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THE

# NEW AGE

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## CONTENTS.

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..  | 97   |
| FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad ... ..                                | 99   |
| THE NATIONAL MOURNING. By G. Bernard Shaw ... ..                    | 100  |
| JUDICIAL MURDER. By Beatrice Hastings ... ..                        | 102  |
| AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF A MODERNIST. By Professor Minocchi ... .. | 103  |
| SOME FORECASTS OF THE COMING DISPENSATION ... ..                    | 104  |
| THE PHILOSOPHY OF A DON. XI. ... ..                                 | 107  |

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.                                 |      |
| THE NEW ENGLISH—AND AFTER. By Walter Sickert ... .. | 109  |
| BOOKS AND PERSONS. By Jacob Tonson ... ..           | 110  |
| REVIEWS ... ..                                      | 111  |
| DRAMA. By Ashley Dukes ... ..                       | 113  |
| CORRESPONDENCE ... ..                               | 114  |
| ARTICLES OF THE WEEK ... ..                         | 118  |
| BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN AUTHORS. XXVIII. ... ..    | 119  |

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE words connected with the Representative System itself are as nebulous in their character as the rest of the political counters. We cannot hope to dispel the mists perpetually rising on these words from the Serbonian bogs of Fleet Street; but we can, perhaps, convince our readers that both in the recent, and again in the forthcoming, political discussions, THE NEW AGE at any rate has used and will use words with due homage to their meaning. For the want of such intellectual respect, many democratic journals and journalists have, in our opinion, gone wrong; and gone wrong, too, as so often happens, with the best intentions in the world. They do not realise how powerfully the cultivated errors and misunderstandings affect even them. Before they are aware, they are out on a wild-goose chase after a quarry that is not theirs at all.

\* \* \*

We may refer to two of these false trails which have lately been taken up by one or other or both sections of the advanced democratic party; the Referendum and what is called Proportional Representation. We have so often given our reasons for regarding the Referendum as an instrument specially designed to be used by the Oligarchy, that we need not repeat them at length. But Proportional Representation has never entered the field of practical politics and consequently has never been discussed in THE NEW AGE. There is need, therefore, to consider it in some detail. What first strikes us as suspicious in the theory of Proportional Representation is its apparent complexity. We say "apparent," because the complexity is nothing more. But it is enough to damn it in the eyes of any-

body really intent on a popular instrument of election. Doubtless to dismiss it on these grounds is unintelligent; but we may be certain that on these ostensible grounds it will be dismissed.

\* \* \*

But this instinctive distrust of a method requiring a diagram and tables to explain and almost a mathematical genius to work springs from a deeper conviction, mostly inarticulate, the conviction that representation is not to be discovered by arithmetic but by a kind of divination or horse-sense. What is more, the whole accompanying arguments of the exponents of this electoral machine are vitiated by a false conception of the real nature of a representative person. This brings us, as is inevitable, to a consideration of Representation in itself. What do we mean by it? What is Representation, and what a representative person? At the outset it must be denied that a representative person is necessarily an expert or necessarily an exceptionally able individual, least of all that he is a delegate and mere mouthpiece of the body of persons he represents. Anybody seeking to ensure that elected persons shall be one or other of the above types is really opposing the representative system, which is the machinery of democracy. We need not deny that an expert may be a far better person to elect than a mere representative man; all we must deny is that he is representative because he is expert, or that his expertness entitles him to election. Other things being equal, an able man, again, is far better as a representative than a fool; but again we must say, he need not be more representative on that account. A delegate is most certainly no representative at all, for reasons we will now proceed to state.

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Most readers are familiar enough with the terms microcosm and macrocosm. They are also probably familiar with Plato's conception of the State as the "Man writ large." We need to combine these two ideas in order to grasp the nature of Representation. For just as, in theory, the microcosm repeats the macrocosm, and is its image reduced to scale; and, again, in Plato's conception, the State in its multiformity, visible and organic, is only the individual mind enlarged and magnified to scale; so the representative man of any community, large or small, is alone he who embodies all the main characteristics of that community in the same proportion as they prevail in the community as a whole. Plato's ideal State was the man writ large. Our ideal representative is the community writ small. Nothing else in our opinion deserves the title of democratic representation but the election by a community of a man or of men who does or do actually reproduce or embody the main characteristics of the community itself.

It must be admitted that such representative persons are comparatively rare: so rare, indeed, that our jury system, for instance (perhaps the best surviving legal witness of early folk-wisdom), stipulates for twelve men to form a single representative panel. Experience seems to have convinced our forefathers that no single person could be invariably trusted to be representative. Consequently they endeavoured to balance probable prejudice against probable prejudice. Twelve men taken at random were a rough and ready substitute for the single representative man. Rare, however, as such individually representative men are, the search for them will not be facilitated by adopting electoral machinery which would be fatal to them. Nor, again, will it be facilitated by substituting for representation a form of delegacy however disguised. The real objection to delegacy is that it presupposes what never exists in any community, a unanimity of opinion, precise and formulated, in regard not to one subject only but in regard to a whole network of subjects. In short, a delegate is invariably non-representative in the true sense, since at best he is the spokesman of only a section of the opinion of a section of the mind of a section of the community.

\* \* \*

But if this objection holds of the delegate system, it holds even more clearly of the system of Proportional Representation, which, in more accurate language, is a system of Multiplied Delegacy. The thing is taking enough at first sight. Everybody deplores the failure of even large minorities to find expression in our parliamentary system. These minorities are so geographically scattered that though collectively and in mere numbers they appear to be entitled to a spokesman, they are in any given area completely swamped. And since they are very often intelligent minorities, the failure to have them "represented" seems the more deplorable. Our pity, however, should not be wasted on minorities any more than our praise should be wasted on majorities. Only in a perfectly gross fashion is our system of discovering the representative man by counting votes a democratic system at all. In the last resort, we should be prepared to maintain that a truly representative man, wherever he appeared, would be unanimously returned. He would have a walk-over at every election at which he stood. Majority rule is only a rude substitute, as we say, for this representative unanimity. But it carries with it no particular occasion for bemoaning the fate of the minority.

\* \* \*

Let us see, further, how this system of Proportional Representation would work out. It is obvious, at once, that members returned to Parliament by this means would inevitably assume the status of delegates, delegates of the group of faddists who elected them. Moreover, since the faddist conception of government would then prevail, we may assume that the vast majority of our M.P.s would, under the system of Proportional Representation, be nothing more than mouth-pieces of various societies, cliques and interested sections. Parliament, instead of presenting the desirable appearance of a collection of typical Englishmen engaged in discussing English affairs, would be a museum containing the selected specimens of all the talking cults of the country. Its voice, instead of being that of England, would be the Babel voice of propagandist England. We say this with complete detachment since it is obvious that Socialists have, for the moment at any rate, everything to gain by Proportional Representation. Given such a system, we could certainly muster up enough votes to entitle us to quite a number of delegates in the Parliament of Fads. Only it happens that we should prefer to have no voice at all, than to have a voice among faddists and specialists. Our appeal is to the community and the representative man. Failing that we have no appeal to a cultivated Bedlam.

We return, then, to our conception of the Representative, the embodiment of the characteristics of the community for which he stands. It would be well if all our self-styled democratic reformers would concentrate their minds both on his image and on the means that must be taken to secure him a hearing. At present, he is, like the community itself (whose fate is similar to his, for he is symbolic), obscured, pushed aside and trampled upon in the crush and the rush and the push of interested sectional delegates. Every "peculiar" person, whether able or foolish, whether abnormally clever or abnormally silly, is his enemy. Every several interest, whether of wealth or of poverty, of class or of creed, of profession or of temperament, is opposed to him. Each of these considers first and foremost his own interests or the interests of his class or group; and they are necessarily less than or different from the interests of the whole. The representative man is the synthetic man as distinct from the analytic man. He is the community individualised and acting in a single body. Like the community, his interests, while opposed to all sectional interests when exclusively or excessively pursued, really embody them all, are tolerant of them all, because, in the last analysis, they are spiritually the sum of them all. Only such men are truly representatives.

\* \* \*

It will be seen, we hope, from the foregoing inadequate analysis of Representation that we have good grounds not only for the view of democracy we elaborated some weeks ago, the re-statement of Socialism we ventured last week and the criticisms we have consistently opposed to the recent political attempts either to fortify or to abolish the Lords without the consent of the people; but also for our condemnation of the proposed employment of the Referendum and, still more, for our objections to the theory of Proportional Representation. All these plots and theories have, we contend, their single root in the false conception of the nature of Representative Government. All of them will inevitably dissolve on examination or break down in practice. Remains, therefore, the true conception of Democracy and of Representative Government, which needs in these days to be expressed and enforced as often and as clearly as opportunity and ability permit. All the more, too, because it is certain that before the great political issue of the House of Lords is seriously approached, the overhauling and establishment of our electoral system is imperative. We should not be surprised, in fact, if the autumn sees the drafting of a new Reform Bill, in which the principles of Democracy are either formally recognised or silently repudiated. It behoves democrats therefore to be ready.

\* \* \*

We have not discussed the question of the Franchise, for the reason that in theory at least the extension of the Franchise either to include women or to include all adults is not vital to Representative Government. Not vital. It is conceivable that an extremely limited franchise might give us a really representative body of men. It is also quite possible that the widest franchise available might still further confuse the issues of Representation proper. At the same time there is no denying the fact that the franchise at present is neither one thing nor the other. It does not ensure us the return of Representative men, nor, on the other hand, does it ensure us the return of as many varieties of interests as actually exist in the nation. Since we have been driven to the franchise as a means of discovering Representative men, or the best available substitute for them, our only course is to adopt the means thoroughly and to extend the franchise to adults without distinction of sex. Nothing short of that will complete the conditions for the experiment that democratic government is making.

\* \* \*

This does not prevent us, however, from heartily supporting the women who are endeavouring without reference to democratic theory to secure a voice in the

return of parliamentary delegates. As we have often explained, two principles are at present involved in the franchise agitation: one, the abolition of the sex disqualification, and the other, the abolition of the property qualification. If both disqualifications, by the adoption of adult suffrage, can be abolished at once, so much the better. But we shall be glad to obtain them singly rather than not at all. Hence we support the women's demand, and also the demand of the adult suffragists. There are milestones on the road to Dover.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

ONE of the angriest men in England at the present time is Theodore Roosevelt. The King's death took the limelight completely away from him, and Teddy out of the limelight is like a fish out of water. In addition, the ex-President is cursed with a lack of ethnological knowledge which prevents him from being able to distinguish between an inferior race, such as the Congo niggers, which cannot be civilised, and races which were civilised even before Europe, not to speak of America, had awakened from barbarism, such as the Hindoo, the heathen Chinese, or the Arab. This lamentable ignorance caused the ex-President to commit a gross breach of good manners, to wit:—

When King Edward's funeral procession left Westminster Hall, Mr. Roosevelt, M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, representing France, and his Excellency Sanad Khan Montaz-os-Saltaneh, representing Persia, travelled in the eighth carriage. The last-named gentleman can probably trace his ancestry back to the time of Moses, or thereabouts; but all the gall of the democratic American rose when he unexpectedly found himself confronted with someone who was darker skinned than himself. Scarcely had the procession started when Teddy pulled some document out of his pocket, held it in front of his face, and began to read. This was observed en route by one of the correspondents of "Le Temps," who wired to his paper that Mr. Roosevelt had been seen reading a newspaper during the procession. The latter seems to have contradicted this somewhat heatedly by saying that he was only looking at a plan of St. George's Chapel. Even this scarcely explains what seems to be a piece of glaring discourtesy; for M. Pichon was afterwards heard to complain privately that the American representative did not exchange half-a-dozen words with him during the journey, while Sanad Khan has passed certain mild comments upon the ex-Presidential scowl. "Le Temps" is to be warmly thanked for having taken this matter up and brought it into publicity. Will some of our snobbish English papers now follow suit?

\* \* \*

At the very moment—due allowance being made for difference in time—that the Emperor Wilhelm II. was kneeling in prayer beside King George V. at the coffin of Edward VII. in Westminster Hall, his emissaries in Persia were, with the full support of himself and the German Government, endeavouring to foment strife between Persia and Russia on the one hand, and Persia and England on the other. It is, indeed, a very unfortunate coincidence that the most active steps should have been taken by the German agents in Persia on May 19 at the time mentioned; but I cannot be held accountable for coincidences when I merely state facts.

\* \* \*

My correspondent at St. Petersburg has put certain information before me which warrants my stating that Germany is determined to turn Persia into a kind of Asiatic Morocco, working the mailed fist and the big battalions for all they are worth. I am disinclined at the time of writing to attach any importance whatsoever to the silly cackling in the newspapers about leagues of peace and monarchs' heartfelt handshakes and so on. Although it has been stated in Vienna (why Vienna? ah!) that Germany has withdrawn some of her

demands, and that the Persian situation is less critical, this declaration simply means, if there is even the slightest foundation for it, that Germany will merely reformulate her demands in another way and present them again later on.

\* \* \*

If the Persians fall into the economic traps laid down for them by the German financial-cum-political agents, they will be foolish. Russia for one is quietly getting ready for a fight, if the Germans should unfortunately bluff a little too far and find themselves unable to draw back. Some weeks ago "Novoye Vremya" announced that a whole Russian army corps had been moved with remarkable suddenness from the Polish border to Perm, near the Persian frontier. The Russian Government, annoyed at the leakage of their plans, promptly confiscated this particular edition of their pet journal, but not before the ubiquitous Reuter had disseminated the information, though few papers took any notice of it. The object is, of course, if the Persians show signs of "sucking up" to Germany, to get a Russian army of occupation into Teheran without delay.

\* \* \*

In this connection we should like to inquire what third form schoolboy has for some time past been responsible for the "Daily News" leaders on foreign politics. In the issue of May 29 this grandmotherly journal, whose vision is obscured by its old-fashioned, non-conformist poke-bonnet as a horse's eyesight is restricted by the use of blinkers, expresses anxiety lest certain British and Russian soldiers should not be removed from Persia soon enough. To withdraw from Persia and let the Germans assume complete control of the country is, it seems, one of the most urgent tasks of European statesmen. The "Daily News" does not suggest that this latter event would take place; but that it would happen if the foreign troops were withdrawn is not doubted by any writer on foreign affairs who knows his business. It is this utter inability on the part of the "Daily News" to grasp the sequence of certain happenings, to understand what event is likely to follow on the heels of another, that makes one curious to know what enthusiastic and idealistic believer in universal peace is directing its foreign service.

\* \* \*

I may add that the only Liberal paper in the kingdom that shows any broad grasp of foreign affairs is the "Westminster Gazette," and this, I suspect, is not due so much to efficiency of organisation as to inspiration from some official source (English).

\* \* \*

Probably the negotiations and wrangling between Persia and the Powers will continue for some weeks yet; but it will be made clear at Teheran that monkeying about with German loans will not meet with the approval of the Powers interested. In pursuing their present policy, the German "Machthaber" hope, first, to secure a certain amount of prestige in Western Asia, and secondly, to postpone for some time the dreaded day when the franchise question has to be thrashed out thoroughly at home. But, even when confronted with stern opposition in Persia, Germany is not likely to go to war; for that, just at the present time, would be suicidal. The Kaiser is far from being a Frederick, and not even a Frederick would have the hardihood to fight against the combined forces of the French and Russian armies and the British navy.

\* \* \*

What, however, is likely to happen in another decade, why the Kaiser is now reported to be taking an interest in the peace question, why the wave of slobbery sentimentalism now sweeping over England has greatly pleased certain semi-official German newspapers, and, above all, what the present relations between this country and the Fatherland really are, are matters which I must reluctantly leave over until next week. Information of a curious nature has reached me from various foreign offices.

## The General Mourning.

By G. Bernard Shaw.

THERE is an advantage in dealing with this subject in THE NEW AGE. One feels quite sure that the Queen-Mother never reads it. A Socialist is always badly hampered in dealing with royal persons in papers which royal persons may conceivably read. Having not the very faintest respect for royalty as such—being wholly void of the idolatry on which the whole affair is founded, he realizes that the persons who wear the crowns and carry the sceptres are human beings and fellow creatures; and he is immediately troubled with all sorts of kindlinesses and delicacies concerning them of which the ordinary loyal idolator has no conception.

If by some accident any other royal persons should take up this number of THE NEW AGE, I justify this article to them as expressing a large body of public opinion which has watched the proceedings of the last few weeks in constrained silence. Otherwise I should not disturb the huge enjoyment with which their loyal subjects have positively wallowed in the pageantries of Westminster Hall, and gushed over accounts of the private feelings of the late King's relatives written by people who have never met them.

To begin with, I am in an apparently unique position among journalists writing on the subject. I know nothing about the late King Edward that every cabman in London does not know. Apart from inevitable glimpses of him at the opera and at public ceremonies, I was never in his presence, nor he ever in mine, except once; and that was for a moment in the French Salon in 1906. When I was looking at the pictures in one of the rooms, I heard a curiously loud voice through the doorway; and presently the owner of the voice came in and revealed himself as the King of England. Having, as an Irishman, no particular interest in kings of England; and feeling, as an inveterate republican, some remorse in the presence of a man whom I thought it desirable, on general grounds, to behead, I looked at him with some real and some simulated curiosity (for the sake of politeness), and went my way, which lay in the opposite direction to his, as we had started through the Salon from different ends. Being one of the literary glories of his reign, I should perhaps have told him who I was, so that he might have taken a good look at me; but I could not feel quite sure that he would appreciate the chance, as he was not fond of the higher drama, and never repeated his solitary visit to the Court Theatre.

I cannot, on the strength of this momentary opportunity for an acquaintance (followed up by neither of us), pretend to that intimate knowledge of King Edward's character, his domestic affairs, his feats of diplomacy, and his political opinions, which so many of my colleagues seem to have enjoyed. I repeat, I really know no more than any man in the street guesses. The articles which have filled the papers about him since his death are clearly worthless: first, because they represent, not a man, but a paragon impossibly combining the wisdom of a deity, the kindliness of a saviour, the statecraft of a Charlemagne, and the infallibility of a Pope in one person; and second, because I know, as everyone knows, that they would have been word for word the same if he had been George IV., or James I., or Henry VIII., or Richard III., or John Lackland, or Timour the Tartar. The English people get huge enjoyment out of a

death (as Oscar Wilde said, they have a vocation for funerals), partly because the taste for death is a thoroughly vulgar one, and partly because it sets them free to indulge without stint in the amusement they love most in the world, which is writing and saying nice, goodnatured, grateful, enthusiastic things that everybody knows to be utter nonsense, or virtuously indignant things that everyone knows to be hypocritical. This time they did not even find a new catchword. All the worn out phrases about The Peacemaker which Mr. Stead made fashionable by heaping them on the tomb of Alexander III. of Russia (who kept his character for clemency by burying our Russian friends alive instead of hanging them) were flung indiscriminately on the bier in Westminster Hall, just as they would have been if it had borne the remains of Napoleon or Charles XII. No doubt Edward VII. may have been a peacemaker. His age and his position at the German and Spanish Courts, where he was Uncle Ned, and could talk to the royal families as no other living man could, may have enabled him to smooth many rough places. But I do not know. For all any of us can say authoritatively to the contrary, he may have spent his reign vainly trying to foment a general European war (to clear the air, as our Teutophobes say), and being held back by the good sense and pacific counsels of the Kaiser and the wide tolerance of the young Alfonso. Nobody knows the truth except the people who are not permitted to tell it. I think it very improbable that King Edward was a mischief maker, because he did not look like one, and his public pursuits were those of an easy-going man; but I repeat, I do not know; and neither, dear reader, do you. The one thing that we both do know in this connection is that in all countries, when the last monarch becomes in the fulness of time the last monarch but one, and the scraps of truth that leak out about him here and there have accumulated sufficiently to form a credible biography (usually a foreign one) we always learn that the deceased was, for better or worse, a very different person from the one portrayed in the obituary notices. I conclude that whatever King Edward was, he was not the hero of the ridiculous articles and "communications" which have just swept out of notice the 130 men perishing in the burning mine, and other vulgar items of mere news.

But the popularity of the late King is not the less interesting for being founded, not on any real knowledge of his political activities, but on the general impression produced by his personal appearance and by that part of his doings which was reported in all the papers, and was well within the comprehension of Tom, Dick and Harry, who know no more of high statecraft than they do of the higher mathematics. For if in one sense we knew nothing about the late King, in another we knew a good deal more about him than about our own fathers. He was a much bechronicled and bephotographed man; and we do know that he liked races and did not like Shakespeare's plays: in short, that if he was in any way exceptional or eccentric, it must have been on that side of his life which, like the dark side of the moon, was never turned to the public.

Nobody but a hopeless snob or a bigoted temperance secretary will miss the compliment implied in saying that the public liking for Edward VII. was founded on those obvious qualities of his which would have made him an admirable sporting publican if he had been born in the sphere in which that is the summit of a man's ambition. It is not an easy sort of success:

there have been great generals, great Churchmen, great lawyers, great statesmen, who would have made a hopeless mess of it. He may have had higher capacities—I repeat that I do not know, as monarchies have to be so arranged that the people shall not know—but it was unquestionably this universally intelligible capacity that made him popular. A capacity for the highest achievement as a King, a poet, a philosopher, a mathematician, a jurist, a theologian, or what not that is rare, great, and difficult, would have left him without a friend in the street. It was the jovial figure with the field glasses on the racecourse, or with a cigar between his lips on the deck of a yacht, a model to all stockbrokers from Friday to Tuesday, that we liked. It may be that this was only the leisure side of his life; but how do we know? Ask me to what virtues of his I can testify, and I must reply, "The virtues of a respectable signalman: punctuality and diligence in his routine: punctuality which he carried to such a point that he had his own private Daylight Saving Act, and when he stayed at your house made you alter all the clocks half an hour." Beyond that I am ignorant. But if I knew more, and said it, how many of the Westminster Hall five-mile queue would understand it? If it were anything very kingly in the higher sense, they would probably think it very heartless. The value of popularity depends on the taste and knowledge of the people you are popular with. The English people must raise themselves much higher than they stand at present before any king can be proud of his popularity. Edward VII. was rivalled in popularity by Theodore Roosevelt; and Theodore is popular, not because of high and rare qualities (which for all I know he may possess), but because the public feels that if fate had made him chairman at an old-fashioned music-hall, he would have played the part to perfection.

The moral is that you cannot have it both ways. You cannot make a man a king and then know anything about him. The divinity that hedges a king is, in the last analysis, a general agreement to pretend that he is what no man ever yet was: the just man made perfect. A King, in short, is an idol: that is why I am a Republican. I know as well as anyone that if you have an idol, you had better save disputes about the succession by making the post hereditary instead of elective. But why should any human being be made a political convenience of to this extent? Has not the King an indefeasible right to be a man, and not an idol? Why should Queen Mary, the proud mother of five strong sons, be forced to bring them up to a decaying trade and an unhappy lot? Eminence of any sort is hard to bear; for I can testify (being eminent myself) that the public has all the fun and the eminent one all the work and the wear and tear; but to be the victim of a conspiracy to pretend that you are impossibly eminent in everything must be almost beyond human endurance unless you are a born actor; and even then you would be happier on the stage, where you could change the play and the part occasionally. No: Kings should be made of wood or stone, like Athene in the Parthenon: we have no right to sacrifice human lives to our superstitions.

Two incidents of the obsequies were disquieting. One was Mr. Rudyard Kipling's requiem in the "Times": the other was the Lying-in-State. Let us dispose of the last first. It was a step backward in civilization. King Edward himself must have held this: else Queen Victoria would have lain in state. The custom, we had hoped, was as dead as George III., whose lying-in-state was the last precedent. After him three English monarchs were buried without this morbid and superstitious rite. And now the twentieth century begins by ordering "As you were in the eighteenth."

Contrast this with the effort of Charles Dickens to make us ashamed of our mummeries in honor of Death and the Undertaker. A King's funeral should be an example to every bricklayer's widow of simplicity, despatch, and scrupulous regard for public health. Ostentation, extravagance, festivity masquerading as mourning (even the coffin is now called a casket, because American snobbery thinks that coffin sounds cheap and vulgar), and the really horrible method of abandoning the body to slow decay instead of giving it the classic honours of the pyre: all these things were, through the nineteenth century, falling more and more into disrepute; and the Royal Family was supposed to be, as far as its court chains permitted, in the movement for simplicity. But this State funeral has been a deliberate inculcation of the bad old fashion; and in consequence a good deal of hard earned club money that should be spent on the needs of widows and orphans will be spent on beer and mourning and ugly coaches and the like. Please remark that I do not, like Judas, say that the money spent on the obsequies should have been given to the poor or saved, though I agree entirely with Mr. Blatchford's opinion that a nation has no right to spend money on pageantry until it has fed and clothed its children. But at least it could have been spent in noble ceremony and trophy and monument—in short, in improving the occasion, and not in casting back towards the days when Death was the King of Terrors, and had orgies in his honor when he struck a man down.

As to Mr. Kipling, one hardly knows what to say to him. There is a certain irony in the author of "Lest We Forget" proceeding to forget every lesson of history and every decency of common sense in a long poem in his best manner in the "Times." If that poem be only half or even quarter true, there is nothing for it but to go out and fight Naseby over again; pack King George off to Biarritz for the rest of his life; reaffirm the Bill of Rights; and offer the crown under crushing limitations to Mr. Roosevelt. If it be true, then King Edward was responsible for that horrible blot on English history, the Denshawai atrocity. If it be true, he was a judicial murderer, a forcible feeder of women who did not want to eat, a starver of children who did want to eat, a flogger, a torturer of witnesses, and a suppressor of liberty in India. If it be true, then Mr. Kipling is the flatterer of all these infamies, and the complacent betrayer of all the traditions which have made his country great among the nations. But it is not true, not a word of it. If Mr. Kipling had added another verse praising King Edward for his kind thought in providing a comet for the consolation of his people after his funeral, that verse would not have been a whit more absurd than the rest of the poem. Mr. Kipling knows as well as I do that the King no more governed England and disposed of all his subjects' lives at his pleasure than Mr. Kipling himself, and that since King Canute and his flatterers have passed away, only the foolish creatures who try to assassinate monarchs have any such delusions. Indeed, Mr. Kipling's own power is twenty times greater than that of any king, because he can speak to the people, whereas even Kaiser William, for all his mailed fist and his ancestor's statues, is no longer allowed to utter a word to his loyal subjects: he must publicly take the written words from the hands of his Minister and repeat them obediently.

Then, why, O Rudyard Kipling, use your sacred power and privilege of speech to fill our bellies with the east wind, and tempt another Dyingra to do to King George what the first one did to poor Curzon Wylie?

Let me end with a practical suggestion. Let the Coronation be at Stonehenge, not at Westminster Abbey. London, with its mighty traffic, is no longer a place where pageants can be tolerated. The propaganda of Royalism, which is the purpose of these pageants, need not suffer: far more people will see them on Salisbury Plain than can be wedged behind the troops in Piccadilly; and the cinematograph will work all the better in the open.

G. B. S.

## Judicial Murder.

By Beatrice Hastings.

As everyone knows by this time, we, who wish to abolish capital punishment, have once more failed to save our man. Every plea which could have been offered was offered and determinedly rejected. The true plea of temporary insanity—the sentimental plea of a new accession to the throne—the plea that some thousands of the public were moved to petition for a reprieve—none availed. Some one in office was set upon Jesshope's death, and every other opinion was made impotent. To all prisoners throughout the realm, with the exception of Jesshope, remission of sentence was granted. Only this man was set beyond mercy—above every convict, murderers previously reprieved, violent robbers, seducers of children, cold-hearted frauds—all you can name that are condemned—above them all, Jesshope, hitherto innocent of any crime, a family man, a working man, a man who had been employed in one situation for three years, but lately had become a little intemperate, *a little strange in his ways*, Jesshope beyond the whole nation was considered unworthy of the sovereign's grace. Our distraught working-man becomes something of a figure! Whoever chooses may believe him a unique individual. Yet, in the face of three other current cases which I shall cite, of murder by men like Jesshope, charged with the solitary crime of their lives, it is certain that he is not altogether unique. We need to understand the cause of such sudden and mysterious change in these persons with a view to arousing public opinion to demand an inquiry on their behalf.

The three cases I have in mind of men shortly to be brought to trial for murder are those respectively of the man at Wimbledon who suddenly killed his wife, the man at Bradford who killed wife and baby, and the man at Sunderland who killed wife and four children and then cut his own throat, unhappily for him not with fatal results. He is being carefully nursed back to trial.

Now, in none of these cases is there a criminal record or even an indifferent character record. But the facts in each case are of strange behaviour noticed previously to the murderous culmination. Is it not clear that each of these men, each so disordered as to have been on the point of murder, ought to have been placed under supervision? Obviously, had they been but one day soon enough in care of people qualified to recognise the signs of derangement, these murders would not have happened. In the Wimbledon case, the wife but the day before her death said to her young daughter, "Your poor father is not right." She knew, and we know now, that he was "not right"; but she, being a poor woman, had no immediate means of saving her husband from himself; she could command neither doctor nor nurse for him, and *we* have put this crazy man in prison and are about to torment his far over-wrought mind with a trial, an inevitable conviction, black-cap business; and if those of us who will try to save him fail again, the officials will break his neck. What a horrible affair! The Bradford man, after doing his mad deed, actually went to work, where he kept on telling people, in a foolish way, that he had killed his wife and nobody took any notice for hours!

Among us who are comfortably off, neurasthenia is a recognised disease. If any of our relatives or friends displayed symptoms of violence or deep melancholy we should pack them off to a home of rest, where attendants would watch them, keep irritating people out of their way, and deny them intoxicants, and see that there was no knife or other weapon left about. But the poor man, struggling against this awful disease, cannot rest; he must fight it out while going to

his daily work; must live among the very conditions which have ruined him, and if at the crisis of his fever he commits murder or attempts suicide he is haled to prison and subjected to torture and infamy. It must be realised that when the crisis of mental fever seizes a man, that crisis, resulting so often in an act of violence, can no more be avoided without help than the crisis of a physical fever may be safely passed without medical aid. And just as, after the physical crisis, the patient, recently unconscious and raving in delirium, is then relieved of the pressure and begins to recover, so when the crisis of the mysterious mind-fever has passed, a person who at that crisis has committed murder or attempted suicide, appears afterwards often rational enough to seem a fit subject for judicial condemnation. But what a lot we need to learn yet about such sufferers. In the cases of galloping neurasthenic fever which lead so frequently to violent acts, the poor are helpless. If Mr. Sidney Webb's scheme for the prevention of destitution includes the certainty of medical aid, I, for one, am willing to take my chance of getting into the bug-bear detention colonies.

In a former article on this subject I remarked that evil men have discovered for themselves the frightful torture of telling a man the date of his death. That torture is forborne by Death itself; it is nowhere in Nature. Naturally, therefore, most people are totally unable to imagine themselves in the situation of knowing the exact hour of their death. Let anyone try to realise what even one minute of waiting for certain death means. To achieve, once, this picture of a dreadful end is nerve-shattering. We do not know what we are doing when we abandon a man to the companionship of the merciless death-watch. Nor, surely, do many realise what a murderer's family endures during the three weeks wait for his execution. Seventy-five out of every hundred murderers have never been previously convicted. That implies a respectable family connection. Jesshope's execution for his solitary crime has caused irreparable injury to his perfectly harmless father, mother, wife, children, brothers, uncles, aunts and all, to his most distant connection. They can never recover from having had a mad relative—executed! And here a word upon the accident of this execution. The unfortunate man's solicitor had appealed in the usual way for a revision of sentence; and this act, in the view of the Home Secretary, having "automatically" set forward the day of death, relieved Mr. Churchill of the onus of mercy, seeing that the day no longer fell during the obsequies of the late King! Who will remain unmoved by contempt for the man who could allow a prisoner's appeal for mercy to become the means of his death? It is a rotten story.

Finally, in considering the evils of State murder, the effect upon the community is important. In the hangman, what a spirit for civilised people to tolerate! The squalid scenes of execution mark the great days in his life. Every murder means a blood-feast for this creature; and he makes money while indulging his cold lust under protection of the law. We cannot encourage such a ghoul to practise in our midst without suffering for it. Yet, if we were dealing with a murderer as dreadful as a hangman, we might, for our own sake, hesitate to put him to a violent death. "Society," says Mr. William Archer, endorsing the opinion of some of the wisest judges, "society loses far more than it gains by protecting itself with such weapons as the gallows."

And the most terrible reflection is that we mostly kill sick men—men charged with a single crime and by no means beyond reclamation. Will readers interest themselves in the cases I have mentioned as coming on shortly? For if public opinion is not speedily aroused, the Home Secretary, from whom, alas, there is nothing to be hoped, will send these dejected, mind-sick men also to the gallows.

The address of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment is at Margaret Chambers, 145, New Kent Road, S.E. The hon. secretary is Mr. Carl Heath.

## Autobiographical Notes of a Modernist.

By Professor Minocchi.

I WAS born on August 26, 1869, at Raggiolo, in the Casentino (see Dante: "Inferno," canto xxx., l. 65), not far from Campaldino (Dante: "Purgatorio," canto v., l. 92). Left an orphan in early childhood, my uncle, a priest, who had a parish near Florence, undertook my education, and, when I was ten years old, as soon as it was possible, took pains to place me in the seminaries of Florence. After nine years, and in conformity with my uncle's ideas, I was sent, in November, 1888, to the Almo Capranica College of Rome, incorporated with the Gregorian Pontifical University, directed by the Jesuit Fathers, and called the Roman College. From the Capranica College, founded by Cardinal Capranica in the sixteenth century, have come a great number of dignitaries of the Church, for example, Cardinal Rampolla. There are always a number of young English and Irish priests there, who prefer this college for their ecclesiastical education; and there were four or five in my time. In the same year in which I entered the Capranica College there entered also Romolo Murri, coming from the seminary and diocese of Fermo. He always occupied the same rooms with me, and I had many long conversations with him on the subject of the future. . . . Murri had a taste for literature, and studied Homer in the Greek, and made me read and appreciate modern poetry, particularly de Musset's "Les Nuits." But he devoted himself most of all to philosophy, and to scholastic theology, in which he was very strong, gaining several prizes in this subject at the annual examinations. He was also the favourite of the Rector of the college, and almost his private secretary. Being very frail in health then, he used to eat meat every Friday except the Friday before Lent. I, having manifested some republican and democratic ideas, derived from ancient Florentine recollections, was not much favoured by the superiors, but tolerated for all that. I studied philosophy and scholastic theology as a duty, but without enthusiasm. I was quickly fatigued with all that theological dialectic (the genuine religious rationalism) which was expounded before his 400 pupils by Father Billot (the famous anti-Modernist of fifteen years later) without almost any recourse to Scripture or the Fathers. Desiring to study Scripture and the Fathers, and to draw from thence my religious thinking, I soon plunged into the renewed study of Greek, and, even more particularly, of the Semitic languages. Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac were the objects of my studies, and I obtained two medals for proficiency in them at the end of the year. On one side of the medals is graven the portrait of the Pope, and on the other side, the façade of the Roman College, which is now (after the taking of Rome) the Lycée Ennio Quirino Visconti. After three years—in July, 1891—I took my degree of Doctor in Theology at the Gregorian University, and in April, 1892, having returned to my uncle's home, I said my first Mass. A short time afterwards I settled down in the city of Florence, and, giving up my office of curé, I continued my studies in the Semitic languages at the High Institute of Florence, where I had the good fortune to have for my master the profound Hebraist, David Castelli, learned as well in the matter of Biblical criticism. In 1894 and 1895 I took successively a diploma for proficiency in Hebrew and Rabinnical Aramaic,

and in Arabic. In 1895 I published the first edition of my translation of the Psalms. In 1896 I commenced the publication of a bibliographical review (1896-1899), the first periodical which began to interest Italian readers in modern religious studies. In 1900, leaving to others the Bibliographical Review, I prepared the edition of the "Religious Studies" which began in 1901 and continued until the end of 1907, when, in conformity with Pascendi, and in order not to submit myself, I had to discontinue it.

During the winter of 1903 I was invited to deliver at Venice, close by the Ateneo Veneto, a lecture on "The Bible in Italian History." Before delivering this lecture I was able to pay a visit to Cardinal Sarto. I was accompanied by Monseigneur Apollonio, arch-priest of the basilica of San Marco. The Cardinal received us in a very pleasant and cordial manner. The discussion soon turned on "The Gospel and the Church" of Loisy, who was then being much discussed, and had many partisans. It is well known that Leo XIII. did not wish to condemn him. As for me, I did not venture to express my opinion on the subject in the presence of a Cardinal who was reputed to be intransigent, but the Cardinal himself broke the silence, in order to tell us that he had read the work of Loisy, that it had much pleased him, that he had found many very beautiful and important pages in it, and that Loisy had, indeed, clearly proved that there was a need of considerable overhauling in the current science of the Church and its seminaries. And then, as I must, perhaps, when sitting face to face with a Cardinal, have shown a little surprise at his manner of speaking, he reassured me that he was always desirous of maintaining the substance of the dogmas, etc. Then I said to him, "What! You who have the authority, do you not think of improving the state of ecclesiastical studies in the seminaries?" And he replied, "Alas! I should like to; it is not my will that is lacking; it is the men. For my own diocese I have scarcely anybody to whom I can entrust a curriculum conformable with modern requirements. The professors in the seminaries are, in general, old, badly educated, and with many prejudices, and one cannot remove them as easily as one would like.

Mgr. Apollonio, who was present, approved all this, because he had himself been persecuted for a certain modernity in his religious science. Nevertheless, he is an extreme anti-Modernist. . . . Six months later Cardinal Sarto was Pope Pius X, and was condemning Loisy.

I saw Pius X. again at the beginning of May, 1905, Father Lepidi, a Dominican, master of the Holy Palace, having obtained for me a special audience, to present to the Pope the second edition of my translation of the Psalms. Times were changed. At that time there was being much discussed among the clergy the great commentary on the Fourth Gospel published by Loisy (denying the historicity of the Gospel, and that it was written by the Apostle Paul), and the Vatican was greatly irritated by that, and also by an article which Loisy had just published in his "Review" on "The Message of John the Baptist," in which he announced that he was about to prepare an equally "rationalist" work on the Synoptic Gospels. As for me, I was suspected, and much prudence was necessary. Father Lepidi had asked me my opinion of the article, but I told him that I had not read it carefully.

He presented me to the Pope. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* His demeanour was cold and formal, as if wishing to give himself in my eyes an air of authority, which, naturally, in view of his narrowness of mind and his ignorance, was totally lacking. In the short quarter of an hour that I had to spend in the presence of the Pope, I did my best not to lead the conversation upon Loisy. But Pius X. took occasion to utter a tirade against Modernism, and against Loisy in particular (without naming him). There is one, he said, among you who has lost his head; but I shall put him in his place all right. It is ridiculous to invent a John the

Presbyter in order to be able to deny that the Gospel was written by John the Apostle! And you, I.e. said to me, take care! He dismissed me in a brusque and icy manner. I succeeded, all the same, in obtaining from him a special benediction (which costs nothing) for the "Religious Studies." The day after, when I had announced that, it was strongly denied in the Vatican, and some months afterwards the Jesuits went about saying that it was a lie, and that I had never obtained an audience with Pius X.

From 1899 to 1903 I was much occupied with Franciscan studies, and I published in 1900, on the biographical sources of Saint Francis, a work which has been well received by Sabatier in France, and Goetz and Erlemann in Germany. In 1904 I published, from a MS. in the Vatican, a Franciscan legend, in which there are some chapters containing hitherto unknown facts on the life of St. Francis. In 1907 I published a critical translation of the prophecies of Isaiah, with a Modernist introduction, with the approbation and protection of Cardinal Svampa. Some time afterwards, when Cardinal Svampa was dead, Pius X., not being able to condemn my book, condemned (in 1898), by a device of the Bible Commission, the thesis which I upheld. Then in 1899 another decree of the Commission condemned the thesis which I sustained in my volumes on Genesis (the only Catholic commentary that has ever been published). In 1907, from June to December, I made a long journey (in part with Father Lemerin) in Russia, in the Caucasus, in Siberia (the southern shore of Lake Baikal), in China, and in Manchuria, as far as Port Arthur and Peking, in order to visit, with a free moral and social aim, the Italian workers who were employed on the Russian railways. An article of a Modernist tendency, which I published on August 14 in the "Giornale d'Italia," on the subject of my visit to Tolstoy and of our conversation on the great problem of the day, made a great stir in Italy, and was even noticed abroad, and brought me to the step of breaking with the Vatican.

## Some Forecasts of the Coming Dispensation.

[In response to our invitation to record a forecast of the character of the coming era, we have received the following communications.—ED. N.A.]

MISS JANE BARLOW.

While thanking you for the suggestion, I agree too completely with George Eliot that "prophecy is the most gratuitous form of folly" to attempt any forecast of the new era, and can only hope with the poet that

"Although unknown the times that are to be,  
Yet shall they prove most beautifully strange."

MR. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

We are rather biased just now by a natural sorrow at the death of a good King, and by those human sentiments and sympathies that all men are the better for being able to feel; but I think that, at the back of it all, most of us know that no king, however good he may be, will ever again count for much in this country except in so far as he becomes the living and visible representative of the ideals and the general will of his people. In the realisation of that fact lay King Edward's greatness and the secret of his hold upon our affections. The first kings were made by their people; then—when the hereditary principle grew up and certain privileged and wealthy classes made a corner in education and buttressed themselves in power by keeping the masses ignorant—then, and all through the dark ages until comparatively recent times, the kings made their people, and we know what they made of them. Now, when education has rightly become universal and we no longer have a lower class that is forced to go forth naked and unarmed to win justice from an upper class that is mailed in brass and other metal and armed to the teeth, the saner, juster old practice is revived, and the people once more make their king; he is shaped by their influence, not they by his.

This is as it should be; and it is going to be more like this than ever in the future. There is a good time coming for the rational, honest man who wants no unrighteous privileges, but is willing to work and earn his wages, and expects no more than his fair share in the good things that this world has to offer. We look back on our grandfathers and think them barbarous when we note for what

small sins they hanged the humble and for what great sins they honoured the mighty; but the world is still moving onward and our grandsons will certainly look back and wonder at our barbarity and injustice when they read how we make a criminal of the poor man who steals bread, but respect and still receive in decent society the rich peer who steals the common land. The spread of knowledge is making men of us, and we are wise enough to know that neither money nor titles can make more than men of us in the eyes of any but children; and the mere inherited title is fast becoming a less pardonable vulgarity than is the deceptive "dicky" worn by the poor clerk to conceal the fact that he does not possess a white shirt.

This dissatisfaction with the pretty but foolish shows of things, this desire to live nearer to the truth and among clean realities rather than among tawdry shams, this healthy impatience with petty and nominal distinctions, this intenser realisation of our common brotherhood, our common mortality, this growing and sensible ambition to make the earth as happy a place as possible not for a self-important, aristocratic few, but for every mortal man and woman of us all—it is these qualities and such as these that are moulding the character of the new era.

The pruderies and hypocritical proprieties of the Victorian period had passed away long before that notable reign came to an end; for, as I say, the king no longer makes the people; and during these last nine years the manhood of the nation has fairly wakened up and put an end to many elegant but futile dreams. I don't say that George V. is going to lead us all the way to the millennium, but I do say that throughout Edward's years we were marching towards it, and that before the close of the new reign we shall be a little nearer to it still. The people are really alive at last; they know what they want, and in these days they are intelligent enough to see that they get it. The Lords may fight as they will for their arrogant privileges; they are six hundred in a nation of forty millions, the bulk of whom are not asking for privileges, and think that no more should be given to anyone; and right with so much might behind it is bound to prevail. King George is destined to be the first democrat in Europe; for to-morrow is the day of the democracy, and the feudal spirit that haunts the Upper House is a selfish and obsolete ghost that belongs to the night and will inevitably vanish at cock-crow.

MR. GILBERT CANNAN.

I only had your letter yesterday, when the new epoch was already some weeks old. I see no reason for being pessimistic about it. We have inherited Dreadnoughts and war scares and a good deal of sentimental patriotism from the Victorian era; but also we have inherited wealth and many great ideas. We shall, I hope, do away with the follies and employ the great things; but, anyhow, the inheritance in itself forces us to energy and vigour. It may even force us back upon our ancient faith in imagination and courage, which have rather been lost from view in the frenzy of scientific discovery. Two great movements girded up their loins in the Victorian era—communism and feminism, demanding the emancipation of an enslaved class and an enslaved sex. The jargon of these two movements has already become a commonplace of the stage. There it is lifeless talk, but it is a sign that the ideas underlying it are in the consciousness of the community. The progress of these two movements means that there will be a flood of half-ideas, half-truths, half-feelings, half-thoughts to feed the demands of half-educated minds. That will be bad for art, but sooner or later there should be a fine explosion—a revolution if you like—and that is the natural aim of art. I hope there will be many healthy revolutions and explosions, and I see no reason why there should not be as many as I see in my wildest dreams.

Speaking as a dramatic critic, I feel that there must unavoidably be explosions and revolutions in the theatre. There has been a quantity of talk about the theatre being the pulpit of the world, the voice and the machine of peoples. It should be, but as it is at present managed in this country it cannot be. We have to restore drama and the dramatic sense to it before it can have the life to serve any useful purpose beyond the harmless filling of a few idle hours. That is the revolution in which I personally am most interested. Therefore I am discreet and say nothing more about it.

SIR FRANCIS VANE, BT., J.P., President of the National Peace Scouts

It is clear to those who think at all that the Victorian era which is passing or passed was one in which a rigid and cruel individualism attempted to justify itself by the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. It is true it might easily have done it by the former, but by the latter it was as impossible as it was profane. I have before said that a certain form of patriotism seems to me to be no more than village pumpism tempered by profanity. This

may be said also of the economic doctrine of individualism when the Church of Christ is used to support principles which, if they are worth anything at all, should be capable of self-defence. It was a clever dodge when the Church of the poor Nazarene was made rich so as to bring it over to the side of the strong, and when the universal Church was incited to teach patriotism to bring its powerful influence to assist in making war.

Clearly we are come to a day when men are beginning to see that they have been unnaturally divided one from the other by class, by sect, by race. Men are getting much nearer to each other in thought and in sympathy. The age which we are entering now is one when men are feeling that they have been placed on earth not to support the strong, but to protect the weak; not to defend vested interest, but the common interest; not to fall down and worship something because it is called a National Institution, but rather to consider how far such an institution is for the benefit of mankind. We are returning, in fact, to a more chivalrous age.

It is true that class division has lasted longer in this country than elsewhere, because when the aristocracy relinquished its power in 1832, its place was simply taken by the middle class. For all these years, consciously or unconsciously, in spite of a widening suffrage we have been governed by new men dressed up to look like an ancient race. The mantle fell from the noblesse on to the shoulders of the traders and they spoiled it as well as they could, but it has left them now in this year of grace, and they howl much more loudly than did the aristocracy when they were deprived of their power, but the howling is a part of their game.

As a National representative in 1832 Sir Roger de Coverley was replaced by that ridiculous shopkeeper dressed as a stage farmer, which we called John Bull: now if we should think of a figure for our race, let us take it will be more like St. Francis than John Bull.

In this new period we must recognise that we are to be led by the poor, not by the new-made rich, and I believe honestly better led, because there is more imagination in a working man than in ten prosperous grocers. Among those things which have extended the period of power of the middle class there is nothing more potent than the class patois in England. Other countries have local patois, the English patois goes by class. This causes the real difficulty in the schools, and this again is the foundation of our snobbism. Children from the tenderest years are brought up to look down on those who are less fortunate. They are not, as in most other countries, sent to the same schools. I told a mother who was about to send her son to one of our great public schools, when as an excuse she said he was going so that he might become hardened, that mankind did not require hardening but softening. I told her also that her son was being sent first of all to be made a little brute, and then to be made a little snob. She was rather angry, but it was true.

In the new era which we are entering the children of all classes will be brought up much more together, and I hope much nearer home. They want their bodies hardened, their minds strengthened, but their hearts kept tender and true. This cannot happen if they are made to turn up their little noses at poverty and distress, to speak of the poorer boys as cads, to form themselves in their most plastic years into castes and degrees. We are making for unity of class, and we must make for unity of sect.

No one believes to-day that man can be saved only by a Church; that any one Church has a monopoly of truth. If they did so it would follow that the individuals composing this fortunate sect would possess a very much higher standard of morality than the others. I do not believe there is any clergyman outside Bedlam who will affirm this of his own Church to-day. Therefore in this new age of clearer thought the sects must come closer together, and by so doing be of infinitely more use in a world which requires good forces to unite against evil ones, not to fight each other. Again, in this new age the Empire, which too long has been an excuse for the most vulgar form of conceit, will take its place as a powerful influence making for unity. Our Empire is no Empire of conquest, the sword has done very little to build up our heritage. Justice, forethought, humanity, have brought distant lands and varying races together. If we had depended on violent means it would have split up long ago, just as if we had refused self-government to the new Colonies in South Africa, the Sub-Continent would have been lost—as America, indeed, was lost more than a hundred years ago.

The Empire will take its place as an educational medium to widen our minds, to show us that races are not naturally separated by blood—indeed, we of all races having very mixed blood, should have been the last to think so, and that just as a fifth of the globe inhabited by every race has been united by humanity and by wise government, so all the lands can by equal wisdom be co-ordinated. For what does it amount to, these divisions? When we one

day awake from our mediæval dreams to realise that a foreigner was not *ipso facto* a scoundrel, that it was just as easy to love a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, as to love an Englishman, the logic of racial strife will disappear. On that day of awakening, if we thought at all, we must have seen that there was some underhand influence at work setting race against race, country against country. Of course there is, and it is our old enemy the vested interest. The upper class, no blame to it, will always be a vested interest in favour of war because their bread and butter is in it; besides, their family traditions and everything else tends to cause them to wish to re-enact the pageantry of war. But the people, the common people, those who pay not in the blood of soldiers only—we all do that—but in the blood of the little children who die of starvation owing to the expenditure caused by modern strife, those who have no especial military traditions, those who in no possible circumstance can gain through war, these common people, now the governors, will put a stop to it, because of the children.

The new era, please God, will do this, and it clearly should do so. At the present time with the enormously increased means of transport and intercourse, Germany or France is in effect no larger than was Kent or Cumberland a hundred years ago. There is now infinitely more exchange of thought and ideas between Germany and England than at the end of the eighteenth century existed between Yorkshire and Huntingdon, or Devon and Surrey. Directly the people realise that they are the leaders, directly they get over their unfortunate habit of following blindly men no better than themselves, but who are in a more distinguished place, when they take, as they are now taking, the trouble to think out matters for themselves, there will be an end to racial strife, and the people who encourage it will find themselves elevated to high positions—on handy lamp-posts.

The late King, we all admit with gratitude, did much to prevent war, but in the new era it will not be necessary for one man, be he king or cobbler, to do this. War will be prevented by those who suffer from it—it will prevent itself.

The Victorian age is finished, that age of half-truths, of fig-leaf virtue, of faith in the impossible, of respectability clothing dishonesty, and before us opens out a much more hopeful, because a much brighter, a better illuminated landscape. Education is being studied scientifically, the young are being led to instruction rather than being inoculated with it, their young minds are being allowed to expand naturally, and their young enthusiasm to have a vent as never before it had. God's fields and woods are replacing the stuffiness of classroom and education board. And it is being found out that "where children rule" is not so badly governed a place as the stuffy philosophers of the nineteenth century thought, and some day in this period it will be found that what Christ taught was true, that what we want to aim at is not a super-man but a super boy, the man with the heart of a boy, with the enthusiasm and the hope of the young, with his faith, with his energy and his desire for justice unrestrained and uncorrected. With the simpler tastes of youth governed and directed by the experience of age, of the years, but yet young in heart and will.

Our country, full of the cobwebs of the ages as it is, is most difficult to influence. Look, for example, at our Press. Go through it line and line, page and picture, and you will see snobbism and self-interest damning every part. Society courtesans and frivolous men represented as persons of importance, actors and actresses, salaried football and cricket players, elevated to the position of national heroes, dress and bridge, things which are only excusable as pastimes placed before serious work.

Let us in this new era get rid of these things, let us have the hearts of boys, let us "wake up," as the King said, to see that to be a gentleman one must work, that to be a knight one must have a definite duty for our brothers to perform, that the higher the rank the more onerous must be the work of our fellows, and, finally, let me say that these principles must be taught to the young, and that it cannot be done better than by the medium of my young comrades the Boy Scouts, whose minds are now open to receive the noblest leading and are in danger of obtaining a narrow one. God grant that we may see true so that we may teach true.

MR. STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

It's a very pretty compliment—makes one feel so comically important—to be asked one's "views and forecast of the character of the era now being begun," and as to the forecast part of it, I can't for the life of me answer otherwise than with the schoolboy's "Don't know, sir!" In this prophecy game, above all, the wish is usually father to the thought. What a man foresees is more or less what he wants to foresee. At one and the same time, I desire change and hate it. The modern art of making forecasts lies, I

gather, in detecting causes now at work and tracing out their inevitable effects. But it seems to me that in human affairs the bond between cause and effect is so vague and complex beyond human reckoning that the law of cause and effect is practically about as trustworthy as Old Moore's Almanac. It is a point which Socialists will forget at the peril of their Socialism.

Change prepares itself for birth in the *Vie Intime* of people, not in politics. I doubt if the governing classes and those who talk are in any degree aware of the ferment now at work among the governed, who at present have only the illusion of governing themselves. Scepticism as to the party system, as to politics themselves, and even the whole theory of democracy, is spreading amazingly. It is not now the rightness of this or that party which is debated at street corners and in the public house, so much as whether all the parties are not frauds and self-seekers. Scepticism cannot be confined to one thing. Theology has fallen to bits; politics will, I think. The result. . . . Who can tell? There is no reason why human welfare has suffered any more than real religion has suffered.

Living and working with working people, as I have done for some years now, one is kept acutely aware that class antagonism is a very powerful force, growing rather than diminishing, and acting in all sorts of unsuspected ways. Let things go wrong, make a false step, and in a moment it flashes out. "Ignorant fellow!" "Bloody gen'leman!" It was there all the time. In future, I believe the class-fight will be less noisy, more tolerant perhaps, and more deadly. Each side wrongs the other; but neither side seems to realise how unconsciously most of the wrong is done, how much it is a matter of upbringing and atmosphere, of impulses being different. In consequence men are called robbers and thieves, and oppressors and mobs, who all the time, according to their lights, are quite honest and well-meaning. Perhaps the remarkable growth in self-consciousness, which appears to be taking place, will shake men's sense of their own rectitude, and put that right. Then we shall be able to begin settling up the cross-account. Of one thing I feel certain; the working man has many enemies, but the worst is himself. I am not blaming him. He has the defects of his qualities. What I mean is that he balks himself. See how easily at any election he can be divided into two parties each of which neutralises the other; and the man who pulls the wires retains the power. If working people are to hold their own, to win their fight, they must overcome their suspiciousness and their dislike of responsibility (both very reasonable and the outcome of hard experience), and must develop qualities essential to sound fighting. And I do not, I cannot, see how they are to develop those qualities without losing or spoiling others that are still more valuable to the race—their courage to live, their fertility, their happy-go-luckiness, their recklessness even.

We seem, in short, to have come to a point when the welfare of society and the welfare of the race are far from identical, and we have now to choose between the two. Perhaps I am not very plain. . . . Take this illustration: Blake says, with profound truth, "Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid, waited upon by incapacity." Society demands more prudence. The good of the race demands less. Society demands a damping-down of individual life. Does the race? The race demands more and more life; and it cares nothing whether that life (to coin a word) dovetails into any industrial or political system whatever. It is no use offering me art, comfort, scope for my inclinations if, as a condition, outlet for my passions is denied me. My passions will bust it all up. It is no use offering me freedom from destitution if, as a condition, I must knuckle under to a scheme of industrial conscription like the Webbs' Minority Report. That's the sort of thing I mean; and I do venture to make one prediction: any society whose welfare involves racial harm will go to pieces; and any reform which involves the slowing down of life will be destroyed by life itself.

There or thereabout lies my quarrel with the ordinary forms of Socialism. Useful as a leaven, it carries as a system, I believe, its own destruction within it. Were it practicable it would be unnecessary. I greatly admire your *NEW AGE* for its outspokenness and the hospitality it gives to all sorts of opinions; but I have read in your columns socialistic schemes which give one the shivers and make me savage; for they deal with the life, however imperfect it is, that I and those I care for live. The greatest tyranny to beware of in the next era is that of the intellectuals ordering other people's lives—they are so well-intentioned and so cruel.

SIR JOHN COCKBURN.

The following would briefly express my view of the character of the era now commencing as compared with the Victorian era. The keynote of the latter was acquisition of territory for the Empire; the requirement of to-day is the organisation of our vast possessions. This

coincides with a general movement towards increased solidarity and co-operation which can be traced in many Acts of Parliament which a few years ago would have been denounced as socialistic, but are now supported by pronounced individualists. The fact that King George V. has visited almost every part of the British Empire constitutes a favourable augury for an age of Imperial synthesis.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

When I was a youth—twenty years ago—I worked at the West-End branch of the Sun Insurance Office in Trafalgar Square. Many interesting things and people were to be witnessed from those windows, but the most absorbing spectacle happened on a day when John Burns, standing beside a lion on the Nelson monument, waved a red flag above a stormy sea of men. Our manager drew down the iron curtains of the office upon that vision. "We are," said he, "on the verge of revolution." With a harsh roar those shutters were wont to descend, but the roar of hungry men was louder and harsher on that grim, grey day long past.

It was reported that the late Monarch, then Heir Apparent, when discussing the events of the moment, gave it as his opinion that he would probably reign, but that his son would not. He held the threatened revolution to be within striking distance, nor guessed how quickly it was to vanish into thin air and leave not a wrack behind.

To-day his son ascends a stable throne, and the forthcoming Royal funeral with its elaborate advertisement for the monarchical principle will serve many more than explicit purposes of pomp and mourning. The flip to hereditary rule will extend to hereditary legislation also; and by passing at this moment his late Majesty has probably affirmed and strengthened the Crown and the House of Lords in a most real and practical manner, since sentiment is a vital leaven in the heart of mobs.

Without assuming, as it pleases the Tory Press to do, that all question of attack upon the Upper House is now definitely shelved for a year or more, we may take it that King George will not be approached with the matter for a considerable time; though, so far as his decision is concerned, it is fairly safe to assume that he thinks as his father thought and will act as his father would have acted.

Which brings me to the question of the future, and I find myself unable to agree with *THE NEW AGE* that a new era is opening. I suspect rather that his Majesty will prove the son of his father, and that we may expect him, in so far as his powers permit, to follow the paternal tradition. "We must be popular," said Edward VII. on a past occasion, when addressing the representatives of an institution; and though it is not given to every monarch to find the secret of popularity as he found it, yet we may take it that George V. inherits the goodwill his father gathered for the Crown, and we may therefore anticipate a strong Conservative and reactionary recrudescence which it will need more than the powers or popularity of the present Ministry to stem. His Majesty's classic adjuration remains; but he need neither hope nor fear that England will take his advice, or wake up, or contemplate new eras, or desire new things, or even retort in friendly fashion as from nation to monarch, "Wake up, George!"

Not only divinity doth hedge a king; there is an aulic machinery whirring round about him whose busy buzzing ceases never, and through the din of which the cry of humanity can seldom penetrate to a royal ear be it ever so kindly, be it ever so attent.

I predict a big Conservative majority at the next General Election; and the sooner that comes, the larger will the Tory triumph be. The evolution of humanism in politics seems threatened with a set back—a retreating wave or two. They will throw up some surges; but the tide continues to flow.

DR. BERNARD BOSANQUET.

If I may compress my view into a single sentence followed by a word of explanation it is this. In the era now opening the British democracy will become master in its own house, and, being free from external restrictions, will see the necessity of seriously taking itself in hand.

It will no longer be able to throw blame for what is wrong on inherited obstructions. It will have to grapple with its own defects, and ascertain by experience where the true forces lie which condition social progress and prosperity. I do not think that this experience will lead it along reactionary lines. But I do think that it will lead along lines of progress which will be deeper and more exacting than the progressive optimism of to-day anticipates. We shall hear more of character and of true education and less of schemes for extended State assistance, when the real industrial class has come into its kingdom. I believe that the democracy has very much and very serious things to learn; but I believe that the difficult task will be successfully confronted, and that we have it in us to become the most prosperous and cultivated and united nation in the world.

## The Philosophy of a Don.

### XI.—An Elogy on Poetry.

I DO NOT know whether it was the effect of the port or of the hour. I have often noticed that there is a certain quasi-magical, tongue-loosening virtue in the small hours of the morning as well as in port—a subtle, insidious and irresistible power that impels to garrulity and indiscretion. Be that as it may, Chesterham and I, as we sat up philosophising the other night, fell into a strangely sentimental strain of talk.

"Although I have been so successful as a journalist," he confessed to me, "I feel that Nature intended me for a poet."

"Indeed!" said I, somewhat taken aback.

"Yes, Poetry has always been a sacred, though secret, passion with me. Since I was a child in frocks and pinafores hardly a day has passed on which Poetry has not occupied a large part of my thoughts, hardly one deep and genuine emotion has come into my life which has not been either caused, or interpreted, or intensified by Poetry. I well remember how I lisped in numbers while still in my nurse's arms, and there is a tradition in our family that two of the very first words I articulated were rhymes—'bread' and 'bed.' I have never got over it. Many a time, when I ought to be busy stringing paradoxes for the 'Daily Nuisance,' I catch myself longing to sing of brooks and blossoms, birds and bowers; of April, May, June, and July flowers—odd, isn't it?"

"Yes. It does sound rather incongruous," I said. "But I think I can understand the feeling. Truth to tell, I myself am not altogether a stranger to it,"—and, impelled partly by the occult influences already hinted at, partly by a chivalrous sense that one confession deserved another, I went on, with a naïveté and an unreserve which now surprise and even shock me a little:—"The temptation, I have observed, usually comes upon me towards the end of May. As I walk across our college court from chapel to my rooms of a morning, duly gowned and surpliced, I am conscious of a mysterious transformation in all things. The gargoyles which adorn the cornices of our dining hall grin less grotesquely, and the geraniums in the window-boxes seem to nod gaily, almost roguishly, to me. It is the same with the living ornaments and monuments of St. Mark's. A fat, genial smile suffuses the face of our Junior Dean, modifying its Gothic austerity somewhat. Mrs. Buggins, my venerable bed-maker, as she lays my breakfast, looks as if she had undergone a kind of miraculous metamorphosis; and my nefarious servant Cripps all but ceases to be a common earthly biped with a purple wart on the extremity of his nose and an unquenchable passion for surreptitious libations in his heart. Even Dr. Maginn, our respected master, I fancy, is almost transfigured into a man. It is most inexplicable."

"It is Poetry," said Chesterham, with a sapient shake of his head. "I recognise the symptoms. As you have justly remarked, they are particularly pronounced about the end of May. It is the Voice of the Spring speaking to the Heart of Man—Deep whispering unto Deep mystic, unutterable things. Shakespeare, it is true, makes a lot of fuss about April; but the seasons may have shifted since his time. At all events, I prefer May. You know, I am beginning to think that the phrase 'March hare' must be a clumsy misprint for 'May hare.' There is no reason why anybody should

go even moderately mad in the month of May, is there?"

"None whatever," I agreed. "I, for one, feel perfectly sane, almost stupid, in March."

"Just so. But in May anybody might without loss of self-respect—by the way, I'll make a note of the idea. It may come in useful for my next article"—and, pulling his capacious cuff down, he committed the inspiration to linen.

"I am entirely of your opinion," I said. "I have for some time past held the theory that Adam must have wooed Eve and that Theocritus must have composed his idylls in May. Even in Sicily I doubt whether Polyphemus could have forgotten himself so incomparably at any other time of the year. It is only in May that our kindly and romantic impulses have the force that leads to folly."

"That reminds me of a report I saw in the papers the other day, that the demand for the aid of the Cleveland Humane Society on behalf of abused wives falls off 90 per cent. between the months of May and September. Significant, isn't it?"

"Very. Who, indeed, could be such a marble-hearted monster as to maltreat even the most antiquated and most inconveniently affectionate wife in May? Have some more port," I said, pushing the bottle towards him.

"Thank you," and, raising his glass, he solemnly recited:—

"Let those drink now who never drank before;

And those who always drank, now drink the more!"

After his confession I did not like to ask whether the lines were a quotation, or one of his own pre-meditated improvisations.

"A scientific work on the relation between the seasons and the emotions based upon accurate mathematical statistics still remains to be written. You might do worse than try your hand at it. You could easily get your facts. . . ."

"Oh, I have no taste for statistics and facts. I am all for ideas and broad principles," he interrupted with an arrogance that goaded me into unusual aggressiveness.

"Facts," I said, "are the flowers principles are distilled from. An idea is nothing but the refined essence of a million facts."

"I thought we were talking about feelings," he said.

"Feelings also are facts," I retorted. "But I will not press the point. Are you going to undertake the work I have suggested?"

"There is something in your suggestion; but I must treat the subject in my own manner. I think I will attempt a light, easy, fantastic essay—a tremendous trifle—you know the sort of thing I mean. There always is a market for that sort of thing. Eh, what?"

"Oh, I am sure those who like that sort of thing, will like your tremendous trifle. What do you propose to call it?"

"It might be entitled 'The Calendar of the Heart,' or 'Greybeards at play,' or 'The Call of the Boss,' or, in fact, anything; and if refused by 'Punch,' I could send it to the 'British Weekly.'"

"It is only fair to tell you," I said, lifting my glass and looking gravely over its brim at Chesterham as he made a memorandum on his cuff, "that I have already suggested the same thing to the Chairman of our Board of Examiners, as an alternative subject for the metaphysics paper."

"Oh, that makes no difference. What did he say about it, though?"

"He said that it was unacademic. Of course it is, I replied; but then so is May. Besides, I added, why should we not endeavour to develop the emotional as

well as the intellectual side of our pupils? He answered that service in chapel was ample education for the emotions."

"Fool!" commented Chesterham, concisely. "But what can an Oxbridge examiner know about poetry? Did not your dons once consider acrostics a form of literature, and do they not still love a pun dearly?"

"I know nothing about acrostics," I said, impressively. "But puns are things for which I have a sneaking esteem. They are the small change of wit. You cannot deal always with gold and silver. This, however, is by the way. I am greatly interested in your enthusiasm for poetry—have some more port?"

"Thanks. Poetry, between ourselves, is the one dominant force in the world. She rules matter. She rules intellect. She rules feeling—in fact, is there anything in heaven or earth or in the vast beyond that Poetry does not rule? She is the embodiment of all beauty, all refinement, all enchantment. She is the balm of hurt minds, the solace of sick souls, the counsellor of the perplexed, and the companion of the lonely."

I felt touched.

"Why, then," I asked, softly, "have you wasted so many valuable years of your life climbing the dismal columns of the halfpenny Press, instead of tripping gaily up the slopes of Parnassus?"

"Alas!" he sighed, "I was compelled to it. Let me tell you the sad tale of my life. When I began to cast about for a career, I found that nobody nowadays cared for Poetry. Nobody aspired to grasp at the immortal verities guarded by the gods. Our cultured masses, I found, exhibited a lamentable desire to be amused or abused rather than elevated. They seemed to consider memories an encumbrance and anticipations a superfluity. Nothing vague allured them from afar. They lavished their plaudits and their pounds on plays like that fellow Shav's, and they would not pay a penny for golden rainbows and glowing stars."

There came a pause, during which I sipped my port and Chesterham gazed dreamily at the ceiling. Then he resumed:—

"I found our literature an expanse of arid prose—a land of promises unfulfilled—a wilderness empty and barren as an old maid's life. Formerly writing was a religious vocation. When I began to write it had already become a commercial competition. So, in order to gain a share in the spoils of the time, I decided to climb where it was profitable to climb. I joined the crowds that perspire for the crown of journalistic success; and, as you know, I have not perspired in vain. But now I realise the awful tragedy of it all. My achievement has proved my doom and my bereavement."

"It is never too late to repent," I said, anxious to comfort my poor colleague in his anguish. But it was no use. The most profound, ingenious and witty aphorisms of the wise man of the world appear stale, flat, and unprofitable when addressed to the ears of one who is grimly determined not to part with his grief.

"What would my reward be, if I exchanged the short-winded jade of journalism for the long-winged pegasus of Poetry?" he wailed, wearily. "How often can anyone nowadays say truthfully that he has read straight through a modern book of poetry? Our critics have no praise for the gift of approaching big things boldly, directly, and intimately. The only flights appreciated in England nowadays are aeronautic flights, and those performed by foreigners. Take the London to Manchester. . . ."

"For heaven's sake, have some port," I exclaimed, alarmed, and in my eagerness to divert his thoughts from that unwholesome topic, I emptied the bottle into his glass.

My tactics proved successful. By the time Chesterham had drained his glass, smacked his lips, and wiped his moustache with his large yellow pocket-handkerchief, he had completely forgotten what he was going to say. My conscience smote me a little.

"So you think that, speaking poetically, we are in a bad way?" I asked.

"'Bad' does not convey one tithe of my meaning. We live in an age of steam engines, electric telegraphs, motor cars, and general stultification, my dear fellow," he said, as with trembling hand he raised his empty glass to his lips. "The sound of the railway whistle and the tooting of the motor horn have frightened Pan and Poetry out of England. Now it is all prose, and pretty rotten prose at that."

"I must confess," I said, "that I think you are unduly depressed. In the first place, even granting, for argument's sake, that we have no poets left, I cannot quite regard their disappearance as a matter for national mourning. At best, the poet is a mere commentator on events and sensations which he has not in any way helped to bring about. Helen, I believe, would have eloped with Paris, and Troy would have been sacked, just as easily, had Homer never given publicity to the scandal. Paradise could be lost and regained without Milton's assistance. The sovereign power of the passions was felt long before Sappho was born. The sight of flowers in spring and of snows in winter would arouse in us the same feelings of pleasure or pain, had Thomson and Herrick never sung of them. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, whether Keats or Euripides\* says so or not—and so forth. But your regrets are really misplaced and your funereal plaints slightly premature. Despite railways, motor cars, board schools, and all the other triumphs of Civilisation, the world at this hour is, I think, just as poetical as it ever was. Poetry is not dead. She will only die

When the stream be aweary of flowing,  
When the wind be aweary of blowing,  
When the clouds be aweary of fleeting,  
When the lambs be aweary of bleating,  
When the heart be aweary of beating—

in short, when . . . ."

At that moment St. Mark's clock was heard opportunely booming three.

"By Jove! I must be off," cried Chesterham, jumping up with an agility which, all things considered, astonished me not a little.

"Must you really go?"

"Yes, I must. I have an article to write for the 'D.N.'"

He tottered away, leaving me completely portless, yet not unamused. I have a strong suspicion that my poor colleague, in bewailing our life as unpoetical, only betrayed his own prosaic nature. With men like him, I have observed, it is always so. They quarrel with their times for the same reason for which a bad workman quarrels with his tools. The actual and the familiar is not inspiring, simply because they themselves are incapable of inspiration. They do not know that the Infinite, the Noble, and the Beautiful are in every man who is sane enough to be a man. They like to imagine that Poetry dwells in some dim, far-off fairy-land of the past. Hence their dolorous dirges and pitiful self-miserations: Ah, if they had only had the good fortune to be born a few centuries ago, what heroic Iliads they would have written, what rivers of lyric tenderness they could have poured forth, with what floods of sweetness and light they could have fertilised the earth! Hence also their rapturous admiration for the Middle Age and their ridiculous denunciations of the present age. Hence, in brief, "The Wild Knight and other poems."

Although no pathologist, I think I can explain their case. With men of that type poetry is a matter of luxury rather than of necessity. It is a morbid, voluptuous craving for some exotic delicacy, desirable mainly for its rarity. It is not a normal, healthy hunger for wholesome nourishment. If it were, they could easily satisfy it: the healthily hungry man finds abundant nourishment in common bread and cheese.

Personally, rather than be such a poet, I would gladly live and die a pedestrian philosophaster.

\* I have recently discovered that Euripides must have read Keats to some profit. His *ὁ, τι καλὸν φίλον αἰεὶ* (*Bacchae* 881) sounds suspiciously familiar.

## The New English and After.

By Walter Sickert.

GEORGE MOORE used to say of a sometime critical colleague of ours that he wrote like a man yelling abuse up the area steps at Burlington House. A friend of mine, who had the privilege of making his studies of rhetoric under the roof of the fish market at Boulogne, tells me that certain candours are there described as "des compliments de matelot," sailors' compliments.

Impelled by the furies of candour (to quote Signor Giardini, "Il s'est trompé sur son époque, il dit la vérité à tout le monde, personne ne peut le souffrir") to unpack myself of certain of these sailors' compliments, it seemed to me prudent rather to deliver them from the pavement of Suffolk Street, than from the top of the steep staircase that leads to the galleries.

The New English Art Club has now run for about a quarter of a century, long enough to make it possible to gauge the direction of its influence. Like all organisms endowed with the wisdom of self-preservation, it has grown and consolidated itself on reasonably practical and diplomatic lines. If it had not it would not have been alive to tell the tale. It has accomplished what it could, and like most middle-aged bodies resigned itself cheerfully to not accomplishing what it couldn't. Most of the more serious reputations of the day have been made or strengthened on its walls. Of the makers of these many remain, and many have moved on, urged by a natural desire for larger and more popular audiences. But I doubt if any unprejudiced student of modern painting will deny that the New English Art Club at the present day sets the standard of painting in England. He may regret it or resent it, but he will hardly deny it.

If our English shyness and passion for conformity has, as I believe, a deadening effect on our art production, it saves us, at least, almost entirely from the mass of mere eccentricity that we find in the independent or secessionist exhibitions of other European countries. Englishmen do not deliberately paint and exhibit canvases that they know to be nonsensical, with the cynical and avowed intention of attracting notice. In my long recollections of the exhibitions at the Dudley Gallery, in Dering Yard, and, now, in Suffolk Street, I cannot remember any exhibit in which the painter has not obviously tried, in all seriousness, to tackle his job to the best of his ability. Technically we have evolved, for these things are done in gangs, not by individuals, we have evolved a method of painting with a clean and solid mosaic of thick paint in a light key. I should like to be able to trace this method more closely to its sources, but I am safe, at any rate, in describing it as the New English technique, and in saying that a whole generation holds it at the present time in common. (Mr. M'Evoy alone, oh, so wisely, seeing that this method was unsuited to the tonality of his subjects, and to the scale on which he is impelled to express himself, continues undisturbed in the admirable Rubens-Wilkie-Orchardson tradition of execution, of which I have spoken before. It may be that there is more force of character shown in this gentle, well-mannered abstention, more serious criticism of modern fashions implied, than the ablest pen can ever accomplish.)

The pictures at the New English Art Club are often described as impressionist, and their painters called impressionists. This always surprises and amuses French visitors to England. A painter is guided and pushed by his surroundings very much as an actor is, and the atmosphere of English society acting on a gifted group of painters, who had learned what they knew either in Paris or from Paris, has provided a school with aims and qualities altogether different from those of the impressionists.

The New English Art Club picture has tended to be a composite product in which an educated colour vision has been applied to themes already long approved and accepted in this country. In this tendency, some may see the wisdom of the serpent and others dangerous compromise. I will take as examples of pure impres-

sionism a Sisley or a Pissarro. In these, though exquisite places, or exquisite groups, are sometimes the excuse for the painting, the principal personage is the light. It was found by a pleiad of the keenest and ablest talents in history, that certain laws imposed themselves if this protagonist was to remain paramount. It was found that direct painting in broken colour imposes a limit to the size of the canvas. The immense majority of Monets, of Pissarros, of Sisleys are on a small scale, and, we may be certain, not for nothing are they so. Theirs is an art closely conditioned by an incessant readjustment and restatement of the message sent from the eye to the hand. I doubt if you are free to alter the size of the stitches in this tapestry of sensibility as you please. Certain relations in nature are stable. A general would be ill-advised, it seems to me, who ordered the step, in marching, to be henceforth lengthened. A cup must always retain a certain proportion to the hand that lifts it, and the mouth that is to drink from it. So I am inclined to think that, wherever we have been tempted to do impressionism on the scale of the exhibition picture, we have run considerable risk of losing the essence of what we had learnt from the French impressionists.

It is certain that the impressionists put themselves out more than we do in England. We all live like gentlemen, and keep gentlemen's hours. A glance round the walls of any New English Art Club exhibition does certainly not give us the sensation of a page torn from the book of life. There is an over-insistence on two motifs. The one the august-site motif, and the other the smartened-up-young-person motif. It may be that it is just this concession which is leading on the plain man to appreciate us. My diagnosis inclines the other way.

It is admitted that the painters in this country are crying out. Whatever we utter, from north, south, east, or west, is one long litany. Art is not encouraged! The Briton is inartistic, and will not buy our bow-wow, etc! Are we quite sure that we have not overlooked one little point? Is he perhaps too artistic, and do we perhaps disappoint him? Have we underrated our audience, the most fatal of all mistakes?

After all, I can remember that it was as long ago as 1890 that the undergraduate began to sit up and take notice of impressionism. The word "Degas" was lisped, I remember, in the "Cambridge Observer," and George Moore's features were printed from phot zinc therein. In fine, culture was nascent. How old are those undergraduates now? Great heavens! Forty or thereabouts. And meanwhile what have they been doing? Some may have travelled. They know all about Gauguin and the Salon d'Automne. They have been to Spain. Who knows if there are not stock-brokers and bankers who know the Prado better than we do? But this line of reflection is too painful to pursue.

Now what are the remedies we hear of on all hands? Not so much that the public is to be urged and tempted to buy the work of young men at a living wage; but that a few very wealthy people are to be persuaded, as a sort of penance, to purchase a few pictures at high prices—to adorn their own houses? Not at all. Not for worlds! But for a public gallery, somewhere else, that some unfortunate municipality is to be urged to endow, in order to raise the masses at the expense of the ratepayer.

These are not the remedies, and it is no use to pretend they are. We must make up our minds to one thing. The ratepayer is cruelly overburdened as it is. More, and not fewer, calls are being made on him. Less and less can he be squeezed for anything not of vital necessity, and exhibition pictures are not a national or municipal necessity.

The remedy for us painters has been pointed out to us by Paris. The modest collector of small means must be met. Boudin used to sell his pictures for from £2 to £12, Claude Monet began by many a sale at £4, Sisley the same. And purchasers at these prices bought because they wanted the pictures for their own houses, not because they had to be persuaded that the

inhabitants of some far-away municipality wanted "raising."

The New English Art Club are not in receipt of public money, so that they are well within their rights in rejecting or accepting whom they please. But they will not meet the needs of the rising generation, and so keep their lead, unless they see their way to hang each man's work in groups. This has been found the only way to give the painters who cannot afford to paint exhibition pictures—what someone has called annual posters—the consideration they require. And the future of painting lies with the twelve and the twenty pound, not with the five-hundred pound picture.

## Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

THE death by drowning of Alfred Nutt will grieve every bookman who is acquainted with the inside of London bookishness. Primarily Alfred Nutt was a bookseller—not one of the greatest, not one to rank with Quaritch of London, Voynich of London and Florence, Rosenthal of Munich, or Rahir of Paris—but still a very fine bookseller, specialising in excellent, dry, ascetic items of which the crowd never hears. I personally preferred his father's old shop in the Strand, to the somewhat over-formal new one in Long Acre, but the latter was a good shop, if harsh in its atmosphere; and foreign literature and the literature of folk-lore were really understood there. The average large bookshop in London produces the same effect on a bookman who enters it, as the R.A. on a genuine painter, or a West End theatre on a genuine student of the play—that is to say, it absolutely desolates, and fills him with a desire to go and lean up against the nearest bar and have a drink. Alfred Nutt's shop was not thus. It inspired respect. And you were aware that somewhere behind those discreet glass partitions was a man who really did know something about something; indeed, a first-class savant. It will be a pity if Alfred Nutt's works, large and small, are not collected and re-issued uniformly by one of the learned societies.

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He was also a publisher, who published what took his fancy, with a splendid negligence of public taste. He once wrote to me and suggested that I should write a novel about a certain subject. I asked him to visit my agent. That he at once did so was a proof of his good intentions. Terms were arranged. I wrote the book, and he published it. Afterwards I called at his shop to make his acquaintance, and found a very tall, very thin, very suave, and very reserved person, with the somewhat fastidious manner of a don; assuredly an astounding figure for a bookseller. The interview resulted in no effusion of ideas. Later he came to see me in Paris, and I had six or seven hours' solid conversation with him. The extent of his culture was as immense as I had expected. He was tremendously at home both in German and French. I took him to dine at a restaurant in Montmartre (not the Montmartre of English tourists), and then to the Boite à Fursy. A foreigner who can follow the entertainment at the Boite à Fursy may flatter himself that his knowledge of French manners and the French tongue is profound. Alfred Nutt came well through this test. We parted at 1 a.m. I never saw him again. But in that evening I learnt a great deal about him and about his real opinions on modern literature. I was impressed—deeply; but I came to the conclusion that his tastes were much more archæological than literary. I am not going to say that he "discovered" Henley. He had,

however, the merit of publishing Henley. He was also the first person to introduce Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" to the English public. He told me that of the first volume of that seemingly endless, but now ending, novel, he sold between sixty and seventy copies by personal recommendation over his own counter.

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There are new projects for three new first-class daily papers in Paris. I have already mentioned one, which is a certainty, as regards popular success. Of the other two, one is not serious, but the other will "go," if money can make it go. It has a capital of five million francs behind it. I do not, however, anticipate with interest the advent of any of these papers. No really good daily paper can be produced in Paris until the conditions of journalism are altered, with the exception of "Le Temps." I do not think that there is a single Parisian daily paper whose opinions cannot be bought, and whose opinions are not, in fact, openly bought every day. One of the new papers may declare itself unpurchasable. But if it is to be genuinely unpurchasable it will have to raise considerably the remuneration of its contributors. Three halfpence a line is the average rate of payment for good signed stuff in the Paris daily paper. Only people with very big names indeed get much more. The "Figaro" only pays Paul Bourget £20 for an article. I imagine an English author of prestige comparable to the terrific world-wide prestige of Bourget selling an article for £20! On an average the Parisian daily pays from 10s. to £1 where the London daily pays from £2 to £5. I know of a first-class, old-established Parisian daily whose payments to its operatic critic (a genuine expert) amount to about £8 a year! This is a fact, and not a lonely fact. You naturally ask how the journalists live. Well, if you are clever enough you will be able to answer the question yourself. And the answer will explain why there is scarcely any serious journalism in Paris, and why there is not likely to be any more. We grumble in England; but, though corruption is spreading in England, and though the quality of the London daily press is admitted to be rapidly declining, we are still on velvet, we *chroniqueurs*. And a few determined ones among us do manage to keep up the status of the *chroniqueur*. I know one celebrated writer who had the happy idea last year of informing Fleet Street that he would not put pen to paper for less than £50. He was told that the sum was fantastic, for a column or so. He said, "It may be, but it is my price. You can take it or leave it." Fleet Street takes it.

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On the whole the most literary halfpenny Paris daily at the moment is "Paris-Journal," edited by Gérauld-Richard, who used to edit the Socialist daily, "La Petite République." It has a large corps of good writers, and is free from photographs of corpses. It is not a Socialist paper. The "Figaro" is steadily improving again. The "Temps" gets more and more reactionary, and three of its aged tedious *chroniqueurs* refuse to expire. And the "Journal des Débats" is merely tedious.

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To show the usefulness of academies in encouraging real literature, there have just been two elections to the French Academy. The first seat was won by a prelate, and no one but a prelate had the slightest chance of getting it. The second election was a long duel between a general of the army and the keeper of the Versailles Palace. There were two other candidates: one a titled gentleman, and the other M. Maurice Maindron. Of all the band M. Maindron alone is a literary artist. He received less votes than anybody. As the supporters of the General (Langlois) and the keeper (de Nolhac) persisted in making a tie of it, the election for the second seat was postponed. And yet many people in England want an English Academy that shall be formally charged with the interests of imaginative literature!

## REVIEWS.

**Robert Dodsley.** By Ralph Straus. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

We must protest that a guinea is too much for a book of this kind, although it has fifteen illustrations and is padded out with a bibliography of seventy-two pages, four appendices, and an index of twelve pages, making 407 pages together. The subject, too, is not promising, and Mr. Straus has no enthusiasm for it. "It might seem," he says, "that the appearance of a life of Robert Dodsley should be heralded by an apology. Instead, I prefer to quote a sentence from Isaac Reed's eulogy of the publisher-poet, which explains the attractiveness of such a subject. 'It was his happiness,' he says, 'to pass the greater part of his life with those whose names will be revered by posterity.'" In reply to this, we may say that unless his character is entertaining in itself, or his relation with famous people illuminates them or himself, he is not worth resurrecting. Dodsley cannot stand the test. He began his London career as a footman, wrote a satire, and by some means induced Daniel Defoe to write a preface to it. His success encouraged him to proceed, and in a few years his play "The Toy Shop" was commended by Pope, and introduced by him to John Rich. Its production at Covent Garden on February 3rd, 1735, met with success, and Dodsley was able to retire from domestic service and begin business as a publisher at Tully's Head in Pall Mall. In the course of a fairly successful career he introduced Johnson, Shenstone, Akenside, Sterne and Burke, to mention the most famous, to the British public. He made anthologies, founded magazines, collected and published old plays, wrote books and poems, and his plays, with one exception, were successful. The production, in 1758, of his tragedy "Cleone" restored Covent Garden to popular favour, caused a dignified dissolution of friendship between Garrick and Dodsley, and enabled Dodsley to retire from business. He spent his last years in writing and collecting fables, and visiting and receiving visits from friends. He died on September 23rd, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. Edmund Burke wrote to him on one occasion, "You are a lucky man, and meet friends wherever you go," and Dodsley was known as the "little friend of all the world"; but, says Mr. Straus, "the reflected glory of his friends has vanished with the source of it, and a more sober judgment will place him with the minor people of his time." Even Edmund Gosse, with all his enthusiasm for bookish people, can only say: "It would be impossible to make a genteel hero of the little man, or a great writer. He was just 'Doddy'—everybody's friend, in love with books and bookish people, a plain serviceable bourgeois personality." It is plain that Dodsley is not a man to be remembered, and we fail to see why we should be reminded that he has been dead for 146 years when we are told that even in his works "there is nothing distinctive, nothing that a hundred other men of his day could not have written with equal ease, with equal success, and nothing, with one or two exceptions, that will be remembered." The exceptions are a song and an epigram. It is plain that Mr. Straus did not enjoy writing this book, and it is equally plain that we have not enjoyed reading it. Dodsley, like Ephraim, "mixed himself among that people": he was "a cake not turned;" and Mr. Straus might have spared himself and us a weariness of the flesh had he chosen a more interesting character.

**Lift-luck on Southern Roads.** By Tickner Edwardes. (Methuen. 6s.)

This is a delightful book. It is a record of a vagrant home-coming from Torquay to Arundel, an itinerary towards home providentially guided by a determination not to get there too quickly. On foot or by lift-luck, Mr. Edwardes journeyed from the summer of Torquay, through the autumn of Devon, Somerset and Hampshire, to the winter of Sussex in the fall of

last year, and met with some adventures. Mr. Edwardes rode when he could, in motor-cars, traps, coal-carts, on loads of straw and babbin, traction-engines, caravans, anything that came along; but surely the most extraordinary lift must have been the coast down-hill on the step of the clergyman's bicycle! Mr. Edwardes is a romantic, and romance followed him everywhere; but we do not quite believe that his water-cress man sung three songs to him, the last being the fine "Maid of Somerset," if Mr. Edwardes copied them while he was there; and we cannot believe that Mr. Edwardes remembered eighty-four lines of poetry after one hearing. This incident savours of invention, as, too, does Mr. Edwardes' intervention in a courtship. But there is so much that is fine—the midnight at Stonehenge, the more sentimental service in Winchester Cathedral, the meeting with his double, and a variety of small incidents, romantic and humorous, all touched so deftly and with infallible felicity, that it is unfair to carp at these two incidents. If they didn't happen, they ought to have happened, for they are right with the atmosphere. We feel that Mr. Edwardes enjoyed himself, and he has made us enjoy ourselves, too; and we do not hesitate to recommend this book to everybody. We are only sorry that the names of places are not always genuine; we should have been tempted to try a tramp along this road ourselves.

**An Introduction to the Study of Literature.** By W. H. Hudson. (Harrap. 5s.)

The University Extension Lectures differ from most other educational courses in this particular, that they teach the student how to study; they do not give results, but prescribe methods. This course follows the same traditions, and to those who wish to be learned in literature, this volume will be of some help. It is emphatically what it pretends to be: an introduction to the study of literature, not to literature itself. It will make students, and not artists; it may make appreciative and discriminating critics, but it will not make creators; it will probably make prigs and professors of those who ought not to be poets and playwrights. If anyone follows the course suggested, that person will have a task that will last a lifetime, and many other courses of Extension Lectures will be needed. The method is briefly this: The reader proceeds from the one book he likes to others by the same master. He reads them in chronological order, using the comparative method of criticism and cultivating sympathy. From the works to the biographies, from the biographies to the histories of the times, from the histories to the literatures of other countries that have influenced us, until we have gone through the literature of the world from the latest novel to the "Book of the Dead." By this time, if the student is still alive, he will be able to "account for" the genius of the writer who first aroused his admiration. His taste will be improved, and he will be able to dispense with most critics and all book reviewers. He may even be able to dispense with University Extension Lectures. Of what use the student will be, Mr. Hudson does not tell us; but the student will have the pleasure of studying, and of finally being able to "account for" the genius of any age, and the use of the comparative, inductive, and judicial methods of criticism will enable him to thoroughly understand the works of the great artists. As we said, this book is for students, and to students it may be commended. Mr. Hudson has done his work well, and has emphasised the obvious with frequent quotations from other people. There is nothing technical in the book, except the customary chapter on "The Elements of English Metre," and the ordinary reader may find much to interest him in these pages, although he will not be tempted to adopt Mr. Hudson's method of enjoying books.

**Points for Posterity.** By Hugh Blaker. (Palmer. 2s. net.)

"Points for Posterity" is really history in the making, by Mr. Hugh Blaker. In other words, those who come after us, the world-makers and breakers,

not to mention the hirsute persons who sit on fences and roar, will discover what England of the Twentieth Century was according to Mr. Blaker's experience. In other words, the author has issued his report on our civilisation. The report takes the form of an all-embracing indictment of contemporary society, of every trade and profession, from acting to maternity, and it is intended to make short work of the whole range of social iniquities and indecencies and blasphemies against mankind with which the author is not in sympathy. But in spite of its feverish energy, its violent language, its half digested facts, its immaturities of opinion, its strenuous opposition to convention and orthodox religion, it will not cause much weeping and gnashing of teeth among the faithful of our own time. Nor is it likely to produce any marked effect on posterity—if it reaches so far—except as a rather sly piece of humour. The fact is the author has neglected to observe those golden rules which he has been careful to lay down for the safe conduct of other persons, and has left himself without a leg to stand on, so to speak. He tells us that "the unscrupulousness of historians is proverbial; they lie like picture-dealers, and when they are not lying like picture-dealers they often imagine their spurious goods to be genuine." He then proceeds to explain how historians may be truthful. "They must say what their heroes did *not* do." He thereupon proceeds to write a book in which he relates what the people of his own day did *really* do. History, he seems to say, is negligible. "The most proper and reverent spirit in which to read history is to look upon it as a joke." Yet he does not hesitate to take it seriously and to quote it for the purpose of bolstering up his own argument. Then he warns us against the personal element in an historical work. "As the entire historical atmosphere of a book is coloured with the personality of the writer according to his political and sociological outlook, one is very largely reading an account of his personal prejudices, usually set out as carefully as possible by a poor fallible mortal priding himself on his impartiality." In the volume before us we find Mr. Blaker setting forth a whole bookful of prejudices. Again the author questions the nature of truth. "You say, then, 'there is no such thing as truth'—To us of course not!" If truth varies according to the conception of each generation, it will continue to vary, and it is reasonable to believe that what are truths to Mr. Blaker will not be truths to the posterity for which he is writing. So, for this reason alone, it is a pity he has bothered to write his book. For the rest, he has said nothing new. His sort of indictment has been made before by Havelock Ellis, Father Bernard Vaughan, and others. That Mr. Blaker succeeds in making the age entirely repulsive is a high compliment to his talents.

**John Lothrop Motley and his Family.** Edited by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay. (Lane. 16s. net.)

Most educated people will know John L. Motley as the author of "The History of the Dutch Republic" and of "The United Netherlands," and probably are not concerned to know him in any other capacity. To judge from the estimate of him contained in the present collection of "further" letters their wisdom is great. It is a question whether the editors have added anything material to his reputation by publishing these letters, since they do not tend to strengthen or deepen his character, but the reverse. Briefly considered, they reveal that Motley was a fool in art matters; assiduous in his historical studies; an affectionate husband and father; that he came into contact with many distinguished Mid-Victorians here in this country and abroad; and that he enjoyed his glimpses of Mid-Victorian society. Those who would know more may know that he had a great deal to say worth saying about the American Civil War which has been carefully deleted from his letters; that he made a good ambassadorial "looker-on in Vienna," in which capacity he cultivated the friendship of Bismarck, and sought to teach the latter one or two cardinal principles of American diplo-

macy; that he sometimes addressed Bismarck as "dear old Bismarck" and Bismarck addressed him as "Dear Mot," which is short for Motley. Indeed, this stack of letters, including interpolated ones by Mrs. J. L. M. on social affairs and dull details of domestic economy, throw a very superficial light on the historian. They cover a very eventful period of political history—the period of the wars in America and Austria—but show little or nothing of the course and terrible effects of these wars, and the strong expressions of feeling which they called forth in Motley are omitted. The editors have not even done their work well in editing these letters. It is not a wise thing to introduce letters in the original German and French unless the translations that follow are exceedingly well done. That this is not so may be seen from Bismarck's letter, the concluding passage of which, "Leb herzlich wohl und schreibe bald wieder, wenn Du nicht selbst kommen willst," being rendered, "write soon again, unless you come yourself before you do so." This recalls the Irishman's postscript, "Let me know if you do not receive this letter." "Good soldier" (page 36) is no doubt a misprint for "good soldier." The volume is well got up and contains a number of reproductions of interesting contemporary portraits.

**Persia in Revolution.** By J. M. Hone and Page L. Dickinson. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

After glancing through this book one might turn to Messrs. Hone and Dickinson with the question, "Where is the revolution?" To which the authors would doubtless reply, "The revolution? Ah, there you are! There was not much of a revolution, at least, not in Persia. The revolution, the great revolution, took place outside Persia. It started with the Russo-Japanese war, passed to Austria, thence to Turkey, thence to Persia. Persia, bitten by the craze for a constitution, demanded a parliament. The Shah granted one and took it away again. A civil war followed. The Shah was deposed and his son took his place. That was all that took place, and all that could take place in a vast and poor country like Persia, with its widely scattered, thinly populated districts, and possessing but a comparatively small army." Then one asks the authors why they did not record even this much? And they could have added a little more. They could have mentioned the long string of events that fired the revolution in Persia, the effects on the country and people, and the train which Persia fired in turn. As it is, they have been content to write a chapter or two on the revolution, and to fill up the remainder of the book with an account of their travels in Northern Persia and the Caucasus. So the book is largely made up of descriptions of national doings, national customs and costumes, of the Shah's taste in art, wives, palaces and comic dialogues heard at the telephone. These, together with sundry comings and goings and happenings, and thirty-six photographs, complete a very indifferently written volume.

**The Clinical Journal.** (36, Weymouth Street. 2d.)

The May 4 issue of "The Clinical Journal" contains an admirable review of "Medicine on the Continent," by Dr. Harry Campbell, who was one of the commissioners appointed by the management of the West End Hospital to inspect and report on hospitals for the treatment of nervous disorders. It is interesting to hear that the present position of medicine in England compares very favourably in many respects with that of medicine in Germany; while in one or two other respects the latter is in an elementary condition that equals our own. Thus Dr. Campbell tells us, "Among the animals in the Pasteur Institute which were being kept for experiment was a juvenile chimpanzee, which was badly suffering from a cold in the head. I have elsewhere expressed the fear that the traffic in the large apes (chimpanzee, orang-outang and gorilla) for the purpose of experiment may result in their extermination, and, apart altogether from sentimental reasons, this would be nothing short of a calamity. There can be no doubt that we are descended from a being allied to

these creatures, and that the gap between them and us is no longer unbridgable. They offer us inexhaustible opportunities for future research other than by vivisection; and now that we have mapped out their ruder cortical centres, now that we can show that they can be syphilised, and that their blood in its reactions exhibits a striking affinity with that of man, I venture to hope that they may be reserved for a happier fate than the scalpel and injecting syringe." And in comparing the methods of treating the insane employed by the Irrenhaus and another institution he observes, "Curiously enough, the day after visiting the admirably organised and beneficent Irrenhaus, we saw in an asylum of a neighbouring country a young girl squalling in a square cage, and yelping like some wild beast; . . . the sight was repulsive in the extreme, and carried the mind back to the time when the insane were thought to be literally 'possessed' by devils." Among a great number of useful facts Dr. Campbell mentions that "human brains are sent to Professor Edinger's laboratory from all parts of Germany in order to obtain his expert opinion regarding them." We would suggest as an extension of the Professor's useful career that he be retained by the English Government to examine the brains of some of its leaders.

**Rambles with an American.** By Christian Tearle. (Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d net.)

This is not only a guide book, but a breviary, written for the benefit of the worshippers of Dickens, Scott, and Shakespeare generally. There are records of visits to Bankside, Leather Lane, and Bermondsey, to Stratford-on-Avon, to Edinburgh, to Gadshill, and a variety of other places. At each place we are treated to selections from one or other of the authors mentioned, to any facts from the biographies that may be appropriate, to references to anybody else who may have been connected with it, and to expressions of satisfaction at having seen something of the places described by the authors mentioned. The quotations from other authors are governed by this rule: No quotation if they got drunk. Thus Burns is mentioned with disparagement, but is not quoted. The legend that Shakespeare got drunk at the Falcon and slept for thirty hours under a tree is dismissed as shameful, and the other poets and writers were presumably too bibulous to be worth mentioning or visiting. There is no trace of appreciation of literature as such; one would think that the only value of poetry and novels lay in the fact that the places mentioned in them can be visited by the worshippers. There is no appreciation of architecture, or even of old houses as such. Mr. Fairfield, the American, says: "I don't think I care much for buildings of any kind, apart from their associations with one's fellow-creatures." His hobby is simply the discovery of places mentioned by a few reputable authors. He delights in discovering, for instance, that the site of Oliver Goldsmith's house in Green Harbour Court is now part of No. 3 platform of Holborn Viaduct Station. To us, who do not worship stocks and stones, the book is not only valueless but boring; it adds nothing to our appreciation of an author to stand on a spot where once he stood and quote Forster, or Halliwell, Phillips, Lockhart, or any other of the authorities mentioned. To others who feel differently on this point, the book may be interesting; but a guide-book that is written in a presumably humorous style, and adorned with suitable sentimentalities and proprieties, may be too literary for the mere tourist. Perhaps the book is intended as an appendix to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature"!

**The Martyrdom of Man.** By Winwoode Reade. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

This is the eighteenth impression of a book that continues to exist as much for the sake of curiosity as for any other reason. When it was written the author appears to have been in the throes of primitive politics and "advanced" religion. The book shows that on the one hand he "defended monarchy, praised the

hereditary system of the House of Peers, and declared that the whole Government of our country was as nearly perfect as any Government could be"; and on the other he declared "that Christianity must be destroyed," thus taking a step in the direction of the new civilisation started by Paine. In consequence, the book was denounced by the Press, the "Saturday Review" condemning it as blasphemous. The activities of the Press, however, only secured it an enormous circulation, such is the perversity of mankind. Reade's politics and "atheism" are of little account to-day, seeing that the position he held is completely reversed. The House of Lords is going by the board, and Christianity is reasserting itself. The book is a valuable record of historical facts of religious and positive science compiled under the influence of Darwin by a mind touched by genius. Mr. F. Legge contributes a long and important introduction of forty-five pages.

**Eton under Hornby.** By O. E. (Fifield. 2s. 6d.)

According to the author of this book there have been far pleasanter places for training the youthful mind than Eton under Hornby. Hornby himself appears to have sunk into that curious and narrow state of intellectuality which is the fate of the don grown old in schoolmastering. "He lived, as far as it was possible, a hermit's life, and his assistant masters could only follow the bad old system which was long traditional at Eton." "He was a firm believer in the efficacy of flogging for almost every kind of offence," and "swished" on all occasions without mercy. The author, an old Etonian, is very outspoken on the faults of the Eton systems of education, discipline and religion, and his strong indictment will not fail to attract attention.

## Drama.

By Ashley Dukes.

**HERR LUDWIG THOMA** is a jovial spirit. He is not a great dramatist. His work is pungent rather than sublime, and I think he would be the first to admit that it has no epoch-making significance as literature. Even as a satirist he lacks subtlety. In Munich they compare him with Bernard Shaw, but that is only their little joke. He resembles rather a decatholicised, altogether unmoral, Rabelaisian Chesterton, brimming over with vitality, and ready at any moment for a game of intellectual leapfrog. To see him at his best one should come across him in the Bavarian mountains at Christmas, surrounded by the staff of "Simpli-cissimus" or "Jugend," inventing jokes or arranging sketches for the next week's winter sport number. Then he makes a brave show in peasant costume, with feathered cap, green braided jerkin, short grey hose, bare knees, pince-nez perched askew, and, to complete the structure, a great pipe with the scarlet emblem of the Münchener Kindl upon its china bowl. Perhaps he will even toboggan; a magnificent sight, never to be forgotten, as he shoots in a spray of snow down the slopes above Garmisch and out upon the frozen surface of the Rissersee. The democratic habit is spontaneous with him; he is quite naturally one of the people. He links the art world of Munich, with its night cafés and carnival balls, to the life of the mountain peasantry. The Bavarians love him because he represents the quintessence of all that they are, with their lightness of heart and heaviness of touch, physical indolence and mental irresponsibility, detestation of control and love of laughter. Most of all, they love him for his superb impudence. They know that he was imprisoned for *lèse majesté*, and that upon his release he contributed an article to "März" describing his experiences in prison. Thoma's experiences in prison—the Café Leopold thrilled with them! He had complained to the authorities of the lack of intellectual stimulus, and had been provided with two

volumes to read—the Holy Bible and the collected speeches of the Kaiser. With ironical solemnity he expressed his gratitude. His admiration for the artistic charm, the literary beauty of those brief sentences in which Wilhelm II. is wont to propose the toast of foreign potentates at ceremonial banquets, or to stir the patriotism of his troops upon parade. Bavaria, never overburdened with affection for the reigning house of Prussia, chuckled appreciatively. At the time of the Tweedmouth letter he published a cartoon in "Simplicissimus" representing the Emperor upon his throne, moustache bristling, a gigantic quill in his hand in place of a sceptre, and a monstrous pot of ink by his side. Below it was written: "Your Majesty, forbear!"—and the paper was confiscated by the police for the hundredth time. It was no doubt Thoma, too, who inspired the sally in last week's issue:—"Our special correspondent in heaven wires us: King Edward just arrived. Immediately planted Union Jack and declared district British possession."

But I must leave the subject of the author, and come to his play, "Moral," produced last week by the Stage Society under the title "Champions of Morality." It shows the same jack-in-the-box irreverence as his other work. With its topical, politico-moral satire it strikes one as the exceptional work of a man without any special gift of writing for the stage; and this although at the moment it is the most successful play in Germany.

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The action of "Moral" passes in Emilsburg, chief city of the Duchy of Gerolstein (which may be taken as Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxony or any of the minor States). Emilsburg is provided with all the typical institutions of the local capital. It has its Grand Duke and Hereditary Prince, its omnipotent police, its University, and its Liberal-Conservative Union to keep Socialism in check. Its bureaucrats revolve ponderously in their accustomed orbits, and its citizens discuss morals and politics ponderously after dinner. But above all (and this is the subject of the play) Emilsburg has a Vigilance Society, lately formed for the protection of its youth. Morality is at a premium for the moment, and when a young and zealous police officer receives an anonymous letter pointing out that a certain Madame Ninon de Hautville maintains an over-hospitable house at unconventional hours, he concludes that he will gain the approval both of his superiors and of the Vigilance Society by ordering her arrest. The establishment is accordingly raided, and Madame Ninon dragged off to the cells. But it appears that the lady kept a diary in which she recorded the names of her visitors, with comments of her own, and that not only do some of the most prominent citizens of Emilsburg figure in this document, but several of the leading members of the Vigilance Society itself. The threat that the diary will be read in court as evidence therefore leaves her calm. This is bad enough, but there is worse to come. Upon the night of the raid an exalted personage was visiting her—no less a personage than the Hereditary Prince—and he and his aide-de-camp only escaped discovery by hiding in the wardrobe. The aide-de-camp, as embassy of the Prince, calls at the police station to express the royal disgust. His Highness regards the whole affair as a police blunder in excessively bad taste, and he is authorised to demand that it shall go no further. The lady is accordingly offered her liberty on bail, but that does not suit her. She requires handsome compensation and a free pass to the frontier. It is here that the court perceives a field for the activities of the Vigilance Society. Its well-to-do members can well inaugurate its work by paying Madame de Hautville her blackmail, while at the same time they safeguard public morality by getting her out of the way. An admirable suggestion, immediately carried out. Emilsburg sleeps peacefully once more.

Clearly this particular theme can only be saved from repulsiveness either by perfectly serious or frankly farcical treatment. Thoma leans to the latter, but "Simplicissimus" and his temperament are too strong

for him, and he only achieves comedy plus innuendo. The purge of laughter is itself corrupted at its source. I regard "Moral" as an admirable farce spoiled by clumsy handling on the author's part. Where it should dance, it walks, and the effect is naturally dull. I should add that it reads much better than it plays. Disregard of form and naivety of construction in the "literary" drama are not confined to England, and they always give rise to that bastard production which is at its best in book form.

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I went to the Coronet Theatre last week to see the Aldbourne village company in Mr. McEvoy's "The Village Wedding," and came away greatly disappointed. For this the players were certainly not to blame. On the contrary, they appeared most capable, and interpreted the author's intentions by giving a perfectly artless and faithful representation of the eating, drinking, smoking, singing, dancing, poaching and other activities which, one infers, occupy them when they are at home. As the play was never anything but stagey and superficial, however, they were not called upon for any emotional effort, and it was impossible to judge of their real powers. The really disquieting fact is that Mr. McEvoy should have written such rubbish. He is one of the dramatists—until the other evening I should almost have said the dramatist above all others—who must be taken seriously. And that the author of "The Three Barrows"—an extraordinarily fine piece of work, with scenes of real cottage drama—should be responsible for a hotch-potch like "The Village Wedding," in which the third act consists of a scrimmage in a wood and the fourth act of a scrimmage in a parlour, passes comprehension. This is "writing down" to actors and audience with a vengeance. It is worse, for such false realism can only stultify the players themselves, and shut them out from everything that is fine in dramatic art. The alternative is perfectly clear. If life at Aldbourne (or anywhere else in the country, for that matter) is so banal and mechanical that the dramatist can get nothing better out of it than "The Village Wedding," let the players stay at home and the author take to gardening. But if, as we know already, and as Mr. McEvoy has himself shown us in his other work, this life is passionate and full of power, vivid as a folksong, an almost unexplored field for the artist, let it be expressed fully, and let the players have their way. It is the only life worth recording. Rough-and-tumble realism is not reality at all. It does not even convey the impression of reality to the spectator, and its effect passes like a bad dream. It is to be hoped that "The Village Wedding" is only a mistake on Mr. McEvoy's part. In any case it will soon be forgotten.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your issue of April 28th, Professor George D. Herron speaks very pessimistically of the future of the Socialist movement in America. I agree with him that things do not look hopeful, but I differ from him as to the reason. He thinks that "enthusiasm of humanity" is lacking in America. I do not think so. According to my observation, there are quite as many of what H. G. Wells calls "men of good will" in America as there are in England, and more than there are in Germany. But the best men and women of America absolutely refuse to join the Socialist parties even although many of them believe in the Socialist ideal. I have talked with many such men and women, honest, sympathetic, and intellectual, and I know that they abhor the Socialist parties. I will tell you some of the reasons why.

In the first place, there is no intellectual freedom in either of the Socialist parties. The fundamental doctrine of both of them is that all the writings of Karl Marx are verbally inspired. If any member expressed a doubt of this, if he even ventured to point out some of the frequent errors in simple arithmetic which are found in the writings of Marx, he might escape immediate expulsion, but he would be looked upon as a dangerous person, to be got rid of on the first convenient excuse. Some time ago I was talk-

ing to one of the ablest writers and speakers in the American Socialist party, who is a distinguished university graduate, and can converse in half the languages of modern Europe. He said to me, "O, yes, I know as well as you do that Marxism is largely out of date, but what's the use of saying so? It would only lead to a heresy hunt. You go ahead and take the rotten eggs; then I'll follow."

A few years ago the State committee of the Socialist Party in Colorado refused to allow the branches of the Party in that State to employ any speaker without a licence from them. This committee was composed of ignorant men, not one of whom had the slightest acquaintance with economics, or any other branch of human knowledge. They refused licences to speak to five intelligent and honourable Socialists, all of whom were ministers of religion, Carl D. Thompson, Franklin H. Wentworth, J. Stitt Wilson, Benjamin F. Wilson and W. H. Wise. These men were forbidden to speak because they insisted on advocating Socialism on grounds of justice and humanity, instead of confining themselves entirely to the argument from economic determinism. No word is so utterly despised or so often ridiculed in the American Socialist press as "justice."

In many States the manual labourers in both parties adopt a tone of truculent insolence to people who are quite as useful to the world as they are. A doctor, a dentist, or a teacher, is surely a more necessary person than a gold miner or a man working in a distillery. But the Socialists of many American States think otherwise, and assume towards all educated persons, and even to clerks and shopmen, a tone which would make it impossible for these persons to join the Socialist movement without complete sacrifice of self-respect.

The result is that in America humane and intellectual persons either stay out of politics, or become anarchists, or else waste their energies in petty and futile schemes of reform. There are brains enough in the American Anarchist movement to make a great socialist movement in any country. It is doubtful if any Socialist party in the world has a finer lecturer than Emma Goldman, or a more acute reasoner than Benjamin R. Tucker, or a more exquisite writer than Voltairine de Cleyre, or a more accomplished scholar than C. L. James, the son of G. P. R. James the novelist. If these people had lived in England they would have been ornaments of the Socialist movement. Living in America, they went into the Anarchist movement, because they found the Socialist movement too repulsive to be touched with decent fingers.

Of course all this is bound to change. But no person in England can form the faintest idea of the difficulty of organizing a Socialist or any other movement in America. England is a small country, and has a capital. Nine-tenths of the able men and women in England live in London. America has nothing in the faintest degree approaching a capital. There is no town in America which contains one-tenth of the ablest men and women in the country. They not merely live apart, but they are separated by such enormous distances that they are lucky if they meet once in a lifetime. Chicago and New York are a thousand miles apart, and San Francisco is two thousand miles from any place. In such circumstances it is tremendously difficult to form an efficient National party mainly composed of poor people who cannot afford to travel. Even thought travels very slowly in America. Thus it will take a long time to build up a Socialist movement, but not for the reasons given by Professor Herron. The finest characters produced by America are a little better than the finest produced by any other country, and the average man in America is at least as humane, and earnest, and intellectual, as the average man of any other country.

R. B. KERR.

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LIFE IN ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

By one sentence in his generous defence of Sargent Mr. Fowler (inadvertently, perhaps) does something less than justice to the work of another fine artist. He says, "In painting, except in this one (Sargent) instance the 'actual look' is as far off as ever." This is unfair to the late James Charles. Sargent has all the vivid magic actuality that Mr. Fowler claims; the reasons for such results are as intangible. The subject matter of Charles's work was for the most part less vivid, less arresting than Sargent chooses, but the "actual look" of our soft, sun-blurred country side, the dappled in-and-inness of English woods, lanes and hedges, were presented in his best work with a delicate truth, a strong reality (not in the photographic sense) that has never been equalled. Those who really studied the exhibition of his work some time back at the Leicester Galleries will know this is no over-statement.

Whilst I have seen even finer examples, there are now at Whitechapel, amongst others, two pictures that will serve. One is in the little room downstairs, the other, badly hung,

upstairs. It's a wood scene. Now I ask any painter who has really seen nature, if the "actual look" of trees, the depth and mystery and glitter of them, the baffling transparency of shade, the sparkle of light, have been painted with more genuine "actuality." There is no need to adjust your eyes to a system of red, yellow or blue dots, splodges or streaks: the thing itself, the beckoning allure of a wood is before you—if you like you could walk in. And the whole is informed with a rare sense of beauty.

Charles got as near to Nature as any Englishman, and seeing what scant reward he had in his life-time I feel that at least he should be given the benefit of what appreciation is due to a real record of the "actual look" (again) of the things he painted.

I trust this won't seem irrelevant, but Mr. Fowler widened the field.

HOPE READ.

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SOUTH AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Information supplied to me by shareholders interested in all the industries I quoted in my previous letter, is better evidence to me than Mr. Thornton's denials.

There is some mistake about the period of suppression in the Argentine. My comment was founded on the information contained in the protests of the various European Socialist Parties against the "state of siege." They do not usually intervene on behalf of "foreign anarchists of the lowest and most despicable type."

I repeat my observation that the lives of workers in South America—not merely Peru—is "a hell." I happen to believe that the life of the workers in nearly all European countries is "a hell." In South America all modifying legislation, such as advanced factory legislation, limitation of hours, legislation against sweating, old age pensions, workmen's compensation, etc., is absent, thus aggravating the condition of the workers.

As to the "system of justice being corrupt," surely the Jabez Balfour scandal was an amazing instance of Argentine judicial methods. Scotland Yard "persuaded" various officials on the one side to surrender Jabez Balfour, while his friends were bribing right and left to secure a bogus arrest on a warrant of debt. Two judges of the Argentine Court certainly behaved in a scandalous manner in this case. It is absurd to expect me to fill columns with such cases; but others are the asphalt litigation and the Chilean claims cases, etc.

Here is the testimony of Senor A. B. Armando as to the general character of the commercial and upper classes of South America. "There are hundreds of wretched parents in Europe who do not know whether their daughters are dead or alive, for they have suddenly vanished, not leaving any trace behind them, and all their inquiries after them have been in vain. Well, we can tell where they have been brought, and what has become of them. They are in Buenos Ayres, or Rio Janeiro, and, though there is a large European society in both towns yet there is not one man who dares to stand up and plead for these innocent victims, or to try and get their release."

Mr. Thornton may ask what relevance has this quotation. Simply that the "white slave traffic" is a good test of the civilisation and humanity of any ruling and commercial classes. In South America their indifference towards this traffic is awful to contemplate.

My comments originally were applied to "The Times" South American Supplement. I pointed out the curious fact that, although most writers like to present an undeveloped country as an Eldorado for the working classes, not a contributor to this supplement had even dared to suggest such a thing concerning South America. Notwithstanding Mr. Thornton's criticism, I stand by what I wrote.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

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SOCIALISM AND PATRIOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

"What is there in Socialism that is incompatible with the most exalted form of Patriotism?" is the question you ask now.

There is this in Socialism that is incompatible with any form of patriotism: the assumption that the welfare of all its citizens is the only reason for continuing the existence of the State. The assumption of patriotism is that the perpetual integrity of the State must be safeguarded, and that in a manner which continually entails hardship upon many of its citizens.

The patriot considers the State to be the end; the Socialist looks upon it as merely an instrument that happens to be at hand—not necessarily the best instrument for his purposes, and as likely as not to be superseded in the working out of those purposes.

Even in a country like ours, where the prevalent form of patriotism is *not* exalted, the incompatibility may be

noticed by anybody who will roll up his flag and look around him for five minutes. First, there is the armament, about which I wrote last week, and the demands of which—precisely because it is a generally defensive armament, and not planned for any definite enterprise—grow in the proportion in which they are acceded to. Then, a variety of considerations, such as that one hundred and thirty Cumberland miners may be suffocated with less fuss than attends the natural demise of an elderly gentleman in comfortable circumstances who happens to have embodied the idea of the State, and that an inspector of mines at the other end of the kingdom may thus deliver himself:

"While fully realising that the critics have the welfare of Cornish miners at heart, I think they will do well to carefully consider to what extent mining in the country can bear additional burdens; as, if these are made too onerous, accidents will be reduced by the shutting down of the mines and the destruction of the industry."

Which, although it puts the thing rather brutally, is a sound piece of reasoning that no patriotic Podsnap can wave aside.

But these are isolated examples from a country where the strain of patriotism is debased by the infusion of humanitarianism and socialism. If by "most exalted" you mean purest and intensest, you can get the genuine article in Japan. Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., answering some questions at the close of a lecture on his Japanese experiences, delivered before the Fabian Society some years ago, remarked that it seemed impossible to raise public indignation in Japan in regard to the beastly conditions obtaining in the factories of that country, or to initiate any factory legislation, on account of the peculiarly unadulterated form in which the Japanese take their patriotism. He gave it as his opinion that if they were convinced that their national supremacy could be secured by sacrificing a number of lives annually in factories, the Japanese would cheerfully assent to such a condition. I do not think Mr. Alden is a "friendly witness," because I fancy his idea was that the evil was caused by want of Christianity. But I suggest that a patriot should find it as dulcet and decorous to die for his country in a workroom as on the field of battle.

You say that the Socialists of England have become "embittered through being misunderstood," and you seem to imply that this is what has "set them against England." That does not matter in the least. If Socialists were the sweetest-tempered people in the world, and if patriots were uniformly lofty, they would still be irreconcilable enemies. Each side knows what it wants, and it does not want the same thing. They may fraternise as generous foes; but foes they remain, and our Labour Party knows this if it knows nothing else.

You say we must abandon the traditions which obtained when Socialism was romantic and underground. I agree. My advice to all Socialists is "Be logical, and you will be happy."

JOHN KIRKBY.

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#### GRIERSON AND MAETERLINCK ON "MACBETH." TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Works by living authors often produce the most lasting impressions on the minds of young writers who are at the beginning of their career.

Some authors receive their best impressions before the age of twenty-one, and almost all before the age of twenty-seven.

While living at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1891, I sent Maurice Maeterlinck a work by Francis Grierson, in French, published in Paris, containing his celebrated dialogue, "The Tragedy of *Macbeth*,"\* in which Aeschylus is made to question Euripides concerning the mysteries of that great play. Shortly after I sent the book a letter arrived, addressed to Mr. Grierson, in which the gifted Belgian poet wrote:—

"Vous dirais-je la pure joie que ce m'a été renoutrer en vos œuvres une âme aussi étrangement fraternelle, je devrais dire, peut-être, la plus vraiment fraternelle que j'aie trouvée jusqu'ici? J'ai été profondément surpris! Vous avez écrit tant de choses que j'aurais revé d'écrire! Je sais, par exemple, peu de choses aussi admirables et profondes que votre 'Tragédie de *Macbeth*' et 'Le Vaisseau Fantôme.'"

The impression produced on Maeterlinck by Francis Grierson's dialogue on *Macbeth* would seem to have borne fruit, considering the remarkable performance of that work recently given at M. Maeterlinck's mediæval castle in Brittany, when Madame Maeterlinck enacted the rôle of Lady Macbeth under conditions at once realistic and romantic. Nor did Maeterlinck's enthusiasm for *Macbeth* stop at that memorable performance. In the "Fortnightly Review" for April the Belgian poet has a profoundly interesting article on the tragedy of *Macbeth*, in which he

\* Afterwards published in English in the volume of essays, "Modern Mysticism," now out of print.

expresses views in agreement with those expressed in Francis Grierson's masterly dialogue.

Mr. Grierson arrives at marvellous results by the manner in which the dialogue is conducted where Aeschylus asks of Euripides:—"And now tell me what, according to your understanding, is the most illusive, mysterious, suggestive, and simple passage in *Macbeth*."

To which Euripides answers:—"This question would seem to be a very difficult one, but I find the answer in that great scene at once vivid and sublime, just after the murder, when Macbeth, shrouded in the gloom of mystery, awe, and terror, mingled with vanity, ambition, and the prospect of glory, he asks, 'Dids't thou not hear a noise?' And amidst the brooding silence Lady Macbeth answers, 'I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.' In this scene are combined all the elements of mystery, illusion, and simplicity. It suggests to the cultured mind the principles of the highest tragic colloquy. I deem that passage the most transcendent in all the work of Shakespeare, nor has it a parallel in the work of any other poet. The solemn stillness of the night, the ominous screech of the owl, the cricket's plaint from some hidden crevice following the night-bird's scream like a warning from an invisible witness, the mediæval castle, the two beings impelled by inexorable ambition to the murder of the King—these things occasion the most suggestive lines in the whole realm of tragedy."

M. Maeterlinck, in his article in the "Fortnightly," says, when alluding to the manner in which Shakespeare makes the leading characters in *Macbeth* speak: "This I need hardly say, is only a simple and wonderful illusion."

In his dialogue, Francis Grierson makes Euripides say: "Concerning tragedy, the psychological law of simplicity in connection with that of illusion must be strictly observed. In tragedy it is the simplest illusions that strike most deeply into the human heart; and in *Macbeth* it is these elements of illusion and simple poetic truth that carry the mind captive, charm the heart, and bewilder the imagination with vague personages, ideas, conditions, and objects."

"*Hamlet*," says M. Maeterlinck in the same article, "marks one of the highest points, if not in the intellectual, at least in the imaginative and emotional life of man. *King Lear* fathoms and sings vaster abysses. But, considered as a stage-play and from the purely dramatic point of view, I believe that it is impossible to deny that *Macbeth* excels the two others. We may even maintain that this play occupies in the world of tragedy a sort of unrivalled and dreadful peak of which none save Aeschylus had ever caught a glimpse."

M. Maeterlinck, in his essay, also says: "A tragedy like *Macbeth*, in which the forces of the intelligence proper adorn only the background, serves to show us that there are beauties more fascinating and more enduring than those of thought, or rather, that thought should be only a sort of first or middle distance, so natural as to seem indispensable, against which are reflected infinitely more mysterious things."

In the essay entitled "The Humour of the Underman," which appeared in the "Nation" of Aug. 14, 1909, Francis Grierson sums up the whole question of poetic and dramatic suggestiveness in a passage of incomparable beauty:

"In the realm of mystery the Underman is the peer of Hamlet in the grave scene, and in the same predicament as Macbeth in the presence of the witches. Even the redoubtable Lady Macbeth halts on the threshold and listens to the owl's scream. At such times the phantasmagoria of the night crowd into one brief moment, stars and planets are forgotten, celestial symbols give place to portents of the earth, the bosom of the underworld begin to heave, Nature assumes a voice, every sound becomes prophetic, in the moonlight of the imagination the curtains of mystery begin to shift and sway, and a realm of the mind is disclosed beyond the limits of category, a world without the semblance of a name and without the quality of number."

L. W. TONNER.

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WILLIAM LANGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

From what obsolete school-book your correspondent M. Gilbert got his facts I don't know, but if he had dropped into the nearest public library and spent a few moments consulting the "Cambridge History of English Literature," or the latest publication of the Early English Text Society on the subject, he certainly would not have written his article on William Langland in your last issue. THE NEW AGE does not as a rule regale its readers with ancient and exploded traditions instead of facts. That there was a poet named William Langland who wrote "Piers the Plowman" is now admitted by all scholars to have been an unsupported assumption from very dubious glosses on the MSS. The poem was the work of five different men, the name of one of whom is known, and it is not William Langland, but John But. How much stronger your correspondent would

have made his case had he shown that "Piers Plowman" represents, not one solitary voice crying in the wilderness, but the protests of five poets in succession, moved to indignation by the iniquities of the great and the misery of the poor!

Why does Mr. Gilbert, whose paper is a tissue of rash assumptions, probably all of them wrong, translate "Londe" as London? "Londe" of course means land, as anyone familiar with oldish English knows; and curiously, this very phrase quoted by Mr. Gilbert was one of the chief evidences adduced that the poet was named Langlands—"Longe Londe." But the facts about the authorship that have now been ascertained, few as they are, at any rate are matters of common notoriety; and how any person who looks up his subject, or reads the literary papers, or even the "Daily Mail," could fall into such a quagmire of errors, I can't imagine.

LIBRARIAN.

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### THE USE OF METAPHOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

An anonymous correspondent wants to know on a postcard how I stereotype a gulf, quoting my phrase in THE NEW AGE, page 78, on the last line of the same, to the effect that the sham Socialist attitude of which the Prevention of Destitution Bill seemed to me the latest type, "tended to stereotype the gulf" between capitalist and non-capitalist.

This is the way you stereotype a gulf: First you fix the impression of your gulf upon wet papier maché; you allow this to dry so that it retains a mould of the gulf. You then melt some lead and pour the lead into the mould; when the lead has got cold you have a stereotype of your gulf. Or, in commercial terms, a "stereo." From this also electros can be made.

Second point: A mixed metaphor is only to be blamed if any of its members is still so fresh as to have true metaphorical value. This is not the case either with the word "gulf" when it is used to indicate a moral distance, nor with the word "stereotype" where it is used to indicate the rendering of a thing unchangeable and permanent. Both metaphors have faded into the commonplace diction of our time.

H. BELLOC.

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### LAUGHTER—GRIM AND GAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The title of the first Socialist comic paper in Great Britain is not "Laughter—Grim and Gray" as stated by Jacob Tonson in last week's causerie, but "Laughter Grim and Gay." The mistake is pardonable. "Laughter" was born in Manchester, and might be expected to take on the colour of its environment. I would not trouble you with this correction but for fear that "gray" will repel those whom "gay" would attract. Besides, as Jacob Tonson's hint of the paper's merit is confined to the statement that "it is better than its title," it is just as well to have the title given its true value.

H. M. RICHARDSON.

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### STATES, SERVILLE AND SOCIALIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Modern society is unstable and intolerable, says Mr. Belloc, and to restore it to organic unity there are three methods: The possession of the means of production in private ownership by the great mass of citizens (his own solution); the possession of the means of production by just governments, local and national (the Socialist solution); and, lastly, the continuance of the few in possession of the means of production, together with the State regulation of the worker, which is the servile state.

Mr. Belloc's criticism of the modern Socialist movement is that while ostensibly advocating the vesting of property in the just government, it is, in fact, working for the regulation of the worker, while it leaves the private capitalist untouched. Is this the truth or is it not? That is the issue. Under the servile state, says Mr. Belloc, the workers, *i.e.*, the non-capitalists, are to have their lives organised and regulated under those few capitalists who are responsible for the well-being of their subordinates. How far have we already gone in this direction? No way at all.

Let us divide this regulation of the workers into parts under the heads of unemployment, sickness, and the young. Unemployment to-day is dealt with, in so far as it is "regulated" at all by the Board of Trade, *i.e.*, a Cabinet Minister, the distress committees under the Unemployed Workmen Act, and the guardians.

The first of these authorities is amenable to Parliament, the second is an authority created under a temporary Act which Parliament can destroy, the third is popularly elected on a wide franchise, women being of the electorate. So also with regard to health and education, in each case the officials and their functions are controlled by Parliament through the Local Government Board and the Board of Education and the local authorities.

In no case, therefore, is regulation of the workers carried out otherwise than by direction of the workers' representatives.

The House of Lords and the limited male suffrage are indeed the remnants of a servile state, but Mr. Belloc cannot argue that the restoration of either of these is a part of Socialistic advocacy.

Moreover, such regulation as has been effected of late years has been ameliorative. The sick have gained more than they have lost through the "regulation" of the municipal doctor. Moreover, as they become well, they cease to require his services. In this way wise regulation in the first instance destroys its own necessity. The children have gained more than they have lost through the intervention of the attendance officer. Parents are beginning to realise the value of education. Again, as statistics show, a higher notion of civic responsibility, the fruits of civic regulation destroy the necessity for further control. Admitted that the worker is being raised in education and health and of regularity of employment, is it less or more likely that all these regulative functions, which, as I have shown, are all controlled according to the will of the majority, will be conducted in such a way as to reduce him back to servility? Is a well-fed, well-taught, healthy man more or less likely to be servile than a starving, ignorant, and diseased one? Regularity of employment, knowledge and vigour (the scheme for running paupers) are the fruits of that State control which Mr. Belloc says is the first essential of the servile state, and they will, and already have done much to destroy servility. It is the Public Health and Education Acts (both servile, Mr. Belloc would say) which have produced the modern labour movement.

Now to come to the second condition of servility, since State control in itself is more likely to destroy servility than to foster it, capital is to remain in the hands of the few, and we Socialists advocate this.

Mr. Belloc makes much of the fact that Socialists have not confiscated capital. That they have only, or rather other parties have only, taxed. But surely taxation is confiscation, when by State regulation you maintain the workers in a minimum of comfort (this is part of his argument); all taxation, all taking of money to the fiscus, must come from the capitalist. "Has the State ever taxed more than the capitalist will stand?" says Mr. Belloc. What does this mean coming from an avowed Liberal? What of the Budget!

So long as our present constitution lasts, the amount of taxation will be fixed by the vote of the electorate. There is no limit, save an economic one, to possible taxation.

But the State has never itself run industries, says Mr. Belloc. Assuming this to be true—it is not—the answer is that this is no indictment of Socialism. Why should Liberals run industries? The average Liberal is so far behind Mr. Belloc in intelligence that he does not even know what the "tribute laid by labour to capital" is. The country is still mainly individualistic, but this is no criticism of Socialist policy.

We Socialists wish to convert the electorate, then we will run our State industries fast enough. I myself believe that our greatest work, perhaps, lies in socialising invention, Others have other ideas, but no one save Mr. Belloc has criticised us for want of advocacy. On the contrary, most people tend to find us tiresome in our persistence. We therefore advocate both the civic possession of great industries and the civic regulation of industrial life. In his definition of Socialism, Mr. Belloc speaks only of State ownership and nothing of regulation. But pure individual or even social ownership is impossible to a civilised community. Regulation, increasing from negative prohibitions to such civil control as limits the individual power to the right of the worker to use the State plant in a prescribed way, enters into all ownership. To his notion of Socialism, the State ownership of the means of production, we but add such State regulation of health, education and employment as will make possible an electorate capable of desiring and maintaining the Socialist community. The advocacy of this necessary device to obtain Socialism, in Mr. Belloc's sense, by making Socialism possible, becomes a campaign for the institution of a servile State! HENRY H. SCHLOESSER.

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### CHRISTIAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

A fortnight ago I heard a young missionary just returned from India preach on the ideal of holiness. In the course of his sermon he said: "The Mohammedan ideal of holiness is to say certain sentences in Arabic five times a day. The Hindu ideal is, if possible, lower than this. You pass a Hindu holy man sitting by the roadside; he has not been washed or combed for years; he lives in idleness on the offerings of the neighbouring villages. The Hindu ideal is filth." He then proceeded to expound the Christian ideal of holiness.

R. M. HOOPER.

## TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In reply to Mr. E. H. Dunkley, I have merely to say that my remarks on the Christian missionaries abroad were based on what I myself actually saw and heard in Japan, China, India, and the Straits Settlements, not "twenty years ago," but so recently as 1907, apart, of course, from information which has since reached me from the Far East. The first counter-argument adduced by Mr. Dunkley, that the S.P.G. report includes the names of officers in the Army and Navy, judges, merchants, etc., really proves nothing. A shoemaker is usually recommended to stick to his last, and my experience of many officers, judges, merchants, etc., is sufficient to warrant me in stamping most of them as ignorant fanatics when religious topics are under discussion. I repeat, in view of my own personal experiences, that all subscribers to foreign missions are ignorant fanatics, in the full meaning of these two words, no matter to what classes in the community they may belong.

As to your correspondent's second argument, that the missionaries do not vilify the religion of the people among whom they work, I assure him that he has been misinformed. They do, I have heard them. The proportion who do not, in my judgment, formed at first hand, would not be more than 5 per cent. at the outside.

I am quite willing to break a theological lance with Mr. Dunkley. Christianity is just what Disraeli said it was in one of his happiest epigrams—Judaism for the multitude. The main point of a religion is not what it claims to be, but what its morality shows it to be. And the morality of Christianity, its valuations of good and evil, show it to be debased Judaism, seasoned with teachings bodily lifted from Buddhism, Hinduism, and Confucianism. Compare Asoka's edicts with the New Testament, for example, to mention only one instance. As to the somewhat obscure origin of faith, I would refer Mr. Dunkley to the few works we have (mostly in German) dealing with the Essene sect, the full history of which, indeed, has yet to be written. When it is written, the upholders of Christian dogma and Christian morality are likely to feel rather uncomfortable.

I have spoken.

S. VERDAD.

## THE LOGICAL CLIMAX OF THE MODERNITY MOVEMENTS.

## TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Huntly Carter, in his "reply" to my last letter, imputes his own confusion of thought and his controversial subterfuges to me; no wonder he is so uncomplimentary about them, they are bad, and I must repeat the charge already brought against him by another correspondent. Instead of meeting statements fairly and squarely, he makes wild charges and reckless assertions in the hope of escaping his dilemma in the dust thus raised. He says I have not improved my position; it did not need it, as he has gone to pieces in attacking it, as all others have done.

Mr. Carter cannot see the difference between the logical climax of a movement and the erratic advertising tricks of individuals!

I assert once again that the donkey's-tail impressionist masterpiece is the logical climax of the modernity movements. These movements are essentially decadent and anarchical, and are thus the reverse of all THE NEW AGE stands for—outside Mr. Carter's department.

E. WAKE COOK.

## ST. GEORGE.

## TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the generous page where you permit one to criticise his critic, may I set my critic right on points concerning "St. George of Cappadocia," reviewed in your issue of April 7th, 1910? He not only misses the spirit of my work, but seems not to have read it. St. Gregory and Bede, venerable as they were, could not establish facts in St. George's life, for they did not examine the testimony of documents, as did Pope Gelasius and the Council in 494 before they ruled that St. George's acts are known only to God. Bede, particularly, far removed in both time and space from St. George, and any documents of first-rate value in regard to him, and untrained in methods and criticism of history, could give no historical value to what he told in the life he wrote. Martyrologies usually assign the martyrdom of St. George to the reign of Diocletian, but this is inferential, not substantiated, and in this secular scholars agree with writers of lives of the saints for the Roman Catholic Church, as the Rev. J. W. Reeks, whose pamphlet issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London says, p. 19: "Can we say, then, that we know nothing of St. George? He died a martyr's death. Only five words!" If our critic can establish another act to the satisfaction of historians and Churchmen, his proof will be a welcome contribution to the subject. I was careful to say in the foreword to my book that I did not purpose to pronounce upon the truth or falsity of what has been believed in these matters, but merely

to collect what has been advocated. My critic seems not to have read even this first sentence with care.

Further, my critic says that my efforts have been "concentrated in the locality" where I live, and in American institutions to which I happen to have access—and to this he ascribes the alleged unsatisfactory conclusion as to the historical fact! Again, if he will read carefully the passage that he seems to quote, and examine the references in the book, he will find his mistake.

Finally, there is no answer to a sneer. It is quite possible that the unhappy mood of the writer impaired his power to read accurately and to draw sound conclusions. If there are mistakes in my book (and I admit one that my critics did not find) I shall be grateful to the kind critic who points them out.

CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

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## THE ENDOWMENT OF GENIUS.

## TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

If all Mr. Shaw's friends are as careful as Mr. Fifield to stop "the wild rush to Mr. Shaw's door," it is not surprising that so many of his "backings" are unrecorded; but I asked for information, and Mr. Fifield has supplied it. "Samuel Butler is taking his proper place to-day chiefly through Bernard Shaw's 'backing,'" but as Mr. Fifield is re-publishing Butler's "Unconscious Memory" at the end of May, and Butler is dead, Mr. Shaw seems to have backed a publisher. Brioux, too, is hardly relevant to my argument, as he has had in his own country a considerable popularity, and cannot be regarded as a "struggling genius." Of the photographer I know nothing, and this is not the place to criticise the "Super-Tramp"; but none of these cases has the significance of Stevenson's letter. At the height of his fame, Stevenson cheered a man whom he regarded as a possible rival. His curious formula:—

|                                       |        |    |       |
|---------------------------------------|--------|----|-------|
| Charles Reade                         | ... .. | 1  | part  |
| Henry James (or some similar author)  | ... .. | 1  | part  |
| Disraeli (perhaps unconscious)        | ... .. | ½  | part  |
| Struggling, over-laid original talent | ... .. | 1½ | parts |
| Blooming, gaseous folly               | ... .. | 1  | part  |

shows that he recognised an equal genius in Mr. Shaw. I cannot, and do not, blame Mr. Shaw for not discovering his equal, but I venture to say that nothing less than another Shaw can be regarded as "genius," and these instances are therefore irrelevant to my argument.

To show that there is no bad blood, I will make a proposal. If Mr. Shaw and Mr. Fifield will back me financially I will write my autobiography. Mr. Shaw can "discover" me in one of his brilliant prefaces, and Mr. Fifield can publish the book. Between the three of us we ought to send Wells and the bath-chair man flying. I hope that this proposal is not "ungracious, unjust, or stupid," but my lapses in matters of taste are notorious.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

## Articles of the Week.

ANDERSON, W. C., "An Open Letter to a Temperance Reformer," Labour Leader, May 27.

ANON., "The Horrors of Rag Flock: I.—Of the Materials of Which Beds are Made," Westminster Gazette, May 24.

ARCHER, WM., "History in Slang," Morning Leader, May 28.

BARNES, GEO. N., M.P., "Impressions of Germany," Labour Leader, May 27.

BELLAIRS, CARLYON, "Navy Politics," Pall Mall Gazette, May 24.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, M.P., "More Little Towns: Mons," Westminster Gazette, May 27.

BENN, Sir JOHN, "The Ten Republics: Trade Prospects in South America," Daily News, May 23.

BENNETT, ARNOLD, "Extreme Instances of Mania," Daily Chronicle, May 25.

BROOKS, SYDNEY, "Theodore Roosevelt: Life and Adventure on the Western Plains," Daily Chronicle, May 24.

CHESTERTON, G. K., "The Wings of Stone," Daily News, May 28.

FINDBERG, A. J., "British Art at the Japan-British Exhibition," World, May 24.

HEADINGLEY, A. S., "How to Go to Copenhagen, and What it Will Cost," Justice, May 28 (with letter on the same subject from W. S. Sanders, secre-

tary, British Committee of the International Socialist Congress).

HIND, C. LEWIS, "The Latest Revolutionist: Matisse, Artist, or —," Evening News, May 23.

KEITH, Prof. ARTHUR, M.D., "Our Origin," Morning Leader, May 24.

LONDON, PERCEVAL, "Egypt and England: An Experiment that Failed," Daily Telegraph, May 24.

LANSBURY, GEO., L.C.C., "Why I signed the Minority Report," Labour Leader, May 27.

LOW, A. MAURICE, "The House of Lords: An American View," Morning Post, May 24.

MACDONALD, J. RAMSAY, M.P., "Decaying Under Protection: The Growth of Slums in Berlin," Daily News, May 27; "Workers Under Protection: The German Artisan Pays Tariff," Morning Leader, May 25; "Why Germany has Kept Tariff," Morning Leader, May 26; "Protection Not a Remedy for Social Disease in Germany," Morning Leader, May 27; "Tariff and the Home Worker," Morning Leader, May 28.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD, "The Passion Players," Daily Mail, May 25.

MASSINGHAM, H. W., "Words and Works, Emotions and a Moral," Morning Leader, May 23.

MILLIGAN, GEO. J., "Morals and Manners: Does Freedom Mean Lax Living?" Manchester Dispatch, May 27.

MONEY, L. G. CHIOZZA, "Of a Nation's Relation to its Coal," Daily News, May 27; "Dismal Failure of American Retaliation," Morning Leader, May 26.

PENGELLY, R. S., "Royal Pageants: Are London Streets Big Enough?" Morning Leader, May 27.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, "Elephant Hunting on Mount Kenia," Daily Telegraph, May 25.

SHARP, EVELYN, "Excursions in Economy," Morning Leader, May 26.

SNOWDEN, P., M.P., "Should the Veto Bill be Postponed?" Christian Commonwealth, May 25.

TITTERTON, W. R., "Criticising a Critic," Daily News, May 27 (letter to the Editor in Defence of Ludwig Thoma's "Champions of Morality").

WELLS, H. G., "The New Epoch," Daily Mail, May 23.

WHITE, ARNOLD, "The Crowd: An Appreciation," World, May 24.

ARCHER, WM., "Two Repertory Theatres," Nation, May 28.

BELLOC, HILAIRE, M.P., "A Norfolk Man," Morning Post, May 28.

BINYON, LAURENCE, "Japanese Masterpieces in London," Saturday Review, May 28.

BROOKS, SYDNEY, "Theodore Roosevelt: a Six Years' Fight against Corruption," Daily Chronicle, May 26.

COOK, THEODORE ANDREA, "Châteaux of France: Langeais, the Property of the Institut de France," Country Life, May 28.

CROMPTON, the late HENRY, "Rabelais," Positivist Review, June.

DESCOURS, PAUL, "The General Election in France," Positivist Review, June.

DICKINSON, G. LOWES, "The Issue with the Lords: III.," Nation, May 28.

FLECKER, JAS., "Pentheus," Cambridge Review, May 26.

GRAYSON, VICTOR, "The Truth about Kings," Clarion, May 27.

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS, "Tourgueneff," Fortnightly, June.

HARRISON, FREDERIC, "New Letters of John Stuart Mill," Positivist Review, June.

LANG, ANDREW, "A New Historian of Jeanne d'Arc," Morning Post, May 27; "The Academy and Other Matters," Illustrated London News, May 28.

MONTAGU, LORD, "A New Element in War: The Effect of Aerial Machines," Daily Mail, May 27.

O'CONNOR, T. P., "The Political Outlook: Hopeful Signs of a Better Understanding between England and Ireland," Reynolds, May 29.

SECCOMBE, THOS., "Vignettes of the Four Georges," Graphic, May 28.

SICHEL, WALTER, "The Privileges of Kingship," Fortnightly, June.

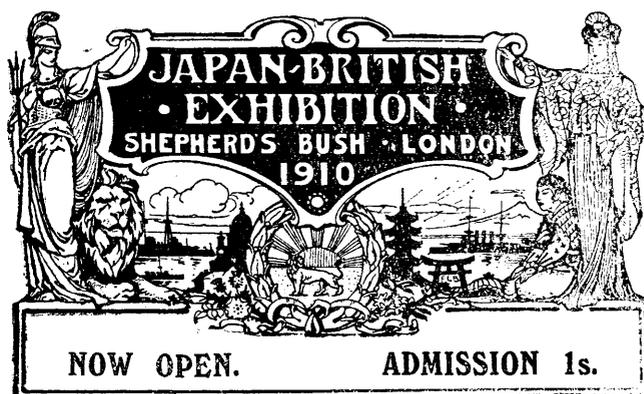
SWINNY, S. H., "Mark Twain," Positivist Review, June.

TITTERTON, W. R., "The Great Unwashed," Vanity Fair, May 26; "The Invasion of Russian Dancers in London and What it Means," Graphic, May 28.

## Bibliographies of Modern Authors.

### 28.—HENRY W. NEVINSON.

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