

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

NEW SERIES. Vol. X. No. 5.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1911.

[Registered at G.P.O.]  
as a Newspaper.]

THREEPENCE.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	97	PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM	109
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	101	NOTES ON BERGSON. By T. E. Hulme	110
INSURANCE BILL: WOMEN AND INFANTS. By Dr. Rentoul	102	MR. HUNTLY CARTER AND SIR H. BEERBOHM TREE	113
BOOK OF SWELLS. By T. H. S. Escott	103	AN IDYLL. By Beatrice Hastings	114
A LYSISTRATIC. By T. K. L.	104	THE ART OF PABLO PICASSO. By J. Middleton Murry	115
THE SADVERY SCANDAL. By Ward Muir	105	DRINKING SONG. By J. C. Squire	115
PENNY WISE	106	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from S. G. Hobson, G. Derrick, Henry Meulen, Basil V. Cohn, Mary Gawthorpe, E. Wake Cook, Harold Fisher, W. I. Dryden, Frederick E. Evans, G. F. White, S. V. Laveny, Arthur Hood	116
I GATHER THE LIMBS OF OSIRIS. By Ezra Pound	107		
ART AND DRAMA. By Huntly Carter	108		
FOUR POEMS. By Iolo Aneurin Williams	109		

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE complained at Bath on Friday that his Insurance Bill was swimming through a murky flood of misrepresentation. For this, however, nobody is more to blame than Mr. Lloyd George himself. From the outset he did all in his power to make real discussion of his Bill impossible. By a purple flood of misrepresentation, as well as by strategy, he jumped the claim of the Opposition as well as of the nation at large to examine the principles on which his Bill was based. The principles, he allowed it to be assumed, were the common property of everybody. Nobody could conceivably take any objection to them. But in the matter of details he was anxious that all parties should co-operate with him. It has happened now that the neglected principles have revived in the minds of many of his critics. Though explicitly banned, they are, nevertheless, the secret mainspring of most of the opposition on detail which the Bill is now experiencing. In revenge, as it were, for their neglect, they are arousing the details to fight on their behalf. For this reason, and for this alone, considerable value must be attached to the growing agitation against such details as the servant tax. The servant tax is the excuse quite as much as it is the cause of the public outcry against the whole Bill.

\* \* \*

We are not sanguine that the outcry, even though intensified by the result of several by-elections, as well as by the renewal of the medical opposition, will have the effect of preventing the Bill passing the Commons. Mr. Lloyd George has the bit in his teeth and he will continue to bolt until he is violently overturned. For the moment he sees no obstacle of any magnitude in his path. The Commons, it is evident, have no intention whatever of putting any obstacle in his way. More than once during the past week the Unionists have had an opportunity of defeating the Government, but they have carefully refrained. Nor is it probable that even on the Report stage they will do more than spar a little with the gloves on to bemuse their devotees outside the House. With the assurance, therefore, that the Commons of all parties are solidly behind him, Mr. Lloyd George can, with impunity, put his fingers to his nose in the direction of the nation. And it must be admitted that he has done so with no lack of ostentation. At Bath, for example, he impudently announced, in reply to an interruption, that he meant to stick to his Bill whatever happened; and his lieutenant, Mr. Masterman, on the same evening in Newcastle, informed the public that if they didn't like sticking on stamps they could lump it; in any case, they had "got to do it." Such defiance as this to public opinion, if it had come in

former days from a king, would have been followed in all probability by an attack upon the Crown; but for the moment the dictatorship of the Cabinet passes without much comment.

\* \* \*

The sickening thing, however, is to have these opinions associated with an outward homage to Democracy. Which of the two hundred definitions of democracy that Lord Morley has discovered since Aristotle was in the mind of Mr. Lloyd George at Bath we do not know, but it could not have been even an approximately correct one. The common factor of every definition of democracy we have examined is a close relationship between government and public opinion; but it was precisely this relationship that Mr. Lloyd George, while professing himself a Democrat, openly flouted. He really assumed the position of a benevolent despot who knew better what people wanted than they knew themselves. "Look," he said, "at the agitation against the Budget. In those days opinion seemed to be against me, but time has proved that I was right. And it will be the same in the case of the Insurance Bill." But it is to beg the question to assume that the Budget has been a success. True, it raised the money, but what was the use of raising the money only to squander it? The land clauses of the Budget, moreover, on which Mr. Lloyd George in those days prided himself most, have proved absolutely fruitless. The comparison of the effects of the Insurance Bill with the known effects of the Budget is, in short, unfortunate for the former. But even if the Budget had been a success instead of a failure, the Insurance Bill would afford no necessary parallel. A quack may by accident cure a disease once, but only a man of science can cure it every time. Mr. Lloyd George has revealed no trace whatever of the scientific spirit in sociological reformation. On the contrary, he flounders amongst the problems of society and cries up a new nostrum every other month or so. You would suppose from the almost religious conviction of his tone in speaking of the Insurance Bill that at last he had discovered something on which he could build his house securely. No doubt whatever has he betrayed that the edifice, after all, might prove to be built on sand. Yet at Bath on Friday he almost casually remarked that, of course, no real good could be done until the land system of this country had been re-cast. Why, in heaven's name, then, are we being subjected to a German conquest by Government inspection in the matter of insurance, if no real good is to be done by it? If Mr. Lloyd George believes that the land question is at the root of all social reform, his business is to attack it, and, meanwhile, to let subsidiary and subsequent problems alone. But like Huxley's Irish Jehu, he must be driving somewhere if only nowhere.

The attempt to get at the land question would probably involve years of comparatively obscure spade-work and the appearance of nothing in particular. There is more glory to be got out of passing Bills which even in his own mind are of no value until the "land system of the country is re-cast." That is what it is to have a political, but not a scientific, mind.

\* \* \*

In reality, however, his whole case for the Insurance Bill has now gone by the board. Everything we have said of it has been tacitly justified by its author. We have said, nay, we have proved, that the Insurance Bill is valueless. It will touch no single one of the root problems of poverty. In the long run it will not even mitigate the symptoms and evidences of poverty. At the eleventh hour Mr. Lloyd George, who has hitherto openly claimed that his Bill is a cure-all, casually announces that he agrees with us, and admits that his Bill will be of no value. Nothing more casual, impertinent, or ignorant has ever been known in our political history. But is this death-bed confession to be allowed to make any difference in the terms of the despot's will? Not at all. He will "stick" to the Bill, though the nation hates it and he himself is now aware and admits that it will do no good. Having committed himself, his career, and the whole Cabinet to it, he will drive it into operation even at the end of the batons of the police. For what is the alternative to forcing an admitted poison down our throats in this brutal manner? Why that Mr. Lloyd George should frankly confess that he has been grievously misled by his own Bill and is now anxious to withdraw it. But for this, moral courage of a very high order is necessary. Such an act would do more to purge political life of insincerity than anything education can do in a thousand years. Only a hero could do it, and Mr. Lloyd George is a politician.

\* \* \*

When we refer to the principles of the Bill, the discussion of which has been shirked, suppressed, or ignored by Mr. Lloyd George, we have in mind, however, not merely its economic foundations—which are on his own belated admission rotten—but its characteristic features as well as its implications. The outstanding "principle" of the Bill is obviously its compulsory nature, and it was on this alone that the Bill should have been defeated ere it was begot. For it is evident that when compulsion comes in at the door all the virtue of thrift flies out of the window. If there had been proved to be a necessity to encourage providential saving against sickness and unemployment, the plain method of procedure was quietly to subsidise the existing voluntary organisations for this purpose by means of grants in aid. Failing sufficient guarantees of the economy of these voluntary bodies, there was even no reason why the State should not deliberately enter the Insurance business as a model competitor of the existing societies. If anything like favourable, fair, and guaranteed terms had been offered either by the State or by private societies protected by the State, nobody who had the means to insure himself would have failed sooner or later to come in. Only rascallions whose genius lay in improvidence, or honest persons whose wages simply did not allow of deduction, would remain outside. It was, however, on these two latter classes that Mr. Lloyd George had cast his deadly benevolent eye. The ninety-and-eight sheep were already folded, more or less, safe up, and all that could be done for them was to offer them rather better fare. But the two wandering sheep must by hook or by crook be gathered in. Those who simply would not and those who simply could not should be made to insure exactly as if they both would and could. The inclusion of these two classes, however, necessitated compulsion, and since compulsion could not in these flat-rate democratic days be applied to those only who needed it, the ninety-eight were sacrificed to the two, and compulsion was thus spread over all. To explain the appearance of compulsion in the Bill is not, however, to justify it. To explain it as we have explained it is, indeed, to destroy the last possible argument for its universality. Let it be ad-

mitted that compulsion is sometimes and in isolated and exceptional cases justified in practice, the fact remains that, in the case of the Insurance Bill, a duty which before had all the pleasure of the voluntary for the vast majority of working people, and which, with a little assistance from the State, might have been made sufficiently attractive to draw in the bulk of the minority, has by the compulsory clauses of the Bill been transformed into a burden and an irritation. Thrift, which before has been a virtue, will now become a vice by association with the disagreeable features of inspection by Government officials, compulsion, and police proceedings. These things, which always and everywhere should be reserved in a civilised State for the exceptional and unyielding, are now to be the common lot of the ordinary and the willing. A very long step indeed in the direction of despotism by Parliament has been taken in this most unfortunate and fateful Bill.

\* \* \*

But if the characteristic feature of the Bill is so malign its implications are even more forbidding. We do not desire to make our readers' flesh creep with forecasting improbable horrors. Fortunately we are not a logical people, and the wind which the straw of the Insurance Bill proves to be blowing in the direction of anarchy may safely be predicted to change before very long. Nevertheless, it has been blowing the same way for a long time now, and it has risen to a gale in Mr. Lloyd George's latest Bill. What is the condition of Anarchy? It is when the natural groupings of the people of a State are dissolved and each individual stands an Ishmael by himself alone. Now it can easily be observed that under the traditional system of this country (whether fundamentally right or, as Mr. Lloyd George thinks, requiring to be re-cast) the natural and more or less voluntary personal groupings of individuals have been in the relations of employer and employed, husband and wife, parents and children, mistress and maid, and so on. We say nothing for the moment of the absolute merits of the bonds which have existed between the several parties of the several relations, but that they were better than no bonds whatever nobody who is not a wild ass of the desert will deny. For a good many years now, however, the tendency of the State has been to intervene between the parties of every bond, natural and traditional, and to insert between them written terms of mutual obligation, enforceable by the police in the last resort. Between employer and employed a whole web of legal relationship has been spun, and is still being spun. The same is true of the relationship of parents to children. With the emergence of women into political life, the relations between husband and wife will suffer similar definition, since, as Mrs. Pethick Lawrence informs us, the plans the women have formed for the future all have their source in what she describes as the "tap-root of sex." The Insurance Bill, as the latest measure, is designed to substitute for the old bond between mistresses and maids, etc., the new bond of the State.

\* \* \*

This new bond between the various groups which compose a nation has, however, whatever its merits or justifications, two defects which did not attach to the earlier bond. It is not voluntary and consequently it has no real binding force; and its symbol is not the comparatively elevated figure of duty, but the figure of law and the police. For it is a mistake to suppose that legal bonds are effectively binding. Behind the back of the law and, in a sense, in revenge upon it, the parties to purely legal relations take a secret delight in repudiating their obligations. Between employers and employed, for example, the legal relations of to-day are in many cases much more disagreeable to both parties than were the relations of the voluntary days. Enforcing a minimum of mutual obligation, the State, in fact, is in danger of reducing all obligations to that level and even of risking these. It is no less a mistake to imagine that the large figure of the State as discerned dimly in the public mind preserves its magnitude when its visible embodiment is seen in a blue-coat. In text-books of Liberal reform and even of Collectivist

reform the State may appear to be a dignified partner in every act performed by its citizens; but in reality its agent is a civil servant, an inspector, or a policeman. And with his appearance the State as a benevolent deity disappears and we are in the hands of an irritating and disagreeable official. Now the drift of all this, as our readers who care to reflect upon it will see, is that society is being reduced by the action of the State to a congeries of groups maintained in their relation by force. Even Ishmael is supposed to be willing and anxious to live by himself, but this must not be allowed. Likewise his relations with other Ishmaels are supposed to be, if left to themselves, bad. Consequently the State compels these Ishmaels to group themselves together; but to save each of them from the other, it draws up legal bonds between them and sets a policeman to enforce them. This condition can only be described as anarchism maintained by law. It is the condition, nevertheless, into which the nation is sailing with Mr. Lloyd George at the helm.

\* \* \*

A volume might be written on the points here merely raised, but for the present we content ourselves with referring our readers to an article and a book, both recently published. To the "International Socialist Review" for November Mr. W. E. Walling, a well-known Socialist writer, contributes a momentous article on the subject of "Capitalist Socialism," the drift of which may almost be guessed from the opening words: "Suppose things don't happen exactly the way we thought ten years ago they would." The book is Mr. Stephen Reynolds' "Seems so," in the formulation of which he has had the collaboration of two working fishermen. Their joint apprehensions of the present tendency of legislation are precisely ours.

\* \* \*

The debate in Parliament on Wednesday on the Railway Commission's Report arrived at no conclusion whatever. A recommendation to the directors to meet the rest of the signatories to the Report is all very well, but if no indication is given of the intention of Parliament, the matter has been really shirked. That no such indication was given is perfectly clear from the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. They were both in the difficult position of being, as they thought, compelled to abstain from recommending the railway directors to concede recognition to their men, at the same time that they desired to stand well with the Labour party who were pressing for recognition. In consequence these Government speakers did the usual thing under the circumstances; they ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds; they recommended a meeting between the directors and the men, but they would not express regret that the directors had hitherto refused; they balanced the question of recognition on the tips of their tongues, so that first you might think they favoured it, and, again, you might think they did not. In fact, they left the whole matter, save for the one recommendation of a meeting, exactly where it was. Unfortunately, Mr. MacDonald, in his able opening speech, did not compel the Government to take any more definite line. If his contention, supported by Mr. Henderson, is correct that the recent Commission not only favoured, but actually recommended, recognition of the unions and anticipated that recognition would be conceded, then the onus of seeing that the Report is carried out in this respect obviously lies on the Government. It was plainly Mr. MacDonald's line to raise that single question in his opening of the debate: were the Government prepared to enforce the recommendations of their Royal Commission and to insist on the recognition by the railway companies of the men? Mr. MacDonald, however, must have felt that the Commission's Report itself was by no means clear. Otherwise he could scarcely have avoided so obvious an interrogation.

\* \* \*

The question of recognition is, as everybody knows, the crucial question of the whole railway unrest; and the mere fact that no decision was come to on the subject in Parliament robs the debate of any real value.

The Commission, as we have seen, was similarly chary of committing itself definitely one way or the other. Mr. Henderson, who attended all its meetings, declares that the Commission did, in fact, recommend recognition out and out. He even advises the railwaymen to accept the Report as if recognition had certainly been granted. On the other hand, the directors are disposed, with quite as good evidence, to interpret the oracle differently. They deny that the Report concedes or even recommends recognition in any shape or form. True, they agreed to accept as binding the conclusions of the Commission, but they deny that the conclusions are those that Mr. Henderson, for one, claims them to be. Under these equivocal circumstances, one of several things might have happened. In view of the doubt existing on the matter, the men might instantly have struck again and been joined by the miners, the transport workers, and possibly the engineers. A definite conclusion in favour of recognition might certainly have been come to by this means. Or the Government might have called on the Commission to interpret their own Report in clearer language. Several of your members, it might have said, say that recognition is intended, the rest deny it, or are silent. What is it you actually mean? And whatever the result of the inquiry, it would at least have been definite. Lastly, as we say, the Government itself might have been forced to put its own interpretation on the document as it stands. After all, Royal Commissions are not legislative bodies; and we are sure that if this Commission had reported contrary to the Government's wishes its recommendations would have been revised before they were accepted. This being the case, it was not only the privilege but the duty of the Government to define, where they were ambiguous, the intentions of the Commission and to adopt or reject them as it thought fit. As it is, the Government has merely affirmed the findings, whatever they are, of its own Commission. The Commission having left the question of recognition in doubt, the Government leaves it in doubt too.

\* \* \*

Officially, that is. But by every other means at its disposal, the Government has indicated its opinion *against* recognition. We do not say that a superficial reading of the debate would not leave the impression of impartiality, but a close reading disposes of this conclusion. It will be noted that both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George were meticulously careful to specify that only the details and not the broad principles of the Report were to be discussed at the forthcoming meeting between the various railway interests. It is true that they refused Mr. Bonar Law's amendment requiring the signatures of the men to an acceptance of the principles of the Report. This was altogether too honest a proceeding for their liking. But by phrase and by implication they gave the companies to understand that this acceptance was to be taken for granted. In other words, as the Commission and Parliament itself have successively shirked the subject of recognition, so the coming meeting is empowered to do the same. That this is the practical conclusion to be drawn from the debate is evidenced by the proposals of the companies announced in the "Daily Mail" of Saturday. The railway managers as a condition of discussing the Report with the men will first require that the latter should sign a written acceptance of its broad principles. With recognition thus specifically barred, the details of the Report can safely be discussed.

\* \* \*

Now we should like to know what the men propose to do under these circumstances. The "Labour Leader" has been taking Mr. Henderson to task for attempting to prejudice the men against voting for a fresh strike, and on the ground that the Report really conceded recognition. But this last shred of excuse for Mr. Henderson's action has now been taken away. He knows now as plainly as Parliament, the Commission and the directors can tell him that not a shadow of recognition has been conceded by the Report, nor will he or the men be allowed at the forthcoming Conference to pretend that it is. In view of this open and avowed

declaration that the men actually secured nothing by the recent settlement, we ask again, what do the men propose to do? It is clear that Mr. Henderson, Mr. MacDonald, and the rest, were absolutely mistaken in supposing that the Report gives recognition. It is clear that they were fooled to the top of their bent when they sent back the men to work last August with the promise that recognition would be forthcoming. It is clear, in fact, that their leaders hopelessly messed up a situation in which the men were winning and secured them defeat instead of victory. The question is what is to be done now that the last excuse for pretending that a defeat was a victory has gone? Are the men prepared to accept the findings of the Commission now that they know for certain that recognition is not included in them? They came out on strike last August for recognition, and they were told by their leaders that they had won it. Now that it is proved that they won nothing, are they prepared under the same leadership to come out again? Their natural disappointment, we fear, at their costly failure will lead them to reply in the negative. Mr. Henderson and Mr. MacDonald are to be congratulated—by the railway directors.

\* \* \*

Cavour's saying that in politics you must have "the tact of the Possible" has not been taken to heart by the officials of the W.S.P.U. We agree that the Government intends by its announcement of the new Franchise Bill to take the wind out of the sails of Women's Suffrage. But the proper political reply to this proposal is not to demand more than has already been denied, and still less to demand it in a crude and an obsolete form which reveals blind despair and the exhaustion of ideas. When, however, the W.S.P.U., finding their hopes of even the Conciliation Bill—which would enfranchise a couple of million women—frustrated, proceed in indignation to demand the enfranchisement of seven million women, and add to this the request that the Government that has already played them false shall itself undertake the larger measure, and, by way of sweetening these requests, immediately demonstrate their intentions on the glass windows of private people, the conclusion is forced on us that these ladies understand neither politics nor the British public, but that they are very angry indeed. They may or may not be right to be angry, but it is certain that their anger will be of no avail. As a matter of simple fact which nobody in his seven senses will challenge, the W.S.P.U. has no means in its power and never will have of forcing any English Government against its will to concede the suffrage to a single woman. A Government, as those know who have attempted to destroy it in Russia and elsewhere, is an exceedingly powerful institution—so powerful that even though the majority of its citizens may be in revolt against it, and by bomb and bullet slay hundreds of its representatives, it still stands and only concedes of all the demands made on it precisely what it pleases. The women of England, even those of the W.S.P.U., are certainly not built to war on English government as Russian citizens have warred on Russian government. If even they were to go on strike as the railwaymen did and threaten to dislocate the national industry, their threat would be useless, for the simple reason (and we say it with a sincere desire to state the case exactly) that the withdrawal of their industry would affect nobody so much as themselves. We have just been deploring the fact that nearly a million of railwaymen, whose industry is indispensable to the national life, have nevertheless just struck in vain for the simple right of recognition. If these have utterly failed, necessary as they are, violent as they can be, what chance is there that a few thousand women—superfluous from a commercial point of view and indisposed and ill-equipped for violence—can succeed where men have failed? The Government had it in its power to concede what these men struck to obtain. But being unconvinced, the Government has refused to make the concession. It is not to be supposed that a Government that cheerfully defies a million angry men will surrender against its will to a thousand or ten thousand angry women.

Disappointing as it must be to those women who have mistaken their own enthusiastic convictions and the applause of their friends for a national conviction and a national approval, the fact must be faced that the *mind* of the nation is not yet convinced of the wisdom of Women's Suffrage. It is not Mr. Asquith or Mr. McKenna or Mr. Lloyd George who stands in the way. Doubtless if these and the rest of the Cabinet now openly or secretly opposed to Women's Suffrage were suddenly converted they could ensure Government support for the measure, but until the nation as a whole is convinced they could scarcely ensure the passage, still less the effective operation, of the Bill. Precisely as the Insurance Bill is now barely going through in the teeth, as we contend, of national opposition, so, no doubt, given a Government equally set on Women's Suffrage, a Bill for Women's Suffrage could be just pushed through. But we predict with the utmost certainty that the Insurance Bill when it is passed by these means will accomplish none of its professed objects. At every turn in actual operation it will be defeated in its intention because the nation is not disposed to work it. In the same way a Women's Suffrage Bill, forced on an unconvinced nation, would be defeated in practice by means too numerous to be checked, too subtle even to be clearly observed. The W.S.P.U. doubtless think that this would not be the case. They feel that if once they get the vote they will be able to exercise it at their discretion. But the resistance of a nation is insuperable.

\* \* \*

But we are obviously making an illegitimate assumption in postulating a Cabinet united on Women's Suffrage for many years to come. Mr. McKenna quite straightforwardly assured a deputation of women that not only was he himself absolutely opposed to Women's Suffrage, but he did not believe an English Government would ever be disposed to introduce such a Bill. He is wrong in this, for we can imagine a public opinion strongly enough in favour of Women's Suffrage to reduce a small minority of a Cabinet to acquiesce. Not all the members of the present Cabinet, for example, are in favour of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. On the other hand, Mr. McKenna is right in declaring that no Cabinet in the present state of public opinion is likely to be even officially united on the subject. Why, indeed, should they be? Nothing of any real consequence *depends* at present upon Women's Suffrage. It is not a necessity to the life of the nation or even to its continued prosperity. If Irish Home Rule is not conceded it is quite possible that the whole programme of Imperialism will be stultified. For this reason Home Rule may require to be forced on a minority of the electorate who do not realise the issues of the question. But no such importance attaches to the issue of Women's Suffrage to the nation as a whole. Women, we do not deny, will be thereby refused the share they demand in the electoral system; but what will happen if they are refused it? Imports and exports will continue to arrive and depart, there will be marrying and the begetting of children, the theatres will run as usual, there will be the same crush at Fenchurch Street. Except for the fact—considerable and spiritually important, we admit—that the politically ambitious women will be disposed to give way to despair, nothing, absolutely nothing, will be affected by temporarily and perhaps permanently refusing women the vote. And all this Mr. Asquith knows very well, and so, we venture to say, will every English Prime Minister until public opinion, that mysterious final court of appeal, is convinced on the subject. It is needless to say that the delay in the obtaining of the vote does not necessarily involve delaying the progress of feminism, which, we take it, is in one sense preparing women to exercise the vote and is, in another sense, preparing public opinion to concede it. The new feminist journal, "The Freewoman," may have something to say on this subject; for in its first issue its editors remark: "Feminism is the whole issue, political enfranchisement is a branch issue." We agree.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

As I cable these words before leaving Salonica for Berlin I learn that the great debate has been fixed for Monday and that it will be opened by Sir Edward Grey. It seems only yesterday since there was a somewhat similar debate last year; but I don't remember that anything in particular happened after it. Even when in Constantinople I heard Ambassadorial rumours touching Sir Edward's resignation; but if he resigned now it would be a triumph for Germany. Do the English Radicals quite realise this?

\* \* \*

When you come to think of it, who are most of these Members of Parliament that they should begin to criticise the foreign policy of England or of any other country? Lawyers and business men and a few independent gentry: I grant that they may know a good deal about purely national problems, such as the Insurance Bill and the housing question and the Territorials even, because these are all problems which they can follow day by day in their newspapers and discuss with more or less intelligence with their companions. But I feel sure that only a few M.P.'s—half a score at the outside—are qualified to discuss foreign affairs.

\* \* \*

To begin with, as I have already pointed out more than once, the foreign policy of any country is not a mere party matter; it must be continuous; it must be spread over a number of years, whether the Government in power be Liberal or Conservative. As a necessary consequence the foreign policy of a country, more than any other department of the administration, is in the hands of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office. This is the case in England, France, Germany, Russia, the United States, Italy, and Austria. Even in Japan the same rule applies. It does not apply to Spain to so great an extent, and Spain in consequence has latterly been most unfortunate in her foreign relations.

\* \* \*

Sir Edward Grey, while possessing a few ideas of his own on foreign affairs, has largely been guided by the suggestions of his permanent officials. The permanent officials have every right to make suggestions; for they are as a rule men absolutely above party—they see too much of party and caucus intrigues to take any interest in mere home politics—and they are men of sufficient experience and knowledge to do their business properly. In a word, our permanent staff of officials at the Foreign Office is efficient. Our members of Parliament, in matters connected with foreign affairs, are not efficient. That is why our permanent officials have a right to make suggestions to Sir Edward Grey and why our Members of Parliament have no right to criticise Sir Edward Grey when he acts on those suggestions.

\* \* \*

The Radical Press has always talked glibly about a "better understanding with Germany." These words are meaningless. The British public is not yet aware of the fact that this country is detested (although respected) by the Germans, and especially by the Prussians. There can never be a really intimate feeling of friendship between this country and Germany; but there can be, and there is, a remarkably cordial feeling of friendship between this country and France. In 1904 it was definitely seen that we, as a nation, should have to make up our minds on an important point: Germany was making very rapid strides with her army and navy, and we had to decide whether our weight should be thrown into the French or the German scale if the peace of Europe (*i.e.*, the balance of power in Europe) was to be preserved. The British Government of the day very wisely chose to side with France. There was no help for it; we had to side with one or the other, and we made our choice.

\* \* \*

Now, seeing that the choice was made, and has proved to be to our advantage in more ways than one, it is merely mischievous that a few hot-headed and

ignorant Radical journalists, like the leader-writers of the "Daily News" and of "Reynolds" should try to have this policy of ours reversed. It cannot be reversed without a severe blow to our prestige in France which we should feel for many a long day. And, in view of the state of public feeling on the other side of the Rhine, it would not endear us to Germany if we dropped France and bestowed our affections in a Teutonic quarter. We should merely lose the friendship of one country without gaining the friendship of another; and we should in the end find ourselves cordially hated by both. Is it worth while?

\* \* \*

It is useless to pretend that we can still remain friends with France and yet cultivate friendship with Germany. Every diplomatist, every man who is acquainted with the inner side of foreign affairs, knows perfectly well that we are under military obligations to France and that France is under military obligations to us. Germany's first move towards an attack on Great Britain would be to attack France: at present we stand or fall together. No honeyed words of affection expressed in Monday's debate will alter this fact: nothing can explain it away. The French army, when defending France from an attack by Germany, will indirectly be defending England from an attack by Germany. This ought to be pretty well known by now. But there is yet another point. It will have been observed that we have taken no special pains recently to increase our fleet in the Mediterranean. The reason is that France will patrol the Mediterranean for us, with the assistance of our own small fleet there, in the event of war. This is another mutual obligation: English assistance to France in the North Sea; French assistance to England in the Mediterranean.

\* \* \*

Nor let M.P.'s suppose that they are going to hear all the secret clauses of the Anglo-French Treaty. It is practically certain that the clauses regarding the joint military and naval obligations will not be published by the Government for some considerable time to come; though light may be thrown on the two harmless clauses dealing with the capitulations in Egypt and certain fortifications in Morocco.

\* \* \*

In spite of the optimism which, as I understand, is now prevailing in Radical circles at home, I do not think that anything Sir Edward Grey may say on Monday will greatly modify the relations at present existing between England and Germany. The main sore spot with the Germans, if I may so express myself, was Mr. Lloyd George's speech; and it is inconceivable to me that one Liberal Cabinet Minister will deliberately "turn down" his colleague to the extent of repudiating such an important utterance as Mr. Lloyd George's at the Mansion House. The Germans, indeed, have been thinking that they can deal with us as they dealt with Delcassé in 1905. They thought that they would be able, with comparative ease, to secure the removal of our Foreign Secretary and our Chancellor of the Exchequer.

\* \* \*

Nor must it be assumed that all the ill-feeling between France and Germany has disappeared with the signing of the Treaty and the interval for reflection which followed. The whole affair has still to be discussed in the Chamber of Deputies, and the members of the French Government, aware of the reception the Treaty would be likely to meet with—especially since the German cruiser still remains at Agadir—have been staving off the evil day for this debate as long as possible. Then there are the negotiations between France and Spain to come off. When, indeed, I think of the tension existing in European diplomacy at the present time, it is, I confess, with some irritation that I learn of the stale platitudes of the London Radical Press regarding friendship with this country and with that one, brotherly love, the abolition of war, march of humanity, Hague Tribunal (who ever hears of the Hague Tribunal nowadays?), and all the rest of the idealistic stock-in-trade.

## Women and Infants Under the National Insurance Bill.

By Dr. R. R. Rentoul, M.D.

CURIOSLY enough this Bill is, in its preamble, described as one "against the loss of health, and for the prevention and cure of sickness," etc.: this although, as far as I can see, no provision is made for the treatment of infants, and none for the help of women pregnant. (In one year the Oddfellows paid £177,320 in funeral benefits and £35,762 to widows and orphans. The Foresters paid £132,283 in funeral benefits and £2,629 to widows and orphans. This Bill provides no help for widows and orphans.) Our present infant death-rate is a national disgrace; while it is sufficient to state that about twenty women die every twenty-four hours in England and Wales from causes connected with pregnancy and confinement, from 1871 to 1908 no fewer than 116,501 women having so died. If we reckon the value of a fertile woman to the nation as about £500, here is a loss of £58,250,500. In another article I have called attention to the fact that there are some grave lapses in this Bill. For instance, no definition is given of the term "confinement." Is the maternity benefit given only for liveborn children, or for stillborn and *all* premature labours? That married and unmarried mothers are unfortunately placed upon the same basis, thus encouraging illegitimacy. (From 1892 to 1905 688,803 illegitimate births were registered in the United Kingdom!) That the maternity benefit is not to be granted to the poorer class of women confined in public institutions: that for a month after her confinement the mother is denied both medical and sick benefits; and that each pregnant woman is denied maternity benefit unless she has been a member for over six months. It is also a fact that the widow member is given no widow or orphan grant when the father dies.

Now these are intensely grave defects, and they must be remedied. It must not be said I am opposed to the principle of this Bill (to the out-of-employment part I am), for as far back as August, 1886, I published an article in favour of it in the "Foresters' Miscellany." How can this Bill really prevent sickness among pregnant women, especially those who work in factories, mills, shops, furnaces, mines, etc.? It is a disgraceful fact that in England we often begin at the wrong end. We endow old age with a small gift instead of endowing childhood: we now propose to endow the sick instead of using measures to prevent disease. We build smallpox and fever hospitals instead of insisting upon vaccination and re-vaccination. We build hospitals for diseased women and children instead of endowing motherhood and giving a grant for healthy infants. And now it is proposed to spend about £2,500,000 yearly upon building and supporting sanatoria for consumptives, although we know that good food and good houses will choke out this disease, just as it dispersed leprosy from this country years ago. If we made it compulsory to limewash once a week all cow-houses; prevented cows from drinking out of putrid water pools—as they always will if allowed—and killed off all tuberculous cows, this would benefit infants many hundred times more than the building of sanatoria, with their official upkeep. I propose that the maternity benefit should be increased to 40s., and that an additional grant of 10s. be made opposite each additional child who lives up to one year of age.

There is another disgraceful state of affairs in England to-day: I refer to our laws which permit the employment of pregnant women in our factories and mills until their labour begins, and which allows them to come back within four weeks after childbirth. And with what result? That babies are starved for want of breast milk, and that our infant death-rate is shocking and degrading. Instead of fostering mothercraft, we expend the money upon hospitals! The want of breast milk murders thousands of infants yearly; in fact, the best way for the mother to murder her infants

is to deny them breast milk. From statistics I have collected I find that in England, from 1895 to 1905, at least 5,119 infants died because of want of breast milk. Many thousands more died; but no true statistics can be obtained, as if doctors stated the real cause in their certificates of the cause of death they would soon lose a goodly number of their patients. Some people exclaim: "Thank God, so many infants die!" But these are of the same degraded ilk who would go into mourning if their pigs or poultry died.

A pregnant woman working in a factory can neither nourish the child in her womb, nor suckle it. Woman is the only animal whom men insist upon working when pregnant or suckling. Won't it be a splendid thing when the Christian male has elevated pregnant women to the high level of cattle! If he thinks he is wrong, why can he not give pregnant women the "unemployment benefit" for at least three months *previous* to their confinement, on condition that they do not any further manual work, and for four months after confinement. The expense will be great, but it will be worth it; it will diminish the sick-rate, maimed-rates and death-rates of mothers and infants by 50 per cent. It could almost be saved in funeral expenses.

These facts have been recognised in Belgium and other Continental countries. In some cities in France a mother is given 25 francs a month if she suckles her infant for eight to twelve months; this is much cheaper than funeral expenses. In Paris she gets 12 francs a week if she, as a poor woman, gives up mill work and suckles her child. In Paris and other cities they have established free restaurants for free feeding of poor mothers. The death-rate of infants in factory and mill cities is very heavy when compared with agricultural areas where the mothers have time to nurse their infants. In Belgium, a great manufacturing centre, the *general* death-rate is about 17 per 1,000, but the *infant* death-rate is 155 per 1,000. In fact, we may lay it down that the present employing of mothers in factories is directly antagonistic to the welfare of infants. Commercial supremacy and 15 per cent. dividends are not the only things worth living—and killing infants—for. It would be better to introduce Chinese labour than for us to go on murdering women and infants as we are now doing; or should we revert to the custom of some primitive civilisations where the men suckled the infants. It is really a question which must soon be discussed, and more especially as English mothers profess to detest the employment of wet nurses. We can't raise a fighting nation upon condensed milk, *pace* the testimonials of medical officers and others.

As regards the saving of the health and lives of mothers, State help must be given before confinement and not after. And also, we must keep the pregnant woman from working in mills. This can be done, *pace* the pseudo-economist. At one time we encouraged the employment of infants over five years of age in factories; hence the present stunted appearance of many factory adults. At one time we encouraged the employment of women naked from their waist up—and along with men absolutely naked—down in mines; and so the educated illiterate bemoans immorality. At present we are actually doing much worse; for we are murdering the backbone of our nation, the mothers and their infants. We encourage the expectant mother to work in the mill until she must leave, and we get her back as shortly as possible. "Damn the infant!" Commerce says. Here, again, England is relatively in a state of decadence. In Germany every pregnant woman in industrial work must leave four weeks before her confinement and not return until six weeks after; in Switzerland, two weeks before and six weeks after. They go even further, because pregnant women are forbidden to work in certain dangerous callings. In Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland none must return within four weeks, and not unless she has a medical certificate of good health. Yet this so-called Insurance Bill denies the mother anything but 30s., and gives not even medical or sick benefits for four weeks after. Are we English all specialists in hypocrisy?

There is one point the public must be taught if they wish to have eyes they can see with, and it is this: we are now learning that the future life depends much more upon the care given to the infant in the womb than after it is born; that is, pre-natal life treatment is the more important. The foundation is the thing—as in everything else. The well-fed boy or girl determines the well-developed man or woman. Let us drive this great fact into the minds of the people—that the success of the adults depends upon the attention given to them when they were in their mothers' wombs. Pre-natal culture has come to our breeding farms: there they know the danger of working the pregnant animal and separating her from her young. The young animal may bring £100; but the young infant—not 100 half-pence. It's a commercial transaction. One of the great causes of feeble-mindedness is maltreatment of the infant while living in the womb. This has been shown by Shuttleworth, where, of 100 idiot children, 64.85 per cent. were so from maltreatment in the womb, 32.23 from causes during birth, and only 2.92 from causes after birth. Nothing can repay us for enslaving woman. It may be excusable for a resident in an asylum to allege that the working of a girl over sixteen years old in a factory helps her to become a healthy woman and a good mother. Similarly, if Mr. Lloyd George tries to fool those who have worked at the bed-rock of these grave problems for many years by saying that thirty pieces of silver to each confined woman is going to help in "preventing and curing" sickness, then he is false to all mothers and infants. The pregnant woman must be excluded from mills and factories, and the nursing woman must be kept away; and to do this and so to benefit the nation, now and hereafter, and to diminish the present unhappy murdering of mothers and infants, the pregnant woman must be partly endowed by the State and partly sustained by the State during nursing. Commerce can produce many things; but it cannot produce healthy mothers and infants. If the Insurance Bill promoters would only grasp this fact, then real national progress would be made: deaths would diminish, sickness would diminish, criminality and mental degeneracy would decrease. Woman and her children are our greatest national asset.

## Pages from a Book of Swells.

### The Ex-boss of a Dying Domination.

By T. H. S. Escott.

MANY memories at the recent meeting for the choice of a new leader in the Palladium Club will have gone back to those nineteenth century days during which every convocation of this sort required for completeness, and, as then seemed, even for validity, a noble and familiar figure, still happily with us, though as a political power not much more than the ghost of its former self. Throughout the years that followed Lord Jericho Smith's and Mr. Ben Judah's introduction of democracy through the household voters' agency there might on most days be seen a gentleman chiefly remarkable as to his appearance for the angle of forty-five at which he wore his very sporting beaver on the left side of his head. How he kept it on always in that position was as much of a secret as the precise means by which, perpetuating in a republican age the prerogative of his feudal ancestors, he made himself the wire-puller of the entire light blue system as well as the special providence that kept watch over all its doings, and the beneficently despotic genius whose favour was scarcely less essential than success at the ballot or entrance to its best clubs. At the date now looked back upon, this party potentate was only Lord Tiptop. He had still to wait a twelve-month before coming into the full family title. Then, having become the Earl of Tiptop by inheritance, he improved that dignity some eight years later through his transcendent services to State and Church. He secured, in fact, an ancient earldom's replacement by a brand-

new marquise, appropriately enough at the moment when the Prime Minister, whom he had done so much toward creating from being plain Judah Ben Judah, took to himself the coronet and style of Sparklemoor.

Collaterally descended from the baronial stock which made monarchs and changed dynasties, Marquis Tiptop was the greatest territorial prince on his own political side. Grants from the Crown, together with fortunate marriages, had made him a principal landowner in three southern counties. Beauchamps, Braoses, as well as more than one other equally venerable and opulent line, converged in the Tiptops, who, in addition to their vast estates and influence, had inherited from their mediæval founder another possession equally precious. This was a gracious and genial skill in the art of winning favour with the rank and file, equally of the peerage and the commonalty. An Earl of Tiptop had, indeed, narrowly missed getting into an ugly scrape. One fine morning, some couple of years after he had gone up to Christchurch from Eton, a college scout was found lying dead at the bottom of some steep stone stairs leading to his lordship's rooms. The fellow had spoken disrespectfully to his master; he had properly paid the penalty for his insolence by a kick from the noble boot, which caused him to arrive on the first landing with a broken neck. The "censor" of the House reported the matter to the Dean. There might really have been some scandal had not the gallant homicide handsomely compromised matters by pensioning for life the college servant's widow and finding places for the boys under the gardeners and gamekeepers on one of his Sussex principalities.

The same willing word and blow sort of manner that distinguished the future marquis on this occasion, first confirmed, nearly half a century afterwards, and has since then perpetuated his supreme authority with the Palladium Club, with all its members, and with the light blue party at large. Wirepullers of the baser sort might feel some pride at this far-stretching power. The noble Tiptop takes it all in a matter of course. Was not one among his nineteenth century predecessors called the "Grand Duke," not because of that being his title, but because the local imagination could not conceal its conviction that only in the first order of the peerage could the great man worthily be placed. This Earl Henry then not only—as goes without saying—returned in pre-reformed days the knights of the shire, but the M.P.'s for the boroughs situated within his domains. When some of the titularly free and independent electors did not welcome his nominees he hired a contingent of prize-fighters from London to secure the places and persons of candidates. After the election he threatened with ejection all the marriageable widows holding any of his land unless they took second husbands to increase the breed of his local voters. Had the light-blue rank and file assembled at the Palladium to choose a leader a generation or the best part of it ago, Marquis Tiptop would not, indeed, as a peer, have taken any active part in the proceedings; but it would never have occurred to him or to his man of business—the light-blue election manager, Mr. Flowett—that such a matter could be settled without his lordship's remaining on the premises by way of referee or arbiter in the background should the necessity arise. As it was, that—which so recently as the last eighties would have seemed impossible—happened. Everything got on very well without the once indispensable magnate. Business or pleasure did, indeed, take him to London on the eventful day, but did not violate his unintentional incognito; for after the whole affair was settled, Maudle Highbury, who at one time it seemed likely himself might have been chosen, walking arm in arm with his new chief, Sheffield Blunt, as the pair turned from Pall Mall up St. James' Street, almost ran into Lord Tiptop's arms. "Who's your agricultural friend?" asked Blunt, as he saw Maudle return the salute of an elderly gentleman with broad-brimmed wide-awake hat and sporting get-up generally. The answer to this question only elicited from Blunt, "Fancy, the old head of the Kentish gang still being alive! The last—which was also the first—time I saw him little of his person seemed visible above his waist.

Because," continued Blunt, "he had put his head into a particularly big rabbit-hole in his park and was leaning forward to see that a ferret did its duty with the rabbits."

And this about nearly if not quite the most broadly aced and puissant peer south of the Trent, without whose help the Earl of Lord Jericho Smith's gifted nominee and colleague, Mr. Ben Judah himself, would never have followed Jericho Smith in the Premiership, because the Kentish gang was against Ben Judah to a man. Hence the appeal of Ben Judah's noble chief eliciting as it did Tiptop's "But we all want to know why you couldn't give us an Englishman?" At any point of the Victorian epoch, or during many years of the next reign, the appointment of a light-blue leader, apart from Marquis Tiptop's counsel or leave, would have been thought to herald the end of all things and have been pronounced beyond the reach of human wit or power. Yet for a much longer time than is generally remembered all the signs have been in such a direction. The exclusive days of Pitt and Fox saw the rise to power inside the House of commercial members like Alderman Sawbridge and of political families outside. These, had they wished, might successfully have disputed Parliamentary leadership with the titled Whigs, or for that matter Tories, whose places in the hierarchy of political bossdom were founded on the spoils of Church property in the shape of Tudor grants. Hence in Bedfordshire, the brewing Whitbreads, before Queen Victoria's accession, had acquired a social as well as political importance scarcely inferior to the ducal Russells, and to this day largely remaining in the same hands. What the Whitbreads by 1825 had made themselves, the Rathbones and others have since become. The day of the Cecils has similarly gone by. Who knows how soon it will be a Conservative turn for the distribution of loaves and fishes? Then one of the Chamberlain clan or his socio-political equivalent, taking in the most natural way a Cecil's place, will have as much to say concerning the allotment of the rewards and punishments as formerly belonged to Marquis Tiptop himself.

## A Lysistratic.

(Discovered in the Groves by T. K. L.)

"SINCE the time when I was brought to see that the employment of force by women is nothing but a weak imitation of men's natural strength, and implies reliance on chivalry, I have done the most suitable thing to a person proved in error—I have taken a back seat in suffrage matters. There cogitating, I saw happen among Suffragists so many instances of injustice, treachery and juggling of principle that I came to the conclusion that the average woman's dread of having women over her is a sound old instinct, acquired through experience. For women have no sense of ruling to which one can appeal in certainty of getting the justice that is part of that sense. Women are opportunists, and look neither before nor after, so long as they seem to be winning a present victory. It is notorious in courts of law how two women who have exposed each other to the bone, will collapse outside in mutual tears of love and flattery, only to resume the quarrel after a rest cure. Three appeals there are to women—threat, bribery and flattery: after these, nothing. They have no sense of justice, though the word 'injustice' has become their property as it was the property of the slaves in Rome—who themselves were captured out of slave-owning nations, and whose use of manumission was to procure slaves. Such an exercise of liberty by women voters is generally expected among the women who oppose the vote. They laugh to pieces the Suffrage platform of liens on wages, equal divorce rights, a say in vaccination, education, religion, etc., etc. But they fear what is not stated. Incredulous that women should be so silly as to fight in the streets for a vote, gaining only such shadows

of shadows; they want to know what is behind, what is in the brain of the leaders of the movement. Gradually they are realising that these leaders want power, are ambitious. What for? Sway over men, or sway over women? Plainly, they cannot sway men. They never will be able to sway men. But they can, and do, sway many women. The result is to alienate these devotees from their friends, to induce them to part with their money, to send them out among hooligans and the police, to injure them in many ways and to fill them with a sense of having done something—manly. Nothing in all this to convert the average woman to Suffragism! Again, she asks—what have these infatuated persons been promised as the reward of service? She concludes—some job! Inquiry proves that the most advertised devotees, from Lady Constance Lytton to Miss Annie Kenney, are paid in cash; that women, not Suffragists, earning their living in some of the public services (especially the sanitary inspection department) find themselves subjected to treatment of the milder 'ragging' order, and must be very strong-hearted to keep their position; that shops kept by women who do not advertise in 'Votes for Women' are special objects of the dreaded boycott. And such discoveries confirm her belief that if ever the vote were won, she would be persecuted and her life made miserable by the women in the jobs.

"Of course she is a poor, dark heathen, this woman, and unable to comprehend how the advanced women love her and only want to bring her to the feet of Freedom, though she have to be haled there with a halter around her neck.

"The real facts are that the Suffragists have such Plans up their sleeve as will uplift all womanhood, place upon woman's head her natural crown of beauty, purity and intelligence, give her the rights that tyrant man has wrested from her through the ages, restore her to glorious equality from her miserable (though dignified) slavery, and set her feet towards the Mountain as yet too high even for men's eyes to rise to but whither She shall lead the way!

"Is it not so? Who has not heard them declare it?

"Yet there is one thing lacking. In the days when Nonconformists merely threw their stools at evangelical parson's heads and made rumpuses in the temples of the orthodox, they were regarded as hysterical and—what was terrifying—rather vulgar fanatics. Not until they set forth scornfully out of Egypt and built them an own tabernacle did they become a power. The weakness of the Suffragists is clearly that they still jostle policemen and throw stones while they might be building themselves a House of Parliament, a real Women's Parliament, whence they might carry out the Programme above summarised, insist on their electorate obeying no other, and so gradually permeate the country, as the Nonconformists did, and, like these worthy people, capture at last the very citadel of legislation. With even fewer catchwords, and of course incomparably fewer of the elect of humanity, the religious reformers have gained a pick of the fattest jobs such as history has not equalled since the days of Cleon. But they came forth, they set themselves apart, they drew supporters by appearing to disdain assistance—in a word, they paddled their own canoe. Had they not done so they would have been conciliated and re-absorbed.

"There is only just time for the Suffragists to save themselves from the limbo to which the granting of the vote will consign them. The current phrase for 'conciliate and re-absorb' with regard to Suffragists is, I am horrified to hear, 'embrace and diddle 'em.' So coarse! But so representative of the eternal attitude!

"Wimmun! realise that you are not wanted in politics. For twenty centuries Britons have run the country without you. They say, and it may be true, that they have a real interest in their fatherland, and they regard the entry of women into public life as inimical to public welfare. You may make it so unpleasant for them that they will throw you a bone, but it will be a bone stripped of the meat and sucked dry of the marrow. You may see the sort of bone. It is to be given, as

one of you lately put it in the 'Times'—to any male wretch who can run a house of ill-fame for six months! Do you suppose there is much sustenance left on it when they are willing to chuck it away like that? Do you not suspect that they have also Plans? Not such grand ones as yours. They seem to have no notion of uplifting their sex, of refusing the white man's burden of supporting women, of placing upon their heads crowns of purity and manhood. They could not very well aspire to such a glory—the terms even are preclusive! But such as men be, they may very well have secret plans—plans, my poor sisters, to change the very basis of the Constitution. Why not? They made it. Suppose you woke up one morning to find that men had decided against electoral representation—all men—decided to have a Dictator, or an Autocracy, or some hitherto unconceived form of absolute government on the masonic understanding that it would consider the interests of men only, or, at most, of women for men! What would, what could you do? Suppose some of you fought, used physical force. The rest would never fight. 'Tis not their nature to! But suppose you won!—that is, suppose the men let you win. They might if you were very free or beautiful. As Dictator one of you would be a lark for a while, the sport of men, the tyrant and the toy: Semiramis, Cleopatra, Elizabeth! There would scarcely be two successive lady Dictators. And to secure the position of even one the common men would have to be conciliated by the abject submission of the common females, neither witty, licentious nor beautiful, but who, lacking everything but sex and hands to labour, would be grateful to be let live. You never find free women under the reign or rule of a woman!

"But I am sure you are now convinced—so reasonable and far-sighted as you are. You will abandon, pretend to abandon, the poor country to men, and set about opening the Women's Parliament preparatory to ascending that Mountain which you are so certain that men fail of reaching all for lack of your leadership. Remember always that where you are not wanted you will not rule, even though those who were there first have to make a booby of you by running away—the better to return!"

## The Sadvery Scandal.

(Being some extracts from the current issue of "The Scrutiniser.")

. . . . It is with very real anguish that for the thirty-fifth week in succession we return to a topic which is as distasteful to ourselves as no doubt it has long ago become wearisome to our readers. Disagreeable though the facts are, we feel compelled, from a sense of duty, again to recite them, as we have done countless times before. They are as follows:—

The bulk of the shares in our contemporary, "The Moon," is owned by the famous Seceding-Plymouth-Brother family of philanthropists, the Messrs. Sadvery. The circumstance that we, personally, cherish a sentiment of almost abject admiration for the Messrs. Sadvery and are positive that individually these gentlemen are far, far nobler than we, cannot deter us from noting, with the utmost publicity, that "The Moon" (which they control, doubtless, just as conscientiously as we ourselves control "The Scrutiniser") publishes the grossest incitements to the working man's passion for amusement. "Colonel Walleye," "The Moon's" sporting prophet, is one of the most celebrated tipsters in London—so we are informed on reliable authority. Yet the Sadverys are the chief supporters of the Betting Abolitionists' League! We repeat that the subject nauseates us; moreover it occupies valuable space which we had wished to devote to offering some advice to Turkey and Italy, and to impressing on the new Chinese Assemblies (to which we beg respectfully to offer "The Scrutiniser's" good wishes) the vital importance of establishing the Referendum in the Celestial Empire. These temptations, attractive though they are, we have sternly repulsed. The Sadverys (and we desire

to reiterate that we have no quarrel with them whatever, but continue, in spite of our grief, to look up to them, and, in fact, to all Seceding-Plymouth-Brothers, as shining lights in this age of materialism and Protection) persevere in their obstinate silence. They have made no reply to our pleadings. They have not contested a single one of our arguments. It is because they cannot. Therefore we are forced to continue our campaign.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

(A communication on the subject of the Magyar Navy, by Caledonian Globetrotter, is omitted.)

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I object strongly to your most unwarranted animadversions on that truly pious family, the Sadverys. I differ from the Sadverys on almost every conceivable subject, but I resent a cowardly attack on their sincerity. Their Colonel Walleye has made pounds and pounds for me. Suppose he is a Seceding-Plymouth-Brother? What then? I implore you, sir, to hold your hand in the matter. I am, Sir, etc., BOOKIE, Bâle, Switzerland.

(We take this opportunity of stating that we have never accused Colonel Walleye of being a Seceding-Plymouth-Brother. Furthermore, his divinations may, for aught we know, be, as our correspondent implies, extraordinarily profitable to those who follow them. We publish this letter, however, in order that all sides may be heard; but we think that its writer, being no doubt on holiday and immersed in contemplation of nature's Alpine marvels, is somewhat out of touch with the sordid situation from which he is fortunate enough to be remote.—ED. "Scrutiniser.")

Sir,—Your vilification of the saintly Sadverys is wholly unreasonable. Are you aware that the Betting Abolitionists' League receives a 3-inch advertising space, free, in every number of "The Moon"? Is this generosity to go unrewarded? I am, Sir, etc., ROBIN (Hon. Sec., B.A.L.).

(Lord Robin's indignation leaves us cold, vehemently though we venerate his League, to which we ourselves subscribe.—ED., "Scrutiniser.")

Sir,—As one who is a Seceding-Plymouth-Brother, and who is himself engaged in the lemonade trade, to which these Sadverys belong, I venture to proffer my thanks to you for your fearless exposure of this much over-rated firm. We of the Peddlington Little Bethel have unanimously passed a resolution of gratitude to the Editor of "The Scrutiniser," and which I beg to enclose. It strikes us as significant that a nephew of Mr. Japhet Sadvery has recently gone over to Rome. I am, sir, etc., WILLIAM TUBBS (manufacturer of the Nonsuch lemonade).

(Modesty forbids us to quote more than the concluding paragraph of this gratifying Resolution:—"And calls upon the Government to immediately and drastically amend the law to completely make impossible all horse-racing and its concomitant evils."—ED. "Scrutiniser.")

Sir,—Allow an old fogey, who was with your father at school, to intervene in this lamentable discussion. As we know, thousands of working-men eagerly pay their sixpence, week by week, for "The Scrutiniser." To them I would say, "Remember the old tag:

Saepius olim

Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta.  
I am, sir, etc., SENEX.

(Our correspondent's letter is admirably à propos. We commend it to our numerous artizan subscribers, for whom—we take this opportunity of saying—we have always had the sincerest respect.—ED. "Scrutiniser.")

Sir,—The Sadvery crowd not having "risen," I write to suggest that you should try a fresh Scandal-stunt. I can furnish you with some first-rate "Horrible Revelation" stuff, all guaranteed new. I have some grand cases of Queer Street amongst both Liberals and Conservatives, whichever preferred. Terms to be arranged on interview. I am, Sir, etc., J. SMARTER JAUNPRESSE.

(We publish the above with reluctance, and only for the sake of coldly repudiating the proposition it contains. Even if we wished to expend our space on the sifting of political

corruption we should not desire it to be "guaranteed new." "The Scrutiniser" aspires to no such novelty. We may point out that we only took cognisance of the Sadvery affairs *after* these had been exhaustively analysed in a series of a hundred and fourteen articles in our contemporary, "The Nagger." We cannot profess to sympathise with the tone of asperity which "The Nagger" adopted towards the Sadverys (charming, in private life, as we know the latter to be), but we take leave to say that our contemporary dealt a bold stroke for the purity of the Press when it declined the lemonade advertisements which—we understand—were showered upon it immediately before it had the misfortune to cease publication.—ED. "Scrutiniser.")

NOTE.—This correspondence will be continued ad—we mean, will be continued.

WARD MUIR.

## Penny Wise.\*

IN an age of good intentions, it is well to be reminded of the difficulty of doing good. We (that is to say, Mr. Lloyd George and his Fabian advisers) have been legislating for the benefit of the working classes, offering them 225 per cent. profit on their investments and promising a paradise in return for a premium, without a proper knowledge of or a due regard for the people we propose to benefit. The working classes ought to be grateful; those of them who are not Englishmen probably are. But if Mr. Stephen Reynolds and his collaborators have discovered anything, it is the resentment felt by Englishmen against a type of government that is alien to their temper and tradition. If this book merely presented a working-class view of politics, as Mr. Reynolds declares in his sub-title, it would not be as interesting or valuable as it really is. By the time that the end of the book is reached, the authors are aware of the fact. They recognise that, so far as they represent anything, they represent "a New Toryism or Nationalism, a Nationalism founded on respect for the poor"; and Nationalism is obviously not a class feeling.

The chief value of this book is that it states the English feeling concerning modern politics, more particularly the resentment felt against the trend of modern social legislation. More than fifty years ago, Emerson said of the English that "they wish neither to command nor obey, but to be kings in their own houses"; but the officials of Government have stepped across the doorstep. Legislation tends more and more to become inquisitorial and oppressive in its working: the inspector is never out of the house, and the attempt to impose on one class the ideals and standards of another rouses, by its indifference to racial qualities, a sense of injustice that cannot fail in the end to provoke resistance. Again and again in this book do we get hints and threats of the coming storm. It is not that the Englishman knows what he wants, and is determined to have it; the danger lies in the fact that he is only conscious of an unsatisfied desire. As one of the characters says in this book: "You take notice—that's how revolutions is made—when people don't know 'xactly what they wants, but wants it hellish bad for a long time." The grievance is not primarily an economic grievance; it is the revolt of the English character against the degradation that accompanies poverty.

But the economic grievance is never far from the Englishman's heart. "It is not usually a point of honour," said Emerson, "nor a religious sentiment, and never any whim that they will shed their blood for; but usually property, and right measured by property,

that breeds revolution. The Englishman is peaceably minding his business and earning his day's wages; but if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, on his cow, or his right in common, or his shop, he will fight to the Judgment. Magna Charta, jury-trial, habeas corpus, Star-chamber, ship-money, Popery, Plymouth colony, American Revolution, are all questions involving a yeoman's right to his dinner, and, except as touching that, would not have lashed the British nation to rage and revolt." So far as Mr. Reynolds and his collaborators state the Englishman's feeling, they corroborate Emerson's opinion. The Englishman wants to be left alone; or, if that is impossible, he wants to do for himself with the help of the State what the State cannot do for him without damaging his self-respect. "'Twould be best in the end for the likes o' you to give us the help us wants for to put things right," says the principal character in Mr. Reynolds' book. To those who are born and bred to the reformer's creed, this statement will seem an impertinence. That people should refuse to be reformed according to the best German prescriptions, that they should actually desire to reform themselves in their own way and should demand the money first, are proofs not only of man's ingratitude but of his sacrilegious contempt for sociology. But, as Carlyle said, "Constitutions can be built, even constitutions à la Sieyès, but the frightful difficulty is that of getting men to come and live in them." We find, for example, that the Englishman objects to the modern system of education as unfitting the working classes for manual labour. Children should be taught to read, write, and reckon well, and to speak up for themselves; but most of all they should be taught to work. For the Englishman, as Emerson said, has a supreme eye to facts; his logic is a logic that brings salt to soup, hammer to nails, and his mind is locked and bolted to results. "I tell thee," says Mr. Reynolds' spokesman, "if you got to live wi' your nose to the grindstone, like most o' us have, the sooner you learns to put it there the better." And he resents the waste of time involved in learning things which are never likely to be of use, and which, when learnt, can only create discontent with what he regards as the normal conditions of life. But the practical logic of the Englishman will not be denied, and back the reasoning goes to economics. "If you'm educated, you wants to be able to live educated; and the likes o' us can't. Us ain't got the rivets [money]."

There the story stays. Until the working classes get more money they will resent every reform that attempts to alter their habits and ideals; and when they get more money they will want to spend it in their own way and order their life as they please.

It is useless to object that their attitude is ignorant and prejudiced, penny wise and pound foolish. "'Tis easy to be pound wise when you's got the pound to be wise with," they retort; and if this is what Mr. Reynolds calls an irrational inference, it is one of those inferences that have wrecked empires. "Our sort of people's gettin' more enlightened, an' they travels about an' sees more, an' one of these days they'm going to inquire into it proper; an' when they do there'll be a bigger bust-up than ever was—you see!" Such is their attitude: the case is prejudged. They see the inequality of wealth; they attribute the inferiority that is more and more being forced upon them to that fact; and the interest in economics inspired by the Tariff Reform agitation has led to the development of a political feeling distinct from party feeling which threatens to range the nation into two parties, the Nationalist and the Alien. For the German invasion has been accomplished; the regimentalists are in power, and the Englishman resents at every turn the tyranny of the invader.

It is not that he objects to reform, or even to the inspection and direction of his domestic life; but he does insist that it shall be of the sort he desires, and shall be carried out by people who do not regard him as a unit in a table of statistics, but as a man who does

\* "Seems So." By Stephen Reynolds and Bob and Tom Woolley. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

his best against odds. He resents being made responsible for what he cannot help: the untidy condition of a house, for example, that he did not build, and was certainly not designed for the convenient and cleanly rearing of a family. He finds himself penalised at every turn for trivial offences against factitious government. He is judged not by the standards of his own class but by the prejudices inculcated from birth against his class; and as his recognition of the economic basis of class becomes clearer, he resents being poor and condemned for being poor. More and more he insists: "It's the rivets we want"; and if he ascribes too much to the influence of money, he is only willing to be corrected by the experience of possession. That at bottom he insists on the essential equality of human nature, that he attributes all differentiation to the possession of wealth, that he resents being condemned to inferiority by what he regards as an accident, are facts that cannot be gainsaid, and that bode no good for the governing classes. More and more he becomes aware of the corruption of party politics; more and more he regards it as a game not played for his benefit; more and more he develops a political feeling separate from and inevitably inimical to his party feeling; and the only end that he can foresee is the revolution. He proposes no remedies in this book; he has used his privilege, and grumbled; but he has reminded us that a modern government cannot sit on its bayonets, and that social reform that sends spies and monitors into his home will change nothing, and be not only useless but hateful.

## I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

(Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of "The New Method" in scholarship.—THE EDITOR.)

### I.

(A translation from the early Anglo-Saxon text.)

#### THE SEAFARER.

MAY I for my own self song's truth reckon,  
 Journey's jargon, how I in harsh days  
 Hardship endured oft.  
 Bitter breast-cares have I abided,  
 Known on my keel many a care's hold,  
 And dire sea-surge, and there I oft spent  
 Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship's head  
 While she tossed close to cliffs. Coldly afflicted,  
 My feet were by frost benumbed.  
 Chill its chains are; chafing sighs  
 Hew my heart round and hunger begot  
 Mere-weary mood. Lest man know not  
 That he on dry land lovelieth liveth,  
 List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold sea,  
 Weathered the winter, wretched outcast  
 Deprived of my kinsmen;  
 Hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scur flew,  
 There I heard naught save the harsh sea  
 And ice-cold wave, at whiles the swan crys,  
 Did for my games the gannets' clamour,  
 Sea-fowls' loudness was for me laughter,  
 The mews' singing all my mead-drink.  
 Storms, on the stone-cliffs beaten, fell on the stern  
 In icy feathers, full oft the eagle screamed  
 With spray on his pinion.

Not any protector  
 May make merry man faring needy.  
 This he little believes, who aye in winsome life  
 Abides mid burghers some heavy bussiness,  
 Wealthy and wine-flushed, how I weary oft  
 Must bide above brine.  
 Neareth nightshade, snoweth from north,  
 Frost froze the land, hail fell on earth then,  
 Corn of the coldest. Nathless there knocketh now  
 The heart's thought that I on high streams  
 The salt-wavy tumult traverse alone.  
 Moaneth alway my mind's lust

That I fare forth, that I afar hence  
 Seek out a foreign fastness.  
 For this there's no mood-lofty man over earth's midst,  
 Not though he be given his good, but will have in his  
 youth greed;  
 Nor his deed to the daring, nor his king to the faithful  
 But shall have his sorrow for sea-fare  
 Whatever his lord will.  
 He hath not heart for harping, nor in ring-having  
 Nor winsomeness to wife, nor world's delight  
 Nor any whit else save the wave's slash.  
 Yet longing comes upon him to fare forth on the water.  
 Bosque taketh blossom, cometh beauty of berries,  
 Fields to fairness, land fares brisker,  
 All this admonisheth man eager of mood,  
 The heart turns to travel so that he then thinks  
 On flood-ways to be far departing.  
 Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying,  
 He singeth summerward, bodeth sorrow,  
 The bitter heart's blood. Burgher knows not—  
 He the prosperous man—what some perform  
 Where wandering them widest draweth.  
 So that but now my heart burst from my breast-lock,  
 My mood mid the mere-flood,  
 Over the whale's acre would wander wide.  
 On earth's shelter cometh oft to me,  
 Eager and ready, the crying lone-flyer,  
 Whets for the whale-path the heart irresistibly,  
 O'er tracks of ocean; seeing that anyhow  
 My lord deems to me this dead life  
 On loan and on land, I believe not  
 That any earth-weal eternal standeth  
 Save there be somewhat calamitous  
 That, ere a man's tide go, turn it to twain.  
 Disease or oldness or sword-hate  
 Beat out the breath from doom-gripped body.  
 And for this every earl whatever, for those speaking  
 after—

Laud of the living, boasteth some last word,  
 That he will work ere he pass onward,  
 Frame on the fair earth 'gainst foes his malice,  
 Daring ado,  
 So that all men shall honour him after  
 And his laud beyond them remain mid the English,  
 Aye, for ever, a lasting life's-blast,  
 Delight mid the doughty.

Days little durable,  
 And all arrogance of earthen riches,  
 There come now no kings nor Cæsars  
 Nor gold-giving lords like those gone.  
 Howe'er in mirth most magnified,  
 Whoe'er lived in life most lordliest,  
 Drear all this excellence, delights undurable,  
 Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth,  
 Tomb hideth trouble. The blade is layed low  
 Earthly glory ageth and seareth,  
 No man-at all going the earth's gait;  
 But age fares against him, his face paleth,  
 Grey-haired he groaneth, knows gone companions,  
 Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven,  
 Nor may he then the flesh-cover, whose life ceaseth,  
 Nor eat the sweet nor feel the sorry,  
 Nor stir hand nor think in mid heart,  
 And though he strew the grave with gold,  
 His born brothers, their buried bodies  
 Be an unlikely treasure hoard.

PHILOLOGICAL NOTE.—The text of this poem is rather confused. I have rejected half of line 76, read "Angles" for angels in line 78, and stopped translating before the passage about the soul and the longer lines beginning, "Mickle is the fear of the Almighty," and ending in a dignified but platitudinous address to the Deity: "World's elder, eminent creator, in all ages, amen." There are many conjectures as to how the text came into its present form. It seems most likely that a fragment of the original poem, clear through about the first thirty lines, and thereafter increasingly illegible, fell into the hands of a monk with literary ambitions, who filled in the gaps with his own guesses and "improvements." The groundwork may have been a longer narrative poem, but the "lyric," as I have accepted it, divides fairly well into "The Trials of the Sea," its Lure and the Lament for Age.

## Art and Drama.

By Huntly Carter.

THE Drama of Discussion, of which we have recently heard much from the usual incompetent quarter, and of which Mr. Israel Zangwill's "War God," at His Majesty's Theatre, is the last word, sprung from an aspiration towards a clear presentation of real life (not the essentially real) which found its model in the Greek dramas of the period of vicious decline of the dramatic form of art. These plays, which cut the eternal verities and salute the artificial, denote the popular standard of verbose rhetoric and inconceivably depraved taste for sexual horrors. The said period of decline culminated in Euripides and Aristophanes. Euripides is an impudent plagiarist beloved by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, who consciously gauges the intellect of his fellow-men by their attendance at his public displays of pugnacity and self-assertion, and by their contributions to the box-office; while Aristophanes, who was broken-hearted at the decline of great Greek drama, is his severest critic, and one who suggests that if there were a Euripides alive to-day it would be necessary to invent an Aristophanes to kill him.

\* \* \*

Aristophanes, like the modern discussion dramatists, indulged in paradox. He took the jewel of a lofty moral purpose and national idealism and set it in unthinkable obscenity. His plays have a general, as well as an individual aim. At least three of them—"Lysistrata," "Peace," and "Acharnae"—preach peace. But though Aristophanes advised peace, it is not clear whether he saw the real solution to it. Whether, in fact, he was aware that war is a natural process from amoebæ to the army; that peace is only possible to a high order of intellect; and that the one way to attain universal peace is to kill off 90 per cent. of the human race as below the peace standard, leaving the 10 per cent. of aristocracy of brains to readjust the ideal of individual liberty. It is, however, clear that he had no delusions on the subject of peace. In "Lysistrata" he recognises that war began with the sexual impulse. Accordingly he makes peace a sexual problem, just as he put Socrates in the "Clouds." He believed Socrates deserved his fate for his approval of the decadent drama of the Greeks.

\* \* \*

In "Peace" he employs allegory and exhibits peace, or its representative, trying to reach heaven on a dung-beetle. Peace remains in the air for a time and then returns to earth by way of the orchestra, appropriately alighting on the big drum. It is a pity that Mr. Zangwill has not studied Aristophanes, for then he would not have written his present polemical tract charged with an infinite variety of views which he, in common with many social reformers, regards from a very limited standpoint. Or, at least, he would have offered a very different solution of the vastly fluctuating question of peace and war. For one thing, he would not have put Tolstoi forward as a serious peace-god. Tolstoi was a Fabian turned fasting friar. He arrived at social prominence by the imbecile route of preaching the "Sermon on the Mount" as a sentimental socialist, not as a seer.

\* \* \*

If Mr. Zangwill had turned to the "Acharnae," he would have discovered that Aristophanes has anticipated his attitude in the "War God" and caricatured it. In the scene where Euripides appears, the Acharnians are about to stone Dikaiopolis for having concluded a peace with the Lacedaemonians. He undertakes to defend the latter or lose his head if he fails to convince his audience. In this dilemma he calls upon Euripides to help him by lending him the tattered garments in which that poet's heroes were accustomed to excite pity. Now, if we substitute Zangwill for Dikaiopolis and G. B. Shaw for Euripides, and place Adelphi Terrace at the centre back of the stage of His Majesty's Theatre, we are ready for the "War God" to begin.

Mr. Shaw-Euripides will appear at the upper storey throwing out the rags of his various debates on economic and Christian Socialism. Mr. Zangwill-Dikaiopolis will take the centre of the stage with the lime full on him, putting on the tatters as the god above hands them to him, and murmuring the following lines of Dikaiopolis:—

And be still what I am, and yet not seem so,  
The audience here may know me who I am,  
But like poor fools the chorus stands unwitting,  
While I trick them with my flowers of rhetoric.

\* \* \*

So in turn he will appear as the criminal Bismarck-Torggrim burgling Alba (England); as the confederate Tolstoi-Frithiof unbolting the doors and windows for him; as the contemptible Jew secretary; as the woman militant anarchist, who has seen war through the eyes of a nurse and uses her experience as a standard of valuation; as the philosophic anarchist chamberlain; as the feather-headed booby of an Emperor; as a wobbling dolt, the son of Bismarck, who is equally infatuated with Tolstoi and the maid-of-honour-anarchist; as a revolutionary anarchist who has walked out of "Justice" and forgot to return; and so on.

\* \* \*

Having received the Shaw-Euripides rags, he will discover it is the business of these things to look as dramatic as possible, and of the individual who wears them to weave himself into some sort of a plot. As this is a mere formality with the discussion drama, Mr. Zangwill has merely to call in Dumas the Elder, who will oblige him with the conventional technique of his time and thus set Mr. Zangwill going on the old, old lines of plot and counterplot, or one up and two down. Hence arises the old, old melodramatic conflict, the lover (Bismarck) and his lass (universal conquest) and an obstacle to overcome (Tolstoi and universal peace); beyond this the means to remove the obstacle (the wild anarchists, who shoot Tolstoi after an exhibition of marksmanship that beats the famous record of the British army at Sydney Street under Mr. Winston Churchill). With Tolstoi out of the way, Bismarck will naturally go ahead supplying copy to the special scare column of the daily Press. But Mr. Zangwill will have a wider scope for him in another direction, in which case he will pour over him the Tolstoyan hymn of Peace. When the fumes evaporate, Bismarck will reappear as Frithiof II. So we have Mr. Zangwill exhausting himself in five dull acts on a miraculous conversion aping "The Resurrection."

\* \* \*

In a play of this description there is no need of scenery, music and acting, and we get none. The three bare walls of the stage are concealed by odds and ends, of flats and painted cloths from the scenery dock. The music is by the gentleman who reduced Hiawatha to a state of static melancholia. Sir Herbert Tree degenerates into a mouthpiece for dogmatic Socialism and newspaper descriptions of the war resources of capitalism. The descriptions are cast in Drury Lane lyrics, with outlets for the Celestial Sublime as follows:—

Fate the blind housewife with her busy broom,  
Shall shrivel at one sweep your giant web,  
And leave a little, naked, scuttling spider.

A very pretty picture of Fate waving a broomstick.

\* \* \*

The proper place for this sort of stuff is a cinematograph theatre as a setting for moving pictures of Tolstoi's "War and Peace." If Sir Herbert Tree cannot give us something better in the way of drama I strongly advise him to let his theatre to the Fabian Society for the winter and go abroad and study what men are saying and doing in the Art of the Theatre. His present policy is steadily placing him in the background by encouraging the idea that formerly there was only one centre in London for the discussion of socialism, but now there are two. One is His Majesty's Theatre, the other is Hyde Park.

## FOUR POEMS.

By Iolo Aneurin Williams.

## LABYRINTHINE.

You are no famed artificer  
To build a chamber cunningly  
To trap me—me, or from my hair  
To make a net to capture me.

I will not give myself, nor sell,  
I will be free and nothing less,  
And you can't bind me with a spell  
That's fashioned from my loveliness.

A poor enchanter you must be  
To take my beauty for your snare;  
Why should I be entrapped by me?  
Or fettered by my limbs or hair?

You are no skilled magician,  
No Merlin, in a little while  
To tame me quite, no wonder-man  
To make me quiet with a smile.

You shall not string in chains my teeth  
To bind me with them how you please;  
My eyes you shall not conjure with,  
Nor make them charms to cloy my knees;

Nor shall you make a magic room  
And magic bed wherein we'd lie;  
Our bodies mingled in the gloom,  
I should be something less than I.

You could not carve of ivory  
A shackle that should hold me thus.  
Oh, poor contriver, I am free—  
Am free—and yet—ah! Daedalus.

## LOVE DEMONIAIC.

First a vague walking through the half-dark wood,  
An aimless feeling in the torpid blood;  
A white blur growing through the black pine trees;  
A gasp staccato, trembling at the knees,  
At more distinction of the coming face;  
A cry to send the darkness round the place.  
Reeling—"Ah shining lamp . . . ah fellow flame,  
There was great darkness here until this came,  
This splendid rush of love demoniac."

And then—a sudden shiver down the back.

## FRIEND TO FRIEND.

Shall we not,  
When our youth is cold and over,  
And our limbs  
Halt, and our smooth skins are rougher,  
Our sharp eyes  
Blunt with much debate of sight,  
In the hours  
After daylight, before night,  
Cry awhile for sharp and bright?

Do you think—  
Better "we," our thought has ever  
Fallen as one—  
Think we then that any briefer  
Or less sweet  
Our talk shall be than once it was?  
We two old  
Shall chirp together of things that pass,  
Like two crickets in the grass.

Though love come  
Only once, and no more follow,  
Come to each—  
As on a silent lake the swallow

Touches soft  
The quiet water as it lies,  
Then no more,  
While the cloudlets pigeon-wise  
Turn within the evening skies—

Shall that hurt?  
While the child is in the womb  
Is there fret  
Whither the grown man shall come?  
No, not so.  
We'll not heed this mournful flame,  
You and I.  
Youth is quite a pleasant game;  
Come, forget the future's claim.

And yet, yet—  
Bluster will not kill the terror.  
Here's the wind  
Blowing gusts. Is it a mirror  
Of our lives?  
See this gust come at a run,  
Stormily,  
Bending trees, a mighty one,  
Then seem to fail, its work undone.

Such our lives?  
Roar at first, then fade away?  
But we're young;  
Though we know we cannot slay  
This great doubt,  
Yet, this one day undismayed,  
Let's reject  
The brittle things of which we're made—  
Let's forget we are afraid.

## LA VECCHIA.

(To Walter Sickert, for his drawing.)

I think that that sad look of yours to-day—  
That dreamy gazing at the distances,  
Which keeps you standing rapt and motionless  
In that near present of the far away—  
Is full of memories and interplay  
Of thoughts of many days of happiness  
When you were swift to dance and bright of tress,  
That now are heavy-limbed and old and grey.

Perhaps it is the chatting of the birds  
In the new sun that brings to you again  
The thought that on a day just such as this  
You should have seen him come, have heard his words,  
Have felt—. No. Only guessing at your pain  
I watch you gaze upon your memories.

## Present-Day Criticism.

WE abjure the *grey* partisan. He is nothing but darkness unconfirmed. He can never become less grey, any more than a dusky stuff can be dyed white; any change is towards darker. He runs about, professedly to find some good in everything, but his hidden instinct is towards confusion. We want none of him. But who is there truthful enough to hate this very mediocrity that the grey critic patronises? Who is in love with Perfection? Let him come forward, for the world has been withering for want of him. Make no mistake about this "world." The mob is emphatically not intended. The mob never withers. It is not made of any stuff so fine as to wither when deprived of spiritual light and air. The mob in this same English nation, of whom Ruskin wrote as if something new were in the statement, "It is fast, and with furious acceleration, becoming a mob to whom it will be impossible to talk about anything. I refuse to talk more about art." Plautus said much the same thing about the Roman people. Artists have always known that the People were outside art, but it was, and is, dangerous to say so. We content ourselves with suggesting that the People has sufficient to do in struggling to obtain its

place at Court and its minimum wage. Mob above or mob below has no concern with artists, and we would have all died in ditches had we no better refuge than the mansion of Lord Hodze or the hut of Hodge. But though the mob will not give, have never given, they will take—no doubt of that, Youth, busying thyself in Causes not thine!

There lived once here in London a poet. He had been wofully tutored by an economist, and for thinking of millionaires and minimum wages, he could not write what was in his heart, songs of heaven and life, but only what was in his mind, songs of earth and the cost of living. He scarcely slept one night in three, so occupied with organising the liberation of the People!—that liberation which was to show the rich man how much happier he would be if he were only a little poorer, and the poor man how virtuous and clean a few more weekly shillings would make him—that liberation which would put an end once and for all to rivalry, competition, and warfare! You could never have supposed that just this very liberation was the last thing the People desired. But it was! They very nearly tore the poor poet piecemeal. Like a man and wife who have been quarrelling, at the remonstrance of the poet, the rich People and the poor People turned together and joined against him. They haled him up and down and shook his private life inside out, and there was not a miserable little peccadillo he had ever committed since his childhood but they made it into a case for transportation. And in the end he barely managed to exile himself before they saved him the trouble. In a foreign land he began to think deeper than his mind, and presently he got down to his heart, and soon he sat singing his own songs, and only sang about the People after reading some chance pamphlet in a waiting-room. And when he died the People, crazy as ever, ran tearing to buy his songs, though in a cheap reprint. But the songs he wrote about them they blacked out, all except a few epithetical passages which might at a pinch be useful to either party; but the songs he wrote from his heart they caused to be illuminated and hung up over the mantelpiece; and if you could catch them after dinner, at any rate, when there was no fighting going on, they would blubber how they had often thought of the very same songs themselves and only lacked time between going to Court (both sorts) to write them down, which was only their bunkum. As ages go by, they will gradually incorporate the songs into common language, and journalists will pretend that they belong to everybody, but by that time the words will have become so annoyed at vulgarisation as to refuse to serve except like "all hope abandon here" for a barber's joke, and then the People will look round for a new Poet to skin. But you see they are certain to seize the treasures of Art to play with, though they will never leave off fighting. So, dear youth, if you really love the People, do not busy yourself with their war, for as to that they will stand no damned nonsensical arbitration, each side considering the most amusing thing in life to be at loggerheads with Christmas Day off; but sing the songs of your heart, thereby ensuring an illuminated print for that mantelpiece and incidentally doing your real duty, which is to your own order!

It is the world of art and artists that is withering for lack of new hope, new realisation. One secret cause of feebleness among young artists is their neglect of solitude. They know too many futile people; they hear too many futile opinions. The front of their brain is overworked with taking in dull phrases, flat images; they do not give themselves time to think, spells of meditation. There is certainly a growing decision in favour of artistic isolation, and in the spirit of this decision lies all our hope. "Solitude and room to grow" is the scientific demand for rare species. But the most powerful Influence of the past thirty years has been directed towards beguiling artistic youths into deadly premature display, mock public effort, imitation debate and lecturing, and the end of it all was to thrust them, sapped but vain as peacocks, into some brief authority there again to be speeded up—and we are already gazing at the skeletons of some of them. Those who are now

coming of age should thank the stars they were not born when this bad influence was worse. It was a foxy old vampire, and its chief creature was the grey critic, who could always be reckoned on to find some promise in fool and genius alike and to mix the young of both sorts into an inextricable paste. It waxed fat on the reputations it prophesied for young men, whom it took care should never be given time or space to mature. It set them gabbling about the people and imagining themselves as heaven-sent statesmen at an age when their real business was with perfecting their own education. Thus these hapless are now a decade behind some a decade younger than themselves. They have any amount of vulgar experience and no knowledge, whereas the hopeful way of youth is to know more than it has experienced. Otherwise it is merely precocious and doomed to early decay. Happy son of fortune is he who can say in our time: "Eighteen to-day and nothing done!" For all such we vow ourselves to keeping the field.

## Notes on Bergson.

By T. E. Hulme.

### IV.

BEFORE passing on to a description of this change, it is necessary to state briefly what the mechanistic conception of the world is. It can be given quickly by quotations. I begin with Spinoza: "There is in Nature nothing contingent, but all things are determined by the necessities of the divine nature to exist and to operate in a definite way"; this from a recent book by Munsterberg: "Science is to me not a mass of disconnected information, but the certainty that there is no change in the universe, no motion of an atom, and no sensation of a consciousness which does not come and go absolutely in accordance with natural laws; the certainty that nothing can exist outside the gigantic mechanism of causes and effects; necessity moves the stars in the sky and necessity moves the emotions in my mind"; or by Laplace's famous boast: "An intellect which at a given instant knew all the forces with which Nature is animated and the respective situations of the beings that compose Nature—supposing that the said intellect were vast enough to subject these data to analysis—would embrace in the same formulæ the motions of the greatest bodies in the universe and those of the slightest atom; nothing would be uncertain for it, and the future, like the past, would be present to its eyes"; and Huxley's, "If the fundamental proposition of evolution is true—that the entire world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction according to definite laws of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulousity of the universe was composed—it is no less certain that the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapour, and that a sufficient intellect could, from a knowledge of the properties of molecules of that vapour, have predicted, say, the state of the fauna of Great Britain in 1869 with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapour of the breath on a cold winter's day."

There was a time when this was only a theory which you could adopt if you liked it. In that time it could hardly have been called a nightmare. If you did not like it you could refuse to believe it. But the situation in the last two hundred years has entirely changed. The result of the progress of the sciences has been to exhibit it not as hypothesis to which one might adhere if one wanted to, but as a solid fact which must be taken account of whether one likes it or not. It seems to me personally, at any rate, to be the one thing which overshadows everything else in any attempt to get a satisfactory view of the cosmos.

The arrival of this state of things could be pictured by thinking of a parallel phenomenon which the observer can watch in any public park. You start, say, with

a square green plot of grass. Then it occurs to the authorities that there are people who want to cross diagonally from one corner to the opposite one. So two paths are cut along the two diagonals. Then a further difficulty presents itself to the ingenious official. People might want to cross hurriedly from the middle of one side to the middle of the opposite side. Paths are cut for them, and so on until the whole plot is converted from grass into concrete. This is a schematic representation of a process that can be observed each year in Hyde Park. This is what has happened to the cosmos. The pieces of green—that is, the areas of freedom—are constantly disappearing by a similar process. The whole world will, in the end, be all law—that is, all concrete. As Huxley put it: "The progress of science . . . means the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation and the gradual banishment of what . . . we call spirit and spontaneity. The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare upon many of the best minds, the advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls, the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom."

The effect of this view of the world on the simple market-place beliefs about the soul is easily traced. It enormously strengthens the materialist side, for by making matter self-sufficing it makes consciousness a by-product and takes away from it all real action on things.

In the picture of the world as it existed before the arrival of the mechanistic theory you had a good deal of freedom in matter itself, and consciousness had this certificate, at least, to it—its independence and reality—that it was able to act directly on and to produce changes in this, the physical world. You might suspect its existence to be a precarious one; but, at any rate, it did exist temporarily, and could prove this existence by real action. But if you accept the mechanistic view of the world, not only does all freedom disappear from the material world, but also from the organic. The world is pictured as a mass of atoms and molecules, which are supposed to carry out unceasingly movements of every kind. The matter of which our bodies are composed is subject to the same laws as the matter outside. The motion of every atom of your brain is, then, subject to the same laws of motion as those which govern all matter. It is, then, completely mechanical and calculable. If, then, at any moment you knew the position of all the atoms of a human body, you could calculate with unflinching certainty the past, present, and future actions of the person to whom that body belonged. Consciousness, then, does nothing; it makes no difference; everything would go on just the same without it.

Before mechanism, consciousness occupied the position of a rather feeble king who still, by the favour of his troops, retained some power. The change produced by mechanism can be compared to the sudden discovery by the troops that they are self-sufficient and can manage things themselves. The monarchy then becomes a very flimsy thing. The effect of the change it produces may be got at also in this way. Suppose a number of figures arranged irregularly with a loose rope passing from one to the other. Let the figures represent consciousness and the rope inorganic matter. If you saw this from a distance you might think that the figures were real people and that the rope was to a certain extent subordinate to their purposes. But if as you watched you saw the rope suddenly tightened, and that as this happened the figures just hung loose on it, then you would recognise that they were merely dummies. Well, that is what happens to us as we gradually arrive at the mechanistic view. We suddenly see the matter under us, and which we to a certain extent felt that we rode, stiffen out to the rigidity of outside matter and move us independently of our own control. It is as if a living horse under us suddenly became a mechanical iron one which was self-acting. But, after all, I think the conception of the rope suddenly tightening gives the sensation best.

Before you can legitimately believe, then, in the existence of the soul, you have got to deal with this nightmare. This is the porch through which you must pass before you can arrive at any spiritual interpretation of the world. You can slip into such beliefs by getting in at side doors, but if you do you have not done the thing properly. There is nothing unusual in this phenomenon. In every age there has been such a porch. I have always been dissatisfied with the traditional division of the future life into heaven, hell, and purgatory. Or rather, I have always been dissatisfied with the conception of these states which makes them correspond as rewards to three divisions of merely ethical conduct. This has always seemed to me to be a singularly crude conception. If the reward is in any way to correspond to the tension and trouble which were necessary to attain it, then it is clear that the highest reward should not be given to a mere ethical perfection. Heaven should be reserved for a more troublesome thing than that—not for those who pursued the good, but for those who had successfully wrestled with the grave doubts they had as to whether the good existed or as to whether the word had any real meaning. A struggle with fundamental unbelief of this kind is much more of a valley of darkness than any mere ethical struggle. It is a much more painful state and deserves a different reward. This kind of unbelief is not an unfortunate accident that comes to a few fidgety people. It is a necessary stage through which all the saints must and should pass, and is a sign of their superiority (1) to the placidly good who go to purgatory, where they are subjected to compulsory doubts before they can pass on, and (2) to the simply bad people who go to hell and stay there.

The saint, then, in every generation has to struggle with an obstacle which stands in the way of any idealist or religious interpretation of the universe. There is some tremendous tendency of things which you have to vanquish before you can legitimately retain your beliefs in any spiritual values. There are some things which you have to conquer before you have any right at all to any spiritual view of the world. If you leave them behind without meeting them fairly you are living on false pretences, or it would perhaps be more accurate to say you are living on credit. You are giving away things that do not in the least belong to you. You have no right to be in a certain position until you have passed to it through a certain struggle. If you have not successfully met this obstacle you are in the position of the philanthropist who has no money. You may have most high falutin' sentiments, but you have no "effective demand," as the economists used to say. It seems that in beliefs about the cosmos there is the same brutal limiting condition. I may spend hours in talking about the soul in the most charming way, but if I have not first removed this obstacle I am then merely giving away something that does not belong to me: I am being merely futile. At the present time there is not the slightest doubt that this belief in mechanism constitutes the obstacle which the saint must surmount.

It is, fortunately, not necessary to labour the point very much that there is an essential incompatibility between the belief in mechanism and any religious attitude whatever towards the world. The incompatibility is so obvious and has been written about at such enormous length that it is certainly not worth while explaining in detail. It may, however, be worth while to indicate briefly two specimen ways of putting the matter. The beginning of any thought about these matters lies in the fact that we have certain preferences; we prefer good to evil, beauty to ugliness, etc. These preferences have of late years been indicated technically in philosophy by the word "values." Now it is the essence of any religious attitude towards the cosmos to believe (1) that these qualities are not merely valuable relatively to us, but are so absolutely, and lie in the nature of fundamental reality itself; (2) that the cosmos is so arranged that these things will be preserved and not perish. Hoffding has, indeed, defined religion as a "belief" in the conservation of values, and the definition is as accurate as definitions of such in-

definable things can be. It is more convenient for me to consider first the latter of these necessary beliefs. Can there be any "conservation of values" if the world is to be considered as a mechanism? Obviously not, for the essence of mechanism is that it is self-acting and pays no attention at all to the things that we happen to attach value to. The conception of purpose is quite alien to it, for everything happens as the result of antecedent circumstance. It produced us and our values quite accidentally, and quite as accidentally it will snuff them all out again. Put more concretely in Mr. Balfour's often-quoted though still pleasing rhetoric:—"Man's . . . very existence is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the planets—of the meanest of the planets. We sound the future and learn that, after a period long enough compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit and all his thoughts perish. The uneasy consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. 'Imperishable monuments' and 'immortal deeds,' death itself and love stronger than death will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or worse for all that the labour, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect."

A world of this kind cannot concern itself with the "conservation of values." On the contrary, it seems doomed inevitably to destroy them all. In as far as we hold the mechanistic conception and are honest with ourselves we are bound to admit that the world will end either by cooling, or perhaps earlier by collision; but in either case "accidentally," in the sense that this end will take no account of the things we value.

It will end "accidentally," and not when it has fulfilled its purpose or any nonsense of that kind. This automatically knocks on the head any "religion of progress" which attempts to reconcile one to materialism. I would judge any such so-called philosophy by its eschatology. Does it deal with this basic fact or does it attempt to fudge the thing? That it is a difficulty the ingenious authors of such half-baked concoctions evidently feel, for they will explain that by the time this end approaches man will have so "evolved" that he will be able to escape the wrecked planet. Such pieces of childish nonsense are evidences of the truth that it is impossible, if mechanism be a true account of the world, for us to believe in any preservation of values. The world as presented by mechanistic theory is utterly alien and has from our point of view neither rhyme nor reason.

As to the second criterion. It is asserted that we cannot attach any real meaning to our judgments of value if we believe that they are merely personal and relative to man. They must correspond to something in the nature of fundamental reality itself. Is it, then, possible to believe in any values of this kind, and at the same time that one holds the mechanistic view of the world? To examine this question I recall exactly what the mechanistic view is by a quotation:—"Every occurrence in the universe is, then, ultimately only a change of position of indivisible particles of which each is completely determined in movement by the preceding movements of the whole system; even the life processes are only physical and chemical occurrences, and every chemical and physical change resolves itself ultimately and finally into mechanical movements of atoms."

Now in such a world the word "value" has clearly no meaning. There cannot be any good or bad in such a turmoil of atoms. There are arrangements which are simple and arrangements which are complex, but nothing gives the slightest warrant for the claim that the complex is better than the simple or the more lasting than the fugitive. If this view of the world is the true one, all the bottom drops out of our set of values.

The very touch of such a conception freezes all the values and kills them. It remains as a perpetual menace. As long as it exists no idealist can live a quiet life, for he might at any moment be tripped up by the awful fact. It is a perpetual reminder that you are living in a fool's paradise. I am quite aware that this is a trouble only to a limited number of people—to those who have had a certain kind of education; but to them it is quite as annoying as was Banquo's ghost.

It is, perhaps, necessary to point out that at a certain stage this prospect does not appear to be a nightmare to us. At a certain stage of one's mental evolution the delight in finding that one can completely explain the world as one might solve a puzzle is so exciting that it quite puts in the shade the disadvantages of the conception from other points of view. It is not a nightmare to us—far from it. We delight in it. It is something like the feeling produced by a new toy or a steam-engine that "works" to a boy. It exhilarates us to feel that we have got a neat key to the universe in our pockets, and this delight of acquisition obliterates the nightmarish effect it would naturally produce in a man. One delights in it so much that one resents any attempt to interfere with it or to show that it is not a fact but merely an hypothesis. I recall quite vividly the emotion I felt when I looked, in my school library, at Stallo's quite harmless little book which makes fun of the conservation of energy. I positively detested the sight of the book on the shelves. I would have liked to have it removed from the library. My resentment was of exactly the same nature and due to the same causes as that with which an old lady, all of whose scanty income comes from land, might hear of a proposal for land nationalisation. My toy would have been taken away from me.

But this is only a temporary phenomenon. For the natural man this counteracting emotion would soon be removed and the mechanistic conception would once more become a nightmare. In the few cases in which it does not appear to be a nightmare it is because this kind of delight in the simplicity of a theory and the exhilaration and sense of power it produces have remained beyond the years of puberty to which it is appropriate, and still continue to veil to a man the real horror of his belief.

Those who have read the "Arabian Nights," or failing that, have seen "Sumurun," will remember the story of the barber who, having swallowed a fish-bone, was taken for dead. How everybody, wishing to be free of the possible unpleasant consequences of having this corpse discovered in their own house, passed it on to someone else. The corpse always turned up at some inopportune moment. A man returning cheerful from a banquet found it on his staircase; a bridegroom found it in his bed, and so on. Well, it seems to me that you have an exact parallel here for the nightmare—of the conception of the world which considers that it is a vast mechanism. First Democritus put the fish-bone into the body of the cosmos, then Lucretius rammed it in; and ever since, after the banquet of an idealist philosophy or the delights of a romantist *Weltanschauung* we are confronted, when the lights are turned out and our powers of self-delusion with them, with this frightful and hope-killing apparition of the corpse of a "dead world," of a cosmos which is nothing but a vast mechanism.

It is not to be escaped or passed on to your neighbour as long as it exists. No man can honestly hold any optimistic or cheerful view of the world. Of course, there are various ways of hiding it; you can cover it up with various cloths made out of words; you can agree to look at it "sue species eternitas." But to the plain man none of these ways is successful. Whatever colour the corpse is painted it remains a corpse. You will remember that at the end of the story the barber was shaken and the fish-bone fell out, whereupon the corpse came back to life to the no small astonishment of the beholders. It seems to me that, as far as I am concerned, at any rate, the fish-bone has been taken out of the corpse of the cosmos; and it is to celebrate the accomplishment of this feat that I am about to execute a war-dance in these pages.

## Mr. Huntly Carter and Sir H. Beerbohm Tree.

By Huntly Carter.

Will the readers of THE NEW AGE permit a personal explanation? For many months, as they know, I have interested myself, and, in fact, practically spent the whole of my time in investigating and writing about the Art of the Theatre. My investigations in this country were followed by a prolonged and comprehensive investigation abroad, whither I went at considerable expense for the purpose of learning what new ideas were to be gathered there. As my weekly letters to THE NEW AGE prove, I came in contact in Berlin, Munich, Moscow, and elsewhere with theatrical artists of all kinds whose very names were hitherto unknown in this country. Yet they were men in many cases whose theatrical inventions for the more perfect presentation of plays were of the very first importance to the Art of the Theatre. I made careful note of everything I saw, and on my return to London (early in October) I consulted with the editor of THE NEW AGE as to the best means of introducing the ideas of the Continental artists into England. It occurred to me that one means would be the establishment of an annual international exhibition in this country of Theatrical Art, at which might be gathered such models, plans, designs, illustrations, and examples of new stagecraft as I had seen in my tour of the Continental ateliers.

With the intention of enlisting public support for this idea I wrote to Sir Herbert Tree on October 21, inviting him to allow me to associate his name with the communication I proposed to make to the Press. He assented in the following letter:

His Majesty's Theatre,  
October 24, 1911.

Dear Mr. Carter,—I am extremely interested in your letter and in your idea of holding an exhibition to show the developments in the various departments of stagecraft which are taking place abroad as well as in England. I am sure it would be most enlightening, and *I am delighted to be of any use to you that I can in initiating this important departure*. Will you submit to me a draft of the letter that you intend sending to the "Times," and perhaps you would run in one evening and see me, and we could have a talk about the idea?—Yours very truly,

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

I thereupon drafted with the help of the Editor of THE NEW AGE a letter to the "Times," of which the following is a copy:—

The Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—In my recent tour of the chief art and drama centres of Europe, I have been much impressed by the astonishing variety and range of the devices now being tested and adopted on the Continent to perfect the art of dramatic representation. In the centres which I visited—Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Cracow, Moscow, etc., I found groups of artists of the theatre, in the fullest sense of the term, combining to create among them a total effect by means of the application of the new principles of the housing of the drama contained, for instance, in the Wagner-Semper ideas of theatre construction; and of the new principles of the setting of the drama contained in the new types of stage such as at the Kunstler Theatre, Munich, and at Buda-Pesth, and the new Shakespearean stages, as well as in the many and varied details of stage art and craft—scenery, lighting, costumes, accessories and the rest which, together with the right plays, must produce on our stage a unity of impression and expression which has hitherto been lacking. Having examined many of the working models, designs, and other inventions of these artists—most of whom are unfortunately unknown in England—I am now proposing with the co-operation and friendly assistance of persons interested in art and the theatre in our own country, to gather a selection of these interesting and instructive models and illustrative materials and to form an exhibition of the same for the use of our artists of the theatre—architects, stagecraftsmen and dramatists. I am authorised to state that Sir Herbert Tree has

kindly promised to give me his full support in this endeavour to bring the whole of our English stage to the level of the best that is known in Europe; and I beg that you will allow me to appeal, through your columns, for the assistance of such as may be interested in this work.

It is my hope that the exhibition, once begun, will be continued from year to year, and that it may be the means of a fruitful exchange of ideas between the leading artistic and dramatic centres of Europe and perhaps of the world. Though initially held in London, the exhibition might be transferred bodily, at the close of its London term, from provincial city to provincial city, wherever the New Repertory Theatre movement has begun to stir in the public an appreciation for vital and artistic forms of dramatic art. May I be allowed to invite those who are willing to co-operate in this matter to write to me at 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C., so that a committee may be formed and funds raised to hold the exhibition at an early date?

HUNTLY CARTER,  
Art and Drama Editor, NEW AGE.

Before sending this letter to the "Times," however, I thought it right to submit the draft for Sir Herbert Tree's approval. This I did on October 31, and here is the letter I received from his private secretary in reply:—

His Majesty's Theatre,  
November 2, 1911.

Dear Mr. Carter,—Sir Herbert Tree has shown me the draft of the letter you propose sending to the "Times." Surely for a letter of this sort it is too long? I may be wrong, but I should have thought that a first announcement should be very brief—simply stating your suggestions for having an exhibition to show what is being done on the Continent in theatrical art; in fact, a great international exhibition of stagecraft, mentioning that Sir Herbert Tree has promised to give his support, and make an appeal to such as may be interested in the work. . . .

I hope you will be able to come and see Sir Herbert, that will be some time after Wednesday, November 8.—Yours sincerely,

WALTER R. CREIGHTON.

Accepting the invitation, I waited on Sir Herbert at His Majesty's Theatre, but he professed himself too busy to go into the matter thoroughly. In consequence, on November 14 I again wrote to him in the following terms:—

Mayfair,  
November 14, 1911.

Dear Sir Herbert Tree,—I saw Mr. Creighton this morning, who had made a provisional appointment for me to meet you, and as a result of our talk Mr. Creighton promised to ask you to arrange a meeting for to-morrow, Wednesday, afternoon, in order that I may hear what you have definitely decided upon with regard to the exhibition. If, however, it is impossible for you to turn from other business to discussing this matter in detail, will you please spare me a moment to go into the question of the "Times" letter? It is very important that an announcement concerning a possible exhibition be made at once. I have been writing for some months in THE NEW AGE, various illustrated and other journals (besides conducting an international symposium on the subject in THE NEW AGE), on the art theatres and the artistic movement in the theatre in Europe, dealing in detail with facts and figures. The matter has, in consequence, attracted considerable attention, and more than one person has got the idea of an exhibition on their minds. You will therefore understand that if one is to keep the matter in one's hand it is necessary to make a public announcement at once in order to secure the patent, so to speak. Therefore I suggest that if as I understand you do not approve of the length of the "Times" letter which I have submitted to you, it could be sent to the "Times," and that newspaper would consider cuts. Or if you do not approve of the terms of the letter will you please draft an alternative letter and let me have it when I call to-morrow, Wednesday, afternoon?

I am extremely anxious to proceed with the matter of the exhibition. My experience in recent years in organising art and other exhibitions has shown me not only the necessity of public announcements as a means of being first in the field, but also the need of utilising as much time as possible for the purpose of ascertaining the full resources available for an exhibition, as well as for collecting them. The Christmas holidays are approaching, and unless a start is made at once nothing can be done till the middle of January.

Yours sincerely,  
HUNTLY CARTER,

By this time four weeks had been spent, and I began to grow anxious to bring the matter to a conclusion. Having, moreover, implicit confidence in the good faith of Sir Herbert Tree, believing him to be above playing me a dirty trick, I decided, against the advice of the Editor of *THE NEW AGE*, to postpone again my letter to the "Times" until I had seen Sir Herbert Tree again. In the interview he suggested that I should write to Mrs. C. Enthoven, who was interested in the subject, and join forces with her.

While considering an appointment to this effect, what was my amazement to discover in the daily papers of Wednesday, November 21, a letter from Sir Herbert Tree announcing on his own account the proposed establishment of a National Exhibition, without the smallest acknowledgment, private or public, to myself, who had actually originated and suggested to him the idea. This letter and enclosure were as follows:—

His Majesty's Theatre,  
November 21, 1911.

I notice that there is a movement on foot to establish a theatrical exhibition. Several letters on this subject have already appeared in the Press. That there is a considerable interest in this movement I can testify, for I have, during the last few months, been approached from several independent sources with a view to aiding in the consummation of such a scheme. In this connection I am glad to be able to announce that I have received a communication from the trustees of the London Museum stating that they are willing to devote a section for a permanent exhibition of things theatrical. Such a section should contain models, plans, and designs which would be useful for those interested in the construction and working of the theatre from start to finish, both from a practical and an artistic standpoint. It is also suggested to establish some permanent collection of theatrical relics in the nature of portraits, play-bills, personal souvenirs, and costumes. Apart from this it is hoped to hold exhibitions illustrating the different developments and phases of theatrical art at home and abroad.

I feel that the recognition of the technical side of our art is of great importance, and such a generous offer should meet with the generous response it deserves from the possessors of objects of interest.

The accompanying letter will, I am sure, not only be gratefully received by those immediately concerned, but will create a widespread interest amongst the public at large.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

The following letter is the one referred to by Sir Herbert Tree:—

Kensington Palace,  
November 14, 1911.

Dear Sir Herbert Tree,—My trustees have desired me to write and say that among other exhibits of this museum there will be a fine and comprehensive section dealing with the drama.

I have already a large and extremely interesting series of theatrical relics in the nature of portraits, play-bills, personal souvenirs, costumes, etc.

There is at the present moment an agitation in the papers for some museum in London to devote a section to this subject.

The Press is doubtless unaware that this is being fully dealt with by us, so that if you are approached in the matter, as you are bound to be, my trustees will esteem it a very great favour if you will suggest the London Museum as being the proper and permanent home for all objects that illustrate the history of the Thespian art.—Believe me to be very truly yours,

(Signed) GUY FRANCIS LAKING.

Sir Herbert Tree.

Of Sir Herbert Tree's scheme as here outlined for burial in a museum I will only say at this moment that it is no more than a base imitation and caricature of my own; and I have the gravest doubts whether a single reputable Continental artist of my acquaintance will care to associate himself with a venture so contrary, as I know it to be, to their taste. But of Sir Herbert Tree's conduct towards myself in this matter, as revealed in the foregoing correspondence, I take leave to say that even in commercial circles it would be regarded as slim, and in artistic circles it is, to put it bluntly, dishonourable. And with all the evidence before them, I leave it to readers of *THE NEW AGE* to confirm my judgment.

## An Idyll.

Afar from path and fence and tended field  
Came wandering once a poet of the spring.  
His yearly rhyme small guerdon did him yield,  
For life's dull truth was all he knew to sing.  
And seth all men know life's a bitter thing,  
Yet know not how avoided, sweetest song  
Brings sweetest payment. Happy songs do bring  
Such sense of safety to the world's poor throng.  
Who sings the truth, say they, does every soul a wrong!

Too proud to starve beside his neighbour's gate—  
For vast his scorn of those who scorned his rhyme—  
To hide his famine, end his wretched state,  
The lonely hills our poet 'gan to climb,  
'Neath some sad yew to perish, ere his prime!  
But when the noisome town far distant lay,  
His senses, with the morning, peeled sweet chime;  
His mind grew clear as ope'd the summer day.  
Unseen, a lovely Faery led him 'long the way.

He marked each common thing as though 'twere rare:  
The pine's sweet-scented pyramid, the cone,  
The mushroom pale beside wild maiden-hair,  
The striped snail, moth, bee, and yellow drone,  
And jet-black beetle, high on hemlock throne.  
At whirr of wings within a beechen hedge  
He flushed like any babe at mischief shown.  
And meekly sate upon a mossy edge  
To list indignant birds his ill intent allege.

Anon, the Faery drew him towards a bank  
Lined thick with berries. All amazed he fared  
On Nature's eldest store; and, gaily drank  
Sweet water from a stream, nor would have spared  
That feast for dish by choicest art prepared.  
He quite forgot that life is all a woe,  
'To Phoebus' beams his comely head he bared,  
And sang rude rhapsodies of long ago:  
Ding-a-ding-a-ring-time! Welladay and ho!

Now deep he ranged a-down the forest glade;  
'Mid verdant bracken trod the needles browned  
By myriad winters, dropped and overlaid.  
And oft he paused—no mortal might have found  
Him all a day. But this was Elfin ground,  
And pin-eyed fairies sentinelled the spot.  
The woodland music sudden ceased to sound,  
The elf musicians peered from bush and grot,  
But elfin harp or pipe or trumpet tinkled not.

So fell that ghostly silence at high day.  
The youth in all his body cried alarm.  
His feet took root and would not move away;  
The silence gripped him round as 'twere some charm.  
Deadly dispatched—but lightly sprang the swarm  
Of pixies as the Fay a flute note blew  
And drew her wand athwart the poet's arm:  
Two gauzy wings then forth his shoulders grew:  
He flew full friendly jostled by the elfin crew.

So fluting sweet some olden pixie hymn,  
The Fay led forward 'pon the merry march—  
Deep and still deeper down the woodland dim,  
Until they came before a caverned arch  
Within a ring of feather-finger'd larch,  
And guarded by a black and grisly sheath  
Of thicket, whose least scratch or prick would parch  
And poison man; but ope'd its thorny teeth  
To her who knew the spell, and glowed—a blossom-wreath.

The rugged cavern sunk his stony sides  
Deep in green banks: and through the arbour came  
Such scent as ever wafts where spring abides:  
The poet saw a million flowers in flame—  
And all beyond was Faeryland! . . .

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

## The Art of Pablo Picasso.

By John Middleton Murry.

MR. HUNTLY CARTER has quoted some words of a letter of mine on the subject of Picasso's work; and as I read them again I am struck by a suspicion of intellectual arrogance and assumed finality from which I wish to clear myself.

At the outset, modernist, ultra-modernist, as I am in my artistic sympathies, I frankly disclaim any pretension to an understanding or even an appreciation of Picasso. I am awed by him. I do not treat him as other critics are inclined to do, as a madman. His work is not a blague. Of that I am assured; and anyone who has spoken to him will share my assurance. Picasso has to live by his work, and a man who depends for his bread and butter on his work in paint does not paint unsealable nonsense for a blague. That his later work is unsealable confirms my conviction that Picasso is one of those spirits who have progressed beyond their age. As with Plato and Leonardo, there are some paths along which pedestrian souls cannot follow, and Picasso is impelled along one of these.

Picasso has done everything. He has painted delicate water-colours of an infinite subtlety and charm. He has made drawings with a magical line that leaves one amazed by its sheer and simple beauty—and yet he has reached a point where none have explained and none, as far as I know, have truly understood. Yet he declares "J'irai jusqu'au but." It is because I am convinced of the genius of the man, because I know what he has done in the past, that I stand aside, knowing too much to condemn, knowing too little to praise—for praise needs understanding if it be more than empty mouthing.

A great friend of mine, a leader of the Modernists in Paris, a woman gifted with an æsthetic sensibility far profounder than my own, said once as she was looking at a Picasso, "I don't know what it is—I feel as though my brain had been sandpapered." And some such feeling as this is what affects me in his pictures. I feel that Picasso is in some way greater than the greatest because he is trying to do something more; when Plato speaks in transparent and wonderful terms of the Idea of the Good; when Leonardo speaks of the serpentine line; when Hegel makes toys of the categories, I stand aside, unconvinced because I am not great enough to be convinced.

I recognise fully that a speculation such as mine on the relationship between the art of Picasso and the æsthetic of Plato is perhaps of no great value in itself; but to those who have read and wondered at the seeming contradiction in the greatest of all philosophers, to those who have a living interest in living art, the work of Picasso offers the suggestion of vistas through which we can never see. I am still convinced that for men who endeavour to think at all profoundly Plato will always be found to be of all philosophers and artists most valuable in the attempt to appreciate and understand the developments of modern art. I would suggest for the curious in such speculations who have some knowledge of the development of Egyptian art, through the most realistic realism the world will ever know, to an intellectual art which is so near to many of the finer modern developments, that his travels in Egypt may suggest the reason for his condemnation of the "realistic" art of contemporary Greece. I feel that thence came his new attitude: he looked for a closer approach to essential realities in art, and the art he saw seemed to him to take him further away from the eternal verities. Hence my tentative suggestion that Plato was seeking for a Picasso. Not for one moment do I wish to suggest that these two artists are on the same plane. But in each of them there is so much that I understand and value that I feel convinced that it is but my weakness that prevents my following them to the heights they reach.

They who condemn Picasso condemn him because they cannot understand what he has done in the past, and are content to assume that all that is beyond their feeble comprehension is utterly bad. All that I can say for myself is that I understand too much to be guilty of that crime. In the meanwhile Picasso must needs wait for another Plato to understand; but the world will never have strength to follow.

## DRINKING SONG FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Jack Collings Squire.

Come hither and hear, my worthy fere,  
A rede I would you give,  
A precious rede withouten peer  
To cherish whiles you live;  
Let leeches gibber as they will  
And prudes wag whiskers o'er us,  
The old drinks are the old drinks still  
That heroes had before us.  
Better men than we, my bucks,  
And larger men than we,  
And may we sink if we're too proud  
To share the nectar of a crowd  
Of better men than we.

On Latian Hill would Horace swill  
Beyond the bounds of speech,  
And Vergil knew what wine could do  
Beneath the spreading beech;  
And Socrates (as Plato shows)  
Having a rock-like head,  
When he could not get binged himself  
Would drink the rest to bed.  
Better men than we, my cocks,  
Much better men than we,  
And it is meet to follow the feet  
Of better men than we.

Great pots did ding and glasses ting  
When Rabelais trod earth,  
And under table he would sing  
For all that he was worth;  
Even babes, he swore, should shy at milk  
For wine their proper tippie,  
And lustily tug the flagon's teat  
And nip the bottle's nipple.  
A better man than we, my birds,  
A better man than we,  
And should we shrink from the good drink  
Of better men than we?

Time was when Shakespeare tossed the tankard,  
And Jonson bussed the bowl,  
Time was—time was when Marlowe drank hard  
When he was up the pole;  
And Nash and Greene and Peele would sit  
In sundry cosy taverns,  
Cursing that Thames did not run sack  
And bellies were not caverns.  
The water-bibbers blame them for't,  
But they are mokes, pardie,  
We will not shun what has been done  
By better men than we.

### EPILOGUE.

Time was when Horace had the headache  
And sang lugubrious hymns,  
Time was when Shakespeare felt the bed ache  
Beneath his lumbering limbs;  
And Rabelais, as limp he lay,  
All white about the gills,  
Has often wished he'd stuck to (say)  
Cod-liver oil or squills.  
Better men than we, young friends,  
Have wished they'd stuck to tea,  
'Tis easier to recover from it,  
No strength's required to overcome it;  
O no, it is not nice to vomit,  
However great we be!

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE BRITISH SOCIALIST PARTY.

Sir,—Mr. Leonard Hall's article in last week's issue of the "Clarion" cannot fail to stimulate living interest in the real mission of the British Socialist Party. Reading between the lines, it is evident that whilst he loyally stands by the programme as a whole sketched out by his colleagues, his heart is set upon an industrial as distinct from a political resurgence. In effect he says: "Political action? Certainly; but the main thing is the industrial struggle." I fancy he is one of many thousands who are of like mind.

Now there is a small army of disillusioned Socialists who are anxiously inquiring whether the B.S.P. is going to travel the discredited path of Parliamentarism, or whether the formation of a new Socialist Party really means a new departure and a realisation of the plain fact that to achieve Socialism the struggle must be in the factory, mine and workshop, and not in Parliament. It is true that the founders of the new party provide in their prospectus both for industrial and political action; but old campaigners are not caught by paper constitutions. It is equally true that industrial action does not necessarily exclude political action—indeed, rightly understood, political action must be profoundly affected by a conscious industrial struggle: must become a reflex of the changing industrial and economic situation. But the lesson we have learnt from a decade of political Labourism is that the industrial and economic situation remains profoundly unaffected by political action. The "conquest of political power" is a Pyrrhic victory. On closer examination we have discovered that political "power" is not power, is not even the semblance of power, is a mere will-o'-the-wisp that fatally lures Labour from its true function of achieving economic power. What, therefore, many of us want to know is whether the B.S.P. will frankly put political action out of action by concentrating upon the industrial struggle. For whilst, as may be freely admitted, the one does not in logic exclude the other, we want to know quite definitely whether the B.S.P. is to become primarily an industrial force letting the political sequelæ be what they may. It is a question not of form but of substance. Whilst the constitution of the B.S.P. may logically provide for both industrial and political action, where are the bias and emphasis to be placed? Will Mr. Hall or one of his colleagues kindly enlighten us?

It is to me an astonishing fact that the fall of real wages during recent prosperity creates so little comment. During the past fifteen years wages have fallen 7 per cent., whilst rent and interest have advanced by over 20 per cent. Yet this is the period during which political labourism has flowered and in some measure asserted itself. Surely the inference is obvious. Is it not painfully evident that the nervous energy that has been wasted on politics ought to have been resolutely spent on aggressive industrial fighting? Labourism vaunted itself when it secured the Trades Disputes Act. But wages have fallen. The Lloyd George Budget created immense enthusiasm, and the Labour Party proudly told us that it was the result of their influence. But wages have fallen. At each Labour Party conference, the Parliamentarians announce various Parliamentary victories. But wages have fallen. Last month, they tell us, saw the lowest figures of unemployment ever reached. But wages have fallen. And now the Labour Party musters in force to support the Insurance Bill. It is another cut at wages. The bankruptcy of political Labourism is writ large. It is a tragedy.

There is a marked disposition to lay the blame upon the personnel of the Labour Party. Nothing could be more unfair. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Keir Hardie, and the others were sent to do political work. They have done it honestly according to their lights. No doubt they could have done better with a stiffening of more intelligent Socialism, but the more intelligent Socialists were not so foolish as to get enmeshed in such futile proceedings. The root of the trouble lies deeper. Real power is to be found where wealth is produced, and not where wealth is squandered. Wealth is produced by the worker at the bench, in the factory, in the mine, and (since distribution is an integral part of production) on the railway, in the ship and in the carrier's van. The power is in the boiler and not in the gauge. Parliament is only the gauge and index; it has no other use. Is the B.S.P. prepared to recognise these facts and to act upon them? If the answer comes as an emphatic affirmative, then its future is not merely assured, but the prospect would kindle the enthusiasm of even such a pessimist as myself. If, however, the B.S.P. prefers to return to politics, like a dog to its vomit, it will in a few years follow the old trail with the same disastrous results.

The cardinal fact is that the only Socialist issue now, and for years to come, must be wages. All else is leather and prunella.

If a discharged veteran may offer a word of advice to

the younger generation that will probably rally to the B.S.P. it would be this: Adapt your organisation and methods to the industrial struggle. The new trade unionism will sorely need outside, but related, co-operation. You must storm and struggle for such an increase of wages as will ultimately break down and abolish the wage-system. That way—and only that way—lies Socialism.

Mr. Leonard Hall has done his party a great service by stating the case. What will the B.S.P. decide?

S. G. HOBSON.

\* \* \*

## THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—Conversations No. 1 and No. 2, headed "The Native Franchise," are interesting and instructive, but your contributor, in common with most pro-native writers in this subject, misses the main issue, viz., the predominance of the white man.

To many who do not know local conditions (and to many who do) the idea that the native can ever dominate the white in this country is scouted as ridiculous; a scare contention, and an excuse to keep him "down."

Even if we would, we cannot keep him down. Here are a few reasons:—

We have brought him into contact with civilisation and, as a perhaps natural result, we have created in him a desire for the privileges of the white race.

We have, as a result of civilisation, abolished inter-tribal warfare, which accounted for thousands of lives yearly.

Polygamy is still general, and a native can have as many wives as he can pay for, and each wife (speaking generally) presents him with a son or daughter every year.

His thirst for education is abnormal, and we must pander to it or see him go to America or elsewhere, to return with impossible ideas, and possibly become a power for mischief amongst his own people.

He outnumbered us to-day by about eight to one. What will the preponderance be, say, in ten years' time?

Under the Native Franchise at the Cape, a native minister was elected to the first Union Parliament, and recently a full-blooded native was admitted to practice as an advocate at the Transvaal Bar—significant facts.

If we give the franchise to the natives of the whole of the Union, even under so-called restrictions (the Cape restrictions are more or less a force to-day), what is to prevent this country in a comparatively short time being ruled by a "Kaffir" majority?

No thinking man denies that the native should have some kind of representation, but there are other ways, and we hope to see legislation in this direction in the near future.

Finally, the Kaffir is still a child in the scale of civilisation. Education and civilisation cannot change in a few generations the temperament bred of centuries of ignorance and barbarism—old platitudes if you like, but none the less as true to-day as when first uttered.

Pretoria.

G. DERRICK.

\* \* \*

## BANKING REFORM.

Sir,—I am not aware that I have at any time claimed to be the only advocate of credit freedom. Rather do I rejoice that Tucker, a man whose grasp of economics is more powerful than that of Marx and Bax combined, is known to at least one of your readers. I cannot endorse the whole of Tucker's views; but the reader of his "Instead of a Book" will scarcely rise from it without recognising in Tucker a man of keen insight and intellectual power. Let me go further in the recital of workers in this cause. I would commend Messrs. Hake and Wesslau ("Free Trade in Capital"), Kitson ("Money Problem"), Proudhon ("Idées Générales de la Révolution dans la XIXe Siècle"), Horn ("La Liberté des Banques"), Silvio Gesell ("Die Verwirklichung des Rechtes auf den vollen Arbeitsertrag"); or, to turn in the direction of orthodoxy, Spencer ("State Tamperings with Money and Banks"), Macleod, Gilbert, Tooke and Wilson. Furthermore, John Gray ("Money"), Jonathan Duncan, Sir Jas. Steuart ("Political Economy"), and Bishop Berkeley ("The Querist"). Let Fabians who criticise the present exchange system study the mechanism of present exchange, namely, credit, and then bring me *argument* (note this, Mr. Horn) against my *practical* proposals (note this, Mr. Penty) for the relief of the present social evil.

I declare that credit restrictions prevent consumption of capital by those who are able and willing to produce—prevent the accumulation of capital to compete with present over-centralised concerns, prevent the using-up of present superfluous labour power, and the consequent rise of wages to their economic limit. Your kindness has enabled me to demonstrate these things in back numbers of THE NEW AGE, yet I am still met by such vague statements as that "no practical proposals have yet been advanced for the present relief of industry" (vide Mr. Penty's adoption of ostrich tactics); or, that a system of freer credit must fail

because "you can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink" (vide Mr. Horn). What manner of reasoning is this?

Meanwhile, permit me to draw attention to the meeting which I believe is being announced in your advertisement columns.

HENRY MEULEN.

\* \* \*

#### NIETZSCHE AND SCHOOLBOY SUICIDE.

Sir,—In view of the recent report of a double schoolboy suicide in Germany, in which it was stated that volumes of Nietzsche were found in the possession of the deceased, the following extract from an article in the "Cologne Gazette" may be of interest:—

"From time to time we read in the newspapers the melancholy report of a public schoolboy who has made an end of his young life. The other day one has done so in concert with a friend. The fatality of being thought a dunce, calf love, 'Weltschmerz,' and satiety of living, fostered by the companionship of kindred spirits—are as a rule the real motives for the unfortunate act. But in the pocket or the desk of the deceased there is generally found the writing of a philosopher who, it is presumed, must have led them into taking the step. And should Nietzsche's 'Zarathustra' be among these, no further explanation is needed. Why, the mere name of Nietzsche amply covers all psychological errors, all immature complications, all schoolboy suicides. How convenient and comprehensive a mere name is, especially when you know nothing of its bearer and have only a vague and unsubstantiated idea that he *must* exert an evil influence upon the young. Now it is certainly true that these youthful suicides, be they too precocious or only too introspective, are apt to take up Nietzsche rather than Paul Heyse or Natalie von Eschtruth (Germany's Hall Caine and Marie Corelli.—TRS). This, however, is less due to the subject-matter of the poet or philosopher selected than to their force and style and loftiness of purpose, enthraling the hot-headed adolescent, who is stifled, or fancies that he is stifled, by his environment. Just as Nietzsche now, so in former days Schopenhauer was found in the pockets of youthful suicides, and fifty years earlier 'The Sorrows of Werther.' Hence it is not the advocacy of death but rather the opening to a new and beautiful world of promise—a world of real life for choice—which makes the impressionable and immature feel so keenly the contrast between what he has and what he might have, so that he despairs of his existence. Nietzsche's work in particular, if it is not entirely misunderstood through mere hearsay knowledge, is directed towards the precise opposite of the renunciation of life, that is to a higher standard of living. Whereas a philosopher of antiquity was called the advocate of death, Nietzsche is justly designated as the advocate of life. 'Remain true to earth, to life'—that is the leading thread of all his later writings. The philosophy of Schopenhauer, whose weariness of existence and negation of life Nietzsche tried to refute and actually *has* refuted for the best of his contemporaries, would be far more likely to exercise this depressing influence upon a youth of varied talents, open to receive every impression."

As the case aroused some comment of an anti-Nietzschean nature in the English Press of the time, I think it only fair to show the view expressed in the columns of one of Germany's most sober and influential newspapers.

Cambridge.

PAUL V. COHN.

\* \* \*

#### THE GOSPEL OF THE FACE AND BODY.

Sir,—I was inevitable that Dr. Wrench should be charged with materialism in respect of the peculiar outspokenness of the "Gospel of the Face and Body." A few more articles in development of the root-idea would serve, I think, to show that the writer is not so materialistic as on first acquaintance he appears to be. Your correspondent, "T. K. L.," has already begun to apply the Doctor's principles, and with equal spiritual discernment, to the faces and forms of friends. For my part, I took a handglass, and with the reading fresh in mind turned the battery of criticism on myself. As I gazed on the face which I shall be obliged to wear to the end of this life, I was more than unusually appalled. For what did I see? With Dr. Wrench's chastening glance upon me I saw an indeterminate nose, a pair of indeterminate eyes (the colours very mixed, and I was positive the sizes were different); indeterminate eyebrows (very); ears—these were all right. As for my mouth, I read its romantic tendencies at a glance, and, what was worse, it might be called chubby. For general form or figure, well, I acknowledged it to myself in fear and trembling: the plain truth was it wasn't there. Clearly I was a child of a shapeless democracy. I was in despair—in the top layers of me.

Further down, the very principle which assured me of the

value and of the fundamental truth of Dr. Wrench's theory supported my self-esteem and confirmed me in the belief that I should still continue to present an unashamed and unapologetic face to the world.

That is: I do not think that my face is my fortune. I am more than my face. Let this not be taken as an apology for formlessness, or as providing for the inference that ugly people are always "more than" their faces. Beauty in face and form has always attracted me. There was the fairy tale period which I well remember, where are unorthodox lines I passionately wished for, long black hair, straight black eyebrows, and bright yellow eyes. My complexion was to be of the approved peach variety, and the rest of me "like a queen." I hope that is definite enough!

That was years ago, however; and now I can look with understanding at the rugged face and twisted features of Beethoven in his old age; out of whose form were born beauty and order and symmetry and form and strength. I look at my mind's pictured remembrance of Nietzsche, and I know that he was the frail, delicately sensitive (and hypersensitive) body. He was more. He was the mighty spirit which manifested through that body. Not all that Beethoven was went into his word. *All* of Nietzsche went into his, because in the last resort physique, as contrasted with physical form, sets limits, and Nietzsche never had any physique to spare. The former statement Dr. Wrench has already said in one way. What I suggest here is that Beethoven's rugged exterior enshrined forms of beauty as did Nietzsche's altogether different physical form. It is an important point whether it is not advantageous to have "a little over," physically at any rate, when one has done creative work of any kind; or whether one prefers to be an absolute gift and sacrifice to the world as Nietzsche undoubtedly was.

An extension of Dr. Wrench's theory leads to the still greater discovery that whether in ultimate subconsciousness, or inmost spirit, we have each fashioned the form that now we wear, we can, if we have but one spark of creative energy within, set about mighty enterprises, which will in due time see the light. It may be in the realm of Art proper, or in an Art of Life which one fair day in the world's history we may win to.

Formal eugenics, caste-systems of marriage, may come and go. There will as heretofore be blessed "accidents" of beauty coming suddenly and beneficently into the public view. Mere objection to ugliness, whether physical or otherwise, will achieve nothing, and "systems," little more. If we believe in beauty, and inner strength, and symmetry; if we set hearts and minds unitedly on them, and work for them, they are certain to come to us. It all rests with us personally and individually. Railing at an impersonal Democracy will not avail one jot.

MARY GAWTHORPE.

\* \* \*

#### ERMINE FOR WOMEN.

Sir,—How is this for a sample of "unimaginative feminine cruelty." Preserve me from love of women is my daily prayer. Let them never have "a weakness" for me!

"Personally, I confess to a weakness for the immense muff, especially in ermine—it has a cachet all its own, and it is *so* cosy. Ermine, by the way, is a specialty of Peter Robinson's; the selection is large and the prices wonderfully moderate."—"Votes for Women," November 17.)

#### THE PRICE.

A little mother ermine

Took her way across the ice.

She seemed a trifle anxious,

For she looked back once or twice.

And soon she saw an ermine friend,

Who ran up pit-a-pat:

"I've left my baby all alone,"

Said she, "to find this fat

"You said you saw the kind man place

Upon the iron plate.

My baby'll cry if he wakes up,

So I must not be late."

"Poor babs! 'tis hard to get them food

This dreadful winter oft.

Oh, here's the fat! but frozen hard—

We'll have to lick it soft."

They licked and licked, and licking, reached

The iron plate at last.

And then the kind man's trick was clear:

Their tongues had frozen fast!

For twenty hours they madly fought,

But—tighter, tighter froze.

And dreadful sounds escaped their throats,

And then—no sound arose.

The little mother ermine  
Ne'er went back across the ice;  
But there went to Oxford Circus  
Skin and tail at moderate price.

One of forty in a muff,  
Oh, so cosy, so Immense,  
With a cachet all its own,  
Bought at simply *no* expense!

DISGUSTED.

\* \* \*

**"THE THRONE."**

Sir,—In your contemporary, "The Throne," a little comedy has been occurring of which the explanation is not yet complete. On November 15 your gilded cousin issued a cartoon entitled "The Upper Crust." It represented "a number of gay dogs and fair ladies enjoying themselves in every possible phase of amusement, while under a thin crust they are being held up by a solid phalanx of the horny hands of Labour." The cartoon, as appears from this description, is, in fact, a very effective Socialist cartoon, and as such would doubtless have been welcome to THE NEW AGE. But why and how did it appear in your gilded confrère's domain? Was it by mistake? Above all, what would the master say when he came home and found it there? Time showed. In the following week's issue the editor published an elaborate apology, just a little too clever to be convincing. "Last week," he says, "we were guilty of playing a trick on you" (the readers). He proceeds to explain that the "rash piece of Socialism" was deliberately published to bring home to the readers of the "Throne" in a convincing form the awful view of society entertained by "those estimable gentlemen, Tom Mann and Ben Tillett." In short, it was published as a warning! A few more warnings of the same kind will endanger the throne.

S. V. LAVERY.

\* \* \*

**CRIMINAL REFORM.**

Sir,—In his article on "The Reform of Criminal Procedure" in THE NEW AGE, November 23, Mr. G. W. Harris puts forward the more reasonable method of handing over criminals, now adjudged to death, to the medical faculty for experiment. The idea, of course, is not new. Nietzsche advocated it, and in the "Nineteenth Century" for August Mr. Hugh Elliot also, in a somewhat strident manner, insists on it. But neither Mr. Harris nor Mr. Elliot suggests any way out of the difficulties that arise in carrying out their proposition. Mr. Elliot starts in the first instance with the dictum that "society rests, not upon cold intellectual arrangements, but upon sentiment and feeling." He then goes on, rather illogically, to kick away sentiment, by declaiming against sentimentalists, declaring that to argue with them is like writing upon water. Mr. Harris admits, or asks us to admit, "that there is a tendency to exaggerate the value of human life." I may be justified therefore in concluding that both authors presuppose that sentimentalists alone desire to see capital punishment abolished, and that the desire for this consummation arises only from a misplaced pity for the "poor dear criminal." That this taking of life is carried out in a calm and orderly manner, with cold-blooded preliminaries, and with the knowledge, and presumably the connivance of thousands of persons, makes it not the less, but rather the more—murder.

Whatever horror, resentment or fear I may have for a criminal, I object to be made one of the brotherhood of Cain, and to know that thousands of innocent persons are equally branded. The jury, judge, the warders of the prison, the sheriff, the chaplain, the hangman and the reporter are all tainted, the lad yelling the news in the street, the young mother reading it in the papers, the children commenting on it in their talk, are all smirched in their souls with blood, before all of them has the sacredness of life has been derided and mocked, and all have taken part in the mockery. On the other hand, when it is suggested that capital punishment is unfitted for civilised nations, and also that in the opinion of many it does not act as a sufficient deterrent to justify its use, it is at once demanded what is to be put in its place. Some aver that imprisonment for life is too costly to the nation; Mr. Elliot says it is too cruel, or rather he infers this by saying that the man who has been hanged has undergone a suffering only equal to eight months' penal servitude. Clearly, then, the penal servitude entails more suffering, and Mr. Elliot also points out that "the canon of Deterrence requires that the infliction of suffering should be a necessary part of all punishment"; this being the case, it seems somewhat illogical to mete out the lesser punishment to the man we stigmatise as a brutalised cold-blooded murderer. But let us suppose that it is ordered by the law to send a condemned

man to the medical faculty for experimentation in the inoculation with the bacillus of cancer, or any of the diseases that at present baffle science, what is to be the next step if the specimen Bill Sykes proves invulnerable to the particular disease? Is he to be kept in a home afterwards? for clearly it is unfair to keep him in prison. Mr. Harris says his living or dying is immaterial; nevertheless it has to be settled one way or another. Then how many times is he to be experimented on? Is it, in Gilbertian phrase, proposed to make the punishment fit the crime? If, like Koch, he has murdered fifty-five wives, is he to undergo fifty-five inoculations for deadly diseases? Or if he succumbs and develops a hideous form of cancer, are his sufferings to be alleviated by the surgeons, or is he to endure his agonies in full view of a number of scientists and students? (In such a case one would imagine his language would teach them more than his sufferings.) Mr. Elliot, however, goes further and says that heartless wretches would be deterred by the prospect of vivisection! I rather fancy myself that it would deter one! but, at the same time, I am very sure that every human being would be far more deterred from sending for a surgeon who indulged in human vivisection. If certain persons now refuse to purchase freedom from pain through the physical sufferings of an animal, do any exist that would purchase it through the mental and physical agonies of a poor wretch whose depravity was mainly due to his environment? And women, too—they have been brutalised, and heartless, and cold-blooded, also, at times—are they to be laid on the table of the vivisector? Imagine it! At such a pass, which exceeds the deepest impudicity ever imagined in the worst French novel, let us welcome even the sentimentalists.

ARTHUR HOOD.

\* \* \*

**THE LAW AND THE WORKERS.**

Sir,—Mr. C. H. Norman is usually worth reading, even though he often talks nonsense! How many people (not Moloch worshippers), for instance, will agree with his remarks on the Children Act, 1908?

Surely this is Socialism run mad, and by no means accords with the sober tone generally displayed by your excellent organ. Would Mr. C. H. Norman argue that the old state of things was an excellent check on over-population, and a help towards getting rid of the undesirable "coolie class," or is it merely that he resents any infringement of the parents' liberty to do as he likes with the child he has brought into the world? Can Mr. Norman not see that it is the duty of the State to protect the lives of all its subjects, even the youngest, and even at the cost of a little "beer and bacca" of the parents of the working-classes? What are the "melancholy results" of the Incest Act, 1908? So far as I can see, it is a statute which has long been needed, and has already justified its existence.

M. R. R. L.

\* \* \*

**PICASSO.**

Sir,—May I say that I like this new development of a puzzle picture very much, and I hope that you will make it a weekly feature. It has given me a very pleasant half-hour, punctuated with many subdued explosions of very genuine laughter. The humour of THE NEW AGE generally gets no further than provoking a comprehensive smile, and although that is a great thing in this silly world, yet a good laugh is better.

At first I had a feeling that the printer had put the title in the wrong margin, but as on inspection this seemed quite an open question, I took it as right (I hope you will confirm or otherwise next week). I started then on this assumption and soon discovered the north side of Trafalgar Square, taken apparently some years ago while Hampton's block was being built. The two pert little fish in the middle puzzled me rather at first, but no doubt they are the souls of the architect of Trafalgar Square and a friend. I do not remember the architect's name and his face does not seem familiar, but it is a pleasant, open face. His friend seems to be laying it on thick. I should have expected a scene in Paris rather than in London, but I can't make things fit, so I plump for Trafalgar Square.—Yours very gratefully,  
TOMMY.

P.S.—What an awful blow! A mandoline and glasses! I had not expected an answer in the same number as the question. I believe it is a rule of the game that the acrostic editor guarantees that the answers are right, and I presume this holds good with you and Mr. Carter's answer. A mandoline and glasses! True, when I glanced up at the picture I *did*, I am fairly sure, catch sight of a phantom tumbler; but I am afraid it must have been the result of suggestion only, for I have not been able to find it again—and it ought to have been a wineglass, too, of course. There seems to be a mandoline in Orange Street, but I think it is in process

of being repaired or something, and I don't feel very sure about it.—T.

P.S. (2) Wednesday.—Can that funny thing in front be a glass?—T.

P.S. (3) Thursday.—I withdraw my suggestion of a puzzle-picture every week. Lots of nasty things are coming out of this one. There is a fat man with one eye bunged up, and a very unpleasant young woman. It is only the architect's benign face that keeps me from putting the thing in the fire. Do for heaven's sake give a key next week, so as to put things right again.—T.

\* \* \*

Sir,—Some time ago I said that we should not get a healthy reaction against the "modernity movements" until the decadence had run its course. While there are any deeper depths of degradation, inanity, or of sheer lunacy to be gone through the Continental anarchists will drag the dishevelled Goddess of Art through them. I saw that the Post-Impressionists had nearly touched bottom, and have been curious to see the next step of the downward movement. So we are indebted to you, sir, for giving us an idea, in black and white, of the latest of the dying gasps of art. Post-Impressionism represented the art of the lunatic asylum fairly well; Picassoism represents a step lower; ingenuity will not stop there, and we may expect even worse things next year; but, fortunately, the law will prevent the last step from being taken—on this side of the Channel. While any more attempts can be made on the gullibility of the public the Continental anarchists will make them; they constitute the confidence trick of the art world.

Mr. Huntly Carter, who has been writing with his tongue in his cheek lately, must have needed a tongue for each cheek when he wrote his article on "The Plato-Picasso Idea." But we must assume that this brilliant writer, while keeping a straight face, is merely giving us a burlesque of the insanity (with a method in it) rampant in Paris? Still, this playing with insanity is dangerous. Last year, when I had to oppose Mr. Lewis Hind in debate on Post-Impressionism he said that to him Post-Impressionism came as a revelation, a "second Sermon on the Mount." I felt the matter was too serious for me to touch on; it was a case for the pathologist, not the artist. From what Mr. Huntly Carter says, Mr. Hind has glimpsed the abysmal depths to which that path was leading him, and is trying to save himself by protesting against "Cubism," while Mr. Carter is taunting him to continue the descent! He may yet be glad to save himself by clinging to Mr. Hind's coat-tails!

My main object in writing is to have a word about Plato, who is being used as a prop for the topsy-turvy notions of Modernity critics. The first part of Book X. of Plato's Republic (not Book VI.) represents the childhood of speculation about Art; it was reserved for Aristotle to get the first glimmering of the purpose of Art. Plato says: "For that poetry should be able to damage the great majority even of good men is, I conceive, a crime of the deepest dye." Plato conceived and brought forth a deadly lie! He accuses Homer of being a worthless, or even a "criminal" imitator; and says that if he had only gathered pupils around him and had educated them he would have been a useful and honoured citizen of his Republic! Good heavens! Homer may have been an outcast or wanderer in his time, but he has educated and delighted vast circles of pupils, or readers, through all succeeding ages; and will continue to do so till the end of our world. Nature, so far from being a "copy" of the Idea, is the expression of the Idea, its manifestation, without which men could have no knowledge of the Idea itself. Artists do not "copy a copy," they express the Idea in another medium; they translate into another language, and the value and truth of their work is tested by its corresponding with the first expression of the Idea by its Great Author. In view of the higher conception of the purpose of art, of which I am still as one crying in the wilderness, art is co-creation, it is historian and recorder; it gives permanency amid the fleeting; it is the swiftest educator, educating through delight and love. It re-creates the past, pictures the present, and hints the future; and it provides the vicarious experience, or experiences, which enrich our lives immeasurably; gives us the education in time for eternity; and thus fulfilling a higher function than any conceived by Plato in his Republic. The fulfilment of this high function depends entirely on the truth and sincerity shown in the artistic products.

From the above it will be seen that only those profoundly ignorant of art, its meaning and purpose, will shelter behind Plato; and the idea of art represented in your supplement is on a level with that of an intelligent mole!

E. WAKE COOK.

\* \* \*

Sir,—Let me confess my ignorance at once. I don't know Picasso—never heard of him in my life. I have no infor-

mation as to the soul-stirring work he has done for art beyond the all-too-faint praises of Mr. Huntly Carter in this week's NEW AGE. In consequence, I beg "those who know" not to be hard upon me nor to judge my remarks too severely. Let them look down from their fearful heights upon my poor benighted condition with compassionate smiles, and of their charity afford me some word of enlightenment.

What in the name of all that is sane is the meaning of that conglomeration of blobs and scratches presented to your unoffending readers as "A Study by Picasso"?

I have looked at it the right way up, I have looked at it the wrong way up; I have looked at it from the right and from the left; I have held it up to the light and looked at it from the back; I have examined it at close quarters and I have looked at it from a distance through glasses. From every conceivable standpoint have I gazed, stared, and strained my poor eyeballs at that fascinating "study," and not a farthing's worth of rhyme or reason have I discovered in it.

At last, feeling assured that since the good old days when I really could think connectedly, something must have sprung up within me to dim my perceptive faculties, I passed the reproduction to my friends, petitioning them most earnestly for a suggestion which should illumine my utter darkness and rescue me from the jibbering mental chaos to which continued contemplation of this Picasso was fast reducing me.

I am sorry to say they have but worse confounded my confusion. One pointed out a fireplace, while another placed his finger on the same spot and said they were hat-pins; a third showed me a face where no face was, and a fourth was undecided in opinion as to whether certain objects were human heads or snails (he would not toss for it); someone else could see part of London as from an aeroplane, and I have almost certainly identified the fireguard referred to by Mr. C. H. Norman in his letter.

My friends having thus proved useless, I appeal to you in last resort to let me know wherein lies the newness, the remarkableness and the greatness of this weird production. I am most anxious to learn (I always was), and just a few words from you or your initiated readers will probably set me on the right track. From the weighty remarks of Mr. Huntly Carter, what little knowledge I have is evidently quite ridiculously out of date, for I have hitherto understood that the Bushmen held the palm in this branch of art.

Relying upon your accustomed generosity, I shall await most eagerly the next appearance of THE NEW AGE for the relief of a terrifying bewilderment which is becoming too grievous to be borne.

HAROLD FISHER.

\* \* \*

Sir,—I should like to thank you for introducing Picassoism to your readers. I have been through the schools, and am fairly conversant with ancient and modern art; but I have never seen anything like the beautiful drawing you have reproduced. You omit, however, to say which is the right side up, and whether it should be looked at with the eyes open or shut. After an hour's study I think I have located the mandoline, but it may be the wineglass. I cannot be certain. It would be very instructive if you could publish a key to it, and if this course could be continued no doubt we should all be Picassoists in time.

W. I. DRYDEN.

\* \* \*

Sir,—Will Mr. Huntly Carter kindly "pity the poor blind," and tell us which way up this study is to be looked at, which is the mandoline, which is the wineglass and table? Also if M. Picasso has seen this monochrome version of his study and approves of it; and if the absence of colour makes for increased clarity or the reverse?

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

\* \* \*

Sir,—I have spent some considerable time this evening studying the reproduction from Picasso in this week's NEW AGE.

Whilst I am fully persuaded of the artist's dimensional possibilities, I should be glad to know for the purpose of my greater enlightenment whether the view of the objects named in Mr. Huntly Carter's article was obtained from the inside of the mandoline and/or at an oblique angle to the last melody produced from this instrument.

I am second to none in my appreciation of the importance of Mind in the matter of Art, but surely it is yet full early to exclude the optic from its usual function. Else how will these Picassoists live? Plutocratic Europe and America can hardly be expected to part with the kudos in exchange for simple mind stuff; they require more gilt on their gingerbread.

G. F. WHITE.

## MR. A. J. HUGHES,

B.A. Oxon., Barrister-at-Law.

Late Senior Classical Scholar and Prizeman  
of Queen's College, Oxford.

Prepares Gentlemen in London  
and abroad for Advanced as  
well as Preliminary Examinations,  
including the Bar Final, the Solicitors'  
Profession, the Civil Services, and  
those of the University of London.

Correspondence Invited.

1 PUMP COURT, TEMPLE,  
LONDON, E.C.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR ENGLISH READERS

BY  
S. VERDAD.

Crown 8vo, 3/6 net. By post, 3/8.

### PRESS COMMENTS.

"Within the compass of 300 pages he has set forth  
clearly and in a remarkably interesting manner the recent  
political history and present foreign policy of every foreign  
country of diplomatic importance in the world."  
*THE GLASGOW HERALD.*

"Mr. Verdada writes clearly . . . information may be  
gained without trouble from his pages."  
*THE TIMES.*

Of all Booksellers, or from the Publisher,  
**FRANK PALMER, 13, Red Lion Ct., London.**

### DELICIOUS COFFEE

## RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

### FREETHOUGHT LECTURES.

(Under the auspices of the Secular Society, Ltd.)

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

Sunday, December 3rd, at 7.30 p.m.,

**Mrs. H. BRADLAUGH BONNER**

(Daughter of the late Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.)

"THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF SERVETUS:  
Heretic, Scientist, and Martyr."

7 p.m., Musical Selections. Reserved Seats 1s., Unreserved 6d.  
Questions and Discussion cordially invited.

### BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EVERYBODY should send for **GLAISHER'S NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** It gives at a glance all the best of the Annual Volumes, as well as the various beautiful series of books published by **Blackie's, Harrap's, Frowde & Hodder, Nelson's, Partridge's, Longmans, A. & C. Black, Jack's,** and many others. Also **New Books for Boys, New Books for Girls, New Picture Books for Young Children,** etc., etc. Catalogue post free on application.

**WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., BOOKSELLERS,**  
265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

### BANKING REFORM LEAGUE.

PUBLIC MEETING at the New Reform Club, 10 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C., at 8.0 p.m. to-day (30th inst.). The President of the League, Mr. ARTHUR KITSON, will speak on "Bank Failures and Industrial Strikes," supported by Mr. HENRY MEULEN and other members. PROF. J. A. HOBSON, M.A., in the chair.

### MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following cheap Prepaid Rates:

	One Insert.	6 Insert.	13 Insert.	26 Insert.
16 words 1/-	3/-	7 6	10/8	17/-
24 " 1/6	4 6	10/-	15/6	25/6
32 " 2/-	6	12/6	21/-	34/-
40 " 2/6	8	15/6	26/8	42/6
48 " 3/-	10	18/-	31/6	51/-

Trade advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

£1 10 0 PER WEEK. Large old-fashioned Country Cottage, in secluded village, to Let Furnished from December 15 to end of February. Use of horse, trap, and boy included. Three large bedrooms and two servants' rooms; bath; three large sitting-rooms; water laid on; inside sanitation.—Apply, The White House, Trosley, West Malling, Kent.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN MONEYS Exchanged by MAURICE ESCHWEGE, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

"A SHLET" SCHOOL-HOME, Addestone, Surrey. Reformed Diet. Individual Instruction. Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Healthy District. Highest References.—Apply PRINCIPAL.

BACHELORS' CHAMBERS, 3, CURSITOR STREET, CHANCERY LANE.—Bed-Sitting Rooms, moderate terms; night porter. Also Unfurnished Rooms.

FOR SALE.—"The New Age," Vols. III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, unbound, clean copies. Reasonable offer accepted.—SCOTT, 14, Granville Street, Hull.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.—SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W.

NEWNESS of the SPIRIT—OLDNESS of the LETTER—Read "Dialogue with Two Parsons."  
Vol. IV. ZION'S WORKS in Free Libraries.

READ "PROGRESS AND POVERTY." Settles Social Problem.—Send 5d. to JOHN BAGOR, St. Annes-on-the-Sea; or Booksellers.

"UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH." "The Unitarian's Justification" (John Page Hopps), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hopps), given post free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

## The Simple Life in the City

Even if you cannot get a sun-bath in Cheapside you can get a simple-life, pure-food, non-flesh luncheon at the Home Restaurant—a luncheon balanced in food-value, appealing to eye and palate, attractively served in tasteful surroundings. Come, see, taste, enjoy and give thanks—at the cash-desk.

### The Home Restaurant

31, Friday Street, . . . E.C.  
(Between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street)  
Sensible Meals for Brainy Men