THE NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the proper alternative to State doles administered by a costly bureaucracy is to raise wages, the Seamen's Union have this week appeared in the rôle of successful state men. Not all their demands have been conceded, but such substantial concessions have been made as will in the aggregate increase their annual wages bill by close on a million pounds. This additional burden, as the "Times" calls it, on British shipping is a clear and an unadulterated gain to the Nation professing an unique interest in seafaring should be so ignorant of everything concerning labour at sea. But it is still more singular that organs avowedly devoted to Socialism, Trade Unionism, and Politics, and calling themselves by such names as the "Labour Leader," should be so incompetently edited as to dismiss one of the most important labour events of recent months in eleven lines of uninformed platitude. The "Labour Leader" of the current week consecrates (is that the word?) two articles to the Coronation about which everybody has heard enough, and prints not a single fact concerning the seamen's dispute, of which nobody has heard nearly enough. The "Clarion," professing the same aims and boasting a weekly circulation of 62,000, is little better. Mr. Victor Grayson writes a perfunctory editorial concluding with the solemn advice to the seamen to make the advances they have won permanent. Beyond that there is nothing whatever on the subject. What is the use of talking of a Labour and Socialist daily when Labour and Socialist weeklies are run in this slipshod fashion?

The "Times" and similar journals are the sources of information on which, in this state of affairs, we are compelled to rely, and that they are frequently inaccurate in their statements and muddled in their economics goes almost without saying. It is appalling what an amount of absurdity can be discharged in the course of a "Times" leader on a Labour question. Take, for example, two suggestions made by the "Times" this week concerning the seamen's dispute. It is stated, the "Times" solemnly reports, that "if [men cannot be obtained [at the old rates], several large owners have decided that they will lay up their ships rather than run them at a loss." The obvious deduction from this is that an increase of 10s. per month, or £5 a year, in the wages of British seamen will actually involve a loss on the aggregate turnover. In other words, the profits of shipping are now so small that their reduction by this fleabite will wipe them out altogether. Remembering that British shipping is rather more than one-third of the world's total, the suggestion is childish. The other comment is equally thoughtless. Referring to the whole question of the public inconvenience caused by a seamen's strike, the "Times" suggests that in the mail service, at any rate, it may be advisable to declare the strike illegal. How is that conceivable when the men are not even in Government employment, and when their rates of wages are without the smallest legal guarantee? If the "Times" would have mail strikes declared illegal, the obvious means is to nationalise the service and rank the seamen as Government servants. But no just power exists in this world of denying the wage-slaves of private companies the right of refusing to serve under conditions imposed by their masters.

We have not seen the reply made by Mr. Buxton to the men's request that the Board of Trade should intervene to effect a settlement. From our view it is clear that the State has not only the privilege but the duty of intervening on behalf of the men. Apart from the familiar argument that the function of the State is to supplement private efforts (and if in the matter of insurance against unemployment, why not against under-payment?), the State has long ago taken upon itself a special measure of responsibility for sea-
men. Legally, seamen are what Lord Stowell once called them, inopes consili, citizens so placed as to be unable to look after themselves; and in consequence of this the State at this moment does guarantee seamen a certain minimum of consideration in the matter of food and hours of labour. The extension of the guarantees to wages also would seem to be a logical and a natural course. On the other hand, as we said last week, the State may enforce a minimum, but it cannot compel a man to work for more or less, especially when it happens, as in the case of sea-labour, that the alternatives to the employment of British citizens in vessels are so many. It is part of the general public ignorance on the subject that few people realise the extent to which the British seaman has been displaced by cheap foreign labour. Out of 275,721 seamen employed during 1908 in vessels belonging exclusively to the United Kingdom, 78,889 were lascars, Asiatics, and foreigners. If the wages of British seamen are raised, there is no legislation existing to prevent the companies from employing still more foreign labour to take their place.

With such real problems as these staring the nation in the face and calling for statesmanship, it is humiliating to have to record the continued appearance of popularity attaching to Mr. Lloyd George's efforts to dodge them. It is, perhaps, a fair distinction to make between the statesman and the politician that while the former keeps his mind on causes and principles, the latter is unable to see anything but effects and immediate results. From this point of view it may be conceded that Mr. Lloyd George is a first-rate politician. The conditions he seeks to remedy are obvious, and they can be seen and deplored by everybody. Further than this, his remedies appear so simple, so direct, so immediately efficacious that the veriest circus character might be blamed not for not appreciating them. On the other hand, to prove that Mr. Lloyd George's diagnosis of the disease is wrong and his remedies worse than the disease demands as much imagination in the student as in the demonstrator. And when, in addition, to the defect of imagination, there is found among the supporters of the Bill an adroit corruption in the form of special consideration for vested interests, the task of killing the Insurance Bill is made practically impossible. The "Times" of Thursday published a special article on the scheme, conclusively proving our contention that the Bill had aadroit corruption in the form of special consideration already provided for. On the other hand, both the legitimate parentage in any public demand, and the immediate results. From this point of view it may yet be slain. The doctors, to our regret but not to our surprise, have been easily managed by the astuteWelsh lawyer. After all, their grievance was purely financial, and had nothing whatever to do either with principle or public welfare. Safeguard their pockets and they are yours, Mr. Lloyd George. And well Mr. Lloyd George knows it. Strangely enough, the event which may destroy the Bill for the present session is one we should refuse to consider with no pleasure; it is the resolution of the Lords to resist the Veto Bill and to force a General Election or some even more drastic resource on the Government. Two considerations have the statesman that plays the part in determining this new conclusion—the doubt that still exists whether Mr. Asquith has the so-called guarantees or will use them if he has them, and, secondly, doubt as to the real or fancied popularity of the Insurance Bill. The one would embolden the Lords to defy Mr. Asquith to do his worst, and the other would give the Unionists a fighting chance of electoral success. Neither of these two excuses for the Lords appears to us, however, to be more than shadowy. Mr. Asquith was doubtful to blame for creating an impression which was once falsified that he possessed the guarantees when commonly he did not. It is not likely he is not likely to be caught off his guard again. If he has not the King's consent to create five hundred peers, or will not use that consent, it must be because he has guarantees of an equally effective character. We frankly admit that we cannot guess what they are; but that they exist appears to us certain, unless we can contemplate as a reasonable hypothesis Mr. Asquith's political suicide. As for the prospective unpopularity of the Insurance Bill, its worst effects will not be realised until it has been in operation for some months. We understand that Mr. Balfour, among others, is of opinion that the Bill in practice will return the Unionists to power. But while it is still in theory its popularity is unquestioned, and should the Lords by their action imperil it, its popularity will be doubled. The wise Unionist (Party) policy is to pass both the Veto Bill and the Insurance Bill. If the former appears to be death, the latter will give them new life.

** ARMA PARATA FERO. **

[Translated from the German of John Henry Mackay by P. Selver.]

The word ye may prohibit—
The spirit ye cannot slay,
That high above your falsehood,
    Like an eagle soars away!
The word ye may prohibit,
    But yet the sound will swell
Over your heads above you,
    Re-echoing like a knell.
So long 'twill call to action
    The age that sluggish lies,
As for its heedless mother
    The child in longing cries,
Till from the highest summits
    Down to the depths below
The light already falls!
And tho' beneath your falsehood
Many a one sinks and dies,
Straightway another fighter
    In his empty place shall rise.
His word ye may prohibit,
    But his spirit I behold,
How round your shame it hovers
    Like to an eagle hold.
Then on the lifeless ruins
    The New Age shall appear,
And lend to all in friendship
    An ever-ready ear.
Then will the time be with us,
When never, day by day,
The word ye may prohibit
    On parched lips fades away.
When no one more shall venture
    Bold truth a crime to call.
When on the curse of falsehood
    Its lurid ray shall fall.
Then shall we be the victors,
And yours the shame shall be
    That lay like a gloomy shadow
On the path of Liberty.
The brutal senseless power
    Still played their part agin,
That every word of Freedom
    In arrogance derides.
That may ye still prohibit,
    The word; but up on high
The spirit o'er your falsehood
    Doth flie an eagle fly.

JUNE 29, 1911.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

Those prophets who so glibly asserted towards the end of last winter that the downfall of Señor Canalejas's Ministry was imminent have happily been refuted by actual events up to the time of writing. How the spilling of blood, however, will earnestly be refuted by events. Those who dislike the spilling of blood, however, will earnestly hope that it will continue for at least twelve months. It may be said at once that if the present Spanish Government fell there would be no such practically bloodless revolution as that which took place in Portugal; for there are two many conflicting groups. The advanced parties, such as the Republicans and the Socialists, are at loggerheads among themselves; but hardly to a greater extent than the Alfonso Monarchists were some time ago. It is difficult to distinguish where such a party as that of the Liberals, Señor Canalejas is one of them, nominally. The Church is solidly on the side of any party which is Conservative in fact as well as in theory—it is now supporting the "Conservative," but not quite whole-heartedly; because Señor Maura's party sees quite clearly that present relations with the Church cannot continue indefinitely. On the other hand, the Carlists are ready to promise almost anything for the support of the Clericals.

To the impartial onlooker, of course, the whole thing is a rather sordid business. In all these sections and groups which I have referred to, there is no party or group that can properly be called national. Each group is endeavouring to secure its own petty ends, with no thought for the ultimate result of its policy. I do not say that this state of political parties is peculiar to Spain; but in Spain it is peculiarly glaring. What spoils any movement, the movement that is the greatest, is the ignorance of the people (for ignorance in the people is small consequence, and may be a valuable physical asset) but of their leaders, which is a very important matter indeed. The heads of the Socialist and Republican governments in Spain—only to say that they are, have no definite end in view. The destruction of the Monarchy is aimed at, but why this is being done is not clear. Beyond high-falutin' and meaningless phrases, I have never seen any really constructive proposal put forward. This is exactly the complaint I had to make about the Spanish revolutionists when I criticised them nearly a year ago. In the interval they have forgotten much and learnt nothing. They have forgotten how to remain united, and they have learnt nothing more about constructive politics.

On the whole, the Spanish Government has played its cards fairly skilfully during the past eight or ten months. The dispute with the Vatican, and the steady propaganda of the Carlists, are factors which Spanish statesmen still have to consider, in addition to the Monarchist trouble. It may be said at once that if the present Spanish Government fell there would be no such practically bloodless revolution as that which took place in Portugal; for there are too many conflicting groups. The advanced parties, such as the Republicans and the Socialists, are at loggerheads among themselves; but hardly to a greater extent than the Alfonso Monarchists were some time ago. It is difficult to distinguish where such a party as that of the Liberals, Señor Canalejas is one of them, nominally. The Church is solidly on the side of any party which is Conservative in fact as well as in theory—it is now supporting the "Conservative," but not quite whole-heartedly; because Señor Maura's party sees quite clearly that present relations with the Church cannot continue indefinitely. On the other hand, the Carlists are ready to promise almost anything for the support of the Clericals.

The agitation thus started against France has had, on the whole, an effect which is fairly agreeable to the Spanish Government. Constitutional and ecclesiastical questions are looming less large than they did some months ago, and the open-secret treaties with France may after all result in Spain's deriving some advantage from Morocco. In this connection the steps taken by the Spanish Government in landing troops at Larache and "policing" Al-Kazar would appear to be in violation of all the known treaties, secret and otherwise, dealing with Moroccan affairs. As this manoeuvre looks like a deliberate attempt on the part of Spain to join with France in splitting Morocco in half, it has not unnaturally raised the ire of the Moors, already irritated to a considerable extent by the intervention of France. It need not surprise us to read that the Moorish notables are urging the Spanish to undertake a war against Spain, though in the circumstances this is absolutely impracticable.

I hope this short summary of current diplomatic events will enable the reader to judge what the state of Spain is at the present moment. Apart from the machinations of the financiers, there is something about the mere name of Morocco that appeals to the religious imagination of the average fervent Catholic in Spain; for the ultimate conquest and Christianising of the Moors is something which he has long looked forward to.

A Spanish hegemony over Morocco is impossible without grave conflicts with France. Nevertheless, the ideal is always there; and it serves the double purpose of sustaining the patriotism of the people and (occasional-
The Festival of the Coronation.

(With apologies to Theocritus.)

GWENNIE: Hallo, old dear!

TILLY: I'd given you up. Come into the kitchen and have some tea. We'll never be able to get a cup out.

GWENNIE: Even the A.B.C.'s are closed.

TILLY: Squatty-vois.

GWENNIE: Heavens, this rushing! I couldn't find a solitary bus or even a taxi—nothing in the streets but old scraps of newspaper and stray policemen. It's quite uncanny—a sort of Sunday without church bells.

GWENNIE: Pop on your things and let's start. I read in the "Daily Mail" the procession will be wonderful.

TILLY: In the "Daily Mail" everything is wonderful. Do you think I dare risk my best hat?

GWENNIE: Doubtful. I've come out in rags. Trimmed this hat before I got into bed last night. The red velvet's off a cushion cover, my dear, and I picked up the cornflowers for 2½d. a bunch years ago.

TILLY: You're one of those people who never need good clothes. O, you know what I mean. And the hat's sweet—awfully ducky and appropriate. . . . Where is my key? I lose the key of this flat simply through trying to find it.

GWENNIE: Tilly, that skirt suits you down to the ground. Tell me, how much material is there in it?

TILLY: Two yards round, and it's all the fault of "Mary." I hadn't worn more than a yard and a half for months.

GWENNIE: You poor darling. And I'm convinced she won't be happy until she's put the Court into crinolines.

TILLY: Are you ready? Half a minute. I'll just put the milk-can out before I shut the door. (They go out.) Gracious! There isn't even a tram! We'll have to walk all the way to the Tube: you can positively count the people. Perhaps the Coronation has been postponed after all at the last moment. Ask a policeman our quickest way to the line of route. Say "Officer," it makes them so much more attentive.

GWENNIE: Officer, what is the shortest way to reach the crowd?

POLICEMAN: Tube to Piccadilly. No—there's nobody at Piccadilly now. Try Dover Street.

GWENNIE: Thank you. (To Tilly) Let's cross over here.

TILLY: Isn't it all ghastly? I feel as though we were treading on graves.

TILLY: I'll take the tickets. What's that official staring at us for? He'll split his face in half if he yawns like that. Really, you'd think they were running the Tube especially for our benefit. I am glad you came. I'd be terrified alone.

GWENNIE: Isn't it nice to be able to read all the advertisements in comfort? Look at that one—for Beeeny's new novel "Love and the Death's Head" . . . "Brimming goblets of humour. Tipped with the salt foam of never malicious satire . . . it sounds rather fascinating.

TILLY: Here's the train. I can't get into a perfectly empty carriage. There are two men in that "smoker." Jump on.

GWENNIE: I don't like the look of them. Keep a tight hold on your bag when we get out. How they stare! Now they're started humming at us.

TILLY: Oh, they're harmless—humming is complimentary. The serenade dies very hard. . . . Take my arm when we get out and keep as close as possible in the crowd. If you get your arm stretched out, a push from behind, and it would be broken.

GWENNIE: Arrived! Do look at the barricades—like a Russian siege—and that angelic horse with the leopard skin on his back. But where are the people? Ask a policeman what time the crowd is expected.

TILLY: Officer, if we get through the barriers shall we be able to come out again when the crowd arrives? (To Tilly) He won't answer. I think he's asleep.

POLICEMAN: These 'ere barricades won't be used, mum.

GWENNIE: O, there are some people this side—quite a little party—and three more horses. Let's wait and see what happens. I adore listening to other people's conversation. (From a window above a piece of brown paper floats on to Gwennie's hat.) Gracious me! How dangerous! If that had struck one of the horses they'd have stomped. What ever shall I do with it?

VOICE: Make it inter a ball an' stand on it.

GWENNIE: Pooh, that's smart! I don't think this is at all amusing. Ask a policeman what time the procession passes.

TILLY: Officer, will the procession be here soon?

POLICEMAN: 'All past two.

TILLY: And it's not nine o'clock yet. I'm going. Let's try Piccadilly. It's coming on to rain—we'll be more sheltered in the tube.

GWENNIE: Yes, and Appenrodt's may be open. I'm beginning to have a sinking sensation.

TILLY: We'll never be able to get in. . . . Here's a whole live workman in the Tube, Gwennie. I'm getting the giggles.

LIFTMAN: 'Ullo Bill, out to see the troops?

BILL: Wot troops?

LIFTMAN: Coronation!

BILL: Huh! I'm off to work, I am.

GWENNIE: Did you ever! How dark these passages are. . . . I wonder if the procession has started.

TILLY: Where is Piccadilly Circus? These flags make the buildings quite unfamiliar. . . . Why, we're there, Gwennie.

GWENNIE: O, do look at that old man riding round the fountain on a tricycle. Pathetic! Or do you think he's a member of the Secret Police?

TILLY: No, he looks to me like a German tourist. Shall we go and have a sandwich? There's not a soul in the café.

GWENNIE: Fed I must be! Then supposing we go to Oxford Circus and walk from there to Chancery Lane—we'd be near home.

TILLY: I'm quite willing to try. Does the King wear his crown on the return journey?

GWENNIE: No, an ermine thing, I believe, rather like a black and white spotted bathing cap . . . I'll pay, dear. You must let me—it's my shout to-day, because I asked you to come with me. (They go out.)

TILLY: It's raining again. I'll tell you an unromantic fact. I've got a corn on my little toe, and this weather simply makes it shoot. . . . Isn't it a comfort to be with a woman and feel able to say those things? I'd just as soon go about with a woman as with a man.

GWENNIE: Well—I don't know.

COSTER (wheeling a barrow): Try an apple for that face.

TILLY: Rude beast! Isn't it Kipling who says the East End never ought to come West? I quite agree.

GWENNIE: Come home to lunch with me. Are you keen on beef? I've got a delicious piece, cold, and some pickles. We could have a lie down afterwards.

TILLY: I'd love it. It seems to me that on occasions like this the best thing to do is to remain quietly in the house and wait for the evening papers.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.
Tory Democracy.

By J. M. Kennedy.

V.—Liberalism and Conservatism.

The root distinction between the true Conservative and the true Liberal is this: when the Conservative speaks of the "nation" or the "people" or the "Empire," he refers not merely to the people or the condition of things existing in his own time, but he has his mind fixed upon the nation's past and future as well as its present. The Liberal, on the other hand, does not think of the past except with contempt. His mind is all for "progress." He looks upon the innate and inherited forces of man as being susceptible of change from day to day and year to year. He is not concerned with man in his fixed and permanent state, but with some idealistic human being who is in a constant condition of transition from a state of "evil" into a state of "good," the definition of what is good and what is evil naturally varying from generation to generation. The Liberal, in short, cannot understand the influence of tradition and the place tradition occupies, and ought to occupy, in politics, art, literature, or sociology. He sees, as it were, merely the rungs of the ladder, and not the supports holding them together.

There would be much to be said for the Liberal point of view if we awoke every morning to find ourselves in a new world, in a world absolutely uninfluenced by what had been said or done, thought or written, on the previous day, the previous year, or the previous generation. The shadowy Liberal programmes and the cloudy national conceptions of the idealogues would be as useless and foolish as they are now; but, as one day would not be influenced by the happenings of the day before it, and would not have part of its attention fixed upon the day after it, such programmes and conceptions would at all events be harmless in their tendencies.

Unfortunately for Liberalism and the shallow philosophical foundations upon which Liberalism is based, we do not live in such a world. The human race acts on the inherited impulses of millions of years. Every generation is connected with the generation which has gone before and with the generation which is coming after. It is as impossible to escape the past as it is to avoid thinking of the future. Our laws and our religious ceremonies are not the only effects of the former; insurance companies and National Debts are not the only provision for the latter. It would be easy to point to events through the whole course of our outward lives, from the fairy tales we hear in infancy to the fairy tales we tell our own children long afterwards, in order to show that the influence of the past is still upon us. But it is even more upon us in our inward lives—in that realm of the sub-conscious which psychologists are only now beginning to investigate. And all this has its effect on the future. We inherit the characteristics of millions of our ancestors and transmit them unchanged to our descendants.

It is a matter for wonder how few writers on political science seem to have recognised that the men of one generation do not constitute a nation. The nation does not include merely the present generation, but all the generations of the past and, what is more, all the generations to come. The Liberal, supercilious and idealistic, believing that the immutable nature of man is subject to the caprices of change, confines his attention to the things of the present. Idealistic, he yet strives to be "practical," regardless of the truth that extremes meet, and that the so-called "practical" men are often the greatest idealists of all. The Conservative, more faithful to the instincts of his species, compiles his interest in the present with love for the past; and when he builds (whether we use the word in its natural or in its figurative meaning) he builds for his own and also for coming generations.

Confining ourselves to our own country for the present, in order to simplify matters in what form is that tradition manifested in English politics—this tradition that runs like an unending thread from the first generation to the last? It is manifested in the only way possible, in our age-long respect for the hereditary principle—the hereditary principle in connection with the Throne itself, and in connection with the members of the Upper House. With us the hereditary principle is the essence of Conservatism, and this not merely in the dialectical sense of the word, but as a conservation; this principle must be maintained, and the nation takes precedence of parties and party shibboleths. Hence the need, under our democratic system of government, for a Second Chamber which shall be specially distinguished by the hereditary principle as opposed to the ephemeral Lower House, which, no matter what party is in power, necessarily devotes its attention to the transient subjects of the moment and has no time to give to a consideration of what is past. The Lower House in Great Britain is almost necessarily anti-national in the higher political sense of the term, for it does not contain the essential principle of national preservation. Our House of Lords is necessarily national in this one particular, but after all the most important particular. The comfort of the populace, the pensioning of the poor, the education of the young, the insurance of the workman, all these are trifling factors as compared with the supreme factor that every nation must first consider—its self-preservation.

One of the most skilful of modern jurists, Señor Don Antonio Maurs, ex-Premier of Spain (and one of the few men who have applied the genius of a creative artist to the subject of political science), has pointed out that the representative principle of government forbids the representation of the entire nation, curious and aptly has somewhat paradoxical though this statement may appear; for, since the nation includes the past and future as well as the present, how can it be "represented" merely by men of the present? This is not a dialectical quibble, it is one of the most luminous contributions to the study of political science made during the nineteenth century. A Lower House or a merely elective Upper House cannot represent the nation. But government in general is as perfectly carried on as it can be in an imperfect world if the concerns of the moment are dealt with by men appointed for the moment to deal with them, subject to the restriction in all matters of hereditary constitutional elements, who feel themselves responsible, not merely to the passing show, but to their conscience as "conservers" of the nation.

In England, then, the hereditary principle is necessary to any Conservative form of government. In its essential quality it has appealed to the people for centuries. It may not be in favour with the common crowd at all times, but to the common crowd it does not always appeal. The hereditary peers have nobler aims, but these aims, unlike those of the romantic Liberals, are not idealistic, impracticable, and worthless.

THE YELLOW FLOWERS.

(Translated from the Bohemian of Antonin Sova by P. Selver.)

This meadow of Death grows sere in the gloom,
The land is athrob with the lute of Doom.
Someone a blossom asunder strips,
And presses it close to the feverish lips.
The aged folk are on the brink,
And in sips their wine they drink,
Upon their locks the moonlight rests,
On withered skin and drooping breasts.

Still may they tarry for a space,
And still to something turn their face.

The yellow blossoms rustle low,—
They will not die. They answer "No."

(Continued on page 204.)
Pages from a Book of Swells.
By T. H. S. Escott.

IV.—The Swell Ecclesiastical and Mrs. Proudie in the Midlands.

The Church Militant in this month of roses contains no busier, happier, or prouder men than the northern and southern priests, deprived as they are of a moment’s leisure in preparing for the religious functions that belong to the Armistice of crowning King George. The pageants two ecclesiastics personify in themselves every phase of theological contradiction and religious difference which, distributed over the length and breadth of the land, and incarnated in a priesthood whose members are at loggerheads amongst themselves, represent the ecclesiastical organisation and force of a great people. All earlier descriptions of Church types are now out of date. Any fresh account of them, that it may be accurate to-day, may be made obsolete before the Westminster memorial, now filling the public mind to the exclusion of all other subjects, has taken its place among the pageants of history.

The recent Convocation debates on the proposed revision of the Athanasian Creed were summed up by a way of the Established Church in the words: "This is the Catholic Faith, but whether you believe it or not is a matter of no consequence."

Among the wearers of lawn sleeves, now as always, some may be called Romanists in all but name. That representation does not pertain to the episcopal tendency most distinctive of the time. You enter a cathedral temple in the capital or the provinces, and see in the pulpit a surpliced preacher whose official robe conceals the black frock coat, the high waistcoat, and the clerical collar cut like a jam pot, with an expression on his face which tells of indifferent health and of general discomfort. The features are pointed, the chin is fringed with a reddish-yellow beard. If you have any experience of the divine service, you know the physical presence of a high sacramental dealer in the higher clergy. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical criticism. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical presence of a high sacramental dealer in the higher clergy. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical criticism. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical presence of a high sacramental dealer in the higher clergy. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical criticism. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical presence of a high sacramental dealer in the higher clergy. Destructive analysis and ecclesiastical criticism.

The good lady who bears the episcopal name knows exactly what is thought and said on these subjects in every corner of the see. The local queens and princesses of society once induced her to attend one of their bridge parties. What she saw then showed her that the real attraction of these gatherings lay much less in the gambling than in those social accessories which would not be less palatable for a private’s palace than a rich stockbroker’s mansion. She therefore started a series of Tuesday meetings to which her lady friends might, if they cared, bring their work, and at which they were to discuss the social and educational wants of the poor throughout the Mozambique diocese. The rank, wealth, and fashion of the town had begun to get a little tired of the everlasting card parties, with their feeble imitations of metropolitan smartness. The modern Mrs. Proudie as a sixty years old woman was not her prototype in Trollope’s fiction, secured for her weekly reunions better names than often figured in the bridge players’ visiting list. Mrs. Ponsoby de Tomkyns had at first been determined to resent Mrs. Proudie’s encroachments as those of a rival. She was, however, soon constrained to confess that the bishop’s wife showed herself a past mistress in every kind of organisation, and that her smallest philanthropic undertakings were carried through with a completeness that left all her own schemes of frivolity at a distance. To provide the toothless poor of Mozambique with the dentures necessary for digestion seemed simple enough when the first drawing room meeting about the subject at the palace had been held. Still, it would never have been heard of but for Mrs. Proudie’s individual initiative. The same, too, might be said about innumerable other designs growing out of the Tuesday afternoons for ladies at the palace. The Proudies, as now brought up to date, respectively aim, the gentleman at making the Church doctrinally elastic, and spiritually without prejudice or conviction, the lady at putting it in a condition, as a fashionable residence, to hold its own against the greater attractions of the world, the devil, and dissent. So in the eighteenth century, Warburton, the episcopal author of “The Divine Legation,” wished to combat the lethargy and decomposition of the religious system of his country by making some innovations in the ecclesiastical religion. His own Church be compared to Noah’s Ark surrounded by a howling waste of waters. Nevertheless, he admitted there might be a doubt whether even the desolating floods without might not be less intolerable than the stench of the beasts within.
Small Holdings.
By A. P. Grenfell.

"Large and Small Holdings." By Dr. Levy. (Cambridge University Press, 2d ed. 7s. net.)

"A Few Acres and a Cottage." By F. E. Green. (Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Dairying that Pays." By H. L. Putley. (1s. net.)

"Small Farming that Pays." By Thos. Allen. (1s. net.)

"The New Market-Gardening." (Cable Printing and Publishing Co. 6d. net.)

The small landowner, whose story as told by Mr. John- son was recently reviewed in these columns, usually farmed his own land. His disappearance paved the way for the increase of large holdings. For practical purposes the process began with the enclosures of the second half of the eighteenth century. These served the ends of the larger owners and the class of big tenant farmers which then began to arise, for great properties and large farms go together; but the small men were destroyed and sunk into the growing ranks of the landless labourer. Shut out from free grazing, the holdings of the cottagers became uneconomic, and most of them had to be sold. At first the yeomen appeared for the most part to have held their own fairly well. They seem to have disappeared during the last decades of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century. At whatever period the change took place, Dr. H. Levy, in his "Large and Small Holdings," leaves us in little doubt about the cause.

Owing to the increase of population, bad harvests, and the Napoleonic wars, the price of bread rose enormously, and there was a steady and growing demand for more corn land. Arable farming became more profitable, while the other branches declined, since the decrease of wages led to a demand for their yield of meat, dairy, and market garden produce. Under these conditions the large arable holding was more profitable than the small. "It was more economical in the use of horses and ploughs, and it had the advantage in the separation of management from manual labour, in the greater education possessed by the larger farmer, and in his larger capital, which enabled him to introduce the new methods at a low relative cost."

Marshall, as quoted by Dr. Levy, wrote of the Norfolk yeomen that "many, seeing men whom they lately held their inferiors raised by an excessive profit which had recently been made by farming, became dissatisfied with the homeliness of their situation and sought their comparatively small patrimonies in order that they might, agreeably with the fashion or frenzy of the day, become great farmers." After the war the price of wheat fell in spite of the Corn Laws, and it was during this period that the final disappearance of the yeomanry took place. "The greater part of this class had already vanished in the previous period, having preferred the position of a large farmer to that of a small owner. Those who had not made that really beneficial exchange burdened their estates with mortgages and attempted with the capital so raised to increase the falling profits of their small holdings." But "their decreased profits no longer sufficed to keep up the interest on their mortgages, and they either sold their land or were foreclosed on. Their estates were swallowed up by the great landlord and the large farmer."

As for the labourer, "the large farmers found the underpaid labourer who worked to a less demand for horses and machinery, were blind to the natural outcome of this selfish attitude. The growing antagonism of class interests as it exists on the land at the present day has been their reward.

After the abolition of the Corn Laws, mixed farming to yield meat as well as grain replaced most of the old arable farms. This system suited the large holdings well, and so long as prices were good the big farmers held their own.

It was in the 'eighties, when improvements in transport had exercised their full effect, that the great lowering of meat and corn prices led to the depression in agriculture—above all on the large and middle-sized farms. It is commonly thought the smaller men, many of whom were still paying improvements in places and discharging rents, were blind to the natural outcome of this selfish attitude. The growing antagonism underpaid labour of the landless rate-aided labourers sold their land or were foreclosed on. Their estates up the interest on their mortgages, and they either having preferred the position of the yeoman took place. The reason as Dr. Levy explains, is that, with the low price of meat and bread, there was a large and growing demand for fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce. For this the large farm was ill-adapted. A cow-keeping, market gardening, and dairy work did require the care which was ensured by the personal interest of the small farmer, but never given by the wage labourer."

By this means alone the small holder in the western counties, with every possible disadvantage compared with the large farmer, of high rents, poor education, a narrow outlook, and bad markets, was able to hold his own.

An admirable final chapter shows that the present trend of social and political reformers in favour of small holdings is justified on an economic basis. The obstacles first the large farmers and the small farmers of the older agriculture, and are not merely sceptical about, but actually opposed to, the new movement. There are also the opposition of the large farmers and the difficulty of providing buildings. Of the three, the question of new buildings is the most serious. True, an answer may be outside the limits Dr. Levy has set himself, but he shows such insight into the views of Liberal land reformers that he surely could have told us if they had one. The Liberal Party as a whole suffers from the lack of a consistent land policy, or, if there is one, will not find the money for it. Landlords and large farmers control the councils, and thus cannot be forced to carry out schemes of which they disapprove; or, if they could be forced, the party shrinks from the social upheaval that would result. The only other way is to use national funds, as in Ireland, but controlled by special commissioners and not by hostile councils. A suggestion of this kind recently made by Alderman W. Thompson is badly needed by his party if it wishes for a more fruitful policy.

Nothing is said in the book about Scotland, and it is true the author has missed the advent of social reform in Out- waite's reports to the "Daily News." Economic small holdings cannot be established in the Highlands by a vain attempt to restore the old crofting conditions, but success is possible with the aid of State afforestation.

Dr. Levy has dealt fully with the history and political economy of small holdings. In "A Few Acres and a Cottage," Mr. F. E. Green enlarges on their social aspect, and tells us how to work one. As befits an occupier of some twenty acres, his husbandry is that of cows, poultry, and fruit on a small scale. He takes us pleasantly through the seasons, and his book is well fitted to enlighten the townsman, who looks forward to a small holding, on what lies before him. Where pigs are kept and Jersey cows, butter making at any price from 13d. a week upwards may be said to pay, though, of course, these are retail prices not to be gained by a large dairy farmer. Mr. Green rightly upholds the cultivation of fodder crops as against laying down all the land outside the orchard to permanent pasture. The difficulty in England is that small holders have not yet learnt to co-operate in the use of horses and machinery.

Co-operation in buying is easier, and we are shown that savings of cent, per cent, are often to be made in the purchase of artificial manure. Mr. Green does not profess to give a thorough course of technical instruction in modern husbandry. Doubtless the old small holders can carry on for a time without it, as they have done hitherto where economic conditions have led to their survival; but for the new statutory holder
The Don in Arcadia.

By G. F. Abbot

The Secret of the Sea.

"Behold the Sea!" cried Chestnuton, as we suddenly came upon the shore. "Allow me to present to you one of my best friends," he added, bowing solemnly first to the waves and then to me. "I am more beholden to you for your kindness," said I. "But don't you think it somewhat arrogant to claim exclusive acquaintance with an element so familiar to everybody as to constitute what one might call common property?"

"Not at all. Familiarity is one thing, intimacy another. Many can boast the first; the second is a privilege limited to the Elect. I am one of these. When I feel happy, the Sea dances and laughs with me for joy. When I dream, she plashes gently beside me and murmurs a low lullaby that makes my dreams go more smoothly. And when," he screamed, waving his cudgel excitedly over his green hat—"when I feel that no gift in life is so good as strength to do and dare, to fight and conquer, then the Sea leaps in high-crested might, dashing everything weak aside, as she rolls on with the roar of a million lions enraged. From this you can judge how intimate is the correspondence between us." "My dear Chestnuton," said I. "I have already demonstrated to you the fallacy of all this." And, moved less by any hope of instructing him than by the combative instinct in me which his passionate extravagances aroused, I proceeded to give my compatriot once more the true scientific explanation of his sentiment, telling him plainly that he mistook physical motion for spiritual emotion. "The error," I said, "is pardonable. The apparent infinity of the sea, its ceaseless noise and perpetual variety of colour naturally mislead you into the belief that it possesses a conscious individuality. But, of course, it possesses nothing of the kind. The Sea is nothing more than a quantity of salt water agitated by the wind."

Chestnuton shook his head. "You are a materialist, and so the Sea is nothing to you but a quantity of salt water. To me she is a living thing: a thing with a character and a will of its own—even in her most passive moods vibrant, palpitating with life. But that is not all. I possess a conscious mind, and that is the privilege limited to the Elect. I am one of these."

"The same thing might be said about a good many of us," I remarked, sympathetically. "Very few human beings can yet be described as finished men. Most of us still carry some remains of the inferior zoological stage from which we have evolved. If Darwin's theory is true, we all were once—"

"You are a materialist," Chestnuton interrupted me. "And the Sea is nothing but a quantity of salt water agitated by the wind."

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Chestnuton paid no attention to my remarks, but went on: "These traces make up my earliest memories of existence. But they are blurred by the lapse of time. How to restore them to their vividness? How to regain a perfect comprehension of the Sea? How to recover the key to her secret? This is the problem I strive to solve. Do you not agree that something must be said about what it is. Now and then, for brief instants, I have gleams of sudden illumination. But before I can give shape to the thought that craving for utterance, the light has gone out, and the message has vanished undelivered. This is the tragedy of my life. Tell me, O Sea, thy secret—"

"The music of the sea," I interrupted him at length, "has a powerful attraction for me also. It is, indeed, if I may say so, the only kind of music I can
tolerate. I am constitutionally very susceptible to noises, you know; but the sound of the waves as they break on the beach does not annoy me. There is something unconscious and unpredmeditated about it, something obviously devoid of malice aforethought, something quite different from the deliberate, calculated cruelty of mechanical music—a thing that always either drives me desperate or drugs me into a restless doze.

I spoke at random, scarce knowing what I said, but only anxious to divert my companion's thoughts into a less morbid channel. Of course, I failed.

"It is not the music so much as the meaning of the waves that exercises my soul," he said.

"By the time we got back to the..."

"What spell has bound thy waters? What charm has charmed the..."

"What does the Sea say to the Moon?" a small, plaintive voice whispered out of the darkness.

"What the Sea says to the Moon no mortal may know," another small voice answered out of the darkness. "The Sea and the Moon murmur one song: the sweet, melancholy, sacred song of the Night—the song of a loveliness that has never been uttered, of a peace that has never been broken, of a happiness such as the heart of man has ever yearned after and known never, save for moments rare, brief, and fleeting, like... you know..."
me with small confidence. Shapes of vapour make cheerless companions. I am sure I could never be comfortable in Shadowland.

Time was when illusions of this sort were in their place—that was the nursery age of mankind: the age when lead soldiers fought real battles, and the death of a doll was mourned with real tears as a serious calamity. But, alas! my dear Chestnuton, we have grown since those days. We have grown old beyond the possibility of rejuvenation. We have grown irretrievably wise. We cannot, if we would, again mistake bits of painted lead for living soldiers. We now know that a doll is but a doll—a thing of wax and fluffy tow, stuffed with sawdust. It is the same with all other illusions. Dreams were once regarded as messages from the gods. We now know that they are physiological states. The pineal gland was once believed to be the seat of the soul. And fluffy tow, stuffed with sawdust, was once regarded as messages from the gods. We now know, thanks to morphology, that it is the pineal gland and found no gods or goddesses thereon, but only dead rocks. We have snatched the thunderbolts from the grasp of Zeus, and, behold! they are no bolts at all, but mere electrical phenomena. We have examined the rainbow, and found it to be simply an effect of light acting upon drops of moisture. We have analysed the blue of the sea and sky, and discovered that both the terrible Ocean and the proud Heavens are nothing but vast gas-gazes.

It may be said, my dear Chestnuton—all awakenings from beautiful dreaming are sad—and it would, perhaps, be pleasant to be able to play on the nursery floor again; but there is a time for all things: the beautiful childishness of childhood is no ornament to age. Imagine you and me in pinafors! It is ludicrous, my friend—nay, tragic—as second childhood.

Books and Persons.

By Jacob Tonson.

LIKE every thoughtful person, except (I am informed) the King, I departed from London at the end of the week preceding the Coronation, so as to leave more room for the simplicity of visitors, and arrived in Paris just in time for the final performance there of the Russian ballet: which spectacle was as ravishing as ever. I found it, too, that London would comprehend the significance of the new ballet "Petrouchka" (certainly not well understood in Paris), and what on earth London would say to the overwhelming voluptuousness of "Schéhérazade." A French critic said to me, "It is the most usual thing I ever saw on the stage." A remark which carried weight, coming from an individual so experienced in the Paris theatre. Only the extreme candour of the action saves it from being impossible in representation. London is conceivably capable of seeing naught in it but a children's fairy tale. In Rome the public received the Russian ballet at least once with hisses and with whistling. Not at all because of its sensuality, but because of itsretticule. It is contrary to the Italian tradition! In Milan, however, the modesty of the fashionable classes was outraged in a most curious manner by "Cleopatra," a ballet which in the ingenious savagery of its licence rivals "Schéhérazade." In "Cleopatra" a tent was formed by slaves around Cleopatra and her lover. Milan found the veils too suggestive, and the prefect of the city insisted on them being abolished. This is one of the strangest examples of Mrs. Grundyism in the annals of art. Whatever may be the effect of the Russian ballet upon London in general, there are a few people in London, as there were a few people in Paris, clever and sensitive enough to perceive that the inventors and producers and dancers of the ballets have produced something more than that which has no character—that is to say, that which offers no exterior or interior truth. Rodin says, further on: "For the artist the universe is an infinite delight, even in suffering, even in the death of loved beings, and even in the treason of a friend, he finds the tragic beauty of admiration. Sometimes his heart is in torment, but more keenly even than his pain he experiences the bitter joy of understanding and explaining." I think that this last phrase is one of the most striking that I have ever come across in the eternal discussion of Art. The end of the conversation is also excellent: "When the artist sees beings destroying each other, youth fading, vigour weakening, genius expiring, when he sees face to face the Will which decreed all these sombre laws, then more than ever he rejoices in knowledge and, bursting with truth, he can perhaps see in these extracts fair specimens of the quality of the whole book. And I hope they make it plain that the book is really an-

world, Nijinsky remains absolutely incomparable. When I see Nijinsky I am inclined to say what Emerson said when he went through the ordeal of seeing Fanny Ellsler. I will not quote the remark. It would sound odd to-day.

On the same day that I saw "Petrouchka," "Schéhérazade," and "Le Spectre de la Rose," I received a copy of Auguste Rodin's book entitled "L'Art" (Bernard Grasset, six francs net, illustrated), which incidentally is enormously explained and defended the said ballets. It is a very striking volume. It contains, not Rodin's writing, but Rodin's talking, set down and collected in a series of conversations by Paul Gsell, together with a preface describing the environment in which the talking occurred. We now know, thanks to morphology, that it is the pineal gland and found no gods or goddesses thereon, but only dead rocks. We have snatched the thunderbolts from the grasp of Zeus, and, behold! they are no bolts at all, but mere electrical phenomena. We have examined the rainbow, and found it to be simply an effect of light acting upon drops of moisture. We have analysed the blue of the sea and sky, and discovered that both the terrible Ocean and the proud Heavens are nothing but vast gas-gazes.

The conversation upon the thesis, "To the artist everything in nature is beautiful," is the most important, and has rightly been placed first. It arose out of Rodin's triumph of ugliness, "La Belle Heaulmière," the withered courtesan. Rodin develops and illustrates this thesis with a remarkable skill of persuasiveness. He arrives, after his preliminaries, at the following: "The beautiful in art is solely that which has character. Character is the intense truth of any natural spectacle, beautiful or ugly. . . . Now for the great artist everything in nature offers character, for the uncompromising frankness of his observation penetrates the hidden sense of everything. . . . And that which is considered ugly in nature often presents more character than that which is called beautiful, because in the nervous irritation of an unhealthy physiognomy, in the creases of a withered face, in the wantonness of a form, in the evil, the decay, the interior truth shines out more clearly than in regular and healthy features. And as it is solely the power of character which makes beauty in art, it often happens that to the eye a being is hideous, the more beautiful he is in art. Nothing is ugly in art except that which has no character—that is to say, that which offers no exterior or interior truth." This statement of the difference between the standard of beauty in nature and the standard of beauty in art, is exceedingly suggestive. It has not been so stated before, for the reason that nothing is ever said twice.

Rodin says, further on: "For the artist the universe is an infinite delight, even in suffering, even in the death of loved beings, and even in the treason of a friend, he finds the tragic beauty of admiration. Sometimes his heart is in torment, but more keenly even than his pain he experiences the bitter joy of understanding and explaining." I think that this last phrase is one of the most striking that I have ever come across in the eternal discussion of Art. The end of the conversation is also excellent: "When the artist sees beings destroying each other, youth fading, vigour weakening, genius expiring, when he sees face to face the Will which decreed all these sombre laws, then more than ever he rejoices in knowledge and, bursting with truth, he can perhaps see in these extracts fair specimens of the quality of the whole book. And I hope they make it plain that the book is really an-
portant and original and provocative contribution to its subject—the most difficult and baffling of all subjects. I should like to see it translated into English. I should particularly like to see it rammed down the throats of our chief mandarins and mandarincic parasites.

**Unedited Opinions.**

**Contempt for Man.**

Half the paradoxes depend for their truth on the fact that what men do is usually the complement of what they profess. What are you thinking of now? I am reflecting that in practice the best friends of man are those who in profession despise him, while man's worst enemies are his loudest professional friends; also on the equally striking fact that the most practical men are in practice devoted to abstractions, and the most metaphysical in practice to the individual. Strange, is it not?

 Doubtless; but I am not yet in possession of your idea. Have you remarked how often the self-styled cynic turns out to be the most benevolent of men, and the self-styled humanitari to be the brute in the treatment of men? But that is not the most vivid example, by any means, nor the most general. For more vivid examples you must examine the doings of the apostles of the great blonde beast, who profess to be panting for the extinction of the mob (meaning men in general). Between you and me, I have invariably found them kind to the point of tenderness to the individuals they meet. Swift was an historic example; he hated men, but he loved Tom, Dick, and Harry. There are plenty of modern Swifts. But the more general instance of what I mean is to be found among the adherents of what is called (of course, by themselves) Liberalism. You refer to the political creed? Still more to the implications on which the creed rests. I mean the whole foundation of the propaganda of the rights of man. Briefly, it is empty bunkum, hollow in its assumptions, and empty in its practical conclusions. Every professed Liberal is in practice a misanthrope. The louder his professions of philanthropy, the more vigorously must men look to save their skins. Surely your paradox is a little familiar, if it is not already a platitude. Even Dickens did not invent it. But I would give it freshness by a more general application. Dickens's Stigginses and Chadbands were supposed to be types, and comparatively rare. On the contrary, I see their spirit almost everywhere, but most clearly amongst the preachers of progress whom you call Liberals and Democrats. You may throw into the same boiling practically all the writers and journalists of the day, all the humbugs who cater for the dear people, all the devotees of patriotism, all the popular professions, and, in fact, ninety-nine out of every hundred of the leaders of thought, religion, literature, art, politics, science, and so on. Every man who professes himself devoted to the interests of man is a blackguard.

To put it mildly, is not that slightly exaggerated? Understated, I do believe. One practical friend of man in every hundred is a generous almoner. Think of how many that would make in England alone. Why, we should have Eden back in a generation! But what you want, I suppose, is evidence. Well, to begin with, are you satisfied with what satisfies the Liberal in his provision for man? Granted that he should obtain for men all he has promised them, would you be satisfied with it? For example, he wants for all men a certain minimum of housing, food, clothing, education, liberty, and so on. But my complaint of him is that these very minima are brutally inadequate. They are just sufficient for pigs, but no man who could be satisfied with them is fit to live.

Persoanal, perhaps, they would not satisfy me; but surely they are found sufficient by the masses of the people. I have caught you, my friend, in the very act of Liberalising! These conditions are not good enough for you, but they are good enough for anybody else. Precisely what the progressivists act upon. And with what result? Look about you. The books, newspapers, and journals given to the mob to read are designed to be exactly good enough for the mob, but not for the individual. Similarly the houses, the conveniences, the amenities, the travelling facilities, the conditions of labour, the refinements of the very streets and roads provided by our crowd of professed philanthropists are intended for that abstraction, the people, but they are one and all abhorrent to the individual. I tell you again your Liberal, in professing his love for the people, practises his hatred of the individuals of whom the people is composed.

But how on earth does he come to be so contrary in his conduct to his intention? You must allow that he means well, even if he does ill. Save your apologies. I think I know how the demophile comes to be in practice the worst enemy of the people. He is intent on saving them from their one means of salvation, which is to cease to exist. Is it a riddle?

If so, the answer will require some attention. Are you aware that the one thing an individual dreads is to be merged in a mob? And why? Because in thus congealing he reverts to an inferior order of being—no doubt of that whatever. But it is precisely this inferior order of being that we call a mob, or "the people," which politicians, etc., find most easy to handle. Hence their habitual endeavours to keep the mob a mob and to reduce every collection of individuals to the mob-state. Think of the effect that discipline in the Army is deliberately designed to produce. The same responsive homogeneity of the people is produced and maintained in society by similar means—the means being, as I have said, barack and uniform conditions for everybody not wealthy enough in money or soul to purchase an officer's commission or complete exemption from mob service. That would be all very well if it were true that Tom, Dick, and Harry dreed being merged in the mob. They don't! They love mingling and losing their personalities in the mass, whether the mass be a crowd, a regiment, or a people. Far from regarding it as degrading, they regard it as elevating. And the men who can make of them a mob they admire most of all.

How horribly true what you say seems to be! But, for all its appearance of truth, I deny it. Tom, Dick, and Harry, if you get them each by himself done, will tell you that they hate their mobilisation. Mobilise them, and, of course, their own voice is no longer heard. In this case what everybody says is a lie; only the individual speaks the truth. And the truth is that every member of the mob hates the mob and actually loves whoever would make the mob impossible, though with his mob-voice he professes to love the mob and in his mob-conduct does actually put to death or silence anyone who threatens its existence. By no other reasoning can you explain the successive crucifixion and canonisation of the great lovers of men and haters of man.

But have you any theory which accounts for all these cross-purposes of the world?

None but the very oldest of all, the theory of the Fall and the Redemption, now superficially disguised as Evolution. What is that?

The theory of Evolution, as you know, dispenses with the logical necessity of a Fall and begins ab ovo. But how the deuce, as George asked, did the apple get into the dumpling? What are we evolving that was not once involved? And is not Involvation the Fall? But the point is that the mob is still involved. Evolution is its differentiation into individuals. A hard job, and against the current.
THE NEW BEDFORD. By Walter Sickert.
An Ethiopian Saga.
By Richard Haigh.

CHAPTER X.

When Raasa, the messenger, had finished speaking, Koloani the Chief beckoned Chuaani, his uncle, that he should follow him, and left the Mochabato and went to Chuaani's hut and spake, saying, "Arouse the youth Jamba and send him to me, but tell him nought. I will return with him to Moali. Collect thou thy Warriors and Young Men and follow quickly after us, that snake swallow not snake." And the meaning of the Chief was that a greater evil follow not upon the first. And Koloani said, "We must act now. We shall mourn for ever."

Then when Chuaani had aroused Jamba, the son of Bama, and brought him to the Chief, Koloani said, "Come, Son of the Warrior, we will return." And Chuaani called two of his men and told them to go with the Chief also, following on behind. Then they set off immediately, and Jamba marvelled at this manner of going, which was not as, with a chief, is usual.

When they were without the village and on the way, Koloani the Chief called Jamba to his side and began in gentle wise to tell the youth of the word which Raasa, the messenger, had brought to them. The Chief spoke of Manok, the long Warrior, also raised his arm and shook his spear; and Jamba, the son of the Warrior, also raised his arm and shook his spear; and they shouted aloud, "Revenge!" and sprang forward. And so Jamba heard of these doings.

CHAPTER XI.

While Koloani the Chief and Jamba and the two who were with them were approaching Moali, but were yet a good way off, they saw men coming towards them; soon they could tell that there were five men, who carried, besides their spears and clubs, bundles as of blankets or goods. And they were running.

And Koloani, the Chief, and Jamba and the two who were with them, they all stood still and waited until the Five came up. And they chanted, his eyes lit up again and his step grew light. And Jamba, the son of the Warrior, also raised his arm and shook his spear; and they shouted aloud, "Revenge!" and sprang forward. And so Jamba heard of these doings.

CHAPTER XII.

When Koloani the Chief and Jamba, the son of Bama, had returned some way, they met men of the village of Tlapakun coming towards them. These were Young Men and Warriors with their spears and their clubs, and some had shields made of raw hide which would turn a spear. And there were in Companies of tens and twenties, and in larger companies, and their movement was like a dance, but they came swiftly on. Before each Company moved a man who chanted a war song, and those behind him also joined in the chant; and he in front sometimes sprang high in the air and clashed his spears upon his shield; then in a while another from the Company sprang forward and took up the song and led; and he who had been in front then joined the others as they came up.

When the Chief came near to the first of these companies he held up his spear, and at the sign the leader of the company stood still, and those behind him moved not forward but continued to dance and to sing as before, stamping hard upon the ground. And when Koloani the Chief saw these Warriors dancing, and the greater companies coming on after, and heard the words of the War Song which they chanted, his eyes lit up again and his step grew light. And Jamba, the son of the Warrior, also grasped his spear and sprang forward, and the other company, being hot; and Jamba hoped that the Chief would turn again and lead them, even so, against the men of Niliisseti, who had brought them so great evil.

But Koloani said to the leader of the company, "Turn again, Man of the Company! I am the leader of the village of Chuaani and has taken it by cunning. Now who can tell of the distress of Koloani the Chief at hearing this? Jamba and all those about him cast themselves down upon the road. But Koloani was a Chief and a Leader of Men; and after he had stood for a short while in silence he spake to Holpa and told him to ride, and the Four with him, and to take again their spears and their blankets.

And Koloani the Chief spake to the Five and told them to go off quickly, each in a different direction, and to carry the news to his people; to tell them what they had seen, and that the Chief was alive and would surely be avenged upon Kundu. And the people were to Prepare themselves, for Koloani was with Chuaani, his uncle, at his village and was making ready. And Koloani waited not to choose his words, but sent them off quickly, for he knew that Kundu would lose no time but would send his word immediately throughout the country.

Now when the Five had gone off, each his own way, Koloani the Chief spake to the leader of the company at Tlapakun and said, "Harken now, ye men of Chuaani. Ye have heard that which has been told. Kundu and his army are at Moali. Continue ye now, therefore, towards Moali, and, as ye are men of Years and Wisdom, see that ye come again to me at the house of Chuaani in the early morn with knowledge of that which is done at Moali this day." And they said, "We will do even as the Chief has said." And they saluted the Chief and went their way towards Moali.

Then Koloani the Chief looked towards the young man Jamba, and Jamba bowed his head before the Chief, and the Chief turned again towards Tlapakun, the Place of the Black Rocks, the village of Chuaani, his uncle, and began to return to that place. And Jamba, the son of Bama the Warrior, followed behind the Chief; and their feet were heavy and there was no life in them. So they moved slowly on their way.
And Koloani gave orders for a man to be sent with this word to each of the companies which were coming on. So, with Messengers and young men who had gone out returned again with Koloani to Tapakun, the Place of the Black Rock.

Now when Koloani the Chief and the young man Jamba and the others with them came again to the village with Chuaani the day was far advanced; and Chuaani the Hairy One, when he saw the Chief approaching, went forth to meet him; and Koloani the Chief spoke to Chuaani by the way and told him what he had heard concerning the village of Moali, and what he had done with the five Young Men.

And Koloani said, "There is much to be done, Chuaani, Man of my House, and first as concerns thine own safety and thy village. Call again thy Old Men and Councillors and consider this thing: But for me, I have been sorely buffeted this day so that my head is numb and there is nothing clear before my eyes. Take thou, therefore, the direction of all things until I come again refreshed to the Council."

And Chuaani led the Chief at once to his Sabolo, and Jamba also went in with them. The Chief cast himself down upon a couch, and Chuaani went out again to the Mochabato, the Place of Council.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now about the turn of day a man came running. He was Rutapi, of the House of Laku, one of the five whom Koloani the Chief had sent with tidings of the slaying. And there were some outside the gates who told him that Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani, sat in the Place of Council, but Koloani was in the house of the Hairy One.

So Rutapi came to the Sabolo, and the Chief was in the court yard before the house. And Tamba brought Rutapi before the Chief, and Rutapi spoke and said again: And Koloani the Chief said, "What hast thou to say?"

And Rutapi, of the House of Laku, answered sorrowfully, "I will tell it quickly, O Chief, for it is ill news. Messengers from the enemy have been to Hangi, Head of Botsabi, thy village, and he has sent his brother with a gift to Kundu. Five oxen he gave, and offered a greeting to Kundu; and, to win favour with that Fighter-in-the-Dark, Hangi has sent word that thou, O Chief, art here with Chuaani. This was done before the setting of last night's moon."

And the Chief said, "Is it even so? Yet Hangi was ever known as a Coward and of mean heart. There are men of Kundu here from Moali who came in last night and ev'ry word that Hangi utter'd."

Then Koloani sent one to bring the men who had come from Moali, from the Chief Kundu. And this one went to a large hut which stood a little apart and had a Wall round it, and he found the five men in the yard between the wall and the hut. The hut was well built and comfortable, for there were mats and skins, and stools to sit upon, and water was there in pots, and All that was needed was there, and the men had kept their food had been brought to them. But the men had not been allowed to move about the Village or to talk with any of the people.

Now he who had been sent spoke to the five men and they took up their blankets and followed him. And when they came to the Mochabato, Chuaani went out and came quickly to Koloani the Chief and told him.

Then the Chief took a Kaross which Chuaani, his uncle, had given him, and drew it under his right arm and fastened it over his left shoulder. And the Kaross was made of the skin of a large tiger, and round the tiger skin were the skins of twelve jackals. The Kaross was very beautiful and such as a Chief will wear.

And Koloani came to the Place of Council, and Chuaani the Hairy One walked behind the Chief.

Now, when Koloani, the Chief, entered through the gate to the Mochabato, the Place of Council, all those who were there stood up and struck their hands together, as is their way, and greeted the Chief with fine words and titles also.

But the five men who had come from the Chief Kundu were sore afraid; two, who were from the village Nilisetsi, also stood up and struck their hands and saluted the Chief of Moali. But they were men of the village Moali, threw themselves upon their faces to the ground and looked not up again, for they had thought their Chief was dead, and now Koloani stood before them. And they were utterly ashamed and afraid for their lives.

Now, Koloani entered not in the place of Council to sit down, as is the way, but stood within the Gate only. And Koloani looked round first upon the Old Men and the Councillors and then looked the Chief upon the two men who had brought the message to Chuaani from Kundu; but the three upon the ground the Chief saw not, neither did his eyes once rest upon them.

And Koloani spoke to the two men of the Chief Kundu and said, "Hear, ye men of Kundu, and take my words to the Chief and say—From Koloani, Chief of Moali, and all its villages and land, to Kundu. 'Thou hast come in the night, stealthily, as becomes thy name well, and hast fallen upon my House and upon the households of my Friends. Thou hast slain them; men of honour and their sons! In the darkness it was done.'"

And Koloani spoke to the two men of the Chief Kundu and said, "Thou hast come in the night, stealthily, as becomes thy name well, and hast fallen upon my House and upon the households of my Friends. Thou hast slain them; men of honour and their sons! In the darkness it was done.'"

And Koloani gave orders for a man to be sent with this word to each of the companies which were coming on. So, with Messengers and young men who had gone out returned again with Koloani to Tapakun, the Place of the Black Rock.

Now when Koloani the Chief and the young man Jamba and the others with them came again to the village with Chuaani the day was far advanced; and Chuaani the Hairy One, when he saw the Chief approaching, went forth to meet him; and Koloani the Chief spoke to Chuaani by the way and told him what he had heard concerning the village of Moali, and what he had done with the five Young Men.

And Koloani said, "There is much to be done, Chuaani, Man of my House, and first as concerns thine own safety and thy village. Call again thy Old Men and Councillors and consider this thing: But for me, I have been sorely buffeted this day so that my head is numb and there is nothing clear before my eyes. Take thou, therefore, the direction of all things until I come again refreshed to the Council."

And Chuaani led the Chief at once to his Sabolo, and Jamba also went in with them. The Chief cast himself down upon a couch, and Chuaani went out again to the Mochabato, the Place of Council.
“I go now to bring my charge against thee to the White Men and to make known that which thou hast done. Kundu! Beware of me when I come again.

And Koloani said to the two men: “These my words give to Kundu and let him prepare quickly, for before the rising of the moon I shall be far upon my way.”

Then Koloani the Chief looked round once more upon the Old Men and Councillors. And he turned to Chuaani the Hairy One and said, “Return in peace, Chuaani, my uncle, thou and all this people.” And Koloani went out from the Mochabato, the Place of Council, and Chuaani followed after the Chief.

CHAPTER XV.

Now when they came to the Sabolo of Chuaani, Koloani said, “Return thou, my uncle, and let the men be kept here until I have set forth. Place good food before them and drink, that their bellies also speak well of thee.

“And speak thou and thy councillors even lightly of me before them; and bow thy head before Kundu, and send presents to him by men of thy council. It must be so.

“I go now to prepare, and will send for thee when I am ready.”

And Chuaani the Hairy One came again to the Mochabato, the Place of Council, and did as the Chief had said. And he gave orders, and a fat goat was brought in and shown to the men, and the goat was then taken out and killed to be meat for them.

Then called Chuaani two of the councillors by name, and they went out; and Chuaani said, “Ye have heard the words of Koloani the Chief, will ye go with him?”

And the two spake together and said, “We will go with the Chief.”

And Chuaani said, “It is good. Seek ye now ten men of Valour and understanding for a guard, and that the Chief shall not go unattended. When ye are ready, send word.”

And one of these was Matauw, a man of great strength and stature, and the other was Spalodi, of the House of Sepeke, a man of high rank. And Matauw had knowledge of the white tongue to speak it, for he had served the white people for money, and had dwelt at their places.

And Chuaani the Hairy One returned again to the Mochabato, the Place of Council, for the men were still there; and meat, of the skin of the goat, was brought in and put before the men, and a fire was quickly made; and the men took sticks with sharp points, and on one end they stuck pieces of meat, and the other end was forced into the ground, so that the meat would be over the fire. And corn meal which had been cooked was brought in bowls by women.

The women then brought in a great clay pot which was full of beer made from the corn, and this also they placed before the men. Then the women went out and came not in again.

Then came Chuaani the Hairy One and took the ladle which floated on the beer in the pot; and when he had cleared away the froth from the beer, Chuaani dipped the ladle in and filled it, and drank all the beer that was in the ladle that not a drop remained.

This ceremony is called by those people N‘cha M‘pholo, which means “Taking the poison out,” and without this doing the Five Men would not have drunk of the beer.

When Chuaani had finished he handed the ladle to the first of the five, and they all in turns drank of the beer. And they took the meat and the meal together and ate heartily. And Chuaani went out again.

And the Old Men and those in the Council spake well with the two men of the Chief Kundu, and shook their heads and clicked their tongues when speaking of the Chief Koloani, and spoke unkindly of him. But this they did for a purpose.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Chuaani came again to his house the Chief was ready, and with him stood Jamba, the son of Bama, and Chuaani said, “Two men of the Council will go with thee to the Chief: Matauw, a man of great strength and wise in council, whom thou knowest, and Spalodi, of the House of Sepeke, and with them also ten men of valour to obey thy word.”

And the Chief said, “It is good, my uncle.”

While they spake came Spalodi and Matauw, and with them the ten men whom they had chosen, and stood before the Chief and saluted him. And the Chief looked upon the men and knew that they were men of knowledge and good standing. Every man carried two spears and two sticks, and his blanket was on his shoulder.

Now when all was ready, the Chief Koloani turned to Chuaani the Hairy One and said, “Be watchful, Man of my House. Rest ever on the hill top that nothing can move without thou seest it. Trust not Kundu, for his face will be against thee because of me. Send thou word quickly of all doings which are of concern to me, and my messengers shall also come to thee. Now remain in peace, my uncle, thou and thy house.”

Then Koloani the Chief and Chuaani the Hairy One struck their hands together, and Chuaani said, “Go in good way, Chief of thy House. It shall be as thou hast said.”

Then Koloani the Chief stepped forward, and Jamba, the son of Bama, followed close behind the Chief, and Spalodi and Matauw were with him, and the ten men followed behind them.

Chuaani the Hairy One went also a little way. And they went out from the village by a back way not to be seen of the people, who would have made much talk of what they had seen.

And when they came outside the village, Chuaani stood and raised his right arm, and the Chief and those who were with him went forward upon their way.

Now in a little, when the Five Men from Moali had finished eating and drinking, Chuaani the Hairy One came again to the Mochabato, the Place of Council, and brought six head of oxen.

And Chuaani spoke to the two men of Kundu the Chief, and said, “Return now, ye men of Nilisetsi, to the Great Chief Kundu, and say that which ye have seen and heard at this place.

“As ye know, I am of the House of Koloani, and near also to the Great Chief Kundu. Koloani came to me, and I gave him a place to sleep and to rest him, and I placed food before him.

“But Kundu is a Chief born, and great, and this Land and this people are his; and, as a strong water sweeps away that which divides the river, so he has made this nation one again to rule over it.

“Take now my greeting and the greeting of this village to Kundu, and say that our hearts are with him in this thing, and that we look not to that Wanderer any more to Consider him.

“And three of my Councillors shall return with thee to speak for this village before the Chief and to hear the Word of the Chief Kundu.”

Then spake Chuaani with the men of his Council, and three men of good family stepped out and went to their huts and returned again with their blankets, but they brought no spears with them.

And Chuaani gave them the six head of Oxen which were to be as a present to the Chief Kundu. And when he had given them his last word, the five men from the village Moali stood up and gave greeting to Chuaani the Hairy One, and went out from the Mochabato and from the village by the Great Gate, and went on their way to return to the village Moali, where the Chief Kundu still was.

(To be continued.)
An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

Perhaps no great city anywhere has so many summer attractions within easy reach as New York. Coney Island is for the proletariat, Newport for the Plutocrat, Long Branch for the millionaires. Sostrata for the politician, who in this country dreams politics when he sleeps, eats politics with his meals, drinks politics in his mint juleps, fans himself with political brickbats in hot weather, and gets himself sponged off by the bottle-holders of Mammon.

It is hard to escape the professional politician here, go where you may. One thing, there is so many of him. He increases like the locusts minus the wild honey. Because the better the crops the more there is to devour, the more farmers there are the more do the big boss Plutocrats reap from the high protective tariff, and the more work there is to be done by all sorts of politicians big and little, everywhere, among all classes, from the very poor to the very rich, among the ignorant and the learned, the wise and the foolish.

Ever since the great Civil War politics and political bossing have been regarded as a regular business, with patriotism as the catchword. When you have visited America several times, and if you have good eyesight, to say nothing of good hind sight, it is not difficult to "spot" the professional politicians. But they are not all of one type. There is the long and there is the short, the fat and the lean, the quick and the slow, the bland and the rude, the dry cynic and the tickling humorous.

The tariff business needs a lot of thinking and figuring, and the typical Yankee is the one for the job. He induces them to believe that their wages are rising in exact proportion with the rise in the incomes of the rich bosses. The working-man believes what he is told, especially when he listens to so much gushing talk by a humorous and ready speaker.

The mathematical Yankee who can talk tariff straight from the shoulder is kept as a spellbinder for simpletons in the pulpits, academies, and universities. Editors, of course, are often included among the number of these learned simpletons. But some of the editors are not so simple. There is method in their seeming credulity. They are liberally subsidised by the Trusts and the tariff bosses. These men have made democracy a word of contempt in America and a source of mockery for the opinions and reflections of the "Judge" touching the nation are beginning to think. A man's status in the community is even now largely judged by the amount of his million. If you have a lot of illiterate and vulgar old man with a dry, wizened, heartless countenance, is photographed every time he makes a trip, as if he were the Czar or the Grand Turk out on parade. A score of snapshotters await Rockefeller's appearance, and the next day his forbidding face is seen in the newspapers.

In no other country in the world to-day is there so much pretension and humbug attached to riches. Americans seem to think that the possession of houses is a sign patent of culture. Illiterate men and women have only to announce themselves as artists, or writers, or reformers to be taken at their word. The naif credulity displayed is amazing in a country where education is within the reach of all.

I have to ask what good all the institutions of learning have accomplished in America? It is a grave question, and it must be answered. I am in the habit of saying that American universities have only succeeded in palming off on the nation a pack of pretentious snobs and pedants who hinder progress and defy culture, a band of loose thinkers who mock at the finer instincts and pounce on all the big things and make a fuss about things insignificant; who poke their noses intoaptitudes of impertinent curiosity, into politics for want of something better to do, into literature because of their incapacity to think, and into society because they lack brains for any other form of sport.

If America is making some headway, it is in spite of colleges and universities. This is the truth. The rich who lack imagination and imagination found universities. It is a sure sign of a mediocre mind. The university and the library are two cheap methods of obtaining notoriety and being damned as a person without originality.

This is the season for surf bathing. I have been about a good deal on the coast, and have taken note of the political bosses to be seen at the various watering places. Let me say at once—they are a sorry lot, and just now an unclean. I am in the habit of saying that American universities have only succeeded in palming off on the nation a pack of pretentious snobs and pedants who hinder progress and defy culture, a band of loose thinkers who mock at the finer instincts and pounce on all the big things and make a fuss about things insignificant; who poke their noses intoaptitudes of impertinent curiosity, into politics for want of something better to do, into literature because of their incapacity to think, and into society because they lack brains for any other form of sport.

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a social upheaval in America. What I heard him say the other evening is worth recording for more reasons than one. Although the Judge is not a professional spellbinder, he held a small but very appreciative company spellbound by what seemed to some of us prophetic revelations of the future in America, particularly in New York and Chicago.

A Memory of a Funeral.
May 20th, 1910.

The Old Man passed,
The Jolly Old Man passed,
Amid his jolly millions.
Beneath a mountain of standards and regalia,
Our Old Man,
His People's Old Man,
England's Old Man,
Lived and chuckled.
We chuckled back,
We chuckled back respectfully,
His People,
We who loved him,
Our Old Man,
Our Jolly Old Man,
Who lived his life and loved it.
Long ago
He crossed the sea,
And there amid a People
(A great gay-hearted People)
Who loved him,
Their Uncle,
Not, 'tis true, as we his children;
Who loved him,
Our Father,
But near it—very near it:
For he was very lovable,
Our Old Man,
England's Old Man,
Europe's Old Man)
He drank the sunshine,
Heard the music,
Saw the laughter
Of the Heart,
The great, rich, glorious Heart,
Of France.

Then he returned
And taught our sombre England,
Our old unlaughing England,
The land of prigs and puritans,
To live, to laugh, and to be jolly.
Our coats were black,
Our hats were raised,
Our eyes were merry,
As his were merry,
Beneath his mountain of standards and regalia,
As he passed,
Our Old Man passed amongst us.
We wept no tears;
We were not greatly moved;
We chuckled, nudged, and whispered.
It was a joke,
And he enjoyed it with us,
As he was jolly.
The Old Man,
The Jolly Old Man,
Chuckling beneath his standards and regalia,
Inspired the occasion.
It was his day,
And therefore 'twas a jolly day,
A holiday,
A festival and not a funeral—
A solemn black-crape funeral,
With a dead man in a box,
And a lot of red-eyed mourners.

The sun shone;
The birds sang;
The little boys climbed trees above the People,
And fell down flop
Amid loud laughter.
The dogs barked;
The horses pranced;
And there was colour, COLOUR, COLOUR,
Calling, calling,
Rich as tulips,
Very various.
It was his orders,
His farewell orders,
Our Old Man's orders.
Cheery Old Man,
Plucky Old Man,
England's Old Man.

His last words:
"England, laugh,
England, live,
Don't be too mighty solemn, England,
Remember
There is sunshine,
There is song,
There is laughter,
And when you remember them
Remember me."

So when the sun shines,
And the larks sing,
And the girls laugh,
We will remember him,
Our Old Man,
Our Jolly Old Man,
England's Old Man,
With the heart as rich and sound
As apples in October,
Who taught us to live,
Who taught us to laugh,
And who taught us not least,
To love him,
Edward,
Our Edward,

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

The Russian Ballets in Paris and London.

By Huntly Carter.

The Russian Ballets have solved one of the most complicated problems of the modern drama and the "scene," and once again have justified their claim to be considered the most important contribution to the artistic movement in the theatre of to-day. The problem is that of harmonious and complete co-operation of all the artists concerned in the work of a stage production.

With regard to the question of organising groups of co-operators they also offer a practical solution. They reveal that the first essential is a man of wide artistic sympathies like M. Serge de Diaghelev, a connoisseur in modern artists of the theatre, who has the strength and courage to gather together a unique body of great artists, composers, dancers and decorators of the Moscow and St. Petersburg schools, all working in sympathy to create that big aesthetic sensation which proceeds from the fusion of a number of individuals of different temperaments into complete unity of feeling and expression, and which transports a number of hearers beyond themselves. Another essential is a painter-director, like M. Benois, who is able to conceive a theme for representation, to construct it and to design appropriate decorations and costumes for it.

In a word, to interpret the lines, colours and movements throughout.

The problem is slightly different in the theatre. Here, as everything starts with the dramatist, the solution would be to breed a body of dramatist-directors, equipped with a knowledge of the fundamental principles of classic and art, to reconcile the present divergent points of view of the dramatist and decorator. The complete point of view is to be found in the
Russian Ballets. These are the first real advance in the third great dramatic movement of the world. First came the Greeks, then Shakespeare, now the new Clavigera. The movement is coming on like Wagner's time. We have had to wait for the decorator to recognise the significance of the leading motive and to employ it as musicians do. The transference of the motive, as the musician uses it, to the ballet and to the decorations is the feature of those wonderful Russian spectacles; it completes the edifice.

The three-fold motive runs like a golden cord throughout the production, informing it, building it up, fashioning, as it were, a golden bowl, out of which is poured the nectar of thearkistic achievement. It wonderfully unites everything! The life of the production may be one long ecstasy of love and hate, and the arrangement of the music may be weak, overbalanced by discords, apparently without resolution, modulating into inexplicable keys, full, too, of uncustomed phrases, but it is always held in unison with the dancing and decorations by the leading motives which never fail to brace it to coherence.

The Russian Ballet, then, offers a spectacle of a world wherein a theme is handled with simplicity, beauty and strength, by three sets of hands working as one, and directed by a master-builder. It may be assumed that the music must be as the movement makes the play, a mouth of the theme—the illumination, say, of a myth—the Folk's mode of the symbolisation of the phenomena of social life. The second means is the dancers, which form, so to speak, a symphonic body of musical notes or tones for illuminating the harmonic stipulations of the melody. The third is a sympathetic arrangement of musical colour and line for illuminating the stipulations of the other two. Thus the three treatments of the motive are compressed into an easily comprehended content.

It was the world of these three that I entered at the Chatellet in Paris. What a fascinating world! Calling forth and reflecting a wide range of new and inspiring sensations. There was "Caraval" with the carnival music of Schumann, sympathetically arranged by MM. Rimsky-Korsakov, Liadov, and Glazunov, telling of the loves and sorrows of Pierrot, Harlequin, Pantaloon and Columbine, filling the air with perfumed crinolines, dainty steps, amorous glances behind silken masks. The crinoline motive went dancing through the soft and white room. And suddenly there appeared a pink phasis was complete. The crinoline motive went dancing through the soft and white room. And suddenly there appeared a pink rose motive repeated in the amazing dancing of Nijinsky and Karsavina, as well as in the delicious decorations by M. Bakst. The sensation of metamorphosis was complete. To begin with, the arrangement of the music may be weak, overbalanced by discords, apparently without resolution, modulating into inexplicable keys, full, too, of uncustomed phrases, but it is always held in unison with the dancing and decorations by the leading motives which never fail to brace it to coherence.

Then there was "Le Spectre de la Rose" with Weber's music so capably orchestrated by Berlioz, and its rose motive repeated in the amazing dancing of Nijinsky and Karsavina, as well as in the delicious decorations by M. Bakst. The sensation of metamorphosis was complete. A sleeper in white sat in a blue and white room. And suddenly there appeared a pink rose to the sighs of heart-broken jasmine in the night without. Soon she awakens and dances away with the personification of her dreams, against the blue and white and the coloured spaces of the garden. The scene fills with roses. Roses twine round the golden harp, elaborate the diaphonous white bed, festoon the harmonious shapes as with votive offerings. Finally Pink Rose floats away into the purple night. The sleeper again wakes; Pink Rose has changed into a flower.

The Russian Ballets make for variety and so it was possible to turn from the grace and variety of the rose motive to a composition of an entirely different order. In the "Spectre de la Rose," the fluid and scintillating music signed by Rimsky-Korsakov, and the liquid movements of the dancers, are so successful in filling the scene with vibrating water that one is forced to ask oneself some questions. How is the principal tenor able to descend to such depths in order to hypnotise Clara Neppert in his high light? How is he getting drowned? How is he able to penetrate the overelaborated mass of seaweed lines and dirty colour without getting the strings of his harp broken? Did the decorator (M. Anisfeld) make it a personally conducted tour?

Narcisse, the creation of M. Bakst, was, like "Sadko," entirely the composition of the new Russian school, and stamped with nationality. Its keynote was indecision. There was throughout the music of M. Tcherepnine, as elsewhere, the spirit of the good-looking Narcisse coquetting with his reflected image, and the unsuccessful efforts of Echo to capture his infatuation. This indecision was caught up and expressed in the long trailing foliage of a grove of the Gods, slowly stirring in a dark-green sea of heavy peacefulness, and silently torn to threads by uncertainty instead of forming big masses and rhythmic shapes expressive of the ordered mind. The earliest arrivals in the music and the scene were the wild decorative Brotoians disporting with rather heavy heart and tread in the strange green twilight. Then succeeded the love motives, and the woodland scene marked the rhythm of vividly coloured grove of Bacchantes. These seemed now to flutter like brilliant butterflies upon the soft flight of foliage, now to touch the stooping trees with drifting fire as they passed swiftly beneath them. Then Narcisse was changed into a flower, a really dreadful property flower that disgraced the production; Echo became a rock. Once more the Brotoian motive, and the wild creatures patterned the amber sunset with fantastic shapes, and in the twilight one grove of the Gods one felt Vanity kissing a Shadow.

"Petrouchka," a burlesque in four scenes by MM. Stravinsky and Benois, is an example of what the efficient director-dramatist might do. M. Benois has taken an old folk-story—harlequin in love with the clown's wife. It is the tragedy of Pagliacci played by marionettes. The author has transferred the theme to toy-land, given his marionettes a human significance, dressed them up in the intense and rich colour of aPicasso style, and set them moving in a whirl of conflicting emotions amid the big simple shapes of a Russian fair. By this means he has expressed humanity and poignantly and with a dear touch of pathos, which one has not heard a story told with such pathos, such joy, such abandon. Here indeed was the symbolic play, frankly fantastic, that calls forth the golden tear. Unfortunately the construction of the music was not good. It was jerky, disconnected, and told the story in scenes, as though the composer had a number of folk-stories and Russian dances to dispose of and had strung them together like detached beads. The ideas of the decorator-story-teller, lending themselves to ingenious fancy and picturesqueness, were there, but they were not logically developed to culminate in the telling climax of Harlequin's death.

By far the biggest production was M. Bakst's masterpiece, "Schachmatl," to which reference was made in a recent symposium on the art of the theatre. It is a complete thing. To begin with, the arrangement of the musical material by Rimsky-Korsakov is especially designed to create an extraordinary atmosphere of Eastern voluptuousness, and to call forth the harmonious and expressive dancing and decorations. The introduction is full of the jagged lines and colours of the departing Persian warriors. This changes to a sound like the throbbing of loosened heart-beats. Then it is to participate in the love orgy of the slaves and eunuchs. Then suddenly it tears aside the mist of rich flowing lines and gorgeous sensuous colours to plunge us into the terror of the opening scene. It reappears. The lines, colours and movements change. There is a sharp conflict between the warriors and the
unfaithful, a moment of indecision as the favourite pleads for her life. In vain. That gorgeous harem is transformed into a slender white body and on the concluding passages of the music the bodies seem to vanish into space. It is an extraordinary piece of work. There is one big design into which illuminating music, dancing and decorations are poured.

As though to illustrate the range and variety of these representations two amazing tableau curtains were introduced. One was by M. Roehrich illuminating the "Bataille de Keryenectz," a symphonic fragment by Rimsky-Korsakov, whose composition of the music and design of the curtain was completely harmonious. There was but one immense simple design and movement of the stage. The spasmodic, jagged, conflicting passages of the music were vividly made clear by M. Roehrich's illuminating the harem of the captive Vladimir and the Khan's daughter; the pride of chivalry and romance; the elemental forces of a primitive world of festival. It is one more proof that the Russians are masters of emotional and finely coloured music.

But in spite of these faults we must be thankful to Mr. Neil Forsyth for his enterprise in bringing these ballets to London. The primary condition for the new form of ballet is that the public shall regard it as an organism, as an entire work of art, not merely as an evening's entertainment. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to make a new ballet, even in art matters, yet it will not be difficult for the most obtuse person to see that the future belongs to the new form of dramatic, musical and artistic expression. It is the coming of lyricism.

Recent Music.

PADEREWSKI

By Herbert Hughes

I have had to wait many years to hear Paderewski play the piano. When I was a little boy I had three ambitions. One was to see the Ring at Covent Garden, another was to cross the Bay of Biscay, and another was to hear Paderewski play the A Ballade of Chopin. As the years passed I became familiar with Wagner at Covent Garden and I had crossed the Bay of Biscay twice in a small steamer; but it was only recently at the Queen's Hall that the last great adventure was accomplished. . . . He is certainly the greatest of them all. I am not old enough to remember Liszt's playing, and I never had an opportunity of hearing Rubinstein, but there cannot be any question of Paderewski's genius among the pianists of our own day. His programme yesterday was an amazing exposition of an amazing temperament. The Brahms "Variations on a theme of Handel" to begin with. Musicians' music this, written by Brahms in a bad temper; cold, hard, sarcastic, difficult to play and tedious to listen to. Personally Brahms was an unpleasant friend, jealous and vain and boorish, his life one long hostile struggle against the romanticism of Liszt and Wagner. Among the pianists of our own day, his seemed to play with a superb sarcasm, as Brahms would no doubt have played it himself. I have never heard anyone play those Variations like that. . . . Then a Sonata of Beethoven—in D minor. This was a change of character but not a very great change of mood. The sonata is far from being a masterpiece of Beethoven; but it is typical, and in the first movement contains something of the same irritability as the Brahms variations. The second movement is one of the worst slow-movements in all the sonatas, and the last would be charming if it were just half the length it is. Beethoven had such a prolific brain that he didn't always know when he was saying too much, and I suppose he never took any interest in this sonata after he had pencilled the last double bar. Anyway, Paderewski made the defects of the sonata obvious. The tedium of the last movement was dreadful; Paderewski played it to tickle and relieve it and it ended as dully as it began. This is not to deny that Paderewski is an ideal Beethoven player. I am not sure yet that he isn't, for it seemed to me that he was playing as if he knew the weaknesses as well as the strength of the sonata and with a strength which enabled him to conceal them. The sonata is not good Beethoven, but it is Beethoven.
The New Age | June 29, 1911

The next thing was a sonata of Schumann—F sharp minor. This was more than a change of character; it was a change of worlds. Here Paderewski was coming nearer his own métier and the air became electric. In much of this music Schumann was in his most swaggering mood, and Paderewski struck the keys of the piano with a swagger quite equal to the music. Here and there, of course, it is mere noise—jolly noise—jolly Scherzo, where there is the little fluttering valse-like theme followed by the grandiloquent "intermezzo," he showed us a Schumann we had only suspected, and in the beautiful Arias he himself underestimates his own Romance. This inspired melody was played as only one whose soul was steeped in Romance could possibly play it, and indeed in any other way it is unbearable. (I have heard it played by a very distinguished pianist as if it were a piece of Mozart.) . . . But it is in the music of Chopin that Paderewski reaches a height no one else ever touches. Chopin was a Pole, and Paderewski is a Pole. A musical temperament such as his may apply itself with distinction to many subjects, but it "interprets" the emotions of various schools with astonishing sympathy. But when it comes to the music of his own race, and such music as Chopin's, it is surely the last word. He probably plays Chopin better than Chopin ever did. Day after day we have heard more fine pianists than the world has ever seen, many of them artists of strong personality; but in the playing of Chopin I know of none amongst them whom it is possible, for one moment, to class with Paderewski. That is his temperament. He is all man, and you jolly well know it when he plays anything, no matter what it is. In his Chopin there is none of the Pachmann trickery, charming and delightful as it may often be. All that is serious, all that is graceful and delicate and débonnaire in the music of Chopin is understood and appreciated by a cultured intellect and a highly sensitive imagination, and the garishness and savagery that lie behind those qualities in the life-blood of his race.

Sir,—In your issue of June 22, Mr. Gaylord Wilshire says: "The worker has a standard of life which is very hard to change. . . . Give him a more expensive environment—whether on account of higher rent or a compulsory deduction from his wages for insurance—and he is sure to demand, and, what is more, to get higher wages."

Now the first of these statements is only partly true, the second rarely true.

Mr. Wilshire must be aware that the wages of most of the working class are not at the point of subsistence. The special skill or other circumstance which enables a workman to obtain wages higher than mere subsistence wages is of no advantage, and, like all other rents, may be reduced by taxation. . . .

A proof is ready to hand. You informed us in one of your "Notes of the Week" that since 1896 general prices have risen by more than 17 per cent., while wages have risen only a negligible amount. Fifteen years have passed since this fall in real wages began—surely time enough to allow workmen to demand, and, what is more, to get higher wages," in order to counteract this tendency. Yet this has not happened.

If this is true of so serious a fall, what proof have we that the poll-tax imposed by the Insurance Bill will have any other effect.

The truth of the matter is that not until most of the wages of the working class are at or somewhere near subsistence point can taxation on them begin to be shifted back on to their masters. Now wages have still some distance to fall before they reach this limit. Hence it follows that the working class will bear the whole brunt of the proposed new tax.

If Mr. Wilshire's argument were valid it would knock the bottom out of one of the principal arguments against Protection. We might then impose as heavy duties as we choose, and since wages invariably approximate to this standard, an Unemployment and Sickness Insurance Bill would surely have the effect of reducing wages, there being no longer the imperative necessity to run into debt—anyhow to the same extent.

Sir,—Mr. Gaylord Wilshire's statement that if, say, £200,000 be taken away from any group of workers by the Lloyd George Bill it will be restored to them by a corresponding rise in wages, sounds quite feasible on the face of it, but he has lost sight of an important point.

At present the standard of wages does not, however, lower than the living expenses of the worker for the actual time during which he is employed, and the differences between earnings and expenditure allows him to subsist during his out of work periods. While it is true that but a very tiny percentage is put by during employment, for times of sickness or inactivity to obtain work, it is equally true that nearly all run into debt which they are able to gradually to pay off when work is again obtained.

It is likely that at least 40 per cent. of every £1 earned goes in this way, and as Gaylord Wilshire himself says that the worker has a standard of life which it is very hard to change, and any reduction of wages lowers this standard, an Unemployment and Sickness Insurance Bill would surely have the effect of reducing wages, there being no longer the imperative necessity to run into debt—anyhow to the same extent.

Sir,—In the letter of Mr. R. B. Kerr's interesting and thoughtful letter in your issue of June 8 suggests its own reply. To me at least it seems he has failed to prove his thesis that the military spirit "is dying about equally fast in all countries."

What of the semi-civilised and uncivilised nations, the "Black," "Yellow," and other "Perils"? Can we hope...
to combat them by preaching universal peace and disarmament.

There is no need to take hypothetical cases to confute Mr. Kerr's argument. What became of all the "Great Monarchies" since the dawn of history, when their thrones were weakened by luxury and peaceful industry; and has the world so far changed to-day that we need fear no barbarian invaders from the East? Our falling birthrate and the spirit is disappearing; and it is safe to prophesy that sooner or later a reaction against Socialism will set in, and that like to-day, in most cases, than were their ancestors centuries ago.

One may question, too, whether "dislike of military service" under conscription is conclusive proof that the military spirit is disappearing; and it is safe to prophesy that sooner or later against Socialism will set in, and that the enticing vision of war-drums throbbing no longer and battle-flags will be among the first to be swept away. Even now Socialists differ among themselves as to the extent to which war is to be condemned, as shown by the German Socialists' rejection of the proposals of Mr. Hervé and his party. * * *

A LITTLE NOTE TO "S. VERDAD."

Sir,—Permit me to bring a trifling occurrence to the notice of your reader, who writes so amusingly under the nom-de-guerre, "S. Verdad."
The dark-skinned stewards of certain shipping companies went on strike last week at all the offices of the Seamen's Union. Their places were taken by Anglo-Saxon or Celtic blacklegs without compunction. Now, sir, I take leave to assure your entertaining writer on "Foreign Affairs," that I prefer sitting at table or riding in a carriage with the Ethiopian gentlemen, who valued their manhood more than their berths, than with the fair-skinned cowards on the margin, and this is what I am to read, having not looked at "Votes for Women" since the collapse, by posting me a copy of that paper. One column is heavily pencilled on the margin, and this is what I am to read, **Y**

Revel. * * *

GUILLERMO AZOR.

"FIVE ABREAST THROUGH LONDON STREETS."

Sir,—Some very kind friend replies to my remark as to having not looked at "Votes for Women" since the collapse, by posting me a copy of that paper. One column is heavily pencilled on the margin, and this is what I am to read, mark, learn,—digest it I cannot. It is a list of the notable women who marched in the procession. Viola! Lady Stout, wife of the Chief Justice of New Zealand.

Mrs. Macmillan, wife of Mr. Macmillan, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia.

Lady Cockburn, wife of the Agent-General of Australia.

Mrs. Bowman, wife of the Leader of the Opposition.


Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gore. Mrs. Williams, wife of Llewellyn Williams, Esq., M.P.

Mrs. Roch, wife of W. F. Roch, Esq., M.P. Mrs. Roch.

Mrs. M. of the Premier of W. Mrs. Macquarie.

Lady Macquarie (Sir William Macquarie was a member of the N.S. W. Parliament, Colonial Treasurer, Member of the N.S. W. Legislative Assembly, Delegate to the International Conferences, and Member of House of Representatives, Federal Parliament).

For vulgarity there must be few printed paragraphs to equal that last. One does not know whether to commit suicide or deny one's sex. Since Mrs. Taft, wife of President Taft, insisted upon decorating the Presidential triumph with her living body in the State chariot, I have heard of nothing to come near this outrageous impudence. Perhaps you would think W.S.P.U. toadism could no further go, but it can! Down the column is a crawling scandal. After a list of representatives of Literature headed by Elizabeth Robins and topped by Israel Zangwill, some well-known actresses and two genuinely talented women musicians, we come to this:

Mrs. John White (daughter-in-law of Sir George White, M.P., G.C.M. G.)* * *

The woman, apparently, has not even a Christian name to bless herself with. Mrs. John, *daughter-in-law of Sir George White*; **BEATRICE HASTINGS.**

A VITAL CORRECTION.

Sir,—I have seen this morning that Mr. J. M. Kennedy announced in your paper on the 15th instant that I died some time ago.

He did not express any regret and possibly will feel no pleasure if you will kindly inform him that he was mistaken. Such, however, is the case.

June 23.

JOHN BRUNNER.

* [much regret that I confused Sir John Brunner with the late Dr. Ludwig Mond. The argument in the article, however, remains unaltered.—J. M. K.]

SEX AND SUPERMAN.

Sir,—Some of our issues are getting cleared up nicely, and I really begin to hope that I may soon be able to withdraw from the conflict. This not being a matter of rate to reveal to my adversary my real point of view. Certainly I can no longer doubt the sincerity of his repudiation of moral tests, so that it is only necessary to state that if you ever rate me as a superman. Needless to say, I quite agree; only I must go on to say that from my point of view Byron was also one to whom sex (in the concrete, you understand) was of paramount importance. As Mr. Gribble has so clearly shown, it is to Mary Chaworth that the world owes Byronism—the quintessential product of the genius of her thwarted lover. He shall reward himself for this. They say abstractions destroy weak passions and confirm strong ones," wrote Byron to Mary, years after they had parted for ever, "Alas! mine more than your is the union of all passions and all affections—has strengthened itself, but will destroy me; I do not speak of physical destruction, for I have endured and can endure much; but the annihilation of all thoughts, feelings, or hopes which have not more or less a reference to you and to our recollections."

It is of my feelings as these and not merely of those finding satisfaction in physical promiscuity that I think when I speak of men for whom sex is of paramount importance. Mystics explain them, and my friend Mr. Montagu Powell explained them in his letter to you some months ago, by the theory that the higher self of man is feminine, and conversely. As to this, I will merely remind your readers of the analectic belief that all feminine qualities are natural in man and all male ones in woman. Dante voiced in youth that he would one day write of Beatrice what had never before been written of any woman, that she had carried into execution in the 'Divina Commedia.' He therefore, like all those supermen whose greatest work was evoked by some such stimulus (in my view) as the women to me (for I would not dogmatise on such hidden matters) to have been one to whom sex (i.e., Beatrice) was of paramount importance. Rossetti's was another such case. In his case at least the 'sexual idealism' was not preceded by 'satisfaction."

It was because of his union with his dead wife that he wrote:

"Ah! when the wan soul in the golden air Between the scriptural petals softly blown, Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,— Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er May one of his other alien spell soe'er But only the one Hope's one name be there,— Not less nor more, but even that word alone."

When a man forges a choke, takes to drink, or blows his brains out, the clever little people exclaim with a snigger, "Chezcher la femme. "But there are other and less-deprorable circumstances under which the same research might yield evidence of collaboration.

Mr. Randall has assigned me a task not for a casual letter but for a lifetime in inviting me to demonstrate scientifically the precise truth I do pretend to omniscience, but if he has read "Makers of Man," he will know that I have given them some careful attention. There are great men—Leonardo seems to have been one—still it is a step beyond us, necessary; but they are very exceptional. As to Browning: is it so certain that sex was not of paramount importance to him? Not by any means, for who can certainly know that much of a fellow man? But we know that sex (in the concrete) ranked high indeed in Browning's scale of values. In the introduction to his greatest work, after exclaiming—"A ring without a posy, and that ring mine?" he goes on to declare that he could never conclude, but raising hand and head Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn For all hope, all sustainment, all reward, Their utmost up and on. It may sometimes be a mistake to jump to the conclusion that a man's highest interests are those which he officially represents. Because a man is a great poet it does not necessarily follow that poetry holds the first place in his heart.

C. J. WHITBY, M.D.

PROPERTY IN LAND.

Sir,—Mr. Wordsworth Doutchtorpe is anxious that I and Mr. Meulen should give our definitions of property. Before doing so I should like to reply to several points that he has raised. Commenting on my statement that "I want liberty to walk across any part of the country that takes my fancy," I say; he has merely expressed himself rather loosely. Neither in his case does his individualism appear in the present jumble of the two will he be allowed to walk through a field of yellow wheat, or to play football in a vineyard. After restricting my liberty where I have never claimed to
enjoy it, Mr. Donisthorpe continues: "What he really wants is to walk over any land provided he can do so without causing damage. Exactly! That is what I want, and Mr. Donisthorpe, in order to make out his charge of loose writing against me, intimates that I am claiming to play footsoldier in a vice-regal Executive committee, so far, connotes insularism, lack of imagination, and a failure to realise what Shakespeare actually means among civilised communities. For instance, he asks why, when dealing with the question of the people being turned off the land, he says: "In other words, if a land-holder can make more money by letting it go for a small holding than to sell it out to small agriculturists, ought he to be allowed to do so or ought he not?" Again, further on, "If grouse and red deer are a more paying crop, than rye and barley, it is hard to see why the community should wish to breed a proletariate which becomes chargeable on the rest of the community in many cases—thus doing probably more than anything else to produce the servile state. Again, "If grouse and red deer are a more paying crop, than rye and potatoes, ought he to be allowed to do so or not? A further sample of the same allegorical platoon, goes thus: "Can he overlook "this happy breed of men, this little world?" His "one touch of Nature" has made "the whole world kin.""

6. The foundations of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre shall be composed of granite; its external faces of stone and external faces of such material as will best serve as a foundation for the external faces of such materials as will best serve as a ground for painting of all descriptions.

7. Every nation shall be requested to furnish its proportionate quota of granite for the foundations and of workable stone for the external faces.

8. The metropolitan committees shall forward to the Central Committee the most meritorious designs for the building received under foregoing competition. The final selection shall be made by the Central Committee.

9. The exterior of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre shall be artistically adorned by carvings of Shakespearean figures, scenes, characters, of Shakespeare himself, of grotesques, gargoyles, and of like by sculptors of all countries. The interior shall be artistically adorned to the same effect by painters of all countries. Artists working thus shall be entitled to sign their work conspicuously; to receive traveling expenses and a liberal honorarium, but no extravagant fee.

10. The vestibule of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre shall contain statues and busts of Shakespeare executed by the sculptors of all nations, as chosen by local and metropolitan committees, and finally selected by the Central Committee.

11. Stained-glass windows shall also adorn the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, to be supplied by such artists, architects, and sculptors, and selected and executed as are the sculptures and paintings.

12. A set term of days or weeks shall be arranged for in every year, during which one or more company or com-
paunies of players belonging to nationalities other than British shall appear in Shakespeare's plays in the language of such players at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, and be indemnified against actual loss by its treasury. In addition, they shall not be permitted to produce other plays of a high class.

As regards Section 9, numbers of capable sculptors and artists, among ourselves, this should be, would only be too gratified to be associated with the Memorial. As regards Section 10, such a collection of Shakespeare busts and statues would prove extraordinarily interesting. On this point Mr. Poel, the German dramatic artist, in his capacity as vice-president of the German Shakespeare Society, wrote: "Jeder Nation schwebt das Bild Shakespeare's nach ihrer Vorstellung und ihrer direkten Einbeziehung in die Nationalität."

The cathedral at Cologne occurs to the writer as the fittest place; old, strange and inexplicable, like the Sphinx. So the interest of any matter in himself and his surroundings. Stevenson, the open-handed, not by the letter. Death had no terrors for him, "the end of life? Yes, Henley, I can tell you what that is. How old are all truths, and yet how far from commonplace; old, strange and inexplicable, like the Sphinx. So it is felt by the unprivileged and the poor, . . . and also, it should be added, a third, that of turning his experiences to literary account. "The diplomats of Samoa became mere strutting coxcombs not to be caricatured, politics became a dirty game, when his personal sympathies. My "sentimental slobber about "The romantic revelation of Stevenson is manifest in the mind of every reader who has eyes to read. Mr. Randall says that "there was no revolution in me," and quotes his biographer in "... he has not been revealing the things nearest his heart, you learn no secrets of his home or his religion, nor of anything that it was not for you to know." The "things that was in him" are his "Sacramental". He did not write a word of his domestic letters. That was as it should have been. Mr. Randall can only be answered with childish platitudes.

If Stevenson 'was' an "indefatigable correspondent," it is evident that he "never feared to wound." It is only to his credit that he "never failed to apologise." He never ceased to centre the interest of any matter in himself and his surroundings. What "interest in himself and his surroundings" was there in his defence of Father Damien?

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STEVENSON.

Sir,—In his "Apology for Smeectynnuus," Milton remarked that when a controversy has called his work "modern" it may be expected that before long it will have to be called "vindictive," "malign," "guilty of the dirtiest trick of deception," and "St. Ives and "The diplomats of Samoa became mere strutting coxcombs not to be caricatured, politics became a dirty game, when his personal sympathies. My "sentimental slobber about "The romantic revelation of Stevenson is manifest in the mind of every reader who has eyes to read. Mr. Randall says that "there was no revolution in me," and quotes his biographer in "... he has not been revealing the things nearest his heart, you learn no secrets of his home or his religion, nor of anything that it was not for you to know." The "things that was in him" are his "Sacramental". He did not write a word of his domestic letters. That was as it should have been. Mr. Randall can only be answered with childish platitudes.

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"The diplomats of Samoa became mere strutting coxcombs not to be caricatured, politics became a dirty game, when his personal sympathies. My "sentimental slobber about "The romantic revelation of Stevenson is manifest in the mind of every reader who has eyes to read. Mr. Randall says that "there was no revolution in me," and quotes his biographer in "... he has not been revealing the things nearest his heart, you learn no secrets of his home or his religion, nor of anything that it was not for you to know." The "things that was in him" are his "Sacramental". He did not write a word of his domestic letters. That was as it should have been. Mr. Randall can only be answered with childish platitudes.

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