NOTES OF THE WEEK

As The New Age was the first, it seems as if it will be the only, journal to venture a fundamental criticism of Mr. Lloyd George's National Insurance Bill. In no other quarter that we have examined does there appear the gathering of even a small cloud. The Labour Party, too weak to bear the insupportable fatigue of thought, concerning a Bill which is the crowning achievement in the other quarter that we have examined does there appear Mr. Lloyd George's National Insurance Bill. In no George's feet. Here are some of their sentiments con-

enough by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on Thursday. In reply to Mr. Hunt (the only convinced Tariff Reformer in politics) the Chancellor remarked: "I have made careful enquiries of all great German employers, and they answered without exception that insurance has paid,—and they are paying twice as much as I am asking British employers to pay." Very true, but this obliviousness disposes of the Chancellor's contention, so greedily snapped up and swallowed by the entire Liberal and Labour Press, that the Bill will benefit workmen. The product of industry is, after all, a fixed annual quantity, divided into two unequal portions, wages and profits. If the Insurance Acts of Germany have "paid" the employers by increasing their profits, they cannot at the same time have "paid" the workmen by increasing their wages. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Lansbury, whose laudation of the Bill we have already quoted, added as an afterthought this wise reflection: "Every penny of the cost will come from Labour." True, Mr. Lansbury, but why, then, praise the Bill? We confess that we are absolutely bewildered by these people who cannot put two and two together. Mr. Lloyd George may be readily believed to have worked his sums correctly; but the Labour Members are still in a maze.

We referred last week to the probable political consequences of the Bill. They are, we do not hesitate to say, the consequences on which the majority of the Liberals will set most value. To have the Parliament Bill accepted, the passage of Home Rule assured, and Welsh Disestablishment's path primrose are no small results from the introduction of a single Bill. Add to these the immediate temporary, if not permanent, deflation of the new Tory Democracy, and the delayed but equally inevitable impetus to the continued decline of the Labour Party, and one may pronounce the whole a good Liberal haul. These results are pretty certain, even if the Bill never passes its third reading. In sentimental politics, what are called lofty aims are often as effective in electioneering as real achievements. Mr. Lloyd George may be confident of his halo, his party may be confident of their nourishment, and without the expenditure, if they be so minded, of a single penny. We do not grudge them these, indeed. Far better that all these things should be added unto them for nothing but a whistle of east-wind than that a Bill whose economic consequences must prove disastrous should become an euch from Labour." True, Mr. Lansbury, but why, then, praise the Bill? We confess that we are absolutely bewildered by these people who cannot put two and two together. Mr. Lloyd George may be readily believed to have worked his sums correctly; but the Labour Members are still in a maze.

We referred last week to the probable political consequences of the Bill. They are, we do not hesitate to say, the consequences on which the majority of the Liberals will set most value. To have the Parliament Bill accepted, the passage of Home Rule assured, and Welsh Disestablishment's path primrose are no small results from the introduction of a single Bill. Add to these the immediate temporary, if not permanent, deflation of the new Tory Democracy, and the delayed but equally inevitable impetus to the continued decline of the Labour Party, and one may pronounce the whole a good Liberal haul. These results are pretty certain, even if the Bill never passes its third reading. In sentimental politics, what are called lofty aims are often as effective in electioneering as real achievements. Mr. Lloyd George may be confident of his halo, his party may be confident of their nourishment, and without the expenditure, if they be so minded, of a single penny. We do not grudge them these, indeed. Far better that all these things should be added unto them for nothing but a whistle of east-wind than that a Bill whose economic consequences must prove disastrous should become an Act of Parliament. The less legislation of this character a Government bestows upon us, the more gratitude and rewards they will deserve.

Mr. Lloyd George has stated the main economic consequences of this and other ameliorative legislation: it
is that employers (shareholders, namely) find that it pays. A parallel effect of the present Bill, of that section relating to Unemployment Insurance, is that it will tremendously weaken trade unionism. About trade unionism we do not care, and have not cared for some years, a single jot. Since, contrary to the best advice of their worst critics, they entered the political field and began to play the game of politics, their feebleness has been a spectacle too ludicrous and pathetic to dwell upon. Neglecting their proper work of engaging their employers on their own ground, that of the factories and workshops and their unions, they foolishly allied themselves with the cracked-brained Socialists of the I.L.P., and went off with their hosts on wild goose chases after parliamentary legislation. At that sport, however, they were too clumsy to excel; they have been outwitted at every turn; and every goose they caught was already cooked. It was our hope, nevertheless, that this invariable end of their perspiring efforts would one day dawn upon them; they would compare their exertions with their spoil and reckon up their folly in the statistics supplied by Mr. Chiozza Money. And on the day that they did this, we imagined (optimists that we are) that they would return to their old paths of industrial and economic struggle.

But it appears now that even the remnant of their strength is to be exhausted in one gigantic effort of suicide. "The trade unions," says that incomparable strategist of death, Ramsay MacDonald, "will be provided with none of the onerous responsibilities of membership of a trade union involves. Any trade unionists, in fact, will be provided by Government with a sort of union of their own, in which the most powerful attraction of unionism, namely, unemployment pay, will be sapped by a formidable rivalry. It is provided that workmen, either union or non-union, shall be, at their discretion, eligible to enrol themselves for Unemployment Insurance. They of unemployment insurance. They are now determined to add economic poverty they are now determined to add spiritual poverty. In a generation from to-day, we shall be a nation of money-bags and junkie-paupers.

LA COMEDIE DE L'ASSISTANCE.
(Translated from the French of Alfred Capus, by N. C.)

THE OFFICIAL: What can we do for you?
APPLICANT: I want assistance. I'm dying of hunger.
THE OFFICIAL: Possibly. Where are your papers?
APPLICANT: What papers?
THE OFFICIAL: The papers that prove you are hungry. What testimonials have you?
APPLICANT: None.
THE OFFICIAL: What! You don't know a deputy or a Senator? Not even the mayor of your department?
APPLICANT: I don't know.
THE OFFICIAL: Where are you domiciled?
APPLICANT: Nowhere. . .
THE OFFICIAL: You aren't domiciled anywhere? What are your means of subsistence? Eh! You have no means of subsistence? Eh! A good man, you must apply again. . . Go to the commissioner of police for your district and bring me a legal document, with a sixpenny stamp, to certify that you are dying of hunger. Then, perhaps, we shall be able to do something for you.
APPLICANT: I thought that the Public Assistance. . .
THE OFFICIAL: The Board of Public Assistance has more interesting troubles to alleviate. [Enter gentleman correctly dressed in a black frock-coat. He salutes THE OFFICIAL.] Here we have one of the genuine poor, a splendid fellow, and so interesting. Is all well at home, M. Dupont? [He presses his hand.] You have come to draw your assistance money, eh? Is Mme. Dupont well too? Good, good! What is that you have under your arm?
THE GENTLEMAN: It's a bundle of asparagus I've just bought. We all adore asparagus at home.
THE OFFICIAL: Ah, there's nothing nicer than fine asparagus. And this little package?
THE GENTLEMAN: A cake for the youngsters! We all adore cakes at home, too.
THE OFFICIAL: Well, here is the ticket for drawing your money, M. Dupont. [To the first applicant] Now, mind you take an example of this good fellow; have some sort of method; dress well; people don't go in for wearing rags nowadays. When you've economised a little, come back to me, then you shall draw your regular assistance money, too. [He dismisses them.]

THE NEW AGE May 18, 1911.
They are making remarkably slow progress with the Bagdad railway. In our mercenary world money is a very necessary factor in all such enterprises, and not even the Turks, who own the land over which, let us hope, the Bagdad railway will one day run, or the Germans, who have the concession for building it, can make much progress without money for the men and the materials. Some time ago, it may be remembered, the German Government thought that money could be obtained from Great Britain or France, or both, if the railway were internationalised, and Turkey was "advised" to make suggestions to the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street to this effect. The proposals were reported in the Press at the time. I rather think that France, Great Britain, and Germany were each to provide 20 per cent. of the proposed capital, Turkey finding the remaining 40 per cent.

Of course, as Germany would always side with Turkey in the event of any dispute, and as, indeed, Turkey would merely be the tool of the German Foreign Office, this suggestion cannot be said to have met with any particular enthusiasm. In fact, although it is reported in some weeks ago, our Downing Street friends have not yet replied to it. They are thinking out a polite formula for "turning it down" in its present form; and they have no very definite counter-proposal to make. As for the French Foreign Office authorities, they are sitting tight and waiting until Turkey wants some money for home purposes. It is practically impossible for Germany to provide any more for her Balkan friend; for the German and Austrian banks have their hands full with the Hungarian loan of £23,000,000.

We have still some time to wait, then, before we can travel to Bagdad by rail. Railways are an anomaly in this part of the world, anyhow. They spoil the beauty of the landscape. Caravans are good enough, and much more poetical.

There are already signs in Paris that the Monis Cabinet is not likely to last very long. The question of the delimitation of the Champagne district, and the question, even a more difficult one, of the reinstatement of the discharged railway men, are very awkward problems for the Cabinet to handle. We have not heard much of either of them recently on this side of the Channel. What keeps the Cabinet together is the personality of M. Delcassé. He interests the public, and people of all classes are waiting to see what he will do. Will he induce his colleagues to support a forward policy in Morocco for any length of time, and will he think it advisable to withdraw when things are quieter? Will he take pains to keep the navy in good order? Will he give his long experience for home purposes. It is practically impossible for Germany to provide any more for her Balkan friend; for the German and Austrian banks have their hands full with the Hungarian loan of £23,000,000.

We have still some time to wait, then, before we can travel to Bagdad by rail. Railways are an anomaly in this part of the world, anyhow. They spoil the beauty of the landscape. Caravans are good enough, and much more poetical.

There are already signs in Paris that the Monis Cabinet is not likely to last very long. The question of the delimitation of the Champagne district, and the question, even a more difficult one, of the reinstatement of the discharged railway men, are very awkward problems for the Cabinet to handle. We have not heard much of either of them recently on this side of the Channel. What keeps the Cabinet together is the personality of M. Delcassé. He interests the public, and people of all classes are waiting to see what he will do. Will he induce his colleagues to support a forward policy in Morocco for any length of time, and will he think it advisable to withdraw when things are quieter? Will he take pains to keep the navy in good order? Will he give his long experience for home purposes. It is practically impossible for Germany to provide any more for her Balkan friend; for the German and Austrian banks have their hands full with the Hungarian loan of £23,000,000.

We have still some time to wait, then, before we can travel to Bagdad by rail. Railways are an anomaly in this part of the world, anyhow. They spoil the beauty of the landscape. Caravans are good enough, and much more poetical.

In reply to questions like these, it need only be said that M. Delcassé is acting like a good Frenchman. He is fully acquainted with the difficulties of the international European situation at the present moment. He expects to be a member of the next French Cabinet, no matter what its composition may otherwise be; or at all events, if not actually a member, he expects to be able to influence its actions from behind the scenes. He is, on the whole, an optimist, and is not scared by the thunder which reaches his ears occasionally from the other side of the Rhine. He is a firm believer in the entente with Great Britain, and holds that the British Navy, combined with the French, would form a combination which any Power, or even a group of three Powers, would pause before attacking. All he wants is adequate support on this side of the Channel. He will waste no time in discussing universal peace prospects or arbitration proposals—except occasionally in public, when he has to refer to these matters, like other statesmen, for the sake of appearances. He knows the weaknesses of the Socialists' position and the strength of the Republic as opposed to both Syndicalism and Socialism. He pooh-poohs, but somewhat uneasily, an Imperial revival in favour of Prince Victor Napoleon; for such a revival is feared by far-seeing French Republicans even more than Socialism. When you are talking to M. Delcassé about the solidarity of the Triple Alliance, look out for the twinkle in his eyes.

On looking through a batch of papers on my return from Berlin, my eye was attracted by a statement in the "Daily Mail" sub-leader of May 4 concerning Morocco. The writer seemed to take it for granted that Germany was quite prepared to accept as the result of a bargain with France, or to take by force in the event of a successful war, the west coast of Morocco, containing Casablanca. This is seen; they would use as a coal-station; for, of course, it is notorious that Germany has long desired a coal-station in the Atlantic. This imputation is naturally pooh-poohed in official quarters; and I am inclined to think that more attention may be given to this than is often usual in the habit of paying to statements issued, semi-officially or otherwise from Governmental sources.

In the first place, Casablanca, like most of the Moroccon harbours, is not a harbour in the customary English sense of the word, but rather an open roadstead, with absolutely no shelter for ships. In the second place, when bad weather prevails at Casablanca, Rabat, Mogador, etc., and bad weather is all too frequent—the position of ships lying off these places is somewhat risky, so risky, that they are in the habit of further out to sea. As a rule it is difficult to land cargoes; both passengers and goods are taken off on lighters most of the time. The absence of shelter, of course, applies not only to the elements: ships lying in these open roadsteads can very easily be attacked by the enemy's vessels, either by guns or torpedoes. So the Germans, if they are wise, will think twice before they express a wish to take over Casablanca or any other Moroccan port.

On the whole, indeed, the west coast of Africa has no ports worth mentioning, except Walvis Bay, and that, although situated in a district which naturally forms part of German South-West Africa, belongs to us, as does a little portion of the country round about it. All German trade in this part of the world has to go through this small slice of British soil. We always had the knack of picking out for ourselves what was best in these far-off places, leaving the inferior scraps for the poor foreigner.

Morocco, in one respect, is worth having—you scratch the ground and up comes a crop. In soil and scenery, indeed, many parts of Morocco reminded me of Southern Spain. The west district, that near the Sahara; elsewhere the land is very rich. The Moors, however, are good fighting men, and it will be impossible for generations to impose upon them the restrictions of European civilisation. This, of course, will always tend to make them the more difficult. So long as there are foreigners about there will always be sudden outbreaks on the part of the tribes, and their anger will naturally be directed against any Sultan who takes the part of the intruders, or who is forced to do anything against the European interest. They resent outcry against Muley Hafid. Nor are the French good colonisers. But why the French were driven abroad, and why they were unable to devote their colonising energy to retrieving certain possessions on the eastern frontier of their homeland, are matters which it would be unjust to deal with at the end of an article.
Republicanism in Portugal.

By V. de Braganza Cunha.

Nowhere out of Portugal is the politics of that westernmost state of Europe watched with deeper interest than here in England; and nowhere in Europe is the establishment of a strong and democratic Portuguese Government more sincerely desired than by good Englishmen. But no true lover of Democracy will abet factions that in their struggle for dominion over each other neglect to notice those factors which are carrying the nation to destruction.

The turn which events have taken since we last attempted to comment in this Review on the political state of Portugal, has shown that the time for all heroic visions has gone by. The dullest and most richtiged mind of the members of the Provisional Government built a fortress, but they seem not to be able to answer for the garrison. Given the political character of the nation and the history of her last six hundred years, it is possible that the people, spirited and independent, was transformed into a mass of salaried officials, and popular liberty and civism gave way more and more to party wranglings—how could it have been otherwise? As if disorders of liberty could be cured by more liberty.

"A republic set up in the first instance by constitutional parties at variance with one another, and afterwards re-established by Jacobin parties who—united to the reins of government and ignorant of its machinery—look upon it as a career, would only cause havoc and bloodshed in Portugal,"* were the words of Eça de Queiroz; words which we are unable to disregard.

If Eça de Queiroz spoke strongly on the subject of Republican Portugal, it was because that most brilliant and popular writer of modern Portugal has understood in Portugal, he has loathed the insincerities of Ramalho Ortigao; words which we are unable to read by the nation. But now that he is old and worn, he is young, witty, and eloquent when his "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers. His "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers. His "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers. His "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers. His "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers. His "Farpas" were read by the nation. But now that he is old and broken, his voice falters, but he never wavers.

For this we must form strong characters, instilled with a sense of duty, and having so high a conception of rights that they do not confound them with the selfish notion of a privilege enjoyed by themselves alone and to the detriment of others," writes a weekly paper, the recent recruit to the ranks of Portuguese Democracy. But how this state of things is to be amended is hard to teach to those who have been stiffened in established customs.

The Three Hills.

There were three hills that stood alone
With woods about their feet.

They dreamed quiet when the sun shone
And whispered when the rain beat.

She sees the captors small and weak,
Shall be alone again.

Red and white when day shines bright
They hide the green for miles,

She hears the patient hills that speak
Where are the old hills gone? At night

The moon looks down and smiles.

She knows the prisoners strong,
"Brothers, when they are clean forgot

She sees the captors small and weak,
"Brothers, we stood when they were not

One shall die and one shall flee
We shall outlive the last

But even those who are most decided in the condemnation of Ramalho Ortigao's views generally rest their judgment chiefly upon the fact that the author of the "Farpas" was a friend of the late King Carlos.

Into that friendship we do not enter here. It is sufficient for our purpose to mention that Consigliere Pedroso regarded the young king who is to-day an exile in this country, with sympathy; and the successor of King Carlos made no secret that the late Consigliere Pedroso was one of his best friends. And yet this name still stands foremost in the calendar of Portuguese Republicans!

So much for personalities: a word must now be said about the dangers in the political situation of the country. One of the subjects which forces itself most powerfully on one's attention is the new electoral law—a law based on ill-understood foreign analogies and framed by inexperienced theorists who have deprived the peasantry of a part of their influence, on the assumption that the voters of Lisbon and Oporto must necessarily be the staunchest supporters of the symbols of liberty, equality and fraternity. And a Government which, intent on snatching taffeta from the franchise at a given place and at a given moment, is anything but democratic if we seek the democratic principle in Bentham's formulation that "everybody is to count for one, and nobody for more than one. But governing a country is a very different thing from upholding a government.

"We look upon politics simply and solely as a means for realising the people's happiness, our aim being the happy union of social relationship through an earnest application of the precepts of justice and well-doing. For this we must form strong characters, instilled with a sense of duty, and having so high a conception of rights that they do not confound them with the selfish notion of a privilege enjoyed by themselves alone and to the detriment of others," writes a weekly paper, the recent recruit to the ranks of Portuguese Democracy. But how this state of things is to be amended is hard to teach to those who have been stiffened in established customs.

A Third Letter to a Backwoodsman.

My Lord,—The third act in the conspiracy which is intended, and, unless you act boldly and wisely, destined to end in your complete obliteration, is now begun. The first act was the "Conference" between eight representatives of the professional politicians and the farcical election which followed it. The second was the Parliament Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith. The third is the Reform Bill, introduced into your own House by Lord Lansdowne.

It is possible that the Lansdowne Bill is not seriously intended to go through. It may be only a part of the plot of the politicians, in which, of course, the "official Opposition" is as deeply implicated as the Government, to force you to accept the Parliament Bill. For it is clear that from your lordship's point of view the peers. Whether under any circumstances men so elected would really represent you, those who are internationally elected peers without increasing the power of the new Second Chamber. Every feature of it is, as familiar with elections to the Lower House may doubt. Lord Curzon is, I believe, one of the elected peers for Ireland. I doubt if he is much more in sympathy with the ordinary Irish nobleman than Mr. Asquith is with the ordinary Scottish farmer whom he is supposed to represent. But Lord Lansdowne's Bill carefully guards against any chance of your exercising your independence and electing men of your own type. Your choice is to be confined to a select class of peers, and that class will be found on examination to be in the main those who are or have been in close touch with the political Machine which the new Second Chamber is intended to serve.

Ministers and ex-Ministers, the first class of persons qualified for election are, of course, the directors of the Machine. Ex-members of the House of Commons are necessarily men who have, at one time or another, been the servants of the Machine. Colonial governorships and all such positions in the gift of the "Crown" (which always means, of course, the Caucus), and are, therefore, at the disposal of the Machine. Even provincial majorities are usually bestowed on "political" peers; that is the peers who have helped to work the Machine. Unless you happen to be a colonel in the Army or a captain in the Navy, you and your like are excluded from the possibility of election to the House to which your ancestors sat of right. The old English squire, who really stands for something historic and national, will go; the placeman will remain.

Another hundred members are to be nominated directly by the Caucus. The Bill says "Crown," but "Crown Caucus" in this connection, and, lest there should be any doubt about its meaning, Lord Lansdowne was careful to explain in his speech that they will be selected by the nomination of the Party Whips. It is not probable that this section of the Second Chamber at any rate will give any trouble to the two Front Benches.

One hundred peers are to be elected by the other peers. Whether under any circumstances men so elected would really represent you, those who are familiar with elections to the Lower House may doubt. Ex-members of the House of Commons are necessarily men who have, at one time or another, been the servants of the Machine. Colonial governorships and all such positions in the gift of the "Crown" (which always means, of course, the Caucus), and are, therefore, at the disposal of the Machine. Even provincial majorities are usually bestowed on "political" peers; that is the peers who have helped to work the Machine. Unless you happen to be a colonel in the Army or a captain in the Navy, you and your like are excluded from the possibility of election to the House to which your ancestors sat of right. The old English squire, who really stands for something historic and national, will go; the placeman will remain.

Another hundred members are to be nominated directly by the Caucus. The Bill says "Crown," but "Crown Caucus" in this connection, and, lest there should be any doubt about its meaning, Lord Lansdowne was careful to explain in his speech that they will be selected by the nomination of the Party Whips. It is not probable that this section of the Second Chamber at any rate will give any trouble to the two Front Benches.

A third batch of a hundred and twenty are to be elected. But do not for a moment suppose that they are to be elected by the people. No; they are to be elected by the members of the House of Commons grouped according to areas. The control of the voters over members of the House of Commons is weak enough in all conscience. Their control over these indirect representatives will be absolutely nil. Everyone who knows anything about the House of Commons knows how much thing would would work it. Members, like the other hundred "nominated" members, would simply be chosen by the Whips, who would direct the members how to vote.

It would be almost waste of time to argue about the merits of this Bill. It may, of course, be opposed, but that can be justified on no possible theory of the State. It will not be a democratic assembly; it will not be an aristocratic assembly. It will not represent the English people; it will not represent that landed class of which you may be regarded as a representative. It will represent simply and solely the professional politicians.

Certainly it will not do what we are always told a Second Chamber exists to do—namely, act as an independent deliberative assembly, revising and checking the hasty decisions of the elected House. It will do this, because it will not be independent, because it will be controlled by exactly the same people who control the House of Commons, save that their control over the new Senate will be more unquestioned and complete.

To you, my lord, the argument will be used that the new Upper House will at any rate be "Conservative." But from your point of view everything depends upon what it is going to "conserve." It is not going to conserve your interests or traditions, the old rural and territorial structure of England for which you stand. These things are nothing to the Caucus. It is intended to conserve, and will conserve, nothing but the interests of the politicians and the money that party politics puts into their pockets.

The question remains—what is to be the fate of this Bill? It may, of course, as I have said, be merely intended to convert that House into a perfectly reliable wheel in the gigantic Machine which at present governs England. This is within your lordship's power to upset it; which the people are not. You have the power to upset it; which the people have not.

I trust you will use that power.

I remain your lordship's obedient servant,

Cecil Chesterton.
Tory Democracy.
By J. M. Kennedy.

(2) The Importance of Ideas.

The Tory Party, then, is obviously in a mess at the present time because it has no ideas. I do not say that it has no policy; for it has one, of sorts. But it has no why or wherefore; no ideas on which its policies can be built up and explained. The Liberals and Radicals and Socialists have. I do not for a moment admit the soundness of the philosophical foundation upon which the parties forming the present Government majority have based their ideals; but that they have such a foundation cannot be disputed. If, for example, the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a reason to explain why the rich should keep the poor to a greater extent than they now do, he has only to turn to the New Testament for arguments.

Where, however, can the Tories turn for arguments? The humble individual who pens these lines, firmly and very positively, must reluctantly confess that, for years past, he had not heard of a new argument in favour of the nearest approach to Conservative legislation, or read one in any of the Conservative publications. Platitudes abound; nothing more. The Tories have nowhere to turn for arguments; and it is the first duty of anyone interested in the Conservative Party to find out why it should be lacking in this respect. The second duty of the investigator is to supply the deficiency; but this second duty must on no account be carried out until the leaders of the party realise why the first duty should be necessary.

Now, modern Tories never think where political arguments (i.e., new ideas of government) come from. They do not, as the leaders of the party seem to imagine, originate in the minds of clever men among the employees attached to the Conservative Central Office or in the clubs. Ideas of all kinds originate only in minds of the highest order, among those original thinkers who are designated, somewhat vaguely and ambiguously perhaps, as creative artists. It is men of this type who, by their poems, plays, pictures, novels and so forth, stamp the age with a certain definite line. But, such as they are, they can only originate in the army, in the navy and in the Church, and immense social prestige. So long as the Tories supported and encouraged the liberal arts—so long, at all events, as they did not show the contempt for creative artists which they have shown in recent years—matters went, on the whole, fairly smoothly. This very power which they possessed, however, was the undoing of the Conservatives, for which they forgot that power had to be maintained as well as acquired. Land, wealth and influence are transitory and ephemeral; principles are eternal. The apathy and philistinism of the Tories drove away from their vanguard the only people who could maintain them in power, viz., the thinkers. The inevitable consequence followed. The thinkers, receiving no encouragement from their old supporters, turned to their opponents; and the Conservatives lived on their influence and prestige for a few years before the crash came in 1906.

This is no fanciful picture. The Liberal victory in 1906 was not due merely to disgust with the former Government; it was due to the skilful arguments of men like Chesterton and Belloc. The Liberals, Radicals and Socialists, never possessing the influence and wealth of the Tories in anything like the same degree, naturally had to develop their wits. At the end of a generation the campaign of ideas had its effect. The Tories were swept from power. A Bill was passed for splitting their estates into small holdings. Promises were given that the Church should be disestablished in Wales at the earliest possible moment. A generous Budget was brought in and passed. The House of Lords was abolished, leaving the Conservatives themselves, hopelessly blundering for want of ideas, hastened to suggest widespread and ridiculous changes in the ancient Chamber.

The Tories, then, owing to a combination of apathy, ignorance and obduracy, cast aside their natural leaders, the thinkers, about the time of Disraeli's death. For they have been suitably punished by the wave of Radicalism and Socialism which has since swept over the whole of the party. The wave, however, when it came, undermined, they had to fall back upon ideas; but none of their supporters had any ideas. The members of the party have been vainly looking for ideas since the crash of 1906. Where and how can they get them?

I have not professed to draw up a complete list; but the names I have given are sufficiently representative. If we examine our ranks of first-class thinkers, such as Belloc and Chesterton, our second-class thinkers, such as Shaw, or our third-class thinkers, such as Maurice Hewlett, we shall find that they are overwhelmingly Radical or Socialist.

It is, indeed, surprising that no Conservative leader, or leader-writer, or adviser of the party, has ever even asked the question why it should be that the vast majority of our authors, dramatists and so forth, when they take any part in politics at all, should range themselves with the anti-Tories. If one of the most prominent anti-Tory, the public generally will be anti-Tory; for, as I have said, all arguments for or against originate in a small circle of thinkers before filtering downwards.

Our thinkers are Liberal and Radical, not because they have any real affinity with the Liberal Party, not because thought is "progressive" in the political signification now given to the word; but simply because, in the course of the last forty or fifty years, the governing classes in this country have treated all creative artists with contempt. Driven away from the party with which they had an affinity, thinkers and writers of all kinds have been forced either to ally themselves with the opposite side, or, as has happened in a few cases, to remain neutral.

The effects of such a stupid policy were not, of course, felt immediately. Our Conservative Party—i.e., the governing classes—had four strong supports on which they once relied: they possessed most of the land and most of the wealth, all the influence in the army, in the navy and in the Church, and immense social prestige. So long as the Tories supported and encouraged the liberal arts—so long, at all events, as they did not show the contempt for creative artists which they have shown in recent years—matters went, on the whole, fairly smoothly. This very power which they possessed, however, was the undoing of the Conservatives, for which they forgot that power had to be maintained as well as acquired. Land, wealth and influence are transitory and ephemeral; principles are eternal. The apathy and philistinism of the Tories drove away from their vanguard the only people who could maintain them in power, viz., the thinkers. The inevitable consequence followed. The thinkers, receiving no encouragement from their old supporters, turned to their opponents; and the Conservatives lived on their influence and prestige for a few years before the crash came in 1906.

This is no fanciful picture. The Liberal victory in 1906 was not due merely to disgust with the former Government; it was due to the skilful arguments of men like Chesterton and Belloc. The Liberals, Radicals and Socialists, never possessing the influence and wealth of the Tories in anything like the same degree, naturally had to develop their wits. At the end of a generation the campaign of ideas had its effect. The Tories were swept from power. A Bill was passed for splitting their estates into small holdings. Promises were given that the Church should be disestablished in Wales at the earliest possible moment. A generous Budget was brought in and passed. The House of Lords was abolished, leaving the Conservatives themselves, hopelessly blundering for want of ideas, hastened to suggest widespread and ridiculous changes in the ancient Chamber.

The Tories, then, owing to a combination of apathy, ignorance and obduracy, cast aside their natural leaders, the thinkers, about the time of Disraeli's death. For they have been suitably punished by the wave of Radicalism and Socialism which has since swept over the whole of the party. The wave, however, when it came, undermined, they had to fall back upon ideas; but none of their supporters had any ideas. The members of the party have been vainly looking for ideas since the smash of 1906. Where and how can they get them? Since they have waited five years since once this question, they may as well wait for another fortnight, when the third article in this series will appear.
Consumption and Leprosy

By Walter Shaw Sparrow

Our age of talk being at odds with action, we have listened for a long time to discussions on phthisis, and on the means by which it ought to be extirpated from our midst. The talk goes on, and the paralysis engendered by too much chatter increases. A consumptive in a large family is still allowed to infect the household. On the other hand, if we omit this shocking fact, with the treatment of lepers during the Middle Ages, we pass at once from the cruelty of public inaction to the swift methods of energetic times and peoples. There is evidence that in Europe there were more than twenty-two thousand lazaret houses, places of segregation, all under the care of the Church. In England there existed a hundred and twenty at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and research draws a detailed picture of their life and discipline. Many of them were small places, but they all served the same invaluable purpose of keeping the afflicted from associating with the healthy. Some went on pilgrimages to those shrines which had the reputation of working miracles, but never the consumptive receives as conquests the health of the healthy. It was always segregation from domestic life, whether the leper wandered from place to place with his cup and clapper (a thing to which Edward III. strongly objected), or received charity in a leper hospital.

When a kind of organized burial service was read over him, in accordance with the Salisbury process, bidding the leper to follow at a little distance; and they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls. One pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls. One pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls. One pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls. One pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls. One pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."

In the church preparations have been made as for a burial. There are two trestles and two black palls. One pall is put on the floor between the trestles, and upon it the leper kneels; kneeling thus, he is covered and as they pass through the village they chant together the "Libera me, Domine."
utensils twice a day. The rooms were to be carpeted with grass, straw, or rushes. For this purpose four bundles of straw were given out on the vigil of All Saints', on Christmas Eve, and on Easter Eve; while four bundles of rushes were distributed on the Eve of Pentecost, of St. John the Baptist, and of the Feast of Mary Magdalen.

Nearer and nearer we come into touch with life in an Anglo-Norman leper hospital. Simple clothes were worn, each patient having annually three yards of woollen cloth, either russet or white, and six yards of linen. Towels were used in common, and six yards of canvas for each patient were allowed each year. A washerwoman helped the patients, and a tailor came from time to time and cut out the clothes. An allowance for shoes was given, four pence a year to each brother and sister; and grease for the shoes was renewed every second month. Pocket money—equal to about three guineas in our currency—was distributed to each patient on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, causing great excitement.

There was a nurse, an old woman, for those who were expected to die; and when death was expected, long nights were made less lonely and terrible, a candle or a fire being kept alight in the sick room. Then, as to food, it was abundant in a modest way. There was pulse for gruel on Sunday, and wheat to make furmity; and red herrings were a favourite dish; three went to a portion; and on St. Michael's Day a goose was cooked for every four patients, and sister; and grease for the shoes was renewed every second month. Pocket money—equal to about three guineas in our currency—was distributed to each patient on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, causing great excitement.

THINGS ARE IMPROVING IN THIS LITTLE HOTEL, FOR SWEET AS THE OLD MAN WAS, A VERY DELIGHTFUL CONTRAST WAS OFFERED TO THE REFRESHING SIGHT OF TWO NOBLY-PLANNED GERMAN GIRLS, ONE VERY HAPPILY MARRIED AND THE OTHER ABOUT TO BE—YOUNG WOMEN THEY WERE WHOSE BEAUTIFUL DRESSES WERE SUCH AS THEY KNEW TO BE DUE TO THEMSELVES; NOT INDEPENDENT CREATIONS OF FASHION LIKE MOST OF THE ROBES OVER HERE. WITH THE WELL-SET YOUNG MEN WHO WERE WITH THEM THEY FORMED A QUARTETTE THAT WAS GOOD TO SEE, ESPECIALLY WHILE ONE IS HEARING SO MUCH ABOUT THE THINNING OF THE POPULATION.

My first was a poor sort of letter, consisting chiefly of wintry impressions, and written without much more knowledge of Paris than can be got by motor-busing from place to place, or suffering in the underground, but now while everything with any life in it is being rejuvenated, one ought to try to attain oneself to the more cheerful mood of the spring. I had not thought until lately of flowers in connection with Paris, but the stalls over here are as tempting as any in London, and the little girl tramps as sweet with their "Please-will-you-buy-them, sir?"

The trees are now in full leaf, and with the Easter holidays over, there could be no better time for coming. In Paris, of course, there is a permanent object-lesson for those who are keen on town-planning, and after reading about their conferences, I thought it might be worth while, avoiding the general subject, to give you some of the thoughts that are suggested by seeing so much of these Boulevards.

Accepting those of Louis XIV on the lines of the previous wall, those that are not of to-day or yesterday belong to the time of the third Napoleon, under whom was the Baron Hausmann, who seems to have been a complete Board of Works in himself, and a prince among engineers.

Like that disgrace to London, the never completed Shaftsby Avenue which should be extended to Oxford Street, they cut through the streets and alleys and courts of this swarming metropolis, and though much was said on the other side by the historians and the disposessed, it cannot be denied that the benefits of these main arteries are felt by the whole population. Those who cannot afford to pay on the front can have as good for a penny by simply turning the corner, and can afterwards work off the effects of whatever drink they have had by strolling homewards in decent air. Since it now means so much to the inhabitants generally, we should regard it as an institution, but there is another much older, and that is the Café, which you only see on the Boulevards, though there are many in every street, and these, for men and women alike, are very much more like clubs than our horrible drinking saloons. Those of Paris have been, time out of mind, the resort of the whole community. The Frenchman has everything there that you have a right to expect in your club, and I cannot but think that his readiness for a revolution may in part be accounted for by the opportunities for the exchange of ideas which every such place can offer. The century which ended with the Commune saw four very lively ones, and I think there would be another immediately if their status were gravely affected by any law or decree. Literally there is no time in the day in which they are deserted entirely, and to lay overmuch stress on their convenience to those of the opposite sexes who are wanting to be together, would be to throw everything out of proportion.

There are some much-advertised hotels in London in which you are offered a "home from home," and since the private house is unknown, it is perfectly true that most of the poor Parisians have no home that deserves the name, but it is very unfair to talk as if he were to blame for not having your feeling for it. Surely the explanation, granted the lack, is that he never had one, for in almost every old town of any importance there has been overwinding from the beginning due to the wish on the part of the poor to be near the water—the chief employer. Anyhow, there is little to choose be-
tween London and Paris in this matter of overcrowding.
The difference is that the London workmen get married
whether they ought to or not, and have not in their
public houses the chance of really sensible recrea-
tion that the poorest Parisian has. To attribute
his lack of home-feeling to anything wrong in his nature
is as unfair as it could be, and so it is to attribute the
fear of there being children to the absence of fondness
on either side. Let the woman who reads this letter
imagine herself with the man of her choice in the
corner of an English café, possessed of the yearning
that can’t be expressed, and yet with no prospect of
anything better in the way of a home than, perhaps, one
room in an awfu| house, or such a fraction of a
God-forsaken appartement as by squeezing they might
afford. There is no more damning criticism of such a
state than that which is made by those possible parents
who abstain from producing children rather than intro-
duce them to homes like the worst of ours, and this is
what I may call the passive resister’s strike. The argu-
ment of the flesh is that once on the starvation line,
counting you and the other as one, you will not be any
poorer if you have any number of children. It is the
State with its ugly dependence for income on our con-
sumption of the intoxicant who so kindly invites us to
drink ourselves into forgetfulness of the liabilities we
have incurred, and I think the Frenchman’s resistance
is more admirable than our incontinence. Economi-
cally, I see no distinction that should be drawn between
most of the receivers in the middle class of salaries
determined by competition and those in receipt of a
weekly wage in which there is no provision for
children; and this seems to me the only sensible way
of approaching the very grave question of morals
with which I had thought of dealing, but really there is
nothing I can do properly within the scope of a single
letter. The prettiest thing in the Louvre is a portrait
by Hoppner, so much like my late landlady that
by Hoppner, so much like my late landlady that
I had never heard mustard set to music so sweet before, and could
have listened for ever.

ARENCE RADFORD.

POEMS FROM THE SLAVONIC.

[Translated by P. Selev from the originals of Petr Bezruč.]

OSTRAVA.

A HUNDRED years in silence I dwelt in the pit,
A hundred years I delved for coal in the ground,
And after a hundred years my sinews were knit
As if my fleshless arms by iron were bound.

The east of the coal has settled upon my eyes,
And on my lips the coal is clustered around,
And on my hair and my beard and my brows there lies
The coal that like icicles hangs to the ground.

Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore,
From labour to labour I go,
Palaces tower aloft by the Danube’s shore,
From my blood and my sweat they grow.

For a hundred years in the mine my murmurs I quelled,
Who will require me those hundred years I have borne?
And when I threatened them with the hammer I held,
I heard the voice of one who laughed me to scorn.

I should find my senses and go to the mine once more,
And as of old for my masters I should toil,
I raised the hammer on high; in a trice the gore
Was flowing on Polish Ostrava’s soil!

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
Whether Peter your name be or Paul,
The steel-wrought armour upon your breast ye must lay
And thousands to battle must call.

I am the first who arose of the people of Teschen,
The first Beskydian bard who uttered his strains,
They follow the stranger’s plough, and the slaves fare
downwards,
Naught but milk and water flows in their veins.
Each of them has a God in the heaven above them,
As a second, a greater one, here on the earth holds sway,
To the One above they pay in the church their tribute,
And unto the second with tribute and blood they pay.

He, he, who is up on high gives bread that we die not,
To the fish he gave streams, for the butterfly blossoms
have shed;
Thou, thou who wert bred and born in the Beskyd
mountains
On thee he bestowed the world that ‘neath Lyssa is speeded.
He gave thee the mountains, and gave unto thee the
forests,
The scents, that out of the meadows already sweep,
With thou have swooped the second has taken everything from
you,
Hasten to him who is there in the church, and weep.

My son from the Beskyds, reverence God and thy
masters,
Fair is the fruit that then shall be reckoned as thine.
Out of thy forests the guardian angels have cast thee,
Unto them thou so meekly thyself dost incline.
“Thou thief from Krásná! Is this the wood thou
possessest?
Cast thyself down, and the earth in humility kiss,
Out of the woods of thy lords and away to Friedek!
Thou who art up on high, what sayst thou to this?
Thine evil speaking offends thy masters,
Thy guardian angels it doth offend.
Cast it off, for this will better avail thee.
On thy son will the penalty first descend.”

Thus ‘twas done. The Lord wills it.
Night sank o’er my people,
Our dream was sealed when the night had passed,
In that night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance.
The first Beskydian bard and the last.

THOU AND I.

I am faint from my way.
Black are my hands and damp is the raiment I wear,
I am but a miner and thou art my master to-day,
Thine is the palace, a hovel of wood is my lair,
My Phrygian cap o’er my forehead a shadow doth
wear.

But not unto me do the pleading orphans lament,
I oppressed no widows nor seized on their land with
thieves.

From the Beskyds am I, and a son of serfdom and woe,
From the Beskyds am I, and a son of serfdom and woe,
I toil in thy hovels and down in thy mine I toil,
For a hundred years in the mine my murmurs I quelled,
And in that night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance.

The difference is that the London workmen get married
whether they ought to or not, and have not in their
public houses the chance of really sensible recrea-
tion that the poorest Parisian has. To attribute
his lack of home-feeling to anything wrong in his nature
is as unfair as it could be, and so it is to attribute the
fear of there being children to the absence of fondness
on either side. Let the woman who reads this letter
imagine herself with the man of her choice in the
corner of an English café, possessed of the yearning
that can’t be expressed, and yet with no prospect of
anything better in the way of a home than, perhaps, one
room in an awfu| house, or such a fraction of a
God-forsaken apartement as by squeezing they might
afford. There is no more damning criticism of such a
state than that which is made by those possible parents
who abstain from producing children rather than intro-
duce them to homes like the worst of ours, and this is
what I may call the passive resister’s strike. The argu-
ment of the flesh is that once on the starvation line,
counting you and the other as one, you will not be any
poorer if you have any number of children. It is the
State with its ugly dependence for income on our con-
sumption of the intoxicant who so kindly invites us to
drink ourselves into forgetfulness of the liabilities we
have incurred, and I think the Frenchman’s resistance
is more admirable than our incontinence. Economi-
cally, I see no distinction that should be drawn between
most of the receivers in the middle class of salaries
determined by competition and those in receipt of a
weekly wage in which there is no provision for
children; and this seems to me the only sensible way
of approaching the very grave question of morals
with which I had thought of dealing, but really there is
nothing I can do properly within the scope of a single
letter. The prettiest thing in the Louvre is a portrait
by Hoppner, so much like my late landlady that
by Hoppner, so much like my late landlady that
I had never heard mustard set to music so sweet before, and could
have listened for ever.

ARENCE RADFORD.

POEMS FROM THE SLAVONIC.

[Translated by P. Selev from the originals of Petr Bezruč.]

OSTRAVA.

A HUNDRED years in silence I dwelt in the pit,
A hundred years I delved for coal in the ground,
And after a hundred years my sinews were knit
As if my fleshless arms by iron were bound.

The east of the coal has settled upon my eyes,
And on my lips the coal is clustered around,
And on my hair and my beard and my brows there lies
The coal that like icicles hangs to the ground.

Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore,
From labour to labour I go,
Palaces tower aloft by the Danube’s shore,
From my blood and my sweat they grow.

For a hundred years in the mine my murmurs I quelled,
Who will require me those hundred years I have borne?
And when I threatened them with the hammer I held,
I heard the voice of one who laughed me to scorn.

I should find my senses and go to the mine once more,
And as of old for my masters I should toil,
I raised the hammer on high; in a trice the gore
Was flowing on Polish Ostrava’s soil!

All ye that are in Silesia, all ye I say,
Whether Peter your name be or Paul,
The steel-wrought armour upon your breast ye must lay
And thousands to battle must call.
I know you have a low opinion of modern drama, but I have never heard the reasons for your judgment. What do you think wrong in the drama of to-day?

Oh, merely the soul is missing, that is all. And without a soul the body is a corrupting spook. But what is the use of saying this to people who either ignorantly deny that the soul exists, like the rationalists, or equally ignorantly affirm its existence, like the priests? Between them the soul and all its limbs—which are the arts—are crucified. I regard most of modern drama as of no more importance than the mediæval discussions of theologians. Rather more tedious, in fact.

But what would you have drama be that it is not?

Religious, of course. And now you will instantly suppose that I refer to the Church or to Christianity or to theology or to the Rev. R. J. Campbell or to mystery plays. Let me warn you that I hate them all. If they are religious I am not.

You should not use their words, then. Religion is almost a prerogative of the powers you mention. What do you, in fact, mean by saying the drama should be religious?

Simply that it should have the soul for its subject, predicate, and object. All art, in my opinion, concerns the soul, or it is not art. Drama in this sense might be yet again the greatest of the arts.

Why the greatest? Is it not rather strange that you should think modern drama the meanest of the arts and yet believe that drama might be the greatest?

Not at all. It is quite according to the proverb. Besides, no other art has at its command so complete a range of expression,—action, form, colour, gesture, voice, persons,—why, drama is an epitome of the world; it is a little planet. Further than this, it is a world with an intelligible meaning. I do not mean necessarily an articulable meaning. Whatever can be said need not be done. What can be said or done need not be expressed in form and colour. Though each of these languages may overlap, each has an area exclusively its own. Thus drama, which employs all these, has so many tongues. It is a pentecostal art. Its message is, therefore, to the whole nature of man, I mean to his soul; and no other art circumvallates the soul to take it as drama can.

There has been a good deal of discussion lately concerning the stage and its equipment. I hope you think that this has not been in vain?

Not altogether. But it seems to me that few people have yet grasped the meaning of it all, though Mr. Huntly Carter has laboured hard to teach them. Briefly, the stage must be looked upon as the holy place within which a dramatic representation of an episode in the life of the soul is produced. And everything that enters the stage must be subordinated to that end. It is not enough, for example, to have simply a good cast of actors, fine scenery, skilful lighting and so on. Nor is it enough that each of these should be "specially designed" by a competent artist and collected by a producer with taste. They must first be unified, and then subordinated to the presentation of the dramatic theme; and this dramatic theme is always the soul. The "soul" of the drama must be allowed to speak through not only the persons, but all the accessories of the stage. Every detail must be characteristic of the play's intention. In fact, the criterion of all these details is not their intrinsic merit, but their service to the soul of the play. Do they or do they not assist in the revelation, that is the question.

Unedited Opinions.

On Drama.

I'm afraid I have misled you in mentioning the Mass. You set dramatists a great task if they are to create a Mass every time they write a play. But do you really think the public would appreciate such a performance?

You talk of revelation, but what is there to reveal, who can reveal it, and would the spectators realise it even if it were revealed?

You see we come back to the religious aspect, the true aspect of drama. Of course there is something to reveal and, of course, it would be realised if it were revealed. As to who shall reveal it, I confess my doubt. It is certainly not the dramatist. Euripides was not because these latter were better dramatic craftsmen than Euripides. Quite the contrary. Euripides is much superior technically. It was because Euripides was an interior artist in that he was unable to put a soul into his plays. For a soul he substituted an idea. The descent was rapid. An idea became a political moral notion. Euripides in a decade after Sophocles' death was down among the propagandists. Shaw is there still.

"Man and Superman," however, Shaw distinctly informs us is a religious play.

"A dau's not reckoned a religious bird because he cries from a steeple." Shaw may affirm the religious character of his work until his face is as black as parson's cloth; but only New Theologians, that is, old Agnostics, will believe him. A genuine impulse to the soul is the sovereign virtue of religion; and what impulse do Shaw's plays give? To vote Progressive is as high a resolution as they compel. Can you imagine a solemn function being made of either Shaw or of Euripides? At the representation of the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles at Athens there presided the Chief Archon, with the high priests of Dionysos and Apollo in stately symbolic attendance. Fancy that for a play concerning the evils of prostitution, or a new theory of evolutionary ethics! The proper place for these things is the lecture room or the market square; and their fitting audience consists of sociologists. But they have nothing to do with the soul. Social problems will not survive the death of the body as the soul does. Poverty and prostitution are not immortal.

It seems to me that you are repudiating the whole theory of the social utility of drama. If the drama, as Berdhavardt, says, is irrecoverable, why not employ its force to regenerate society?

If I deny that art has any definable utility, you must not conclude that I deny utility to it of any kind. But its service is not social, nor is it material. I even doubt the purity of any play that impels to any action, thought or idea in particular. From the sacrament of the Mass what think you a good Catholic would expect to derive in the way of ideas? He knows by an incommunicable inspiration that his soul has been nourished by participation in the ceremony. That is enough. "Is it not enough?" Art is no less sacramental. I repeat that the drama is a religious ceremony and concerns the immortal soul. When it has not these attributes, you may call it drama if you please. I call it mummary.

You set dramatists a great task if they are to create a Mass every time they write a play. But do you really think the public would appreciate such a performance?
An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

The baseball season has begun, and to watch a game of that American summer sport is to see mathematics in motion, a demonstration of logic by a ball and two swift legs. Cricket and baseball are somewhat alike in form but miles apart in manner. A man can play cricket while he has lumbago, rheumatism, gout, tic douloureux, the blind staggers, asthma, heart disease, or any of those little things that people sometimes die of, but you cannot play baseball and dawdle away your afternoon at the same time.

This is no game for idlers and dreamers. You can easily go fast asleep while watching a game of cricket at Lords on a warm afternoon in May, but over here the excitement is at fever heat from the beginning to the end of a game. Vast crowds turn out to see the battles between the great national teams, and when Chicago plays New York, when West meets East, it is like the clash of two armies. American football is naive, brutal, and stupid, but baseball with all the up-to-date devices and tricks is the last expression of scientific and practical. Even chance is turned into a science, and everything revolves on a basis of mathematical precision and logical manoeuvring. Nowhere but in America could such a game be seen, yet to see it is not necessarily understanding it. Perhaps not more than one in a hundred of the spectators understand what they see.

A typical horse race in America is a trotting match; a typical game of baseball is a running bout. In games, as in business, the American mind dwells on the scientific and practical. Even chance is turned into a science, and everything revolves on a basis of mathematical calculation and in games two things are eliminated—sentiment and guess-work; for the reason that the multiplication table is a stranger to both. Even a great political election turns on a nice point of arithmetic. Every year in America shows some new manifestation of calculated progress in which a few figures more or less make all the difference. Foreigners seem to think that great fortunes like those of Rockefeller and Gould were built up on a species of luck and that any other feller could have done the same. Rockefeller "figured out" results in advance, and knew what he was doing while yet a poor man. Intuition, inspiration, and streaks of illumination are admitted in the world of art and literature, never in the world of business and sports.

It is this sort of thing that mystifies the business man from Europe when he comes here with his old fashion notions and plodding perseverance. He wonders why his methods, so successful in his native country, count for nothing in America. Never can he be made to realise the American's secret of success. Never can he be induced to believe that the "lightning calculator" is to be found in the American business world as well as on the boards of a music hall, and that at the very moment when the slow-going, pondering European is talking with his mouth the business American is figuring the thing out in his mind, getting at the last fraction of the odds, for or against.

Baseball typifies the present-day American mind in rapidity of thought, precision of action and achievement of results. In this game the Americans created for themselves one of the most difficult problems that could be imagined, and then after years of practice and calculation succeeded in achieving the impossible. For what they accomplish in this game seems even more difficult than winning at the tables of Monte Carlo by means of a studied system.

The greatest scientific expert on baseball isHugh S. Fullerton, "whose enthusiasm for the game equals the scientific knowledge that Thomas Edison has of electricity." A scientific spectator at one of these up-to-date games has a mistaken notion that it is simple speed in running that wins the game, but Fullerton tells us, in the "American Magazine," that the secret of success is in the starting. How many out of the millions of spectators, the seven millions who witness the ball matches during a single season, would have discovered it?

It may appear ridiculous, says this writer, to think that accomplishing the journey around three hundred and sixty feet of chalk-marked ground can be reduced to a science. Yet such is the case, and the players figure it almost in fractions of inches. From the very start to the finish every inch of ground is calculated. Baseball, as now played, is as complete as chess and far more difficult to master than the art of governing the nation from the President's chair or the White House, and I do not hesitate to say that the climate of England alone would make such a game impossible in England or Germany. The things which Hugh Fullerton enumerates which a first-class player must know in order to stand any chance of winning are enough to make a layman's head swim; and if ever a man needed to be in complete possession of all his faculties, all his wits, it is in playing a study in politics—League baseball.

All crowds are stupid, and a baseball crowd is no exception. Not understanding the rare and difficult science of the game the crowd invariably greets the flukes with thunders of applause. These are the weak points of the players for strong points, just as they do in politics and in art generally. Regarded in this light baseball is a lesson for the philosopher, a warning to the man who thinks a crowd can reason.

While the weak players are trying to win a game by risks and flukes, the players who command all their wits and know exactly what they are doing are the ones who come out at the end of the season with flying colours, and the fluke makers are forgotten.

This thing of mathematical calculation rules not only in games and in business but in other places. For example, the "Stand-Patter" in American politics is simply a mathematical manifestation of Republicanism in the process of "dry rot." The Republican Party in America is now, and has been for a good many years at Washington, what the financiers of Wall Street have been and still are. It is the party of cold-blooded calculation working under the aegis of patriotism. For some years it has been hand in glove with the Trusts and the Trusts are "agin" the people, for there is no sentiment or charity in mathematics.

One must read Miss Ida M. Tarbell's trenchant study, entitled "The Stand-Patter," in the "American Magazine," to realise what that intellect represents in America. Few novels contain so many thrilling facts. Miss Tarbell begins by explaining the origin of the term "Stand-patter." The phrase originated at the card-table, at the game of poker, and means "one who does not want to show his hand, does not want any assistance, does not want to add or deduct anything from his position." "But," says this gifted writer, "go and study the stand-patter at his favourite occupation of cementing and extending the walls of the protective tariff and your first surprise will be that, satisfied as he apparently is with his hand, unwilling as he may apparently be to add to it, be, as a matter of fact, long ago departed from the methods of the gentleman whose name he bears."
greater the political turmoil, the more the old and the new clash together, the more chance for the artist, the writer and the thinker.

Certainly the turning has been reached in the long lane of tinkering mediocrity, optimistic pretence, and sham contentment. The lane was a long one, having gone straight in one direction since the close of the Civil War, but it has two turnings—one to the right, leading into Canada and the lead to the left, leading into Mexico. As Mr. Baker says, things have happened with seeming precipitation, yet for years a preparation has been going on for just what we see occurring to-day, and the startling events of the recent months are only startling to those who were stupid enough to think the old straight lane would last forever. America is passing through something much more important and far-reaching than an ordinary political crisis. The troubles in Mexico are only in the first stage. Beyond Mexico there are Japan and Germany, and the simple talkie, talkie period is gone, never to return in the American world of diplomacy.

I see plainly enough what benefits future upheavals will bring to this country. For one thing, the very first stroke of serious trouble will sweep the coast clear of the mixed-pickle old fogies in their glass jars with patent lids "warranted to keep in any climate," and for another thing, the old stand-patter millionaire will, at the first stroke of the tragic tocsin, seek a place of remote refuge and be more heard of. The unknown young men from obscure country towns will step in if by magic and take their place. Things will go with a steady rush of machinery that has behind it a thousand Niagaras of electric power which cannot be shut off.

The more I consider the general outlook here the more contented I am that I shall not be called on to lead the simple life; would wish for such a position for a single day. I have been told that Mr. Roosevelt lies awake o’ nights figuring out how he would act and what he would do in case the Japanese suddenly landed a big army in Mexico or Central America.

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, when he recently came to England from the Italian retreat which he has so fancifully pictured in one of the drawings at the Leicester Galleries, brought with him not only a number of new caricatures, but also the manuscript of a novel. This is a piece of really interesting news. If his book is characterised by the same delicate and ruthless cruelty as marks his best caricatures, it will be doubly valuable. In any case, it is certain to be distinguished. We want, in the portrayal of manners, a great deal more of Mr. Max Beerbohm’s spirit. Fiction as a whole is infinitely more contented, a witty expert to discourse on his own subject.

On Thursday afternoon of this week Mr. H. G. Wells is lecturing at the Times Book Club on “The Scope of Modern Novel.” As are my habit when I go to the Times Book Club, I must admit that it is really rather entertaining on their part to engage, doubtless at considerable expense, a witty expert to discourse on his own subject.

The Copyright Bill is getting more complicated than ever; also more hopeless. No one even pretends to foresee its results now. The incursion of that admirable scout and sharpshooter, Mr. Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P., into the affair is really rather discounting. I cannot help thinking that he understands the taxation of land values better than the copyright question. His proposal that anthologists should be able to appropriate copyright poems without payment, provided the anthology is intended for schools, appears to be extraordinarily unjust, and even sentimental. It was not seriously defended. Mr. Wedgwood did not attempt seriously to defend it, and I do not think he could seriously defend it. He appeared to receive its rejection with perfect acquiescence. But in any case, there is scarcity of righteous ideals should have a care against irresponsibility in these grave matters of literary property. Mr. Buxton has brought forward a quite vicious proposal to the effect that the last twenty years of copyright should give only partial protection to a book. His beautiful notion is that during the final twenty years any publisher should be at liberty to publish a book provided he pays a 10 per cent royalty to the owners of the copyright. Mr. Wedgwood, not content with this, would put a book at the mercy of the lower-cent-paying publisher during the last forty years of the copyright period. The argument, of course, is that competition would make for cheapness and the public benefit. But the scheme is deficient in one quality—sincerity. Why should the owner of the copyright be deprived of the control of what is his? The only reply is: In order that the public may get something for nothing at an individual’s expense. It is always bad for either a single person or a multitude of persons to get something for nothing. And the consequences of pillage cannot be ultimately beneficial to anybody.

I shall be told that the scheme does not suggest pillage. But pillage is exactly what it does suggest to me. For one reason: Under the Buxton-Wedgwood scheme, ten years after my death, any firm of drapers would be at liberty to take my most popular book, and publish it at threepence, or even at a penny, as an advertisement. I can easily imagine the “Penny Copyright Series” of some huge wealthy in Oxford Street. My wife would get the tenth of a penny royalty, instead of a minimum of ten times that amount. The book would be vulgarised, and the more expensive editions would be virtually killed. The increased sales would not compensate for the reduction of royalty, and nobody at all would be a whit better off, except possibly the drapers. Such might be one colorful sequel to the Buxton-Wedgwood scheme. I have talked to several members of Parliament about the Copyright Bill, and from each I have heard the cry that the Bill would operate chiefly against middlemen (i.e., publishers) and not against authors, because authors generally sell their copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers. This belief shows a strange ignorance of modern conditions—the owners of copyrights to publishers.

However, I am not yet alarmed about the present Copyright Bill. For just as surely as the Parliament will become law, the Copyright Bill will not become law. It is destined to slaughter.

After a very long delay, the English translation of “The Plays of Brieux,” with a long preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw, has been published. The preface was in type over a year ago, and I have heard that Le trio d’art de M. Dupont “is a fairish play, but neither that play nor any other of Brieux’s has any permanent artistic value whatever. The whole of Brieux’s work is figured by sentimentality and artistic insincerity. It is generally life and only occasionally evokes any theatrical trick to which Brieux has not stooped. And Mr. Shaw’s preface is merely outrageous. That is all there is to be said.
A Birthday.
By Katherine Mansfield.

Andreas Binzer woke slowly. He turned over on the narrow bed and stretched himself—yawned—opening his mouth as widely as possible and bringing his teeth together afterwards with a sharp "click." The sound of that click fascinated him; he repeated it quickly several times, with a snapshots movement of the jaws. What teeth! he thought. Sound as a bell, every man jack of them. Never had one out, never had one stopped. That comes of no tomfoolery in eating, and a good, regular brushing night and morning. He raised himself on his left elbow and waved his right arm over the side of the bed to feel for the chair where he put his watch and chain over night. No chair was there—of course, he'd forgotten, there wasn't a chair in this wretched spare room. 

Had to put the confounded thing under his pillow. "Half-past eight, Sunday, breakfast at nine—time for the bath"—his brain ticked to the watch. He sprang out of bed and went over to the window. The venetian blind was broken, hung fan-shaped over the upper pane. . . . "That blind must be mended. I'll get the office boy to drop in and fix it on his way home to-morrow—he's a good hand at blinds. Give him twopence and he'll do it as well as a carpenter. . . . Anna could do it herself if she was all right. So I'd, for the matter of that, but I don't like to trust myself on rickety step ladders." He looked up at the sky, it shone, strangely white, unfeckled with cloud; he looked down at the row of garden strips and backyards. The fence of these gardens was built along the edge of a gully, spanned by an iron suspension bridge, and the people had a wretched habit of throwing their empty tins over the fence into the gully. Just like them, of course! Andreas started counting the tins, and decided, viciously, to write a letter to the papers about it and sign it—sign it in full.

The servant girl came out of their back door into the yard, carrying his boots. She threw one down on to the ground, thrust her hand into the other, and stared at the sky for a moment, sucking in her cheeks. Suddenly she bent forward, spat on the toecap, and started polishing with a brush rooted out of her apron pocket. . . . "Slut of a girl! Heaven knows what infectious disease may be breeding now in that boot. Anna must get rid of that girl—even if she has to do without one for a bit—as soon as she's up and about again. The way she chucked one boot down and then spat upon the other! She didn't care whose boots she'd got hold of. She had no false notions of the respect due to the master of the house." He turned away from the window and switched his eyes from the sky to the ground. "I wonder what she meant by saying I'd worried Anna yesterday. Nice remark to make to a husband at a time like this. Unstrung, I suppose—and my sensitive-ness again?"

When he went into the kitchen for his boots, the servant girl was bent over the stove, cooking breakfast. "Breathing into that, now, I suppose," thought Andreas, and was very short with the servant girl. She did not notice. She was full of terrified joy and importance in the goings on upstairs. She felt she was learning the secrets of life with every breath she drew. Had laid the table that morning saying, "Boy," as she put down the "Boy's" dish, "He's a good Girl," as she placed the "Miss's" dish. She'd worked out with the saltspoon to "Boy," "For two pins I'd tell the master that, to comfort him, like," she decided. But the master gave her no opening. "Put an extra cup and saucer on the table," he said, "the Doctor may want some coffee." "The Doctor, sir?" "The servant girl whipped a spoon out of a pan, and spilt two drops of grease on the stove. Shall I fry something extra?" But the master had gone, slamming the door after him. He walked down the street—there was nobody about at all—dead and alive this place on a Sunday morning. As Frau Binzer opened the door a strong stench of fennel and decayed refuse streamed from the gully, and again Andreas began concocting a letter. He turned into the main road. The shutters were still up before the shops. Scraps of newspaper, hay, and fruit skins strewed the pavement; the gutters were choked with the leavings of Saturday night. Two dogs sprawled in the middle of the road, scuffling and biting. Only the public-house at the corner was open; a young barman stopped water over the doorstep.

Fastidiously, his lips curling, Andreas picked his way through the water. "Extraordinary how I am noticing things this morning. It's partly the effect of Sunday. I loathe a Sunday when Anna's tied by the leg and the children are away. On Sunday a man has the right to expect his peace. Everything's filthy, the whole place might be down with plague, and will be, too, if this street's not swept away. I'd like to have a hand on the government ropes." He braced his shoulders. "Now for this doctor." "Doctor Erb is at breakfast," the maid informed him. She showed him into the waiting-room, a dark and

wrinkles seemed to pull over it from under the skin surface. "Sit down on the bed a moment," he said. "Been up all night?"

"Yes. No, I won't sit down, I must go back to her. Anna has been in pain all night. She wouldn't have you disturbed before because she said you looked so run down yesterday. You told her you had caught a cold and she'd thought you were very weak." Straightway Andreas felt that he was being accused. "Well, she made me tell her, worried it out of me, you know the way she does." Again Frau Binzer nodded. "Oh yes, I know. She says, is your cold better, and there's a warm undervest for you in the left hand corner of the big drawer." Quite automatically Andreas cleared his throat twice. "Yes," he answered. "Tell her my throat certainly feels looser. I suppose I'd better not disturb her?"

"No, and besides, time, Anna." "I'll be ready in five minutes."

They went into the passage. As Frau Binzer opened the door of the front bedroom, a long wall came from the room.
musty place, with some ferns under a glass case by the window. "He says he won't be a minute, please sir, and there is a paper on the table."

"Unhealthy hole, thought Binzer, walking over to the window and drumming his fingers on the glass fern shade. "At breakfast, is he? That's the mistake I made: turning out early on an empty stomach."

A milk cart rattled down the street, the driver standing at the back, cracking a whip; he wore an immense geranium in the lapel of his coat. Firm as a rock he stood, bending back a little in the swaying cart. Andreas craned his neck to watch him all the way down the road, even after he had gone to listen for the sharp sound of those rattling cans. "Hm, your much wrong with him," he reflected. "Woman's mind is the taste of that life myself. Up early, work all over by eleven o'clock, nothing to do but loaf about all day until milking time. Which he knew was an exaggeration, but wanted to pity himself.

The maid opened the door and stood aside for Doctor Erb. Andreas wheeled round; the two men shook hands.

"Well, Binzer," said the doctor jovially, brushing some crumbs from a pearl coloured waistcoat. "Son and heir becoming importunate!"

Up went Binzer's spirits with a bound. Son and heir, by jove! He was glad to have to deal with a man again. And a sane fellow this, who came across this sort of thing every day of the week.

"That's about the measure of it, Doctor," he answered, smiling, and picking up his hat. "Mother dragged me out of bed this morning with imperative orders to bring you along."

"Gig will be round in a minute. Drive back with me, won't you? Extraordinary, sultry day; you're as red as a beetroot already."

Andreas affected to laugh. The doctor had one annoying habit—imagined he had the right to poke fun at everybody simply because he was a doctor. "The man's riddled with conceit, like all these professionals," thought Andreas.

Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor.

"Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession, but heaven preserve me."

Up went Binzer's spirits with a bound. Son and heir, by jove! He was glad to have to deal with a man again. And a sane fellow this, who came across this sort of thing every day of the week. "That's about the measure of it, Doctor," he answered, smiling, and picking up his hat. "Mother dragged me out of bed this morning with imperative orders to bring you along."

"Gig will be round in a minute. Drive back with me, won't you? Extraordinary, sultry day; you're as red as a beetroot already."

Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor. "Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession, but heaven preserve me."

Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor. "Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession, but heaven preserve me."

Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor. "Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession, but heaven preserve me."

Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor. "Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession, but heaven preserve me."

Andreas decided.

"What sort of a night did Frau Binzer have?" asked the doctor. "Ah, here's the gig. Tell me on the way up. Sit as near the middle as you can, will you, Binzer? Your weight tilts it over a bit one side—that's the worst of you successful business men."

"Two stone heavier than I, if he's a pound," thought Andreas. "The man may be all right in his profession, but heaven preserve me."

Andreas decided.
At that Binzer's anger blazed out. "I'll trouble you, Doctor, not to interfere between me and my servants!" And he felt a fool at the same moment for not saying "servant."

Doctor Erb was not perturbed. He shook his head, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, and began balancing himself and his whole wheel.

"You're jagged by the weather," he said wryly, "nothing else. A great pity—this storm. You know climate has an immense effect upon birth."

"Oh, well, by God, we know that, if you don't you take a walk, and clear your head? That's the idea for you."

"No," he answered. "I won't do that; it's too rough."

He went back to his chair by the window. While the servant girl cleared away he pretended to read . . . then his dreams! It seemed years since he had had the time to himself to dream like that—he never had a breathing space with work all day, and he couldn't shake it off in the evening, like other men.

Besides, Anna was interested—they talked of practically nothing else together. Excellent mother she'd make for a boy; she had a grip of things.

Church bells started ringing through the windy air, now sounding as though from very far away, then again as though all the churches in the town had been suddenly transplanted into their street. They stirred something in him, those bells, something vague and tender. Just about that time Anna would call him from the hall. "Andreas, come and have your coat brushed. I'm ready." Then off they would go, she hanging on his arm, and looking up at him. She certainly was a little thing. He remembered once saying when they were engaged, "Just as high as my heart," and she had jumped on to a stool and pulled his head down, laughing. A kid in those days, younger than her children in nature, brighter, more "go" and "spirit" in her. The way she'd run down the road to meet him after business! And the way she laughed when they were looking for a house. By Jove! that laugh of hers! At the memory he grinned, then grew suddenly grave. Marriage certainly changed a woman far more than it did a man. Talk about sobering down. She had lost all her go in two months! Well, once this boy business was over she'd get stronger. He began to plan a little trip for them. He'd take her away and they'd loaf together somewhere. After all, dash it, they were looking for a boy this time!

"My beloved wife has passed away!" He wanted to shout it out before the doctor spoke.

"Well, she's hooked a boy this time!" said Doctor Erb. Andreas staggered forward.

"Look out! Keep on your piggies!" said Doctor Erb, catching Binzer's arm, and murmuring as he felt it, "Flabby as butter."

A glow spread all over Andreas. He was exultant. "Well, by God! Nobody can accuse me of not knowing what suffering is," he said.

The Don in Arcadia.

By the River's Brim.

Despite its many limitations, Arcadia continues to enjoy my cordial, albeit qualified, approval. Rusticity has its compensations; and our life, if it lacks polish, also lacks friction. We know nothing of that clash of habits which stirs up dissatisfaction in the abodes of ordinary domesticity. The equilibrium of our minds is disturbed by no weight of irksome obligations. No jarring note of commonplace business comes to mar the harmony of our holiday. The freedom, the simplicity, and the freshness of the country give to our days a certain quaint unreality which is both restful and restorative.

On the whole, I believe that no added attraction could make better Arcadia as a retreat for all those who wish to live as they like: exempt from social burdens, unvexed by mercenary motives, unfettered by the thought of what other people expect from them—to live, in short, according to Nature.

All this is unquestionably charming. Yet, candour compels me to confess, sometimes I think that I should appreciate Nature's charm more, if my host was less eager to interpret it for me. But he does, and I am too well-bred to turn a deaf ear to his distressing dithyrambs. Everything around us, beneath us, and above us, at all hours of the day and night, evokes in him what he calls "mysterious premonitions of ineffable splendour." Everything in his eyes is "significant"; and he never scruples to inflict upon me his nebulous speculations on the relation of man to the Something More.

This afternoon offered a very fair specimen of the trials to which my temper is constantly subjected. Chesttoun and I had found our way down to the little river, and for a while we followed its course, accompanied by the gentle music of its waters, as they flowed along, here leaping into sparkling cascades, there sleeping in still, dark pools.

The green paddocks
neurotic nonsense. I know that I like the pleasant noise of the wood whispering through the bushes behind me; but I do not in the least wish to know how or why I like it. You may call me obscurantist, if you choose. But that is how I feel, and I am content. Why to feel is bliss, but who a fool would speculate?"

Chestnuton did not answer, and I welcomed his silence as an unexpected sign of sense. He must have seen, at last, I thought to myself, how futile are all these fashionings andDefinitions of nature; how the "indefinable something" which, forsooth, in the "meanest flower that blows" may raise "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears," and the rest of that sorry, hysterical twaddle. Alas! my optimism was sadly at fault.

"You are too prosaic," he rejoined presently, with a sigh. "To me the sky conveys mysterious images of splendours to come. In the air I hear melodies that common ears are deaf to. In all the manifestations of Mother Nature I read a message. To me everything symbolises an intimate relationship:

I am it, and it is me, Earth and water, air and sea. I am them, and they are me.

In the popular speech, in my heart the ash-tree quivers."

"Do you never feel like that?"

"Never. I may be too prosaic, or too sane; but I do not, can not, and wish not to see this world as a shadow and reflection of anything. I do not hear melodies that common ears are deaf to. I do not read in the manifestations of nature a message. I do not suffer at all from that pathological perception of 'types' and 'correspondences' on which the symbolism of all mysteries and sacraments is based, and to which certain institutions owe so many of their inmates. Such unprofitable and pretentious puerilities always annoy me, and on a fine afternoon like this are apt to fret me into positive ill-humour.

"Are you not moved to thoughts of the Whence and the Why? Are you not moved to thoughts of the Whence and the Why? Why the sun should be there. Why the Matter is external and infinite. If you turn your eye from earth to heaven, the lesson is the same. Suns are continually in process of becoming nebulae and nebulae of becoming suns. Science has demonstrated all this to every sane man's satisfaction.

"Poetry is a goddess of a higher order than Science, and Poetry —"

"I do not presume to draw invidious distinctions between goddesses. Let us rather establish their relations on the footing of practical division of labour. Science provides the material of thought. Poetry the form. The scientist's business is to guarantee that the sources whence the poet draws his inspirations are sound."
I looked at Chestnuton, and saw that his nose was touched to a tint nearly purple.

"Terribly cold," I observed, shivering.

"I welcome the cold. I love to quaff the chill air of the moor!" said my companion, as he waddled along, with his thick cudgel squared behind his broad shoulders, displaying a most unseasonable cheerfulness.

"The wind," he pursued, after an interval, "enables me to enter into the secrets of the moor. It makes me feel that here the very Spirit of Truth encompasses me, along with the dance of its alternately fierce and hollow, its swift transitions of dazzling light and dull shade is an image of Life. Here Nature challenges Culture. She plucks the mask off man's soul, draws the truth from his heart, and reveals him such as he is. There is no hiding from her searching eye, no escape from her inquisition. ... No man is impervious to the magic of the moor. Even the most prosaic must feel it, though they may not know what they feel.

This was an obvious challenge to me. But I wisely ignored it.

"It seems rather a desert sort of a place," I said, glancing at the wind-swept steeps and the stagnant sloughs around us.

"Desert! Why, it is teeming with life—it is crowded with fairy-spirits of all denominations and dispositions: rich and poor, kind and cruel. When I am dead my spirit, too, will seek this soil.

"I cannot see any of them," said I, with a laugh.

"That is because your intellect is not kindled by the vital spark of imagination. You are blind to the mystery of things, which is visible only to God's spies. All your learning, all your subtlety, all your accomplishments are nothing but a stiff brocade of false gold, covering a very unenlightened mind. Nevertheless, as you are the companion of a poet, you may yet reap some derivative grace. The fact that you are my friend shows me that you, though much thinner and more slender than mine, is somewhat of a like quality. You partake a little of my nature." I refrained from disclaiming this tribute, though none knows better than I how undeserved it was. Indeed, I can conceive of nothing more remote from me than Chestnuton's nature. His florid sentimentality does not merit my applause, though none of my nature.

"But put you from me;" said I, with a laugh.

"Not exactly, my Glaukon. He turned his sister Alice into a wheelbarrow this morning, and wheeled her in to breakfast, laden with my boots and a loaf of bread. And the axle of that barrow was very rusty. It made a shrill, rasping noise, squeejowee, at every step. Of course, I know Tom's not any way superior to other boys, but he does me good. He brings back to me my busy childhood, when running and tumbling were as instinctive and more pleasurably thinking, as it is now, when hunger was chronic and happiness as inevitable as dinner. My imagination, tied up so long in red tape, is actually putting forth little buds, Dick. And I'm bound more than ever with something very different from a young man's impulsive love, Dick—more a boy's mother. You should have married, Dick. Even from your playwright's point of view it would have broadened the range of your ideas and feelings."

"You are not such an advertisement for marriage as you think, my friend," I replied. "You see your own boyhood reflected in that boy of yours. But that child is not you, nor is its childhood identical with your childhood. So you are sinking your individuality in your care for your child, while I notice that your family affairs are beginning to narrow your mental outlook. Now, my children—the plays and poems I write—strengthen my individuality and bring me every day fresh knowledge, new interests. When I was twenty-five I thought it all over, and I decided that when I was forty-five I would prefer to see around me the creations of my brain and heart—high-piled books—than the offspring of my body—laughing boys and girls. I saw that some of these my children might possibly be immortal, whereas yours, though I hope they may all be centenarians, must eventually go the way of all flesh. Even now, when none of my works has proved immortal, I am content, for I know that some of them, wandering across the world, have exercised an enduring and productive influence on the minds of thinking men. Moreover, those books, those thoughts and dreams that will go on for ever generating thought and action among men are mine, mine alone, while your children are but half yours. Yours may cause you envy you both your contentment," the Unknown retorted, "your duty to yourself, which is to perpetuate your par- ticular talents, and your duty to the girl you loved—for you must have loved at some time—which was to marry her."

"Well, in my humble opinion," I retorted, "my duties are these: to the State, not to increase the number of applicants for employment; to my parents, to honour them and to keep the family name out of the police and divorce courts; to myself, to do the noblest work of which I am capable; and to the girls I loved—"
for you have conjectured rightly, though inadately—to accept a refusal with equanimity and politeness."

"Perhaps your policy is prudent, though ethically wrong. It is only lately that I've realised the misery the fulfilment of one's duty can bring on one. Your boy is robust and joyous, Mr. Ward, and he makes you less fundamentally apathetic to the commonplace of life; the very thought of my boy fills me with sadness and even shame. I can see him now; with Elsie's blue eyes and dark hair, tall, as all Elsie's people are, but very slight, too slight. Yet all my arduousness and speed, combined with Elsie's symmetry of shape. But all, useless, all doomed to remain undeveloped. I often think he must be, in many respects, my true self—me without my sophistcation and disillusionment. But Frank's character will be far stronger than mine, for he has Elsie's sense of humour to balance the too powerful imagination that I inherit from my mother. Yes, he has an intense love of pleasure, movement, life from Elsie's mother's side, with the intimate feeling and love for Nature that made a minor poet of my poor governor. With the eloquence that would have assured me, but for my unconquerable shyness, a successful career as a barrister, he combines the self-confidence and practical head that made his cousin Michael a prosperous banker. He will probably display his maternal grandmother's talent for languages with my gift for the occult sciences. With such powers of mind and the ambitious determination of the Prestons—which, by some genital accident, I don't inherit—he would inevitably reach the highest distinctions, in spite of the fickleness of purpose which characterised his mother's uncles—if he lived. But from his boyhood on the poor fellow will be miserable, and he cannot live beyond twenty-five. It is inevitable that he will always be ailin, always in pain, yet always longing with all the force of his sensitive, ardent nature for the day when he would be strong enough to enjoy and use life as he alone could enjoy and use it. Vainly longing, trying to work it up, yet he goes on. No, from Frank will become more acute, every year his splendid powers must slowly decline under the strain of anaemic congestion of the liver, which has nearly killed me. His prospects of distinction in life will grow ever dimmer. About sixteen he will—unless Providence intervenes with a miracle—develop symptoms of the cardiac aneurism that carried off both my mother's brothers, and that will, too surely, precipitate the fatal paralysis of the liver that I foresaw at least some of all this misery before you married. And why, then, were you so selfishly cruel as to marry a girl whom you knew to be as nervous and delicate as yourself?"

"But we're not married."

"What! Well, for a Don Juan you are very remorseful, I must say. And by Jove, you deserve it all. But you're going to marry her, you said. For heaven's sake, don't. Don't take advantage of the girl's fondness for you and add cruelty to immorality. Do the only manly thing, even if, socially, it's immoral. But I've got Elsie to take up hockey and the Swedish exercises, and if the temperament of the Mannerings—her mother's family—doesn't make her slack off in the summer, things may turn out very well, for I'm taking a cold bath and punching-ball for half an hour every morning now, a ten-mile walk in the afternoon, and breathing exercises at night to obviate the bad effects of office work."

**Drama.**

**Princess Yavorska as Nora (Kingsway).**

PRINCESS YAVORSKA's first words were uttered with a strong foreign accent. I was afraid her pronunciation would ruin the play for me. I remembered Miss Janet Achurch as Nora and prepared myself for torture. But after the first few sentences one not only tolerated the accent, but either it grew more native or it appeared to do so. And the slight trace that still remained was a pleasure rather than a discomfort. After all, the play itself was a translation. One needed to remember that. Indeed, one did, for I should say, and Norwegian artists assure me, that the play is badly translated. Ibsen was nothing if not a poet, and he could not have used Mr. Archer's Cobbettie English, and Cobbettie English does not convey his atmosphere. I could, by stretching out my hand, reach a copy of the play, but the passages of corduroy are sufficiently numerous for any one to discover some in a moment's search.

As I was reminding, Princess Yavorska's accent soon ceased to trouble me and I began to fall in love with her acting. Not that she is by any means a great actress. She has far too many stage tricks that look like stage tricks for that. Quite a number of her attitudes I have seen in cinematograph theatres; they may be bought at so much a dozen in any cheap school of acting.
should have thought the Princess had intelligence enough and a sufficient experience of passionate scenes in real life to be able to dispense with them. A Princess surely does not become an actress without character! Except for her Brock set-pieces which humiliated me (though why I do not know; yes, I do, but it is not relevant to say it here), her acting was a delight. It was subtle and yet clear, natural and yet restrained. In playing with the children, for example, she really played. I know something of playing with children, and her three babies did not gurgle-giggle, as they did, merrically. Then, too, her doll scenes with Helmer and Christina were excellent. I should, if I were balancing my judgment on a razor, adjudge her naturalness somewhat diminished with Christina. Perhaps it was because Christina was a woman.

As we approached the concluding acts it became plain that the experiences through which she had gone were beginning to tell on Nora’s manner. Princess Yavorska kept pace with these inward changes quite faithfully. The tarantella was, to my mind, not only conventional, as I have little to say that I have not already conveyed; but her dancing was a delight. It was only when some exhibition of her trouble, it might have been divined from her dancing. Nora was growing up. The scenes between Nora and Nils Krogstad, I confess, I did not much care for. Krogstad (Frederick Lloyd) was too obvious for my liking. In such polite society even villains and ill-used honest men (often the same thing) should not be so boisterous. It was, now I come to think of it, in the scenes with Krogstad that Princess Yavorska became most conventional, as if she were once more in class and were taking the formal attitudes and tones by habit.

But the concluding act, as everybody knows, sees Krogstad no more; and here the Princess was at her best. The celebrated departure scene, led up to by the opening of the letter, was as well performed as I ever wish to see it; and Nora’s sudden appearance as a grown-up woman, doll no longer, with her hand upon the door of the future I propose never to forget. She had entered the stage an irresponsible girl. She was leaving it after three acts of tragic-comedy a woman. That Princess Yavorska should have made one feel that this metamorphosis was inevitable and, as it were, the natural effect of the events of the play was first-rate art.

I have little to say that I have not already conveyed of the rest of the characters. Miss Janet Achurch’s Christina is not so memorable as her former Nora. But either Ibsen did not intend that Christina should be anybody in particular; or, as I rather fancy, he failed to realise her. There are distinct contradictions in her psychology, for example, that no artist who loved her and thought her indispensable to his play would have created. Her heroic announcement that Nora and Helmer had been living such a life of lies that an exposure would do them good, comes as a surprising and not pleasing incongruity from a woman who had actually imagined that Nora had sold herself to Krogstad for the loan. In fact, Christina’s guesses about the loan were all clumsy. It was only when some explanation of her seemingly callous conduct was necessary that Ibsen suddenly endowed her with the vision of the Third Kingdom. Miss Janet Achurch created rather than revealed this defect in Christina’s creator. Her extraordinary intelligence showed through even the bungling suspicions in which Christina indulged. One said to oneself: After all, the woman is not as big a fool as she appears. And Miss Achurch thus eased the way to the final declaration, and helped Ibsen over a compromising artistic stile.

Of the play itself nothing yet has been written in this country worth the reading. I cannot specify my pet aversion among the various interpretations of the greatest play of modern times. Sufficient it that I repudiate them all. “A Doll’s House” is, indeed, a drama of initiation, and as such has no more and no less to do with Feminism than the Mass.
The rain beat thro' the jerry sill,
The soot in pools about him ran,
His neck got cramped, his fingers chill,
Yet thus it was his ode began:

"About my brow the sphygroph blow,
Making the tresses of the stole;
Violets from the dell below
Breathe their enchantment thro' my soul."

And critics wrote from far and near—
Great critics, all suspending strife,
Acclaimed as one, "What art is here!
The very mirror up to life!"

LYME DROG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF NATIONAL INSURANCE.

Sir,—I do not agree with your final verdict on the Liberal Insurance Bill, but I welcome the "Notes of the Week" in your issue of 11th inst. as something to provide legumen to an adequate discussion of the Bill from the point of view of the fundamentals of political science. I am a profound country squire, and this country squire puts an end for believer in the fruitfulness of the intermingling of principle and detail even in a discussion which deals with an immediate practical question. But I have attempted to set out a criticism of the Insurance Bill in the light of juristic principles.

The fundamental institution of existing society is private property. The various forms of status to which you allude were no more than premises. In Vienna economics famous confession of Socialism in his autobiography, seems juristic principles.

Society generally legislates about individuals as owners or prospective of private property. Shaw has always maintained that Socialism would come to mean solely the dedication of a share of the products of society to the immediate satisfaction of the human needs of man, woman or child (not a gentleman, employer or workman) by other means than the institution of private property. Now the institution of private property is a crude means for the majority of provision for the needs of man as man, woman or child (not a gentleman, employer or workman) by other means than the institution of private property. Shaw has always maintained that Socialism would come to mean solely the dedication of a share of the products of society to the immediate satisfaction of the human needs of man, woman or child (not a gentleman, employer or workman) by other means than the institution of private property.

Maine said that history was progress from status to contract. As a Whig he naturally failed to perceive that contract is only contract between persons holding a definite status as the result of their relations to private property, and that freedom of contract is therefore at best only an accidental result, and one we would not betray to it. Sarcely any of the accepted political philosophers and economists of the nineteenth century ever pierced in thought the veil which private property places in front of the drama of humanity. Whenever I open my "Marshall's" economics I feel that the premises of an impartial vision of economic processes are rendered ridiculous by the obtrusion of the ethical ideals of the self-made merchant. But Mill, in the famous confession of Socialism in his autobiography, seems to have had a glimpse of humanity in the toils of property. Henry Sidgwick, too, had an immense admiration for Godwin's "Political Justice." It seems to have enabled him to see that the premises assumed by the acceptance of private property were no more than premises. In Vienna economics is fortunately studied in conjunction with jurisprudence. This has enabled Austrian economists to realise that the premises assumed by the acceptance of private property were no more than premises.

The complicated financial side of the Bill might seem to justify an assertion that it is wholly based on a conception of society derived from private economics. But the concept of reality State provision for human needs is the essence of the measure. It only requires a few years' agitation to make people see that the contributions from workers are uncommercial poll taxes, and that the medical profession must be wholly nationalised instead of being made the servants of semi-official organisations. The summary of the Minority Report should be a sufficient stimulus to such an agitation.

But when the leader of the Labour Party is so bad a Socialist as he will not back a Bill above the poverty line to pay for the medical treatment of their children at school, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be expected to grasp the opportunity of communal provision at a single attempt? The conception that it is honourable to pay in hard cash for what you get dies hard. It is the essence of private property economics. But few, even amongst Socialists, have learned to tear down completely the veil of private property, and think in terms of human need and human aspiration.

FREDERICK HILLERSON.

PHILOSOPHY AND WAR.

Sir,—A propos of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' letter, by all means let Mr. Humby Carter be urged to find out, through those symposia with which he is so well acquainted, opinions of philosophers on war and peace. Allow me to stipulate, however, that they shall be real philosophers, philosophers in the Nietzschean sense (creative artists, makers of new values, original thinkers), and not merely professors and pedants. If Mr. Carter can find such philosophers and collect their opinions, I myself will undertake, gives a little time for research, to ascertain the views of philosophers who are at present derisive.

S. VERDAD.

A HOLIDAY IN GAOL.

Sir,—In your issue of May 4 the reviewer of "A Holiday in Gaol" after stating that the doctrine of the prison as a "rest cure" is mendacious and misleading, comments: "It is supported neither by the evidence of his prison experiences, nor even by the meagre facts brought to light by the Suffragettes."

Your reviewer has perhaps not sought opportunity to acquaint himself with the facts, or he could scarcely describe them as "meagre". It is true that the Suffragettes, the testimony of Suffragettes with regard to prison conditions has shared the fate of other matters connected with the women's vote demand, and has been treated with a superhumanly repressed. But in speeches and lectures, in the suffrage papers, in various pamphlets and books, they have continuously exposed the wickedness of imprisonment as well as inhumanity of our penal system. The 700 sentences of imprisonment inflicted on suffrage prisoners during the last five years, and the facts that political prisoners have accumulated have probably stimulated the general public to the present demand for prison reform more than any other factor.
In my own public utterances the points I have specially touched upon are as follows:—
1. Inadequate security for justice to the accused in police-court trials.
2. Ineffectiveness of prisoners' powers of appeal in prison.
3. The pressure of social conditions and of laws affecting morals and economics, which, in the case of women more especially, render crime inevitable.
4. Absence of moral training in prison life such as would develop qualities of self-reliance and self-control, the lack of which in men and women released from prison is a frequent cause of a return to crime.
5. Economic waste of enforcing unremunerative occupations upon the prisoner, as selling beer to other prisoners.
6. The incapacitating effect on prisoners of their total sevurance from the labour market so that their skill and earning power become atrophied.

From the last to the first day of a sentence a convict never handles nor is responsible for money: as dishonesty of any kind, earning become atrophied. The shortage of water supplied to prisoners, unhealthy results of many hangings which prison is not allowed from the cells, understaffing and overwork of the officials, lack of nursing in prison hospitals.

Bribery, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not amongst the evils I detected in the prison system, nor do I think did any other suffrage prisoners. I have not read "A Holiday in Goor," but I need hardly say that I cordially agree with your reviewer's generalisation that prison is not a "rest cure."

* * *

CONSTANCE LYTTON.

MR. KENNEDY ON MACROBIUS.

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy is generous enough (NEW AGE, May 1) to attribute what he regards as a mistake of mine to a slip of the pen. In my article on calendrical matters (May 4) I described Macrobius as "a Greek, probably ignorant of Latin." On which he observes, "While we know little of Macrobius, we know that he was a Latin grammarian, through being a resident in a public institution at the time of the prevalence of starvation and insanitation common in many individual homes. Security of lodging, clothing, food from day to day, is a luxury to those who are hampered at a loss for such necessities. But nevertheless physical conditions in prisons are less good than they should be. Superficially he reminds the need proclaimed by the Hames on many points, including lack of ventilation in the cells, shortage of water supplied to prisoners, unhealthy results of many hangings which prison is not allowed from the cells, understaffing and overwork of the officials, lack of nursing in prison hospitals.

Bribery, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not amongst the evils I detected in the prison system, nor do I think did any other suffrage prisoners. I have not read "A Holiday in Goor," but I need hardly say that I cordially agree with your reviewer's generalisation that prison is not a "rest cure."

* * *

Constance Lytton.

MR. KENNEDY ON MACROBIUS.

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy is generous enough (NEW AGE, May 1) to attribute what he regards as a mistake of mine to a slip of the pen. In my article on calendrical matters (May 4) I described Macrobius as "a Greek, probably ignorant of Latin." On which he observes, "While we know little of Macrobius, we know that he was a Latin grammarian, through being a resident in a public institution at the time of the prevalence of starvation and insanitation common in many individual homes. Security of lodging, clothing, food from day to day, is a luxury to those who are hampered at a loss for such necessities. But nevertheless physical conditions in prisons are less good than they should be. Superficially he reminds the need proclaimed by the Hames on many points, including lack of ventilation in the cells, shortage of water supplied to prisoners, unhealthy results of many hangings which prison is not allowed from the cells, understaffing and overwork of the officials, lack of nursing in prison hospitals.

Bribery, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not amongst the evils I detected in the prison system, nor do I think did any other suffrage prisoners. I have not read "A Holiday in Goor," but I need hardly say that I cordially agree with your reviewer's generalisation that prison is not a "rest cure."

* * *

Constance Lytton.

MR. KENNEDY ON MACROBIUS.

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy is generous enough (NEW AGE, May 1) to attribute what he regards as a mistake of mine to a slip of the pen. In my article on calendrical matters (May 4) I described Macrobius as "a Greek, probably ignorant of Latin." On which he observes, "While we know little of Macrobius, we know that he was a Latin grammarian, through being a resident in a public institution at the time of the prevalence of starvation and insanitation common in many individual homes. Security of lodging, clothing, food from day to day, is a luxury to those who are hampered at a loss for such necessities. But nevertheless physical conditions in prisons are less good than they should be. Superficially he reminds the need proclaimed by the Hames on many points, including lack of ventilation in the cells, shortage of water supplied to prisoners, unhealthy results of many hangings which prison is not allowed from the cells, understaffing and overwork of the officials, lack of nursing in prison hospitals.

Bribery, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not amongst the evils I detected in the prison system, nor do I think did any other suffrage prisoners. I have not read "A Holiday in Goor," but I need hardly say that I cordially agree with your reviewer's generalisation that prison is not a "rest cure."

* * *

Constance Lytton.

MR. KENNEDY ON MACROBIUS.

Sir,—Mr. Kennedy is generous enough (NEW AGE, May 1) to attribute what he regards as a mistake of mine to a slip of the pen. In my article on calendrical matters (May 4) I described Macrobius as "a Greek, probably ignorant of Latin." On which he observes, "While we know little of Macrobius, we know that he was a Latin grammarian, through being a resident in a public institution at the time of the prevalence of starvation and insanitation common in many individual homes. Security of lodging, clothing, food from day to day, is a luxury to those who are hampered at a loss for such necessities. But nevertheless physical conditions in prisons are less good than they should be. Superficially he reminds the need proclaimed by the Hames on many points, including lack of ventilation in the cells, shortage of water supplied to prisoners, unhealthy results of many hangings which prison is not allowed from the cells, understaffing and overwork of the officials, lack of nursing in prison hospitals.

Bribery, in the ordinary sense of the word, was not amongst the evils I detected in the prison system, nor do I think did any other suffrage prisoners. I have not read "A Holiday in Goor," but I need hardly say that I cordially agree with your reviewer's generalisation that prison is not a "rest cure."

* * *

Constance Lytton.
pendence}: has he ever read "Contarina Fleming," and compared Contarina's philosophy with, say, that of Mrs. George? Disraeli said, I think in "Tancred," that the English had no interest for civilizations, has Shaw, with all his preaching, said any more? Shaw has satirized English religion: Disraeli did it better in "Tancred," for he wrote as a Jew, not as a Puritan. Shaw has satirized English politics: so did Disraeli with sner judgment, for he insisted that status was more valuable than franchise. Mr. Blaker should read "Disraeli" for Disraelianism, a very respectable old humbug. I must again ask for an explanation—for the phrase is quite meaningless to me. Mr. Blaker should read "Disraeli" for Disraelianism, a very respectable old humbug, before he writes again. Meanwhile, I ask, where is Shaw now? What is certain is that Disraeli is becoming more and more influential in modern political thought, and that Shaw is ceasing to be read, unless I mean to "further the leading of progress which we call social reform." One more similarity before I close: Disraeli could not write a novel; nor can Shaw write a play.

**ALFRED E. RANDALL.**

---

**THE UNUTUDED FABIAN.**

Sir,—I agree to a great extent with Mr. J. M. Kennedy's article on "The Unututed Fabian." There is no doubt that Mr. Pease is quite mistaken in the opinion which he has often expressed, that all valuable thinking on social problems has been done alone. It is only by some who are prepared to prove that every great idea in sociology, as in all other branches of knowledge, has been developed by some individual thinker, who worked almost entirely alone. The history of the Fabian Society is a very useful thing; the collective force of a new school had to be formed. The Fabian Society has thus been limited in thought for a quarter of a century, and they have not yet made a discovery in that science.

Take economics, for instance. Adam Smith, sitting in his study, worked out the theory of free trade so exhaustively that he is still acknowledged to be the best writer on that question. He wrote his "Wealth of Nations" on the law of population, which remains the best treatise on the subject. Ricardo, working by himself, discovered the law of diminishing returns and the law of rent, and subsequent thinkers have added nothing but verbal alterations. The theory of final utility was discovered by a German named Gossen, who was so solitary a thinker that he would have been quite forgotten if Jevons had not discovered him by accident. The doctrine of rent ability, so popular with the Fabians, emanated from General Walker, an isolated American. If trusts and combines were, as it was once predicted, a priori, by Karl Marx, as a result of his lonely studies in the British Museum sixty years ago. The Fabians, on the other hand, have been studying economics collectively for more than a quarter of a century, and they have not yet made a discovery in that science.

The Fabian Society never has even originated a single reform. It is a curious fact that the only Fabians who have shown any originality have been isolated members remote from London. Endowment of motherhood was first proposed by provincial Fabians. It was advocated by Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

But the Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.

The Fabian Society itself is the best proof of the power of the individual mind. The Society is wholly the child of one man—Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb was a Fabian long before there was an English Fabian. There is no doubt that Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Manchester, now a Fabian, in 1874, long before the Society existed. Then in 1893 Mr. G. A. Gaskell, of Brighton, proposed it in this House. I myself, when living at Edinburgh in 1892, was the first to lecture on this topic; and I afterwards wrote several articles on it which I sent to the leading London Fabians. At last, in 1906, the Fabian Society took the matter up seriously, but added nothing to the ideas of the individuals I have named. Mr. Eders's book is now the best on endowment of motherhood, but nobody will pretend that he got his ideas from the Fabian Society.
hated so in Nora. I imagine that at least two of the children would prefer Nora, and in time would manage to join her wherever she should be. Her freedom and with her mind set at rest about the children, it is likely that she would meet and be able to appreciate a man whom, after failing out about his own, she would still regard as well worth. Then Nora might really begin!

I think that Christina's passing illumination, exhibited by Miss Janet Achurch with just the right suddenness and hint of instability, does not warrant making any sequel rest upon her influence. Nora's mind was determined independently; and if the author could keep her own strong soul, and she would not be likely to take advice from a person whom only she felt stronger.

And Nora suffers, if possible, a worse change! The exquise creation of Ibsen's genius, the child-soul awaking to responsibility, suddenly collapses and becomes the ordinary "juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

Finally, not content with descarting beautiful things, the author—Phew! what are we to say to the "original" character in the dialogue, to this "goddess in the case" and sentimental. Time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.

"juvenile heroine" crushed into shape and sent home "in time" by the respectable people.
WHAT AND WHERE IS TRUTH IN RELIGION?

Plain answers given on Rational Grounds only, by the THEISTIC CHURCH, London. Found not in words alleged to be GOD’S, but in WORKS, wrought by HIM under our very eyes. By the SOUL, through the SOUL, is the Truth revealed.

THEISTIC LITERATURE will be sent gratis to anyone applying to the Hon. Sec., Postal Mission, THEISTIC CHURCH, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W., where services are held on Sundays at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

BOUND VOLUMES.

A limited number of copies of

The Latest Volume of the New Age

(Vol. VIII.)

Containing Index, and bound in canvas, are now on sale.

Price 8s. 6d. Post free 9s.

Apply New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.

JUST PUBLISHED.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR ENGLISH READERS

BY S. VERDAD.


PRESS COMMENTS.

"Within the compass of 300 pages he has set forth clearly and in a remarkably interesting manner the recent political history and present foreign policy of every foreign country of diplomatic importance in the world."

THE GLASGOW HERALD.

"Mr. Verdad writes clearly . . . . information may be gained without trouble from his pages."

THE TIMES.

"He certainly knows his subject and no student of international politics can ignore his articles . . . . his knowledge has proved to be more extensive than the average information of most English writers on foreign affairs. Mr. Verdad's volume is very useful, and I commend it to some leader-writers on our leading periodicals."

THE COMMENTATOR.

"A very useful book, for it explains European politics clearly and concisely."

THE CLARION.

Of all Booksellers, or from the Publisher,

FRANK PALMER, 15, Red Lion Ct., London.

CORONATION EXHIBITION.

Great White City, Shepherd’s Bush, London, W.

GRAND OPENING

BY His Royal Highness PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

TO-DAY, MAY 18.

THE WONDERS, GLORIES, AND HISTORICAL MARVELS OF GREATER BRITAIN TOGETHER WITH ITS TOILETS, ITS ARTS, PRODUCTS AND RESOURCES.

Admission 1/-

Children 6d. Special Season Tickets, 11 ls.

Children 10s. 6d.

ANNUAL CATALOGUE, 1911.

GLASIER'S NEW ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHER'S REMAINDERS is now ready, and will be sent on application. Comprises a great variety of books in all departments of literature at special BARGAIN PRICES.


Librarians should apply for this useful Catalogue.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

GROSS

Insert. Insert. Insert.

15 words 1/- 8d. 6d.
12 2/- 10/-
8 3/- 15/-
5 4/- 2/-
2 5/- 3/-

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., and all kinds of Foreign Monies exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEGE, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

"ASHLET"


CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.—To Let Furnished till October, 3-Roomed Flat, Sitting-room facing river. Telephone installed. £3 weekly.—Apply Box 88, c/o New Age Press, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

FIFTY VOLUMES of "PUNCH." Splendid condition, and bound in half-morocco. Carriage paid, £.—Apply Box G, New Age Office.

FOR SALE.—The Original Pen and Ink Drawing by Robert Cruikshank of "Liberty Hall Drawing Room," signed by the Artist.—Apply, stating offer, to Box 20, New Age Office.

GENTLEMEN, Bachelors only.—Excellent and cheap Single Rooms, with attendance, etc., may be had at the Imperial Chambers, 3, Cursitor Street, E.C.


SCHOOL OF NATURAL ELOCUTION AND VOICE PRODUCTION (Established 1891)—Royalty Chambers, Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho.

SICKERT SCHOOL OF PAINTING AND ETCHING, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road.

STUDIO, 19, FITZROY STREET—Paintings and Drawings by Bever, Drummond, Gillman, Ginner, Hudson, John, Lamb, Picasso, A. Rothenstein, and Watts. Upon deposit. Price 10/- a.p.m. 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday At Home as usual.—Apply Higgins, Secretary.

THE DOG IS MAN'S MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND.—Will you not help to free him from vivisectional experiments by writing for petition to Parliament? (Already signed by 60,000 people.) —CANADA DIVINE LEAGUE, 27, Regent Street, S.W.

"UNITARIANISM IS AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH."—The Unitarian Argument. "The "Atoning" (Page Hoppin, given post free.—Miss Barron, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

WINDS TO VIEW THE CORONATION PROCESSION.—Two Windows, comfortably accommodating a party each, and directly overlooking the line of route near the British Museum, to let, preferably for a party.—Apply Box 75, New Age Office.