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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE vocabulary of politics is grown so conventional that words once fresh and full of meaning have lost their value. Moreover, they have been repeated and repeated until they not only cease to mean what they were originally coined to express, but in many cases they are now assumed to mean the exact contrary. We despair of conveying to our readers our appreciation of the difficulty of conveying to them any political ideas at all. The words we must use must necessarily sound either empty or rhetorical, either false or over-familiar. Otherwise it would be no bad plan to spend the month's Parliamentary recess in overhauling our common stock of political terms in the hope either of arriving at their original meaning or of attaching to them a new meaning of a living and truthful character.

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Let us make the attempt with a few of the words that have been employed as counters in the recent political discussions. We have often defined the position of THE NEW AGE as democratic in contradistinction to oligarchic, and Socialist in contradistinction to individualist. What real meaning do these words convey to our readers, and what intention do they suppose underlies their use by us and others? That they convey at present ideas alien, repellent and inconsistent is evident in the fact that nothing particular happens as the result of all our reasoning. Clearly, if the words meant to everybody what they mean to us, the conclusions at which we arrive would either be falsely reasoned or they would be acted on. That nobody points out the false reasoning in our position, or, on the other hand, adopts our conclusions, proves that either the majority of our readers are intellectually fatigued or that they are wanting in spirit. The only other conclusion to be drawn is that our words have not the same meaning to them as to ourselves.

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Consider first the relation between the two ideas of Oligarchy and Democracy. Now, we intend to convey by the word Oligarchy a system of government in which power is confined practically to a single class. That class may be the class of the nobility, as it was yesterday, or it may be the class of the wealthy, as it is today; or, again, it may be the class of the hand labouring proletariat, as Mr. Keir Hardie, for example, says it will be to-morrow. But whatever class it is, if power belongs exclusively to it, the resulting form of government is an Oligarchy, that is, government by a class. Now, there are different kinds of Oligarchy as there are different kinds of classes. It is obvious that the characteristics of the noble class are not the characteristics of the wealthy or commercial classes; the characteristics of these latter differ again from those of the working classes. But whatever the characteristics

of the ruling class may be, they set the standard and determine the present character of the civilisation over which they prevail.

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Relatively among the three classes named, we should, if we were compelled to choose, select the nobility for our ruling class; and this not from snobbery at all, but from the fact that of the three classes, the noble class has had the longest period of continuous development and is the most civilised and the most cultured. True, their standards of culture and civilisation, as compared with those of individuals (not of classes) drawn from any section of a nation, are absurdly low. Every noble class that ever existed was even in its palmiest days barbarous in comparison with a gifted individual of genius contemporary with it. Plato was as much above his contemporary aristocratic class in humanity and culture as that class was above the helots. On the whole, therefore, if we choose the noble classes under compulsion from among the three at the disposal of the Oligarch, we do so because the noble is the best of a bad lot.

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We must, however, abandon the still surviving belief that in England at this moment we are ruled by an oligarchy of the nobility. There are occasions, of course—and the present is one of them—when this seems to be the case. Of all the myriad changes now taking place about the Throne practically nobody but hereditary nobles and their circle has any cognisance or control. For once the politicians, even the highest, are seen to be out of it. What may be called Royal domestic changes are in full swing, as evidenced by the plethora of enigmatical Court news, without the direction of the party leaders. But this is a comparatively isolated and rare instance of oligarchical power exclusively exercised by the nobility. In a week or two, when the Bedchamber officials have scrambled into place, and all the thousand and one adjustments of royal degrees have been made, the situation will devolve upon the party politicians who represent, not so much the noble class, as the class of the wealthy.

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That, in fact, is the position as it must normally be faced; and it is entrenched in wealth and in wealth alone. Everybody knows, even if everybody does not realise, that money and the possession of money are normally the insignia of power. And this power is none the less absolute for being on the whole ostentatiously self-abnegatory. There is not in England, for example, the unblushing purchase of political power which is still to be seen in America. Candidates do not (except occasionally, and then it creates a scandal) openly buy their seats in Parliament or purchase fat offices for their incompetent friends. Nevertheless, the thing is done, not merely occasionally, but almost universally, only in

so subtly-simple a fashion that most of our electors are completely hoodwinked, and our infantile Press is able to brag that our public life is pure. Pure, however, it can never be while there remains that hidden source of absolute control in what is called the Party-fund, a casket of evils even more devastating than Pandora's, a centre of corruption which spreads over the whole of public life, poisoning it with a miasma none the less deadly for being unobserved. We call particular attention to this fact of the Party-fund, since it is the mace of office of the oligarchy of the wealthy classes. Dispose of this, make the Party-fund impossible, and you infallibly destroy the power of wealth as wealth in politics. Leave it untouched, and though everything else may change, the oligarchy of wealth will remain omnipotent.

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It works quite simply though without much noise, being in fact what is called the machine; and it works in this way. Is there a member of Parliament in either of the political parties who has made himself obnoxious to the wealthy? Then he will discover during his election that the party forces are no longer at his disposal. Not only will the prize bullies of his party refuse to speak on his behalf, but the officials of his local organisation (all depending in the last resort on the Party Fund) will give him the cold shoulder. There will be for him none of the pickings of the patronage banquets. His recommendations for paid positions will be ignored, his appeals for private assistance for his friends will be passed over, he will be shunned as a man of no account and of no power. Under these circumstances, it is ten to one if he will re-enter Parliament.

* * *

This applies, as we have said, to one party no less than to the other. Distinctions, in fact, of Liberal and Tory are no more than distinctions between the right and the left arms. Both are serviceable to the wealthy oligarchy, and each may be used in turn. Their power is all the greater for appearing to be divided, for then they can tear in pieces whatever comes between them. The interests in which they tear are invariably the interests of the body whose blood the Party Funds supply: the wealthy donors of thousands of pounds sterling. But what, it may be asked, is the object of all this endeavour? First, self-preservation; then, increased power. It must be remembered that few rulers ever abdicated, or ever will abdicate. Philosophers like Cincinnatus might resume the plough from the throne voluntarily; but the example is an exception and not even a model. No individual and no class ever willingly either abdicates its power or neglects, if possible, to increase it. And the institution of the Party Funds is the device adopted by the wealthy classes to maintain the power won by them finally in 1832, and party politics is the means they employ to increase it.

* * *

To realize what is taking place at this present time, we have now to recall the recent rise in education of the hitherto inarticulate third class, that of the proletariat, in England. Ever since 1870 and the universalisation of what is euphemistically called popular education, the working classes of this country have been growing in the belief that, class for class, they are as good, certainly more useful, and possibly more to be trusted with power, than either of the classes that has ruled or does now rule England. This belief has been sedulously fostered in them, as far as the unpromising soil of their minds permits, by all the labour leaders, small and great, that have been at work these last forty years. Until at last, some twenty or or ten years ago, there became articulate in the most intelligent of their class a distinct desire to obtain political power for what are called the working classes. This desire, quite as laudable, be it noticed, and quite as natural as the same desire in the other two classes, led on the one hand to the creation of the Labour Party, and on the other to the doctrine of class-consciousness as their specific political faith. Class-consciousness of

the most rigid kind there has always been in the world since classes were. No class is more "conscious" than the titled nobility or than the wealthy class. One has only to see the treatment meted out to an intruder without the wedding garment at any of their feasts to know at once that the practice, if not the theory, of class-consciousness existed long before the labour movement came to birth in the world. What, however, the Labour movement did was first to arouse in the working classes this feeling of class-consciousness, and secondly, to employ it for a political end by elevating it to a doctrine. Thus it comes about to-day that in the sphere of government we are witnessing a struggle between the wealthy classes, or capitalists, who succeeded the nobility in power, and the working classes, or proletariat, who desire in turn to displace the wealthy.

* * *

We need not pause here to consider either the chances of success of the Labour Party and the working classes or the means they are taking, or might take, to obtain power. It will sufficiently define our position if we say that, for our part, we object quite as strongly to government by the working classes as to government by the wealthy or noble. In fact, as we have said, we object more strongly. Nobody would concede more readily than we the virtues of the working classes of this or any other country. They are the Atlas on whose shoulders rests the burden of the material world, and no weakling must Atlas be. In strength, in endurance, in the qualities of simplicity, practical commonsense, in all the qualities demanded for carrying on physical existence, this class is obviously the most useful and the only indispensable. The world could get on without noble and the wealthy, but the sudden disappearance of the labouring proletariat would leave the rest of us suspended over the abyss. But the indispensable virtues of the working classes as such do not entitle them to exclusive political power any more than, in our opinion, the virtues of any class are such as to merit autocracy. We frankly admit that we would no more readily entrust sole political power to the class of philosophers than to the class of agricultural labourers. Government by a class of the wisest is as hateful and tyrannical as government by a class of the most foolish.

* * *

But this detestation of class rule, whether of noble, wealthy, labouring, wise or expert, really brings us to the alternative to all these forms of oligarchy; and this is democracy. For the very essence of democracy is not what it has so often been represented by confusion with its machinery to be, the selection of representatives by ballot or the representative system itself. It is simply the absence of the exclusive rule of the State by a single privileged class. No government, however selected, is a genuinely democratic government if it contains members of only a single class. No Government, on the other hand, is undemocratic that contains representatives of all classes, and to which members of one class may belong exactly on the same terms and with the same facility as members of another class. Such a government only deserves to be called a popular government and a democratic government in the true sense of the word, since it represents not, as of old, merely the noble class, nor, as now, merely the wealthy class, nor, again, as may be in the future, the class of the day-labourer, but all classes, each according to its political capacity and merits.

* * *

Challenged, therefore, to explain our political faith we would reply that we are Democrats, that while recognising the distinction of classes (none more so) and conceding to each its right and duty of class-consciousness, we, nevertheless, distrust the possession of complete political power by any one of them. Political power, like all power, means in the end one thing and one thing only, the power to command and in the alternative to compel. And it is the possession of this power of command and compulsion that we would not voluntarily entrust to any single class.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

INSULSUS FURENS will doubtless be upon us by the time this article is in print; but the death of King Edward will probably restrict his platitudes to more modest dimensions than we had at first expected. For this relief we have already conveyed our thanks to a suitable omnipotential quarter. Sweet are the uses of advertisement when the powerful influence of pushfulness and limelight induces the vast majority of the public to take the Rooseveltian legend seriously.

The great "Teddy" first came into prominence when he was appointed Commissioner of Police of New York City in 1895, and began his campaign against the corruption which has always been rampant among them. He had met with little success in his endeavours to stamp out bribery when he became Assistant-Secretary to the U.S. Navy in 1897; but all his former career faded into insignificance when he organised the celebrated corps of Rough-Riders at the outbreak of the war with Spain. Not even Mr. Roosevelt himself, we suppose, would compare the exploits of this corps with the work of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, for example; but in the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king—a proverb which may be applied not only to the Rough-Riders in Cuba, but also to Mr. Roosevelt himself as the sovereign lord of the American nation.

The American Constitution is a curious and interesting document, and there is nothing in it about electoral machinery and "rings" and caucuses and "bosses," though without these very necessary adjuncts it would not be easy to understand how the Republican party has managed to hold power so long. The well-known precedent has been established that no President shall hold office for more than two terms in succession, the hereditary principle being, of course, abolished altogether. Now, the Republican political machine has not been working smoothly of late, and even before Mr. Roosevelt went out of office the caucus determined that he should come back again, a kind of dummy President being appointed in his stead. Mr. Roosevelt, as has been acknowledged in certain political circles in the States, made a breach in the spirit of the Constitution by practically nominating Mr. Taft to succeed him, thus paving the way for the establishment of the hereditary principle. Some people are asking whether he proposes to appoint his son Kermit on the next occasion. Mr. Taft, as may easily be seen from his recent utterances, does not like the job: he was expected to fail from the start, and thus bring his predecessor into greater prominence.

As the presidential election is held in November, 1911, the elected candidate assuming office in March, 1912, it was arranged that Mr. Roosevelt should prolong his tour until the summer of this year, as the campaign begins, as a rule, at least a twelvemonth before the actual election. Mr. Roosevelt will have a magnificent reception on his return to New York, and will thus be in the limelight when the next presidential candidates are being selected. Another tub-thumping expedition follows and then comes the ex-President's triumphant return, to lead the Republicans with his well-known courage and ability—after they have intimated to him in which direction they wish to proceed.

In short, Mr. Roosevelt is a convenient man for the financiers, who do not care what he says against the Trusts so long as no drastic steps are taken to break their power. Besides, this mighty hunter before the Lord can never let racial destruction out of his head for long at a time; and another heated controversy on this subject will draw attention away from the Trusts again. It would be impossible to deal with the vast problem of modern America, and Mr. Roosevelt's relation to it, within the limits of a short article; but from the hints given above the sagacious reader will perceive that much-needed social reform, which is inti-

mately bound up with the problem of the Trusts, is not likely to receive much attention for some time to come.

M. Briand has come back to power, and there is little difference in the political situation. This does not matter very much; for France is stagnant just now. The separation of Church and State has been decently completed, and the school question is not likely to have any far-reaching effects. The Old Age Pensions Bill has also been passed; it now only remains to find the money to pay for them—a stiff task—and also for urgent and very necessary naval expenditure. The French Navy has been scandalously neglected in recent years, though the Army is, at the present moment, well-nigh perfect, anti-militarist protests to the contrary notwithstanding. M. Briand is a very clever man, within limits; but mere debating powers, however brilliant, have never yet sufficed properly to carry on the affairs of a nation.

In Spain, too, we are face to face with dullness. Few indeed are aware that a general election has just taken place in that country. Señor Canalejas has a majority, and a "Liberal" Government is in power; but its principal duty will be to mark time until something turns up. And although the first member of the Cortes to sit as a Socialist—Senhor Pablo Iglesias—has been elected for Madrid, and the Republicans have gained a few seats elsewhere, nothing is likely to happen—yet.

Something, however, may possibly turn up in Morocco about the autumn, when the Moorish agricultural problem becomes interesting. The reader may be reminded that this unsubdued Spanish preserve requires roads before it can be fully developed from the Spanish commercial point of view. Spain claims the right to construct these roads—a claim which will doubtless be conceded by the Powers interested. But the Moors, who view new roads with suspicion as inventions of the devil, or whoever corresponds to that great personage in the Arabic table of fallen saints, don't want highways of that sort; and they know perfectly well that Spain cannot at present afford to keep an army of some 300,000 men in the Riff, partly to hold the Moors in check, partly as a garrison, and partly to protect the workmen. The nature of the country renders military operations difficult, and a large army of occupation would be required before the Spanish financiers could hope to reap any profit from the territory they have acquired. Hence the autumn may once again bring forth some interesting incidents in the Riff.

In another quarter, too, the autumn may have some surprises in store for us; for it is expected that the Turkish army will manoeuvre on a large scale about September. The recent incident at the opening of the Cretan Chamber, when Greek flags were hung round the hall, made the Porte wax wroth, but, on account of the Albanian trouble, they are grinning and bearing it for the time being. In Albania, indeed, many of the Turkish soldiers have refused to fire on their co-religionists, and desperate efforts are being made to compromise. It is hoped that internal peace will be restored shortly, so that later in the year Generals Turgut and Djavid Pajshas may have a longed-for opportunity of "larning" the impudent Cretans and Greeks what's what.

It may be recollected that out of the 300,000 odd inhabitants of the distressful island some 270,000 are Christians of the Orthodox Greek Church, only some 30,000 being Moslems. Bitter racial feeling is thus accentuated by religious fanaticism. The loving telegrams passing between Constantinople and Athens do not reflect the state of mind of either country; for they are eager to fly at one another's throats. Few, however, care about Crete; for any trouble there, unlike the Balkan question, would not be likely to cause the Powers to squabble among themselves.

"The Squirarchy's Heel."

By John Cawker.

LIBERAL politicians are vehement just now in denunciation of what they are pleased to call "the heel of the squirarchy." A natural soreness, resulting from their rout in rural constituencies, has led to much eloquent unperformed speech in Parliament, and elsewhere—an orgy of Jabez Windbagism—and the formation of "The Gladstone League." The elastic sides of the shoes of "Women Liberals" are quivering with suppressed agitation at stories of intimidation, victimisation, and dismissals, rife in circles frequented by defeated and disgruntled Radicals. The columns of the "Daily News" are oily with Uriah Heepish indignation at "the corrupt conservatism" of "the gentry" of such counties as Dorset and Berkshire. But we hear no word of the Nonconformist employers of labour of Glamorgan (Mid) and Yorkshire (West Riding) unless it be to vaunt their superior morality and "staunch Liberalism." Indeed, what is damnable and unclean in a country squire, or a wealthy Tariff Reformer, is pure zeal and enthusiasm in a sweating manufacturer and a dissenting divine.

The aberrations contingent upon a diet of cocoa after all are of small importance and best overlooked; but there are not wanting signs that the aggressively respectable section of the representatives of labour mean to enrol themselves among the Ighite and Children of the Wind. This is horrible! Suppose, for a moment, that they persuade their followers to set off in chase of them and their maggots, victimisation. Will these followers seek victims of proselytism run mad, not in the crowded mills of manufacturing England, and deep down in the coal mines of South Wales, but in Berkshire lanes and Dorset valleys? Then confusion will be worse confounded. The comparatively inoffensive squireen, lord of a handful of feudatory souls, will be beautifully badgered—much to the ultimate good of his immortal soul, doubtless; but the masters of thousands of wage slaves—named "free men" in Liberal parlance—would escape unscathed.

There is victimisation enough—or, if you will, undue influence, or, better still, influence—at work the world over. We find it in Radical Derbyshire and in Unionist Down, in Protestant England and in Catholic Spain, in autocratic Germany and in republican France, in white Belgium and in the black Congo. Moreover, it seems idle for Socialists to deny that the Labour Movement is tainted to a marked degree with the thrice accursed thing. Look at it how we will, it is not possible to regard the trade unionist compulsory levy for Parliamentary purposes without misgiving. To advance the majority argument is futile. It is an argument which can be used with equal effect by any party or sect when it wishes to undertake any peculiarly dirty work. By means of a bare majority the lives of the Roman Catholics or Socialists of Manchester could be made unbearable, and South Wales would be at the mercy of the narrow and fanatical leaders of political Nonconformity—the most truly conservative (in the worst sense of the word) body in existence.

To deny the validity of the majority argument in this matter is, moreover, not to deny the wisdom of majority rule. In a democratic state the minority must submit to the ruling of the majority, but they are not—or should not be—denied freedom to belong to the minority, neither may they be forced into economic support of the upholders of adverse views, except in so far as every citizen is compelled to maintain the Govern-

ment temporarily in power. To reverse the Osborne judgment would lead in my view to very real victimisation in thousands of cases, and it would be a serious retrograde step. To evolve freedom out of compulsion is a gargantuan task, and beyond the powers even of Henderson, Mabon, Brace and John Williams. A Labour Party built up on a forced levy is diseased at the heart, and is bound to suffer from severe depressions (witness the present), if not to die. Besides, Labour candidates are now realising the eternal truth of the adage, "You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." You can force a levy out of a trade unionist, but you cannot make him vote for you at election time.

But why should any real reformer be blinded by the phrases of "robust Radicalism," and imagine that victimisation is the work of political Conservatism only? Why attempt to create the false impression that it is more frequently used as a weapon by the squires and the dames of the Primrose League than by commercial magnates and the ladies of the W.L.A., or, for the matter of that, by the ladies of the W.S.P.U.?

It is plain to the Socialist that victimisation is the inevitable outcome of the existence of a possessing and a dispossessed class. So long as a man is dependent upon the whim of another man—Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist—for his bread, so long will he be open to victimisation, or undue influence, or influence at election or at any other time. As believers in liberty, political, religious and economic, we should much like to know the difference between the victimisation of the employer and the "steps" taken by trade union and party leaders to make their followers toe the line. Perhaps the Master of Elibank or Lord Hugh Cecil will oblige?

It is not for us (Dieu merci!) to set up a defence of those kindergarten kaisers, the squires. They are easy prey for the whirling, wordy Lloyd George. But does the illustrious (or should we say notorious?) President of the Gladstone League believe for a moment that victimisation of Liberals by Conservatives is one whit more common than victimisation of Conservatives by Liberals, or of Socialists by both? We think not. But knowing the power of the political myopia, and the strange assumption that all poor men, except flunkeys, are Liberals, and for fear of allowing our case to go by default, we feel safe in directing his attention to the tactics of his protégés in Mid-Glamorgan during the last by-election. I happen to know that they spared no pains in making sure the election and calling of their pet.

We already hear the cries of "Proof, proof." We smile. There is never going to be a proven case of victimisation, maugré "The Gladstone League," unless some hysterical woman has badly mishandled the victim. Men have learnt the value of "the gospel of silence," in this matter at least, and "mum's the word" when you sack a politically recalcitrant servant.

There is a gleam of unconscious humour in Robertson's "History of Free Thought" (unlikely spot) which bears on our subject. He says:—"The psychology of Aristophanes, who freely ridiculed and blasphemed the gods in his own comedies while reviling all men who did not believe in them, is hardly intelligible, save in the light of parts of the English history of our own time, when unbelieving indifferentists on the Conservative side have been seen ready to join in turning the law against a freethinking publicist for purely party ends."

Poor freethinking publicist! You happened to be a Liberal, and the Conservatives thought that they could "do something for the Almighty" on this occasion at Mid-Glamorgan, as well as put in a shrewd blow on their own account. We are sure that if the attention of the "Daily News" were called to the wrong, great would be its sorrow at the manifold sins and wickedness of the other side. But, my tolerant friend, is not the party of which you are a distinguished ornament, overfond of the same game? Have not you taken part in elections where the whole artillery of religious prejudice has been brought to bear on Socialist opponents? Examine "the Christian" leaflets issued by indif-

ferentist Liberals in the Mid-Glamorgan contest, and cease to prattle of "the Conservative side," for with this evidence before you we feel sure it will savour of cant, and read like misrepresentation for "purely party ends." Our sorrow for your suffering is heartfelt, but on second thoughts we will reserve our copious tears until you raise your voice against the "Socialism is Atheism" cry, and our subscription to "the Gladstone League" until Mr. Asquith passes a "Right to Work" Bill. Nothing will scotch victimisation and the force of bigotry like economic independence. Why, to profess belief in God has in many cases been found a sure road, and the only sure road, to bread and butter, even in Nonconformist Liberal Wales, the land of grease and peppermint, religion and wind. Depend upon it, you cautious, evolutionary, Fabian souls, who form the bulk of the Progressive vote, a sound measure ensuring work to all the workless, and all the wrongfully "sacked," would not only end victimisation, but the reign of Stiggins, and it would rejuvenate a deeper nation.

The "Daily News," having got hold of a few parsons who have been acting the "giddy goat," makes a fine hullabaloo over their petty tyrannies. Presumably, if it were not for these jack-a-napes "Liberalism would have swept the rural constituencies." Bah! A kindly hint that dissenting ministers are not as Cæsar's wife in these matters is not out of place here. May it send the delicious and fragrant "D.N." into a vigorous crusade of inquiry. Some of the ugliest tricks with the earnings of the aged when pensions were granted were played, not by the squire, but by the manufacturer.

More in sorrow than in anger we conclude by pointing out that at the last election three of the four Dorset seats were captured, or held, by the Conservatives. The solitary exception was where wealth and power were cast into the scales of the Liberal side.

The Endowment of Genius.

By Alfred E. Randall.

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR is sending a circular letter dealing with this subject to representative writers in England and America, with a request for a statement of opinion. A copy of this letter has come into my hands, and, although I am not included in the list of representative writers, I have an opinion which I dare not write privately to Mr. Sinclair, if I am to maintain my reputation for chaste language. My unsolicited opinion would not be serviceable to the symposium in the "Independent" that Mr. Sinclair desires, so I am compelled to ask the Editor of the NEW AGE to allow me a breathing space in his columns.

First of all, I cannot be accused of looking a gift horse in the mouth, because there is no horse at present, and he has not been given to me. Mr. Sinclair has spoken of the matter to a "well-known philanthropist," whatever that may mean, and with the well-known philanthropy of those who don't know how to spend their money, this man asked Mr. Sinclair to submit an "outline of a plan," and to obtain the opinion of representative writers. The skeleton of the horse is here before me, and it will soon be covered with the sinews and flesh of solicited opinions; then, presumably, money will make the mare to go, and behold, a Pegasus for a poet! I know so little of equine anatomy that I cannot predict that Pegasus will be broken-kneed, or short-winded, or spavined on the hough, but a little consideration of the correlation of parts suggests that a home-made and stall-fed beast is not likely to fly far towards Parnassus. But as the goal seems to be the publishers and not Parnassus, perhaps this consideration is of no consequence.

"What I have in mind is a permanent endowment, analogous to the 'Nobel Fund.' Its purpose would be the encouragement of vital creative literary work,

by the establishment of scholarships or prizes, to be given for a period of two or three years, with the possibility of continuance if the candidate's work should make it seem worth while." The skull of Pegasus is thus made of good intentions, and as they have done duty for so long as paving-stones, we can predict with some certainty the height to which the steed will rise. What a neck Pegasus will have is shown by the next paragraph. "First of all, the establishment of such a fund would call attention to the fact that there does not exist in America any provision for the maintenance of young men and women *who wish to learn the difficult art of creative writing*; nor any way by which Genius may be recognised and saved from extermination." The italics are mine, for I wish to emphasise this point a little later. It may be remarked in passing that it is impossible even in America to call attention to unrecognised Genius by an endowment fund or any other method. Somebody must recognise it before it becomes worthy of endowment, and the means of recognition are limited by definition of the signs of Genius. "The provisions of such an endowment would have to be drawn with care. They should make clear that what is sought is young rather than perfect work; work of a forward looking tendency by writers whose future is before them; and work of a new and path-breaking nature—not simply conventional and well-bred academic work."

This is great: Pegasus will have a body, but whether that body would have borne Shakespeare, or Keats, or Balzac, for instance, to glory, is doubtful. Shakespeare's adaptations were young and certainly not perfect work: would such judges as are here suggested be able to detect a writer with a future before him if he offered such stuff as Shakespeare's early adaptations? Would even Venus and Adonis have suggested a "forward looking tendency," a work of a "new and path-breaking nature" to any three men of his time who had themselves produced "vital work," or "shown penetration, sympathy and balance in their judgments upon the work of others." Who would have recognised the Genius of Keats in his first volume except, perhaps, in the sonnet on Chapman's "Homer," and would any committee of experts be likely to award an endowment on the promise of one sonnet? Balzac wrote forty novels before he put his name to one: I believe that Professor Saintsbury has read them, and stated that they do not deserve to remain in the oblivion to which Balzac's pride condemned them: would such a committee of three men "who have produced vital work themselves" be likely to agree with Professor Saintsbury in the case of a new Balzac? Committees must look for a man with a future behind him, or trust to their own inspiration of a writer's promise, for Genius is not apparent till it appears, and the early experiments and imitations disguise it from the critical eye. The difficulty of Genius (I use the capital initial, in emulation of Mr. Sinclair's reverence for the quality) is mainly confined to its pupilage, to the years of service that precede its entrance into possession of its kingdom; and who can recognise a master in a servant? When the Genius is asserted, when the vital creative work is produced, the enemy is found in the very men who have themselves produced vital work; and what chance of recognition has the full-fledged Genius from those who are established to sit in judgment upon him?

Apart from these speculations, though, the articulation of the back-bone of Pegasus needs other consideration. There are to be manuscript readers who will receive salaries estimated at three thousand dollars inclusive. To them will be entrusted the task of selecting the writers of promise who will be submitted to the three judges, who, by the way, will take another three thousand dollars. The office expenses are estimated at another thousand dollars. The prizes suggested are one thousand dollars for three years in each class (poetry, fiction, and prose writing of an inspirational character), and two prizes of five hundred dollars for three years. The total will be twenty-five thousand dollars for three years, of which about thirty-five per cent. will be dissipated in distribution. There is, of course, no mention of

the method by which the readers and judges will be selected, but presumably Mr. Sinclair and his well-known philanthropist will arrange this. They will, of course, appoint people who are sympathetic to their ideas, and as sympathy breeds similarity, Genius will have to rely on Mr. Sinclair and a well-known philanthropist for its recognition. I do not know if Mr. Sinclair and his philanthropist have yet discovered and assisted a Genius: if they have, why waste money on an established committee; if they have not, are their nominees likely to be more successful?

Let me summarise my objections to this scheme. No committee, not even one sitting in trinity, can discover Genius, for some principle of selection must be asserted, and Genius is not apt to accord with principles. As the principle is to provide "maintenance for young men and women who wish to learn the difficult art of creative writing," the work that shows the least of this art obviously will gain the prize, for where there is most need there is most desire. Apart from the fact that as creative writing cannot be taught, neither can it be learnt; that a man either has the gift or not; with such a recommendation to such a committee the most incompetent would be the most hopeful, as having most to learn, and, therefore, being most deserving of maintenance. Moreover, as Genius does not shine in competitions, particularly when readers are the first judges, Mr. Sinclair's hope of saving one Chatterton or Keats is not likely to be realised. I object, also, to spoiling a Philistine (if a well-known philanthropist is a Philistine instead of a Good Samaritan), to the extent of 7,000 dollars for the benefit of Genius that is already recognised, and presumably rewarded. If Mr. Sinclair's Pegasus has no leg to stand upon, it is due to his own omission, and I herewith undertake to provide a serviceable set.

I want to utter my protest against the piffing admiration that is ruining art and the artists in the English speaking countries. I want to get rid of the divinity of art, and assert its humanity: to insist that an artist is not to be worshipped, but fed: to abolish the Olympian ideal and substitute that of the prize-ring and the race-course. A sportsman backs his fancy: are there no sportsmen in art? Why should the artist of all men be left to starve on a pedestal, with a gang of worshipful young ladies slobbering at the foot? Let the artist have some hearty honest personal admiration: let the would-be patron approach him in the bluff way of the sportsman. "My boy, I like you: I fancy your chance; I'll back you to the tune of a thousand: go in and win." The sportsman finds his favourite for himself, he establishes no committees to be charitable to likely candidates; and he enters into personal relations with the one on whom his choice falls. But the well-known philanthropist who is too lazy to find his own man, too incompetent to trust his own judgment: what has art or the artist to hope from him? What are the successful artists doing? What one of our modern writers has backed a fancy, has spent a penny or written a line in praise of an unknown man? Stevenson wrote an encouraging letter about Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession"; has Shaw ever paid a similar compliment to an equally unknown man? Wells, I see, has backed a bath-chair man, who will probably be knocked out by someone else's baked potato-man; but this is, as far as I know, the only recent instance of sportmanship in art. What is the use of howling for National Theatres and endowment funds when the Academy of Music, Burlington House, and the National Gallery make every artist vomit? The artist wants patronage, not organised criticism: it is impossible to establish any means of endowing artists without laying down some law that will be exclusive. We want to get away from committees of taste, from advanced as well as from academic approval: we want the patron of art to be as bold and as generous at least as the patron of prize-fighting: we demand that those who pretend to care most for art shall do most for it, for the beneficence of a well-known philanthropist filtered through a committee would have all the sting of charity, and none of the sweetness of love.

The Philosophy of a Don.

IX.—Our Degeneracy.

My colleague Chesterham continues as inconsolable over our defeat by M. Paulhan as Calypso was over her desertion by Odysseus. His grief, like the goddess's, at first sought expression in streams of hot tears; but gradually it crystallised into a hard despondency which now finds its relief in gloomy lamentations, followed by even gloomier prognostications.

"Take the cross-Channel and London to Manchester flights as an example," he said to me this morning for the sixtieth time.

"Yes," I said, politely, "What about them?"

"On both occasions the machines, as well as the men, that beat us were of foreign make!"

"Well, there is nothing very astonishing in that. The art of flying originated on the Continent."

"That's just what makes our defeat so galling. We have not only allowed foreigners to make the invention, but we have failed even to copy it successfully when it was made. The only contribution this country has so far made to the struggle for the mastery of the air is one of unpatriotic cheers and prizes for foreigners who were permitted to beat our own men first on the sea, which Britannia rules, and then over the very land we live in. Why is it so?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is owing to our want of Protection. Isn't that what people say every time the foreigner gets ahead of us in anything?"

"Is there Protection in brains as well?"

"What is your explanation, then?" I asked, a little annoyed at the unexpected aptness of his retort.

"Degeneracy," he replied, promptly. "We are not what we used to be. We have degenerated. England—alas, my country!—has degenerated very much, and is degenerating every day."

"You needn't despair," I said, in an encouraging tone. "A nation can be stimulated to achievement by the sting of failure quite as effectively, if not quite as pleasantly, as by the elation of success."

"I wish I could share your optimism," he said, shaking his head. "England has not many vigorous minds left. There are a few, but I see nothing to succeed us."

"A very sad prospect, indeed," I commented, simulating a sorrow which I was far from feeling.

"It is more than sad. It is heart-breaking. Fast living and low thinking is the order of the present day. We get so many and varied impressions that nothing remains to give a lasting colour and character to our minds. It took some two hundred years for the Norman style of architecture to fade into the Perpendicular. Now things change in a week. We have grown so volatile and so superficial that we are only able to enjoy some passing fashion of the hour. We have lost the grit which has made our glorious Empire what it is, and I see no hope for improvement."

He took his hat off, mopped his forehead with his large yellow pocket-handkerchief, and then, replacing his hat, continued with renewed vigour, "Ours is not a wicked age; it is a weak age. If anything, I should say the age is not wicked enough. Look at the Middle Age. It was an heroic age, an age of great virtues and great vices: the two things always go together. We are mediocre in vice as in virtue. We are commonplace even in our crimes. The best murders produced nowadays are produced for the mere love of gold—not for the love of God, or even for the love of woman, you

observe. Consider it from any point of view you like, ours is an age of small things and small men—with, of course, a few exceptions. Don't you agree?"

"I am not quite sure," I replied, guardedly. "Personally I should not much care to live in such an age as, say, the age of Fra Angelico, when the streets of Florence ran with blood, or in the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Columbus discovered a new world and heretics were roasted by the hundred in the old. Little as I love heretics, I love autos-da-fé still less. I am afraid I am not sufficiently fond of blood and of human sacrifices."

"Oh, that is purely a matter of personal taste. It does not affect the principle in the least. Take, if you prefer, the eighteenth century—the century of Pitt and Fox, of Burke, Johnson, and Garrick. What do you find? Everybody in those days drank and drank largely: drank to find joy, drank to forget sorrow. Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and, above all, Porson, were three-bottle men; and how many a great speech was made in the House, how many a weighty book was written in the study, how many a brilliant paradox was fired off across the dinner-table, in a state of divine insobriety! You remember the noble Lord Saye and Sele, who instructed a new valet in these memorable terms: 'Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside and call me the day after to-morrow?' That noble lord was not, of course, an exceptionally gifted individual. He was only one demi-god in a world of demi-gods. It was a great age. Contrast it with the present day:—

How many a man, both young and old,
Has gone to his sarcophagus
Through pouring water neat and cold
Along his poor aesophagus!

"So far as the fact of inebriation goes, I admit that there is some notable decline. Even in Oxbridge the quantities of port consumed nowadays, remarkable as they still are, what are they compared with the oceans our predecessors quaffed? Old dons remember the time when a two-bottle dean was looked down upon as a baby-drinker. At the present day he would be considered a probrate of a certain eminence."

"That illustrates my meaning. Ah, there were giants in those days even in Oxbridge. You are pygmies—puny, anæmic pygmies. You no longer swallow your wine, you now sip it. That is, perhaps, the saddest of all our signs of degeneracy."

"Why? I fail to recognise the uses of drunkenness." I felt bound to protest, for Chesterham's conclusion did not seem to me to follow upon his premisses, indisputable though these were.

"I am surprised to hear that from a classical scholar," he said, with a look of reproof, almost of pain. "Don't you remember that Plato considered indulgence in wine a test of self-command and a measure of the relative facility with which different men are tempted to extravagance?"

"That is true." I had to admit, and, lest I should be outshone by Chesterham in scholarship, I added, "Aeschylus also pronounces that 'a mirror reflects a man's face and wine his mind.' But, for all that, I prefer to remain comparatively sober."

"You are too prosaic. There is no spirituality in you," he exclaimed, impatiently.

"My dear Chesterham," I expostulated, "are you not confusing the spiritual with the spirituous?"

"Not at all. The two things are essentially connected. As you ought to know, spiritual exaltation and ecstasy—the highest manifestation of religious feeling—were the aim of the Bacchic orgies. Drunkenness was the principal means of inducing that ecstatic condition in which the mind visualised the objects of its desire, the soul transcended the trammels of ordinary life, and man communed with his gods. Musæus, you remember, regarded eternal intoxication as the loftiest conception of future bliss."

"We have advanced far beyond those pagan standards of religious aspiration. Christianity . . ."

"Christianity has not changed anything. Only the other day one of the most popular of London preachers declared from the pulpit that drunkenness is a quest for the ideal—a blind and blundering quest, maybe, but a quest for all that. The reverend gentleman was perfectly right. The man who deliberately gets drunk does so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realise the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just comes to this: he wants, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand his soul, to enter regions untrodden by sober feet, and to gather to himself new experiences—experiences denied to prosaic, abstemious folk like yourself. A drunken debauch, properly viewed, is a quest for life, a quest for God!"

"All this, supported as it is by so many eminent and presumably competent experts, may be true or may not. But, supposing that it is, and that the decline of intoxication amongst us is a mark of national degeneracy. How do you account for it?"

"A board of Fish Commissioners once asked a Scotch game warden why the salmon were no longer running up a once famous river, and to their surprise were answered: 'Ye canna hae feesh when ye hae stopp't the water.' He was right; without a constant and abundant supply of pure, sweet water in our streams we cannot have fish."

"That sounds convincing. But how does it bear on the subject of our discussion? Surely you cannot thirst for water!"

"You are obtuse. The pure and sweet water to which I referred has nothing to do with H₂O. I spoke in parables."

"That is the worst of you great prophets. I wish you would sometimes make allowances for the stupidity of your hearers."

"Well, then, since I must interpret, the water I meant is the water of Faith—orthodox Christian faith. We have lost faith. We are deeply, not to say fatally, touched with intellectual scepticism—demoralising and paralysing. I attribute our sterility to the prevalence of the critical spirit, which is the principal and peculiar curse of our age," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper of fathomless solemnity. Then, all of a sudden, as if captivated and carried away by the exuberance of his own cleverness, he cried, waving his arms like a semaphore in a state of corybantic exaltation: "It is all over with England! All hope abandon, ye who enter!"

"My dear Chesterham," I said, scarcely able to suppress my laughter, "don't be more absurd than you can help. The critical spirit which distresses you so sorely is not the peculiar attribute of our age. It is the privilege of all ages of high and wide culture—from the age of Euripides down to the present day. If we knew more about the civilisation of the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Martians, we should probably find the same state of things in Babylon, Nineveh, and Mars at certain periods of their development. So be comforted, scepticism is a normal stage in our growth."

"No, it is a symptom of decay—the penultimate step towards dissolution. You did not find scepticism in the Middle Age!"

"I do not admire the Middle Age!" I said with emphasis.

Chesterham looked disappointed in me. So I hastened to rehabilitate myself in his esteem by a slight concession: "Of course, the Middle Age had its good points."

"Yes," he said, somewhat pleased. "Whatever the Middle Age may have lacked, it had Faith—faith in God, which is only another way of saying faith in itself. It was that faith that made life bearable and robbed death of its terrors. Death was believed in very earnest to be the door to another and better life—to eternal life. These words, which to our ears sound like rhetorical cant, or pious platitudes, to our mediæval fathers and mothers were the literal statement of a

plain fact—plain and inspiring. With the departure of faith life has lost its meaning, and Death has regained his old empire. Which of us now believes in eternal life?"

"Well, I said, "you cannot expect things to remain always as they were. A child believes in a good many things that grown-up people reject as incredible. Besides, a great deal of mediæval faith was due to a system of pious frauds, such as nurses employ to keep their charges quiet, if not contented."

"It is precisely the disappearance of pious frauds that I regret. I have a deep regard for pious frauds. They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together."

"All frauds, pious or otherwise, are harmful," said I.

"No, they are useful. They only become harmful when they are found out—when, the plaster of faith having been removed, they are exposed. And that is just my quarrel with the Critical Spirit: it has exposed the pegs and nails by scraping off the plaster of faith, which once covered them so nicely."

"Buildings have to be scraped from time to time. The grime which accumulates and disfigures them must be removed. Preservation is impossible without periodical restoration," I maintained stoutly.

"Restoration is a dangerous process. Grime, in the course of time, becomes a kind of cement. In trying to remove what disfigures you are apt to weaken that which preserves. There is no strength except in rigid orthodoxy."

"So you would have unquestioning faith at any price?"

"Yes, Faith was the cement that kept the fabric of mediæval life together. What is our modern substitute? We must have some kind of cement, or else all this majestic pile would have tumbled about our ears long ago. What is it, then? I can only think of Finance. If we have any creed at all, it can only be the creed of plutolatry."

"We are a wealthy nation," I admitted, cheerfully.

"Yes, we are a wealthy nation," groaned Chesterham, mournfully. "And yet when Settlement Day comes, we may be found insolvent. Our knights of the counter, our captains of the clothyard, our high priests of Finance, preaching the gospel according to St. Mammon—what would they avail us on such a day?"

"I don't know, I am sure," I replied. "But do you really think we are never going to have great times again?"

"I don't know," he said, thoughtfully. "Things may get worse, and then it is possible they may get better. England appears to need rest to repair herself. She is enjoying a sort of Sabbath year. We are suffering from exhaustion, and shall go on lying fallow, until something may some day come to rouse us from our torpor," he said, with the despair that keeps hope alive.

"What sort of thing do you expect?" I asked.

"Anything big, no matter what, that will touch the imagination of our people and stir up its faith. Only something national, something affecting everybody, can recall us from an age of scepticism to an age of orthodoxy. If we lived in apocalyptic times, I should have said something like the advent of a Messiah. As it is, I will suggest a big war, a splendid victory over someone or something, or a crushing defeat, or, better still, a financial crash—say, the failure of the Bank of England! Pending such a salutary catastrophe, I will try to do what I can to re-establish orthodoxy."

Having thus spoken, he waddled off, with a firm step, his head in the air, and his hat well at the back of it. I gazed at the retreating figure with mingled feelings. It is possible that his dismal declamations may contain a message for the ardent and enterprising. But I am neither ardent nor enterprising. I am a modest and virtuous don, and some of Chesterham's views shock and startle me. I may agree with him that great deeds go along with great misdeeds; but, speaking for myself, I am quite happy to live in an age of small vices and small crimes, even at the cost of smallness all round.

Sargentolatry.

By Walter Sickert.

I DOUBT if anyone can be as much surprised and amused as Mr. Sargent himself—I have no authority for saying so—at the prostration before him and all his works that has been the attitude of the English press for the last decade or so. Where there is real poverty of thought, and absence of knowledge, the first necessity is to find an idol before which to assume the favourite attitude that the French call flat-belly. Flat-belly the critics have been before his successes; faithfully flat-belly before his failures. Flat-belly before the ability of his paintings; equally and imperturbably flat-belly before his very nugatory life-sized heads in black-and-white. He tried to elude them. Turning, in a holiday mood, from his portrait clientèle, he exercised his great facility in some landscape sketches. In these his firm and certain *mise-en-place* served him well, but the absence of any delicate or interesting colour-sense became more obvious than it is in the portraits. Not a bit of use! He was at once hailed as the heaven-born landscape-painter. "Blinding light" is the consecrated phrase. Some painters are said to have "painted" a picture or "exhibited" a picture. Not so Mr. Sargent. He "vouchsafes" a picture, a word hitherto confined to the deity.

Directly it was discovered that he was the North Pole towards which the critical needles must all point, other societies determined that the Royal Academy should not keep him to themselves. I think I can even remember seeing a poster in the street issued by an exhibiting society, worded: "Works by Mr. John Sargent and others." Whether a few other names were added I forget, but the gravamen of the poster was as I say. The New English Art Club, with the eye for the main chance that generally distinguishes the founders of a new religion, clung firmly to the skirts of the frock-coat from which virtue was understood to issue. Virtue was to some extent its own reward. Visitors would hurry in, ask the secretary which were Mr. Sargent's pictures, and, having inspected them, go out again at once. The attitude of the Press was generally thus: "We know all about Impressionism, or whatever you like to call the beastly thing, that these people practise. It is an unpleasant and not very reputable thing, anyhow. But, of course, when Mr. Sargent condescends, in his moments of recreation, between the serious and respectable labours of painting proper expensive portraits, to dally with anything so trivial, it becomes supreme, etc."

This brief résumé reads like a farcical account, but anyone who has watched these things will acknowledge that it is a moderate and fair statement of the facts. It errs, if anything, on the side of understatement, as all accounts of a boom of snobisme must do. (For readers who have not been out of England it may be necessary to explain that "le snobisme" is not the French equivalent for the English word "snobbishness." "Le snobisme" does not carry with it any suggestion of social subservience, but means abject subjection to a name, or a supposed authority.)

The only person who has resolutely abstained from any complicity in the Sargent boom has been Mr. Sargent himself. If sense and modesty could disarm criticism, Mr. Sargent would be immune. But alas! nothing disarms me.

I need not labour the truth, with which I have already dealt, that the work of the modern fashionable portrait-painter has to be considered as, in a sense, a collaboration, a compromise between what the painter would like to do, and what his employer will put up with. Mr. Sargent, who has an acute sense of, and keen delight in, character, has no wish to compromise more than he need. But the ineluctable laws that rule the relations of employer and employed are there for him as for others. Where he has found himself before a man of esprit—I have one specially in my mind, and his daughter—he has let himself go, and given of his best, with charming and piquant results. And in the degree to which he lets himself go, a shrewd spectator

may measure the painter's estimate of his sitter's wit.

It is a pitiful thing, and one of the best proofs of the nullity of art-criticism in this country, that Sargent's painting is accepted, as it is, as the standard of art, the ne plus ultra and high-water mark of modernity. Let us try to arrive at a reasonable and just estimate, devoid alike of detraction and of hysterical abasement.

I have said that he has the supreme virtue in a portrait painter of an eye for character. He has a great gift for placing his shapes where he wishes, safely and firmly. The colour is quelconque, and the quality of execution is slippery, and has no beauty or distinction of its own. The paintings might be described as able black-and-white sketches on a large scale, in adequate colours. The problem of turning out satisfactory likenesses with a certain brilliant allure, and the little touch of piquant provocation that respectable women are always so anxious to secure, has seldom been solved by an abler hand or a juster eye. And really of the landscape sketches, which my critical colleagues believe to be epoch-making, not much more can be said. Some of the figures in these landscapes have a prettiness quite worthy to illustrate a feuilleton. Practice for a quarter of a century in portrait-painting, with the triple problem of likeness, rapidity, and the sitter's taste to solve is not likely—and even critics who are ignorant or art, might guess at the inherent improbability—is not likely to be the best preparation for the production of epoch-making landscape.

Let any of my readers go, without prejudice, straight from a Sargent landscape to the Pissarro of the Louvre in the Grafton Gallery, and compare the weight of the two productions. Compare the degree of passion, of power, of observation, of delicacy. Enumerate the facts of structure contained in the one and the other. Notice the degree in which, in each, the various colours on the canvas are differentiated from the state in which they are supplied by the colourman. You won't find a painter who needs to be told this, Mr. Sargent least of all. But then, if I am right, I herewith convict almost the whole critical Press of this country for ten years either of elementary ignorance, or laziness and indifference, or of craven abjection to a social and commercial success.

I resent this attitude for two reasons. Because it means that for many years much patient merit must have been overlooked and slighted. This attitude has some of the effects of a panic. Gentle and charming people are hustled. It has some of the effect of the entrance into a private party, where many interesting and well-bred people are assembled, of an actress who is the vogue. I resent it because in this Academy, for instance, Mr. Fowler's picture (237) is not hung on the line, and has not been properly considered. Mr. Davis's landscape (17) is overlooked. Mr. Leslie, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Hughes Stanton, and Mr. Alfred East are all somewhat brushed aside.

But I resent it most of all for myself. Gross and continued negligence in the critical world is just like negligence in the material world. Someone, who loathes the job, is at last compelled to get up and put things straight. To deal with the accumulated prostration that cumbers the ground of serious criticism, my lazy and ignorant critical colleagues have put me in the odious and tiresome position of appearing to attack an artist who has constantly given me real pleasure. I find myself forced to write grudgingly of a man whose great and rare qualities I cordially envy. I am, however, somewhat consoled by the fact that one little article, with only a week of life in it, is a very feeble dart to set against a decade of the heaviest artillery of unbroken adulation.

I would be glad if I could achieve one result. I have noticed that critics who have mostly no knowledge of art are rightly careful to read anything that painters write. To these I would make one general suggestion. Let them turn over a new leaf, and try this system in future. When they approach an exhibition, let them see what they can find to say of all the pictures signed by names of which they have never heard. Let them leave out, for a change, all mention of the well-known names—mine among them.

The Countess Camille.

By Francis Grierson.

I HAD heard of her at the Embassy in Vienna, and when I was promoted to a more important post at St. Petersburg I had the good fortune to meet her on several occasions, but always at a reception or a ball, and on each occasion it seemed as if I had met her for the first time. She was known in society as the Countess Camille, and I had not yet succeeded in learning anything more definite about her family relations.

The Countess Camille was invariably accompanied by a little German baroness, who was a good linguist, and who acted as her companion. I had known the Baroness a long time, and at last concluded that she herself did not know the true history of the Countess.

And so it was.

One day I stood at the station in St. Petersburg, waiting to board the train for Paris, when two ladies approached; they were both enveloped to the eyes in furs, the weather being still cold for the middle of April, and as they came nearer I recognised the mysterious Countess and her German companion.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, greeting me, "how delightful! Let us travel together, at least part of the way; I always dislike travelling in a compartment set aside for ladies."

"That would be charming," I remarked, and as the train was about to start I assisted her in, with the little Baroness following. We were the only occupants of the compartment, and were soon settled in our places, and by tipping the guard I made sure that no one else would intrude on our privacy. We talked of the weather, of the past season at St. Petersburg, of the opera, and many other things, the Baroness chiming in now and then with her nervous, tremulous voice, dotting our conversation here and there with exclamations and interrogations.

And now I observed every look and movement of the Countess Camille. There was no denying the extraordinary beauty, half Oriental, half Russian, of the woman seated before me. I had seen no face like it, even in Russia, where one sees so many women of a strangely complex type of beauty. Every time I looked at this woman, enveloped in furs of the rarest black fox, I received a fresh impression of bewilderment and mystery, and I felt that peculiar indefinable influence that radiates from certain natures born to mystify and to fascinate. I tried to guess her age, but in the maze of conflicting impressions I soon gave it up.

After a good deal of light talk, she opened a small satchel and took out a phial that glittered with all sorts of gems set in fantastic shapes, with arabesque characters engraved between the delicate spiral work of the stones. I did not realise the rare and peculiar beauty of this phial until the Countess held it up, opened the outer stopper by pressing a spring that sounded with a sharp click, and then a tiny inner stopper, and taking the handkerchief of the Baroness, slowly measured out one drop of the fluid and no more. It took a long time, first because of the small quantity required, second because of the thick oil-like quality of the fluid. Thus I had ample time to examine the exterior composition of the phial, and to note the fact that not more than one drop of its contents fell on the handkerchief.

"This is a souvenir of my sojourn in the Orient," said the Countess, with some languor, which I thought not unmixed with a suggestion of care and ennui.

Wonder and delight shone from the face of the Baroness; she seemed to have lost the power of speech, but at last she exclaimed: "Its effect is intoxicating! The odour puts one into a dream!"

The Countess gave a slight nod of assent as she began nonchalantly to fold a cigarette. For the moment I was so amused at the child-like amazement of the Baroness that I was hardly conscious of the potent effect being produced on my own senses by the odour from that one drop of golden elixir. I recognised in its ingredients the attar of roses and a slight tinge of musk, but more I could not make out, although I guessed in silence for a long time, calling to my mind all the rarest scents which I had known in my travels through Asia.

"And now," said the Baroness, still under the stimulus of the odour which seemed to vivify the very air we breathed, "perhaps you will tell us something about Constantinople, for we may never again have an opportunity like this."

The Countess Camille opened her pelisse at the neck, and at that moment I noticed a marked change in the expression of her face. I seemed to see her as another person. Her large, almond-shaped eyes looked darker and deeper than before, and her face became diffused with a slight crimson glow, which gave to her complexion a magnetic brilliancy that was dazzling. Surely this was a face that might turn the heads of statesmen, diplomats, and men of genius, and I congratulated myself that I was not in danger of succumbing to the magic of her perfumes, her jewels, her magnetic looks, and her winsome gestures. At last she said, addressing her companion:

"You have known me some time, and no doubt you have heard strange rumours about my early life."

"Certainly, Countess," said her companion, with a twinkle of expectation in her grey eyes.

"And yet you have only heard legends and old women's stories," said the Countess, as she made one of those bewitching gestures with her marvellous hand while shaking the ashes from her cigarette. "I will tell you some episodes in my early life, and you will soon see the difference between the legends and the reality."

"My father was a Russian and my mother an Austrian," she continued. "I was educated in a convent near Vienna, my mother having placed me there after my father's death. When my mother died, I was left in charge of my maternal aunt, who had full power to do with me as she pleased. I spent my nineteenth birthday at the convent, where all passed, as usual, in monotonous quiet, but the next day my aunt arrived and told me to dress myself in my best, as she was going to take me with her to Vienna."

"My aunt arrived early in the afternoon, in an old family coach, and within two hours' time we were on our way back to Vienna."

"She warned me to be as agreeable as possible to the high personage on whom we were about to call, and as convent life had given my face a serious expression I was told to smile, for, as you know, the Viennese like good humour and gaiety."

"Everything I saw from the carriage windows was new to my eyes, and when at last we got into the city, the bustle and noise almost stunned me. All seemed confusion; and the carriage rolled on and on, through narrow streets, across broad avenues, and again into dingy lanes, only to emerge for a moment and again enter narrow, winding streets. All this impressed me with singular force. My curiosity was now aroused as to the personage we were going to see. I wondered, in a vague way, what my aunt was going to do. At last, after crossing a bridge, we turned down an old street and soon into an old-fashioned court-yard. It was now growing dark, and lamps were being lighted. Servants appeared in brilliant liveries, and we were conducted, in a roundabout way, up a narrow flight of steps, then down a broad and magnificent staircase, then up again through another part of the house, through curtained doors into a small, boudoir-like room, where we waited about ten minutes."

"I must confess that I began to feel somewhat nervous. My aunt looked uneasy, and sighed from time to time. She arranged my dress and touched up my curls as they do when you sit for a photograph."

The immense house we were in seemed to me more silent than the convent I had just left, and I could not help wishing myself back there again. The convent seemed like home compared to this strange and splendid mansion, where no sounds were heard, not even from the troops of domestics. It was this fact that impressed me so strangely.

"My aunt was walking up and down the little room we were in, her face wearing an expression of suspense and anxiety. I said to myself: 'It is evident that I am the central figure in this visit,' and my head swam with all sorts of fancies. 'Could it be that I was to be shut up in this house, bound over as a servant of some sort? Or was it that I was to become companion to some invalid?' These thoughts must have taken the colour out of my cheeks, for my aunt exclaimed, harshly: 'What is the matter? You are as pale as if you were going to be executed. You look like a fright, all your beauty gone!'

"Then the curtains parted, and a tall valet, in black and gold livery, ushered us through another richly furnished room, then through a small door hung with Oriental drapery. My aunt had just time to pinch my arm when we stood face to face with two men, one seated in a large easy-chair, the other partly reclining on a Turkish divan. They were smoking houkas. The one in the easy-chair half rose and bowed indifferently as we came in, while the other never moved, but eyed us calmly, much as one would look at a domestic entering the room with a salver of sweetmeats. The room was filled with tobacco smoke, which made me cough, and this gave my cheeks a little colour. Coffee was served in Turkish cups, and while we were sipping it, the man in the easy-chair rose and began to walk nonchalantly about the room, ending by walking slowly around me in a circle, gazing at me all the time. I felt embarrassed, not knowing what all this meant; but my aunt seemed pleased, and, seeing her so self-possessed, I succeeded in mastering my nervousness. My aunt conversed with this man in German and Turkish. He now sat down again, and said to my aunt in German: 'That man on the divan is Kallif, my twin brother. He is here from Constantinople on a visit.'

"'Yes,' replied my aunt. 'I knew you had a twin brother, although I had never seen him.'

"I now took a good look at this man Kallif. He was the image of his brother in the easy-chair before us, and after close scrutiny I saw that his features only differed from those of his brother in this: one eye was the colour of agate. The age of the brothers might have been guessed at forty; and the expression of their faces was something between indifference and moroseness. Although I knew nothing about the Oriental character, I instinctively resented the secretive, taciturn power of these two men. The one in the easy-chair, whose name I afterwards learned was Racham, did little more than listen while my aunt talked, and I knew that when she spoke in Turkish she was alluding directly to me, for at these moments he would eye me in the strangest manner possible."

Here the Countess ceased talking, and I thought she had changed her mind and would say no more, but after a few moments she continued:

"All of a sudden I was possessed with a feeling of distrust and fear, and it was with some difficulty that I remained seated in my chair; but just at that moment a black servant brought in refreshments on a silver tray, and as we rose to change our seats my nerves became somewhat calmed. I looked again at Kallif, who had never left the divan, and never ceased smoking. His face now looked sinister. The agate eye was more searching than before, and he scrutinised me with the features of a human owl, blinking under a light that seemed too strong for his strange, weird eyes. His glance inspired me with horror, yet I stared at him as one stares at serpents in a zoological garden."

"After some words in Turkish, my aunt rose to go. We were shown out through another suite of apartments, up and down other stairs, and I now realised the immense size of the house."

"Our carriage was waiting for us in the courtyard. On the way to my aunt's home, in another part of Vienna, she said:—

"The two men you have just seen are twin brothers, sons of your mother's aunt, who married a wealthy Turk of Constantinople. Racham, who talked with us, was educated in Vienna.' She was silent for a time, then resumed: 'The two brothers are very wealthy; the gold and silver treasures in this house must be worth a vast sum. Kallif, who was lying on the divan, comes to visit Racham every two years, bringing with him from Turkey the spoils of conquest and other perquisites, amounting to millions, which are hidden along with the other treasures in secret places. Kallif is gloomy and silent, but so much the better.' I trembled while my aunt was making this revelation, and I could see Kallif's eyes—half owl, half snake, as if hypnotising his victims before destroying them.

"My aunt continued: 'This Kallif is here now with fresh treasure from the East; he brings the gold to his brother, fearing a panic or revolution in Constantinople. I have these secrets from a relative who knows the history of the twins from their youth up.'

"I listened to this with the interest that a young girl would listen to a page from the Arabian Nights; but when my aunt suddenly said, in a dry hard tone: 'I told Racham just now that you should be his wife before the end of a week,' I nearly lost consciousness. I imagined myself already in his power! But my aunt kept on talking like an oracle: 'Racham is the man, you will have nothing to do with Kallif; he will soon be off again to the East, and Racham will be left alone in the great mansion we have just visited. You will be mistress of everything, and I will see that all goes well. It is my desire that you marry this man, and marry him you *must*.'

"It seemed useless to protest; I felt I was overpowered. When we arrived at my aunt's home a dressmaker was sent for, and within a few days my trousseau was almost completed.

"Then came the ordeal of the wedding. My aunt procured a powerful tonic for my nerves, and at the appointed time I found myself standing in the church with the twin brothers and my aunt, to be married to Racham.

"That same day my aunt left for Paris, promising to return in a couple of weeks, and assuring me that I had nothing to fear, and that Racham, my husband, would take every care of me.

"I will not attempt a description of my feelings when she had left the mansion and I found myself alone with these two strange men and the servants. Racham, however, proved very good and kind; yet once in a while I had something like a horrible premonition of impending evil, through his brother Kallif, and every day I prayed for his speedy departure for Constantinople.

"In the afternoon of the ninth day after the wedding I was standing at the top of the grand staircase, about to descend, when a group of men appeared at the bottom. The light below was very dim, and I could hardly see. They mounted slowly to the top, carrying something. 'They are bringing in more spoils from the Turkish provinces,' I said to myself. I had stepped aside a few paces, waiting for the men to pass with their load, and as they approached I turned to look. It was the dead body of Racham! He had died from a stroke of apoplexy while out riding.

"All at once I realised that I was alone in the house with the insidious Kallif, and I ran to my boudoir and locked myself in. It seemed an age, but I had not been there long when I was startled by three hard, pointed raps. All of a tremble, I unlocked the door, and in walked Kallif.

"'Ma chère,' he said, looking at my blanched and frightened face, 'the shock of my brother's sudden death has been too much for you. I will ring for some cognac or kirsch, and you will soon be better; be thankful it was not I, your husband, who was taken so suddenly.'

"In a flash I saw his sinister meaning, and my brain reeled. He made a movement as if to caress me, but I sank to the floor in a dead faint.

"It must have been late at night when I opened my eyes. I was in my own room, with a low light burning. On the sofa lay a tall, elderly woman, whose name was Minka. I had occasionally seen her about the house, in what capacity I hardly knew, but I had a vague idea that she was the housekeeper. Slowly everything of the previous day came back to me, and the mental agony I went through for the rest of the night I leave to your imagination. Rack my brain as I would, I could not see my way to escape from this house, and Kallif, if he persisted in pretending to be my husband. My aunt was hundreds of miles away in Paris; I did not even know her actual address, and I knew full well the inutility of appealing to any of the domestics.

"Several days went by. Racham was quietly buried, and I saw very little of Kallif, much to my relief, as you can guess. I had regained much of my calm, and began to think that, after all, everything might yet be well, when, the day after the burial of Racham, Kallif came to me and bade me follow him to another part of the house, saying he wished to show me something. Meeting the glance of his agate eye, I was too terrified to refuse. He led me down the grand staircase, through the hall, then stopped in front of a door on the left, which he opened with a key, and we entered a room hung in rich draperies with mystical characters in Arabic and Turkish. The place seemed wrapped in a vague element of mystery."

The little Baroness laughed with delight as the Countess paused a moment and waved her lace handkerchief with one of those charming gestures of which she had the secret, and I again caught a whiff of the wonderful scent. It seemed to envelop me, and I felt a sensation of exhilaration mingled with a slight drowsiness, and I began to wonder whether this feeling was produced by the perfume or some secret power exerted by this mysterious woman.

She continued her story:—

"We now entered a smaller room. From the ceiling hung several lamps encased in pure gold filigree. A glow of light fell on a bowl encrusted with opals, set in a basin of malachite.

"'Sit here,' said Kallif, pointing to a pale green divan which the flickering lights rendered all but transparent. He then walked round the room. When he came to the bowl of opal he stopped and looked at it, as if meditating some important act. He then took from his pocket a small bunch of keys, cautiously opened the lid and took out a phial. Then facing me, he said: 'First I shall let you inhale a little of this extract, for not till then will you be able to understand what I have to show you.' I heard a slight click when he opened the phial, and almost on the instant a wave of wonderful perfume enveloped me. In another moment the room seemed laden with the fascinating odour, and with it, I thought I heard a far off music as of harps. Gradually I became reconciled to the strange influence of the room, and my terror vanished.

"Kallif now walked slowly to the opal bowl, and replaced the phial. He came once again and stood beside me, and, with a curious gleam in his eyes, he whispered:—

"'Musk, sandal-wood, attar of roses.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but that is not all!'

"'Ah,' he replied, 'the fourth ingredient must remain a mystery; but if ever you do guess it the secret will be yours. Remain where you are, and do not move,' he continued, as he walked to the far end of the apartment.

"I saw him unlock a small casket and take out something, carrying it in his hand as he again came towards me.

"He unfolded some tissue-paper and held before me a crystal-like stone of unique shape, bordered with rubies and black diamonds. He held it out before me, and I gazed into it. Suddenly he grasped my left hand

and placed the stone in it. I shuddered as something like an electric shock passed through my arm, and just as I was about to express my surprise, Kallif bent his head down close to mine, and looking into my eyes, said with a significant gesture:—

“ ‘ You see it is an agate ! ’ ”

“ Instantly I thought of his agate eye. I looked at the eye, then at the stone; they were exactly the same colour. As I moved it, the black diamonds darted fire such as I had never seen from jewels.

“ And now the old life had passed away, and a world of romance was before me. Define it all I could not, nor did I wish to try.

“ Kallif took the agate stone and put it under lock and key once more, and said in a careless manner, ‘ I think you now understand that I only want your aid; you will assist me in my work at Constantinople.’ ”

“ He led me back to my own apartments where the woman Minka was awaiting me. This woman I had almost begun to like; she seemed very kind, but to confide in her I did not dare.

“ A few days after that eventful evening, we started for Constantinople, Minka being my constant companion. Kallif had now gained complete control over my mind. But I did not fear him; it was a sort of indifference I now felt.

“ Arrived at Constantinople, I found myself in a dream-palace that seemed to have been erected on the plan of some Arabian Nights entertainment, so varied, so surprising, so bewitching was every room. Kallif took me all through it one evening soon after our arrival, and the moment I stepped outside my own suite of apartments, I was lost in the bewildering mazes of arabesque walls and elusive doors hung with extraordinary curtains worked in weird designs leading anywhere or nowhere.”

“ But were you not afraid that he would sew you up in a sack some night and have you thrown into the Bosphorus ? ” asked the Baroness, in her childlike way.

“ Wonder had taken the place of fear,” replied the Countess Camille simply. “ There was a mystery about all the mazes of the palace which I was dying to solve, and I was certain this house had no equal in Constantinople.

“ One never-to-be-forgotten evening Kallif had the whole palace illuminated for the reception of some great and distinguished visitors. There was that unearthly shimmering effect, that serene glow and fascinating glamour about everything from ceiling to floor that I had witnessed in Vienna, but spread out here through whole suites of apartments with unnumbered lights and illusions unknown at the Austrian mansion.

“ Kallif informed me that among the guests would be a Russian diplomat from whom he must get some important state secrets, and that I must aid him. He feared, however, the influence of a certain Fakir and a hunchbacked companion of his whom the Russian insisted on having present that evening, as he was much interested in the study of the occult.

“ Kallif commanded me that I should dress on this particular evening in a semi-Oriental gown of rose pink. He gave me emeralds for my hair and arms, and I wondered why these jewels were to be worn alone; but Kallif had a reason for everything, and this was no exception. When my maids had finished my toilette, he came to conduct me to the room he had chosen for the reception. On we went, through turnings that led from one enchanting scene to another, and when we arrived at the appointed room Kallif gave a wave of his hand, as much as to say : ‘ here it is.’ ”

“ He went away for a time, and I sank into a divan, in a dream of ecstasy at the sight all about me. The room was of emerald-green, and that was why I was commanded to wear emeralds, but the pink and opal glow of the curiously wrought hanging lamps reflected a pale rose-colour on the shell-like ceiling, which, in turn, threw a sheen on the splendid rugs and divans, and in the midst of all I stood with my pale rose-gown and my jewels, as if I had been created for the room. I looked to see if I could distinguish the door through which we had entered. It was impossible.

“ Kallif now returned, and as he approached me I noticed a faint smile on his hard, cynical lips; he made a motion for me to rise. He led me a little way towards the middle of the room where the lights seemed to merge in a soft mystic glow. He pronounced some words in Turkish or Arabic which I did not understand, made a gesture in the air with his hands, and fastened in my hair, what do you think? The agate crystal with its rubies and black diamonds! There I was, with a talisman on my head as great as a crown. I cannot tell you what my feelings were on that evening! I looked into Kallif’s face: his agate eye was larger, brighter, and more unearthly than ever. All of a sudden I felt ten years older; I knew, without any explanation from Kallif, that he had endowed me for the moment with a power, not for my own use, but for his political ambitions.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ he half groaned, as he gazed at the agate gem in my hair, ‘ now I shall accomplish something ! ’ ”

“ He turned about and fixed his gaze on a corner of the room where I saw that some drapery partially hid a doorway. There was not a sound to be heard, and Kallif stood motionless, as if awaiting some event. Presently the curtain moved as by a mysterious breeze, and in walked a man with white hair and beard, wearing several orders set in brilliants. Hardly had he been greeted by Kallif than the visitor turned and tried to fix in his mind the exact place where he had entered the room, just as I myself had done on a dozen different occasions in different rooms in the house.

“ I saw by his look that he was baffled. He could not at that moment have found his way out, if he were to win the whole world by succeeding. Kallif knew it, and I knew it, but I pretended not to know. Then a panel, fixed in the centre of one of the walls, glided apart without the slightest noise, and a tall dark man appeared, with a huge military moustache. He, too, after greeting Kallif, glanced with a half-dazed expression towards the spot where he had entered; but I had my eye on that very place, and saw what he did not see: a magnificent fan-shaped screen of peacock and ostrich feathers fold silently together, thus hiding the sliding panel which had let him in. Next to this door was another panel, and had the military man sought an exit by the way he had come, he would have chosen the wrong one.

“ I had quite forgotten the presence of the distinguished visitors in the study of doors and mysterious entrances, and my eyes roamed everywhere on the look out for surprises. I was thinking the next visitor would enter somewhere near the same place; I was mistaken. Kallif greeted the third guest—a short, fat man—just behind my seat, but I turned too late to see where he had entered. The fourth guest was ushered in by a Nubian servant through two small folding-doors; as they closed again, curtains glided over them. This guest was the Russian diplomat. There was now a strange trumpet sound in one of the outer rooms, a curtain was drawn aside, and a fakir appeared followed by a hunchback. The fakir looked like a Hindoo; his eyes shone like black beads, his nose was hooked like the beak of a vulture, on his turban was a small ruby serpent, while his costume was covered with various emblems.

“ During the evening a screen which stood at one end of the room and a little to one side was removed by a servant without any noise and without a word being spoken, and there stood a table laid with a service of gold, and filled with rare delicacies and wines, many of which were new and strange to me. Eight chairs were placed at the table, three at either side and one at each end. Kallif placed me at one side in the centre seat, and the Russian at my right; the seat at my left he gave to the military-looking man with the fierce moustache. Then with much ceremony, Kallif seated the fakir in the chair directly opposite me. The old gentleman with the white beard was seated on his right, and on his left the short stout man. Kallif gave one of the end seats to the hunchback, and took the other himself.

"We must have been seated at the table about half an hour when a mysterious music began. It seemed far away, beyond any of the rooms near us, floating here and there, now a little nearer, now farther away, then just outside, then overhead, between the ceiling and the roof.

"We had up to this time been served by four black servants, but now, during this music, they slipped away, first one, then another, and were not seen again. The guests helped themselves to the wines which the servants had taken the precaution to place before them. At the sound of the music Kallif's face lit up with an expression of delight, his agate eye rolling in a kind of ecstasy, and I became aware that a secret battle was raging between Kallif on one side and the fakir on the other; now Kallif took from an inner pocket the phial of mysterious elixir and handed it to me behind the chair of the Russian diplomat at my right. As he did so I heard the faint click of the stopper being opened. Instantly an odorous wave enveloped the table, and apparently right under my chair, beneath the floor, the muffled sounds of a tom-tom began a low, measured, sinister beating. Every face at the table was metamorphosed except Kallif's and my own. The beating of the tom-tom grew louder, more ominous and oppressive, and with each rhythmic measure the guests became more and more enthralled in mingled stupor and suspense.

"I looked at the fakir opposite; his gaze was riveted on the agate in my hair. Kallif had placed it just over my forehead, and I knew it was darting its potent gleams straight at the fakir's head.

"All this time I was looking at the fakir, and he at the agate crystal, and I became conscious that he was slowly contracting, withering, like something shriveling in a dry heat, his head slowly settling down between his square, bony shoulders. His face resembled a great spider with two black eyes peering from a skin of parchment. He was slowly sinking down in his chair. And now I understood the designs of Kallif—I knew the fakir was doomed. The guests looked bewildered, amazed; possibly some of them thought the fakir was only passing through some familiar and oft-repeated feat of the will.

"When I looked at the hunchback at the end of the table, opposite Kallif, I saw that he, too, had settled down in his seat until his head was on a level with the glasses before him. At last the fakir, mumbling something incoherent, let his head fall on the table. At that moment two stalwart Nubians entered. They had come to carry him away, and I knew then that Kallif had taken the place of his formidable rival. Presently they returned and carried off the hunchback. I could see by the expression of Kallif's face that the moment had come to gain the coveted secrets from the Russian diplomat, who now seemed in a half stupor. But suddenly, to my amazement, I saw my aunt's face, white as death, staring straight at me from behind a half-drawn curtain. A sense of imminent danger seized me; she made vehement motions to one side, as if to say: 'Escape! escape!' Up to this moment I had been wondering at all I saw and heard, but now my courage was gone I realised my position. The sudden shock of seeing the blanched face of my aunt had with one stroke brought me back to my normal self; the horror of the situation was thrust upon me. Escape! but how? I felt that I, too, was changing countenance. I was in despair when I thought that Kallif would surely notice my trepidation and hurry on some fatal calamity.

"Five precious minutes passed, and still I sat there unable to move, while Kallif was conversing with the Russian. But now he lifted up his sinister head and surveyed the guests. In another moment he would rise, and with him the half-stupefied company. But imagine my astonishment when, instead of rising, I saw him gradually close his eyes and pass into a state of lethargy, as if dozing in his seat. I felt that my moment had come. My aunt was still watching me, and, swiftly and silently leaving the table, I hurried to her side. I found the woman Minka with her. My

aunt took my hand, and, without a word, they hurried me on and on, through the various rooms and turnings, to an exit from the palace, Minka having secured a wrap for me as we passed my apartments.

"Once outside the palace, we all breathed freer; but I felt I should never be safe from the terrible influence of Kallif till I got back to Vienna, in spite of the protection of my aunt. We went to the hotel where she had taken rooms, and, after changing my dress for some of her things, we left that very evening for Vienna, taking Minka with us.

"On the way my aunt told me how, receiving no response to letters sent from Paris to me at Vienna, she grew uneasy, and decided to return to the latter city at once. There she heard of Racham's death and the departure of Kallif and myself for Constantinople. She immediately set out for that city. At Kallif's palace she soon found Minka, and, with her aid, as I have just told you, effected my escape.

"Not long after we were informed that Kallif never recovered from the effects of that terrible evening, having passed away some days later."

"And did either of the twins leave you anything?" asked the little Baroness, her eyes full of wonder.

"When we got back to Vienna, we found that Racham had left me the mansion with everything in it," said the Countess Camille, while she proceeded to make her third cigarette; "and my aunt was not long in beginning a search for the treasure, which, she declared, existed somewhere in the secret vaults of the house. She worked like one possessed. While I held a light, every nook and corner was searched. She had examined four rooms without result, when, just as we were about to leave the fifth, we noticed a peculiar Japanese screen, which seemed to fit in the wall. When this screen was removed, we discovered a small door that led into a narrow space with a heavy iron door at the end. This was opened after a great deal of trouble. We now entered an iron vault, in which stood several large safes. After several days of work and suspense, in which formalities of the law had to be complied with, my aunt stood in wonder and ecstasy over sack upon sack filled with precious objects. There were collars of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, ropes of pearls, hundreds of rings. She looked like a mad woman as she pulled out the ropes of pearls and strings of precious stones, and threw them in confusion around her neck, one on top of the other. She spent hours opening sacks and counting the coins, until she declared she was so bewildered that she could no longer endure it. As for me, I could not help laughing, she looked so comical.

"Guards were placed at each door until everything was duly counted, registered, and sent to the bank.

"I let my aunt keep all the jewels and the mansion, with everything in it. I kept for myself the fortune in coins and bonds."

"And the mysterious agate?" I asked.

"I must have dropped it in my flight," replied the Countess, with seeming indifference, "for I never saw it again; but a long time afterwards I discovered that I still possessed the precious phial."

"But the secret, the secret of its contents?" chimed in the Baroness, with eager curiosity.

The face of the Countess Camille assumed a dream-like expression, and for some moments she was lost in reverie. Amidst the noise and confusion of moving trains, she began in that marvellous voice that was hers, and in tones so low that I could just distinguish the words: "I made a most significant discovery"—when the door opened, and in stepped my former chief at the Legation at Constantinople, none of us having noticed the train coming to a dead stop.

My old chief, a man of great dignity and tact, saluted the Countess with marked deference, for he, too, had met her on former occasions. The conversation became formal, and, two hours later, the train having stopped at another junction, there was a general changing of places, we became separated, and during the journey, to my great disappointment, I did not see the Countess Camille again.

A Modern Chronicle :

By Winston Churchill.

(Reviewed by Upton Sinclair.)

ONCE every two years Mr. Churchill produces a new novel, elaborate in its scope, carefully written, and always entertaining material with which to pass away a day of rest. Mr. Churchill started far back in American history, and has now reached as far as the period when automobiles and "bridge" were just becoming the fashion. I have read with interest everything that he has written, not only because I like to pass a day of rest now and then, but because Mr. Churchill is our most prominent popular novelist and sells several hundred thousand copies of each of his books, and is therefore an important sign of the times. The thing that strikes me about his work is its peculiar intellectual and spiritual immaturity. I feel this more and more, as he comes to deal with modern themes and with the everyday life about us. His people are convincing as far as they go, but they never seem to me to go beyond the age of seventeen. All their morals and ideals are the morals and ideals which people cherish at that age.

In his previous two volumes Mr. Churchill had got far enough to make the discovery that graft is widespread in our politics and is a very harmful influence. He rebuked it sternly, as it might be rebuked by Governor Hughes in Albany, or by President Roosevelt in the Sorbonne. And now, in his last volume, Mr. Churchill grows even bolder, and attacks the dangerous problem of divorce. I was interested when I made this discovery, because I knew that I would find out in Mr. Churchill's novel just exactly how far the mind of the American people has progressed on the subject.

When you wish to write a novel dealing with divorce, you have always one situation: a man or woman has in some way been led into an unworthy marriage; and later on in life the man or woman discovers the true soul-mate; and then what is to be done? The old solution was to have them renounce and suffer many agonies until the concluding chapter, when the novelist mercifully disposed of the superfluous member of the trio, leaving the hero and the heroine to live happy ever after. That is the solution of *Jane Eyre*; and I remember how it thrilled me, when I was a boy as old as the American people are now. I rather took it for granted that this would be Mr. Churchill's solution. As I went on, however, greatly to my surprise, I discovered that the hero and the heroine were apparently going ahead to get a divorce in spite of everything; and I put the book down and started about me, wondering if it could possibly be that Mr. Churchill was going to write a book in defence of divorce. He had made his hero and heroine such very sensible people that it seemed to me that he was closing every other gate save that one. However, I realised that this could not be the case, because when the heroine went ahead to get the divorce Mr. Churchill gave such a repellent picture of Reno, Nevada. Of course, it is true that the people who go to Reno, Nevada, and get divorces are many of them unpleasant types; and doubtless the political judges who grant the divorces are also unpleasant types. Apparently Mr. Churchill does not realise that neither the hero nor the heroine nor the demon divorce are to be blamed for this. There is no reason why, if we are going to grant divorces to New York people, we should not grant them in New York; and there is no reason why we should assign the duty of granting the divorces to vulgar political judges.

I went on with the story, and finally got to the solution which Mr. Churchill had worked out. His heroine gets her divorce, but against her conscience, so that she is properly and respectably miserable afterwards; she marries the hero, and of course makes them both miserable. They go to live in a narrow little New England town, and the heroine insists on going to a respectable society church and having her feelings hurt because nobody speaks to her. She also makes the unfortunate husband angry by her attitude; and when one of the insufferable pillars of the respectable society

church insults the hero the heroine takes the side of the pillar of the church. She makes her husband so unhappy that he fills up his house with a collection of disreputable Newport divorcees, and goes off riding on a half-crazy horse and is killed.

Apparently nobody is expected to perceive that all the unhappiness which grows out of this divorce is owing to the fact that the heroine gratuitously places herself at the mercy of the opinions of the respectable bourgeoisie. You feel this at the very moment when the divorce begins to be talked about. The hero and the heroine have previously been sensible American people, talking about things in sensible ways; but when they begin to talk about divorce, neither of them points out to the other any of the obvious facts which make the divorce and remarriage between them not only a perfectly proper thing but even a social duty. Their conversation is confined to their blind craving for "happiness"; and of course when we have met that word "happiness" a dozen or more times, we understand that the blind craving is destined to lead them to destruction—since every 17-year-old moralist knows that the desire for happiness is a wicked thing which must under no circumstances be indulged. They never mention the fact that there are more intelligent people in other portions of the world, among whom they could perform any work of social usefulness and importance. Instead of going abroad for a year or two, as such a couple naturally would, they settle themselves in a town and proceed to let the town make them miserable. We are given to understand that among the Newport set with whom Mr. Churchill's novel deals, there are only two classes—those who are horrified by the getting of the divorce, and those who have got divorced more or less frequently and have nothing else to do save to get drunk.

Of course it would never do for Mr. Churchill to end the novel with the hero being brought home on a stretcher, after having been for his insane horseback ride. So away back at the beginning of the story we are made acquainted with a man who has worshipped the heroine from boyhood; who has been her friend and consoler in distress, and who has sternly rebuked her for getting the divorce and remarrying. This second hero now comes forward, and the heroine is made blissfully happy in his arms. The absurdity of which conclusion is not realised by Mr. Churchill.

The divorced ex-husband is still alive, and so the heroine's third marriage is under the baleful cloud of divorce, quite as much as was the second one. Is the seventeen-year-old moralist to understand from Mr. Churchill that a divorce and one re-marriage constitute a social crime, while a divorce and two re-marriages constitute a happy ending?

August Bebel's Memoirs.

By George F. Sampson.

IN view of the enormous influence exerted by August Bebel in the Socialist movement, which has made itself felt not only in Germany, but throughout Europe in the last fifty years, his memoirs cannot but be of interest even to us in England, who, in spite of our insularity, are, or should be, to some extent concerned in this movement. But, even if the movement itself leaves us indifferent, we cannot fail to be attracted by the personality of its leader in Germany, who, after a long life of fierce struggle against the powers of reaction, has, on account of bad health, recently retired into private life, where he is at present engaged in adding his reminiscences to the already long list of his works.

The present book* is the first volume, and, if the writer's health permits, is to be followed by a second, and perhaps a third, in the near future. The ground covered by this volume is the first 30 years of Bebel's life, and particularly that intricate period of the history

*"Aus meinem Leben" von August Bebel. Erster Teil. VIII. and 221 Seiten. Stuttgart, Verlag J. H. M. Dietz Nachf.

of Socialism in Germany from 1860 to 1870. In respect of the events of these years the author claims a special interest for the book, as there is no other person now living who took such an active part in them.

Herr Bebel was born in 1840 in the barracks at Deutz-Cologne, the son of a non-commissioned officer who died some years afterwards, leaving a wife and two young children in the utmost poverty, which continued to oppress them for many years to come. Herr Bebel relates with touching simplicity the sufferings which he had to undergo in his childhood and early youth from poverty and ill-health. In one place he says it was for a time almost his sole ambition to eat bread and butter for once in his life to his heart's content. After serving his apprenticeship to a turner at Wetzlar he wandered on foot from place to place in South Germany, until he came by chance to Leipzig, in 1860, an event which proved of incalculable importance not only for himself but for the development of the movement which was just commencing. He says:—

"I had hitherto not had the slightest desire to see Leipzig and Saxony, and had it depended on me, I should not have seen them then. And yet this journey was in more senses than one a decisive one for my entire future. Thus does chance often decide over the destiny of mankind."

Throughout his book he refuses to take any credit to himself for the important position to which he attained, and in the preface he ascribes it to the "favour of circumstances." In Leipzig he joined the Workmen's Educational Union, which brought him into active connection with the workmen's movement throughout Germany. Three years later (May 23rd, 1863), Lassalle founded the General German Workmen's Union (Allgemeine Deutsche Arbeiterverein)—one of his last public acts, for in the following year his brilliant career came to a tragic end in a duel at Geneva.

The union founded by Lassalle, which at the time of his death had not attained a membership of 5,000, has since developed into the Social Democratic Party, which is at the present day supported by over three million voters in the Reichstag elections. For a number of years after Lassalle's death the Workmen's Educational Unions, in which Bebel had begun to take a very active part and had already risen to an influential position, were in conflict with the Lassalle group. In 1865 Bebel came for the first time into contact with Wilhelm Liebknecht, then about 40 years old, and a man of great talents and an ardent nature, and, above all, an enthusiastic follower of Karl Marx, whose friendship he had enjoyed for many years in London. Bebel and Liebknecht soon became close friends, and for many years they worked shoulder to shoulder. There can be little doubt that Liebknecht's influence on the young turner was at first considerable. Bebel writes of him:—

"He was 14 years older than I and had thus a great start on me in political experience. He was a man of education who had studied with diligence; this education I had not acquired. Further, he had been for a long time in England in intimate relations with such men as Marx and Engels, another advantage that I had lacked. That Liebknecht should under such circumstances exert a considerable influence over me was quite comprehensible. Otherwise he would have been to blame if I had not known how to exert such influence, or I should have been to blame if I had not profited by my connection with him."

But, he adds, and this is, in our opinion, one of the most interesting statements in the entire book:—

"I should have become a Socialist without him, for I was already on the way when I made his acquaintance. As I was in continual conflict with Lassalle's followers, I had to read Lassalle's works, and this soon brought about a change in me . . . My intercourse with Liebknecht hastened this tendency. This is what he accomplished, and the same may be answered with regard to the assertion that he made me a Marxist . . . The road that I passed was the same as that followed by almost all those who became Socialists at that time, viz., via Lassalle to Marx."

It was only at the end of 1869, when undergoing imprisonment on the charge of spreading doctrines that were dangerous to the State, namely of reading Liebknecht's "Address to the Spanish People," in a public assembly, that Bebel was able to study thoroughly the

Socialistic theory contained in the first volume of Karl Marx's "Capital." The differences between the two Socialist groups were not removed until 1875, when the Marxists, represented by Liebknecht and Bebel, came to a compromise with the followers of Lassalle, and formed the present Social Democratic Party.

In the preface the writer emphasises his desire to avoid the reproach of adding colour to or of disguising in any manner the events related; there is no perfect man, and the truthful confession of faults may aid the reader to form a true judgment. In order to come up to his ideal in this respect Herr Bebel has deemed it insufficient to rely on his memory alone for events which happened fifty years ago, and has therefore as far as possible used documents in his possession. While fully realising the importance of this principle it would appear to us that Herr Bebel has carried it to excess. The detailed accounts of the annual conferences of the Workmen's Educational Associations, for example, would surely be more appropriate in a history of the movement than in the memoirs of a Socialist leader; especially in view of Herr Bebel's express statement that he does not pretend to write a history, but merely to record his personal impressions. This fault, if such it may be called, has made some portions of the book much heavier than one would have expected from the pen of a politician of the lively nature of Herr Bebel; and the mass of details concerning the petty quarrels that distinguished German home politics in the sixties of last century cannot possibly claim much interest from the average English reader.

On reading, however, the portions of the book that treat of Herr Bebel's private life, for which naturally few or no documents have been used, we are fully recompensed for our slight disappointment; for they are of real human interest and throw a clear light on the aspirations of an honest, powerful nature, while at the same time showing at any rate some of the qualities and circumstances which helped to raise the turner, August Bebel, above the poverty of his youthful surroundings, and to place him in a leading position in European politics.

REVIEWS.

King Edward the Seventh. (Nelson's Library. 7d.)

This book surely establishes a record in book-making. Actually received by us on Wednesday morning (the 11th), it contains not only an account of the life of King Edward VII., but the details of his last illness and death. The whole narrative is well written, and the volume should sell well.

The Woman Napoleon Loved. By Tighe Hopkins. (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Hopkins is a master of that light touch, which in the case of other writers of memoirs of this kind often strikes us as deliberate and forced. It is to the credit of this author that he makes a very well-worn theme at once entertaining and illuminating. He confirms us in the belief that Napoleon was so much absorbed in the external business of life that he never drank very deeply of life itself. He was, of course, a specialist, and the specialist is usually a lop-sided kind of man. The ardent tones in which he often addressed his mistresses might deceive those who forget that the man whose passion is not real always expresses it in the most conventional terms. He was not very fortunate in his choice of mistresses—none of them strike us as interesting, except, perhaps Walewotha, and certainly none of them really loved him. Madame George was in love with her position as the mistress—for a short while—of the dictator of Europe; it is doubtful if she cared much about Napoleon Bonaparte. Mme. Fourès is perhaps the most sympathetic of the sisterhood, if only because she kept her relations "in the secret hoard of her possessions. He had written her many letters which the world would gloat over to-day . . . but the unknown outpourings of her hero, whatever they may have been, were mated by the flames." We could

almost wish his biographers had been as discreet. Napoleon was not little enough to mistake himself for a conqueror of women, and his meagre adventures in the fields of passion might have been left to oblivion.

The Quest. (Watkins, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road. 2s 6d.)

The April "Quest" (a quarterly devoted to the search for a completely satisfying reality, and edited by G. R. S. Mead) provides more or less profitable reading. Under the "Figment of Race," Mr. Otto Rothfeld levels a lance at anthropology. Referring to the tendency of the "sciences to elevate abstractions that they desire for their practice into the phantasms of reality," the author proceeds to take anthropology to task for following the unworthy example of the "other physical sciences." His contention is that there are races but not race; peoples having different ideas and ideals, memories and aspirations, but no affinity. There is no proof of "an unmixed descent from a common ancestor." Mr. Rothfeld's proposition is ingenious, but there is no need to pause over it. Mr. C. A. Rhys Davids goes in quest of "The Love of Nature in Buddhist Poems," and returns fairly rich in results. In "Idealism and the Problems of Nature," Mr. E. Douglas Fawcett plunges into "the metaphysics of Nature," and introduces us to the theories of a number of well-known German metaphysicians. He succeeds in proving that his title is inappropriate. There is no problem of Nature, seeing that Nature is whatever the thinking entity conceives it to be; and idealism is synonymous with the unattainable. The most interesting articles are by the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter and Mr. G. R. S. Mead. Mr. Carpenter deals clearly and concisely with Japanese Buddhism. His historical and comparative study is of much value to students of Buddhism. Mr. Mead in his paper on "The Spirit-Body" discusses the theory of the subtle body of the soul, as set forth by the philosophers of the later Platonic school, and their more immediate predecessors and followers. The result is a scholarly examination of the dogmas of mystical psychology and psycho-physiology, leading to the conclusion that the ancient doctrine of the "spirit-body" contains much of value to present psychical research, and "the main notion may still be found in some respects to bear the scrutiny of unprejudiced investigation." From Mr. Alfred Noyes' psychic poem we cull the following curious rhymes: down with own; gather with rather; here with there; senses with whence is. The last is a gem.

Canterbury. "English Cathedrals." "Old English Abbeys." "Cambridge College." "Old English Inns." (T. Werner Laurie. 16mo. 1s.)

There is not very much to be said about the little booklets dealing with architectural matter which are published by Werner Laurie. The one on "Canterbury Cathedral" has the advantage of being written by T. Francis Bumpus, the author of the "Cathedrals of England and Wales," in three volumes, also published by Mr. Laurie, but has little else to recommend it, and the reader to whom these dribbles of knowledge appeal is the least likely to know that Mr. Bumpus, with all his faults, has the reputation of an authority on such matters as organ-music, and the stained glass of cathedrals, and that the destroyers of genuine work, whether Gothic or Classic, have been hit very hard in his books.

Mr. W. J. Roberts, who treats of English cathedrals in general, and also of London memorials, shows how little he knows by trying to make us believe there are no better books on the subject than those which are published by Laurie. He has not much to tell us besides, excepting the cost of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class tickets from London, and there would not have been room for much more.

Purchase booklets like these for a shilling, and "Inside-complete-you-are," our friend Mr. Laurie would say, but in the case of the one upon Old English Abbeys, of which only seven are dealt with, the writer has come such a cropper that to make the repetition

of it impossible seems the kindest thing we can do for her. "One hundred and sixty-two of these great establishments were once spread over the country . . . and covered vast tracts of land," whereas the number dissolved by the Acts of 1536-39 was 661. (Perhaps it is only a stupid misprint after all, which has so far escaped her notice.)

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson understands the business of book-making quite well enough to be able to give the publisher what he has asked for, and with his special knowledge of Cambridge has done for this University what another has done for Oxford. Of the five which have been received the one on "Old English Inns" and Inn-signs is the most likely to prove acceptable, because they mark the stages on the old roads which have played so important a part in our history, and it is pleasant to have the results of the author's previous studies in this little book for the pocket.

Psychotherapeutics. A Symposium. By Morton Prince, M.D., and Others. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

A symposium, even on this subject, is a merry-making, and the distinguished names and loud-sounding titles of the authors cannot check our merriment. We are asked to believe that in the hands of the "learned in psychology, expert in neuroplogy, and skilful in psychotherapy," psychotherapeutics has become a science, if only of the empirical sort. We are told that "to arrest a morbid train of thought and set a mind at rest is an art requiring knowledge and skill. Its attempt by untrained men has been even more disastrous than the work of the tyro in gynæcology, for it is the direct cause of the rise of Christian Science, Emmanuelism, and such cults. Happily, a body of experts in psychopathology is now counteracting their injurious influence, for an affectation of knowledge will not supply the public's demand for real psychic treatment," and finally an interdict on all mental healing except that proposed by the various authors is uttered, and the medical profession of America is almost implored to include the methods of psychotherapy in its "armamentarium."

Dr. Jones, in his paper on "Psycho-analysis," says: "The sooner we face the shameful but undeniable fact that unqualified empirics can relieve distressing affections in cases that have defied medical skill, and can produce results where we fail, the sooner will this flagrant lack in our system of education be remedied, and the better will it be for the dignity and honour of the medical profession." As these various gentlemen quote each other as expert authority it is worth our while to notice briefly what they teach and how they agree.

The first paper need not detain us. It is by Dr. Morton Prince, and its title, "The Psychological Principles and Field of Psychotherapy," is sufficiently explanatory. The next paper by Dr. F. H. Gerrish on "The Therapeutic Value of Hypnotic Suggestion" contains nothing that is new, but this passage must be quoted: "It has been alleged that the therapeutic effects of hypnotic suggestion are but transient; that, if any benefit results from it, in a short time the patient will relapse into his former condition. *Nobody acquainted with the facts could possibly make this criticism.* The effects of no remedy, with which a comparison can fairly be made, are more enduring than are those of hypnotic suggestion." We have italicised one sentence, because we want to quote Dr. Jones against it: "Hypnotic and other suggestion acts merely by blocking pathogenetic idea. The idea itself persists, because it has not been reached and dealt with, and sooner or later it will again manifest itself either in the same direction or in some fresh one."

The next paper is entitled "Simple Explanation and Re-education as a Therapeutic Method," and it is written by Dr. Taylor. This method consists in the discovery of the mental attitude of the patient towards his ailment, proving the falsity of his point of view, and "pointing out in a painstaking way the correct way to mental health through a realisation on the part of the patient of his previous misconceptions and

through an accompanying effort toward the establishment of more rational mental adjustments." It seems to us that arguing a neurotic subject into the perception of the true cause and nature of his complaint offers no real guarantee for the cure of it. Dr. Taylor concludes with the admission: "It will naturally fail in the psychoses, in hysterical states associated with fundamental disorders of personality, and in obsessional conditions of a high degree of fixity, matters to which no doubt others taking part in this discussion will refer."

Dr. Waterman discusses "The Treatment of Fatigue States." In his introduction, he says: "Any effort on the part of the patient to struggle against this so increases the fatigue as to accentuate other symptoms, and cause great discomfort, while, on the other hand, continued rest is courted in vain." After sections describing physiological, psychological, and psychopathological fatigue, we are introduced to Weir Mitchell's rest cure, which is damned with faint praise, and Dubois' conversation method, which is used by Dr. Waterman. A case quoted will illustrate this method. The patient was a young man of twenty-one, a member of a neurotic family. He was in almost perfect physical condition, but was so exhausted by merely crossing the college yard that he was obliged to lie down and rest. "His continued efforts to do well in his studies, with the constant worry whether he should not be able to do well in his athletics, caused him in the middle of his first year in college to become more and more fatigued." In spite of fatigue, distressing pains in the head, and a growing fear of insanity, he was in "almost perfect physical condition" when Dr. Waterman examined him. "After explaining in detail to him the nature of his condition and the factors which were helping to keep him from recovery, he was made to realise what his possibilities were, and how he must apply himself to gain his ends. The tasks put upon him were made rapidly more and more difficult, so that at the end of six weeks he was doing a normal amount of studying, and was rated as one of the first class men in putting the shot and throwing the hammer." We admire and envy the potency of Dr. Waterman's conversation.

Dr. Jones' "Psycho-Analysis" seems to be an amplification of the method used by Drs. Taylor and Waterman. "Not only does the observer commonly fail to understand the significance of the symptom, but the patient himself has no knowledge of its meaning or origin. In fact, enabling the patient to discover and appreciate the significance of the mental process that manifests itself as a symptom is the central aim of the psycho-analytic method." This is cancelled by the statement of Dr. Boris Sidis in the next paper in these words: "Important, however, as the following up of the history or of the psychogenesis of the symptoms may be, both to the physician and the patient, for an intelligent and scientific comprehension of the case, it does not cure, as some are apt to claim, the psychopathic malady. The value of tracing the growth of the disease to its very germs lies entirely in the insight gained into the nature of the symptom-complex. The tracing of the psychogenesis has no special therapeutic value, as the Germans claim, but, like all theoretic knowledge is of the utmost importance for a clear understanding of the causation of the psychopathic state, thus helping materially in the treatment of the case." Dr. Jones claims for his psycho-analysis more than Dr. Taylor did for his "Simple Explanation." "The conditions that lend themselves to psycho-analytic treatment comprise practically all forms of psycho-neurosis, the different types of hysteria, the phobias, obsessions, anxiety neuroses, and even certain kinds of sexual perversions." This proud boast is thus qualified two pages beyond: "The demands on the patient are no less great. The results of the treatment will vary with the intelligence, courage, honesty, and perseverance he shows. With stupid and quite uneducated patients relatively little can be done, so that happily we can most help those whose value to the world is greatest. Again, age sets a formidable

barrier to our efforts." As Dr. Sidis has so vigorously denied the therapeutic value of psycho-analysis, we are not at all surprised that the number of people affected by it is so small.

Dr. Boris Sidis is the discoverer, inventor, and patentee of the hypnoidal state, and by experiments on hogs, guinea-pigs, cats, dogs, infants, and adults, he has proved "that the hypnoidal state is the primordial sleep-state." It is a sub-waking state: "On the one hand, the hypnoidal state closely touches on the waking state; on the other it merges into hypnosis and sleep. A close study of the sub-waking state shows that it differs from the hypnotic state proper and cannot be identified with light hypnosis." The difference is not explained or demonstrated, unless this be considered a demonstration. "In plunging the patient into the sub-waking hypnoidal state we have him revert to a primitive rest state with its beneficial results. The suggestibility of the hypnoidal state, if skillfully handled, increases the therapeutic efficacy of the hypnoidal sub-waking state." As Dr. Gerrish says that "the lighter degrees of hypnosis are sufficient for the accomplishment of remedial results in all but a minority of cases," it may be doubted if the discovery is worth much. Compare the two methods. Dr. Gerrish hypnotises by placing the patient in a recumbent position with a comfortable rest for his head. "He is told to concentrate his attention on sleep, to try to go to sleep; and to assist him in this effort by preventing his taking in distracting ideas through his eyes, he is asked to fix his gaze upon some indifferent object." The physician keeps up a quiet monotonous talk suggesting sleep. This induces light hypnosis, in which remedial suggestions are given. Dr. Sidis' hypnoidal state is thus induced. "The principal object consists in bringing about the conditions of monotony and limitation of voluntary movements requisite for normal and abnormal suggestibility. The patient is put in a relaxed recumbent position; he is asked to put himself into as comfortable a position as possible, shut his eyes, and attend to some monotonous stimulus such as the regular beats of a metronome or the buzzing of an inductorium." Dr. Sidis is so proud of his "hypnoidal state" that he suggests that "it is quite probable that Weir Mitchell's rest-cure has derived some therapeutic value from the empirical use of the sub-waking hypnoidal state. Similarly, it is highly probable that Freud's success in the treatment of psycho-pathic cases is not so much due to 'psycho-analysis' as to the unconscious use of the hypnoidal state."

There are other papers dealing with "Obsessions and Associated Conditions in So-called Psychasthenia," "Psychoprophylaxis in Childhood," and "The Relation of Character Formation to Psychotherapy," by Drs. Donley, Williams, and Putnam respectively.

We began by considering this "symposium" funny; we conclude by thinking it contemptible. To our knowledge of psycho-therapeutics this "galaxy which cannot be duplicated on this continent" of America has added nothing. It has deduced no law, discovered no power, invented no method. The concern of these various professors and instructors of medical schools is not with therapeutics, but with theories. They are applying physiological methods of diagnosis and analysis to psychology, but they make no attempt to explain the inter-action of mind and body; and the vexed question as to whether there can be functional disorder without some organic change, which must determine the therapeutic method, is ignored. We find this book as instructive as Dr. Hyslop's description of hypnotism as being due to "a supposed inhibition of the amœboid movements in the pseudopodic, protoplasmic prolongations of the neuro spongium."

The Passions of the French Romantics. By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gribble warns his readers that they will find little besides stories in this book. "If they have been properly told," he says, "they ought to be entertaining; however they have been told, they ought to be instructive." Entertaining they are, in the smoke-

room style, but no more instructive than after-dinner yarns. We do not need to be told that artists forget the seventh commandment, and if there is any occult connection between art and adultery, we should like to see it demonstrated. But Mr. Gribble is not concerned to demonstrate anything but historical fact, and he tells his stories with taste and something of cynicism. He seems to be more interested in his book than in his characters, and his detachment is inhuman; but he does not tar all his subjects with the same brush. He is as pleased to demonstrate the chastity of Lamartine's relations with Graziella and Elvise as he is to explode the legend of Victor Hugo's domestic felicity and fidelity. That Sainte-Beuve, after the affair with Madame Hugo, had various other affairs with daughters of the people, and on one occasion pitched the woman's clothes out of the window, amuses Mr. Gribble; but he is no less delighted to prove that the game of cross-purposes played by Prosper Mérimée with his Unknown ended after thirty years in a draw. With reference to the publication of the famous letters, he says with some malice that "she (Jenny Dacquín) told the one relative who was in her confidence that their publication seemed to her 'likely to do more good than harm,' seeing that it would make 'a great memory known and loved.' Apparently she also thought that the publication would lift the mask, and show the real man behind it, and reveal the whole of Mérimée's secret life during the thirty years of her acquaintance with him. If she had known that, even for her, he wore a second mask beneath the first, and that Mérimée had other secret orchards besides that in which she was entertained, well, then, perhaps she would have burnt his letters instead of printing them." He tells the story of Alfred de Vigny with Marie Dorval, remarking of her as of Rachel, that "her feet were in the mire while her sublime head struck the stars," as though all artists did not oscillate between heaven and hell. De Musset and Alexandre Dumas are also dealt with, but Mr. Gribble writes best, because most romantically of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who was certainly the most romantic figure of the lot. The book fails in art because its scope is too limited; it is impossible to imagine any of these people doing any work, and facts about artists are not really valuable when the mystery always is their transmutation by the artist's fancy. That Victor Hugo set up an establishment for Juliette Dronet with the money of Pradier, her former lover, has its value as a "good story"; but the marvellous thing is that Hugo imposed upon people with his pretext of "reclaiming" her, and openly revelled in his establishment without being publicly censured for improper conduct. It is perhaps regrettable that the love affairs of artists are not always regulated by the Decalogue, and frequently are carried on with people who are socially impossible, but as there are no poems in proper people, these sneers at the source of artistic inspiration are not worthy of Mr. Gribble. Mr. Gribble has certainly shown us the men and women as they were, but the magic that alone made them remarkable is not to be imagined in these pages. We may note one curious effect in conclusion: by shattering the illusion, if it ever existed, that artists are models of propriety, Mr. Gribble has thrown around them the equally brilliant glamour of profligacy, which is just as bad.

The Adventures of an A.D.C. By Shelland Bradley. (Lane. 6s.)

We first discover the A.D.C. a junior subaltern in a native infantry regiment, a very chatty and observant person not without a sense of humour of his own. Sweltering in the suffocating heat of Daulutpur, he is suddenly elevated in a lady's favour, and goes off "to one of the best hill stations to take up a billet many another better qualified would have jumped at." On top of these prefatory happenings and leavings and self-renunciations there follows the episodes or adventures in the Indian life of an A.D.C. These "adventures," at no time very alarming or particularly exciting, are comprised in a gossipy account of the rites and customs of Government House, and

the social events of a hill station. There is no lack of fun in this gossip, and we have at least one very laughable quarter of an hour whilst the post bag at Government House is cleared of its contents. From the latter the author quotes a number of native letters, which reveal the native character and the Oriental way of looking at things. They also show the curious effect, as a result of design and not of accident, as the author seems to imply, of our attempt to impose our own civilisation upon the Indian as being an improvement on their own. Hence has arisen a class of natives called Babus, which, having swallowed a large quantity of our speech, and being unable to digest it, are seen throwing up the ludicrous mixture called Babu English. In the letters under notice, one gentleman signs himself "Your faithful, worm and beast (despicable brute and unwilling father of babies)." Evidently he does not believe in eugenics. Another excuses his father's absence from a garden party on the ground that he is now resident in heaven. Though there is a path from earth to heaven, there is apparently no way of return. When one man has had "mafer operations performed upon his corpus vilus, which has left it very weak," and another is "suffering great pain in the interior," we can believe they do not care twopence whether they attend a party or not. Obviously the best thing for them to do under the circumstances is to excuse themselves. For the rest the book is entertaining. The author's impressions of station life in India are obviously first hand.

ART.

By Huntly Carter.

THE opening of the Royal Academy inaugurates the season for outbursts of all kinds in the daily and weekly papers. One of the first to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered for the exercise of his artistic soul is Mr. Claude Phillips. This good gentleman, writing in the "Daily Telegraph," informs us: "There was a time when it was assumed of the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy that it represented the highest and best that contemporary British art could produce; that it constituted a kind of summing-up of the state of progress of that art, and of the direction or directions taken by its chief streams." Clearly Mr. Claude Phillips belongs to that band of brave explorers whose discoveries hang about the Press like damp votive offerings. He has been able to discover something which no one else knows, and he must do a little more exploring and find out when it was assumed that the exhibitions of the R.A. represented the highest and best outpourings of British artists, and summarised their progress. I believe that all Mr. Phillips will discover is that the position which the members of the R.A. hold by Royal Charter was conferred on them to be used for the advancement of art, and they have used it for the benefit of a few individuals. They are in the strictest sense trustees of the best traditions of art, and they are pledged to support all "progressive" art matters. But this trust which the nation has confided to them is invariably grossly abused, and has been invariably grossly abused from the beginning. There is a possibility of the R.A. having been born to greatness, but it has achieved nothing but dull, senile, academic mediocrity. Mr. Phillips must do some more research work and discover that no person with common sense has ever assumed what he maintains was assumed of a body that has always combined the energy of a man of genius with the instincts of a loafer.

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Bearing this in mind, the only assumption that may safely be made is that the R.A. exhibitions have always been bad, and with few exceptions have shown a course of gradual deterioration; and probably when the history of the aged and decrepit body who is responsible for them is written, the appalling apparition of the present exhibition will dominate it in a manner we do not now

realise. The fact is the present picturesque Piccadilly Collection of "masters" is about as bad as it possibly could be. No exhibition ever played more persistently to the gallery, refused more resolutely to affect a passion for beauty, to encourage an enthusiasm for art, to promote a new cause because it would profit it. Its attitude towards the "progressive" forms of art is cold and contemptuous. Its action in scorning the revolutionary artist is rigid and rooted. It will not tickle the ears of the æsthete. It will not offer him a wide racing horizon radiant with lifting blues and golds, but an immobile twilight niggard and grey. If he desires truth, beauty and justice, he must go elsewhere.

* * *

There is indeed little to be said about this exhibition that has not been said about its one hundred and forty-one predecessors; a criticism of one show is practically a criticism of every other show. Let us make the most of this little by offering a few suggestions for reform. First I would suggest that the works of an Academician, after he has exhibited some years and sunk below mediocrity, should be limited to one sample, and this the very best he has to offer. The present number, size, and lack of quality of the accepted works by seasoned R.A.s is a standing disgrace. By so limiting them, such pictures might be prevented from entering the Academy as Sir E. J. Poynter's Portrait of the King, which is not a painting at all, but simply a hideous photograph; Sir H. von Herkomer's disgraceful piece of work (143), Sir L. Alma-Tadema's feeble study of archaic masonry and figures in open light, in which the women are not out in the open (184), and E. A. Abbey's colossal adventure in illustrating, not painting. A second suggestion is that the exhibits generally should be limited to one large room. One big room would be quite sufficient to contain the pictures of the year, and it is exceedingly doubtful, now there is an Allied Artists' Association, whether there would be enough passable pictures to cover the wall. Indeed, to judge by the present pictures, about half this space would contain the good things. These would include works of the quality of the two studies by Algernon Talmage (24—264), "And mocks my loss of liberty," by Frank Bramley, Arnesby Brown's strong piece of painting (228), E. Phillip Fox's clever piece of painting in pure colour (273), Edward A. Hornel's individual work (392), Fred Hall's study of hayricks, one of the purest things in colour (475), Ernest Proctor's clever low-toned study of an interior (476), Gerald Moira's important "London," John R. Reed's uncommonly clever "Once bit, twice shy," John L. Lobley's poetical landscape with its exceedingly pleasing arrangement (702), Harold Knight's very striking canvas, bold in treatment, and in its way the best portrait group in the exhibition (761), a telling Cyrus Cuneo, a notable Brangwyn, in the water-colour room two quaint studies by Robert J. E. Mooney, and the excellent sculpture by Charles Pibworth (1821), and Mervyn Lawrence (1847). A weeding out on the lines suggested might of course threaten the inclusion of such works as these. But at least it would reduce the number of unspeakable horrors and render the distinction of exhibiting the worst picture in the gallery more difficult to obtain.

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A further suggestion is that a room should be set apart for the encouragement of the exhibition of the works of foreign artists just as they are encouraged by the Paris Salon. It is true there is the danger that in exhibiting good foreign painting the R.A. would kill its own members' works, and half the people who exhibit at the Academy would go out and hang themselves. Still, a holocaust of the kind is much needed. As a fourth suggestion, I would add that the R.A. should alter its "gilt frame" rule in the interest of penniless painters and art alike. To compel artists with limited means to spend large sums on gilt frames for pictures is to impose an impious tax upon them, and the R.A. has imposed this tax quite long enough. Another thing is the gilt frame very often tends to kill

a picture. Further the honour and distinction of adorning exhibition walls with German gilt frames has long been transferred to the Bond Street dealer, and there is no excuse for the R.A. to continue to share it. It may be urged by the R.A. that the retention of the "Gilt Frame" brings in the shillingsworths at the front door. In return I would point out to the R.A. that by continuing to beat a gilt drum to the six most vulgar persons in the gallery it is making no advance in the direction of art or common sense, though it may be demonstrating its ability to give the public a fine circus performance.

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It is obvious that these three suggestions, if carried out, will leave the R.A. somewhat nearer civilisation than it is, and will help it to make a clearance of banalities and offensive pictures, pictures that do violence to the æsthetic sense, pictures that represent in an idiot manner living and dead persons and persons who ought to be dead, pictures calculated to conduce to suicide of the observer, pictures calculated to cause a breach of the peace between critic and painter, and pictures that lead to the overcrowding of long-suffering lunatic asylums. Pending the decision of the R.A. to carry them out, I may point out two facts which lead me to believe that as a body it is not utterly beyond salvation. The first is the favourable attitude of the R.A. towards women's work. Among the many good things by women which have found their way into the Academy this year are the notable exhibits by Hilda Fearon, with her insistent note of grey; by Elizabeth Forbes, whose "June at the Farm" is the best thing in its room; by Florence K. Upton (172); by Harriet Halhed, who has however done better than "The Little Girl at the Door"; by Laura Knight, in whose "Boys" the figures are a little too hot in colour; by Flora Lion, her clever study, "The Skylark," being rather black in colour; by Alice Fanner, "A Windy Day"; and by Betty Fagan, "The Jet Ornament." Another fact is the practical sense shown in the quotation in French from Millet with which the R.A. adorns its catalogue. It says in effect that a man must be touched before he can touch others. As I refuse to accept favours from this body, I was touched for a shilling for admission. I was further touched for a shilling for a catalogue. Beyond this, I was touched by the two shillings worth of value I received. In fact, I was touched all round—touched to tears. But it seems the R.A. can both touch and refuse to be touched. It was untouched by the King's death, and its doors remained open on Saturday, the 7th inst. From this I infer the Academy is no longer Royal.

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I notice that a writer in that humble little pen'orth "The Art News" has been uncommonly touched by the R.A. exhibits. "Amateur" appears to have done the show with an elementary text-book on the art of booming the R.A. in one hand, and a copy of Roget's Thesaurus in the other. The result is a string of superlatives which for pulingness not even the most inveterate mutual admiration society could surpass. After this, the "Art News," which is the official journal of the Allied Artists' Association, must rechristen itself the Daily Mailina.

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The British Fine Art Section of the Japan-British Exhibition is quite up to last year's average, and adds greatly to the value and interest of the Exhibition itself. It contains a number of capable and intelligent pictures, many of them old friends, as it were, whom I remember to have met at various times and places throughout the country. One of the features of the exhibition is the wonderfully realistic scenic painting in the Japanese Garden carried out under the direction of Mr. Julian Hicks by his competent assistants. As a guide to English æsthetic taste, the beautiful little stone erections in this same garden should be compared with the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association's hideous erections elsewhere. The former come from the precious land of Japan, the latter from the pleasant land of the Devil-take-art-we-want-utility.

Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

Three Published Plays:

Don, by Rudolf Besier; **The Earth**, by James Bernard Fagan. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
What the Public Wants. By Arnold Bennett. (F. Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Fisher Unwin has just begun the issue of a new series—"Plays of To-day and To-morrow." This is an intelligent anticipation, for whatever may happen to the plays of to-day, the plays of to-morrow will certainly be published in book form to be read by the audiences of repertory theatres. The ideal repertory theatre, indeed, is one with such a literature of its own, forming a complete record of its work, offering a convenient medium for the exchange or translation of plays, and constantly attracting new hearers from the reading class. The first two volumes of Mr. Fisher Unwin's library are "Don" and "The Earth," both of which have been seen in London during the last twelve months. "Don" was noticed here on its production last autumn, and its run has only lately come to an end. It reads well, for the same reason that it plays well—because of the simplicity and directness of its style. But the end remains as weak and unconvincing as ever; even more unconvincing, I think, in reading than upon the stage, and just as immoral. This alone prevents "Don" from being anything like a great play. It means that Mr. Besier was able to create and develop an idea very skilfully, but unable to work it out. I do not know whether the audience that gave the play such a successful run felt any interest in the love affairs of Ann Sinclair and Stephen Bonington, or experienced any satisfaction in seeing the curtain fall upon their embrace. I am quite sure I did not. I find Ann detestable. Stephen is not above a suspicion of priggishness, but he is at least enthusiastic. Ann is a prig without enthusiasm. As for Stephen, rescuer of ladies in distress, his personality is much more vivid as expressed in his own actions than in what the other characters say about him. Mr. Besier has made them speak of him "as a great poet," "a man of genius," "famous as a poet and thinker wherever English is read." This was a mistake. It is altogether too much to live up to. When Stephen Bonington arrives, he turns out to be nothing of the kind. He is certainly generous, sympathetic, vital above the average, but that is all. His virtues are the humane virtues, with a dash of fine courage and a limited sense of humour which enables him to see the fun of everybody except himself. One can well imagine him as a writer of verse, but as a "poet and thinker famous wherever English is read"—hardly. Unless, perhaps, Mr. Besier was satirising this fame, with a list before him of those authors whose works are known wherever English is read—particularly in the Colonies! However, the fame may only be a slip, a touch of misplaced local colour. Stephen is a fresh and vigorous person, with a sane view of life. He alone would make the play interesting.

* * *

I like "The Earth" much better, but not because of its treatment of politics and journalism. The political side of the play, with Trevena and his Wages Bill, is quite shadowy and naive, while the treatment of the journalistic theme is technically much inferior to that of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants." Many of the characters, too, are quite conventional, and have only been transplanted from the modern fashionable comedy of Wyndham's or the Criterion. But one thing in the play is fine and courageous—the way in which it deals with adultery. The relations of Trevena and Lady Killone, though they are hidden from the world, are to themselves neither furtive nor guilty. And to those who have suffered tortures in the modern theatre, with its "guilty pair" and its perpetual alternative of suicide or confession and reconciliation to husband or wife, that is a great deal. Even if we

compare it with the comedy of flirtation—with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays, for example, and their everlasting heroine who has been indiscrete and nothing more—the atmosphere of "The Earth" is far cleaner and healthier. There is no "intrigue" in the common meaning of the word. Certainly it was weak of Mr. Fagan to make Lady Killone's husband a drunken gambler, but this concession to theatricality never becomes obtrusive.

* * *

Mr. Fagan's dialogue is less purely conversational than that of "Don," but more polished. He gets plenty of good comedy out of the lighter scenes, with their satire on Sir Felix Janion and his paper. This is a fair example:

Miss Janion: My dear Lady Killone, I hope you don't think my brother is lacking in sympathy with the working classes. Nobody *could* accuse him of that.

Lady Killone: Oh, please, I don't accuse him—I'm sure his motives are excellent.

Miss Janion: No one has better motives. He is always doing something for them. Raising subscriptions for the unemployed, looking out for sensational cases of hardship; all his papers are on the alert—his watch-dogs, he calls them. Hardly a week but somewhere in the columns of "The Earth," or "The Searchlight," or "The Eagle," or one of the others you will find a harrowing story of unmerited poverty. *He* gives publicity, and the public give subscriptions.

Lady Killone: Yes, he does a great deal of good in that curious way.

Lady Susan: And no gratitude. But that's the way with the working classes. The more they get, the more they want.

Lady Killone: The failing is hardly peculiar to the working classes.

Miss Janion: That is true. Dear me! there are a great many things wrong with the world. But I think you must admit that my brother is doing his best to put them right. You may think it my partiality, but I believe Sir Felix has more power for good than all the preachers, police, and politicians in the country. (With a little laugh.) And nothing is too small for him. If a child gets lost, if a wife strays from her husband—

Lady Susan: Eh?

Miss Janion: Or the other way about—is it the police who find them? No, my brother—he always gets in first. And if there's a mystery, a scandal, an abuse, he never rests until he roots it out and sets it right. He's just watching over everything that goes on everywhere, and keeping it up to the mark. When I think of all he is doing, I can't help feeling—I say it with all reverence—that Sir Felix is, in his way, a kind of special providence.

Lady Killone: Indeed, one might almost say an "extra special" providence.

* * *

Mr. Arnold Bennett was a little unfortunate with his play "What the Public Wants" as another satire on popular journalism. Before it was produced by the Stage Society, Mr. Oliver Onions' "Little Devil Doubt" had already been published, and "The Earth" was in the middle of its run at the Kingsway Theatre. "What the Public Wants" is also entirely topical, and should have been first in the field in order to have its full effect. Sir Charles Worgan, proprietor of "The Daily Mercury" and eighty other papers, is much more convincing than Mr. Fagan's Sir Felix Janion. All the men in the play are real, and all the women either commonplace or incredible. I flatly refuse to believe in Emily Vernon, widow, or to consider her engagement to Sir Charles Worgan as anything but a trumped up affair designed to extend the story over four acts.

Even then, the third act is irrelevant. The dialogue is purely realistic, that is, it is without rhythm and

weedy, but full of power. Before the end one grows very sick of Worgan and his squalid press. It seems to have been Mr. Bennett's object to compel this feeling and all who want to know what popular journalism is like should read his play. They need have no fear that the description is exaggerated or unreliable. Every scene, as "The Daily Mercury" would say, "bears the stamp of truth." Emily Vernon apart, no doubt such conversations appear daily in newspaper offices, and this one is reported well. Mr. Arnold Bennett is indeed the compleat craftsman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN AND FREEDOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I certainly do not wish to be named with those who creep away from a public criticism; but the fact is I have no defence to make for my unlucky epigram. I admit that it is not true as it stands, and that the idea (unexpressed) in my mind at the time was certainly of "mental" freedom, and then I am bound to agree with D. Triformis that mental freedom must be gained by thought. I have learned a good deal from D. Triformis and I hope I may learn more; but some things I have *not* to learn. I have long since protested against several of the undesirable aspects of the suffrage movement. In a reply to Mr. G. K. Chesterton I wrote: "The real question of women's suffrage is whether it will lead to progressive or to reactionary legislation." Later I objected to the way certain notoriously narrow-minded suffragists used the name of Mary Wollstonecraft and distorted her ideals; and further, I complained of the growing mercenary spirit among so-called advanced women. I have not complained publicly, hitherto, about the official boycott of my book, partly because it sold all the same; but I am a living example for D. Triformis of the "prohibitive and censorial preferences" she notices among the leaders of the various sections. For all these reasons she need not have thrust me out as merely a foolish woman. One is not altogether foolish who has been killed for speaking the truth. It is also a distinction to be the only woman in England who does not want a family. No, I am not altogether silly. I should feel more of a laughing stock for the immortals if I had given sons to a State which might hang my son for some sudden act due to his inheriting my own and my father's temper. I resent the lies about marriage which I was allowed to grow up believing, and my ignorant and unwilling maternity I regard as an outrage. For saying these things I was cast out by advanced women. "Votes for Women" would not even mention that it had received a copy of my book. At a Fabian soirée I was cut by at least a dozen women, and I resigned my membership, not wishing to contaminate these noble creatures who of course have, all of them, forty children each.

Well, it is the fate of martyrs to be subsequently canonised. Meanwhile, D. Triformis may well spare me from her gallery. I have been killed out of the "advanced" movement. I now devote myself in the shades to art and humanitarianism. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

BEATRICE (TINA) HASTINGS.

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THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUTION BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Clifford Sharp has ascribed my criticism of the Prevention of Destitution Bill to "ignorance." On defending the punitive provisions of this measure, he has distinctly contended that the persons subject to reformatory treatment can turn up in the morning at the detention colonies and leave in the evening after the day's "treatment." This is such a gross misrepresentation of the facts that one can only conclude that Mr. Sharp has been so busy analysing other people's ignorance that he has not had time to correct his own distorted point of view. In my article I cited the clause of the Bill. These are the paragraphs in the Minority Report which are the foundation for that section: "If this were done it would be possible to make all the minor offences of vagrancy—such as begging, 'sleeping out,' hawking or peddling without a licence, wandering without means of subsistence—occasions for *instant and invariable commitment* by the Justices, not for short sentences to the ordinary prison . . . but to one or other of the reformatory Detention Colonies which must form an integral part of the system of provision." (p. 1189). On page 1206 there is a repetition of this argument: "So long as he commits no crime and neglects none of his social obligations—so long as he does not fail to get lodging, food and clothing for himself and family—so long as his children are not lacking medical attendance when ill, or underfed at school—so long, indeed, as neither he nor his family ask or require any form of public assistance, he will be free to live as he

likes." Consider the spirit of those words. It is admitted on all hands that poverty is so great in this country that vast numbers of workmen cannot feed their children properly. Mr. Sidney Webb's curative proposal is to commit such workmen to "detention colonies," that is prisons, in the sense that "the colonists" will be restrained by segregation from seeing their families, earning their livelihood, or maintaining themselves as decent citizens. With the growing poverty in England the justices will be sitting day and night committing honest workmen to detention colonies. The paragraph already quoted implies a belief by those who penned it that detention colonies in numbers would be required. This last quotation is from page 1217: "That the maintenance and training division should also establish one or more detention colonies of the reformatory type, to which men would be committed by the magistrates and compulsorily detained and kept to work under discipline upon conviction of any such offences as vagrancy, mendicity, neglect to maintain family, or to apply for public assistance for their maintenance if destitute." The wording of this paragraph is a little inconsistent; but the emphasis upon the compulsory nature of these colonies is retained.

Undoubtedly the Minority Report is receiving considerable support from the Trade Union, Labour and Socialistic movements. Yet the effect of these proposals would be to set up an industrial helot class. It is fair to admit that the residents in these detention colonies would not be utilised for the "breaking" of ordinary strikes. But there are some strikes, such as railway strikes, postal strikes, or lighting strikes, in which the pressure of public opinion in capitalistic circles would force any Government to resort to these detention colonies for a vast supply of "blacklegs." The vice of the Minority Report is that it organises a floating mass of labour under the complete and punitive control of the Government. Remember Mr. Oscar Wilde's warning in 1891: "If the Socialism is authoritarian; if there are governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have industrial tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first." The Minority Report is authoritarian root and branch, and the remedies therein are far worse than the existing disease.

Mr. Sharp has fallen back on an old controversial trick in asking what is the use of mere destructive criticism. The answer is this. Unemployment is a gigantic and complex problem. There are numerous poisonous proposals for curing it; but before adopting any prescription one should be sure that "the last state of man will not be worse than the first." The organised helot system is more dangerous to society, to my mind, than the present industrial chaos.

My suggestion is that the trade unions themselves should deal with this evil. The middle-class bureaucrat is the most hopeless blunderer in these matters of industrialism. The Trade Unionists know what unemployment means from a painful experience. They are *the* experts on the subject, because they are men whose daily bread is endangered by the continuance of under- and un-employment.

Whether this humble proposal be good or bad, I respectfully but strongly urge all Socialists and Trade Unionists to reconsider their attitude towards the Minority Report. The remark about Labour Exchanges was based on the fact that during the short time these institutions have been in existence they have provided "blacklegs" in strikes in Scotland and Wales.

C. H. NORMAN.

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ART CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

What does Mr. Carter mean when he writes of the "character of John Galsworthy by K. Bruce" in the International Show? I am so ignorant of the canons of taste at the moment obtaining in the artistic world that I dare not defend my opinion that the mask in question is a beautiful piece of work; but I can attest the point of fact that it is a singularly striking portrait of Mr. Galsworthy, and, as such, caught my eye the instant I entered the room in which it is placed.

NORREYS CONNELL.

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REGENT'S PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AND REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—We are informed, through the Press, that improvements of some sort are about to be made in this popular place of resort, but the contemplated alterations in the Society's domain—which, by the way, ought surely now to be under the control of the State—do not seem to be either very *radical* or to be very *extensive*.

The Gardens for some years past, it is well known, have been the object of no small amount of criticism as respects certain of its features, and it is deeply to be regretted that in regard to one of them, in particular, the directorate seem to be so little disposed to be influenced by what must fairly be admitted to be just censure, coming as it does from quite competent and impartial critics.

To begin with, the exceedingly cramped "cabined and confined" housing of many of the occupants has evoked much animadversion. Especially the excessively narrow space allotted to the unhappy *ursine* and *lupine* species—the bears and wolves—is to be reproached. For animals who, in the natural life, enjoy unlimited freedom, space of somewhere about nine feet by seven feet is deemed sufficient! In respect to many other of the captives encaged and imprisoned for human amusement—in respect of the winged tribes as well as the mammals—the same criticism applies more or less. And in general it must be protested that the available space at the disposal of the Society has been unduly sacrificed to the luxurious pleasure of the *human* at the cost of the *non-human*, and that, in spite of some rather feeble attempts at concession to humaner feeling, much remains to be done before this too conspicuous iniquity is less obtrusively in evidence. Even without enlargement of the Gardens by the taking in of part of the adjacent park, as has been reasonably suggested—even without such obviously to be recommended enterprise—considerable improvement is possible simply by the addition of some proportion of the superabundant pleasure grounds. As it is, in spite of the attractions offered by the directorate, for every humane and feeling spectator the impressions of a visit cannot but be of a sufficiently melancholy kind. Thanks to the urgent protests of the Humanitarian League, and, occasionally, of the few thoughtful visitors, some signs of consciousness of the need for reform are, it is true, happily visible. But reform, it has to be lamented, is slow, and inadequate to the obvious requirements of the case.

But a yet graver reason for complaint is the obstinate and continued resistance of the authorities of the Gardens to the repeated remonstrances of the League (which more than once have been echoed in the Legislature itself) as to the state of things in the reptile department. Many readers of THE NEW AGE doubtless will have not quite forgotten the shocking revelations of the barbarously-cruel scenes enacted in the cages of the reptilian monsters—the pythons and other serpents; revelations made by thoroughly trustworthy eye-witnesses at the time when the public were admitted to the dens at the feeding-hours. They are too horrifying for repetition here. The demand often has been made of the responsible authorities, why, in the sacred names of Reason and Humaneness alike, should these creatures, of so low organisation, be exhibited *living*? To all intents and purposes they are little more than mere *animated logs*, seldom or never showing signs of movement, or even of life, excepting when deliberately about to seize their terrorised and agonised victims. These hapless and helpless victims, thrust into the dens of the reptiles, be it insisted upon, often are, when at length seized, several minutes struggling in the jaws of their slowly-gorging torturers. To add immensely to the horror and the utterly revolting barbarity of the scene, the victims—rabbits, guineapigs, birds, and (incredible degree of callous cruelty) even young goats—are immensely higher in organisation and in the scale of existence than these *animated logs* (as they justly may be designated) to which they are thrown.

Why—it must be repeated for the five-hundredth time in the terms of the remonstrances of the League—why will not the directorate exhibit them as *stuffed* specimens, in the various attitudes assumed by these creatures in the natural state? Surely the resources of the taxidermist art would be not wholly unequal to the requirements. Thus not alone would enormous frightful suffering be stopped in this direction, but both the human agents and the public, conscious of the superfluous barbarity, would no longer be injured by the demoralising spectacle and by the knowledge of the (legalised) perpetration of a shocking outrage upon the sacred claims of the Higher Morality.

One word as to the sophistry or subterfuge of the apologists. First, the conditions and circumstances of the *free* and natural and of the *captive* life are wholly different. Second, to allege that this feeding of caged reptiles upon *living* prey is justified by Nature (and therefore by the Creative Principle or Power) is simply and at once to open the door widely to justification of any and every immorality.

HOWARD WILLIAMS.

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HUNTLY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have said that Mr. Witcombe does not understand the difference between art and science, and I now say that he proves he does not understand it in every sentence he writes. In his present letter he jumbles up art with science, vision with interpretation, the abstract with the concrete, the essence with the thing itself, and this in a manner that even Bradley himself might reasonably refuse to attempt to unravel. The difference between his pavement artist and Vandycck is one of science, not art. There are degrees of excellence in science, and science may be both taught and acquired and developed. Turner developed his science, he

became a greater scientist, that is technician, not a greater artist. He was born a great artist. Thus Mr. Witcombe confuses art as an abstraction with the creative power. That is he confuses the essence which is imparted to a thing with the will or power to impart it. His concluding statement that "we (who paint) salute with honour and *understanding* the pictures in the National Gallery," is unfortunate. For the understanding, as Coleridge tells us somewhere, merely suggests the materials of reasoning. The reason decides upon them. In my position I demand reason and must have it in all matters concerning the National Gallery.

Mr. Wake Cook does not improve his position. In his first letter to me he gave a demonstration of his ability to advance backwards; in the present letter he shows what he can do in the matter of roving all over the shop. He now denies that the donkey's tail masterpiece was the "logical climax." For says Mr. Cook, "I have seen works more *deliberately* shocking to artistic sensibilities than anything that could be produced by the *accidental* whisking of a brush tied to a donkey's tail." We here have the admission that the donkey's tail masterpiece was not the climax, but was really an improvement after all. Mr. Cook apologises for appearing to disparage individuality in art and then proceeds to disparage "anarchical individualism" (whatever that may mean) in its relation to Socialism. There's a pretty muddle for you. Then he confuses public forms of art with personal forms of art, confuses a plea for the transfer of the direction and control of civic forms of art from irresponsible tradesmen to artists with the question of the transfer of the direction and control of their own artistic souls from tradesmen painters like the R.A. to artists themselves. This is a pretty mix-up if you like. After explaining to his own satisfaction how he manages to keep ahead of the times, but not of THE NEW AGE, Mr. Cook pauses before "G. B. S." Here he demonstrates his ability to drag a third person into a discussion, to put him in a corner and to challenge him to leave it if he can. All this is beautifully confusing. Mr. Cook's reasoning displays all the intricacies of the Greek system of logic without its wisdom. Will Mr. Cook consent to try the Oriental system of position and parallel and let us see what he is really driving at? All I ask Mr. Cook to talk about is the no-jury system in France, and as I have led him to admit there is such a system, and thereby to destroy his argument which was based upon the neglect of that fact, it means that nothing more remains to be said.

HUNTLY CARTER.

* * *

"THE SLUMP IN SOCIALISM."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. St. John G. Ervine's opinion that the "slump in Socialism has damped my soul," expressed in your issue of last week, has annoyed me. Indeed, I am indebted to Mr. Ervine for the knowledge that such a "slump" exists, for I had not observed it myself. In the note to the second edition of my book, I claim that the influence of the Labour Party has "frightened the Lords into attempting a counter-revolution," the most considerable thing British Socialism has yet helped to bring about. I believe that it is largely owing to the presence of a Labour group in the House of Commons that the Liberals have been compelled to follow, to some extent, the lines I suggested six years ago in "The Opportunity of Liberalism." The result is more likely to be a "slump" in Toryism than Socialism. Incidentally, it is true, I say that "if the principle that industrial must precede political organisation be sound, we are not likely to see in the immediate future any great extension of the [Labour] Party." This surely is obvious enough, for unless the co-operative societies awake from their political torpor there are not many important working-class organisations not already attached, to join. But the membership of the Labour Party is one thing, the Labour vote is another; and I see no reason to modify the opinion expressed two years ago, that before long the industrial constituencies will become so completely Labour that no Tory or Liberal will care to waste money on fighting them. I no more believe in the "slump" than Mr. Ervine himself.

BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

* * *

"THE LONGING."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reading "The Longing" in your issue of May 4 I was reminded of an observation made by Thomas Hardy on one of the characters in "The Woodlanders."

"The love of men like Fitzpiers is unquestionably of such quality as to bear division and transference. He had, indeed, once declared that on one occasion he had noticed himself to be possessed by five distinct infatuations at the same time. If this were true, his differed from the highest affection as the lower orders of the animal world differ from advanced organisms, partition causing not death, but a multiplied existence."

W. S.

GODLY MISSIONARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Verdad's indictment of Christian missionaries in Eastern countries is not a whit too strong. During a visit to Ceylon I found that the natives who had not come in contact with Christians abstained from theft, lying and strong drinks. In Colombo, which is full of Christians, the madhouses and prisons are packed. In that fiercely western town you see the most degraded specimens of humanity conceivable. Some of the "converts" have become brothel-keepers, absinthe-vendors and usurers. The Gospel is spread through the medium of tracts which refer to the Buddhists as "ungodly heathens." Mr. Verdad's suggestion that the missionaries should be expelled from China and elsewhere is excellent.

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

* * *

THE SHAM SCIENCE OF EUGENICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

THE NEW AGE containing my little dispute with Dr. Saleeby has been following me about the country and has only just reached me. Dr. Saleeby shows a familiarity with the text of my writings about Eugenics which is only equalled by his blindness to their spirit. To treat my statement that it is only by the sterilization of failures, i.e., the lack of offspring, that a species progresses, into an admission that types can now be distinguished for deliberate sterilization, shows a real ingenuity in misconception. I have never at any time admitted anything of the kind. No doubt it is possible to say "the chances are" that So-and-So will father or mother, as the case may be, finer, bolder, more versatile or more subtle children than Such-a-person; but no sane sociologist is for mating So-and-So perforce to a second So-and-So or for sterilizing Such-a-person on the strength of a chance. It's an altogether different matter from these Positive and Negative Eugenic proposals of Dr. Saleeby's to discuss such a modification of social institutions as will increase the reproductive possibilities of the So-and-Sos, and make it less likely that the Such-a-persons will leave offspring. At present we western Europeans have matrimonial institutions that limit the possible legal children of the most wonderful creatures alive to the number one single partner can give them, and the possible variations upon their heredity to what that partner can introduce, and any science of Eugenics that does not begin upon that and concentrate upon that as its essential question is, I hold, just arrant bosh. These schemes for ligaturing the ducts of unlucky criminals and endowing the monogamic marriages of the sort of people some jobbing quack of an "expert," appointed God knows how, might select as above par are, I continue to insist, as silly and ineffectual as they are in the "Negative" instances cruel.

H. G. WELLS.

Articles of the Week.

ARCHER, WM., "A National Theatre," Morning Leader, May 14.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, M.P., "The Mercy of Allah: VI.," Morning Post, May 14.

BENNETT, ARNOLD, "The 7th Man in Italy," Daily Chronicle, May 11.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "The Art of the Fan," Saturday Review, May 14.

BLATCHFORD, ROBT., "The Emancipation of the Child," Clarion, May 13.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Corner," Daily News, May 14.

FILON, AUGUSTIN, "La Chambre des Lords dans le Passé et dans l'Avenir," Revue des Deux Mondes, May.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "The King and Socialism," Clarion, May 13.

GREIN, J. T., "King Edward and the Stage," Sunday Times, May 15.

HANOTAUX, GABRIEL, "France and King Edward," Daily Mail, May 11.

HOBHOUSE, L. T., "John Stuart Mill," Nation, May 14 (review).

HORSFALL, T. C., "Some German Lessons in Town-planning," Architectural Review, May.

"HUBERT," "An Armistice in Party Strife," Sunday Chronicle, May 15.

HUGHES, S. L., M.P., "The Absurdities of Election Law," Reynolds's, May 15.

JOWETT, F. W., M.P., "The Crown and British Politics," Labour Leader, May 13.

KNEE, F., "The Electoral Machine: Defects and Remedies," Justice, May 14.

LONG, Prof. JAS., "The Late King as a Farmer," Daily Chronicle, May 10.

LOWE, CHAS., "Kaiser and Ex-president: A Notable Meeting," Daily Chronicle, May 12.

LYNCH, Dr. ARTHUR, M.P., "Ireland's Progress," Daily Chronicle, May 11 (review).

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "The Nine Years of Edward VII.: Remarkable Progress in Wealth and Trade," Daily News, May 11.

MURRAY, HY., "Gilbert Keith Chesterton," Bookman, May.

NEWMAN, ROBT., "Musical Development during King Edward's Reign," Sunday Times, May 15.

OUTHWAITE, R. L., "Life and Death at Whitehaven," Daily News, May 14.

PALMER, ETHEL, "Women's Education; A Plea for Practical Training," Sunday Times, May 15.

PHOTIADES, CONSTANTIN, "George Meredith," Revue de Paris, May.

QUELCH, H., "Socialist Politics and Trade Unionism," Social Democrat, May.

RUSSELL, Rt. Hon. G. W. E., "Retrospects," Commonwealth, May.

SEXTON, JAS., "Reminiscences of an Agitator," Labour Leader, May 13.

SHALLARD, S. D., "Mr. H. G. Wells on the Prevention of Destitution Bill," Labour Leader, May 13.

SNOWDEN, PHILIP, M.P., "The Late King and the Political Situation," Christian Commonwealth, May 11.

WESTON, EMILY, "The Husband's Charter: Are Men More Domesticated than Women?" Sunday Chronicle, May 15.

WOOD, T. MARTIN, "Mr. Robert Anning Bell's Work as a Painter," Studio, May.

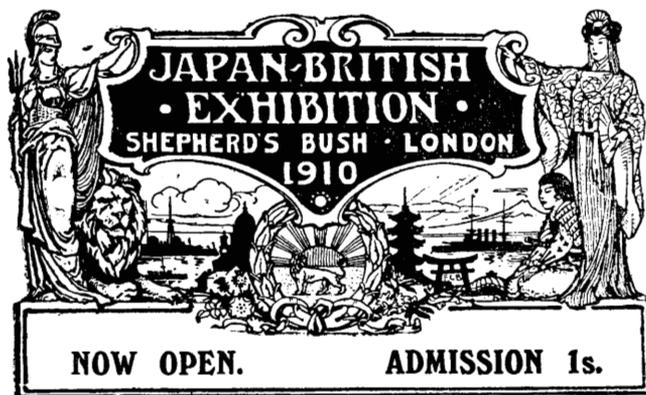
YOUNG, FILSON, "A Tropical Island: VIII. Social Conditions," Saturday Review, May 14.

[At the last moment before going to Press it was discovered that the MS. list of other important articles had been lost in the post.]

Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

26.—L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

- 1902 BRITISH TRADE AND THE ZOLLVEREIN ISSUE. (The first formulated reply to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals). (Commercial Intelligence Publishing Co., Ltd. 1/-.)
- 1903 ELEMENTS OF THE FISCAL PROBLEM. (P. S. King and Son. 3/6.)
- 1903 THROUGH PREFERENCE TO PROTECTION. (Free Trade Union. 3d.)
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