

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE are two kinds of interests involved in the Insurance Bill—the interests of cliques of persons—doctors, friendly society officials, assurance shareholders, prospective administrators—and the interests of the persons compulsorily insured. Of these latter, such as have been represented by paid organisers have come off, on the whole, fairly well. Though, from our own point of view, not destined in the long run to profit by the bonus ostensibly being provided for them by Mr. Lloyd George, they may, nevertheless, look at the additional money in their society's books and feel themselves so much the better off. It is true that most of them were going on quite comfortably before Mr. Lloyd George took political pity on them; and, for some years to come, they will imagine themselves to be even more comfortable. They have allowed their officials to make a bargain for them, they think that it is a good bargain, and there is nothing more to be said. England is a free country, and Englishmen who sell themselves into a dishonourable, though invisible, slavery, are not under the Mosaic law which pierced the ears of voluntary slaves. But there is a class of person that will come under the Bill for whom not a paid official has so far spoken with any eleemosynary zeal. By an unfortunate chance, they happen to be the very poorest, the most wretched, and, in fact, the pariahs even of the class of poor persons. Too ill-paid to be worth organising into a union, too sick in mind, body and estate to be able to pay the levies of a friendly society, into which, it is also true, their health would not permit them to enter, they form a class apart, despised by their relatively richer brethren, despaired of by philanthropists, and hated as well as feared by the wealthy class that has produced them. If there is one set of human beings in this country that needs assistance, merely, if for nothing else, to enable it to breathe freely for a week or two at a time, it is this class. By a heroism of which unimaginative people have no conception, the working classes just above this class do

manage by their own almost unaided efforts to keep on the razor-edge of respectability; and, so far as we know, they can barely manage to continue to do so, with only an occasional fall into shameless destitution or shameless crime. But the class of which we are speaking has long ago lost its footing on the perilous edge of comparative independence. They are down in the abyss, and their lives are the lives of the dwellers in hell.

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We have not the least doubt that the impression both produced and intended to be produced by Mr. Lloyd George, particularly in his Tabernacle speeches (and most of his speeches are fitter for the Tabernacle than the public platform) is that his Bill will benefit this class above all other classes. Nobody would gather from his descriptions of the poverty his Bill would relieve, that the poverty he had in mind was not precisely poverty of this order. Surely, if his heart bled so profusely in public at the spectacle of these wretched invalids, casuals, wasters and footlers, the conclusion would be drawn that the new earth he was creating, like a second Jehovah, would include them first in its celestial embrace. Alas, however, for conclusions drawn from the rhetoric of a politician nearing the popular throne. Every other interest has been placated, because every other interest has been organised and vociferous. But the interests of the pariahs, being neither organised nor articulate, have been sacrificed at every step of the process. With their very life-blood, as it were, he has fed the other hungry who were already able to provide for themselves. As the driver pursued by wolves will throw everything he safely may to glut their ravening and to procure him a little delay until he can drive into safety, Mr. Lloyd George has offered to the packs of interests pursuing him morsel after morsel of the flesh of the poorest and most wretched and most helpless of the workers of this country, that so he may bring his Bill home and himself occupy the place of power.

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Nothing more discreditable has ever been committed by the combined selfishness and narrow-mindedness of Parliament and fairly well-to-do people than the provision in this so-called National Insurance Bill of a special pen for the outcasts and derelicts of wage-earning society. We will not acquit from blame and shame the representatives of the wage-earning classes themselves. When all is said and done, nobody can

expect of officials of the friendly societies wider consideration of the interests of society than their own small circles. They have done their duty when they have safeguarded their own members. But by profession as well as by obligation the Labour members are bound to regard the interests of their clients as a whole. It is not for them with sobs and tears to pick out from their clients those of the largest size. All labour is their province; or, if it is not, they are merely another set of private buccaners banded together for plunder to share amongst a selected many. Yet we are compelled to say that with the nonchalance of plutocratic indifference the majority of the Labour Party have seen the formation of the Post Office depository section, have seen it narrowed and defined and hacked about until at last it has become a sort of narrow portal of the rich man's house prospectively heaped up with the bodies of ulcerating Lazaruses. All this, as we say, has been witnessed by them with a toleration that disgraces their class no less than themselves. Once having been assumed by their great actuary, Mr. Levine, that the financial interest of the trade unions that pay them their salaries are safeguarded, their indifference to the destitute is colossal in its cynicism. We gladly except from this charge Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Snowden. But for the rest of the gang, decent words to express our contempt are wanting.

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Who are the persons who will form this class of Post Office contributors? They are such as cannot by any means obtain admission into a single one of the approved societies. In other words, they are persons who cannot, for reasons of wages, join a trade union, or who cannot, for reasons of health, be admitted to a friendly society. But now note what they must pay for this disability of theirs. The sum of fourpence weekly is to be compulsorily deducted from their microscopic earnings, exactly as if they were of the aristocracy of labour. Their benefits, however, are by no means proportionate. It is true that for every groat they are thus compelled to save, their employers must pay threepence and the State twopence; but this sum of ninepence does not insure them in the sense in which ninepence insures the members of approved societies. In the first place, deposit contributors are not entitled to sickness benefit at all until they have paid fifty-two weekly contributions. A whole year of payments must thus pass before a single one of them can touch a penny of his savings. And if he dies in that period, or, in fact, at any time, his whole deposits are forfeited. Next, their benefit, even when begun, ceases when the sum they have accumulated to their credit is run out. Nay, it ceases before; for, from the sums in their names, a deduction is made each year of several charges, including the cost of the administration—about ten per cent. of the fund. Some precious Government clerks, in fact, will take the cream even from the already skimmed milk of these unfortunates.

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Mr. Lloyd George waxed tactically indignant with Mr. Lyttelton for suggesting that the units of this class of Post Office depositors would be mainly, if not entirely, the poorest of the poor. It might include, he said, a man in receipt of £3 a week in wages, whose health excluded him from the societies said to be friendly. If there should prove to be in the million persons who will fall into the Post Office section one individual answering to this description, Mr. Lloyd George will, no doubt, contend that his words are strictly accurate. But what a piece of chicanery it is to pretend that a single exceptional case—a minute fraction of a percentage of a million persons—can characterise the whole class. It was obvious from Mr. Lloyd George's own later classification of the prospective members of this group that he was aware that his one white crow would not make the whole flock white. He admits that the Post Office depositors would include,

in addition to the very sickly, the "thrifless, shiftless, feckless" class, the casual labourers and the seasonal servant-girl class. It would include, in short, every sort of worker who, by hypothesis, could not conceivably make provision for himself. For the "respectable" working-class, already capable of insuring itself in friendly, benefit, and union societies, Mr. Lloyd George makes a provision which at best is superfluous, and at worst is a device for controlling their lives and their societies at the cost to the State of twopence a week. But for the very class—numbering, at least, a million—that can obviously barely keep body and soul together, he and the callous place-hunters who are consenting to his scheme have no better suggestion than compulsory saving. We fully understand the objection that might be raised if this class were allowed to accumulate its funds in the Post Office. If these depositors were permitted to draw the sums extracted from them, together with the bonuses provided by the State and their employers, it would amount to a tidy sum in ten, twenty, or thirty years. These wretches would then (or their nearest relative might) draw a lump sum of £50 or £100 with which they could conceivably set up a little business. But this would prove so attractive that everybody would rush into the Post Office section. The friendly and collecting societies would have to whistle for victims. Oh, yes; we understand this very well. The friendly societies first refuse to admit these unfortunates because they *are* unfortunate; and then, when we propose that they should be treated preferentially, in a class apart, the friendly societies scream their fear that their own members will desert them. To placate the friendly societies, therefore, it is essential that the people they refuse to admit shall be outlawed elsewhere. It is the dog in the manger in a hydrophobial condition. The friendly societies not only bite the unfortunate and destitute who apply to them for assistance, but they insist that the Government shall bite them as well. And the "statesman of the Kingdom of Christ" is perfectly willing to oblige.

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As if not altogether unaware of the injustice he was inflicting on the poor, Mr. Lloyd George took an opportunity of providing for them his usual consolation—words. The uninsurable sick were, he said, a dwindling number. They were the product of a system which permitted them in childhood to grow up weakly, neglected and ill-fed. It was necessary in any real preventive work to begin with the child. The problems to be faced were those of the Poor Law, the school, and infant mortality. This Bill was only a beginning. There would need to be measures later on for "improving the housing of the people," and to "uproot pestilence and destitution out of the soil of Great Britain." Very excellent objects indeed, but the mere promise of improvement in the next generation is no solace to people now living and suffering from the crimes of the last generation. Further than this, there is no guarantee whatever that these schemes of the champion bubble-blower will ever materialise. Having served their present purpose of distracting attention from the iniquities of his Bill, they may safely be permitted to burst and be no more seen. Lastly, we have again to warn our readers that in all these schemes the same fundamental miscarriage of political economy is bound to occur. The Insurance Bill, while ostensibly improving the lot of certain of the poor, does nothing to raise wages. There is not the smallest sign that the measures miraged before the credulous eyes of ignorant M.P.'s on Wednesday will, even if they should one day be realised, add a farthing to the purchasing power of the wage-earners of this country. On the contrary, every relief of wages is by the same amount a relief of employers. All these benevolent schemes provide a subsidy and therewith an inducement to the maintenance of low wages. They are bounties in protection of low wages.

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Nevertheless, such has already been the effect of these glittering promises, that the last flutters of

Unionist criticism of the Insurance Bill have now ceased. The "Times," while still publishing independent articles in opposition to the measure, devotes its leading columns to eulogies and excuses for the worst sections of the Bill that even the "Daily News" cannot surpass. Under their very eyes the Bill is growing daily more and more complicated, incomprehensible and oppressive in its probable working; yet so complete is the absence of honesty or intelligence from among the Unionists, that their chief men become more enamoured of the Bill with every fresh proof that its character is detestable. We have certainly no interest in desiring the degradation of Parliament or even in exposing its weaknesses beyond the limits of public endurance; but no honest man can witness the abject and, under the circumstances, criminal incompetence and subjection of the House of Commons to the wiles of Mr. Lloyd George without wondering how long English flesh and blood can endure it. We have said that the Bill is bad from end to end, bad in principle, bad in detail, bad in intention, and likely to prove disastrous in practice. Scores, nay, hundreds of Unionist, Liberal and Labour members have agreed with us. Yet these people are passing the Bill with every sign of hearty concordance; and, not only this, but they listen in approving silence while the author of the Bill announces a new series of measures, all like unto the Insurance Bill, which he proposes to inflict on the nation. It will be of no avail for the Unionists, after this exhibition, to deny that they share responsibility with Mr. Lloyd George. Certain of their number have, like Pilate, washed their hands in public of contamination with a legislative crime. But not all the water in the world will cleanse the hands that immediately after the washing are actively engaged again in the dirty work of advancing the Bill. From all that now appears in Parliament, the House of Commons is in the pocket of the Cabinet, and the Cabinet is in the pocket of Mr. Lloyd George. Six hundred and sixty-eight members (we except Mr. Lansbury) crawl to do his bidding.

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Reason forbid, however, that we should appear to deny that Mr. Lloyd George is right when he affirms that the problem of destitution must begin to be solved with the child. Only, that is by no means to admit that the proper direct agent for this remedy must be the State. It is true that the latest statistics concerning the health of the six million children attending our elementary schools prove that no less than 63 per cent. of them are suffering from one or other of the preventible diseases due to poverty. And the superficial conclusion of politicians, when once they have abandoned the doctrine of individual responsibility, is quite naturally to assume that where the parents have so lamentably failed, the State must step in and succeed. This, however, is a complete misunderstanding of the Socialist doctrine of communal responsibility. Communal responsibility, as we conceive it, involves the minimum rather than the maximum of direct interference by the State. After all, the agents of the State are necessarily bureaucrats, with whom the less we have to do the better we like it. It is certainly no part of our intention to transform these bureaucrats into official parents, be actual parents what they may. The responsibility of society to its members is not to do for them what, given the opportunity, they can do for themselves; but to provide, maintain and guarantee the opportunity. There is not the slightest doubt that what is mainly to blame for the appalling disease among poor children is the poverty of their parents. The wages of the vast majority of parents are too low to enable them to feed either themselves or their children with anything like sufficiency. While this state of things continues the *apparent* obligation laid on the Government to supplement low wages, ostensibly in the interests of the children, is not to be denied; but the obligation is apparent and not real. It is in the certainty that they will aggravate the very disease they are combating that direct responsibility for clothing, feeding and educating the children of the poor will be

assumed. On the other hand, to abolish present poverty and thereby to enable parents to feed their families properly is obviously the work of the State. For, except by strikes on the scale of civil war, the poor cannot possibly raise wages by themselves. Raise their wages by legislative means, and they will, like the rich, feed their children with parental care. But leave their wages low and, at the same time, relieve them of the care of their children, and in a generation the State will have on its hands millions of children whose parents are slaving for a bare personal livelihood.

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It would be amusing, if it were not all so blindly vicious, to watch the trend of legislation in the direction of slavery. Every student of economics sees clearly what is happening. Capitalism having involved the continued reduction of the cost of production—with labour as its main item—society is compelled to attempt to preserve the cheapness of labour to the employers by subsidising it. Labour, it is quite clear, cannot maintain itself in efficiency on the wages paid to it. If it can barely subsist itself, it cannot at any rate provide the conditions of efficiency for the coming generation. Like land exhausted by a series of the same crops, or like a root unable to provide seed for its renewal, the present labouring classes have been reduced to exhaustion point, at which they positively threaten the efficient existence of the next generation. Sixty-three per cent. of their offspring are rickety, deaf, consumptive, myopic or something equally defective. The remedy, as we say, is plainly to raise wages, to give to the soil of labour what has been taken out of it in the means of life. But to raise wages effectively (that is, without raising prices at the same time), the capitalist system must be considerably modified and circumscribed. Rent, interest and profits must be reduced if wages are to be raised. Here we are at the crux of the whole matter. Rather than lay a finger on profits or rent or interest, Mr. Lloyd George and the Cabinet, and the Unionists no less, are prepared to plunge into a course of State subsidies to low wages which will infallibly end in still further reducing wages. Employers are certainly not going to bother themselves about maintaining the efficiency of labour if the State will do it for them. When the State has relieved the workman of any expense for his children, for his wife, for his house, for his entertainment, save for a little pocket-money and food, the workman will actually *need* nothing. He will be the cheapest labourer in the world's market. And the employers (shareholders rather) will use both him and the State for their own personal profit. That is the logical outcome of the legislation now being hurried through the House of Employers by Mr. Lloyd George. Anybody with eyes can behold it looming already on the horizon. The only event, short of an awakening of the national will, that can avert it is the decision of the working-classes themselves that, come what may, they will not drift into it or be pushed into it by Salvation Army politicians with timbrels in their hands. Strike, strike, strike is the only course open to British workmen who will not be slaves. Unfortunately, however, their leaders in Parliament are themselves heading the procession into slavery. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his crew of Union officials have laboured unceasingly to prevent the renewal of the Railway Strike they defeated a few months ago. Next to Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is the worst enemy either England or English workmen have in the world. Their impeachment by economists has become an urgent necessity.

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The penalty of subservience is to be despised; and nothing, we should think, proves more clearly the contempt as well as loathing in which the House of Commons is held by the Cabinet than Sir Edward Grey's and Mr. Asquith's replies to questions concerning the alleged massacres of Arabs by Italians in Tripoli. We have no special knowledge of the circumstances of the case, but not only French and Austrian journals, but

reputable Italian journals like the "Stampa," have testified to the statement that the Italian army has been seized with the most barbarous blood-lust. Whether this is true or not is, for the moment, of less importance than the right of Englishmen in public to inquire about it, and, when they have done so, to offer their judgment on it. Short of a censorship, indeed, no means exist to prevent the most general discussion in our journals of all the circumstances of the alleged horrible events in Tripoli; and, as a matter of fact, one can go nowhere now without finding groups of people discussing them. Yet, if we are to take the attitude of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith as final, the one place in which not so much as a mention of Italy may be made is Parliament, where, traditionally and etymologically, public men are supposed to "speak their minds." Every politician of the street, the club, the pub, and the journal, may deliver his judgment on the events as reported, without let or hindrance; but their paid and delegated mouth-pieces, their vocal representatives, may say nothing at all. And why, forsooth? Lest our declaration of neutrality should appear to be impaired, and Sir Edward Grey's golf or fishing be disturbed by an unwonted call upon his time. For we cannot believe that England has sunk so low in her own opinion, as well as in the world's opinion, that we alone of all nations are to be muzzled from speaking our minds. What sum was paid us to ensure our neutrality, that it should conceivably procure our silence during the execution of crimes that only human tigers would commit? Is there any limit to what an English Government will permit under cover of neutrality? Let us suppose that the correspondents of the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Daily Mirror," the "Daily Graphic," and all our Unionist papers, are liars to a man. Let us suppose that the "Stampa," a patriotic Italian paper, has been suborned to publish lies about Italian soldiers. Let us even suppose that there has been no unnecessary slaughter in Tripoli. The question remains, at what point would a declaration of neutrality be rightly regarded as null and void? Would the wanton massacre of women wring from a neutral England a protest? Should we require a holocaust of children? Would tortures, disfigurements, burnings, well-poisonings, disembowellings—we simply ask whether a declaration of neutrality debars us from uttering a word under any conceivable circumstances. Sir Edward Grey, we can well believe, would be quite prepared to continue fishing while the rest of the world was being slaughtered by devils. He would look at his treaty and conclude he had no duty beyond it. But when he fishes, which is fish and which is fisher is no great matter: Sir Edward Grey is not a representative Englishman. It is another matter, however, when sincere inquiries are made in the House of Commons, and the questioners are met by curt insults from the Prime Minister of England. Mr. Mason was impudently informed, not once, but twice, that his question was of such a character as ought not to be put. A humane concern for the reputation of European civilisation was an offence to our Foreign Secretary and a breach of our neutrality. Mr. Mason should know better than ask questions that nine out of ten Englishmen are already asking.

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It is some measure of the gulf between people and Parliament that the snub to Mr. Mason was cheered and jeered by the House of Commons. Within a minute or two they were to return to the Insurance Bill and to pass a measure as repugnant to the people of this country as wholesale massacres of Arab women and children. And in both instances they even seemed to pride themselves on their aloofness from natural feeling. Not since Burke's day, when he was writing "Thoughts on the Present Discontent," has an English Parliament been more out of touch with an English people. Then it was that Burke said—and the words are as applicable to-day as in 1770: "A House of Commons full of confidence, when the nation is plunged in despair; in the utmost harmony with Ministers, whom the people regard with the utmost abhorrence;

who vote thanks, when the public opinion calls upon them for impeachments; who are eager to grant, when the general voice demands account; who, in all disputes between the people and administration, presume against the people; who punish their disorders, but refuse even to inquire into the provocation to them. This is an unnatural, a monstrous state of things in this constitution. Such an assembly may be a great, wise, awful senate; but it is not, to any popular purpose, a House of Commons." And as it was in the days of Burke, so it is to-day. The House of Commons is not only an assembly where public and national feeling fails to find expression, but where these feelings are openly flouted and opposed. Whatever the facts may be in regard to the massacres in Tripoli, we undertake to say that there is no body of English public opinion that would assent to being muzzled in their investigation and in their discussion of the truth. Treaty or no treaty, neutrality or war, peril or safety, boon or bane to England, the average Englishman stands by his right to inquire, to judge, to pass judgment. Yes, and in the last resort, to back up his judgment with his strength. For what other purpose, indeed, has he acquired strength save to employ it, first, in his own defence, and, secondly, in defence of "those ideals of civilisation that are dear to him"? (the words are not Burke's or ours, they are Sir Edward Grey's). For the most powerful country in the world to stand by dumb while European civilisation may be degrading itself to the level of Fanti Malays is itself a crime against power. La force oblige. But that an English Prime Minister, an English Foreign Secretary, and an English House of Commons should not only permit, but enforce and applaud this sottish apathy, this is a crime against England. Oh, for an hour of Palmerston, cried Milburn. Oh, for an hour of Gladstone, we may echo. Does even the worst enemy of Gladstone deny that if he were living, pro-Italian as he was, he would be ready to risk even a European war in defence of the best European opinion? And when to this cause is added the cause of liberty to speak in the House of Commons, all England, saving only the place-hunters in Parliament, would be behind him. That handful of paid, overpaid, and still to-be-paid legislators who have usurped the sovereign power of the English people alone stand aloof from the national opinion of their day, and in deed no less than in word administer, represent and govern us as though we were a conquered and inimical people.

### Extract from "Economic History of England," by Professor Porge, Published 2011 A.D.

"IN 1911, the last and greatest of the long line of Liberal statesmen introduced a measure which held the key of the future. He showed how Socialism could be made acceptable to its enemies. Instead of nationalising land or railways, he partially nationalised insurance, introducing those two principles of compulsion and graduation which did so much to make the England of the later twentieth century. The measure was so great a success that these principles were applied to the whole series of legislative acts by which a Socialism undreamed by Marx or Morris became the framework of society. The matter of insurance being disposed of, bread was nationalised in 1913. The principles of compulsion and graduation were again applied with success. The working-classes, i.e., all persons subject to compulsory insurance, were supplied with a special kind of inferior bread, which they were forbidden to refuse on pain of losing their insurance premiums. In successive years the principle was applied to the drug trade (the sale of digestive pills having become a lucrative monopoly, which was thus bought out, to the satisfaction of all concerned), the novel-producing industry, newspapers, clothing (insured persons wearing a picturesque dress adorned with a broad arrow), and ultimately to ecclesiastical establishments. The glorious career of the statesman who. . . ."

H. P. A.

## State Insurance.

It will be a sad misfortune if the Insurance Bill passes in anything like its present shape. A measure of this magnitude should be very clearly understood—its probable effects, direct and indirect, should be seriously pondered—before it is permitted to reach the Statute Book. Above all, we should make absolutely sure of the ground to be covered by a scheme of this kind. Unfortunately, the authors and framers of this measure appear to have been very badly advised concerning some of the ground to be covered. Indeed, this Bill is based upon one or two fallacies.

For example, the scheme is based, in part, upon the idea that the majority of our workers are unprovided for in case of sickness. But what are the facts? Over and above our recognised friendly societies, with their 6,000,000 members, we have an almost complete network of miners' relief societies, railwaymen's benevolent associations, factory and workshop clubs, and public-house sick and dividing clubs. Again, it is a common custom, in the pit, on the railway, in the workshop, and in the public-house in the working-class districts to make collections for the sick, particularly for those who have been unable to pass the medical examination, or to pay the contributions necessary for membership of the big societies. It is hardly possible to find a bona-fide working-man in this country who is not financially provided for in case of temporary sickness. What with recognised societies and unrecognised clubs, coupled with workshop and public-house round robins, the field of temporary sickness provision is already very thoroughly covered—covered by democratically, economically, and efficiently-managed agencies. To this extent, therefore, Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is an intrusion upon a field already occupied and cultivated.

To get something like a model for his scheme, the Chancellor went to Germany; but the problem we have to face in this country is not like the problem they have to deal with in Germany. It is certainly not like the problem they had in Germany thirty years ago. When German statesmen tackled the question of State-conducted, compulsory sickness insurance their country was practically destitute of friendly societies and sick benefit agencies such as we now have galore. They had a clear and an open field for their scheme. We have no such field available—at any rate, in the matter of temporary sickness.

Besides, on top of our network of societies and clubs, giving financial assistance in case of temporary sickness, doctors are invariably willing to give medicine and attendance on long credit to those men who are not in societies providing medical treatment, or who do not go into hospital when sick. Again, shopkeepers will usually supply food on credit while the breadwinner is off work ill, and landlords will generally let the rent stand over. Then, again, our country is studded with infirmaries, hospitals, and convalescent homes open to our workers. For the very lowest class—for those who are covered by neither societies nor clubs, and who are not sufficiently respected to get credit, or have collections made for them, there are the poorhouses, with their hospitals and medical attendance and food free. Practically the whole of our workers—and even loafers—are provided for already in case of temporary sickness, and Mr. Lloyd George's scheme cannot be set up without doing considerable harm to existing agencies, and striking a blow at much that is best in our voluntary movements. If our compulsory scheme was confined to permanent disablement, leaving temporary sickness to those agencies which so well manage it, or was limited in case of temporary sickness to the very lowest-paid workers, the course would be much more easy.

The real truth is that Mr. Lloyd George has no case for the greater part of his scheme. There has been no manner of popular agitation or demand for universal compulsory sickness insurance in this country. There is no need for it. All the best of our workers make provision for themselves. It is true that in many cases the provision is not adequate, but it is at least as adequate as the

benefits of this proposed scheme would, in most cases, work out in actual practice. For those who cannot, or do not, make provision for themselves, there is at least the hospitality of the Poor Law. It may be that this is not all that could be desired; but it would be easier, and cheaper, and less harmful to our splendid friendly societies and helpful sick clubs, to reform the Poor Law—to humanise the poor-house—than to set up this complicated scheme. So far as those workers are concerned who cannot afford to make provision for themselves, we have here the real poverty problem, and surely the best way to tackle this is not by compulsory deductions from wages already inadequate.

It may be recalled that the movement which has culminated in this Insurance Bill was not a movement for sickness insurance at all, but for unemployment legislation. For many years successive Governments were requested to do something for the unemployed. Many of the best of our social reformers devoted their energies to pressing the claims of the unemployed. The agitation grew. The problem became more acute as industrialism developed, and men came to have less and less control of their own employment. By degrees it came to be recognised by all parties, and most schools of thought, that the State could no longer decently neglect this big problem of unemployment. We began to cast about for remedies. A demand went up for farm colonies and various kinds of relief work. The Labour party put up the claim for the Right-to-work. There was danger of some "quack" remedy being applied. I then ventured to point out, through a long series of articles in the Press, that there was no permanent remedy for unemployment. I pointed out that the problem could not be solved; that all artificial labour-creating devices were foredoomed to failure; that the Right-to-work was a fallacy; that there must always be some unemployed somewhere; that the change of weather, the vagaries of fashion, the march of science and invention, all combined temporarily to displace labour; that industry created unemployment as well as employment; that, in fact, industry not only created, but required, a reserve of idle labour; and that the real problem before us was not how to find work for all the unemployed, but how to feed them until industry needed their services again in the ordinary course. As a practical man and a close student of industrial economics, I laid it down that there was no help, no cure, no remedy for unemployment in any progressive industrial community, but that there was a remedy for the worst evils that accompanied unemployment, and that that remedy was insurance.

The insurance idea was taken up, and it was pushed right into the middle of the field of practical politics with almost dramatic suddenness. Both parties accepted it and advocated it. But the Government, instead of accepting my suggestion and appointing a Royal Commission to take evidence, make inquiries, carefully consider how the insurance remedy was to be applied, and then draw up a rough scheme, or make recommendations for Parliament to work upon, sent Mr. Lloyd George, accompanied by a party journalist, to Germany to see how the compulsory sickness and accident scheme worked in that country. The Chancellor became enamoured of the German scheme, and, ignoring some of the fundamental differences between the two countries, an attempt has been made to sidetrack unemployment and graft a German sickness scheme upon us without adequate inquiry, consideration, or discussion. Although the popular agitation was for unemployment insurance, not sickness insurance, and although Mr. Lloyd George himself promised to provide "adequate insurance" against unemployment, what he now offers us is neither adequate in its terms nor insurance in its principles; it is practically limited to a couple of well-paid trades, is so arranged that the most deserving men in those trades will never qualify for the benefits, and the scheme, such as it is, is tacked on to the tail-end of a long and cumbrous sickness Bill for which the nation has never asked. The position, in a nutshell, is this: Mr. Lloyd George proposes to trespass all over the field so splendidly covered and culti-

vated by voluntary effort—the temporary sickness field—while the wide, open field of unemployment, with all its needless horrors and tragedies, and after all his promises, he scarcely enters. T. GOOD.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

BERLIN does not appeal to me at this time of the year; but there were some inquiries which I could only make personally at No. 77, Wilhelmstrasse, where Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's offices have the honour to be located. So I called there on my way to Constantinople.

Blue funk; anger; gradually accumulating resentment: such were the impressions I brought away with me. I have lived among the German people sufficiently long to know pretty well what they think of England and France, and their opinions are reflected very faithfully at the various Government offices. The nation feels that it has been fooled over Morocco and over Tripoli, and in both cases England is blamed for interfering. The irritation of the German people as a whole is directed towards the authorities in Berlin, and these authorities are feeling sore in consequence.

Now, when a few Radical members of Parliament talk, as I heard them talk before I left London, about strengthening the ties of friendship which bind us to Germany, and so on, what exactly do they mean, or how do they propose to set about their task? As soon as an attempt is made to put the wishes of such people into force we are at once confronted with certain difficulties. The greatest is the natural antipathy of the German people for the British people. It would be perfectly easy to give a comprehensive psychological explanation of this antipathy, but such an explanation would be rather out of place here. The fact remains that there actually is this antipathy; and it is fatuous to pretend that it does not exist. We, and not the French, are held responsible for the French diplomatic victory over the Morocco question. It has been borne in upon the Turkish Government day after day that we are responsible for the Italian incursion into Tripoli. These opinions are seriously held in Germany.

What really happened was that we supported France in her negotiations with Germany to the extent of our Treaty obligations; we supported Italy to the extent of observing the neutrality to which we pledged ourselves ten years ago. In doing so we crossed the path of the Kaiser and his advisers, and we disturbed the self-complacency of the German people. We held the balance of power in Europe, which we always tried to do. At a time of crisis we followed our traditional policy of using our power in behalf of what we deemed to be the weaker side. We supported France from purely tactical and strategical reasons. Our Foreign Office is not influenced by sentimental considerations and does not, or should not, pause for a moment to consider whether we are bound to France by stronger ties than we are to Germany, or vice-versâ. Our Foreign Office considers the interests of the country.

The fact, nevertheless, remains that we are bound to France by stronger ties than we are to Germany. The Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, and the Napoleonic Wars set German civilisation back by at least two centuries. When we speak of war as the great civiliser we speak truly; but we must make the important reservation that war is a great civiliser in the majority of cases for the conquering nation only. In this sense, indeed, internecine strife cannot properly be called war at all. Germans flew at the throats of Germans during the Thirty Years' War and left their country desolate. The Seven Years' War was a campaign of which any country might be proud, but it led to nothing. Hardly had the German States settled down when they were forced to suffer under Napoleon. The Seven Years' War was but an interlude: Germany

has never fully recovered from the effects of the Thirty Years' War and the Napoleonic campaigns. To-day she is one of the most backward of European nations in all forms of culture; and the list of her exceptional and great men is startlingly short.

France and England were never retarded in the same way. They may be looked upon, on the whole, as conquering Powers, and they have advanced accordingly. Intellectually and morally we have much more in common with France than with Germany.

It is, of course, customary to say that England and Germany possess the same religion. In point of fact they do not. There are, in round figures, some 36,000,000 Protestants in Germany to 22,000,000 Roman Catholics; the proportion in England is very different. But the German Protestantism is not our Protestantism. The German Protestants are Lutherans, and anyone who takes the trouble to examine into the question will find that the Lutherans do not correspond to the adherents of the Church of England, but to the sects which we class as Nonconformist. On the other hand, we are far beyond the Germans in culture, even if we have not yet reached the level attained by France; even if we are never likely to reach the level attained by France.

Well, there was a great deal of fuss before the Morocco agreement was initialled on Thursday last. Peace and war hung in the balance for days on end, and all because France, in view of the determined attitude of the whole people, withdrew her original semi-official proposals. So long ago as June last, I find, the French Government approached the Wilhelmstrasse authorities—not officially, however—and offered practically the entire Congo in exchange for a definite protectorate over Morocco. The offer, foolishly enough, was refused. It was afterwards withdrawn, and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter has now to be content with much less. But the German Ministers long hesitated before they dared to go to their countrymen with the news of what amounted in practice to a diplomatic defeat. By skilful juggling the blame was laid on England; and this may lead to a sabre-rattling, bigger-navy campaign for the sake of saving the official face at the coming elections. This Morocco settlement, however, is not regarded in some quarters as altogether satisfactory, and a Cabinet Minister or two may resign in consequence.

Here in Constantinople politics are more chaotic than ever. Hakki Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier, has stated that the German Ambassador, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, gave him a solemn assurance that Germany would not let Italy send an expedition to Tripoli, hence the apparent neglect of the garrisons there. The fact was, although the Germans assented in principle to the Italian annexation of Tripoli, they did not know it was coming off so soon. But the Turks, nevertheless, feel themselves betrayed, although, as I stated last week, there is still a powerful faction in favour of a Turco-German alliance. In the meantime the reported success of the combined forces of Turks and Arabs at Tripoli has raised the spirits of the people, just as the reported massacre of Arabs by the Italians has stirred up their Moslem fanaticism. (I use the word fanaticism merely as a convenient expression—it would be equally correct to say that the fanaticism of the English Christians was roused when Abdul Hamid's agents chopped up the Christians in Armenia and Bulgaria.) The Turks are hopeful of driving the Italians out of Tripoli; but they don't quite know how. Nor do I. In the meantime the Italians talk of "attacking the heart of the Turkish Empire," not, as we might expect, by attempting to blockade Constantinople and Salonika, but by taking possession of a few islands off the coast, which is absurd. The Italian Government, indeed, would be well advised to end the war as speedily as possible. Our modern Romans are apt to pass from warm enthusiasm to cold pessimism in a very short time, with somewhat discouraging results to those at the head of affairs.

## Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

### The Diplomatic Peacemaker of the New School.

THE Honourable and Right Honourable Sir Almeric Beaufoy, H.B.M.'s representative at the bright European capital of Laetitia, is a link between two diplomatic dispensations. One of his ancestors during Tudor times presided over the same chancery which he controls to-day. After a certain vicarious fashion, therefore, he can claim family relationship with the ambassador of the old school, who was in full force till late in the Victorian age, but is now extinct. The august officials composing that order might have been almost counted on the fingers of a single hand. One of the number had begun life as an attorney's clerk, another was a Scotchman, owing, therefore, his promotion to exclusively national methods, and taking a titled heiress for his wife. The others either inherited titles of their own, or, which came to much the same thing, belonged to titled families. Promotion in those days was even slower than it is now. It took, in fact, some twenty years of attachéship and secretaryship combined before one could do the ambassadorial trick. When, therefore, those who had stood for their sovereign abroad retired into private life, they had generally reached an age suited only for purely decorative functions. Joint stock company mongers were always angling for them to use their names in prospectuses as baits for the unwary, but generally without success. Now and then one of them found his way into a Cabinet and, less rarely, strolled down to the House of Lords when a foreign policy debate happened to be on. But they always mustered in some force at weddings and christenings of the peerage and its hangers-on. There was quite a rush to secure their names as trustees for marriage settlements; while reduced squires, of old lineage but long diminishing acres, found some compensation for their misfortunes by getting one of these ex-ambassadors, especially if he stood high in Debrett and Burke, to be one of their executors. Sir Almeric Beaufoy had exceeded the two decade period for making an ambassador when, thanks to his family name, influence, and the discreet management of his own abilities, he reached that rank. To-day, while in the best of health and four or five years on the right side of seventy, his time is nearly up, and he is expecting his departure, not exactly to the place whither the "wealthy Tullus and Ancus" have gone before, but to the category of the "have-beens." This, once joined, renders it indifferent whether, like Sir Bland Badger, one only gave up the business with the twentieth century's advent, or whether one is a survival from the past sufficiently venerable to recollect or to be ranked with the most famous ambassadors of the old school, Lord Bloomfield, Sir Andrew Buchanan, Sir John Lumley, Lord Lyons, Lord Augustus Loftus, Sir Augustus Paget, to refrain from carrying back the list to Lord Malmesbury, Lord Grenville, Sir Henry Bulwer and Lord Dalling. These names include historic specimens of men who made their embassies a headquarters of the brightest and genial hospitality, like Bloomfield at Berlin, or Lyons at Paris, and who stamped their intellectual mark on their time, like Henry Bulwer, in whatever they took the trouble to write or say. That accomplished person much exceeded the customary official term for two reasons; first, he was constantly on leave of absence in England; secondly, when on duty he was often in health compelling the delegation of

his work to his secretary. The F.O., therefore, for long spells together often forgot his existence, and so failed to superannuate him. Since his day to that of Sir Almeric Beaufoy we have had no representative at Laetitia of brains and accomplishments approaching those of Dalling, not even during those brilliant four years (1887 to 1891) illuminated by the social brilliancy of Lord Dalling's nephew, and known in the Faubourg St. Honoré as "the reign of those delightful Lyttons."

If the hospitalities of our Laetitia embassy do not seem all that they once were, this is partly because Sir Almeric Beaufoy invites to his dinner table more of the native society leaders in the capital, and therefore fewer than was done by some among his predecessors of his compatriots, and partly because the conditions of the time, both social and pecuniary, have become everywhere, at home as well as abroad, signally unfavourable to entertaining on anything like its former scale. The real distinction, therefore, of our representative at Laetitia is, it will be seen, that he combines, so far as any mortal could, much that was most pleasantly characteristic of bygone non-official traditions with the professional qualities and the freedom from nepotism which creditably distinguishes the foreign service of our own time. Intellectually, perhaps, he is not quite on the same level as Sir Cornwallis Aynho at the capital of a neighbouring State, but, compared with others of genius less marked, he is at least the equal of Sir W. E. Fruhling, and elsewhere of Sir Hare Müntjohn and Sir Funnel Dod. All these have mounted by honest effort and unadvertised merit each successive rung of the Foreign Office ladder. Indeed, in the diplomatic generation now referred to is Sir Granard Eskdale, whose difficulties have arisen not from lack of talent or industry, but from the powerful family connection that has insisted on strewing his path with flowers, gold, frankincense and myrrh. It may sound a paradox, but it is none the less literally true, that, of the two departments, the Colonies and Foreign Affairs, granted that the aspirant has sufficient private means not to be pestered with mean worries, the Foreign Office and diplomacy offer a better chance for first-class brains than the Colonial service, in which the multiplication of small appointments and the recent institution of a patronage committee handicap good men who have not always powerful friends on the spot to push them after a fashion comparatively, if not quite, now unknown at the F.O.

But, for the aspirant to the ambassadorial dignity, the private means still are, and probably will always remain, even more essential than private connection. Yet a moderate competence, if paid not only with regularity each quarter, but, with the certainty of Government stock, on a fixed day, will, with discreet management in details, go far enough towards removing every obstacle to the sufficiently clever young diplomatist reaching the top of his profession. Stories, of course, are still told of how Mr. Napier Fitztimmins Phipps made himself a first secretary or a chargé d'affaires by his knightly courtesies to the ambassadress of his chancery, or by the consummate skill with which he devised a salad sauce that tickled the ambassador's palate with a new sensation of pleasure. Now and again there may be slight foundation of truth for these stories; but for the most part they are antiquated myths, suggested by reminiscences of the period when the quickest and best Foreign Office promotions fell to the lot of tactful youths of quality, who had the knack of gratifying the ambassador's whim, himself an elderly epicure, who left all the work to his Secretary of Legation. Sir Almeric Beaufoy has inherited from his ancestors a becoming regard for the amenities of diplomatic existence, but he owes his position as a link between the past and the present dispensation less to any domestic interests or antecedents than to his own clerkly cleverness, and his industrious shrewdness in recognising the career on which he entered eight-and-forty years ago is, after all, a business whose prizes are won by the same agencies that open the road to prosperity in business of every kind.

## Many Inventions.\*

MR. LEE does not write like "a zealot with a mad ideal in reach." With a humorous deference to the sceptic, he is willing to hope intensely that in two or three hundred years we shall have an inspired millionaire who will, appropriately enough, make a successful business practice of the Golden Rule. It is a faith before which literary criticism is dumb. The reader is constantly reminded of Emerson's "English Traits," Carlyle's "Hero-Worship," Shaw's "Socialism for Millionaires," scraps of Nietzsche, and the Holy Bible, only to recognise how impossible it is to deny Mr. Lee's originality. The idealist does not, as a rule, base his hope on a frank acceptance of things as they are. He discovers that certain things in life are objectionable to him; he imagines their abolition; and he constructs an Utopia in which they never had, and never will have, part or lot. He notes (as Emerson noted, for example) that the use of machinery unmans the user. If he cares for man at all, he says, "abolish the machinery." If he does not care for man, he bids machinery thrive and copulation cease. In either case, he evades the problem and declines the challenge.

For the problem of the age is, as Mr. Lee says: "Can men who work with machines have souls?" We have discarded the bodily training because we never understood the teaching of the old mystics, that the purified body was capable of conveying force and applying it immediately for the purpose desired. We no longer believe in miracles; and we are therefore committed to the use of machinery. "Lo, this only have I found," said the preacher, "that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." And the many inventions dwarf the man. "The robust rural Saxon" said Emerson, more than fifty years ago, "degenerates in the mills to the Leicester stockinger, to the imbecile Manchester spinner—far on the way to the spiders and the needles." We are face to face with the issue; in Mr. Lee's phrase: "It is the final challenge of Matter—live, terrible, steel-fingered, boiler-souled—to the manhood of the earth." Most of us answer the challenge by inventing social systems that will operate mechanically; we believe in iron laws and Golden Rules that will compel obedience and make men subject to abstractions. Mr. Lee invents a man.

The difficulty that besets all schemes of social reform is that of transition; and we may pervert Nietzsche's meaning for the sake of his phrase, and say that "Man is not a goal, but a bridge." The inspired millionaire will try to reform nothing that exists; he will leave philanthropy to the fool, and education to those who think it possible to create intelligence by a course of classical reading. The library cure has failed; "there is moss on the books," said a manufacturer to Mr. Lee. The inspired millionaire will attempt to cure imbecility neither by libraries nor by garden suburbs; he will recognise that, for the majority of people, the work is the life, and unless that work is whole-souled and intelligent, the life itself is vain. We must have machines, and we must have men; and if, as is the case, men are becoming scarce in relation to machines, the inspired millionaire will have to create them. For this reason he will engage in no competition with existing industry; the conditions of success are so fixed and final that an archangel would fail to make his goodwill triumph over the difficulties. It is to the new industries that the inspired millionaire will look for his opportunity; and the reform of the world will begin by one man keeping in his own hands the power of making manifest his goodwill towards men.

When Mr. Edison made a present to the world of his invention of the concrete house he missed the opportunity of beginning the social revolution. The monopoly of such an invention, in the hands of a man with imagination, could have been made the basis of a new industrial system. A business genius would have

made that invention necessary to the world; and if he had been inspired by Mr. Lee's ideal, he would have been able to show that he was not merely saving everybody several pounds a year, but was also saving alive the souls of his workmen. There is scarcely a problem that now perplexes the statesman that could not have been solved, in one industry at least, if Mr. Edison had determined to work his own patent. He could have established ideal conditions of labour; he could have paid extravagant wages; he could have kindled interest in the heart of every man who worked for him so that every flicker of inventive intelligence among them would have been at his service. He could have shown us one invention that was not a curse; one industry that did not degrade those who laboured at it. The millionaires have shown us that they can create Hell upon earth. Mr. Edison had the opportunity of showing us how to build a heaven on concrete, and missed it.

It is true, of course, that no such man exists: Mr. Lee's originality lies in the faithful prophecy of his coming. For it is certain that the making of money for the sake of making money is not merely ignoble but unintelligent. "How was it made?" and "What are you going to do with it?" are questions that the millionaire cannot evade. Generosity is almost a vice to one who has become rich according to the old dispensation; for it is a homely wisdom that says, "A fool and his money are soon parted." But if he is disposed to be benevolent, there is only one organised body that has publicly declared that it does not ask the first question; and as that body devotes itself to remaking the men broken by the very system that made him rich, his benevolence will only remind him that it is the *love* of money that is the root of all evil. And to an intelligent or imaginative man what can he say but, "I have got so much money. Like some?" He suffers, as all specialists suffer, from lack of interest in life. Darwin, for example, said that he had become a machine for grinding generalisations out of masses of fact. He differs from every other specialist in this: that his achievement is scrutinised, and himself treated with contempt if the money alone is the man. Money talks; and if it says no good of its owner, he can have no more than he buys. He sees that his money, not himself, is wanted; and if there be manhood left in him, he is ashamed.

It may be that it is only the old process of conversion that Mr. Lee predicts: but surely no preacher has ever shown so completely that "the way of the transgressor is hard." "There is not a million pounds' worth of joy to be purchased in this world," says Mr. Lee. Everybody has the same ideal as the millionaire: the necessity of getting a living controls even the emotional expression of the people, so that art, literature, and religion are the mere repetitions of outworn phrases. The system that made the millionaire has so cursed the world that scarcely anything is done for love; and if it were, the millionaire could only offer money for it. The millionaire will find that the joy of the creator cannot be purchased; he must himself create if he is to be anything more than a name attached to so much money. He will have to bring to the creation of a great industry the passion for perfection of the artist: the need for originality will itself compel him to reconstruct the very basis of industry. If a handful of men can hold up the world and make it pay tribute to them, so that meaningless money is piled up in their hands, he will have to hold up the world while he is making alive every penny that he possesses. A millionaire can only be inspired to do good: there is no other way to distinction for him. The artist sees that inspired things can be done without money; the millionaire must prove to the world that money, which has neither soul, conscience, nor the gift of beauty, can be made to serve the artist's end. It has brought death in its train, and destruction to the heart of man; the inspired millionaire will make it alive and giving life, its very existence in his hands proclaiming his goodwill, and the triumph in the most unlikely sphere of a fundamental law of conduct.

\*"Inspired Millionaires." By Gerald Stanley Lee. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

## Apathy in Architecture.

THERE is a story told of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones that, when he was at the very zenith of his fame, he came across an old gentleman in Birmingham who had been his drawing-master in very early days. "Why, if it isn't Ned Burne-Jones!" said the old man, and thereupon stopped and talked to the great "B.-J." At the end of their conversation he blandly inquired, "Are you still keeping your drawing up?" This story is probably quite untrue, but that is of no matter. The fact remains that Burne-Jones was a famous man during his lifetime, as well as after.

Now suppose that, instead of expressing himself in paint, his love of mediævalism and mysticism had drawn him into the meshes of architecture, the whole point of the apocryphal little story would have fallen to the ground, for the very simple reason that he could never have been a famous man. The modern architect is not famous, if compared with the leading men of the sister arts of painting and sculpture of to-day.

Should anyone have doubts on this statement I ask him, as a member of ordinary cultivated society, to enter any drawing-room he pleases and discover of the occupants thereof three architects practising to-day whose names are the household words that Mr. Sargent's, Mr. Frank Brangwyn's and Mr. J. J. Shannon's are. I think it can be safely said he would have a difficult task indeed.

As to the hopeless obscurity a young architect is compelled to live in, no matter how much really good work he may have carried out, one has only to consider the celebrity which two of his contemporary brother artists—Mr. Gerald Kelly and Mr. Glyn Philpot—have already attained, to realise the futility of even discussing it.

In America this unbalanced state of affairs does not go on. One of the greatest surprises that anyone interested in modern architecture in this country can have is to talk to an American woman and discover how keenly interested she is in the architecture that is going on in her own country, and how extremely well known to her is the modern American architect's name and work. We have got to such a pitch of apathy in our own architecture nowadays that, were the whole of Regent Street pulled down from end to end and rebuilt in a single night by a second Inigo Jones, not a syllable of his name would ever be divulged to the general public in the Press the next morning. The particular firm of contractors employed, the innumerable statistics of the numbers of workmen engaged, the tons of steel and stone required, the acres of glass, and so forth—all these would be mentioned; but the architect's name? No! not a word. Has this deplorable state of affairs always gone on in the days of the past? Most certainly not. In 1792, when Robert Adam died, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his coffin was borne by eight peers of the realm. During his lifetime, not content with his huge practice, he must needs wade into building speculations and get out of his depth in a financial quagmire, but so great was the influence at his command, that he actually succeeded in getting an Act of Parliament passed to enable him, without falling foul of the law, to raffle Adelphi Terrace (the speculation in question) at £50 a ticket!

To turn to earlier times still; Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones were both infinitely better known than either Peter Lely or Kneller, and it is sincerely to be hoped they will always remain so. Most of us have heard of Vanbrugh, and not a few of George Dance, William Chambers, Kent, Soane, Nash, and, later still, Pugin. All these men had their fair share of fame, and were looked upon by society as great artists.

"All this is very fine and true," says the gentle reader, "but these men you have mentioned all deserved their fame; they were exceptionally brilliant men. Modern architects are not, they are very dull, ordinary folk. As for being artists, what have they got to do with art? Why on earth should they be famous?"

I suppose the modern architect refuses to believe that this is the opinion of society. Perhaps, then, the next time he dines among the philistines (I refer to barristers, doctors, merchants and such-like), when he propounds his theory that modern architecture is an art and should be looked upon as such, he will explain why his remark has been treated with the pitying smile that usually follows it. Perhaps he will go even further, and explain why the term "artist" is never applied to him, however important and superb a building he may have just erected, while any incompetent dauber assumes by his or her natural right that title.

As this is an age of science and mechanics, and probably at no time in the history of the world has thought become so shallow and slovenly as it is to-day, the art of this and other countries must suffer. The easy transmission and exchange of other people's ideas, the flooding on the market of cheap and, consequently, valueless information, have all done their deadly work, and the real thinker among the art patrons of to-day is as rare as the dodo. The result is that art has taken a back seat, no matter what the present-day artists like to think to the contrary. The peerage of England no longer takes a pride in discovering and making an artist, whether he is architect, painter or sculptor. Turn a moment to the history of England, and you will read of Inigo Jones that "he attracted by his skill in drawing the attention of a nobleman, who sent him to Italy to study the art of architecture and landscape painting." Of William Kent, that "he was taken up and made much of by Lord Burlington"; of Nash, who built Regent Street, that "he was the favourite architect of George the Fourth." You read of how, in the eighteenth century, all the peerage of England regularly made the "grand tour," and visited Italy, where they studied architecture, so that they might have the knowledge to choose the very best talent to build that noble series of palaces which stands to-day a memorial of the splendours and glories of the eighteenth century.

Alas! The Burlingtons, the Ilchesters, and the rest are dead and gone. Their descendants have departed, most of them, into the city where they direct companies, or into the garage where they perform a like office to motor cars.

This age of democracy has seen the rise of county council schools, polytechnics, and innumerable provincial art schools. They all have scholarships for their promising students. The result has been, of course, that the art patron of the present day no longer feels it incumbent upon him to secure some knowledge of the art of his own time so as to be able to encourage it personally and in the proper direction. That, he argues, is the business of the National Art Schools with their scholarships and travelling studentships. The patron consequently lives his life in a state of abysmal ignorance and apathy. There are some, it is true, who, deeply versed in defunct art, are ardent devotees at the shrine of "Christie's." There they vie with the dealers for what their prototypes of past ages had the temerity and sagacity to commission for themselves from the artists and craftsmen of their day.

It may be argued that America is a flourishing democracy, and yet has arrived at an architecture that is far in advance of ours in England. But, it must be remembered, America is a polyglot country with no architectural past worth considering. The American millionaire, standing to his country to-day as the peerage of England stood to theirs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in that he is the man with the money bags, realises this, and has commissioned his architects, with whose work he, or rather his wife, is thoroughly acquainted (just as society in England is acquainted with the work of Mr. Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon) to build for him on modern and palatial lines. He has no fear of spending money; he allows his architect very much more scope than we ever give him here. It is true that when his palace is finished he proceeds to fill it with the bones of dead and gone ages of Europe. Pictures and statuary, unfortunately for Modern American painters and sculptors, are not difficult objects to convey across the Atlantic. A house, on the other

hand, in spite of Tattershall Castle, is practically beyond this pale.

Millionaires are not wholly indigenous to the Western world; we have them here. But it must not be forgotten that we have an impoverished peerage, and a large number of magnificent old houses. It is this fact that makes the great difference in architecture between ourselves and our American cousins. For our self-made plutocracy, instead of having the artistic courage to build large new houses of their own, are tumbling over one another to secure the fine old mansions of the impoverished peers, just as they also prefer to give fancy prices for antique furniture, silver, tapestries and so forth, instead of commissioning the countless capable men of their own times to design fresh things for them.

It is to this lack-lustre patronage, this blind, and, in many cases, absolutely ignorant worship of the antique, that we must ascribe the decay of modern art.

The patron, wholly unversed in good taste, because the art schools have taken his proper patronage out of his hands, is now terrified of the blunder of not "getting his money back," and goes about in his complacent way saying "what awful stuff modern art is!" If anyone has the pluck to stand up and tell him he does not know what he is talking about, what coals of fire he will pour out on his unfortunate victim's head!

Very well, then, let us admit that owing to the various reasons that have just been discussed, architects to-day are not the equals of their departed brethren, who practised in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and let us agree that they do not deserve the fame those men attained. It does not alter the question, however, "Why should architects be less famous than sculptors and painters?" and "Why should the title 'artist' be solely applied to painters?"

It would not be difficult to contend that the architecture of to-day, although it has sunk from the high level it reached during the eighteenth century, is every whit as good as the painting and sculpture that is being carried out at the moment.

The answer to the two questions is quite a simple one. Architecture is the most scholarly and erudite of all the arts; it is consequently extremely difficult for the uneducated mind to comprehend its beauties and its failures alike. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." With the exception of admirable if desultory efforts made by the "Times" and, I think, the "Evening Standard," but leading to nothing, as far as the rest of the Press were concerned, no attempt has been made at critical notices of modern architecture by any popular journal, illustrated or otherwise, that is not solely devoted to art topics. Consequently the unhappy public are compelled to do what they hate more than anything else, make up their minds for themselves. It is much easier to state without making a fool of oneself where any work of art does not please than it is to say where it does please. Therefore the man in the street always condemns any new building, because he likes the line of least resistance best. The state of affairs where a daily Press will give half a column to a trifling exhibition of water-colour sketches, which are only going to be on show for three weeks at a Bond Street gallery, and not a single line of genuine or able criticism to an enormous building which has just altered the entire aspect of a main street of London, is one for angels to weep over.

It is high time for the Press to mend its ways and attempt to educate a public that at the present moment has neither the capacity nor inclination, into some reasonable appreciation of the architecture of their own times. They might not take a bad start by mentioning the architect's name when they turn out those wonderful reports of the laying of foundation stones by Royal personages.

I am perfectly aware that it does not really matter to a man whether he has recognition in his lifetime or not, but it is a very serious position for any art to find itself, as the art of modern architecture is finding itself to-day, where everyone practising it is refused anything like a really fair meed of recognition among a public

who, after all, are its direct patrons. And as no rational interest in modern architecture is being taken by the Press, the schoolmasters of the public, not only are architects compelled to live in obscurity, but—far more important—so is the art of architecture.

A final word as to the abuse of the term "artist." I have tried to discover when this word first assumed its present meaning: certainly not in the eighteenth century. Adam and Reynolds always referred to themselves as "architect" and "portrait painter." I believe I am right in saying that in no other country in the world does it solely apply to the painter's craft, as it does here.

Let the Press cease from indiscriminately labelling all painters as "artists." The word can be very easily left for the memorial tablet, the tombstone, and the statue. Better still, let the painters think twice of their last efforts before they unblushingly arrogate this title to themselves.

D. B.

## At my First, and Last, Bullfight.

THE Ideal Room in the Calle Alcalá was crowded. I was enjoying an after-almuerzo cigarette, dividing my attention between the limpia-botas who was putting a gloss-like finish on my shoes and the flower-girl who was attempting to insert a carnation into my button-hole, when an English-speaking acquaintance jogged my elbow.

"Going?" he queried.

I looked up. "Where?"

The carnation petals withered beneath his glance. It was sufficient; I realised that I had blundered. Where, indeed? Where was all Madrid going, rich and poor, old and young, hale and ailing—from the ill-clad, pale-faced slum dweller, who by dint of begging and self-privation had secured a seat in the sol, to the bejewelled señora whose *sombra butaca* had been reserved for weeks? What was the magnet that drew the long line of carriages and conveyances of all kinds out of the shade of the city into the sweltering heat and dust-laden streets beyond? The Plaza de Toros, the great bull-ring of Madrid!

Following my acquaintance to the street, I looked down the Alcalá. A heterogeneous collection of ramshackle conveyances extended from the door of the café to the Puerta del Sol. We mounted the box seat of one of them, the driver cracked his long whip over the heads of his six mules, and we set off at a smart pace, which developed into a break-neck race with other vehicles as soon as we were clear of the crush.

It was an hour before the *corrida* would commence, yet a huge concourse already thronged the gates of the Plaza de Toros—a crowd in holiday mood, wildly animated yet sombre-looking, for black is regarded by the Spaniard as the insignia of gentility.

The bull-ring is a huge amphitheatre, the exterior adorned with Moorish devices, the arched entrances of Moorish design. The seats, for the most part of stone, rise sharply from the double wooden barricade that separates them from the arena. My friend pointed out the places of special interest: the little chapel where the bullfighters attend divine service before the encounter, the hospital, the stables where the horses—all much emaciated, some on the verge of collapse from loss of blood and untended, festering wounds—await their doom in the arena. In a little courtyard a dozen mules, harnessed in threes and gay with flags and bunting, are held in readiness to haul their mangled companions from the ring. The arena forms an animated scene. The great open space is crowded. Here and there little groups examine with interest the half-obliterated bloodstains of a previous encounter. Men wave multi-coloured fans. The huge yellow and orange programmes are in evidence everywhere.

A mysterious signal—whence it comes I cannot determine—and the ring quickly clears. Red-coated attendants hustle stragglers through the barricades, and the arena is empty. A mighty sea of faces surges up on every side. A hush of expectancy hangs over all. Then, of a sudden, a roar that seems to shake the very earth announces the advent of the espadas and their attendants. Gorgeous in scarlet, silver and gold, they parade, with hands on hips and erected heads, before the royal box. A mounted official removes his plumed hat and bows before the president. A key is flung down, which the official dexterously catches and conveys to one of the attendants.

Meanwhile, the glittering throng in the arena has spread out. Two mounted picadors, swathed in leather from head to foot, yet gorgeous, stand one on either side of the gates that give access to the bull pit.

Again there is a hush. The gates swing back, and a great bull dashes stumblingly into the glare of the sunlight, and pauses for a moment to take breath, sniffing the air with widely distended nostrils. I look at my programme :

TORDO, JABONERO CLARO SALPICAO NÚM 13.

The number is clearly indicated upon the brute's heaving flanks.

A mantilla is waved. The bull accepts the challenge. The man evades its blind rush. There is a slight applause. A few more passes of the mantilla, and the bullfighter's manœuvring has succeeded. He has brought the bull round until it faces one of the horses. The exploit is applauded with a wild outburst of cheering. The horse—I can see it now, the blood-stained cottonwool protruding from a half-healed wound in the shoulder—rears at the sound, seemingly conscious, though blindfold, of the approach of death. The bandage slips from its eyes; it plunges wildly, but the tightly drawn bit brings blood to the foam-flecked jaws: the picador has his mount well under control.

For a second, the bull, panting from its recent exertions, surveys its victim, then it charges. Twenty, ten, five yards separate it from man and horse, when the picador, discarding his lance, flings back his ponderous weight and rears his mount upon its haunches. The gleaming horns drive home, deep into the animal's stomach. I close my eyes. There is the nauseating sound of rending flesh and crunching bone, and then a thud. When I look again, man and horse are down, in a twisting, writhing heap.

The infuriated bull's attention has been distracted, and attendants help the fallen man to his feet. Relieved of his weight, the disembowelled animal rises. Blood is pouring from its body in a widening pool: its limbs twitch convulsively. Amidst a tempest of cheering, the picador scrambles into the saddle, and the prods of attendants' knives again drive the horse into the torture zone.

For a space it would seem that the bull will not see it, or, seeing it, refrains, with nobler impulse than that of man, from again attacking; but a thrust from the picador's lance has the desired effect. This time no attempt is made to save the horse. Its rider struggles clear. The bull buries its horns repeatedly in the flesh of its victim, snorting, tearing, rending.

And still the animal lives! A murmur from the higher-class seats warns the principals that brutality has been carried far enough. A knife is driven into the dying animal's skull; its limbs shoot out, quiver, and are still.

A hush more impressive than all others. The banderilleros have taken up their positions in the centre of the arena, and stand in an easy, provocative attitude, brandishing their gaily decorated instruments of torture. The bull is blinded with blood; and for a moment or two it does not see them. Suddenly the waving of a mantilla turns its head to the centre. It views them, apparently, with disdain, then gazes—half remorsefully, it seems—at the last of its mangled victims.\*

Vainly the banderilleros attempt to attract its atten-

tion, shouting and stamping their thinly-shod feet. One advances and strikes it across the muzzle. With a sudden swooping movement of its massive head, the bull turns upon him. Evading by inches the blood-stained horns, he drives his banderillas deep into its neck. There is a hiss as the mechanism in the banderilla fires the fuse attached; a little flame springs up, followed by a series of explosions, and a rain of fire plays into the gaping wound.

Then, above the clamour of the multitude, rises the roar of the agonised brute. Were my hands not pinioned to my sides by the pressure of the crowd, I would press my fingers to my ears. I avert my eyes. When I again look into the arena, the bull has succeeded in dislodging one of the banderillas; but, with the agility of monkeys, men spring up behind the animal, and half a dozen more darts go home.

A craning of necks, a murmur that swells into a roar of cheering, and the people's idol, the hero of the corrida, takes a gleaming espada from an attendant and faces the exhausted animal. The roar dies to an excited murmur.

"Vicente Pastor! Vicente Pastor! No, no, Bienvenida! Bienvenida!"

It is, in fact, Bienvenida, hero of a hundred corridas, the greatest matador of his time. He treads lightly, a blood-red mantilla in his left hand; in his right a sword. He dare not for an instant divert his gaze from the bull's horns.

It comes! The matador, underrating the strength of his crippled antagonist, has approached too close. The bull's horns dip and rise. The man evades the rush, but fails to clear the horns. Men run forward, but he waves them back smiling, exposing a great wound in his left forearm. Disdaining to have it bandaged, he again faces the bull. A few rushes cleverly evaded, and he has manœuvred the animal into a safe position: forefeet together and head well raised. Slowly he lifts his sword arm until the blade is in a line with his shoulder; then a forcible plunge, and the blade is buried to the hilt high up in the bull's heaving flanks. The enthusiasm of the crowd is expressed in a frenzy, in a shout and a roar such as must have sounded at the climaxes of the gladiatorial shows of imperial and republican Rome! Women rise in their seats, shrieking, wildly gesticulating. A rain of fans, flowers, jewels, cigars, hats, walking-sticks and umbrellas was poured in wild enthusiasm into the arena.

Bleeding from a score of wounds, yet game to the last, the bull sinks to its knees, defiant. Avoiding its last frantic plunges, the wounded matador wrenches the sword from the dying brute, wipes the blade upon his mantilla, and haughtily acknowledges the ovation. From the gift-littered sand he selects a cigar or two, presses a rose to his lips, and dexterously flings back the rest to the donors, knowing, as by an instinct, to whom each belongs. A door opens at the back of the arena. The gaily-decorated mules career wildly across the open space. They are quickly harnessed to the dead animals, and in a trice the arena is clear and ready for the second bull.

When this scene has been six times repeated the corrida is at an end, and the audience returns home to eat arroz and to discuss the gruesome details of the encounter and the prospects of the next.

M. V.

### FABIAN FABLES—III.

A SOCIALIST was arraigned before the tribunal of Public Opinion.

"You're a Thief!" cried the Illicit Diamond Buyer.

"You're a Swindler!" cried the Company Promoter.

"You're a Liar!" cried the Barrister and the Newspaper Proprietor together.

"You would abolish Liberty!" cried the Employer of Sweated Labour.

"You're an Atheist!" cried the Racehorse Owner.

Naturally he was not allowed to speak in his own defence, and was found Guilty On All Counts.

C. E. B.

\* A bull often accounts for five or more horses.

## Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

IF our picture exhibitions may be taken as a criterion, the new ideas in painting are not yet understood in this country. The endeavour to give the widest and most spontaneous expression to the unity and rhythmic vitality of a living and expanding universe is still obscured by old fallacies, foremost being those of narrowness of expression, treatment of light, and the delusion of decoration. London men are, in fact, either in the "Tuppenny Tube" turning out muddy, disjointed smudges, or in the back-wash of the scientific pre-expressionists, or refusing to take the naked idea and clothe it only in its own language.

\* \* \*

For instance, to judge from the work of Alfred Wolmark at the Goupil Gallery Salon, the lead of the pre-expressionists is seriously threatening to affect our best men now that it is no longer needed. It is a pity that a painter who is our most advanced colourist, with a capacity for development of which the most is to be expected, does not see this and bring himself up to date in all directions. The pre-expressionists can do nothing to enable him to develop the power to fire the emotions by a subject quickened by widest expression in rhythmic language. They themselves missed the big rhythm by inventing the narrow one of vibrating atmosphere. This they threw like a veil over all things, thus robbing them of organic relation. Beyond making the mistake of subjecting the mind to atmosphere they sought to give the latter scientific expression thereby depriving it of what little personality it possesses.

\* \* \*

It was reserved for the post-expressionists to subject things to the mind and to find and express the wide rhythm of sensation which, starting with the mind wherein it originates, first calls into play a power far surpassing physical force. Then in the logical order of movement it fuses and focusses things, extracts the fundamental design, and thereafter expands the design, giving it the original rhythmic direction and relation charged with the possibility of infinite expansion. This is no more than the assertion of the power to will and the will to power in art. The coming of this element is hopeful. It is will alone that can dust the white surface of art clean of every speck of pseudo art and artist.

\* \* \*

If Mr. Wolmark will come with me to the Autumn Salon he will see what I mean. I will show him how M. Picabia illustrates the new expression of vibrating light by the apparent interchange of masses. This painter's "Jardin" is full of the clash of direction and of colour. If M. Picabia had treated the flat sails of those fishing vessels in Mr. Wolmark's "Etude Decorative," he would have given each set a different colour and so made them move against each other with the sense of a sunlight "swell." Then we will examine the wonderful treatment of life and light by the miscalled "cubists." M. de la Fresnaye's "Figure Nue" is a useful instance of a painter seeing light at angles and emphasising it to bring out the character of a subject. Character from the average point of view means drawing. But M. Fresnaye's facetting means the essential character of light and form.

\* \* \*

Next the extraordinary studies by François Duchamp will explain my meaning of crystallisation. This painter's "Portrait" and "Jeune Homme et Jeune Fille" are studies in light crystallised into different forms having different meanings. Here the feeling of life and the play of light are tremendous. And the two

figures rising and expanding in the very subtle and mellow amber tone are the incarnation of internal ecstasy. M. Fauconier's crystallised landscape, "Village dans la Montagne," will also arrest us on account of its subtle feeling for light and its wonderful direction of line and colour. In the foreground we shall find a little blue guide waiting to conduct us into the welcome recesses of the forest away from M. Gleize's academical drawing with cubes stuck all over it grunting in the opposite corner. This is cubism, and it may justly be related to wood-paving. The process is the same.

\* \* \*

It would be to Mr. Wolmark's advantage not to spurn the new ideas of relation of line and rhythmic design. The introduction of pure slender (or brutal, if Mr. Wolmark likes) lines into his "Market Place" and "In the Harbour," at the Goupil Gallery would rescue the personality of the subjects from the interesting mist of colour and send them on adventures out of the binding frames. Let me set Mr. Wolmark picking up hints from M. de Segonzac's "Boxers," one of the finest examples of direction of line in the Salon. It will keep him busy dodging those prize-fighters' punches delivered not only by the two combatants in the foreground but by the mind of the spectators symbolised by the direction of the tremendous swishing line in the background.

\* \* \*

It would be as well, too, if Mr. Wolmark did not leave so many broken links lying about in his pictures. Much of his really brilliant work recently exhibited at the Baillie Galleries was marred by the lack of association of ideas. The arbitrary arrangement of many of his "Decorative Arrangements" suggested that the painter works in several moods at once. Let me introduce him to M. Fresnaye's "Passage," which has some telling things to say on rhythmic design. He will notice that the form (to which the colour is subordinated) is determined by a central object of vision, namely, a spherical tower. The tower has so completely entered the vision of the painter as to reduce the landscape to a state of sphericity. In Mr. Wolmark's work the central object of vision is missing. He sees everything as a medium for gorgeous colour. To him colour is an accessory to life. Look at that "Decorative Panel" at the Goupil. The whole canvas is radiant with colour, but it lacks "mind." The yellow background does not affect the blue and pink young person. But it affected me; it made me delirious for ten minutes. Compare this with Mr. Peplow's two backgrounds (67-70), near by, busy praising each other. They do express the delirium of the "Tulips." And the tulips are flaming in a world of infinite horizons carried away by the painter's extraordinary direction of paint, and rejoicing in the strength and completeness of association. Mr. Wolmark's excellent blue "Old Man" should mount the three flights of stairs and have a look at them. He would then be three flights nearer heaven.

\* \* \*

Now that the ideas of rhythmic expansion and vitality are in the air in this country, artists should read Mr. Lawrence Binyon's little book, "The Flight of the Dragon" (Murray, 1s.). The dragon has flown to England to expound the principles and ideas of rhythm expressed long ago by the Chinese. Its arrival synchronises with the birth of a movement of great importance in art and drama aiming consciously to bridge the gap left in European thought and action by the lack of an intelligent understanding of internal expansion. Some of the dragon's words of wisdom are as follow:—"The deepest intuitions of a race are deposited in its art"; "Rhythmic vitality is the Life-movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of things"; "Whatever Rhythm is, it is something intimately connected with life, perhaps the secret of life and its most perfect expression"; "With the idea of Rhythm in our minds we are led to think, above all, of the relation between things." The book is for moderns who are interested in pictures rather than in prices.

## FIVE POEMS.

By Roy Meldrum.

## THE ASH TREE.

QUIET ash, I felt thy presence self-possessed,  
 Forgetting such reproach were idly made  
 If thou consort nowise with man's unstay'd  
 Unfounded ways; whereby each mortal guest  
 Taking his joys and sorrows at the breast  
 Quickly grows old in them, soon from thy shade  
 To go, his frail life bent upon the spade,  
 His instrument of thought, his tool of rest.  
 —Thou orderest thy growing frame to be  
 An awful hermitage for all sweet song  
 For nightingale at eve, for robin's mirth  
 In rime. O, clad in green sobriety,  
 Thou must to some high lineage belong,  
 Drawn from the lyric wind and quiet earth.

## A DREAM DANCE.

A chain of snowdrops floating to the moon  
 Who wore a dainty buckle by her waist;  
 And here and there a star with twinkling shoon,  
 And in the whole eclipse a spirit chaste.

## "ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

Of Judas kisses I have seen enough,  
 Of much endearment chaste incestuous found  
 With breed of manners, deeds and schemes unsound;  
 Of lips with insincerity grown tough;  
 Of changeling smiles, as fickle as the puff  
 Which sways the gilded vane; of wits, that wound  
 'Cause one with ease may stab where oaths have  
 bound,  
 And cowards then of valour may make proof.  
 Of protestations, which, had Venus made,  
 Might have cajoled, I fear, some Paphian dove:  
 Of niceties in having friendships weighed,  
 Assuming that all men esteem one's love;  
 And seeing enough—I may by Fortune's bounty  
 Leave these refinements with their native county.

## SONG.

We buried him beneath the lilac brake.  
 Weep no more; the mole has seen his corse,  
 Nor all your tears, nor all our late remorse  
 Can shake  
 The fingers of cold Death  
 From those pale lips, from whence has fled all breath.

## A QUESTION.

If Sibyl have lazulian eyes,  
 Progeny of fire and dew;  
 Chloe's lips immortalise  
 All syllables that venture thro',  
 And, deft archeress, she equip  
 With sweet envenomed shaft each tip;  
 Fragrant roses, newly blown,  
 In Aminta's cheeks be strown,  
 And in the quarry of her teeth  
 Snow immarbled glisteneth;  
 If Rosalind be Grace and Muse,  
 And gracious music be her voice,  
 And Celia a dainty ruse  
 To change dull fancy into joys,  
 And Dian be a huntress fair  
 With Diana's form and air;  
 And Cynthia a household queen  
 Exchequer-wise, and prophetess  
 Of satin, silk, and crêpe de chine,  
 Nurse and vestal monitress;  
 And Joan on Vulcan's anvil roll  
 Her glowing Aphrodisial soul;

And Zoe, in whose nut-brown eyes  
 Sight is sleeping evermore,  
 Merry be—as in spring skies  
 Larks with blind enchantment soar,  
 When with winsome smile she tries.  
 Some new scarf or mousseline veil;  
 —For her patience ne'er doth fail;  
 She sees with orbs of Paradise.

And a thousand graces be  
 Their respective property;  
 One have passion blent with care,  
 One a meditation rare,  
 One kindly tact, and one devise  
 Charitable enterprise;  
 One a nymph of commonplaces,  
 One a critic of her praises,  
 One a sprite of air; and one  
 Votress of a Parthenon;  
 One breathe Grief's solemnities,  
 One as wild as wayward breeze,  
 In the weary tops of trees.  
 One half cynic, and half saint  
 Sad to err, sad to repent;  
 One a gambler in desires  
 Whose old fraud new fraud inspires;  
 —Constant as Iphigenia  
 She renew Hope's flickering pyre—  
 One a flame of melody,  
 One a sister perfectly,  
 One the mind's idolatress,  
 Brilliant in its gay finesse;  
 One a domino in satin  
 Silent chaunting Pity's matin;  
 One a patient Cinderella,  
 Sweeping ashes from her cellar;  
 And there be innumerable  
 Graces other, verse could tell  
 Given by divine selection  
 To the circle, each to one;  
 If this be, then how may man  
 In one maid perfection scan?  
 And in that consummate she  
 All beauty and all virtue be?  
 And I, devote to Delia's face,  
 See there the content of all grace?  
 —Yet One was to the Florentine  
 Of all the complement divine!

## Present-Day Criticism.

"WRITING of Mr. Arnold Bennett's book ('Hilda Lessways'), I may mention that I have been subscribing for a long period to THE NEW AGE on purpose to read the articles on books by 'Jacob Tonson'—understood, of course, to be the pseudonym of Mr. Bennett—which appeared there every week. They were not quite worthy of Mr. Bennett's great reputation, but they had plenty of 'salt' in them, and that always appeals to me. However, imagine my surprise when last week I took up THE NEW AGE and found no article by Jacob Tonson, but instead of this a review of 'Hilda Lessways,' which was unsympathetic, not to say brutal, in its tone. Well, well, there are no quarrels compared with those of old friends."

Before we deal with this self-revealing little anecdote, which appeared over the initials "C. K. S."—understood, of course, to be those of Mr. Clement K. Shorter—we may interest our readers by some quotations from Mr. Shorter's own review of "Hilda Lessways." After an opening eulogy and a double-edged note that this novel "contains 90,000 words fewer than 'Clayhanger,'" he declared that he "could have wished it equally long if only the space had been given up to the Five Towns. I have never been in any one of the five towns, but Mr. Bennett has given us a classic of place

that will lead visitors to the pottery district—so keenly is one's curiosity excited." Americans, presumably—not Englishmen—not, confessedly, Mr. Shorter! After this back-handed compliment, he goes one better: "Assuredly 'Hilda Lessways' is a fine story within the limitations of Mr. Bennett's art. It is not great art [a moment since we were told he had written a classic] and to compare it with Balzac's art, as has been done, is absurd. Mr. Bennett has not the imagination, the poetry, nor the story-telling faculty of Balzac; he has, however, Balzac's high quality of minute study of humanity." With this criticism we agree, adding for our part, that for a minute study of humanity, lacking imagination, poetry, and the story-telling faculty, we have, so far as art goes, no use. We were bored by "Hilda Lessways," and we gave it the same treatment we give to similar novels by authors of whom we have never before heard. That we did not employ Mr. Shorter's method of alternate nectar and poison means, among other things, that we have not to conciliate a public that judges a man's work by its popular reputation and that might rend the blasphemer of its josses.

Another review, full of poisoned nectar, of this same book appears in the current "English Review." Our simple mind is set wondering whether Mr. Bennett should not really feel less indignant (if he does feel indignant) with us for all our lack of sympathy, even our brutality, than with these mixers of bane. Like Mr. Shorter, the writer in the "English Review" begins with an eulogy. "Hilda Lessways" is a brilliant achievement in literature," but the author "gets the drop" here even quicker than in the "Sphere." "And yet one is not satisfied." A brilliant achievement in literature—and yet one is not satisfied? What, then, does a brilliant achievement mean? Of course, here it means nothing; and the pretty words are soon almost openly confessed to mean nothing. Not for a sentence or yet; first, a little more sugar. Then Mr. Bennett is compared with himself to his present disadvantage. "Despite the notable book that 'Hilda Lessways' is, despite the literary architectonics of this epochal trilogy, 'The Card,' one of Mr. Bennett's throw-offs, remains the best thing he has done." And he has done two-thirds of an epochal trilogy! Epochal=epoch-making? We are just not bewildered enough now to understand what the "English Review" proceeds to say, namely, that the heroine of this epochal work is—not alive! "The heart is not rendered to us. One misses the feeling of the flesh. Almost we doubt our Hilda," which, in plain English, means that within a season or so at most "Hilda Lessways" will, in the opinion of the reviewer, be buried in the cemetery of dead books. A stirrup-cup of nectar—"Mr. Bennett is now at the summit of his art"—at that summit the fleshless Hilda—and the "English Review" has done its worst.

The truth about the novel is, that it is not well, but badly, constructed; the "architectonics" do not exist here. The term "trilogy" has been adopted for a set of circumstances which leave everyone unconvinced of their fatal necessity, and the result is a tedious—and as we look back on our own morning with it—irritating, because soulless, failure.

With regard to Mr. Clement K. Shorter's paragraph on THE NEW AGE, we reply by one question: Are we to conclude from his insinuation that Mr. Bennett's novel was adversely reviewed by us for personal reasons; that Mr. Shorter would expect us to have reviewed it favourably supposing Jacob Tonson had still been a regular contributor? Log-rolling, in short-er? But, in fact, THE NEW AGE has had no quarrel with Jacob Tonson. Jacob Tonson discontinued his "Books and Persons" in THE NEW AGE for reasons absolutely unconnected with the paper, the contributors, or the editors. Perhaps when Mr. Shorter has exhausted the explanations that naturally occur to him, he will realise that Mr. Arnold Bennett has lately been producing a play, and is now in America.

## Mr. Balfour, Bergson, and Politics.

It seems to be the function of certain men in the complicated mechanism of modern society to act as centres of publicity. If you can by some means or other hitch an idea in which you are interested on to them it vibrates to the four corners of the globe. They play the part in the world of advertisement that the central ganglions do in an organism.

Mr. Balfour is such a ganglion. Paris is only seven hours' journey from here, and there must have been quite a considerable number of people who for several years have known that Bergson was an important person, but it was necessary for Mr. Balfour to write an article, for him to become famous. Really this article has had some remarkable effects. It has produced four columns about Bergson in the "Evening Times," references in the "Referee," and an article in the "Saturday Review." This latter is an amateurish compilation of paragraphs from the two articles in the "Hibbert," the only original remark in it being very original indeed. "We all know," says the writer, "the great wave of idealist revival that followed the publication of 'Creative Evolution' some *ten* years ago." There was also an article in the "Nation," but I refrain from reference to this remarkable production until later in my article.

What is to be said of Mr. Balfour's article itself?

I find myself unable to deal with the actual criticisms it makes, for a reason which is explained in detail in the third of my "Notes" on Bergson, but which I can shortly anticipate here. The view I take of Bergson is that one finds in him three perfectly distinct parts. There is first the new "method," the theory of intensive manifolds; there is secondly the result of the application of this method to the nightmare of universal mechanism, which constitutes the theory of duration; and finally there is what I might call his "conclusions," his cosmology, his views on the soul, and the rest of it. Now in my opinion the first of these is by far the most important, and it is in these that his originality lies. But the conclusions are the part of Bergson which, while they are the easiest to explain and criticise, are also the most attractive to the ordinary man. The result of this is that all popular expositions of Bergson give an entirely wrong impression of the whole thing. For Bergson's conclusions, by the very nature of things, cannot differ very radically from those of other philosophers. After all, there cannot be more than a definite small number of theories about the soul; and in any case the whole reason why his conclusions are worth discussing at all is that they have been arrived at by this new method. Put forward merely as interesting theories, they would have no claim to be considered as anything more than preferences. If this is so, then no discussions of the conclusions without a preliminary discussion of the method on which they are based can be of much value.

But Mr. Balfour definitely states that in the limited space of his article it is impossible for him to give any systematic discussion of Bergson's system. This is why I find it impossible to make any serious criticism of his own remarks on Bergson's conclusions, for they are all admittedly made from a standpoint which, from my point of view, is inadmissible. What he does do is to criticise the conclusions as conclusions from the point of view solely of their attractiveness or satisfactoriness, quite apart from their claim to be considered as necessary conclusions drawn by the new method from empirical evidence.

Now while this is interesting and from one point of view quite legitimate, it would be quite absurd for me, holding the view I put forward in the previous paragraph, to attempt to meet it on the same ground. I can put my view of the matter perhaps more clearly by a metaphor. The state of my mind before I read Bergson, and while I was still obsessed with the idea that, after all, the truth about the world was that it

was nothing but a vast mechanism, can be compared to the state of men imprisoned all their life inside a walled town from which they would fain escape. They have been told that outside the walls there are green fields and the rest of it, but they cannot legitimately believe in these things as long as the walls of the town remain unbroken.

Now suppose that a partial breach is made in the walls through which the inhabitants, though they cannot pass out, can yet see the particular fields which face the breach they have made. It would then be futile for a dissatisfied person to say, "But I don't find these kind of green fields satisfactory; I would much have preferred to see the fields which we have pictured to exist behind the unbroken south wall."

That would not be legitimate criticism. What you see depends entirely on the place in the walls which you have broken through. In this comparison the wall represents the mechanistic conception of the world. Obviously, the view of the world which we take after we have escaped from this mechanistic nightmare must depend on the nature of the criticism which has enabled us to escape. It is not simply that we escape, and that once free we are at liberty to choose that alternate view which seems to us to be most attractive. The theory with whose help we escape inevitably leads us on to a certain positive world-view which replaces the mechanistic one. The criticism and the conclusions, the method and the final world-view, then, hang together, and criticism of the second without examination of the first is not of much use.

But this is the line that Mr. Balfour takes, and so the whole thing seems rather in the air. One can put the position in this way: Both he and Bergson have found an escape from mechanism, the one by a consideration of the place of value in reality, and the other by the theory of intensive manifolds. To each method of escape there is a corresponding alternative to mechanism. What Mr. Balfour does is to take both methods of escape as equivalent in so far as they are both escapes, and then to proceed to a criticism of Bergson's conclusion without any consideration of the fact that he escaped in a particular way. I think that while this criticism is quite valid from his point of view, and fits in naturally with the kind of attack on naturalism, which was made in the "Foundations of Belief," it is not the kind of attack which could possibly be answered by anyone taking the view of Bergson I have outlined above. An attack for me could only be an attack if it attacked Bergson's initial method, but Mr. Balfour disclaims any such intention.

I said at the outset of this paper that I should deal later with the remarkable production that Mr. Balfour's essay had called forth from the "Nation." It is really annoyance at the smug and fatuous tone of this article which is making me write on the subject here. It reads like the lifeless production of the worst kind of dotard, the "progressive" dotard. That peculiarly irritating form of Radical who irritates us, not because he is of a different opinion from oneself, but because, living, as a matter of fact, still in the 'seventies, he imagines that he is just "the thing," that he is living in the forefront of time and can look on us with a kind of pity as benighted stragglers, left behind in the dark ages. This is irritating in any case, but it is doubly so in the case of the dotard, who should have lived that down. It becomes indecent.

I quote examples of this kind of fatuousness. The writer complains of a certain ambiguity in Bergson, which ambiguity "can be twisted to sinister uses by philosophers like Balfour, who, having no firm philosophic attachment, are disposed to value theories just as they can be made use of for the purpose of Conservatism. . . . Balfour, even from his standpoint of orthodoxy or reaction, would have done better to have left alone this central thesis of Bergson."

"Sinister" is delightful, but on the whole I prefer the sneer at "no firm philosophic attachment." This is a regular Tory sentiment. It is simply a translation into another sphere of the idea that the "landless

man" is a dangerous person, who must be regarded with suspicion. In any case, I should have thought that the less firmness there was about your philosophic attachments the more likely you were to arrive at truth. However, I have only dragged in this poor bemused creature from the "Nation" because I get thereby a pretext for talking about Bergson's relation to political theory. A correspondent in this review a few weeks ago informed us that "Bergson stands for Democracy," and at the end of an article by Mr. Stephen Reynolds there occurred the phrase, "None of the critics of Bergson appear to have noticed that a complete theory of Democracy can be got out of him."

Both these statements are untrue. Bergson no more stands for Democracy than he stands for paper-bag cookery. At the same time, the critics have got out of him a complete theory of Democracy. I advise Mr. Reynolds to look at Sorel's "Reflexions sur la Violence," or to read the articles in "La Mouvement Socialiste," which, during the first five or six years, have been written by Sorel, Bertheau, and the other members of the group.

The fact is, of course, that while Bergson has in reality no connection with politics, the various sects can restate their positions in terms of his vocabulary, and thus manufacture new weapons for their own purposes. I do not propose to examine here the really interesting theory of democracy that can be got out of Bergson. I propose to deal with that in an article on Sorel. I am concerned here with the minor point, which is yet of some interest.

While the real influence of a philosopher must necessarily be very limited, he yet has a kind of spurious influence of a very widespread character. In his endeavour to state accurately his position a philosopher finds it necessary to create a certain special phraseology. The ordinary person reading his books retains only a vague feeling of excitement and the delusion that by repeating these phrases in an interjectory kind of way they are conveying over to the other person the kind of excitement that the reading of the book produced in them. It thus happens that all that survives as a rule of any system is a débris of phrases and catch-words which float down the floods of controversy for the next thirty years.

Something of the sort has already happened and is destined to happen still more here in regard to Bergson. One already meets people who, in arguments on all kinds of subjects, use phrases like "le continu," "elan vital," and "la duree réelle." Now this kind of thing has been going on for several years in France, and some interesting lessons for our own future may be drawn from it.

The particular thing I am interested in is the use of the phrase "real time" in political controversy. The only two groups at the present time in France which show any vivid interest in the theoretical basis of their position and which make an endeavour to find a thought-out, consistent political philosophy are the Syndicalists and the brilliant set of Neo Royalist writers grouped around L'Action Française. I noticed early this year that one of the most interesting of the group, M. Pierre Lasserre, had made an attack on Bergson.

I was very much in sympathy with the anti-romanticism of his two books, "La Morale de Nietzsche" and "La Romantisme Française," and I wondered from what point of view exactly he was attacking Bergson. I was in agreement with both sides, and so I wondered whether there was any real inconsistency in my own position. When I was in Paris, then, last April I went to see Lasserre and talk to him about it. I reproduce here the substance of his criticism:—

"I have lectured on Bergson," he said, "because I think that from the political point of view I represent he constitutes a real danger. Put very briefly, the attitude of L'Action Française is this: At the back of our position there is a certain intellectual discipline. We think that the only road to sanity in these matters is to take as a guide for theory and practice the natural and necessary relations of things. We believe, then,

in the existence of laws which express what we know of the necessary and permanent characteristics of any social and political order, which laws can be drawn by induction from the experiences of history or by deduction from the elementary knowledge that any man may have of human nature and the exigencies of life in society. It is by the clear objective application of these laws and truths that we have shown the mischievousness of democracy and the necessity for the kind of polity which we recommend.

"It is on this ground that we have combated the sincere partisans of the French Revolution. They are inspired by a legitimate and necessary sentiment, that of the dignity and value of the individual and the right that he has to enjoy the institutions which will procure him the maximum of good.

"But when from this just postulate the democrats conclude that it is the individual who ought to govern and the will of the majority to decide the fate of institutions they misunderstand in the grossest fashion the necessary relations which hold between things and the law of facts. What is actually produced under the name of democracy is not this absolutely unrealisable government by the majority, but a régime which can be defined as an oscillation between two apparent contraries, the despotism of the State and general anarchy. These are the two conditions from which all the individuals suffer, with the exception of little groups and cliques who are able to exploit this régime for their own benefit.

"Our side," he said, "can claim all the intellectual, if not the material victories. Nothing serious has been opposed to us by the 'progressives.' But recently there has been a change in their tactics. Formerly, if they attacked us, it was with the same weapons with which we attacked them. They have not contested our method, but solely our application of it. But now they wish to place us in the position of a barrister who has quite correctly interpreted certain articles of the code, but who is then told that the code in question is superseded. They have endeavoured to cut the ground from under us, so as to leave us suspended in mid-air, waving a now useless dialectic sword.

"To get down to more concrete terms, what is this code that they claim is superseded? Simply our assertion that there are such things as necessary laws governing societies, and more particularly that these laws can be discovered from past history. It is useless, they say, to search in the past for general truths which shall be applicable to the present, because there is no common measure between the political and social situations offered us by the past and those of the present.

"If we ask why, we are told that Bergson has now proved that *Time is real*—that is, that the present moment is a *unique* moment and can be paralleled by nothing in the past—'Time is real,' so that there is no repetition. If we point out that history does or does not show us any prosperous, strong, and conquering nation, which was at the same time a democracy, they retort, history would not be history if it were not change itself and perpetual novelty.

"To our judgments on politics in the name of reason interpreting experience, the Bergsonians oppose to us what they call 'Life'—life which is always creation and always incalculable."

M. Lasserre then endeavoured to prove to me that Bergsonism was nothing but the last disguise of romanticism. If I thought this was true, I should be compelled to change my views considerably. I can find a compromise for myself, however, which I roughly indicate by saying that I think time is real for the individual, but not for the race. I shall try in a later article to work out the consequences of this. It means that one has to cut all the sentiments expressed at the ends of Bergson's chapters, but I believe that it preserves most of the essentials. I remember talking about it to M. Batault, who wrote one of the first articles that I read about Bergson, and he assured me then that I was no Bergsonian. I asked Bergson himself and he said, "M. Batault is, then, more of a Bergsonian than I am myself."

T. E. H.

## The Higher Drama.

Pélessier and Mariane.

By Jack Collings Squire.

[SCENE: A glade in an ancient forest. The trees have vast trunks. Over and through them (L.) one can dimly see the crown of a ruined tower. Its stones are massive, and it has been inhabited, but is no longer. It is evening. PÉLISSIER and MARIANE stand by the bole of a great tree, melancholy and silent, gazing at the last light. He is of robust build, and she clings to him for support. Both are pale with that mysterious pallor that lives in moonbeams when a cloud half-covers the surface of the moon.]

MARIANE: Pélessier! [A wind shakes the branches and the leaves rustle.] Pélessier! . . . It is a little wind! . . . Did you not hear it, Pélessier?

PÉLISSIER: Yes, Mariane, it is a little wind, a child wind. Perhaps it has lost its way in the world. We, have we lost our way, Mariane?

MARIANE: Pélessier! . . .

PÉLISSIER: Yes, I think we have lost our way. . . . I dreamt last night that I was walking, walking amid the meshes of an enormous net of bushes and plants which sucked and throttled me so that I could hardly breathe. . . . And you, you were there too, Mariane. I could hear you somewhere making little cries, the cries I have often heard you make when you have found some wounded thing: some bird, perhaps, that the cruel cat has been tormenting. . . .

MARIANE: Pélessier! . . .

PÉLISSIER: I think that in my dream we were wandering there for ever.

MARIANE: Pélessier! . . .

[It has grown darker. The moon has not yet risen, but the tower and the other objects are still faintly visible in a diffused bluish light, like the light of infinity. For a space PÉLISSIER and MARIANE are silent. Slowly, over the farthest trees, the moon rises. The tower becomes a pillar of black and silver, and a pure and brilliant ray strikes PÉLISSIER and MARIANE.]

PÉLISSIER: Hush, Mariane!

MARIANE: Pélessier!

PÉLISSIER: Do you not see them?

MARIANE: Who, Pélessier? . . . Oh, I am afraid. . . . Oh, I am cold!

PÉLISSIER [his voice is low and level and brooding, and his eyes are fixed and sorrowful]: They are over there, over behind that tree. They are coming this way. Do you not see them? It is the six old men whom we saw yesterday by the place where the old king lived.

MARIANE: Oh, Pélessier! Oh, I see them! Oh, they are horrible! I think I must have known them long ago. . . . I think I must have known them before I was born!

[From the forest on the left the SIX OLD MEN enter. The five of them are blind and deaf and dumb, but the sixth is not dumb. He is only blind and deaf. They walk very slowly and stumblingly. The first feels his way with his staff. The others also feel their ways with their staffs, tripping over sticks and dead leaves as they go.]

THE FIRST OLD MAN: Moo! [He enters the wood on the right.]

THE SECOND OLD MAN: Moo! [He enters the wood on the right.]

THE THIRD OLD MAN: Moo! [He enters the wood on the right.]

THE FOURTH OLD MAN: Moo! [He enters the wood on the right.]

THE FIFTH OLD MAN: Moo! [He enters the wood on the right.]

THE SIXTH OLD MAN: Ah! . . . I think God must be dead to-night. . . . [He stumbles.] Blast! [He enters wood on the right.]

PÉLISSIER: Did you hear what the sixth old man said, Mariane?

MARIANE [*vaguely, as one in a dream*]: Oh! . . . There is a child there . . . over where the old king lived. . . . It is blue. . . . It is blue like the night! . . . I do not know why it is blue! . . . Oh, I am afraid!

PÉLISSIER: He said that he thought God must be dead to-night. . . . I remember when the old king died, the old king with the amber eyes and the gentle voice, that there was an old knight there who was in the old wars. He was so old that no one knew when he was born or who was his father. They said that he was born before the world began. . . . I think, perhaps, he was never born. . . .

MARIANE: Yes, I have heard of him, Péliissier. . . . It was Aggravette who told me, your cousin Aggravette. . . . We had been one day over the lake in a great galley. The rowers rowed. They rowed hard. They were great men, and their muscles gleamed in the sun. . . .

[*Enter A MAN.*]

THE MAN: X22, what are you doing off your beat?

CURTAIN.

## REVIEWS.

**Maurice Maeterlinck.** By Edward Thomas. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

There is usually something offensive in a biography of a living celebrity. The revelations are necessarily intimate and personal, and hence they smack of impertinence. Frank hero-worship is the only atonement that can be offered, and in nine out of ten cases the biography of a living person is an unmitigated eulogy. In this long, tedious, meticulous and superfluous "study" of M. Maeterlinck, as man and as writer, Mr. Thomas does not escape the usual fate of his adventure. He does, however, attempt to justify his forced admiration by critical comments which, if they had appeared alone, would inevitably suggest malice. It is inconsistent with the writing of a book of over 300 pages about a living man to admit such sentences as these of your hero: "The portraits show us a thick-lipped, thick-necked man who appears to lack nothing of a virile equipment, unless it be humour"; "he (Maeterlinck) was far less of a journalist then (1889) than he is to-day"; "he has only failed to create a human character."

M. George Jeneveu assures us that M. Maeterlinck "barricades himself against all indiscretion and curiosity, detests notoriety . . . avoids the cackling, the flattery, all the small change of celebrity." In that case his nearest friends, as usual, must inflict a good deal of pain on him. Madame Maeterlinck, in particular, has been profitably assiduous in informing the world of all the details of his daily life. We know from her what time her husband rises, when and how and for how long he writes, what he does in the afternoon, all about his bees, his motor cars, and his garden, his seasonal resorts, what time he goes to bed and the sort of tobacco he smokes (a demicotonised herb, it appears, by means of which "he circumvents his unconquerable craving for tobacco"). Cackling has very little room to reveal. But what is it in M. Maeterlinck that leads so many worthy people to read and worship and cackle about him? Mr. Thomas suggests various explanations for his considerable popularity in England. "He is a moralist, and we like moralists"; "he knows our literature"; he "appears to reconcile Science and Poetry, which is a reconciliation we have long discussed, foreseen, doubted and desired"; "he gets home upon us also with his praise of boxing"; his "'Blue Bird' rivals the celebrated 'Peter Pan' and even resembles it"; "he has no irony to put us on the defensive." But these explanations do not altogether satisfy us. To be popular in England at the present moment, when there are no critics and public taste is at its nadir, is probably to be popular for vulgar reasons. The truth is that M. Maeterlinck, as Mr.

Thomas almost understands, is a materialist who veils his materialism in sentimentalism—in other words, he is a typical British nonconformist. "Sentimentalism," said Heine, "is a result of materialism. The materialist has really in his soul the dim consciousness that, after all, everything in the world is not mere matter, and though his limited understanding demonstrates ever so convincingly the materiality of all things, his feelings still resist it, and there steals over him ever and anon in silent hours a mysterious desire or secret need to find in things something primevally spiritual, and these vague longings and desires produce that obscure susceptibility which we call sentimentalism. . . . The sentimental tone, especially when it is trimmed with patriotic, morally religious, beggarly thoughts, passes among the masses for the sign of a beautiful, pure soul." But M. Maeterlinck is even more than a sentimentalist, he is a mystagogue. Mystic, of course, he certainly is not, for he frankly admits—as frankly as his moony vocabulary allows—that actually he *knows* immediately nothing of the spiritual life. But he *guesses* a great deal, more especially when he has lately been reading Plato or Emerson, Nietzsche or Grierson. Then, indeed, for some hours he becomes lyrical with their ideas. A plagiarist of mystics, he thinks by stealth and pretends to blush when he finds himself famous. Yes, it is this mystagogy that makes him popular in England. Mysticism itself can never be popular. How many English readers have studied the "Bhagavad Gita," though it can be bought in a good translation for sixpence? M. Maeterlinck and Ralph Waldo Trine are more to our national taste.

It must be admitted, however, that Maeterlinck has added to the natural appeal of his mystagogy the national appeal of an apparently spontaneous foreign admixture of England. We love, even while we despise, foreign writers who pretend to admire England. We forgive them every fault, and even pretend to like their bad English. Examine the case, for example, of Yoshio Markino, the sycophantic Japanese Anglophile whom the "English Review" delights to honour. M. Maeterlinck's English, of course, is translated; but his flattery of England is gross. What could be more offensively toadying than his dressing of the repulsively faithful dog, Tylo, in the costume of John Bull? By a hundred such devices M. Maeterlinck adds, as we say, to the appeal of his sentimentalism. But why should we import such stuff? Have we not enough of our own? It is a waste of time for a man of Mr. Thomas's equipment to write about M. Maeterlinck.

We must note a delicious misprint on the cover of this work, which almost justifies the publication and compensates for M. Maeterlinck's lack of humour. In the publisher's note to Mary Magdalene we read: "In addition to the heroine, a number of biblical characters take *port* in the action. . . ."

**The Romance of the Rhine.** By Charles Marriott. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

A minor Sturm und Dranger. Mr. Marriott has seen the Rhine as an idea. There is no objection to this so long as the idea is reduced to reasonable proportions and fully expressed, as Wagner saw and expressed it in the "Rhineland." Unfortunately, Mr. Marriott has failed to do so, and mainly because he has gone the wrong way to work in putting in what he terms the fourth dimension, and attempting to trace the Rhine in space as "something that has lived in the hearts of the human race." In the first place he has overlooked the gigantic nature of his undertaking. He calls it, indeed, modest, and says "there are several ways of attempting even such a modest purpose." Mr. Marriott's way is to marry "the Rhineland in time" to "the Rhineland in space" by means of "a glancing record of men, women, books, pictures and music that have lived upon or been inspired by the Rhine." This is ambiguous. "That have lived upon the Rhine" should really be that have made a living out of the Rhine, which would be a simple way of saying that the inspired sources of Mr. Marriott's information are school histories, geographies, topographies, literature, with some Latin

and Greek classics thrown in by way of variety. Then we could get on very rapidly building up the reputation of the book upon such statements as: "Geographically the Rhine connects the highest Alps with the mud banks of Holland"; "The depth of the Rhine varies from five to twenty-eight feet, and at Düsseldorf amounts even to fifty feet." Clearly the best spot for giggling Rhine maidens. There would be instances of a craze for tit-bits to help us a stage further. The steamer "Hollandia" carried, in addition to its passengers, "pickled herrings, cheeses, Düsseldorf mustard, and Sauerkraut." We have no doubt it was also heavily laden with beer. At Düsseldorf "we ate calves' heads and drank Munich beer in a long brown room downstairs, with a frieze of gastronomic joys." We prefer our beer in a mug without a trimming of tripe and onions. A reference to certain quaint ways of the author would complete the business. His unforgiveable habit of flirting with his sentences, and of throwing the cloak of mediocrity over his impressions, and of leaving unsaid things that ought to be said. "Through the lush and homely come-day, go-day flats of Holland his looks and manners were noticeably unbuttoned and gossipy," is a sample sentence. In the midst of a personal impression come advertisements, "I must refer the reader to Mr. J. M.'s admirably thorough 'Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine,'" "The general characteristics of the school are well described in a passage in Miss Mary's 'Schools of Painting.'" We are not given the character of places. The author babbles very nicely about Cologne Cathedral, and places it in the midst of history and romance. But he neglects to tell us that its romance is almost ruined by its present business associations. At one time it was surrounded by quaint old houses that intensified its atmosphere. Now there are nothing but commercial buildings to frighten away the sensitive spectator. The author tells us that the best view of the Dome is to be obtained from the other side of the river. Well, it is certainly impossible to make anything of the exterior on the spot. The best one can do is to sit at that automatic café just opposite the entrance and study the twin towers, while helping oneself to unlimited pennorths, or more correctly pfennig-worths, of refreshments. The truth is, Cologne, like many another place on the Rhine, has been ruined by the present German mania for city improvement and development. Mr. Marriott's pictures, collected in the way of a hobby, suffer from lack of truth. He has completed his plan of seeing the Rhine in space. It is empty space. The reading of the book is like the "Blütezeit" of German poetry between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is followed by a period of depression to which the thirty-six flabby coloured illustrations contribute.

**The Belgians at Home.** By Clive Holland. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is Belgium from the point of view of a rambler "who has cycled and travelled many hundreds of miles along its highways and byways." The author has also done much of his rambling in company with a number of works of doubtful interest, among these the "Masterpieces in Colour" series. His first ramble is an historical one through "The Story of Belgium," dotting his way with ancient quotation marks. He then does some rambling of his own among "The Men and Women of Belgium," in order that they may receive justice which "English journalists, writers and tourists deny them." He begins by rescuing the Belgian policeman from the local "Comic Cuts," where the discriminating mind is apt to place him. This person is, it seems, a bit of an athlete, and one of the sights of Brussels is its athletic bobby stopping "a runaway horse in one or other of the parks where the animal has had an opportunity to bolt," which arrangement, of course, is cheerful for both parties, seeing that it also gives the horse a run for its money. After the policeman, we find the Brussels postman being lifted out of the mire of neglect. "He is usually an optimist," and the author has "known him beam after climbing with a letter five flights of steps."

We know where that beam comes from. Further on we read, "Most officials connected with the railways or tramways look for little tips for services rendered." The tremendous amount of money realised by tips by officials of all sorts will set any race of extortionists beaming. Next we discover the author apologising for the iniquities of the Continental cabby on the ground that "it is not easy for the person eager to make hay while the sun shines to resist the temptation to double his fare." The best place for dishonest persons of the sort is the nearest gaol. Rambling on in this fashion, the author manages to whitewash a fair portion of the gang of Continental thievish hirelings. Even that unmitigated liar, the Hougomont guide, does not escape his blessings, being quoted as having "a genius for editing history."

The rambles through domestic joys are no better. The women of Belgium "have the virtue of being early risers and are also generally remarkable for their cheerful appearance and their great activity." We assume they also go to church in motor cars and have children that squeal. One of the most noticeable types of women is the patronne of the cafés. "She sits or stands behind a kind of bar," during which time her "eagle eye" goes into the detective business. It is wrong to believe that "Belgian women and workgirls are given unduly to pleasure and mere amusements." "Cinematograph performances seem to be the most popular form of dissipation." People "go to bed at an unconscionably early hour." "The domestic servants are admirable." The Belgian agriculturalists are singularly contented with their hard lot. And so on for ever. It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Holland that his view of Belgium has come out of "Tit Bits," for nowhere does he acknowledge the fact. Neither is he aware that his optimism has given us a country and people as dull as a parish church on a Sunday. The coloured illustrations by Douglas Snowdon do not improve matters. They are very good tit-bits, but have no connection with the text. Mr. Holland sees Ostend as a concentrated extract of wickedness, "wicked with the concentrated wickedness of a truly cosmopolitan holiday resort," while the all-seeing eye of Mr. Snowdon pictures it as a pleasant stretch of sands, with a Casino that looks like a cage for the breeding and rearing of white-chested crows, commonly called waiters.

**In the March and Borderland of Wales.** By A. G. Bradley. Shropshire, Hereford and Monmouth. 5s. Glamorgan and Gower. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

It may be recollected that this illustrated work, now appearing in two parts, has been plodding about from place to place in Wales, carefully putting down topographical, geographical and archæological facts in very good English. But its journeys from parish pump to parish pump are not without suspicion of slumbers on the way. We remember being on the plod in Wales similarly equipped with a sense of research and romance. We remember mining here and there and gathering impressions of sandstone rock, impressive broken landscapes overflowing with mud-colour dwellings and woods shot with gleams of fiery sunsets like tall masts before a volcano. Once we shot through the Severn Tunnel and miles of darkness to look at Cardiff Castle. We had heard of the wonderful restoration work by Burgess and of the unique interior decorations, each room being treated according to a central idea. There was the married men's room, for instance, decorated with hounds held in leash. We wanted to see that room. Another time we wandered across the green to the smallest cathedral, where Rossetti had been busy spreading out his fellow P.R.B.'s on a triptych, in the likenesses of kings and shepherds and other adoring and unadorable persons. Then there was the other Bute Castle with Burgess restorations. And beyond this, in another direction, Penarth telling the world's history in geology, and demonstrating this with earth formations of all eras, strata upon strata—white lias, black shale, grey marls, red marls. We certainly were not going to miss seeing a memorial of an era

preceding that uninteresting event—the appearance of man.

None of these facts on but one small region of Wales appears in these plodding volumes. Can it be there are two Wales? And Mr. Bradley has yet to swallow the really digestible one?

**Later Letters of Edward Lear.** Edited by Lady Strachey. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

These letters to Lord Carlingford and Lady Waldegrave add nothing to our knowledge of the author of the "Book of Nonsense." He was a simple character, with a few well-marked virtues and no apparent vices, who had a trick of mis-spelling that seemed humorous to the Victorians. He would work a joke to death, as, for example, when he wrote letter after letter to Lord Carlingford inviting him to bring the Privy Seal to wallow in a cistern at San Remo. He would use alliteration to help him in his attempt to knock a joke out of nothing; and his perseverance sometimes led to lamentable results. Objecting to the handwriting of one of his correspondents, Lear said that he ran one letter into another, "so that any word may be caterpillar or convolvulus, or crabapple or cucumber. By the time you are head engineer, no one will be able to make out a single word of your cacography." That is the sort of writing that makes this book almost unreadable, except to those who knew him in the flesh. To Lear, humour was not a spirit, but the repetition of the first letter of a word; and the letter, we know, profiteth nothing. The reader becomes weary of his attempts to make fun of Fortescue, sometimes spelling the name "Fortyscue," "40 scue," "Excelscue" (XL is forty), and so on. This is humour for children, who certainly appreciate it. Lord Carlingford, however, took his jests about the Privy Seal with sufficient seriousness to make him write describing its real nature and use, which he said was a piece of solemn trifling. When a joke goes astray in this manner, Thalia wanders disconsolately looking for her child. In his later years, aristocratic patronage began to fail him, his friends died, himself and his servants became ill, and the building of an hotel at San Remo spoiled his view of the sea and made his villa uninhabitable. A typical Victorian could not be melancholy, but Lear was pre-occupied with domestic worries, and thought sometimes of the immortality of the soul. That is to say, he imagined himself and Lord Carlingford as cherubs perching on a rail in Paradise. But the later letters are rather doleful; and the man who had made thousands laugh at his jokes, and at least some hundreds weep at his singing, had only a doctor and his wife to cheer his later days. The volume has many illustrations, and should be welcomed by all the remaining friends and admirers of Edward Lear. To the ordinary reader he was a man of his time; and his humour is as antiquated as that of Artemus Ward.

**A Book of Noble Women.** By C. C. Cairns. (Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)

Why a publisher should issue a book of this kind is impossible for a reviewer to know. That the author should desire to pay "tribute to noble women who have passed away" is at least a creditable ambition; but that he does "not profess to set forth his subjects in any new or original light" is to admit that his work is unnecessary. For the lives of Catherine of Siena, Vittoria Colonna, Jeanne d'Albret, Sarah Siddons, Jenny Lind, and Catherine Booth are, as the author admits, well known in outline; and his treatment of the lives of Saint Margaret of Scotland, Lady Russell, Lady Grisell Baillie, Louisa of Prussia, Louisa Alcott, and Dorothea Beale, is not inspiring. A bare recital of the facts of a life is not biography: it is hackwork with which we are only too familiar. We do not know what the author means by nobility, and as he lacks psychological insight, and either cannot, or will not, paint in the historical background, his women seem to be spectres in a void. The reaction against the glorification of profligates had to come; but biographies of the virtuous should "shine like a good deed in a naughty

world." These are simply dull; and are more creditable to the publisher than to the author.

**Pilgrim Man.** By W. Scott Palmer. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a volume of essays dedicated to "The Roadmender," otherwise known as Michael Fairless, "and all travellers who lift up their eyes unto the hills." The book is presumably of a religious and mystical nature of a modern kind; that is, it tells us of all sorts of things that we want, but it does not give them to us. For example, Mr. James says that "we want a philosophy that will once more justify to the minds of men the ways of their religion"; but he does not offer us the philosophy. He writes on the Preacher, only to "wonder who invented him"; but he makes no attempt to confirm or supersede his philosophy. He adopts as his own, without acknowledgment, Carlyle's argument that the origin of religion was not conscious allegory; but he is so poor in spirit that he cannot affirm, as Carlyle did, that the early men had scientific certainty of the awful Fact. He argues that development is not a mere unfolding of potentialities, that the "free creative power of man" is the incalculable element that makes all prophecy impossible; and he wants a word which will "show that a new idea is no thing, or machine of mind, that could have been predicted, its steps and results foretold, even with the utmost skill and the fullest knowledge of beginnings." But the "free creative power" of Mr. Palmer fails to invent the word; so he wanders among wheelbarrows and flying machines, gods of traditions and gods of prophets, to illustrate that he does not quite know what he means. His doubt is derivative, and he knows no more than an unbeliever; but his dubiety is harmless, and should be kept in its proper place—his diary.

**The Critical Attitude.** By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

The critical attitude, as Mr. Hueffer said, is not popular in England; and we are not surprised to find that these articles, reprinted from "The English Review," do not "dare damnation." Mr. Hueffer asserts the right of judgment, but does not make clear the conditions of its exercise; and he scarcely dares to use it himself. The man who can include Shaw and Barrie in one paradoxical appreciation is not adopting a critical attitude towards either; and the disquisition on the two-shilling novel has only a pecuniary interest for writers. That the articles are pleasing, notably the one on "The Woman of the Novelists," and have something of Stevenson in their pleasantry, is the best that can be said of them. But, as Mr. Hueffer says in his preface, "when I consider the sheer levity, the unbridled licence of appraisal of the Great and the Serious that is contained in some of the pages that follow, truly I sit appalled." The title is justified by the preface; but Mr. Hueffer's taste is so catholic that we do not know what he prefers, and as he never condemns, except in generalities, we are ignorant of his methods and canon of criticism.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### FABIAN FINANCE.

Sir,—In Mr. Emil Davies we have a Fabian who descends (it should rather read "ascends") to matters of practical finance. Good! Mr. Davies wants a cool 1,000 millions to take over the railways. Presumably he would raise it either by taxation or by application in the open money market. Is Mr. Davies aware that the withdrawal of such a sum from its present function as exchange medium would, under our present policy of credit restriction, bring about such a crisis in ordinary industry as would be likely to result in the proposers of the scheme being strung up to the street lamp-posts? And is he aware that if he so alters the credit system as to admit of the withdrawal of this sum without injury to the rest of industry he will be on the high road towards abolishing the need for any further nationalisation of industry whatever?

Your contributor, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, after criticising the Fabian policy for so long, propounds his own scheme—the

restoration of the gild system. I would commend to his notice Prof. Milnes' book, "From Guild to Factory." I have read Mr. Penty's work. He objects decidedly to nationalisation of industry, and proposes that the Trade Unions shall voluntarily organise themselves together with the employers to form guilds which shall demand that no work be produced except that which has been carried out under certain conditions, and which conforms to a certain standard of taste. The Government is to confine itself to the education of the community up to these ideals. The first disadvantage of this scheme is that if we are to wait until the Government is able to educate a mass of people so sunk in economic misery as is our own, the outlook is indeed bad, and Fabians may be pardoned for preferring the sight of a sleek, well-fed slave population during their own lifetimes. Secondly, throughout his book Mr. Penty argues as though the cause of the present misery were that people prefer cheap and nasty goods to tasteful and dearer products. Surely even a Fabian can tell him that this is an inversion of cause and effect, at least as regards a considerable portion of the population. People buy trashy goods because they cannot afford to buy better articles. It is noteworthy that Mr. Penty upholds competition; but declares that since labour-saving machinery does not tend to raise the worker's wages, and that the limit of consumption of utilities is therefore practically fixed, his system of regulated production and consumption must be introduced. But this is the crux of the matter. Will Mr. Penty or Mr. Kennedy tell us *why* the worker's wages do not increase when the increased profits from the introduction of labour-saving machinery tempt other employers to obtain possession of machinery and compete for labour? Why is the temptation not effective? What stands between the able man and possession of machinery? We still see around us to-day men who were once employees growing into employers. Why is not the movement more general? I suggest that the cause is credit restrictions.

HENRY MEULEN.

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#### FINANCE AND PATRIOTISM.

Sir,—Mr. Verdad surely does not mean his statement in THE NEW AGE of October 26 to be taken seriously. Says he: "The average Englishman . . . is a phlegmatic brute, incapable of passionate love or passionate hatred. His primitive instincts are drowned in bad beer, and his main object is to be let alone—to muddle through. . . . Can we get it into the head of this brute . . . that finance is not the only factor that can cause a war, and that there can be and have been wars into which the financial factor did not enter at all?"

In the foregoing extract Mr. Verdad is dealing with the possibility of war in the near future between France and Germany, his argument being that war might ensue because of the age-long hatred that exists between those countries, irrespective of any friction that may have arisen through their conflicting commercial interests. When, however, one remembers that the present impasse has largely come about through the operations of Messrs. Mannesmann in Morocco, and that it is because the two countries cannot agree on the quid pro quo necessary to liquidate Germany's claims, it will be seen that Mr. Verdad's argument is a little thin. On July 19 Mr. Verdad wrote: "It is safe to leave Morocco to the financiers. . . . German financiers want a share of the spoil. . . . But the Paris Bourse is wealthy and the French Army in a fairly efficient state. Even Britain's share in the transaction is commercial; . . . let us leave these sordid people to their own sordid doings." And on September 14 he adds: "Germany's demands would make her practically paramount in Moroccan commerce." To me it seems beyond argument that all wars can be traced to the desire for loot in some form or other. As has been well said with regard to our own exploits on the "illimitable veldt," "If there had been no gold mines there would have been no war." It is her lost provinces that is the sore which keeps alive the hatred of the French for Germany.

Just as Queen Mary said that Calais would be found written on her heart, so are Alsace and Lorraine burned into that of every Frenchman who is worth his salt. We do not find the nations quarrelling over the waste places of the earth! No: the desire to acquire territory is in its inception born of the ever-pressing necessity for new markets; for in that way, and in that way only, can our machine-made civilisation stand. "Expand or burst" might well be taken as a motto for these latter days. Besides, is it not incumbent on "the interests" to carry the torch of civilisation into the dark places of the earth, so that our brethren may be brought (at a profit) into the pure light which shines on us, the chosen races of the Western world?

It is however that part of Mr. Verdad's article in which he says that "Englishmen are incapable of passionate love

or passionate hatred" which I desire to protest against. We may be a nation of shopkeepers who have succeeded in collar-ing more than our due share of the world's surface; but our history can also, I think, show many instances of wars waged in which the English people stood to gain little from a financial point of view. Such was the war in which the most famous of the Henrys won Agincourt, and, to skip an interval of three hundred years, which brings us down to the reign of George II. What about the war that originated in the loss of "Jenkins' ear"? The sufferings of that worthy, which were afterwards dubbed by Burke "The fable of Jenkins' ears," along with other alleged atrocities on the Spanish Main, set England aflame. To come down to our own times, it is only necessary to instance the German Emperor's famous Kruger telegram, while the firing of the Russian Fleet on our fishing boats in the North Sea is another case in point; for, as will be within the memory of your readers, the indignation which that affair aroused nearly swept us into what might have proved a universal conflagration.

The old "bulldog breed," methinks, is still the same—as ready to take offence and as jealous for the national honour as ever it was; and would be just as easily led to shed its blood and cash on behalf of the investments of Jewish and Christian millionaires as it did ten years ago. May I remind Mr. Verdad of a little ballad that was sung with patriotic fervour the length and breadth of the land in "Peace with honour" days:—

"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men,  
We've got the money, too,  
We've fought the Bear before —"

I forget the rest; but it's something about not letting Bruin have Constantinople. This, I think, is distinctly interesting in view of present possible developments.

GEO. I. NEWSON.

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#### THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—While the directors of great organisations like railway companies decline to adopt, on the ground of expense, proper methods of automatic coupling, thus causing the loss of many lives which otherwise would be preserved, I strongly advocate legislation under which such men could be sent to penal servitude like other malefactors.

C. H. NORMAN.

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#### THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—I send you still another sketch of actuality:—

TIME, MAY 1, 1912.

The Lloyd George Act, for the State manufacture of Slaves, Prigs, Prostitutes, and Paupers, came into force on that date.

SCENE: Pay Office of Master Builder.

Master Builder (to crowd of bricklayers): Jack Macdonald, Fred Henderson, Ben Hardy, Pat O'Grady and Bill Clines—you men stand by. I will deal with you in a few minutes. (Proceeds to pay other men.)

Master Builder (to five men): Well, men, I am going to pay you five off. During the past week, the rate of laying by my pace-maker was fifteen hundred bricks a day, but the average of you five men was only thirteen hundred; therefore you must go.

Jack Macdonald: There's no set standard in the building trade.

Master Builder: Perhaps not, but that's my standard for the future.

Fred Henderson: Yes; set up by a young fellow of twenty-five.

Master Builder: My men shall be all twenty-five, if I can get them. At all events they'll be young enough to go my pace.

Tom Hardy: In that case, maybe you'd tell us what's going to become of men of our age?

Master Builder: Apply to the Insurance Officer; that's his department.

FOLLOWING MONDAY. SCENE: Labour Exchange.

Insurance Officer (to five bricklayers): Haw, now, my men, what can I do for you? Perhaps you'd better appoint a spokesman from amongst yourselves.

Bill Clines: I suggest Pat O'Grady state our case. (Agreed.)

Pat O'Grady: Our case, sir, is this way: As you will see, we are men between forty and fifty years of age, who have worked at our trade as bricklayers all our lives. On Saturday last, to our utter astonishment, Mr. McDugall paid us off, because, as he said, he had noticed that our speed was declining, that whilst his pace-maker, a slip of twenty-five, was laying fifteen

hundred bricks a day, we five were only laying thirteen hundred.

- I. O.: Haw. Mr. McDugall was perfectly correct. He is under no obligation to retain the services of men whose physical powers are declining.
- Pat O'Grady: Powers declining, did you say, sir? Faith, my powers are not declining. I'm forty-five years of age, in the prime of life, and I decline to be drove like a nigger by any man.
- I. O.: Haw, that may be so, but as I observed before, Mr. McDugall is under no obligation to employ you.
- Pat O'Grady: Maybe you'd condescend to tell us what our position is now?
- I. O.: Your position is this: You will try to procure employment, but should you fail, say, over the period of a month, come back and see me; good morning.

ONE MONTH LATER.

- I. O.: Haw, so you men have returned. Failed to obtain employment, I presume?
- Pat O'Grady: Of course we failed. We had to explain why we lost our last job, and that settled it. What are we to do now?
- I. O.: All I can do for you is to reduce you in status from *bricklayers to labourers*, and find you work in that capacity.
- Chorus of Men: What, degrade us to labourers?
- I. O.: Haw, yes. That is what I am empowered to do under the Unemployed Act of last session.
- Fred Henderson: But, surely, sir, you don't really mean to say, sir, that you propose, sir, to degrade us to the rank of labourers, sir? We are, sir, men with wives and families, sir, who have been accustomed all their lives, sir, to a certain standard of comfort, sir. How is that standard to be maintained, sir, on the reduced wages of a labourer, sir.
- I. O.: Haw, well, when you put it that way it does seem rather a hard case. But I've only to administer the law. I did not make it.
- Pat O'Grady: Then who the devil did make it, and what was it made for, anyway?
- I. O.: Permit me to explain. At the moment our arrangements are not complete. A Committee, representing the Prisons Authority, the Police, the Labour Exchanges, the Board of Trade, and the Local Government Board Inspectors, are busy framing a scheme to deal with cases like yours. It is expected, when men like you are degraded to the status of labourers, and I find you employment in that capacity, it will be at the expense of older men than yourselves. Such men, when displaced from the ordinary labour market, will become chargeable to the State and will be provided with work equal to their powers in State institutions.
- Ben Hardy: That sounds uncommonly like slavery.
- I. O.: Haw—O—no. Merely the State regulation of industry.
- Bill Clines (bitterly): Industry! What do you know about industry? For all we know you were pitched into this job because you hadn't sufficient industry to succeed in any decent occupation."
- I. O.: Truc—haw—very true. But I have authority to administer the Unemployment Act, a particular section of which provides for such cases as yours, which I will now read to you:—

"Section 74 (1): If the repeated failure of any insured workman to obtain employment appears to the insurance officer to be wholly or partly due to defects in skill or knowledge, the insurance officer may, if he thinks fit, offer to arrange for the attendance of the workman at a suitable course of technical instruction, and may, out of the unemployed fund, pay all or any of the expenses incidental to such attendance. If the workman fails or refuses either to avail himself of the offer, or to produce satisfactory evidence of his competence, or if the person in charge of the course attended by the workman reports that there is no prospect of such defects being remedied, such facts shall be taken into consideration in determining what is suitable employment for the workman."

Haw, that, men, is the law; and seeing there is no remedy for old age, I offer you employment at a reduced status and reduced wage, but which will enable you to retain your liberty. Should you decline my offer, haw, in a very short time you will be obliged to perform such labour, but with this difference—*without liberty*.

Pat O'Grady: Holy Agatha! Sure you don't mean to tell me there is power beyond you to whom we can appeal for justice?

I. O.: Haw, none. (Exit.)

Pat O'Grady: By the living God we'll see. Come.

PETER FANNING.

WOMEN AND INSURANCE.

Sir,—Here is a sketch:—

SCENE: Labourer's Cottage near Shipyard in 1913.

TIME: Breakfast Time.

- Husband: I say, Milly, is it a month yet since we were married?
- Wife: Not till a week to-morrow. I couldn't get any eggs from the corner shop this morning, so you will have to manage without.
- Husband: I'm glad the month's not up yet. I've been talking to one of the charge-hands this morning about this Insurance Act. I say, you'll have to keep in it.
- Wife: But I can't; there isn't threepence a week left out of 22s. when the rent is paid.
- Husband: We'll have to do it somehow. Why he told me that if you can kid the doctor you are sick, you'll get five bob a week, and it makes no difference how I am working. Why, it's money for nowt. Five bob a week extra when we are hard up. By God, the threepence will have to come from somewhere.
- Wife: Ah, well! I suppose it will if you say so; but hurry up or you'll be locked out; there's the five-minute buzzer.

QUERY: Will the concession to married women wreck the actuarial basis of the Bill? In my opinion it will, and that is one of the reasons why its announcement was well received. The other reason is sentimental. W. B.

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CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

Sir,—The account in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is a fair summary of the historical record of the Society of Jesus. That is the reason it was quoted, not as an authority to maintain the statements in my article. It will require a good deal more than the silly futilities of Mr. Cowley to displace its authority.

I never referred to the *Monita Secreta* or Titus Oates. I mentioned a perfectly well-known view concerning the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. What possible relevance Titus Oates has to the character of the Archduke I am afraid I do not understand.

The Society of Jesus does not publish any roll of members even circulating among its own organisation, nor any account of its wealth. These are also elements of secrecy of the strongest kind. The rules are not public.

Personally, I am not a Freemason nor a Roman Catholic. I object to the secret and underhand methods of propaganda and of pushing their personal advantage adopted by both the Roman Catholics and the Freemasons. I am a little curious how Mr. Cowley reconciles his indignation at the description "secret" when applied to the Jesuits, with his membership of an avowedly secret association like Freemasonry. Moreover, there is a saying that "a good Catholic makes a bad Freemason, and a good Freemason a bad Catholic." It is for this reason that on the Continent Freemasons are never Catholics, nor Catholics Freemasons.

As the Jesuits are a secret society, it is *my* case that one cannot discover the Jesuits who are working in Europe under any but their true colours"; but their political activities are as patent as those of Nonconformity in England.

HENRI DE REMEULLAC.

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CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

Sir,—I doubt whether anything I may say will shake the complacency of your intelligent and sympathetic correspondent "T. S.," but, with your permission, I should like to make one or two comments on his letter of October 26.

First of all he has a stupid parenthesis wherein he chides Miss Violet Mayne and myself for neglecting to consider the case of the public school boy. My reply is, that I know nothing whatever as to the infliction of punishment in public schools. If "T. S." would admit as frankly that he is equally ignorant of the working of elementary schools, we might arrive at some common understanding.

Elementary school children are not punished "*only* for really low-down and mean acts." They are punished for making mistakes in spelling and arithmetic, bad writing, failure to repeat a certain number of lines of poetry, inability to parse and analyse, etc., etc. We punish them in order to make them attentive, and to turn them out good scholars! However, I but repeat what I said in my article. One last point, and I am finished.

In my article I stated quite incontrovertibly that I felt degraded by having to inflict corporal punishment, and that I was becoming more callous as time went on. "T. S." assures us that at the grammar school where he was educated, "the effects of this form of punishment on the

performer" were "the exact reverse." That is to say, they must have been spiritually elevated, and become more refined. I take "T. S.'s" word for it. B.

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Sir,—In saying that sensitive, timid children are the ones who do not get punished, your correspondent, "T. S.," even if he were right in the outward fact, ignores the possession by such children of sympathetic imagination.

It is a truth (which unfortunately cannot be demonstrated to those who do not know it) that whenever a cane strikes it strikes on every sensitive child within sight or hearing of it. H. B. H.

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#### THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—I am sorry not to be done with this subject, but, by your leave, I will reply to Mr. Marwick. With respect to "Mrs. Macfadyen's" statement that drink is one of the causes of crime—I not only did not deny it, but such a truism I never thought of repeating: it is just as true of cases of white crime as of black, in England as in Rhodesia. The African natives have been drinking dop ever since dop was made; but there was never an epidemic of assault before the Umtali clamour! The facts of that occurrence were briefly—that the native, when drunk, entered a house, stole some food, and then went into the bedrooms: the lady of the house awoke and screamed, there was some sort of struggle, and the man was charged with and condemned to death for attempted rape. The Governor-General, advised by the judges, refused to sign the death-sentence, and white Rhodesia went mad with fury. The fury spread to the Transvaal, aggravated by platform women, parsons, and lynch-law advocates, who addressed meetings, indoors and outdoors, and demanded death, death, death, until they themselves were denounced by their fellow-whites as savages no better than those they would execute. Meanwhile the mischievous effect was galloping home to the native locations: the majority were merely bewildered and miserable at being persecuted—a few individuals retaliated with terrible vengeance. The Government and the Judiciary kept calm, and except for the Lewis verdict—so inimical to order that the procedure of trial is to be altered—order would have been restored as soon as the natives learned in their rapid way that British law still protected them. Since that verdict, the state of mind of the natives is desperation. I quote from an interview in the Johannesburg "Sunday Post":—"Here is what the natives say: 'The Government pays the jury and therefore the jury is its servant and controlled by it. So the jury is the Government. We cannot get justice from the jury; that is to say, we cannot get justice from the Government. And the Government is the white man.'" If active hostility arises it will not be through the dop sellers, bad as their works are, but through the Lewis verdict. Mrs. Macfadyen never mentioned this injustice in her address; nor does Mr. Marwick in his effusions. For his weak and bald imputations against my veracity I have as much contempt as for his intelligence. He declares that I have contradicted my own statement that I have never been insulted by a native because I now admit that a native once put his arm through my bedroom window! This is the mood in which comparatively innocent trifles are magnified into evidences of intentional crime. My intruder may have supposed himself at his own hut; being drunk he would scarcely know where he was. Mr. Marwick's insinuation is typical of the other savages. If a native goes to a house and there happens to be a woman in it instead of a man, he must have known the circumstances and gone with only one intention: therefore—Death!

My mother writes to me this week (but, of course, she may be as big a storyteller as me!) confirming my experience of natives with her own, an experience dating back to '51, and acquired amid conditions isolated and perilous owing to the native wars. She says, referring to the present outbreak: "A lot more has been made of it than is true. The Eastern Province natives are wild at the disgrace that has been brought on them."

Mr. Marwick makes a point of "Mrs. Macfadyen's" indictment of vicious white men as well as black. The cry at first was all "Black Peril." The natives retorted with "White Peril": and just men admitted the charge with a view to amending the laws: but we heard nothing about obsolete tortures like flogging except from a few irresponsible parsons and women.

With regard to the charges of "decrying" my sex—I admit them; my experience of women is that we are instinctively punitive, covetous of obtaining something for nothing, and in matters of honour, half-witted. And scarcely one in a century is ashamed of belonging to a sex whom these

vices and defects have been universally and, as I think, justly, attributed.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

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#### BERGSON AND THE BUNDLES.

Sir,—My friend and I were walking sharply along Piccadilly last night discussing Bergson. As we paced along in the rain, absorbed in our debate, the world of material realities (if such there be) no longer hampered our minds. Sceptic as I am, I must at least confess to being impressed, but my friend, still intoxicated by the electric personality of the wonderful man whose company he had just quitted, gesticulated wildly, much to the amusement of several stray females, who mistook his frantic movements for signals of welcome. We paced on. "Bergson," said my friend, "is undoubtedly the saviour of the age; his mental detachment from the material considerations of the twentieth century is sufficient proof of his inspiration; Messenger of the Eternal Spirit of Hope, Divine Symbol of Ethereal Freedom, Bergson stands to-day supreme in significance among the sordid ruins of Scientific Rationalism, Materialism and Agnosticism." The lights of Leicester Square loomed up through the mist, a passing taxi-cab squirted fountains of mud up into our faces. "Bergson believes in Personal Immortality, does he not?" I asked nervously. "Believe in it," cried my companion, "why he is absolutely certain of it; that is where Bergson triumphs; he restores to us our faith in Immortality, a faith that has hitherto been cruelly ridiculed by Rationalism. Death, you must understand, merely forwards the individual soul, or consciousness, one grade higher in the Cosmos. Every soul will be, in the next stage of its evolution, relatively more perfect and conscious of deeper joy than in its present stage, and so on ad infinitum." We turned the corner of St. Martin's Lane in silence. Suddenly I drew my friend up short, and pointed to three rain-sodden bundles that sat huddled together in a dark archway. "Three old women," I remarked, in answer to his puzzled look, "three weary children of God." He attempted to move on. "One moment," I said, grabbing his arm; "according to Bergson the three souls contained in these three filthy bundles will be better off after death." He nodded, but remained silent. "Is it then," I continued, "charitable, merciful or *sane* to allow them to continue to exist in such misery if, by dispatching them we should project their miserable souls into 'deeper consciousness of joy'?"

He moved his lips slowly, horror-struck at my criminal suggestion. "But—." "But," I repeated, "Bergson is the Divine Symbol of Ethereal Freedom, the Messenger of Eternal Hope—." "Yes," replied my friend, irritably, "but these paupers have nothing to do with Bergson."

"Of course not," I said; "Bergson is a fashionable philosopher, a genius who is being recognised as such by his own generation, whereas these human bundles are none of these things; they merely represent a material social problem that only appeals to infidel Socialists—a problem less savoury than that of—." But my friend was paying no attention; his mind had, apparently, returned into the realm of ethereal freedom and eternal hope.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

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#### BERGSONISM.

Sir,—Your ingenious correspondent who wants to tell Bergson about Aristotle deserves some notice. Such a remarkable case of teaching your grandmother to suck eggs wants examination in detail. He is, perhaps, most interesting as an example of an unfortunate effect of excessive reclame on the reputation of a philosopher which I predicted some months ago in this review. When a philosopher's lectures are attended and enthused over by silly and ignorant people, you get people just one step removed from them up the scale of intelligence, assuming that the philosopher himself is a kind of intellectual character who can be easily crushed by a little display of undergraduate knowledge. It is quite evident, for example, that Mr. Simmons, trotting out these two familiar tags from Aristotle, pictures himself as being in the position of a B.Sc. gently enlightening an ignorant, but enthusiastic, workman who had invented a perpetual-motion machine.

Properly considered, when one reflects on the state of mind this indicates, the letter is a pathetic document. If the author of it had pursued his studies of Bergson a little further than reports of popular lectures in the "Times," he might have discovered that the first thing that Bergson wrote was a Latin thesis on Aristotle, and that his references to the philosopher are frequent and important, in "évolution creatrice"—*e.g.*, there are fifteen references. The negative side, at any rate, of time and free will is a discussion on the nature of motion (as to whether it is external or not), which may be said to be parallel to the discussion

on motion in the "physics." Anyone who wants a good account of the latter had better read Sertillange's book on "Thomas Aquinas." But it is time the writer of the letter realised that the statements that he quotes are not the ends, the solutions, of problems, but merely their enunciation, their beginning. It is rather amusing, after a long course of perhaps mistaken, but, at any rate, arduous, reasoning on the nature of "becoming," to have an ingenuous person like Mr. Simmons trot out, with an air of infantile triumph, the simple statement which enunciates the problem you started from.

Take the last quotation for example. Obviously things cannot both be and not be at the same time; but that leaves the question exactly as it was. The problem is just this: Do things exist? If reality is a becoming, then certainly not. Then your retort loses all point.

Mr. Simmons' quotations, first in French and then in Latin, remind me of a professor of philosophy in a Catholic seminary with whom I discussed these things years ago: "All these disputes in philosophy," he said, "come from one cause—ignorance. People are too lazy to read Aristotle." "What language do you suppose Aristotle wrote in?" said I. He looked at me in a kind of surprised way and answered, "Why, Latin, of course."

T. E. H.

P.S.—I put the book on Bergson he recommends in the bibliography I did for Mr. Pogson's "Time and Freewill" last year; but if anyone wants an account of Bergson and Le Roy from the Catholic point of view, he will find a much better exposé and criticism in Tonquebec's "La Notion de Verite," Beauchesne.—T. E. H.

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#### THE PAGANISM OF GOETHE.

Sir,—“There could be little doubt,” said “Quiddam” (NEW AGE, October 12), “about the non-paganism of a man who, among his life's rules, bids us to hate no man and leave the future to God.” Dr. O. Levy has already answered (NEW AGE, October 19) this very Carlylean appreciation of Goethe. Carlyle—whose merit in introducing German literature in England remains beyond cavil—has, nevertheless, committed a twofold mistake in his interpretation of Goethe: he did not see the whole Goethe, and he saw certain points of Goethe to an exaggerated degree. In translating the “Wanderzähre,” a work of Goethe's later years, he got hold of some sentiments of the old poet about Renunciation (Eutsagung), and he interpreted the whole of Goethe's life in the light of these sentiments. He did not understand Goethe's artistic development, which is closely connected with his paganism. Briefly, he turned Goethe into a prophet of Christian “reverence,” while Goethe had nothing prophetic or Christian about him. We are still hoping, with Mr. Ludovici, “that an Englishman might come along to give us a portrait of a true Goethe,” but, while in waiting, it will perhaps be allowed to a Frenchman to analyse Goethe's moral and artistic paganism. In support of my opinion, I shall not look to “Epigrams,” which are necessarily highly-coloured, but will let Goethe speak for himself in his autobiography. There is no country which has offered Goethe more frequent contact with Christian thought and art than Italy, and it is in his “Italienische Reise” that I shall seek the expression of his real attitude towards Christianity.

Wearied with the “Eutsagung” imposed upon him by Charlotte von Stein and the artificial life of Weimar, Goethe arrived in Italy with an irresistible longing for pagan joy and art, a longing felt rather than clearly thought out. But, as a matter of fact, a corresponding intellectual development had been steadily taking place in him. Little by little he had withdrawn from the Frankfort type of religious mysticism, had abandoned the pietism of Fräulein von Klettenberg, outgrown the Christian enthusiasm of Lavater and the prophetic philosophy of Jacobi. Captivated with Spinoza's Pantheism in 1774 (See Mahomet's “Gesang”), he later attempted to give a scientific basis to the doctrine, and encouraged Herder in the composition of his “Ideeü” (1784). On receiving Herder's book in 1787, Goethe, then in Italy, wrote, “As I have no Messiah to expect, this is my favourite gospel.” The noble human conception of Herder seemed to him more real than the Christian reveries of Lavater, of Claudius, of Jacobi, “who strove with all their might to set up their chairs around the throne of the Lamb . . . and who so carefully avoided planting their feet on the firm soil of nature” (October 23, 1787). Humanity and nature became the guiding ideas of his intellectual life. This accounts for his severity, when in Rome, against the Papacy and the Catholic cult, institutions erected, he thought, on a supernatural foundation, and described by him as “a formless and Rococo piece of Heathendom” (Terni, October 27, 1786). The elaborate ceremonial of the pontifical Mass

spurred him, as a modern Diogenes, to the remark: “Pray, do not veil the sun of a loftier art and a pure Humanity!” (Rome, January 6, 1787).

We now come to the important consideration of Goethe's attitude towards Christian art. It is expressed in a word: Indifference. Sometimes even actual hostility. The reason is obvious. Goethe arrived in Italy, a lover already wrapped in the contemplation of antique art. In the Hellenic ideal, his nature found the answer to his longing for Beauty and Joy, and for a free, natural and robust sensuousness. Hence his chagrin, after having left Gothic Germany and mediæval idealism, to find himself confronted by another world of Christian art and an atmosphere of asceticism, resignation and monastic denial. In the midst of his classic dream the world of the Middle Ages reappeared. The contrast was above all accentuated in the domain of the plastic arts; on one side the passionless serenity of beautiful forms; on the other the mediæval statue, emaciated, sorrowful, agonised. Here ideal Beauty, the general type deprived of particular character, there intense expression, personal ecstasy and suffering. Finally, while on the one hand Greek art existed for itself without a special aim, Christian art, on the other hand, had been transformed into Scholasticism: architecture had become symbolic and was employed to inculcate the truths of religion; the Cathedral was a living dogma, a book before the invention of printing, as we shall find Claude Frollo saying in “Notre Dame de Paris.” To make art an instrument of pious edification, a catechism, was, in Goethe's and later in Leconte de Lisle's eyes, to lower its function. The antique spirit of art raises itself above all didactic and utilitarian motives.

This pagan feeling explains Goethe's attitude towards the different branches of Christian art in Italy. He hardly glanced at the Cathedral of Assisi, “the gloomy Cathedral of St. Francis,” and from Milan he wrote (May 23, 1788) to the Duke Charles August at Weimar: “Yesterday I was on the Cathedral to build which men forced a whole marble quarry into the most tasteless forms. The poor stones are still tormented every day—for the non-sense, or, rather, the poor sense of this architecture has yet by no means had its day.” With mediæval sculpture Goethe scarcely concerned himself. Arriving at Verona (September 16, 1786), he expressed his aversion for the Gothic tombs and much preferred the antique sarcophagus. “The wind that blows hither from the tombs of the ancients comes with fragrant scents over a rose-clad hill. Here is no armoured knight on his knees awaiting a joyful resurrection. The artist has with more or less skill only represented the simple presence of human beings. They do not fold their hands, they do not gaze into the Heaven, but they are down here what they were and what they are.” In short, wherever he encountered the classic style, he was overjoyed and uttered a cry like that which broke from him on seeing Palladio's works in Venice. “We are delighted, and suddenly forget the whole parsons' brood” (October 2, 1786).

The Florentine Pre-Raphaelites he passed by, and from the master of the Renaissance and the later academical school of Bologna he selected for admiration the mythological scenes only. His love of perfection and beauty prevented him from seeing anything in the graphic portrayal of martyrs but a withering diminution of human personality. He averted his gaze “from objects absurdly stupid that cannot be sufficiently depreciated with any words of abuse,” from the representation of “gibbets, crosses and the tortures of saints” (Bologna, October 19, 1786). (It is interesting to find Wagner singing the praises of Renunciation and singling out for admiration the very paintings which Goethe despised. See letter to Mathilde Wesendouck, March 25, 1859.)

Goethe mentioned Dante only once, but his opinion, expressed in a spirit of deliberate exaggeration, is characteristic: “To me Hell appears altogether horrible, Purgatory ambiguous, and Paradise boring” (Rome, July, 1787). The preference of Goethe for Tasso is noteworthy, because, with Tasso we are at the end of the Renaissance. Not a trace of true Christianity in the “Gerusalemme Liberata,” which shows us only operatic chivalry and artificial religion. The German poet has chosen Tasso for the hero of his drama, and has re-awakened, with an infinite delicacy of touch, the highly-mannered elegance of the pagan Renaissance. In place of the Book of the Hours, the Princess and Leonora read Plato's Dialogues, and in the perfumed gardens of the Court at Ferrara, the bust of old Homer is decorated with garlands.

Goethe's journey to Italy was a “Wiedergeburt,” a birth to a new life of spontaneous and natural joy. He was already a poet, he now became a man. Afterwards, in his life with Christiane Vulpius, he experienced the deep feelings which he expressed in the “Römische Elegien,” a work which is instinct with pagan thought.

J. M. CARRÉ.



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