

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are now within a few days of the resumption of Parliament, and already the three party leaders have manifested their contempt both for public opinion and the opinion of their followers. Mr. Balfour has promulgated, surely in irony, the meanest programme on which any party ever professed to aim at power. Mr. Lloyd George has announced that now that the public has had its little fling of criticism, the Insurance Bill must be passed without further ado. And, not to be out of the procession, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has informed his partlet that he shall insist on Mr. Lloyd George's Bill going through if Labour votes are all that is needed. It is plain from these pronouncements that the discussions in which the Press and public have indulged during the last three months, though they have, we think, been intellectually profitable and conclusive, are to count for nothing whatever in the minds of the masters of the hack political legions. As a cat will permit a mouse to frolic in fancied freedom within the limits of its claws until the gambols of its victim cease to charm away the gnawings of hunger, so by the kind permission of Mr. Lloyd George and his Cabinet the public has been allowed during the summer heat to fancy that its discussions were free and its conclusions under its own control. But the approach of the remainder of the session necessitates an end to this pleasing delusion. Roughly but firmly, criticism is ordered to return to its attitude of silence.

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Not even his Tabernacle speech could convey this notification more naively or more impertinently than the letter which Mr. Lloyd George has issued through one of his secretaries to the Association of Chambers of Commerce. He first complains that sufficient gratitude has not been shown for the "unusually extended facilities" that have been given in Parliament and elsewhere for the discussion of his measure. But if these discussions are to end in smoke, the facilities given for them are an insult and not a privilege. He then refuses to contemplate a further postponement of the Bill for the reason that "if the Bill were temporarily dropped public interest would immediately slacken." In this sentence the whole case for the Bill as a public demand is destroyed. There cannot be, on Mr. Lloyd George's own admission, much real demand for a bill the postponement of which would cause it to be instantly forgotten. Again, he reminds us that the Bill has technically been under discussion for two years, since its principles were clearly announced in the Budget speech of 1909. So they were, but on that occasion Mr. Lloyd George led everybody to suppose that the funds for the Bill would be provided out of the

Fortunatus' purse he was creating. There was no hint in his 1909 speech that thrift was to be encouraged by compulsory deductions from wages. Lastly, Mr. Lloyd George as good as tells his critics to go to Dante. His Bill has got to be passed whether they like it or not.

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Mr. MacDonald is no less impertinent than his chief. Like Mr. Lloyd George, he also communicates his orders to his party by means partly of a personal letter addressed to somebody else. In Mr. Lloyd George's case, however, the excuse is passable. His prestige depends upon passing the Insurance Bill, and he is fighting for his position. Mr. MacDonald's interpolation, on the other hand, is as gratuitous as it is indecent and untimely. At least, three of the members of his party—Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Keir Hardie—are still utilising the remainder of their intersessional liberty in criticising the Bill. But while they are yet in full cry, their official leader discounts all their efforts by assuring Mr. Lloyd George that, despite their barkings, the party to which they belong can be relied upon not to bite. He (Mr. MacDonald) will see to that. Not a word, be it noted, of reasoned reply to the criticisms themselves. Even the official amendments of the Labour party as a whole are ignored. With these amendments, if not too inconvenient to Mr. Lloyd George, or without them if they are, the Bill shall be supported with practically all the members (it is ridiculous to speak of weight) of the Labour party. Ipse dixit. The worst of it is, that this impertinence will no more antagonise the three members of the Labour party to whom we have referred than will the impertinence of Mr. Lloyd George arouse the Liberal hacks to their ignominious position. If the Cabinet decides to push the Bill through this autumn, two or three hundred Liberal members will certainly tramp the lobbies in its support; and, as certainly, when the decisive moment arrives, two of the three Labour critics will be found tramping the same lobbies with them.

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It is difficult, in fact, to discover any solid ground in the shifting sands of political discussion. One by one groups of critics arise from whose language it might fairly be concluded that business was meant. Yet as the moment of decision approaches their criticisms die away to a faint disapproval. To judge by the comments on the Bill made by certain Unionists as well as Labour members, you would suppose that a vote at least is the smallest practical step they could take against the Bill. Nevertheless, we have had too much experience of the moral cowardice and fundamental mendacity of politicians to indulge the hope that more than half a dozen Unionists will vote against a measure their party has individually almost universally condemned. In the whole area of discussion two groups only have

shown any real honesty or consistency—the medical profession and the friendly societies. Both groups, to our mind, are interested, prejudiced, private-minded and grasping to a degree; but both are clear in their demands and persistent as well as consistent in pursuing them. Left to themselves, we are convinced that these two interests would kill the Bill between them, for the demands of the one are incompatible with the demands of the other. But left to themselves is precisely what they will not be. Despite its high average of shrewdness manifested in a wholesome distrust of its leaders, the medical profession will find itself entangled in the intrigue of which Mr. Lloyd George is a master. By arrangements with the medical officials, he will, we are certain, be able to spin a web of words into which the doctors will easily be induced to walk. And if they, with all their acumen, offer little resistance, even less can be expected of the muddled heads of the friendly societies. The bleatings of even a majority of the rank and file will count as nothing against the well-paid moderations of their officials, whom Mr. Lloyd George has stooped to conquer. With these two honest, if fanatical, boulders removed from his path, Mr. Lloyd George's course is clear.

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It must also be admitted that the report of the actuary appointed by the trade unions to examine the bearing of the Bill on union finances is, in the main, favourable to Mr. Lloyd George's measure. We have no doubt that Mr. Levine is thoroughly qualified to form an opinion on this aspect of the question, but the larger bearing of the problem naturally did not come within his purview. Even he appears, however, to have some doubts whether the conditions to be satisfied by unions desiring to become approved societies under the Bill may not prove dangerous to trade unions. As the conditions stand at present—and it must be remembered that the Labour party tried in vain to amend them—they would certainly threaten the rights of unions to invest their funds as they please. A large capital sum would thus have to be written off, as it were, from possible employment during a strike in which every copper from the union's treasury might be needed. The limitation of members for an approved society is, again, a serious difficulty to trade unions. Only fourteen unions number at present the minimum 10,000 members necessary. Over a hundred unions have fewer members than 5,000. A number of union officials, however, appear to think that the bait of ninepence for fourpence is too tempting to be resisted. That their members will suffer a weekly compulsory deduction from their wages in the cause of thrift and Mr. Lloyd George appears to be nothing to them. In short, like so many generations of working-men before them, they are open to be bribed into silence about low wages by Government tips.

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We are less concerned about the failure of the party system as it manifests in the moral cowardice of the partisans than in its present total debacle by reason of the absence of any alternative government. It is well known now that the King would have refused his consent to the Parliament Bill if there had been a strong and united Unionist party to whom government could have been entrusted. The same Unionist weakness, however, which strengthened the Liberals on that occasion strengthens them now; and the explanation of the brazen impudence of Mr. Lloyd George is to be sought less in the sense of his own party's power than in his realisation of the Opposition's weakness. This weakness has been emphasised, rather than reduced, by the lamentable exposure made by Mr. Balfour of his party's proposals for legislation. Not an item on his menu has the smallest attraction for more than a negligible minority of the people he would fain call to his feast; and even these poor items are surrounded by Mr. Balfour with such difficulties that the meagre feast itself promises to be Barmecidal. Is it Land Reform that is promised as a counter-attraction to the Government's programme? Let nobody think that small ownerships present no difficulties. Is it the Reform of the Poor Law? Here, again, the difficulties are well in-

superable. You would remodel the Second Chamber and institute Tariff Reform? Friends, you have no conception of the difficulties of these things. Yet these are all the Unionists can promise, and damned be he who says we have no constructive programme! When we inquire whether any or all of these proposals, even should their difficulties be surmounted, would result in the one effect which, above all others, is indispensable at this moment—the effect of raising wages—the oracle is dumb, from which we may conclude that the oracle knows too well that they would not. And when, further, we ask, in astonishment, for the principles on which an opposing scheme of legislation to that of the Government's may rest, the oracle again is dumb. For its life, the Unionist oracle has not a word to say.

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If the Government's principles of legislation were less open to theoretical or less exposed to practical objections than they are, we could understand the sterile silence of Mr. Balfour; but to the philosopher and the economist no less than to the man in the street it is clear that recent Liberal legislation is carrying us to social disaster. Consistent in their fallacious view, the Government's record of legislation is marked by a single characteristic, that of dealing with symptoms rather than with causes. Take, for example, the famous Children's Charter in so far as it applied to the practice of allowing children to accompany their parents into public-houses. A radical reform would have been directed to making public-houses fit for children to enter, as they do on the Continent. But the Liberal reform confined itself to forbidding children to enter, with the result, as anybody with eyes can see, that public-houses are made no better, but the rows of shivering children now compelled to stand outside while their parents are inside are considerably worse off than before. The protection of children, in fact, is less than ever as the direct consequence of a Bill superficially designed for their advantage. The same criticism can be made of the famous Budget. We ourselves supported the Budget in the belief that Mr. Lloyd George intended, as he said, to spend the money thus obtained in constructive social legislation. Three millions a year, if we remember, was definitely promised for the work of development. Also there were large and attractive schemes of county land purchase, co-operative small holdings, rural housing and what not. But these promises have proved to be made of pie-crust. What, on the other hand, has definitely followed from the Budget is that profiteering has been intensified. In order to pay their increased taxes, capitalists and employers have been driven to apply the screw to industry, with the result that the workmen for whom the Budget was ostensibly designed have suffered more from it than their masters. That the same criticism will prove to be true of the Insurance Bill is obvious from consideration of this single fact, that it is openly designed to mitigate, but not to remove, the burden of low wages. Low wages will continue to be paid when the Insurance Bill is law, as they are now. In fact, if economics is a science at all, wages may confidently be prophesied to fall by precisely as much as the wage-earners receive in charity. Under these circumstances the Insurance Bill, like its predecessors, the Children's Bill and the Budget, will prove to have aggravated the disease while attempting to cover up the symptoms. Here, surely, if the Unionists have any brains among them, is the foundation not only for an attack on Liberal legislation but for a structure of genuine social reform. We are not sanguine that the least use will be made of it by a party whose present leader is Mr. Balfour and whose prospective leaders are Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. J. E. Smith; but the foundation is there all the same.

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Whether, however, the Unionists will ever take advantage of their opportunities again is almost in doubt. The leadership that has brought them to their present pass could not well have been worse. Yet they are now making this bad still worse by divisions which, if they had occurred among Socialists, would have been

held conclusively to prove the Utopian character of their ideas. Not a man of brains emerges definitely from among them. Each petty little Smith and Chamberlain and Long and Carson is allowed to occupy his stand and bawl himself hoarse in the attempt to rally a crowd about him. If there were the least sign of genius in any of these clamorous groups we should have some hopes of the revival of an historic party; but Mr. Smith is committed to a Tariff Reform he does not and never will understand, Mr. Austen Chamberlain is incapable of understanding anything, Sir Walter Long and Sir Edward Carson are respectively the dull and the demented among political anti-Home Rulers. What business, it may be asked, is it of ours? The answer is plain: Without an alternative Government the present Government, with Mr. Lloyd George as its presiding genius, is in for life. The Labour party has failed us, the few independent members of the House have either been bribed or expelled, the Irish are no more to be relied upon than the Government permits them to be, and the Government itself is deaf to all reason and listens only to paid votes. Under these circumstances we must as sincerely desire the restoration of the Unionist party as any Unionist. Satan alone appears to be able to drive out Satan.

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The prolonged meditations of our governing classes on the problem of how to make strikes impossible have resulted at last in the production of a plan, harmless enough to look at, but deadly in its potentiality. It is clear that a frontal attack on the growing power of the rank and file of trade unionism is inadvisable at this moment. Since the Taff Vale decision was reversed under compulsion and to the accompaniment of the sighings and sobbings of the House of Lords, the trade unions have been almost invulnerable, their only weakness being their leaders. These ancient and superannuated survivals are, however, being rapidly swept away, and from strong passive resistance the trade unions are passing into positive militancy. Obviously this would not be the occasion to experiment with further attempts at coercion, and thus we shall find that the Government's ear is deaf to every appeal to make picketing illegal or strikes penal. But if a frontal attack of this kind is tactically inadvisable, a subtler plan of campaign is, nevertheless, within the compass of our governing classes, who, to do them justice, are rarely at a loss for ideas of class defence. A sweetly reasonable and most attractive Industrial Council is to be set up consisting, of course, of thoroughly representative members of both the employers and the employed, with the Board of Trade as Chairman. No compulsory powers (for the present, that is) are to belong to this body; but its services are to be within reach, like Mrs. Gamp's little bottle, when either party to a dispute feels so disposed. Then, and not till then, the Council will meet, hear both sides and offer its disinterested judgment on the merits of the case—and then retire, its work done. Both sides will have had the advantage of an impartial hearing, and both—so powerful is reason—may then safely be left to act on it.

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Without claiming any gifts of prophecy, we may nevertheless, predict with certainty the subsequent development of this basilisk's egg. Let us suppose that a great national dispute should arise in the coal trade, for example. For some days the quarrel will drag on to the infinite discomfort of everybody concerned. The public will naturally ask where the police are, as they always do when a public quarrel is taking place. The police, in this instance, will be the Industrial Council. Sir George Askwith will travel by special train to the headquarters of the disturbance (the men's, of course), and the Press, under hypnotic suggestion, will demand with one voice that the strike shall be stopped (strike, observe—a lock-out is different). Sir George will then solemnly assemble his Council to hear both sides of the dispute, and the Press, during this process, will inspire hope in the public that the men will see reason and give way. But no, so damnably uppish have these eighteen-bob-a-weekers become that the great Industrial Council

fails to persuade them to return to work with their demand for another shilling a week unsatisfied. Sir George will then insinuate that he and his Council have done their best with the powers given them. Of course, if they had compulsory powers the case would be different. But then, you see, they have not. Meantime the strike continues. Coalowners sell off their old stock at such inflated prices that the poor halfpenny paper reading public cannot fry its bacon of a morning. There are riots in a back street of a mining village. Two unfriendly neighbours take advantage of the strained relations of the nation to set to on their own account. The spark fires tinder elsewhere. The North is up in arms, coalowners drop dead in the streets, the soldiers are ordered out to stretch their legs, the reserves are under recall, the Navy begins to move. Sir George Askwith, the incomparable, suggests again in his still small voice above the din that if only his Council had, which it has not, compulsory powers, peace might be restored. The public at last realises what he is saying. Rather than this state of alarms and excursions, he shall have compulsion, rack and gibbet. Low he bows his crested head, "As Parliament wills." Parliament, happily sitting, immediately obliges. The Industrial Council is invested with compulsory powers; in other words, the British Army is placed at the disposal of the employers.

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This is simple deduction on our part, but reason exists for regarding it as calculation on the part of our governing classes. Where we only apprehend, they comprehend; where we fear, they prepare. But the spectacle must be pronounced less amusing for its manifest deception of the classes who will suffer from it. We have not yet noted that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has heralded the scheme as the salvation of the working classes; nor has Mr. Webb cabled home his view that it surpasses the wildest hopes of the trade unions; but these things will doubtless follow in due time; and, in the meanwhile, the adhesion of sixteen professed trade union leaders to the scheme—only two declining the invitation—makes of the Government's plan a foregone success. If only the obedience of the rank and file to their executives can be secured, all is well; and attempts in this direction are being made daily. We have no objection to the control by an executive of its union. Strikes without the collusion and consent of the whole of the union are obviously doomed to failure. On the other hand, the greater the power of the executives the more they will need to be watched. In other words, a rebellious spirit in the rank and file is their only safeguard against being sold by their paid servants. In the Conciliation Council the trade unions will find a full-grown basilisk before long.

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Is there nobody to persuade the bachelor Bishop of London not to continue making a fool of himself with his hysterical appeals to the public to increase their families? If the Bishop of a Church that once, at any rate, preached chastity cannot see that his new rôle is indecent, we fear that disestablishment is the only remedy. What, in theology's name, does this, ex-hypothesi, inexperienced cleric know of sexual affairs or marriage or population or eugenics? And in any case these are no affairs of his. He is not paid £10,000 a year to provide bodies for souls, but to supply, if he can, souls for bodies; and only his egregious failure in the latter can be held to account for his eruption into the former province. Let us say, then, that, as sociologists, the decline in the birth-rate suits us very well indeed. It is a pity that it has not yet appreciably descended to the poorest of our population; it is a pity that qualitative breeding has not more rapidly displaced the rabbit's ideal. On the other hand, considering all things, our rate of progress is not slow. What the aristocracy thought yesterday, the middle classes think to-day, and the poor will think tomorrow. As for quality, before very long no parents will be so thoughtless as to bring into the world children whose prolonged physical and intellectual education is not amply assured.

What might be the effect on population of an elevation in the standard of living, neither we nor the Bishop of London can tell, but we are quite aware of the speculation in his mind and in the minds of his fellow eugenisists. Following the argument from analogy, it is clear that they apprehend a decline in the birth-rate among the poorest as these latter are raised to the conditions now prevailing amongst the lower middle classes. And rather than that this decline should occur, they are prepared, if preaching cannot prevent it, to keep the poor poor to ensure the supply of food for factories. This conclusion is not often stated in words, and we will give the Bishop of London credit for being very likely shocked at it. Nevertheless, the conclusion is manifest in the deeds of the eugenisists and is implicit in their propaganda, concentrated, as that is, on nature instead of upon nurture. "Do your duty and see," was the advice given by Mr. Shaw's Bishop of Chelsea to someone who enquired what would happen to the race if procreation were frowned upon by the Church. The race, we may be pretty sure, will know very well how to take care of itself. If it cannot adopt its methods to intelligence, if the raising of the standard of living amongst its members threatens its existence, the sooner such a fragile Moloch is extinct the better for the planet.

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The destruction of the poor, said the Prophet, is their poverty. But poverty is also the destruction of society, of the nation, and finally of the race. Nothing short of a successful attack on the problem of poverty ought to be our one and only object, as reformers, for some years to come. Every other propaganda is in the meanwhile a diversion and a weakening of the effort needed for this. Lord Roberts has just wisely remarked that no patriotism can be expected of classes to whom their country is a hard stepmother; no call to sacrifice can be heard by people whose lives are one long sacrifice. But not patriotism alone is impossible to a nation of slaves, but every other good and perfect gift. One half of the effort of our governing classes goes in maintaining the system of property that creates the unequal division of wealth; the other half is spent in mitigating or attempting to repress the natural consequences of this division. How little of our law, civil and criminal, would be necessary if all our population were secure in possession of the products of their labour. Even the "Times," in one of its many voices, remarked recently that the roots of crime are inextricably entangled with poverty. That mere repressions and punishment are useless the increase in our own criminal statistics conclusively proves. Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time. But that, on the contrary, better conditions of life and a humaner system of punishment are effective against crime the annual report of the Comptroller of Prisons for New South Wales clearly testifies. New South Wales, it must be remembered, is peopled by what, from the police point of view, must be regarded as tainted stock. Scarcely an old family can be found in it that cannot boast of an ancestor who broke an English law. In spite of this "criminal diathesis," as our idiot pedants would doubtless call it, crime in New South Wales has steadily declined with the rise in general prosperity. Since 1875 the proportion of offenders to 100,000 of population has fallen from 239 to 78, the decline in the last five years having been no less than 50 per cent. In a population bordering on two millions, "only two persons, one male and one female, were declared to be habitual criminals in 1910." Commenting on this promising state of things, the "Sydney Morning Herald" remarks: "Abundance of work at remunerative rates has been the means of reducing the ranks of the occasional offender. . . . It is probable that the dominating factor may be traced to the educational facilities and the general prosperity of the country."

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But the Bishop of London is not the only cleric to employ the superstition of a church in behalf of crude sociological and political views. The Rev. R. J. Campbell represents a church even stronger than the English Church, and one which nobody will be able to

disestablish; and his halo, it seems, is at the disposal of no other a person than Mr. Lloyd George. We are quite prepared to leave Mr. Lloyd George on the dilemma of being a fool or a knave. But one of these a politician must surely be who avows his intention of improving the conditions of wage-earners and ends by adding to their poverty as well as to their servitude. Nevertheless, it was in reference to "this new kind of man" (the breed is as old as Adam) that the Rev. R. J. Campbell declared at Nottingham on Thursday that "the kingdom of Christ isn't really losing while statesmanship can be like the statesmanship of Mr. Lloyd George." ("Applause" from the groundlings.) The "Kingdom of Christ," we know, cometh like a thief in the night, but that Mr. Lloyd George should lead it in with the Budget and the Insurance Bill wreathed about his head is, let us hope, a fancy picture. Rome trembled at the approach of such a kingdom; so too may we. But even if we may acquit Mr. Lloyd George of more than the inclination of his head to catch the halo the Rev. R. J. Campbell must needs throw upon somebody, we cannot as easily acquit the reverend gentleman himself of an ignorance of economics that does no credit to his tutor, Mr. Bernard Shaw. Even Mr. Bernard Shaw is aware that the Insurance Bill is either a dishonest or an incompetent measure. Yet his pet pupil whom he led to Socialism, and who, it must be added, in return led him to the penitent form, now hails the author of this Bill as a statesman of the Kingdom of Heaven. No comment occurs to us save to repeat the last word.

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Our readers will remember the remark of Trinculo (or was it Stephano?) when he saw Caliban. The desertion of their clerical business by our church and chapel dignitaries induces us to pray that they may take a little more pains in their invaded provinces. The Bishop of London, we have seen, is combating Malthus (another parson) long after Malthus is dead and only Malthusianism is living. The Rev. R. J. Campbell identifies the Kingdom of Christ with Mr. Lloyd George. Now it is the Archbishop of York who would have society find salvation in universal and compulsory continuation schools. Elementary education having proved such an unqualified blessing, its benefits are to be prolonged, not throughout extended years of children's lives, but in their evenings. After working throughout the day, the little bread-winners are to attend schools at night, there to be lectured and disciplined, but mainly to be kept off the streets. Another example, it would appear, of attempting to hide the symptoms of social disorganisation. Because the children of poor persons are badly brought up, ill-fed, and worse educated, they make themselves a nuisance—there is no denying it—in our streets. Hence the Archbishop of York's quack remedy: imprison them in the schools when they are not working. We should like to know if the Archbishop has ever put his ubiquitous nose into a continuation school in all his life. He would not recommend them if he had.

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We referred the other week to the disgusting images in which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald expressed his condemnation of the General Strike; but he has been easily surpassed by the Duke of Argyll. Replying to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament" at the annual dinner of the Glasgow Trades' House, the Duke facetiously remarked that "M.P." once meant Modest Person, but now it might mean Magnificent Personage. (Actually, of course, Merely Puppet would better express its meaning.) But in this vein of ducal pleasantry, his Grace continued. The House of Lords was not impotent, but it was toothless. . . . He admired American personal and political dentistry and what they did with their upper and lower jaws when they became toothless. . . . They fitted their upper jaw (or Senate) with a magnificent set of entirely new teeth, elected and selected. . . . We should remember that the upper jaw was nearer the brain, although the lower jaw might be nearer the stomach; but both jaws were absolutely

essential to good mastication." Following this edifying analogy, we should be willing to regard the Duke of Argyll, in Coriolanus' words, as "the great toe of the assembly." That is as far from the brain as the body can go.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE Minister (extreme Radical, of Nonconformist tendencies) with whom I was dining on Friday evening last looked at the telegram which his secretary brought in to him and at once collapsed in convulsions of laughter. "My boy," he said solemnly, after the necessary interval for recuperation, which was aided by the vineal productions of a well-known widow, "they're all going the same way. It's another republic, and you can't guess where."

"I can. It's in Wuchang. I heard about it from my man at Shanghai two hours ago."

"Now, confess—you *are* Verdad, aren't you? I always suspected it. What are you going to say about it next week? Should you like Grey's opinion? But I don't suppose it's worth much myself."

"My dear sir, you know as well as I do that Grey's acquaintance with foreign politics in general, not to mention China in particular, is limited. You might as well ask the nearest crossing-sweeper for his views on the Manchu dynasty. If I were Verdad—which, mind you, I don't admit for a moment—I should write something like this: As Nietzsche or somebody has said, it is the eternal disposition of the Christian to be rebellious. He can't help it, unless he is a follower of the Pope. Whenever you find a rebellion of any sort you may be sure that the real, genuine, unadulterated influence of Christianity is making itself felt. As soon as I began to hear of this movement in Southern China I looked in the papers for the name of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, and lo! there he shone in all his glory."

"But surely there were rebellions in the world before Christianity came into being?"

"Certainly, but not before the Christian type of mind came into being. The first rebel was the first Christian. Paul merely codified the rules. He did worse than that, for he arranged for their publication, as the word 'publication' was understood in those days. And he arranged for their propagation to the ends of the earth. Since then revolutions have become easier to work. Hence China. Sun-Yat-Sen is a Christian; so was his father. Genuine Christians, I mean; Nonconformists. Have you ever looked up the history of the Taiping rebellion? Strange to say, there were Christians at the back of that movement, just as there are at the back of this one."

"But you will admit that the Manchu dynasty is corrupt, that the country is badly ruled, and so on?"

"Certainly. The Manchu dynasty is corrupt; but the corruption for which the dynasty is directly responsible does not extend beyond the walls of Peking. As for the rest of the country, it is being ruled exactly as it was before the Manchus conquered it. And, though it may seem strange to you, I don't object to the principle of a Chinese Republic. The name itself is nothing. France is still an Empire; it is an even more highly centralised country now than it was at the time of the first Napoleon. The United States is a bureaucracy under the name of a republic—every American who knows both countries will cheerfully admit that we have much more real liberty over here in England than they have across the Atlantic. So with China. Let them get rid of the fighting Manchus, if they can. It won't be an easy job. But everything else will go on as before. Of course, if the Christians come into power, there will be fun. The missionaries

will want further privileges; and if they carry their propaganda too far into the interior, or if they continue their present habit of making a nuisance of themselves, they will get their throats cut.

"By the way, talking of Verdad, do you remember an article he wrote about the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty? He said that Taft was thinking of American interests in China. Do you want to interject a marginal note?"

"No—it never occurred to me."

"Well, they knew that this was coming. Don't overlook what may be the fate of China if things become chaotic. Japan has already definitely taken over Korea, and from that to Southern Manchuria is but a step. Russia will take Mongolia—that's sure; she has had her eye on it for years. And she will make an earnest effort to secure Northern Manchuria. I don't question the ability of vast hordes of Southern Chinese to master the Manchus. But what chance have they against the Russians and the Japanese? Remember that there is already an understanding between Russia and Japan in regard to the partition of China. And we ourselves may lay claim to another port or two. Besides, Germany has 'interests.' Schwab, I think, is now somewhere in China booking orders for the Steel Trust. And the Steel Trust, despite the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, may be able to postpone its dissolution yet awhile. So you see the complications which may ensue."

"Grey seems to think that the American army and navy would be able to keep the peace, even if they weren't actually called out."

"Trust Grey to think of something nonsensical! The American army is nominally 80,000 strong, and only about 40,000 men could be put in the field, half of whom would be absolutely useless for fighting purposes. As for the United States navy, it is only stronger than the Japanese on paper. They haven't a man like Togo. No; if the Powers intervene I'm afraid that the United States will come worst off. Japan and Russia will have the game in their own hands, and they will certainly want compensations."

"Compensations! Whatever for?"

"Oh, for the same reason as Germany wanted compensations in Morocco. Just to recoup themselves for the trouble of intervening, that's all. The German Empire has at all events added a new word to the diplomatic vocabulary. We are likely to hear a good deal more about 'compensations' in future negotiations."

"Come back to the missionaries, please. Why do you object to them? What do you think of them?"

"What I have thought I have said. They are trying to replace a religion—a mixture of Buddhism and Taoism—by what I regard as an inferior faith, Christianity. Christianity in China is out of place; it is good enough for the average European. But these missionaries are meddlesome people, not gentlemen. I object to their manners and I object to their propaganda. If I were addressing a circle of philosophers I should only have to refer to the bad manners of missionaries as a proof that their propaganda was not sound. Do you follow?"

"No; I can't just see . . ."

"Well, well; I shan't press the point on this occasion. But I should dearly love to know what is the private opinion of missionaries held by one of your coming Cabinet Ministers, Mr. J. M. Robertson. It would be interesting."

"I say, who told you about Robertson? You mustn't publish that, you know; Asquith would be very angry. If you are Verdad, confine yourself to changes in the Cabinet of Bulgaria, or somewhere like that. We don't want the other thing talked about just yet."

"Ah, that's the worst of THE NEW AGE—we give away all your little secrets just when it suits us. I told you about MacDonald two years ago, and it's coming to pass. By the way, the formal annexation of Egypt has been decided on if Turkey turns nasty; and the Carlists are getting busy in Spain. No more gossip for me to-night, please—*finis adest rerum*, as Lucan says in another connection."

Mantolini, M.P.

By T. H. S. Escott.

"A GREAT novelist's creations," says a famous French critic, "seldom have their exact counterparts in daily life; but their spirit defies mortality, and re-incarnates itself at unforeseen intervals throughout the ages." Surely the last few weeks have brought a remarkable fulfilment of this oracular deliverance. The Gallic Aristarchus guarded himself against any generalisation that might have made one expect to see, together with his fine chivalrous spirit and superiority to filthy lucre in all forms, the physical reappearance of the husband of Kate Nickleby's first employer. This gentleman, it may be, still finds uncongenial employment with the mangle in whose company the novel which immortalised, left him; or the new laundry developments witnessed since then may have made him to-day the prosperous chief partner in one of those linen-cleansing establishments which disclaim the use of chemicals, but whose machinery has a way of reducing shirts to a buttonless pulp. Whatever name he may since have taken, Mrs. Mantolini's "darling Alfred," in some of his social and moral essentials, has found his way to the House of Commons. Though the spirit of the man is unchanged, his pecuniary ideas have expanded since our first introduction to him by the great novelist. It is not only the "demnition coppers," but the silver, the gold, even the bank-notes that have now become to him a matter of contemptuous unconcern.

"What's this?" he exclaims to the partner of his existence at the breakfast table as, opening his morning letters, he lights on one with a Treasury draft in it for a substantial figure. "Send it to the bank, Alfred," exclaims the lady, "or endorse it to me." The gentleman thus addressed, notwithstanding the efforts to preserve his composure, cannot prevent a little tremor of indignation in his voice and a slight flush of heroic wrath on his classical features as he rejoins that he would sooner become a "demd disagreeable body" than touch the accursed thing. The popular Chamber has often been compared to a school. Mantolini, M.P., thinks the metaphor rather a good one. He at least distinguishes himself from the common schoolboy ruck. He is, in fact, a parlour boarder, to use an expression with which the former generation was more familiar than the present. Unhappily, in this levelling age, peers at Oxford no longer wear velvet caps with gold tassels. With the disappearance of that ennobling badge, Mantolini, probably a Christ Church man himself, holds the decadence both of the nobility and of the University to have begun. Perhaps in his day he was one of the "gentlemen commoners," who had a table all to themselves in the famous hall that fills so much of one side of "Tom Quad." It was the privilege of "gentlemen commoners" to pay twice as much as any other undergraduate for their rooms and battels within Wolsey's walls, and to the tradesmen they patronised outside them; our Mantolini of to-day only reasserts this right when, with a smirk of satisfaction caused by his being fresh from the reading of his bank-book, he finds his first impulse to toss the intruding remittance from Whitehall into his waste-paper basket, or to return it without comment to the quarter whence it issued. On consideration, however, he thinks it better to inform the newspapers of the insult inflicted on him, and through them to acquaint those whom it concerns that further official envelopes with like enclosures will not be taken in. Mantolini being, at this point of his evolution, in clover, can afford himself the luxury of an advertisement so dear to gentlemen of his kidney. He intends, one of these days, to wear a coronet; it cannot be too soon, he thinks, to let it be known that, thanks to his millinering

and mangle-turning ancestors, he combines the true spirit of the plutocratic peer with abundant means to support the dignity of the title. The melodramatic displays of scornful superiority to Treasury dross with which the newspapers have been able to enliven the dulness of the silly season have edified and pleased the entire country the more deeply because of their delightful consistency with the self-denying temper shown by the whole Mantolini clan, and the entire British patriariate, in all matters of £ s. d. For is it not, and has it not always been, notorious that ennobled and opulent fathers of families have shrunk with a nervous, almost a superstitious, horror from even the appearance of benefiting, in their own persons or in their offspring, from the funds which pious founders and benefactors in distant centuries have bequeathed for the education of the deserving poor? Does not everybody know that rich noblemen or millionaire mill-owners have nobly resisted the temptation of giving their clever boys the costly teaching that would almost ensure their winning King's Scholarships at Eton? These prizes were instituted with the purpose of falling to lads whose only chance of a really good schooling was that they should cost their parents from the first little or nothing. College at Eton, Winchester, or elsewhere originated in a charity to those who, left to themselves, would have lacked any chance of faithfully or otherwise learning the "ingenuous arts." How conspicuous and how noble has been and is the self-denying ordinance in these matters imposed on themselves by the classes whose Parliamentary representatives return their salaries to-day on the ground that the necessity of others is greater than that of themselves. Degeneracy in our old blue blood! Why, here there breathes again the self-same spirit which made Sir Philip Sidney refuse the cup of water proffered him on the field of Zutphen. If certain public school records do not confirm this view of aristocratic magnanimity, so much the worse for the facts. Toward the nineteenth century's close, one exceptionally opulent earl had the satisfaction of seeing his two sons justify the fondest hopes of their efficient but very expensive "crammer" by taking high places in the Eton election of the year. No doubt, however, that noble and justly proud parent insisted on paying full fees for both his sons while they remained on Henry the Seventh's foundation.

So, too, at the Universities and in the Civil Service. The Mantolinis of their day, it is matter of common knowledge, have gone so far as to discourage their sons from competing for entrance scholarships at Balliol, at Trinity, or for other freshmen's blue ribbons, so justly esteemed and of such practical value to their winners. "It is unfair," the conscientious plutocrat has always reflected, "that rich men like I should stand in the way of struggling professionals or poor parsons, whose sons can only go to college with a scholarship's help. Ever since he left the nursery, my boy, in public school-masters or private coaches, has stood me in three hundred a year, and has had every educational advantage that wealth can give. Moreover, so long as he gets into a good set and makes useful acquaintances, I care not a button whether the cost of his University keep is five hundred a year or five thousand. Far be it from me, then," does he not patriotically exclaim, "to divert to his advantage or mine the money prizes that are invaluable to the poor devils who can only bring up their families by starving themselves." In the matter of Parliamentary salaries, other voices than Mantolini's have been happily heard. Mr. Agg-Gardner, the Conservative member for Cheltenham, whose generous services to his party, yet awaiting their proper reward, have still left him a wealthy man, frankly disapproves the payment of M.P.'s. He thinks it, however, a still greater mischief that class distinctions based on money should introduce themselves at St. Stephen's. In other words, he dislikes the "parlour-boarder" system in the establishment ruled over by the Speaker. The Mantolini catch-word about the "demnition pence" elicits no echo from him. Like a wise man, he pays his cheque into his bankers, and only mentions the matter because his constituents have interrogated him on the subject.

On the Native Franchise.

By Richmond Haigh.

III.

"WILL you let us know, Grainger," asked Blount, as he sat back in the easy chair, threw one leg comfortably over the other and blew clouds of smoke from his huge cherry-wood, "just what you mean by 'immorality,' which is the next item on the charge sheet?"

"Well, no!" said Grainger, "I think, if I may, I will withdraw 'immoral.' Mind you, it is the comparison which has beaten me. The charge-sheet, as you call it, is right enough, as, of course, you will agree, but I confess that in a comparison the whites appear to outshine the blacks in the vices as well as the virtues. The one, I suppose, is the price paid for the other with the advance of civilisation. On thinking it over again, I would base my opposition to a native franchise on the one, but all-sufficient, reason of self-protection.

"White interests not only, but white existence, I should say, from your own showing, Blount, would, in a generation or two, be laid over by black."

Blount smiled. "I rather think you are jumping to conclusions again, old chap. It is as well that you have not forced a comparison on the point of morality, for, bad as the native is—and he is probably a good deal worse than you know of—it would be the simplest thing to prove that in sexual matters, to which I suppose you referred, the white is immeasurably below him. Of course, the practice of polygamy gives the native an enormous advantage in this respect. No native woman is forced to maintain her existence by prostitution. Without pressing the point I must certainly score an advantage on the black side."

"Yet," said Biddicombe, "that is their law and practice. As a point of character, is it not a fact that native women, when the opportunity offers, as when they come out to service, are only too ready to lend themselves to this kind of thing?"

"I do not think so," said Blount. "I daresay that at least as much temptation is required as with white women who go out to service, and, probably, in the majority of cases there is fear also to force compliance. To be fair, one must take either side in its natural and common environment, and then there can be no question that the white shows in very bad light."

Blount continued, "But we cannot even pass your conclusion, Grainger, that the whites outshine the blacks in virtues as brilliantly as they do in vices. You might give us a list of these virtues."

"Bravery," said Grainger; "the native, as I remarked, is only savage—humaneness; er—inventiveness—(Biddicombe chuckled)—er—er—What are the virtues, anyhow? Lend me that dictionary again, Bid. Here we are! Seven principal virtues: faith, hope, charity, justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude."

Blount laughed heartily. "Poor old boy! You are in for a bad time. Shall we take them in order?"

"No!" said Grainger, "I seem to have struck the wrong list. Perhaps it is characteristics or qualities. I am after, not virtues."

"Seven principal virtues scratched," from Biddicombe.

"As you like," said Blount. "With regard to 'bravery,' of course you know that most writers agree that bravery of a high order is generally found in native tribes. Their disregard of pain and fearlessness of death has very often been remarked. But you have decided that this is a misnomer; that they are only savage. Look up 'savage,' Bid."

"Cruel, brutal, fierce," read Biddicombe.

"Thanks! Now, Grainger, for every instance of black savagery you like to bring I will not only give an instance of white savagery equalling it in brutality, but will satisfy you that there was more calculated and cold-blooded fiendishness on the white side than on the black."

Grainger thought for a moment. "Perhaps you could," he said, "although tribal history appears to be simply a record of murder and slaughter. I suppose

we gloss over or speedily forget our own little episodes in that way. But what I am afraid of is that you will insist there is greater cold-blooded brutality existent under our present civilised social and economic system than ever Chaka or Lobengula could have conjured up. I won't go into it, old man. In any case I must grant you there is less excuse for cruelty on the part of the white. On points of character, as Bidly hinted the other night, there seems little to choose between us."

"I think," said Biddicombe, "if you stick to your 'virtue' of 'inventiveness,' and add general cleverness, a higher plane of thought and cleaner style of living generally, you might be on better ground. What do you say, Blount?"

"Excepting the 'cleaner style of living generally,' I would grant you the rest," said Blount. "One is apt to consider one's own style of living here and compare it with what one has seen in some location, maybe. Both instances are, perhaps, extreme. To take 'style of living generally,' which is, of course, the only fair way, it is necessary to take some large native town and compare it with a white city; and here, looked at characteristically, I should think the average native is about as cleanly lived as the white. I have often been forced to compare considerable districts in European cities—from the view of health and cleanliness of life—very unfavourably with native towns I know of."

"As to the rest, while granting you that the whites are infinitely superior to the blacks in high thought, cleverness, and inventiveness—the two last being corollaries of the first—don't you think the value of these might well be questioned, excepting inasmuch as they conduce to the happiness and content of the peoples? Has the advent of the motor-car, we may ask, increased the general happiness of the nation to any extent? or, taking a broader view, were we as a nation not as happy and prosperous before the discovery of electricity and its manifold uses as we have been since? If these things, and the thousands of like, have not increased the sum total of happiness in the world—which you find by comparing the state of the nation or individual before and after—it may be asked, have they caused it to become less? The real test of their value, I think!

"Then, taking 'high thought' from the religious or philosophic aspect—"

"Oh, drop it, Blount, drop it!" cried Biddicombe. "Look at that book-shelf. Prominently you see the Bible, and it is flanked on one side by the 'Age of Reason' and on the other by 'The Ego and His Own.' Run your eye along and you'll see a dozen such battles-royal. All cleverly invented if not true, and interesting because of their diversity of view and the very serious way they take themselves. But it is easy to understand the common longing to get out and away from it all—back to nature and simplicity."

"Still," said Grainger, "whatever their value in themselves—to come back to the point—it is only a high order of intellect which can bring forth these things, or appreciate them; and it is clear that the native is not within many generations of such culture."

"I should grant you the advantage more readily, old man," said Blount, "if this 'high order of intellect' was a common thing among the whites. Don't you think it is rather the exception?"

"Look here, Blount," said Biddicombe, "there are very few propositions outside of mathematics which cannot be easily pulled to pieces. I agree with you mostly. Grainger rebels. But what we would like to get at are the reasons which, in spite of your known opinions on the subject, make you pleased that the natives are not to be allowed to vote for the men they think will represent their interests best in Parliament."

"Right, old boy!" returned Blount. "Possibly our little discussion will allow you to look leniently upon, if you can't agree with, my conclusions. If they still appear forced and far-fetched it must be because my mind dwells on knowledge which it possesses, but which it has not made and possibly cannot make known."

"The position sums itself up to me somewhat in this way: Refusing to take into consideration whatever of right or not the native has to immediate enfranchisement, my experience tells me that in his present simple

state and lack of knowledge of the real value and use of the vote, the chances are that the native would become the easy prey and tool of plausible and calculating politicians. That an experience or two of this kind, and the discovery of the hollowness of election promises, would incline him to place merely a blanket and beer value on his vote. That to impose high qualifications and so admit to citizenship the better educated of the natives, scattered here and there through the country, would be to reduce the voters, a negligible quantity in themselves, to the position of the ordinary white voter—wanting in ambition and imagination—and to remove the incentive these would otherwise have to educating and bringing forward their brethren as a whole political force. That liquor restrictions would be removed, which, whether right or wrong, would not be in their own best interests. That in many ways the sudden accession of power and importance would lead the native into extravagances which would irritate the whites and deepen the prejudice and antagonism already existing, in all probability leading up to lynching and the like. That the result on the whole would be a lowering and debasing of native character and cause the worst kind of racialism. That, being refused the vote now, the rising generation of natives will come gradually to an appreciation of all that the franchise will mean to them. That, having to persevere and struggle for it, they will be, to some extent, educated in political knowledge and understanding, and not so readily be duped by politicians. That the native can lose little by having no vote for another twenty-five years, but the gain by the delay to the country as a whole and its peoples in their truest and deepest interests will be past calculation. Finally, I am persuaded that the whites will in time broaden their views and, no matter what the present decision, make the acquisition of the vote a very simple matter.

"Sounds involved, I daresay, perhaps contradictory. I did not expect to be clear. Whisky, Grainger?"

"No, thanks!" said Grainger, continuing. "Your views are clear enough, it seems to me, and particularly dangerous. The natives, combined and educated politically, as you would have it, would of course be the ruling power in the country, but before that becomes a fact or they obtain the vote—Armageddon!"

"I don't see what good that could do," said Biddicombe, "or that it is clever at all. There is a quite obvious moral, though, running through Blount's conclusions. By withholding the vote from the native you are not going to improve things in the narrow white direction. By the way, Blount, are you including native territories in your calculations?"

"Not just now," replied Blount. "Countries such as Zululand, Pondoland, Zwasiland and Basutoland, where natives rule themselves according to native law, are not asking for or deserving the franchise."

"Of course, that makes a big difference," said Grainger.

"A temporary relief," said Blount, spreading out the cards as Old Johnnie walked in.

Grainger looked at him in a puzzled way and—drew his card.

[THE END.]

Corporal Punishment in Schools.

By an Elementary School Teacher.

It is usual to consider this problem solely from the point of view of the child. Those opposed to the infliction of corporal punishment dilate on the pain which the child suffers, and advocate moral suasion of some sort or other. The upholders of the custom assert that the cane or tawse is necessary to discipline, and usually end by giving reminiscences of the thrashing they received at school.

For the moment I will not examine the soundness of the arguments on either side. I wish to state the case from my own point of view as an elementary school teacher. I am in charge of a class of forty boys, whose ages range from twelve to fourteen years. It is quite an ordinary occurrence for me to inflict

twenty-five strokes of the tawse in one day. Sometimes this total is increased by the fact that I have to attend to the late comers (aged six years and upwards) in my section of the school. Now, you parents who occasionally "spank" your offspring (and don't altogether enjoy doing it!), how does that appeal to you? How would you like "spanking" to be as regular an item in the day's duties as shaving? Do you think such an exercise would be conducive to the maintenance of one's self-esteem? I think not. Yet it is with you that the responsibility for the infliction of corporal punishment in schools lies.

In school a child is punished either (a) for a breach of discipline or (b) lack of diligence or ability. If corporal punishment were abolished, we are told, discipline would be well nigh impossible. And in certain districts where the experiment has been tried, this assertion has been proven true. But under what conditions was discipline an impossibility? When every educationist through the length and breadth of the land is agreed that thirty pupils should be the maximum number in any class, teachers were asked to control and teach (sic) classes of anything from fifty to seventy pupils. Of course, failure was certain; and the reverend gentlemen who (in Scotland at least) unfortunately have such a large say in educational matters, felt assured that there was one dogma against which the higher criticism could not prevail: Spare the rod and spoil the child. Considering that Solomon had some 700 wives and 300 concubines, he should have known something about the management of children. But I gravely doubt whether he found time personally to wield the rod for the spiritual benefit of his progeny. To leave exegesis and return to education. What I propose is this: Cut down the size of the classes to a maximum of twenty-five, abolish the tawse and cane, and dismiss those teachers who cannot control a class of that size. At first it will be a hard struggle to break with a vicious tradition. Probably a number of lady teachers will have a nervous breakdown owing to the strain, but such a possibility must be faced.

To come to the second head under which corporal punishment is inflicted, viz., want of ability or diligence on the part of the child. I believe that more punishment is inflicted under this head than on the plea of discipline. To give the outsider an idea of the system at its worst, I will try to describe the educational practice of a headmaster under whom I have served within the last five years. Remember that I am not romancing or exaggerating. Though I do not sign the article, the Editor of THE NEW AGE has my credentials.

The gentleman's name, let us say, was Squeers. I will be Nicholas Nickleby. Now for the modern chronicle of Dotheboys Public School.

About a month after Nicholas had been appointed to the position of assistant master at Dotheboys Public School, Mr. Squeers entered his class-room and announced his intention of examining the class.

Reading was the first subject to be taken. Mr. Squeers' method was to examine each child individually. If the pupil made any such slip as omitting or mispronouncing a word, he or she was considered a failure. One young lady, for instance, who read too quickly for her own safety, failed to catch the "r" of grasp with her eye, and articulated the word as "gasp."

"Fail," said Mr. Squeers.

The whole class having been examined, Mr. Squeers called the failures out to the floor. "Mr. Nickleby," he said, "give each of the girls one stroke. I will give the boys two."

Next came "intelligence." The same plan of individual examination was carried out. Apart from simple failure on the part of half the class, one case in particular made a deep impression on Nicholas. Mr. Squeers, questioning a demure and bright-eyed maiden of ten summers, asked her the meaning of the word "mayor." She, being Scotch, replied, "Provost."

"Quite right," said Mr. S. "Now tell me who the provost of this town is."

"Please, I don't know."

"Come now, have you never heard your father speak of him?"

"Please, no."

"Nonsense, you must have. Hold out your hand." And he proceeded to administer correction.

As a modern Nicholas, I am sorry to say, I did not act up to my reputation. I allowed Mr. Squeers to leave the room by the door instead of pitching him through the window.

Again I ask the reader to remember that I am relating solid angular facts. The "gasp" and "mayor" incidents are printed indelibly on my mind. I do not wish to sentimentalise over the unjustifiable assault on the little girl. The devilish part of the whole business is that Mr. S. thought he was doing right. The children in my part of the country have an adjustable rhyme which explains Mr. Squeers' psychology as well as it can be explained:

Whackford Squeers is a very good man,
He goes to church on Sunday;
And prays to God to give him strength
To leather the weans on Monday.

Mr. Squeers has now retired from active duty. The last I heard of him was that a discerning electorate had voted him into a position on a local school board. I feel sure that the local newspaper will speak of him as "an educational authority."

I admit that my Mr. Squeers was one of the worst. A teacher to whom I have shown this article assures me that Mr. Squeers is less of an exception than I make out. The point to bear in mind is that nine out of every ten teachers claim the right to punish their pupils in order to make them careful and diligent students. The monstrous nature of this claim is at once apparent to anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with child psychology.

The root of the matter is that we stultify rather than educate the children. We have, to quote H. G. Wells, a national system of grant-earning with education as a necessary by-product. Grants are paid according to results. Teachers are judged by results. Corporal punishment is the short cut to obtain results. I, as an elementary school teacher, give the parents of Great Britain due warning that, while I believe corporal punishment to be contrary to sound educational theory and practice, and quite unnecessary, I will assault such of their children as are placed under my care.

Meantime, I am looking for another occupation. I am prepared to drop £50 per annum to get started at some work which I can perform without losing my manhood. Pray do not think it is because of having to teach children of immature years that I feel degraded. Though I am by no means a high faluting person, the infliction of corporal punishment is too great a strain on my dignity. As can be seen from the earlier part of my article, it has no effect on my nerves, so I hope no one will write to set me down as a sentimentalist.

B.

The New Calvinism.

By E. L. Roberts.

It is laid down as axiomatic by the opponents of democracy, and in particular by the more superficial students of Nietzsche, that high culture is attainable in a society only by the maintenance of a specially privileged class, to whom is granted wealth in perpetuity, ample leisure, and social power. No proofs are brought forward in support of this axiom; assertion and repetition of the assumption that the contribution of the possessing classes to the work of civilisation is altogether out of proportion to the contribution of the non-possessing classes are accounted sufficient. Self-confidence, a superb disdain of vulgar fact, an extravagant, illogical, and pretentious claim to pre-eminence in culture, art, and nobility are all calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of ignorance and superstition; intelligence but adds it to its interesting collection of human follies.

The New Calvinism—the Calvinism of Culture—with

its few "elect" and its many "damned," has substituted for "original sin" the "natural incapacity of the masses for culture." The elect are promised a heaven on earth, surrounded by wealth, privilege, culture, power, glory; while the spectacle of the damned stewing in their ignorance and degradation is, as of old, to bring comfort to the soul and add intensity to the appreciation of their high estate to the "chosen people."

The fundamental dogma of the New Calvinist—and the dogmatic assertion in his coup de theatre—is that the maintenance of a high culture is essential to civilisation, and that the masses are incapable of culture. The word, as interpreted by the Calvinist, usually refers to the culture of a beatified past—the consolation of those who understand life as "a looking backwards"—but not necessarily so. One disciple of the new cult, diffusing on the supreme worth of culture, instances Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord Morley (no blame attaches to the victims) as representative blooms of English culture, necessitating and justifying the sacrifice of millions. Who so base as would withhold the sacrificial lamb? Such men justify our economic régime, and our distribution of the national wealth. Without such a régime, subjugating the masses to a drab life of interminable toil, of mental and spiritual atrophy, vitiating at their roots all the higher values of life, such cultured gentlemen would cease to be. The thought paralyses! Our convert asks: "Is England willing to pay for such culture?" A horrid suspicion is allayed by his answer: ". . . though there is certainly a decline in the importance attached to culture, the nation as a whole still values culture sufficiently to be prepared to pay for it." The nation as a whole! And the masses, the overwhelmingly greater part of the nation, are incapable of culture! The confusion is excusable in a man who wants to prove his assumption at all costs, but had he pursued his speculation a little further he might have found, given sufficient intelligence, that it is his privileged class, not the nation as a whole, which sets the standard of art and culture, and crushes out everything that clashes with its narrow prejudices. The present system, therefore, with its chaotic methods of production and consumption, its infantile appreciation of pageantry, and its naive belief that possession alone gives merit and superior ability, is justified by its exquisites. Without the protection given to possession by law the masses of the people could not be legally forced to maintain in idleness a small privileged class, and culture and civilisation would disappear.

This preposterous belief, like the divine right of kings and the dread taboo, exercises as profound an influence over certain minds to-day as it did in the primitive circles of its origin. What, in truth, has been the contribution of royalty or nobility to civilisation?—the summits of our caste fetishism. Thanks to the potency of taboo, both castes have monopolised and enjoyed the fruits of civilisation, but their contribution is negligible. Idleness rather than activity—save the killing of time by ceremonies, fetes, and amusements—is the characteristic of aristocracies; the degeneracy of the house of Claudia can be attributed more easily to the abuses of privileges than to the exhausting effects of too high a culture. Biologically, exclusive and jealous aristocracies are doomed to decay and death. Privilege brings its own chastisement; it is a barrier to selection, it eliminates all real struggle, preserves the unfit; in preventing the mixing of classes we break one of the most efficacious of nature's laws. Where in nature, outside human societies, do our Calvinists, who so ardently desire a return to nature, find the phenomenon of private property made sacrosanct by natural law?

Is not culture as ambiguous as genius is indefinable? Who is bold enough to attempt an explanation of that peculiar structure of the mind, that incomprehensible light and shade of the soul, which we term genius? Is a merely "cultured" aristocrat the compeer of even the humblest genius? The most that can be claimed for an aristocracy founded on possession—as every aristocracy has been—is that it has been the patron of genius and the arts, never that it has been the producer of either. Shall art genius die when wealth ceases to patronise them? They can survive even a purely

commercial civilisation, though their connection with the latter, and their dependence on the patronage of wealth, too often leads to their debasement. With insolent effrontery aristocracy has seated itself at the feast that others have spread, glutting itself, nor even returning thanks.

But the New Calvinist has not settled once and for all time the definition of the word culture, and the question still awaiting his answer is: Why the general culture of the many should, as such, be antagonistic to the special culture of the few. The bare word of Calvinism is not to be accepted because it clamours loudly and pretentiously. On what grounds does it base its thesis that the general degradation of the many is alone favourable to the special culture of the few? Our New Calvinists, like puling infants, whimper for protection let one of their presumptions be never so tenderly assailed. It may be hazarded that the opposition is prompted by fear. "We are the signification of life," they cry, "of civilisation, of culture. Destroy us, and you destroy yourselves—nay, even the great globe itself. . . . Our privileges are essential to our greatness; without them we are nothing."

Certain conditions are essential to culture, and to a Calvinist there is but one road to salvation, as there is but one culture, one interpretation of life: the conditions essential to culture can be obtained by mankind in one way only, i.e., the perpetuation of a class society based on the possession of property, involving the juridical and economic subjection of the many to the few. Yet given all these conditions essential to culture, it cannot be guaranteed in one or in any given generation. Although it is not known by any means yet what families or individuals are susceptible to culture, one must still assume that only Calvinists can possibly be so susceptible; the scholarship system not having produced a prodigy in the course of a few years is a complete failure; the production of only mediocrity in thought and culture within the privileged classes in one or any generation is but a sign that they rest from their labours. The privileged classes must be preserved in the name of Calvinistic culture; the unprivileged classes only in so far as they contribute to the maintenance of the former. Lastly, "what is known is that, given a special treatment applied consistently to any special class, the chances are favourable to the appearance among a fair proportion of its members of a certain degree of culture which in exceptional cases may rise to the height of genius." Our special class, without special treatment consistently applied, and stripped of their privileges, are, then, mere bipedal animals like their neighbours, and only on Calvinistic grounds can it be submitted that if special treatment were consistently applied to mankind in general would the chances be unfavourable to the appearance among a large proportion of our species of a certain degree of culture. The assumption that genius is but the apex of culture is so silly as to require no comment. If the general average be raised the "specially cultured" will of necessity appear less heroic than if that average be kept low by juridical and economic pressure. Who shall measure the capacity for self-deception? With this comfortable delusion of "distance" hugged to his heart, and from the complacent height of his unmerited privileges, the New Calvinist finds in his gratuitous elevation the sure sign of that inward and spiritual grace which is culture itself—Calvinistic culture. Outside the narrow and vicious circle of his standard of values there is no culture.

That error may be necessary to life we do not deny; but that all and every Calvinistic error is necessary to life is impossible of belief outside the Calvinistic circle. It is not only unproven, but a monstrous caricature, to assert that society has ever produced a cultured class, i.e., a class from which genius has exclusively sprung. Educated and non-educated classes—classes who have had access to the knowledge and culture available in such and such a society, and classes from whom that knowledge and culture were withheld—it has produced, but a cultured "class," except in the most vain and superstitious sense, is unknown to history. Genius is not produced either by aristocracy or democracy; but

whereas it is either crushed out of existence or patronised by the former, it would be offered special facilities for development, and honour, by the latter. Of the failure of cultured aristocracies we have examples on every page of history; of a cultured democracy we have no experience.

LOVE CYCLE.

[. . . Now it came to pass that four of these Sweet English Singers were gathered together in one place. And they took counsel together as to how and in what manner they should beguile a Vacant Half Hour. "For," they agreed, "it is written, or at any rate we believe, that the feeblest chirrup, that the song too faint even to stir the Back Hairs of God is better than the shortest silence." And I dreamed that the names of these singers were written in a book in the order of their singing, and that it was commanded me to set them down. And they stood in a fair, sweet line and they sang.]

Soprano: MISS KATHERINE TYNAN.

Spring i' the wood!
And the aconites frail
Gold all a' tremble
In this wild gale.
The snowdrop, the daffodil, hyacinth flower,
Posy the earth in a colourful shower.
Spring i' the wood!

Love i' the wood!
And my love all pale,
White limbs a' flutter
In this wild gale.
"Do you care?" "Would you dare?" and "I know
a sweet bower."
So I whispered my love in that riotous hour.
Love i' the wood!

Contralto: MRS. E. NESBIT.

Now leaps the sun on his own spears and dies!
Across the passionate sky his red blood flies;
The roses crush their mouths upon the breeze
That woos them, and Dusk threads among the
trees.

So leapt my love upon her virgin drouth,
So stained and passionate scarlet her young mouth;
She crushed upon me all her swooning grace
In silence—and her dark hair hid her face.

Tenor: MR. WILFRID GIBSON.

Ah, no, Beloved, the air is chill,
We dare not climb th' accustomed hill,
We dare not gaze o' th' familiar sea,
And Autumn's skeleton minstrelsy
Jigs i' the bone of the leafless tree.

No, ah Beloved, thy mouth is cold;
We dare not kiss as we kissed of old;
I dare not gaze in the well-known eyes;
My shivering spirit might surprise
An answering shiver, that barren, dies. . . .

Bass: MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

Howl, wind! Thud, hail!
Drive, rain, upon a naked world!
Weave thy pale pall, snow.
(Ah, God, then, is it always so?
Must the year die, must the year go?)
The storm clouds shudder, the old winds blow,
And life is oblivion—hushed.

Break, heart! Beat, hands!
Drive, tears, upon my with'ring breast!
She lies more pale than any snow.
(God, God, then, is it ever so?
And must I stay, and must she go?)
Despair—tossed, spent, I wait below
And mourn my restless rest.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Notes on Bergson.

By T. E. Hulme.

I.

It seems to me that the best way to write about Bergson is to start some distance off. I am the more inclined to this view as it happens to fit in with my secret inclinations. The duty of a small person writing about a big one is, I know, to give as plain an account of his subject as he can, and keep himself out of it. But my anæmic mind shrinks from the kind of concentrated perseverance involved in a straightforward "compte rendu." The prospect of stolidly going through what has been already gone through before fills me with depression. I realise quite clearly that this is no superiority on my part, but is due simply to a certain lack of vitality. I have, however, the excuse that at the present time, when all Bergson's books have been translated, and when all the preliminary panegyric necessary to make his name known has been more than successfully accomplished, any straightforward account would be an entirely unnecessary performance. Those who want any such account cannot do better than read the philosopher himself. No one can improve on the lucidity of his own exposition, and any attempt to cut it short inevitably leaves out all the point. Nor can I emulate the feats of those ingenious people during the last few months, who, in most surprising places, ranging from sporting papers upwards, have managed by the skilful choice and repetition of a few magical phrases, such as "Life overflows the intellect," to create the illusion both in their own and their readers' minds that they have really said something quite definite. I repeat, then, that I do not in these articles intend to give any straightforward account of Bergson's system. I concern myself with a much easier and to me much more amusing undertaking. I intend giving simply a personal confession. At the time when I first read "Les Donnés Immediates" it represented to me a great influence and a great excitement. All I am trying to do here is fix down exactly what that influence was, and why it was so exciting. My only justification for this kind of treatment is that it amuses me, and further that it does enable me to get the subject into some kind of perspective.

With this I can get back to the beginning of the article and explain what I meant by the first sentence in it. I said that the best way to explain Bergson was to start some distance off. What I meant was that you can only convey over a sense of his importance by first describing the state of things which existed before he arrived, and from which he relieved one. If the reading of "Les Donnés Immediates" was an influence and an excitement it could only have been so because it bore some relation to something which already existed in my own mind. If he made a tremendous difference to me I cannot explain what that difference was until I have explained the state of things before he arrived. If in my enthusiasm I pictured him as a kind of relieving force I cannot explain what the excitement was about until I have first explained the previously existing state of siege. But while my enthusiasm was due to the fact that reading Bergson put an end to an intolerable state, there was more in it than the feeling of mere relief. If that had been all there would not have been much justification for my describing my previous state of mind merely in order to say, "This is what I was relieved from." It was not simply a case of an intolerable state being changed into a pleasanter one; it was not merely that one state changed into its opposite. On the contrary, there was a certain resemblance between the initial and the final stages. There was a certain continuity between them. The first state might even be considered as a very rough microcosm of part, at any rate, of the second. Certain elements present in one were present in the other. But these elements, which in the first state were tortured, vague, and confused, became in the second clear and definite. It is in this partial corre-

spondence that I find my justification for describing the first state, and which at the same time was the cause of the extent of my enthusiasm. I felt the exhilaration that comes with the sudden change from a cramped and contracted to a free and expanded state of the same thing. It was an almost physical sense of exhilaration, a sudden expansion, a kind of mental explosion. It gave one the sense of giddiness that comes with a sudden lifting up to a great height. One saw clearly outlined in perspective the shape of things which before had only been felt in a muzzy kind of way. My enthusiasm was then a double one, and due to two separate causes. In the first place, there was a simple sentiment of relief. A solution was given to a problem which worried me. I had been released from a nightmare which had long troubled my mind. If I compare my nightmare to imprisonment in a small cell, then the door of that cell was for the first time thrown open. In the second place, the key with which this prison door was opened corresponded to the type of key which I had always imagined would open it. I had constructed for myself imperfect examples of keys of this type. I was shown the perfect and successful one which yet was on the lines I had vaguely imagined might be successful. There had been present in my mind in a very crude form something which did correspond to the solution actually given me by reading Bergson.

The sources of my enthusiasm were, then, the relief from the nightmare, and, in addition to this, the delight of seeing something done perfectly that I had wrestled with clumsily and unsuccessfully. I had the delight of escape, and I had the quite different delight of seeing an expert wield with the ease of Cinquevalli an implement whose shape even I had only just been able to guess at.

I had the purely physical delight of freedom and at the same time the technical delight of seeing the facile and fertile use of an instrument I admired.

If now I am to keep to my announced intention of giving a merely personal account of my relations to Bergson's work and an explanation of exactly what it meant to me, I have, in order to give an adequate account of this enthusiasm, to give first the two elements in my previous state of mind which were responsible for and concerned in this enthusiasm. The enthusiasm I have explained was due to the sudden change in the state of clearness of two elements in my mind. Two things corresponded to what I found in Bergson. In the first place, I was concerned with the same nightmare, and, in the second place, I had a suspicion of his way out of it. Both these were changes from a state of dimness to one of clear light. A dark problem and a vaguely seen way of escape changed to a solved problem with the way out of it clearly defined. In order, then, to give an adequate account of my enthusiasm I must give an adequate account of this double change, and in order to give an adequate account of the change I must commence with a detailed description of these two elements before change of my preliminary state of mind. The first article will be about the nightmare I suffered from, and the second, which I call "the chessboard," will be a description of the roughly-modelled key I had imagined might release me from the nightmare.

This I should have to do in order to explain to what exactly my enthusiasm was due. However, I have a better excuse than this for spending the space of two articles in giving an account of something that Bergson did not say before passing on to what he did. I realise that some better excuse is needed for devoting two articles to something which has no more connection with Bergson than the fact that it gives the reason why I personally found him exciting. It would be rather a thin excuse by itself. Fortunately I can find a better one.

It seems to me to be worth while describing the nightmare, the locked door, in detail, because it enables me to give the state of things that Bergson was heaven-sent to relieve, and so enables me to convey over his immense importance and significance at the present

moment. It enables me to show to what circumstances his importance is due. It gives me the age-old problem that he concerns himself with. In the second place, it seems to me to be worth while devoting a whole article to the crude form of escape which had dimly suggested itself to my own mind, as by that means I am enabled to get an easy line of approach to the most difficult part of Bergson and his method—this in the article on "chessboards." When I have got this out I have some kind of basis, some kind of leverage, with which I can get at the explanation of what he means by an intensive manifold.

Views and Reviews.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS was so nearly a poet.* If, as Carlyle declared, we are all poets when we read a poem well, those who heard him lecture will give him the title. His life was one long lecture, and this prodigy came near to disproving Carlyle's contention that no man is made altogether of poetry. He counted his lectures by the thousand, and annotation and criticism were his only relief from quotation. For poetry, he had everything but the gift. He loved the sounding vowels and the swinging rhythms. When other men whistle, or hum a tune, or jingle the money in their pockets, he murmured a runic rhyme. Shakespeare would have looked askance at him, for he loved no other music but that of verse. Of poetry of all kinds, from Virgil to the doggerel pasted on a coffee-shop window, his memory was prodigious: what is more remarkable is that his memory of prose was no less vast and accurate. His talent was mnemonic, and his memory could only be compared with that of Macaulay. Literature, to him, was a product of learning; and of learning he was an exemplar and a prophet.

His character, as shown in this biography, was simple. In his boyhood, Dr. Potts advised him to "try always to remain simple-minded, affectionate, and pure in taste"; and in spite of his quarrel with his uncle and with Swinburne, he remained to the end the hypostasis of the hopes of Dr. Potts. Duty was his watchword; and he did it. If it were worth while to speculate on the psychology of a professor, it might be argued that his morality murdered his poetry. Certainly, he discouraged literary ambition in others by this means. To a clergyman's daughter who cherished regrets for her literary obscurity, he wrote a warning: "If God intends you to be a genius, you may rest assured that nothing will prevent it: if he does not, it will be duly made plain to you." Meanwhile, "perform cheerfully and with all your might the very humblest duties of everyday life." It is certain, of course, that the clergyman's daughter was not a genius (no genius would be named McSorley); but it is also clear, from this and other letters, that the professor's appreciation was reserved for palæontological specimens of genius. Among his students, he quenched the smoking flax with a moral maxim. His voice was never heard saying to a scribe, Write.

It may be that this moral bent distinguishes the professor from the poet, the critic from the creator. The professor acknowledges so much indebtedness that literature is, to him, an universal I.O.U. For example, in the controversy that Churton Collins roused on the subject of "English Literature at the Universities," he said that, "Pope was simply nourished on the Roman classics; from the Latin classics his style derived its tone and colour; on them were modelled his most characteristic poems. His pastorals are simply the counterpart of Virgil's pastorals. His 'Eloisa and Abelard' was modelled on Ovid's Heroical Epistles, his moral essays are the counterpart of Horace's Epistles, as his imitations of Horace are the counterparts both of the Horatian Epistles and the Horatian satires. His translations of Ovid's 'Sappho to Phaon,' of the first book of the 'Thebaid' of Statius, and of

the Episodes from the Metamorphoses, sufficiently attest, not merely the soundness of his general scholarship, but what is a far more conclusive proof of his indebtedness to the Roman classics, the wonderful felicity with which he has caught their tone and reproduced their style. Every precept in the 'Essay on Criticism' is derived from the Greek and Roman classics." That the professor should make the poet pay his debts was natural; but to bankrupt him was not the action of a friend. Churton Collins was fighting for the recognition at the Universities of English literature as literature, but he was really arguing that genius is imitation, if not actually theft and robbery.

With this assumption underlying his appreciation of English literature, we are not surprised to find that his apparent services to literature were really services to learning. He secured the establishment of a Chair of English Literature at Oxford; and by sheer importunity he wrung from Mr. Passmore Edwards the endowment of a scholarship "for the encouragement of the study of English literature in its connection with the classical literatures of Greece and Rome." A professor who was morbidly interested in crime, and who wrote a detective story that will soon be published, can only be suspected of a determination to prove the unlawful acquirement of literature by the English genius. The passage about Pope previously quoted is but one example: in the course of the controversy, the genius of almost every English writer is derived from the Greek and Latin original. Even of Shakespeare, with his "little Latin and less Greek," it is asked: "Could his plays have existed in their present form had not the Greek dramas existed first?"

This zeal for learning came strangely from a man who was supposed to be keenly appreciative of genius; and who at one time had something of the temperament of genius. His biographer explains his comparatively inglorious career at Oxford by saying that "he could not bear being tied down to his subjects, but concentrated all his energy and attention on what he liked." Later in life he was asked whether, if he had the choice, he would prefer a very good son—not a genius, to a very bad son who was a genius. After a little reflection he said that he would prefer the latter. Yet he did nothing to foster the growth of genius. The study of English literature meant, to him, learning Greek and Latin to see how little was native to the English genius. Huxley wrote that "the establishment of professorial chairs of philology, under the name of literature, may be a profit to science, but is really a fraud practised upon letters." The establishment of a Chair of English Literature was no less a fraud. Studies of origins are scientific: art deals only with results; and I have yet to learn that one of Professor Raleigh's students has enriched the language with a masterpiece.

There is little else to record of him. The University was his home; and he cared for little except teaching and learning. Almost his last achievement was the foundation of a school of journalism at a university that, as the Birmingham "Evening Dispatch" said, "had already achieved notoriety by starting a school of brewing." His interest in crime led him to make the acquaintance of the Tichborne claimant, and several letters from the claimant disfigure this biography. The Whitechapel murders, the Merstham Tunnel mystery, the Edalji case, all interested him; and he helped to found "the Murder Club," an organisation which, unfortunately, does not exist for the extermination of its members. Apart from his marvellous memory, and his extraordinary industry, he does not seem to have been a remarkable man. He must have delivered more than 10,000 lectures in the course of his life, often five a day; and of books and articles he wrote a goodly number. He will be remembered mainly for his controversy on "English Literature at the Universities"; and then not much for what he said as for the opinions he evoked from others. His biography is interesting, not for himself, but for the interviews recorded with men like Froude, Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, and William Watson. He was a professor, and he professed; and the interest lies elsewhere than in him.

* "Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins." By L. C. Collins. (The Bodley Head. 4s. 6d. net.)

Gentlemen of Misfortune ; Or, "Yo! ho! for the Spanish Main."

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

(With profuse apologies to the authors of "Captain Margaret" and "The Haunted Island.")

I.

THE sun was going down in a glory of red. Its last rays fell upon a little group of men in ragged, bright-hued clothes lolling on the sand. Captain Lucy was singing from a crumpled copy of "Bilgewater Ballads" in a high-pitched voice, accompanying himself on a banjo. He had learnt the tune from the barrel-organs in Port Royal. They all sang the last chorus :

No matter what my morals are
With serving-wench or dancer,
Ungentlemanliness I bar,
I am a gentleman, sir.

Captain Lucy put down the banjo slowly and said in his rich, low voice, "Gentlemen, as I contrast our situation here with what it was when we left England, I am fain to weep. I remember how we weighed anchor and beat slowly down the river in the dawn under a full spread of canvas, bells ringing, flags flying, the crew cheering in the shrouds, the first mate flogging the ship's boy, and your humble servant walking the poop."

An elderly seaman, broken by vice and dressed in a scarlet flannel petticoat, the hue of which showed him to have a weak heart, his grizzled hairs struggling under a bishop's mitre, burst into a torrent of weeping. The sight of this noble old man struggling with his pent-up emotions was too much for his comrades. Each one raised his handkerchief to stem the tears that streamed down his rugged, honest cheeks.

The gentle voice went on, "I was sent here, as you know, by a philanthropic nobleman, whose joy it is to make sunnier the sad lot of the lower classes. To this intent, he engaged me to sail within sight of Captain Henry Morgan's fleet, and then, making a wiff to it, as the saying is, to steer for home. We fell in with Morgan's fleet, as arranged, and, though we might have sailed back to the unromantic slums of East London, yet we swore to go out on the account. On we sailed for twenty days, suffering incredible hardships and privations, until, one blessed morn at day-break, a great storm arising, we took to the boats. We six alone survived in the dinghy of the full complement that sailed from England. And here we are, cast away on a desolate key."

"Ah, Cap'n," said the old seaman, with a break in his voice, "you have at least assisted us to acquire an inkling of romance."

"Silence, Perry," cried a great, black-bearded man who passed among them in quality of quartermaster. "Cap'n, a question!"

"This is rank mutiny," cried Captain Lucy in a loud voice, and felled the quartermaster, whose name was Ivory, with the butt of his pistol. "Lie there, treacherous dog!"

Ivory lay as if stunned; but, the others holding smelling-salts to his nose, which they say revives even the dying, he soon came to himself.

"Cap'n," he said, staggering to his feet, "Cap'n, a question!" He made a step forward, but, catching his foot in a root, he fell to the ground, and, having the misfortune to strike his head against a boot which stood on the sand, he lay as if stunned.

"That is your boot, Johnson," said Captain Lucy, "I recognise the make."

A short, red-headed sailor shambled forward. "No, Cap'n," he said, "mine had not the bootlace broken."

"Is it yours, then, Williams?"

"Mine are lace-ups, Cap'n. This here is buttons."

"Is it yours, Perry?"

"I always wear shoes, Cap'n."

"Quilch, are you the man?"

No sooner had Lucy said this than he bit his lip, colouring slightly. For Quilch, the master-gunner,

had but legs and arms of wood, hooks for hands, no ears, and but one eye, the other being of glass. With this he was bald and toothless. In action he would go below into the hold and thence direct the shooting, spying the enemy through the holes that rats had gnawed in the side. He never came on deck during a fight but as a last hope, as sailors call it.

Lucy stepped forward and inspected the boot. "There is writing in it," he announced. The pirates stepped forward, Ivory amongst them.

"It was Captain Morgan's," cried Lucy. The men huzzaed. He flung the boot to them that they might read. It struck Ivory upon the temple, felling him to the ground, where he lay as if stunned. After a little he came to himself. "O L—d," he groaned. The pirates stared at him aghast.

"Ivory!" cried Lucy, sharply, "I break you for swearing. Men, you know your duty."

At this a man took the quartermaster by either side; Perry ran down to the sea, his petticoat fluttering eerily in the breeze. He returned with a cup full of water and stood ready for the command to pour it down Ivory's sleeve, for such is the barbarous custom among these inhuman wretches.

Lucy glanced at Ivory, who stood motionless, white as death. "What if I let you go?" he said in a low, rasping voice. His face was twisted with strong emotion. "Loose him," he cried at last, and snatching the cup from Perry's hand he cast it from him. But, it chancing to strike Ivory on the temple, the quartermaster fell to the ground, where he lay as if stunned.

And now the sun had set on the horizon, casting a glow of purple over the sea. Ivory stumbled into the hut and laid himself down on his bed to sleep, muttering in his beard. After evening prayer the others followed him, except Lucy, whose turn it was to watch.

II.

'Twas a sultry night, and the buzz of insects filled the hut. Quilch, the master-gunner, waking from a troubled sleep, shook Johnson, who lay beside him. "Dear me," he remarked, "these mosquitos are very troublesome." "Ay," returned Johnson, merrily, "but perchance they mean well." This sally caused the two to laugh with such heartiness that they woke their fellows. They rose regretfully from their couches and stepped out into the moonlight.

"Oh! Oh! Good gracious!"

Captain Lucy lay dead on the sand, his feet and hands most horribly hacked off, with a great wound in his breast, whence his heart had been extracted.

"What is that red stuff?" asked Perry in an awed whisper.

"Ay! what is it?" murmured the other pirates.

Ivory turned pale as he answered. "*It is blood,*" he said. Perry fainted away into Johnson's arms.

Quilch turned to Ivory. "This is your doing," he cried. And, stepping to the corpse, he picked out a sharp bone and plunged it into the quartermaster's heart. With a great cry, Ivory fell dead to the ground.

"Nay! nay!" screamed a horrid, husky voice behind them. "It wasn't 'e! it wasn't 'e! it wasn't 'e! not 'e! not 'e!" Then came the sound of a sweet voice singing.

'Twas a little, thin man, bowed with age. His long white hair, parted in the centre, hung down to the ground. But what was most wondrous strange about him was his dress, for he was clothed in skins like Early Man. For a while the pirates stared at him aghast. Then the master-gunner rapped out an oath and sprang to a cannon. Training it upon the Thing, he fired. After a little the smoke cleared away. The Thing stood as before, but the affrighted buccaneers had thrown themselves to the ground.

"What was that?" asked one, tremulously.

"'Twas but a cannon," answered the master-gunner.

"Ah, brother, we be mazed men," said the fellow.

But then a strange thing happened. The little old man pirouetted most marvellous ingeniously on his left foot. "D'ye know 'oo did it, 'oo did it, 'oo did

it?" he screamed. "I did it, did it, did it! Poor ol' Ben Glue, poor ol' fellow!"

Perry rose to his feet. "Comrades," he said, reverently doffing his mitre, "I beg to propose a vote of thanks to the late Cap'n Lucy." He paused to wipe the welling tears from his eyes. "Those in favour please signify in the usual manner." The pirates held up their right hands, except the master-gunner, who raised his right hook.

"Then, comrades, I beg to propose——"

"Stay!" cried Quilch, "I misdoubt if that vote be regular. It was not seconded before being put to the company. But let that pass," he concluded magnanimously.

"I thank you, brother," continued Perry, "for your remark. I beg to propose that Mr. Quilch, the master-gunner, be appointed cap'n."

Johnson seconded the proposal, which was carried unanimously. The master-gunner thanked his comrades in a few well-chosen words. Then, pointing to the little old man, he cried, "Seize him!" "Ay, ay, cap'n," answered Johnson and Williams, and obeyed. Quilch stepped up to the Thing. "Who are you?" he cried. In his horrid, husky voice the little man answered, "I was marooned, cap'n. Don't 'urt poor Ben Glue. Poor ol' Ben. I was dancin'-master, cap'n, on the brig 'Napoleon,' and the first mate wanted particular to hexecute the tarantelle, but 'e weren't sufficient supple. Poor ol' Ben! I 'ad to instruct 'im for hours at a time to dance-music played by the bosun on 'is whistle. One day, being 'eavy with liquor, 'e missed the turn on the fourth position, and, castin' the blame upon me, threw me into hiron. Poor ol' Ben. Then they marooned me, cap'n, many, many moons ago."

"Say no more," cried Quilch, giving him his hand, "throw in your lot with us. We lost our dancing-master in the wreck, and we were but in the midst of the elementary course.

"But nay, nay, it cannot be. You have slain Cap'n Lucy." He paused in deep thought. After a while he went on, "Men", he said, solemnly, "the man is by his own confession guilty. But we must not be hasty. We must be prepared to make amends should we be in error. We must endeavour to reconstruct the crime. We know not whether our honoured cap'n was already dead when his feet, hands, and heart were removed. To discover this we must experiment on the criminal. Johnson and Williams, do you lay him on the sand and stand guard over him lest he endeavour to interrupt this very necessary and interesting experiment. Perry, see to your knife."

The old seaman sharpened his knife on Quilch's hooks and, dipping it in a jug of warm water, knelt at the maroon's feet.

"One, two, three, go!" commanded Quilch.

Perry neatly severed the right foot. The maroon whimpered and shed tears.

Quilch hardened his heart. "A man's tears," he said, "are his strongest weapons. One, two, three, go!"

The left foot was flung aside.

But suddenly a fierce look came into the master-gunner's eyes. "Men," he rasped out, "what are ye at? What of morning prayer?"

"Mercy, cap'n" said Perry, abashed at his fury, "we have forgot."

"Never mind," cried Johnson, merrily, "'tis not yet morn." Which was, indeed, true, for the sun had not yet risen.

At this merry joke the pirates and the maroon roared out with laughter. "Now his hands," cried the master-gunner. But no sooner was this operation completed than the maroon fainted away.

"Dear me," said Quilch, "he must have killed Cap'n Lucy before dismembering him. We have erred. We must consider compensation." He walked to and fro in deep thought. "How much is a man worth?" he asked suddenly.

"Twenty pounds is the usual," answered Perry.

"We will be generous; we will value the maroon at forty pounds. His feet, then, are worth how much?"

"Five pounds each, cap'n, and so are his hands. But his right hand lacked a thumb."

"So? Then only four pounds for his right hand. That makes nineteen pounds altogether."

"Ay, ay," murmured the pirates, who had checked the calculations on the maroon's toes.

"We will value his victim, our late cap'n, at the lowest price, though with all possible respect—viz., at twenty pounds. Then we owe the maroon nineteen pounds, but he owes us twenty. It is, then, obvious that the maroon is in our debt to the extent of one pound." He turned to the dancing-master, who was somewhat recovered. "Have you a pound, friend?" he asked.

"No, cap'n," answered the maroon, "poor ol' Ben Glue ain't got no money."

"How very vulgarly he speaks," whispered a pirate to his neighbour.

"Silence!" roared Quilch. Then, turning to the maroon, he said solemnly, doffing his hat, "My man, it grieves me sore, but business is business. Either you pay the pound you owe us or you die."

"Then strike!" cried Ben Glue, baring his bosom with his teeth.

"One, two, three, go!" cried Quilch. Perry plunged the knife again and again into the dancing-master's breast. The sweet voice sounded for the last time.

And thus it was:

Farewell! Farewell!
I'll teach the waltz
And tarantelle,
Beneath the vaults
Of Hell.

The sun rose in the eastern sea.

"To quarters!" cried the master-gunner, "'tis time for matins."

Present-Day Criticism.

THE "Times" recently (October 10th) published a leader on the Critic which, although a little ambiguous and, in places, confused, seems to be inwardly concerned with the right idea of inviting better criticism than our time discovers. The distinction between the hack reviewer and the critic is not kept clear all through, and the natural powers of the critic are announced in the voice of the turnip—very, very unobtrusively indeed. No critic wrote the leader; an artist may (scarcely) have done so, or a journalist; whoever did is less important than the subject and the ideas it induces.

One cannot read a sentence like the following without bemoaning how basely the prestige of critics has been permitted to sink, scarcely without retiring to pray: "The good critic only trains himself more thoroughly and systematically than other men. This æsthetic experience is larger than theirs, and he has by practice a greater power of expressing it in words." It is by such encouragement that men with a talent for words and push which brands them as a loss to the Commercial Travellers' Union, nowadays get hold of literary columns. These men know details of edition and sale which would have struck the accurate Johnson dumb; they have a talent for plagiarism enough to confound a critical judge like Sainte-Beuve. They might steal Sainte-Beuve himself so that he would have to hesitate before claiming his own. Thoroughly and systematically they train themselves in jargon as was never dreamed of outside the bagman's profession. And the result of it is—that we have no criticism and therefore no art. "Criticism first," said Arnold; "a time of true creative activity—which must inevitably be preceded by a time of criticism—hereafter, when criticism has done its work." But how are we to get criticism from minds that are "only more systematically trained" than the ordinary mind? We live amidst the thousand columns weekly put out by such minds, and we should be less desolate in Greenland of every fine idea and true judgment. Let it be stated as though something quite new—it well may be!—that

the critic must be born a critic, he can no more be made than the artist. He is as rare as the artist, if not rarer, for we have seen in the annals of art how artists have sometimes needed temporarily to do the work of critics. The function of criticism, to command an atmosphere, "an order of ideas in which artists may work freely," cannot be exercised by the "critical whipsters" of whose appearance Lang fruitlessly complained years ago, and who, now numbering hundreds, will only be driven out by a colossal critical genius. For his speedy advent we would retire to pray; and not too despairingly. Those keen in searching for light may discover glimmerings, gleamings that testify to a flaming inspiration burning above the roof of dullness shutting us in. The new spirit descending is already seen in all areas, in art, in religion, and in politics. Wherever men's minds are best prepared to receive it, there it will work. But in politics men are instinctively looking for disorder to arise; in religion we fear the old and sterile feud between the sects; in art—perhaps because here we have a fixed and unalterable central standard, a standard of beauty to which every true artist endeavours to relate his works—in art we may strive and hope not vainly for the joyous spiritual visitation. "Criticism first to prepare us; creative activity hereafter!"

The writer in the "Times" is wilfully or ignorantly flattering to sorry authors when he neglects to pay full tribute to critical genius. Minds distinguished for critical perception, delicate, sensitive intelligence of the order that can detect a spurious sentence, a false phrase, a phrase false not merely as interpolated but false to its own author's genius—minds of critics like Arnold, Jebb, Sainte-Beuve, Johnson, Newman, Renan, Goethe ("the King of Critics"), Palgrave, Lang and Palacio-Valdes, are not made by however "thorough and systematic training": they are born endowed with critical genius. To deny this is to waste life in setting up an obstruction to art; and artists will be the first to resent such obstruction.

REVIEWS.

Bluff's Guide to the Bar. By Hilary Bluff. Expurgated and edited by St. John Lucas. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

This little satire cannot claim to be very original. It is supposed to be written by the conventional simpleton, who, finding himself in new environments, completely fails to understand anything. The same thing has been done much better before. The first sentence in the book is typical of the humour: "I had always possessed a beautiful soul, and when I came down from Oxford everyone thought that I should become one of the great literary men of the time, and perhaps even edit a halfpenny paper." And so on, and so on, at great length. The only portion of the book which is worth reading is the very funny report of the case of the mushroom-grower Blate v. Waggonacles, his nephew and rival.

London Stories. Edited by John O' London. Part I. (To be completed in about 20 parts. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net.)

"The editor has only asked himself: Which are the stories that are still the most interesting to Londoners of all classes and neighbourhoods?" His answer is, we presume: Badly-written accounts of misers, courtesans, murderous barbers, and flying piemen. The series will be read with great interest by all admirers of the halfpenny evening papers. The illustrations are weird.

Old Lamps for New. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This little volume scarcely calls for comment. We read Lucas, or we don't read him; but we never talk about him. Perhaps that is why the first essay describes "The School for Sympathy." In spite of trivial subject matter and trifling treatment, something like a Lamb-like demeanour of spirit is manifest in these pages. Unfortunately for Mr. Lucas as a satirist, his fellow-men never "seem to be exorbitantly sheep"; so they

remain "unbattered at, unbickered with," to quote Bishop Blougram again, while Mr. Lucas "grazes through life." The longest essay is "On the track of Uermeer," in which Mr. Lucas describes his perambulation through Europe to admire pictures which are, one gathers, very valuable works of art. He takes a connoisseur's delight in Christie's, and describes in his placidly pleasant way the sale of Sir John Day's pictures. For the rest, he writes about flowers, and owls, and ourang-outangs, and chauffeurs, and people who cannot decide which is the most delectable portion of Lamb, and a host of other things, in his own inimitable way; and just escapes being a bore by being not quite a writer.

The Land of Living Men. By Ralph Waldo Trine. (Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Trine writes of poverty in the United States and the corruption of politics. His remedy is direct legislation by means of the initiative and the Referendum, and the recognition of the law of love. Those who like stupidity manifested in pseudo-mystical language, who can tolerate a writer who ascribes to Mazzini, instead of the author of the "Book of Proverbs," the phrase: "Where there is no vision, the people perish," may be referred to the work of this poor plagiarist of Emerson.

In the Days of Serfdom. By Leo Tolstoy. (Constable. 6s.)

This is a volume containing six short stories, of which only the first, "Polikoushka," is described by the title. This story was first published in 1863; the others date from 1905 and 1906. "A Prayer" describes the death of a child, and the mother's vision of her servant Molly, in the guise of an angel, comforting her with the assurance that it was better for the child to die than to grow to be a bad man. "Kornéy Vasilyeff" is the story of a jealous husband who leaves his faithless wife after smashing her ribs and crippling her child. Returning seventeen years later, poor and friendless, he is turned from the door by his wife, and dies on his daughter's oven before his wife can repent of her harshness; "and from the stern, beautiful old face of Kornéy she could not tell whether he had forgiven her or not," the story concludes. "Strawberries" describes the people who ate them and the people who gathered them. "Why?" is the story of a Polish patriot who had misfortunes and a wife. Forced to serve in the Russian army, he is followed to Uralsk by Albina, and married to her. Some years afterwards he is concealed in a coffin and carried away in his wife's travelling carriage. Her imprudence and the dog's inquisitiveness reveal his presence; he is captured and sent to Siberia, whither his wife follows him. "God's Way and Man's" tells us how an old revolutionist preserved his sanity during years of solitary confinement, and commits suicide when he discovers that the new revolutionists, who are also prisoners, disapprove his methods, despise his ideas, and deny the value of his sacrifices for the cause. It is impossible to deny the brevity, simplicity, and sincerity claimed for these stories in the translator's preface; the only comment that need be made is that Tolstoy deals out disease and death as though he were the Devil himself.

Poetry and Prose. By A. A. Jack. (Constable. 6s. net.)

Mr. Jack analyses the difference between poetry and prose, and concludes that "prose deals with things as they are—school, marriage, wills, dress, law, civilisation, order and degree. Poetry is occupied with the bases of these—birth, love and death, human passions, men." As generalisations do not describe accurately particular varieties, he proceeds to a consideration of social or prose poetry, with Gray as his example; natural or spontaneous poetry, as written by Burns; basic or elemental poetry, of which Wordsworth was sometimes a master; oratorical poetry, as exemplified by the work of Byron. The poetry of the intellect is represented by the work of Emerson, Arnold, and Meredith; and is sub-divided to show the poet as teacher in Emerson, and that Arnold's is critical, and Meredith's is intellectual poetry. The volume concludes with a statement of Emerson's doctrine of the Infinite. If

Mr. Jack will now write an essay on poetical poetry, as written by—whoever wrote it, our education will be complete. Nor should we refuse to read it, for Mr. Jack is never dull, although it must be said that he is never brilliant. It is impossible to disagree with a man who is right whenever it is impossible to be wrong, and is too balanced in judgment ever to err on the side of originality.

Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Bernard Miall. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

M. Rolland admires Tolstoy more than Tolstoy did. "For us," he says of a Parisian clique, "there was only one Tolstoy, and we loved the whole of him." Tolstoy never did; and he would have been the first to deny M. Rolland's assertion of his essential unity. There was war in the man's members; he was "born cross from the womb and perverse." It is true that the ordinary critical division into two parts is not subtle enough to express the psychological diversity of the man; Waliszewski's conclusion that "in Tolstoy's nature there are, and always have been, several men whose development runs on parallel lines" is the only opinion that is worth consideration. M. Rolland is so careful a biographer that he proves this thesis in the attempt to prove his own. "To his last day he was perplexed," says M. Rolland; a state utterly alien to a unified character. As a Christian, he never got beyond the chrysalis stage. Of his other activities M. Rolland is a good judge, and he says: "Tolstoy does not speak to the privileged, the enfranchised of the world of thought; he speaks to ordinary men—*hominibus bonae voluntatis*. He is our conscience. He says what we all think, we average people, and what we all fear to read. He is not a master full of pride—one of those haughty geniuses who are throned above humanity upon their art and their intelligence. He is—as he loved to style himself in his letters, by that most beautiful of titles, the most pleasant of all—'our brother.'"

Letters from Abroad.

By Huntly Carter.

THE END OF "FAUST."

Paris, October 2.

PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT is swiftly acquiring a reputation for achieving the impossible. A recent triumph in this direction was the staging of the second part of "Faust." The production of this extraordinary piece of work has been the despair of German producers ever since Goethe completed it. To stage this in an important way, and within reasonable limits was considered to be the high-water mark of stage craftsmanship. In fact, it was tacitly acknowledged to be equal to taking a degree in medicine, or some other feat of endurance.

The significance of Professor Reinhardt's achievement may be better understood when the true character of the tail-end of "Faust" is considered. The second part has been variously dismissed: by some as the quintessence of incoherence, by others as an afterthought, unimportant, chaotic in detail, inconsistent in design, altogether inferior in conception and execution to the first part. Others had compared it favourably with the first part, and stamped it approvingly as the logical sequence of a great dramatic masterpiece. To settle the matter one may describe it as a metaphysical treatise reduced to the terms of a German ghost story, overplastered with shadowy forms that disappear at cockcrow.

The implication is that the second part, like the first, is undramatic from beginning to end. That it cannot be otherwise is clear when we remember Goethe was not a dramatist. He was a poet with metaphysical leanings. He took liberal doses of Rousseau, whose philosophy of a return to nature he swallowed and re-expressed as far as it is possible for the Teutonic

temperament to express the philosophy of the Latin one. There is very little of the original impression left when a rhinoceros follows in the footsteps of a poodle. The best proof that Goethe did not possess dramatic instinct is to be found in his long and loose career. Like Tolstoi, he lived his life backwards. No further evidence of his undramatic nature is needed.

Rousseau's influence was seen in Goethe's belief in the modern theory of the representation of realistic drama. It was he who, with Schiller, presented the idea of intimacy in the theatre. It also appeared in his attempt to return to a more human conception of dramatic characters. But unfortunately for his dramatic plans he had not the slightest conception of an appropriate dramatic background. He knew nothing, in fact, of the fluid background that should bind the drama together, visualise and unite its action. "Faust," for instance, reveals him stringing together a collection of undramatic experiences rather than "telling a single story." If the poem serves any purpose it is that of affording Goethe one of the finest opportunities of recording a sixty years' career, an opportunity which he has not been slow to accept. In short, it is unequalled as a record of an author using his æsthetic instincts to mould scientific opinions which he immediately buries beyond discovery in German soil.

Understand this about Goethe, and we have a clue to his mind and work. He was always questioning life, and passed in turn from astrology, geology, geography, botany, biology, optics, metrics, and heaven knows what else. He appears to have left no field of inquiry untouched. Unfortunately he neglected no opportunity of crowding the results into his life-poem. In this way he contrived to introduce all the latest scientific theories, among these Wagner's theory of life, Werner's theory of earthquakes, and his own theory of colour. Werner's "Life is not light, but the refracted colour," he sang. It was time the modern French impressionists were born.

Clearly this is not the stuff of which great drama is made. It is rather that of which dreary commentaries are manufactured. In fact, every other line of "Faust" requires a satisfactory commentary by a learned person to whom the statement of scientific facts has become a matter of special knowledge. The proper place for this eccentric "drama" is the lecture theatre of a university, where it could be thoroughly explained between pinches of snuff to sleeping students.

Goethe, however, thought otherwise concerning the wholesale statement of his scientific creed. Apparently he was convinced that if he took all the phenomena of "The Creation," including his pet aversion the earthquake, cast them in allegorical forms, and made a round trip from Heaven by way of Earth to Hell, and back again, drama was inevitable. Accordingly he set out on his travels disguising as he went his preferences in beneficial forms and his prejudices in evil or satirical ones. In the process his high-class philosopher friends became saints, while his enemies reappeared as insects, moths, beetles, cockroaches, and other contributions to symbolic zoology. Likewise abstractions were re-born, clothed in positive forms in the most approved Grecian style.

All this was very ingenious of Goethe, and largely recalls the ingenuity of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose journeys on the Underground Railway have been known to end in comedies of manners—or want of them. But unfortunately for his dramatic plans, Goethe overlooked the importance of dramatic action. He neglected the unity and continuity of action so essential to the life of drama. As a matter of fact, he so reduced the life-line to attenuation that he left little beyond padding for the modern artistic interpreter to work upon. In this way he paved the way for the art-of-the-theatre faker, whose motto appears to be: 'Tis the pad makes the play to go.

Whether Professor Reinhardt has ever set out to discover the unifying thread or psychological line of "Faust" does not appear. In his production of "Faust" he certainly is not concerned with tracking down the life-line of a soul placed in a world of accumulating experience and attempting to weave it into coherence by means of music, setting, and acting, even supposing it were possible to do so in order to make a satisfactory drama. His sole concern is with exhibiting his undoubted skill in stagecraftsmanship and with giving a public in love with sensation and spectacle a choice of the kaleidoscopic scenes of which the poem is full. It is excellent juggling.

* * *

There are far too many of these scenes worth presenting to make the rescue of the essential action a necessity. The masquerade at the Imperial Palace, the episode of Philomena and Baucis, the Helena magical intermezzo, the Walpurgis Night and zoological chorus, the Beatification—with its female penitents, holy anchorites, angelic hosts balanced on one another's shoulders like acrobats—all these fearful and wonderful things are capable of popular interpretation, even though they do not contribute to an artistic representation according to the newest ideas. They rather suggest a return to Surrey pantomime.

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The question Professor Reinhardt has really set himself to answer is: Given my efficiently equipped stage and the end of "Faust," how am I to make them fit? His first solution was presentation of the whole poem in a highly diluted form in eight hours. Eight solid hours of German rhymed metaphysics! It sounds appalling. In order to soften the blow, he introduced a long interval for refreshments. The striking success which attended the production was probably due to the interval plus the refreshments. Persons addicted to the bottle can get into a very generous mood in much less than three-quarters of an hour.

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Later it was decided to cut the performance down to six hours, where it now remains, interval included. The clever staging even of this abbreviated form is well worth consideration.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

THE return of the Russian ballet to Covent Garden is an excellent sign of the times. We know all there is to be known about German opera, and we know as much as it is really necessary to know about French opera, and we know quite too much about the Italian. But the Russian ballet is interesting, ever so much more interesting than Russian opera, and the most important musical influence we have had in England for years. German influence no longer exists; the only man they have now of any great quality is Richard Strauss, and his genius is egoistical and unlikely to affect any but second-rate musicians. France, in the person of Claude Debussy, has already influenced English music as much as English music is likely to be influenced by the Gallic temperament, and it remains now for the Russian dancers to lead us into still better ways. As a people we have never understood, because we have never known, ballet, and the sooner we grasp its artistic significance the better. Among the serious musical writers in England to-day there is probably not one who wouldn't in some way receive great moral benefit from a spell of penal servitude at the rehearsals of the Russian ballet. For one thing, our young composers would begin to know where to put the "double bar"; half of them never know where to stop. We call this art of knowing where to stop, form. The French composers, as a rule, seem to have a sense of form as a birthright, even if their writing is, as it sometimes is, of course, sheer drivel. Rhythm, too, would be well taught by the Russians, for except in its most obvious expressions (the Stanford quick step, for example) rhythm in

modern English music is an unknown quantity. I do not know any English composer who could write a page of music with half the distinction of rhythm you may find in the best verse.

* * *

As far as new music is concerned, the Promenades have been a disappointment this season. Within the last fortnight or three weeks nothing of any value has been produced. We have had "A Passer-By," an orchestral rhapsody, by Cyril B. Rootham, and the composer has told us that it is based upon a sea poem of Robert Bridges. We do not all admire the work of that distinguished poet, but we admire rather less the music with which he has inspired Mr. Rootham. Mr. Bridges' poem certainly suggests atmosphere, but Mr. Rootham's atmosphere is a different atmosphere altogether—an Oxford organ loft, perhaps. The composer would have done himself greater justice if he had never revealed the source of his inspiration, and simply described his music as rhapsody number so-and-so in something minor. . . . The three pieces for oboe and orchestra by Hamilton Harty did not seem to me to represent that gifted young writer in anything like his best form. They are beautifully-wrought little pieces of craftsmanship, but leave one unmoved. . . . Mr. Cecil Forsythe's orchestral arrangement of three of Mendelssohn's songs without words will help, no doubt, to further the interest in that reviving master—for Mendelssohn isn't dead yet. Wagner nearly smothered the life out of him, but he has almost recovered.

* * *

Another "first performance" that some of us looked forward to with suppressed excitement was an orchestral arrangement of Debussy's "Children's Corner." In its new form it is probably the least good thing bearing his illustrious name. As a little set of piano pieces it is trifling, the humour being of a rather esoteric kind, as if M. Debussy had never seen children at play in his life and never wanted to. Played decently on the piano by a good pianist, it is a little amusing. Played on the orchestra it is merely depressing. The point is this: M. Debussy wrote the thing for the piano, and, we suppose, thought in terms of the piano. But another gentleman did the orchestration, and didn't think at all.

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Two other pieces that have grieved me a little recently are Maurice Ravel's "Pavane" and César Franck's "Les Djinns." Workmanship from either musician we can always acknowledge; nearly everybody, indeed, is a good workman nowadays. Maurice Ravel's technique and manner have, however, been arrived at just too late; it is the sort of technique that no longer convinces us. For we have got accustomed to the merely clever and modernesque, and we want something more. His "Pavane" is not inspired. . . . "Les Djinns" is a pseudo-romantic musical poem dealing with fiends and other stage terrors. If we did not know that the late César Franck led the most amiable of lives, a kind-hearted, sentimental soul all his days, we would denounce him, dead as he is, as a most abandoned charlatan. But it is unlikely that the hobgoblins, or fiends, or sprites he has drawn in this pleasant picture will ever frighten anybody, and we should be content to reflect that the work will always afford a subject for formal analysis to those dear people who believe that he founded the modern French school.

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It was a great joy to hear Madame Carreño play the piano at the Queen's Hall last week. It was many seasons since she had given a recital in London, and people feared that her advancing years (MacDowell went to her for lessons in the 'seventies) would tell against her. But her great powers appeared undiminished, and the restraint and reticence that usually come with advancing years have not, in her case, made her change her mind about letting herself "go" at the right moment. The deliberation with which she played the opening bars of the last movement in the

Chopin Sonata gave us a sort of clue to what was coming; the deliberation continued for a time, and when the climax arrived it arrived with overwhelming force and majesty. Paderewski, I think, is the only other pianist who gives one a similar impression of intellectual strength. . . . But all the force and tenderness and imagination of Carreño's playing will not convince me that MacDowell's "Celtic" Sonata is Celtic. Apart from the fact that the idiom of the sonata is pure German, it is a pompous work, and no Celtic thing is ever pompous. There are charming pages in it, especially in the slow movement. But it is time to stop this nonsense about MacDowell being a Celtic writer. He was nothing of the kind. He was not a great master. We cannot regard him as anything but the composer of a few charming and delightful pieces, some of which barely escape prettiness.

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There is a spice of irony in the rumour that has been going round the town just lately about Ysaye's promised recitals. He announced three with orchestra to take place at the Queen's Hall. When it came near to the date of the first concert he was asked for his programme. No answer. They wrote again. No answer. They wired. How far rumour is correct upon the details I cannot say, but the fact remains that the recitals were cancelled, and the reason alleged is that Ysaye had, for some reason or other, refused to play the Elgar Violin Concerto, or objected to pay the "royalty" demanded by Novello's. Kreisler, I see, is now announced to play it on the 23rd with the London Symphony Orchestra.

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People interested in the work of the younger English writers should look at "The Baron of Brackley," by William Henry Bell; "Lochinvar," by Haydn Wood; and a new set of songs by Roger Quilter with the laconic title "Four Songs." The first two are good, vigorous, unaffected works for chorus and orchestra, both Border Ballads, both by young academicians. Each has the fault common to modern choral works: the unprincipled and ridiculous habit of repeating a line of verse or part of a line of verse over and over again. The method of the "royalty" ballad should be beneath the notice of our young immortals. . . . I am a little disappointed in Roger Quilter's newest album. It bears an early opus number, and so it is presumed the songs were written before his Herrick and Shakespearean sets. The text of the new volume is some German verse by Friedrich Bodenstedt. English words to each song have been written by R. H. Elkin, and the volume published by Elkin and Co. I do not know positively, but I should imagine that Mr. Quilter wrote his music to the original words. Whether he did so or not, he has, at any rate, succeeded in giving his music a German accent. This makes us anxious.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WAGES AND PRICES.

Sir,—In connection with the letters *re* Wages and Prices now appearing in THE NEW AGE, it might tend to the enlightenment of some of your readers were this subject put in a more simple manner.

Let us suppose, for example, that a town wishes to build itself a town hall, say, at a cost of £100,000.

Under existing conditions the town would have to apply to the capitalists for the £100,000, paying interest thereon at, say, 5 per cent.

Taking it that this loan has to be paid off in forty years, by equal annual instalments, the amount paid in interest by the end of the forty years would be £100,000, reckoning it at 2½ per cent. per annum on £100,000 for forty years. This means that the ratepayers would pay for two town halls instead of one.

If the town can afford to do this, can it not twice as easily afford to pay half the amount? This could be done in a way which has often been suggested before, and even carried out, *i.e.*, by obtaining powers from the Government (save the word) to issue paper to the amount required. This paper would be redeemed out of the rates, in the same

manner that a loan would be paid off, but at half the cost to the ratepayers.

Beyond the fact that we are governed largely by the capitalists, who would naturally shout down any such suggestion as unsound finance (whatever that may mean) is there any real reason why this course should not be adopted?

W. H. MORGAN.

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SHIPPING LOSSES.

Sir,—The soundness of the economic views advanced by the writer of THE NEW AGE "Notes of the Week" is amply proved by the following excerpt from the "Daily News" of October 6, Central News Liverpool correspondent:—"The recent increase of freight rates has not compensated to the extent anticipated for the disturbance of the estimated yearly profits consequent upon the increased rates of pay secured by the men. Consideration is now being given to a number of proposals, of which the chief is that a fewer number of big liners shall be commissioned for passenger and freight service this winter to Canada and America. The outcome of this would be that some hundreds of sailors, firemen, and shore hands at Liverpool and other ports would be out of employment." It thus appears clear that no advance in wages is or can be of any lasting benefit to the workers so long as production for profit instead of use remains the primary actuating motive. Capital will always continue to draw its interest and the wages of ability be paid, notwithstanding all the well-meant but futile schemes which Liberal economists fondly hope will compel employers to advance wages without raising prices; though how this is to be done, as price is governed by cost of production at the margin of cultivation, I have yet to learn. Short of control of the product from start to finish the worker must always remain a helot.

G. S. NEWSON.

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MIXING THE INGREDIENTS.

Sir,—When Mr. J. M. Kennedy writes of the Servile State in your issue of October 5 and says he is opposed to the present-day Fabian movement because it is leading directly to it, he means by "Servile State" a state in which the larger portion of the soil and the instruments of production are held collectively, though the smaller portion may be held by individual owning "free men." But he does not say in *what* proportion he would mix the ingredients. Assume for the moment that the proportions are three-quarters and a quarter (the exact figures are not material for the purpose of this limited argument). Mr. Kennedy's view undoubtedly is that if only one quarter of the men in the state were "free men," that state would be "servile." Then he implies (I don't think detailed proof is required, though it can be given) that the object of the present-day Fabian movement is to create a state in which the proportions are more or less reversed: that is, say, three-quarters of the men would be engaged in working the social co-operative machinery of the collectivised industries and public services, though one quarter might be "free" men, *i.e.*, individual owners of the soil and instruments of production. I don't think that implication is justified. The Fabian movement is not bound within limits as to the ingredients as is Mr. Kennedy (with the defined Servile State). The correctness of this view as a typically Fabian one can be confirmed from the policies and practices of "Industrial Democracy," but also by a reference to the address on "The Tyranny of Categories," delivered by Mr. Webb to the students at the London School of Economics, and published in the "Clare Market Review" (in year 1907 or 1908). For the application of the method of science to the life of the community with which the present-day Fabian movement is concerned makes it clear that new conditions caused by the grouping of human beings produce new problems, and the new problems cannot always be solved by fitting them into existing ideas; nor can they be solved at all without reference to the public opinion at the time existing.

When Mr. Kennedy declares himself in favour of an inquiry in order to "find out what forms of industry should be owned by the state and what forms should be owned by private individuals" (NEW AGE, September 21, page 491), he re-states the Fabian attitude. Incidentally, he gives away the argument from the Servile State.

The result of the inquiry he favours might be to show that industries and services should be collectivised up to the point of employing three-quarters of the men. If it did, Mr. Kennedy would cry out "Servile State!" and repudiate the whole affair; that is to say, he would place Mr. Belloc's opinion above the result of a sociological inquiry and would rule himself out of the title of sociologist which he claims (NEW AGE, October 5, page 530). Of course, the inquiry might show that quite a different proportion of the industries

and services should be collectivised. If so, the Fabian is under no obligation to refuse to accept the result, unless Mr. Kennedy wishes to make for him an argument from "the basis"; though that I doubt.

Now, Mr. Kennedy wants to improve the status of the working-man by increasing his wages, but, as an analysis of industry will show, there are limits to the economy of even the highest wages, regarded from the point of view of trustified companies or of that of state ownership or control. In certain cases, which can be specified, the limits would soon be reached. What does Mr. Kennedy propose to do then?

I don't think Mr. Kennedy has adequately explained why he thinks the working-men are "degraded" by social legislation. A good case can be made out for the view that social legislation, *e.g.*, such as education, to which as a communal service Mr. Kennedy objects (NEW AGE, September 21, page 490), has had the effect indirectly of strengthening the economic position of the workers and enabling them to secure higher wages. Is it inevitable that the working-men should be "degraded" unless they are individual owners of the means of production? Suppose the working-men themselves agree that large-scale production is required in order to supply their needs, and that therefore they agree to co-operate, grade by grade of labour, in working a state industry, preferring that to individual-owning craftsmanship. In what sense are these men correctly described as being in a servile condition? If their condition is not servile, or only nominally (in Mr. Kennedy's sense) servile, what objection can be sustained on the grounds of economy or justice? Besides, suppose the tax revenue were extinguished (or as and when it was) and the state were run on state profits, would the man engaged in the state industries then be in a servile condition?

With regard to "state ownership of the workman," *i.e.*, when, as in the case of education, use is made of the state schools by the man's children, what is meant by "ownership"? If the working-man, in this instance, is "state owned," those of us who pay taxes and use the public services are also "state owned."

P. J. REID.

* * *

THE TWO PROPOSED LABOUR DAILIES.

Sir,—The greatest danger which besets the Labour movement is bureaucracy. If we would entirely free ourselves from the charges of those opponents who picture Socialism as a state of society in which we shall all be at the mercy of an oligarchy of officials we must beware of those superior persons amongst our own elected leaders who are at the present time scheming to make the direction of the movement the monopoly of a narrow clique. A better illustration of the tendency I am referring to could not be found than the story of the movement in favour of a Labour daily newspaper. The demand for a daily organ has become more and more insistent, and has come from all sections within the movement. Tom Mann wants a Syndicalist daily; the Social Democratic Party want an organ of their own; Robert Blatchford wants a Socialist daily; and the Labour Party has been pottering about with a project for years. This was the position last year when Keir Hardie, all honour to him, decided to start a propaganda to get something done, rightly guessing that the holders of the purse-strings of the Labour movement would be compelled to unloose them as soon as a suitable scheme had been advanced to the proper stage. The London Society of Compositors, a body whose members have been engaged all their lives in producing daily newspapers for their enemies, shared Keir Hardie's impatience, and whilst his proposal was still entirely in embryo they produced a small daily of their own, the "Daily Herald," to help them in their strike in the early part of the present year. As a result of the demand which spontaneously arose from the rank and file of the workers, chiefly in the Fleet Street area, a scheme has been evolved to put the "Daily Herald," whose publication was in the meantime suspended, on a permanent basis as the organ of the whole Labour movement. It is owned by a co-operative production society registered for the purpose, and its affairs are in the hands of its membership, including those Labour organisations which take up shares.

The announcement that the "Daily Herald" was coming before the Labour Movement as a democratically controlled daily paper galvanised the sleeping "official" scheme into activity. There are those who could not brook the idea of anybody but themselves having any control whatever over anything which was going to be a power in the working-class movement. The fact that they are offered a share in the management of the "Herald" proportionate to their importance does not mollify them. They must have all or none.

The first thing that happened was that Keir Hardie's proposal for a Manchester evening paper, to be owned and

controlled by the Independent Labour Party, was agreed to at the I.L.P. Conference. So far so good. Nobody had any criticism to offer as to that. The next step, however, staggered everybody who was watching events, including Keir Hardie and George Lansbury, who promptly washed their hands of the whole concern. The announcement appeared in the "Labour Leader" of July 7 that a sub-committee of the N.A.C. of the I.L.P., consisting of Messrs. Anderson, Benson, Glasier, and Riley, had "found that our colleagues of the Labour Party had had under consideration the project of launching a daily organ," and had decided to throw overboard their instructions regarding the establishment of an I.L.P. daily in order to promote a joint affair, on a "fair and reasonable basis." According to this basis the management of the paper was vested in a joint stock company, a fact which in itself ought to place it out of court as a democratic proposal. In a joint stock company voting is by shares, a fact which enables the wealthier supporters to control the paper, whereas in a co-operative concern, like the Daily Herald Printing and Publishing Society, Ltd., as everybody knows, the principle is one vote per shareholder, irrespective of the number of shares held. But this is the least of the anomalies of this outrageous agreement. I quote the exact wording:—

"The first board of directors shall consist of nine persons, six to be elected at a joint meeting of the Executive of the Labour Party and the Administrative Council of the Independent Labour Party."

Are the I.L.P. and the Labour Party between them going to raise two-thirds of the capital? They said at that time they wanted £100,000, and since then they have discovered they will need £150,000. Is the I.L.P. going to raise as much as the Labour Party? Can it raise £50,000? If not, what possible justification can there be for the I.L.P., which is affiliated to the Labour Party, coming in for such a large share of the control? I can only think of one possible explanation. No other way could be devised for securing that two-thirds of the board should be drawn from one small circle of officials, for observe, it is not the I.L.P. and the Labour Party who are to elect these directors, but the N.A.C. and the Executive respectively.

Having thus seen how six of the nine are to be "democratically" elected, what about the other three? I continue to quote:—

"Two directors shall be elected by the Trade Unions investing capital in the company."

I think it is safe to say that no trade union is likely to invest anything in such a company unless its advisers are hand-in-glove with those who have so carefully secured to themselves a permanent two-thirds majority of the board, and as a matter of fact that is exactly what is happening. Furthermore, it remains to be seen whether the members of these unions will endorse the action of their executives. Personally I do not think they will.

There are, however, other people besides trade unions who are urged to take up shares. Private individuals are frantically appealed to to send along all they can spare, and I.L.P. branches are invited to levy their members half-a-crown per head. What representation are the private subscribers to have? The conclusion of the sentence referring to the representation of trade unions reads "and one [director] by those individual sympathisers who invest £100 and upwards." Here again one cannot help remarking that if any individual ever invests £100 in such a concern he must be a very warm admirer of the policy of one particular section of the political Labour movement. Consequently this constitution would appear to be absolutely watertight. Nothing can find its way through that the official element is likely to disapprove of.

When I read this wonderful arrangement a vision arose before my eyes of what I can only describe as "a glorious rumpus" when the annual conferences of the I.L.P. and the Labour Party come round. "This constitution is certain to be revised," I thought. But I had reckoned without my host. There can be as much "rumpus" as anybody likes to kick up, for I read: "The articles of association shall provide that the method of electing the board of directors shall not be altered for ten years."

The first board of directors consists of Messrs. W. C. Anderson, T. D. Benson, Bruce Glasier, Ben Riley, Arthur Henderson, Ramsay MacDonald, E. R. Pease, and G. H. Roberts. It is an open secret that those who promised to support Keir Hardie have mostly withdrawn their promises of money. It is still understood that the paper is to be a Manchester evening one. No details are forthcoming as to its editorial control. Indeed, it is understood that nothing has been settled.

"The "Daily Herald," on the other hand, has a scheme which took six months to work out. It is modelled on "l'Humanité," and its principal feature is that the organisations supporting the paper will appoint official contributors who will voice the views of those appointing them. In

this way more than one point of view will be represented in the "make-up" of the "Herald," and it has therefore obtained the support of men who have so little in common as C. W. Bowerman, M.P., and J. Fredk. Green, who has joined the management committee, while Tom Mann has also expressed himself favourably.

The policy of the "Herald" will be the greatest common measure of the policies of its supporters, and as it will be read by all sections it will be a great force tending to unity within the movement. It is a practicable scheme, and has been pronounced upon favourably by the executives of almost all the trade unions connected with newspaper production, including the National Union of Journalists. It will appear as soon as 20,000 five shilling shares have been taken up, but that does not mean that £5,000 is to be its working capital. As a co-operative concern it will continue to collect share capital after its minimum has been subscribed for. Its working capital will be about £20,000, and with the knowledge of newspapers possessed by its promoters there is no doubt a creditable production can be ensured. For further particulars I refer readers to the Secretary, 7-9, St. Bride Street, E.C. "It's your money we want."

WILLIAM H. SEED,
Committee of Management,
"Daily Herald."

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Sir,—Mr. Richard Maurice's letter on "A Labour Daily," in your issue of last week, may have misled some worthy but unanalytical folk; its possible harmfulness draws an answer that would never have been evoked by its logic. Mr. Maurice is incensed at the prospect of the Labour Party issuing a daily paper when the scheme for the "Daily Herald" had already been launched, and does his best to deter Socialists from supporting the Labour enterprise. His arguments are very mixed. He appears to think that if any British Socialists in any place have already not published but formulated a scheme (any sort of a scheme) for a daily journal the Labour Party had no right to step in and found another. I will not discuss this question of priority. Nor will I canvass the probable complexion of the Labour paper. Mr. Maurice airily takes it for granted that it will be financed by capitalists, run on sectional lines, and tainted by a censorship on letters, articles, and reports unfavourable to the party leaders. Personally I hope as heartily as could Mr. Maurice that it will not have these defects. It would be deplorable were the Labour organ vitiated by the common depravities of the capitalistic Press. But it is vain to discuss the moles and port-wine marks on the skin of an unborn babe. What I am concerned with now is not the probable character of the Labour daily, but the possibility of the "Daily Herald" proving an adequate substitute for it.

Bluntly, the "Daily Herald" scheme—besides having very markedly the sectionalist taint so deplored by Mr. Maurice—is preposterous. Nobody with any knowledge of the Press could refrain from hilarity at the proposal to start a daily journal ("dealing adequately with all the news of the day," I think that hopeful prospectus said) on a capital of £4,000. The thing is ludicrous; the money would hardly buy the office chairs. Admitted that the promoters of the "Daily Herald" would probably find it impossible to get even £4,000 for their infantile enterprise; but that does not make it any more possible to do anything with the money. Even the £150,000 asked for by the Labour Party (which, incidentally, seems in a fair way of attainment) is by no means a large estimate of the capital required to run anything like a decently complete and competent sheet in competition with existing newspapers. Four thousand pounds in the mouth of a daily paper would be like a fly in the mouth of a hippopotamus, or the ingenuous Mr. Maurice in the mouth of Lord Northcliffe.

As a matter of fact I can hardly believe that even the most enthusiastic members of the S.D.P. and the London Society of Compositors can have regarded this scheme seriously. There is strong reason to suspect that it was not the Labour people who were (in Mr. Maurice's words) "galvanised into activity" by the rumours of the "Daily Herald's" resuscitation, but Mr. Maurice's friends, who were started on the corpse-reviving tack by the news that a Labour paper was being planned. Is the "Daily Herald" scheme spoo? Was it intended to queer the pitch? Certainly if it is not spoo if it is bound to be a frost; and Mr. Maurice is welcome to his choice.

JACK C. SQUIRE.

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S. VERDAD AND FOREIGN POLITICS.

Sir,—In last week's "Foreign Affairs" S. Verdad, in continuation of his campaign of gross misrepresentation against the Republican Government of Portugal, alleges that "the actual number of the Royalist forces is nearer 30,000."

In the "Times" of October 10 there appeared the following letter from Sir Alfred Sharpe:—

"On returning to England last Saturday from Northern Portugal, I read with much astonishment and some amusement the alarming reports in the Press as to Monarchist invasions, Royal disturbances, and the occupation of towns by 'armies' and 'columns,' and so forth. When I left the province of Minho, on Wednesday last, the whole of the North (and the South) of Portugal was in a condition of complete tranquillity (as, indeed, it has been all through 1911, with the exception of some trifling local disturbances in Oporto). The absurd filibustering demonstration made in the north-easternmost corner of Portugal during the last few days of the past week has been—presumably for political purposes—greatly exaggerated, and has had notice given to it which it certainly has not deserved. No Royalist force of any importance could collect on the borders of Portugal for the purpose of invasion, nor would any small invading party find that volunteers would flock to their banners. The peasant population of Portugal are poor and hard working. They have enough to do with their own affairs, without troubling themselves about questions concerning politics. Such views as they hold are more in favour of a Republican than a Monarchist Government. It is, I think, to be regretted that the English Press should receive and publish, without sufficient investigation, these absurdly exaggerated reports of 'invasions' and disturbances, which can be scarcely said to have any foundation. The present Republican Government of Portugal is honestly endeavouring to do the best for the country. Let the English Press give them fair play, and not allow itself to be made use of by those who desire by any means possible to discredit the existing Government."

I invite you to print these few lines of fact as a corrective to the columns of inaccuracies that have been published in the past in THE NEW AGE.

It would be as well if your contributor, instead of giving circulation to malicious inventions against a Government which is trying to do its best under difficult circumstances, would endeavour to inform the readers of THE NEW AGE of the real course of foreign politics. Most well-informed people who follow the world-movements of thought were aware of the existence of a powerful Republican movement in China. That knowledge does not seem to have penetrated to your contributor, secluded as apparently he is, in the Cabinet of the Khan of Khelat.

It is true that in the early stages of his writings he informed us of the pendency of an Egyptian Revolution. Unhappily, fifteen months have passed, and the world is still awaiting that revolution.

S. Verdad also failed completely to anticipate the recent outbreak in Spain or to give us the reasons why the Parliamentary element held aloof from that rising, and why Señor Lerroux has lost at the moment most of his influence, though he may regain it in the future.

The very singular circumstances connected with the Mexican Revolution have never been referred to, nor has S. Verdad noticed the manifesto on this subject directed to be printed by the Trades Union Congress.

I personally have searched in vain for any account of the trial and execution of the Japanese Socialists, nor have I observed any comment upon the repressive legislation carried in the Argentine Republic which has now come into operation.

Yet I venture to believe that these are questions upon which the readers of an advanced periodical like THE NEW AGE would desire to have accurate and impartial information. Instead of that, the page devoted to "Foreign Affairs" is filled with absurd prophecies and accounts of the doings and despatches of diplomats. In a long study of diplomatic correspondence and of the styles of European statesmen and diplomats, I cannot recall one who remotely approached the diction fathered upon them by your contributor.

I may remark that not a line has been printed in THE NEW AGE concerning the great Trade Union trial fixed for October 11 at Los Angeles, which has divided the United States into two camps. The Trade Unionists and Socialists are alleging that they have been the victims of a criminal conspiracy in which some of the most notable Americans were engaged; while, on the other hand, the American Government and various combinations of capitalists have charged the Trade Union leaders with dynamiting their opponents, and the Socialists with aiding and abetting them. Whatever may be the outcome, it is a long step towards the pending social war in the United States.

I have already adversely criticised your contributor's account of the Moroccan crisis, and I must place before the readers of THE NEW AGE what I understand to be the explanation of the sudden move by Italy against Turkey. Some time back, it seems, a Paris group of capitalists, usually known in European politics as "The

French Group," which is headed by the Rothschild (French) house, advanced considerable sums to the Young Turk party. These gentlemen had grounds for fearing that the Young Turk régime was dissolving, and that there was a risk of these loans becoming irrecoverable. During the Moroccan negotiations Italy was exceedingly discontented that she had been apparently left out in the cold, notwithstanding her acquiescence to the Austrian coup d'état, and pay Turkey an indemnity if the latter were agreeable di San Giuliano and the King of Italy were very restive. Signor Gioletti was convinced by them that "now or never" was the time, but demurred to the cost. Various persons in high places in Italy were under pecuniary obligations to the Rothschilds, as, indeed, most of the reigning monarchs of Europe are. This scheme was the result of the excogitation of the parties concerned. Italy should seize Tripoli, and pay Turkey an indemnity if the latter were agreeable to a peaceful annexation. The money for the indemnity was to be put up by the Paris group, but it was to be hypothecated, as a first charge, towards satisfaction of the loan to the Young Turks—the repayment of "the indemnity" being guaranteed by the Italian revenues! Should Turkey be determined to prolong the war the Paris group are engaged to finance the war measures of Italy—(so that there shall be no immediate need for a war tax, which might provoke social unrest in Italy)—but at such rates as will enable them to recoup themselves for the original advance to the Young Turks. The Paris group, in other words, as is always the case with these financial gentry, placed themselves in the position of "heads or tails we win." Personally, though no doubt S. Verdad can explain it, I do not see what the Italian peasant, or the Mussulmans, either or both of whom will have to provide the funds and the profits of this transaction, will make out of it.

I trust you will pardon this excursion into the region of foreign politics; my only excuse is the gravity of public affairs in these days.

STANHOPE OF CHESTER.

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THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—I send you a sketch of actuality.

TIME, MAY 1, 1912.

The Lloyd George Act, for the Establishment of Industrial Slavery, came into force on this date.

SCENE, A Tyneside Shipyard.

Scotch Manager (to Engineer engaged on job): "What the bloody, bleeding hell are you thinking about? Why haven't you got that bloody job finished yet?"

Engineer: "I'm doing the job as fast as I can?"

Manager: "Fast as you can be buggered. I want it done faster than you can."

Engineer: "Look here, sir, I don't like you cursing and swearing at me. You never speak to a man but what you spew a bellyfull of blasphemy over him. I for one will stand no more of it."

Manager: "You ain't going to bloody well stand it, ain't yer? Well lump it, you bugger, lump it."

Engineer puts on his coat, goes to Labour Exchange and reports himself to the "Insurance Officer" as unemployed.

Insurance Officer: "Out of work, eh? How's that?"

Engineer: "I've chucked my job. I couldn't stand the treatment I was getting from the manager. He never had occasion to speak to a man, but what it was, 'Damn and blast your bloody soul to hell.' I've had enough of it."

I. O.: "Yes. But did he strike you?"

Engineer: "Strike me? I'd watch it."

I. O.: "In that case you will go back to your work, my man. The only thing we recognise as 'just cause' for a man to leave his employment, is physical violence."

Engineer: "No, sir, I shall not go back there again."

I. O.: "Well, you know the consequences?"

Engineer: "Consequences! No—what are they?"

I. O.: "The consequences are these: According to the Lloyd George Act which came into force to-day, should you fail to get a job you receive no unemployed benefit for the next six weeks. Perhaps a few weeks' starvation would do you good. Anyway, it would give you time to realise that in future one of the privileges of your masters is that they may damn and blast you with impunity. Now, if you fail to get a job in the meantime, come back here in six weeks."

Sub-section 2 of Section 63 of the Lloyd George Act, for the reduction of the working classes to slavery, reads:—"A workman who loses his employment through misconduct or *voluntarily leaves his employment without just cause* shall be disqualified for receiving unemployed benefit for a

period of six weeks from the date when he so lost employment."

And yet the man who drafted that clause has the infernal impudence to pose as the saviour of the working classes. Bah!

PETER FANNING.

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CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

Sir,—Allow me space to contradict some extraordinary statements in last week's NEW AGE. M. de Remeuillac informs us that the Jesuits are a "secret society." How a society can be "secret" whose members carry a distinctive dress, whose membership is public, and whose rules and regulations are open for everyone to see, only M. de Remeuillac can explain. The political activities of the Jesuits may or may not be justifiable, but to stigmatise their order as a "secret society" is to spitefully misapply a very nasty term which, if I may say so, has not been sweetened by association with a real "secret society"—the Freemasons.

Again the Archduke Ferdinand may or may not be under Jesuit influence, but when M. de Remeuillac tells us that "many Austrians suspect him of actual membership of the Society of Jesus," he assumed in Austria a state of muddle-headed ignorance equal to that which he is unfortunately able to count upon in England. The Archduke Ferdinand is married. That alone should suffice to convince anyone who knows a Jesuit from a jam-tart.

The dear food riots in northern France were caused simply and solely by dear food. I know the district and can assure you it was reason enough. There is no reason for M. de Remeuillac's Freemason friends to have recourse to "the Jesuits" for an explanation which stares them in the face in the discontent caused by their own corruption and misgovernment.

Mr. Leighton J. Warnock informs us that the mediæval Catholic Church "openly fought reason as 'the devil.'" I simply gasp. Has Mr. Warnock ever heard of the schoolmen? or of St. Thomas Aquinas? I suppose it is useless my telling him that the first axiom of Catholic philosophy lays down that nothing can be true which is contrary to reason, for, like most rationalists, he doubtless cannot conceive of logic as leading to any other conclusions than his own. It may be as well to inform him, however, the Catholic dogmas, whether *true* or not, are at any rate as much "on all fours" logically as anything he is likely to produce, and five minutes' controversy with a real live Jesuit would probably convince him that the Church by no means despises reason as a weapon of controversy.

I now turn to Mr. J. M. Kennedy. This gentleman complains "how little Christianity cultivates the sense of honesty in its learned men, who set out their conjectures audaciously as if they were dogmas." A few lines above he speaks casually of its being "generally recognised" that "Paul, not Christ, founded the Christian Church." There is no need to comment upon Mr. Kennedy. He supplies the comments on himself.

A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

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SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

Sir,—It is difficult to believe that the individual letter signed "T. S." (in this week's NEW AGE) who appreciates your broad-minded and well-reasoned out "Notes of the Week" can yet advocate corporal punishment for children. A punishment which involves the deliberate inflicting of physical pain is not in the remotest degree the consequence of the wrong act committed nor bears any relation to it, and is therefore absurdly illogical and monstrously unjust. Little wonder that those with the reasoning powers of a fœtus are compelled to fall back on the only thing in which they are superior to children—their brute force. What a bald confession of mental and moral inferiority!

It is intolerable that children should be subjected to the ever-recurring fear of punishment, and that their sensitive souls should be seared by the infliction of physical pain by those blundering fools whose fine feelings—if they ever had any—have become blunted by age, and who lack imagination or the memory of the acute sensations of childhood. The mildness or severity of the birching is not the most important factor—the anticipation and memory of such ignominy and degradation to a sensitive, strongly-characterised child (and it is these that matter most) drag down his proper and highly desirable self-esteem to the dust, and are a gross insult to his natural reserve and shrinking from intimacy. Most children of character and feeling build round themselves an impersonal barrier—an unconscious and dumb protest against the vulgar gaze and impu-

dent probings of their elders who do not consider that their feelings are entitled to privacy and respect. Any forcible breaking down of this barrier—as in the deliberate infliction of physical pain—causes an almost unbearable nerve-quivering misery to a highly-strung child. The knowledge of an individual being in authority who will at any time use superior strength for this purpose, is a constant menace to its peace of mind and decision of action.

It rests with the advocates of corporal punishment to prove beyond a doubt the good resulting from their system. The timid, nervous, child is merely cowed into good (?) behaviour whilst under the eye of the chastiser, but his forcibly repressed rebellion or mischievous tendencies find a perverted outlet, soon or late, in cowardly viciousness and cunning.

The high-spirited child is caned into an unreasoning, obstinate rebel, with his forces—oftentimes talented—concentrated on, and wholly wasted in dull fury and incessant opposition towards all those in whom he scents any authoritative power. Any strain of cantankerousness is thus greatly developed and exaggerated. Further, the fear and infliction of such punishment shakes a child's faith in itself, depriving it of very necessary self-assurance, intelligent initiative, and self-reliance.

Since cut-and-dried individuals (and it is this class which advocate this system) trust nothing to the imagination or delicacy of perception, demanding that all expressions of opinions be backed up by detailed experience, I here state that I had charge of a class of sixty boys for three years—ages ranging from 11 to 14. Sufficient condemnation of the elementary school system is to be found in the fact that caning is an everyday affair. The upholding of a stupid, wooden discipline in an overcrowded class by the force of the birch cannot be regarded by thinking people as a good.

Although our system of education changes from time to time, and the views we hold to-day are probably different from those of yesterday or to-morrow, yet we are short-sighted enough to punish children for not conforming to and fitting into the system we happen to patronise at the moment. Poor children! the victims of the experiments and fads of pompous, dull, well-meaning creatures, who lack the sense or imagination to realise that what is deemed to be insubordination and severe lapses from discipline in one generation may be regarded as the necessary assertion of individuality or ability in another generation. I refuse to believe that anyone with a love of beauty and freedom will question the statement that our elementary schools resemble prisons. The gloomy barrack-like buildings, the wooden system into which every child is expected to fit, the oppressive and depressing atmosphere (mental and spiritual), the imposing of stupid disciplinary habits, the dull routine day after day whereby a child is forced to spend wearisome hours over what it cannot, and never will, do well, and the lack of sufficient scope and freedom for the development of those abilities inherent in it. The exigencies of the large class system render the suppression of individuality and initiative a necessity, and the enforcing of implicit obedience denies the child the right to any opinions of his own. The only qualities necessary in a prospective teacher is the ability to cram (both herself and future pupils) for examinations, a raucous, penetrating voice, and a sharp eye for the detection of petty lapses from discipline.

To compel virile, active children to be cooped up in schoolrooms—no matter how well ventilated—and to sit still for hours a day with but short intervals for relaxation, when every muscle is itching for activity, as is the case with all young animals, is nothing short of cruelty and an unwarranted infringement of their right to grow and develop under those conditions best suited to them. These conditions will not be found in bondage, out of the sunlight and the air and away from fields and parks for most of the waking hours of ten long dreary years.

And all for what?

VIOLET MAINE.

* * *

THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—I am afraid I have deeply offended Mr. Purchas by my pretensions to be as well informed on his subject as himself. Since he will have nothing more to say to me, I cannot very well have any more to say to him, but I may reflect that I suspected from the first that he belonged to the "Other Savages" who have made most of the trouble lately. I have the text of Mrs. MacFadyen's address to the Races Congress. It is simply one shriek for the lash for every sort of minor offence, direct or indirect, against women: selling indecent photographs, for instance, should be punished by "the lash and banishment for ever." One would have thought the very devil would have been content to banish for ever, to see the last of anybody, without lash-

ing them. Mrs. MacFadyen quotes Buddha for her own purpose: "Hatred only ceases by love"; and she amends—"but it is sometimes the duty of love to be intensely stern"; that is you must lash and banish for ever! In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the father of Eva says: "I never saw a dozen women who would not kill a horse or a servant, let alone a man, if they had the power and inclination."

Everyone who cares about the future of Africa is now openly concerned to stop the women's everlasting discussions. Cases of native crime are tried in camera. The Church Synod has appealed to church-members "to be on their guard against expressions calculated to undermine the respect of the natives for British justice." The soberer Press has done its level best to restore order by constant rebuke of the whites. The shortest way back to safety is silence. But when one reflects how females adore to discuss the violation of their sanctity, nothing immediate is to be hoped. Once, by the way, I came into a group of five Fabian old maids—they were collectively thinking on the capture-marriage! Just as I sat down to write, I recollected an incident which might have made a tragedy had I lived in Rhodesia and been a wicked —. One night I was reading in bed when I heard a noise, and looking up I saw a long black arm come over the window. I jumped up and banged the shutter on the arm and it disappeared. The negro seemed very surprised, for he stood for quite a minute bibulously babbling about the affair. Being alone in the house, I went and locked all the windows, and that was all about it. But lashes and penal servitude, or death, would have been that man's fate if I had spun a story about him; they have been in far less threatening circumstances. That Natal native whose sentence one of your correspondents noted the other week was alleged to have had intentions "worse than death" against two poor ladies at once—athletic poor ladies, for they were driving alone. For a crazy attempt to frighten—30 lashes and 20 years! The Umtali native was only accused of attempt—everything is an attempt—and the women were discontented with less than his life. It is high time for men to resume the reins when such terrible and widespread cruelty distinguishes sanctified womanhood. Mrs. Schreiner with her "Sexual Angel" on the one hand, and on the other Mrs. MacFadyen with her lashings and banishments, seem to indicate that women cannot really progress. "Small is the class among women that is not incapable of culture."

B. HASTINGS.

* * * PRAGMATISM.

Sir,—"Truth," said the late Prof. W. James (in the preface to "The Meaning of Truth," 1909), "is a property of certain of our ideas. It means their agreement as falsity means their disagreement with reality"; and, on p. 123, he said, "It is always good in debate to know your adversary's point of view authentically. But the critics of Humanism never define exactly what the word 'truth' signifies when they use it themselves."

Will your correspondent, Mr. L. J. Warnock, oblige your readers by explaining what the word "truth" signifies in his use of it to affirm that "truth, reason, intellect, and science" are the "common enemies" of Pragmatism and Religion, in your issue of October 12?

"As for a truth in the abstract," says Prof. Schiller ("Studies in Humanism," p. 193), "and relative to no purpose, it is plainly unmeaning. For it never becomes even a claim, and is never tested and cannot, therefore, be validated."

In "Humanism" (p. 7) he defines Pragmatism as "the thorough recognition that the purposive character of mental life generally must influence and pervade also our most remotely cognitive activities." Does Mr. Warnock take exception to this and can he claim to have escaped this influence, and what advantage does he hope to gain thereby?

"The ultimate aim of knowledge," said Mr. G. H. Lewes ("History of Philosophy, Prolegomena," 3rd edition), "is adaptation; and we call it Truth when the adaptation is precise."

"What meaning, indeed, can an idea's truth have," said Prof. James (*ibid.*, p. 238), "save its power of adapting us either mentally or physically to a reality?"

HORACE C. SIMMONS.

* * *

"MAN AND SUPERMAN" AT THE CRITERION.

Sir,—The newspaper criticisms of this production are immensely funny. The "Evening Standard" in great excitement says that Mr. Loraine should openly advertise that the play is not "meat for babes," as it deals with the sex question. It then goes on to speak of specious paradoxes and fallacious half-truths in the idiotic way common to those

who know nothing of Shaw and his philosophy. "Lloyd's Weekly" even calls Tanner "the predestined prey of women." But there is no need to wade through the ignorant errors of the critics. After all, they have never read the play and what they see on the stage is merely a fairly witty comedy. All the backbone of the play lies in the third act, which is entirely omitted.

It would be too deep for the Criterion audience, which consists for the main part of narrow-minded snobs, proud of their audacity in coming to hear the apostle of anarchy and free love. In perfect sympathy with the respectability of Ramsden and the romanticism of Octavius, they laugh hysterically at those of Tanner's theories which they think they understand and snigger delightedly at whatever is beyond them. For instance, any mention of the Life Force sends them into an ecstasy of chuckles and grins. For one moment in the last act they perceive dimly that Tanner is in earnest. It bores them and they yawn affectedly.

The production panders to them. An example is an effect introduced into the first act. When Tanner, pretending to suggest that Ramsden is the father of Violet's child, says, "My dear Ramsden, this is an act of which every man is capable," Ann rises from her chair and walks primly out of the room. After a moment she returns and peeps round the door-post, to be greeted with howls of delight from the audience. Shaw will surely hasten to insert this improvement in the next edition of "Man and Superman"!

The acting is lifeless and at no time is there the least illusion. Altogether the Criterion now is no place for readers of THE NEW AGE.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

* * *

A FABIAN FABLE.

Sir,—Once upon a Time there was a King, who lived in a Castle and ruled a small Tribe called the So-Shaw-Lists. And his Name was Redbeard. And in the Neighbourhood lived a large Tribe, which was ruled by two Officials called Big-Pots or Big-Ots, as Others say.

One Day these Big-Pots came to pay Redbeard a Visit, bringing their Subjects with them. And no sooner did they enter his House than they began to say out loudly: "This is a stupid House. You don't know how to manage Things, you don't." Then he answered, being unangered withal, "O Big-Pots (the same which are Big-Ots) I will leave you in my House all alone, and after a While I will return. Then shall you render me an Account of my House, telling me what you like in it and what you Regard With Loathing And Contempt. I will leave you all my Keys, but advise you not to go into the Lumber Room. You might start playing with Things that you don't understand."

"Not likely," said the Big-Pots.

"God be with you," said Redbeard, and withdrew into the Desert, where he subsisted on dried Beans and Water, and the Tribe on his Counsel.

After a few Days, said one Big-Pot to the Other: "Brother, we have examined this House thoroughly, and, between you and me, clever Men that we are, I can't find Anything wrong with it." "Very true," replied the Other, "but don't forget we haven't looked in the Lumber Room yet." So they went up very quietly and by Back Stairs, as is their Custom, and put the key in the Door of the Lumber-Room and entered.

What do you think they saw?

Four-and-twenty dead Bogies with their Throats cut, hanging in a Row. And the Big-Pots (being also Big-Ots), winking furiously with the left Eye, fell to crying out in a loud Voice, that all their Subjects might hear, "Heaven save us from these terrible Bogies. They were never more alive and threatening than at the present Moment." And having wailed and deplored many Hours, they looked for the Key to lock the Door and saw that it had fallen into a Pool of Blood, and had turned yellow!

When they had locked the Door, they came downstairs. Whom should they meet but Redbeard, returned with all his Tribe. And he said in a terrible Voice, "Give me the Keys." And they said, "You wicked Ruffian, we Are in Duty Bound to keep the Keys. There are some simply awful Things in this Castle from which we must save our Subjects; Ourselves, we fear not Death." And he said, "What are they?" And the Big-Pots answered, "They are ninety-seven live Bogies, and we have disclosed them with this yellow Key." But Redbeard said, "They are dead long ago, and I killed them." And they said in a Whisper, "We know that, but it doesn't matter. All our Subjects will believe us. But, by the Way, what's that terrible Noise?" "That's your Subjects," says Redbeard, much amused.

And certain said to their Masters the Big-Pots: "We don't want you no more. We'd rather stay here." "Oho," says the Big-Pots, "and have the Big Black Bogies eat

you." "The Bogies is dead," says their Subjects. "They ain't," says they. "They are," says Redbeard, "and you know it."

"You're a Vile Agitator, that's what you are," says the Big-Pots, nearly crying.

And then came forward one of their Subjects, and said, "Masters, I love you and will serve you for ever. I Repudiate My Hastier Brethren." And the Big-Pots each gave him a Sugared Plum, whereupon three more Subjects Repudiated Their Hastier Brethren, and the Big-Pots gave them Sugared Plums too. Then three hundred other Subjects Repudiated Their Hastier Brethren and asked for Sugared Plums. And the Big-Pots said, "Naturally, of Course, you shall have Sugared Plums. Let's go Home and get them."

And nearly all their Subjects Repudiated Their Hastier Brethren and went off Home to get the Sugared Plums. And the Big-Pots shouted over their Shoulders to Redbeard: "Now you see where the Men's Sympathies lie." Now, when they got Home, the Big-Pots said to their Subjects, "You ought to be very grateful that we have brought you Home safe from the Bogies. Of Course you know we were only joking about the Sugared Plums." And the four Men, who had had their Sugared Plums, said, "Naturally, of Course!"

And that is the story of Redbeard and the Big-Pots (which are known to most People as Big-Ots.)

* * *

GOETHE AND DR. OSCAR LEVY.

Sir,—I am very much obliged to "Quiddam" for pointing out to me that my quotation from Goethe concerning his dislike of "bugs, garlic, tobacco and †" is to be found in his Venetian epigrams, and not, as I had stated, in the "Xenien." I had quoted from memory, and readily admit that I have been mistaken.

As to "Quiddam's" suggestion that the † did not mean Christianity, but the sign of the Cross as made by ritualists, I am afraid it will never be generally accepted. There is not and never has been in Germany any objection to the sign of the Cross, for the reason that there are not and never have been any ritualists in Germany. Goethe could not possibly have had an aversion to a sect that only existed in England.

The explanation of Nr. 53 of the Venetian epigrams:—

"Crucify every fanatic before his years number thirty;

"If they get used to the world these simpletons turn into rogues,"

has never been doubted (as far as I know) in the poet's own or any other country. "Quiddam's" ingenious though somewhat involved solution would, I think, be more recommendable to theologians than to ordinary critics.

The paganism of Goethe is likewise so well known in Germany as well as outside that a German who did not live, as I do, in England would certainly have been surprised that his statement could even be challenged. The Germans always refer to him as "the great pagan" ("der grosse Heide"). Goethe himself—in spite of his caution—proclaimed himself openly as "a decided non-Christian," and this statement "Quiddam" will find repeated in all honest biographies of Goethe or criticisms of his work.

"Quiddam's" letter, however, coming as it apparently does from a well-informed side, has more than controversial interest. It has again brought back to my mind an old observation of mine, viz., how little England knows about Goethe. I have repeatedly looked for the cause of this, and have finally discovered the reason: it is Carlyle who is responsible for the wrong picture of Goethe which the average British reader has in his head. Carlyle, as has been well noticed by the French critic Taine, has bowdlerised Goethe "in usum christiani": and Goethe himself, who had a sort of indulgent toleration for the Scotch Puritan, was aware of this. But this discovery has not yet been made in England—a country which still allows herself to derive her supply of ideas from Scotland. In the translation of the collected works of Friedrich Nietzsche which has appeared under my editorship, my collaborators have repeatedly pointed out this misrepresentation of Goethe by Carlyle, and Mr. Ludovici, in one of his valuable foot-notes in the "Will to Power" (if I remember right) even expressed his hope that some day an Englishman might come along who will give us a portrait of the true Goethe, a Goethe who is not watered down for the requirements of the Low Church and other good-natured people.

If this book should one day be published "Quiddam" will get more information about Goethe's paganism than I can give in a short letter or article.

OSCAR LEVY.



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