a mistake. The more crown there is in a bar, the more people you meets, and instead of drinking to yourself or a couple o’ee together, you drinks in big crowds, an’ ’f course you knows where you be, you makes meal o’ it. What wi’ one calling for a round an’ then o’er, till you’ve all had a call, how can ’ee help o’it? You likes to be friendly and stand treat. What’s life wuth wi’out it? And I don’t say ‘tis bad thing; o’er ‘tis silly to force people to it by closing the small pubs.

"An’ what’s more, ‘tismostly working men’s pubs they closes. But I reckon ‘tis best to leave working men to drink by theirselves, where they all knows each other’s ways an’ how each other’s situated. When bettermost people comes in, what’s got more money in their pocket, it only leads half the time to a fellow drinkin’ more’n he wants to an’ spendin’ more’n he can afford, so’s he shan’t look small. An’ if you ever goes into pubs an’ tap-rooms, where labouring man is, all o’em squat down before their pint, you’ll find ‘tis better behaviour there than where all sorts is mixed-muddled up together in one o’ these here swagger pubs, power o’an, an’ they’ll talk about what they’re minded an’ somebody starts a sing-song. Labouring men is better-behaved in pubs than bettermost people, less, of course, there’s ort upsets ‘em. That’s why ‘tis they’m best to theirselves, ’cause they gives their own way an’ o’ drinking an’ other sorts got theirs. An’ they don’t always mix, like we knows. ‘Tisn’t the only gee next she’s drunkard an’ kids to school, an’ don’t know nort about nort. ‘Tisn’t working people that spends all o’what’s spent on drink, not by a long way, an’ besides there’s a lot of people who has a family o’ kids to feed, he can’t drink a lot reglar
like, an' then if he has a fuddle once in a way, an' kicks
an' calls 'en all sorts, an' makes 'en spend a bit more
o' his hard-earned coin in fines an' costs. Which is out
of all reason, I say. There's hardly any man
what can't be got home quiet if you treats 'en proper.

an' some is noisy; an' very likely the quiet ones has
Of all reason, I say. There's isn't hardly any man
drunk more. Which is it they means to be down on
I've a-proved thic. There's a difference in men

There are the empty waiting spaces,
That out and out this city stretches,
Ah, they don't tell 'ee that
'ee for-drinking a lot or making a noise on a little?

"Mostly in a dull rotation
We bear our loads and eat and drink and sleep,
Feeling no tears, knowing no meditation—
Too tired to think, too clogged with earth to weep.

Dimly convinced, poor groping wretches,
Like eyeless insects in a murky pond
That out and out this city stretches,
Away, away, and there is no beyond.

No larger earth, no loftier heaven,
The soft-shed influence releases
Till gliding up with noiseless paces
A steady wind from far descended,

Some day is done, its labour ended,
Not that sick false night of the city,
As we gaze the clamour ceases,

"Borne without effort or endearment,
Swifter and more ethereal than the wind,
In level track we stream whilst ever
The fair pale panorama rolls behind.

Now fleets below a tranced moorland,
A sweep of glistening immobility;
Now craggy cliff and dented foreland
Pass back and there beyond unfolds the sea.

Now wastes of water heaving, drawing,
Great darkling tracts of patterned restlessness,
With whitened waves round rough rocks mawing
And lipping islands in their fierce caress.

Now coast with capes and ribboned beaches
Set silent 'neath the canopy sapphire,
And estuaries and river reaches
Phantasmal silver in the night's soft shine.

Ah, these fair woods the spirit crosses,
These quiet lakes, these stretchèd dreaming fields,
These undulate downs with pity bosses

Pointing the ridges of their sloping shields.
These valleys and these heights that screen them,
These tawnier sands where grass and tree are not,

Ah, we have known them, we have seen them
Long, long ago or ever we forgot;

We know them all, these placid countries,
And what the pathway is and what the goal;
These are the gates and these the sentries
That guard the ancient fortress of the soul.

And onward speed we flying, flying
Over the sundering worlds of hill and plain
To where they rear their heads undying
The unnamed mountains of old days again.

The snows upon their calm still summits,
The chasms, the lines of trees that foot the snow,
Curving like inkly frozen comets,

Into the forest-ocean spread below.

The glisten where the peaks are hoarest,
The soundless darkness of the sunken vales,
The folding levees of shadowy forest,
Wave beyond wave till all distinctness fails.

So invulnerable it is, so deathless,
So floods the air the loveliness of it,
That we stay dazzled, rapt and breathless,
Our beings ebbing to the infinite.

There as we pause, there as we hover,
There as we pause, there as we hover,

Wistful and tired, with eyes a-tingle
Where still the sting of Beauty faintly smarts,

But our mute regrets there mingle
Thanks for the resurrection of our hearts.

O night so great that will not mock us!
O stars so wise that understand the weak!
O mighty presences and tender,
You have given us back the dreams our childhood

Lulled by your visions without number,
We seek our beds content and void of pain,
And dreaming drowse and dreaming slumber
And dreaming wake to see the day again.

Jack Collings Squire.
An Englishman in America.
By Juvenal.

All editors, journalists, and those interested in journalistic progress should read Mr. Will Irwin's articles on American journalism now appearing in "Collier's Weekly." They make interesting reading. Horace Greeley was the genial editor of the "New York Tribune" who was the famous "war editor" who caused Abraham Lincoln more worry at a certain time than all the rebels put together. Greeley had a genius for domination. He thought he knew more about how to govern than any other. But Lincoln had the inspiration of genius while Greeley had only the headstrongess. The great President refused to yield to Greeley's ever ready counsel, which refusal made Horace as mad as a March hare. I have read much concerning New York during the Civil War and have always been interested in Greeley's headstrong and eccentric character, for he was eccentric. One has only to look at his portrait to be convinced of the fact. Greeley was perhaps the greatest newspaper man who ever lived. He thought he could advise, direct, and patronise a President whose home was in the West and who had none of the airs of the typical politician of the East.

If Greeley dominated the newspaper world in his day merely by his editorials, James Gordon Bennett, the father of the present owner, was the inventor of the Daily published for news alone. Bennett was the first "news" editor of America, perhaps the first in the world. The "Herald" he published was decided to renounce all so-called principles." Bennett, says Mr. Irwin, was "ruthless, short in the conscience, expressing in his own person all the atrocious bad taste of his age, yet he was a genius with the power of creation, and through two stormy and dirty decades, securing the idea of news upon which we have proceeded ever since." Bennett's success was so great that the editor forced all the others to follow him. Bennett met a failure once in his career, and it was 1841. Within three years the "Herald's" success was so great that the editor forced all the others to follow him. Bennett's failure was just an experiment in quick transmission by semaphore, pneumatic tube, and even balloon; the poles on the first telegraph lines were still green when Bennett had made the invention a part of his own system. Bennett's failure was just an experiment in quick transmission by semaphore, pneumatic tube, and even balloon; the poles on the first telegraph lines were still green when Bennett had made the invention a part of his own system.

One of the greatest newspapers in the world is the New York "Sun," founded by Charles A. Dana. He made of "newspaper art" what it is today. While under him journalism became a manifestation of literature, an expression of literary taste. Dana created a style of his own, and that style has remained a success and a power to this day. It is, as Mr. Irwin says, "often witty, full of detail and incident, but always clear." And now we come to the greatest of all the journalistic innovations, the advent of what has been called yellow journalism. This phase of the modern newspaper originated in St. Louis and San Francisco during the 'forties. Pulitzer in St. Louis, and Hearst in San Francisco were the two main sponsors, according to Mr. Irwin. Pulitzer started the "West-Dispatch" and Hearst the "Morning Call." In the summer of 1882, the popular rights that set to this day the humble citizen of St. Louis tends to write to the "P.D." before he employs a lawyer. Senator Hearst, the multi-millionaire of San Francisco, began by dealing with popular psychology. He had an intuition as to the subtle values in public taste. His son, Randolph Hearst, owner of all the Hearst journals from New York to California, continued as his father had begun, but did vastly more in addition. He discovered Arthur Brisbane.

The editor who serves the intellectual and artistic demands of the populace, says Mr. Irwin, "must give them, in some measure, what they want.

If he proceed from the very highest ethical and artistic ideals, he must make concessions, or they will not listen. But having established a common ground with his public, he may give them a little better than they want, so leading them by the slow process of education to his own better ideas; or he may give them a great deal worse. When Hearst began, the spirit of the old-age editorial still guided newspaper publication; the great majority of editors, no matter how strong their desire for circulation, still served news and editorials which even the judicious sometimes admired. With the hindsight so much better than foreshort, the men who built with Hearst in his building days at San Francisco see what a chance they missed when they walked on the edge of this great circulation, and twist that fact to the fore. "What we're after," said Arthur McEwen, "is the 'gee-whiz' emotion." Pressed for further explanation, he said: "We run our paper so that when the reader opens it, 'Gee-whiz!' An issue a failure which doesn't make him say that.

Mr. Irwin thinks that America has forgotten, if it ever knew, the influence of Arthur Brisbane in making sensational journalism yellow journalism. We think of him as the writer of those "heart-to-heart" editorials which even the judicious sometimes admire. With the hindsight so much better than foreshort, the men who built with Hearst in his building days at San Francisco see what a chance they missed when they walked on the edge of this great circulation, and twist that fact to the fore. "What we're after," said Arthur McEwen, "is the 'gee-whiz' emotion." Pressed for further explanation, he said: "We run our paper so that when the reader opens it, 'Gee-whiz!' An issue a failure which doesn't make him say that.

By grasping the kind of journalism his readers wanted, Arthur Brisbane, declares Mr. Irwin, "came to typify yellow journalism in its last period of real power. The profession of journalism in America rightly calls him the one widely influential editorial writer in these declining days of the daily editorial page.

Such Hearst newspapers as use his work publish a million and a half copies for at least five million readers. In the nature of Hearst circulation, he reaches that class least imbued with the modern intellectual spirit of inquiry, least apt to study their facts before forming their theories—the class most ready to believe in directors of another and superior being. We cannot view American civilisation without reckoning in this young exponent of means which justify ends, any more than we can view it without reckoning in his employer and discoverer—Hearst.

It is interesting to know that the ethics of the journalists themselves, according to Mr. Irwin, are constantly going up, while the ethical tone of the newspapers is constantly going down. "The fault is with the man who gets hold of the paper; he is a business man. He has to have money, because no paper in New York or New England would give him the paper unless he has money. As long as he has money, he can get hired. But once he has money, he pays paper boys. He pays paper boys, and he pays the local editorials which even the judicious sometimes admire. He pays them to make his public say, 'Gee-whiz!' And the writer finishes by saying: "It has been my experience that men who have amassed a million or two have lost their ideals, and the newspaper writers are bossed and wronged by the men who have no sympathy with their moral views."
Joseph Pulitzer, who was born at Buda-Pesth in 1847, came to America in 1864. In 1878 he became proprietor of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," which he still owns. He made his first business venture in St. Louis, and may be considered a western man with western ideas of hustle and progress. He has endowed with a million dollars a school of journalism at Columbia University, with a promise of another million.

It is this so-called yellow journalism that has revolutionised the New York Press and forced editors to adopt new methods in dealing with news. But the most interesting thing connected with this revolutionary movement in the newspaper world is the fact that the movement came from the West. New York is being controlled more and more by Western men and by Western writers, and, in my opinion, New York would make but a poor show but for this effusion of fresh and vigorous blood. Even in Wall Street the man from the West is leading. The man of the hour in Wall Street is George Walbridge Perkins, the brilliant financier who was born at Chicago in 1862, and who had nothing but a common school education. To-day Mr. Perkins is turning all his energies to "the humanizing of large corporations."

So Wall Street has a few commercial saints as a set-off to its army of sinners. And while I am on this subject I may mention Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet and critic, who became a broker in Wall Street, not from choice but from necessity. He was called, by certain editors and writers who did not know him, "a slave to Mammon." The truth is he was all his life moved and inspired with a passion for poetic studies and poetic criticism, and when he died he left a work in three volumes which will live.

**Drama.**

*By Ashley Dukes.*

**Adaptation.**

"**Better not Enquire,**" an English version of Alfred Capus' comedy "**Les Deux Ecoles,**" was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre last week. It illustrates the imbecility of "adaptation" very well. Capus wrote a witty, unsentimental comedy on a simple theme. Marriage, he implied, is a habit. A husband is a habit. A wife is a habit. Mistresses and lovers are incidental diversions, adventitious trifles. They must be his typist; his lament, "Chaque fois qu'une femme de notre entourage a envie de tromper son mari, mon affections" becomes "I shall make it my chief object in life to regain her affections"; Estelle's "Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous prévenir qu'on ne puisse pas vivre le jour avec l'un et la nuit avec l'autre" is translated, "What a pity one can't have one husband for week-days and another for Sundays."

There are a few examples of the art of adaptation. In the finished product the choice lies inevitably between dulness and innuendo. The adapted phrase, is in itself meaningless. Once it has been safely piloted past the Censorship it must be broadened and vulgarised in performance. The subtler kind of wit has little chance of survival when every laugh must be a guffaw.

And here it may be noted that "**Better not Enquire**" is just the type of play which is always instanced by opponents of the Censorship as a licensed iniquity and an onslaught upon marriage and the family. No doubt these reformers, led by Mr. Shaw, have shown very shrewd judgment in attacking the Censorship on moral grounds, and pointing to the immense regenerative influence of unlicensed plays, from "**Ghosts**" to "**Mrs. Warren's Profession.**" But mean-while the non-propagandist comedy is left to fall between two stools, with Mr. Redford on the one hand and a timid author or adaptor on the other. If "**Les Deux Ecoles,**" in a faithful translation, were refused a licence, probably not one of the Censorship reformers would venture to defend it. It would be referred for judgment, as theatre managers refer the Censorship itself, to the prejudices of the great public. The difficulty is avoided by calling in the adaptor to gauge
"The Master of Mrs. Chilvers" (Royalty Theatre).

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is a humorist. He must write, then, not merely a comedy, but a humorous comedy. The distinction is subtle. What is the subject about which the jokes are most ancient, the repute most imbecile, the sentiment most turgid? Clearly the hand that rocks the cradle; the home, the hubby, the wifie, the baby, and the washing. Here, by common repute, Mr. Jerome excels. He is not only a humorist, however, but a thinker. His play must be not only a humorous comedy, but a sociological drama. By a happy inspiration he perceives the bridge between thought and laughter, politics and domesticity. It is built of one phrase—the vote. The play shall be a contribution to the suffrage controversy. But Mr. Jerome (Olympian mind) will not take sides. He will present the issue impartially, as follows:—

One Chilvers, M.P., President of the Men's League for the Extension of the Franchise to Women, and lately appointed Under Secretary for Home Affairs, possesses a wife. Mrs. Chilvers is honorary secretary of the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League. By a legal decision in the House of Lords the way is opened for women to go to the poll, with husbands and minors, as parliamentary candidates, and Mrs. Chilvers is selected by her League for the next by-election. It happens that the next by-election is Chilvers' own. Chilvers and Mrs. Chilvers, therefore, contest East Poplar. Chilvers suppresses all offensive posters on his side, deprecates any reference to hen-pecking, and happens that the next by-election is Chilvers' own. Chilvers and Mrs. Chilvers, therefore, contest East Poplar. Chilvers suppresses all offensive posters on his side, deprecates any reference to hen-pecking, and

For Mrs. Chilvers is her master after all. They embrace, and there is the comedy complete. Olympian mind.

The Wager.

By Anton Tchekhov.

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It was a drear autumn night. The old banker was pacing up and down in his working room. He felt very uneasy: troubled thoughts annoyed him. He recollected another autumn night, fifteen years before, when a party consisting mainly of men interested in literature and science had assembled in his house. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned upon the subject of capital punishment. Since most of the people were progressive, it was agreed that capital punishment is an obsolete inhuman feature in modern society, and that it should be replaced by imprisonment for life. The banker alone did not agree to this decision.

"I really cannot think," he said, "that life imprisonment is more humane than capital punishment. One takes your life at once in a few seconds, while the other takes it away by small bits during several years. If I were to choose either, I should rather prefer death than imprisonment for life."

"Both methods are cruel enough, to be sure," replied one of the guests, a young lawyer, "but it is better to live under any circumstances rather than not to live at all."

An animated discussion arose. The banker who was then much younger and livelier, suddenly exclaimed:

"You are wrong; I bet a million francs that you will not be able to live under arrest in a casemate even for five years."

"If you mean what you say, then I wager fifteen, and not five years of my freedom to your million."

And that senseless wager was concluded. It was agreed that the lawyer should enter the next day, at twelve o'clock noon, November 19, 1875, a small desolate house at the rear of the banker's residence, and pass there exactly fifteen years, up to November 19, 1890, at twelve o'clock noon. He was to see nobody, receive neither letters nor current periodicals. His means of living were to be supplied by the banker. He might ask also for books, writing materials, a musical instrument, wine and tobacco. Everything was to be delivered through a small opening in the door. If the prisoner should leave the house even two minutes before the end of the time, the contract between him and the banker was to become void; but if he should fulfil the contract, he might claim a million francs in cash money from the banker.—The lawyer did enter the house.

The banker continued to recollect the course of the last fifteen years. In the first year, the lawyer, judging from his short notes, suffered severely from weariness and anguish of mind. He asked for a violin and for light vienna.

From the second year on up to the fifth, he asked for and studied the classical writers of different nations.

In the fifth year he was observed to drink and eat much, and lie on the bed grumbling and talking to himself. At times he wrote something, but then he tore in pieces whatever he had written. Beginning with the second half of the sixth year, he studied languages, history, philosophy, and art, and he asked for so many books that the banker had difficulty in supplying them at once. In the course of the seventh year the banker received the following note:

"My Dear Jailer: I am writing these lines in six languages. Will you kindly let some linguists examine them, and if the note be entirely correctly written, please let me know it by firing a gun twice in the park. This signal will announce to me that my time has not been spent uselessly. Great geniuses of all ages and nations spoke in different languages, but in all of them there was shining the same flame of greatness. How happy am I to be able to understand them!"

No error was found in the note, and the prisoner's request was granted. The enormous sum of five years of his freedom to the banker.

Then the prisoner traced his own history of the lost years. Fifteen years before he was enormously rich; he did not even know how many millions he then possessed. But gradually his irregular way of living and mad speculations wasted his great wealth so that now he was even less than an ordinary banker, and his very substance trembled with every slight falling of stocks. He thought:

"To-morrow at noon that man will regain his freedom. He is only a forty years old, and twice away from me my last means of living and enjoy all the pleasures of life. And what will become of me? I'll become a mere beggar, disgraceful bankruptcy will follow immediately, and my entire future will be ruined. I must save myself. But one way is left to me to avoid ruin, misfortune, disgrace; that is to get rid of the man forever."

This last thought brought him some relief. His mind was vacant for a while. Everything is quiet in the house. The clock struck twice. Suddenly the old man, with a determined expression on his pale face, opened his safe, took out an old rusted key, put on his coat and hat, and stealthily descended into the dark. A fierce rain storm made that day even more terrible. With great difficulty did the banker reach the small house in the rear of the park. He called out the
watchman's name once and the second time, but no answer followed; the watchman must have left his post and gone home. The bank is under the same management. The narrow dark hall, he struck a match and approached a locked and sealed door with a small window on the top part of it. The wind rushed in howling through the door which the old man had forgotten to close behind him, and the space between the door and the lock was packed with earth. A sudden fear paralysed the motions of the banker for a few minutes, and he felt the cold drops of perspiration on his forehead. Finally he recovered and struck another match. Through the window in the small door he looked inside of the prisoner's room. A man was sitting at a table on which a burning candle was standing. The banker tapped with his fingers on the glass of the window—but the man did not move—he was evidently sleeping. The old man struck another match and broke the seal carefully, unlocked the door with the rusty key, and opened it. In the very same moment a thought shot through his mind: "The first suspicion will fall upon the watchman." He entered the room. The man continued motionless. The banker could hardly recognize him, for it was rather a skeleton covered with a skin of earthy yellowish colour than an ordinary human being. It was horrible to look at his long stick-like, stretched-out arm. His hair was receding, the expression of the face—mute and calm. Before him on the table was lying a sheet of freshly written paper.

"Miserable creature," thought the banker, "he is surely conscious of the fact that he is about to get; but one movement of my hand, and the last spark of life will part from this feebie skeleton at once. Let me see, however, what that strange man has written there." He took the paper and read it:

'To-morrow at twelve o'clock I am to re-enter the world again, but before I leave this room, I want to say some words to you, men of the world. By my honest name and by the name of great God, who sees us all, I do declare now earnestly that I despise freedom, health, life and everything that is finite. I give up the name of the place where I have lived. Weeping sheet of paper written there.'

The banker dropped the paper on the table. Weeping he kissed the strange man on his forehead and left the house for five hours before the end of the appointed time.

It is true that in this time I saw neither men nor their books; but I mean to read them at once that you may learn of sacrifices, but actually in order that the whole affair might be fully discussed. Then came the news of a victory, not a particularly important one, gained by Minucius. The exact time Fabius remained in Rome cannot be calculated, but at all events while he was there Minucius had equal powers conferred upon him—in other words, Fabius being absent, Minucius replaced him. In my first article I summed up all the facts. Fabius was recalled and replaced by Marcus Minucius Rufus. Surely the object of the authorities at Rome was clear. Fabius belonged to an important party; he had rendered many good services to the State, as had many other members of his family, and the Romans wished to spare his feelings in the pain by offering him again to the Senate to keep Fabius there; for we are told that he left Rome "repprovato" and returned to the camp. After this came the defeat of Minucius, which Miss Paterson makes so much of; but she forgets to tell us that was really due to Fabius. Jealous of the younger man's influence and talents, Fabius refused to share the honours of the great man dividing the army, he taking the first and fourth legions and Minucius the second and third. Such a division of forces was certainly to the disadvantage of Minucius; he had the advantage of it. Minucius was willing to gratify his former commander by suggesting that they should lead the soldiers in turns, day after day. But Fabius, however, would not agree to this, and insisted on the division of the legions. As to Miss Paterson's question regarding the tactics of Fabius in this battle, I am not acquainted with the data we now possess, that if Minucius had been leading the Roman forces earlier in the war, and had thus had an opportunity of undertaking a bold forward movement sooner, with undivided legions, Hannibal would very probably have been defeated before being able to commit the ravages mentioned by Plutarch and Livy. The events which have come down to us showing how Hannibal was unconsciously led into a trap through the blunders of his generals, and how, although in the power of Fabius he nevertheless managed to outwit him by a simple device, do not inspire much confidence in Fabius' abilities as a military commander.

J. M. KENNEDY.

MR. BURNS AND THE FABIAN SOCIETY.

Sir,—I may point out an interesting commentary upon the remarkable letter from Mr. Pease, putting all criticism of Mr. Burns upon the Index Ex purgators of the Fabian Society, which Mr. Burgess quotes in your last issue:

On Thursday the right hon. Mr. Burgus addressed the House of Commons on the subject of the Poor Law. Having described the Minority Report as "obsolete," he went on to say of its author: "You don't know these pinchbeck revolutionists as I do; I know them. They have not even the courage of the Giroldists, who at least had the decency to go to the scaffold when they were asked."

I have not yet read Mr. Burgess' book or Mr. Hyndman's preface, but I mean to read them at once that I may learn...
what language has been used about Mr. Burns more vigorous than the language Mr. Burns uses about his friends and protectors.

* * *

Cecil Chesterton

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AND INDIAN NATIONALISM.

Sir,—A letter, which appeared in your issue of April 13, from an Indian correspondent, Professor Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, was greatly interesting, but certainly damnable and criminal.

The writer, who sees the same spirit underlying the woman suffrage movement and the unrest in India, finds fault with both because that spirit is rooted in the same tendency, namely, towards amalgamation instead of towards differentiation. He words it thus: "The suffragettes who base their activities entirely on the ground of humanity and not of sex, are misogynists in exactly the same sense as Weininger or the Buddhist nun-sisters. Similarly the Indian who ignores his own culture, and by desperate imitation shows a real belief in the superiority of Western civilisation, is not a nationalist, however much he may wish for political and economic freedom."

Of course it is perfectly true that both protagonists raise as their battle-cry the declaration of human rights, which is, of course, the desire of both. But the inference which your correspondent draws from that creed is certainly not justified in the case of Suffragettes, and I doubt whether it is altogether justified in India, although of the latter country I must confess that I must have personally been influenced by Parsees and Indians of other religions who made it their primary duty in life, whilst adopting all that was useful in Western culture because above all I never lose sight of the fact that their own culture was far more ancient, and in certain respects more advanced than ours, and as a result, very can their own national characteristics.

But of suffragettes I can speak with absolute certainty. Your correspondent asserts that "neither women nor Indians really mean anything by this statement of humanity. It is because women are determined to be themselves that they are fighting this battle so strenuously. They are fighting for their own souls, their own individualities, their freedom for perfect development. For either father or mother there will be less noise and confusion, for the Indian who ignores his own culture, and by desperate imitation shows a real belief in the superiority of Western civilisation, is not a nationalist, however much he may wish for political and economic freedom."
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heroically, but it was rarely that he gripped his audience. The calm stately dignity when the play was over. He used Schlegel's translation, of some thirty knights mounted on tinsel-

There was an excellent stage-fight in the last scene, during which Richard's steed died slowly and carefully in the middle of the arena, thus paving the way for the line, "Ein Pferd, ein Pferd, mein Köingreich für ein Pferd." Luckily he usually did best towards the finish of the scenes, with the result that he was recalled five times for an explanation? Does Mr. Blaker mean that Mr. Shaw did not admit, as journalists, the courage and independ-

C. E. BECHOFER.
conditions and educated scientifically. Public parks must be laid out wherein they may disport themselves and improve their physique; their teeth must be cleaned, their eyesight tested. . . . concerts and theatres to foster their artistic instincts . . . innate. Are they consumptive?—open-air shelters in their back yards. Whatever they want, open your hand unstintingly . . . their lot is harder than yours. . . . They are your servants. Bah! Trample on 'em, let 'em rot, the worthless swine. What is the use of them? Why should we love and take care of them? Why should we pay for hospitals and workhouses, for prisons and schools? Why? They're no use to us . . . they're worse than useless . . . they stop us getting on. It's an obstacle, a festering growth, a malignent, spreading weed. . . . We treat 'em as if they were a rare plant. We preserve them, we put 'em in hothouses, instead of killing 'em off with a hose-pipe. . . . Oh! it's such damnable foolishness. How can we ever hope to make headway when we spend our own money, our energy in fostering the worst . . . asking 'em, begging 'em, praying 'em to keep alive? How can we expect to make a state if we choose the worst material? Might as well fill an ornamental lake with sewage or plant an orchard with cabbage-stalks. And the good material we ignore, we throw aside, or, with refined humour, set to patching up the inferior. . . .

"Humanitarianism has made fools of us. Not fools merely . . . idolaters. We have defied a social problem. The Divi Augusti are no longer . . . our democracy will not tolerate them. The cry of the poor is the workhouse. . . . Judge the Poor! Le dieu est mort! vive le dieu! Bow the knee to Ba— to God. Please, amuse him . . . he is bored. Starve yourselves to give them the good things of life . . . the Poor. And if they won't live themselves . . . if they are too tired . . . surely they won't grudge you a few children before they die! Surely they will be generous and hand down their vice and sickness and incompetence. Take not away our God . . . we should be so lonely without him. Some day an iconoclast will arise. 'No God, this,' he will think, 'but an idol made of sociological brains.' But he will not say so. He will be sympathetic, tortured, quiver- ing, lacerated by the terrible life of the Poor. He will be racked by the sufferings which have but seared others. However, he will not succumb . . . there are other considerations. The state has not progressed. This is a hard fact to be faced in the proper spirit. Can it be borne, retarded by its anxiety for the welfare of the Poor? Hardly. But what else? . . . The idea will take, enthusiasm flare up. Destroy them, root and branch, these parasites, will cry his more energetic followers. Oh! no—that were wild, hasty, uncharitable. After all, God sat on his Throne once . . . then will gradually form the sane, the moderate, the Party . . . our adherents will . . . future, our energy in fostering the worst conditions and educated scientifically. Public parks must be laid out wherein they may disport themselves and improve their physique; their teeth must be cleaned, their eyesight tested. . . . concerts and theatres to foster their artistic instincts . . . innate. Are they consumptive?—open-air shelters in their back yards. Whatever they want, open your hand unstintingly . . . their lot is harder than yours. . . . They are your servants. Bah! Trample on 'em, let 'em rot, the worthless swine. What is the use of them? Why should we love and take care of them? Why should we pay for hospitals and workhouses, for prisons and schools? Why? They're no use to us . . . they're worse than useless . . . they stop us getting on. It's an obstacle, a festering growth, a malignent, spreading weed. . . . We treat 'em as if they were a rare plant. We preserve them, we put 'em in hothouses, instead of killing 'em off with a hose-pipe. . . . Oh! it's such damnable foolishness. How can we ever hope to make headway when we spend our own money, our energy in fostering the worst . . . asking 'em, begging 'em, praying 'em to keep alive? How can we expect to make a state if we choose the worst material? Might as well fill an ornamental lake with sewage or plant an orchard with cabbage-stalks. And the good material we ignore, we throw aside, or, with refined humour, set to patching up the inferior. . . .

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