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If we remember rightly, the chief argument of the Trade Union leaders in favour of the reversal of the Osborne judgment was that political action on their part was an inevitable as well as a desirable continuation of their industrial campaign. The plea is plausible, but it lacks any support in fact. Political action on the part of workmen's unions, so far from being an extension of industrial action is, in nine cases out of ten, its enemy and rival. A powerful independent union may safely add to its already almost impregnable industrial position the further safeguard of political enactment, for the simple reason that its members command political power. But for workmen's unions, while still industrially inferior to their employers' federations, to add to their weakness by dividing their strength and challenging their opponents on the political field as well, is to invite a double defeat. As a matter of statistical history, it is undeniable that the twenty years during which the unions have been in politics have seen their objects removed further and further into the examination fairy gold. Not a Bill has been passed that has actually raised wages or diminished profits; and so far from the conditions of labour having changed for the better, every labourer knows they are worse.

In discussing the whole case while the Osborne judgment was fresh in people's minds we ourselves took the ground that the action of the unions in persisting in politics was contrary to public policy no less than to Trade Union policy. This argument has just received an illustration at the hands of Mr. Balfour, who on Thursday last declined, on behalf of his Party, to confer with representatives of the Irish and Labour parties on the ground that the latter were sectional and not national. So, indeed, they are. The Irish, it is well known (and we do not blame them for it, since they have never made a secret of it), are in Parliament not in the interests of the United Kingdom, but in the interests of Ireland. Irish Nationalist M.P.'s do not

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on election cease to be members for this or that constituency to become members of Parliament. They remain Irish delegates. Similarly the members of the Labour Party in so far as they are the spokesmen of Trade Unions and paid and maintained during good behaviour by them are delegates simply, with sectional interests which may at times be nationalistic. This, of course, being mere theory, has no terrors for people who do not stop to think of the practical consequences which are fatal. As Mr. Balfour has inadvertedly demonstrated in his speech on the subject of Ireland, the real objection to the Tory policy is that outside his own special field the delegate's opinion counts for nothing, and inside his chosen field his opinion is suspect. On every side, in short, the delegate's position is weak.

We would invite the Labour Party to reconsider the situation from this point of view, but unfortunately their sectional interests have created in them a sectarianism which brings all our appeals to naught. The essence of sectarianism is not, as people lightly imagine, the holding of some peculiar dogma or other rather more rigidly than dogmas are usually held. There is merit in that in these days of half belief and no belief at all. To be sectarian is to be inaccessible to public opinion, and that nothing more. From this view it is evident that the Labour Party are sectarian in the highest degree. They do not defy public opinion—which it is men to be bold or to be without a moral—simply ignore it. It is not that they do not adopt public advice, but they give no reasons for not adopting it, as if they had never heard it. Criticisms, challenges, appeals, whether from friend or foe, are met by a single reply—silence. Under these depressing circumstances, we can only repeat our hope that the Trade Unions will retire from politics, since it is certain that their accredited delegates are not actually in politics and do not mean to be.

Now that the second reading of the Insurance Bill is passed, and the horse appears about to be lost, frantic efforts are being made in several quarters to find the key to lock the stable door. Nowhere will it be found, however, but in the broad principle that nothing that does not raise wages is of the slightest economic value to worker. Every other form of endowment is charity, either covert or overt, and leads straight to slavery by whatever name we call it. Mr. Lloyd George may safely be trusted to steer the Bill through most of the intricacies of its details, but only if the opposition fails to discover that the Bill is bad in principle. Once, however, that this is realised—and we repeat that several journals are "growing warm," as children say—the Bill will be destroyed as surely as the Welsh lawyer. We are still amazed to think that there should be either thinking Tories or thinking Socialists who do not see the fallacy of a Bill that promises amelioration of the condition of the poor without making them one penny the richer; and more especially after Mr. Lloyd George has frankly stated that in Germany the State pays. Let us pass the Tories as possessing minds at present scarcely worth arguing with. But what does the Socialist to this strange blindness to a legislative imposition?

Socialists have got it into their heads that the more the State does the nearer we are to Socialism. It apparently does not matter that the State should leave untouched the great industrialist, the great capitalist, the parasite of shareholder versus labourer. So long as an increasing portion of the increasing profits of private employers is filtered back to labour through the sticky medium of State officials, the responsibility of the State is supposed to be manifestly broadened. But what extraordinary notion of Socialism to entertain! There is no wonder, if this has been the burden of Socialist propaganda during the last quarter of a century, that sensible people have opposed Socialism. All honour to them for having done so; our only regret is that so many of them (et tu, Mr. Spectator Strachey) have ceased to oppose what they have been taught is Socialism at the very moment when it is presented to them in the form of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. The same effects which they once so clarivoyantly foresaw arising from paternal legislation, and which rightly filled them with anti-Socialist indignation, are now, it appears, transformed into something rich and strange. What deluded Socialists once demanded was State slavery. What Mr. Lloyd George presents, being the self-same thing, is Christian liberty.

It can never be too often repeated that the responsibility of the State in the eyes of genuine Socialists, as well as of genuine Tories (if there be any left), is not confined to the mere extremities of the whole nation, the very rich and the very poor, but embraces every single class and all communal acts. As its name implies, Socialism at least is concerned with society as a whole, and particularly in these days of economics, with society as a commodity-producing, distributing and consuming body. What everybody recognises as the outstanding feature of national economics is the fact that at present we have no method of distribution except that a single class and all communal acts.

In taking this line we have exposed ourselves to the charge of impossibilism, and several of our correspondents have brought it against us. Fortunately the charge of impossibilism does not trouble us in the least, when we know that we are in the right. Frequently in the history of nations and always in their decline the only remedy is for the nation to undertake what has hitherto been practically impossible. You cannot successfully oppose the ebbing any more than the flowing tide. Who would have attempted to stay the blind course of the Gadarene swine plunging headlong into the sea? During the last five years, with terrifying acceleration, a popular Government has been devising social legislation. The effect of which can be plainly read in the statistics compiled by Mr. Chiozza Money: it is to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. What is this but to make the decree nisi between national production and national consumption the decree absolute? Yet if we point this out in words as plain as Mr. Chiozza Money's figures, the only reply is that we are impossibilists, that we fail to recognise that Socialism means communal responsibility and that brotherhood begins in the slums. Nevertheless, we shall continue, like Gallio, to care for none of these things, and, like Galileo, to declare the demonstrable truth. Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill is a sham and a hollow mockery. It cures Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. Pierre de Coubertin died at the Red Cross mitigates the horrors of war, and thereby renders war more tolerable. Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill will mitigate the horrors of industrial war and thereby make industrial war more tolerable. In the name of reason, the thing is neither Socialistic sense.

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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It will have been observed from the meagre information vouchsafed to the press that the subject of Imperial defence came up for discussion at one of the meetings of the Imperial Conference. I am able to state that Sir Edward Grey entered into the subject of our foreign policy at some length, but, as I had intimated in a previous issue of this paper, without giving away all the secrets of our diplomacy, which was obviously impossible.

It is no disparagement to the Colonial representatives to say that they have not yet been educated up to modern diplomatic methods, and that their somewhat rule-of-thumb conceptions of how international affairs are managed are even worse than those held by American diplomatists. I except Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is quite familiar with all the tricks of professional politics. But there is something of even greater importance of which I should like to speak this week.

The respective distinctions between the man of thought and the man of action, and whether the one is superior to the other, have long furnished material for the essays of advanced schoolboys. It is nevertheless a somewhat analogous problem we have to consider when envisaging our Colonial possessions. How did we get them? Are they of any use to us? Should we retain them? What harm would come to us if we got rid of them? All these are questions that one may hear any day in clubs and smoking compartments. But the reason why they should have to be asked at all must rather be sought in the history of the early development of our overseas possessions.

These overseas possessions of ours, it will be found, were developed as a rule by men who were capable of energetic administration, but who had no time for far-sighted political speculation, which, indeed, most of them would have regarded with some contempt. They were men, like Clive and Hastings, who knew how to command other men. In unfamiliar circumstances, and in conditions where decisive action was called for, they would not have cared to waste the precious hours in drawing up schemes for the possible consolidation of a possible empire. They had other things to think about.

While this process of empire-building was going on our statesmen at home appeared to be giving equally little attention to the matter, if we judge it now from a scientific standpoint. If our pioneers abroad could be nothing more than merely capable administrators—which is nevertheless a great deal—we must not be too severe upon them. They regarded it as their task to acquire new possessions and to rule them as well as they could for the time being, leaving a more detailed form of administration for those who might come after them. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that some of the ablest theories of government, colonial and otherwise, have been propounded in the course of the last century or so by German and Swiss professors, the citizens of countries which never had any colonies to rule. Our own statesmen, however, are open to sharper criticism.

The truth seems to be that the English mind is not scientific. We call ourselves practical men, men of commonsense, which means in essence that we can deal with the difficulties of the moment and let the future go to the deuce. This is a policy that answers very well and yields good results—for a time. But there comes another time, a time when problems accumulate; a time when men who are something more than "practical," men who possess a quantum of un-common sense, are called upon to deal with these problems. Such a time, it seems to me, is now almost upon us—I do not agree with the critics who hold that it has now actually come—but the men we want, the men who are something more than practical, are not coming with it. Uncommon men, indeed, who can deal adequately with problems of this sort, are not born in an unsuitable age like the present, an age in which materialism holds both high and low in its grip, an age that seeks to strip the thinker of his privileges and set him on a level with the common run of humanity.

The problem of the Empire's defence, to come back from an apparent digression, is bound up to a considerable extent with the question of federal Power; and when I suggest that these questions have never been considered here in a thoroughly scientific spirit I do not wish the ordinary British humdrum "experimental science" to come into the mind of the reader. I mean rather that Continental science, which results mainly in the proper correlation of ideas. The subject of Federalism, for example, has been in the air for the last five or six years; yet the ideas of practically all our public men concerning it—excepting those who have not yet been developed—have been the result of what I may call the casual thought of the moment. No adequate scheme of Imperial Federation has ever been put forward. As for considering the subject scientifically from beginning to end, no one seems to have dreamt of it. For instance, I went to ask myself: Is Imperial Federation possible from the point of view (a) of defence—i.e., our ability to defend a federated Empire, and (b) of the diversity of the peoples in it, I should look in vain to any Unionist, Liberal, Labour or Socialist book, speech, magazine article or pamphlet for even an adequate discussion of the question, far less an attempted solution of it.

There have, of course, been vague suggestions, obscure hints; nothing solid. Various writers have attempted to deal with parts of the subject, with minor details; but parts in this case pre-suppose a whole, and the whole must come before the part. Only when the whole is properly defined can we proceed to the discussion of the parts. The difficulties in the way of course, have not yet been entirely pointed out. The question of Federalism raises at once the thorny position of Egypt, which nominally belongs to Turkey. It likewise brings up the question of India; for the inhabitants of that great country are something more than practical, are not born in an unsuitable age like the present, an age in which materialism holds both high and low in its grip, an age that seeks to strip the thinker of his privileges and set him on a level with the common run of humanity. As such it is rather obscure. New Zealand, with more generosity, offers us a Dreadnought to do what we please with. And, again, the Federated Malay States: are they to come—Great Britain herself must head the Imperial procession. We want no Colonial redgloings to teach us our business. If our colonists and we ourselves persist in nonsense about our effeteens the maternal slipper must be brought into requisition in a diplomatic form.

Another matter to be settled is the treaty-making power of the Colonies. We may not object to their negotiating international treaties with foreign Powers, but how about political treaties? Would reciprocity between Canada and the United States, for instance, be held to constitute a political question or a commercial question, or both? Susceptibilities are another point to consider. It is obvious to thinking men that for many generations to come—for many centuries to come—Great Britain herself must head the Imperial procession. We want no Colonial redgloings to teach us our business. If our colonists and we ourselves persist in nonsense about our effeteens the maternal slipper must be brought into requisition in a diplomatic form.

I have very nearly come to the end of my allotted space, yet I have not dealt with a tithe of the questions that could be raised. Canada, for example, insists on having an independent fleet for protection in the defence of the Empire? Australia is building a small fleet, but she is doing it conditionally—she wants it for use in the Pacific, or something, though it may act with our Pacific Squadron—the plan is rather obscure. New Zealand, with more generosity, offers us a Dreadnought to do what we please with. And, again, the Federated Malay States: are they to be re-federated, I wonder? Not to speak of race problems!
tions. But what can we say of the attitude of the Socialist members of the party? They, surely, ought to have perceived all that was involved in the question. They were never tired of boasting themselves internationalists and of asserting that the interests of Labour all over the world were bound up at least must have realised what must follow if capitalists were to be allowed to move great masses of labour from one quarter of the globe to another with the sole object of reducing wages and keeping out what one of the mercenaries of the mine-owners, metaphorically to see its import-
other hand, the usual tendency for the Government of the day to lose popularity was showing itself. During the first year of the new Parliament all, or practically all, that was lost to Liberalism was won by Labour. In the public Press the new party attracted more and more attention. At by-elections their polls steadily rose. Meanwhile the Bureau captured the strong-hold of Jarrow in the face of the opposition of Liberals, Conservatives and Irish Nationalists. The triumph was immediately followed by the "crowning mercy" of Colne Valley—a victory of which I shall have more to say in another article. At the end of 1907 the tide suddenly turned. Labour received its first check at Liverpool; but this check was generally considered as due to local and ephemeral causes, and scarcely produced a momentary depression of spirits. It soon became obvious, however, that the Tory tide, which had reached its ebb at the end of 1906 and had since then scarcely seemed to gain an inch, was rapidly rising. A series of by-elections in the early months of 1908 revealed the fact that the pendulum had begun to swing again, and to swing in its usual direction—towards the "official Opposition." The era of Labour triumphs was over.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

II.—The Men Who Pull the Wires.

The Greek philosoper, as a recent promoter of the Hellenistic renaissance, Dr. Emil Reich, not so long ago reminded fashionable audiences at Claridge's Hotel, protested that men of service spirits were manifestly predestined for servility, and so found an argument for slavery in Naturity's own arrangements. The official habitués of the interiors with which we are now concerned would not be where they are, or have proved at all equal to their duties if funkeymiasm and effrontery were not blended in their composition. The Cabinet Minister "in attendance" during the Victorian era used to have rather a bad time of it, especially when the scene of his duties happened to be Scotland. The great Panjandrum of to-day, while profiting from the advice of his retainers when he chooses to ask it, keeps them in their places by showing as much regard for their personal comfort as is exhibited in nineteenth century royal residences for that of Privy Councillors. Yet the hangers-on, with whom our present business is, of the greatest Swell of fashion and sport. The second Lord Thistledown united in himself both these interests and tastes; he drifted, therefore, away from the paternal moorings. He at-tached himself to a potential crash of which he has never been aware, and to swing in its usual direction—towards the "official Opposition." The era of Labour triumphs was over.
The George Cult.
By Harold B. Harrison.

Non tali auxilio et defensoribus istos Tempus eget.

Publius V. Maro.

"We don't want you, ma honey—darned if we do!"

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From THE NEW AGE, Thursday, May 8, 1911.—But the climax of the poem is reached in a blasphemous pas-
sage from the 'Christian Commonwealth': 'When the chronicle of the period comes to be written it will include something like this: "There was a man sent from God to help the poor whose name was Lloyd George."' The passage is blasphemous because, like most Nonconformist vapourings, it attributes to the Almighty a criminal ignor-
ance of economics."

The following article is taken from the recent edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," published at Cambridge in the year 1911 A.D.—

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE—originally an obscure Welsh mountain deity or deified hero, who became by process of syncretism the national god of the English. Tradition asserts that he was born at Cricket, a town at the foot of Snowdon, the sacred mountain of Wales, proceeded to school at Liverpool, where he had the usual surprising success of all gods and heroes, vanished into obscurity for the orthodox period of in-
cubation, and in the world in which he was worshipped reached his culmination and fell a victim to the malice of his enemies, and the fickleness of the mob, who, under the leadership of a suffrageret of the name of Winnie, are said to have hallowed him to death with rotten fish. His apotheosis followed in due course. Those interested may trace his career in the Valedamna—the sacred books of the cult—which have been lately admirably edited by the judicious Sunker for the Harmsworth Series. Recent scholarship, however, has largely succeeded in ferreting fact from fable, and although we can undoubtedly recognise a personality behind the myth, yet its growth and origin have been well and accurately traced by modern investigators.

In the first place, George was undoubtedly a Welsh mountain deity, although an absurd attempt has been made to identify him from the very first with the old English god Cricket, owing to the name of his tradi-
tional birthplace. He was probably in his origin an old Welsh vegetation god—for the Leek was sacred to him, and he was at one time universally worshipped throughout Wales under the name of David, which is one of his synonyms. Some have asserted that David was another and older Welsh national hero, whose at-
tributes were absorbed by the younger god. If so, the facts of the progress of his religion and worship in Wales are strangely analogous to the same success that attended him in England.

Now we know for a fact that the English—a stupid, unimaginative people, who never invented anything, but always borrowed or adopted gods and everything else from their neighbours and the rest of the world, identifying them with their own home-spun, flat-footed deities, after the Kama of the ancient Romans—had never heard or thought of the Welsh deity, Lloyd George, till the latter end of the nineteenth or the earlier years of the twentieth century. But a good, honest, solid and solid nation at bottom, they never did any-
thing by halves, and when once the Welsh cult was introduced, it spread like wildfire. We have previously mentioned that certain schools of thought have identi-
fied him with Cricket, the old English tree and vegeta-
tion god, worshipped under the form of three upright sticks, and to whom the willow was sacred. But we need not waste time over this idea. It is so manifestly false. There are, however, other identifications that are not so manifestly false and have a more solid basis in fact, and it is not without reason that our great master of Occultism, that egregious wizard, Mr. Doubledee T. Spooker, has shown that George has his place among the constellations in the Georgium Sidus. There also appears to be a nucleus of a very real truth in the legend that George, at one period of his career, very nearly shared the fate of Dionysus, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the savage Brums, whom he was endeavouring to civilise by the spreading of his doctrine. The Unionists, a latter day Ophite sect, worshipped him under the name of the Great Snake, appeasing him by offerings of horse-feathers. "This was a most ingenious, and under their auspices and with their assistance inhabited by a cold-blooded, shrewd and dolicephalic race, he never made any progress, in spite of much missionary effort. This far-seeing people, who have maintained the custom of skimming the eyes and but-
toning back the ears of their offspring from the earliest infancy, at once detected the fallacies upon which the new religion was based, turned a deaf ear to all its blandishments, and refused to desert the national priesthood, the fighting men of the nation, supported by the Lady-Lieutenant at the head of the Irish constabulary, assembled together, and, having erected a colossus or earthwork, or palisade of stakes, or interlocked shields, or a wire entanglement—for no single historian is agreed upon what the means of defence were—in front of the landing-stage at Queens-
town, they calmly awaited the onset of the enemy. These advanced with their war-cry of "Lloyd George for Merrie England!" and the second line of Mrs. Moore's poem, and those who came near enough were deftly caught round the neck by the yielders of the old Irish weapon, the ganch, dragged over the palisade and released on parole through the back entrance. Every time an Irishman caught a Jingler he exclaimed
"Habel!" in old Erse, which means "Got 'em" in English. After the combat had continued for some hours the Jinglers refused to advance in spite of the exhortations of their chiefs, who were compelled to draw off what remained of their shattered forces. This single engagement decided the fate of the country. They never troubled Ireland again. How was it, then, that in the words of the old historian, "England knelt in the clarion and the shout of "Lloyd George for England till the dawn of the twentieth century. Yet nothing is harder to kill than a good lie, more especially if it is bound collectively worshipped for countless ages under the name of Lord Chancellor. The poor country folk, rustic ill-organised, ill-organised, possessed the melancholy cries of "Oh Balfour, where are we!" (Balf evidently being one of their favourite deities, but to us he is now a mere nominis umbra and nothing more, for absolutely nothing is known about him) were compelled to throw all their whisky on this funeral pyre and acquiesce in their destruction. Afterwards they were all decorated with blue ribbons and handed over to the teetotalers, a pale-eyed esoteric sect of Kathari called the Pure Water Drinkers—not the Baptists, with whom they are so often confused—who drowned them in fifties in the Thames. Some Radical historians have ventured to condone this act on the part of the Jinglers, for they say that these gods, with a few brilliant exceptions, were nothing better than a lot of old wooden images, without use or beauty or value, and that in a few years their loss was little felt or regretted.

One god there was, however, bearing the title of Lord George Sanger, whose altar has been so recently discovered amidst the ruins of the Oxford Circus, not the Oxford Music Hall as has been falsely asserted, for the Oxford Music Hall, whose site has also been unearthed, lies a considerable distance away.

Now Lord George Sanger really belongs to the class of show gods, of which George Conquest mentioned above and of which there was the last and greatest, the great snake swallowing them as was to swallow, the feat was accomplished. The name of the deity was Lord George Sanger, whose altar has been so recently discovered amidst the ruins of the Oxford Circus, not the Oxford Music Hall as has been falsely asserted, for the Oxford Music Hall, whose site has also been unearthed, lies a considerable distance away.

No less Eater of indigenous deities of the English. Much of the success was doubtless owing to confusion of words and names, as in the case of that jolly old god Cricket previously referred to. The Welsh word Lloyd came to be recognised as the equivalent of the English word Lord, a title not unmeaningly applied to him. They never troubled Ireland again. How was it, then, that in the words of the old historian, "England knelt in the clarion and the shout of "Lloyd George for England till the dawn of the twentieth century. Yet nothing is harder to kill than a good lie, more especially if it is bound collectively worshipped for countless ages under the name of Lord Chancellor. The poor country folk, rustic ill-organised, ill-organised, possessed the melancholy cries of "Oh Balfour, where are we!" (Balf evidently being one of their favourite deities, but to us he is now a mere nominis umbra and nothing more, for absolutely nothing is known about him) were compelled to throw all their whisky on this funeral pyre and acquiesce in their destruction. Afterwards they were all decorated with blue ribbons and handed over to the teetotalers, a pale-eyed esoteric sect of Kathari called the Pure Water Drinkers—not the Baptists, with whom they are so often confused—who drowned them in fifties in the Thames. Some Radical historians have ventured to condone this act on the part of the Jinglers, for they say that these gods, with a few brilliant exceptions, were nothing better than a lot of old wooden images, without use or beauty or value, and that in a few years their loss was little felt or regretted.

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No less Eater of indigenous deities of the English. Much of the success was doubtless owing to confusion of words and names, as in the case of that jolly old god Cricket previously referred to. The Welsh word Lloyd came to be recognised as the equivalent of the English word Lord, a title not unmeaningly applied to him. They never troubled Ireland again. How was it, then, that in the words of the old historian, "England knelt in the clarion and the shout of "Lloyd George for England till the dawn of the twentieth century. Yet nothing is harder to kill than a good lie, more especially if it is bound collectively worshipped for countless ages under the name of Lord Chancellor. The poor country folk, rustic ill-organised, ill-organised, possessed the melancholy cries of "Oh Balfour, where are we!" (Balf evidently being one of their favourite deities, but to us he is now a mere nominis umbra and nothing more, for absolutely nothing is known about him) were compelled to throw all their whisky on this funeral pyre and acquiesce in their destruction. Afterwards they were all decorated with blue ribbons and handed over to the teetotalers, a pale-eyed esoteric sect of Kathari called the Pure Water Drinkers—not the Baptists, with whom they are so often confused—who drowned them in fifties in the Thames. Some Radical historians have ventured to condone this act on the part of the Jinglers, for they say that these gods, with a few brilliant exceptions, were nothing better than a lot of old wooden images, without use or beauty or value, and that in a few years their loss was little felt or regretted.

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were not slow to take advantage of the similarity of name, attributes and character existing between the popular deity, Lord George Sanger, and Mister Lloyd George. Both were proved to have been always one and the same from time immemorial, and the quick change was the more easily effected because even the most intelligent opponents of the New Cult readily acknowledged that Lloyd George was a tremendous Bleeder. In fact, one of their complaints against him was that he did not have the rich in order to comfort and foster the poor—for a time.

There were, moreover, further motives at work to account for his rapid progress. Lord is simply another form of the word King. In the fragments of Bacon's plays that we have before alluded, and the King addressed as "My Lord." Now it has been proved by the discovery of coins bearing his name and effigies and dates corresponding with the dates ascribed to Lloyd George that there was actually a King or deified monarch in England at that period, who was probably extremely popular, as we know from a line of an old hymn in his praise:

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
Pudding-time meaning, of course, good times, prosperous times, times of universal rejoicing, when tons of the national dish, the plum-pudding, were devoured by a hardy people endowed with stomachs capable of digesting millstones. The phrase, "come o'er," also shows indubitably that this god was one of the many deities, Lord George Sanger and King George, with whom Lloyd George was speedily identified, no doubt largely assisted the establishment of the new cult.

Within a hundred years of his death his followers could probably boast that there was not a public-house remaining in England where his name was executed. And they were right: for they had abolished them all with the exception of one poor old tavern, near what used to be the zoological gardens of Nero in Trafalgar Square, Nero, meaning hero, an attribute of Lord Nelson, evidently another old national god. Archæologists have asserted that the fragments of the column previously stated, no indigenous ones worth speaking of of their own. This national characteristic, to which we have before alluded, and the popularity of the older deities, Lord George Sanger and King George, with whom Lloyd George was speedily identified, no doubt largely assisted the establishment of the new cult.

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How he played with the children after dinner! How he talked to them at table! He didn't wish either that they should be sent out.

Whilst he laughed, Death held with both hands the back of his chair, and drew it near to his head. Death will have some trouble with him. He is hard as iron. But he must pass.

No more beatings! What? is it finished? There, they begin again! One would think they had leaped. They run, they bound, they rush into my room. They have pierced the wall. They have crept into my sheets, under my shirt. They have entered my chest.

It was not grandfather's heart which I heard beating. It was my own! I can hear nothing else now. But now, I know now that I am going to die. The evidence has suddenly shown itself in me. I am going to die simply because I am afraid of dying.

I must remain calm, be myself. Am I, then, to die of this fable—I who have no longer any religion? Perhaps it is just because of that. I am too much alone.

Never mind! I will be alone. I will no longer be debased like this. I will be a man. Cannot I, then, with one blow throw to the winds all this foolish mass of superstitions? Oh! how my childhood weighs upon me!

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name—"

Am I such a coward as all that? Fear is making me believe. What folly! Has anyone ever died because they had been one of thirteen? Perhaps! Who knows? May not the superstition be older in us by thousands of centuries than even religion? Still, if it could save me at this minute?

"Our Father which art in heaven—"

If He is in heaven, He is not in me; He cannot save me!

I am stifling. Oh, the agony! It is like a steel band about my heart. I cannot stop these frightful palpitations.

Yes, yes. I see. I bragged without necessity. Superstition upsets one, and in that way realises itself. I have brought the evil upon myself by believing in it. I cannot get rid of this idea. And death at the end of it—what a complete disappearance!

Half-past two. It is beating—it is beating fit to break. Oh, my poor heart!

I ought to carry something on me—a fetich, a rusty nail. I don't know what. It is enough to think of it, and it makes one shiver. If I held something like that in my hand, I should be calmer. I feel it. What can give me the saving thought?

I hear him now tracing his steps around me, and I being seized by his hand, I must rise. Let the

3 o'clock! Oh, what a brilliant, what a clear idea! The blessed idea, the idea which can save me! Kill someone else, so that it need not be me.

He must die. That much is certain. I have only a few steps to make; I am in his room. The surest way will be to strangle him softly. I carry him down to the water by the little path. I throw him into the current. No one will know. Am I being seized by paralysis? My sweat is already cold. I cannot move. Yet I must rise. I must, if I wish to live. Let the misfortune fall upon the stranger.

But is it already the agony which is seizing my head?

Not yet! I will not.

Scream, scream loudly so that someone may come. I cannot scream. I am afraid. It is horrible. Am I already there? One foot before the other only, and I am saved. I want no longer control my hand? One movement, one only, and it would be done.

There is a pistol in my drawer.

A quarter past three.

This is worse than the agony. To wait for death, knowing that he will come, that he will touch me, and be able to do nothing—to submit only.

I will submit. I shall have the strength to do it. I will count the minutes one by one. I wish to see myself die. The evil is done, it is too late. I must die. The idea is fixed in me now; I have let it enter into my flesh. The fear of the unavoidable has eaten away the muscles of my will. I myself have created my misfortune. Is it indeed I who have created it?

There are mysterious forces which prowl about us and surprise us.

Since the suspicion has come to me without my calling it, since it has awakened me with a start, it is because of the existence of strange powers which are stronger than us. I see it clearly—more clearly than ever before—in the light of death. This suspicion which has overwhelmed me in itself attests the unknown laws.

Thousands of seas of thought mount and carry me away.

How much time have I still?

Will this martyrdom never cease? When I am dead fear will be ended with me. My deliverance is there! Oh to die, to escape!

Half-past three.

Will no one have pity on me? Can I be going to die, I, whose head is so full of projects! Oh to rise! To go, no matter where! Get out of the house! The wretches! They are all asleep in the stupidity of their indifference. Crime and treason! This injustice is impossible. I must rise and massacre him. Supreme strength is coming back to me. . . . Down there it is all red.

And if I killed myself to finish it?

There is a pistol in the drawer close by. My brain is annihilated.

A quarter to four.

* * *

It seemed to me at this instant that I felt something like a mallet fall upon my head. I fell asleep exhausted. When I awoke it was eight o'clock in the morning. I had had a nightmare with open eyes. I shall never forget the terror. I wished at once to note down this horrible dream on waking, but it is now nearly ten years ago. What a happy life we led at that time in the country in summer. Grandfather was still alive. He died this year, a centenarian. We shall no longer be thirteen at the table, alas! when our friend comes to visit us.

I am in his room. The surest way will be to strangle him softly. I carry him down to the water by the little path. I throw him into the current. No one will know. Am I being seized by paralysis? My sweat is already cold. I cannot move. Yet I must rise. I must, if I wish to live. Let the misfortune fall upon the stranger.

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An Anecdote of Stevenson.*
By Alfred E. Randall.

Everybody who is tremendously interested in trifles is a mystic to G. K. Chesterton. Robert Louis Stevenson lived only at his fingers' ends, in the thing he was doing, in the errant fancies that beglamoured his friends. Mystic he was not, in spite of Mr. Chesterton. He revealed nothing, not even himself. If he opened what must be termed his heart to anyone (as in the letter to his father on the subject of Christianity), it was "a rare moment," and was to be taken as a rare moment. The mystic virtue of humility meant to him making himself very little in order to avoid some knocks; in preferring others, in order that, even when we lose, we shall find some pleasure in the event; in putting our desires outside of ourselves, in another ship, so to speak, so that, when the worst happens, there will be something left." Christianity meant to him "the wisdom of this world"; of the mysteries of the soul he did not speak.

He was, said J. A. Symonds, "spirit, most fantastic, but most human"; but of human feeling he showed no trace. He never feared to wound, and he never forgot to apologise; and he never ceased to centre the interest of any matter in himself and his emotions. When he quarrelled with his father about religion, he must write to Mrs. Sitwell, telling her that he was "killing his father"; and add a postscript: "You mustn't take this too much to heart. I shall be alright in a few hours." He had in seeming all the virtues; in fact, he had only made many sacrifices to the atmosphere of civilised life "he called it returned. At every period of his life, from the time when he wrote to his father for half-a-crown to the time when he earned £4,000 a year and more, the cry for money was ever on his lips. He said himself that except for a yacht and a string quartette, £700 a year was as much as anybody could want. He had neither at Samoa, but he screamed for more money. He did unwilling work, against the advice of the doctor, to maintain an expenditure that gave him no more freedom than £1,000 a year. Every penstroke on paper was worth so much money. Sidney Colvin was implored, "for God's sake," not to lose his letters, for this reason. He wrote three long descriptive letters to some children who were being taught by Miss Adelaide Boodle, and asked for the return of the letters or for copies of them to "help to make up a book on the South Seas for children." He wanted money to buy liveries for the black men who served Tunitala.

Death had no terrors for him. He could weep with Miss Ferrier about the death of her brother, and write a long letter to Henley full of fine sayings about Ferrier, and ask Henley to show the letter to the disconsolate sister. But the consciousness of the spirituality of the Graces. "In moments of effort," he wrote, "one learns to do the easy things that people like." His humorous presentment blinded many people to the essential ugliness of the facts narrated; and he cut so pretty a figure on the stool of repentance, whereon he sat so often, that people forgot that it was the stool of repentance. He obtained full measure of credit for his generosity. If he gave money to a prostitute or an organ-grinder, Mrs. Sitwell was informed of his pitiful nature and the spiritual compensations of his exercise. It was not charity that prompted him to wait until the woman followed him to hold some money high in the air, to drop it in the mud; and walk on without a word or a rearward glance to the poor girl whose state he pretended to pity. Most fantastic was the manner of his gift, but most inhuman; and that, years afterwards, he should write to Trevor Hadden, "hardness in a poor harlot is a sin lower than the ugliest unchastity," is one more proof of the Protean nature of his guise. His soul was in nothing that he did.

A sprite he was, a fairy changeling not of this earth or order of being. Like the younger brother in his fable, his touchstone of truth was a mirror which showed people what they thought of themselves; and he gained fame, riches, and the homage of many by using it. His art was the art of glamour, not resulting in a few hours. He had in seeming all the virtues; in fact, he had only made many sacrifices to the air, to drop it in the mud; and walk on without a word or a rearward glance to the poor girl whose state he pretended to pity. Most fantastic was the manner of his gift, but most inhuman; and that, years afterwards, he should write to Trevor Hadden, "hardness in a poor harlot is a sin lower than the ugliest unchastity," is one more proof of the Protean nature of his guise. His soul was in nothing that he did.

Life meant nothing to him. "His is the better fortune—to go first," was his condolence with Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin on the death of her husband. His own "Requiem" is conclusive on this point, and a comparison of it with Henley's "Ode on the Death of a Child," shows that the former is the better bad son." His joy, his love, his generosity, his humour, his charm, were all of the nature of black magic; they lured men to the worship of the earth-born and the earth-bound. In all his writings there is not one example of mystic perception, nor of spiritual consolation to the soul-weary and doubting. "He was never so irresistible," said Henley, "as when he wrote about himself;" and his own epitaph may serve for my conclusion. "Here lies the carcase of Robert Louis Stevenson, an active, austere, and not inelegant writer, who, at the termination of a long career, wealthy, wise, benevolent, and honoured by the attention of two hemispheres, yet owning it to have been his crowning favour to inhabit La Solitude."

This new edition includes "The Vailima Letters" and "Letters to his Family and Friends," and 150 letters not hitherto published. The whole series has been arranged in chronological order and divided into sections, with prefatory biographical summaries, and explanatory notes to most of the letters. The proofs might have been more carefully read, for many blank moulds are scattered through the text (mainly in the last section), and a half to the damage of the spelling. In spite of this defect, this pocket edition remains a fine tribute of friendship from one literary man to another; for Sir Sidney Colvin is the editor. Messrs. Methuen have printed and furnished these books with taste.

*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." (Methuen. 4 vols., 2s. net per vol.)
An Englishman in America.
By Juvenal.

I have said once before that Democracy in America is an illusion. Except for purely political purposes there is no such thing anywhere. This fact jumps to the eyes at every turning. You see it in the papers, in the magazines, in the churches, in society, in the great universities, and in all the principal clubs.

With the abandonment of the democratic idea something new, something unheard of in this country, made its appearance. The name of the thing is snobbery—a weed grown in the social hot-beds of Philadelphia, Boston and New York. While in Europe snobbery takes many forms, in America it is confined to three at the most—snobbery of the puritanical pedants, snobbery of pedigree, and snobbery of wealth. The last is the most offensive because it is the meanest and the most vulgar.

In Philadelphia and Boston one meets with the pedigree snob, in New York the money snob. Yet all have met on common ground at the big universities, at Princeton, at Yale, at Harvard, or Columbia. Being new in this country the snobs of New York are mostly to be found at two leading clubs here, when two prominent men blackballing men of ability because they have not received the stamp of the monkey brand, they have advertised their illiteracy, and that, of course, is a patent of vulgarity.

Mr. Taft probably referred to what occurred recently at two leading clubs here, when two prominent men were blackballed because they were not university men.

The truth is that nineteen out of every twenty sons of millionaires come away from the university with a parrot education. They know precious little Latin and more about green pickles than they do about Pericles. They may be Trojans of finance, but not Greeks in a tug-of-war. They are bungling imitators of the slap-bang snobs of the old country. They do not understand the fundamental meanings of old-world snobbery. If they did they would be ashamed to be money snobs. If they had any wit they would see that anyone can be a money snob, and they would also see that to be a real snob, or go the whole hog with success, requires real talent and sometimes a little more than talent.

They would understand that an artist who has a talent for portrait-painting must, if he is to get on and earn money, first get on the inside-track of the titled world. He must become a snob in the artistic sense of the word. And the same holds good for the musician; he must perform before princes and crowned-heads if he wishes the public to take him seriously. These New York snobs do not stop to solve the mystic problem of snobbery in this delightfully democratic age. In blackballing men of ability because they have not received the stamp of the monkey brand, they have advertised their illiteracy, and that, of course, is a patent sign of vulgarity.

The social conditions in America are exceedingly difficult for a stranger to understand. It is difficult to understand how a young man can feel vain over the sign of vulgarity.

The English sight-seer who comes to America is oftened fooled in this country than he is in any other country in the world. He is fooled by almost everything he sees and by much of what he hears. He is confronted by such a mixture of people on the streets and in the hotels that he gets muddled, and he puts it all down to some American characteristic. He is baffled by New York, buffeted in Chicago, bluffed in Washington, dazzled by electric millionaires, blinded by cosmopolitan widows with strange titles and fabulous fortunes, samples twenty new kinds of pie, forty new drinks, seventy-five American dishes, and ends by not knowing whether he has American dyspepsia or the D.T.

Also a European who judges all America by the sort of people he meets in the restaurants and hotels.

Club life in New York is an awful bore. All who know New York are well aware of the fact. For this reason club men who seek for rest with amusement seek the society of the foreign classes, where they where where groups, where they where where groups, have a social stampede were the principle of political democracy applied to society. There would be an exodus of the rich to Europe, as there has been an exodus of nobles from Portugal.
is singularly deceived. Also there is an outward and visible code of democracy coupled with an inward and invisible system of aristocratic grace. The Americans who are sociable enough in the trains and hotels draw a line at their door beyond which beggars, political bounders, and social cranks may not trespass. Not only is the town house a fortress, but the country seat is a walled castle. Immense parks surround the great country houses, into which the people are never admitted. * * *

"In this country," said the "Judge" the other evening, "democracy receives a setback with an income of ten thousand dollars a year, and with an income of twenty thousand we have the making of a good Tory." And the "Judge" uttered these significant words: "When we have signed an arbitration treaty with England all good Americans will cease to wish to go to Paris when they die, because they can become Tories while they live." * * *

Certainly an English blue bird in the hand is worth two American eagles in the bush. Security is as much courted in America as it is in any European country. People will not say anything that pleases the masses, but they will not consent to part with their incomes, their land, or their personal comforts. "Our great games are played on chalk lines," said the Judge. "Society is parcelled out in chalk patches in the mind; we walk on invisible cracks in the line all up and down the social gamut, and we prate about democratic equality; the best of us dance the social minuet of conservatism, while the proletariat flounder about in the ball-rooms of the Bowery." * * *

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

At last, thanks to the Stage Society, we have had a good representative play of Anton Tchekhov on the London stage. Needless to say, Tchekhov was done in the provinces long ago. "The Cherry Orchard," by the competent authority may have slightly exaggerated. Certain it is that multitudes preferred the Sabbath you may judge the extreme degree of their reception. There could be no mistake about the failure of the play to please the vast majority of the members of the Society. At the end of the second act signs of disapproval were very manifest indeed, and the exodus from the theatre began. A competent authority informed me that at the end of the third act half the audience had departed; but in the narrative fever of the moment the competent authority may have slightly exaggerated. Certain it is that multitudes preferred Aldwych and the restaurant-concerts, or even their own homes, to Tchekhov's play. And as the evening was the Sabbath you may judge the extreme degree of their detestation of the play. * * *

A director of the Stage Society said to me on the Monday: "If our people won't stand it, it has no chance, because we have the pick here." I didn't contradict him, but I do not mean agreed that they had the pick there. The managing committee of the Society is a very enlightened body; but the mass of the members is just as stupid as any other mass. Its virtue is that it pays subscriptions, thus enabling the committee to make announcements and plat-e before the forty or fifty persons in London who really can judge a play the sort of play which is worthy of curiosity. In spite of the antipathy which it aroused, "The Cherry Orchard" is quite infallible. For example, there is not one feature of the play, however plebeian, that is not an object. It does not deal specially with sex. It presents an average picture of Russian society. But in the provinces long ago. "The Cherry Orchard," London stage. Needless to say, Tchekhov was done in the provinces long ago. "The Cherry Orchard," was. His truthfulness frightens, and causes resentment. * * *

People say: "No such persons exist, or at any rate such persons are too exceptional to form proper material for a work of art." No such persons, I admit, exist in England; but then this play happens to be concerned with Russia, and even the men's costumes in it are appalling. Moreover, persons equally ridiculous and futile do exist in England, and by the hundred thousand; only they are ridiculous and futile in ways familiar to us. I guarantee that if any ten average members of the august Stage Society itself were faithfully portrayed on the stage with all their mannerisms, absurdities and futilities, the resulting picture would be damned as a gross and offensive caricature. People never look properly at people; people take people for granted; they remain blind to the facts; and when an artist comes along and discloses more of these facts than it is usual to disclose, of course there is a row. This row is a fine thing; it means that something has been done. And I hope that the directors of the Stage Society are proud of the reception of "The Cherry Orchard." They ought to be. * * *

I do not think it is a great play. But it is an intensely original and interesting play. I do not agree with any of the criticisms which have been passed upon it. It has a theme, and a perfectly plain theme—the break-up of a family and a plot of a family; and the plot is handled throughout with masterly skill. It is simply crammed with character. Indeed, it has so much characterisation, and unfamiliar characterisation, that an unimaginative audience could not project itself beyond the confines of the personalities of the characters into the heart of the play. The second act is the least diverting. The first, third and fourth have not a weak moment. The close (more generally praised than any other part of the play) is perhaps the most savage and unpleasant splendid play. And I am delighted that a fraction of London has had to swallow the pill.
Benjamin Disraeli.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

The Sphinx he was once called: the Sphinx he was, the Sphinx he is. You would lie, you would all lie, if you pretended to have solved its riddle; if you pronounced that you knew what he was and what he stood for. Whatever you may be—profound historians, famous novelists, powerful critics, clever politicians, stately ambassadors—you have all approached the Sphinx unsuccessfully. In ancient Greece you would have been mercilessly thrown into the abyss for your unsuccessful attempts to guess the riddle of that Sphinx, which every great man in the world must be. The Greeks apparently thought it unboy for clever people to try to penetrate into the minds of great men, and, true aristocrats that they were, they punished with death those who irreverently approached great names. We live in a more democratic, a more enlightened, a more humane age: the clever authors of brilliant books, that fail to do justice to their subject are no longer thrown into the abyss of oblivion, but hailed in the name of Apollo and the Nine Muses as the savours of the Parnassus. "The world is making progress." And what would the Sphinx say to all its would-be biographers, admirers, commentators? Not a word, I am sure: its calm, contemptuous face would have remained immobile in spite of all the wonderful talk about it. But wait a little, dear Sphinx: I know of a book which would have loosened somewhat your impassive features, a book which might even elicit a pleased smile from your decided lips. It has just been published in Germany and is written by a German Tory who admires you, by Mr. Oscar A. H. Schmitz. It shows some real insight into your complex nature, and I am sure, dear shade, you would like to hear more about it.

It rightly and characteristically begins with a chapter entitled "The Jew." Disraeli, to Mr. Schmitz, is first of all what he was, and what he himself was always proud of: a Jew. But there was something in this Jew, of course, which is of extreme rarity amongst Jews and Christians alike, and that is—a poet. Mr. Schmitz's second chapter, therefore, is rightly devoted to Disraeli the artist, and herewith strikes the right keynote of the whole book: A poet, according to Mr. Schmitz, is a man who sees things easier, simpler, better, and stronger than ordinary mortals. Only a poet has "ideas"; it is only he who sees reality in its proper light, it is only he who divines the possibilities of the future and creates this future. (We may remember in this connection the Greek etymology of the word "poet" = "creator." But, then, it ought to be understood, adds Mr. Schmitz, that a poet, a real poet, never sees things "romantically," "idealistically," "beautifully," etc., etc., and whatever other names a weak age bestows upon its weaker exponents. If a hot head and a hot heart could make a poet, we should have had many Disraelis: unfortunately, however, the poetic temperament is characterised by a cool head and a warm heart, a much rarer mixture among the human species, but the only combination that has any creative value. And without this rare combination of really opposite ingredients there has never been a great statesman, a great soldier, a great artist, a great prophet.

We now begin to see the drift of Mr. Schmitz's thought. We see why he does understand Disraeli better than others. The author of "Die Kunst der Politik" hates Romanticism as deeply as did Benjamin Disraeli. And in order to make clear what is meant by Romanticism, the reader should know that the ideas of the French Revolution and for the first and for the most singled out and attacked by both Disraeli and his German admirer. "Let it be known to everybody," says Mr. Schmitz, "that only since the French Revolution have abstract ideas been in the world, and that before that time abstract ideas were absolutely banished from politics and exclusively handled by religious sects and conventicles." Mr. Schmitz rightly points out that the English Liberalism of the nineteenth century was to a great extent based upon unproved, unworkable theories, and that Disraeli's principal object in life was to establish justice, law and order upon a basis of common sense. Disraeli's common sense—the uncommon sense of a poet—abhorred the ideological explanations about Brotherhood, Liberty, Rights of Men, Humanity, etc., etc. Disraeli's aim was not to govern humanity, but real human beings. He had the pre-requisites for this. He first of all understood men; he knew the likes and dislikes, the wishes and hopes, the vices and virtues of those he wished to benefit and to command.

A short perusal of his novels will prove this to any one who can exercise judgment in these matters, and who, for example, does not mistake a satirist from above, like Disraeli, for a lachrymose advocate of the people, like Dickens. That both Thackeray and Dickens (not to speak of other "famous" men of Letters) long forgotten now) appealed so much more to their age, is simply due to the fact that the upper classes were not afraid of their impotent criticism and the great masses thought them exceedingly pucky fellows. That Disraeli's novels, especially his "Contarini Fleming," "Tancred," were not, and are not, appreciated to their full extent is not the fault of the author, but of the modern reader, "under whose left nipple," to use a Juvenalian phrase, "unfortunately nothing beats." Besides, these novels are thoroughly wanting in weakness and foolishness. Now weakness and foolishness were the two passports to greatness in the last century, to greatness and Westminster Abbey, whose dust, as befits a democratic age, was not once befouled throughout that time by the ashes of regretus.

We are still too near to the last century to see all this distinctly, and, what is more, we are still suffering from the after-effects of the disease of our forefathers. One day, when we have regained our sea-legs after the hurricane in which we have been tossed, perhaps, it will be easy to notice that the only "Englishman" in the literary or political world who kept a level head in this storm was Benjamin Disraeli. All the others were sick unto death with that poison of the age which Nietzsche has called "morals acid" and which Mr. Schmitz denounces as abstract ideas. And just as a sober man among intoxicated people is always thought by them to be the only drunken person present, so was Disraeli reproached by his contemporaries for his incoherence of speech and action, and, when exonerated by posterity, for his defect on account of his Oriental imagination.

The Oriental imagination, however, was a very healthy and useful thing, and by possessing it Disraeli scored over both the prosaic Tories and the Romantic Liberals of his time. While the Liberals, in their usual fashion, only opened their mouths for the utterance of their high-floven cant—a cant which, nevertheless, appealed profoundly to their middle-class supporters—the Tories had become hardened, were frightened about the unrest among the people, and any talk of a French Revolution threatening them, while in reality there was only the bitter cry of the destitute and downtrodden working classes. To these downtrodden workmen of their time the Liberals preached the doctrines of the Manchester school—laissez-faire, laisser-faire, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest through the fierce battle of competition (a law, by the
way, insufficiently proved in Nature, but taken by Darwin, not from Nature, but from the City), was willingly grasped by clever politicians, eager for a scientific gospel, or the whole of the Communist suffering masses were taught that the battle of competition was necessary for "life," and should on no account be interfered with. If they were "fit," they would come out on top, if they were "unfit," they should not mind their defeat, which was quite according to natural law, Providence, and the moral order of the universe (all successfully represented on earth by the "fit" British Liberal). It was a terrible doctrine, no doubt; and I think it has not been pointed out before that the teaching of both Malthus and Darwin was carried on, by the proposed classes of the last century as an excuse for their barbarity towards the people—perhaps also as an anodyne for their own conscience.

Parties are like scissors, they seem to cut each other, but they don't: they only cut things that come between them: either the people (which is accustomed to be cut and bled, and, being indolent, does not mind so very much), or a great man, who is more sensitive and usually goes to pieces in experimenting with the scissors. For, what with the tone of the baldspit of their opposition, are always united; they have only one wish: that nothing really important ever should change.

The English Liberals and the English Tories of last century were united in this wish—and nothing really would have happened had not a man above the parties, and pointed out the way, forcing them to go that way: the way to their own advantage, which they both overlooked. Both parties were ignorant of the fact that it was very unwise to rely upon the British subject's "justified" ". The order to be useful, must be kept (like horses in good condition—a fact which even an American slave owner, not to speak of a pagan Greek or Roman, would never have ignored. But facts, like love, are things the Christian always has to remember and the Jew, the outsider, sees." And how can he be expected to see them, when his wonderful "theories" and "idealism" keep him for ever occupied in the clouds and the higher regions? In those higher regions which in modern times have so successfully supplanted the dreaded "lower regions" of the Middle Ages, thus proving to everybody that the Christian is still occupied not with this, but with another world?

So much for the Christian. The Jew, the outsider, was in a better position. He scorned the hypocritical Liberal, and the Tory alike. And he was the only foreigner (not directly looking for applause in England), who, however, never comprehended him altogether, if not an adventurer, at least a Mephistopheles.

This indeed is flattery, for Mephisto, whatever we may think of him, is a man who knows something of this world, but it will not do to put the mouth of the cold, Victorian romanticist and Liberal Englishman. This class, still flourishing strongly, by the way, in England and outside, makes up for want of knowledge and insight by big talk and moral attitude. This class, for instance, who are most likely to become the "villain" of the Victorian age, Gladstone.

Not a Shakespearian, not a great villain, of course, not a villain like Hamlet, but a villain like Disraeli: "no, a tame, a Victorian, a Christian villain, a villain, not from strength, but from weakness.

Here, I think, Mr. Schmitz is at his best. He exposes with great ability the littleness, the envy, the impotence, the defective soul of the age, and how he, not Disraeli, was the man the age was in a better position. He scorned the hypocritical Liberal, and the Tory alike. And he was the only foreigner (not directly looking for applause in England), who, however, never comprehended him altogether, if not an adventurer, at least a Mephistopheles.

The only fixed doctrine of Liberalism is the orthodox belief in abstract principles. This doctrine has caused England to manufacture paper constitutions after the home pattern and to distribute them broadcast over the whole world. And even where England did not distribute them, she has at least encouraged their introduction, and thus brought great misery to the consumers, whose wishes, needs and tastes the manufacturers of the "new society" had, of course, not taken into account. (P. 165).

This is so, but it should not be forgotten that in doing so Liberalism has indirectly helped to enslave the Empire. For these nations, when weakened by English Liberal ideas, have easily fallen a prey to the Empire later on. And even if they have not become part and parcel of the Empire, they have been so weakened by inner strife and quarrels that English politics have gained ascendency over them. Parliamentary institutions and liberal ideas have taken root, or, what is the same thing, have been killed off, in England or Germany: first of all because the Teutons are a somewhat unimaginative, phlegmatic people. And then, in England, democracy is checked by an aristocracy which has proved itself powerful up to the present, whereas in Germany it is kept down by a Government which openly declares itself to stand above
parliamentary parties altogether. But democracy must have a somewhat different effect upon livelier people and while Liberalism supplies the fatal firewater the
parliamentary parties altogether. But democracy must have a somewhat different effect upon livelier people and while Liberalism supplies the fatal firewater the

attachment to retrogression in the world, and that there are decidedly some more Imperialist empties the pockets of the drunkard.

The arms of fair Britannia, who fondly "nurses" the stupidity of Liberalism has indirectly rendered to

"jobs"—but only as the Socialist rages against the

The repetition (for I do not wish to be mistaken

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If the Jew becomes a Socialist—and the Jews have no doubt started Socialism and spread it all over the world—he becomes one from hatred of his oppressors, despisers, detractors—not from romanticism. Romanticists are rarer among the Jews, a people with a long and terribly "unromantic" experience, than among the young northern European nations, whose credulity has something touching about it, and flatly contradicts the alarmist's outcry that we live in an uncertain age in which human life was a "phantom" because the upper classes would not listen to him. Only when he saw that he could not possibly move them he went over to revolutionising the multitude, in accordance with his motto: "Flectere si nequeo superos Achéron leno." ("If I cannot move Heaven, I will stir up Hell.")

I need not add how heartily I disapprove, but how well I understand, the Lassallian and the Jewish fervent attitudes towards Europe and oppression. What you cannot easily collapse, as a matter of fact has regularly done so, is largely fostered by Jews. If these Jews could be broken, humble, modern, a Jew could daily bombard us with books, pamphlets, ideas. "Oh, I am a Jew, of course," came the answer. "I thought so," was the statesman's reply. "Only a Jew could finally drive us to this book translated into English. It has some minor faults but is otherwise a valuable addition to English literature. For this Mr. Schmitz seems to suggest, he will not succeed where they have failed. He will have to be sufficiently anti-romantic as they were—but he must be more thoroughly so, he must spread his roots deeper, he must try to stand firmer, he must before all make fewer concessions to the weakness of his time and place of his oppressors, despisers, detractors—not from

The aristocracy left in Europe which is strong and clever is their great energy. When Disraeli was having dinner with Professor Vambéry, of anti-Russian fame, one of the ladies at the table asked him what was his nationality. "I am a Hungarian," said Vambéry. "And what else?" asked Disraeli, with a smile. "Oh, I am a Jew, of course," came the answer. "I thought so," was the statesman's reply. "Only a Jew could daily bombard us with books, pamphlets, articles, and letters; only a Jew could finally drive us to listen to him and then to accept his conclusions." Disraeli was right. The Jew is the most successful of agitators. He is a bitter enemy. He is a staunch friend. If he really tries to win over such a conservative element as the Jews are, but—here comes my question mark—is there an aristocracy left in Europe which is strong and clever enough to do this? Does the aristocracy of Europe (for what is left of it) still lack enough of an advantage which Mr. Schmitz thinks it does, and lives in the pleasant hope that he can open the eyes of the German Junker. He only lacks ideas, Mr. Schmitz thinks, and has to be educated, as the Frenchman, by the democratic illwind. It seems very doubtful whether Mr. Schmitz will be listened to by these classes which he wishes to influence foremost of all. I have, on the contrary, a horrible presentiment that one day the Jews will be the only surviving conservative element in Europe, and that they will have to fight the battle against the degradation of the human race quite single-handed and in the teeth of a terrible opposition.

And my doubt is corroborated by the observation that the two aristocratic and anti-romantic movements of the nineteenth century, both Disraeli and Bismarck, could not gain a hearing either from the classes to which they wished above all to appeal. Disraeli did not succeed in England in giving new life to the aristocracy, because the French Revolution had not yet become strong enough to take a hint from this double failure, which Mr. Schmitz in his enthusiasm and admiration for his hero apparently overlooks. If this new politician intends to build—and he will have to do so—he should be careful to imitate no one the way Disraeli and Bismarck. No doubt a real poet-politician will do that: poets don't copy, they follow the spirit, not the letter. If he simply imitates these great statesmen, as Mr. Schmitz seems to suggest, he will not succeed where they have failed. He will have to be sufficiently anti-romantic as they were—but he must be more thoroughly so, he must spread his roots deeper, he must try to stand firmer, he must before all make fewer concessions to the clamorous wishes of the age. For an age is like a woman: it never knows what it wants, it does not always want what it says; and it silently distrusts and despises the stupid man who mistakes the wishes of its tongue for those of its heart.

Above all, this politician must learn what Nietzsche has taught us: that democratic and romantic ideas have their common root in Christianity. He must impress upon his mind that the French Revolution was not, as it appeared to Bismarck and Disraeli and the Holy Alliance and Mr. Schmitz, an anti-religious movement. The abolition of religion, proclaimed by the Revolution, was directed against the religion of Throne, Nobility, and Church, not against Christianity. Christianity is too clever a fish. If it is to be caught by the French Revolution upon a much stronger basis than ever before it only received another name, "The Cult of Reason," which from its unreasonable and revolutionary behaviour soon was to prove its genuinely Nazarene parentage. If he forgets these great Nietzschean lessons for one moment, or if he hypocritically tries to ignore them, he will be blown away, like Bismarck and Disraeli, by the democratic illwind, which still rages about us in undiminished, nay, increased fury.

In conclusion, let me say that I should like to see this book translated into English. It has some minor faults no doubt. It has perhaps been written somewhat hastily. Mr. Schmitz, if he tried to win over such a conservative element as the Jews are, but—here comes my question mark—is there an aristocracy left in Europe which is strong and clever enough to do this? Does the aristocracy of Europe (for what is left of it) still lack enough of an advantage which Mr. Schmitz thinks it does, and lives in the pleasant hope that he can open the eyes of the German Junker. He only lacks ideas, Mr. Schmitz thinks, and has to be educated, as the Frenchman, by the democratic illwind. It seems very doubtful whether Mr. Schmitz will be listened to by these classes which he wishes to influence foremost of all. I have, on the contrary, a horrible presentiment that one day the Jews will be the only

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The pyramid is built, is built,
And stone by stone the sphinx;
Upon the ground the wine is split
And deep the builder drinks.

Deeply the wise man of the desert thinks.

Hark to the lanterned gondolas!
The stream is incense calmed;
We smoke, we draw the gods with praise,
They walk amongst us charmed.

Cries "Never are the desert sands disarmed!"

Our building soil is done, is done,
All strife and quarrels cease;
And slaves and workers are at one,
And enemies at peace.

Cries "Yet the sands are stirred and wars increase!"

Riches and joy and thankfulness
By our rich river are.
To see our noble work and bless
Shall travellers come from far.

Cries "Ye a few, but many more for war!"

Francis Burrowes.

The Business Man.
By Maxim Gorki.
(Translated by David Weinstein.)

"Madam, allow me to assist you."
The lady turns round and sees before her one of
those men whose speech is more engaging than his look.
The clothes that cover his emaciated form are crumpled and torn as if Chance, after having mauled him in his huge jaws, had, for some unaccountable reason, allowed him to escape. He bows to the lady in a manner that is amiable and obsequious, and says:

"Shall I carry your little basket?"

When the basket is delivered to his care, he carries it along with a respectful air and makes his way through the market, behind his retainer, looking for all the world as if he had just been entrusted with a portfolio of a government department. But knowing he has done nothing to deserve this, he is not the least bit proud of his job. The extent of the lady's experience at shopping he, takes in at a glance, and, should he find it to be slight, he takes over the reins by all manner of possible devices.

"Do you buy your meat off the butcher's over the street, true to his purpose of carrying the purchases at less cost than a cabman; and, on the way, he ponders over the commission he is to receive from the shops on his return. And of many other things much more remunerative.

A Garden of Spiritual Flowers.*
By A. E. Waite.

Miss Evelyn Underhill has written a remarkable book in all which concerns her capacity for research within defined limits, and her ability to shape materials accumulated as the result of research. In this respect there are likely few books like it. It covers a much wider field than the "Directorium Mysticum" of Antonio à Spiritu Sancto, or perhaps even Devine's "Manual of Mystical Theology." I am not designing to qualify an appreciation if I add that the fact arises in part from the incertitude which I here indicated is perhaps one of its dangers to those who are unversed. The author does not write, officially or otherwise, from the standpoint of the Latin Church; it is credible to infer that she does not belong at present to that particular household of faith; but partly because the literature of which she is the exponent is almost exclusively Latin, and partly by reason of leanings which to my mind are the more clear as they may be the less conscious so far as she is concerned, it comes about that her work has the aspect, under necessary reserves, of presenting — apart from any design — something of a Roman aspect. The likely result, I think, is a tendency to confusion in the minds to which I have referred. They may infer that Latin mysticism tolerates and indeed ratifies something that on the surface approaches the Eastern doctrine of identity; and if subsequently they should hear that the Chancellor of Man's Spiritual Consciousness." By Evelyn Underhill.

*Demy 8vo, pp. xvi., 600. London: Methuen and Co. 1911. 15s. net.
Gerson accused Ruysbroeck of Pantheism, they will wonder which of the mystics was not speaking the same language as that which laid Ruysbroeck especially open to such a charge. Miss Underhill’s personal position in respect of her doctrine, but she quotes with approval, from Récéjac’s work on the “Bases of the Mystic Knowledge” a passage which seems equivalent to the doctrine in question.

These things are not, however, of more than passing concern, and the same may possibly be felt in respect of another point about which a word should be said. As she exists, both with the secret tradition in Christian times, or suggesting that the mystic literature of which her book is an exposition forms part of a traditional knowledge, I decline to believe that Miss Underhill’s sections on magic, alchemy and other occult sciences would have been better omitted. These also confuse issues which are otherwise perfectly clear. In so far as one is disposed to agree with the views expressed about them, there is no aspect of novelty, and where she departs from what has been already said with authority she does not enlist concurrence. As a matter of fact, her acquaintance with the subjects is slight. She has yet to discover—but whether she will do it to herself is another question—that she has not reached a true parallel between the personality of the soul in spiritual alchemy and successive states of the soul as they are declared in the literature of admitted Christian mysticism. There is another point which does not seem to have entered her thoughtful mind, and that is this that if her simple attribution of the alchemical salt, sulphur and mercury to the parts of the personhood constituted the hermetic mystery of the past, it was then a mere mockery in respect of its own claim as a secret science. Such an interpretation is incomparable to the moral aspects of the symbolism discussed by Hitchcock in his “Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists.” Miss Underhill reflects an authority which is very nearly a fantastic guide of the perplexed in threading this extraordinary labyrinth. That most curious book called a “Suggestive Enquiry,” which has so far escaped from being reprinted and is guarded from the undesirable possibility for a few years longer, is a muddled metaphysics married to a muddled and indiscriminate criticism of alchemical texts. As regards magic and its dubious connections, she also reflects too faithfully anterior writers, and it comes about that almost everything we could have written concerning Eliphas Lévi calls to be re-expressed in the reverse sense. In respect of Kabalistic tradition, it is difficult to discover from what source her information is drawn. “Ain Soph” is certainly not the title of the “Book of Concealed Mysteries” and the two “Holy Assemblies,” nor is “Kether”—the Crown—unconditioned and ineffable being. These things are still of the accidents, representing only what might have been omitted with advantage. Their faults and disadvantage notwithstanding, the work remains an ordered, reasonable and in its way a learned thesis on that great subject with which the writer is really concerned. It is “great argument about it and about.” It is not her fault if we go out with her by the same door wherein we entered in her company. She knows all the best things that have been said on the subject in the West, and she is characterised in all her judgments by a keen awareness. She has not, however, become the subject; and the question is, therefore, how far we have advanced when the whole thesis lies within the compass of our mind. It does not seem as if anything had come to its author individually, whether through the intellect or otherwise. There are all the borrowed lights and all the reflected lustres. She can look back and see that it is good, after six symbolic days of hard working. Yet it is not creation. She has been unable to say to herself: Let there be light. There is, therefore, no light at first hand. When she keeps to her subject she is an exceedingly good and clear writer, and has chapter and verse for everything. But for those who know the texts on which she depends the most that her book offers is by way of reminder, unless it happens that a light should come to us through her extracts which may have been missed previously. There would even then be the fear that it might not have flashed on her. Once more I am not saying this in qualification of praise, in respect of which it must be acknowledged that I have not stinted my measures. But this is the bare fact as to how it stands at the end of all the travelling. If we take the admittedly arbitrary classification—on p. 205 et seq.—of stages in the mystical life, I should be false to what I hold sacred if I did not record with what she has never given them as she has if she had known the states—I will not say at first hand, but even by living intimations concerning them. It is playing with words to speak of consciousness of the Absolute as the beginning of the mystical life and of consciousness of the Absolute follow the next stage, or that of purgation. It is all, of course, a question of words, and as each of her brief headings is extended into detail after the long chapter, full of the most curious and specific cases, the careful reader may get to know what she means. In the dreams of Latin theology it is said that before the soul passes into purgatory there is a moment’s vision of God, as He will be seen and known after the “night of sorrow, and that which encouraged the mystic to undertake the purgative life is sometimes an intimation after the same kind, in the world of correspondences. It is a glimpse apart from knowledge. So also in the chapter on the awakening of the self. Miss Underhill seems to confuse the early states, while she does scant justice to the experience of conversion which, with many people in the world, is the beginning of a deeper and living sense of religion. She suggests that the Absolute speaks of it only on its negligible side, being the state which wears some of its vestures, but is not the real thing. That thing, as I have said elsewhere, is good and true and vital in its own degree.

It should be noted with a word of regret that, unconsciously in the main—and yet perhaps with or through some unformed intention to let the dignity of her subject speak unadorned for itself—Miss Underhill has suffered a certain grace of style, which has occasionally characterised her essays, to disappear from the chain of discourses which make up the present volume. She has always the advantage of expression in simple and limpid prose; she is always clear, but her pages in this case are so unbroken that there is a shade of ungracefulness in view of the text. Their chief lesson is that we have to start again, with much gratitude for the records of the past, which have taught us much that is vital, but also that which is to be avoided. They have told us of a great experiment, but we must make it after our own manner, through the gate of morality if you are in search of the absolute goodness and truth. If you would know at first-hand what it signifies you say: “Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.”

We have, further, to remember that there is for Miss Underhill no realised mysticism outside that which has arisen in Christendom, and no real consciousness that the same great experiment was
pursued in the East long before Christianity as such had entered into the life of man. It looks to me sometimes as if certain Vedic saints had gone further than any Dionysius, any Ruyshboreek, any "Cloud of Un-knowing." To say, therefore, as it is said in these pages, that "we are bound to allow as a historical fact that mysticalism, so far, has found its best map in Christianity," Christian and mystic as I am, I know that this is precisely what all exponents at first hand of Eastern mysticism will rise up to deny; and I feel that the whole is but too much too strongly, apart from any critical sense. It is, put, moreover, by one who has not shown in her thesis an adequate title to speak. It is better and truer to register on my own part that all the great people have certified to the one great thing in the one great way, due allowance being made for differences in the emphasis, in which, when that passes above the logical understanding is brought down into expression therein. To vary the lines of Matthew Arnold, it is certain, therefore, that a beginning may be made as "Christian or pagan, king or slave, soldier or anchorite" in the "low-life deeps" of a Salvation Army or in a circle for the study of the "Gita." As a rule, it is best for a man to begin in his own spiritual home; the prayer which he learned at his mother's knee is no bad starting-point for a journey which ends in God. But those who wish to survey the prospect before them from several points of view should take no map for granted. The maps are many, if I adopt for the moment a symbol which suggests that charts and atlases have been examined instead of the exploration made. If it is a question of these, the East has a title to speak on its own voyages, ventures and discoveries as well as the West; and Miss Underhill herself has heard about Sufic travellers who have returned from far distance with the same tidings as those who set out for the centre in the name of Christ.

In another name than this I shall never go forth or come back, but He has been called by many names, being that which is personified everywhere in the attainment of each and all, but that which, for those on the quest, is a state rather than a person. I know also that those who would attain to the summit--which is also the centre--must be quit of all fear as to the way. For the centre in the name of Christ.

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to realise that it stands for much more than the mixing of
drugs and the signing of death-certificate—and a scramble
for shillings.

Frank G. Layton.

A HOLIDAY IN GAOL.

Sir,—Two correspondents in your issue of May 25 seem to
have misunderstood my recent letter in your paper, and the
attitude of the W.S.P.U. in general with regard to
prison reform.

Mr. Huntly Carter attributes to me opinions which I do not
hold. I do not believe and did not state "that prisoners
are better off in prison than in their own homes." The
physical conditions of prison are undoubtedly luxurious
compared to the home conditions of other classes, but the price
paid for such luxury is imprisonment with all its harmfully
unnatural moral and mental conditions, a normal human
being prefers liberty. To men and women socially degraded
and devitalised to a point of helpless incapacity, prison may
seem preferable to the ministration of the poor-law, but
prison conditions have no healing power to such as these
any more than they have to any other class of prisoners.

Mr. Huntly Carter suggests that "a crushing indict-
ment" is made out against the prison system "if evidence
is forthcoming of the murder or mutilation of one person
of precious genius," or "of one woman of distinction or
ability permanently injured by prison treatment." Such
cases are beyond the scope of any reform that is to the
judicial system and state of public opinion which relegates
these type of people to prison, though under a wiser reformatory
system, such as the "Juvénile Reformatory," Angola, the
killing of the innocent suffering any of the inmates is almost
inconceivable. On the other hand, I do not agree with the
generalisation that "every community is composed of two
classes, the prison and that which is not." I have yet to discover the class which is made for
prisons as these are now constituted in England. It is
complained that I refer "on the destructive energies of the
soul of the nation by its tyrannical and obsolete insti-
tutions." It is impossible in the correspondence columns of
a weekly periodical to give details, but in the letter which
called for this comment, I alluded to physical conditions in
prison only as the last of eight points which seem to me to
specialise itself as the punishment and mental needs of prisoners as far more important than the physical,
although, as in free life, the three are to a certain extent
interdependent.

Mrs. Beatrice Hastings suggests that the "W.S.P.U. Officials"
have hushed up the prison experiences of the suffragettes to the detriment of "the wretched common
prisoners" and of themselves. I know nothing of "the Row" alluded to. I would refer Mrs. Hastings to the pamphlets written by our leaders, "Prison Faces," by Miss
Annie Kenney, and "The Faith that is in us," by Mrs.
Pethick Lawrence, and records of imprisonment too nume-
orous to mention in our weekly paper, "Votes for Women."

Concealment as to our experiences in prison would have
roused the soul of the nation by its tyrannical and obsolete insti-
tutions. It is impossible in the correspondence columns of
a weekly periodical to give details, but in the letter which
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although, as in free life, the three are to a certain extent
interdependent.

Mrs. Beatrice Hastings.

The term "meager" as applied to the facts supplied by
suffragettes of prison treatment is distinctly untrue. In
spite of the recent change there are no laws, no code, no
epithet of "self-made martyrs," suffragettes, in their own
particular newspaper, in their meetings, have proclaimed
for the benefit of the public, that all those in the government
are responsible to women as well as to men. Experience has
proved that without the safe-guard of the vote the interests of
women, even as ignored as the good and moral needs of men
with. This, in the opinion of suffragists, is detrimental
to the race and the state as a whole as well as to women
in particular. If it were not so, why trouble about the reforms
but no reformer is under compulsion to join the W.S.P.U.
or any other franchise organisation. If they disbelieve
in the vote, it is open to them to go ahead in their reforms
without it.

Constance Lytton.

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in the vote, it is open to them to go ahead in their reforms
without it.

Constance Lytton.

Sir,—As one who has also seen the inside of gaol under
all kinds of conditions, may I be allowed to cordially endorse
the thoughtful letter written by my fellow gaol-bird, Lady
Constance Lytton. Although conditions of prison life have
vastly improved since the days when John Howard and
Elizabeth Fry introduced some touch of humanity into our
prison conditions, there is still much room for improve-
ment. The real difficulty is that the aim of imprisonment
is still considered to be deterrent rather than curative. The
old saying that "Prevention is better than cure," has not
yet penetrated our gaols; but the greater tendency to intro-
duce human conditions accounts for the great drop in the
percentage of persons incarcerated. That which consti-
tuted the special value of Mrs. Fry's work was her intro-
duction of what is known as the Montiorial System, which,
however, does not seem to have been continued afterwards,
as it certainly has not. But this is not the point. The point is
that of reward rather than punishment. Those who showed
themselves diligent and trustworthy were given positions of
trust and power, and the system was even more amelio-
ration of mental training, of self-reliance, self-control, and
a possibility of self-respect, which is entirely lacking in the
system of todays, even in the allowed system of rehabilitation.
The system is nothing but a system of punishment, which the
Society carries on Mrs. Fry's work for women prisoners on
their discharge; but inside the gaol the system only works and
deprives the prisoner, and saps her moral fibre. Thus, for
example, Mrs. Fry appointed her cell as "the Sophia,"
under whose care she inaugurated for prisoners' children, a young girl who
had been condemned (probably unjustly) as a thief. Mrs.
Fry's estimate of children's character dealt with them as
ordain. So well did she perform her work that a special pardon
was sent to her after she had filled her post a year, and she
afterwards justified the trust by leading a useful, honour-
able life.

Another point of prison system is, as Lady Constance
Lytton indicates, the "understaffing and overwork" of the

Frank G. Layton.
officials. Conditions for wardresses are certainly in need of reform, and some of us were glad to see that a Union of Wardresses had been formed. We trust that their hours and pay will be improved, and as a result the status of the women will be raised, that the position will be rendered desirable for a chosen of a superior stamp. Herein lies a vast step towards prison-reform.

Lastly, as one who has seen prison under its most terrible aspect, in the Time of Punishment cells, which are dark, cold, damp and unsanitary, I feel that I must protest against these relics of barbarous times with all my might. Apparently prisoners who are never allowed out of their time of punishment are over, and the general effect upon them must be closely akin to that experienced in the days of the Inquisition. The remarks scratched upon the walls of prisons were certainly not being improved by the barbarous relics of barbarous times with all my might. Apparently prison-reform, for they certainly ought to sit in equal numbers with men as Prison Commissioners, and upon all bodies concerned with the government and administration of prisons.

EMILY WILDING DAVISON.

INDIVIDUALISTS AND THE LAND.

Mr. Bridges and Mr. Figgis.

SIR,—Mr. Henry Meulen, whose letter you published under the above heading, does not deal with the points raised in my previous letter on individualism and liberty. He does, however, try to explain that private ownership of land is not the cause of the present congestion. He considers the State most to blame for maintaining the laws of entail, which are so much needed as in that of Prison Reform, for they certainly ought to sit in equal numbers with men as Prison Commissioners, and upon all bodies concerned with the government and administration of prisons.

Mr. Bridges muddles it all into a dozen lines, and elevates the comment of the letter into the Paris renaissance. The passage quoted by Mr. Bridges is snatched from its adjectival place inside a sentence (who gave the author to say I am not a dramatist merely because I haven't displayed a talent so garrulous, colloquial, disquisitional and charming inspiration). And some begin to believe we shall have that.

Mr. Bridges and Mr. Figgis.

My vanity, so wounded by the "Author of Christina," would naturally lead me into a desperate dissertation upon my possibilities as a dramatist. It is very pitiful of him to say I am not a dramatist merely because I haven't published every one-act play that I have written. It is very pitiful of him to say I am not a dramatist merely because I haven't published every one-act play that I have written. But, there, people will say I am malicious. Be-
tion of having published a play, I may not pretend to "understand Christina." I suppose I ought to retire.

Sir,—I have no desire to waste your space by bandying words with Mr. Blaker. I have stated my case against Shaw in three articles, and Mr. Blaker does not attempt to disprove my contention. He contents himself with calling Disraeli names. I deny the validity of his judgment of Disraeli, and as the first rule of debate is that the onus of proof lies on the one who affirms. If you do not denounce, I deny, some demand evidence of Mr. Blaker's statements. Let him indicate the sources and nature of his evidence, and cease railing about Disraeli. And W. T. O'Connor. If he proves his charges against Disraeli, he will be in this strange position: he will have established a base, more completely false, better, more complete, than had he not called Disraeli. I, as a liberal, do not believe that a writer can forsake his principles and defend himself by a merely opposite set. Iibsen's dramatic The Miracle of Miracles, which was produced in London some years ago, has been turned into a great success, and the groundling, but there is still here and there upon this great city mountain of gold may be a thing of beauty to. But Capitalisticus replied, "That have all the world boomed Socialisticus, for they understood how clever he was by his success. So Socialisticus became rich. Everything that he touched turned to Stock Exchange gold, and everything he bought became his. And, as what Socialisticus bought, succeeded, and we may fairly ask what is the regal and domi-

Sir,—That readers of The New Age who go the whole hog in their admiration of America and things American should take umbrage at "Understand Christina!" I suppose I ought to retire. The Baron G. von Taube speaks of "great types of man under the free spirit of the country giving play to individual-...

THE SUPERMAN.

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HEBBEL'S "JUDITH" IN THE DEUTSCHES THEATER.

Sir,—Every literature has its own distinctive colour. Sometimes it is plain and simple, sometimes a fantastic blend of several hues. In staging a play drawn from literature, one of the chief aims of the producer should be to impress the audience with the "true colours," which may either be actual shades, or be suggested by combinations. For instance, in every play taken from Hebrew writings, two pure colours must be suggested—pale subdued magenta and, before dawn, very pale subdued blue. In his production of "Judith," Reinhardt chose to utilise these for the sky, and the experiment was entirely successful. In the dim half-light of the stage, the sky cast out a glow of blue, which, bathed in its own bright tints to reflect. Judith (from which, it would seem, the idea of "Manna Vanna" is derived) is a disappoint in many respects in the story in the Apocrypha. First, Hebbel has introduced a "love-interest" by making Ephraim, the brother of the dead Manasseh, and follow the Assyrians; secondly, in the original she kills Holofernes before he tires of her, and has no need to say the grand words that end the play: "Ich will dem Holofernes Keinen Sohn gebären. Bete zu Gott, dass mein Schoss unfruchtbar wird! Vielleicht ist er mir gnadig!"

"Stone him" (from which it would seem, the idea of "Manna Vanna" is derived) is a disappointment in many respects in the story in the Apocrypha. First, Hebbel has introduced a "love-interest" by making Ephraim, the brother of the dead Manasseh, and follow the Assyrians; secondly, in the original she kills Holofernes before he tires of her, and has no need to say the grand words that end the play: "Ich will dem Holofernes Keinen Sohn gebären. Bete zu Gott, dass mein Schoss unfruchtbar wird! Vielleicht ist er mir gnadig!"

The performance that I witnessed was of special interest, as it was the last appearance for some time of Tilla Durieux at the far forward of the stage, which was cut with a falchion, and forces Mirza, who is in an agony of terror, to place the head in a sack that they may bear it to Bethulien. The last scene is again the open place before the city gate. It is not yet dawn, and the sky is of the pale watery blue tint. The door is opened to the women with their burden. As they stand in the open door, Mirza suddenly lets fall the sack, and the head drops with a squelching thud down the steps into the roadway. It is recognised just as wild cries are heard from the Assyrian camp. The besieged, seizing their weapons, rush out and rout their leaderless enemies.

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