

peril of Socialism, differences in the party must be sunk. But what the effect of this has been upon the out-and-out protectionists in the Conservative party, may be seen from the angry explosion of the *Morning Post*. Says this influential Tory organ:

It is not surprising to learn that the suggested compromise between the leaders of the Unionist party and the small section of Free Traders is regarded with the utmost indignation by the majority of Unionist electors in the constituencies concerned. There is every justification for the feelings of exasperation aroused by a blunder which is as foolish and shortsighted as it is dangerous to the permanent interests of the party and the nation. The news of the proposed arrangement with Lord Robert Cecil and his companions may well fill all zealous Unionists with despair. It shows clearly that the same unpractical and incapable spirit which was responsible for the disaster of 1906 is at work within the councils of the party.

We quote this to show that, if the Liberals have their troubles, the Conservatives have theirs. In spite of all the talk about closing up the ranks against the common enemy, it is clear that Mr. Balfour's followers are divided. They are not even convinced what the chief issue is to be—whether they are to be rallied against Socialism or against free trade.

Equal uncertainty shrouds the question whether the Lords ought or ought not to throw out the budget, and bring on a fateful Constitutional contest. The "Lords from the wild," as they call the peers who never go to the Gilded Chamber except to vote under orders, are getting the most dubious oracles from their party leaders. Professor Dicey has argued convincingly that the Lords have the right to reject a budget, but has no advice to give except that they should "feel assured" before acting. The *Spectator* for some time urged the Upper House to defeat the budget, but latterly has taken fright at the vital consequences of a struggle that might be lost, and now counsels the Lords to swallow the nauseous dose as best they can. Lord Rosebery, in his Glasgow speech, seemed about to come out boldly for rejecting the budget, but caught himself in time to warn their Lordships in the following terms:

I have come to the deliberate conclusion that the Government wish the House of Lords to throw out the Finance bill. I think they believe it will cause an outcry in the country. In no other way can I explain the constant taunting and daring of the House of Lords that is visible in the speeches of ministers—not all, but some.

If you wish a Briton to do a thing, dare him not to do it, and he is quite sure to do it, and I cannot help feeling that the policy of the Government is Machiavelian, and that their object is in these most injudicious speeches to spur the House of Lords to a decision which the Government desire.

Mr. Balfour's trumpet has now given an equally uncertain sound. We may well pity the sorrows of the House of Lords, trying to have somebody make up its mind.

The only Conservative leader who appears to have the courage of his convictions is the invalided Joseph Chamberlain. He sent a letter to the Birmingham meeting boldly expressing the hope that the House of Lords would "force a general election." This is only, of course, because he desires to have the issue of protection, of which he is the real begetter, brought to an early electoral test. To the taxes in Lloyd-George's budget, Mr. Chamberlain can have no settled objection, for he has himself advocated every one of them, including the super-tax on incomes, as well as the taxation of unoccupied land, sporting land, ground rent, and mineral royalties. He even advocated these taxes, "less," as he said, "for the amount they would bring into the Exchequer, than because" he thought "they would discourage certain arrangements which have been productive of much inconvenience and suffering to the community." But Joseph Chamberlain always flouts consistency, and will attack the budget all the more violently for embodying his own principles. The great decision, however, remains to be taken. The Finance Bill will reach the Lords early in October. If they screw their courage to the sticking-point and throw it out, they will precipitate a conflict which they know will result, if they lose, in their complete political extinguishment.

NEW-OLD NEW YORK.

We have always had extremes in American appreciation of America. The Yankee has either blatantly blown his own horn or else, even more odiously, has found nothing good in the land. Of all the tens of thousands whom we send abroad each year for "culture," too few reflect that there are things beautiful very close to them, things for which no admission price is charged. The rocks of the Maine seacoast are enjoyable outside

of Winslow Homer's canvases. American young-womanhood, placed in a proper setting, is beautiful, even when unportrayed by Mr. Tarbell.

A fresh application of these well-worn truths is suggested by the fact that the Macmillans have just published a new picture-book on the scenes and the people of Greater New York. They are lucky enough to have Prof. John Van Dyke and Mr. Joseph Pennell as author and illustrator. In turning the pages of the volume, in lingering over the sketches in crayon and black-and-white, one is reminded that a good memory often consists in knowing how and what and when to forget. Art consists, no less, in knowing what to eliminate. The artistic conscience, like every other variety, must be "under control." This is not to deny that there are aspects of our new American cities which offer ready-made art-matter. What we have seen and appreciated as picturesque in Europe, or in picture shows of the past, we recognize for its own value, even though it be found at our very elbow. We readily see the romance of the harbor. We concede the attraction of Washington Square, done in an old-world manner. But what of the skyscrapers? What of the shabby elevated structures, and our teeming bridges? Precisely these, for at least one artist and one art-critic, have now proved enticing subjects. Rightly enough, Mr. Van Dyke says that our painters have commonly been a little bewildered by the bigness of New York:

They do scraps of color, odd bits along the Harlem, a city square or street; but, with a few exceptions, they have not risen to the vast new city. That the "big" things, the high bridges, the colossal skyscrapers, the huge factories, the enormous waterways, are pictorial in themselves needs no wordy argument. . . . The material is here, . . . and it needs only the properly adjusted eyes to see its beauty.

It is, perhaps, the encroachment of the new New York on the old that offers the artist his greatest opportunity. Others grasped this fact before Mr. Pennell set about representing sights which, but for the accident that there are "more 'no eyes' than eyes," we should be seeing every day and hour. No one has succeeded better here than Mr. Mielatz in such an etching as his "Cherry Street," with the elevated ironwork shadowing the crooked lane of tenements, with which it makes a perfect composition. If only we could learn

the uselessness of trying to compare our modern cities with those which we more readily admire,—having good precedent! For New York is to the age of the aeroplane what Babylon was to the period of hanging-gardens, and London to the heyday of Vauxhall. New York and Paris cannot be studied upon one level; they are to be appraised only in their adaptation to their respective origins and uses. Therein we may win a certain reassurance.

Under the circumstances, Professor Van Dyke's attempt to compare the wild beauty of New York with that of the city on the Bosphorus, fails to move us. Walt Whitman, idly turning these pages, would have indignantly quoted two verses from his own poem, "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry":

Now I am curious what sight can ever be
more stately and admirable to me than
my mast-hemm'd Manhattan,
My river and sunset, and my scallop-edg'd
waves of flood-tide.

Since the author of "The New New York" lauds as he does the wonderful clearness of American skies, it seems a bit queer that he should wish to make us believe that this city of ours is another London, too. "October with its bright light and high color has also its lilac or purple haze," he writes, and adds:

The haze does not belong exclusively to the woodlands, though in the Central Park it lurks along the driveways, rests upon the Mall, and floods in and out among the trees and rocks and flowers. . . . It fills the whole lower avenue, surrounds the towers and steeples and cornices, and draws its mauve-hued veiling across the sharp prow of the distant Flatiron, making of that much maligned structure a thing of beauty. . . . The more dust and automobile smoke, the heavier is the atmosphere, and the more perfect the ensemble.

A double allurements has always been recognized in beauty half-veiled, and this principle of æsthetics or psychology applies to architecture as aptly as to anything else. Yet we should have liked it better had this amateur of the new New York stuck, either to the romance of the city as it is found in an occasional resemblance to old-world places, or else to the notion that skyscraper and elevated systems are in themselves romantic.

THE FUNCTION OF SHYNESS.

From Berlin was reported, a few days ago, an extraordinary case of metamorphosis. Orville Wright was installed in the most expensive hotel in town,

in the suite recently occupied by Cipriano Castro, hobnobbed daily with princes royal, slapped ambassadors and Imperial counsellors on the back, went to five o'clock teas, and liked it. This was the Orville Wright who only a few weeks ago pushed his derby far back on his head, put his thumbs into the pockets of his waistcoat, and said "How de do!" to the President of the United States.

At Fort Myer, however, it was embarrassment, where in Berlin it was nonchalance. So long as his work was still before him, Orville Wright hated reporters, fled from the presence of Congressmen, and stammered lame explanations to interested ladies. The triumph at Fort Myer was a double victory. It was a conquest of the air and a conquest of the demon of shyness which besets most truly creative workers in the midst of their tasks. That is the penalty of intense preoccupation in the inventor, the scholar, the thinker. If we reason superficially, we say that shyness in such cases proceeds from an overpowering desire not to be interfered with. But that is a minor cause. Actually, the mind that is possessed with a single great problem is so overcharged with the importance of it that it destroys all other values in life. Not to solve the problem is to be a failure, and the inventor whose plane resistances are not quite worked out, or the philosopher whose separate principles fail to dovetail, is bent down in the most sincere humility. He is shy because he cannot do the only thing in life worth doing, cannot be the only thing in life worth being. He cannot meet his fellows on an equal footing.

But when the scholar has initialled the final proof-sheet of his *magnum opus*, when the machine flies an hour and a half and comes to the ground without breaking its propeller, what a change the ironic muse is frequently compelled to record. The example of the Wrights here fails us to a certain degree. They, too, have felt the wings of victory fan their cheeks into a warmer glow, but in spite of Cipriano Castro's royal suite, Yankee wit steeped in Ohio atmosphere will probably succeed in keeping its balance. But of shyness there can no longer be any question. Stern fate, which decrees death to the conquered, just as remorselessly binds the victor to the wheel of

publicity. Formerly the successful man was expected to enjoy the world's adulation or leave it alone, as it pleased him best. To-day there is no choice for him, for fame is no longer a pleasant sensation to be tasted, but a commodity to be capitalized and trafficked in. Tame the air, range the African wilds with your gun, or discover the Pole, and you are immediately the profit-taking victim of every instrument capable of impinging on the public ear drum. The linotypes cry, "Talk through us"; the phonograph machines plead, "Shout through us"; the color-presses beg, "Paint through us"; the moving-picture screens implore, "Hop, skip, jump, climb, fall, and rise on us." Fame's commercial agents knock her victims down with golden bludgeons and exhibit the body to the populace, to the victim's enormous profit. Under such circumstances how can shyness walk hand in hand with success?

And the timid triumphator finds it hard not to yield. It is not only the temptation of gold and power. It is the great love for his fellowmen that always burns in the heart of the diffident man. For let it be said again, the shy man's fear of people arises from a profound humility and an exalted altruism. The shy do not think their mere common humanity a sufficient title to the attention of those around them. They must earn that attention by service. They go about pleading, "Let me do something for you. Let me build your aeroplane for you. Let me map your Arctic zones for you. Let me find the ideal form of government for you." The love is there; but it finds expression in service. What wonder, therefore, if when the service is completely rendered, that shyness should show all at once the social passion that has always been there. Airily we say that, of course, extremes run into extremes, that timidity leads to paranoia. Actually the warm soul has always been there, glowing behind the mask.

Thus Nature once more manifests her magnificent adjustment of means to end. When she has picked out genius to do her work, this one to ride the clouds or charm the tides, and that one to recover the secrets of the dead past or to fashion the pillars of the future, she sets them apart from the rest of the world. She protects them against the idler, the fool, the pretender, the bore.