THE FORUM
FOR DECEMBER 1910
VOLUME XLIV
NUMBER 6

THE NEW SOCIALISM
JAMES BOYLE

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA
PETER McARTHUR

FIFTH AVENUE AND THE BOULEVARD SAINT-MICHEL
TEMPLE SCOTT

THE NEXT AMERICAN WILL
ALLEN UPWARD

THE MARRIAGE OF QUIDNUNC
MAURICE HEWLETT

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: DEFENDER OF THE DISCARDED

THE BREED OF THE CONQUERORS
HALDANE MACFALL

WOMAN: THE LINE OF PROGRESS
JULIUS CHAMBERS

THE MUSIC OF THE PASSION PLAY
HENRY L. GIDEON

POETRY
BLISS CARMAN
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Contributors to the December Forum

James Boyle has contributed before to The Forum. He has had wide and valuable experience in journalistic, civic and political work. For fourteen years he was political correspondent and assistant editor of the Cincinnati Gazette and the Commercial-Gazette. During Mr. McKinley's two terms as Governor of Ohio, Mr. Boyle acted as his private secretary, and later, became his confidential secretary at the White House. He has also served for eight years as American Consul at Liverpool. He contributes occasionally to the leading reviews on both sides of the Atlantic, confining his work to the political and economic subjects in which he is specially interested.

Peter McArthur was born in Ekfrid, Ontario, March 10th, 1866. He was educated at the Strathroy Collegiate Institute and University College, Toronto. In 1889 he joined the staff of the Toronto Mail, and a year later moved to New York, where he continued his connection with the press. From 1895 to 1897 he was editor of Truth. Afterwards, he went to London, England, where he spent two years, contributing to the Review of Reviews and Punch. In 1908 he returned to Canada, where he recently began to edit and publish Ourselves, a magazine devoted to Canadian life and politics.

Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick. He was educated at the Collegiate School, and at the University of New Brunswick, afterwards completing a post-graduate course at Edinburgh and Harvard. Since 1890 he has been engaged in editorial and literary work in New York and Boston. The poet is perhaps most widely known in connection with the famous Songs from Vagabondia series. In 1906 his old University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Temple Scott was born at Hull, England, and was educated at Liverpool College and London University. He has been engaged in the writing, making and publishing of books for the greater part of his life. He has edited many notable editions of standard works, and has a special gift for bibliographies and anthologies. His most recent books have been The Pleasure of Reading, In Praise of Gardens, and The Christmas Treasury of Song and Verse — just issued.

Allen Upward was born at Worcester, England, in 1863. After a brilliant university career, he studied law, and was admitted as a barrister both in England and Ireland. Unsuccessful in an attempt to enter Parliament, he went as a volunteer to Greece, and took part
in the invasion of Turkey by the Greek army. In 1901 he became British Resident in Northern Nigeria, and he has held other political appointments. He has written many books, of which *The New Word*, a discussion of Idealism, with special reference to the will of Alfred Nobel, has attracted unusual attention.

**Maurice Henry Hewlett** was born in 1861. For some years he held a position in the English Civil Service, but resigned after the success of *The Forest Lovers*. He has since given all his time to literary work, avoiding, as far as possible, personal publicity.

**Haldane Macfall** was born in July, 1860. He has had military experience, but resigned his commission in 1892. Since then, he has been concerned chiefly with the significance and interpretation of art. He is now completing a Trilogy of Life—of which the first book, *The Splendid Wayfaring*, will be published in January.

**Julius Chambers** is a native of Ohio, and a graduate of Cornell. He has been connected with the press since 1870. He has been a special correspondent in all parts of the world, and editor successively of the *New York Herald*, the *Paris Herald*, and the *New York World*. He has written many books and short stories, and has an unrivaled knowledge of the political and social developments of the last four decades.

**Henry L. Gideon** was born and educated in the South. After several years of teaching in the Louisville High School, he went to Harvard, where he received the degree of A.M. in music, 1906, together with the John Thornton Kirkland fellowship for music study in Europe. He spent the season of 1906-1907 as a student in Paris, and the summer of 1909 at the Wagner Festspiel at Bayreuth. This year he visited Oberammergau. Since January, 1898, he has been organist and choirmaster of Temple Israel, Boston, Mass. He is a composer of sacred music, part songs and operetta, and a critic of unusual clearness and insight.

**Cale Young Rice**, author and dramatist, was born at Dixon, Kentucky, in 1872. He is a graduate of Cumberland University and of Harvard, and the author of several volumes of poems and dramas.
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THE NEW SOCIALISM

JAMES BOYLE

MODERN, Marxian Socialism is already getting out of date. There has appeared a new Socialism; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Doctrinaire Socialism of Marx and Engels has become animated by a new spirit, a new driving force. The fatalistic "catastrophic" evolutionary theory is being virtually abandoned, and in its stead there is in process of development an aggressive political machine and party, which is world-wide in sympathetic ideals, but varying in methods and in national and local programmes, uniting, however, in one "ultimate aim"—Collectivism; and the controlling spirit, the principle of tactics, of this new Socialism, is Fabian Opportunism; Constructive Socialism is its latest English name.

As the country of origin of Marxian Socialism was England (and not Germany, as is popularly supposed), so it is England which has given the lead in the new method for the seizure of political power by the proletariat, with the ultimate aim of establishing the Collective Commonwealth.

The loyal "Simon Pure" Marxian Socialists—whose creed has become aged while still "Modern"—do not love the present-day, new-style Constructive Socialists, the Fabian Opportunists, whose policy is to watch, and if necessary to wait, but to be ever alert, and always to be ready to seize the first and most practical opportunity, through existing and recognized legal and constitutional
political and administrative agencies, to “municipalize” or “nationalize” all public utilities, and as many industrial and commercial activities as possible, and to use the State in every feasible way for the benefit of the people, both collectively and individually. This is the new spirit of Socialism. The Marxians denounce the Fabian Opportunists as “unorthodox,” and recent Socialist literature brims over with controversy on the subject. Bernard Shaw—who is just as eminent a Fabian Socialist as he is a playwright—is very jubilant over the ascendency of his school. In his preface to the last edition (1908) of the famous Fabian Essays, he triumphantly declares: “Since 1889 the Socialist movement has been completely transformed throughout Europe; and the result of the transformation may be fairly described as Fabian Socialism.” The developments certainly justify the boastful claim of Bernard Shaw. Referring to the British adherents of strict Marxism, he pours ridicule upon their “shibboleths about the Class War and the socialization of all the means of production, distribution and exchange,” declaring that they “have no more application to practical politics than the Calvinistic Covenants which so worried Cromwell when he, too, tried to reconcile his sectarian creed with the practical exigencies of government and administration.”

One of the most authoritative exponents of Socialism in America is John Spargo, and in the International Socialist (Chicago) of May, 1909, he criticised Shaw, and affirmed that “there are few American Socialists who will take their Socialism from the Fabian Essays.” Just so; and that is one of the principal reasons why American Socialists up to the present time have played such a minor part in the actual political and social affairs of their country as compared with their Continental and British comrades. But times are rapidly changing, and American Socialists are beginning to learn practical politics.

The experiment now under trial in Milwaukee—“our first Socialist city”—has focused attention in America on the greatest political, economic and social movement of this or any other age. It is said that Emil Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, has nailed upon the walls of his office the motto of John Wesley (who certainly cannot be charged with being a Socialist): “Do all the good
you can to all the people you can.” Evidently this is intended to be a proclamation of the controlling spirit of the Milwaukee brand of Socialism. This reminds one of the incident told of Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the father of Philosophic Anarchism. He was undergoing examination by a magistrate after the French Revolution of 1848, and was asked: “What is Socialism?” His answer was: “Every aspiration toward the amelioration of society.” “In that case,” remarked the magistrate, “we are all Socialists.” “That is precisely what I think,” responded Proudhon.

After enumerating the things the Socialists propose to do for Milwaukee, Charles Edward Russell, the well-known American sociologist, confesses that many of the planks were copied from the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties. Most of them have been set forth time and again by reform organizations which would indignantly repudiate the charge of Socialism; and as to the declarations in favor of the public ownership of public utilities, they are not novel at all. Some of these propositions have been in operation for years in a number of American municipalities, and all of them are quite common in European and particularly in English cities; and the wisdom of this “municipalization” of a number of the enterprises involved is at the best a debatable question, even under much more favorable conditions and environment than can be found in the average American community. It has already developed that there are constitutional and legal impediments in the way of a realization of some of the most radical schemes of the Milwaukee Socialists; still, there remains a wide sphere of action for the betterment of the municipal affairs of Milwaukee; and should the Socialist administration be a success there will be a disposition to claim the result as a vindication of Socialism. But the truth is that Socialism, as a distinct theory of economics, or as a scheme of public control of social industrialism and municipal activity, or as a principle of action, will not be specially involved. Should the so-called Socialist experiment at Milwaukee come out with flying colors, as compared with previous administrations, it will be a tribute to improved but quite orthodox business-like methods, combined with the broadened spirit of civic enterprise and of the enlightened humanitarianism characteristic of the times, absolutely apart from
definite Socialism; and in particular it will be a demonstration of the peculiar personal fitness of Mr. Emil Seidel for the position of Chief Executive of a large and prosperous city.

Even though the public utilities of Milwaukee were "municipalized," and the results were favorable, the experiment would not necessarily be a demonstration of the practicability and advantages of Modern Socialism, as a distinct theory of economics. Competent observers well understand that the partially successful public operation of public utilities in England is to be attributed almost entirely to the high standard of "civic patriotism" prevailing in that country, resulting in efficient and honest administration of municipal affairs. There are conditions existing in such old civilized countries as Germany and England—a public spirit and a habit of mind diffused among all classes, the heritage and accumulation of centuries of self-government and social evolution—which make it comparatively easy to "nationalize" or "municipalize" certain enterprises and functions which experience has shown can with advantage, or at least with reasonable success, be publicly owned and administered; but experience has also shown that there are well-defined limitations to communal activity, even in such well-governed municipalities as those of England and Germany. But, unfortunately, municipal patriotism is not general as yet, and the other conditions referred to are absent, in America. While it would not be fair or even sensible to prophesy the failure of the attempt of the Milwaukee Socialists to municipalize public utilities, and while they should be commended for any reform or improvement they may introduce into the body politic of their city, yet it should be pointed out that the success of the experiment would not establish the claims of Socialism, as it is defined in the text books or as generally understood.

Of course, much depends upon what is meant by Socialism. Experts in economic terminology indulge in hair-splitting differences, and it has been said that it is impossible to describe it properly within the narrow limitations of a definition. Prof. Flint, of the University of Edinburgh—one of the keenest of all scholarly critics—takes the position that there is not and cannot be any satisfactory definition, for the reason that there are so many varieties and so many points of view from which the subject is looked at. Most
certainly the greatest of all the Socialists, Marx himself, has not given us a definition of that vast, ponderous conglomeration of theories and propositions known as Revolutionary, Modern, or Scientific Socialism. While there is much difference among the exponents and critics of the Marxian philosophy as to details, there is general agreement as to certain fundamental bases—although not as to all. According to Engels, the great coadjutor of Marx, two of these fundamentals are the theories of the "materialistic conception of history" and "surplus value." Engels generously gives all the credit to his friend Marx for "these two great discoveries," although some of the ablest Socialists who have investigated the matter have come to the conclusion that Engels had almost as much to do with the creation of Capital as had Marx, the reputed author. Engels claims that with the two "discoveries" named, "Socialism became a science." Yet these two "fundamentals" are by no means accepted by all Socialists, even among those counted as orthodox. There are many interpretations of the doctrines of Marx, and some of them are utterly at variance with others; for instance: Spargo, the Anglo-American expositor, claims that the Master has been grossly misrepresented by being credited with the oft-used Socialist dictum that "Labor is the source of all wealth"; yet beyond question the early followers of Marx generally held this doctrine, and it is still largely—and probably generally—believed in by the Socialist rank and file, both in Europe and America.

Another of the Marxian "fundamentals" which has been scattered to the four winds is that known as the "catastrophic theory"—reference being had to the collapse of the Capitalistic system and the consequent establishment of Collectivism, as an evolution which cannot be prevented, and which will come suddenly, but in due order, as morning follows night. The "ultimate aim" of all Socialists—at least theoretically—is Collectivism. According to the Marxian theory the Collective Commonwealth is to come by a catastrophic collapse of Capitalism—by the sheer rottenness and economic incapacity and failure of the system, and because this catastrophic collapse is the natural and inevitable evolution and sequence of the present condition of society, without any reference to or dependence upon individual human will or voluntary collective political action;
and Marx and his early followers believed that the great day was near at hand. In certain aspects of his philosophy Marx was Oriental in his fatalism. But this coming into being of the Industrial and Economic Millennium was—and is—nothing but a phantasm, even as a theory. One can search the whole range of the literature of Modern Socialism for a definite and reasoned-out explanation of how Collectivism is to be established; but one will not find it. Marx gives just as good an explanation as anybody else does, and now his prophecy of the inevitable is brushed aside even by the faithful as an absurd and idle dream. Notwithstanding that Morris and Bax—two of the most intellectual Socialists England has produced—accept the general theories of Marx, they scornfully repudiate the "catastrophic theory"; they call it "a ridiculous assumption." Spargo, in Socialism, thus introduces a personal reminiscence of his youthful days in England, when he and his comrades daily awaited the coming of the big Revolution:

"Those who are familiar with the writings of Marx, know that, in strange contrast with the fundamental principles of that theory of social evolution which he so well developed, he lapsed at times into the Utopian habit of predicting the sudden transformation of society. Capitalism was to end in a great final 'catastrophe' and the new order be born in the travail of a 'social revolution.'"

It might be remarked that the "Utopian habit" into which Marx "lapsed at times," settled into a fixed theory among the followers of the founder of Scientific Socialism, and among none stronger than those in America. And now Spargo, one of the leading expositors and defenders of Marx, tries to laugh away the idea. Speaking for himself, Spargo confesses with some impatience, that "Omniscience would he necessary" to tell how Socialism will be established in its complete form of the Collective Commonwealth. Ernest Untermann, the editor of the American edition of Capital, repeats the old complaint that critics "have never been able to distinguish between a scheme and a historical process," and he explains that Socialism is "a historical process." According to such strict Marxians as Mr. Untermann, the Utopian systems of Plato, Owen, Fourier, and Cabet, and German State Socialism and British
Municipal Socialism, are "mere schemes," and Trade Unionism and Coöperation are only "temporary makeshifts."

In the number of its avowed adherents to Socialism, Germany far exceeds all other countries, although in Parliamentary effectiveness it is behind England. The International Bureau of Socialists (the headquarters of European Socialism) has recently published statistics (August, 1910) showing the present number of Socialists throughout the world. Following are the figures:

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These figures require an explanation. In Europe generally, owing largely to political conditions, the Trade Unions are allied with and in many instances are identical with the Socialists, but it is impossible to determine the extent to which "definite" Socialism is held as an economic belief apart from the special principles of Trade Unionism. Since 1906 there has been an alliance between Fabian and other Socialists and most of the British Trade Unions, resulting in the formation of the Labor Party, the members of which may be correctly described as Labor-Socialists. In numbers they are over 2,000,000, and they have elected some 50 members of Parliament, and most of the Trade Unions have declared for Socialism. In addition, there are the unbending old-line Marxists in England, but it is impossible to give any estimate of their number, as they are not well organized and generally vote with the Laborites; they have only elected one member of Parliament—the fiery Victor Grayson, and he has denounced Opportunist Socialism very bitterly. The Fabians, as such, maintain a separate organization for purposes of education and propagandism; they may be considered the "Intellectuals" of British Socialism, and the Laborites the fighting force.
The Socialism of Germany is looked upon as being orthodox Marxian, and it is more philosophical as well as more revolutionary than the British school. But within recent years there have been great changes in both the methods and the spirit of German Socialism. When the German Social Democratic Party was organized in 1875 on a Marxian basis, two pronouncements were made in its historic “Gotha Programme” which have caused much controversy among both Socialists and their opponents. One was the declaration that “Labor is the source of all wealth and civilization,” and the other was that the division of the product of Labor “belongs by an equal right to all its members, each according to his reasonable needs.” There is much dispute among those who claim to be faithful followers of Marx as to whether the division should be according to needs or deeds.

In Germany the gradual shedding of the hard Marxian shell is coming about partly through the operation of political and Parliamentary exigencies and partly through a long course of stupendous, ponderous philosophical reasoning. The faith which Marx once delivered to the proletariat of the world is now held in its integrity and completeness by but comparatively few, even in Germany, the native land of the Master. Even Bebel, the leader of the Socialists in the Reichstag, has admitted from his seat that his views have been both modified and developed, and that his party is “continually moulting.” It is only the uninformed or the hide-bound Socialist fanatic who now looks upon Marx as the Pope of Economics. Within the last few years the tendency in Germany—as all over Europe—has been to drift away from strict Doctrinarianism, and to adopt a policy of Opportunism.

There is much in the deep philosophy of Marx to appeal to the German mind, but at the same time the conclusions to which his system logically leads—unpractical revolutionary fatalism, with no social or economic reforms within immediate grasp—are not in sympathy with the Teutonic mentality. For the same reason Scientific Socialism makes but little appeal to the English, who, indeed, are more practical as regards politics and economics than are even the Germans, although as a race almost lacking in philosophic discernment. There is a faction among the German Socialists who are
revolutionary to the extent of being Anarchistic, and they object to the Opportunist tactics and to the "Parliamenting" of present-day Socialists. After being expelled from the Social Democratic Party they formed the Union of Independent Socialists, but they have not become important either in numbers or influence.

The first problem as to tactics which confronted the Social Democracy of Germany was in regard to the attitude it should adopt toward Bismarck's State Socialism, which is often denounced in the Fatherland as "State Capitalism." Bismarck introduced State Socialism as a part of the permanent Imperial policy, its avowed object being to cause a cessation of the growing demand for Revolutionary Socialism as preached by the Marxists. It is very interesting, in view of the present clamorous demands of the English Labor-Socialists for "the right to work," to recall that Bismarck declared for the same "right" as one of the obligations of a paternal State toward its citizens, and that he claimed that in doing so he was only standing on the old Prussian Constitutions dating back to 1671-1794. The practical acceptance of Bismarck's programme by the Marxists is justified by them on the ground that that system is only a means to an end—the end being complete Collectivism; and now State and Municipal Socialism are included, to a greater or less extent, in the "immediate demands" of most of the Socialist organizations throughout the world.

It is rather difficult to define the difference between State (or Municipal) Socialism and Scientific (or Modern, Marxian) Socialism, the ultimate aim of the latter being avowedly Collectivism. Some Socialists argue that the main difference is that of intent. Speaking broadly, the State and Municipal Socialism of Germany and England is confined to the operation of undertakings and the performance of functions which by their very nature are more or less natural monopolies: for example, the ownership and control of such public utilities as the transportation of goods or passengers, the telegraph, the telephone, electric lighting and power, water, gas, etc. There is a great deal of controversy on the Continent and in England as to the limitation and extension of the activity of the State and Municipality in this regard. Speaking generally, the line of division is on the insistence of the anti-Socialists that the
State or Municipality should not undertake the operation of any enterprise which is "productive"—that is, which brings in a revenue above its cost and working charges—unless it comes within the category of "public utilities," and is a natural monopoly; in other words, that the State or Municipality should not enter into industrial or commercial competition with its citizens in trading.

Within recent years Socialists have practically unanimously acquiesced in, and generally highly favor, State Socialism so far as it has gone, and there is an ever-increasing demand for a wider sphere of action. The method of the present-day Socialists the world over is to organize politically, as other political parties do, and to agitate for and secure when possible the public control of all public utilities, and gradually to take from Capital its private ownership of productive industrial and commercial enterprises when organized on a "social" basis, that is, when workmen are employed for wages, and this gradual inclusion is to keep on until the Collective Commonwealth is an actuality. Under the new spirit which is animating Socialism, political organization and legislative action are the means which are to bring about the industrial millennium. This method is altogether different from the Marxian principle, or the "historical process," as Untermann calls it. Under that principle, the great Revolution is to come about as an economic and social evolution, following the collapse of Capitalism, but is to be established quite apart from a set legislative programme or decree, and will not be the result of the organized action of men. It is true that Marx, in closing his appeal to the proletariat in his Communist Manifesto, calls upon them to "Organize!"—but the organization he urged was not such as now exists among workingmen for certain specific reforms and privileges, but was simply to discipline them for the great change—to enable them to seize the reins of government when the "catastrophic" end of Capitalism came, and to train them to become the rulers of the Coöperative Commonwealth.

Ever since Engels published in 1891 the "Marginal Notes" of Marx on the Gotha programme, there has been a fierce discussion in Germany as to what constitutes orthodox Socialism. The critics of Marx were headed by George von Vollmar and E. Bernstein.
Their school is known as the "Revisionist" or "Evolutionist" wing, and their position with regard to State Socialism and Parliamentary ameliorative measures is similar to that taken by the English Fabians and Laborites. Bernstein created quite a furore among Socialists the world over by taking issue with the fundamental doctrines laid down by Marx and Engels, not only with regard to the "materialistic theory of history," but also as to the great "kladderadatsch" —the cataclysm which the two founders of Modern Socialism declare is to destroy the present social and industrial systems and bring into being the Collective Commonwealth. Arrayed against Vollmar and Bernstein (and later, Dr. Frank) were Liebknecht, Bebel and Kautsky. A compromise was effected: there was a pronouncement for an unequivocal "class-conscious" Revolutionary Socialism, and—to preserve the balance—this was accompanied by one practically declaring for Fabian Opportunism. The subsequent developments are increasing in the latter direction, notwithstanding that the weight of tradition and of the teachings of most of the acknowledged leaders of the proletarian movement are all the other way: there has been in some respects an actual transformation of the original position taken by the German Social Democratic Party; and it no longer holds good that that organization—numerically the greatest of its kind in the world, as it is also the largest political body in the Fatherland—is strictly orthodox from a Marxian standpoint. Still, the German Social Democracy as a Party refuses to ally itself with other political organizations. For several years a furious internal controversy on this point has raged, and last summer (1910) it almost caused a split. The North German wing (which is the most orthodox, and also at present the most numerous) insists upon a policy of "splendid isolation" from other political parties or Parliamentary groups; while the South German Socialists, headed by Dr. Frank, favor the promotion of ameliorative legislation and also coalition with other parties to bring about reforms, and, like their British brethren, they voted with the Government of the day for the Budget. While the Progressives are now in a minority, the probabilities are that their policy of Opportunism will gradually be adopted by the German Social Democracy; indeed, that has already been done to some extent.
It is a remarkable fact that it is in America that there is the blindest adherence to what are considered the true and undiluted doctrines of Marx; and this is undoubtedly one of the principal reasons why, until recently, there has been less effective Socialism in America than in any other of the leading countries. There is not as yet any “American school” of Socialism. The literary leaders of the movement in this country are, with few exceptions, worshipers of the rigid, cold, German Socialist Calvinism as it was before it had got touched with the fire of practical Opportunism and Constructivism. This situation is primarily owing to the fact that the establishment of Socialism in America was mainly through German revolutionary immigrants. Outside the Christian Socialists—who are little else than sentimentalists—the prevailing Socialism in this country is dominated by what Spargo designates as “the handful of German Socialist exiles in America, who sought to make the American workers swallow a mass of ill-digested Marxian theory.” In this connection, Spargo quotes the greatest of all authorities next to Marx himself—Engels; and Engels makes the following remarkable criticism of the presentation of Socialism in America by his own countrymen:

“The Germans have never understood how to apply themselves from their theory to the level which could set the American masses in motion; to a great extent they do not understand the theory itself and treat it in a doctrinaire and dogmatic fashion. . . . It is a credo to them, not a guide to action.”

The German-American Socialists are too doctrinaire for even the profound collaborator of Marx! While the Germans in the Fatherland have abandoned—at least to a great extent—their former extreme doctrinaire interpretation of the teachings of Marx, their emigrant comrades in America have failed to keep up with the procession in economic evolution, and through their hold-fast conservatism they have made the prevailing type of Socialism in America little else than a hotchpotch of gloomy, fanatical, philosophical mumblings, combined with wild, Anarchistic ravings against Capitalism, as well as against the Constitution and the political institutions of the country.
While Utopianism has made more experiments in America than in any other country (but none of them can be said to have been permanently successful), Modern, Scientific Socialism has but few results to show in this country. It has secured but very few representatives in Municipal Councils or in State Legislatures, and has elected but few State officers—Wisconsin being a notable exception—and it is significant that in that State the dominant school is Opportunistic. In the absence of Congressional representation, American Socialists are remarkably behind their Continental and British comrades. For this backwardness of Socialism in America there are several reasons, the chief being the prevailing spirit of strong individuality and self-reliance, the widespread prosperity, the innate political conservatism of the native-born population, the comparative absence of "class-consciousness," and the almost unbroken rule, until recently, for organized Labor to refrain from separate political action; and lastly, as before mentioned, the lack of attractiveness of the Modern, Scientific theory to the practical American work people. But within recent years there has been a momentous change going on. "Class-consciousness," and class-hatred even, have developed; and organized Labor has commenced to follow the British example of separate political action, with an increasing tendency to Socialism. And now at last the spirit of Fabian Opportunism has affected American Socialism, and the remarkable Socialist victory at Milwaukee is the first significant result.

The student of Socialism is confronted with conflicting claims as to the very genius of the philosophy. Most of the latter-day apologists—especially at about election time—argue that Socialism is confined to economics. They present their "platform"—a string of radical reforms—as a political solution of the bread-and-butter problem, but they deny that it has anything to do with a man's religious convictions or domestic relations. On the other hand, all the great shining lights of Modern Socialism, from Marx down, take the position that it affects and is coextensive with all human activity and all the relations of life, individual and collective—ethical, social, domestic, religious, and even artistic, as well as economic and political.
It was against these "doctrinaire" Socialists that ex-President Roosevelt pronounced his philippic in the Outlook on the eve of his departure for his African hunting expedition. Unquestionably, the leaders of the school of Fabian Constructive Socialism are constrained to discard this sweeping all-inclusive interpretation of the principles of Socialism because of the vehement opposition which it has aroused on the part of the old-fashioned moralists and the orthodox Christian Churches, particularly the Catholic Church. But it is a fair enquiry whether in their apologetics these new leaders are not begging the question; in seeking to limit Socialism to a mere legislative programme it would seem that they are destroying its very soul. However, the "doctrinaires" console themselves with this reflection: That Socialism being an evolutionary principle and not a mere programme, it is irresistible and inevitable, and that it must ultimately triumph in their entire conception of it, when its day has come, "in the fullness of time"; and that though legislative measures may perhaps hasten that day, yet they can never prevent, nor be a substitute for, the complete consummation of the Socialist ideal.

For anti-Socialists the conditions which have recently developed in America must be ominous—special reference being had to the growing restlessness, and the newly-awakened disposition of organized Labor to take separate political action. On the Continent, Trade Unionism is now generally synonymous with Socialism, with the special exception of Catholic workingmen; in England, Modern Socialism was little more than a forbidding philosophical study for economic specialists until the Taff Vale decision led to an alliance in 1906 between the Socialists and the Laborites.

Marxian Socialism, as a distinctive, definite theory, has almost played its part in the history of the realization of its own power by the proletariat—and that part has been a tremendous one. These are now the days of Fabian Opportunism, of Constructive Socialism, and they are pregnant with possibilities which may shake the civilized world.
RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

PETER McARTHUR

There is much political discussion in Canada at the present time, even though an election is not a probability of the near future. The tariff negotiations with the United States have recalled old ideals to the Liberal party, and this revival has been greatly strengthened by the results of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tour of the West. The very pronounced attitude of the Prairie Provinces in favor of Free Trade, or at least a greater measure of reciprocity with the United States, seems to have come with something of a surprise to the Government. Things were going on very well as they were for party purposes. A British Preference—the admission of British goods at a lower rate of duty than is levied on the goods from other countries—seemed to be growing in popularity; the United States had been brought to the position of seeking closer trade relations, and the country was prosperous and independent. Now, however, there is a danger that all the old policies may be thrown into the crucible and an attempt made to develop a new policy for the Dominion. It is easy to see from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speeches that the Free Trade sentiment of the West is going too far to suit his taste, and a promise to appoint a Tariff Commission is the usual device on such occasions to gain time. His admission that the protected industries of the Dominion now have vested rights has been received with surprise and some indignation by the old line, out-and-out Free Trade Liberals, who remember the pit from which they were digged and the rock from which they were hewn.

This does not mean, however, that the Liberal party is likely to go back to its original Free Trade platform. Neither is it conclusive evidence that even a small measure of reciprocity is a probability. What it does indicate is that the business interests that have gradually become entrenched are likely to be forced into the open, where they will make it clear that no Government can hope to stand whose fiscal policy is not agreeable to them. The importance of this is shown by the admission made on the floor of the House during the past session by the Minister of Railways that in some respects the
railways are more important than the Government itself. It has been shown in the United States that the railways and the big interests work in perfect harmony and there is no reason to believe that the case is different in Canada. The manufacturers of the Dominion naturally want Protection and beyond doubt they will do all in their power to keep it in force by the exercise of their own influence, and as far as possible through the powerful influence of the railways. On the other hand the people of Canada have not yet been bludgeoned out of every semblance of political independence. They are too widely scattered for any political machine wholly to direct their actions. Although the older Provinces, particularly Quebec and Ontario, are fairly well in hand, the Prairie Provinces, whose influence in the affairs of the country is steadily on the increase, must be reckoned with. It has been said of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he always yields to the greatest pressure that is brought to bear upon him. At the present time no one is in a position to say whether he feels most keenly the pressure of the sentiment for freer trade relations with the United States or the demand for Protection with an increased British Preference. The advocates of Imperialism are naturally opposed to closer relations with any country outside the Empire. The Conservative party, which is woefully lacking in constructive leadership, has little to offer beyond its historic policy of High Protection, and a somewhat sentimental loyalty to England. On these lines the Liberal party, in spite of its original Free Trade platform and its profession of standing for Canada first, last and all the time, is not far behind. It would be unsafe, therefore, for any observer to make a dogmatic pronouncement regarding the possibilities of the next few months.

It should not be difficult, however, for the people of the United States to understand why the present negotiations for a treaty of reciprocity with Canada may prove abortive. The conditions prevailing in the Dominion are much the same as prevailed in the United States when the McKinley Bill was passed. Canada is feeling entirely sufficient unto herself. Her natural resources are past computation, and they are being developed by home enterprise. Settlers are crowding in, everything is booming, and why should outsiders be asked to enjoy this prosperity?
When the operation of the Payne-Aldrich tariff unexpectedly confronted the United States with the necessity of enforcing the maximum rate against Canada and thereby precipitating a trade war, both countries were suddenly made aware of a surprising state of affairs. It was found that the Canadian imports from the United States amount annually to $192,661,360. At the same time Canada sold to the United States during the year 1909 commodities to the value of $92,604,357. If a trade war were waged, this exchange would be brought to an end; but the statesmen on both sides of the line managed to make arrangements by which the calamity was averted.

The whole trouble with the reciprocity movement is that it is of interest only to the consumer. In both the United States and Canada the high cost of living, or as Mr. J. J. Hill phrased it, "the cost of high living," is making people look for other markets where they can buy at more reasonable rates the things they require. But since when did the framers of commercial treaties consider the needs of the consumer? Consumers do not furnish campaign funds or otherwise make themselves useful to political parties. On the contrary, they usually present a large vote which must be educated at a considerable expense of time, money and self-respect. When reciprocity treaties are being negotiated, it is not the needs of the people who wish to buy that are considered. Under the protective principles of Government, now so popular in all parts of the world, when the consumers create a demand for any particular commodity, that is the time to build up a tariff wall so that a local industry may be fostered. Reciprocity treaties are negotiated when there is a need for new markets in which to sell, and that is just why under existing conditions it will be hard to frame a treaty between the United States and Canada. The powerful corporations of the United States are looking enviously at the Canadian markets, and the tariff wall they want to have changed is the one that stretches along the Canadian side of the border. The wall on the American side suits them exactly. In fact they built it themselves. Why should it be lowered? And strange to say there is considerable apathy even among those in Canada who are seeking for new markets where they can sell, regarding the American tariff wall. During the past thirty years, they have learned that "there
is a world elsewhere." They have found other markets for their products and although they would be sorry to give up such trade as they have with the United States, it is doubtful if the entire elimination of that trade would cause more than a temporary embarrassment. If the United States wishes to buy from Canada she can continue to do so, and can even buy more by letting down her tariff wall; but as for selling more in Canada, that can only be done where the home production does not satisfy the home demand.

As a matter of fact, Canada's large purchases from the United States are due entirely to the fact that Canadian production is not yet able to keep pace with Canadian expansion. The needs of the new Provinces cannot be provided for entirely by the older Provinces, even though a tariff wall should be built high enough to exclude all American goods. However, Canada means if possible to develop and keep all this prosperity for herself. The United States did just the same. The Dominion is now enjoying a period of lawless prosperity such as is coming to an end in the United States. Everything is booming. Great enterprises are being projected in every direction. Just as happened in the United States, Canada is living on her natural capital, and for that reason is able to put all economic laws apparently at defiance. In their enthusiasm, people think that the resources of the country are unlimited, and any man or corporation or political party that opens up new fields is hailed as a public benefactor. All kinds of interests are becoming entrenched, just as they have done in the United States; and just as happened there, the people are living in a fools' paradise.

An examination of the imports to Canada from the United States makes clear how little Canada is really dependent on her big neighbor. The most important of these imports are horses, bran and mill feed, cereal foods, farm-wagons, ready-made clothing, furniture, plows, bar-iron, gasoline engines, pig-iron, automobiles, general machinery, steel rails, wall paper, manufactures of paper, pork, and manufactures of wood other than furniture. It can be seen at a glance that these are all things that are already being produced in Canada, or could be produced there with ordinary enterprise. The United States is privileged to supply them simply because the demand in Canada is in excess of the supply. If there should be trou-
ble with the United States, there is not one of them that could not be produced at home or secured elsewhere. There is no real reason beyond the arguments of Free Trade, and the benefits that would accrue to the ordinary uninfluential consumer, why the duty on any of these things should be reduced by making a treaty of reciprocity.

If the Canadian tariff for revenue only can hardly be described as "the Mother of the Trusts," we have a Banking System that is admirably suited to accomplish anything that the tariff leaves undone. A group of well-organized chartered banks, united in a Bankers' Association, has the financial affairs of Canada so thoroughly in hand that it is able even to turn the thrift of the people against themselves. With a system of branch banks extending to every town and hamlet in the Dominion, these banks gather the savings of the people and accumulate them at the head offices in Montreal and Toronto. The vast sums of money piled up in this way are at the service of promoters, who have now managed to effect combines or mergers in practically every line of business. The powerful corporations that have been built up through this centralization of capital maintain well-provided and aggressive lobbies at Ottawa and the seats of all the local governments. These interests, of course, are solidly against any measure of reciprocity which might allow American competition in their particular field. "Canada for the Canadians" is their cry, and many people swell the cry without stopping to realize that it means "Canada for a few Canadians."

There is another phase of the question, however, which is somewhat disquieting to thoughtful Canadians. Finding that Canada offers an excellent market, the American Trusts in several lines have opened operations within the Dominion. They have organized as Canadian companies, established their plants and commenced operations in opposition to Canadian concerns in the same line. At first glance, this seems admirable, for it means that much new capital is coming into the country, that all the manufacturing is done here and that in some respects it is better for the people than a purely Canadian enterprise. But these American concerns bring with them American methods. About a year ago, an American Trust decided to begin operations in Canada. It secured the necessary locations and raw materials. Its representative then called on all Canadian
concerns in the same line and said in effect: "We have come over here to control this industry and are willing to lose half a million dollars before we start to pay dividends. We will make you a fair offer for your plant and business, and will buy you out on a cash basis. If you refuse we will undersell you in all your markets and drive you out of business."

A majority of manufacturers in this line yielded to fate and sold out. Those who did not have since been crushed out or have made an agreement with the invaders by which the price has been increased to the consumer as far as the trade will bear. With examples like this before us the need of a reciprocity treaty does not seem apparent. American concerns that wish to secure a share of the profits of the Canadian market know how to do so even without the aid of the Government.

A reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada is not a probability at present, and possibly not for some years to come. Too many things must be straightened out before this consummation, however desirable to the mass of the people on both sides, can be attained. The fact that the two Governments came to an understanding so quickly when a trade war was threatened, is no guarantee that other negotiations will be carried through with equal promptness. In fact, Miss Canada is inclined to be a trifle coy. She can say in all sincerity, "This is so sudden." After over forty years of indifference or insult from the Government at Washington, the Canadian Government is bound to enter into negotiations for freer trade relations with much caution. The temper of the Canadian people has been severely tried, and they would be more than human if they did not wish to take the fullest advantage of the changed conditions which make the United States take the initiative in the negotiations. Time was when Canada was sorely in need of better tariff relations and was seriously damaged by tariff regulations at Washington, but her representations were unheeded and her representatives rebuffed. Now, however, she has found other markets for her produce, developed her own resources, and established her place among the younger and more vigorous nations.

From this brief survey it will be seen that a reciprocity treaty would be of use to no one on either side of the border except the con-
sumer, who for the purposes of this article may be defined as the man who produces nothing but labor or the fruits of his own toil. To him a freer market where he could purchase more with his toil-bought money would be a boon. Such men are undoubtedly vastly in the majority in both countries, but in both they are so distracted by party politics that they find it hard to see their own needs.

From 1846 to 1896 the sentiment in Canada was entirely in favor of Reciprocity. The United States seemed to be the most natural market for Canadian products, and during the ten years from 1846 to 1856, when the reciprocity treaty which was won by the diplomacy of Lord Elgin was in force, the country enjoyed a prosperity such as it has not had until the present decade. The abrogation of the treaty by the United States dealt Canada a staggering blow. Later, when the Dominion was beginning to recover, the McKinley Bill reduced whole Provinces to bankruptcy. The United States was at that time rioting in the wealth of her natural resources. When she closed the door to Canada, the only hope of many Canadians was annexation, and the migration to the United States drained the Dominion of hundreds of thousands of her most ambitious citizens.

After Sir Wilfrid Laurier returned from a mission to the United States Government and said, "There will be no more pilgrimages to Washington," a new era dawned. Canada began to develop her own trade routes to the necessary state of efficiency. These trade routes had been kept open in a struggling way since the first settlement of the country, but the feeling was that they were geographically incorrect. The Erie Canal and the Hudson River seemed a more natural outlet for Canadian products than the St. Lawrence. After 1892, however, the impulse given by the Canadian Pacific Railway in opening up the West roused the people to a sense of national possibilities. They attacked the problem of transportation with renewed energy, until now Canada boasts the greatest railway system in relation to population of any country in the world. The necessary canals at Sault Ste. Marie, Welland and on the St. Lawrence River, have been improved at an expenditure of over three hundred and fifty million dollars. At the same time railroad building was pushed forward at an expenditure of over twelve hundred million dollars. And apparently this is only the beginning. The Georgian Bay Canal
seems to be looming in the near future, the Hudson’s Bay Railroad is already under way, and two new transcontinental railroads beside the C. P. R. are approaching completion. Canada is now able to handle her own products, and even to enter into rivalry with the United States in the carrying trade from the Western states. The Port of Montreal handles an amount of trade that is causing comment in New York. Being now commercially competent to look after her own affairs, and having favorable treaties with France and Germany, as well as an increasing trade with Great Britain, to whom she gives a tariff preference, it is hardly likely that Canada will lower any part of her not too high tariff wall for the benefit of the United States. A reciprocity treaty at the present time would not seem to be either good politics or good business for Canada, and as business and politics are practically one, there is little likelihood that such a treaty will be negotiated.
CHARLEMAGNE with knight and lord,
In the hill at Ingelheim,
Slumbers at the council board,
Seated waiting for the time.

With their swords across their knees
In that chamber dimly lit,
Chin on breast like effigies
Of the dreaming gods, they sit.

Long ago they went to sleep,
While great wars above them hurled,
Taking counsel how to keep
Giant evil from the world.

Golden-armored, iron-crowned,
There in silence they await
The last war,—in war renowned,—
Done with doubting and debate.

What is all our clamor for?
Petty virtue, puny crime,
Beat in vain against the door
Of the hill at Ingelheim.

When at last shall dawn the day
For the saving of the world,
They will forth in war array,
Iron-armored, golden-curled.
In the hill at Ingelheim,
   Still, they say, the Emperor,
Like a warrior in his prime,
   Waits the message at the door.

Shall the long enduring fight
   Break above our heads in vain,
Plunged in lethargy and night,
   Like the men of Charlemagne?

Comrades, through the Council Hall
   Of the heart, inert and dumb,
Hear ye not the summoning call,
   “Up, my lords, the hour is come!”
FIFTH AVENUE AND THE BOULEVARD
SAINT-MICHEL

TEMPLE SCOTT

"O, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring."

Thus murmured to himself Michael Weaver as he strolled aimlessly along the broad pavement of New York’s avenue-promenade, one delightful blue and gold evening in April. The air was like wine; the brilliant white of the light reflected from the white stone of the buildings, silver in its tone, sharpened outlines and made silhouettes of the few belated home-goers and strollers like himself; the deep, rich ultramarine of the sky, already becoming spangled with the twilight stars, seemed like a silken canopy of blue tightly stretched above the cañon of the street; and the atmosphere was laden as if with the aromas of numberless enjoyments and loves of days gone by. Surely that scent came from Angèle’s hair? Ah, dear little Angèle! What was she doing now? And that stray breeze, did it not bring with it the odor of the markets of the Quartier when the lilacs are out in Paris? Oh, the lilacs of Paris! The tears welled to his kindly brown eyes as his heart cried the words.

Yes, eight years had gone by, and here he was again in New York, lost in the loneliness of its seething thoroughfares, a stranger in a land which, though it had given him birth, was to him now as a strange land. True, the light and the sky were still lovely, the air was strength-giving; these, too, were magnificent structures, showing a barbaric daring in the architect-builders. But the people, oh, the people! They were so cold, so indifferent, so self-centred, so ignorant and careless of beauty! Life was impossible among them. The place was but a whitened sepulchre for frustrated ambitions, and a graveyard of lost ideals. Look at Fifth Avenue, and think of the Boul’ Mich’! He smiled in supreme disdain. The Boul’ Mich’ and Fifth Avenue! What a contrast! Idealism and materialism—light and darkness—culture and ignorance—hope and despair—joy and misery—life and death! Proper synonyms for the two places; and he again smiled at the mental picture he made of the table of words.
He had gone to Paris, when twenty years of age, fired with an ambition to become a great painter. He had entered into the life of the Latin Quarter and had found himself at home in it. He had grown there in knowledge of his art and in dexterity of his craft. It had nursed his hopes and warmed his joys. Life had been worth living. It was good to be with friends, and it was a kindly place, asking not too much for the privilege of its citizenship. He had loved a little, and had found a quiet, simple happiness in his love. But he could not go on living there always. Even the Quarter must, sooner or later, be paid in money for food and rent; and his money had given out. Furthermore, he had acquitted himself master in his art, and he had been told that he could get better prices for his pictures in New York. And better prices meant that he would the more quickly be able to come back. He would leave the Boul' Mich', for a short time, and try his luck on Fifth Avenue.

He hardly recognized New York as the same city he had known as a boy. It was all so different—so much more imposing and so much more overwhelming. The streets were altered, and the people were not the same. He had been now nine months in New York. He had walked the Avenue until he knew by instinct every building on both its sides from Madison Square to the Plaza. He had carried his canvases from dealer to dealer, and had been received and dismissed with sometimes polite, and sometimes brusque, attentions. The little money he had scraped together, over and above his fare from Paris, he had lived on, during these trying months, with painful husbandry, at the rate of twenty cents a day. When almost on the verge of starvation and despair, he had met Finch, and Finch, the good angel, who had seen his work with seeing eyes, Finch had opened his doors to him, and had befriended him in his time of sorest need. This had been the one bright ray of God's sunlight that had visited him in what was become for him a City of very Dreadful Night.

For nine months, he had tramped the street, looking eagerly and wistfully for a face that might touch his gentle spirit with a human grace; but, until quite lately, he had found not one. Every face he had looked at was stern, and hard, and cruel. If one smiled, the smile was arrogant or self-complacent, or wooing for a service to be obtained. If one laughed, it was at some risqué jest, or because
of a satisfaction at a successfully achieved sharp practice. Things of beauty were not bought for the joy they gave, but for the price paid: and the higher the price paid, the more loudly was it proclaimed with unctuous iteration. Culture there was none. He had met many people of so-called enlightenment; but he had found them superficial and hollow. It was a veneer culture—nothing more. When he scratched it, never so lightly, the common wood showed itself beneath. Oh, yes, they were polite and pleasant, but the politeness and pleasantness meant little. These were but baits to catch the innocent fish. He was soon shown the rough side when it was found that he was but a poor devil of an artist who had nothing to give. And how expensive it was merely to live! Food and clothes and rent swallowed money—literally devoured it. What a price to pay for such a privilege!

It had been so different in Paris! Paris also was beautiful, but beautiful in a very appealing and a very intimate way. In Paris one could always find a kindred spirit to whom one could speak, if not heart to heart, then certainly with an assurance of obtaining sympathy, and without the blighting fear of ridicule and of being misunderstood. In New York the talk was all of money, money, money, and business, and the stock-market, and values. Values! He smiled, unconsciously, as he murmured the word of the art-world, thinking of the difference in the meaning of the double uses to which the word was put. In Paris, he could drop in at a cabaret with the certainty of meeting a brother in hope or a fellow in thought. Here, the restaurants were for the rich only. There were no restaurants for artists. How should there be, since there were no artists? These so-called artists were artists in business, not artists in Art. And where else should these go but to the places where business men went? They were in trade, like the rest. And even if he could afford them, the restaurants and hotels were but desert-places for him. Yes, he had met Arthur Finch in one of them; but Finch was only one in four millions. Finch was kind, and good, and a fine fellow, but even Finch did not know all that a true artist felt in his innermost heart. In Paris he had painted and had expressed himself. If he had made little money, he had, at any rate, found appreciation and encouragement. Matisse knew he could beat him at his own game, and
Matisse was no small man even though he had begun to prostitute his genius for gain. Matisse had admired his work, had thought it remarkable, had acknowledged his wonderful sense for color. Even Cézanne had patted his approval! Cézanne, the Master! Weaver stopped himself in his walk, arrested by the mere sound of the august name. "Quel homme!" he murmured piously. Paris alone could breed such a man! In New York Cézanne would have died in a season. Its hot-house atmosphere would have shriveled his heart and dried up the fountains of his inspiration. Oh, to be in Paris again; to be back once more, if but in the poor attic au cinquième! Better a crust there than a feast at the silvered table of the Dutch House, even with Finch as host. Finch! Ah, yes, Finch had been very kind. He had shown his paintings in the Gallery of the Golden Disk; but what had been the use? The people, poor ignorant things, the people had come, had looked, and had left, thinking the man who had painted them was mad. But a single canvas had found a purchaser, and he, he suspected, had bought it out of a feeling of charity and pity for the artist, because Finch had probably told him how poor he was. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Is it right—is it right that the finest flower of the human soul should be nipped in the bud? Is it right that rascality and ignorance should prevail, and the chicaner conquer? Is it right that the ladder of fame and success should be for mountebanks, and the chariots of ease for charlatans? Was it impossible for him to make even a little money by his work? He feared it was. He guessed it was because he did not know how to be insincere, and to put on a false face with a smile. It was not in his nature, either, to pander to the degraded tastes of bloated pluto­crats. He could not do that and be true to his art. And yet Stecker had told him that New York was the art-market of the world. Rich Americans, he had said, were generous patrons of art. Patrons, indeed! Patronizers, yes; but patrons! Faugh!

Stecker had succeeded in hitting the town at the Montrose Gallery, because Stecker knew the ropes. Stecker was a better business man than he was an artist. He had gone back to Paris now, to his little cottage embowered in roses, where his wife had been waiting for him during the three months of his stay in New York, and had taken with him eight thousand American dollars! No, he did not
envy him. Stecker was a fine fellow and meant well. He deserved his success. Still, he was not the big man Finch thought him. He was in the swim, with the rest. You can’t be an artist and, at the same time, be at the mercy of the buyer. The artist must be free from all bonds; otherwise his work will deteriorate. Cézanne would never have been what he was if he had had to work for a living. Whistler? Well, Whistler had been the rare exception. Certainly, Stecker was not of that calibre. He was shrewd, very clever and facile as a colorist; a hard worker, and an excellent talker; but an artist! Weaver shrugged his shoulders. He knew how to advertise. If the critics of the newspapers had sneered, they had not ignored him. And to be talked about in any way, means publicity, and publicity may become a road to success. But the critics had not even noticed his own work. The critics! He laughed bitterly as he uttered the word. What did these penny-a-liners know of art? Nothing! And if they did they wouldn’t dare to write what they knew. At best, they did little else than drool out their parrot-like acquired jargon of “artistry.” They were in the swim, with the rest. It was all a game. The artist toadied the dealer, the dealer toadied the critic, the critic toadied the editor, and the editor toadied the advertiser. What was the use?

Thinking these thoughts, Weaver had arrived at his lodging. Wearily he mounted the four flights of dark, dingy, creaking stairs of a house reeking of numberless indescribable odors, and laid himself down on his hard bed.

The day following was a lordly day—glorious with sunshine and clean air. It had rained a little during the night, and the rain seemed to have washed crystal clear the atmosphere of the magnificent high-road as Weaver trod it on his way to the Dutch House to meet Finch. He had been up since four o’clock, working on a portrait—a commission Finch had obtained for him. He had done a day’s work with satisfaction to himself, and he was glad.

Certainly, it was splendid, this gorgeous avenue, with its endless perspective lost in the blue of its narrowed horizon. The tall structures, their foundations hidden by the lesser buildings, appeared to him as broad columns of aspirations—fire offerings of ambition to the Lord of Hosts. The pointed spires of St. Patrick’s Cathedral
shot white hopes into a sky of encouraging and heartening light. He straightened himself as he walked. He was feeling the mysterious power which emanated from this wonderful marriage of God’s art with man’s art. In an unconscious expansion of himself through the subtle influence of this power, he thrilled in responsive ecstasy. It was an experience he had rarely known in Paris. It lifted him up and bore him gallantly along, his face transfigured from the renewed accession of strength which the brave show and the brave air imparted to him.

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range. Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Tennyson’s lines, learnt by him at school, came back to him. He chanted them aloud, again and again, his steps keeping time to the rhythm, and thus chanting, found himself arrived at his destination.

They were all there, sitting at a long table in the centre of the spacious and high-ceilinged café. Finch, with his great shock of grizzled hair, and brown eyes glinting through pince-nez, was at the head; and little podgy-faced Church, smiling as usual, at the foot. Room was made for Weaver, who was heartily welcomed by Finch and Church, between the pale-faced and kindly-eyed Xerxes, the caricaturist, and the light-haired Nelson Hardy, the art critic, with his aggressive jaws and sharp blue Norwegian eyes. John Seaman, the water-color landscape painter, with his thin elongated nose and long dark hair matted over his forehead and almost hiding his eyes, sat opposite to him. Next to Seaman, Charles Cockayne, critic and lecturer on art, leaned back portentously, his rubicund face and shelf-like nether lip speaking of complacent self-assurance. On Finch’s right sat Stuyvesant Marsh, quiet and yet eager, nervously curling upward an evidently highly cherished blond moustache. On his left, was James Foote, the reviewer and humorist, his pleasant, full-cheeked countenance made child-like and inviting by a pair of innocent laughing light blue eyes. Hewitt, the photographer, was also there, as were François Aiterre, an amateur in the right sense of the word, and Healey, a lawyer with a taste for polite letters.

So strange a conglomerate of contrasting individualities surely
never gathered at one time around a table in the purlieus of the Latin Quarter! And yet, here these were sitting amiably in the most select of hostelries in New York's most famous of avenues. All claimed to be idealists, and each had his own way of asserting his claim; and a pronounced and uncompromising way it was, too. The table was free for all expressions of opinions; and, it must be said, expressions often came with reckless directness. The truth is, they were all egoists, each ready, at the first sip of the wine of success, to become intoxicated with the glory of achievement, and "make a fume out of the warder of the brain."

But Finch kept them in order. He was host and Dominie in one, He led the conversation and deftly turned it into harmless byways if the discussion threatened to become too animated and personal. He scolded roundly if one proved too recalcitrant, and praised when a remark was happily put. He knew them all well. He had listened to their bitter cries in private confession, and had helped when help meant a self-realization and not a self-deterioration. He was acquainted with their griefs and had knowledge of their sins. They were his children—wayward at times, childish at other times, but earnest at heart, and sincere. And they had helped him, too. He could not have done what he had done without them. He had set himself a big task—not less a task than the encouragement of sincerity in art; an insistence on the value of expression, not for what it would bring in the open market, but for what it meant as the unique product of a unique individuality. Strange to say he had found his happiness in the work he was doing.

Weaver looked around the table with a pleased face. A comfortable sensation pervaded his body. The pure air and the rich appointments appealed to his love of cleanliness and order. He had seen nothing like this on the Boul' Mich'. The napery was spotless, and the silver shone dazzlingly in the light from the great lustred candelabra above. Busy, yet quiet and devotedly attentive waiters, hovered about. One of them offered him, bowingly, the menu-card for the day, framed in silver. He took it nervously, barely glancing at the long list of tempting dishes, and quietly whispered his order for roast-beef and a baked potato. As he handed back the card, he heard Finch's voice.
"How goes the work, Seaman? Have you done anything since you came back?"

"A little; but I haven't had much time. I'm busy getting ready for the show at your place."

"That's right. Next month we shall show the Rodin drawings; but after that's over, it will be your turn."

"I'll be ready by then. But, say, I've been working on that Flatiron building, and I think I've got it, once for all. I've got it floating in the sky, mounting into clouds of gray, and gold, and ultramarine. I never was so pleased with anything I ever did before."

"Good for you, Seaman! You can do it, if anyone can," replied Finch warmly.

Weaver had been listening eagerly. Finch had given him his chance, but nothing had come of it. Perhaps Seaman might fare no better. He thought it well to interpolate advice.

"I hope, Seaman, you'll not forget to put into that Flatiron picture of yours the feeling of its fourth-dimension quality. You know what I mean—the consciousness of a great and overwhelming sense of space-magnitude in all directions at one time."

"My dear Weaver," and Seaman permitted a smile to steal over his long face, "I know exactly what you mean. I'll try all I can to put it into the picture; but you know it's not easy to live up to your standard."

"Oh, Weaver's got the fourth-dimension-quality bee humming in his bonnet!" exclaimed Hardy.

"You can say what you like, Hardy, about my fourth-dimension quality, but I don't expect an art-critic to know art"; and Weaver's eyes shot light.

"Now, don't let us get on that subject again," cried Finch. "If Cockayne keeps his promise he'll write an article on it. What I'm interested in now is the Rodin show. And I tell you it'll be an eye-opener. If the press took so much notice of the Matisse exhibition, I wonder what they'll say when they see the Rodins. Say, but we're waking them up!" And Finch vented a gleeful laugh.

"Oh, the papers and the critics are all in with the dealers," snapped Seaman.
“Yes,” jerked out Hardy, thrusting his jaw forward to emphasize his remark, “and the critics have got to look out for the editors. Think of the advertisers! It isn’t always the critics that are to blame.”

“Good for you, my boy!” exclaimed Church. “What between the dealer and the editor it looks as if an art-critic’s life ought to be quite a happy one.”

“Happy as far as the dealer is concerned,” laughed Marsh; “but what about the editor?”

“He’d better pack his grip,” snorted Hardy, “if the editor catches him!”

“Well, isn’t the dealer enough?” asked Church. “It looks to me as if a nice little nest might be feathered from the pickings from him alone. Say, boys, I’ve just thought of a riddle. What’s the difference between a stock-broker and an art-critic? You don’t know, of course. Well, I’ll tell you. One deals in shares and the other shares in deals.” The loud laugh that followed Church’s reply to his conundrum was broken into by Finch, who smingly chided Church for his levity.

Weaver looked at Church with amused, meditative eyes. He had often met the little man, and had always found him quite the reverse of flippant, and had enjoyed his keen remarks. To-day, mischief played rampant over the mobile, homely face. He preferred the serious side of him, however, and attempted to draw it out.

“Mr. Church,” he said, in his soft, melancholy voice, “don’t you find that the critics’ attitude toward art is but on a plane with the general attitude of the people of this country toward all high ideals?”

Church turned quickly toward his questioner, and asked shortly, “What do you mean?”

“I mean that everybody here does things, not for the sake of doing them well, but for the sake of the money they may get.”

“Well, what of it? What are you doing things for? Aren’t you hoping to get money for what you do?”

“In a way, yes; but that’s not my prime motive. I paint a picture because I love to paint. I want to create again what I see and feel so that others may see and feel with me.”
"Well, if what you see and feel is worth seeing and feeling by others, it's worth paying for, isn't it?"

"That's not an answer to my question."

"Weaver means, Church," explained Finch, "that he would paint for nothing if he felt he must paint, if the spirit moved him. He is not thinking of the money when he is doing his work."

"I knew quite well what Weaver means. But he happens to have approached the subject in a way that irritates me, and I am purposely ignoring his meaning. And besides, what Weaver means is not to the point of his original remark. He began by an intended criticism of the public for its unsympathetic attitude toward art and all high ideals, and he explained that everybody did things for the sake of the money they could get and not for the sake of doing the work. In so far as the artist himself is concerned, I confess I can't see the difference between working for money and working for fame. In both cases his object is other than the mere doing, and in each case the object is a sufficiently worthy incentive. Some reward, I take it, is necessary to him, otherwise he'd soon give up working altogether; and it is indifferent to me whether the object is material in the shape of money, or spiritual in the form of fame. I am somewhat tired of this belittling of money. It's a good thing if you can do your work in order to fulfill your genius; but artists are not angels; they are creatures of flesh and blood, like the rest of us, and a good home, a well-filled stomach and pocket-book, a decent suit of clothes, and the bodily comforts that money can buy are, to my mind at any rate, just as necessary and just as helpful to the artist as they are to the ordinary man in the street. I have yet to be convinced that the right-minded artist need be less an artist because he's getting money for his work. If an artist wants to consider himself superior to the common wants of humanity, I can't see why he grumbles at his poverty. Why blame the public? What's the public got to do with your motive? By all means, do your work for the work's sake; but if the public doesn't want your work, don't blame it for not buying it. That's what I mean."

"Perhaps, Mr. Church, I've not quite made it clear to you what I do mean," gently insisted Weaver; "the people place more importance on the money-value than they do on the art-value of the
work. They have no art-sense; they don’t understand art, and they
don’t care for it. It doesn’t mean anything to them.”

“What other value would you have them place on it? By your
own words they are ignorant and uncultured. They don’t un­
derstand art, you say. How are they going to understand it? And
when they do, how are they going to show their appreciation of it
other than by translating it into dollars and cents? And, if we come
down to it, how do you understand art? How do you distinguish
the art-value of a work from its money-value? Have you a secret
art-measurer of your own?”

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” chorused Cockayne, Hardy, Seaman, and the
rest.

“Say, Church,” laughed Cockayne, “isn’t that going a bit too
far? Surely there is such a thing as art? And we do know the dif­
ference between true art and false art!”

“Very well, then; if you know all about it, what’s your test for
true art? Answer me that!” And Church emphasized his question
by a thump on the table.

A short silence followed. It was broken by Finch.

“That’s rather a big question, isn’t it, Church, to answer off­
hand?”

“Never mind how big it is. We’re discussing a big subject.
Have you any standard by which to judge art; by which you are
able to say this is good and that is bad; or this is Art with a capital
A, and that is not art, with or without the capital?”

“Your question is a silly one, Church,” replied Hardy; “there
are many things to be taken into consideration before one can arrive
at a judgment about a work of art. There is technique, first; and
there’s color, and composition, and form, and, above all, there’s the
fullness of the impression it is intended to convey.”

“If I might venture to answer your question, Church,” said
Cockayne, “I should say that a work of art must be judged by its
success or failure to realize beauty.”

“All right, Hardy, you’ll find out soon enough how silly my ques­
tion is. My answer to you, Cockayne, is that what you say does not
help me, because I want to know what you mean by beauty. The
same difficulty is there as it was before, only you’ve removed it from
the word art to the word beauty. Who is to decide what is beauty? How are we to measure it? The beauty revealed by a Correggio is not the beauty revealed by a Velasquez. Titian's 'Venus' and Rembrandt's 'Lesson in Anatomy' are both works of art, but the revelation of beauty is altogether different in each. Besides, what was beautiful to the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is not beautiful to the painters of the twentieth century—just as what was, in many instances, once right is now wrong, and vice versa. I used to hear critics belittle Rubens; but only the other day Stecker was dithyrambic in his praise of him. He was the master of them all, Stecker said. If we are to look to beauty to help us we shall find that our standard of beauty keeps changing just as our standards of conduct and fashion have changed."

"But we are more eager now to possess Rembrandts and Titians and Velasquez than ever we were before," remarked Cockayne. "Why do we pay such enormous prices for their pictures if we do not find them beautiful?"

"I don't think we pay the enormous prices for the sake of their beauty. I think it's the fashion just now to want them. A hundred and fifty years ago you could have bought a car-load of Rembrandts for the price you'd have to pay for one now. Ruskin thought Whistler was a charlatan—to-day we'd scrape our last dollar to own a Whistler. When Benjamin West was President of the Royal Academy of London his pictures brought prices that we laugh at. Today you could probably buy all the pictures he ever painted, that are not stacked away in stupid galleries, for the price he got for one. And I suppose people in West's time must have thought them beautiful—if that were really the standard by which they then judged them. Did Millet's 'Angelus' have less of beauty in it when he sold it for a hundred and twenty-five dollars than it has now when it would sell for a hundred thousand?"

"The fact that the people don't always see the beauty is no reason for concluding that a painting is not great art," answered Cockayne. "Because I am blind is no argument that the sun is not shining."

"That's true; but how is one to know when one can see? How is one to recognize beauty? One man looks at a Matisse and sees in
it nothing but what is ugly and repulsive. Another looks at it and finds it wonderful in its power to suggest the beauty of the human form and the appealing pathos of human life. Who is the seeing man, and who the blind one? Who shall judge? I am asking for a standard by which we all may abide. I am searching for a light by which we all, ignorant and educated alike, may walk through the dark mazes of this art-world. It’s no use going to the critics and writers on art; I have found these do not agree with each other. They are so busy proving each other foolish that I have come to the conclusion they know little more than the rest of us."

"Mr. Church," and Weaver’s quiet voice sounded an authoritative note, "art is not for the blind or the ignorant. Art is for the seeing and the knowing. Art is its own standard, its own criterion. It is independent of any judgment. Art is the Idea made manifest as Beauty."

"Ah, a definition at last! Art is the Idea made manifest as Beauty! Excellent, i’ faith! If only we knew what the Idea was! Weaver would have it, I take it, that Art is a Divinity poised there in the high heavens for the worship and the adoration of mankind. And, I suppose, the Idea is the private revelation vouchsafed the artist by this Divinity? And Beauty, the reappearance of this revelation in plastic form, eh?"

Weaver nodded eagerly as if pleased that he had been so well understood.

"Well," continued Church, "I know now why we call ourselves Idealists. I am not saying that Weaver hasn’t got hold of something. I may come back to what he is trying to say another day. But, if Weaver is right, why cry out against a public that doesn’t see the Idea in the manifestation? May there not be something wrong or something wanting in the manifestation? How does the artist himself know he has succeeded in revealing the Beauty? We, Idealists, must be very careful that we keep our feet on earth if we would have the public know what we are doing or what we are talking about. Aye, and if we would be sure that we ourselves have the revelation aright. For, however we may refine our thinking, as artists we have to deal with the concrete. Our most entrancing visions have to be translated into visible forms before they can be seen by others,
and this limitation of the medium is often lost sight of by artist-dreamers. Keep your feet on earth, I say, and you need not fear how high you stretch your head. The Beauty we talk of must become plastic if it is to be realized at all."

"If I have answered your question," interrupted Weaver, "let me hear what you have to say; for it is important to me. What have you to say against my original statement—that the people of this country value art not for what it is, in and for itself, but for what it is worth in money? Perhaps you will say that money is the public's way of looking at art?"

"I am coming to that, Weaver, and you'll know all I mean. For the moment, I will accept your definition, that Art is the Idea made manifest as Beauty. I don't like the definition, because it is objective and not subjective; because it deals with the theoretical aspect of the matter only. Besides, it assumes a knowledge we haven't got. Beauty, like those other abstract terms, Right, Justice, Truth, is not a self-existing entity, independent of ourselves. From my point of view, I would say that Beauty is a state of consciousness. As a state of consciousness it will vary as we vary. Just as the right, the justice, the truth of yesterday may not be right, and just, and true today, so what was beautiful once is no longer beautiful, and what we call beauty now may not be the beauty of the future. These words are, after all, but abstract terms for us. They may or they may not stand for absolute realities. I confess I am afraid of these abstractions that lead to absolute realities. I never could make out what an absolute reality meant, if it did not mean an abstraction of our continued experiences. I prefer to be content with the experience; because then I am talking about what I know. And what I know, and what I will stake my life on, does exist, is my own state of consciousness, my own capacity for enjoyment. I dare not deny that or I should deny life itself.

"Keeping that in mind, I would define art as the human way of imparting pleasure. And by pleasure I mean not only the superficial but the deepest forms of the soul's enjoyment. This definition includes every mode of expression known as art, and allows for any and every possibility of delight-giving experience. Under this sky may play poet, painter, and musician, as well as actor, novelist, and
dancer. Each of their arts is, if you like to say so, a revelation of the Idea made manifest as Beauty, but each is better understood, and only really known by us as a means for joy. But I will go further, and say, that each means nothing, and is worth nothing, if it mean not our joy.”

“But,” said Finch, “why quarrel about words if both definitions lead to the same result? Your definition also takes note of but one side of art, and the lesser side. Weaver’s is a much more impressive one. What you call experience he raises to the dignity of a divinity.”

“I know it is but one side of it; but I deny it is the lesser side. It is the only side which can possibly concern us as living, hoping, and working beings. I won’t deny Weaver’s definition, and I will make you a present of its impressiveness. I won’t deny it, because its denial, on my part, would mean that I knew what he was talking about. And, I confess, I don’t. I don’t know what he means by the idea, or by beauty in the abstract. And I can’t deny what I don’t know. But I do know my own sensations in front of an idea, if you like, made manifest as beautiful. I do know when a painting delights me, or a poet enchants me, or an actor pleases me, or a musician delights me. And I prefer to trust to these experiences rather than to a metaphysical abstraction, even when raised to the dignity of a divinity. I prefer to insist on them for Weaver’s sake as well as my own. And by Weaver, I mean you all—idealists in creating as well as idealists in criticism; idealists in art as well as idealists in life. By apotheosizing your Beauty you are in danger of becoming the creature of the Frankenstein you have thus raised. Art is our servant and not our master. It is less than life. Your art is become to you a veritable autocrat and tyrant. It dominates your minds.

“It is the result that counts; it is the result that seals the fate of all work. Your art-god won’t help you there. You yourself are the creator. And the result is known in terms of pleasure—in the experiences of joy that the work gives us—in the delight it imparts even to the common public Weaver so ruthlessly despises.”

Church stopped for a moment to light the cigarette that had gone out. Finch made a movement as if to say something, but Church raised his hand.

“Let me go on, please, Finch. It is this insistence on abstrac-
tions which makes bad idealists and bad egoists of us. We think we know it all when we have clothed our naked ignorance in the garment of a fine-sounding word with a capital letter. We thus only hide our ignorance and make it look ridiculous. By all means, let us be egoists, if our egos shall thereby be moved to do something that will make the world happier, that will give it joy in the thing done. But our egoism is a vulgar egotism and a foolish vanity if it make us despise others because they do not see with us. And our criticism of them for not appreciating what we have done, or what we think we may do, becomes childish petulance."

"Weaver is not of that kind," remonstrated Finch, warmly.

"But, Church," interposed Foote, "how does your definition of art touch the original criticism made by Weaver? I thought there was a great deal in what he said."

"How? In every way. If the artist succeed in giving pleasure to a public that knows not beauty and, by so doing, make it aware of beauty, then that public must and will recognize the service he has rendered. It must, because pleasure is its very life. And it will recognize it in the only way it can recognize it, justly—by paying him money. The money it thus gives is its expression of appreciation—and the best expression; for it thereby renders the artist independent of caprice and whim. It pays for laughter; it pays for good food, for good comedy, for good music, for soul-stirring poems, for passion-arousing oratory, for amusing and pleasing tales, for any and all forms of art that engender in it a sweeter, deeper, and more vivid sense of the joy of life. That's what an artist is for. That's what a genius means—to be, with the magic of his creative imagination, the wizard of joy-giving revelations. And how better can they appreciate him than by freeing him from sordid necessities, that he may continue to give them joy? I am not saying that the public does not make its own mistake about money. It makes the same mistake about Money that we do about Beauty—it writes it with a capital letter—it apotheosizes it, and so becomes the slave of its home-made divinity. But before you blame the public for this mote in its eye, had you not better first take out the beam from your own eyes?"

"The public may be ignorant and stupid, even, but it is only for
a time. Sooner or later it wakes up, and when it does, it is very
genorous—too generous, indeed. It makes mistakes, of course, but
these mistakes are due rather to its eagerness to welcome the slightest
effort that is put forth heartily to serve its enormous appetite for
pleasure, or that will kindle in its heart the fire of a new hope. The
public will give thousands for a wretched daub, and may not glance
at a work of genius. It will lose its head over a facile black-and-
white draughtsman, and utterly neglect the fine insight of a caricature
artist. It will spend nights listening to a tawdry musical-
comedy, and grudge a cent for a great musician. But it is not alto-
tgether to blame. Art is long and life is short. Besides, it can
afford to make mistakes. It is very rich. And it has plenty of time
—its own time and posterity's time, also. Later, the daub will find
a forgotten resting-place in the lumber room of some museum; the
drawings of the facile draughtsman be jobbed at a junk-shop; the
musical-comedy be vanished as the snows of yesteryear. Then the
genius will come into his own, and his work be crowned with laurels.

"The true artist, if he really accomplish great work, cannot be
denied his fame. It may not come to him in his lifetime; but come
it certainly will. And the true artist must be content to wait. How
long has God been painting his glorious sunsets and empurpled hills
for his own joy to heedless and indifferent men and women? And
He still continues to paint them. Some day there will arise a painter
or a poet, or a simple man who will see with Him and share in His joy.
Then He will be justified. The true artist must also be content to
paint for his own joy; he must be to himself his own justification.
But if he really accomplish great work, he will not have left out of
it this joy-giving power. Let it radiate this influence and it will not
be ill with him always."

"Is he, in the meanwhile, to starve?" asked Weaver. "Is it
right, that genius should go hungry, while mediocrity grows fat and
sits in the seats of the mighty?"

"There you go again with your 'Is it right?' For the genius
it seems to be, and no doubt is, very wrong. But have you ever
asked yourself the question: Why am I a genius? Have you thought
what it is to be a genius? It is to be filled with joy that the gods
have chosen you to be the instrument of their mighty purposes. It
is to be profoundly and ecstatically grateful in that to you is given the power to paint with the finger of God, and the gift to chant with the everlasting hills. Think of this, and you will not ask: 'Is it right?' I know it is a hard doctrine I am preaching. But creation is impossible without suffering. Every mother knows that. But, oh, the joy when the child is born! To you, the genius, it is very wrong for genius to go hungry; but don't blame the public. The public is ignorant of you. It doesn't yet know that you are a genius—that you are necessary to it. It knows that the children of mothers are necessary, and, therefore, it builds hospitals in which to tide the mothers over the days of their travail. Some day, perhaps, it may realize that the creatures of a genius's brain are also necessary to it, and then, it may be, it will build studios and homes, and provide maintenance for artists and poets until they shall have freed themselves from their travails. Until that time comes the genius, I am afraid, must go hungry, and suffer want for many days.

"But, I forgot. Didn't I understand you to say you were not working for the approval of the public? Didn't I hear you despise their money? Did I not hear you say something about manifesting the Idea in the form of Beauty? Then why grumble and complain? Why seek the aid and despise the alms-giver? Why, above all, be impatient if it takes the public a long time to see the beauty? Is it not taking you a long time to reveal it? Your power of revealing did not come to you in a night. Be, for a little while, grateful that you have been vouchsafed your revelation. Be delighted in thinking of the joy you are some day going to give. In the meantime, break stones on the highway, if necessary, for a living, and do your real work for your own joy. Let every stroke of your hammer ring the notes of a Marseillaise for your later freedom when you shall have acquitted yourself in the work God sent you to do. In this way you will hasten the time of your deliverance from the fetters of chance; and you will have achieved yourself the more fully just because you have suffered your pilgrimage through the valley of humiliation. Then—and I am presuming that you have not yourself made any mistake about yourself—then, the public, which you now despise, will be only too eager to give you all the time you may need. Perhaps, you will tell me you will not want its help then? Yes, you
will. Never make that mistake. You will want it then even more
than you do now. Now, your body only is starving—then, you will
work that your soul may not starve. And the public’s apprecia-
tion will be your soul’s salvation.

“Do not despise the public—neither its money nor its praise.
In the last resort the public is the judgment-seat of all and every
art. Its praise is precious as its sincere prayer for your generous
forgiveness for the unthinking wrong it did you in the past; its
money is its acknowledgment of the wrong done, and its encourage-
ment to you to go on fulfilling yourself in the future. Yes, I plead
for the public; and I plead especially for the public of these United
States which is continually being made the butt of foreign conde-
sension. As if other countries never lost their geniuses! As if this
were the only country in which geniuses found no home! You are
wrong when you compare the people of this country, as I have often
heard you do, with the people of France and other European coun-
tries, to its detriment. The people of this country are young and
in the making. They are busy making homes, and families, and a
nation for themselves. A growing and a working people have less
time for enjoyment than have the aged and the idle. In their pleas-
ures they can but ape their elders, and aping, show themselves, per-
haps, often ridiculous, silly, and gauche. But give them time, and
they, too, will learn wisdom, and find a real and living happiness.
The wonder is that they do so well. But let them do well or ill,
you will help them better, not by criticising and decrying, but by
offering them the best you have. Help them with your genius, and so
advance them to a worthy place among the other civilizations of the
world. If you are a true idealist, as well as a true artist, that is the
least you can do.

“There, I’ve been twaddling so long that I’ve far out-stayed my
luncheon hour, and I’ll get a wigging when I get back to my cellar.
Waiter, my check, please!”

Church paid his bill, rose, nodded to all round the table, and made
his way to the door. He had barely reached it when he turned round
and caught Weaver’s eye looking wistfully after him. He beckoned,
and Weaver rose and followed him into the avenue.

“Walk down with me, Weaver, will you,” he said quietly, “as far
as the corner of the street where my office is. I want to say a few words to you privately. I'm afraid, my boy, I've just been saying many things that, perhaps, have hurt you. You'll believe me, I am sure, when I tell you I intended no discourtesy. But I was young once myself, and if I had had someone to talk to me then as I have been talking to you to-day, I'd have been a different man now. I'd have done something. I used to think as you are thinking, and all I did was to go on feeling angry and rebellious because others didn't see with me what a devil of a fine fellow I was. It ended in my frittering away my time and doing nothing. I was so enamored of my genius that I thought it wasn't worth while wasting its sweetness on the desert air. Well, I made a big mistake—the great mistake of my life. Now, I think so much of you and what you are capable of doing, that I don't want you to make the same mistake. Remember, it's your work and your work only that can justify you. I've heard you long for Paris again; for its sympathy and its helpful companionship. I say to you, here is your Paris, if you've got anything in you. If the right stuff is in you, produce it, and you'll be a free man in every sense. As for sympathy and helpful companionship, did you ever get in Paris what you got to-day? Did you ever meet a Finch in Paris? Did you ever know a friend there who energized you without enervating you, as you are finding here, in this Philistia of a New York? No, I am sure you never did.

"Now, my boy, if you can't afford to do the work you want to do, get a job at anything that will bring you in the price of bread and cheese and a shelter. When you've secured that, do your work in your spare time, in solitude and in silence. It will bring you your happiness in the end, I am certain of it. Do you imagine I am happy grubbing in my hole in the ground? But, 'I still have hopes my latest hours to crown,' and maybe, I'll crown them some day. For the present, I must grub.

"Look at that Flatiron building! There it is, stuck in the common rock. But, see, it mounts into heaven itself, a thing of beauty its sordid builders never dreamed of realizing. The sky has taken it unto itself as a part of its own pageantry. Let it be the symbol of your life.

"And look back at this magnificent perspective! It breathes
hopes from every tower and turret, and ends in a cloud of glory. Let that be the symbol of your native land. So long, Weaver, my boy! Remember, here is your Paris!"

Church shook Weaver cordially by the hand and, leaving him standing at the street-corner, walked rapidly away. Weaver followed the little man with his eyes, a soft beautiful smile playing around his lips. He watched Church disappear down the steps of a basement. Turning, he slowly made his way northward, thinking, thinking. "Quel homme!" he whispered to himself. But he was not thinking of Cézanne. He was thinking that, perhaps, it was not too late to find again his youthful joy. He looked up Fifth Avenue with far-seeing eyes and forgot the Boulevard Saint-Michel.
THE NEXT AMERICAN WILL

ALLEN UPWARD

[Having been requested to draw up a form of Will suitable for use by an American millionaire, I publish the following draft, as covering the widest ground, and being adapted for the use of the greatest number of testators. Should I be approached hereafter by any individual philanthropist, I shall have a more original and interesting scheme to put before him, but one calling for his or my personal supervision at the outset.]

This is the Last Will of me, ____________, citizen of the United States, being of sound mind, memory and understanding. I give and bequeath the sum of Ten Million Dollars, American gold currency, to the President of the United States for the time being, upon the following Trusts, that is to say:

(1) Whereas the ordinary and common object of charitable or philanthropic bequests is to benefit those who are hindering humanity, namely the criminal, the insane, the blind, the lame, the incurably diseased, and the incapable;

Now I declare that it is the true intent and object of the following provisions to benefit those who are helping humanity, and helping it the most, namely, founders of new religions, novelists, poets, musical composers, painters and sculptors, and inventors, giving the preference to such inventions as are not capable of being patented, or otherwise bringing a pecuniary reward to their inventors:

(2) The failure or refusal of the Trustees of certain other Testators to carry out the plain wishes and intentions of such Testators, having convinced me that it is unsafe to entrust the execution of this my Will to any man or body of men, however eminent and disinterested, without legal control;

I hereby constitute the People of the United States generally and individually my Residuary Legatees, and I empower and authorize them, or any one of them, to bring action in the Courts of the United States at any time to enforce the due and faithful execution of this my Will:
(3) And inasmuch as I deem it better that even a small sum of money should find its way into the hands of the class that I desire to benefit, than that a much larger sum should be bestowed on such as I do not contemplate enriching;

Now I direct that the aforesaid sum of Ten Million Dollars shall be divided by my Trustee into two equal sums or moieties of Five Million Dollars, of which one moiety shall be placed to the account of Legal Expenses, and the interest thereof accruing yearly shall be expended, so far as may be needful, in ensuring the due and faithful carrying out of my intentions:

(4) To which end I direct that all costs and charges of any action whatsoever, by whomsoever brought, in furtherance of my intentions, or purporting to be so, shall be defrayed by my said Trustee out of the fund or moiety above set aside for the purpose; unless the Court before which any such action shall be brought shall pronounce the same to be frivolous or dishonest:

(5) If the said interest arising from the said moiety of Five Million Dollars shall be insufficient in any one year to defray the expenses of such actions as hereinbefore authorized, then I authorize and require my said Trustee to discharge the same out of the principal of the said moiety; And if in any year there shall be a surplus from the said interest after defraying such legal expenses, then I direct that it shall be added to the capital fund of the other or second moiety of Five Million Dollars:

(6) And as regards the second sum or moiety of Five Million Dollars, I direct my said Trustee to hold the same in trust for the use and benefit of the class hereinbefore described as helpers of humanity, and to distribute the interest yearly arising therefrom to members of the said class according to the following method;

(a) Each and every person, whether a citizen of the United States or no, who is in need of money to assist him in work which he deems is for the benefit of humanity, may, and is hereby invited and requested to, send in an application to my said Trustee for such assistance, accompanied by such evidence as he shall have at command, and deem it advisable to adduce, and by such testimonials
as he may be in a position to obtain, provided always that such application, evidence and testimonials shall be written or translated into the language in use in the United States;

(b) And my Trustee aforesaid, by himself or by any person or persons whom he may appoint for the purpose, shall consider all such applications, and shall grant them in order of merit according to the best of his or their judgment, out of the yearly interest accruing in respect of the said second moiety, until the same shall be exhausted;

(c) And if any such applicant shall be of opinion that his application ought to have received more favorable consideration (whether because it has been refused altogether, or the sum awarded is less than was applied for), he shall be at liberty to bring an action against my said Trustee in any Court of the United States having jurisdiction in testamentary causes, claiming the amount he shall deem due to him under this my Will, And my Trustee shall, and is hereby required and authorized to, defend the same as a friendly action, And if the Court shall, by its verdict, decide that the plaintiff is entitled to the amount claimed, or any portion of it, then my said Trustee shall forthwith pay to the plaintiff the amount awarded to him;

(d) And if the said amount awarded, or any such amounts, shall exceed the total of the interest accruing in respect of the aforesaid second moiety of Five Million Dollars, then I authorize and direct my said Trustee to pay the same out of the capital of the said moiety, being persuaded that any loss thereby arising will be made good hereafter by further bequests of a similar character to this, or as hercinafter provided for:

(7) Provided always that any and every such sum awarded or adjudged to any such applicant or plaintiff shall be deemed to be in the nature of a loan, repayable with compound interest at five per cent. per annum, subject as follows;

That the recipient of such grant by way of loan shall be shown to the satisfaction of my said Trustee to have acquired by means of
the work or works in respect of which he received such loan, or in
the pursuit of the same calling, as inventor, artist, man of letters
or whatever else, such profits or emoluments as to enable him to re-
pay such loan without hardship;

And in the event of a disagreement between my Trustee and such
beneficiary on the question of such repayments, my Trustee may and
shall bring action against such beneficiary in the same Court which
adjudged the sum claimed as aforesaid, or in case of a grant by the
Trustee himself, or by the person or persons appointed by him for
the purpose, then the action shall be brought and decided in the Dis-
trict Court of Columbia:

(8) And every person applying for or accepting any sum under
the provisions of this my Will shall be deemed to accept the juris-
diction of the Courts herein specified, and to waive any right to
object to the same on the ground of domicile or nationality:

(9) Provided further that in the case of any patentee or owner
of copyright, whether literary, musical, artistic or otherwise, who
has received any benefit under this Will, dying without having re-
paid the same, all patent rights, copyrights or other property of
which he may die possessed shall upon his death become vested in
my said Trustee as first mortgagee, on these conditions following;

(a) If my Trustee, or any Court of the United States
having jurisdiction as aforesaid, shall be of the opinion
that the next of kin or legatees of the said beneficiary are
insufficiently provided for, having regard to their claims on
him, and the value of his services to humanity, my said
Trustee shall be bound to renounce his rights aforesaid in
their favor;

(b) And otherwise if the proceeds of such rights shall
at any time thereafter prove sufficient to repay such origi-
nal loan with interest as aforesaid, or failing that, if my
Trustee or such Court as aforesaid shall be of opinion
that the property of the deceased ought to be released
from this charge upon it, then in such case, or at any time
in the discretion of my said Trustee, all and every such
claim or lien may be, or shall be, abandoned and renounced
in favor of such next of kin or legatees as aforesaid:
(10) And I furthermore authorize and request my said Trustee to administer this Trust to the best of his judgment always in favor of the class hereinbefore designated as helpers of humanity, and especially in favor of such members of that class as are least likely to make a pecuniary profit out of their labors:

(11) I authorize my said Trustee to make reasonable rules and regulations for the carrying out of this Trust: provided always that such rules and regulations are calculated to assist the intended beneficiaries, and not to embarrass nor hinder them:

(12) In particular I recommend and request my said Trustee, if he shall delegate this work of dealing with applications under this Will to others, to empower such delegates to grant applications individually, and not by the vote of a committee:

(13) Furthermore, as it is my intention to benefit the best and highest, instead of the worst and lowest, of mankind, so it is my desire and direction to my said Trustee that he shall rather endeavor to benefit one Poe or Whitman than a multitude of second-rate individuals:

And all this I say and do in the belief that if my Will be faithfully executed I shall confer more benefit on my fellow citizens and on mankind than by the endowment of an idiot asylum or a home for stray dogs and cats:

And inasmuch as I am advised and understand that this my Will is likely to be disputed on the ground of insanity, I have this day submitted myself to examination by two specialists in alienation, whose certificate is hereunto appended.

Signed by the within named Testator, &c.
Before I present to the curious reader the facts of a case which caused so much commotion in distinguished bosoms of the late "eighties," I think it well to give a little private testimony of my own. It is proper also that I should say that, while I have a strong conviction as to the identity of the person known to all London as Quidnunc, I shall do no more than express it. I shall neither defend nor extenuate; if I throw it out at all it will be as a hint to the judicious, or a clue, if you like, to those who are groping a way out of the labyrinths of Being. To me, two things are especially absurd: one is that the trousered, or skirted, forms we eat with, walk with, or pass unheeded, are all the population of our world; the other, that these creatures, ostensibly men or women with passions, hopes, fears, appetites like our own, are necessarily of the same nature as ourselves. If beings from another sphere should, by intention or chance, meet and mingle with us, I don't see how we could apprehend them at all except in our own mode, unless they were, so to speak, translated into our idioms. But enough of that.

The year in which I first met Quidnunc, so far as my memory serves me, was 1886.

I was then a student of the law, with chambers in Gray's Inn which I daily attended; but being more interested in palæography than in modern practice, and intending to make that my particular branch of effort, I spent much of my time at the Public Record Office; indeed, a portion of every working day. The track between Raymond Buildings and Rolls Yard must have been sensibly thinned by my foot-soles; there can have been few of the frequenters of Chancery Lane, Bedford Row and the Squares of Gray's Inn, who were not known to me by sight or concerning whom I had not imagined (or discerned) circumstances invisible to their friends or themselves to account for their acts or appearances. Among these innumerable personages—portly solicitors, dashing clerks, scriveners, racing tipsters, match-sellers, postmen, young ladies of business, young ladies of pleasure, clients descending out of
broughams, clients keeping rendezvous in public-houses, and what
not—Quidnunc's may well have been one; but I believe that it was
in Warwick Court (that passage from Holborn into the Inn) that,
quite suddenly, I first saw him, or became aware that I saw him;
for being, as he was, to all appearance an ordinary telegraphic
messenger, I may have passed him daily for a year without any kind
of notice. But on a day in the early spring of 1886—mid-April at
a guess—I came upon him in such a way as to remark him incur­
ably. I saw before me on that morning of tender leafage, of pale
sunlight and blue mist contending for the day, a strangely assorted
pair proceeding slowly toward the Inn. A telegraph boy was one;
by his side walked, vehemently explaining, a tall elderly solicitor.
White-whiskered, drab-spatted, frock-coated, eye-glassed, silk-hat­
ted—in every detail the trusted family lawyer: I knew the man by
sight, and knew him by name and repute. He was George Lumley
Fowkes, of Fowkes, Vizard and Fowkes, respectable head of a more
than respectable firm; and here he was, with his hat pushed back
from his dewy forehead, tiptoeing, protesting, extenuating to a slip
of a lad in uniform. The positions of the odd pair were unaccount­
ably reversed: Jack was better than his master, the deference was
from the elder to the brat. The stoop of Fowkes's shoulder, the
anxious angle of his head, his care to listen to the little he got—
and how little that was I could not but observe; his frequent ejacu­
lations of "God bless my soul!"; his deep concern—and the boy's
unconcern, curtly expressed if expressed at all—all this was singu­
lar. So much more than singular was it to myself that it en­
thralled me.

They stopped at the gateway which admits you to Bedford Row
to finish their colloquy. The halt was made by Fowkes, barely ac­
quiesced in by his companion. Poor old Fowkes, what with his
asthma, the mopping of his head, the flacking of his long fingers, ex­
hibited signals of the highest distress. "I need hardly assure you,
Sir—," I heard; and then, "Believe me, Sir, when I say—." He
was marking time, unhappy gentleman, for with such phrases does
the orator eke out his waning substance. The lad listened in a criti­
cal, staring mood, and once or twice nodded. While I was wonder­
ing how long he was going to put up with it, presently he jerked
his head back and showed Fowkes, by the look he gave him, that he had had enough of him. The old lawyer knew it for final, for he straightened his back, then his hat, touched the brim and made a formal bow. "I leave it so, Sir," he said, "I am content to leave it so"; and then, with every mark of respect, he went his way into Bedford Row. I noticed that he walked on tiptoe for some yards, and then more briskly, flapping his arms to his sides.

The boy stood thoughtful where he was, communing, by the looks of him, quite otherwhere, and I had the opportunity to consider him. He appeared to be a handsome, well-built lad of fifteen or so, big for his age, and precocious. By that I mean that his scrutiny of life was mature; that he looked capable, far beyond the warrant of his years. To have judged him by his looks would have put him at any age you please. He was ruddy of complexion, freckled, and had a square chin. His eyes were light gray, with dark lashes to them; they were startlingly light and bright for such a sunburnt face, seemed to burn in it like steady fires. It was in them that resided, that sat, as it were, enthroned, that mature, masterful expression which I never saw before or since in one so young. I have seen the eyes of children look as if they were gazing through our world into another: that's almost habitual in children. But here was one, apparently a boy, who seemed to read into our circumstances (as you or I into a well-studied book) as though they held nothing inexplicable, nothing unaccounted for. Beyond these singular two eyes of his, his smiling mouth, with its reminder of archaic statuary, was perhaps his only noticeable feature. He wore the ordinary uniform of a telegraphic messenger, which in those days was gray, with a red line down the trousers and a belt for the tunic. His boots were of the service pattern; so were his ankle-jacaces. His hands were no cleaner than they ought to have been, his nails well-bitten back. Such was he.

Studying him closely over the top of my newspaper, by and by he fixed me with his intent, bright eyes. My heart beat quicker, but when he smiled—like the Pallas of Ægina—I smiled too. Then, without varying his expression, speaking as if to himself, he said, "Back Markover," and vanished.

There's no other word for it: he vanished. I didn't see him go;
I don't know whether he went, or where he went. At one moment he was there, speaking to me, telling me to back a racehorse; at the next moment he was not there. That's all there is to say about it. I flashed a glance through the gate into Bedford Row, another up to Raymond Buildings; I even ran to the corner which showed me the length and breadth of Field Place. He was not going any of these ways. These things are certain; and so is this also, that on my journey down Chancery Lane I did back Markover for the Afternoon Stakes to the tune of a ten-pound note.

Now for the sequel. Mere fortune (or so I suppose it) led me at four that afternoon into Bedford Row. A note had been put into my hands at the Record Office inviting me to call upon a friend whose chambers were in that quarter, and I complied with it directly my work was over. Now as I walked along the Row, thinking, like the Irishman, "of nothing at all," the boy of that morning's encounter was going into the entry of the house in which Fowkes and Vizard have their offices. I had just time to recognize him when the double knock announced his errand. I stopped immediately; he delivered a telegram, and came out. I was on the step, and whether he knew me or not, he did not look his knowledge. His eyes went through me, his smiling mouth did not smile at me. But passing me he said, "Did you back Markover?" I laughed and nodded: he went his leisurely way, and I watched him, this time almost out of sight. But while I stood so, watching, old Fowkes came bursting out of his office, tears streaming down his face, the telegram in his hand. "Where is he? Where is he?" This was addressed to me; I pointed the way. Old Fowkes saw his benefactor (as I suppose him to have been) and began to run. The lad turned round, saw him coming, waved him away, and then—disappeared. Again he had done it; but old Fowkes, in no way surprised, stood rooted to the pavement with his hands extended so far toward the mystery that I could see two or three inches of bony old wrist beyond his shirt-cuffs. After a while he turned and slowly came back to his chambers. He seemed not to see me; or he was careless whether I saw him or not. As he entered the doorway he held up the telegram, bent his head, and laid a kiss upon the pink paper.

Markover had, in fact, won the Afternoon Stakes as he liked.
Now I come to the Richborough story, which all London that is as old as I am remembers. That part of London, it may be, does not read this Magazine; or if it does will not object to the recall of a case which absorbed it in 1886-7. I am not going to be indiscreet. The lady married, and the lady left England. Moreover, naturally, I give no names; but if I did I don’t see that there is anything to be ashamed of in what she was pleased to do with her hand and person. It was startling to us in those days; it might be startling in these: what was more than startling was the manner in which the thing was done. That is known to very few persons indeed.

I had seen enough upon that April day, whose events form my prelude, to give me remembrance of the handsome telegraph boy. The next time I saw him, which was at midnight in July—the place Hyde Park—I knew him at once.

I had been dining in Princes Gate with a dull company, an interminable dinner, one of those at which you eat twice as much as you intend, or desire, because there is really nothing else to do. On one side of me I had had a dowager whom I entirely failed to interest, on the other a young person who only cared to talk with her left-hand neighbor. There was a reception afterwards to which I had to stop, so that I could not make my escape till half past eleven or more. The night was very hot and it had been raining; but such air as there was was balm after the still furnace of the rooms. I decided immediately to walk to my lodging in Bryanston Street, entered the park by Princes Gate, crossed the Serpentine Bridge and took a bee-line for the Marble Arch. It was cloudy, but not at all dark. I could see all the ankle-high railings which beset the unwary passenger, and may at any moment break his legs and his nose, imperil his dignity and ruin his hat. Dimly ahead of me then, upon a broad stretch of grass I presently became aware of a concourse. There was no sound to go by, and the light afforded me no definite forms. The luminous haze was blurred; people were there, a multitude of people; I was surprised, but not alarmed. Save for an occasional wastrel of civilization, incapable of degradation and concerned only for a meal, the park is wont to be a desert at that hour; but the hum of the traffic, the flashing cab-lamps, never quite out of sight, prevent fear.
Far from being afraid, I was highly interested, and hastening my steps was soon in the outskirts of a throng.

A throng it certainly was, a large body of persons, male and female, scattered yet held together by a common interest, loitering and expectant, strangely silent, not concerned with each other, rarely in couples, with all their faces turned one way—namely, to the south-east, or (if you want precision) precisely to Hyde Park Corner. I have remarked upon the silence: that was really surprising; so also was the order observed, and what you may call decorum. There was no ribaldry, no skylarking, no shrill discord of laughter without mirth in it to break the solemnity of the gracious night. These people just stood or squatted about; if any talked together, it was in secret whispers. It is true that they were under the watch of a tall policeman; yet he too, I noticed, watched nobody, but looked steadily to the south-east, with his lantern harmless at his belt. As my eyes grew used to the gloom I observed that all ranks composed the company. I made out the shell jacket, the waist and elongated limbs of a lifeguardsman, the open bosom of an able seaman. I happened upon a young gentleman in the crush hat and Inverness of the current fashion; I made certain of women of the pavement and ladies of the boudoir, of a hospital nurse, of a Greenwich pensioner, of two flower-girls sitting on the edges of one basket, of a shoeblack (I think), of a costermonger and a nun. Others there were, and more than one or two of most categories: in a word, there was an assembly.

I accosted the policeman, who heard me civilly, but without committing himself. To my first question, What was going to happen? he carefully answered that he couldn’t say; but to my second, with the irrepressible scorn of one who knows for one who wants to know, he answered more frankly, “Who are they waiting for? Why, Quidnunc. Mister Quidnunc. That’s who it is. Him they call Quidnunc. So now you know.” In fact, I did not know. He had told me nothing, would tell me no more, and while I stood pondering the oracle I was sensible of some common movement running through the company with a thrill, uniting them, intensifying them, drawing them together to be one people with one faith, one hope, one assurance. And then the nun, who stood near me, fell to her knees, crossed her-
self and began to pray; and not far from her a slim girl in black
turned aside and covered her face with her hands. A perceptible
shiver of emotion, a fluttering sigh such as steals over a pine wood
toward dawn, ran through all ranks. Far to the south-east a speck
of light now showed, which grew in intensity as it came swiftly
nearer, and seemed presently to be a ball of vivid fire surrounded by
a shroud of lit vapor. Again, as by a common consent, the crowd
parted, stood ranked, with an open lane between. The oncoming
flare, grown intolerably bright, now seemed to fade out as it resolved
itself into a human figure. A human figure at the entry of the lane
of people there undoubtedly was, a figure with so much light about
him, raying (I thought) from him, that it was easy to observe his
form and features. Out of the flame and radiant mist he grew, and
showed himself to me in the trim shape and semblance, with the small
head and alert air of a youth; and such as he was, in the belted tunic
and peaked cap of a telegraph messenger, he came smoothly down
the lane formed by the obsequious throng, and stood in the midst of
it and looked keenly, with his cold, clear eyes and fixed and inscrut­
able smile, from one expectant face to another. There was no mis­
taking him whom all these people so eagerly awaited; he was my
former wonder of Gray's Inn, the savior of old Mr. Fowkes, and my
obliging tipster.

But all my former wonder paled before this my latter. For he
stood here like some young Eastern King among his slaves, one
hand on his hip, the other at his chin, his face expressionless, his eyes
fixed, but unblinking. Meantime the crowd, which had stretched
out arms to him as he came, was now seated quietly on the grass, in­
tently waiting, watching for a sign. They sat, all these people, in
a wide ring about him; he in the midst, a hand to his chin.

Whether sign was made or not, I saw none; but after some mo­
ments of pause a figure rose erect out of the ring and hobbled toward
the boy. I made out an old woman, an old wreck of womanhood, a
scant-haired, blue-lipped ruin of what had once been woman. I
heard her snivel and sniff, and wheeze her "Lord ha' mercy," as she
went by, and slippering forward on her miserable feet, hugging to
her wasted sides what remnants of gown she had, stood fawning
before the boy, within the sphere of light that came from him. If
he loathed, or scorned, or pitied her, he showed no sign; if he saw her at all his fixed eyes looked beyond her; if he abhorred her his nostrils did not betray him. He stood like marble and suffered what followed. It was strange. Enacting what seemed to be a proper rite, she put her shaking left hand upon his right shoulder, her right hand under his chin, as if to cup it; and then, with sniffs and wailings interspersed, came her petition to his merciful ears.

What she precisely asked of him, muttering, wheezing, whining, sniveling as she did, repeating herself—with her burthen of “O dear, O dear, O dear,”—I don’t know. Her lost girl, her fine, upstanding girl, her Nance, her only one, figured in it as needing mercy. Her “Oh, Sir. I ask you kindly!” and “Oh, Sir, for this once—!” made me sick: yet he bore with her as she ran on, dribbling tears and gin in a mingled flow; he bore with her, heard her in silence, and in the end, by a look which I was not able to discover, quieted her and sent her shuffling back to her place. So soon as she was down the lifeguardsman was on his feet, a fine figure of a man. He marched unfaltering up, stiffened, saluted, and then, observing the ritual of hand to shoulder, hand to chin, spoke out his piece like the honest fellow he was; spoke it aloud and without fear, evenly and plainly. I thought that he had got it by heart, as I thought also of another person I was to hear by and by. He wanted, badly it seemed, news of his sweetheart, whom he was careful to call Miss Dixon. She had last been heard of outside the Brixton Bon Marché where she had been seen with a lady friend, talking to two “young chaps” in Volunteer uniform. They went up the Brixton Road toward Acre Lane, and Miss Dixon, at any rate, was never heard of again. It was wearing him out; he wasn’t the man he had been, and had no zest for his meals. She had never written; his letters to her had come back through the “Dead Office.” He thought he should go out of his mind sometimes; was afraid to shave, not knowing what he might be after with “them things.” If anything could be done for him he should be thankful. Miss Dixon was very well connected, and sang in a choir. Here he stopped, saluted, turned and marched away into the night. I heard him pass a word or two to the policeman, who turned aside and blew his nose. The hospital nurse, who spoke in a feverish whisper, then a young woman
THE MARRIAGE OF QUIDNUNC

from the Piccadilly gas lamps, who cried and rocked herself about, followed; and then, to my extreme amazement, two ladies with cloaks and hoods over evening gowns—one of them a Mrs. Stanhope, well known to me. The taller and younger lady, chaperoned by my friend, I did not recognize. Her face was hidden by her hood.

I was now more than interested; it seemed to me that I was, in a sense, implicated. At any rate I felt very delicate about overhearing what was to come. It is one thing to become absorbed in a ritual the like of which, in mid-London, you can never have experienced before, but quite another thing to listen to the secret desires of a friend in whose house you may have dined within the month. However—by whatever casuistries I may have compassed it—I did remain. Let me hope, nay, let me believe of myself that if the postulant had proved to be my friend, Mrs. Shrewton Stanhope, I should either have stopped my ears or immediately retired.

But Mrs. Stanhope, I saw at once, was no more than dame de compagnie. She stood in mid-ring with bent head and hands clasped before her while the graceful, hooded girl approached nearer to the mysterious oracle and fulfilled the formal rites demanded of all who sought his help. Her ringed left hand was laid upon his right shoulder, her fair right hand upheld his chin. When she began to speak, which she did immediately and without a tremor, I once more imagined her having got her words by heart. It was very simple, but such as it was, said without shame. “I am very unhappy about a certain person. It is Captain Maxfield. I am engaged to him, and want to break it off. I must do that—I must indeed. If I don’t I shall do a more dreadful thing. I do hope you will help me. Mrs.—my friend—was sure that you would. I do hope so. I am very unhappy.” She had commanded her voice until the very end; but as she pitied herself there came a break in it. I heard her catch her breath; I thought she would fall—and so did Mrs. Stanhope, it was clear; for she went hurriedly forward and put an arm round her waist. The younger lady drooped to her shoulder; Mrs. Stanhope inclined her head to the Person—not a sign from him, mind you—and gently withdrew her charge from the ring. The pair then hurried across the park in the direction of Knightsbridge, and left me,
I may admit, consuming in the fire of curiosity and excitement which they had lit.

Petitions succeeded, of various interest, of extreme interest, really, of an intimacy so close as to take the breath away, but they seemed pale and ineffectual to me. Before all or nearly all of the waiting throng had been heard I saw uneasiness spread about it. Face turned to face, head to head; subtle but unmistakable movements indicated unrest. Then, of the suddenest, amid lifted hands and sighed forth prayers, the youthful object of so much entreaty, receiver of so many secret sorrows, seemed to fade and, without effort, to recede. I know not how else to describe his departure. He backed away, as it were, into the dark. The people were on their feet ere this. Sighs, wailings, appeals, sobs, adjurations broke the quietness of the night. Some ran stumbling after him with extended arms; most of them stayed where they were, watching him fade, hoping against hope. He emptied himself, so to speak, of light; he faded backwards, diminishing himself to a luminous haze, to a blur, to a point of light. Thus he was gone. The disappointed crept silently away, each into silence, solitude and the night, and I found myself alone with the policeman—back once more in the dreadful stoicism of London’s victims.

Now, what in the name of God was all this? I asked him, and must have it. He gave me some particulars, admitting at the outset that it was a “go.” “They seem to think,” he said, “that they will get what they want out of him—by wire. Let him bring them a wire in the morning: that’s the way of it. Anything in life from sudden death to a penn’orth of bird-seed. Death! Ah, I’ve heard ’em cringe to him for death, times and again. They crawl for it—must have it. Can’t do it themselves, d’ye see? No, no. Let him do it—somehow. Once a week, during the season—his season, I should say, because he ain’t here always, by no means—they gets about like this; and how they know where to spot him is more than I can tell you. If I knew it, I would—but I don’t. Nobody knows that—and yet they do know it. Sometimes he’s to be found here two weeks running; then it’ll be the Regent’s Park, or the Knoll in the Green Park. He’s had ’em all the way to Hampstead before now—and Primrose Hill’s a likely place, they tell me. Telegrams: that’s
what he gives 'em—if he's got the mind. But they don't get all they want, not by no means. And some of 'em gets more than they want, by a lot.” He thought, then chuckled at a rather grim instance.

"Why, there was old Jack Withers, 'blue-nosed Jack' they calls him, who works a Hammersmith bus. Did you ever hear of that? That was a good one, if you like. Now you listen. This Jack was coming up the Brompton Road on his bus—and I was on duty by the Boltons and see him coming. There was that young fellow too—him we've just had here—standing quiet by a pillar-box, reading a letter. One foot he had in the roadway, and his back to the bus. Up comes old Jack, pushing his horses, and sees the boy. Gives a great howl, like a tom-cat. 'Hi! you young frog-spawn,' he says, 'out of my road,' and startled the lad. I see him look up at Jack very steady, and keep his eye on him. I thought to myself, there's something to pay on delivery, my boy, for this here. Jack owned up to it afterwards, that he felt queer, but he forgot about it. Now, if you'll believe me, Sir, the very next morning, Jack was at London Bridge after his second journey, when up comes this boy, sauntering into the yard. Comes up to Jack and nods. 'Name of Withers?' he says. 'That's me,' says old Jack. 'Thought so,' he says. 'Telegram for you.' Jack takes it, opens it, goes all white. 'Good God,' he says, 'Good God Almighty! My wife's dead.' She'd been knocked down by a Pickford van that morning. Sure as a gun. What do you think of that for a start?

"He served Spotty Smith the fried-eel man just the very same, and lots more I could tell you about. They call him Quidnunc—Mister Quidnunc, too, and don't you forget it. There's that about him I—well, Sir, if it was to come to it that I had to lay a hand on him for something out of Queer Street I shouldn't know how to do it. Now I'm telling you a fact. I shouldn't—know—how—to—do it."

He was not, obviously, telling me a fact, but certainly he was much in earnest. I commented upon the diversity of the company, and so learned the name of my friend Mrs. Stanhope's friend. He clacked his tongue. "Bless you," he said, "I've seen better than to-night, though we did have a slap-up ladyship and all. That was Lady Emily Rich, that young thing was. Earl of Richborough's
family—Grosvenor Place. But we had a Duchess or something here one night—oh, and a Bishop another. You’d never believe the tales we hear. He’s known to every night constable from Woolwich to Putney Bridge—and the company he gets about him you’d never believe. High and low—and all huddled together like so many babes in a crèche. No distinction. You saw old Mother Misery get first look in to-night? My lady waited her turn, like a good girl!” His voice sank to a whisper. “They tell me he’s the only living soul—if he is a living soul—that’s ever been inside the Stock Exchange, and come out tidy. He goes and comes in as he likes—quite the welcome little stranger. They all know him in Throgmorton Street. No, no. There’s more in this than meets the eye, Sir. He’s not like you and me. But it’s no business of mine. He don’t go down in my pocket-book, I can tell you. I keep out of his way—and with reason. He never did no harm to me, nor shan’t if I can help it. Quidnunc! Mister Quidnunc! He might be a herald angel for all I know.”

I went my ways home and to bed, but was not done with Quidnunc.

The next day, which was the first day of the Eton and Harrow Match, I read a short paragraph in the Evening News, headed “Painful Scene at Lord’s,” to the effect that a lady, lunching on Lord Richborough’s drag, had fainted upon the receipt of a telegram, and would have fallen had she not been caught by the messenger—“a strongly built youth,” it said—“who thus saved what might have been a serious accident.” That was all, but it gave me food for thought, and a suspicion which Saturday confirmed in a sufficiently startling way. On that Saturday I went down to my club for luncheon, and was in the reading room with The Times, which had no reference to the “painful scene” of the evening papers, when a man came in—Tendring by name—whom I knew quite well. We exchanged greetings and sat with our newspapers, talking desultorily. A page boy brought in a telegram—for Tendring. He opened it and seemed thunderstruck. “Good Lord!” I heard him say. “Good Lord, here’s trouble.” I murmured sympathetically, and then he turned to me, quite beyond the range where reticence avails one. “Look here,” he said, “this is a shocking
business. A man I know wires to me—from Bow Street. He's been taken for forgery—that's the charge—and wants me to bail him out.” He got up as he finished and went to write his reply: I turned immediately to the page. “Is the boy waiting?” I asked. He was. I said, “Excuse me, Tendring,” ran out of the room, and downstairs. There in the hall, as I had expected, stood my inscrutable, steady-eyed, smiling oracle of the night. I stood, meeting his look as best I might. He showed no recognition of me whatsoever. Then, as I stood there, Tendring came down. “Call me a cab,” he told the hall-porter; and to Quidnunc he said, “There’s no answer. I’m going at once.” Quidnunc went away.

Now Tendring’s friend, I learned by the evening paper, was one Captain Maxfield of the Royal Engineers. He was committed for trial, bail refused. I may add that he got seven years.

So much for Captain Maxfield! But much more for Lady Emily Rich, of whose fate I have now to tell. My friend Mrs. Shrewton Stanhope was very reserved, would tell me nothing, even when I roundly said that I had fancied to see her in the park one evening. She had the hardihood to meet my eyes with a blank denial, and very plainly there was nothing to be learned from her. A visit, many visits to the London parks at the hour between eleven and midnight taught me no more; but being by now thoroughly interested in the affairs of Lady Emily Rich, I made it my business to get a glimpse of her. She was, it seemed, the only unmarried daughter of the large Richborough family, which had done so well in that sex and so badly in the other that there was not only no son, but no male heir to the title. That, indeed, expired with Lady Emily’s father. I don’t really know how many daughters there were, or were not. Most of them married prosperously. One of them became a Roman princess, one married Walker, the American stock jobber (with a couple of millions of money), another was Baroness de Grass—De Grass being a Jew; one became an Anglican nun, to the dismay of her family. Lady Emily, whose engagement to the wretched Maxfield was so dramatically terminated, was, I think, the youngest of them. I saw her one night toward the end of the season, at the Opera. Tendring, who was with me, pointed her out in a box. She was dressed in black and looked very scared. She hardly moved once throughout
the evening, and when people spoke to her seemed not to hear. She was certainly a very pretty girl. It may have been my fancy, or it may not, but I could have sworn to the corner of a pinky-brown envelope sticking out of the bosom of her dress. I don't think I was mistaken; I had a good look through the glasses. She touched it shortly afterwards, and poked it down. At the end I saw her come out. A tall girl, rather thin; very pretty certainly, but far from well. Her eyes haunted me; they had what is called a hag-ridden look. And yet, thought I, she had got her desire of Quidnunc. Ah, but had she? Hear the end of the tale.

I say that I saw her come out: that's not quite true. I saw her come down the staircase and stand with her party in the crowded lobby. She stood in it, but not of it; for her vague and shadowed eyes sought otherwhere than in those of the neat-haired young man who was chattering in front of her. She scanned, rather, the throng of people anxiously and guardedly at once, as if she were looking for somebody, and must not be seen to look. As time wore on, and the carriage delayed, her nervousness increased. She seemed to get paler, she shut her eyes once or twice as though to relieve the strain which watching and waiting put upon them; and then, quite suddenly, I saw that she had found what she expected; I saw that her empty eyes were now filled; that they held something without which they might have faded out. In a word, I saw her look fixedly, fiercely and certainly at something beyond the lobby. Following the direction she gave me, I looked also. There, assuredly, in the portico, square, smiling and assured of his will, I saw Quidnunc stand, and his light eyes upon hers. For quite a space of time, such as that in which you might count fifteen deliberately, those two looked at each other. Messages, I am sure, sped to and fro between them. His seemed to say, “Come, I have answered you. Now do you answer me.” Hers cried her hurt: “Ah, but what can I do?” His, with their cool mastery of time and occasion, “You must do as I bid you. There’s no other way.” Hers pleaded, “Give me time,” and his told her sternly, “I am master of time.” The throng of waiting people began to surge toward the door; out there in the night link-boys yelled great names. I heard “Lord Richborough’s carriage,” and saw Lady Emily clap her hand to her side. I saw her reach the
portico and stand there hastily covering her head with a black scarf; I saw her sway alone there, I saw her party go down the steps. The next moment Quidnunc flashed to her side. He said nothing, he did not touch her. He simply looked at her—intently smiling, self-possessed, a master. Her face was averted; I could see her tremble; she bowed her head. Another carriage was announced—the Richborough coach, then, was gone. I saw Quidnunc now put his hand upon her arm; she turned him her face, a faint and tender smile, very beautiful and touching, met his own. He drew her with him out of the press and into the humming dark. London never saw her again.

I don't attempt to explain what is to me inexplicable. Was my policeman right when he called Quidnunc a herald angel? Is there any substance behind the surmise that the Ancient Gods still sway the souls and bodies of men? Was Quidnunc, that swift, remorseless, smiling messenger, the great God Hermes of the winged feet? Who can answer these things? All I have to tell you by way of an Epilogue is this. A curate of my acquaintance, a curate of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, some few years after these events, took his holiday in Greece. He went out as one of a tourist party, but having more time at his disposal than was contemplated by the contracting agency, he stayed on, chartered a dragoman, and wandered far and wide. On his return he told me that he had seen Lady Emily Rich at Megalopolis in Arcadia; and that he had spoken to her. He had seen her sitting on the doorstep of a one-storeyed white house, spinning flax. She wore the costume of the peasantry, which he told me is very picturesque. A couple of half-naked children tumbled about her. They were beautiful as angels, he said, with curly golden hair and extremely light eyes. He noticed that particularly, and recurred to it more than once. Now Lady Emily was a dark girl, with eyes so deeply blue as to be almost black.

My friend spoke to her, he said. He had seen that she recognized him; in fact, she bowed to him. He felt that he could not disregard that. Mere commonplaces were exchanged. She told him that her husband was away on a journey. She fancied that he had been in England; but she explained half laughingly that she knew very little about his affairs, and was quite content to leave
them to him. She had her children to look after. My friend was surprised that she asked no questions of England or family matters; but, in the circumstances, he added, he hardly liked to refer to them. She served him with bread and wine before he left her. All he could say was that she appeared to be perfectly happy.

It is odd, and perhaps it is no more than odd, that there was a famous temple of Hermes in Megalopolis in former times. Pindar, I believe, acclaims it in one of his Epinician Odes; but I have not been able to verify the reference.
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON: DEFENDER OF THE DISCARDED

It is never too late to mend, but it is very often far too late to break—especially when one is dealing with the reputation of a supremely successful journalist. This is more or less as it should be, for the fact that a man’s work succeeds is not always a reliable evidence of its failure. But neither does it follow that because one has succeeded he has met with genuine success, and no successful man has failed more lamentably at certain points than Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Yet in spite of his failures (and of his success) many things can be said in his favor. His critical works have been justly and, on the whole, adequately praised as masterpieces of suggestive writing, seductive in style and replete with varied and spectacular allusions. That they are only at moments constructive (in the sense of flashing before us living characters) is more than compensated for by their splendor of insinuation. Chesterton was as certain to fail in presenting a complete and inevitable Shaw as was Shaw himself in exhibiting a true and virile Ibsen. For just as only a very superficial man can be thoroughly conscious of his own depths, so only a man of tremendous depths is able to realize another’s superficialities. Chesterton writes about Shaw as if every mood and motion in his work could be resolved upon the deepest concepts of the latter’s philosophy; and Shaw would have us seriously believe that Ibsen possessed some fundamental faith to which he always bore allegiance. Every great creator is the creature of his fancy and any criticism that attempts to make genius perfectly consistent must fail to achieve its aim. Chesterton’s own greatest shortcomings might be said to be results of his almost absolute consistency.

Not that his point of view has been always the same. In The Wild Knight, his early and only book of poems, is found a standpoint utterly dissimilar from that of anything since except, perhaps, The Defendant, his first volume of essays, which may be regarded as the production of a transition period. With the publication of Heretics his ideas begin to crystallize, and here is illustrated one of his saddest and most signal failures. For as he becomes surer of
himself, as the crystalline clearness is achieved, the hardness and just a touch of the coldness of crystal are noticeable. The Defendant is the best of his treatises; the Dickens, of his biographies; and The Napoleon of Notting Hill of his novels. His more recent writings are all, in the attributes which have won him distinction, inferior.

Application of Mr. Chesterton's analysis of the Irishman, who, he believes, "could see with one eye that a dream was inspiring, bewitching, or sublime, and with the other eye that after all it was only a dream," might readily be made to himself. It is because Chesterton never utterly loses himself, because his consciousness is always perfect, because his dream never for an instant seems to become his reality, that he can never meet with wide and vital acceptance. His "mind distinguishes between life and literature," and as a consequence his literature is without influence over others' lives. Mankind is swayed and steadied by the great half-thinkers whose hearts are larger than their heads. Perhaps the greatest of all Mr. Chesterton's faults is the domination of his mind. Inspiration and self-consciousness are impossible bed-fellows.

But self-consciousness, far from being opposed, is surely essential to the gentle art of making epigrams. Chesterton tells us that Shaw's wit "is never a weakness; therefore it is never a sense of humor." This characteristic is the very essence of cleverness, that twentieth century development, mothered by Oscar Wilde, in which Chesterton himself abounds. Cleverness is always fundamentally serious; it has always a conscious end. Cleverness is not the external exhibition of a mood; it is intellectually created to produce a mood. This is what serves to differentiate it finally from either wit or humor.

Both of these latter may be, indeed generally are, a matter of natural instinct. Seldom can they be consciously developed. They burst full-blown, from a page of serious writing, or leap, triumphant and irresistible, into an unwelcoming discourse. Cleverness, on the other hand, is almost altogether a matter of development, of careful and tireless training, the product of watchful nurture. It depends for its very being upon absolute and unwavering self-consciousness. To be clever one must always be intellectually on the spot. To drift
into the realm of contemplation is fatal; to dream is to sign the death-warrant of clever writing or conversation. Cleverness, therefore, can never partake of either the depths of thought or the heights of inspiration. This is the quality of which Chesterton is the greatest protagonist, and one of the most effective employers, in the world. From this aspect, his work is important, but imperfect; we hear the clanging of his mental machinery on almost every page. Were the product perfect, there would be a running ripple of laughter from beginning to end.

Realizing cleverness to be a conscious accomplishment, we naturally tend to expect some ulterior motive for which it exists. As employed by Shaw it persuades an unusually large public to accept for consideration a very serious thinker who, without it, would be restricted to the attention of the few. In the work of this writer we find a complete and consistent point of view toward everything in the world, and out of it. It is of the first importance to determine whether any such standpoint can be found in the work of Mr. Chesterton.

The writer had the good fortune to see one or two reviews of *The Ball and the Cross* before beginning the present work. One, which appeared in *The Book News Monthly* (Philadelphia, Pa.), will serve as an illuminating example.

"Of course this is much more than a novel"; says the confident reviewer; "and while we are infinitely amused over the adventures of Mr. Chesterton's characters, at the same time we are aware that the author means to drive home some telling truths in regard to our ideals and practices."

This is exactly what critics are always saying about Mr. Chesterton. They invariably assure us of the depth of meaning underlying his frivolity. What this is, they make not the slightest pretence to tell us. By nature the solemn critic feels it incumbent upon him to apologize for cleverness by reference to some fundamental philosophy. In the case of Mr. Chesterton no commentator (with the exception of his anonymous biographer) has made even the slightest effort to investigate his concepts, and when we turn to the writings themselves we find that he has made his ideas far from evident.
One seemingly consistent point of view we do find in all his recent work. This, as has been said, was not in the least apparent in The Wild Knight, but it appears more or less in everything else up to Heretics, and very positively in everything since. This is the spirit of reaction, reaction against everything that is new or modern or "progressive"—he defines the word somewhere to include all those who believe in the possibility of mankind attaining genuine happiness through the spread of education and reform—but to nothing very definite or particular. He evinces, indeed, a leaning toward Catholicism, but his standpoint is scarcely that of a Catholic. "Back to religion!" cries Chesterton, quite unaffectedly, and with great gusto, not for any especial reason, not because it is true, but because religion and humility are good for soul and body. Believe in God, because this will make you fat. Omit modernity from your intellectual diet and you will remain untroubled by mental indigestion. "If Christianity makes a man happy while his legs are being eaten by a lion," he speculates, "might it not make me happy while my legs are still attached to me and walking down the street?" This is as close to Mr. Chesterton's spiritual standpoint as he has permitted us to come. In the same way, he has written many anti-liberal manifestoes, yet his patrio-bellum beliefs bear no relation to the creed of either the Socialist or the Tory.

Is he, then, what he is continually proclaiming himself, an original and constructive philosopher? In the preface to Heretics (and in half-a-dozen places besides) he declares: "The most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe." Apparently he either regards the possession of a view as far more essential than the expression of it, or else he considers the declaration that the universe is good or the universe is bad as a fair philosophic statement. To believe that everything is going right, or everything is going wrong, that things have been better than they are, or are bound to be so in the long run—this, if we may judge from the writings of G. K. Chesterton, is to be a philosopher. Any fundamental relation between ideas, any genuine system such as can be traced in the work of any of those whom mistaken mankind has in the past regarded as philosophers, seems, so far as can be seen, entirely superfluous to this thinker. He contents himself with
stroking the surface of a hundred pools of thought and sending up an occasional jetty of water to an unexpected, if futile height, thus astonishing both those whose intention it is to bathe placidly and those who have come to dive to the depths. Thus he places himself irrevocably among the clever critics and illuminating littérateurs, and compels all equitable judgment of his work to be based upon its immediate artistic or utilitarian value.

A hasty examination of any hundred of the disconnected, unrelated commonplaces which he has so successfully phrased, must prove convincingly that Chesterton is no philosopher. As an artist in journalism his now incisive, and now buffeting style, and his pugnacious and dominating method, are, of course, admirable. As a moralist, his single interesting contribution is his violent and (recently) consistent opposition to progress (as defined above) in all its manifestations. This viewpoint, whatever may have been his original reasons for its adoption, seems to have become really his own, and it has brought him the firm and genuine support of absolutely no one who really knows what it is. That mankind is moving forward to the sound of mighty, ever more inspiring music, is an almost undoubted fact. The arguments seem too conclusive to meet with rejection by anyone less determined to be different than G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton hails Plato as the most Shawesque of all men, and sees therefore no advance since his time. But there are a million men closer to Plato in the world to-day than were a thousand in his lifetime. Mankind has not risen to the spirituality of Jesus, but it cannot be doubted that it is nearer to it to-day than ever. He, like every constructive radical, believed in man rather than men. He found himself surrounded by Scribes and Pharisees, but he saw beyond, behind the shadow of the centuries, a race that would be noble and pure and true. This very attitude in “progressives” to-day gives birth to Chesterton’s chief criticism of them. He is that most perfect example of narrow-sightedness, the mystic who attempts to glorify the obviously unsatisfactory past. He imagines himself (and us) confronted by but one choice: that between the mysticism of religion and the materialism of science—failing to realize that the belief in “progress” is the most mystic of all
religions, quite aside from its appeal to reason. But then, the retention of the reasoning faculty restrains one's pleasure in reading Chesterton. It is possible to see too clearly. As has been said of Nietzsche, Chesterton understood is less suggestive to thinking than Chesterton misunderstood. To be appreciated, this Rock of Gibraltar against Radicalism must be seen through Mediterranean mists.

Nothing in life or conduct or in human development or in art or science appeals to Chesterton as really worthy of excitement. His fervor is devoted to a defence of the obvious—and the obvious is very seldom the true. His fear is for the failure of the unimportant—from the standpoint of most of mankind. Thinking humanity has become engrossed in what it regards as its real problems—the problems of its regeneration. Mr. Chesterton achieves originality by ignoring these and assuring us of the extraordinary importance of the simple acts of life: eating, drinking, fighting and marrying; and of the farthest and most futile flights of thinking: the thought of why life exists, of what follows death, of what or who is master over these experiences. In a word, he devotes himself to the glorification of two factors in experience; those things which men do naturally, without thought, and those things which they do naturally without. "I cannot understand the people who take literature seriously," he says in All Things Considered. He might have extended his remark to thinkers in every other department of activity.

Mankind has become temporarily passionate for sensationalism. Our journals have satiated us with a certain sort; to be effective to-day one must discover new subjects to sensationalize. Chesterton has accomplished this, not only by forcing his way further into the fantastic, but also by returning to the obvious, and therefore most neglected realms.

Mr. McCabe and others have contended weightily against the Chesterton method, claiming that serious thoughts ought not to be exposed except in solemn raiment; still others, scenting an antagonism to their progressive notions, have violently attacked his "theories." We cannot for a moment lend our support to either objection, our contention being simply and solely that in a thor-
G. K. CHESTERTON: DEFENDER OF THE DISCARDED

Though charming and adequate way, Mr. Chesterton gives us (in a philosophical sense) absolutely no theories at all.

He is unquestionably preeminent in his particular field. As an ethical connoisseur of suggestive and thought-provoking power, he is second only to Shaw in present-day England. One man will read his writings with a continually mounting desire to answer back, another with a passion to imitate; it is possible a unique third may be moved to equally passionate agreement. He provokes scorn and hatred, love and envy; but always thought, and almost always pleasure. These are the characteristics of a clever, but not of a great writer. He always wounds or delights the mind, but never the heart. He moves one intellectually, but never emotionally or spiritually: and this is the first essential of the authentic artist. Chesterton may tell us that emotion is the only valid guide, but we believe it or not as we please; he does not make us feel that it is so. In this, he again differs radically from Shaw, who, not strictly a philosopher (though he possesses a singularly complete and well-defended standpoint) is, even in his criticism, a superb creative artist.

In Shaw, constrained as he has forced himself to be, we feel the surge of almost overmastering desires, we see the supernal light of utterly unrealizable, and therefore supremely valuable, ideals. In Chesterton we are blinded by a burst of splendid sparks; we are never burned by the fires that should generate them.

No one can contend that it is harder to be serious than to be clever. It is more difficult even to be clever than to be humorous or witty. The question is chiefly whether it is more worth while to produce a number of volumes of somewhat labored cleverness, lit with an occasional beam of witticism or whimsy, than it is to furnish the world with a bit of actualized soul, a creation brilliant with the superbly vital and yet superhuman flame of inspiration. The former is what Chesterton has done; the latter is literature. The former momentarily delights a large number of people, just as an effective and original cartoon of our political situation does; the latter quickens the blood and starts a divine passion in the brain of certain men and women as long as life lasts upon earth.

Now it is in the creative efforts of a writer rather than in his
criticism or biographies that we look for those elusive elements which so impress the human spirit with their fundamentality and permanence that we characterize that in which they are contained as literature. In the novels of Mr. Chesterton, if anywhere, we should expect to find the most complete and perfect expression of his ideas, for in them he has given us absolutely nothing else.

In neither *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* nor *The Man who was Thursday*, nor in his recent book, *The Ball and the Cross*, can he possibly pretend to the drawing of a single character. Their pages are populated with name-bearing progeny whose conversation is very edifying and enjoyable. It would be too much, however, to expect us to regard these cleverly constructed mimes as people. They are wonderfully simple organisms. Intellectually, each is infatuated with some single notion; and physically, but for the antics we are told of their performing, we could be quite sure they did not exist. Each of the books is furnished with a dozen marionettes expressly built for the purpose of tossing ideas at the places where (were they men and women) their brains might be supposed to be.

In plot, the volumes are ingenious beyond brief description. At the opening of each we find the author inspired by a fanciful (almost imaginative) notion by means of which he gets his figures moving at lightning speed. They move so rapidly, in fact, that by the end of the third or fourth chapter they have no very particular place left to go to and are forced back to begin the fun over again. This time the journey proceeds with even greater expedition, and the bewildered reader finds himself ready for a third, then a fourth, and (if a sufficient number of pages are to be covered) for a fifth, sixth, seventh or eighth round of duplication. Finally, the originally inspired writer feels that something must be done to round up the race and so he pulls his crew into a conveniently located lunatic asylum (as in *The Ball and the Cross*) and the exhausted reader, feeling the divine appropriateness of the end at least, wonders how the maddest mortal could have supposed that because a well-organized adventure delighted him at first perusal, he should be expected to cover the identical ground in an infinite number of repetitions.

In all three of the novels we are always hearing what the characters have said and done—never what they thought or what they...
were. They bounce from one pose to another, always doing something, forever talking, but never seeming to accomplish anything. In spite of the number and vivacity of their acts, one feels an utter lack of consistent and necessary action. The author seems to think it enough to make his opinionated puppets do—it makes very little difference what, or how, as long as they keep it up.

It is not so much a lack of reason as of rhythm. As manipulator, Chesterton is forced continually to recharge the rifle from which he shoots his circumstances, so that we get a rapid-fire succession of disconnected (though not dissimilar) happenings that is extremely disconcerting. The novels are not, like Meredith's, "chaos illumined by flashes of lightning," but lightning almost entirely obscured in chaotic thunder clouds. Sometimes the blinding flame escapes in a flash; never for a moment is there the life-warmth of the sunlight. It is much as if a gray mist were torn to shreds of silver by unexpected gleams. At their best, his splendor causes an ecstatic shudder to run down the spiritual spine of the reader, which forces upon him a wild but momentary joy. Such flashes burn the mind into shape for future thinking.

It is not the writer who thrusts upon us totally undreamed ideas, nor is it (as Mr. Chesterton insists) he who tells us what we have always known but never expressed, who affords us the utmost pleasure; but it is that man who suggests, as Chesterton superbly does, by an audacious epigram which antagonizes or captivates us (in the end it makes little difference which), ideas which may carry us on to hours of constructive contemplation.

All of the boldest and most personal of Chesterton's characteristics are illustrated by The Ball and the Cross. A brief study of the story, an examination of its participants, and an investigation of its insignificance, reveal the man at his best and worst.

Two puppets, armed with antagonistic religious views and with no possible opinions on, or connection with, anything else in the universe, but nevertheless characterized with inexplicable bad humor as Scotchmen, disagreeing about the virginity of the Virgin, determine to fight each other. Both being somewhat more (or less) than lunatics, neither for a moment imagines that any genuine solution of their problem can possibly result from their duel, but their lit-
erary creator assures us from behind the stage that duelling is the only natural, logical and necessary exercise for two men in their position to embark upon. A dozen times, under the most varied and cleverly constructed conditions, they begin their combat, each time to be interrupted by the impressive figure of a British policeman or some other solid representative of respectable society. Each time they flee and, turning, behold the head of said policeman just rising over a mound or wall which always happens to be behind them.

The caperings of these enthusiasts from one geographical position to another, along with some slight drifting from their original emotional situation, constitutes the total plot of the novel. Both the men (with such others as appear from time to time—femininity is practically excluded) are simply caustic mouthpieces of the Chestertonian entity. It makes little difference where this entity happens to lodge itself, whether in Professor Lucifer, the aeronaut, or Michael, the priest, or Turnbull, the atheist, or MacTan, the Highlander, it is utterly true to its own nature: its expression is always precisely the same.

The novel contains a possible ethical inference: that men would do better to abandon their philosophical, sociological, ethical or other controversies, and realize at once that the existence of a Deity is the only question of even the slightest importance to the race, and that to the determination of this problem every energy may be most worthily devoted. This is the only possible teaching of the book. There are, as usual, occasional successful epigrams, a number of suggestive paradoxes, perhaps even a subtly worded truth or two, but this is the sole large affirmative contribution of the volume.

In this novel, as in every other work, Chesterton shows himself as a bit of a moralist and much of a cleverist (to coin a necessary name for those who take their sense of humor seriously), but as neither a philosopher nor a creative artist.

How and where, then, must we classify him?

If we must do so, let us rank him where he naturally and logically belongs: as a clever charlatan who has captured the reading world by writing stupidity with brilliance.

What, indeed, are the great Chesterton affirmations? An approval of drink and metaphysics, of pugnacity and religion, from
the pragmatic standpoint that all are healthy. On his negative side
may be placed the denial of the progress of mankind toward the
most perfect society that the world has seen, and the denial of the
humanitarian insistence upon Man rather than definite men. These
are the fundamentals of his attitude; yet, in spite of them, he adores
Shaw and worships Christ, the greatest progressive and the greatest
humanitarian in History.

Whoever has something really tremendous to say, may possibly
be read by some people even if he be serious; but let him have very
little of any possible consequence to say and yet utter it gloriously,
and the public falls prostrate at his feet. Notwithstanding that he
has never created a character, Chesterton proved himself a good
psychologist. Instead of wasting years in finding out whether he was
really arriving at any ideas, he proceeded with unflinching vigor to
the long and arduous, but well-recompensed, task of developing a
means of satisfying the great literary demand of the day: cleverness
of expression.

The labors of half a lifetime have met with adequate reward, and
we find him who might, after years of striving, have expressed a few
trivial additions to the fund of intellectual material mankind is heir
to, roaming the fields of writing, visionless and uncreative, but
abundantly and brilliantly prolific. Let us furnish this man with
an unstinted measure of enthusiasm, let us be frank and fearless in
our appreciation of his accomplishment, and do not let us belittle
the glory of this by wrongly classifying it with the more common
and less interesting work of the thinkers and the dreamers.
THE BREED OF THE CONQUERORS

HALDANE MACFALL

Now, Dominion in the world goes to the Master race.

The Master race is that which has the will and discipline to live the fullest life without debauching it, or enfeebling its strength by excess.

The lamp of the master folk is the New Thought—its soul the New Instinct—its need the number of its splendid companions.

As the race evolves, it has to increase its strength, and to grasp still newer and vaster Thoughts, reach to larger ambitions, live mightier truths, array itself in more vigorous realities. It must live a larger life; or it must fail in the strife for mastery, and fall away amongst the lesser breeds—be swept into the lesser places of the earth.

What was the truth and thereby guidance to our forefathers has won us our inheritance; but, being ours, has ceased to lead us to further goals.

You shall not find the new truth by delving in old books for it. The new truth is forever being born. See to it that we have the strength for the new truths.

The New Thought comes, pregnant with guidance toward a wondrous destiny—seeking to change the face of the world.

But just as life cannot realize itself until it take a body to itself, so Thought is wholly barren and futile until it can transmute itself into a reality by clothing itself in the human emotions.

We do not live a Thought by thinking it—it only becomes a part of life when we feel it.

The greatest thinker is of no avail unless we live his thought; that is to say unless we live it by personal experience, or it be transmuted into art by an artist, who, by changing the thought into an emotional statement, thereby transfers it to our senses so that we, too, feel as if we had lived it.

The professor, with dandruff on collar, can state a solemn truth that two and two make four, or that a man shall love a woman or the race perish. Yet he leaves us cold. It is when the artist by his
alchemy makes the truth a living thing that leaps into our senses, that the great Thought is quickened in our emotion, thrills the blood, nerves the will, urges to action, and sets the heart aflame—so that it becomes a beacon-light to our voyaging, a bugle-call that sends us jigging toward heaven or hell—careless of death, reckless of the eternities.

Behind us is the rotting Past; before us the Splendid Wayfaring over a wider world, through a larger experience, to knowledge of a fuller life. The New Thought leads thereto, but the New Thought is blurred and tangled in a myriad chimeras of unlivable things, and it is given us by Art to test the reality or unreality of such things.

The spirit that animated ancient Greece and Italy and Spain is departed, the breath has left the dead body. Its aim, its ideals, its attitude, its vital significance are no more. We may look back upon the loftiness of its ambitions, the splendor of its ideals, the high intention of its nobler achievement with admiration, for their art has something of immortality in these; but in its fullness and in its intimacy we shall never know it. It has passed forever. A new age has dawned—a new generation—that needs new lamps for its beacon-light, new ambitions for its forward moving, that feels differently, sees differently.

Even the sublime art of Shakespeare, already growing old to the aims of our more complicated age, will one day become an affair for the patient student, its language will pass into an unspoken tongue, its significance be torn from it only by hard effort.

The old art can never be the new. Its tongue is a foreign tongue; its utterance as the halting speech of an alien breed. To listen to it is to strain the hearing, and we but half understand; but living art leaps into our understanding. An interpreter should not need an interpreter to interpret his interpretations.

No scholarship, no drudgery of research into books of explanations can yield us the sensing of the artistic thing. Art leaps into our senses, finding a welcome home therein, creating the answering sensation—or it fails to stir and is wholly withheld from us.

Yet the achievement of the great dead is not without its inspiration and its significance. For our schooling of studentship we may
learn much, may avoid much, through the travail of their wayfaring. If we realize the spirit in which they wrought, and remember that they employed their craftsmanship to create an art that has passed, their achievement is a lamp to our feet to teach us to go and do likewise and create a craftsmanship fitting to our artistry.

But let no man think he has come to freedom and found himself, until the lessons he has learnt are put behind him, and he has discovered his own means to express his art fitly. It is not until he rises from the school of tradition that his art shall find wings upon which to soar. It is not until he has thrown off the splendid tyranny of his masters and utters the emotional statement of that which he himself has felt that he becomes himself a master.

Suddenly, almost unconsciously, if he be a creative artist, he awakes to find that he has mastered the tools of his craft, that the means whereby he utters his art, render what he desires—awakes to find that he needs no longer to bend his whole wits on the handling of his skill of treatment. Only then can he utter his art with fullness; only then can he burst into full song.

Most men are, in their degree, artists. All men, in their degree, are moved by art. All men are able to receive art, each according to the measure of his sensitiveness—save only such as walk in the kingdom of the mad; nay, even such must be a very nullity, sans vision, sans hearing, sans taste, sans everything. But few conquer the craftsmanship that shall enable them to give forth their sensations with such skill that others shall feel them. Fewer still survive the idolatry to that craftsmanship when won. Style never yet created a great artist; style never yet created aught but the supreme craftsman. The great artist therefore arises but seldom. Genius is rare. That is why dullards and prigs and pedants ever mistake rarity for genius.

It is when creative faculty bathes itself in the sheer joy of impressional achievement that the artist utters himself alone. Beauty of statement, ease of utterance, facility with the tools of his craft, must have become a confirmed habit. Then only does he brace himself to his sovereignty—discipline himself for high governance—when he is master of his craftsmanship, so much master that he can attune his style to the idea that he would create. It is the ecstatic
moment in which he takes the mystic sacraments of coronation. He knows that the sceptre of empire over his kingdom of the imagination is given into his hands; and, with the candor of the conqueror, he accepts it, knowing the power that is behind his throne; knowing that he is no shabby puppet wearing the mantle of his betters; knowing, too, that his life must be the keen-eyed struggle of the usurper to keep that throne. . . . The age of his crown is not a king's significance; it is in the kingship within the skull beneath it.

There is now a wondrous music in his utterance that the world has not before heard—a perfection of statement that the world has not before seen. Some magic has fallen upon the vision of the man; and his skill of hand leaps eagerly to express that vision and utter the poetic that is in him. Thenceforth his craftsmanship states emotionally every impression that he desires to express. What has rent the veil and yielded him the mysteries, he himself, maybe, could not put into precise words, mayhap does not fully realize in terms of thought; the whole significance is in that he has felt overwhelmingly, and his hand's craft has by its wizardry been enabled to utter what he has felt.

The moment has come to him when the oneness of all art has been revealed to him. He has uttered color in terms of music, music in terms of color—or words have flowed to him that are akin to color and music, and he has so wrought them that they have passed from their mere intellectual meaning and changed into that which creates sensing. He has taken words and with them created emotional utterance so that the emotion is borne in upon others and rises created in their senses.

The artist must be of the breed of the conquerors. He has to discover a new world. As must all who would reach to majesty and dominion, he has to break the ancient table of the laws.

The artist creates his art; and in the doing he creates a Style to express that art; he creates Style—style cannot create art.

Revolution! Such is ever the cry of the hide-bound. The Commonplace-Man utters the word with rounded mouth of awe. But Revolution is the Conqueror's sword; and little men may not wield it, or they perish. 'Tis the hewer of life to the master breeds.
The New Thought, which leads to man's forward moving, must ever challenge current morality as well as all current and established things that stand in the way of forward moving. And forward moving ever appears insane or blasphemous or anarchic to the mediocre. And to add to their fear, they confuse that which is virile and forward-moving, with that which is futile and fantastic in their dreams of false progression.

He who revolts before his race is ripe, must die for it. But the race, being ripe for forward mastery, will move to mastery like the Giant Youth, stepping into his heritage.

You shall mark how the Commonplace Mind leaps like a frightened thing to spit forth the nickname of Anarchy when his little-nesses are assailed. The bewildered mob leaps forth from its anarchic home and rushes forthwith to cast stones at Anarchy. But the man who is stoned or starved or assailed as Anarchist to-day is like enough to be enshrined as demigod to-morrow.

The new revelation toward the heights is ever anarchic to the Hide-bound. The giver of the new Truth looms ever anarchic to the followers of the Stale Law; for he breaks the old law and shatters it. To the form-ridden Israelites, the Mightiest of the Jews loomed anarchic; the Scribes and Pharisees assailed the Christ as Anarchist, and crucified Him for it—for indeed He was anarchist to their anarchy. To the Roman soldiery and to the Scribes and Pharisees, the Christ was the breaker of the old law, for He created the new law. Yet to this day, the preacher preaches from the same pulpit the old law, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and the new law, "If thine enemy smite thee upon thy cheek, hold out the other"—aforetime he ordained that man should love his neighbor as himself and straightway burnt him to justify his neighborliness in desiring his salvation—so gives he forth the stale law and the new law in the same anarchic breath, and suspects no foolishness, yet is filled with a bewilderment of wonder that they who sit at his feet keep neither law.

So through the long ages the Maker of the new Truth looms ever anarchic; so every leader of our forward moving is ever assailed—in art as in all else. And the Mob, being fools or dullards, stone the maker of the new laws; and, having stoned him and be-
coming conquered by him, straightway set up his new law as a whip to scourge those that come after him who would enlarge his law and increase his revelation; so that by the time the new revelation is stale and its body turned to leather, the life gone out of it, they are using it as whips to assail the maker of the newer revelation.

Every tomfool who has written of living art of late years has bewailed Anarchy in Art or employed the like catchpenny—too dullard to see that he was but bewailing life in art, that Anarchy had naught to do with the business except that his own anarchies and confusions were being flung down.

The living artist, the revealer of living things, must reveal life to the people. He must dig his hands deep into the hearts of his fellows. It is for them alone that he may light the lamp of his genius. He is there to reveal life to them—to reveal themselves to themselves. His function is to come to mastery by supreme service. In so far as his art reveals a wider life to his fellows, in so far is he conqueror. By the measure of his failure to reveal life is the depth of his failure as artist.

The artist must open the gates to the wider life—he may be stoned for it. He may have to live in isolation to utter it. His dwelling-place for years may likely enough be the desert of neglect. His calling requires that awful and august solitude of misunderstanding during his best years even amidst the roar of the traffic of his fellowmen. But if he see the truth and utter it fearlessly, his will be a great reward.

It is God's aristocracy who are crucified.

And the appalling part of the awful sacrifice is that the revelation of the crucified is taken up by the narrow of skull and is debauched into a creed that shall be a whip to scourge the future crucified.
WOMAN: THE LINE OF PROGRESS

JULIUS CHAMBERS

"All careers open to all talents" should be the call to woman's independence. It is an indisputable proposition. It starts her right on her new career and will enable her to maintain her position. Believers in justice to woman assume she will ultimately secure every privilege, social and legal, possessed by man; thoughtful people expect woman to accept all responsibilities that inure to complete independence. From such a viewpoint, her future may be considered with entire frankness.

Little better than a serf from the beginning of the race until the middle of the last century, woman has been timid of walking alone,—hesitant as a young child. In some respects, she has remained a moral coward, despite splendid advancement since the period in which she was a creature to be knocked on the head and carried off as lawful prize. Woman has achieved more for herself in the past fifty years than in the thousand preceding. She has been spared initiative so long that it is rarely a trait of her character: each vigorous agitator in her behalf is handicapped by a thousand subservient, inactive members of the sex. A vast majority of women are content to remain subordinate. The indifference of well-to-do, self-satisfied woman, not in sympathetic touch with the masses of her sisterhood, is the stiffest hurdle in her race for freedom.

Man or woman without ambition is a clod of the earth. Owing to the evolutionary causes mentioned above, woman lacks ambition. Having individuality assured to her, how will she work out her destiny?

Under the new dispensation, woman must reverse herself. Dress, as ever, will proclaim the woman to the same extent that it serves to differentiate the prosperous from the unsuccessful man: but more than a Worth gown will be required to establish the claim of woman to a place in the front rank of her own sex. She must develop initiative,—she must "do things." Her mind must be developed by use: the brain of the average woman is fallow. It is not a storehouse of
knowledge, as it ought to be. Opportunity is plentiful, but incentive is wanting.

The entire problem of woman's future status revolves about the question whether she will rise to opportunity. Nine men out of every ten sincerely hope she will. She is naturally tactful,—a splendid advantage in her favor. Most men are forced to learn tact in "the college of hard knocks," but woman is born with a reasonable amount of adroitness. She is at her best in dealing with emergencies.

In such mental conditions regeneration overtakes her.

A necessary corollary of woman's independence is that she must be capable of self-support. No matter how circumstanced as to wealth, the new woman cannot afford to neglect preparation for an active life. She cannot afford to align herself with the idle, useless, rich young man who attains his majority without trade or profession. If she is to take and to keep the place accorded to her, she must follow the example of the best type of young man in the rising generation among the wealthy class. Sons of multi-millionaires are to-day at work in railroad shops, steamship offices and rolling mills, preparing for their administrative heritages of capital and responsibility. The only son of a man worth sixty millions is working ten hours daily at a coke furnace. Miss Helen Gould, an admirable example of progressive womanhood, has completed a course in law for guidance in the management of her own estate.

The woman of the future will safeguard her own interests. She will have a mind above the latest novelty in "Bridge," or the choicest morsel of gossip. Whatever she undertakes to learn, she will thoroughly master. She must not be content to be compared with the average man, who is less clever than she, but must aspire to rivalry with the brilliant, highly educated members of the other sex. Mrs. Asquith in England, Madame Adam in France, and Mrs. Mackay in the United States are standards by which she will be judged.

Unless the human race is to die out, woman cannot avoid her original sphere of motherhood; but the relation of husband and wife will undergo a pronounced change. Some women are born to be mothers. Maternity is a splendid calling, but it is an exacting one.
Only the best type of woman is fit for motherhood. Not only should a mother be a practical nurse and wise disciplinarian, but she should possess a fine mind to keep in touch with the budding intelligence of her children.

Woman is a Platonist. The basis of that philosophy is intuitionism, as opposed to experientialism. Experience rarely comes to her aid until she has run the gamut of her intuitional emotions. She seldom profits by experience. Intuition of woman is admitted by every man of experience. When she relies wholly upon this strange knowledge from within, derived from sense perception of rational apprehension, she is generally right in an estimate of character or a solution of a perplexing tactical situation. This remarkable possession of woman gives to her an immense advantage over man. She must make the most of it. When she enters the field of finance as an active competitor with man, she will be influenced and guided by this seventh sense that equalizes the contest.

The woman of the future will not believe in Platonic love: but sex equality will sound the knell of romance regarding “the hunter and the hunted.” Woman will claim the right to seek and to choose her mate. The effects of the changed status of woman upon the marriage relation will be radical. Marriage being a civil contract, the tendency will be to render it defeasible by a condition precedent, like a mortgage,—another form of contract between two persons based upon a consideration. “Love and affection” will assume a legal phase they do not now possess. A woman of high legal attainments, wife of a lawyer-millionaire, has boldly declared for the condition precedent in marriage contracts, namely, a pre-nuptial stipulation that the union shall be dissolved by mutual consent at the end of six months or a year, if the parties to the contract are unhappily mated. Mrs. Parsons used the term, “trial marriage,” which is not a happy one, but she repels any suggestion of “free love” in her strictly legal view of the marriage problem. If this view of marriage be accepted, the time will soon come when only the civil contract can be maintained in a court of law; if Mrs. Parsons’ plan be adopted, the divorce court will cease to exist, because the contract can be abrogated by mutual agreement. The visé of a judge will not be necessary. Naturally, a suit for breach of promise to marry
will not be entertained unless such a contract is under seal, and witnessed.

If marriage ceases to be recognized as a religious ceremony and develops into a purely civil contract, the "consideration" becomes a vital factor in the obligation. Then we shall have the English pre-nuptial dowry agreement, now repugnant to the American mind. The ability of a prospective husband to support a wife will be enquired into, as will be the financial status of the would-be bride. When a couple applies for a license to wed, they will be interrogated as to their ability to found a home. "Fly by night" marriages will be discountenanced. The marriageable age will probably be advanced to thirty for man and twenty-five for woman.

The divorced woman will scorn to live upon alimony; she will insist upon an equal division of the family property, and, be it much or little, will sustain herself. To-day, she regards the world as her enemy and vents upon it the spleen she would have wished to expend upon the husband of whom she is rid. A woman whose character has been saved by a generous husband out of regard for his children carries vindictiveness to the extreme limit. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," said the dramatist, and he might have added "or, a woman divorced." To change those conditions, modification of existing laws regarding alimony must follow. Present conditions are intolerable to both parties. The scandal of a divorced woman drawing alimony from a first husband after she has remarried, is debasing to her sex. And yet, this shameless spectacle is sustained by courts of justice. Except provision made for the children of the union, the woman of the future will scorn alimony. Her equitable rights in the family property will be adjusted in a manner less humiliating to her.

Divorce will become less common, due to the fact that the new woman will demand that man lead a more moral life. Two codes of morals exist at present, one for man, another for woman. This condition is no longer tolerable. Stern fathers have been known to turn daughters into the streets for violations of morality they would humorously condone in their sons. One immediate result of woman's equality will be an elevation of man's moral code. He will have a higher estimate of his obligations to society. A dissolute, immoral
man will not presume to wed a woman superior to him in morals and self-respect. Owing to woman's ability to provide for herself, such mésalliances will not occur.

"Liberty, equality, fraternity" will become the motto of the emancipated woman. The first evidence of her "liberty" must be to assume an attitude of individual responsibility. When she contracts debts for herself, she will attend to their payment. If she be logical and just, she cannot, as a self-respecting member of the race, permit another person to pay her debts. Husband and wife no longer being "one," she will hesitate about contracting exorbitant obligations that may render her liable to examination in supplementary proceedings. Common law and statutory enactments making a husband responsible for the torts and debts of a wife will be abolished: the woman of to-morrow will not submit to such laws.

The right of dower, a common-law claim of a wife to one-third of the real estate of her husband, will be increased to a one-half interest in all the family possessions. The marriage relation will eventually have the legal aspects of a partnership, whereas her dower right is now inchoate during her husband's life and depends upon her survival of his death. She has something that is of no marketable value during her husband's lifetime. In the absence of a will, she formerly had only "a widow's quarantine" of forty days in the chief house upon the property of the deceased. Statutory enactment in some states has abrogated those common-law conditions, but nowhere is the solemn declaration of the bridegroom at the marriage service, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," of legal effect. Its use is as meaningless to the wife as is that of the word "obey" to the husband.

Women capable of self-support will make better wives, because they will comprehend the meaning of "the struggle" to hard-working husbands. In the past, many girls have been trained by reputable mothers to rely upon "the weapons of their own ruse." Doctrines of some respectable married women regarding the extortion of money from husbands are not a whit more honest than those of the courtesan. Man is a "mark" for indulgence in any imaginable extravagance. Money may be wheedled from him by cajolery. Such women are responsible for a large proportion of commercial defalcations.
The dignity of labor will be recognized even by idle, listless women who exist upon the bounty of relatives. Educated women who support themselves will cease to be regarded as failures of the marriage market. Women, in a position to choose husbands, will deliberately decide for work. They will reject the opportunity to be useless. And their chief critics will continue to be the idle members of society, speaking unkindly of the independent woman who finds pleasure in work and defends the principle of freedom for her sisters.

No necessity exists to carry this single-handed contest too far. Women should be as willing to accept the coöperation of men as they would be to associate themselves with members of their own sex. There is a vast difference between independence and misanthropy. Wise men enlist the aid of their fellows; so should ambitious women. Why should women expect to become wise all at once? Self-reliance is a thing of growth. For generations, the best people have been willing that women do the scullery work of the world, while they have denied to her the privilege of all higher classes of employment, on the plea that she is unsexed thereby.

Let us consider woman's field of future labor.

Woman is already firmly entrenched in the field of literature. There are three successful women writers to-day to each man in a similar position. She took possession of this class of work early and has maintained her preëminence without lapse. Reference is especially had to English and French literature, for she has made little progress in Germany, Russia and Italy. The future is very bright for her. Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, "George Eliot," Mrs. Browning, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Humphry Ward are earnests of workers in literature that will follow them. England may well be proud of that list. In the United States, Edith Wharton and Gertrude Atherton may be accorded leadership, with a score of contemporaneous writers closely approaching the second class. Of these, one prefers not to be invidious by comparison.

That woman will maintain her supremacy in music goes without saying. Tenor voices are rarer than soprano and their possessors generally receive larger salaries owing to that fact alone; but the garden of song is abloom with brilliant young women who give assurance of the future. It is a fascinating wage-earning path, in
which the primroses are to be avoided if complete success is to be achieved.

The so-described "legitimate professions" of medicine, law, divinity and journalism offer alluring futures for the woman of education and courage. It is to the credit of the last named calling that women are paid exactly the same rate for their work as men! In nearly every large city of this land, women have demonstrated their capacity as writers and editors. As the field expands, they will develop even greater ability. During forty years of active life in newspaper making, I never have heard the slightest protest from a man associate against the "intrusion" of women! The American newspaper has been and will continue to be the stanchest friend of equal rights for women.

It is regrettable to say that the legal and medical professions have not extended the same welcoming hand to women. There have been several able, if not distinguished, women lawyers in this country, but so long as their own sex declines to employ them their progress must be disappointing. Men cannot be blamed for preferring the counsel of members of their sex. Some men are shy in the presence of women. One of the best American authorities on the law of real property is a woman and she has a large practice. The civil courts appear to offer the most inviting field for women lawyers, but no reason exists why they should not achieve success in criminology. Specialization may be wisest for women in this profession: although progress will be slower, it will be surer.

The profession of medicine ought to be successfully invaded by woman in time to come. As a professional nurse, she has demonstrated a superiority to man that every physician concedes. She is an angel in the sick room. Nursing is a high-class, remunerative calling and, when earnestly followed, becomes a valuable preparation for advancement, through college, to a doctor's degree in medicine. Pharmacy offers an attractive means of self-support. Pioneers are already on that trail and woman will make a place for herself in the compounding of prescriptions. Surgery may not be suitable to woman's physical conditions. In the professions, as in the trades, there are classes of labor for which she is unfitted.

The pulpit promises much for woman. With noble examples
like Mrs. Ballington Booth, one of the real evangelists of this generation, sincere Christian women can enter with confidence upon religious work. Women are naturally believers. Want of success as preachers in the past has been due to disloyalty to each other. That is rapidly disappearing, and the coming woman will command the respect in the pulpit accorded to her elsewhere. The lecture platform has attracted her; Anna E. Dickinson and Mary Elizabeth Lease have pointed the way for those that will follow.

( Woman asks no favor in the world of science. Mme. Curie, by the discovery of radium, made herself the peer of any scientist on earth. She was awarded the Nobel prize. ) (Mary Proctor, daughter of Richard A. Proctor; born in Ireland but now living in this country, is an authority on astronomy the world over. Many women are engaged in the study of bacteriology in the Agricultural Department at Washington, and several important discoveries in the warfare against parasitic enemies of plant life are due to their researches. )

In trade, woman has often succeeded where men have failed. The largest shop in Paris was managed for years by Mme. Boucicault; several successful shops in London are owned by women; the Krupp sisters of Essen are sole conductors of the greatest steel plant in the world. In New York, a restaurant that recently served a public dinner to 2,500 guests is under the sole direction of a young woman. These and numerous other instances, that might be mentioned, foreshadow the capacity of woman when her equality with man is fully recognized.

A wide field for trained domestic service is open to the laboring woman. It is the best paid class of manual labor. The advanced woman will protect herself against the slothful incompetence of the present household servant. Demand so greatly exceeds the supply that employers are often compelled to pay excessive wages for unskilled labor. Industrial schools will be established for the instruction of working-women in every branch of their trade.

At this point, attention is properly called to the exceeding illiberality of the Emperor William, who recently expressed an opinion that woman should be accorded complete equality with man except in the franchise! He would concede to her the right to support her-
self, especially in a country where military service depletes the number of working men by more than a million, but he would not have her share in making laws under which she must exist. In other words, she ought to assist in supporting an idle army, but she must not have a voice in the conduct of the government. Such a proposition is illogical and untenable.

In her struggle for equality of civil rights and wages, woman has made distinct progress in the United States. In England, her methods of agitation have been of an aggressive character that savor of those followed here by Carrie Nation, a woman who stands for nobody but herself. The militant type of "suffragette" does not meet with favor in this country. Agitation takes more temperate, reasoning forms, albeit its energy and enthusiasm is equally as great as that displayed by the women of London. Already, women possess the suffrage upon equal terms with men at all elections in Wyoming, established in 1869; in Colorado, in 1893; in Utah, in 1896, and in Idaho, in 1896. Full suffrage for women was rejected by the Kansas legislature in 1909; but in that state women have voted for school directors since 1861, for municipal officers since 1887 and for taxation since 1903. Connecticut women vote for members of Boards of Education and directors of Public Libraries. Similar rights exist in twenty-nine other states. In New York, Minnesota, Montana, Iowa, Michigan and Louisiana, women with certain property qualifications are entitled to vote upon propositions for raising money by tax or assessment.

This is a significant commencement. But woman must have all her rights. Real equality is only reached in absolute equity.

The "equality" that woman demands and assuredly will attain is equality of opportunity. That secured, equality in wages must follow. When man first achieved liberty, under the Greek civilization, he was less fitted for its enjoyment than is the woman of today. The eighteenth century closed in a sea of blood to establish the Rights of Man: the twentieth century has opened with a peaceful revolution, not less momentous, that will end in recognition of woman's equal share in the divine principle for which the French people rose in their might.

When Emerson was asked, "What is civilization?" he answered:

"The power of good women."
THE MUSIC OF THE PASSION PLAY
AT OBERAMMERGAU

HENRY L. GIDEON

As a lover of the literary and dramatic survival the tourist may rejoice in the text of the Passion Play; as a student of the psychology of crowds he may be stimulated by the assemblage at Oberammergau of representatives of every Christian nation; the connoisseur of stage pictures may revel in the artistic groupings that compose the Biblical pictures; but only an unlimited reverence, a religious devotion which condones every shortcoming, will obliterate the memory of the wretchedness of the musical performance which accompanied the Passionspiel of 1910. No intelligent tourist who possesses an iota of the critical faculty can take exception to this statement. That the villagers themselves are aware of the shortcomings of this incidental music is evident from the plea for indulgence set forth in the pamphlet issued by the director of the music of the Passion Play. These are his words: "As was the case in former times, there is no doubt that the Passion Play music of 1910 will be freely criticised. The music will certainly not please the modern critic; some will laugh at it, others will dismiss it with a short contemptuous criticism. Nowadays the good old times are out of date, sensationalism is the watchword—few care to seek for the truth which alone brings mental satisfaction. The Oberammergau Passion music in its original truthfulness and simplicity deserves for this reason recognition of its obvious merits. It speaks from the soul in straightforward melody." With these statements the writer of the article heartily agrees. The polyphony of Bach and the tone-painting of Wagner would alike be ill suited to the character of the production and the average ability of the participants. Rochus Dedler, teacher of music in Oberammergau during the first two decades of the 19th century, made no mistake when he composed this music in the style of Mozart, his near-contemporary. Directness, lucidity and singleness of purpose are qualities as indispensable in this atmosphere as they are to the liturgical music that best accompanies the church office. The managers of succes-
sive performances of the Play have wisely clung to the music of Dedler, despite the arguments in favor of supplanting it with compositions in the style of Bach, of Wagner, or of Brahms.

The performance must be regarded not as a musical production, but as an episodic Biblical drama with frequent tableaux, the thread of the narrative being maintained by a Prologue and a band of soloists and choristers. The play is divided into seventeen "acts." Each act contains one or more Biblical pictures in which men, women and children represent familiar personages. Though mute and motionless, these are clearly identified by the singing narrator. For example, weeping women are not so unusual in Old and New Testament stories but that the tableau representing the lamenting bride in the Song of Solomon might be a mere thing of beauty were it not for the kindly offices of this didactic narrator. The nucleus of the act, however, is always an incident in the life of Christ presented by the few actors on whom the success of the performance really depends. These persons speak their lines entirely, always without musical accompaniment and never bursting into song. The Christ, for instance, enters Jerusalem amid the acclamations and songs of the people, but himself responds with nothing more than an unspoken blessing. During the agony in the garden, no leit-motif voices his sorrow, no orchestral voice guides him to the angel. So with Judas, whose great scene—the monologue preceding suicide—is a noble bit of pure drama unspoiled by "incidental" music. Even in the emotional scene presenting the parting between the Christ and Mary at Emmaus the adapters of the spectacle have, with noble artistic restraint, resisted the temptation to introduce music. Only two moments in the procession of events are purely musical: at eight o'clock in the morning an orchestral "symphony" and choral prelude prepare the way for the events of the day, and at six in the evening the Hallelujah and Fugue proclaim the triumphant end of the story. The progress of each act is somewhat as follows: Prologue, followed by half the chorus of forty singers, enters from the left side of the foreground (near the house of Pilate), while the other half enters from the right (near the house of Annas). After the apostrophe has been spoken by the Prologue, one singer, usually the leader of the chorus, delivers the narrative. At a certain
juncture the chorus line, dividing into halves, recedes so as to form two diagonal lines with a wide opening in the centre. Here, at the parting of a curtain, the tableau is revealed. Solo or chorus assumes the function of guide, turning moralist at the closing of the curtain, or establishing the connection between the picture just presented and the situation about to follow. However superfluous these musical glosses may seem and however monotonous they may become as the reappearances of the chorus approach the twenty mark, they are at least useful as bridges to span over the waits between successive scenes upon the stage. In his Illustrated Guide-book, Ferdinand Feldigl with unconscious humor apologizes for the oft-recurring chorus in the following terms:

"Act XI.
The Chorus appears too often and, without doubt, tires the public, but there is no break in the progress of the Play. It must be remembered also that time is won thereby for the preparation of the great scenes which follow each other so quickly."

So as not to interfere with the "action on the stage" the chorus withdraws as soon as it has done its duty. This manoeuvre is repeated sixteen times during the day, so that each reëntrance of the chorus is the index to a new act.

During the summer of 1910 most of the narratives were assigned in recitative to a baritone soloist, who is called Leader of the Chorus. Though he has served in this capacity for three decades and his voice is none the fresher for his years, his interpretation is given with the authority of a patriarch. Two solo tenors shared the responsibility of most of the cantilenas, which were the melodic gems of the score. The more important of these two singers—brother to the Magdalena of the Play—displayed a fairly good voice and an unerring appreciation of the intentions of the composer. With commendable courage he scaled the dizzy heights of Dedler's tenor phrases, that seem to have been thrown off without any regard for the limitations in compass of the average human voice. These solo parts and those allotted to the soprano voice are the most troublesome feature of the performance. The choruses, on the other
hand, are usually effective, except when great demands are made on the upper voices. The attempts at such moments—and they were not infrequent—were dismal in the extreme, with the voices straining for the upper notes and the orchestra valiantly striving to supply a firm foundation. Yet, though the effort to reach high notes was painfully apparent, there was never the slightest aberration from pitch. Indeed, in the Hallelujah and Fugue which closed the day’s performance, after having sung time and again in the open air exposed to a heavy downpour of rain, the chorus displayed surprising strength of tone and precision of attack.

However harshly one may criticise the character of the musical performance, this much must be said in favor of its spirit: the unconsciousness of effect and the single-hearted devotion to the whole cause that characterized the work of the players was even more apparent in the case of the singers. A contralto soloist with two distinct registers—the one encroaching upon the other—was no village maiden craving indulgence for her limitations, but the humble instrument of a spiritual message. Only this unpretentiousness saved the vocal work from utter failure. In harmony with this spirit, the singers, with the exception of the Leader of the Chorus who occupied the centre, were given equally prominent positions on the stage. In fact, it would have been impossible to detect just which person was singing, had the soloist of the moment not emphasized his utterance with a differentiating gesture. A further aid in eliminating the obtrusively personal and individual effort was the adoption of the mechanical device which has rapidly become popular since it has proved a success at the Wagner Theatre in Bayreuth. I refer to the “sunken” orchestra. So clever was the arrangement that even the director was only rarely visible to the spectators, and the players never. The small orchestra of strings and woodwinds that had served in the Festivals of 1890 and 1900 was enriched during the summer of 1910 by the addition of a brass section consisting of two trumpets, two horns and three trombones. A knowledge of the fact that none but residents of Oberammergau serve in the orchestra, and that some of these are mere boys, adds nothing to one’s enjoyment of their inadequate performance of the music. If candidates for important speaking rôles repair to Munich to improve their style
under the direction of professional actors and teachers, if instructors are induced to take up their residence in Oberammergau for the purpose of training chorus and orchestra, it would surely be consistent to go a step farther and engage a handful of professional players who would ensure an adequate performance of this instrumental music. Dedler's score deserves it. A similar move would lift the vocal performance out of its present unsatisfactory state without marring the simplicity of its presentation. And yet it does seem that if simple artisans can be trained to impersonate with good artistic effect the rôles of Christ, Peter, John and the two Marys and to speak their lines so as to be heard and understood in a half-enclosed auditorium seating four thousand persons, the sisters and brothers of these same artisans can be taught from one Passion Year to another to render acceptably the solos written by a master hand.

Perhaps music is the meek and humble handmaid that comes in for latest consideration at Oberammergau. At all events, it is to be hoped that before the next Passion Year adequate preparations will be made for a musical performance worthy of the mechanical cleverness, pictorial beauty and dramatic excellence of this remarkable achievement of pious wood-carvers dwelling in the Bavarian Alps.
THE PILGRIMS OF THIBET

CALE YOUNG RICE

Down the road to Llasa,
    Himalayan and strange,
I thought I saw them winding
    From range to lower range,
The seekers after Buddha,
    Across the ice and cold,
And from their lips the mystic phrase
    Of merit ever tolled:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Life is but a way of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Clothed in rags and turquoise
    And necklaces of skulls,
And shoes of yak worn furless,
    And fleece the shepherd culls,
With faces like to parchments
    Whereon alone was writ
The repetition of those words
    Of wonder infinite:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
Life is but a robe of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Down the road ascetic
    And desert, bleak and drear,
I thought I saw them winding
    To Llasa walls more near;
Strong man and maid and mother,
Shorn youth and sexless age,
That ever to the wind intoned
Their one acquitting page:

'Om mane padme, hum!'  
Grief is but the goal of lust.  
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,  
Till we to Nirvana come.

Past the hermit's cavern—  
Where he alone drew breath!—  
Past nunneries where silence  
Waits, acolyte of death;  
Past shrines of lesser power,  
Where smiling idols wear  
The bliss upon their gilded lips  
Of the all-granting prayer.

'Om mane padme, hum!'  
Leave the life of flesh and lust.  
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,  
Till we to Nirvana come.

Down the road—and down it,  
I saw them, lama-led,  
'Mid holy lakes and mountains  
And monasteries fed  
With endless alms—and measured  
By slow prostrations round,  
And by the chanted syllables  
That sprang as from the ground:

'Om mane padme, hum!'  
Life is but the lair of lust.  
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,  
Till we to Nirvana come.
Then at last to Llasa
They reach—I see them yet!—
And touch the gods on altars
Above all others set.
Monk, man and maid and mother,
Upon the Wheel of Things
From which escape shall come alone
To him who ceaseless sings:

'Om mane padme, hum!'
End the life of greed and lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.
THE NEW MACHIAVELLI

H. G. WELLS

CHAPTER THE THIRD

MARGARET IN VENICE

I

There comes into my mind a confused memory of conversations with Margaret; we must have had dozens altogether, and they mix in now for the most part inextricably not only with one another but with later talks and with things we discussed at Pangbourne. We had the immensesest anticipations of the years and opportunities that lay before us. I was now very deeply in love with her indeed. I felt not that I had cleaned up my life but that she had. We called each other "confederate." I remember, and made during our brief engagement a series of visits to the various legislative bodies in London, the County Council, the House of Commons, where we dined with Villiers, the St. Pancras Vestry. I was full of plans and so was she of the way in which we were to live and work. We were to pay back in public service whatever excess of wealth beyond his merits old Seddon's economic advantage had won for him from the toiling people in the potteries. The end of the Boer war was so recent that that blessed word "efficiency" echoed still in people's minds and thoughts. Lord Rosebery in a memorable oration had put it into the heads of the big outer public, but the Baileys with a certain show of justice claimed to have set it going in the channels that took it to him—if as a matter of fact it was taken to him. But then it was their habit to make claims of that sort. They certainly did their share to keep "efficient" going. Altiora's highest praise was "thoroughly efficient." We were to be a "thoroughly efficient" political couple of the "new type." She explained us to herself and Oscar, she explained us to ourselves, she explained us to the people who came to her dinners and afternoons until the world was charged with expectation and the proposal that I should be the Liberal candidate for the Kinghamstead division seemed the most natural development of our situation.

The thought of discipline dominated my mind. I was full of the ideal of hard restrained living and relentless activity, and throughout a beautiful November at Venice, where chiefly we spent our honeymoon, we turned over and over again and discussed in every aspect
our conception of a life tremendously focused upon the ideal of social service.

Most clearly there stands out a picture of ourselves talking in a gondola on our way to Torcello. Far away behind us the smoke of Murano forms a black stain upon an immense shining prospect of smooth water, water as unruffled and luminous as the sky above, a mirror on which rows of posts and distant black high-stemmed, swan-necked boats with their minutely clear swinging gondoliers, float aerially. Remote and low before us rises the little tower of our destination. Our men swing together and their oars swirl leisurely through the water, bump back in the rowlocks, splash sharply and go swishing back again. Margaret lies back on cushions, with her face shaded by a holland parasol, and I sit up beside her.

"You see," I say, and in spite of Margaret's note of perfect acquiescence I feel myself reasoning against an indefinable antag­onism, "it is so easy to fall into a slack way with life. There may seem to be something priggish in a meticulous discipline, but otherwise it is so easy to slip into indolent habits—and to be distracted from one's purpose. The country, the world, wants men to serve its constructive needs, to work out and carry out plans. For a man who has to make a living the enemy is immediate necessity; for people like ourselves it's—it's the constant small opportunity of agreeable things."

"Frittering away," she says, "time and strength."

"That is what I feel. It's so pleasant to pretend one is simply modest, it looks so foolish at times to take oneself too seriously. We've got to take ourselves seriously."

She endorses my words with her eyes.

"I feel I can do great things with life."

"I know you can."

"But that's only to be done by concentrating one's life upon one main end. We have to plan our days, to make everything subserve our scheme."

"I feel," she answers softly, "we ought to give—every hour."

Her face becomes dreamy. "I want to give every hour," she adds.

II

That holiday in Venice is set in my memory like a little artificial lake in uneven confused country, as something very bright and sky-like, and discontinuous with all about it. The faded quality of the very sunshine of that season, the mellow discolored palaces and places, the huge, time-ripened paintings of departed splendors, the whisper-
ing, nearly noiseless passage of hearse-black gondolas, for the hor­rible steam launch had not yet ruined Venice, the stillled magnifi­cences of the depopulated lagoons, the universal autumn, made me feel altogether in recess from the teeming uproars of reality. There were not a dozen people all told, no Americans and scarcely any Eng­lish, to dine in the big cavern of a dining room, with its vistas of sep­arate tables, its distempered walls and its swathed chandeliers. We went about seeing beautiful things, accepting beauty on every hand, and taking it for granted that all was well with ourselves and the world. It was ten days or a fortnight before I became fretful and anxious for action; a long tranquillity for such a temperament as mine.

Our pleasures were curiously impersonal, a succession of shared æsthetic appreciations threads all that time. Our honeymoon was no exultant coming together, no mutual shout of “you!” We were almost shy with one another, and felt the relief of even a picture to help us out. It was entirely in my conception of things that I should be very watchful not to shock or distress Margaret or press the sensuous note. Our love-making had much of the tepid smoothness of the lagoons. We talked in delicate innuendo of what should be glorious freedoms. Margaret had missed Verona and Venice in her previous Italian journey—fear of the mosquito had driven her mother across Italy to the westward route—and now she could fill up her gaps and see the Titians and Paul Veroneses she already knew in colorless photographs, the Carpaccios, (the St. George series delighted her beyond measure,) the Basaitis and that great statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni that Ruskin praised.

But since I am not a man to look at pictures and architectural effects day after day, I did watch Margaret very closely and store a thousand memories of her. I can see her now, her long body drooping a little forward, her sweet face upraised to some discovered masterpiece and shining with a delicate enthusiasm. I can hear again the soft cadences of her voice murmuring commonplace com­ments, for she had no gift of expressing the shapeless satisfactions these things gave her.

Margaret, I perceived, was a cultivated person, the first cultivated person with whom I had ever come into close contact. She was culti­vated and moral, and I, I now realize, was never either of these things. She was passive, and I am active. She did not simply and naturally look for beauty but she had been incited to look for it at school, and took perhaps a keener interest in books and lectures and all the organization of beautiful things than she did in beauty itself; she found much of the delight in being guided to it. Now a thing ceases to be beautiful to me when some finger points me out its merits.
Beauty is the salt of life, but I take my beauty as a wild beast gets its salt, as a constituent of the meal. . . .

And besides, there was that between us that should have seemed more beautiful than any picture. . . .

So we went about Venice tracking down pictures and spiral staircases and suchlike things, and my brains were busy all the time with such things as a comparison of Venice and its nearest modern equivalent, New York, with the elaboration of schemes of action when we returned to London, with the development of a theory of Margaret.

Our marriage had done this much at least, that it had fused and destroyed those two independent ways of thinking about her that had gone on in my mind hitherto. Suddenly she had become very near to me, and a very big thing, a sort of comprehensive generalization behind a thousand questions, like the sky or England. The judgments and understandings that had worked when she was, so to speak, miles away from my life, had now to be altogether revised. Trifling things began to matter enormously, that she had a weak and easily fatigued back, for example, or that when she knitted her brows and stammered a little in talking, it didn't really mean that an exquisite significance struggled for utterance.

We visited pictures in the mornings chiefly. In the afternoon, unless we were making a day long excursion in a gondola, Margaret would rest for an hour while I prowled about in search of English newspapers, and then we would go to tea in the Piazza San Marco and watch the drift of people feeding the pigeons and going into the little doors beneath the sunlit arches and domes of Saint Mark's. Then perhaps we would stroll on the Piazzetta, or go out into the sunset in a gondola. Margaret became very interested in the shops that abound under the colonnades and decided at last to make an extensive purchase of table glass. "These things," she said, "are quite beautiful, and far cheaper than anything but the most ordinary looking English ware." I was interested in her idea, and a good deal charmed by the delightful qualities of tinted shape, slender handle and twisted stem. I suggested we should get not simply tumblers and wine glasses but bedroom waterbottles, fruit and sweet dishes, water jugs, and in the end we made quite a businesslike afternoon of it.

I was beginning now to long quite definitely for events. Energy was accumulating in me, and worrying me for an outlet. I found the Times and the Daily Telegraph and the other papers I managed to get hold of, more and more stimulating. I nearly wrote to the former paper one day in answer to a letter by Lord Grimthorpe—I forget now upon what point. I chafed secretly against this life of tranquil appreciations more and more. I found my attitudes of
restrained and delicate affection for Margaret increasingly difficult to sustain. I surprised myself and her by little gusts of irritability, gusts like the catspaws before a gale. I was alarmed at these symptoms.

One night when Margaret had gone up to her room, I put on a light overcoat, went out into the night and prowled for a long time, through the narrow streets, smoking and thinking. I returned and went and sat on the edge of her bed to talk to her.

"Look here, Margaret," I said; "this is all very well, but I'm restless."

"Restless!" she said, with a faint surprise in her voice.

"Yes. I think I want exercise. I've got a sort of feeling—I've never had it before—as though I was getting fat."

"My dear!" she cried.

"I want to do things;—ride horses, climb mountains, take the devil out of myself."

She watched me thoughtfully.

"Couldn't we do something?" she said.

"Do what?"

"I don't know. Couldn't we perhaps go away from here soon—and walk in the mountains—on our way home?"

I thought. "There seems to be no exercise at all in this place."

"Isn't there some walk?"

"I wonder," I answered. "We might walk to Chioggia perhaps, along the Lido." And we tried that, but the long stretch of beach fatigued Margaret's back, and gave her blisters, and we never got beyond Malamocco....

A day or so after that we went out to those pleasant black-robed, bearded Armenians in that monastery at Saint Lazzaro, and returned towards sundown. We fell into a silence. "Piu lento," said Margaret to the gondolier, and released my accumulated resolution.

"Let us go back to London," I said abruptly.

Margaret looked at me with surprised blue eyes.

"This is beautiful beyond measure, you know," I said, sticking to my point. "But I have work to do."

She was silent for some seconds. "I had forgotten," she said.

"So had I," I sympathized and took her hand. "Suddenly I have remembered."

She remained quite still. "There is so much to be done," I said, almost apologetically.

She looked long away from me across the lagoon and at last sighed, like one who has drunk deeply, and turned to me.

"I suppose one ought not to be so happy," she said. "Everything has been so beautiful and so simple and splendid. And clean.
THE FORUM

It has been just With You—the time of my life. It’s a pity such things must end. But the world is calling you, dear. . . . I ought not to have forgotten it. I thought you were resting—and thinking. But if you are rested—Would you like us to start tomorrow?”

She looked at once so fragile and so devoted that on the spur of the moment I relented, and we stayed in Venice four more days.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

THE HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER

I

Margaret had already taken a little house in Radnor Square, Westminster, before our marriage, a house that seemed particularly adaptable to our needs as public-spirited efficient; it had been very pleasantly painted and papered under Margaret’s instructions, white paint and clean open purples and green predominating, and now we set to work at once upon the interesting business of arranging and—with our Venetian glass as a beginning—furnishing it. We had been fairly fortunate with our wedding presents and for the most part it was open to us to choose just exactly what we would have and just precisely where we would put it.

Margaret had a sense of form and color altogether superior to mine, and so quite apart from the fact that it was her money equipped us, I stood aside from all these matters or obeyed her summons to a consultation only to endorse her judgment very readily. Until everything was settled I went every day to my old rooms in Vincent Square and worked at a series of papers that were originally intended for the Fortnightly Review, the papers that afterwards became my fourth book, New Aspects of Liberalism.

I still remember as delightful most of the circumstances of getting into 79, Radnor Square. The thin flavor of indecision about Margaret disappeared altogether in a shop; she had the precisest ideas of what she wanted, and the devices of the salesman did not sway her. It was very pleasant to find her taking things out of my hands with a certain masterfulness, and showing the distinctest determination to make a house in which I should be able to work in that great project of “doing something for the world.”

“And I do want to make things pretty about us,” she said. “You don’t think it wrong to have things pretty?”

“I want them so.”

“Altiora has things hard.”
"Altiora," I answered, "takes a pride in standing ugly and uncomfortable things. But I don't see that they help her. Anyhow they won't help me."

So Margaret went to the best shops and got everything very simple and very good. She bought some pictures very well indeed; there was a little Sussex landscape full of wind and sunshine by Nicholson for my study, that hit my taste far better than if I had gone out to get some such expression for myself.

"We will buy a picture just now and then," she said, "sometimes—when we see one."

I would come back through the January mire or fog from Vincent Square to the door of number 79, and reach it at last with a quite childish appreciation of the fact that its solid Georgian proportions and its fine brass furnishings belonged to my home; I would use my latch key and discover Margaret in the warm-lit, spacious hall with a partially opened packing case, fatigued but happy, or go up to have tea with her out of the right tea things, "come at last," or be told to notice what was fresh there. It wasn't simply that I had never had a house before, but I had really never been except in the most transitory way in any house that was nearly so delightful as mine promised to be. Everything was fresh and bright, and softly and harmoniously toned. Downstairs we had a green dining room with gleaming silver, dark oak and English color-prints; above was a large drawing room that could be made still larger by throwing open folding doors, and it was all carefully done in grays and blues, for the most part with real Sheraton supplemented by Sheraton so skillfully imitated by an expert Margaret had discovered as to be indistinguishable except to a minute scrutiny. And for me above this and next to my bedroom there was a roomy study, with specially thick stair carpet outside and thick carpets in the bedroom overhead and a big old desk for me to sit and work between fire and window, and another desk specially made for me by that expert if I chose to stand and write, and open bookshelves and bookcases and every sort of convenient fitting. There were electric heaters beside the open fire, and everything was put for me to make tea at any time, electric kettle, infuser, biscuits and fresh butter, so that I could get up and work at any hour of the day or night. I could do no work in this apartment for a long time, I was so interested in the perfection of its arrangements. And when I brought in my books and papers from Vincent Square, Margaret seized upon all the really shabby volumes and had them re-bound in a fine official looking leather.

I can remember sitting down at that desk and looking round me and feeling with a queer effect of surprise that after all even a place
in the Cabinet, though infinitely remote, was nevertheless in the same large world with these fine and quietly expensive things.

On the same floor Margaret had a "den," a very neat and pretty den with good color prints of Botticellis and Carpaccios, and there was a third apartment for secretarial purposes should the necessity for them arise, with a severe looking desk equipped with patent files. And Margaret would come flitting into the room to me, or appear noiselessly standing, a tall gracefully drooping form, in the wide open doorway. "Is everything right, dear?" she would ask.

"Come in," I would say, "I'm sorting out papers."

She would come to the hearthrug.

"I mustn't disturb you," she would remark.

"I'm not busy yet."

"Things are getting into order. Then we must make out a time-table as the Baileys do, and begin!"

Altiora came in to see us once or twice, and a number of serious young wives known to Altiora called and were shown over the house and discussed its arrangements with Margaret. They were all tremendously keen on efficient arrangements. "A little pretty," said Altiora with the faintest disapproval, "still—"

It was clear she thought we should grow out of that.

From the day of our return we had found other people's houses open to us and eager for us. We went out of London for week-ends and dined out and began discussing our projects for reciprocating these hospitalities. As a single man unattached I had had a wide and miscellaneous social range, but now I found myself falling into place in a set. For a time I acquiesced in this. I went very little to my clubs, the Climax and the National Liberal, and participated in no bachelor dinners at all. For a time too I dropped out of the garrulous literary and journalistic circles I had frequented. I put up for the Reform, not so much for the use of the club as for a sign of serious and substantial political standing. I didn't go up to Cambridge I remember for nearly a year, so occupied was I with my new adjustments.

The people we found ourselves among at this time were people, to put it roughly, of the parliamentary candidate class, or people already actually placed in the political world. They ranged between very considerable wealth and such a hard bare independence as old Willersley and the sister who kept house for him possessed. There were quite a number of young couples like ourselves, a little younger and more artless or a little older and more established. Among the younger men I had a sort of distinction because of my Cambridge reputation and my writing, and because, unlike them, I was an adventurer and had won and married my way into their circles instead
of being naturally there. They couldn't quite reckon upon what I should do; they felt I had reserves of experience and incalculable traditions. Close to us were the Cramptons, Willie Crampton who has since been Postmaster General, rich and very important in Rockshire, and his younger brother Edward, who has given a new style to history. Then there was Lewis further towards Kensington, where his cousins the Solomons and the Hartsteins lived, a brilliant representative of his race, able, industrious and invariably uninspired, with a wife a little in revolt against the racial tradition of feminine servitude and inclined to the suffragette point of view, and Bunting Harblow, an old blue, and with an erratic disposition well under the control of the able little cousin he had married. I had known all these men, but now (with Altiora floating angelically in benediction) they opened their hearts to me and took me into their order. They were all like myself prospective Liberal candidates, with a feeling that the period of wandering in the wilderness of opposition was drawing near its close. They were all tremendously keen upon social and political service, and all greatly under the sway of the ideal of a simple strenuous life, a life finding its satisfaction in political achievements and distinctions. The young wives were as keen about it as the young husbands, Margaret most of all, and I—whatever elements in me didn't march with the attitudes and habits of this set were very much in the background during that time.

We would give little dinners and have evening gatherings at which everything was very simple and very good, with a slight but perceptible austerity, and there was more good fruit and flowers and less perhaps in the way of savories, patties and entrées than was customary. Sherry we banished, and Marsala and liqueurs, and there was always good home-made lemonade available. No men waited, but very expert parlormaids. Our meat was usually Welsh mutton—I don't know why unless that mountains have ever been the last refuge of the severer virtues. And we talked politics and books and ideas and Bernard Shaw (who was a department by himself and supposed to be ethically sound at bottom), and mingled ourselves with the intellectuals—I myself was as it were a promoted intellectual.

The Cramptons had a tendency to read good things aloud on their less frequented receptions, but I have never been able to participate submissively in this hyper-digestion of written matter and generally managed to provoke a disruptive debate. We were all very earnest to make the most of ourselves and to be and do, and I wonder still at times with an unassuaged perplexity how it is that in that phase of utmost earnestness I have always seemed to myself to be most remote from reality.
II

I look back now across the detaching intervention of sixteen crowded years, critically and I fancy almost impartially, to those beginnings of my married life. I try to recall in something near to their proper order the developing phases of relationship. I am struck most of all by the immense unpremeditated, generous-spirited insincerities upon which Margaret and I were building.

It seems to me that here I have to tell perhaps the commonest experience of all among married educated people, the deliberate, shy, complex effort to fill the yawning gaps in temperament as they appear, the sustained, failing attempt to bridge abysses, level barriers, evade violent pressures. I have come in these latter years of my life to believe that it is possible for a man and woman to be absolutely real with one another, to stand naked souled to each other, unashamed and unafraid, because of the natural all-glorifying love between them. It is possible to love and be loved untroubling, as a bird flies happily through the air. But it is a rare and intricate chance that brings two people within sight of that essential union, and for the majority marriage must adjust itself on other terms. Most coupled people never really look at one another. They look a little away to preconceived ideas. And each from the first days of love-making hides from the other, is afraid of disappointing, afraid of offending, afraid of discoveries in either sense. They build not solidly upon the rock of truth, but upon arches and pillars and queer provisional supports that are needed to make a common foundation, and below in the imprisoned darknesses, below the fine fabric they sustain together begins for each of them a cavernous hidden life. Down there things may be prowling that scarce ever peep out to consciousness except in the gray half-light of sleepless nights, passions that flash out for an instant in an angry glance and are seen no more, starved victims and beautiful dreams bricked up to die. For the most of us there is no jail delivery, and the life above goes on to its honorable end.

Modern conditions and modern ideas and in particular the intenser and subtler perceptions of modern life press more and more heavily upon a marriage tie whose fashion comes from an earlier and less discriminating time. When the wife was her husband's subordinate, meeting him simply and uncritically for simple ends, when marriage was a purely domestic relationship, leaving thought and the vivid things of life almost entirely to the unencumbered man, mental and temperamental incompatibilities mattered comparatively little. But now the wife and particularly the childless wife makes unpremeditatedly a relentless demand for a complete association, and the husband exacts unthought of delicacies of understanding and co-
operation. People not only think more fully and elaborately about life than they ever did before, but marriage obliges us to make that evermore accidented progress a three-legged race of carelessly assorted couples. . . .

Our very mental texture was different. I was tough-minded, to use the phrase of William James, and intuitive and illogical, she was tender-minded, logical, refined and secondary. She was loyal to pledges and persons, sentimental and faithful, I am loyal to ideas and instincts, emotional and scheming. My imagination moves in bold wide gestures, hers was delicate with a real dread of extravagance. My quality is sensuous and ruled by strong warm impulses; hers was discriminating and essentially inhibitory. I am primary minded, I like the facts of the case. She abounded in reservations, in circumlocutions and evasions, in keenly appreciated secondary points. Perhaps the reader knows that Tintoretto in the National Gallery, the *Origin of the Milky Way*. It is an admirable test of temperamental quality. In spite of my early training I have come to regard that picture as altogether delightful; to Margaret it has always been "needlessly offensive." In that you have our fundamental breach. She had a habit by no means rare of damning what she did not like or find sympathetic in me on the score that it was not my "true self," and she did not so much accept the universe as select from it and do her best to ignore the rest. This is no catalogue of rights and wrongs, or superiorities and inferiorities; it is a catalogue of differences. And also I had far more initiative than she had.

This is how we stood to each other, and none of it was clear to either of us at the outset. To begin with I found myself reserving myself from her, then slowly apprehending a jarring between our minds and what seemed to me at first a queer little habit of misunderstanding in her. . . .

It did not hinder my being very fond of her. . . .

Where our system of reservation became at once most usual and most astounding was in our personal relations. It is not too much to say that in that regard we never for a moment achieved sincerity with one another during the first six years of our life together. It goes even deeper than that, for in my effort to realize the ideal of my marriage I ceased even to attempt to be sincere with myself. I would not admit my own perceptions and interpretations. I tried to fit myself to her thinner and finer determinations. There are people who will say with a note of approval that I was learning to conquer myself. I record that much without any note of approval. . . .

For some years I never deceived Margaret about any concrete fact, nor, except for the silence about my earlier life that she had almost
forced upon me, did I hide any concrete fact that seemed to affect her, but from the outset I was guilty of immense spiritual concealments, my very marriage was based I see now on a spiritual subterfuge, I hid moods from her, pretended feelings.

III

The interest and excitement of setting up a house, of walking about it from room to room and from floor to floor, of sitting at one's own dinner table and watching one's wife control conversation with a pretty, timid resolution, of taking a place among the secure and free people of our world, passed almost insensibly into the interest and excitement of my parliamentary candidature for the Kinghamstead division, that shapeless chunk of agricultural midland between the Great Western and the North Western railways. I was going to "take hold" at last, the Kinghamstead division was my appointed handle. I was to find my place in the rather indistinctly sketched constructions that were implicit in the minds of all our circle. The precise place I had to fill and the precise functions I had to discharge were not as yet very clear, but all that we felt sure would become plain as things developed.

A few brief months of the vague activities of "nursing" gave place to the excitements of the contest that followed the return of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to power. So far as the Kinghamstead division was concerned it was a depressed and tepid battle. I went about the constituency making three speeches that were soon threadbare, and an odd little collection of people worked for me; two solicitors, a cheap photographer, a democratic parson, a number of dissenting ministers, the mayor of Kinghamstead, a Mrs. Bulger, the widow of an old Chartist who had grown rich through electric traction patents, Sir Roderick Newton, a Jew who had bought Calersharn Castle, and old Sir Graham Rivers, that sturdy old soldier, were among my chief supporters. We had headquarters in each town and village, mostly they were empty shops we leased temporarily, and there at least a sort of fuss and a coming and going were maintained. The rest of the population stared in a state of suspended judgment as we went about the business. The country was supposed to be in a state of intellectual conflict and deliberate decision, in history it will no doubt figure as a momentous conflict. Yet except for an occasional flare of bill-sticking or a bill in a window or a placard-plastered motor-car or an argumentative group of people outside a public-house or a sluggish movement towards the schoolroom or village hall, there was scarcely a sign that a great empire was revising
its destinies. Now and then one saw a canvasser on a door-step. For the most part people went about their business with an entirely irresponsible confidence in the stability of the universe. At times one felt a little absurd with one's flutter of colors and one's air of saving the country.

My opponent was a quite undistinguished Major-General who relied upon his advocacy of Protection, and was particularly anxious we should avoid "personalities" and fight the constituency in a gentlemanly spirit. He was always writing me notes, apologizing for excesses on the part of his supporters, or pointing out the undesirability of some course taken by mine.

My speeches had been planned upon broad lines, but they lost touch with these as the polling approached. To begin with I made a real attempt to put what was in my mind before the people I was to supply with a political voice. I spoke of the greatness of our empire and its destinies, of the splendid projects and possibilities of life and order that lay before the world, of all that resolute and constructive effort might do at the present time. "We are building a state," I said; "secure and splendid, we are in the dawn of the great age of mankind." Sometimes that would get a solitary "'Ear! 'ear!" Then having created, as I imagined, a fine atmosphere, I turned upon the history of the last Conservative administration and brought it into contrast with the wide occasions of the age; discussed its failure to control the grasping financiers in South Africa, its failure to release public education from sectarian squabbles, its misconduct of the Boer War, its waste of the world's resources. . . .

It soon became manifest that my opening and my general spaciousness of method bored my audiences a good deal. The richer and wider my phrases the thinner sounded my voice in these non-resonating gatherings. Even the platform supporters grew restive unconsciously, and stirred and coughed. They did not recognize themselves as mankind. Building an empire, preparing a fresh stage in the history of humanity, had no appeal for them. They were mostly everyday toiling people full of small personal solicitudes, and they came to my meetings I think very largely as a relaxation. This stuff was not relaxing. They did not think politics was a great constructive process, they thought it was a kind of dog-fight. They wanted fun, they wanted spice, they wanted hits, they wanted also a chance to say "'Ear, 'ear!" in an intelligent and honorable manner and clap their hands and drum with their feet. The great constructive process in history gives so little scope for clapping and drumming and saying "'Ear, 'ear!" One might as well think of hounding on the solar system.

So after one or two attempts to lift my audiences to the level
of the issues involved, I began to adapt myself to their view of things. I cut down my review of our imperial outlook and destinies more and more, and developed a series of hits and anecdotes and—what shall I call them?—"crudifications" of the issue. My helpers congratulated me on the rapid improvement of my platform style. I ceased to speak of the late Prime Minister with the respect I bore him, and began to fall in with the popular caricature of him as an artful rabbit-witted person intent only on keeping his leadership, in spite of the vigorous attempts of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to oust him therefrom. I ceased to qualify my statement that Protection would make food dearer for the agricultural laborer. I began to speak of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton as an influence at once insane and diabolical, as a man inspired by a passionate desire to substitute manacled but still criminal Chinese for honest British laborers throughout the world. And when it came to the mention of our own kindly leader, of Mr. John Burns or any one else of any prominence at all on our side, I fell more and more into the intonation of one who mentions the high gods. And I had my reward in brighter meetings and readier and readier applause.

One goes on from phase to phase in these things. "After all," I told myself, "if one wants to get to Westminster one must follow the road that leads there," but I found the road nevertheless rather unexpectedly distasteful. "When one gets there," I said, "then it is one begins."

But I would lie awake at nights with that sore throat and headache and fatigue which come from speaking in ill-ventilated rooms and wonder how far it was possible to educate a whole people to great political ideals. Why should political work always rot down to personalities and personal appeals in this way? Life is I suppose to begin with and end with a matter of personalities; from personalities all our broader interests arise and to personalities they return. All our social and political effort, all of it, is like trying to make a crowd of people fall into formation. The broader lines appear, but then come a rush and excitement and irrelevancy, and forthwith the incipient order has vanished and the marshals must begin the work over again!

My memory of all that time is essentially confusion. There was a frightful lot of tiresome locomotion in it; for the Kinghamstead division is extensive, abounding in ill-graded and badly metalled cross roads and vicious little hills, and singularly unpleasing to the eye in a muddy winter. It is sufficiently near to London to have undergone the same process of ill-regulated expansion that made Bromstead the place it is. Several of its overgrown villages have developed strings of factories and sidings along the railway lines, and there is
an abundance of petty villas. There seemed to be no place at which one could take hold of more than this or that element of the population. Now we met in a meeting house, now in a Masonic Hall or Drill Hall; I also did a certain amount of open-air speaking in the dinner hour outside gas-works and groups of factories. Some special sort of people was as it were secreted in response to each special appeal. One said things carefully adjusted to the distinctive limitations of each gathering. Jokes of an incredible silliness and shallowness drifted about us. Our advisers made us declare that if we were elected we would live in the district, and one hasty agent had bills printed, "If Mr. Remington is elected he will live here." The enemy obtained a number of these bills and stuck them on outhouses, pig-styes, dog-kennels; you cannot imagine how irksome the repetition of that jest became. The vast drifting indifference in between my meetings impressed me more and more. I realized the vagueness of my own plans as I had never done before I brought them to the test of this experience. I was perplexed by the riddle of just how far I was in any sense of the word taking hold at all, how far I wasn't myself flowing into an accepted groove.

Margaret was troubled by no such doubts. She was clear I had to go to parliament on the side of Liberalism and the light, as against the late government and darkness. Essential to the memory of my first contest, is the memory of her clear bright face, very resolute and grave, helping me consciously, steadfastly, with all her strength. Her quiet confidence, while I was so dissatisfied, worked curiously towards the alienation of my sympathies. I felt she had no business to be so sure of me. I had moments of vivid resentment at being thus marched towards parliament.

I seemed now always to be discovering alien forces of character in her. Her way of taking life diverged from me more and more. She sounded amazing independent notes. She bought some particularly costly furs for the campaign that roused enthusiasm whenever she appeared. She also made me a birthday present in November of a heavily fur-trimmed coat, and this she would make me remove as I went on to the platform, and hold over her arm until I was ready to resume it. It was heavy for her and she liked it to be heavy for her. That act of servitude was in essence a towering self-assertion. I would glance sideways while some chairman floundered through his introduction and see the clear blue eye with which she regarded the audience, which existed so far as she was concerned merely to return me to parliament. It was a friendly eye, provided they were not silly or troublesome. But it kindled a little at the hint of a hostile question. After we had come so far and taken so much trouble!

She constituted herself the dragoman of our political travels. In
hotels she was serenely resolute for the quietest and the best, she rejected all their proposals for meals and substituted a severely nourishing dietary of her own, and even in private houses she astonished me by her tranquil insistence upon special comforts and sustenance. I can see her face now as it would confront a hostess, a little intent, but sweetly resolute and assured.

Since our marriage she had read a number of political memoirs, and she had been particularly impressed by the career of Mrs. Gladstone. I don't think it occurred to her to compare and contrast my quality with that of Mrs. Gladstone's husband. I suspect her of a deliberate intention of achieving parallel results by parallel methods. I was to be Gladstonized. Gladstone it appeared used to lubricate his speeches with a mixture—if my memory serves me right—of egg beaten up in sherry, and Margaret was very anxious I should take a leaf from that celebrated book. She wanted, I know, to hold the glass in her hand while I was speaking.

But here I was firm. "No," I said, very decisively, "simply I won't stand that. It's a matter of conscience. I shouldn't feel democratic. I'll take my chance of the common water in the carafe on the chairman's table."

"I do wish you wouldn't," she said, distressed.

It was absurd to feel irritated; it was so admirable of her, a little childish, infinitely womanly and devoted and fine—and I see now how pathetic. But I could not afford to succumb to her. I wanted to follow my own leading, to see things clearly, and this reassuring pose of a high destiny, of an almost terribly efficient pursuit of a fixed end when as a matter of fact I had a very doubtful end and an aim as yet by no means fixed, was all too seductive for dalliance.

IV

And into all these things with the manner of a trifling and casual incident comes the figure of Isabel Rivers. My first impressions of her were of a rather ugly and ungainly, extraordinarily interesting schoolgirl with a beautiful quick flush under her warm brown skin, who said and did amusing and surprising things. When first I saw her she was riding a very old bicycle down hill with her feet on the fork of the frame—it seemed to me to the public danger but afterwards I came to understand the quality of her nerve better—and on the third occasion she was for her own private satisfaction climbing a tree. On the intervening occasion we had what seems now to have been a long sustained conversation about the political situation and the books and papers I had written.
I wonder if it was.

What a delightful mixture of child and grave woman she was at that time, and how little I reckoned on the part she would play in my life! And since she has played that part and become at last its completion and dominating presence, how impossible it is to tell now of those early days! Since I wrote that opening paragraph to this section my idle pen has been as it were playing by itself and sketching odd faces on the blotting pad—one impish wizened visage is oddly like little Bailey—and I have been thinking cheek on fist amidst a limitless wealth of memories. She sits below me on the low wall under the olive trees with our little child in her arms, the central fact in my life. She has colored thoughts and mingled herself in my life through all its fullest and most significant years. Steadily she has changed and spread and increased from that first meeting onwards, she has tinted my sunsets and crept into my blood and become a quality in my thoughts and a companion in my experience and a ruler in my dreams. When I sit down and try to make her a girl again, I feel like the Arabian fisherman who tried to put the genius back into the pot from which it had spread gigantic across the skies.

I have a very clear vision of her rush down hill past our laboring ascendant car—my colors fluttered from handle-bar and shoulder-knot—and her waving hand and the sharp note of her voice. She cried out something, I don't know what, some greeting.

"What a pretty girl!" said Margaret.

Parvill the cheap photographer, that industrious organizer for whom by way of repayment I got those magic letters, "J. P.," was in the car with us and explained her to us. "One of the best workers you have," he said.

And then after a toilsome troubled morning we came, rather cross from the strain of sustained amiability in doubtful cases, to Sir Graham Rivers' house. It seemed all softness and quiet,—I recall dead white paneling and oval mirrors horizontally set and a marble fireplace between Homer and Virgil, very grave and fine—and how Isabel came in to lunch in a shapeless thing like a blue smock that made her bright quick-changing face seem yellow under her cloud of black hair. Her step-sister was there, Miss Gamer to whom the house was to descend, a well-dressed lady of thirty, amiably disavowing responsibility for Isabel in every phrase and gesture. And there was a very pleasant doctor, an Oxford man, who seemed on excellent terms with everyone. It was manifest that he was in the habit of sparring with the girl, but on this occasion she wasn't sparring and refused to be teased into a display in spite of the taunts of either him or her father. She was, they discovered with rising eyebrows,
shy. It seemed an opportunity too rare for them to miss. They proclaimed her enthusiasm for me in a way that brought a flush to her cheek and a look into her eye between appeal and defiance. They declared she had read my books, which I thought at the time was exaggeration, they were so distinctly not what one was accustomed to regard as schoolgirl reading. Miss Gamer protested to protect her, "When once in a blue moon Isabel is well-behaved—!

Except for these attacks I do not remember much of the conversation at table; it was I know discursive and concerned with the sort of topographical and social and electioneering fact natural to such a visit. Old Rivers struck me as a delightful person, modestly unconscious of his doubly-earned V. C. and the plucky defence of Kardin-Bergat that won his baronetcy. He was that excellent type, the soldier radical, and we began that day a friendship that was only ended by his death in the hunting field three years later. He interested Margaret into a disregard of my plate and the fact that I had secured the illegal indulgence of Moselle. After lunch we went for coffee into another low room, this time brown paneled and looking through French windows on a red walled garden, graceful even in its winter desolation. And there the conversation suddenly picked up and became good. It had fallen to a pause, and then the doctor with an air of definitely throwing off a mask and wrecking an established tranquillity, remarked: "Very probably you Liberals will come in, though I'm not sure you'll come in so mightily as you think, but what you'll do when you do come in passes my comprehension."

"There's good work sometimes," said Sir Graham, "in undoing."

"You can't govern a great empire by amending and repealing the Acts of your predecessors," said the doctor.

There came that kind of pause that happens when a subject is broached too big and difficult for the gathering. Margaret's blue eyes regarded the speaker with quiet disapproval for a moment and then came to me in the not too confident hope that I would snub him out of existence with some prompt rhetorical stroke. A voice spoke out of the big arm-chair.

"We'll do things," said Isabel.

The doctor's eye lit with the joy of the fisherman who strikes his fish at last. "What will you do?" he asked her.

"Everyone knows we're a mixed lot," said Isabel.

"Poor old chaps like me!" interjected the general.

"But that's not a programme," said the doctor.

"But Mr. Remington has published a programme," said Isabel.

The doctor cocked half an eye at me.

"In some review," the girl went on. "After all, we're not going
to elect the whole Liberal party in the Kinghamstead division. I'm a Remington-ite!"

"But the programme," said the doctor, "the programme—"

"In front of Mr. Remington!"

"Scandal always comes home at last," said the doctor. "Let him hear the worst."

"I'd like to hear," I said. "Electioneering shatters convictions and enfeebles the mind."

"Not mine," said Isabel stoutly. "I mean—Well, anyhow I take it Mr. Remington stands for constructing a civilized state out of this muddle."

"This muddle," protested the doctor with an appeal of the eye to the beautiful long room and the ordered garden outside the bright clean windows.

"Well, that muddle if you like! There's a slum within a mile of us already. The dust and blacks get worse and worse, Sissie?"

"They do," agreed Miss Gamer.

"Mr. Remington stands for construction, order, education, discipline."

"And you?" said the doctor.

"I'm a good Remington-ite."

"Discipline!" said the doctor.

"Oh!" said Isabel. "At times one has to be—Napoleonic. They want to libel me, Mr. Remington. A political worker can't always be in time for meals, can she? At times one has to make—splendid cuts."

Miss Gamer said something indistinctly.

"Order, education, discipline," said Sir Graham. "Excellent things! But I've a sort of memory—in my young days—we talked about something called liberty."

"Liberty under the law," I said, with an unexpected approving murmur from Margaret, and took up the defence. "The old Liberal definition of liberty was a trifle uncritical. Privilege and legal restrictions are not the only enemies of liberty. An uneducated, underbred and underfed propertyless man is a man who has lost the possibility of liberty. There's no liberty worth a rap for him. A man who is swimming hopelessly for life wants nothing but the liberty to get out of the water; he'll give every other liberty for it—until he gets out."

Sir Graham took me up and we fell into a discussion of the changing qualities of Liberalism. It was a good give and take talk, extraordinarily refreshing after the nonsense and crowding secondary issues of the electioneering outside. We all contributed more or less except Miss Gamer; Margaret followed with knitted brows and oc-
casional interjections. “People won't see that,” for example, and “It all seems so plain to me.” The doctor showed himself clever but unsubstantial and inconsistent. Isabel sat back with her black mop of hair buried deep in the chair looking quickly from face to face. Her color came and went with her vivid intellectual excitement and occasionally she would dart a word, usually a very apt word, like a lizard’s tongue into the discussion. I remember chiefly that a chance illustration betrayed that she had read Bishop Burnet. . . .

After that it was not surprising that Isabel should ask for a lift in our car as far as the Lurky Committee Room and that she should offer me quite sound advice en route upon the intellectual temperament of the Lurky gas workers. . . .

On the third occasion that I saw Isabel she was, as I have said, climbing a tree—and a very creditable tree—for her own private satisfaction. It was a lapse from the high seriousness of politics, and I perceived she felt that I might regard it as such and attach too much importance to it. I had some difficulty in reassuring her. And it’s odd to note now—it has never occurred to me before—that from that day to this I do not think I have ever reminded Isabel of that amusing encounter. (I will, when I have finished this section, go down to her under the olives and sit beside her and tell her of my long years of tactful concealment.)

And after that memory she seems to be flickering about always in the election, an inextinguishable flame, now she flew by on her bicycle, now she dashed into committee rooms, now she appeared on doorsteps in animated conversation with dubious voters; I took every chance I could to talk to her,—I had never met anything like her before in the world and she interested me immensely—and before the polling day she and I had become, in the frankest simplicity, fast friends. . . .

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