**THE NEW AGE**

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

"Take a bucket of water; stir it about with a stick for half an hour, and then see what size hole you have made. Such is the effect of advice on a young man's mind." So said an American humorist, and the same might appear to be applicable to the minds of the present members of Parliament. A verbose session has been spent in discussing the Parliament Bill, powerful arguments have been brought for and against it, but the net effect is to leave the Government on the Third Reading with precisely the majority with which the discussion began. Not a member has had the moral courage to "rat" from either side. Many of them have had their minds changed, but none their votes. Arithmetically it is as if the discussion had never taken place. A deeper inspection, however, confirms Mr. Balfour's familiar and intelligently optimist theory that in actual fact considerable changes have nevertheless been driven home they remain embedded there until the end they would, we are certain, prove fortifying to an absolute veto should be denied by Lord Lansdowne. What is all the pother about if it is not to convert an absolute veto into a suspensive veto; the Lords' power of ordering a General Election, risking the defeat of the Government, into the power of merely prolonging, by two years, public debate of any question without dissolving Parliament? To deny now that the Lords once claimed an absolute veto is by prolepsis to admit that a newly constituted Second Chamber should refrain from the same claim, to defend it on historic grounds, and to press it upon the House of Lords. The immediate consequences of this cycle of the discussion is attributed to disingenuousness of what Mr. Balfour used to call a "long jaw." The fire of revolution has been talked out.

There are still a number of false conceptions, however, to which both parties cling with obstinate affection. It is scarcely to be expected perhaps until the last shot is fired and the Bill becomes an Act that the arguments that did duty on the first day of the campaign will be allowed to be invalided home. Nevertheless they are quite useless and of the nature of impediments at this stage of the discussion. Few people realise the deadly effect on their own case of a weak argument. Like the bad apple in the school-book moral story, it infects all the good ones in the same basket. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, usually, both of them, quick enough to abandon an argument as soon as it has become disabled, have in the present discussion retained in their service syllogisms and inventions which now do their cause more harm than good. Slow as the public is to seize the gist of a discussion and to weigh the respective merits of the two sides, when once the points have been driven home they remain embedded there until action is taken on them. During the long discussion and out of Parliament of the present Bill certain impressions have taken root, as it were, in the public mind. It is just these, by evil chance, that both Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour continue to regard as still forming. We refer particularly to statements and contents such as these: Lord Lansdowne's assertion that the House of Lords has never claimed an absolute veto; Mr. Balfour's denial that the recent elections were fought on the Parliament Bill; his denial that any Unionist Government ever controlled the votes of the House of Lords; and the contents of the Unionist Party in general that under the Parliament Bill the House of Lords will be left with only "a pitiful and beggarly modicum of responsibility," and that Single Chamber government will be henceforward established.

Now we are confident that not only is no single one of these contentions true, but no single one of them is regarded by the public as true. The wear and tear of facts has reduced each of them to the condition of a manifest untruth, and so palpably to everybody who is merely an interested spectator and not an actor in politics, that their repetition by statesmen in this cycle of the discussion is attributed to disingenuousness or despair. It is somewhat paradoxical, indeed, that a fact so notorious as the Lords' ancient claim to an absolute veto should be denied by Lord Lansdowne. What is all the pother about if it is not to convert an absolute veto into a suspensive veto; the Lords' power of ordering a General Election, risking the defeat of the Government, into the power of merely prolonging, by two years, public debate of any question without dissolving Parliament? To deny now that the Lords once claimed an absolute veto is by prolepsis to admit that a newly constituted Second Chamber should refrain from the same claim; and this is obviously to play into the hands of the Radicals. A far manlier and more effective course would be to admit the soft impeachment of the claim, to defend it on historic grounds, and to press it upon a Reformed House of Lords. The immediate consequences of this straightforward policy might seem disastrous, but in the end they would, we are certain, prove fortifying to the Lords. For damning the consequences is little short of the proper lordly attitude, only the Lords must damn the consequences all the time.
We shall not prove that Mr. Balfour is wrong in denying that the elections were fought mainly if not entirely on the Parliament Bill. For the simple reason that the game is obvious to the meanest intelligence that they were. A subtler mind might argue plausibly that the public knew nothing of the Parliament Bill and cared less, that all the electorate had in mind was some local constituency seat to preserve or perhaps to win; it is open to anybody to deny that elections prove anything at all; and we should be inclined in the abstract to agree with this contention. But since it is to Caesar that politicians as a rule appeal, and particularly the voice of Caesar as expressed through the electoral machine must be taken as conveying his meaning; and of this, in terms of votes, there can be no doubt. We repudiate for ourselves the whole ignoble doctrine of mandarins as a basis for government. The accepted doctrines of Mr. Balfour, by them is his contention that the electorate did not authorise the Parliament Bill stands condemned. Equally feeble appears to us his denial that the Unionist Party controlled the voting of the House of Lords. Nobody supposes that the control was imperative or contrary to the inclination of the Lords themselves; but the fact remains that what a Unionist Government resolved was almost impossible and contrary to the permanent majority in the House of Lords. During the last hundred years not a single Tory measure introduced into the House of Commons has been rejected by the Lords. Control over such obedient servants was scarcely necessary in any active sense.

We come now to the complaint that the Parliament Bill reduces the House of Lords to impotence and establishes a single Chamber government. Mr. Bonnycastle shrewdly observed, in voting against the Third Reading of the Bill, that his opposition was based on the belief that the Parliament Bill will inevitably strengthen the Lords. That is no mere paradox of Mr. Bonnycastle’s to justify his almost habitual desertion of his party; it is the simple truth. Times without number we have pointed out that in future the Lords will be positively expected to condemn Bills to two years’ suspension with hard discussion; and no complaint will lie against them that they are inimical to Liberal legislation. On the contrary, their sole function under the Parliament Bill will be to persist in their enmity and to make a duty of it. That is not reducing the Lords to impotence but having a weapon of the Commons. Finally, there was the complete subordination of Parliament to the Executive which promised a reform of the Lords. The story of the Preamble which promised a reform of the Lords, and politics is only allowed to occupy the intervals. Where then are the accepted doctrines of Mr. Balfour, by them is his contention that the electorate did not authorise the Parliament Bill stands condemned. Equally feeble appears to us his denial that the Unionist Party controlled the voting of the House of Lords. Nobody supposes that the control was imperative or contrary to the inclination of the Lords themselves; but the fact remains that what a Unionist Government resolved was almost impossible and contrary to the permanent majority in the House of Lords. During the last hundred years not a single Tory measure introduced into the House of Commons has been rejected by the Lords. Control over such obedient servants was scarcely necessary in any active sense.

The story of the Preamble which promised a reform of the Lords is indicative of the amount of fortuitousness in politics. There is not the least doubt that its insertion in the Parliament Bill was due less to serious intention on the part of the Government than to the fact that it was a weapon of the Commons. Finally, there was the
consideration that the Government would be compelled, by the mere mechanical pressure of events, to force the Parliament Bill on them, rejection or no rejection, and without another General Election. And this procedure would dictate their acceptance of the Bill, and more especially as they could rest assured that no further change in their House would be seriously attempted. Now, however, that Lord Lansdowne, on the one side, and Mr. Asquith, on the other, have threatened them with decimation, their case may appear desperate. It will need all their resources to convince them that once the Parliament Bill is passed neither threat will be carried out.

* * *

In their campaign against the Holmes circular the teachers are pursuing the most modern and approved tactics of discussion; they refuse to entertain the smallest respect for their opponents' case and repeat their own arguments long after these have been destroyed. Neither did the Holmes-ites, nor at the monster meeting in the Albert Hall on Sunday last nor in the "campaign literature" circulated to the Press have we discovered a single honest admission that there is something for which we ought to be said by Mr. Holmes and his late colleagues. Such tactics, we confess, produce in us the impression of dishonesty, and of a peculiarly incompetent form of dishonesty. Everybody knows that until Mr. Holmes publicly accept the circular for the teachers, he has betrayed himself on his great name in the belief that he would repudiate it. When, however, he did nothing of the kind, but vigorously and, to our minds, completely, defended it, the public desire to know in this matter is not what does not entitle them to a lien on inspectorships. And even here their selfishness misleads them, for we are convinced from our long experience to dey that, except to the handful of persons jobbed into inspectorships from among the ranks of elementary teachers, the profession derives any advantage whatever from the admission of its right to higher service. Such bullies and lickerpiddles, indeed, as the profession provides with inspectors' jobs turn naturally upon their whilom colleagues and become its worst enemies. In pressing, therefore, their claim to higher appointments and of a peculiarly incompetent form of idleness, however caused, or of unemployment, however involuntary. These conditions are pathological in the economic sense and symptomatic of errors in commercial organisation; and as such they need to be considered both as regards their immediate relief and as a means of preventing to inspectorships, we should be heart and soul for its immediate and unqualified withdrawal. But not only is there no such guarantee, but no teachers with whom we have conversed the matter (and we have talked it with many, including several of the leaders) has the ghost of a notion of where to look for guarantees or could recognise the guarantees when presented with them. The guarantee, however, is simple if only it could be the cause of the Bill to be rejected and the Commons to select and elect their own inspectors. Nothing short of that, we are convinced, will be of the smallest value either to teachers or to education. And that is the real solution of the problem of the Holmes Circular.

It would be strange if a Bill which has been received with almost universal praise should not, after all, be passed. Yet there are signs this week that the Government's National Insurance Bill is not so certain of becoming an Act as it appeared to be last week. Small clouds are gathering in several quarters of the skies and a storm is plainly threatened. What is it that has happened? It may be that the details of the Bill as they appear on close examination prove to contain elements of a fiction with which we have been so familiar of late. As the mewing (we speak of eagles) brood of would-be officials among the elementary teachers think their Rock of Ages had not been rudely withdrawn. What the public desire to know in this matter is not what teachers would like if they had their way, still less what the majority of teachers (we speak of eagles) would like to be officials among the elementary teachers think their colleagues ought to want, but what actually is of educational value in our elementary schools. Jobs and promotions apart, is it or is it not advantageous to popular education that the inspectors should be of the same educational order as the inspected—that is the question at issue. If the teachers are dissatisfied—as they have every right to be—with their pay and conditions of work, let them agitate in the proper channels, but not until these defects in their profession are removed. But the mere fact that they are badly treated as teachers does not entitle them to a lien on inspectorships.

* * *

No answer to this question has been vouchsafed by any of the teachers' leaders, and probably no answer will be forthcoming. But from its absence we can easily infer the amount of public spirit* in the organisation. Not what is of the greatest benefit to elementary education is in their minds the paramount issue, but what is of the greatest advantage to themselves. And even here their selfishness misleads them, for we are convinced that the only way for them to discharge their duty, except to the handful of persons jobbed into inspectorships from among the ranks of elementary teachers, the profession derives any advantage whatever from the admission of its right to higher service. Such bullies and lickerpiddles, indeed, as the profession provides with inspectors' jobs turn naturally upon their whilom colleagues and become its worst enemies. In pressing, therefore, their claim to higher appointments and conditions of work, they are merely preparing rods for their own backs. We shall not fall into their own error, however, of supposing that the teachers on this account have no case. In one sense we admit that the Holmes circular is a great injustice; but our contention has always been that the object of the legislation so far as the teachers themselves would involve an even greater injustice not only on their own profession, but on the schools as well. If we had the smallest guarantee that when the Holmes Circular is withdrawn, the best and not, as now, the worst teachers would be promoted to Labour policy of recent years.

* * *

That it has as little to do with Socialism as with Tory Nationalism every Socialist worth his name will on reflection rate it contemptuously. If it means anything at all, means the organisation by the State of labour and employment. It is no substitute for Socialism to employ the State, on however large a scale, in the organisation, care and maintenance of idleness, however caused, or of unemployment, however involuntary. These conditions are pathological in the economic sense and symptomatic of errors in commercial organisation; and as such they need to be considered both as regards their immediate relief and as a means of preventing to inspectorships, we should be heart and soul for its immediate and unqualified withdrawal. But not only is there no such guarantee, but no teachers with whom we have conversed the matter (and we have talked it with many, including several of the leaders) has the ghost of a notion of where to look for guarantees or could recognise the guarantees when presented with them. The guarantee, however, is simple if only it could be the cause of the Bill to be rejected and the Commons to select and elect their own inspectors. Nothing short of that, we are convinced, will be of the smallest value either to teachers or to education. And that is the real solution of the problem of the Holmes Circular.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Whatever may be said about this page and its Editor, I think that even the worst enemies of its writer will admit that it has never degenerated into a mere scare-page. Any warnings which I have felt compelled to give from time to time, or complaints which I have felt it incumbent upon me to make, have invariably been supported by facts, either stated by myself or published in the newspapers afterwards if I deemed it advisable to hold them in reserve for the time being. Although, then, I have often thought it prudent to refer to Austria and to point out that her place in the Triple Alliance, I have no interest to serve—far from it—by concealing facts when they show that Austria is not doing so much as certain scare naval writers would make it appear.

For example, it has been stated by the newspapers recently that Austria's first Dreadnought is practically ready, and that her second will be launched in October of this year, while a third is to be laid down next spring. The Austro-Hungarian Press in particular is making much of the fact that the second Dreadnought, when launched in October, will only have spent eleven months on the stocks and that this is very rapid naval construction, etc., etc. * * *

In view of certain boasts of this nature, and the use to which they are usually put by the less scrupulous big-navy men here, let me remind the readers of this Review of what the word "launch" may mean in this connection. The mere hull of a Dreadnought, according to the amount of armour at the time of a launch, may be anything from 5,000 to 12,000 tons. When this hull is ready it is "launched," but the Dreadnought is far from being completed. The big guns, for instance, have to be put in, and, although they are ordered early, they are not usually ready for some considerable time afterwards. * * *

To take a case in point, then, what has happened in connection with the second Austrian Dreadnought is this: The keel was laid some time in November last year. By October next some 5,000 tons of mere hull will be "launched." Is this speedy construction? Not a bit of it. Where Great Britain is concerned I have not the exact figures at hand just now; but I know that we can build 12,000 tons of hull in eight months. If we liked to stretch ourselves a little we could have a 5,000 ton hull ready within three months from the date of laying down the keel; and this hull could be launched at the end of that time. This would be a record. We can do it. No other country could. In shipbuilding we still hold the record.

If recent naval statistics are consulted, indeed, the enquiring reader will find that Germany is the only foreign Power which can even make a pretense of carrying out its shipbuilding programme by the time specified beforehand. The Italian warships are constantly hung up owing to lack of energy and skill, but from sheer want of money. The French warships are as constantly hung up owing to sheer incompetence and jollery; so also the Spanish warships. No other Continental Powers have naval programmes worth considering at present, except Russia, who is now making strenuous efforts to get another fleet together. * * *

Speaking of navies reminds me of another reason why Rabat, Casablanca, and the other places I mentioned last week would be practically useless as naval bases for the European States. It will also be, we venture to predict, the last. Whether by experience of the Act in operation, or in horror at the disintegrating servility its existence recognises and stereotypes, men's minds will certainly be led to stem the tide and to work towards serious and general reform towards stream into the saner and manlier direction of the national organisation of labour.

* * *

As for the Government's view of the matter, I never expected for a moment that an increased number of Socialist Deputies would in any way affect the plans of the authorities, and my recent visit to Berlin has merely confirmed the opinion I previously held. A great deal of annoyance may be caused, it is true; and the Centre, or Catholic party, may make itself nasty, since it will probably hold the balance in much the same way as Mr. Redmond does with us. But to think that, merely because a few extra Socialist Deputies are returned, the policy of the Government will be altered accordingly, is nonsense. The Government of the German Empire, and even more especially of Prussia, is autocratic, and it will take more than two or three general elections to change this practice. I am not expressing an opinion; I am recording a fact. * * *

Chaos is the only word to describe the state of things in Turkey. That I have no very definite information to set down here is due to the fact that no special line of action has been decided upon by any one of the numerous groups within and without the Turkish Chamber. Naturally, the man who holds the key to the situation is Mahmud Shafet Pasha, and he holds it because he has the army on his side. He is one of the few men in Turkey who never forget that hungry Powers are waiting to tear the Ottoman Empire in pieces when a suitable opportunity presents itself. Italy is making the play for Albania; France, Austria, and Germany will come to a more or less amicable agreement about the balance.

Albania, of course, has long been looked upon by Italy as her legitimate prey. Austria would like a chunk of territory containing Salonika, while Russia, of course, is anxious for Constantino-pole—religious sentiment is still a factor in this desire. Germany's share has not yet been definitely agreed upon in fact, I should not be inclined to look for it in the Balkan Peninsula at all. (By the way, Albania is the bait dangled before Italy to keep her in the Triple Alliance.)
The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton

2.—The Triumph of Labour.

At the end of the year 1905 there were in the House of Commons four independent Labour Members. One, Mr. Keir Hardie, had been elected in 1900; the others had entered in large numbers at subsequent by-elections. Mr. Will Crooks had achieved a sensational victory at Woolwich. Mr. Henderson had won in a three-cornered fight at Barnard Castle. Mr. Shackleton, the representative of the powerful cotton operatives' union, neither particularises nor opposes at Clitheroe. The last named were not Socialists. They represented that solid trade unionism that had been roused to political action by the Taft Vale decision.

The election of 1906 increased the numbers of the Labour Members from four to twenty-nine. This was sensational enough, but it was by no means the most striking fact. The sensation of the election was the number of Labour victories in three cornered fights. Up to that time it had been almost a matter of course that a Socialist or Labour candidate opposed by the two traditional parties stood no chance. But in 1906 everything was changed. Labourites were elected by large majorities over the representatives of Liberal and Conservative. In the Blackfriars division of Glasgow Mr. George Barnes wrested the seat from the ablest of the young Tory front-benchers, Mr. Bonar Law, leaving the Liberal at the bottom of the poll. At West Bradford Mr. Jowett ousted a Conservative who had beaten him by a large majority in a straight fight at the previous election; the Liberal, despite the support of the Caucus and of Dr. Clifford, was nowhere. The Durham miners, reputed the most conservative of Trade Unions, insisted on running an independent Labour candidate at Chester-le-Street, ousted the Liberal and smashed the Tory. The same thing happened all over the country. Instead of the old-fashioned fight against overwhelming odds, the Labour candidate found everywhere the stars in their courses fighting for him.

To what must we attribute this remarkable change? Partly, no doubt, to the revolt of the trades unions against the Taft Vale decision. But there was a deeper cause. The 1906 election was really a blind, stumbling movement of the English democracy towards self-government. In fact but one thing. But the "Unionist" had been a long while they showed a disposition to break the power of the rich and to secure government by the mass of citizens. Secondly, he would have perceived that this first sentiment had found a profoundly foolish expression in the political careers of the Liberal oligarchical governments and parties. Thus when, as must inevitably happen, the Liberal Government disillusioned its supporters and became unpopular in every section of the House. This remark, perfectly true no doubt, and delightful to the politicians, will perhaps hardly realise those who would regard it as the special object of a Labour Party to be "helpful" to the nomenes of the oligarchy. But I must not anticipate. I am dealing with the year 1906, and in 1906 the Labour Party appeared clad not only with hope, but with terror, a real portent, a forerunner of the sovereignty of the people.

Now, what would a really statesmanlike leader of Labour—a man of the type of Parnell—have to be the moral of such a situation? How would he have planned his campaign after a full survey of it?

He would, I conceive, have noted two things. First, he would have seen that the British people were in a democratic mood, that the cause of democracy was, as Radical workmen must have helped to swell it. To carry the country, the Labour Party might hope to gain by the popular mandate should have been gibbeted. The Labour Party should advertise itself everywhere as the fearless champion of Liberal treason. Secondly, he would have perceived that they had been cheated. Under such circumstances it might be expected that they would transfer their allegiance from the Labour Party that had deceived them to the Labour Party in which they might still confide. To this end, every instance of Liberal treason to the democratic cause should have been exposed and brought prominently before the public eye, and especially every failure to carry out the popular mandate should have been gibbeted. The Liberal Party should advertise itself everywhere as the fearless champion of the Liberal oligarchical governments and parties. Thus when, as must inevitably happen, the Liberal Government disillusioned its supporters and became unpopular in the country the Labour Party might hope to gain by the reaction. Now, what would a really statesmanlike leader of Labour—a man of the type of Parnell—have to be the moral of such a situation? How would he have planned his campaign after a full survey of it?

Again, such a statesman would have noted the election had shown that there was in the country a certain body of opinion, the existence of which was proved by the Labour victories in three-cornered fights, that was, at the moment at any rate, prepared to support the Labour Party against all-comers. That body of opinion was obviously the only possible nucleus of a National Party, the base, so to speak, of all future operations. It did not, as nearly all Liberals and some Labourites seem to think, consist entirely of Liberals. A comparison of the figures with those of previous elections will show that quite as many Tories as Radical workmen must have helped to swell it. To keep it intact and to prevent the re-absorption of its constituents into the original parties was obviously the first and most vital necessity. If this country were done it would not so much matter in this case as whether the voters were a reaction and the numbers of the Labour Party were reduced. So long as they had behind them a definitely independent Labour vote they could in such a case afford to win and was in 1906 a good deal more. But if the voters were dispersed there would be no choice for them but between annihilation and surrender.
or Conservative. That some who had voted Labour in the enthusiasm of 1906 should subsequently drop away was perhaps inevitable. Their places might easily have been filled up with new recruits, men disappointed with the Liberal Government or disillusioned with the whole elaborate humbug of party politics. But the essential thing was the fortification of the ground already won, and that could only be done by keeping up a continual attack upon the capitalist parties, and especially upon the party that was at the moment in power.

Every consideration of tactics therefore pointed to the same policy, a policy of relentless criticism of the Liberal Government and resolute independence of the Liberal caucus.

With the policy actually pursued I shall deal in subsequent articles.

The Perpetual Ma-in-Law.

By T. H. S. Escott.

A popular French novelist has drawn an amusing picture of the wife's mother, or of some other lady, obviously designed by nature to fill that position in her relations to the wedded pair she sets herself to dominate, even from the morrow of the marriage ceremony. Not indeed that the functions she takes upon herself can only be fulfilled by the bride's actual mamma. There is generally some more or less poor relation, abnormally developing the feminine instinct for command and interference, ready to fill effectually the veritable mother-in-law's place. It used to be said concerning one of our English royal princes that there was never yet one friend who stood well with another, the veritable mother-in-law's place. It used to be said or Conservative. That some who had voted Labour with the whole elaborate humbug of party politics. But the essential thing was the fortification of the ground already won, and that could only be done by keeping up a continual attack upon the capitalist parties, and especially upon the party that was at the moment in power.

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The Perpetual Ma-in-Law.

By T. H. S. Escott.

A popular French novelist has drawn an amusing picture of the wife's mother, or of some other lady, obviously designed by nature to fill that position in her relations to the wedded pair she sets herself to dominate, even from the morrow of the marriage ceremony. Not indeed that the functions she takes upon herself can only be fulfilled by the bride's actual mamma. There is generally some more or less poor relation, abnormally developing the feminine instinct for command and interference, ready to fill effectually the veritable mother-in-law's place. It used to be said concerning one of our English royal princes that there was never yet one friend who stood well with another, the veritable mother-in-law's place. It used to be said or Conservative. That some who had voted Labour with the whole elaborate humbug of party politics. But the essential thing was the fortification of the ground already won, and that could only be done by keeping up a continual attack upon the capitalist parties, and especially upon the party that was at the moment in power.

Every consideration of tactics therefore pointed to the same policy, a policy of relentless criticism of the Liberal Government and resolute independence of the Liberal caucus.

With the policy actually pursued I shall deal in subsequent articles.
man "is to be banished, may I fill her place occasionally with some favourite cousins and aunts?" Can the most humbly minded and sorely chastised of spouses be expected to acquiesce in the proposal for all time to invest him with the same intolerably irritating hair shirt, though under another name? The same considerations that may supply an answer to this question will have their uses in suggesting the reply to the constitutional conundrum to be looked for within, perhaps, a not unreasonable time.

A Diplomatic Incident.
By Rothay Reynolds.

Their Excellencies were incapable of speech for an entire minute after the First Secretary had told them the news. The Ambassadress was the first to break the silence. "It is an insult to Westphalia, it is an insult to the Emperor of Westphalia, it is an insult to me," she cried in a shrill crescendo.

"It is a mortification," said the Ambassador, "to which I do not intend that my country, my sovereign, or my wife shall be submitted. I shall go at once to the Grand Chamberlain and lodge an emphatic protest." The Ambassadress was in tears. "Be brave, dear," he said, and kissed her. "Fritz," she said brokenly, "I trust you."

The sound of her sobs was in his ears as, ten minutes later, he was whirling through the streets of the capital to the New Palace, where the Grand Chamberlain had his apartments. The triumphal arches, erected in his honor, the Venetian masts, the national and Westphalian flags, everywhere floating side by side, seemed to him something more than the hollowest mockery. The Grand Chamberlain was engaged when he arrived at the Palace. He refused to temporise with the nervous secretary, who received him. He would wait, he said, if he had to wait an hour.

In point of fact he waited exactly fifteen minutes, during which time the Grand Chamberlain was discussing a matter of peculiar delicacy with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The decision of the King to confer the Order of the Green Canary on the Westphalian military attaché had created an embarrassing position, in view of the fact that the French military attaché, on a similar occasion, had only received a Third Class Green Canary.

"His Majesty expressed his wish with considerable emphasis," said the Grand Chamberlain. "I felt it to be my duty to point out the obvious objection to the course he had decided to take, but he refused to discuss the question and dismissed it in a word. Between ourselves I may say that the word employed by His Majesty was: 'fiddlesticks.'"

"I am aware that His Majesty has a high regard for the Westphalian military attaché," said the Minister. "The fellow is an excellent bridge player," said the Minister. "I refuse absolutely to upset my arrangements to please you, and, if the Ambassadress of Westphalia does not like them, she had better stop at home."

The Ambassador. was purple with rage when he left the Palace. The First Secretary gave full details of the affair, in strict confidence, to the Brazilian Minister, who enlivened a luncheon party at the Russian Embassy by repeating the story. By dinner time it was the only topic of conversation in the Diplomatic Corps.

The Russian Ambassador was exceedingly gratified. "In affairs of this kind," he said, "about which the Nuncio obviously cannot be troubled, I, as the Ambassador of oldest standing, am, therefore, in some sense, the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, should be consulted. Had the Westphalian Ambassador placed the matter in my hands, I should have gone to the Grand Chamberlain, but it before him fairly and temperately, and doubtlessly have succeeded in adjusting it. Too much must not be expected from the Chamberlain of a Court so modern as that of Brabant; he sins from ignorance, rather than from malice, and I have always found him willing to learn."

The Grand Chamberlain did not relent, but the Westphalian Ambassadress bore the ordeal of the gala dinner with admirable fortitude. Except that her laughter at the witticisms of the Peruvian Minister sounded forced and artificial, she gave no sign of the intense mortification she actually felt. She forgot her discomfiture the next day, when the "Gazzette Officielle" announced not only that the King had been pleased to confer the Order of the Green Canary of the second class on the Westphalian military attaché, but had also created her husband Chevalier of the Noble Order of the Black Canary. The King's action was, it may be remembered, widely commented on by political writers and was thought to indicate a new orientation of international politics. It was, and this cannot be too strongly insisted on, due solely to his desire to heal a wound inflicted by the thoughtlessness of an official.
Art and Life.
By Alfred E. Randall.

There is nothing new to say of Richard Jefferies as a novelist. All the critics until now have agreed that he was simply a “a reporter of genius,” as Henley said; and that “Amaryllis at the Fair” was not a novel. The book is now reprinted in “The Readers’ Library,” with a most provocative preface, wherein Mr. Edward Garnett flouts the combined judgment of five critics. “Oh, candid reader! he exclaims, “with the voice of authority sounding in your ears (and have we not Mr. Henley and Mr. Saintsbury bound in critical amity against us), a book may break the formal rules, and yet it may yield us just that salt of life which we may seek for vainly in the works of more faultless writers.” It is here that Mr. Garnett parts from the critics, and pants adown Parnassus. They looked for the art of the novelist, and failed to find it in this book: he looked for life, and found “Amaryllis at the Fair.” Had he remembered the lines, he would probably have adapted Tennyson, and exclaimed:

’Tis life whereof our nerves are scant.
Oh, life, not art, for which we pant.
More life, and fuller, that we want.

He did not remember the lines, but the whole preface is the same sentimentary. “Life is so terribly strong,” he wails, “so deliciously real, so full of man’s unsatisfied hungry ache for happiness; and sweet is the craving, bitter the knowledge of the unfulfilment.” This is a sad state for a critic to be in, more pitiful than that of George Selwyn when he soliloquised: “I look and feel villainously bad; but, hang it, it is life, it is life!” We cannot accept Mr. Garnett’s craving as criticism; for we look for art, not life, in literature.

The critics of Jefferies have provoked Mr. Garnett to an exuberant generosity. He does not announce a revolt against criticism, but a revolution; and, like most revolutions, it is self-destruction. He is not content to claim that “Amaryllis at the Fair” is “a living picture of life,” which, by the way, it cannot possibly be; he insists that it is “a creative work of imagination of the highest order.” That contradictories cannot both be true is an axiom that is too often forgotten; but it is illustrated by Mr. Garnett in a memorably practical way. The strength of ‘Amaryllis at the Fair,’ he says, “is that its beauty springs naturally from the prosaic earthly facts of life it narrates, and that, in the natural atmosphere breathed by its people, the prose and poetry of their life are one.” Therefore, says the logician, it cannot be “a creative work of imagination of the highest order.” If, on the other hand, “out of the splintered mass of ideas and emotions, out of the sensations, the observations and revelations of his youth, he builds up a subtle and cunning picture for us, a complete illusion of life more true than the reality,” that “salt of life” extracted by Mr. Garnett must be as imaginary as the formal rules broken by this book.

There are no formal rules to break. The form of the novel is not fixed and final, like that of the sonnet and the sonata; but a story must not begin anywhere and end nowhere. Life does, or seems to do; and “Amaryllis at the Fair” is like life in this. Life is chaos, and art is creation; and all that the artist does, or can do, is to give a form to his materials. The continuity of his narrative, for instance, must not be simply sequential, but causal. That the operation involves grave philosophical error, I am aware. “Fact I know, and Law I know,” said the Victorian Thomas Didymus; “but what is this Necessity save a shadow of my own mind’s throwing?” But Science collects facts, Philosophy relates them, Art interprets them; and their significance is seen only when their purpose is manifested. Life shows us character and circumstance in conflict; it is the business of Art to show us a meaning to the conflict and its disclosure.

What does Jefferies show us? Mr. Garnett has said, “The mixedness of things, the old, the human muddle, the meanness and stupidity and shortsightedness of humanity, the good salty taste of life in the healthy mouth, the spiritualised love, the strong earthy roots of appetite, man’s lust of life, with circumstances awry, and the sharp wind blowing alike on the just and the unjust—all is there on the printed page of ‘Amaryllis at the Fair.’ The song of the wind and the roar of London unite and mingle therein.” To obtain credence, the narrator can only rely on the cumulative force of evidence. For instance, Homer told us that Odysseus was a wily man, “of many counsels; but we need not, could not, have believed him if he had not given us instance after instance of the craft of Odysseus. But an artistic creation convinces us at sight of its nature, and the story is a progressive revelation of the attributes of its character.” “O Iole! how did you know that Hercules was a god?” “Because,” answered Iole, “I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest: he conquered whatever he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did.” A character must stand on its own legs. By what it says or does, it must convince us that it really is what it is supposed to be; and no asseveration of the narrator can compensate for the inadequate performance of the character itself. But when the character contradicts what the author says of it, we can only call the author a bungler.

Jefferies tells us, for instance, that Iden had a Shakespearean mind, and Mr. Garnett tells us that “Iden is a masterly piece of character-drawing.” The only evidence offered is that Iden was “an unsuccessful farmer who built for all time, not for the circumstances of the hour;” and the fact that, after dinner, he used to sit by the fireplace and watch the mice as they ate the crumbs from his waistcoat. He was always thinking and observing. “Iden’s forehead might have been sculptured for Shakespeare’s,” said Jefferies. “There was not much thought in it for the circumstances of his life. It is possible to think until you cannot act.” So far as Shakespeare is concerned, “Bishop Blougram” is nearer the truth than Jefferies.

He leaves his towers and gorgeous palaces To build the trimmest house in Stratford town; Saves money, spends it, owns the worth of things, Giulio Romano’s pictures, Dowland’s lute; Enjoys a show, respects the puppets too, And never more, had he been from town, Than “Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal.”

If we refuse this estimate of Shakespeare, and accept that of Jefferies, still “we have great thoughts instead of battles.” But I have searched in vain for any sign
of great thoughts in “Amaryllis at the Fair.” Iden says nothing, does nothing, indicative of greatness or even of simple love of beauty. He grows potatoes, and he comes tardily and grumbling to see the first daffodil blooming. His conversation is restricted to a discourse on the medicinal value of common vegetables, a refusal to accept his misfortune, to live on ordinary questions, than with his wife. His action is limited to growing potatoes, eating his dinner, watching the mice, raising a loan (security not stated), and increasing the cost of a gate. His mind is made up by talking to the workman (conversation not reported) and giving him ale. He suffers a thumping from his wife, and a constant dunning from his creditors. I think this is a complete summary of his existence, except that he has a bath and changes his clothes when he goes to raise the loan. “A masterly piece of character-drawing,” says Mr. Garnett.

There can be no sequence in a story that is never told, but may we not be thankful,” asks Mr. Garnett, “that Jefferies was not hand at elaborating a plot, and that in ‘Amaryllis at the Fair,’ the scenes, the descriptions, the conversations, are spontaneous as life, and that Jefferies’ commentary on them is like Fielding’s commentary, a medium by which he lives with his characters, not for them. The answer is to the negative. In the first place, Jefferies’ commentary separates him from his characters, and introduces an element that is alien to them. Secondly, if we are not to regard this book as art, it is even harder to defend it as a living picture of life. A farmer who does not appear to employ anybody until after the bailiffs have been in, at a time when, we are told, he could not have a mutton chop without payment,” is not true to life. Nor is the introduction of Amadis Iden and Alere Flamma necessary to art or true to life, for their presence enlightens nothing, advances nothing; and the fact that not one word passes between them, altogether lessens the scene as a picture of life. Amaryllis tries to raise money by selling sketches. We are specifically told that “Amaryllis did not for a moment anticipate success as an artist, nor think to take the world by storm with her talent. Her one only hope was to get a few pounds now and then—she would have sold twenty sketches to her father to save her father from insult, and to give her mother the mere necessities of dress she needed.” Her father complained: “But draw that there fool stuff in the vire, and zee if you can’t help your mother. Better do zummatt to be some use on. Pity as you wasn’t a boy chap to go out and zummatted.” Her mother said: “Ah! you’ll never do anything. Never do anything. I’ve done too much of it. Better come down and warm yourself.” This household that needed money so much shortly afterwards contained Alere Flamma, the brother of Mrs. Iden, a drunken artist who could always earn ten pounds in Fleet Street when he wanted it. Yet it never occurred to anybody to show Amaryllis’ sketches to her uncle, and ask him to introduce them to editors. Truly, “a living picture of life,” if, as Jefferies said, “nothing is consistent that is human”; but not otherwise.

It is unnecessary to enumerate; the whole book is cursed by the same lack of cohesion, continuity and creation. Jefferies was a naturalist, and to him every fact was equally important. Artistically, this characteristic shows itself in the failure to connect significant incidents and conversation, in the lack of form, climax and crisis; and a dilatory method of narration suggesting that anything will do. It is possible, of course, to like a book rather than for artistic reasons. Nor is the autobiographical interest of his work, its sentimental associations (in this case Jefferies dictated the book while lying on his death-bed, a fact which inspires Mr. Garnett’s sentimentally fervent conclusion) extraneous to the book. But the work of the critic is to insist on the artistic value, and demonstrate or indicate its presence or absence; and as “Amaryllis at the Fair” is not a work of art, Mr. Garnett cannot be a critic.

An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

I DISCOVERED him in a small back room in a Bohemian restaurant, or at least what passed for a Bohemian for Bohemian, for most of the people to be seen at this place are not only exceedingly “respectable,” but serious. He was sitting with two other men, one of them a known artist. I knew in an instant that the “Judge,” for that is how they addressed him, was a character to be reckoned with; but I also knew that he was no judge and that he had never even been a lawyer. On the other hand, I was certain he knew many people worth knowing, and I took my seat at the table after I had been introduced by a friend present, and listened to all I could hear.

I soon concluded that the title of “Judge” seemed quite natural in his case. He had the gift of summing up big questions in a few trite, original phrases. The most interesting thing about the “Judge” was that, while he dominated the company, he did not lead the conversation. He simply chimed in at the right moment with a maxim, an epigram, or an aphorism; and when he spoke we all listened. His age might be sixty, but the expression of his face and the peculiar snap of his grey eyes made one think of a vigorous man of thirty. In fact, I had “run against” that rare thing in this languid and blasé age—a man of years and experience who is “alive all over.”

I had not been sitting there more than five minutes when I took out my notebook and coming close to the table managed to get down some of the good things. When Roosevelt was President,” said the Judge, “the political parties were like two china dogs on a marble mantel with a Teddy-bear in the middle that did all the dancing for both parties. At present the democratic chickens have come home to roost at Washington, and they are laying their eggs in the next presidential bonnet. But the democratic barnyard contains bipeds of many species, and the eggs may get mixed. Bourne of Oregon may hatch a web-foot, and Townsend of Michigan may hatch a Michigander. The political brood of 1912 may contain pretty much anything, and I expect to see one or two Mexican copperheads wriggling about among the early fledglings.”

The significance of names came up for discussion, and the “Judge” said, “There is more in some names than most people think. A good sounding name fixes attention. Some names burn themselves into the memory much as vitriol burns into the flesh. The present Senate is full of suggestive names. Take Champ Clark. He is champing at the presidential bit like a proper war-horse from the South-west. What bridle is going to hold him? Senator Borah suggests ‘hurrah,’ and I expect to hear a good many ‘hurrahs’ for Edgar Borah. Luke Lea, although the baby of the political world is likely to keep to the Gulf-stream, where the waters are too much of it. Better come down and warm yourself.”

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An Englishman in America.
say for the space of ten minutes, he said, “You can generally tell when a politician has a face with the presidential stamp; but there is more than one kind. For instance, Roosevelt has the dramatic stamp. He did all he could to make himself still more dramatic than he was by nature, and he spoiled the business and lowered his natural forces. But Taft has the judicial stamp, also a judicial heft that the other lacked. As for sheer carcass power, Taft has heft and fat enough to send a whole bench of bishops and judges into oblivion if he wanted to slide them out and down on a sliding board greased with judicial phrases and oiled with unctuous compliments. Considering that the two last Presidents have been hefty men the law of averages ought to make the next President thin, weasel-eyed, wiry, and all-fired wary. But where is he? In my opinion we ought to have as next President a great romantic with a vision of a mystic. Roosevelt was too dramatic and self-conscious to be romantic. Besides he was too bourgeois for a seer. We want something who will not go to Africa to kill giraffes, but stop at home to kill political gazebos with buck-shot.”

“Blunders,” said the “Judge,” “are fatal in two things—in politics and in love. A political boss who commits a blunder is a man who has lost his party. The efforts made to offset a blunder only serve to make his rivals win ground. This is why politics in our day go so fast and so far. This is why we talk of the party machine. A President who cannot see through the machinery is a mere figurehead, without real authority or influence. Now who is the Senator or Governor of the state who is unlikely to stand the secret springs of any one party?” Roosevelt understood the workings of the big party wheel at the time he was President, but the wheels within the big wheels of to-day are to him a mystery.

“In politics America is entering on a mystical period. Our Continent forms a trinity of political and social forces with Canada in the north and Mexico in the south. We are in the middle plane and we shall have to mediate, and the political leaders who work blindly on the old materialistic plane will call down the fury of Erebus and Nox, and law will give place to Chaos. If pride goes before a fall, fear dogs the lives of the rich in this country and especially at the present time. Our millionaires have for the most part been materialists. They are now trying to think out a way of salvation.

Much of our enthusiasm for arbitration springs from the fear that dipped far above and below into the sea-dissolved air and the air-dissolved sky, seeking infinity islanded by the vast world of consciousness. From Dieppe to Paris there is a corresponding spiritual yearning and continuity of life. In the passing landscapes stained a faint green, in hills shoulering the pink and amber of the westering sky, in blossoming orchards shining like pink snow under the sinking sun, in newly planted fields and by country ways, on which only unheeded stands the secret springs of any one party? Roosevelt understood the workings of the big party wheel at the time he was President, but the wheels within the big wheels of to-day are to him a mystery.

Here the “Judge” came almost fierce in his exposition of the different reasons for national apprehension. “From being a people of privilege and independence we have suddenly become nervous and anxious. The Japanese fill us with dread, the Chinese are thorns in our side, the Latin of the South give us concern, the Germans make us timid, and the Socialists make us apprehensive at home: we therefore ask for a combination to mediate, and the political leaders who work blindly on the old materialistic plane will call down the fury of Erebus and Nox, and law will give place to Chaos. If pride goes before a fall, fear dogs the lives of the rich in this country and especially at the present time. Our millionaires have for the most part been materialists. They are now trying to think out a way of salvation.

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The Independants and the New Intuition in Paris.

By Huaty Carter.

Crossing to Paris I was given a suitable reminder of what the new movement in art and the new intuition really are. From Newhaven to Dieppe the sea spread like a waveless plain saturated with vaporous air. Trailing rhythmically across this green plain were amethyst-colored veins of atmosphere light that dipped far above and below into the sea-dissolved air and the air-dissolved sky, seeking infinity islanded by the vast world of consciousness. From Dieppe to Paris there is a corresponding spiritual yearning and continuity of life. In the passing landscapes stained a faint green, in hills shoulering the pink and amber of the westering sky, in blossoming orchards shining like pink snow under the sinking sun, in newly planted fields and by country ways, on which only unheeded stands the secret springs of any one party? Roosevelt understood the workings of the big party wheel at the time he was President, but the wheels within the big wheels of to-day are to him a mystery.

At the exhibition of the Société des Artistes Indépendants in Paris I came across a manifestation of art which parleys to be living and evolving. Our reality underlying forms of life, of things living and evolving. The exhibition was held in an elongated and well-lighted tent running parallel with the Seine. There were seventy rooms or divisions containing 6,745 exhibits. At least 5,000 of the exhibits might walk into the Seine; they would never be missed. The first impres sion of this amazing exhibition was disastrous. For hours afterwards I felt as though I were walking in a fog. I was, however, fortunate, since critics with weak hearts have gone on to say that they are, at least during their lifetime. They want to enjoy all the luxuries and all the peace they can. That is why we have grasped at the first shadow of perpetual peace there are signs of a movement tremendously big, tremendously vital; not the mere outcome of trickery and charlatanism, but of intense vision carried to the highest pitch, almost to madness. I had indeed been caught in a tempest of diverse temperaments seeking with amazing courage to express feverishly, each in its own way, an astonishment at a new vision of life created by the massacre of traditions and the cults of retreating; the vision of nature and social life concentrating their attention, not on the object itself, but on the underlying idea, not on the so-called dead matter, but on matter living and evolving according to the eternal law of continuity; thus projecting, focussing and fixing personality in a moment of intense clear vision. I noticed that the vision had paralysed the old forms of speech. To these artists words had wandered from their original meaning; and the current meaning meant nothing to them.

Also, “The game of materialism in the political world is all right as long as our enemies see nothing but the material; put an army of believers to fight an army of ‘know nothings’ and your doubting Thomases will refuse to keep on fighting after a few days or weeks of real hardship and bodily suffering. Our millionairism has embued us with a hollow form of which we shall have to emerge as people emerge from a deep pit with great difficulty.”
composing lyrics in colour, lyrics in line, lyrics in light to the new deity, rhythm. This search for new materials, new means, new expression was not beyond criticism. Not all the elect painter-composers were masters, and not all the masters were perfect. I was conscious indeed that many of them were incoherent, many making a fearful hash of things. But it was a hash of lines, and if they were going wrong, but in the right direction. Out of so much that is wrong will emerge something supremely right.

Amongst the Independents who are exhibiting this year, and who are expressing the idea and the continuity of things, in continuity of line, distribution of colour and light, arrangement of mass, and space suggesting infinity, places and time due to some English and American artists of distinction.

In passing through the dozen or so rooms where the best work is happily centred, I paused to note how the tremendously vital line in the six vivid compositions by J. D. Ferguson—a pioneer and one of the really big men in the movement—goes swinging in a vast way across his canvases, enveloping nudes and still life alike in a broad harmony of moving outline, accentuating the finely orchestrated colour, and riveting attention on a statement of ideas, stamped with a quality that makes even some of the leaders sink into oblivion. I sought unsuccessfully for Poplos, whose recent work, I was told, had gone off to exhibition. I met Glascrope, and he showed me... came across Anne Estelle Rice putting together some musical material in paint, having due regard to movement of line and balance of colour. Her studies are fresh and invigorating in colour, and they are uttering the latest technical notions free from chlichés and illiteracy. I wandered into lessie Stewart Dismore’s "Jungle," and saturated myself in its delicious harmonies of colour moving against a background of golden infinity. I saw Romaine, whose work to me is the rate London fairy plays... Lyonel Feininger’s caricatures in colour and line nearly floored me. His figures are brilliantly drunk with movement. They tear down the gallery like men and women coming out of the Rat Mort at six a.m. Having recovered my breath, I turned to make the acquaintance of two astonishing Russians. Pierre Kantchewalsky’s search for wonderful colours harmonies suggested abnormal demands on the painter’s reserve of nervous force should he MacKintosh be a giant. He offered me a dish of fruit that dominates the entire exhibition. He had seized it with immense strength and understanding, and set it revolving in a perfect colour whirl.

Coming to the Frenchmen and others, I met the well-known back-number, Signac, and a batch of his followers, as well as the followers of other back-numbers, Signey and Carrere, Flamingo who is fairly flat, and... Van Dongen was dressed in interesting colour. Chabaud was out of sorts. Priese too, was hardly up to the mark, his best effort being a sketch of a forest and figures, in which the arrangement cleverly suggested the oneness of man and nature. I met Segonzac feverishly hammering out a black and white nude. There was a suggestion of immense power in his hammer strokes. Near by was Georges Rouault, expressing with decisive figures and colour caught in a mist of swirling lines... Matisse was too busy boozing his own greatness at tea-parties to contribute more than a washed-in idea of a very fresh interior, very language and very big in treatment. It is a suggestion to be carried out in the theatre.

Apparently the star of Matisse is falling, and Picasso is the father of the new experimenters. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the exhibition is the distribution of colour, and the circular arches of the two rostrums down stage to the prevalent mania for running Les Groups, as they are called, of Impressionists. Each dealer or private speculator makes a corner in an extremity group or group of Impressionists. The Christie’s画廊人潮 is patiently for the absent-minded millionaires. Thus Stein has sold his Monet for £400,000 and is now busy buying Matisses. Vollard has got all the Cezannes and is so proud of it that he never spits his shop, which has the appearance of Dirty Dick’s at Houndsditch. He has got so many Cezannes that occasionally, when a visitor calls, he uses one for a breakfast. Durand-Ruel has no end of the eighties and nineties Impressionists. The Galerie Kahnweiler has made a corner in Georges Braque, and four others. Herbin is subsidised by Sagot, whose talk on the former’s marvellous colour and extraordinary use of straight lines, appears to be in front of the pictures... It goes on for ever. This system of subsidising experimentists is both good and bad. It enables artists to produce their best work freely; and it also encourages some to exceed the limit of extravagance. But though the system is open to endless abuses, it affords the new tendencies a sanctuary and it enables artists to be themselves. We have nothing of the kind in England. Hence the reason why art is valet to the dealer.

As a supplementary note on the “Blue Bird,” at the Théâtre Rejane, I may mention the conscious attempt to apply the new Post-Impressionist principles of continuity, by (1) lines all composed to suggest rhythmical continuity of things. The impression of the latest works by Picasso and his followers is at first bewildering. Painted in a low key they have an appearance of time running one after the other. Indeed it is as though an early Impressionist, Cézanne or Signac, had scientifically and laboriously built up a picture, bricklayer-fashion, and then, having completed it, kicked it down in disgust and poured grey mortar over it. But as one looks at them the idea gradually disentangles itself. Thus from a tangle emerges a woman reading a book, and surrounded by the objects created by the feeling for the incident. In this way the expression of ideas or sensations created by the insight into an object is carried far beyond that of Matisse’s attempt to do the same in colour. Picassoism is appealing to some of the strongest men in the new movement... Leger and Le Fauconnier have some admirable examples of this kind of picture-making. Their work is very distinguished, remarkable for its coherence and subtle colour, and for thoroughness of drawing. The anatomy of these pictures must be full of colour. Herbin who is not represented, has also developed cubistics.

The absence of Herbin reminds me that the best work of several new experimentists is to be found at the dealers’ shops where our own Post-Impressionist exhibition came from. The late Post-Impressionist exhibition seemed to me a disappointment, I am not the standing joke of Paris. It was organised from the dealers, where one may discover many of the bad and indifferent and ancient things that found their way to the Grafton Galleries. As a matter of fact each dealer’s shop is a Post-Impressionist exhibition owing to the prevalent mania for running Les Groups, as they are called, of Impressionists. Each dealer or private speculator makes a corner in an extremity group or group of Impressionists. The Galerie Kahnweiler has made a corner in Georges Braque, and four others. Herbin is subsidised by Sagot, whose talk on the former’s marvellous colour and extraordinary use of straight lines, appears to be in front of the pictures... It goes on for ever. This system of subsidising experimentists is both good and bad. It enables artists to produce their best work freely; and it also encourages some to exceed the limit of extravagance. But though the system is open to endless abuses, it affords the new tendencies a sanctuary and it enables artists to be themselves. We have nothing of the kind in England. Hence the reason why art is valet to the dealer.

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Unedited Opinions.

The End of Man.

"No, perversive devil that you are, a thousand times no. Life was driving at brains—at its darling object: an organ by which it can attain not only self-consciousness but self-understanding."

Quoting Shaw again, and from what he now calls a religious Strange, is it not, that Shaw has exactly inverted the true order of description of his masterpiece. It began as a comedy, it drove at brains and became a philosophy, and now it has contradicted its "darling object" and stands forth a religion. Well, the more it changes the more it is the same. "Man and Superman" is a comedy still; a comedy all the time. You are only entitled to criticise if you have something better to put in the place of the thing you destroy. Mere destructive criticism—

Hush, let nobody know I'm in the company of such a mind. Better nothing than a lie. If you don't believe that, your faith is smaller than a mustard seed. Destroy what you can and let God build what he must. But how do you know that I have no better alternative to Shavian brains as the end of man; assuming, that is, that we have grounds for affirming any purpose in life whatever?

How do you mean? Surely we can speculate on the purpose of life. Every generation lives and propagates itself by faith in some purpose or other. You do not deny that?

I do not deny that every generation believes in some purpose in life; but I am not sure whether the real purpose is not for ever incomprehensible. How can life stand outside itself and judge its direction? Its very judgment is part of the direction. When everything is moving there is nothing by which to measure either direction or pace. It is all the same whether we move or rest. Even supposing, however, that there is a fixed point in our being—and I'm inclined to think there is—most of the articulated purposes which different generations have imagined themselves to live by, appear to me to have been seen with a squint,—Shaw's no less than the others'. If I could not suggest, at least, a more generally acceptable purpose than these I would abandon the problem with friend Kohelethe. He was intellectually honest and an artist to boot. Finding no truth he nevertheless did not patch up a lie to live by.

Well, let us hear your guess.

"No, perversive devil that you are," you shall not until you are convinced that the abandoned theories are really dead. Have you any faith left, for example, in the theory that happiness is the end of man?

I can truthfully say that I have not.

Good, that is one thing disposed of. But you can judge from its hold on men their gross myopia. If there had been in all history the example of one happy man the thing might have had so much support. But there has been no such man. What will not people believe if, in the face of this fact, they still hold that life is for happiness? However, I will say no more; you are convinced. But what about perfection?

"Men will die for human perfection, to which they will sacrifice all their liberty gladly."

Shaveling! Men will die for a thousand things, as Bacon long ago said. But what does that prove? Only that the fear of death is less strong than the love of something else. What we need is not merely a love that will overcome fear but a love that will overcome love. The purpose of life, if it is anything, is the desire that outlasts and finally absorbs all other desires. The last victory of God is over gods not devils. But this perfection of yours, can you give a definition to it? Is it to be on earth, and will man remain man? If so, permit me to scoff.

Why, in the name of Nietzsche, Shaw, Ibsen, Stendhal, Goethe, Heine—

Eden Phillpotts, Montague Crackanthorpe, K.C., Karl Pearson and Mrs. Braby—go on, exhaust your breath, and I will then tell you why. Because, in the first place, the earth is the home of accident, and, in the second, man is a fixed species. That is why perfection is as silly as happiness as a definition of the purpose of life. It is sillier, because it means less.

I really do not see that either of your reasons is fatal to the theory. May not accident be an ingredient of perfection; and is not a fixed species capable, at least, of its own perfection?

You are quibbling, my interrogatory. Accident may, for all we know, be an ingredient of perfection; but not of any perfection comprehensible by us. Besides, I'm not confining accident to its happy aspects; nor does the world. Might not a falling chimney-pot mar your perfect life even in Utopia? Nor do I deny that a fixed species like man is capable of its own peculiar perfection. On the contrary, I affirm that man is and always has been as perfect as he will ever be. There are as good tigers now as when the first was formed; there will never be better men than there have been and are. And it is one of the permanent characteristics of our fixed species that we find life just not intolerable. Our species is fixed and our nature is mixed. So has it been, so will it ever be.

I conclude that you are approximating to the purgatorial view of the purpose of life. Surely if the older views have gone, the purgatorial headed the rout.

We shall see. Remember that a theory that fights and runs away may live to fight another day. However, Happiness is gone. Perfection is gone, and now Brains is going. Has it occurred to you to ask why Shaw fixed on brains as the "darling object" of the life-force? The reason is simple. Shaw found himself in possession of more brains than most people, and shrewdly announced that there was nothing like having. Ponder that at your leisure. But as an end the construction of a means is ridiculous. Happiness is at least an intelligible purpose ending in itself, but Shaw's brains are an obstacle to be surmounted or ignored as a means to something else. Namely, to self-understanding. Know thyself.

Very good, but are brains essential to self-knowledge? Why, thought itself is possibly only the friction of instincts? Only that which is unconscious is perfect. Now the brain is the seat of self-consciousness!

I'm afraid I do not grasp yet the enormity of Shaw's Brains? Secondly, what on earth is your definition of the life-force? It is to give us what? Without a definition the figure of speech known as rigmarole? It is to give us what?

Shall I deliver it without the figure of speech known as rigmarole? It is to give us nous enough to stop in heaven when we get there again.

Well, of all the guesses!

"If ye expect not the unexpected ye shall not find truth,"—Heraclitus this time, not Shaw. But what do you find amiss with my ancient mystical platitude?

Firstly, what is the difference between your nous and Shaw's Brains? Secondly, what on earth is your heaven? Thirdly, what do you mean by a fixed species getting there? Fourthly, why "again"? Fifthly—

Have mercy on Time, Space, and Number, the poor categories! Suppose I say that nous is to brains what the cuckoo was to the hedge which the Wise Men of Gotham built about it? Will that not answer your other questions too?
THE STONEBREAKER.

He sits and hammers all day long,
Shut round by troubled silences,
And as his strokes fall sharp and strong,
Through the still air beneath the trees
The splinters hum like angry bees.

His work begins at early morn,
Nor has he care for aught beside;
Indifferent to Spring's allure and Summer's pride,
He hammers on till eventide.

Strewn on his right, still raw and red,
Are fragments torn from quarried deeps;
About his left, haphazard spread,
Lie stones—the harvest that he reaps—
Cracked small and piled in smooth grey heaps.

And him beholding goggled, grey
And scarce of human shape and size,
The passer-by who fain would stay
For friendly speech, averts his eyes
And on his lip the greeting dies.

So, sheltered by the wayside oak,
A vault of branches o'er him bent,
Through hours of sunshine, wind and soak,
Upon his endless task intent,
Takes his laborious office on.

Then, darkness falling, from his seat
No sooner has the old man gone
Than hurrying in on soundless feet
His spectre hammering all night long.

The splinters hum like angry bees.

HE

And so as on the highway wends
Pale ghost by ghost, to right and wrong
Of course the lecturer had to vulgarise his messages so as to get them safely into the brain of the audience. What an audience. For the first time in my life I saw my public in the mass! It is a sight to make one think. My cab had gone up Bond Street, where the fortune-tellers flourish and their flags wave in the wind and their painted white hands beckon alluringly up mysteriously painted staircases. These fortune-tellers make a tolerable deal of money, and the money they make must come out chiefly of the pockets of well-dressed liberal subscribers. Not a doubt but that many of Mr. Wells's audience were clients of the soothsayers. A strange multitude! It appeared to consist of a thousand women and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Women deemed to be elegant, women certainly deeming themselves to be elegant! I, being fair, had the rostrum, had a good view of the backs of their blouses, chemises and bodice. What an assortment of pretentious and ill-made toilettes! What disclosures of clumsy hooks and eyes and general creased carelessness! It would not do for me to behold my public in the mass too often! * * *

I could not but think of the State performance of "Money" at Drury Lane the previous night: that amusing smack at living artists. There has been a good deal of straight talk about it in the daily and weekly papers. But the psychology of the matter has not been satisfactorily explained. Blame has been laid at the King's door. I think wrongly, or at least unfairly. Besides being one of the two best shots in the United Kingdom, the King is a man of honourable intentions and of a strict conscientiousness. But it is no part of his business to be sufficiently expert to choose a play for a State performance. He has never pretended to have artistic proclivities. Who among you, indeed, could be relied upon to choose properly a play for a State performance? Take the best modern plays. Who among you would dare to suggest for a State performance Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," John Galsworthy's "Justice," or Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance"? Nobody! These plays are simply too good. What disclosures of clumsy hooks and eyes and general creased carelessness! It would not do for me to behold my public in the mass too often! * * *

Can you not now sympathy with the King as he ran through in his mind the whole range of British drama? But the truth is that he did not run through the whole range of British drama. Inevitably in these cases a list is submitted for the sovereign to choose
from. It is an open secret that in this particular case such a list was prepared. Whether or not it was prepared by Mr. Arthur Collins, organiser of Drury Lane pantomimes, I cannot say. The list contained Shakespeare and Lytton, and I don’t know who else. Conceivably the King did not want Shakespeare. To my mind he would be quite justified in not wanting Shakespeare. We are glutted with Shakespeare in the Haymarket. Well, then—why not “Money”? It is a famous play. We all know its name and the name of its author. And that is the limit of our knowledge. Why should the King be supposed to be acquainted with its extreme badness? I confess I didn’t know it was so bad as now it seems to be. And not very long ago was not Sir William Robertson Nicoll defending the genius of Lytton in the “British Weekly”? It is now richly apparent that “Money” ought not to have been included in the list submitted to the King. But it is easy to be wise after the event.

* * *

Let it be for ever understood that State theatres and State performances never have had, never will have, any real connection with original dramatic art. That is one reason why I am against a national theatre, whose influence on the drama is bound to be sinister. To count the performance of “Money” as an insult to living artists is to lose sight of a main factor in the case. The State and living art must be mutually opposed, for the reason that the State must, and quite rightly does, represent the average of opinion. For an original artist to expect aid from the State is silly; it is also wrong. In expressing a particular regard for the feelings of musical comedy, and in announcing beforehand his intention of being present at the first night of the new Gaiety masterpiece, the King was properly fulfilling his duties as a monarch towards dramatic art. Art is not the whole of life, and to adore a ritual, whether it be the ritual of pomp for the pursuit of magnificence, or the ritual of subtlety for the achievement of inwardness and a ritual is the disguise and, whereas, in contradistinction to the age, Mr. Bridges has purged all excitement from his verse. All Art has its essential ritual, whether it be the ritual of pomp for the pursuit of magnificence, or the ritual of subtility for the achievement of inwardness; and a ritual is the disguise and, at the same time, the articulation of ecstasy, which is a sublime excitement. The chief note of poetry is such a placid lyric. The mind passes through a mood of intense joy that it can never utterly disavow. It may be deal with the achievement so much as the mood that the body of his dramatic work. Now the function of a lyric is to strike the mind with one single choice ecstasy that shall leave it perpetually enriched, even though the memory omit to retain a detailed impression of its contents. The mind passes through a mood of intense joy that it can never utterly disavow. It may be compact of its own emotion, or it may deal in the symbolism of metaphor, but, whichever it is, its business is with a moment of complete ecstasy. Therefore, the expression “a placid lyric” is really a contradiction in terms. Nevertheless, Mr. Bridges chiefly deals in placid lyrics. Not wholly; for the memory clings to certain exquisite excitement which lyrics of his have aroused. Which, properly considered, are a sufficient condemnation of their company. Take, for example, the following stanza, chosen for some similarity of mood expressed in them, and note how a declension in poetic excitement from the first set to the second implies a declension of poetic value:

I.
I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tints
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unremembered scents:
A honey-never delight,
A joy of love at sight.
That ages in an hour—
My song be like a flower!
I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit’s desire,
Then die, and are nowhere—
My song be like an air!

II.
I made another song,
In likeness of my love:
And sot it all day long,
Around, beneath, above;
I told my secret out,
That none might be in doubt.
I sang it to the sky,
That veiled his face to hear
How far her azure eye
Outdoes his splendid sphere;
But at her eyelids’ name
His white clouds fled for shame.

The difference in these two is not the important distinction between one fashion of ecstasy from another; it is the root difference between inspiration and its absence, for inspiration is ecstasy in achievement. To achieve poetry, art is not merely necessary to depict an external scene or an internal emotion; and never was poetry better proved to be transcendent and divine than when a poet sought to achieve it by so photographic a method. Let a poet but deny the divinity of the thing he handles, or abjure its fervour, and the result condemns him as not having achieved poetry, whatever else he may have achieved. This does not mean to say that all poetry is equally exalted. There is the good that is slight not less than the good that is great, though there is a strange and undeniable kinship between them all. For instance, it may be a single, simple, pure emotion passing away on a wave, such as:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.
I too will some thing make
That none might be in doubt.
I made another song,
That with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit’s desire,
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

Or it may be something altogether more notable, such as:

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Heaving across the bosom of the urgent West?

Or it may be the poignant:

When my lady sits by me
My rapture’s so great, that I tear
My mind from the thought that she’s nigh me,
And strive to forget that she’s there.
And sometimes when she is away
Her absence so sorely does try me,
That I shut to my eyes, and essay
There’s no comfort, no quarter to be.

or his account of some or other river-party. One has to
search for his moments of inspiration among his
lyrics, for they are not many among the mass of them.
Moreover, they are sometimes difficult to find, and for
the curious reader they have superficially the same
appearance as their uninspired neighbours. It is as
though the calm passage of verse after verse sharpened
suddenly and unexpectedly to the cry of intensity, and
then passed again into its placid movements. They
need to be taken from their context for their full beauty
to be seen. But once seen so they cannot fail to be
Treasured tenderly.

Too often content with a mood that fails from the
necessary fervour, Mr. Bridges appears to have lost
the power of judging between his moods. The critical
function of his mind seems either never to have been
present in him, or to have declined from its activity
through atrophy. So when it is remembered that the
goodlier portion of his work is dramatic, this brings
the whole question of his critical instinct into an activity.
For dramatic work demands above all things the critical
instinct. It means not only the just analysis of emotions in
the characters deployed in whatever action is afoot; it
means a mind that hovers critically over the spoken
word to judge its fitness, in matter, quality, and quanti-

It means also an instinctive sympathy with the
observer, knowing that it is there, and not in the
written or spoken word, that the action takes place.

It is not possible in a drama, as in a book of lyrics,
for a reader to select or reject. It either fails as a whole
and as a whole it must succeed or fail. Furthermore,
a drama demands just that very thing that Mr. Bridges
fails to achieve in his lyrics: a high mood wrought to
intensity. It means therefore be possessed of the
poet without critical instinct and without passion
could never create great poems in dramatic form; and
this is true, so far, with regard to Mr. Bridges, that
he everywhere fails except when the structure of an
ancient story lies to hand for him to fill in its parts.

Let him have the business in hand of creating vital
beings who shall work out their own ends to a destined
conclusion, and we receive such a drama “Palcio,”
which he terms a romantic drama to say that its
characters act inconsistently or foolishly is to say too
much, for both those characteristics are, indeed,
characters; that is to say, they imply characters,
which, in turn, imply vital beings. But the truth is
that, despite some three thousand lines succeeding to
them, the names of the dramatis persona yet await
actuality.

In “Nero,” in the first part, but yet more in the
second part, he overcomes this, and does indeed pre-
sent his personages with life. He becomes a creator,
though it is rather the creation of the historian than
the creation of the dramatist. But now it is at the
cost of dramatic interest! The story flows on through the
first part, and, with a slight change of personnel, flows on through the second part.

There seems very little reason to discover why it should
not flow on through a third part and a fourth part,
except that a man must make end. It is not very diffi-
cult to create characters who have no destiny to
achieve. It is not very difficult to construct an interest-
ing story in which puppets shall dance at the author’s
bidding. It is the eternal problem to create a set of
vital beings who shall achieve a destiny of deeper
Interest than that of a drama. And that is drama.

Even the characters themselves, it must be con-
fessed, fail of dramatic interest, and for a reason not
difficult to discover. For characters live in the
lines they speak; and by the quality of the verse must
they be judged. Speaking in the sense of craftsmanship
it is true that the poet that cannot create subtle
verse cannot create a Hamlet, and the poet that cannot
create mighty and poignant verse cannot create an
Othello or a Lear. Therefore, to say that Mr. Bridges
has purged out great mental excitement from his verse
is to say that he has shut his doors against potent
beings in his dramas, and therefore has abjured the
drama that overawes. It is fair to say that he feels
this himself, and seeks to overcome this by the
use of the Christian Captivates,” at a moment when
the reader’s mind is needed to be attuned to her own
emotional stress, speaks of the ocean thus:

Thinkst thou that vex’d monster
Hath any physick in his briny breath
For grief like mine?

The intention, conscious or sub-conscious, is obvious.
It is the same as when Macbeth on the eve of tragic
happenings whips our minds to excitement by speaking of
“Heaven’s cherubim beset upon the wight-born couriers of the air.” But how different! In one we are whipped to excitement co-equal with Macbeth’s
own mood, scarcely knowing of it. In the other, we
see the attempt, and are left unmoved. It is deeply
true that the poet cannot achieve in us a mood he
is not capable of himself; and Mr. Bridges is too con-
templative and meditative for those explosive emotions
that go to make great drama.

He is even afraid to venture beyond the phrases
involved by the meditative mind, however capable of
more eager verse he be. The pioneer spirit entirely
lacks in him; and of this a very curious example exists
in his wholly reusing and surprisingly boisterous
comedy “Prometheus the Firegiver,” and the spirit of the
bust of the comedy is a would-be poet, Nicholas by name, who
(with the author’s intention to make poetry on his lips
ridiculous) speaks thus of love’s pain:

I have compared it to a sunbeamed tear,
Whose single pearl broiders the marble lids
Of some tall Sphinx, that with impassive smile
Be closèd up, like a belated bee,

Nor count the sailing hour, but when night falls

Prometheus the Firegiver.

There is certainly more beauty in it than lives in the
somewhat effete, simplicity sometimes rises to great beauty,
in it, however apparently far-fetched. There is certainly
more beauty in it than lives in the
Middle Ages, or of any other age, were but little likely
to spend all their nights and days in slow procession
chanting hymns. There is something infinitely truer
to lie in the “belated bee in the pale fight of death.” But
it is born of adventure; it is conceived in vigour.

It is obvious, therefore, that his mood and craft are
best adapted to dramas conceived in the Greek manner,
the sudden and adventurous Gothic beauty being be-
Yon his reach. And his work approves this. None
who have read his Greek dramas can doubt that matter
and manner have coincided in them with the choice
happiness of success. In order of merit they are “The
Return of Ulysses,” “Demeter,” “Achilles in Scyros,”
and “Prometheus the Firegiver.” In those, this purged,
even bare, simplicity sometimes rises to great beauty,
and is always happy.

The subjects, and the order of their events, lie to his
hand, and therefore there is no call on his invention.
Thus he is free to construct his verse imperturbably.
This is not always happy as it happens. For instance,
in “The Return of Ulysses” there being but one undi-
vided action in view, the treatment demanded is one of
swiftness, of rapidity amounting almost to suddenness.
Whereas some three thousand lines intervene between
Ulysses’ arrival on the ishland and his victory over the
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The mind loses patience over his interminable Eumaeus, and the suitors and their song, because in these the action is not pro-
gressed, as dramatic action should be in speech, but hindered. Yet when the end comes, what joy of inten-
sivity is produced in us by the calm verse and its patient progress, how beautiful is the language of the maid
that tells Penelope how the fight wages without, and how deftly is the coming of Athena hinted, as with
electron spear she transforms Ulysses from his beggar-like fashion! So says
He shielded himself well and striketh surely.
His foes fall dead before him. Ah! now what see I?
Who cometh? Lo! a dazzling helm, a spear
Of silver, falls amidst the twining sails.
The piercings. How they fall. Ha, shields are raised
In vain. I am blinded, or the beggar-man
Hath waxed in strength. He is changed, he is young.
O strange!

He is all in golden armour. These are gods,
That play the voores. (Rum's to Penelope.) O lady, forgive
me!

'Tis Ares' self. I saw his crisped beard;
I saw beneath his helm his curling locks!
Such a passage is faultless, for it fulfils its own concep-
tion. It proves that Mr. Bridges, having found his
proper theme of song, by that same token has struc-
tured verse that must needs endure, being beautiful.
"Achilles in Scyros" is as patient in its movement,
though by no means so lengthy, and is as balanced in its
beauty. The choruses, like most of his choruses,
are somewhat too apt to be intricate; and they would
gain, in being English song, both in cogency and
attraction if they stept to a more definite metre. The
involved choises of the ancient Greek are scarcely
adapted to the music sprung from the English tongue.
There is, however, a passage in it that rivals the de-
scription of Ulysses at fight. It is Lycomedes' descrip-
tion of the Greek fleet at Aulis. Something too lengthy
for extended quotation, fragments may yet be given:

"Twas such a breathless morning,
When all the sound and motion of the sea
Is short and sullen, like a dreaming beast.
The morning mist lifted, and lo, a sight
Un picturableness.—High upon our left
Where we supposed was nothing, suddenly
A tall and shadowy figure loomed; then two,
Where we supposed was nothing, suddenly
But whether poised upon the leaden sea
' Twas a fleet of ships, not three or four
Or whether near or far, we could not tell.
The silver of the half-awakened sun,
They stood or floated in the misty air,

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"My Santa Marta!" cried Pain, springing to his feet. "And we unrigged! Damnation!"

Slinging his pistol bandoleer over his shoulder, he followed the other out. The sail showed some two miles distant, shining in the sun like a white hwind on the sapphire sea. But Captain Pain had no eyes for the beauty of it. He swore horribly. "Why wasn't I told before?" he snarled. "My Santa Marta! Devils! Hell!"

He dashed forward over the fringe of the green Savannah, snapping his strong yellow teeth in the glare. On the sands beyond, some twenty buccaneers stood in a company, their loose breeches bellying and flapping gently in the light airs, their flowing hair and dirty hair cloths shining with a lustre of bronze. They stood talking, staring steadfastly to sea or glancing back at Pain and the other. A man passed Pain's glass to his fellow. Pain snatched it as he came up. He took a sight. "My Santa Marta!" cried he, "we're took."

"She be come out of Sarasao" (Curará), said a buccaneer slowly. "Will you fight her, Cap'n?"

"Fight her? Fight her with that there?" He pointed fiercely with his glass to their half-rigged ship. "You lunatics, why could ye not ha' told me before, one of you?"

"We shall be taken, surely," said a man mournfully.

"Ay, we shall so," returned Pain, "and put your last dollar on't. And all by reason you was too lazy you couldn't step across and tell me, you lazy lunkheads!"

"Why, what could you ha' done, Cap'n Pain?" asked the man, who spoke slowly.

"Done?" replied Pain. "Why, I would ha' got the guns ashore. Not that we could ha' done much, neither."

"Well, you can do't now, can't you? It ain't too late. They won't come in to-day, I'll warrant you.

"We'll do what we can. Them Dutchmen ain't got the lay o't like we."

"Come on, lads. Buckle to!"

He led the way as he spoke to the great canoas, which lay beached above the tide mark. They shoved them down to the water, singing out the conventional rigging a gear from the mainyard, working in orderly haste, to lower the guns into the canoas. Meanwhile the Dutch man-of-war (for such she proved to be, and not, venture in, fearing the narrowness of the entry. Believing the canoas to be engaged in the business of the buccaneers, where she was, she minded to wait and warp in next day. As the buccaneers lowered the first gun she began to fire at them as she lay plunging in a smother.

The buccaneers continued their work, cursing as the round shot whistled over them; but Captain Pain stood up at the falls and shook his clenched fist.

"Come on, ye cursed Dutch dogs!" he yelled. "Come in here, and I'll send ye whining to yer kennels in hell!"

The shooting was poor and hurt no man. Soon it ceased, and the man-of-war removed to smoother water. It was near sunset. The buccaneers had got ashore four of their guns. As they were lowering the fifth Pain saw a Dutch sloop (he knew her by her build) near the entrance of the island like a white hwind on the road. "Good luck!" said he. "My Santa Marta!"

"Now we be took, surely," said a buccaneer, who had followed the Captain's gaze. "Do you see that sloop, Cap'n? She be Dutch."

Pain laughed. "Now, don't you be weeping your old eyes out by reason o' that sloop," said he. "Dutch she is, as any swab can see. Lads!" cried he, turning to the others, "we shall take her and away in her."

They answered with a roar of acclamation. "Get them two guns in," Pain added, "and then ashore with ye. Buckle to!"

They drove the loaded and lumbering canoas crashing through the water, sprang ashore and turned the guns out.

The sun had set, and they saw the Dutch sloop at the evening anchor. When it was dark they launched forth the other sloop, and Pain went away in the Dutch sloop. It was a very excellent Dutch sloop. He left his rotten old French cruiser for the Dutch man-of-war. He took his guns.


D. JOAO Paulino, Bispo de Macau, was taking a little jaunt from Hong Kong to Singapore on the half-empty and wholly dull P. and O. mail that runs every fortnight, with a regularity that might be better employed, from the China ports to Bombay. The ecclesiastical mind is either deeply ascetic or frankly epicurean, and His Excellency the Bishop was not any kind of an ascetic. Rather did he approximate to the jolly abbot of Chaucer's Prologue, to Father O'Flynn, or to one of our English hunting parsons; he was most assuredly "in good point," as his ample red-braded waistcoat proclaimed. To his own prosperity and to that of his Church the massive gold crucifix that adorned his amplitude, and the heavy chain wherefrom it hung, bore symbolic witness. His temper was placid, as befits one whose voyages have been made along the smooth waters of material prosperity. He talked pleasantly, emphasising his remarks with paternal taps on the shoulder; and if he was not a militant pillar of learning (pardon the phrase), the Latin he spoke to me was no worse than the Latin I spoke to him.

Padre A. M. de Moraes Sarmento, Secretario de Exmo e Reumo Snr Bispo de Macau, was a much younger man, and less jovial perhaps; but he looked as if he might acquire his patron's joviality with his patron's years. Just now he was a trifle too earnest to be a real social success. But he had good, if not distinguished features, and ladies admired his blue eyes. He was taking advantage of the seclusion on board to try and grow a beard, a thing no man, not even a priest, dare do openly. And his other principal occupation seemed to be to try and grow a beard. His Excellency, who was a little deaf, to the stern realities of existence as soon as the first notes of the dinner bugle or the call to lunch or breakfast were sounded.

The Bishop would sit in massive state on the promenade deck, enchaired outside his cabin porthole; and the black Goanese steward boys, as they passed, sometimes knelt down before him to receive the benediction of his fat fingers. Then he would unfold his three-days-old papers and read the latest telegrams from Europe, shaking his head at the wickedness of the revolutionary ruffians from Lisbon. "Tete! What a misfortune! What a calamity for the poor country!"

He talked to me of whatever I cared to discuss; but mostly it was of universities and churches and the times when he had been to Rome to see the Pope. Now and again it was of the delights of green and pulmy Java, and his pleasant cruise that he had to take to visit some of his least acquainted flock in the Portuguese half of distant Timor. Of the fallen state of his Church and temporal power in these rich islands that she had ruled two hundred years since, he did not think, nor waste his regrets over what was done. The heretics were in Mopah; but considering how well
he got on with these and other heretics from Hong Kong to Colombo and across to Samarang, and considering also how much simpler it was to leave the heretics to their own spiritual misguidedness, while giving and taking the with them in the social line—why, life wasn't so bad after all, even for a China priest, so long as he kept his good temper and a calm outlook on life.

But the reverend secretary, being an earnest young man, liked talking of things more serious. He did not discuss the shortcomings of the disturbers in Lisbon and Macao with the complacency of his master. He poured into my sympathetic ears a very cornucopia of complaint. "These fel-lows are no good. They do not understand anything, only to make trouble." He spoke English with an accent, but more freely than the carefully thought out syntax of His Excellency the Bishop. "They are atheist; they have no religion. They do not care for law or for education. It is not they that seek the good of Portugal." Thus he went on in tones of personal aggrievement. And at length becoming bored with the affair, especially at hearing only that side which was not to my liking, I switched the conversation on to more diverting lines. He had asked me where I was going, and I gave him the answer of the week; for I weave a different romance about myself every seven days, and masquerade in talk for that period according to my fancy. By this means I save telling my business to all and sundry, avoid the reputation of closeness, and exercise an imagination that has ever been chafed against rustiness and inaction. For his part, the reverend secretary spoke of his travels with the Bishop, and when I said I was going to Java, enlarged upon the beauties of that island with the disinterested fervour of a Cook's agent. Volcanoes, jungles, the strange deshabille of Batavian society, whose ladies come down to breakfast at the hotels in one voluminous, but only, garment—all was mighty well expounded and dilated on; till I began to think that His Excellency and His Excellency's secretary must have had some high old times together, taking things by and large. Other lands, too, claimed the embrace of our rambling discussion, for, though His Excellency's parish was more than a little remote from the muddled stars of colour. You must go to Jerusalem.

"I intend to, but I hear it is so expensive for tourists."

"Why expensive? In Jerusalem, you need not go to the hotels."

"Where else, then?"

"There is the Hospice. The Church keeps it up. Every week in all our churches a collection is taken to defray the expenses of those pious ones who make the journey to the Holy City. They are called—how do you say it?—pilgrims. Ah, yes. You must go as a pilgrim. So, there is nothing to pay. It is a pious act, and the Church pays all."

"But I suppose you could make a donation, like at the St. Bernard in the Alps?"

"Yes. But you must wrap your donation in a piece of paper and then put it in a box. No one sees. Above all, you must not give anything to the servants. That is forbidden, in order to take and for you to give." I smiled. It was strange to see the mother of the Church so up to date and Lyonneseque in her capacity as caterers. Under the very walls that once girded the Palace of Solomon, the whim of fate had seem fit to instil all the precepts that now hold good in the Palace of the Strand. The secretary went on.

"It is beautiful, Jerusalem. There is so much to see. You will go to the Mosque of Omar?"

"Certainly. Is it not one of the sights?"

"Yes. But I must warn you not to go alone, uncovered.

This was news. Extortion practised upon tourists under the Ottoman régime was no news to me. But I had never heard of violence being practised. Perhaps the devout Mussulman considered it sacrilege for the Kafr to enter his mosque. But surely those precincts were holy not to Mohammedanism alone! The secretary enjoyed my wonderment, and seemed to be rolling on his tongue with great luxury the tit-bit of information he had in store for me. He waited for me to ask the explanation.

Now mark how utterly I missed his real meaning, and judge from that of its reasonableness. In my talks with him I had found him sensible and worldly-wise, except where he touched on scientific facts that were too strong medicine for Roman orthodoxy. And even in such cases it was possibly the dream of worldly wisdom to be so utterly narrow and reactionary as he was. And that, in a priest of his mould, I could understand. But what followed was surely more than ignorance, and scarcely to be understood.

"What danger would there be for me in visiting the Mosque of Omar?" I asked.

"Danger! It is where the Jews are. Ah! those fel-lows! When they have their Easter—is it not—?"

"Passover," I corrected, with inartistic gibber. He looked at me rather sharply, as if wondering how I knew.

"Ah! Passover. Yes. They must celebrate, always, with blood. Blood. And if you come by, a Christian, without a guard—"

The sentence closed in an expressive shrug of the shoulders. I looked shocked. I was indeed shocked, but not for the reasons he would have given. He seemed to enjoy my surprise at the revelation even more than he had enjoyed my impatience in waiting for it.

"Surely they would not attack me?"

"Assuredly they will. I know. I was there."

I did not ask him whether he himself witnessed the business. But he meant me to understand him so.

"But really. Do they do this, in this century?"

"Yes, yes. It is true. I have seen the fel-lows. They have great long beards!—he swept an expressive hand outward for the reasons he would have given. He seemed to understand him so.

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Lectures on Drama.

By William Poel.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE remarks in one of her published letters that she has been reading "Love's Labour Lost" and "Twelfth Night" in the 1602 quarto, and found it uncommonly dull. Is the play dull or was the reader's judgment at fault? Robert Louis Stevenson is of opinion that reading a play "is a knock, the fruit of much knowledge and some imagination comparable in music with that of reading 'Scrooge,' "the reader has a proper point of view." This is the possible explanation of Mrs. Carlyle's criticism. There are many reasons why reading to oneself from the printed page is an inefficient test of the merit of a book. In the first place the drama of Shakespeare is written to be spoken, and has special laws of its own. There is, so to speak, a grammar for conversation and a grammar for composition, because in one case it is the ear that must be satisfied and in the other the eye.

Moreover, when the language to be spoken is verse, harmony and melody become part of the structure, and it is not until the words receive a suitable delivery that they can be fully appreciated. In fact, dramatic poetry, so long as it is spoken, remains a musical literature. A melody that has been compared with a composer's libretto; it is something that is incomplete. The music, which in this case is elocution, must be added. Nor can characterisation be treated in drama as a thing apart from elocution, "you must allow vox
cantorini," as the actor says in "Twelfth Night," when he wishes to mimic the madman, Malvolio. A teacher of a timid disposition and a hesitating manner, with a voice essentially feminine, will never convince her scholars that the hero of Aegin-court is a warrior: at least, not when she is reading aloud his battle speeches to a room full of children. The interest of Drama depends also upon movement, of which the printed page often gives no information. Action will give words which in themselves are commonplace. Even the most celebrated passages in a play are not great simply because they are pre-eminent in beauty of expression or felicity of expression, but because they carry with them dramatic force by being appropriate to character and situation. It may then justly be inferred that a play originally written to be acted on the stage is not the same thing when it is published to be read, and Molière emphasises this point in his preface to the "Précieuses Ridicules."

On the other hand there will be a legitimate desire to read a play after it has once been acted. The printed play then becomes, in the fullest sense of the word, a libretto. While the eye sees the words in the play-book the mind recalls the tones of the actor's voice, the movement of the characters, the stage pictures, and then once more the play lives in the reader's mind. Before Ford, Middleton, or Ben Jonson can be read with pleasure by anyone but the expert or the scholar their plays need to be revived upon the stage. Thousands of copies of the morality play "Everyman" have been sold since its recent revival, but those who read the play without first seeing it acted failed to realise its merit: it aroused no interest for them.

It is often stated that it is more profitable to stop at once and go home and read Shakespeare than to go to the theatre and see him acted. But in so far as this question affects the majority of English readers it may be safely asserted that Shakespeare is not read at home and Shakespeare will never be read at home in a general way until he is seen oftener acted on the stage under intelligent conditions. A variety of editions of his plays have been forgotten. But Shakespeare's philosophy is not the ethical value of Shakespeare's plays as a whole, for good or for evil, may occupy the attention of commentators but it is enough for the reader to know that Hamlet's theory of suicide is in flat contradiction to that of Edgar in the play of "King Lear," while both views are consistent with the temperaments of the two men speaking them; which view is Shakespeare's it is not the business of the critic to decide but the critic must be occupied in creating the opinions of his many and varied characters to have any left for himself. The practice of using Shakespeare's plays to explain the man Shakespeare leads to endless theories of a profitless kind, and leaves, besides, to those errors which arise from detaching soliloquies from the context and considering them independently of the characters.

The arguments brought forward in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy are a striking illustration of imperfect knowledge, in this country, as to the conditions under which drama is written. While the Baconians pride themselves on discovering a similarity in the phraseology or philosophical sentiments of the two writers, the English reader is more easily convinced that Shakespeare is eminent in the writing of drama, an art that is as difficult to master as that of painting and music, and one in which the hand of the amateur can be as easily detected as in music and painting. The Baconians have given the same answer to anyone attributing to Shakespeare's plays the idea of graduation that is intended. The readers like the binding, the pictures, and the preface, but have no good word to say about the play, and no curiosity is excited to see it acted. The special kind of knowledge and imagination which will enable them to understand the play is wanting. To the reader of Shakespeare and any extent as the appearance of a skeleton is unlike the symmetry of the human form.

Besides, not only is Shakespeare little read in this country but the authorised teaching of Shakespeare in our classrooms tends indirectly to banish the poet not merely from the reading-room but also from the reading-classroom. Here, again, educational commercialism seems to hamper the promotion of real education. The plays of Shakespeare are not brought before students in a way that will, by the quickest and most direct means, establish an interest in his writings. The method of teaching naturally turns upon the question of what is the most vital part of a play—the drama or the literature, the characters or the incidents or the grammatical form of the words out of which they are composed. Shakespeare as original and individual as he has been so long been the staple theme of commentators that the importance of the play as a story seems to have been forgotten. But Shakespeare's philosophy is not legitimately open to discussion independently of his characters. The dramatist should not be in evidence at all. The ethical value of Shakespeare's plays as a whole, for good or for evil, may occupy the attention of commentators, but it is enough for the reader to know that Shakespeare was pre-eminent in the writing of drama, an art that is as difficult to master as that of painting and music, and one in which the hand of the amateur can be as easily detected as in music and painting. The Baconians have given the same answer to anyone attributing to Shakespeare's plays the idea of graduation that is intended. The readers like the binding, the pictures, and the preface, but have no good word to say about the play, and no curiosity is excited to see it acted. The special kind of knowledge and imagination which will enable them to understand the play is wanting. To the reader of Shakespeare and any extent as the appearance of a skeleton is unlike the symmetry of the human form.

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The arguments brought forward in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy are a striking illustration of imperfect knowledge, in this country, as to the conditions under which drama is written. While the Baconians pride themselves on discovering a similarity in the phraseology or philosophical sentiments of the two writers, the English reader is more easily convinced that Shakespeare is eminent in the writing of drama, an art that is as difficult to master as that of painting and music, and one in which the hand of the amateur can be as easily detected as in music and painting. The Baconians have given the same answer to anyone attributing to Shakespeare's plays the idea of graduation that is intended. The readers like the binding, the pictures, and the preface, but have no good word to say about the play, and no curiosity is excited to see it acted. The special kind of knowledge and imagination which will enable them to understand the play is wanting. To the reader of Shakespeare and any extent as the appearance of a skeleton is unlike the symmetry of the human form.
means of escape from difficulties that beset the dramatist. The skill required for successfully conducting the action of a play by means of dialogue puts the dramatist to the test of all but the few and the specially gifted.

It is the fault of educated opinion in this country that everything belonging to the stage is put down on the side of frivolity; it is never regarded as serious work. An advertisement a few years ago was sent by the Elizian Society to a scholarly journal published at one of our Universities announcing a performance of Marlowe's "Edward II." then about to be revived on the stage for the first time for over 300 years. The subscriber, Sir George Grove, the musical critic, resided under the auspices of the British Academy, and omitting the fact that the advertisement was inserted in a paper devoted exclusively to literature and education, presumably had a printed copy of the play been advertised, no protest would have been made. In fact, the poetical drama is of no importance in our educational curriculum beyond giving professors opportunities to lecture on it. Plays are to be treated as literary compositions, "Words, words, words!" What clothes the skeleton, gives it flesh and blood, makes it vital and interesting, is unworthy of academic consideration. No doubt the modern conditions of the stage are not of a kind to arouse interest amongst scholars. They will tell you that our stage is entirely given over to a spectacle or farce, and that it is more profitable to stop at home and read Shakespeare's plays than to go and see them acted at the theatre. But, as previously stated, the answer to this argument is that neither publisher nor lecturer can persuade the man-in-the-street to read his Shakespeare. And Sir George Grove, the classical music popular.

Mozart and Beethoven, determined to get the forgotten works of these masters performed. It must be admitted, then, that the main cause of this stagnation in things connected with the higher interests of the stage is to be sought in the sympathy which exponents of literature show for acted drama. The foregoing remarks are prompted by a leading article which recently appeared in the "Times." A year ago Professor Gollancz announced that an anonymous donor had promised an annual grant of money which was to be spent in "furthering the study of Shakespeare." The sum is practically under the control of the professor, though nominally stated as a gift to be administered under the auspices of the British Academy. The wisdom of this proceeding, then, is doubtful, because, Dr. Gollancz being himself professor of literature and lecturer on Shakespeare at King's College, to provide him with funds "to further the study of Shakespeare." It is like endowing surgery to heal the wounded. The surgeon will want to operate whether it is needed or not. This grant will no doubt bring renown to the British Academy, but it will not promote the reading of Shakespeare. Would our poet himself have felt honour if M. Jusserand and the French Academy had given the first public lecture, and we regret that so eminent a diplomatist should be called upon to take part in so foolish a business. Anybody could speak the requisite amount of platitudes; and the hundred guineas, which will go into Professor Gollancz's pocket who does not want them, might have given some equally talented but needy scholar a year's valuable work at the Record Office. The amusing point is that M. Jusserand being a witty Frenchman has shown himself equal to the occasion. He is asked to do a silly thing, and he has appropriately chosen a silly title, "What to expect of Shakespeare." How admirable in its fatuity! Of course, M. Jusserand knows very well what ought to be the title of his lecture, and that is, "What Shakespeare expects of the British Academy." But then this might have suggested the reply that Shakespeare expects deeds, not words, plays and not lectures. It shows considerable finesse on the part of M. Jusserand to so wittily suggest what he ought not to do.

Shakespeare's intentions upon the modern stage. If professors of literature made it their business to attend all Shakespearean performances and to publicly criticise them instead of privately sneering at them, managers would then realise that they had something else to reckon with than a theatre full of amusement seekers. Above all things the man of letters should realise, in fact, what are its real difficulties. Something practical can surely be done to get justice done to Shakespeare's performances upon the stage a special school of training for its actors, then scholars and actors must combine to create it; for the one cannot do it without the help of the other. Meanwhile something practical can be done towards securing a larger proportion of intelligent play-goers. Dramatic literature should be studied under more stimulating conditions than it is at present; that is to say every college should have its two trestles and a board from which the poetical drama can be declaimed, and by reviving the art of elocution give new life to the poetical drama.

A LITTLE CLOUD.

Little cloud, where art thou?
Dies the long day,
Fades the far sky,
Gloaming is nigh.

Purple isle in a grey sea
The breeze loves thee;
Whispers he low,
And no gales blow.

RUTH PITTER.

SWEET WOODRUFF.

She hides in the wood leading up to the church,
As dainty as dimity under the birch.
Where the slender-legged robin sings down from his perch;
So fine and so tiny you may search
For Sweet Woodruff.

Like a prim little maid in a green-printed dress,
With soft starry frills growing little and less,
Looking down from her waist which the winds scarcely press.
Too cool and too pure for the chasteest caress
Is Sweet Woodruff.
May 25, 1911.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PACIFISM.

Sir,—Mr. S. Verdad writes as if war were to-day actually the only course open to the people of any country towards the solution of the question of the population of another; as if anything undertaken by one Government were the genuine expression of the attitude of the people who support that Government. It treats of international relations as if they were promulgated by some- thing other than the ambitions of a group of world capitalists. The Press, the pulpits, are in large measure employed for creating on this point a false public opinion for the reception of military or other plans presently to be put forward by a controlling official group.

The whole point at issue is not only simplified by the way in which our American dailies have treated information from over the Mexican border. Fully two years ago there was not a newspaper office in New York that was not aware that a widespread and very powerful insurgent movement had been begun in Mexico, and was daily growing in strength. More than a year ago uprisings had taken place in the great majority of Mexican States, yet not a word, or scarcely a word, appeared in the daily Press of the United States. There were a few radical or revolutionary periodicals that took up the question and gave their readers such accounts as could be obtained, but the magnificently equipped New York newspapers had not a word to say. It was simply decided by universal agreement that so long as the armed forces of the country were the genuine expression of the attitude of the majority of the people who support that Government. He treats of the Press, the pulpits, are in large measure employed not a "rest cure," and yet produces evidence in support of the contention of the author of "A Holiday in Gaol," that prisoners are better off in prison than out. Some time ago Lady Lytton was thinking of one class of prisoner only—the casual labourer or navvy, to whom, doubtless, prison is a great luxury. But it is now certain that they are going to get there. It now seems more than evident that there is no chance of any change of administration, and not a fundamental alteration in the direction of greater democracy, Wall Street raises its finger to the continuance of Wall Street's vitality. It doesn't contemplate the destruction of the soul of the nation by its tyrannical and obsolete institutions. Apparently Lady Constance Lytton has none to offer. Her facts are solely concerned with the body.

HUNTY CARTER.

CRIMINALS IN THE MAKING.

Sir,—You occasionally publish one-act plays. Here is one whose probable ending, only hinted at, is still stark clear. The scene is Hayward's Heath police-court. Consider him, wherefore? under probation which the W.S.P.U. officials declared was an effective punishment. He was abominably rude to me. The Prisoner, in prison before the public, more humane than the suffragettes. Lady Constance Lytton has anticipated a rest cure. The single. case of Wilde is overwhelming evidence. He died of brain consumption accelerated by confinement in prison. Likewise the case of one woman of distinction or ability permanently injured by prison treatment. Wall Street has never anticipated a rest cure. It now seems certain that they are going to get there. It now seems more than evident that there is no chance of any change of administration, and not a fundamental alteration in the direction of greater democracy, Wall Street raises its finger to the continuance of Wall Street's vitality. It doesn't contemplate the destruction of the soul of the nation by its tyrannical and obsolete institutions. Apparently Lady Constance Lytton has none to offer. Her facts are solely concerned with the body.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

"A HOLIDAY IN GAOL."

Sir,—Lady Constance Lytton justifies the use of the word "meagre." She agrees that prison is a great luxury. But it is now certain that they are going to get there. It now seems more than evident that there is no chance of any change of administration, and not a fundamental alteration in the direction of greater democracy, Wall Street raises its finger to the continuance of Wall Street's vitality. It doesn't contemplate the destruction of the soul of the nation by its tyrannical and obsolete institutions. Apparently Lady Constance Lytton has none to offer. Her facts are solely concerned with the body.
understand, and, above all, criminally self-indulgent, sacrific-you standing, superb and supreme, on the snow-capped peak of isolation while there drifts upwards to your ears minus the greatness and blindness. It is the great blind beast of force gained at the expense of education, discipline and civil-

women will be bartered for English titles, and in the folds of the tawdry and blatant splash which must be as repulsive of a boy to stop climbing walls. Miss Little's dignity in-

of what it cannot assimilation. It is the great blind beast.

Your mother and father both had the cheek to defend you. Your mother is just as bad.

The Chairman: They'll find the law too strong for them.

The Clerk: The case has been dealt with and you must stand down.

In what way has my boy so misbehaved himself that he should be talked to like that? It happened exactly as

Sinclair's view that Remington's revolt against the conven-

by tradition, education and temperament, rationalists. We don't trust a man who puts at the end of his thinking, as

the tawdry and blatant splash which must be as repulsive, to you as it is dear to the vulgar instincts of all sections of the democracy. A conclusion should express the national nobility to be debased to the lowest level of cosmopolitan lowness. Under the shadow of your crown American women will be bartered for English titles, is, of course, in the case of your illustrious patroness in this department, all the more cruel, as is the motto, "Bible and Babies," is a subtle and ingenious

The New Age, May 25, 1911

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE KING.

Sir,—I beg your publication of the following letter.

Mr. Huntly Carter had of the all-pervading influence of Bergson in Paris, when I state here my observation that the great intuitive philosopher is very popular among foreign artists and students in the Latin Quarter, but not at all among Frenchmen. It is also not infrequently associated. It is the great blind beast of contemporary politics —minus the greatness and blindness. Its morals and habits are bestial. It is merciless to those who have fallen into its grasp, intolerant of what it cannot assimilation. It is the great blind beast of the Anglo-Saxon James, Dewey and Schiller, who has his only living equal in the German Husserl, and who has his only living equal in the German Husserl.

Bergson and Paris.

Sir,—I hope to correct the impression which Mr. Huntly Carter had of the all-pervading influence of Bergson in Paris, when I state here my observation that the great intuitive philosopher is very popular among foreign artists and students in the Latin Quarter, but not at all among Frenchmen. It is also not infrequently associated. It is the great blind beast of contemporary politics —minus the greatness and blindness. Its morals and habits are bestial. It is merciless to those who have fallen into its grasp, intolerant of what it cannot assimilation. It is the great blind beast of the Anglo-Saxon James, Dewey and Schiller, who has his only living equal in the German Husserl, and who has his only living equal in the German Husserl.

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Bergson and Paris.
A P.S.A.

Mr. Bart Kennedy.

A grim day. Tom, the Peacean, and I swelled the sky. I looked out of the window. In at my room. Struck a match—one and kindled my pipe. With a sort of bloody anger—fist clenched over knotted hand bones, I dreamed of the world. The world was a tied thing. This spot of Fine Endeavour, this melting-pot of Rancid Waste and Fever. Ants. On the floor I observed the greenish whiteness of my Sunday tucks and the letters scrumming. I looked deeper. I saw buildings where these ants fashioned this greenish whiteness. I saw the sweat pour from their heads. I saw the truth. In my red thoughts.

I looked out. The fascination of broomsticks. Magic in this clean and in the good grip of our hands, watching and guarding us as fashioned this greenish whiteness. I saw the sweat pour from their heads. I saw the truth. In my red thoughts. I looked deeper. I saw buildings where these ants fashioned this greenish whiteness. I saw the sweat pour from their heads. I saw the truth. In my red thoughts.

The apple-blossom fall over me—as of yore.

Lush and thickly green of England—with a dry crackling over my red thoughts.

I saw buildings where these ants fashioned this greenish whiteness. I saw the sweat pour from their heads. I saw the truth. In my red thoughts.

MR. G. K. Chesterton.

There is a broom-stick in my garden. The bristles shining yellow as ripe corn, and observing from the wadded chair of my Sunday musings the long, pure, unbroken line of the new broom sweeps clean is fine enough to passionately sick.

MR. Alfred Austen.

Drop ye no more—ye stalwart oaken trees, of their wizened bodies into the oily maw of the machines.

MR. Alden Bennett.

In Pottinghame High Street, see sixteen minutes past three on a certain Sunday in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-five, the fine dust was stirring. It was round, grey, piercing, sandy dust that rose and fell with precocious solemnity; for the month was June, and June is early for dust. Out of one of the vacant-looking, but actually swirling, two-storied houses that run monotonously up one side and down the other, a girl leaned. She threw out faded flowers, violets and a wallflower, and disappeared. Her bedroom expressed a character at once original and passive. In the neatness of enforced non-conformity ruled her collars and shoes, but a bright blue Petticoat, frilled with dyed face, betokened a side of its owner's nature, perhaps unsuspected by Pottinghame, perhaps never to be suspected by Pottinghame, perhaps better never to be suspected by Pottinghame. For Pottinghame is a town whereof someone said somewhere that its influence has no end. T'ne neatness of enforced non-conformity rulled her collars and shoes, but a bright blue Petticoat, frilled with dyed face, betokened a side of its owner's nature, perhaps unsuspected by Pottinghame, perhaps never to be suspected by Pottinghame, perhaps better never to be suspected by Pottinghame. For Pottinghame is a town whereof someone said somewhere that its influence has no end.

The epithet seemed to be torn out of her. I wondered. Yes, strangely ants—sinking their con-torted vision—pen-digging in public offfl. Plunged. And this greenish whiteness became significant—flew like the flag of England—with a dry crackling over my red thoughts. I looked out of the window. I opened it. I was passionately sick.

GALLIENNE.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

As usual I was out and about the moor. It ran up misty sea to the empyrean one. God knows in brotherhood-and weave upon the loom—mysterious darkness. I find myself regretting my complete abandonment to my English dinner, and I long to leap from this greenish whiteness became significant—flew like the flag of England—with a dry crackling over my red thoughts. I looked out of the window. I opened it. I was passionately sick.
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